



The Glade Community Historical Society, Inc.
including Garfield & Pine Log, Arkansas, a 501 (c)(3) Charity

www.gladehistorynwa.org

The work of the society is to preserve the history of Garfield, Pine Log, and Glade by researching and gathering stories, documents & artifacts to connect with the community

Lillie Lind Edens Preston was born January 1, 1893. In the winter before her second birthday, the family returned from Texas to Benton County, Arkansas. They lived around Glade and Garfield when their girls were young. She and her invalid husband, Earl Preston, settled in Claremore, Oklahoma in 1940. Her father, Will, joined them in his later years. She died March 11, 1989. at age 96.

Lillie's book, Dinner'll Soon Be Ready, (1976), is out of print, but I'll share some of her stories from the early twentieth century. Her parents farmed around Glade, where she and her sister Arlie attended Coal Gap and other schools. Between homes, they always stayed at Grandma and Grandpa Ford's home three miles south of Garfield. The Ford cemetery is located off Arapahoe Road.

Fred Starr was born in Jasper, Arkansas, and was a teacher and a member of the Arkansas General Assembly in 1954. He wrote *Plain Tales from the Ozarks* for Arkansas and Oklahoma newspapers. Fred and Lilly were friends, and he published this letter from Lillie about Bryant Royster, who is buried at Ruddick Cemetery.

"On December 27, 1941 I received a card from Cousin Archie saying Uncle Bryant had quietly passed away the evening of December 21, and that Aunt Ibb had gone to visit family a few days. How my heart aches for the 12 children for that is the passing of a home of long-standing and genuine mountaineer hospitality. The house stands by the side of the road halfway between Rogers and Eureka Spring, Arkansas on the old wagon road to Eureka, of Knox's Ferry, on the beautiful old rambling White River that wends its way between hills and cedar-clad bluffs of picturesque beauty. The home was built by Ibb and Bryant Royster as bride and groom. "Father and mother of 14 children, raising 12 of them, a haven and refuge for wayfaring travelers. Everyone who hollered at Uncle Bryant's gate was invited to get down and come in, often staying all day or all night. The table extended the full length of the dining room and was always set with as" many plates as it would hold, and there was seldom a meal that all the plates were not all used."

"I remember one time in huckleberry time, Eve baked seven huckleberry pies one morning. There was so many neighbors dropped in there was not a piece of pie left after the noon dinner meal, and they were cut in six pieces."

"Uncle Bryant was a generous provider.....In his early life, he raised cattle as there was free range in the hills in those days. When he had an opportunity to buy a calf, he did so, turning it in the woods with others...until one time he had 100 head of steers. He would ride out occasionally with a little bag of salt tied to the saddle horn and sprinkle salt on the back of each steer to keep them licking each other. Therefore, they stayed together. He also had a salt lick where he spread salt around the protruding roots of a group of trees, and the cattle never strayed far from the salt lick. If he did not find most of them on his ride over to the lick, he would ride out through the woods calling, 'Sue-calf, sue-calf' and hearing his voice, they would bawl off in the distance. 'Ah, they are all here,' he would say and start for home."

“The cattle buyer from St. Louis come down and wanted to buy. ‘Get down,’ Uncle Bryant said, ‘until I get my horse saddled, and we will ride out and look them up.’ Taking his bag of salt they rode over the river and into the hills, calling ‘sue-calf’ and the steers dropped in from here and there when they got to the salt lick all was there or nearby, but one. Well, the buyer said, ‘I’ll give \$40 a head, and you deliver them to Seligman, Mo,’ which is about 16 miles. Bryant agreed. The buyer saying, ‘let’s put them in a pen somewhere for the night.’ ‘No,’ Bryant said ‘they’ll be here in the morning, and I’ll bring them to town.’ So, getting a few of the neighbors next morning with Bryant riding in the lead calling ‘sue-calf’ and starting through the woods, the steers following and bawling with the extra men bringing up the stragglers in the rear. When they reached the stock pens at Seligman, the steers were all there true to count.”

“Uncle Bryant chewed homespun tobacco but never raised it, buying it from neighbors who did. One time, Earl went with him across the river to old man Whites to get a quarter’s worth of tobacco, and they had to tie it to the back of an open-top buggy, the quantity was so great.”

.... “Aunt Ibb, after 62 years, is moving to Rogers to live. And, again, I’ll say more hearts than just the family’s are sad at his passing from this life. The hill country has lost a lovable character of 72 years standing. To the relations and traveling public, a generous host.”

There’ll be more Lilly stories.....

Patricia Heck, GCHS President