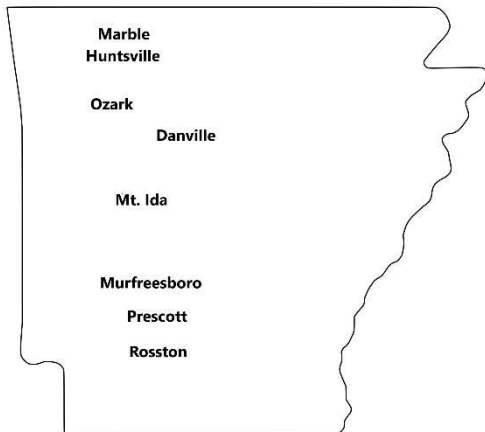

HORSE THIEVES CAPTURED

On the night of April 26, 1879, three men entered Rosston in Nevada County and stole two mules and a horse that were hitched while their owners were inside the Masonic Hall. They mounted the animals and rode straight to Prescott, on to Murfreesboro, and then to Mt. Ida.



A group of Rosston men pursued the men and were joined by a guide at Murfreesboro who knew the country well. The guide got sick at Mt. Ida and had to return home. The posse then went on to Danville and was joined by Deputy Sheriff, J. R. Smith. Here they found the two mules which had been traded to someone there. The trail led the posse on to the town of Ozark. All the men from Rosston turned back, having rode their horses down except for Mr. Satterwhite.

Mr. Satterwhite managed to get a fresh horse and another posse was organized. The trail led them to a little town called Marble about thirteen miles north of Huntsville. By this time, they had learned the names of the thieves (Wilson, Dix, and Fields). Wilson's father-in-law lived at Marble and the three men were spending the night at his house.

The posse of about thirty men led by the sheriff of Madison County surrounded the house and demanded they surrender. Wilson and Dix surrendered, but Fields refused. He finally gave up rather than see the house set on fire.

Wilson asked to speak privately with James Davis, a deputy sheriff who was in the posse. During the conversation, he distracted the deputy and took off running. He had gone about thirty yards when the deputy fired, hitting him in the back and head with buckshot.

Fields was taken to Little Rock by the deputy and turned over to Zeb Ward from whom he had escaped while serving a five-year sentence. A reward of \$50 had been offered for his capture and the deputy received the reward money.

Mr. Satterwhite, from Rosston, returned to Prescott with the other thief named Dix who was brought before Esquire Bryson. His bail was set at \$1500 but he could not come up with money, so he was jailed to await his trial in circuit court.

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The capture of these three horse thieves involved a pursuit of nearly 300 miles from the town of Rosston into the mountainous regions of northwest Arkansas over unimproved roads. Mr. Satterwhite (first name not given in the papers) was considered a hero for his efforts in bringing these horse thieves to justice.

This story was printed in the May 22, 1879 issue of The Columbia Banner newspaper in Magnolia.

Below is one of my favorite poems written by Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918). By the way, Joyce Kilmer was a man—full name Alfred Joyce Kilmer. He is probably best known for another poem called “Trees”. Joyce Kilmer was killed in battle during World War I. (The house pictured here is located in Chidester, Arkansas)



[Next](#)

The House with Nobody In It

by
Joyce Kilmer

Whenever I walk to Suffern along the Erie track
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles broken and black.
I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop for a minute
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with nobody in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are such things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sorrowings.
I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;

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For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes of glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe to the grass.
It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should be trimmed and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people living inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and spade.
I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be
And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it to them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window and door,
Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in the store.
But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad and lone
For the lack of something within it that it has never known.

But a house that has done what a house should do,
a house that has sheltered life,
That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and his wife,
A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his stumbling feet,
Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone, that ever your eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track
I never go by the empty house without stopping and looking back,
Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the shutters fallen apart,
For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with a broken heart

DEBATES

Way back in the early 1900s, most public schools had literary societies which were given names. The Bluff City school had the Hubs and the Spartans. Prescott had the Garlands and the Zeniths. These literary societies competed against each other and presented various programs to the public which were very popular. There were no TVs back then, so people enjoyed getting out to a public event involving the young people. They often held debates on various topics. Usually there were two or three students who took the affirmative side and two or three who took the negative side of the debate. Judges were present to declare the winner of the debate. Some of the subjects being debated were very serious and others were more light-hearted or comical. The judges probably chose the winning side based on the debating skills of the participants. Here are some of the debates mentioned in the early newspapers in Nevada County:

Prescott (1888) Revolved: That man should receive a higher education than woman

WAY BACK WHEN

Prescott (1909) Resolved: That more pleasure can be derived from city life than from country life

Cale (1910)-Resolved: That woman has done more for cause of civilization than man

Rosston (1910) Resolved: That the Negro has been more cruelly treated than the Indian

Prescott (1913) Resolved: That there is more pleasure in Pursuit than in Possession

Bluff City (1915) Resolved: That the dish rag is more useful than the broom

Willisville (1915) Resolved: That we commend the use of corporal punishment in our public schools

Sutton (1916) Resolved: That the president should be elected by popular vote

Prescott (1917) Resolved: That the world is growing morally better

On Turning 75 – by Don Mathis



As I look back on 75 years of life, I reflect on what has influenced me; what has shaped my life.

First and foremost, my mother and father not only gave me their genes, they gave me dozens of morals and maxims to live by and to pass along. Bernadine Walker and Daniel Mathis grew up in Arkansas during America's Great Depression so I absorbed their habits of thrift, to conserve utilities, to not waste food, to make do with what

is available, to repair and to reuse. Love of family and respect for others were other values I inherited.



Harry Truman was president when I was born, had been since Franklin Roosevelt died during World War Two. But the war never really went away. My father, like millions of the other men of his generation, joined the military after Pearl Harbor to fight against imperialism, against fascism, and, soon after I was born, against communism.

Dwight Eisenhower, another veteran, was elected president in 1952. And armed conflict continued, this time on the Korean

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Peninsula. The bond I could have had with my dad became a casualty of war when he was assigned to Korea. He was a stranger to me when he returned, and I to him.

Daddy chose the Army as a career; this meant I would move often, never putting down roots. I was the second of four brothers; this meant I never had my own bedroom. I longed for privacy, for stability, for long-term friendships and a sense of community. Extended family in a distant town gave the only sense of continuity – but Daddy made sure those bonds were strong by visiting kinfolk several times each year.

By the mid-50s, there must have been five years' worth of WWII movies if you watched them end to end. And I must have watched them all. The theater at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, even showed 1940s newsreels before Saturday morning cartoons.

Television, movies, photographs; it was all in black and white. And that was the world I grew up in; black and white, good and evil, us versus them.

Race relations were black and white too. I used to wonder about the restroom doors marked Men, Women, and Colored. Why did Negro boys and girls have to use the same bathroom? "Whites Only" had a chilled water fountain. The "Colored" fountain was white porcelain but it was not refrigerated. Even the logic of a child could tell you this was not fair.

Popeye, *Tom and Jerry*, and *Mickey Mouse* on television entertained us kids at mid-century, but *Superman*, *Davy Crockett*, and *Zorro* were our heroes. My dad put groceries on the table and paid the rent on the house. Mom turned the food into meals and made the house into a home. They were heroes, too. No one in our family ever went hungry; we never lacked health care.

Daddy took me to Alamo Stadium in 1960 to hear Barry Goldwater campaign for president – and I started paying attention to politics. When John F. Kennedy was shot, my age of innocence ended. My world began to expand. James Bond and the Beatles brought England to America. And then there was Vietnam.

"Son, wake up," my grandmother roused me from sleep one summer morning. "We're at war," Rose Walker said. Instantly, all the images of those WWII movies played back in fast-forward. But not for one minute did I think Vietnam was going to be my war. Two years later, I realized this would be my war – if I didn't do something about it.

Our family lived in the Beltway of Washington, D.C., in the mid-sixties, so I got a first-hand look at nationalistic America as well as the counter-culture. The Peace Movement made sense to me. I rebelled against the war, against the establishment, and against authority. So did millions of other teenagers in the 1960s.

After I left home in 1969, I lived on the streets in San Antonio for a while. Then I lived on the road from Texas to California. It was a learning experience. I carried my sign against the war, I marched on the Capitol back in Texas – and was tear-gassed for my

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efforts. In 1971, I was drafted anyway. At the time, I felt it was the worst thing that could have happened. But, looking back, I'm glad I served.



Richard Nixon gave me my first airplane ride – to Fort Polk, Louisiana, for the Army's Basic Training. I ate three square meals a day, put on weight. I exercised, put on muscles. I matured a little bit more. I learned the chain of command and new responsibility. Because I already knew how to type, I was at the top of my clerk-typist class – and I signed up for more training. While my classmates went to Vietnam, I was sent to Indiana for a course in Personnel Management. By the time I finished my training, President Nixon was winding down the war.

I was stationed in Germany and made the most of it. I traveled behind the Berlin Wall, visited my brother in Frankfurt many times, and, when our parents came for vacation, we toured Europe from Amsterdam to Zurich. I saw how politics shape a country; how different cultures have different ethics. Vestiges of my worldview still remain.

Back in Texas, the G.I. Bill paid for my college education – and then some. With my 5-point veteran preference, I landed a good government job and joined the Air Force Reserve. I was triple-dipping into the government treasury and saving almost more than I spent.

English was difficult for me in high school, but I found it easy in college. Literature and composition courses led to creative and technical writing classes which led to an associate's degree in journalism. But it would be 30 years before I received a paycheck for my writing.

My Reserve duty took me to Washington, D.C., several times where I visited old haunts, toured new sights, and did research at the Pentagon. In 1979, about a month after the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island, about 300,000 protestors marched on the U.S. Capitol. I was one of them. My spirit of protest is still alive and well.

After a few years of earnings from the Reserves and the GI Bill, I was able to put a fat down payment on my first house. Home ownership came with a lot of pleasure but also responsibilities. I soon learned the basics of plumbing, carpentry, lawn work, window replacement, and electrical repair. I matured a bit more; new skills gave me a new confidence.

I traveled frequently to Mexico during the 1980s; dozens of times to the Tex-Mex border but also to San Miguel de Allende, Mexico City, Guadalajara, Oaxaca, and Chihuahua. Visits to Colombia, Barbados, Puerto Rico, and Canada reinforced an international viewpoint. Talking with people of different nationalities gives one an introspection of citizenship.

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When my dad died in 1991, I felt my family of origin was disintegrating. One sibling was struggling through his divorce, an investment with another brother went sour. Looking back, I believe I purposely set out to create a family of destiny. I got married in 1992 and had a baby 11 months later.

I enjoyed my role as husband and relished my identity as a father to a new-born. Being a dad to Charlie has been the richest, most rewarding experience in my life. To instill responsibility to an offspring takes responsibility.

The growth that comes to a father and a son is a two-way street; it makes a life complete. I learned that maturation takes place in the involved father. All generations benefit when families spend time together.

Charlie was two when his mom and I divorced and so began a period of rebuilding. Months of journaling and support groups gave me introspection. Then I discovered poetry and a channel to express my thoughts. I had a purpose to my life and sharing it gave fulfillment.

I was inspired by other poets at weekly open-mic venues. I acquired confidence in public presentation. And I gained pleasure in creating and offering my work to others. I found a new identity. And I matured a bit more.

Charlie was 12 when his mom moved him 350 miles away. I followed him – and followed my destiny. Moving from a big city like San Antonio to a small North Texas town gave me advantages and opportunities I had not considered.

No longer a little fish in a big pond, I found myself doing promotions and publicity for a non-profit organization. This led to planning events, creating commercials, and doing public service announcements on TV and radio. Serving on the board of a health clinic was another learning experience.



Part of my Daddy Duty was ensuring my son finished high school. Mission accomplished, I returned to San Antonio with upgraded talents and a desire to serve my community. I love this city for its culture, economy, and the mild winters.

Through the years, several great loves in my life have expanded my heart and enriched my soul. I am grateful to the women I've known. I have learned empathy, flexibility, acceptance, forgiveness, compromise, how to show vulnerability, and perhaps most important, patience.

Best friends have played an important part in my life as well. My pals have been inspiring, encouraging, and helped build confidence. Friendship can teach respect and communication while offering reason and camaraderie. Working relationships have

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taught me how to work it at work. I have grown through such alliances and I hope I've given as much as I've received.

My body needed serious maintenance as I navigated my 60s. Apprehension about skin cancer was far more dreadful than the actual cure. Recovery from prostate cancer was far more complicated than my expectations. But now my PSA levels are good. For a botched inguinal hernia operation, the repair had to be repaired.

Periodontal surgery is as painful as it is expensive. The benefits of a hearing aid have outweighed my sense of vanity. After surgery to remove cataracts, my vision is the best it's been in 40 years. I've got my shingles vaccination and I keep my blood pressure in check.



I work out each day and enjoy bicycling and walking. I do my own yard work and try to eat healthy. My father died just two months short of his 70th birthday. The older we grew, the more we grew together. Mom lived to the ripe old age of 85. It is now my goal to live as long as her.

I feel like I have had a good life. I hope my son will find value in my legacy.

A PREACHER'S FAREWELL

(from the 7-9-1931 issue of The Prescott Daily News)

A preacher had become discouraged with his work with his congregation. He was a friend of the governor, and got a political job. In taking leave of his congregation, he said,

“Brothers and sisters, I must say good-bye. I don't think God loves you, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because none of you ever get married. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples—and by their fruits, you shall know them. I am going to a better place. I will be a chaplain at the penitentiary—where I go, ye cannot yet come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and the good Lord have mercy on you. Good-bye.”