

Threads of Destiny

An Apex Biography of R. J. Daniel
Author of the book “Hair-breadth Escapes of R. J. & Bud Daniel,
So-called Outlaws of Arkansas

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Daughter of R. J. Daniel

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Prelogue of Out Of The Past

In a little country home in the piney woods in Texas lives an elderly lady who gets more pleasure by doing for others than doing for herself. She is quietly relaxing in her bedroom when unfamiliar voices attract her attention.

Looking through a window leading to the front entrance, a Union Cab is stopping, coming to a standstill. A cab driver opens the door, helps out a very attractive tall lady you could tell at a glance was not an ordinary citizen of our Country. I could see the cab driver following behind with a large traveling bag.

Then I heard a strange voice say, “You may go now if this is the place. I will find my way,” exclaimed the traveler. Then, to my utter amazement, there stood before me some one I had never laid eyes on. I had as yet not found composure enough to be courteous, during these moments of suspense. My guest was saying, “Is that Mrs. Hill?” I exclaimed, “Yes.” “Well, here is your niece.”

“Niece”, running fast in my brain that was all awhirl with thoughts and questions, fast, too fast for answers. For the only nieces I knew I had and it was certainly none of them. By this time I’m sure the visitor was feeling that she was getting a very cool welcome when she burst out the words, “This is Nida.”

The Blueprint of Heaven

1. In the book is the blueprint of Heaven
Who's maker and builder is God
And the grandeur and splendor is mighty
Where only but angels have trod.
The breadth is as wide as it's lengthwise
And the furlongs are twelve thousand square
And the height is equal to measure
As the cubits by forty and four

2. Twelve gates are built to this city.
Twelve Angels are standing on guard.
The names of the twelve tribes of Israel
Are engraved by the hand of the Lord.
The one that measured the city
Had a golden reed in his hand
As he measured the beautiful city
The city will forever stand.

3. The beautiful walls are of Jasper
The city like glass is pure gold
The foundation is garnished with jewels
Are twelve most beautiful stones
The first foundation is Jasper
The second a shining sapphire
The third a bright chalcedony
The fourth are emeralds so fair.

4. The fifth a sardonyx glistening
The sixth a sordius more rare
The seventh a chrysolite gleaming
The eighth a byrle to compare
The ninth a topaz to blend thru
The tenth a chrysoprosus for strength
The eleventh a Jacinth for splendor
The twelvth an amythest for length.

5. And the gates are twelve in number
And are made of twelve shining pearls
And the streets of the city are pure golden
Transparent as glass all unfurled
And in this house are no temples
For God is the temple up there
For they need no sun nor the moon
For the glory of God will shine fair.

6. The gates of the city will be open
With the river of life running thru
Proceeding from the throne out of Heaven
And shining like chrystal so pure
In the midst is a tree of life blooming
That bore twelve manner of fruit
That yield each month for provision
And the leaves are to heal all our land

7. The wolves shall dwell with the lambies
And the leopard shall lie with the kid
The very small child shall lead them
And nothing will then have to fear
For each shall eat from his vinyard
And laugh and rejoice all the time
No sickness, no sorrow, no teardrops
For all will be pure divine.

“Silence Is Golden”

If whom that stills the tongues of saints
Would still the tongues of those that ain't,
What a wonderful place on earth would be
If trust I you and you would me.

To the best of my knowledge,
the manuscript begins at Jessie's page number 8.
Also there are other page discrepancies
throughout the book
Sincerely,
Homer McCall

The numbers in brackets throughout the text are the page numbers from the original handwritten manuscript.

The temptation to do some editing was strong, but I have resisted, intending to keep as close to the original as possible. This is important because I believe she wrote this in the same words and style she would have used telling you the story, face to face. You can practically hear her voice. Editing would disrupt that and might add distortions..

Notes in brackets were added to provide context and other information.

Transcription by
Jack Danel
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THREADS OF DESTINY

By Jessie Lee Smith Dunn Hill



Chapter 1 Our Changing World

At the present time of our changing world and the tragic experiences of the day reflects back to sixty years ago. What a short decade. We are just in another epoch or the birth pangs of another dawn. As I sit trying to piece together the threads of destiny, I ask myself, “Is it twilight or dawn?” I call to mind an article in Benjamin Franklin’s day as he was attending the constitutional Convention. He was pondering over the design of the tapestry on George Washington’s chair, on which was emblazoned a half sun with golden rays streaming heavenward. After many weeks, after the Constitution was written, Franklin said to Washington, “I have been wondering all these weeks whether that picture is the rising sun or the setting sun. Now I know.” So I guess each decade brings us to know we are in a new cycle of revolution, but the outcome is only revealed by the prophets. [8-9]

As King James pictures the tragic plight of the laboring classes in the final stage of world history before Christ comes to establish His kingdom, “Know this, that in the last days grievous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of self and lovers of money.” 2nd. Tim. 3:1-2.”Come now ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming up on you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten.” So continues the 5th ch. Of James. The love of money have wrecked homes, stopped the wheels of progress, contaminated the minds of money-lovers, greed have turned out women and children in the bare cold one decade after another and yet modern history affords no solution to the parallel stagnation of industry. The machine of civilization sometimes almost proves itself a destroyer and yet we have to not lose site of the fact that all things was foreordained by the author and furnisher of our faith, the God Almighty. [9-10]

Chapter 2 Preface

Sixty years have elapsed since the writing of a book titled Hairbreadth Escapes of the Notorious Outlaws of Arkansas as written by a noble character who made headlines for hungry news graspers. Reports from the Atlanta Constitution “Extra, Extra, Read the blood curdling events.” We see some orator climbing his way to fame feeding the throat of newspapers with news trying to bias the minds of innocent people.



No, I have here before me the evidence that this character was not one who wanted notoriety from man. Jack Daniel of whom I speak was a believer in God, doing unto others, as you would have them do unto you. I hope I am not over estimating his integrity or his nobility. A creature of destiny.

Some offer solutions, saying in frontier days demanded a more inhumane service of enforcing laws. I say No. For the same basic fundamental principles of a democracy stood then as it does now. Why have many heroes who disobeyed the Mosaic Law without rendering excuses why they did. “Destiny is Foreordained” Noah with whom God established his covenant, saved from the flood through the greatness of his faith, [10-11] played the fool by getting drunk in the very hour of his great responsibility and opportunity. Elijah, noble prophet of God in the very hour of his victory over the prophets of Baal is shown in the weakness of his despondency. David, a shepherd king, greatest psalmist: Courage unsurpassed is tempter, shown up as a murderer an adulterer. Moses, the great lawgiver and liberator of Israel, some say the greatest hero of all time reveals how resentful even a great man can be when the tempter comes.

I am not trying to plead the cause or exemplify or justify any one committing the acts of the past. Fathoms of water have passed downstream since the occurrence of said character dramatized his life. Should anyone other than out of the book of knowledge figure out his own destiny, oh, who would be able to stand? So let there be no questions as to why Jack Daniel put himself up for a target as the reading of the book entitled Hair-breadth escapes of the [11-12] Notorious Outlaws. Although, as I stated, the same fundamental principles of democracy still hold the same. Let's bow our heads in reverence to a greater way and a more perfect way of meeting out justice to the individuals who perchance fall by the wayside, and a more ‘love thy neighbor’ attitude as we find in Luke 10-14 God being our helper in playing the good Samaritan.

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayer will be for others.
And when my work on earth is done
And my new work in Heaven begun
May I forget the crown I've won
While thinking still of others.
Now doing unto others



As you would have them do
Is love thy neighbor as thyself
I'm sure you would want him to.

[12-13]

Chapter 3 Introductory

Please bear with me as I try to bring to you in brief the later life of a character, R.J. Daniel. The lack of efficiency is a handicap to bring out the true technic personal of which he so richly deserved. We, as children of God, all wise and inimitable author and furnisher of our faith, look to him for that trusting assurance. I look to my father Jack with the same confidence. Have tried to live up to the high principles he taught me with all the integrity he possessed. However, as you will determine I am no writer and no philosopher.

I only wish I had the ingenuity he possessed. Since I do not, I try to be content with how fate has blessed me, with having ancestors by birth, and also the birth of a nation flowing with milk and honey, a land sought for, for the purpose of a place to worship the true and living God.

America the beautiful.
O beautiful for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountains majesty
Above the fruited plain
America, America
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

[13-14]

O beautiful for pilgrim's feet
Whose storm impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness
America, America
God mend thine every flaw
Confirm thy soul in self-control
Thy liberty in law



O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife
Who more than self their country loved
And mercy more than life
America, America,
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every grain divine.

[14-15]

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears
America, America
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea
{this verse added}
O beautiful let me portray
your beauties vast unseen
from mountaintop to valley deep
the pilgrims catch a gleam
America, America
A precious gift from God
When I close my eyes to sleep
Plant me beneath your sod

No doubt Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar would be jealous if they could have ripped back the will of time and get a glimpse of our beautiful country now. Now reeking with fear of the unfeigned truths of other nations thrusting daggers at our [15-16] sound democracy.

I trust this information to the readers will tie the threads of destiny of which I am the initiative. My father remarked one day that anything that was worth doing was worth doing well. This true saying I will fall short of due to incapacity.

The poems included are composed or selected by the writer to purpose their place to the best of my ability. I am now approaching my fiftieth



birthday, youngest child out of three (Sister Mrs. Scott Wilson, maiden name Maudie Myrtle. Brother Evan Wilson Smith) of the last union which R.J. Daniel was married to a Miss Eula Wray in 1886. The Wrays are still clustered in around Atlanta Ga., where they were united again in holy bonds of matrimony, making it a lifetime of sweet repose. R.J. Daniel passed away, survived by his wife and three children in Angelina Co, Lufkin Texas, died 1917, age sixty seven.

Writer

[16-17]

Chapter 4 Biography and Synopsis

R.J. Daniel, son of Russell Daniel {actually, son of John Daniel}, grandson of Russell Daniel and Wilkins Hanie {Haynie}, wealthy families, was born 1847 near Savannah Ga. *[or June 25, 1848 at home in Jefferson, Jackson Co. GA]* Graduate of the State University *[Not UGA, possibly Mercer or Oglethorpe]* Married a beautiful girl, Lucinda Potts, also from a wealthy family, salt of the earth. In those days wealth married wealth, regardless of kin, as did in the days of Noah {she was his cousin}. Reared in luxury, they knew nothing of the hardships of a hazardous life. If they could have only got a glimpse of what life held as he led this beautiful girl with eyes of jet and hair so lustrous that only an artist could portray, to the altar to take that sacred vow, of what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.

As Daniel the Prophet looked toward Jerusalem for his heavenly home, so did R.J. Daniel and wife look toward the west to make their home a golden wedding. Leaving wealth, loved ones, friends, and all that had become dear to them, they said sweet goodbyes, a handshake, a few tears mingled with laughter, they departed, putting all their eggs in one basket. [17-

Russell Jackson Daniel born June 25, 1848

Sarah Lucinda Potts born Sept 17, 1849

They were married July 18, 1869

The families had been wealthy, but the Civil War apparently had left them almost destitute. There was nothing left at the old home place for the newly-weds, so they set out to pioneer and homestead in Arkansas. Their first homestead was in Saline County near Benton on land that later became part of the bauxite mining area which may not have been good farm land..



18] and counting on recounting as old Mother Nature rolled their way. They said goodbye to that lovely state of sweet repose.

Coming west to Arkansas – pardon me if I might say dejected, uncivilized, contaminated place on Ion’s Creek. *[After the birth of their first child in 1870, they moved to a location near Benton, Arkansas where they lived for about ten years. Then they moved to the location on Ion Creek in 1881]* Correctment, the creek was beautiful, kissed with Mother Nature and the handiwork of God. Only the inhabitants who perchanced to dwell at the described place made it a hellhole and an almost physical and mental wreck out of these people who were seeking home, love, place, a paradise to dwell, to rear and educate the unborn children hope for and with which were blessed with being seven children born to Mr. And Mrs. R.J. Daniel.

As they were improving their lovely home, they sensed a disruption of their appearance among squatters who had also sought this lovely place of abode, but for a different purpose as we gather from reading The Hairbreadth Escapes of R.J. & Bud Daniel. These squatters participated in all [18-19] vile and unlawful scheming ways to monopolize these holdings, which was very detrimental to them. Thanks be to God for the few that was there. It seems like there was always a shepherd provided for his sheep.

After fourteen years of bliss that should have been, came the crisis. “Victims of Destiny”, Beautiful home wrecked. The squatters took the no longer wanted attitude formed a posse. Came to R.J. and Bud Daniel. Ordered a join-up with the gang plan or move up a notch, of which the Daniel boys refused. So out of little acorns, big trees grew. With angry oaths, threats, the language used is forbidden to print. They, the squatters or their names used in book one are “turtlebaiters” until bloodshed exposes and all things unpleasant ensued.

The Daniel boys putting up a nasty courageous fight. After being run down by bloodhounds, bloodthirsty turtlebaiters finally won the battle. [19-20] Gathering the biscuits full of poison that had been put on the porch of the dwelling for the children of this so-called outlaw. R.J. and Bud Daniel fed the bloodhounds on them to help diminish the number after a hot battle with gang leader and bloodhounds called the “last battle at the old pine log.” *[about August 1883]* The Daniel boys, with their shoes off and their socks heavily charged with stifling dusting powders for hounds that love blood better than biscuits made their way back to the little homes where anxious praying wives for a death signal. *[Jack’s book puts it somewhat differently and the other side of the feud had it completely different. A version is in the*



newspaper article from the Atlanta newspaper in added materials]

It was here and then the sad parting and the sacred oath choked off words. Only tear blurred eyes as they talk plans to go back to their dear old state where they will be welcome with outstretched arms. With an agreement with “I’ll meet you, dear Jack, in good old Georgia”, R.J. and Bud Daniel bid their families a sad goodbye and worked their way back to that good old state [20-21] These boys of the brave and the land of the free met with many contrasting ordeals playing the butcher, the baker, and the ginger cake maker. Also fisherman, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. They landed on good old southern Georgia to meet and to greet happy faces, but - ah – ah – ah –

The bird with a broken pinion
Never soar on high again

That beautiful lady he had so gracefully and led to the alter was not there. Gone, gone forever. Oh, the horror. Let us form our own opinion. Her mutilated body lay in a silent grave. Back in Arkansas on that beautiful homesite. Driven to almost insanity by the cruelty of the turtlebaiters. Whether at her own sweet hands or the hands of a death bloodthirsty villain, we will leave the reader to say. She is in the hands of a just God. Oh, how grievous to man. No wonder all wise and allmighty God repented that he ever made man. [21-22] (quote) God’s words: “Let us make man in our own image and yet it grieved him at heart that he ever made man.” -Gen. 6:6

Out of a bud bloomed a lovely rose
With a fragrance of sweet ecstasy
But the germ of decay attacked its roots
And the rose soon perished away

Out of a thorn, thistles grew
And pricks the flesh of men
And leaves an ugly scar to heal
It was when the world began.

“Ye shall not surely die.” –Gen 3, 4

Recuperating from the strenuous ordeals and the mental strain and



reminiscent of how they had so diligently and humbly appealed to the governor of Arkansas for an unprejudiced and impartial trial, they collectively began to make future plans. R.J. Daniel being the one could hardly visualize what life held in store for him was somewhat confused as to which foot to go forward. [22-23] With these seven precious innocent children with outstretched arms and looking in to the depths of eyes of pure sapphire and jet would arouse any emotion in a man's heart. It might be a hellish demon or the rejuvenation of man, however the hand of fate pointed to the strait and narrow road and

R.J. Daniel placed these seven children under the care of his dear mother to fill that vacant place as much as possible that those demons had deprived them off preparing. Also for their education and attending to business transactions that would not need his every day assistance, he sought another career for the hand of the greedy reward was still extended dead or alive.

With a hope in his heart to find a new paradise, we leave R.J. Daniel for a short period on years, of which I do not have the connecting link. However fate may play into my hands the information as it did now. [23-24]

I started out in my young career
Looking for something to buy
That would make me the happiest man on earth
But I found what a task before me did lie
The beautiful things that money would buy
Would fill a book page after page
and the precious stones money would buy
Would tarnish canker and age.

And of a sudden gushing of wind
Whispered in my ear
A lovely maiden to share thy love
And share your every care
Not mine to keep, just only a lend
for God had willed it so
A gain in the hand of fate so turned
My jewel had to go.

- writer





Chapter 5 The Bully

The horizon was streaked here and there with Gods draperies, colors that only a master artist could portray. November leaves flutter to their place of repose until returning to dust. "Of dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return". Colors too many to numerate. Katydid chirping as if no bleak winter would ever chase them into exile. A whippoorwill called to his mate as if to say, "migrate." Shadows are growing dimmer as a silent figure sits in silent thinking, asking himself over and over again is there a way. Where there is a will of which seem to come no answer. His word was his bond, his rifle the law, gets to his feet striding inside to a very comfortable sleeping quarter, exchanging the rifle that had put him where he was for an automatic Smith and Wesson concealed snugly beneath his belt and coat.

He walked with an alert stride up town to a small village in Georgia. Lights [25-26] were flickering here and they're mostly in taverns, saloons and restaurants. In the meantime had changed up his appearance by growing a handsome black moustache, also trying to resume his jolly go lucky attitude as it seemed to him he was going to have to live a make believe life. Hearing loud voices denoting disturbance, he hesitated a moment for his life had been too filled with bitterness, but something said, "go on." A big burly fellow weighing near the 200 mark was walking, vamping, smiting himself on the chest as if to say, "I am a Goliath. ##### I'm looking for the bully, the bully of the town. I have never been knocked down or called down. Come on out you cowards. I want what I want, when I want it."

My, this cut deep into the man with the moustache who was also a newcomer. Men began to back up, exchange glances, some walked away. Some were [26-27] stirring as if to fight, but his size changed their minds. When all of a sudden a little sandy haired half shaven keen blue eyes emerged from the bystanders. Walking directly in front of the bully and exclaimed, "say that again, my friend." The bully laughed and said, "Oh, I just take little fellows like you along for pocket change."

No sooner was he finished with the sentence, the red head came out with a left hand punch under the jaw and flipped him over. On he went giving him punches, right and left, staggering stunning the bully until he had no breath to say quit. By that time, R.J., the man with the black moustache was running a pretty high temperature because you might as well dealt him a blow. As stand aside and see any unfairness. It was a hard decision to wade



in too, however R.J. walked up, touched the [27-28] redhead, saying, “My friend, you have given him enough. Let him up.”

He was expecting to meet the fast flying fist, but to his surprise was greeted with a friendly smile. The bully came to his feet, shook hands with the redhead and with me, calling me the Good Samaritan. Says, “Boys I’m leaving this town. I make my word good. I’m always the bully of the town where I go,” Standing around for a few moments, Sandy – we will call him that for I soon found that to be a nickname he had on the strength of his bright sandy hair – he walked up to R.J. and said, “My friend, thanks for telling me where to get off. I don’t like for a house to run wild without meat. Now where did you come from and where do you hang out? If you don’t have a pal, I’ll dub you for a spell. Come over to my cabin. We will share out bread and meat with you.” “

No, thanks” said R.J. [28-29] “It’s time to tuck in. Have a few letters to post. Good day and good luck.” With that explanation started to go, when someone slapped him on the back saying “ No, by the way. You are not going to get away that easy.” For a moment his heart was in his throat and his hand on the ever-ready revolver, expecting trouble, for those big letters came up in his face “\$2,000 reward, dead or alive.” Oh, the awful picture came to view, seven sweet children sleeping or perhaps dreaming of his homecoming for support. Cold sweat almost coming to the surface, where would it all end? But the imaginary mind responds both ways quickly for he sees a smile of welcome in the bystander’s eyes.

“Old chap, we want to show you a good time for settling trouble in this town. Come down to the joint. The drinks are all on me.” R.J. could still almost see blood in his eyes, but [29-30] he let his better instinct get under control and begged to be excused that it was only a trait of his to ask for peace. In the Good Book says, “Blessed is the peacemaker.”

Going back to the sleeping bunks he found his old rifle still there keeping watch as if on martial duty. Glancing over the Tribune Gazette, he soon became heavy eyed and soon fell asleep.

Could he have slept forever in the subconscious state of mind for sweet dreams of rapture, a loving wife to greet you when the days work is done, sweet chubby hands to hold your face, little fingerprints on your best shirt, Ah could this bliss go on and on forever, but a little mouse comes out to collect and make his little home snug for the winter, gnaws and gnaws away at the faded paper on the walls, but he gets so busy in his task, he cuts too loud. R.J. in his sweet repose of slumber, ears ever alert and eyes quick



as a trigger, leaps to the floor, rifle in hand ready to [30-31] stop the intruder. What a grim chance this poor little mouse had trying to make his winter home. Feeling sorry for the little mouse, but angry too for awaking him from such a slumber, could hardly make up his mind to let him go, but being a great believer of live and let live, he said I hope you live happily ever after.

Sweet sleep came no more tonight, for Jack, this being his short name for ~~Robert~~ Russell Jackson. There on the old bedside he sits reminiscent of the post. Fair Luna bids her light through the window of the cabin. The loneliness of the night was too much. Making up his mind here in the solitude of thought, he would see new faces, new friends, new jobs. He threw together what belongings he had in a valise, looking at his timepiece was one half hour until a train going west would be pulling out. A few lines to the loved ones back home stating do not try to contact me, Will keep you posted.

With [31-32] a seal with a kiss, suppressing the tears, he posted the mail, checked his luggage boarded the train for regions unknown at the moment. He could feel the scrutinizing glances by other travelers, for he possessed an outstanding personality. First stop of any size to mention. He dropped out, purchased a black leather pouch so-called Dr's pill bag, purchased numerous kinds of medicine, for he had, of course, had medical science and was at one time licensed to practice. This gave him an appearance of less scrutiny. Altho for fear of being called on for obstetric cases, he purchased items to resell. Feeling now more secure, he continues his journey through valley. Plains mountains, and yet that yearning for love and home did not cease the throbbing in his heart, yet he must take it on the chin, figure out a livelihood, get together a few rolling stones and save a nest egg for children. [32]



Chapter 6 The New Laundry Soap

By this time, Jack had grown a moustache that would have made Rip Van Winkle think a bit. The jet hair needed no coloring unless perchance they might have used henna had they known the art in using. He was doing fine with drugs and the thought dawned on him one day to add more notions to his salesmanship. (Amagine this man of talent coming to earth, but of the dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return.) Yes, this was just what he loved, something with toiling hands, mother earth, essence of flowers, perfume, vegetation. Yes, this all belong to God.

So we find Jack mixing, experimenting with facial soaps, washday soaps, something the housewife would like and why he had no loving wife. But also ever thinking of wife and children, well someone has a wife to enjoy the new found experiments. He rented a dirty little shack for his [33-34] project was heavily engaged in action pouring in one ingredient after another, trying out each to see what new effect they would have and when he added a little sodium phosphate, something he never knew what, as he had no way of giving a chemical analysis contacted this phosphate and such a boiling never took place since the melting pot was used. Foaming, Boiling, smoking, soon the pot overflowed, stove top covered over, the dirty dingy floor left to receive the new made soap. The episode was so comical Jack just looked on in utter amazement.

After the fumes subsided, he picked up the remainder of the soap, which was very little, sits aside and takes on a new walk in life. A “janitor” which was badly needed. He gathered an old-fashioned shuck mop the dwellers had left in their rush to vacate, not knowing or caring who would next inhabit the little log hut. Grabbing a bucket, a wooden one at that, [34-35] he hastens to the pure bubbling spring a few paces down the trail. Soon this soft water is heated to add to the already bubbling soap, which I’m sure would make Proctor and Gamble back up for DUZ. Now that should have been the name of this new discovery. The more he mopped, the more suds he had, until the perspiration was showing signs of worry. What was he going to do? Already this old floor was showing signs of turning to silver or gold, was becoming more radiant all the time, but it had to stop somewhere. He was not in the market for a non-queenching soap.

Well he goes out and finds an old ash hopper. Lime! Lime. Let me see, will lime kill soap? Little did he know he would be adding fuel to the



fire. He shovels up a spade of good old mellow ashes, sprinkles on the floor and reaches for the old mop. Well this added new strength to the newfound recipe [35-36] Well well. He was not looking for more soap, yet he scribbled down one more item so he could include in the formula (good for all scouring and cleaning), but he had to find something as an antidote. As he ran past the old smokehouse for sand to help out to absorb moisture, he discovered an old earthen demijohn.

Removing the lid an erroneous odor came up in his nostrils, making the salivary glands function their double. He ventures to sip and Oh, it was half full of cider, apple cider, almost to vinegar. A new thought came to view. He snatched an old gourd hanging by the door and dipped it full and back to his soapy floor he dashed this on and the beautiful bubbles began to curdle into ugly lumps, but to his glad surprise he has mastered King Soap. Now his effort was beginning to make progress. Giving it a thorough rinse, he relaxed in a better attitude. But my, this antidote was too expensive to include in a formula. So he thought he would wait for a [36-37] more opportune ingredient to add to his newfound soap.

But he had no difficulty selling the soap as he would relate his story to the house wives who were getting tired of curing and dripping ashes from one year to the next to have sufficient soap to do the family laundry. But under present war conditions of today, the soap business looks as if it would have to go back to frontier days or at least adopt the method of the old days. I believe that science teaches that times go forward and not backward, but many are the things confronting us that we will be glad to shake hands with passing time. And bow our heads in reverence to the patriots who stemmed the growth of the nation and turned the wheels of progress.

Oh those dear old heads who have been covered beneath the sod of America, I'm glad did not live to see the plowshares beaten into swords. The civilization which they built I am afraid will soon collapse in our modernistic day of our victory. [37-38] "Victory, Victory" What do we call victory? Is victory a mass of blood and human bones, weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth, gaining land, money, fame, power o'er the earth and seas? No that is not victory. Peace on Earth, Good will to men, a victory over death and the grave, a victory over sin and we will have that victory if we put the true and living god on our billboards. Too many of us worship Baal's Sun Gods, King Ahab, Queen Jezebel and four hundred and fifty prophets were put to the test with the one prophet Elijah. A prophet of God as you will find him in 1st Kings 18 Ch. We find our character oft times meditating on the scrip-



tures trying to be guided on life's pathway, as we would take a compass to find some direct direction in which to travel. But sometime we come to the crossroads, but straight and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life everlasting. And few will go in thereat, for wide is the road that leadeth to destruction and many [38-39] there will be that find it.

The chapter closes on the soap experiment as he cuts, wraps, and fixes for delivery along with other notions ready for market. Over in one side of this cabin, I know you are desirous to know the construction of the furniture. We have the modern built-in conveniences of today. Well, so did he! You don't have anything on this pioneer of the fortys. On one side of this cabin is a bedstead, a one-leg bed made of hickory, walnut or any wood that it might perchance to be. Two Hewn slabs for railing and split boards for slats. Gobs of fine new mown have was a graceful mattress for the underbed and Jack finished up make up with lovely blankets and quilts he had kept from his lovely home. A three-leg stool for a chair. The visitor I guess would stand or repose on one foot. A window cut out in the end with heavy boards mailed firmly together with wooden [39-40] pegs. One entrance, a huge fireplace almost across one end of the cabin. Of course, the fireplace was stick and dirt and moss fireplace. Board covered the hut of so long standing the beautiful moss was an inch thick. A babbling brook, a spring, birds singing.

This could be home, but the spark of life and love that makes a home had gone out. And we find Jack sitting in his solitude of thought fixing for a new adventure on the coming day. What will tomorrow bring? He was asking himself the question. Nightfall whippoorwills, crickets all singing their sweet song. Still he sits. Who am I? A Daniel. Am I still worthy of that name so long xxx in the State of Georgia. Well I am in the state of Mississippi now, a land of cotton, where "all are gone and soon forgotten" A yawn told him it was time to check in for night. He soon fell asleep after wrestling with the hay bed for a while. To dream, dreams that God alone [40-41] had the power to make come true.

A "neigh" just outside the cabin door was a timepiece next morning. And then another neigh, more anxious than before. Jack, tumbling out of bed, answered from inside, "All right, old boy, I'm coming." His faithful horse he had purchased to be his companion was a little over anxious for his breakfast. "Salam, my old boy, are you lonesome as your old master?" The well-trained steed gave him a bow as if he understood all the questions. Jack giving Salam his oats, went inside to cook him a bite, when a voice with out said, "Good morning, friend."



Chapter 7 Changed His Name

Keen as a flash and quick as a trigger, Jack knew who it was. A “Good morning” reply came back, a detective by all means.

Mr. D. “What might be your name, my friend?”

Jack, “McDaniel, sir. Jim, you might say. What might be yours? Come in. Have a little snack,” [41-42] while his hand was on his ever ready revolver, two if necessary. No answer came from the stranger. He looked as if he was just about ready to throw up his job when he blurted out:

Mr. D, “My friend, I’ll have to tell you I don’t tell my name to outlaws.”

Jack, “I resent that. Explain yourself. You are not insinuating that I am an outlaw, are you?”

Mr. D. “Well I have papers to that effect and a picture that resembles just a little bit.”

Jack “Well, my friend, you come for the wrong man. (For really the picture was one of his brother Bud’s), and if you have a wife and children you love, you had better go back to them while you are all together, for my word is my bond, and I don’t miss when I practice. I am no outlaw and will not answer or surrender as one. You can give me your answer now, or send it by mail. Take your choice.”

Mr. D was trembling now and stammering any excuses. “Well can you keep a secret?”

Jack “If it suits [42-43] I can.”

Mr. D “If detective No. 2 comes along, just tell him you have never heard of me.” With that he rode away faster than he came.

Jack “Well. I guess I’m not a Daniel any more. I will just be McDaniel.”

The few bites he swallowed was rather a silent one, but his brain was really hunting an answer for he knew too well that Detective no. 2 would visit him and soon. For his little nest of repose had been already spotted and reported by suspicious neighbors or families living nearby.

“Well, Salam, old boy, giving him a quick rub down, “are you ready to see more country? The west is still calling.” Something about it just made your blood run fast.

He gathered up his notions and threw them across his steed, armed himself, and bid farewell to the newly scrubbed floor and the new hay bed.



He traveled by night until he felt he was out of reach of the reward hunters. Then he opened up his sales and traveled on and on from one lovely state to another. Shaving off his Rip Van Winkle moustache, he [43-44] changed his appearance again by buying a high top hat. He sold out his notions and decided to make stump speeches telling people how he was left an orphan boy to beg his way. Well, he did fine with this, but at night he would say, “Why can’t I be myself? My real self. Will I always have to live a make believe life? Such torture.”

He felt as Paul the apostle did. He was betwixed two straits. When he would do good, evil was always present. He would stop to meditate upon the bible, his close companion, but the tempter came. Establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord is at hand. The coming of the Lord is one great hope for those who are downtrodden. He must look forward to the day when Christ shall come and judge things right. David the psalmist is waiting for that day.

He will judge the poor of the people,
He will save the children of the needy.
And will break in pieces the oppressor.
He will deliver the needy when he crieth,
And the poor that hath no helper.
He will have pity on the poor and needy
And the souls of the needy he will save [44-45]

Psalms 72, 12-14

Knowing that the bible transforms human hearts, he must stay in with its teaching. But the power of resistance would come over him as it did in many of our patriots. For we must reflect upon man as a masterpiece on intricately anatomy organized into intelligence, reasoned love, and we do not know what we will do that makes us so incapable of advising or saying what we would do if we were in the other fellows shoes.

If we were He, we would do just what he did. I find myself asking myself the question. Now I wonder why he closed the door on his heart’s most sacred possessions, and yet we must think he must have pictured a ray of hope in the future. So time passes and a solution between fear, danger and honor never came to a union.



Chapter 8 [*Winter in Oklahoma*] [*Winter 1884-1885?*]

A bleak norther was whistling tunes among the blue sage grass that grew on the Indian Territory. As it was [45-46] called then, located in the state of Oklahoma north of the state of Texas, Red River being the dividing line. This was the home of the rambling blue blooded cowboy. Home of the Cherokee Indians and must say a few hide seeking outlaws. This is where we find Jack Daniel, now McDaniel, riding up to a kraal. The prospects did not look as if they would be any too friendly with a stranger, but Mr. Pre-tense must muster up some profession.

“Good morning, friend.” exclaimed Jack. The good morning reply was far different than he could understand, when out of a wigwam came a dirty husky half-breed extending a peace pipe. By that time Jack had dismounted. Coming forward taking the pipe which he knew from reading the concise form of introductory, was all well with the Indians. He found the old chief to be a very loyal and a good true friend. Once he gained your confidence he would shed blood for you. And he loved the true marksmanship Jack displayed with that blue steel rifle [46-47] that had pulled him through many a tight spot.

Money was not so plentiful here among these redskins and a few old nesters, so the hire of the day was paid in beautiful blankets, scarves, necklaces, handbags and many other beautiful things. Could be easily sold back east once he was headed that way.

Their eats did not take too well with Jack either, but the scouting and exposure had pretty well toughened him up to to where he could devour food, even without table etiquette.

Jack helped round up longhorns, took prizes for the best shooting, best riding, for riding, shooting and jumping was a natural born hobby of his and not “Readin, Ritin, and Rithmatic.” However he had mastered all this at an earlier date. Of which he could not use it to a very well advantage now. He made many friends among these ill-bred half-breeds and full blood Cherokees and a few American boys.

One was especially a husky chap called Mike. Thru some ill treatment at home this youthful lad had come [47-48] from Texas. The Lone Star State branded them as a place of refuge for all the underworld. However, this lad, for reasons of his own, had left hid little home to seek a fortune.

“Well, Mike,” Jack said, “You are quite a chap. I like you. This is a big world, lots of ways to get a fellow in trouble and you are very young and



can't yet have had much to cause you worry. If you will take advice, unasked for, I'll suggest you saddle old Paint and say hello to the folks back home."

Mike, with downcast eyes, his lips twisted a bit, "Well, the old man and me just can't gee horses."

Jack, "My lad, the little difference you and your father had can be easily patched up, for Dads can always forgive. But for me, I have kindled a fire water cannot quench."

Mike, "Tell me about it."

Mc. "No my lad, too deep for you. I'll make you a proposition: if you will go back to your home, I'll go back to.... the old states. What do you say? Is it a bargain?"

Mike, still thinking, "Well, if you can take your medicine [48-49] without frowning, so can I. Let's shake."

So Mc. And Mike shake hands, and saddles up old Paint and Salam and bids farewell to Oklahoma. The sun was only an hour high as this little parting took place. One will see Jack still looking at the object disappear in the distance through the beautiful grass kissed with Heaven's dew, blanketed with smoke from the wigwams dotted here and there. This little rise of elevation made a beautiful picture. Mike, poor kid. Some way this chap had gotten under his skin. Oh fool that he was, he wanted to go with me, hang taki. He knew I was not here for my health, but better be it so. I have enough trouble without fighting anyone else's battle. How little did he think that this lad would be a great factor in his life.

"Well, Salam, we are true to our promise. We must find our way back to the old states. We might have to buy a caravan before we can load all this merchandise, but we will keep stocking up."

Nightfall came [49-50] before many miles had separated him from the Indians whom he had found to be so next to nature. Here these uncivilized creatures were happy in their ignorance in modern science and technology, and yet we find them skilled in astrology and astronomy and a natural gift of medical science. They knew not how to believe in God, but sensed a higher power than they possessed. Attributed to the solar system guiding then as it did out forefathers. Jack meditates over all this reasoning and is almost inclined to look for a four-leaf clover to see his luck would change. Then he remembered the words in the bible "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." Well, this is the bible. The hoary head is a crown of glory. Receive thy sight." It brings hope to the paralytic mind. "Arise. Take



up thy bed and go thy way.” Yes, this is all true and these native Indians had given him a new grasp on the teaching he did not want to get away from. That natural possessiveness gnawed at his heartstrings, continually [50-51] for

He loved the prairie for roaming
He loved where the blue grass grows
He loved the low of the cattle
And the chief with his arrow and bow.
The call of the wild seems to echo
A melody of sweet refrain
It floats o’er hills and valleys
He falters for composure to gain.

But his home was away back yonder
in the good old fashioned state.
Oh, Georgia. Oh Georgia, you’re calling
As a wolf that howls for his mate
And yet in another country
He launched his boat to sail
To lands of dreams and perfection
But the anchors on the boat seem to fail.

For in the sod of that country
The name I must not relate
Hold the form of the one he so cherished
That met such an awful fate.
Oh, where, Oh where is his country
The one he could call his home
To drive down stakes and be happy
And would not be on the roam. [51]



Chapter 9 In The Ashes

Traveling day after day, sometimes sleeping under the stars for a shelter, sometimes in deserted cabins on the wayside and occasionally with some farmer. But he did not like to be questioned, nor did he like lying, taking the alternative and that was usually his blankets by Old Salam's nodding head, letting him be his watch dog, at least the first of the night.

He disposed of many of the articles he had purchased from the Indians, leaving him some other line of progression to follow. A longing desire came over him to see the loved ones back home and he racked his brain seeking a way to travel unsuspecting and to have a story ready to meet the most skilled questioner. For to refuse to talk would lead to suspicion and he did not want anyone to know he was hiding from the law, for no one would understand and he would become the victim of conversation wherever he went. His imaginary mind was too far biased in that direction anyway. A true saying is that you [52-53] get value received.

After days of travel he landed in the Ozarks. Hunting and fishing offered bountiful dividends and the gamble was fascinating. He moved in a small cave, "ran the bats out and the other inhabitants did not come in for they smelt a mouse." Anyway the animal kingdom knew a newcomer had migrated in. It was a short distance from a little village where he could purchase supplies to go with the juicy meat he killed for supplies. He often had bear meat for it was getting cold and icy now and the bear meat added much energy to his body, which was well needed from loss of proper sleep.

One dreary morning he strolled out from camp a few paces and almost stumbled on two tiny cubs as if they had been placed there by someone. They were numb from the exposure and Jack was squatted over them. Although he knew there must be an all-seeing eye watching him, but he kept looking from behind when to his utter amazement heard the vicious snarls of the mother [53-54] bear and could almost feel her loving embrace. Now Jack was affectionate, but there is a time for all things and he resented being fondled by this huge mother bear. What a shame to kill this courageous dumb brute to leave her babies out in the world. Quick as a flash he thought of the fine turkey gobbler he had just killed. So fast as a fleet footed deer, he ran for his life leaving the turkey for the hungry mother bear. She followed him a few yards, then giving up the trail, she ran back to her babies. By the time Jack had found camp and begun to make a more substantial door shut-



ter for his cabin or cave because the mother bear might track him down and want to share berths with him.

The episode brought back memories of the past, how he had been shattered from his loved ones. So no sleep dimmed his eyes that night. He kept a little fire flickering in the cave entrance as fire is a weapon against curious night prowling animals. Yet fascinating but discriminating the meaning thereof. [54-55]

Another dreary day dawned, but he had no time for procrastination. The fur bearing animals were plenteous, but to catch the animals of choice price required much exposure and further travel. Seal, mink, otter and white fox were the best in demand at that time. It never occurred to him that the poor little opossum would ever be hounded, hung and stripped for his little coat, but a decade changes the reel.

Saddling Old Salam, his faithful horse, he starts out trying to locate a better trapping ground. If it was a paying proposition, he would purchase traps and winter in the Ozarks. Yet he knew he could easily run into the throat of danger.

He had wandered about four miles from camp come in to a little country road where it forked. Facing him was a signboard "Reward for the Daniel Boys. Outlaws." Beneath was a cardboard attached, freshly written: "Distance or time makes no difference. Dead or Alive with correct identification." Well, this brought about a change of venue. Whirling his horse, he dashed away as if the oppressors were really galloping in the scene.

Going back to the cave cabin [55-56] where he had found quietness only from the hooting of the owls and the scream of a panther. He stopped to think a bit. A quick decision ensued for he had not deciphered the signboard wrong and that was one little sum of money would be well worth the earning if ingenuity was displayed. He had so hoped that as a fire burns low, maybe the embers had subsided sufficient to contact the county sheriff or governor and yet get a fair and impartial trial. So he would be free to go where and when he pleased without the pointing finger of accusation against him. But this fresh slap in the face made him take another route to Georgia.

He had had no news from home in months and months. However he had written back but would give no address back to him. In his travel, however, he surrounds the State of Arkansas and spent many weeks going through. Salam's feet got pretty bad at times from wearing shoes and would have to camp for weeks letting his horse rest. It must be a true saying: "A rolling stone gathers no moss." And he found it so. But he always found [56-



57] enough to sustain life and feed his horse. Sometimes it was meadow grass, or slip over the fence and pluck a feeding of corn.

Chapter 10 Homeward Bound

Against the Big Book, the eighth commandment “Thou shalt not steal.” Ah well, he would pat Old Salam on the neck and say “I’m rustling for you. What manner of man is he who wouldn’t lay down his life for another.” So with this thought in mind, he let time tell. After weeks of travel, all about the same routine of life, he landed on the good old state of Georgia. It seemed the air breathed freer and the smell of the flowers were sweeter and the relaxation was restful. Oh, but he knew his life was transparent. “You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time.” He was in a state of perplexity, his mind turbulent. The choice was between being a man and being a brute. He was afraid he would become a fiend, or a filibuster, or a bucaneer.

While these thoughts were crowding through his mind, he came in sight of a little store having the appearance of a “well kept place by a well kept man.”^[57-58] On the front end of the little store, a portion is extending far above the rear and the well inscribed names plainly printed above: “Ricktor’s Store Welcome”. Well, that was the first welcome sign that had meaning behind it. Little did he know that these words would be remembered in ages to come, but it marked another milestone in his life – the turntable, the crossroads – for as he brought his horse to a standstill, out of that little building came a “fairy”, a beautiful girl. That old heart that he thought was dead, dead to all notions of romance, almost came to a standstill and then began pounding as if a hammersmith was behind with his work. She gave one glance at the stranger and her already rosy cheeks turned a scarlet hue. Their eyes met for one brief moment and she vanished. Jack gazed in admiration. Oh the little innocent lamb. She will make someone’s heart throb, as if his was not already. Then, pretending out of curiosity, he goes inside and buys a lunch such as old fashioned cheese. (Not Limberger which we ^[58a-58b] will get to further on in the story.) and began to inquire if any one wanted a farm hand or any other occupation. When Mr. Richtor asked him his name, he hesitated a moment as if fumbling a ball. “Smith,” he said, “Ben Smith. Yes, just another Smith.”

“You know, my friend, I believe everybody used to be named Smith and when they done something mean, they changed their name.” Whew, this



was a slap in Jack's face, but the honest old groceryman did not know he was stepping on tender ground. Again, the ninth commandment came to mind: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." Jack, let your conscience be your guide. But all of a sudden he had blurted out the name and there was no changing it now. So, in a casual way, he remarked "Who was the little girl just left the store?" "Why do you ask?" said a bystander. No remarks and I trust you could see fire in his eyes, jealous eyes at that. "Oh, nothing" said Jack, "she just reminded my of my kid sister, and I thought I would ask. Very beautiful girl, I'll say." [58b-59] "Now, if that's from the right way, it's ok, if not you might keep the remarks to yourself." said the bystander. Jack – "Yes, that's always the right way. I would like to shake your hand for defending a lady. If, by any means, she is your girl for keeps, I congratulate you. But you know everything is fair in war – and in love" his steel gray eyes piercing the ones of the bystander. "And that goes for good. Do you want to shake on that?" With a sarcastic grin he took Jack's hand, but it was a cold weak touch, the resenting shake of a rival already defeated. Here he had stuck his neck out again. For already he had said to himself "that girl is mine, if I never get her." And he might have to look down a gun barrel again, but it was well worth a try. And already having a rival made the game more interesting. But the sickening thought came up – his duty as a man to his family he already had. Could he tear out the pages of time and start all over? Would there not be a scar that would never heal? Something must happen. It can't go on like this. Here he was started [59a-59b] back to those children to protect and care for, to die with them, let come what may – and here in the middle of his decision comes a new dram a self, the possessiveness of the inner man demanding the right to happiness. Victim of Destiny – Oh, if you could banish all selfishness and think of others, but we find ourselves discriminating of facts, building our houses up on sand, reaching for a floating straw, gone with the wind. No philosopher yet has ever been able to offer a solution why these things shouldn't be.

My life, my joy, my all
In life is wont to be
Is home sweet home and chubby hands
All there to welcome me
When setting sun in amber glows
Around my cabin door
A loving wife to greet me there
How could I wish for more.



I'm sure this was the channel of thoughts Jack had morning, noon, or night and how far away did he feel from that inspiration now. [59b-60]

Chapter 11 Getting Acquainted

But a new day is dawning, a new wake of life, a new phase of human affairs symbolized by four essentials which he must not eschew: Honor, Duty, Sensibility, and Integrity. However a faint heart never won a fair lady. He must not go blundering into this new walk of life like a schoolboy. Could he or would he have the courage or the audacity to ask this beautiful girl whom he was proposing an acquaintance with to share this gigantic task she would have on her young tender unprepared shoulders? Could he ask for something he could not give? "And eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. This virgin." He now in his thirties, ask this little girl to share the fragments of a discontented life full of sorrow.

With just a little guilty verdict he had passed on himself, he leaves the little store riding slowly down the road. They were just roads, not highways as our great science and technicians have paved the way for progress. He had a motive in sauntering along like this. His eyes never left the fossil footprints in the [60-61] sand. Yes, a tiny track of about a size three shoe he followed for some quarter of a mile. He sees a farmhouse, but a youthful lad is coming toward him up the by trail by the fence, so Jack took the opportunity to inform himself of some very interesting information.

"Good morning, my boy" stopping his horse. He dismounted as if to check his saddle. The timid boy said "Howdy" in a changing voice, but further exclaimed, "You sure have a pretty horse, mister." "Yes," Jack said, "and he is my best friend, too." "Why" the boy said "don't you have any friends? We like everybody." Well, this was sure making headway so far. "Oh, you do. Well, I didn't mean just that. I meant to say he would stick to me through thick or thin." So the conversation continued. At last Jack asked who lived in the next house. "Oh, over there" pointing back, "a Mr. Wray. He don't have much to do with poor people. He holds some kind of office in the county court but he's a nice man." Jack – "Does he have any children?" "Yes, he has six, one girl almost grown. Sure pretty!"

By [61-62] this time Jack was almost feeling like a quizzing lawyer digging up evidence. But how he was progressing. "Go ahead fellow, tell me all about them. I like meeting new people. Well, what is your name?" "Jimmy Cox" "Well, that's a fine name. Tell me about this new family. I



might want to work for him.” “Oh, you are too nice a fellow to work for this man.” “What makes you think that, my boy?” “Oh, you are handsome and your hands are too white.” Well this was a down right betrayal. “Well, that’s nothing. I can use them.” “Well, you might work for him. You can see. But Mr. Wray won’t let this girl go with boys.” “Well what about men? Would you think he would consent to that?” “Well, I don’t know. He is pretty hard they say.” My, he has sure struck a knot now, he was saying to himself. “Well, my boy, I guess I had better be traveling.” “You didn’t tell me your name, please.” How could he lie to this honest hearted little fellow? “Well, just all me Mr. Nobody from nowhere.”

With that he patted the boy on the head and mounted again and on [62-63] to another episode following the tiny tracks. They turned off at this described house and owner. He stopped in front of the gate. A lovelier picture never before met him was an elderly lady so clean, neat and refined with an angelic smile. She bid him a kind but courteous “Good morning.” Jack – “Is the good man of the house at home?” “No sir, I am sorry but his duties call him away from home to help in official work.” “When could I see him, if I may ask?” “At night.” The lovely lady said. All the while he was looking through every door, window corner, or fence crack, hoping to get a glimpse of the fairy again. “Would you mind if I have a drink?”

With the most generous hospitality she possessed, the lady brought him the bucket of water. Stalling for more time, seeing the pail was almost empty he ventures to ask “May I go for water for you?” “Oh no, no!” as if almost frightened by the suggestion. “We could not let you do that.” All the while, Miss Eula Lee, the little fairy was [63-64] hiding – where? – behind the door peeping through the crack. Naughty child, blushing all the while because he was the same fellow at the grocery store she has so breathlessly told her mother about. When he said “Good morning”, she could not go to the door. Something just rooted her to her tracks.

In a few moments he thanked Mrs. Wray kindly for the service rendered and went further down the road. Met up with a fellow that wanted some cordwood cut. Just anything for a few weeks until he knew how the chips were going to fall. This was Friday the 13th. “Well, it might be my lucky day after all.” He agreed to go to work Monday morning. Saturday, he found out where these people went to church.

His apparel was not so well in appearance for church clothes but people in those days out in the country went with any kind on, from cowboy chaps to long tail frocks. He usually wore and designated his profession by



his apparel. If he was a doctor, he wore a doctor's suit. So we will regard Jack as a hunter for he was well armed [64-65] with artillery and well groomed with hunting garments and that little black moustache was an asset to his appearance.

Sunday morning dawned bright and beautiful except a brisk north wind. Jack went over early to the little church so he could view each one entering without suspicion of anyone actually knowing who he wanted to see. At last the door welcomed the charge he had waited so long for. This same pretty girl he had glimpsed at the store, only more beautiful. Her soft auburn hair rolled in a cluster of curly bangs giving her a picturesque appearance. At last he caught her eyes for a moment and like a flash somewhere else but neither heard the dear old pastor that had so diligently laid before them the plan of salvation. It was only when he would bang his fist down up on the little book stand that he would attract his attention. But finally the benediction was said.

It had been many months since he had gone to his knees in prayer in a house of god. It did seem as if a new day was dawning for him, a new epoch. But would it glide away or was it a breaker just [65-66] to stem the tide. Could he consecrate his life to "God to man" always trying to ask himself "Guilty or Not Guilty". The answer would come back as the voice of the shadow: "Never give up. You are a Daniel. Don't let them down." When the dear old pastor said the closing thought, Jack marched out and planted himself where he thought Miss Eula would sure to be. But this sly or shy little fox had slipped from between his fingers like an eel does the alligator. He laughed at himself: a "hero", some said a martyr, brave marksman took the medal for endurance, swim the father of waters and let this frail girl slip away unspoken to. Ah, it was getting to be a joke.

He galloped away and as he was passing the house that held this girl captive, she was coming through the trail to the fence crossing where old-fashioned styles were made for pedestrians. Before she was aware anyone was near, Jack was by her side extending a helping hand over the styles assisting the mother first, then the blushing girl. Was true enough he squeezed her tiny fingers until [66-67] they were pink as claws and then of course Mrs. Wray gave him a cordial invitation to dinner, which he accepted with gratitude. He must know then and there how the wind was blowing as the slang went then. He pointedly asked if he might see her home. After a short introduction of himself, She accepted, but in her childish way was afraid she could not entertain a man of his vocabulary.



Jack was a good sport and a good mixer. He made friends fast, but once made an enemy he was deadly poison. He left with the satisfaction that he could come again for there was nothing to cultivate on his part. He could see a full harvest of bounty in this pure sweet soul. Jack goes back late that afternoon which seemed to him the shortest day of the season, back to the farmhouse where he had hired himself out as a laborer. Yes, that's the way it should be. To keep vigil over his charge a precious jewel. He lived in a paradise for a short month, seeing Miss Eula when chances permitted.

It was very difficult for him to gain the confidence in Mr. Wray for the fact that his age was double the amount of her age and he was [67-68] afraid that youth and old age would not work out. He also could see that Smith meant business, which he did. Spring was blooming into full rapture. The birds were singing and mating. Nature was becoming romance. Men's emotions were overflowing with rapture. Jack must take a chance on meeting his doom.

He walked down by a little spring bubbling up her water a gift from God and was silently thinking when footsteps attracted him. Looking up, down the trail was his 'life, his all' more radiant than ever from the exertion of running. Miss Eula stood before him with a glow in her eyes as if to say, "I'm not afraid." The natural way of loving or proposing has never changed when it comes from the heart. Jack takes her hands, so small and tender, and completely covers them with his brown husky hands. "My fair pure angel, you can see I love you. Could you find it in your heart to share with me what life may bring for better or for worse. I am much older than you. It's hardly fair to ask you. But I love you, and if it is you who shall say no go away Jack I could not blame you. But I would be [68-69] broken hearted.

Chapter 12 The Promise

My life is in your hands. Stand back a bit. Look at me. Search your heart. If you find a place for me come to me." With happy tears glistening in her sparkling eyes she found his arms, arms that she could trust, a protection against the big bogie man. "What must I call you? I only know you as Mr. Smith." Oh, at this bitter moment of telling this angel a lie. "Darling, call me Ben. Always, it will always be Ben to you." "Yes, Ben, I love you and will always love you."

A sense of remorse came over him of having to live a double life. He could not now tell her his story. She would never forgive him. She couldn't



understand. It would be a catastrophe now to tell her. Already people were being curious as to who he was and where he came from. It would have to be catalogued once the facts broke out.

“Sweet one, are you willing to give up your loved ones, friends, all that life holds dear, and go with me? I will give you until tomorrow at this hour at this place to give me your answer,” taking out his 18k Waltham watch. “It’s four o’clock now.” “I do not need until tomorrow to answer you. My answer is now, final, [69-70] yes, I will go with you to the end of the world.”

To the end of the world, that’s a big mouthful and may I seal that precious promise with a kiss of affection still warm on my lips when you said “to the end of the world”.

Oh heavens high all draped in blue
Not a cloud to dim your sun
Your rays all sparkle brightly gleam
Has been since time begun
Let not a cloud o’ercast our life
Hold out your wings unfurled
Bind tight the promise dear god on high
I’ll go to the end of the world.

“Dear one, you don’t know what that means to me. I’ll tell you someday. We will have to be married soon for my duties call me away.” She was too happy to question him why or what his duties were. They fixed a hasty wedding day, just the white haired justice of the peace. Mr. Wray was well qualified for the occasion, but refused because it was his daughter.



After a short honeymoon Smith began to make plans to travel. He got permission from his father in law for pasture for his faithful horse and they said goodbye [70-71] to loved ones and boarded a train for Tallassee Tenn. Smith called his wife “Dixie” because he married south of the Mason-Dixon line. So Eula nicknamed Smith “Pete”. Now that was the names they went thru their lifetime – Dixie and Pete. However she would not have embarrassed him or herself by calling him that in company. It was always Mr. Smith in conversation, but to him it was Dixie. She was only five feet to a hairsbreadth standing directly under his arm straight. Quite a couple. She was more of a playtoy to him and was until death.

Happy moments went swiftly by for the newlyweds. They were speeding where? Where? It was Smith’s to do the thinking and to think fast because a wife usually wants to know where she is going and what she might expect when she gets there. “Dear, just where are we going?” Dixie said. “Well Dixie sweet, we are going until the breadwinner finds work of some kind.” All the while the train rumbled on and on. She finally nodded her sleepy head on his encircled arm and was soon fast asleep. As he [71-72] gazed down at her beauty and purity, it dawned on him she had changed his whole life completely.

Chapter 12 Part 2 The First Anxiety

The trip home to see those dear children longing to grasp him and say, “Dear Daddy, You’ve come back. How we miss you. How we love you. How we need you.” He could hear those pleading words. Ah, an earthquake had crumbled the wall between them. He could not go now. Would they forgive him for taking this beautiful girl to fill his life? Would she forgive him if he carried her back to a house full of children without telling her beforehand? No, no, he could not do that to this innocent child there in his arms – just one year older than his own beautiful daughter. He would just let fate point the way. He had really gotten himself in a mix-up now. But there never was a rose without a thorn.

For almost an hour she slept as a babe would in its mother’s arms. Awakening at once, she looked startled or frightened, clutching his arm. “Oh my fair one, what is the matter? Bad dreams?” “Yes,” She said nestling a little closer. “Never tell your dream and you dream [72-73] no more.” “Oh, Ben, you are mine aren’t you?” “Yes dear, why do you ask?” “Please let me tell this dream.” “Oh all right, have your way. Let me pinch your cheeks.



I've begun to think I've married a Lilly instead of a rose" for her cheeks were deadly pale. "I dreamed someone tried to take you away from me. Why do you carry two revolvers?" "Oh that was a good dream. Always take it reverse. And the revolvers, I have carried them a long time. It's a hobby of mine for good shooting. You know I have several medals for shooting. So you just don't let your fantastic dreams upset you." And all was soon roses again.

But the dream had gotten on his nerves just a bit himself. He thought of the prophet Daniel "This dream troubled him in his head" They dined next train stop. They walked around viewing a few beautiful places. Was a big world to Eula who had never been out of her own county or hometown. Refreshing themselves, they took passage again on the train. Smith's eyes had caught the expression of a man he knew only too well!

Trying how not to accept the recognition, he turns directly [73-74] away thinking his change of personality would betray him. Smith saw him open a small folder and look at it and again back to him. It was no use now ignoring the recognition for it was no other than Detective No.1 that had papers for him in Mississippi. Another moment was bringing the man at closer range! Looking at his wife he said "Dixie, don't lose your nerve. Pinch your cheeks." For at this remark, she knew something was wrong. "Excuse me a moment, I see a fellow I want to have a few words with." She shook with fear as he loosed her arm.

He went back to where Mr. Detective No. 1 was and looked him square in the eye and said "My word still stands. What about yours? If anything develops, your still my man." Detective No. 1 nodded a sarcastic nod and said, "All is well. Was only just making sure I was right." "What do you mean 'was right'?" "Oh that you were one and the same in Mississippi. Is that sufficient?" Smith said "Yes, you are correct, but no monkey business, understand? Good day."

With that Smith had found his way back to his frightened young wife. Her color was bloodless. "My dear one, snap out of [74-75] your excitement. Let me explain. I will tell you this fellow and had a little run in one time and he is hot headed and I was going to warn him against any cute remarks he might make. So be your old self again." All the while, he was asking himself the question where to stop or how to avoid another scene. And the true words of confession ringing in his ears "To the end of the world." Why could he not trust this fact? He could, but was trying to spare her the humiliation of knowing the dark side of his life. But he would have to tell her



sooner or later.

The train was now blowing a krenblow for Chattanooga – porters going thru calling out luggage checked, cabs standing ready, people jamming, pushing. Smith takes Eula almost in his arms and squeezes past the gangway and is out before Mr. Detective could spot him. They get a room over at a nice hotel, has a fast lunch and Eula is trying to write back home – her first letter.

Now this would require some explanation. “My dear one,” Pete said in pathetic tones “will you promise me something?” “Yes, what dear?” “That you will give no forwarding address to us.” Eula turned a ghastly pale. [75-76] It can’t hurt you any more to do this than it does me to ask you, for it breaks my heart to cause you any anxiety.” She could not endure the pleading look in his eyes. She clung to him, bursting into tears. “You know I will do anything you ask.” At this willing confession was almost too much for Smith, altho he was “steel dust”.

“Little one,” he was now saying, “I must tell you I have been in serious trouble not of my own accord but by destiny. I am an escape from the law, so we will have to many times go on the spur of the moment or face whatever might come. Are you still willing to go with me?” “Oh Pete, you know I will until death do us part. Is that enough proof?” He took out his handkerchief and wiped away the sparkling tears on her beautiful eyes. Yes, he believed that. He had that faithful promise once before and was true till the end. God had blessed him with purity and faith and love.

Oh let me be a martyr to be tried
To prove my worthiness to thee
In God we must abide
Let my patience be as Job’s [76-77]
Was stripped of all possessed
His body tortured day and night
And yet how he was blessed
Take me lord to do thy will
And let befall what may
Let me be wont to call thy name
And take my sins away

With that he held her closer still holding her lips to his.



Chapter 13 Seeking Work

After a hearty breakfast feeling refreshed and full of pep, Smith arms himself and takes his charge and gives orders. “No more tears, no more fears, the breadwinner is seeking work. A smile of confidence greets him and out he goes among the busy city where hundreds of busy people working. He soon secured a job of then called “gang pusher.” Now we use more professional names. All the same industry is the lifeblood of commerce, call it what you may. He did not want a responsible overseeing job. He was a bit intensive. Once giving orders they must be carried out. He was predominantly, yet not authoritatively inclined and was his luck to plunge headlong in to the lion’s [77-78] mouth.

It was near quitting time, whistles were screaming, tools clanging, a group of men ready to move at the word. While planning to give orders for the next move, he overheard a voicegrudgingly say “Well, if I ever lay eyes on him, we’ll have a big ball uptown.” This made him curious, for he knew some poor wretch were well remembered. “Who’s the victim?” Smith exclaimed. “We don’t need rats around here.” “Oh just a couple of outlaws, sneaked out after reaping a full harvest leaving a trace of blood.” Passing from one mouth to the other, they had bee trailed from the southbound border to the coast of Maine. “Well,” Smith said, “they must be notorious ones.” “Yes they were.” Came from mouth to mouth. “Too bad they were not brought to justice.” “Who are they and where were they from?” Smith asked. With that, one pulled out a worn bit of newspaper, a clipping passed out through detectives: “The citizens of Yell County Arkansas offers \$5,000 reward for R.J. and Bud Daniel, Outlaws, dead or alive.”

With that, Smith was afraid he would show signs of emotion for inside his temperature was boiling nearly to [78-79a] exploding. He handed it back with a casual gesture. “Well, anytime you get your man, give me an invitation.” And as he started to give further orders one

#####

scrutinizing him and then back to the photograph. But as old man luck had favored him, it was not his photograph and his moustache had helped disguise his appearance. At any rate his plans here were changed all in a moment. “Well, boys, as I was fixing to say, I’m checking out. I have enjoyed working with you but the climate is not good for my wife. I wish you a good reception if you ever have your ball.”



“No, no.” all exclaimed. “Don’t leave us. We think lots of you and we can truthfully say we have never had a better man to work under. We all wish you luck and would fight a circle draw for you.

“Well, you just put that in black and white.” Said Smith.

“Yes.” All said, so here Smith took out pencil and pad and wrote down, “I do hereby endorse and proclaim that said man Smith is strait forward, honest, meting out justice to all alike, signed by crew working under supervision.” Thanking them for their signatures, he bade them farewell, for foreward it [79a-79b]was for the keen searching any of a workman never faltered for a moment as he recognized he was watching the performance.

He goes to that little house where his wife was waiting supper. She could see the troubled look on his face. “What’s wrong, Pete?”

“How quick can you pack our belongings, Dixie?”

“Shortly.” She said.

“Well, we are leaving bright and early in the morning.”

“##### something go wrong at the factory?”

“No, just met up with the wrong people, so when that Santa Fe blows early tomorrow we will be going back to Georgia to see your Mother and Dad.”

A radiant smile spread over her ##### Sun threw out her rays over the sun kissed hills of Tennessee. That they were planning on leaving. Just anywhere just so we are together. It touched him deeper to think this trusting girl was so willingly giving up all for him made it easier for him to give up his loved ones at home. They were soon on their way to Georgia.

Georgia, the good old state
 Its flag red, white and blue
 Stands for its constitution
 Awarded long ago
 Stripes of red, one of white
 One of blue sublime
 Stands out for freedom
 Waving high since 1799



[79b-80]

XIV The Secret

The hills of Tennessee, drooped and drenched with Nature's Fountain of Youth, were soon left behind. They had found beauty and peace of mind for at least a short while, stopping here and there for refreshing food, drinking in the beauties of the luring nature. Came their happiest moment, an old, old story of what any young wife has reached the peak of ecstasy of joy. So ignorant to ethics and the fundamental principles of human anatomy. Yet a full conception of what nature provides, beaming with happiness, yet demure in voicing the news in her own childish way, tells this father of seven that he is going to be "Father". [*May 1887*] How he would respond to the news was her eager moment. Not knowing how oft he had faced this confession. But the startling fact, almost overwhelmed as it would bring new changes, made it all the harder for him to tell her the truth. But the kindness and gratitude he bestowed made it a joy to know she was to play a part in this new drama of life. Soon they reached the home of his parents. Happy greetings and homecoming was a new thrill. She could hardly wait to tell her secret to her dear mother who had had [80-81a page order insertion] the pleasure of telling this story over and over. But when the twin sisters came there was rejoicing in the Wray family. Eula almost hoped that luck would be hers.

The short days of visiting were soon over as they were making plans to go in South Georgia.

[80-81b]

Jack's people were all in and around Athens, Jefferson, and Hoschton, Ga. A few days travel brought them to the home of Mrs. Potts, his mother in law who now had part of the children. Being disolusioned, they were living in separate homes. However Eula did see the children who now had become accustomed to being without a father, was not too affectionate with either of them. Ivie, the oldest girl, Eula thought the most beautiful creature ever known. Their visit was very short. Having the wrong conception of how this tragedy came about. Naturally the Potts family felt ill towards Jack. As we have quoted before, blood is thicker than water. And the thousand dollars Mrs. Potts had paid a man to go to Arkansas for the children was still a barrier. Therefore their visit was very short. Jack had the full protection of the entire sheriff force, but the suspense of invaders from Arkansas was still



on the alert. [81b-81c]

Smith purchased a sturdy one-horse wagon, loaded it with supplies and bedding, all this fine bay horse Selam could carry with the addition to guns and ammunition. He and wife bid their loved ones goodbye and the goodbye was for longer and more serious than they ever dreamed. But time heals a wound, so time soothed the two anxious people for many months. Ten days drive from home her home found them settling in South Georgia to the best of my memory was Macon. [*more likely Fulton County Georgia*] At least he rented land of fine fertile soil, was already late in the spring but everything was favorable and a bumper crop was made and harvested. The coming January a beautiful baby girl was born to them. Oh the longing to write back home the good news, but their promise could not be broken. They lived bountifully as far as provisions were concerned

[Maudie Myrtle Smith, born Jan 15, 1888, Atlanta, Fulton County, Georgia. The timeline is wrong here. Jack was apparently farming in Fulton County, which comprises downtown Atlanta and a big area to the southwest.

On April 6, 1889 Governor Gordon of Georgia received a request from the Governor of Arkansas for the arrest of Jack Daniel and issued an Executive Warrant for that arrest. This was entered in the Executive Minutes for Apr. 8, 1889. That arrest order may have caused the wanted poster mentioned on Jessie's page 78.

Upon the news of the arrest warrant, Jack and the family departed for South Georgia in the summer of 1889. Perhaps they went to Macon .]

[81c-82]

and apparel was nothing to worry about for quite a while as material then lasted longer and styles did not change so often.

The year had gone by and news came thru travelers that prosperity was forthcoming in Alabama. Soon plans were in readiness to move.

[If they sent to Macon for a year, the move to Montgomery would have been in the fall of 1890]

He was quite happy with his darling wife and baby. Oh, how he longed to shield them from the hideous nightmares of the tragic past and blot out the pages of time. But the longing for his dear children back in Georgia gnawed at his heartstrings. It had been about four years since any news had gone out to their people.

As time only heals, he was resolved to forget the moments of atrocity. It was



better that he be dead to the folks back home than to correspond and be snatched and riddled by bullets or pay a higher price. Perhaps they would forget him only as the living forget the dead. He had also took on new responsibilities that demanded clear thinking and sound judgment because a wrong move might be the means of never being with the children of former marriage. And to give them up now gave him a few [82-83] worn threads to tie together. If he was destined to live this life, nothing could change it. So he would try to be content with what fate had opened her arms to. He felt as if she had been very kind to him. He almost felt as if he was not worthy of such a blessing and yet he had paid a price and still would pay once it was demanded.

Well, “Dixie Sweet” as he called his wife. Many the times he had brought blushes to her already rosy cheeks by joking her in the presence of a few friends. He would tell them how he called her just plain “Dixie” when alone, and how he tried to lavish ardent words of love of “Dixie Sweet” in company. He would usually get a little scolding when they were alone, at which he would get a hearty laugh at the rich joke for she was more beautiful when her cheeks were blushing with embarrassment.

All through the years, he treated her as a child, a trusting child. She was his guiding star and light. Many nights he would awake out of a hideous dream with his ever-ready revolver in hand ready to combat the enemy, which would bring anxiety to her face and cause her to [83-84] wonder if she had failed because she was too young to have to share such a responsibility. It’s the basic reason he had been dormant on the subject

Plans were being made now for another journey. As you know, dear reader, that fifty-five year back would be like going in to a museum. Travel was very slow only by train, but to travel with a horse and wagon gave opportunity to work their way thru and cut expenses and give them knowledge geographical and scientific. It was very much unlike a Daniel to adjust themselves to come to earth financially but still anything that is honest is honorable.

Being born into the world without anything, and of a certainty will leave it without anything. If our Great God also clothed the lilies of the valley and fed the birds of the air, so he will do man likewise. If he keeps the commandments, and something of this passage caused him to study hard on the commandment of “Thou shalt not kill.” But through prayer and supplication



he felt forgiven, James 5-16. The effective fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. [84-85]

“Elias” was a man subject to such passions as well and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed for rain and the heavens gave rain. Daniel prayed twenty-one days for his transgression. So with these wonderful scriptures coming from our Lord and Saviour a redeemer. It is left up to us to only confess our sins. Oh, these comforting thoughts came to him, as he would begin to think he might be a traitor or deserter. Give me strength is all I ask and I will b— the way.

XV Another Move

[from Macon to Montgomery, fall 1890? This could also mean a move from Montgomery to Warm Springs or both]

Soon the wagon was packed again brim full. After he had sold out, give out all the surplus he could not carry. They regretted leaving this place. All had been well, lovely neighbors and many happy moments mingled with the secret heart yearnings on both sides.

The darling little girl had brought another day of sunshine where clouds would have been hovering. It was [85-86] such a joy late in the evening after the work was done, to go strolling with this beautiful child and lovely wife with all the passers-by saying “what a pretty baby, what a lovely lady.” It was a thrill to him to have the honor of such admiration being bestowed on his two treasures. Yet all this was being left behind for the best oats were always best in the next field, and they were soon on their way to a new state.

Many days were they on this migration. Fall and winter were creeping up and for days would be delayed in travel. There was little work to be had during this tiresome journey, but no interference with hounding detentions. Of course did not eliminate the ever watching that he had to always hide fear emotions from his wife.

It was not expedient that they had just a certain place to go but wanted to make their next stop for a while in Montgomery Alabama, of which they did.

He did day labor there until spring *[Fall 1890 to Spring 1891? In Montgomery and then Spring 1891-Spring 1892 in Warm Springs where EWS*



was born June 1891] when nature calls again. The sugar plantations were then began to make [86-87] progress in the commercial world. So with new desires again for a move took place. Almost feeling at home in the little covered wagon, which he had made as comfortable and agreeable as could be. They set out again for Mobile. They arrived in time to get in big progress for planting.

This was the most gruesome, tragic, discouraged eighteen months of his career since his awful tragedy of his former marriage. *[Spring 1891 to fall 1892?]* The work hours were long and tiresome both mental and physical. People were already contaminated with yellow and typhoid fever. Hospitals were full, farm houses were were infected, drinking water was very unhealthy. But an old saying is true, "You can't get all the coons up one tree."

This looked rather dark to him bringing his wife and baby into a place like this. But money was easily made, were paying good wages for men to wade mud burying the cane for a resurrection later. When it did come forth from the earth it [87-88] come gaining into the money, but to keep them here might be fatal.

But already another secret had been whispered in his ears, there was going to be an addition to the Smith family. "We must, dear one, try to stay here until after you are well able to travel again. Then we can winter somewhere in a more suitable climate." He but after they had made one winter and spring, they would be climatized and take quinine and rid their blood of malaria which were their worst enemy. Once your system was well robbed of good red blood cells, then the dragon typhoid would usually ensue, or jaundice or yellow fever. Sometimes tuberculosis developed out of such diseases. Of course, in those days, you just made preparations to die when pronounced "tubercular."

Life went smoothly enough for a while. In June their baby boy arrived to brighten their home once more. Who should be prouder than to be father of two beautiful children as they. His wife, overjoyed with having given him a boy, felt almost as proud as a princess.

[Evan Wilson Smith, June 20, 1891, Warm Springs, Wilson County Alabama, 50 miles north of Montgomery. The time line seems to overlap]

Smith had begun to show signs of palor. About the last of July, the sun had been [88-89] very hot and had been many days of wading water early in the spring. *[1891?]* The cane was pretty well in hand, the crews sought to cut



and haul logs out to the saw mill for a little ready cash to gain winter quarters with. It was good cutting and the flat heads made good dividends.

One afternoon, just before time to quit, he felt cold chills running up his spine and terrible headache followed, and he thinks to himself, "Oh, yes, Mr. Malaria has found a place to settle." He made it home and by the time he arrived he was well underway shaking "a regular old rigger". A high fever followed and then after the midnight hour, a heavy sweat. The next day he could pull himself out of bed. After the regular family circle conversations and off to work again.

Dixie begging him not to work so hard and he would say, "Dixie Sweet, we have to live and if the bread winner fails, where will my pretty wife and babies be?" This responsibility spurred him on more determined than ever to work while he could, for something seemed to warn him trouble was near.

[89-90]

XVI The Typhoid Fever

[Fall 1891?, Warm Springs Alabama]

For two weeks this way, something occurred only a little harder and the fever a little higher. The medicine he had gotten from the old family doctor did not seem to ##### the enemy that had such a grip on him. At last, the fever failed to leave. He no longer had the strength to be up and about. With his strong constitution and determination he fought hard to cut with the malady that has so desperately grasped him. The high continued fever racked his brain. He became unconscious at times, talked at random at times.

The little wife, a frightened trembling object of pity, kept ever watch on her loving husband and their two darling children, one depending on her body for its life. She must have rest. The good neighbors were already offering assistance, administering all help was possible. The grave old doctor just sat by his bedside in deep thought. Calling the wife he said in tones of sympathy, "Well, hour husband has typhoid, a very deep case due to the exposure and overtaxed strength. It's going to be a long vigil, thought I just as well prepare you for the ordeal. It's going to be long drawn, but he had much courage. I think he [90-91] will make it. So be patient and don't lose too much sleep yourself or you might be the next victim." Oh, the heart welling news to her. But the neighbors were so good they almost took the children, and



would have if the baby had not been so tiny. Many hours he was delirious. When he was not, he was too exhausted to take interest in his surroundings. Days and days she kept vigil over her charge praying the guardian angel would not fail to keep watch with her.

It was nearing ninety days of restless tossing when one day he seemed to rally out of his stupor. Oh, how frightened she was. He lay thinking, then reaching out his thin bone like fingers pulled her closer. "Dixie Sweet," he said in a feeble voice, "come closer." She could not refuse the emotion, but now his life depended on it. "Darling, I am not going to get well." A lump came to her throat. She had frozen. She just sat staring. It would not have been more painful than to have thrust a dagger in her heart to watch her companion ebb away and could not reach out and bring him back. Something snapped. She was all [91-92] alert. "No, no, Dear, you must not talk like that. You must rest. The doctor will be angry with me for letting you talk. Now go to sleep." She spoke as if coddling a baby to sleep. "No, Dixie, I must talk to you. Come closer. If I pass away before I tell you my story, you would not know what to do. As you have all your trust in me to manage our affairs. Promise me you will forgive me for asking you to share your life with a man with a reward over him. You go back to your people and make your life with them."

She placed her hand on his cold brow trying to quiet him. It was late evening, darkness came. He was still holding her hand as she kissed his brow, cold with perspiration from over exhaustion. Soon the doctor was called in for she felt that the sad hour had almost closed around her. He fell asleep, a sleep of the dead. The doctor made a close examination and said, "It's the crisis. I'll stay."

Already the house was well filled with help, but who could help that aching heart of that anxious mother?

The story seemed vague. She wondered if he was completely [92-93] out of his mind or was it real facts? This was too much, but she must bear it. Could she let him die with no message home? What if he did get well? She must wait for the outcome. Suspense of waiting was worse than to face death herself. The faithful old doctor still sat silent.

After hours of watching, he patted her head and said, "Brave little soldier,



your husband is going to live if we can keep him warm and keep stimulants supplied and administered.” Like watering a pot plant, she #####.

“Oh, doctor, don’t leave me now. We can’t let you go. His life depends on you.”

“No, on you, my dear. Do you mind if I question you a bit?”

“No, doctor, anything I can help you.”

The old doctor said, “Has there been anything bearing on his mind?”

Oh, must she tell this trusting doctor? Could there be any harm?

“Yes, “ she said in a faltering voice, “He told me only this afternoon, something about a terrible tragedy happening in his life that he kept from me, but doctor I can’t tell you about it. My promise.”

“No, no, dear, I would not exact a truth from you. All I wanted to know was if he did have something on his mind that he had released. [93-94]

If so, it would collaborate with my diagnosis. It seems in releasing these facts it has lifted a weight from his mind. So be patient and draw him out if he revives and wants to continue. Otherwise, let well enough alone. Keep watch and if any change, call me back. Send a runner for me. But I do think careful nursing and nourishment will restore him. Above all, show courage. The battle is yours. You must win.”

It gave her strength for this old white haired doctor to have such faith in her watch care. And it did take courage, complacency, and strength “which must be supplied by a higher power.” Never failing to ask God to supply her needs, never faltering as her duty, she watched and waited for fate again the restore his health, arousing now and then as a sleeping child. This man that had been courageous ##### had given up his fight, to the power of God also. All fears being lifted, he wits and sleeps back to life. Sipping the medicine and nourishment as only the delirious do for he was in a complete coma. Mother nature doing her work while the mind and body rest.

[94-95]

XVII The Dawn

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. The sun threw streams of light through the crevices and windows as if trying to inspire something unusual. The birds had even come out with more gaiety singing to almost splitting their little throats. A cow lows for her romping calf for fear he might run



away in his plight. A crow says “caw, caw” looking for grain left in the harvest. Leaves were scuttering here and there to their final rest. Yet her eyes are ever on the watch.

A gentle stir from the patient – a half yawn. Oh, what a joy to see. Oh, so eager for just one word. His eyes slowly open directly focused on her. She could see life, an expression she had hoped to see. She took his hand and smilingly said, “Have you slept good?”

“Yes,” in a feeble voice, “how long have I slept? I am so tired. Let me rest. What a terrible fight I had but I got away. I come to the river. No crossing. I swam on and on. I made it, Dixie. I’m across.”

She knew he was either dreaming or had actually experienced his ordeal. “Yes, dear, you are safe now here with me.”

[95-96]

“You won’t let them get me, will you?”

“No, no, never. You are safe.”

“Safe. Safe.” He grew weaker in voice and dropped to sleep. Each conversation created a new promise. Could she fulfill them or forbear them? She would do her best. As she sat watching the sleeping patient, she gave a survey of the tragic story he had told her. How her heart went out to those seven children. She felt as if she could only have a small place in his heart as he must share his love with those far away, who perhaps were thinking he had already filled a silent grave. How she too thought of her own dear ones at home who’s anxious waiting for letters which never came. If she could only let them know some way, perhaps when he was better he would submit to a try someway of communication.

This great burden was becoming a heavy weight but the innocent blue eyes of a baby cooing up into her face would give her a new strength. Also a duty that must be performed. She had her own problems to work out in a strange country. What if the worse came, how would she manage? She was too young to [96-97] weigh the consequences in equal proportion or to draw up a plan of rules. She was almost helpless. Only an intuition and to follow the dictates of her heart. She only knew she had stepped in deep water not knowing how to swim.

Each day brought our patient a little nearer to convalescence. Soon he became very helpful in attending to the children while his wife did the outside



work morning and night.

But food supplies might get low if his health did not improve fast. But with a well filled crib, with feed and nice hogs for meat, a cow for milk, potatoes and syrup it would be sufficient to sustain life for a long time. By the next spring he was out doing light jobs and the doctor advised them to go to a different climate. *[Spring 1892]*

Pensacola Florida had been sighted for a place to stay, a good bay breeze. Soon they were packing up again traveling on to a new location. They made good time on this trip as fine weather was always favorable. They arrived in the spring when everything was so beautiful. Oh, the beauty kissed by nature was bliss to any nature lover and fruit and flowers were in beauty, was almost a paradise. *[for a few days in Spring 1892?]*

[97-98]

XVIII Another Move

[to Pensacola in 1892 and then to Mobile, Spring 1892?]

Almost your choice of anything. Fishing, hunting, scenery, sunning, bathing, painting, anything to attract a posh artist or architect. It was all here in this beautiful place. Soon they were settled in a little house near the bay.

On their first night's stay, the big lazy alligator of course nothing disturbed his casual way of living unless attracted by gigantic fishermen who sought to destroy or eliminate the number where they could throw a net for pulling in a drag of fish.

So they bellow their hymns in tones unmindful that it would disturb the sightseer or sleeper. They were so vicious in voice and numerous in number it was impossible to sleep only at intervals. This was quite amusing to anyone who knew nothing about alligators. Smith hired himself to a fellow that was fishing, also getting alligators for their uses of which their hides brought a reasonable price. Was quite a dangerous industry for many times the alligator ##### falls in our boat scenting the bait and food. The smell of fresh beef was easily detected and you could coax them to shallow water, then shoot them. Hook and drag to land. But very necessary that you ### faced against them for they [98-99] would crawl many feet from the bay. If you loved your dog, it was best he didn't go beaching #####

He worked for some time with first one thing and another until his wife became badly dissatisfied with "her noisy neighbors" and another move was



on foot. They packed again and moved on up to Mobile Alabama. *[Spring 1892?]* By this time he had regained his health and was able to do manual labor. Here he purchased a fine yoke of oxen, rented a place, rich land. Landlord seemed a big generous fellow offering ##### of terms. All flowers and no thorns, all was to good and sweet.

He began to turn soil and plant, when one day a fellow came to him, a neighbor, and said, “My friend, I have took notice of you and I like you. Would you mind if I advised you as a friend?”

“No, no, not at all.” Exclaimed Smith.

“Well, I do not mean to meddle or tattle, only hope I might spare you some serious trouble.”

“Let’s hear the story.” Smith was saying, eager to know what he had blundered into now. A little palor spread his face as all disturbances related [99-100] to former trouble.

“Well, my friend, you will never gather your crop.”

“Why so, my friend?”

“Well, this fellow you have rented from has grown fat at the expense of his tenants. He only has new ones every year and we decided to warn the good people as to his game, but I would not like to become involved in the matter unless I have to.”

“Well, what’s his game? How does he tally up?”

“Well,” the farmer said, “he is fine and good, furnishes them, taking every advantage, signing no papers, and just before gathering time, he picks a row, abuses, and runs them off. Gets negroes for nothing and gathers in the harvest.”

“Well, my friend, I appreciate you telling me this and I assure you I will spare you all intimidation if possible. But he had better pick his goose while the picking is good. I am not exalting myself, had rather above. But I stand for justice to all and when he takes my earnings, I’ll be there. I bid you not to carry any news back to him. We’ll just wait and see what steps he takes.”

The day following, Mr. B, came over, his landlord, was very agreeable [100-101] and taking much interest in his welfare and suggested he might have a



fall turnip patch just anywhere he wished. There was a very choice place where an old cotton house had been for years, almost decayed roof half off and fallen in. Surrounding was almost an acre of very fertile land.

Smith suggested clearing off and taking this uncultivated portion in.

“Fine, fine,” Mr. B. said. “Just burn the old house, just make a fire heap of it and you are perfectly welcome. I like your attitude and skilled knowledge as a farmer.” On he talked. After the pleasant conversation Mr. B had given, Smith almost thought his so-called friend must be wrong, that it might be he who would bear watching which he did not get a pleasure out of so doing. For he was a true believer in trying to keep the mote out of his own eye then he might be able to see the beam in the other fellow’s.

Things went smoothly, no discord. He cleared, planted his new ground, was improving the barns, cribs as they were then called. [I am trying to stay within collaboration with the wording as relayed.](this phrase is in the original) [101-102]

XIX The First Row

One morning, Smith had gone to work as usual, the wife about her daily duties. The big boxed-in well of water divided the distance between his house and the landlord’s, both using from the same well. While churning the milk sitting on the back porch, she noticed the young lad of a boy belonging to Mr. B come to the well, she supposed for water. Not thinking of any unsightly or filthy performance, she was just casually looking. He was perched over the well curb “contaminating” the water. In a flash she ran toward him. As he saw her, he ran. To make sure of her evidence, she made an examination. Sure enough the proof was there. She was heartsick, furious, benumbed for words. Something had to be done. All had to have water. Only there was beautiful springs all over the place only a little unhandy. This one had been dug out for convenient use.

Well, she did not know what to do. She waited until noon to tell her husband. “Pete,” she said in tones of anxiety.

“What’s wrong, my little Dixie Sweet? You look as if you had seen a ghost.”

It was worse [102-103] than that.

“Tell me about it. Don’t keep me waiting as if the jury had rendered a verdict.”



She related to him the nasty performance and asked, “What on earth must we do?”

“Well, I’ll suggest you kindly go to his mother and tell her before she comes for water. It may be a trick. You never can tell.”

“I have watched and she has not come. I could not let her get water after this.”

Something seemed a little fishy by them not coming, but the offender had been too slow, he was caught in the act.

Mrs. Smith pulls her courage together and starts on her journey. Every word she fixed a sentence to say sounded wrong. She wondered how to tell her without embarrassing either of them. On she went. When she was admitted to the house, the guilty boy fled as fast as his guilty legs could carry him. He knew full well the nature of the call. She tried to make conversation but words just failed her for she was no conversationalist anyway. At last she came to the point. “Mrs. B, I’m awfully sorry to have to come to tell you what I have to, but as we are both involved, I’ll have to.”^[103-104]

“Pray tell me about it.” Said Mrs. B in tones of query.

“Well, you know children are sometimes unthoughtful and do things they don’t know how serious it is...” and go on, explaining things in her own words the occurrence. Mrs. B, reddening in the face almost stamped her foot and says, “Don’t you come here telling me my boy has done a trick like that!” But she would never call him to question him. Before it was over she made her out a prevaricator and asked her to leave. She went home broken hearted than ever to think such had to happen. She cried most of the evening. Pete came in early from work. As he listened to her, he ran a temperature that would blister a thermometer on a locomotive.

“Well, I’ll go myself and talk to Mr. B. Not now, I might say too much.” After supper, he had thought it over and went over to make amends for his wife’s blunders, trying to be peaceable about it, but ask Mr. B to go see for himself. Smith says, “Mr. B, I don’t like to involve women in this so lets leave out their evidence and talk it out between us.”^[104-105]

“However I do act and depend on my wife’s word.” Smith left his revolver at home on purpose. He did not want a settlement of this kind. “Well,” Mr. B said “my wife’s word is just as good as yours. I’ll have to protect that.”

“I have to admire you for it, yet the fact is she had no legal right to dispute



my wife's word.”

“Well,” Mr. B said, “there must be some mistake about it because he couldn't have done a trick like this.”

“Then you are intimating that my wife had told an untruth. Is that correct?” Smith said, the fire in his eyes never flinching. Taking one step forward, he looked him straight in the eye. “Are you going to repeat that statement or recall it?”

Mr. B could see a demon was after him, he could not meet those piercing gray steel eyes. “You must not call my wife a liar.”

“No, no, there must be some mistake. I did not say that or mean that. I only hoped there was a mistake. Could have been someone else.”

“Will you let me question the lad?” he said.

Mr. B “No, I had rather save him the embarrassment. Well, what agreement can we come to?”

“Will you help me clean out the well? If you will help me clean out the well and apologize to my wife [105-106] we will continue as we were. Otherwise I'll have to bring charges and settle it between us. Take your choice.”

After many moments of swearing and boasting and stamping out a place large enough to build any ordinary house, he agreed to apologize and helping the well.

“Alright, Smith,” Mr. B said, “just as well get it over with.” And he goes down home with Smith. And Smith calls his wife already trembling with fear, had watched every move of the performance. In slurring tones, Mr. B ask her pardon for insinuating she was wrong and made a hasty exit.

Now being all torn up by confusion, the little sleep that came to both was but little. While meditating over the matter, it all came clear to him that his other friend might be telling the truth. Maybe he had purposed it, thinking this malicious mischief would cause him to move and would bring about a friction, which did. The more he thought it over, the more convinced he was that mischief was on foot. It seemed he was elergic to trouble unavoidingly. He would wait and see the way the smoke settled. It was not a long wait. For well in the middle of next [106-107] weeks work a Justice of Peace rode up and introduced himself, presented a paper. Before he had time to serve the paper, Smith had thought fast for once in his life, he was unprotected. He felt his



pulse beat fast, his mind was flying. Waiting for the next words seemed ages.

The Justice of Peace must have detected uneasiness when he smiled and said, "Have no fear, Mr. Smith, these papers are not worth the paper written on. But as a duty as an officer, I have to do my duty. I have a warrant for your arrest for burning a building on Mr. B's property of your landlord for malicious mischief."

You could have knocked him down with a feather. It brought almost a hysterical laugh. The kind officer said, "Anything we can do, we'll be glad to. All the help you need. Don't fail to call on us, but we have to do our duty. Just report in good faith." Smith thanking him for his hospitality took the warrant and stood staring at it as if a huge gulf had closed around him. What had he done again to deserve such unjustly treatment. That inner power of man's desire to avenge the oppressor and then [107-108] these beautiful words, "Vengeance is mine." He could not lose sight of the fact that God the Allwise had sent the "comforter." He had been chastised for his iniquity and had born it patiently. Was also a constant church attendant. Wherever they settled, he always found the way to attend church. Some time people assembled themselves together in an humble home of some neighbor and it had been his desire to find and settle among churchgoing people. He thought he had, and did. Mr. B was a church going man. He could not be the judge, least the same judgment be meted out to him. "But ye shall know a tree by the fruit it bears, and a good tree bringeth forth good fruit." With these thoughts in his mind he was evermindful of the fact that he still had flesh and blood to deal with and must be dealt with accordingly. He and wife had a long conversation on the night of the morrow in regard to actions he must take. Whether to fight the case in court or demand a showdown man to man. For Mr. B had no intentions of peace or he would not have brought charges against him for such a brazen falsehood.

Only one person heard Mr. B [108-109] tell him to burn the rotten shack and that was his wife. Everybody was willing to believe that Mr. B had told him to burn the shack and that it was a ruse to drive him away. But this kind of flimsy truth would not stand up in a courtroom. He talked to the judge and the poor old innocent fellow was at row's end. "Law is law. If he can prove you burned it, you will have the price to pay. But can he prove that?" This gave Smith a new grab on him. "No, he could not without swearing a lie."



“Well, the defendant is not guilty until proven so. Deny the charges and stick it out.”

Smith came home with quite a different attitude. The trial being set for a certain date, which of course gave him the right to put it off.

In the meantime, Mr. B got wise to something and came down to talk things over. “Alright, I’ll talk to you as long as you wish.”

Mr. B said “Well, Smith, I’ve thought it all over and it’s going to cost you a lot to get out of this, if you do, which you claim you will. But it’s doubtful. I’ve got money and money talks.”

With that remark it went to the core in Smith’s heart but he bit his tongue and did not interrupt.

“Now, if you will just pull up stakes and go [109-110] I will cut all the offense against you,” He was also charged with coming to his home and raising a row and abusive language which he was not guilty of any. “and I’ll pay what the cost has already been. I’ll even give you a recommendation and let you go so your character won’t show up bad.”

Smith had by this time took out a knife he kept sharp as a razor and was whittling as was a pixilated habit of his while in conversation. He had stopped whittling and stood looking Mr. B square in the eye which Mr. B could not meet halfway.

Smith said, “I refuse your offer, Mr. B. Also resent your statement. I take your offer as an insult to my reputation. My word is my bond. My gun is my protection. I accept none of this. I will fight my case in court. I will fight you single-handed or I will use a surer way of protection. I will gather my crop, so don’t let it worry you.”

Mr. B now knew he was in for a showdown. He says, “Smith, I don’t want you to gather one ear of corn or pick a lock of cotton until this is settled.

Smith said, “Well, my friend, all I want is for you to tell me where to put your part of the harvest. Because it is God’s will I am sure [110-111]

going to gather it. If that’s all the business you have with me, I wish you good luck for I must get busy.” Mr. B left him white and trembling. He knew he has struck almost.

Smith went out early the next morning to see as many neighbors as would help him gather his crop and told each one what he might expect. One or



two refused for fear of further trouble with Mr. B, especially his other tenants. But he soon found ten men that was anxious to see justice met out.

His wife was begging him in tears for them to go away and not get into trouble, but he would not do that. “Dixie, it would b cruelty and show me up as a traitor and non-provider if I let that scoundrel get away with his thieving. No, sweet one, I can never do that. I had rather be branded an outlaw than to say I took the bread from your mouths to feed a greedy coyote. No, never can I do that. You just trust me and we will come out some way.”

With this explanation, she trustingly clung to him. “No, Pete dear, I’ve never doubted you or even thought you would let us go hungry. I just did not want trouble.”

“My dear wife, there are just two roads to travel.”

[111-112]



When We Come To The End Of The Road

Life with all its beauties and wonders,
Have but the two long lanes,
One is straitway and narrow,
The other is wide in domain,
The narrow is hard to enter,
But the efforts are well worthwhile,
The wide the travel is easy,
But its snares are sure to beguile.

Flowers are few on this first road,
But their essence are fragrant and sweet,
It is like manna to the hungry,
Once there we must not retreat,
The wide has lovelier places,
To sip of the cup of despair,
And once we are traveling down this road,
It's hard, yes hard, so beware.

But there are "five crowns" that await us,
At the end of this long, long trail,
A "crown of life" for the martyr,
Who is faithful and does not bewail.
A "crown of rejoicing" at His coming,
A "righteous crown" who appear,
A "crown of glory" for the godly,
A "victorious crown" who death fear.



[112-113]

XXI The Gathering and Fire

“My dear little wife, sit down here while I lay out a few plans for you. Do not tremble and have courage for you must be prepared for anything. Those sweet words you said to me on that beautiful wedding day, that promise you said without the asking ‘unto the end of the world.’ My world may be closing out fast, sweet one.”

This brought tears to her already white face. He takes his handkerchief as usual and mops the glistening tears from her eyes. “Be brave, little one. No time for tears now. You know, dear one, that I am not a coward but sometimes it pays a brave man to run. But I am going into that field in a moments to gather that crop.” Out beyond lay a level field with the labors of his hands, beautiful corn, cotton, cane and potatoes, oats for fall which would soon be fine.

“That’s my years work and hard at that. If I come down at his hands, those men will gather it for you. You sell all you can and go back to your people. Leave me a little slab, inscription on it ‘A Creature of Destiny.’”

“Oh, Pete, don’t do this. Let them have it. You are worth more to us than all this sorrow.”

“No, no, [113-114] my pretty one, just keep a stiff upper lip.” With that he kissed her tear-stained face and went out to meet the men who had already come with ox teams to gather and haul the harvest in. He had already made a sale for his harvest, of course at a reduced price, but was going to move when the opportune time comes.

“All ready, men?”

“All ready.” They said.

Soon they were in the fine corn gathering. Their arbitrator was there. They sent a messenger to tell Mr. B about the gathering and to come select the arbitrations if he wished. He refused to come to the field, but walked the yard stamping and making threats. If that was showing bravery, then Smith was baffled. He sometimes wondered to himself as to what bravery was, usually consisting of four elements: optimism, egotism, discipline and anger, and for a surety he was displaying none of this. Only anger and that would be termed fear anyway. He was certainly not keeping them from gathering the produce.



Smith gathered and watched for he well knew that a man that would not come out and force his medicine in daylight might do [114-115] as other animals do. This was not very gratifying to class him as such, but he had chosen the birds to flock with. So he would have to keep watch by night. The teams were busy that day gathering corn and the next as it had to be hauled a few miles in ox wagons and it was very slow.

The end of the week brought the harvest to a close. The men wanted to give a celebration over the success of the outcome, but Smith said no. He never liked to crow over his victory, that justice was all he wanted and had rather not.

He paid the men and thanked them for their support and assistance in this ordeal. They were overjoyed over his success to hold a good hand with Mr. B that they were ready for a jamboree. It was all planned to have a big candy pulling and a few square dances at one of the neighbor's house. He thought it would look uncourteous to not go as it was given for him even though he had protested.

The night was cold but beautiful. After staying a while, he suggests to his wife that he go ahead and build a fire and she could come with a neighbor beyond them that would help [115-116] with the children. Of course, there are always trails for a near cut when the man is alone and this one come up at the back where the timber set in nearby.

Just as he was striding over the rail fence, a light flashed up in the brightness. He saw a figure run, almost facing him. So eager to discriminate the color he let the fire blaze a few moments. To his utter astonishment, her he was face to face with Mr. B, but Mr. B had spied him too and wheeled as if something terrible was after him.

Smith followed leaping, asking him to stop, but on he fled. Smith stumbled and this brought him to his senses. He ran back for the house could be in flames by now. He made it back gathering the water that was brought to furnish the household and began fighting the fire.

It had made little headway for in Mr. B's haste he had poured more turpentine on the ground than on the house. While fighting fire and checking nates, his wife and neighbors come up on the scene. All excited, Smith told his story. He had begun to think he would have to follow that old adage "what was meat [116-117] for the goose must be sauce for the gander. A poison to kill a poison and hell to put out fire." It seemed that a great fire had been



kindled and that it was going to take oceans of water to quench. As I said before, once he had an enemy, he was destruction. By this time a runner had gone back to tell the party which was also against his will.

They soon gathered, wanted to form a posse and make him confess. But Smith would not hear to this. “No, boys, just go home and forget about it. Just let the chips fall where they will.”

Mr. B could see them. Smith had not told the men he had actually saw the performance, but all knew too well who the oppressor was for he was the only one absent from the social for several miles and when he did not show up on the scene, the crowd knew where the hat was and was ready to smoke him out.

It was little or no sleep that anyone had the rest of the night. Some sat up out of respect, some out of curiosity, some thru fear, but Smith sat up because he did not want to be cremated in that brutal and simple way. He did not feel as if he would be given [117-118] as an offering for sacrifice, not at his neighbor’s hands anyway.

The day following he was making preparations to sell his hogs already fat for market. He thought he he had better make quick disposal of them or they might “eat the wrong kind of food” and to sleep they would go.

He looked up and saw Mr. B coming. He had his gun as if pretending he was hunting. He spoke, so did Smith. They both stood gazing at each other as if neither could find words. At last Smith said, “Well, Mr. B, what’s on your mind?” He was trembling like a leaf.

“Smith, I’ve been a cad, a coward. If you won’t tell what you know, I’ll drop all charges.”

“There is nothing to tell, Mr. B, it’s plain all the people suspicion you already, although I have not breathed it to a soul.”

“I will take your word for that. Just promise me you won’t push it.”

Smith said, “Well, I will have to think it over. You have treated me pretty bad, Mr. B, without a cause. But if you want to drop everything, I can still be friends. Mr. B drew a sigh of relief, but not one time did he say he was sorry for his actions. With these last remarks, they went their way. [*Fall 1892?*]

[118-119a]



XXII Move To Mississippi

[Fall 1892?]

Friends had gathered to see their newfound friends off to their new place of abode. He had really and truly made friends at this place. Friends worthwhile. People he regretted to leave. He felt as if they were a part of him. Salt of the earth. Law abiding.

Perhaps if Mr. B could have gained the confidence of these worthy people, he would have endorsed and accepted some of their ways. And did. But his inferiority complex directed his mind. Where your heart is is where your treasure is. Yet the outer garment were too fragile to cover the inner man. It must have been that this was some of the seed that fell by the wayside and among wheat grew tares. As ye sow, so shall ye reap. Smith could not, did not expect to reap all good. He was perfectly willing to take chastisement. Misfortune of providence was a lesson to him. He was quite optimistic, yet when faced with problems was very dispensable and would always discredit himself. And he appreciated these qualifications in others. And yet we found in him a diplomat. If he had a goal to reach he left no stones unturned. As he often remarked [119a-119b] “keeping the horses pulling together” The admiral discipline. I can see the twinkle in his eye when gaining a point in debating. He loved fighting for the right principles.

This was the sentiment of those fine people he was preparing to move away from. But a true saying of old is “let sleeping dogs lie” and this was what he was doing. Nor running away from something like Jonah did. He was leaving looking for quiet and peace of mind away from danger.

Hours are swiftly passing, packing, so many things they cherished could not be carried this long distance and were turning everything into cash that could be. Of course always at a great sacrifice, giving away many valuable things to friends who had been so kind and would not accept pay.

In the meantime he had gone to the county officials to see if the charges had been cancelled, of which they had. It would be very unpleasant to have a record follow him through all the states branded as an outlaw, murderer, swindler, and a firebug. It would be like a trail of blood.

The sun is climbing high in the heavens when the last good by was said and he [119b-120] picked up the lines and said, “Get up, Selam.” This faithful horse that seemed to share with him all grievances or happiness so long as his oats



were plentiful. “Well, Dixie,” he said, “we are off on a new adventure. But I feel rich. My wife and two lovely children, a girl, Maudie Myrtle a fine boy, Evan Wilson. “Oh, that I could have given him the name of his fine ancestors. I’m sure will be someday.”

But let’s not forget that this way of travel is very slow and hardly in accord with the usual way of pioneer way of travel. Most immigrants traveled in caravans, especially further west. However this country was inhabited before the west and made it safer to travel as bandits did not seem to be prevalent there. Varmints were the most dreaded pestilence. They would occasionally meet with travelers who were suspicious characters and perhaps they thought the same about him. But you have to take the bitter with the sweet and many days were unpleasant due to weather conditions. Some were very happy, especially when they came to some little deserted cabin that welcomed them in from the rain, the warm fire flickering from the old fashioned fireplace with the pot hooks.

As they would [120-121] sit staring at the fire on little wooden blocks cut from timber, wondering what a lovely story the fire could tell. It seemed that these little forsaken cabins longed for someone to come in and build a fire, share the welcome hewn logs. It felt as if they were lonely waiting for the owners to come back. Come back. Why had they left, he asked himself. He thinks of a home in former days, log home, fireplace, children, a loving wife somewhere deserted. Could these little cabins tell of such a story?

We see them preparing food on the open fire, the aroma of food floods the cabin. A candle is lighted to add to the beauty of the picture. Beds are soon made down on the floor and sleep comes to this happy family. Oh, that you could live a life in a day, one happy day like this.

But each day brings a new drama. The little wagon breaks down, They have to stop for repairs. It’s drizzling rain. His wife and babies have to stay inside of the wagon while he takes ax in hand, goes to the woodland cuts down a tree and hews and whittles out a few wagon spokes that have been broken by some [121-122] falling rock or a jump in the road. The length of time is also different now from the time a huge tree is in active use only takes one hour for a green tree to be held in your hand a beautiful piece of paper or furniture but it surely took him longer than that to go through the process of industry. But most of the time twenty-four hours would find them repaired and ready to travel.



Many days of travel of this nature found them stopping near Jackson Mississippi.

Arriving in time to find a suitable location and a fertile farm to cultivate. He did not want to settle here in this country for a permanent home, therefore he would not purchase team and implements to farm with. He wanted to rent or work so if any difficulty arose he could alienate any responsibility without intimidation of anyone. He rented on the halves with the understanding the landlord bought him out at an arbitrated or appraised price. He also found fine neighbors here, but the land was not too profitable. An anticipation were in store for another move. [122-123]

His wife's health was none too good as they were looking forward to a new addition to the family circle in Feb. following. This made travel difficult also would interfere with a future crop year the coming spring. As her health would not permit an early travel and by the time she was strong enough and the time to travel in and locate, it would be almost too late to farm under these existing conditions.

He sought day labor but this was not preferable because he was ever on the watch and in suspense for fear of meeting the wrong people at public jobs. Many the times he came face to face with detectives he was positive was on his trail and he would have to think fast for an alibi. Sometimes he was trying to trade horses or buy a small farm or else going to see his wife's kinfolk in the first state that entered his mind.

He found work plentiful here, but the winter was a hard gruesome winter and the wages were small and he was on the outlook for better pay when an opportunity knocked on his door. At least he thought so.[123-124]

XXII Selling Pottery

“Ben Smith” The words sound insignificant but as he had adopted this name, not by law but from choice of recognition, will try to call him by name adopted. Ben was an expert at driving oxen, not that he had too much experience with them but he possessed a spontaneous instinct to master the job assigned. His voice not harsh, yet commanding, put the oxen where they belonged. So Mr. D bargained with him to drive and be supervisor for selling pottery. Which would call for days of travel and many nights away from home, but this pottery was selling like wildfire, a new formula for making earthenware to not absorb odors, greases or stains.



[Bristol glazing was a major improvement developed in Bristol, England in 1835, began to be used by American stoneware potters soon afterwards. It soon replaced much of the brown salt glazed stoneware that was used for utilitarian wares. Bristol Glaze is a feldspathic glaze-slip using zinc oxide that requires only a single firing. It is sometimes called “double glazed ware” because the two-toned effect required dipping each vessel in the glaze two times. Although Bristol two-tone pottery is most commonly reported in bottle forms from American archaeological sites, the glaze is also found on stoneware crocks, jars and other utilitarian items.]

People in those days loved the home-made wines, cocktails and hard and soft wines. Old Mother Nature yielded the fruit so it was only left to man to have his cellar packed with wines and good cider, the older the better and these huge earthen crocks demijohns and churns made the acceptable containers to ferment the fruit in.

[124-125]

It was surely counted no disgrace then to have gallons of good wine and gin, punch and apple cider. It was counter intellectual. So we find Ben and Mr. D preparing the long-coupled wagon for travel. First thought was to build a huge box on the rear to carry provisions and enough utensils to bake and fry, which would sometime end up in broil and eat stale bread and cheese. Many meals ever took them in an inconvenient place to cook.

At last we find them packing and planning with the anxious wives standing around planning their way to not be afraid and drive the loneliness away during the absence of their husbands. Little or no harm could come to them, only illness. While Ben was very desirous about going away. Anyway this was the first of December and he had two months to work and save a little purse for the doctor or midwife whichever he purchased to have.

Well loaded and comfortably fixed as they could, they bid goodbye to the anxious wives and started toward the mountainous country. [125-126]

This journey was exciting, strenuous, enduring and fun all combined as it takes a compounded mixture of anything to make it perfect.

The first days of travel were anxious ones to make some destination or location where they could wholesale these products, therefore they would not lose much time camping and cooking, at any rate before the oxen got too tired and stubborn. They had two yoke of fine four year olds. They are



trying to make a little stop before nightfall and too provisions were low. All they had left was some stale bread and some Limburger cheese. Mr. D suggested just to nibble and drive on until nightfall overtook them. They ate the remnants along with a little garlic.

Ben knowing the effects the cheese might have would not venture to eat but little. Mr. D jumped out of the wagon looking for a spring of water which he soon found. Making a drinking cup from his old hat brim he gulped down the cool bubbling water. Ben started to drink but detected a little soda taste, so he preferred to drink from the old water keg held in reserve when water was hard to find. [126-127]

They pitched camp, staked out the oxen and mended up the campfire ready for a watch while one slept. Mr. D kept walking to and fro. Ben noticed he looked very uncomfortable and pale, when he exclaimed “Ben, I’m sick, sick as a drunk Yankee.”

Ben began to size up the amount of Limburger cheese he had eaten and the soda water he had drunk. “Well, Mr. D, I guess I’ll have to drench you as that’s the only way out for you.” But before Ben could fix the “drench”, Mr. D began vomiting. “Pardon me.”

But Ben begins to get the smelling salts. This poor man was so deathly sick. Ben was really worried. Nothing he could do would give any relief. It was miles from the doctor as he knew there was no doctor in a little wide place in the road. So it was a silent vigil. He began to show signs of a terrible weakness and fainting. Ben knew that he must call on the Heavenly Father for help, so on his knees he ask he humbly ask the Great God who is ready to spare this helpless creature’s life. Mr. D dropped into a heavy sleep from exhaustion. Feeling that his prayer was answered, he too soon fell asleep.

[127-128]

Long before daybreak, Ben was awake and up. He examined his patient and found his pulse good so he let him sleep until he had the oxen yoked up and ready to travel. He waked up his companion and made some good strong coffee with a few lumps of drip cane sugar in it, drank it with a few hard-tacks and were soon on their way again.

It was noon when they reached the little town, but they made good sales and bought provisions for another two weeks and started out again. And what a blessing that they had purchased supplies then for the next few days were no villages, no stores, nothing, hardly a farm house.



And, oh, it began to turn cold, cold. The oxen were mean and stubborn, did now want to go at all. They knew too well that a bad spell of weather were ahead of them. On they traveled. It began raining a cold rain forcing them to camp overnight again. It began freezing, sleeting, but such an indescribable place of abode. They were forced to stay overnight. The next morning it was no better. They yoked [128-129] up the oxen and stubbornly they traveled. They would like to cross the river ahead, was only a few miles ahead, then a little place of comfort awaited them.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the river was in sight, a wide shoal, not deep as people then had to locate wide shallow crossing of ferry where it was deep and the ox wagon usually took the long route to the shoal. "My, my" It was frozen over. The oxen snorted and blowed and twisted their tails and blinked their eyes, but Ben said, "gid up" and with that keen whip and a "Yea, come here" they plunged into the cold stream. About midway of the stream, they became unruly and tried to turn back and crash went the coupling pole. Well, fate surely had dealt them an ugly blow now.

Me D was not very religious so he tried saying his Sunday school lesson backward or goose language, but it did not patch the wagon. They both dismounted and drove the oxen back to land. "Not dry" Staked them to trees, packed their bedding and provisions back to land. It had ceased raining now, but wet and cold. [129-130]

Nothing but driftwood to build a fire with. Gathering their axes they were soon chopping and piling enough dry wood to furnish fuel the long cold dreary night. In their haste to travel they had not brought their rubber boots, just enough clothing to keep warm in any kind of weather. Soaked thru to the skin from wading to and fro from the broken down wagon, the water had frozen around their legs. They soon has a glowing fire burning trying to dry the wet frozen garments which was far better than to have exposed their bodies changing apparel as wool does not seem as cold as cotton garments when wet anyway.

They made hot coffee and cooked their meat and potatoes and soon had a well-filled stomach with warm food. But no sleep that night. This was surely the longest night of the season for no other travelers were out such a night as this.

The next day dawned, but no sun, the ice a little thicker. They gathered their



axes and as soon as daylight would permit and began the task of hewing out a coupling pole. That was easy, but to wade out in the water was a different job. [130-131]

They could not stand in this water long before they would come out and warm up and let the blood circulate and keep warm. About two o'clock in the afternoon they finished their task and yoked up the oxen again. Oh, how stubborn and snorting they were. However both together whipped and coaxed them on to the other side, partly by holding nice bunches of fodder in front of them for they had left them unfed for a purpose of coaxing them across stream.

A little town welcomed them on the other side and a clean clearance sale they sold out their crockery and they wanted more. This night they found an old deserted log cabin, which looked to them like a palace. A warm glowing fire in the old chimney soon made them forget the terrible days past at least long enough to get a fairly good night's sleep.

It seems that staring into a fire you find philosophy for the things transacted, they seem to transform ugliness into beauty and tribulation into ecstasy. So they were soon lost in sleep to await the tomorrow. And the tomorrow brought sunshine but the ice and snow clung to the [131-132] trees and cut posts and made a beautiful picture, a picture for December. They thought of loved ones at home. A Christmas as soon to be. Stockings hung by the fire-side filled with fruit and nuts, maybe a china doll for the little girls, a nice store-bought ball for the little boy. Time was flying.

They must make their purchase of supplies as well as something to sell on the way home. Soon they were loading their wagon with supplies, fruits for xmas for less fortunate people and also unfortunate people who had no ways of travel. Coconuts were rare and precious, but different kinds of nuts were plentiful, barrels of brown sugar and barrels of flour, blankets and a few household goods people would either buy or trade, corn or crock ware, getting themselves all cleaned, shaved, haircuts. Ben and Mr. D get an early start toward home.

The sulky stubborn oxen were more anxious to go homeward rather than away. Just two short weeks to get home before Christmas in time to hunt plenty of wild turkey for xmas dinner. They could almost smell the sweet savory odor of good home cooking by those two faithful wives left at home.

[132-133]

**XXIV No title**

The weather was favorable the rest of the trip and only a few days found them telling the homefolks happy greetings. All had been well with the families and the little preparations were being made for the Christmas cheer that always loomed in the hearts of God-loving people. A days rest found the men out searching for that big gobbler that would gobble his last time on Christmas Eve. A nice turkey dinner was prepared by Mrs. Smith with only a close neighbor to share the meal for many had just such dinners.

And too, the neighbors lived several miles away, only by twos. Generally two families lived near each other. They did this more or less to be of assistance to each other in case of illness, which was usually the case in rearing a family.

Christmas Eve was a happy one as Mr. and Mrs. Smith sit up late, finishing the last little toy and filling the tiny stockings full to running over with the nice fruit and nuts purchased on the trip.

At this time of the year the loneliness of another picture could not be quelled in Mr. Smith's heart because he was living over another picture in his mind of the past [133-134] and he wondered who was playing Santa Claus to those anxious faces and a sense of guilt came over him for a moment. He felt like a traitor as he would picture only one side of the situation, and then a prayer would part his lips asking God to guide, guard and protect them until another day. But he must snap out of this. There were those now in his charge to protect, they were his problems too. So on and on goes. Life one chain of circumstances after another. Where would it all end?

River of Life, where do your waters flow?
I have searched over hills and meadows,
yet I never know where to go.
Silently you ripple and ramble.
You find your way, never stop.
Tomorrow you find new places
And a sparkle in each little drop

I guess you're caught up in vapor
A vision unseen to the eye



Like we who are caught up in heaven
And vanish in the sweet bye and bye.

[134-135]

The long month of January seemed to go by swiftly as he was cutting wood for home use and a very huge pile at that, for people in those days thought it an honor to see who could have the biggest woodpile in back.

Most of the fireplace reached almost across one end of a room and most homes had two fireplaces, sometimes three, with a built in kitchen in one end of the fireplace. Pot hooks, pot rocks, tongs and firedogs, and grates for roasting.

It's fantastic to hear those precious pioneers tell about those days that were the truth and nothing but the truth. Now we have a more modern way of dramatizing facts and magnify them into a picturesque scene even tho our facts are basic.

This is also my reason for writing the incidents in his life as it were told to me and as I know him. The principal facts of this writing are stories, remembered and pieced together as they made an impression on my life.

February was making her appearance as January was making her exit.

[135-136] A close range was being adapted as the approaching time was near for the stork to arrive. On the said night, a violent snowstorm raged ten miles to where the doctor was. Mr. Smith had already gone for a midwife near by for emergency and to their good luck was blessed for the storm became furious.

The faithful midwife and a nearby neighbor and Mr. Smith kept vigil as a little life was brought to the world while the guardian angel watched.

A baby girl and the last of the children born to Jack Daniel, Jessie Lee Smith as this was the name Daniel was going by at this time.

[Jessie Lee Smith, February 8, 1893, Jackson Mississippi]

Soon there must be a decision made as to farming or public work. He decided to sharecrop again, rented some very fertile land, made a good crop, had splendid neighbors. But in the following winter, he exposed himself too much in the mud and water and came down with pneumonia again. Unable to work again until late spring the following. He made a few short moves



from place to place as he public worked as he was able for that, grant

[136-137] constitution he had. Had begun to give way a little. His endurance was failing although his will power and determination never would.

At the age of three year of the baby girl, he pulled stakes and came to Texas. [1896] I will not take time and space to tell the merits of Texas, I only will say it's the state I love, the state I know and I expect to live and die in Texas.

Anyway we crossed the great Father of Waters in our little one horse wagon with old Selam to ##### us on. He had disposed of the oxen and wagon and everything we had. Only what we could put in and hang on that little one horse rig. Oh, that I only had a picture of it.

I can remember when old Selam died, how we had long faces and mother cried, but I thought, "Well, he was just a horse. Why cry?" I did not realize how close my parents were to that humble creature, nor could I know the value of such a brute. But we all live and learn the hard way, at least most of us, for I was not one born with a silver spoon in my mouth.[137-138]

We came over into Texas crossing at Shreveport or Logansport, one, I won't be positive. [40 miles southwest of Shreveport] We settled in Shelby County, Texas, rented the poorest place there and tried to make a crop. About all I remember about this place was the steamboat that passed once a week down the Sabine River. One went south called the Dewey and one went north alternately called Nature's Bell. They were huge boats to me. I think they carried cargo, but mostly fishing tackle, I think.

I also remember my dad hired a fellow to help him load logs and we lived on the bluff bank of the river and the hired help would tell me he was going to feed me to the alligators and I screamed bloody murder until Dad fired him. That's my bad memory of Shelby County. Not so good for Texas at that.

In 1901, he moved to Central Texas near Goldthwaite Texas [about 35 miles northwest of Fort Hood] How ever we landed in a little place called Big Valley Post Office, but the community was called the San Thicket. [Big Valley in Mills County, west of Waco, no longer exists.]

Mr. Smith, I'll say my Dad, bought forty acres of land in this densely settled place, very heavily timbered, but good fertile land.[138-139]

He landed here and started clearing land. All worked hard and prepared thirty acres to plant. We made a bumper crop for new land. Had 20 acres in



cotton, gathered 19 bales and helped the neighbors gather their cotton. Made 200 bushels of corn, bought a cow and had our meat, but it was a very hard living year for Dad did not want to go in debt.

He cut and sold wood enough for our food and clothing that year, paid for the place and bought a few more necessities for the family.. He sold this place and bought nearer Goldthwaite and a better improved place. Bought a team and implements and started living he thought without such strenuous work. Lived here two years sold out, bought a better place nearer on opposite side of Goldthwaite and a good school.

[“.He lived 5 miles north of Goldthwaite(Mills Co.) when Myrtle and William Aaron Jones married. “That was where they had lots of activity long about this time, had a nice little farm going and everything turned to money.” -From a letter by William Aaron Jones to his son]

This was a very desirable place, but his health began to fail. He had kidney trouble, rheumatism developed. It was very cold.

We were well fixed for living, but doctors advised him to go south. He made a tour of extreme south Texas and came back and sold out everything and give away hundreds of dollars worth [139-140] for everything was rock bottom prices. He gave S3,000 for the place, sold it for \$4,000 and in one year after we left for south Texas it sold for \$10,000, but his health was what we were counting on.

He bought 640 acres of fine land in south Texas near Carrizo Springs, second oldest town in Texas. I believe Nacogdoches is the oldest. His health improved wonderful here, gained weight. He drank the tea made from Spanish bush called Seneca Weed, now called Blue Sage. This was a great medicine.

[“It took twenty days but they arrived in the Morgan Williams settlement April 26, 1906. Mr. Smith built a 16 by 16 foot house with a side room for a kitchen and a porch on the front. Myrtle and William built a 14 by 14 home. It took about 6 months. William got a job pumping water in La Salle county [just to the east] to earn the money to buy this land. In 1913 [1909?] Mr. and Mrs. Smith traded their 540 acres in on a place up near Carizzon and 5 miles east of Carrizo Springs but it proved to be a bad trade so he sold it and traded for a new fangled auto and all the Smiths (Aunt Jessie, Uncle Bud, Grandpaw and your grandmaw) moved to Lufkin.



Their place there is a big oil field now.” –From a letter by William Aaron Jones to his son.]

We lived there two year, made nothing insects so bad. Sold that, bought another upland place, fine soil on a prairie, broke the land. The wind started blowing about Feb 15th and I don’t think it has stopped yet. (pardon me). A complete failure there two year. By this time we were all dissatisfied with south Texas and sold out again. Came to East Texas in the heart of the piney woods, the garden spot of the world I think. The four year of living out of paper sacks had certainly brought his capital down very low.[140-141]

He landed in East Texas, Lufkin Post Office in 1909 in November. Bought a 68 acre farm, what we call a little one horse farm.

We had two good teams and wagons, one nice horse and buggy to drive thru between the four of us. We had our hands full driving. Lucky we could all drive.

My oldest sister married before we left central Texas, so we had plenty experience in driving. We came thru from South Texas to East Texas in 18 days. We thought that was extra good traveling.

His health soon began to go down again, the climate being damp and low. He disposed of most of the livestock, only what he could use himself. Bro soon married and was on his own and he could not handle much land. In East Texas, you can’t handle much land by yourself at that time. Of course, now it’s different.

He knew his health was gone altho he did not tell us in so many words. He was planning on something far different than a man of hopes. I would see tears in Mother’s eyes as I would hastily run in a minute. [141-142]

Quickly she would brush them aside and give me an unsatisfactory answer as to why she was crying. He had told her his trouble. Oh, I remember quite well the gnawing at my heart when he told me his illness was one to never recover. [*tuberculosis*] I started to kiss him for some little favor and he said, “No, Babe.” That’s what he called me. I looked so startled and then he tried to explain why he must not contact our little life with his in affection and how I tried to understand why such had to be. But at times he revived and did little jobs.

I, too, soon married as he said he was living to see us happily settled. Had he known the sorrow of death that soon visited my home and my brother’s, too.



[This “sorrow of death” apparently refers to the death of Jessie’s first husband, Archie Dunn in June, 1916, leaving three small children and her pregnant. She then married Thomas Cicero Hill in 1917 and had five more children. As to her “brother’s, too” , this must refer to Evan Wilson Smith’s first wife Mary Agnes “Molly” Dunn (sister of Archie) and an unnamed infant who died in 1911. EW Smith then married Artie King Chancey in 1913 and had seven children.]

But how good and kind is fate not to reveal to us the agonies of life. And how hard my dear old Dad tried not to implicate anyone else in his trouble. No wonder he filled an early grave, with the heartbreaks and thorns he went thru – a man of few days and full of sorrow.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and these things shall be added unto you.^[142-143] and the consoling thought is that he had sought and found the Kingdom of God and I know he is enjoying his blessings.

Spring had come with beast and birds as well as humanity budding in nature’s loveliness, Busy farms turning soil, flowers blooming. Mother Nature was colossal to the passersby. All was well. But in a little farmhouse, there was sorrow, the chores done on tiptoe, voices lowered to almost silence. Three relations kept vigil waiting for the last murmur of a pale face. “Oh, death. Where is thy sting? Oh, gave, where is thy victory?” At last, the patient smiles at the sound of a familiar footstep on the hallway. Mr. Smith says, “That’s Bobie, isn’t it?”

I said, “Yes, Daddy. Do you want to be alone with him?”

“Not now, dear. I have something I want to tell you tomorrow. I’m too tired now. It will take me many minutes to tell you and I want you to sleep some tonight and Bobie will look after me.”

“How are you, old man?” Bobie said. But as he did he was hold his hand and motioned to a chair. Little did I know then that Bobie was R. W. Gipson, a fugitive from justice that had met ^[143-144] him in the Indian Territory in Oklahoma before his second marriage, and that they had met some time before and not letting their acquaintance be known for their own personal reasons. But here were these two men willing to die for each other and yet all Bobie could do was to wait and see the life of his best friend ebb away. For three weary months this noble character never closed his eyes until he had offered his humble service to Dad.

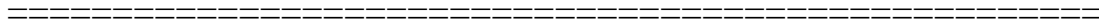
On the morrow, Daddy seemed a little revived as I know our God gave him



strength to tell his tragic story. He called me to his bedside and in low tones, resting at intervals, he related the awful horrible nightmare of his former life. All I could say was, "I'm proud of you, Dad. Nothing you had done in the past would shake my love for you." It was all and all I could do to burst into tears, but he asked me not to. He said I had been too happy to rend it by telling me his life, but he wanted me to know from his own lips. And now he was a penitent man asking [144-145] God to forgive all. Yes, he was a God big enough to do it. "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Yes, these were the words he repeated many times. "Though your sins be like crimson, I will make them white as snow."

So after long suffering with TB, Mr. Smith passed away, "of the dust thou art made and unto the dust thou shalt return", 19th June 1917.

[April 28, 1916 may be the correct date. Residence-Jack Creek Road; place of death: 4 miles west of Lufkin. Cause of death: T(uberculos). Age: 68; cost of funeral: \$21.50. His wife, Eula Lee Wray Smith, died April 15, 1918 of tick fever.]

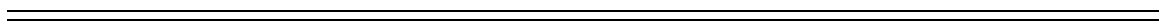


This short biography of R. J. Daniel under the name of "Ben Smith" as I knew him is, as near correct as I can piece together, as I knew him and bedtime stories he would relate. I had no help other than memory of things he told me. He was too weak when he told me his life story to make an account of it then and I was too carefree to give a serious thought to the ordeal.

But I do hope this will clear up a few wonderings that have been for those dear relations that did not have the privilege of knowing him as I did.

So I dedicate this manuscript to that purpose.

- Jessie Lee Smith Hill





A STORY OF A LONG TIME AGO

(The following story was written in 1957)

It was taken from letters sent to me [*son of WAJ*] by my father, William Aaron Jones, of his experiences in South Texas and how he came to be there. My father and mother, Maude Myrtle Smith Jones, made the long trip from Mills county to South Texas with Grandpa and Grandma Smith and lived as neighbors to them when they all arrived there.

[Grandpa Smith=Ben Smith] [Bud=Evan Wilson Smith]

[Me and Mama=William Aaron Jones and Myrtle Smith Jones.

[Note: since Aaron Jones's son choose to honor his father's writing without editing I did not change much - just adding some periods and commas. Bonnie Ann-1993]

3:40 am. May 14, 1957

"I am awakened and opened the west door of my shack and I looked up at the beautiful moon shining in the beautiful west and I tell you I thought it was the prettiest view I ever saw in my life, so bright and clear and I wondered if it was shining that beautiful over you in California. I tell you, I had to pray and thank God for this beautiful pretty moon, I can't get over you wanting me to fix up some kind of a record of a long time ago. I commenced once before to try and make a record of the past but I found out there was more to it than I had any idea but I believe I will try and write a story of it now.

Lots of times here at my shack I will think of you all and I will cry like a whipped dog. I have been that way all the time, used to when I was in the oil fields, I batched and lived cheap as I could and send poor little Mama my checks so she could but our little children clothing and food so they could go to school and I am glad I did. I was young and stout, it didn't hurt me.

Yes, I slept on the frozen ground a few nights and on some toe sacks for thirty day until I reached the oilfields, then I found work and the trouble ended pretty soon and I got me some writing materials and written to my Norma Lee and times looked better, that was in 1929. It was my birthday the day I left Mama and it was pouring down rain and I blew out to the oil filed.



I had no coat or money nor no place to go so the cops picked me up and told me where I could find food and shelter and it hurt me so bad. Child I tell you, I cryed drops of blood and that all happened November 5, 1929 - and it was cold and raining and I had no coat or anything else.

I am sending you the clipping from the Carriza Springs County paper just to let you know about our old long ago home county. I get so lonesome sometimes I could yelp like one of them poor looking coyotes. I get lonesome to hear one on the old lonesome coyotes howl. I guess our old home place will be an oil field some of these times they are going to drill in about two miles of our old lonesome home where I used to carry you children to school in a wagon through the mud and water and go after you all in the afternoon and Mama had the biggest job of all, getting you ready - and I think so many times about our little darling Thelmar —she is lying in her little sweet grave. Me and Lois looked for it but we couldn't find it for sure. The surroundings looked natural but that row is filed out to the fence west. I wish I could see there again. I think of it so often and have my crys all by myself. Mr. and Mrs. Obune [name not clear on my copy so I may have miscopied it-1993 BAS] has a little baby buried just west of Thelmars little grave but they are not straight. Well, darling child its by gone days but I never will forget them sweet precious days. I take the Carrizo Springs paper but you no all the news now is news, Since we left thir (1926) all them McCarleys are died and the Poters or all gone nothing doesn't look natural anymore but I love the poor old horn frogs that live there.

I get so lonesome sometimes and sit down and cry my eyes out. I have hid out and cryed about us leaving thire like we did on that little old ford car made into a pick-up. We left everything we had to speak of thire to be carried off by anybody that wanted it. I no you little children didn't realize it but I sure did and I have hid out and cryed about it because we left like we did.

Of course I am telling you I couldn't have did anything work than leaving our little home. That it cost somewhere round \$2000 in money that we had all worked for. We first made a \$2,000 down payment on the little onion farm of 40 acres and we owned 100 acres out in the sand, we didn't owe a dime on it so we lost it. I have cryed and cryed about it but of course it is gone.



I had a map of Valley Wells made out far as I no and a whirlwind came by and I left this map on the table and it lef here in that whirlwind. I wish we had a map of that county, I tell you I can't help it but I love that sweet county.

Your grandfather, Mr. Smith, he was a fine old Man, he did his best to get me and Mama Myrtle a piece of land down in South Texas and he did, him and Mama Smith, they was fine people. Everyone has to see other places - just like me and Mama did when we all moved to Southern Texas as we did in 1906. We all bought land thire but it was a new county and it was a thinly settled county and we shure had a hard time getting started off - thire was coyotes, Opsoms, pole cats, badgers, rattlesnakes by thousands and me and Mama had a little camp out in the woods, or brush. We was 19 miles west of Cotulla and Carriza Springs was our county seat. I killed high as fifteen rattlesnakes in one day. Coyotes were so plentiful sometimes we wouldn't take time to kill them. I here from our old stomping ground, threw the little county paper, they are talking of putting a dam in that river near us when we all was living in Dimmit county.

Our little farm that we walked away from and actually didn't get a cent for, Charley Rasmussen, owns it now.

When me and Mama first went thire we had a dry spill thire that lasted 18 months. Cattle ate prickly pare to some extent for their water and mesquat beans was their food in the summer time. That is them dry years we used to have. When me and Mama first went there we was very green about the ways of everything. Everything thire would get fat on prickly pare apples and mesquite beans - and they tasted fairly good to mankind a few pieces of dried venison sure did taste fine, or a bunch of dried meat of some kind, no difference what kind it was, and in the winter time the wild ducks would come to that county by the thousands. When something would scare them up out of the water the noise of their wings would sound like a shower of rain. There would be so many fly up all at once in one bunch. No Joking. I have saw so many fly up all at once there would be a roaring sound like a shower of rain. We went fishing in the lake many a time and caught enough fish in two drags for thirty-two familes that lived at the Morgan Williams settle-ment.



Ben Smith and Mama Smith, they came to Texas in about 1895...[see Ben Smith page for this],.

I am going to try and draw a map of the Morg Williams Ranch Coujnty but six months after your grandpaw Smith went down thire the whole county of Dimmit was being surveyed by the railroad company as the land companys gave the RR company 1,000,000 acres to build the R.R. threw thire otherwise they had to do something of this kind to advertise this land to cause a sale for thir land.

Land was awful cheap at that time, about \$.10 per acre and it is the finest land I ever saw so your grandpaw Smith had found out about this county and when me and Mama married, he wanted to spread out so he went and made a trip by train to see this Dimmit county. The railroad only came to Cotulla so he hired a horse and buggy and Mr. Smith drove out to the Morg. Williams ranch and he bought 640 acres, paid \$3.00 per acre cash on the spot. So he came back and sold me and Mama 100 acres for \$4.00 per acre so that is how come me and Mama to land in South Texas.

So we all started out on the trip to South Texas - a 400 mile trip - Grandpaw and Grandmaw Smith and Mama and myself and Mama's sister Jessie and Uncle Bud. Me and Mama had a covered wagon government made. We had more fun. Your Aunt Jessie was 10 years old and she was one of the finest little girls I ever saw.

She and Bud were kids at that time. We were all foolish about Jessie but we didn't call her by her name Jessie, we called her babe and she knew everything that was going on. Especially when we was traveling going south to get rich was her by word on the trip.

When we all moved to the county at first we had our wagons and horses. Me and Mama had two mules, Kit and Jiney, and a big red horse tied on the back and Grandpaw Smith had four mules and a hack and a wagon. The make of my and Mama's wagon was a 2 3/4 inch Studebaker and Grandpaw Smith's was a 3 inch Capital wagon. Capitol was the brand of it as Ford or Chevrolet or Dodge and sutch. Me and Mama's was ahead of Grandpa and Mama Smith most of the time but late in the afternoon, we would all be tired



of riding in the wagons and the rough dusty roads, also so at night Aunt Jessie would begin to get tired of riding in the old rough wagons so when we would be at supper out on the ground, Jesse would have to tell what happened that day when we was traveling to South Texas “to get rich” she would say to our visitors at camp.

That saying she would repeat. Of course it would keep us laughing and that was the way she was, the funniest child I ever saw or heard of, and Bud would try and tease her but he couldn't get very far with Jessie. She called Mama Myrtle's name - Mate. She sure was a working little girl.

One evening one of our little calves was sick and of course, Jessie, she had to examine the little calf so we opened the little calf's mouth and of course, there was a long bone in it's throat and Jessie looked in and saw the bone and she says “weight” and she reached in and pulled the bone out, and of course we all was surprised too at her running her arm into an animals throat after a little bone it had been chewing on.

We were on the trip twenty days and nights. Oh, it was an awful trip but we finally arrived at the Morgan Williams settlement, April 26, 1906. Mama and me lived in a camp for six months or more when we settled in Dimmest County, Texas, five miles from Valley Wells at the Morag. Williams settlement and your Grandpa and Grandmamma did to, until we could get some kind of a house build. We camped right out in the brush and slept in the wagons and cooked on a fire.

The coyotes would come up to our camp. We hauled our water on a Sled and two barrels from the lake. Kit and Jitney pulled the sled that me and Bud had built.

Mama and me build a house 14 by 15 and we sure liked it...[*Ben Smith built a 16 by 16 boust with a porch*].

We bought 100 acres of the prettiest land in Texas. That was a pretty county down there and there was so many fine cattle there and land was cheap. We agreed to pay Mr. Smith \$3.00 per acre, that is what he paid for it, but he finly went back on his first offer and we had to pay him \$5.00 per acre but I didn't care. I wanted it anyway. I got out and got me a job pumping waster



for a company at Cotulla in La Salle county and me and Mama moved over to Harris Lake. Me and Mama was just kids when we moved to that county. Mama didn't like it but I did, lots of wild game of all kinds quale, kill deer wild hogs, deer, coyotes by the thousands, them havolene hogs was a funny king of a hog and they are actually a dangerous animal - me and Bud hunted them havolenes and they killed two of Bud's dogs there in the maize field.

Me and Mama lived thire at Harris Lake two years. We was just 5 miles west of Cotullia the county seat. Eva Mae was born while we lived thire on November 25, 1908 at Harris Lake. I was running an irrigation pump, them was old time days a long time ago. We could hear the coyotes howling at night time there. I sure did love that county and Mama was so dear to me. Them was sweet days. I had to work hard but I was awful stout in every way so it didn't hurt me a bit.

We soon moved to the Woodward Ranche 15 miles from Cotulla and 5 miles from Woodward where we had 15 head of cattle, 100 chickens, 4 mules, 2 horses, and hogs and a spauldin hack and 2 studebaker wagons. That was in the years 1910 when Norma Lee was born on October 19, I worked at the gin at Woodward them days and saved my money to pay Mr. Smith for my 100 acres of red sandy land.

Woodward was a very small place, one dry goods store and a coton gin and several old houses, etc. The first car I ever saw was there on the Woodward ranch - the first auto-big buggy wheels on it and the steering gear was a large handle stuck out to one side and it popped, like a firecracker, when it exhausted. We all thought it was a fine machine. The doctor come out to our house in it, that was the night Lois was born on February 19, 1912.

Also the awfulest sandstorm I ever saw hit our house that night. Lois was only a few hours old. The sand piled up so high that our cattle walked over barb wire fences and went to the timber to get out of the high winds. The house was a large one and I was scared so bad I didn't no what to do and I waded up clothing and put under Mama's bed posts so it wouldn't shake her bed so and the storm lasted three days and nights. We had our troubles to let me tell you that county was new and very thinly settled.

In 1915 a terrible gulf storm hit that contry and the wind and rain beat



against the old hobby house, that's where we lived then and the wind blew our house off the blocks. Me and some of the children was just getting up from having a case of German Measles and Thelmar was just a baby. Me and Mama piled up mattresses and anything we could find in way of bed clothing and piled it against the children, all in one bed. It was an awful night and next morning, our cotton was tore to pieces. We was over 100 miles from the Gulf of Mexico at that place.

I thanked your Grandpaw Smith for discovering sutch a country - that pretty red sand and so many kinds of game, 100,000 of the blue quail and Bob Whites and wild ducks and wild geese in the winter time. Grandpaw and Mama Smith sacrificed so mutch to get us kids in a thinly settled county at that time it was all owned by the IGN Railroad Company and the land had been leased to cattlemen, otherwise ranchmen and it commenced to sell. They surveyed it all off in one mile square sections and Mr. Smith bought one of them, cost \$1,930 for 640 acres.

Robert Leroy and Harold Llewellyn was born on the little onion farm and little Thelma and Irene Agness was born on the Hobby place where we moved from the Morg William settlement. I was so glad to get the 100 acres paid for to Grandpaw Smith and move back to it. About 1913, Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith traded thire 540 acres in on a place up near Carizzo and 5 miles west of Carizzo Springs but it proved to be a bad trade. The deep white sand was so hard for a feller to walk in it that he sold it and traded for a new fangled auto and all the Smith's Aunt Jessie, Uncle Bud, Grandpaw and your Grandmaw took out to east Texas and moved to Lufkin. Their place there is a big oil field now and they just started to build a two million dollar oil refinery thire. Your grandpaw Smith really knew good rich land when he saw it and that was at Carizzo Springs near that lake. I think it was the Espantosa lake. I sure did love that county down there. I wish I was back there again in good old Dimmit county. I do wish I was down there sitting by a little brush fire along side that little Nueces river rather than be here in the old place at McGregor with that old cold Central Texas wind whispering around the corner of my little shack and lonesome ain't

[this seems to have been cut off at the end. I don't have the rest.]



[from]Memories of Galilee Church

Written by George Shields

In regard to the baptizing of the Daniel boys as was told to me by my father, Emory Shields. They were baptized by Preacher Landrum, who was also the schoolteacher at Galilee. Mr. Landrum later wrote a book about the Daniel Boys. My father went to school to Mr. Landrum at Galilee.

I had the occasion to learn more about the Daniel boys from a son of one of them who lived in Edinburg Texas in 1938 or 39. I lived in Edinburg at that time. I was working at a citrus juice plant in San Carlos. One night the machinery broke down, and while it was down the floor crew gathered and began to talk. Mr. Smith, a nice old man, told us his real name was not Smith, but Daniel. Mr. Smith then proceeded to tell us how and why his name was changed.

Mr. Smith began by saying his daddy and uncle had lived in Arkansas. During that time there was a horse-thieving ring whose trail ran from Mexico to St. Louis. This trail ran through Mr. Smith's fathers farm. Because of this, the outlaw horse thieves tried to get the Daniels to join the ring, and they refused. One day a friend of Mr. Smith's father told him that he had overheard one of the horse thieves say in a saloon that they had tried every thing they knew but powder and lead to get them to join the horse thieving ring. The horse thieves said they were going to try that now.

One night the two Daniel brothers went to a nearby salt lake to shoot deer. The deer were coming to the lake to lick the salt. When the Daniel brothers returned home, after hunting the deer they found Mr. Daniel's wife dead in the bed. She had been shot through the window.

After the death of Mrs. Daniel his father and uncle carried their guns all the time. One day his father was plowing corn and had left his rifle against a tree at the end of the row. When he was turning around at the end of a row one of the horse thieves took a shot at him. Mr. Smith's father ran and grabbed his rifle, shot and killed the horse thief. It so happened that the horse thieves had the law brought. As a consequence, Mr. Smith's father was charged with murder. Therefore, Mr. Smith's father' and. uncle left at night



and went back east; where they came from in Georgia and stayed there until things had quieted down. Later, they came back and picked up their families, at night and went to Texas. They changed their names in Texas from Daniel to Smith. Mr. Smith then said, "I still have the bullet that killed my mother." He went on to say, "My father and uncle were baptized while they were in Georgia". Mr. Smith then said that he had lost trace of his relatives, and wished that he could get in touch with them. At this point, I told Mr. Smith I felt sure I knew about his father and uncle being "baptized back in Georgia and that what he said coincided with what my father had told me. Mr. Smith then asked me if I knew any Daniels back in Georgia. I told him yes. He then asked me what their given names were. I told him that one Daniel had married my first cousin and his name was Claude Daniel. I said that there were some more who lived over around Apple Valley. One of the boys was named Roy. He had a sister named Nida and when I said the name Nida Mr. Smith grabbed me and said that is my people. He said he knew that the people I was talking about was his people because Nida was an old family name and a rare name. I proceeded to give him their address.

Note by Jack Danel (2006): The Mr. Smith referred to in here is Evan Wilson Smith, born 20 June 1891 in Warm Springs Alabama, the second child of Ben Smith after the Arkansas fracas.

There are many blatant factual errors in this account. To me, it looks like a late night bull session of "guys swapping lies" during break time.

EW Smith was the son of Ben's second wife, Eula Lee Irene Wray, who died of tick fever in 1918 in Texas. Lucinda was not his mother so he could not "have the bullet" that killed her.

Leta (Oleta Smith Beasley) says this is not an accurate telling of the story. A good resource for information on the extended family is:

<http://wc.rootsweb.ancestry.com/cgi-bin/igm.cgi?op=GET&db=lfot-1&id=I445>



The Atlanta Constitution, Feb. 24, 1886

THE DANIEL BOYS

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY TOLD

**The Potter People Declare Jack Daniel to Have
Made His Appearance in Their Midst as a
Hog Thief - The Murder of William Potter
- Part Played by Widow Rippey.**

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., February 23. - [Special] Jackson M. Noles of Cedar Glades, having read the recent story of Jack Daniel, the Yell County murderer, now a fugitive from justice in Jackson County Georgia, gives the following story concerning the same events:

The autumn of 1881 found this part of the country in perfect peace and harmony. The appearance of Jack Daniel, who stated that he was looking out a locality upon which he would plant his family as soon as he could go to Saline and convey it here, changed all to anarchy. He rode around through the country on a shaft wagon pulled by an old horse. He selected a place on Cedar Suck branch [*west? above the intersection with Ion Creek*] which is about four miles in length, the valley of which is about a half mile in width containing no land of fertile appearance, and in a mountainous desert, which is thirty miles in length and ten wide, possessing fine range for horses, cattle, hogs etc. The bounds of this desert is daily crossed by the stock of the farmers who live near it. Jack soon returned to Saline County and immediately came back to Cedar Suck, accompanied by A. M. Ramsey and the Widow Rippey. They set about the improvement of claims. Jack erected a rail pen which served him as a dwelling. About the same time one Blocker, a resident of Montgomery County came and build a log hut on the source of the branch and moved his family into it.

DR. EMORY PUT OUT OF THE WAY

In July 1882, Dr. Emory moved near Jack's claim. Jack sought means by which he might remove Dr. Emory, claiming that the doctor was interfering with his claim. Daniel wrote Dr. Emory a note, stating if he did not pay him one hundred dollars for the claim that he would shoot an ounce ball through him before sunset and also stated that he would kill Mr. Potter because he believed him to be concerned in the matter. Jack made turtle bait of Dr.

Emory's only milk cow, just after the threat. Dr. Emory did not remain long, but moved away in October following. It seems that Daniel and Blocker soon became intimate friends and seemed to be comfortably situated in regard to their affairs. The Autumn of 1882 witnessed the appearance of Bud Daniel (Jack's brother Jim), who set up a very scanty abode near Jack's residence. The three men soon became independent of the surrounding settlements as though they were millionaires.

CONCERNING THE CLANS OF THE COUNTRY

The citizens of Yell County ask leave to contradict the outlaws concerning clans or cliques in this section. They boldly assert that no clan has ever been known to exist in their midst, save the outlaw clan. They also say that if any citizen can be found in this country who will testify that he ever knew of the existence of a clan here, save the outlaw clan, that he shall have a one hundred dollar premium. The citizens of this county are conscientious in all their dealings. [*Yell County was notorious for officials breaking the law and violence*]

COMMENCEMENT OF TROUBLE

In the winter of 1882, the people found that their stock was nightly being stolen. William Potter in passing through the desert, found a number of his hogs in Mr. Blocker's possession. He also found a number of his friend's hogs in Daniel's lot. The thieves had for some time been running meat wagons to the Hot Springs market, but were not suspected of stealing it. Intense excitement raged through the country. A number of citizens paid a visit to the hog thieves and only met with defiance and insult. They would not give up the hogs. The visitors returned to their homes, went a second time, secured and brought their own home, leaving the thieves in great anger.

THE ASSASSINATION OF POTTER

This led to the assassination of William Potter, who was one of the owners of the stolen property. He was always industrious in providing sustenance for his family, which was almost suffering from poverty. Mr. Potter was a man of honest toil, dependent upon his daily labor and a man in whom all of his neighbors placed implicit confidence. One bright April morning in 1883, Mr. Potter caught his horse and went to his field as usual. He knew that Jack Daniel had malice against him because of the Emory clan, and the stolen property, and a slight stain of jealousy which arose between them winter of 1881 because of the Widow Rippey.

SECRET IN AMBUSH

About 10 o'clock a.m. [*April 18, 1883*], the desperadoes appeared at the side of Mr. Potter's field. They secreted themselves in ambush, and when Mr. Potter came near the fence they ordered him to come out. The deceased told them that he wanted to go to his house and see his wife and children.



“You shall never see them again.” said the outlaws, and as Mr. Potter started to cross the fence the fire of two guns was heard, and one ball entered Potter, pierced him through, and life was soon extinct.

Immediately after the fire from the guns, Potter began screaming from the sting of death, and to his assistance ran his wife and eldest daughter. As Miss Rosey ran to her dying father, she heard the assassins running across the creek which ran near the field. When Mrs. Potter appeared at the side of her dying husband, he commenced to relate the circumstances and said:

“Jack Daniel, Rile Blocker, and Bud Daniel have killed me.”

He also stated that they tried to draw him out into the woods.

Mr. Potter could not protect himself, as he had no weapon, not even a pocket knife. Before the outlaws shot Potter they said:

“We are going to kill you and Mr. Noles [the author of this piece], the other owner of the stolen property.”

So the deceased said on his dying bed. He breathed his last in about one hour.

On the day of the assassination the outlaws concealed themselves until the presumption arose that they would not be taken. The next day thereafter the roads were crowded by pursuers, riding night and day - anxious to find the desperadoes. They scoured settlements and deserts. The outlaws lay concealed, slipping from from friend to friend, receiving messages from every part they could. The terrific struggles soon reached the ears of the governor, and he offered a \$500 reward each for their capture. After the offer of the reward had come out into all parts of the country, immense throngs of persons turned out. Times ran thus for the space of three months, when at last Mr. Blocker pulled loose from Jim and Jack. and went where his relatives lived, and there he was drawn in. This left religious[?] Jack and Jim to dodge all the pursuers of the country, but their whereabouts were soon known. Mr. Blocker proved traitor and directed all the pursuers to one Coker's, eight miles east of Cedar Suck, when a large number poared in to arrest the desperadoes.

THE PINE LOG BATTLE

On Sunday morning, July 29th [1883], one sheriff with six men and two blood hounds started on their way toward Brushy Mountain. They had not gone far when the hounds began to track someone who had just gone along.

“We'll soon have them, boys,” said the officer.

After they had gone six miles north, through the mountainous desert, the hounds stopped and gave signs that the game was close.

“Oh, we'll soon bag our game, boys,” said the officer.

At that moment the shrill report of a Winchester told the whereabouts of the

desperadoes. The battle was hot for about five minutes, two persons being killed and one wounded. The outlaws were safe, from the fact that they were concealed behind a huge pine log, the under side of which was chinked with stone.

ESCAPE OF THE DESPERADOES

The desperadoes escaped and ran up and over the summitt, winding their way through the desert to some other portion of the country. They have never been seen in this country since.

Immediately after the battle, the officers arrested John Coker and Mr. Flood and took them to the Yell County jail. A mob came in the darkness, burst the jaildoors, took the inmates, led them to a bridge across the Arkansas River, tied the ropes to the bannister and threw them over. When daylight came, it revealed to public view the two dead bodies. *[In the jail were three men: two of Jack's friends (Coker was accused of selling him food and Dr. Flood had sold him a gun) and Riley Blocker, an accused accomplice in the killing of Potter. Coker and Flood were lynched, but Blocker was left alone. Blocker "escaped" the next night after he had corroborated the story the deputies told of the "mob" and the lynching. Blocker was re-captured and then, amazingly, "escaped" again, for good that time.]*

SUICIDE OF MRS. DANIEL

After the outlaws were gone, Mrs. Daniel (Jack's wife) committed suicide *[Dec. 20th, 4½ months later]*, thereby placing herself out of all trouble. Mr. Ferguson, from north Arkansas, moved and bought out Jim's claim *[and Bud's wife went back to Saline County to have her baby on Nov. 29th]*, and was living near Mrs. Daniel. She told him that for some time she had been hunting a pond in the branch in which she could put an end to her troublesome life, but could not find one deep enough. A day or so later, her eldest son saw her with a bottle of laudanum. He took it from her. *[Ferguson was trying to force Mrs. Daniel to sell the farm by intimidation and crop destruction, but she refused repeatedly. Ferguson claimss she was talking suicide even though she refused to sell the farm and her seven small children would have no one.]* Early next morning all of the children were awakened by the report of a rifle. When they sprang from their beds and ran to their mother, she was holding the gun in her hands and the ball had passed through her body. *[The children found Ferguson with her body. Ferguson took over the farm. How can this be reasonably judged anything but murder?]*

Soon after her death a man from Georgia named Bennett came to this country and carried the children to their relatives in Georgia.

[bracket notes by J. Danel , 2010]



TIMELINE:

Russell Jackson Daniel born	June 25, 1848
Sarah Lucinda Potts born	Sept 17, 1849
They were married,.....	July 18, 1869
Moved to Saline County, AR,	1871
Moved to Ion Creek,.....	1881
Bill Potter killed,	April 18, 1883
“Battle of the Old Pine Log”	July 29, 1883
Jack and Bud escape down the Mississippi River enroute to Georgia	
Lucinda Potts Daniel murder	December 20, 1883
The children are fetched back to Georgia,	January 1884
Jack and Bud return to home in Georgia, about.....	June 1884
Bud and his family depart for Florida, about	Sept 1884
Jack co-authored “HairBreadth Escapes”,	1885
Jack went west, making soap	1885
With the Indians in Oklahoma	Winter of 1885-1886
Fur trapping in rhe Ozarks	Winter of 1886-1887
Met and married Eula,	Spring 1887
Worked in Chattanooga	1887
Confrontation with family	1887
Maudie Myrtle Smith born	January 1888
Farming in Fulton County	1888-1889
Request for Arrest arrives from Arkansas,	June 1889
Moved to Macon	July 1889
Moved to Montgomery,	Fall 1890
Moved to Warm Springs,.....	Spring 1891
Evan Wilson Smith born in Warm Springs, Alabama	June 1891
Typhoid	Fall 1891
Moved to Pensacola,	Spring 1892
Moved to Mobile,	Spring 1892
Mr. B, the troublesome landlord.	Summer 1892
Move to Mississippi,,	Fall 1892
Selling Pottery	Winter 1892
Jessie Lee Smith born in Jackson MS,	Feb 1893
Moved to Shelby County Texas,	1896
Moved to Goldthwaite,.....	1901
Moved to Carrizo Springs,	1906
Moved to Lufkin,.....	1909 or 1913
Jack / Ben died	1916/17
Eula died	1918