

Old Glade

Time rearranges history, and buildings and historical sites sometimes become rubble. Names and places disappear. It happened in Old Glade when much of the farmland disappeared under Beaver Lake. When I was a youngster, it was a big world, and time seemed slower. From home we walked everywhere---to our neighbors, to Coal Gap for school and church. We crossed White River on a horse, by boat or on foot to socialize on the other side.

We lived in a house built by Simon McGinnis after his family moved from Tennessee to Benton County Arkansas in 1891. The Glade Post Office and store opened in 1903, and he was its first federally designated Glade postmaster on the northern side of the river. During the Civil War the Larue/Glade post offices closed. In those days White River, and several creeks, snaked through Glade, Pine Log, Larue, Rocky Branch and Mundell.

Simon McGinnis built the post office, two barns, chicken house, blacksmith shop, smoke house, weaning house and an outhouse. The Weaning House was for his newly married offspring. The family had died or moved away by the time my parents bought the farm. Today, few Weaning Houses remain in the United States, but I read of a Giraffe-stoned weaning house on Highway F near Eagle Rock in Barry County Missouri. It's a gift shop, now.

Clara and Raymond Nichols lived in the weaning house after they married. He was the last Glade postmaster. Many people lived in that miniature house through the years, and I can still picture each room with its lean-to kitchen, and rough wood, winding staircase to the bedroom. It and many buildings were demolished to make way for Beaver Lake.

My three brothers and I grew up in our old two-story house. Close by was a large cellar with ceiling to floor shelving of canned goods. There was a storage room attached to it. The milk barn was a bit east of the house. After milking, the cans were carried to the deep spring to keep the milk cool until the Carnation or Pet truck retrieved them.

Approximately a couple of blocks east of the house, a road went uphill to Morrison Bend. Two of those Morrison boys practiced their life-threatening skills until they could kill squirrels with a sharp rock.

Beyond the east side of the fenced yard, a road, went south past our house, through the creek beyond the Weaning House and ended at the Fowler place, where he raised corn, peanuts and watermelons. From their house, neighbors found fields and trails to White River. Though I was left behind, my brothers enjoyed fishing and swimming in White River.

Cows were milked by hand, twice a day in the eastern cow barn. The larger barn was painted white and located a bit of a walk, west of the house, where the horses, cattle, and pigs roamed. The chicken house was between the house and the white barn. Here roosters crowed, and eggs were collected daily, or voices were raised.

Hay was stored in the big barn loft every summer. That long, tall ladder to the upper level hindered my climbing, and my brothers seemed to enjoy escaping from their sister, until I finally conquered my fears.

The western barn had a corral, and pastures were fenced. The eastern milk barn's old rail fence could be a bit tricky. Crossing it once, I fell, but my arm was only bent, not broken. My oldest brother broke his arm once and got a trip to the town doctor. All of us were born at home with local midwives attending. Later, the doctor signed our birth certificate during a visit to his office.

In Old Glade, Jim Horn owned the only vehicle in the community, a big truck, maybe a ton or two. Lost Bridge Road toward Garfield or Eureka Springs went east of our house. The road up Gravel hill and Prairie Creek took travelers west to Rogers. All roads were unpaved. Local men built the road to Garfield during the 30s when the Civilian Conservation Corp offered government wages after flooding, the big crash of 1929, and the depression that followed. After Beaver Lake filled, it was paved in 1969, and designated Highway 127.

In Old Glade, creeks would swell as White River overflowed. Flooding prevented people from traveling in or out of the community. Trips were few and far between, and people in the neighborhood filled the back of Jim Horn's old truck for *necessary* trips to Rogers. The back of his truck was usually full, and *necessary* was narrowly defined by the adults.

Below the post office, a huge woodpile was in front of the house, outside our fenced yard, Wood was needed for heating and cooking. The main road to Eureka Springs and Rogers was quite close to the post office with two gas pumps in front of the store building. A few yards east sat the blacksmith shop, filled with farming curiosities. I was admonished to stay away. The blacksmith shop was mysterious, and, a place horses got new shoes

To reach Fowler's place, we traveled downhill, crossed the creek, passed the the Weaning House, and on to their farm where we could find watermelon in the summer time.

The Glade Post Office closed in 1945. My memory is of the closed post office building. It was a place to play on rainy days. Behind that building was my lovely wooden horse, supported by two trees at each end of the horizontal chiseled log saddle with stirrups, I could put my foot in the stirrup and climb onto my faithful steed and ride away to unknown lands.

Two huge gardens were tilled each spring. The western patch, by the chicken house, was only for growing potatoes. They were planted March 17 and dug July, 4. That rule was set. The other garden was below the house, and all the produce had to be harvested and canned for winter meals. Summer months were hot with the wood-cook stove, but many half- gallon jars filled the shelves, and hog killing during the coldest month meant more canning. It was the best sausage ever. Even the pig's feet were canned.

When electricity came over the mountains in the 40's, refrigeration added convenience and ice every day. Before electricity, it was a wonderful treat to get ice, soft drinks, and homemade ice cream.

Morning came early and all family members worked until the chores were finished. My brothers had long days in the fields. Chores never stopped. My mother and I cooked, sewed, cleaned and anyone who dropped by was invited to eat. Preachers often stayed at our house during revivals. Some religious renewal lasted two weeks. I remember three women with a guitar. All three sang and one preached. Their names have disappeared.

A paternal uncle lived with us much of the time. Our house was dry. Sometimes, he and a friend enjoyed too much alcohol, and he usually slept in the big white barn on those occasions. Once a visiting preacher lady was upstairs sleeping when he arrived home late, Unaware of a visitor, he climbed the stairs, and we heard her screaming before he fled to the barn. Later, my brothers and I smirked and laughed about it, when no adults were around.

The community gathering place was Coal Gap School. It was the school, church, and community meeting place. Cousin Clara played the piano by ear at every service. Church was undenominational, and we learned to respect all religions.

The teacher's cottage below the school was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Muchmore. They farmed, and she taught school at Coal Gap. Across the road from their place lived the Chapman family and later the Ellis family. Mrs. Muchmore was my fourth -grade teacher. They raised a niece, Judy who attended school with us at Coal Gap. Both families were Seventh Day Adventist. Though I had to learn a lot of Bible verses in Bible school, I had no concept of other religions, but I learned their sabbath was on Saturday.

At Glade, neighbors helped each other. Everyone worked until the job was done, no matter the day, but I never heard anyone imply the Muchmore or Chapman family should work on their sabbath because others in the community did.

Years later, I attended Mrs. Muchmore's one- hundred birthday celebration and thanked her for the vast improvement in my reading comprehension under her care. I was pleased for that opportunity. Sometimes, we aren't that lucky and people disappear before our gratitude is expressed.

History is a foundation for the future, a map of where we've been that guides us where we're going. Keep good records and take lots of pictures.

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