



*The Glade Community Historical Society, Inc.*  
including Garfield & Pine Log, Arkansas, a 501 (c)(3) Charity  
[www.gladehistory.org](http://www.gladehistory.org).

### Glade Newsletter # 4, 2023

**The work of the society is to preserve histories of Garfield, Pine Log and Glade by researching and gathering stories, documents & artifacts**

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**SOUP SUPPER, OCTOBER 22 AT 4 PM AT LOST BRIDGE COMMUNITY ROOM**  
**a variety of soups, dessert and drink for the BEST deal of the year!**

**Speaker: Dale Phillips—"The Armies After Pea Ridge: The Roads to Helena, Prairie Grove and Corinth from March--October 1862"**

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**Morgan Morrison crossed Cedar creek near his home at Glade, Arkansas. His guttural horse sounds prodded the horse up the hill toward home. Faithful old Jake's tail wagged a greeting as soon as his master arrived. Inside his home, Morgan placed some kindling on the smoldering embers in the fireplace. Smoke nearly vanished as he reached his rocking chair. The fire began to roar as his old boots warmed on the hearth. The ash pit needed cleaning but not tonight. Soon the room warmed and he could feel his body relaxing.**

**After supper, old Jake, got the left overs and lingered on the porch to guard the place. Morgan needed sleep because he was going after his family the following day. Maude and the boys had been at her folks for a couple of weeks and he told them he would come after them today.**

**Morning came as usual. He shaved, did his chores and headed for the harnesses in the barn. The early morning dew dampened his boots. He hitched the wagon, grabbed a jug of water and was on his way. Rugged country roads and jutting rocks meant he'd be bone-tired by the end of day, but it would be good for them to be home.**

**“Stay home Jake.”**

**Morgan’s wagon reached Jennings Ford at White River on the northern side. He eased into the water with the sun rising in the sky. The heat felt good on his back. He knew there would be delicious food waiting for him when he reached Maud’s family across the river. In the water, Morgan could hear the wheels grind into the rocks.**

**“Giddy up” encouraged the mares up the incline on the river’s southern side near the communities of Larue and Rocky Branch. The horses pulled the wagon up the slope and onto the road. The sun was high in the sky now.**

**Thirty minutes later he approached his in-law’s farm. The boys raced down the lane to greet him and ride back down the lane. Maude waved and soon they shared fried chicken, fresh green bean, potatoes, gravy and peach pie for dessert.**

**Not a big talker, it wasn’t long before Morgan stepped outside to smoke and noticed clouds gathering.**

**“Maud, we’d better head home. It looks like a storm might be brewing.”**

**Her folks sent a tarp with them in case they needed it for bad weather. Several minutes down the road, heavy rain fell from the sky. Three of the travelers ducked under the tarp. Morgan continued to drive the wagon toward home. The rain came down fast. He yelled at Maud,**

**“I think we can make it across the river. What do you think?”**

**Her head darted from the tarp long enough to nod. They continued down the road, and the rain never stopped.**

**Reaching White River, Morgan could see the rising water as the wagon rolled down the riverbank. The wheels landed on the rocks, and the horses moved across their usual path. Suddenly all hell broke loose as the wagon bed collapsed and Maud and her sons were pulled into the swirling water. In an instant they had disappeared.**

**“Maud, where are you?”**

**Morgan dived into the water and grabbed her. He pulled her up sputtering and coughing. He knew she was a strong swimmer, and she was closer to the northern bank. She could swim to safety. He was certain she would never forgive him if he lost the boys, so he dived again. After a couple of attempts, he had both of them. He pulled them to the edge of the water near their mother. They were safe and that was all that mattered. He rested briefly, then he grabbed one of the mares and rode bareback to the nearest neighbor. He loaded up the family and drove them home.**

**As soon as they arrived, all of them changed out of their wet garbs. Happy for clean, dry clothes, the boys were strangely quiet and stayed by the fireplace for the rest of the day**

**Maud dressed, combed her hair and headed to the kitchen.**

**“I’m going to cook the best supper ever.” She smiled at her sons. “It’s not everyday our lives are saved.”**

**They giggled but didn’t move from their spots, and she didn’t have to tell them to stop fighting the rest of the day.**

**Morgan headed outside to feed the animals and bring in some firewood. He placed it on the hearth and decided the ash bucket could wait one more day to be emptied.**

**Back outside at the cistern, he grabbed a bucket to pump water. He was glad this day was over and that all of them were alive and safe.**

**“Not every day will be like this, but today I know how precious life is, and I think my family must too.” He spoke into the sky as he stood at the cistern. Slowly he turned and went inside.**

**Editor’s Note: I remember Morgan Morrison. His grandson is Jerry Morrison, Pea Ridge, Arkansas and his stepson is Billy Mattox, Garfield, Arkansas. This story is true that Morgan saved his family from White River. It was printed in the local newspaper many years ago, but part of this story could be a figment of repeated old stories and my imagination.**

**Glade Board Members: Sam Reynolds, Ruth Billingsley, Judi Walter, Dorothy Williams and Patricia Heck. There are four general meetings each year (January, April, July and October) to provide education and entertainment to the public. The board meets each month.**

**Visitors are welcome.**

**Please complete this form and join the Glade Historical Society. Annual memberships are \$25 per family, and we are always seeking new board members.**

**Name** \_\_\_\_\_

**Address** \_\_\_\_\_

**Telephone** \_\_\_\_\_ **Email** \_\_\_\_\_

**For memberships, please send \$25 and this form to:**

**Sam Reynolds, 20916 Slate Gap Road, Garfield, Arkansas 72732**