



Cross County Historical Society
P. O. Box 943, Wynne, AR 72396

www.cchs1862.org

Cross County *ERA*

VOLUME 7—NO. 1

WINTER 2012

A Look Back and a Look Forward

Much was accomplished over the past year. During that time, over five hundred family histories and many business histories have been entered into the Cross County Histories Book, which will be delivered during the first quarter of 2012.

The southwest room in the museum has been remodeled. Carol Brown physically tore down and removed the line of closets, caulked and painted the wall! Don't mess with Carol! Lighted display cases have been delivered by CESI, a museums supply company of Virginia. Pottery is exhibited in three of the large cases and a cleverly lighted tabletop relief of Crowley's Ridge sits in the center of the room. Other exhibits are to be added. The south walls of both south rooms are to be completed, using railroad and Wittsburg history. A grant from Union Pacific has been applied for in order to help with the funding. The windows in the entire museum building have been restored and are back to their original state. The county has paid for this restoration.

Christmas Open House last December hosted 76 people who enjoyed numerous Christmas collections. Refreshments were served.

In February, several members attended the Delta Byways Banquet where the newsletter, "The ERA", was honored with a trophy for contributions promoting and preserving the natural and cultural history of Eastern Arkansas.

A steak dinner and "Fashions through the Ages" last February earned over \$13,000 for the museum and has paid the salary of the secretary, Joy McMinn.

Gifts have been received. The Business and Professional Women contributed to the museum, and the Endowment Foundation of Cross County awarded a generous grant to the society. The board has approved of letters going to county residents asking if they would fund the museum for a day. Calculations conclude that costs for keeping the museum open for one day is \$150. The society has received a good response.

The museum has presented programs during the year and has also provided a place for programs for the community. Becky Norsworthy hosted the Town and Country Garden Club monthly luncheon in the museum. Dr. Becca Jackson presented a program concerning care of the eyes. The DAR chapter has met there. Susan Gilbert's Gifted Class offered a power point presentation on friends and family members. In August members and friends of the museum attended a presentation by Russell Baker on searching for one's Civil War kin. The next month, Danny Honnoll spoke on "The Life and Times of General Patrick Cleburne."

The home-cooked Marathon Dinner of November 4, 2011, raised \$2828.00 and served over 200 people. Many thanks to the cooks and the workers!!

Bridget Hart donated her time, artifacts and creativity to put together the Old Country Store at the front of the museum. She created "Mr. Dan Proctor" who sits in the store and greets people coming in the front door. She earlier created the railroad mannequin named "Dutch" in memory of her father and grandfather, Jack and John Herman. Dutch greets visitors at the rear of the museum.

The society has again joined the Mid-America Arts Alliance's HELP Next Step program. Richard Hartness attended a HELP workshop in Dallas relating to strategic planning and sharing of ideas with other museums of similar size. This is a three year program in which Richard and Joy McMinn are scheduled to participate. Richard also attended a meeting in Washington, DC, called Museum Advocacy Day where he met with state representatives and senators, advocating that they (1) vote to leave in place the same \$35 million IMLS has set for the benefit of Museums; (2) include museums in the upcoming legislation on "No Child Left Behind," and (3) include museums in charitable giving.

On September 15, 2012, the society will sponsor a "Walk through History" by Rachel Silva of Arkansas Heritage. The Walk will occur on Hamilton Avenue and Eldridge Court.

The historical society wishes to thank every donor of the past years. The museum could not survive without the help of its friends.

— Taken from Carol Brown's Annual Report

For three years Carol Brown has been the society's president. We thank her for all her personal carpentry and cleaning, her work with suppliers and friends of the museum, her efforts toward keeping the museum going and for this report. Richard Hartness will serve as president in the coming three years.



Cross County Museum

CROSS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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MUSEUM HOURS

Monday—Friday
10:00 to 4:00

TELEPHONE 870-238-4100

MAKE A
MEMORIAL GIFT
TO YOUR
MUSEUM
TODAY.

HEARING FROM OLD FRIENDS

The following is a letter to Mary Evelyn Lee from Wynne native Vivian Brawner Pitts who now lives in Topeka, KS. We are grateful for her contribution. Mrs. Pitts is the wife of the late Jiggs Pitts of Wynne, who invented Pitt's Bull, a very successful hoist.

Mary Evelyn,

Thank you so much for the Fall 2011 publication of the Cross County ERA.

What a joy to read, and I have read it over several times.

I receive "The Progress", but I must say I miss reading about the folks I knew. I know so many have gone on to their heavenly home.

Of course, the article, "News from Yesteryear," brought back such pleasant memories of my days at Wynne High School.

My family, along with daddy's brother (Claud) and his sister (Mamie *Davis*), all lived on Highway 64 West just across the way from each other. A year or so before we moved, they black-topped the road. I remember my dad was hired to keep people from driving on it before it set. Of course, people will always be people and defy the rules. Anyway, soon after that, all three families moved—Uncle Claud and Aunt Mamie moved to Wynne, and my dad bought a farm at Fitzgerald Crossing, three miles south of Wynne on old Highway 1. We moved from black top to dust and gravel again. Was there no end to dust? Eventually, Judge Sulcer oiled the road down and we were grateful.

We attended Mebane School. It was a four room building, front and back porch, white frame, pump out front. There was always a line waiting to get a drink before the bell rang. We had to have someone pump as each cupped their hand for just a sip of water. You can't hold a lot of water in the palm of your hand, but we were all considerate of the other and made sure everyone got a little sip, especially so the younger ones.

Of course, we all had to have shots for diphtheria, whooping cough and whatever else was going around. Mrs. Hattye Robinson was the County Health Nurse and oh, how we hated to see her wheel into the school yard. She would come in garbed in black from head to toe, plop that Bunsen burner on the teacher's desk and yell, "Line up!" She would push your sleeve up, point that needle somewhere in the vicinity of your upper arm, shoot and yell, "Next!" No sympathy. Some were crying, some didn't want to get shot, and we would try to console them, but they got shot. Mrs. Robinson didn't have time to coddle anyone; she had another school to go to. One of my brothers would always have to sit on the back step. He wouldn't take the shot; said it made him sick. Well, maybe so, but he went into the Army and I'm sure he had to have shots. Were no back steps there.

When we graduated 8th grade we went to Wynne High School. Some did, some did not. You could drop out of school back then, using having to help on the farm, or just didn't have the money for the right kind of clothes, so they thought. After all, it was a town school and we thought they were better than us. Little did we realize, folks are folks everywhere. Too, World War II was raging and it was a trying time for many. I never remember hearing a critical remark about our President Roosevelt. We held that man in awe. When he was scheduled for a radio address, folks stopped and listened by radio. Those who had no radio went to a neighbor's and listened. We revered our President. Of course, you remember, he was a victim of polio, and when he stood, one of his sons was standing with him for support. I remember visiting his library and the "little Whitehouse" at Hyde Park, NY and seeing where he worked. The wheel chair was a crude, wooden, high-back chair, so bare, no cushioning. Would never compare to anything luxurious as today.

Then President Truman making whistle-stops on the back of a passenger car. Throngs of people waited to just get a glimpse of Mr. Truman. I'm sure his beloved Bess was directing his every move. We respected our presidents and I was wondering as I was writing, when did respect become so unfashionable? When did we, as the United States, become so hostile, gossipy, disrespectful of each other? We seem to have forgotten that we claim to be a Christian nation. We are our brothers' keeper. I wonder has God forgotten America? But then I remember reading "There has always been days like this." We just have a tendency to forget at times and that is why. We must stop, take a deep breath, and remember that God has held this world together for 2000 years and He will always have a remnant of the faithful to stand for justice.

So, back to Wynne High School Days. I think Beverly Daniel Burnett was president of our class. Well, we had all kinds of class contests. We ran for offices, president, smartest, wittiest, prettiest and whatever else we could think of. And Bev spearheaded the drive. Now, I can tell you: if Bev promoted you or anything else, it was a "done deal" before it even got started. These politicians need some someone like Bev to head their election campaigns. No foolishness, no hanky-panky; it was all business, real, honest-to-goodness, cut and dried business, and things got done.

We were blessed with good schools, good teachers, good administrators, as we are today.

God has blessed America. How humble and grateful we all should be, and I'm sure we all are. We just have a tendency to take His goodness for granted at times, so let's all stop and remember. God knows what the next step should be, and He, in His time, will get it done with or without us.

Thank you again for the publication. It was an honor to be asked for my memoirs.

Vivian Pitts

Hartness Gives Advice on Local Ancestor Search

The last of Arkansas's seventy-five counties was Cleburne, created on February 20, 1883. It was formed from parts of Van Buren, Independence, and White counties. After that time it is reasonable to conclude that census searches showing a family who lived in one county as late as 1880, and then were found in another in 1890 or 1900, had physically moved. But, be careful. Exercise caution when drawing the conclusion that your family moved from county to county between 1820 and 1890; Arkansas Territory was created in 1819.

For example, let's suppose we are considering the case of a family living in northwestern Crittenden County in 1860. They are found in Township 9 North, Range 6 East (T9NR6E). Then, in the 1870 census this same family appears in Cross County. Ten years later in 1880, the same aging parents seem to have returned to Crittenden County. Of course, in the absence of oral tradition or documentary evidence, it appears on the surface that the family moved twice, from Crittenden to Cross, then back to Crittenden. A logical conclusion or so it seems, but is it correct?

Actually, they never moved. On 15 November 1862 Arkansas's Confederate legislature created Cross County. In Act Number Two of the short twenty-six day session, the legal description of Cross County reveals how parts of Poinsett, St. Francis, and Crittenden counties were combined to create the new county. Part of the parcel removed from Crittenden County was T9NR6E. Then, in 1873 Lee County's creation affected the political boundaries of ST. Francis and Crittenden Counties, as well as Cross. So, in 1880 this same family, now twenty years older, appears again in Crittenden County.

T9NR6E was returned to Crittenden County in 1873, and Cross County assumed the rectangular shape that remains today. The 1860 Crittenden County family and many others like them, who lived in the 36 sections of T9NR6E, never moved. The creation of new counties placed the family into different county jurisdictions. So, be careful of erroneous assumptions.

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I consider it an honor to be elected president of the Cross County Historical Society again. I will do my best to execute my duties well during the coming three years, and I thank everyone for this privilege. You all have my Christmas blessings and best wishes for a happy and healthy new year.

Richard Hartness, President
Cross County Historical Society

Christmas Blessings

The museum received two computer monitors! Our thanks to Mary Jenkins and Betty Neal Cruz!!

Hickory Ridge History Book for Sale

"35 Degrees 24 Minutes North 91 Degrees West: A Town Called Hickory Ridge" by Don Evans, Isaac Bratcher, James Jeffers, and Johnny Wilson. Price \$40.00. Contact Johnny Wilson at 870-697-2993 or johnny.h.wilson@att.net

Books and CDs for Sale at the Museum

"Wittsburg, Wynne, and Points Nearby" by Richard Hartness. Hardcover \$29.95; paperback \$19.95 plus \$4.95 shipping for each. The book is a combination of reprints of four publications Hartness compiled in 1970. Make check to Richard Hartness.

"A Virtual Tour through History in Downtown Wynne, Arkansas" by Bridget Hart. Hardback only. \$50 plus \$5.50 shipping. Also available by calling Bridget at 870-238-8631. **Please make check to New Hope School.**

"The Harrison Riot" Book by Reverend J. K Farris of Wynne in 1924. CD. \$5.00 plus \$3.00 shipping. Make check to New Hope School.

"Wynne, Arkansas: a Look Back at 1947" DVD Film narrated by Bridget Hart. \$25.00 plus \$3.00 shipping. Make check to Wynne Downtown Revitalization.

"Downtown Wynne Cookbook" compiled by Florence Halstead and Bridget Hart. Features pictures of downtown businesses in 2007. \$10.00. Make check to Wynne Downtown Revitalization.

"Opportunity of a Lifetime" by T.A. Bedford, Jr. 1904 booklet reprinted. \$3.00 plus \$1.00 postage. Make check to Cross Co. Historical Society. Book may be picked up at the museum at 711 E. Union. For more information, email the museum: crossmuseum@sbcglobal.net, call 870-238-4100 or write to Cross Co. Museum, P.O. Box 943, Wynne, AR 72396.

M E M O R I A L G I F T S

To Cross County Museum

Mr. and Mrs. John Killough
*in memory of Earline Price,
mother of Libby Washington*
12/14/2011

Laura Beene
memory Earnest Dallas
10/31/2011

Nevil and Sarah Boone
*memory Billy Hess and
DeLoss McKnight*
10/31/2011

Randall Caldwell
memory Earnest Dallas
10/31/2011

Jere and Camillia Kernodle
memory Earnest Dallas
10/31/2011

Leta Marlar
memory Earnest Dallas
10/31/2011

Nancy Boone
*memory John F. Boone
of Wynne*
11/15/2011

To CCHS Endowment Fund Savings Account

*When this fund reaches \$10,000 it will
become an endowment fund. The account
can grow and provide funding for mainte-
nance and scholarships. A contribution to
this account is an investment in the future of
Cross County.*

To New Hope School

Anonymous gift
in memory of Billy Meachum
05/06/2011

J.T. and Sandra Tucker
*memory Earnest Dallas and
DeLoss McKnight*
11/01/2011

Bridget Hart family
in memory of Marlin Call
12/08/2011
Wynne High School Class of 1949
in memory of Marlin Call
12.08.2011

My First and Last Parachute Jump

By Lt. Col. Marlin L. Call

A few miles to the east and south of Hickory Ridge, on the south side of what may be County Road 126, still stands an old barn. A relic with vertical siding of rough-sawn oak and a rusty tin roof, it has survived the passage of time for at least seventy-five years. Most likely, the barn is closer to having completed one hundred or more years of graceful aging.

It is a short distance east of Lewis Cemetery, on the southwest corner of the road that goes east from Lewis Cemetery and the junction of the first north-south county road, if I remember correctly. It is the last remaining structure of what was known in the 1930s as The Old Blue Rose Plantation.

In the 1930s, there were three houses located west of the barn. The houses were small; four rooms with an adjunct room or two, such as a kitchen or sleeping room. All had front and back open porches. On Grandpa and Grandpa's front porch stood the oaken ice chest, which was serviced by the iceman twice weekly with a fifty-pound block. The houses were of wood construction, sitting atop concrete piers about knee-high, roofed with cedar shingles, and the exterior walls were of horizontal lapped siding that was painted a faded orange color. A color that must have been on sale at the time it was chosen. Each had a central brick flue to vent the wood-burning stoves. Built long before the advent of sheet-rock, the interior walls and ceiling were also of wood, usually covered with sturdy wallpaper. The wallpaper was not just decorative, but kept out the wintry wind. The two eastern-most houses, the two nearest to the barn, stood on or near the site where now stands a magnificent country home.

I lived on Blue Rose, from shortly after I was born in the town of Hickory Ridge in 1932, until 1940 or maybe 1941. The two eastern-most houses were spaced about fifty or sixty yards apart, and were in a fenced yard together. My maternal grandparents, Ira and Kate Goodart, lived in the house closest to the barn, and I lived with my parents, Ellis and Dottie Call, and my older sister Theda, in the house just west of theirs. During our stay on Blue Rose, more than one family came and went from the western-most of the three houses, the third one set farther away from the two in which our families lived.

My childhood there could be likened to a Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn type of existence, minus, of course, the Mississippi River. From the time of my first recollections, I remember reveling in the long summer days of exploration and discovery of my country surroundings. There was always so much to see, do, and discover that I was never bored or unhappy. Baby chickens, ducks, guineas, pigs and calves to pet and love. There were no horses, to my eternal disappointment, but I had a wonderful, faithful, and loving dog named Adolph as my constant companion. The acquisition and naming of Adolph is another story, to be told separately.

Bugs, turtles, birds, rabbits, squirrels and all the rest of God's wildlife were plentiful and subjects to discover, examine when possible, and marvel at. The surrounding rice fields and ditches were home to the water moccasin, and the cotton mouth water moccasin. My parents taught Theda and me to fear and avoid the snakes, a teaching that I abide by to this day.

There was a garden to be hoed, eggs to gather, a cow to milk after I got old enough, firewood to carry in, water to pump, blackberries to be picked, running skills to be practiced, and games to be played.

Even the winters were magnificent. Well, except that none of the sleeping areas were heated. That wasn't so great. Crawling out from under the blankets and down comforter, and putting bare feet on the cold linoleum floor was an experience that I can still remember, as was taking a bath in a number three galvanized washtub, which was moved as close as possible to the stoked-up stove. Wintertime trips to the outdoor privy were a mixed blessing. Mixed, because although the temperature might be a bit too frigid, at least there would be no snakes to encounter.

Popping corn was fun to eat and to string for decoration on the cedar Christmas tree that Grandpa and Daddy cut and dragged in from the nearby woods. As I recall, I didn't particularly notice the cold floors on Christmas morning. Even in the depths of the "Great Depression," Santa Claus never missed our house. There were the once-in-a-year fresh fruits and nuts, and gobs of homemade candy and cookies, which Santa would always leave for us to enjoy. My parents explained to me that even though we didn't have a fireplace chimney for Santa to come down, he had other means with which to access our Christmas tree.

In the dining room, we had a fancy-looking wood-burning heating stove adorned with chrome trim on the door. The dining table was graced by a delicate lace tablecloth and bore the sole Aladdin Lamp, a prized possession of our household. That lamp was used sparingly, usually only for reading. Only Daddy was allowed to carefully light it, because the fragile mantle was expensive to replace. Our usual source of illumination came from standard wick-fed kerosene lamps.

When the circuit-riding Methodist preacher once came to our house for Sunday dinner of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, and a variety of vegetables, topped off with pie and/or cake, and at Thanksgiving and Christmas, we ate in the dining room. All other times we ate in the kitchen, near the posh Home Comfort brand wood-fired cook stove that was the pride of Mama. She and Daddy had bought it just prior to their marriage in 1927. Mama was a great cook and baker, and could somehow command just the right temperature in the oven of that Home Comfort stove. Daddy bought her a kerosene cook stove for summer use, to avoid adding heat to the room beyond what the summer was already providing.

But I have strayed from the subject of a parachute jump. I'll get around to telling that soon. But first, you need to learn more about the life of an Arkansas country housewife in the 1930s in order for me to properly set the scene.

You see, since there was no electricity, there was no pump to provide running water, no water heater, and no electric washing machine. Mama almost religiously washed on a Monday. I don't think she ever missed a Monday washday, weather permitting. Before he went to the fields, Daddy would build a fire outside near the back porch and close to the hand-operated water pump.



At Blue Rose Plantation in 2009, Call stands in front of the barn from which he parachuted at the age of five.

Continued next page

He would place the huge cast iron kettle over the fire and fill it with water from the pump. Mama, lacking at the time a gasoline-powered Maytag washing machine (she got one a couple of years later), had to do the clothes washing on a scrub board in a galvanized washtub. She washed, rinsed, starched, wrung by hand all the accumulated dirty laundry, and then hung it on the clothesline to dry. Rainy Mondays presented an almost insurmountable dilemma for Mama. At the end of a sunny washday, she gathered the clothes off the line, folded them into the wicker laundry basket and brought them into the house.

After making bread, pies, cakes, and then putting them into the oven while the sad irons were being heated on top of the stove, Tuesday was ironing day for Mama. She believed that all the bed sheets needed to be ironed, as well as every stitch we wore, including underwear. The times, they sure have changed! After she had spent so much time and energy cleaning my clothes, you can readily understand why Mama took a dim view of a little boy who would carelessly muss up his clean clothing. Later, I remember being threatened with punishment if I came home from school with grass stains on the knees of my bib overalls. How in the world is a young boy supposed to "rassle" without getting grass stains on his clothes?

I probably should mention that the other days of the week were also fully filled with dawn-to-dark work for the country housewife of that era. There was the constant cooking of meals, washing dishes, sweeping, dusting, etc. And Mama and Grandma worked together gathering and canning the garden produce, and making apple butter and soap. The apple butter and soap were cooked in the same iron kettle she used for heating the wash water. Then there were clothes to be mended, new clothes to be made on her foot-treadle-operated Singer sewing machine, making quilts, churning butter, making cottage cheese, canning meats that couldn't be cured or smoked, and on and on, until the week finally wound down. On Sunday mornings, Mama had to get herself and her family fed, then get herself and her children ready to attend church. Sunday afternoons - after feeding her family and maybe the preacher a noontime meal - were reserved for visiting with other family members, and relaxing. She and Grandma would also occasionally host the Ladies Aid Society (whatever that was) of the church. The life of an Arkansas country housewife in the 1930s was not an easy existence.

Being the mother of a lively and inquisitive five-year-old boy who occasionally unnecessarily added to her workload was just another cross to bear. Parachute jumping could be included in that category.

At about the age of five, I discovered that there was such a thing as a parachute. I'm not sure how I learned this. It may have been from my cousin, eight years my senior, who was busy building model airplanes and making tiny parachutes. He would tie strings to the four corners of a handkerchief, weight it with a small rock and toss it into the air to float gracefully back to earth. Or it may have been from looking at the weekly *Grit* newspaper pictures of the German paratroops that were beginning to terrorize Western Europe at about that time.

Whatever the source of my inspiration, I decided that I would make a parachute for myself, and test it. I cautiously watched my chances, and managed to pilfer a sheet from the drawer in which Mama kept them after she had washed and ironed them. I then tied strings about five or six feet long to the four corners of the sheet for the parachute shroud lines, tied the ends together and affixed them around my waist. I accomplished this in the privacy of the old automobile garage, which was about fifty feet from our back door, and which was used for storage of almost everything but an automobile.

Then, I cautiously stole eastward to the barn, attempting, and succeeding, to hide my pilfered contraband from the prying eyes of Mama and Grandma. I climbed the ladder to the loft, proceeded to the open loft door and looked down. The ground below the loft door was a mixture of mud and animal dung. Oh, my, it was a long way down there to the landing zone. Still, I had come too far to chicken out now. I had already destroyed the crisp, lightly starched and ironed creases of the clean sheet when I tied the strings to the corners. Anyway, what could go wrong? The parachute would float me gently to earth when it opened. Just like the tiny parachute that my cousin would toss into the air. Go for it! Don't be a wimp! I had never heard the word 'wimp' at that age, but that's exactly what I didn't want to be. Or, as the British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher later was reported to have said to the first President George Bush, prior to the first Gulf War, "Don't go wobbly kneed now, George."

I gathered my sheet parachute in my left hand and leaped out into space, tossing the sheet out from my body to catch the wind. For some unknown reason, the 'chute didn't open. Dang! I landed with a thud in the soft mud and animal dung. I arose unhurt. The sheet was definitely soiled beyond hiding the fact. Also were my clean clothes and a major part of my body. I was now in big trouble.

I began the long, slow walk back to the house, carrying the soiled sheet. There was no way I could get out of this. I spent the time during the trudge back to the house worrying about my impending doom, and mentally preparing myself for the whipping that was sure to follow. I arrived at the house as Mama was coming out the kitchen door onto the back porch. The expression on her face, a mixture of shock and amazement at my disheveled appearance, was priceless. The look in her eyes was different, though. I was certain that I could see in her eyes some big, big, trouble coming my way. I don't remember what she said to me. But, to my surprise, after hearing what I had done, instead of the whipping I was expecting, I got a big hug. I guess she was so glad that I hadn't severely injured myself that she decided to forego the punishment that would have fit the deed.

In my twenty-five years of Air Force flying, I never had to use a parachute, for which I'm grateful. However, I am reasonably certain, that had the need arisen, my second parachute jump would have turned out more successfully than my first and last one.

At right with his son, Chris, Col. Call visits his parents' graves in Lewis Cemetery near Hickory Ridge. Col. Call, 79, passed away Monday, December 5, 2011, and on December 17 he was buried at Lewis Cemetery. He was Cross County's first Jet pilot.



CROSS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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The ERA may be viewed on the website above.

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Bridget Hart, Editor. Consultants: CCHS President Carol Brown, Betty Holland; Georgia Ross, George Anne Draper, Educators.
To contact editor: crossmuseum@sbcglobal.net

CD About Cross County Found on the internet is the following ad: "Cross County History and Genealogy. An informative and historical overview of Cross County, Arkansas including two separate books on one CD which include 4 historical maps (1855, 1895, 1898, and 1915); plus the sections 1890 Goodspeed Publishing Company *Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Cross County, Arkansas* book on CD including 103 family biographies. An important resource for the study and research of Cross County, Arkansas history and genealogy." See link: http://www.hearthstonelegacy.com/cross_county_arkansas.htm

In Gratitude to CROSS COUNTY BANK

Our appreciation goes to David Dowd, his secretary Kim, and the **Cross County Bank** for the printing of this newsletter. The bank is located in downtown Wynne at 1 Cross County Bank Plaza, PO Box 9, Wynne, AR 72396, Telephone 870-238-8171, with branches in Wynne, Hickory Ridge, and Cherry Valley.

BUILD PRESERVATION IN CROSS COUNTY—JOIN YOUR COUNTY'S HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEMORIALS ARE WELCOME

Please make checks payable to Cross County Historical Society, New Hope School, or CCHS Savings Account, and mail to P. O. Box 943, Wynne, AR 72396 Persons donating \$15 or more to any of these accounts becomes a member of CCHS.

Memberships: Individual \$15__ Family \$25__ Institutional \$35__ Sustaining \$50__ Patron \$100__ Benefactor \$250__
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