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*Verna Lee*

# Mill Creek

an Ozarks heritage

spring 1991

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- ☆ *Behind a Lawman's Star*  
*Barney Hutsler - Longtime City Marshal of Iberia*
- ☆ *Slates and Sorghum Pails*  
*the saga of Barton School, part 2*
- ☆ *Free Insert March 14, 1901 Edition of*  
*The Olean Miller County News*

## *— sit a spell —*

The cycle of life keeps spinning. The older you get the faster it seems to move. There are moments when I wish I could somehow, someday, make it stop and have everything remain just as it is. Or even back it up a bit so I could again smell the fragrance that enveloped me as Grandpa Virgil filled the bowl of his pipe. Or once more try on Grandpa Fred's cap as he sneaked me a chaw from his plug of tobacco. Or again live in a world where the only major concern was the chance of being wasp-stung while playing in the barn.

But the world keeps turning. Each new sunrise means only that another is forgotten. Puppies and kittens that once brightened a childhood dim into memory and then fade away altogether. People and places that influenced our lives so strongly become only fragments of time-distorted thoughts as we struggle to hold on to those we remember more clearly. The more obscure images seem to slip from our grasp unless we mount a concerted effort to bring them into focus.

Generation after generation has preceded us, each a link to the one before it and thus our only true connection to the past. But of those who passed this way, who remains to tell their story? Who shall record their happiness? Their sorrows? Their disappointments? Their triumphs? Photographs of our ancestors show only a captured moment and we tend to view them as the individual caught in that one small frame of time, yet each had an entire life of hopes and dreams and loves and friends that aren't visible to us through a photograph. The personality, the eccentricities, all those special things that made that individual unique can hardly be conveyed in the glimpse we have of them through a frozen image.

Coupled with various memories a photo can come to life or, at the least, take on a more significant meaning. Invariably, though, the passage of time silences the memories and the voices of those who speak them. And another link is gone. Though our forebears may be gone, they still live as long as they are remembered. When we no longer remember then they most certainly are gone.

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## Acknowledgements

### "BEHIND A LAWMAN'S STAR"

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part 2

Due to the length of these articles, regular features **School Days** and **Rural Memoirs** had to be postponed until next issue.

**This magazine is dedicated to the heritage that is ours and to those who gave it to us. Let them not be forgotten. Mill Creek is published three times annually at Rt. #1 Box 282, Brumley, Missouri 65017 and printed by B-W Graphics, Rt. #3 Box 86-A, Versailles, Missouri 65084.**

**COVER** - The Jonah Hutsler family and their Miller County homestead. See page 6.

# Behind A LAWMAN'S Star

*Barney Hutsler*

*Longtime City Marshal of Iberia, Missouri*

"Johnny, I need some beans from the garden."

"Why can't Marie go get 'em?"

"Marie's busy a-helpin' with supper. Now go fetch some for me, son."

"Can I go, too, Mama?"

"Take Barney with you, and don't you two dawdle either."

Ida Hutsler turned back to her work as her two younger sons went out the door. Six-year old Barney had to step smartly to keep up with his elder brother. They crossed the yard and walked toward the field that contained the truck patch.

"Let me carry the bucket, Johnny!"

"You can carry it back."

"Shoot, no! It'll be full then. Looky there! Yonder goes a rabbit! Git'che a rock Johnny!"

"Mama said not to dawdle. Come on, Barney." Five years older than his sibling, Johnny knew Mama expected the chore done quickly. Jonah and his two eldest sons would soon be coming in from the creek bottom for supper. Pa always liked supper ready when he came in from the

fields.

They soon arrived and busily began filling the bucket. Without warning, Johnny collapsed in a heap.

"Johnny? Quit foolin', Johnny."

Johnny didn't move. Barney ran to him and saw he wasn't playing. He woke when Barney shook him but Johnny didn't have the strength to move or speak. Afraid of leaving his brother alone in that helpless condition, Barney waited as the afternoon wore on toward evening while Johnny faded in and out of consciousness. Finally, the sound of Mama's voice drifted reassuringly across the garden.

Ida was at first annoyed at the delay caused by her two younger sons but she soon became uneasy about their absence. Her investigation found Barney sitting in the dirt beside the crumpled figure of Johnny.

"Barney? What happened? Why, this child's burning up with fever!"

She gingerly gathered the prone form into her arms, cradling Johnny's head against her shoulder. Stroking

his hair, she hurried to the house and placed her son in his bed. He died there.<sup>1</sup>

The year was 1908 and this tragic event is among the earliest memories of Barney Hutsler. The death of Johnny taught him about the fragility of life and the injustices that can come with living. Losing one of their own brought an already close-knit family even closer together, a practice and a belief that has served each of the Hutslers throughout their lives. This is their story in general, and Barney's in particular.

**Jonah Griffith** and **Ida Ester Silsby Hutsler** came to Miller County at some point between the years 1893 and 1897. Their family, consisting of two young sons, **Henry** and **Everett**, made the move from rural Cole Camp in Benton County, traversing the eighty miles or so in a week.<sup>2</sup> They crossed the Osage River, eventually settling south and

east of Brumley near the community known as Keethtown.<sup>3</sup>

Their arrival in Miller County was celebrated shortly thereafter by the birth of their third son, a child they named **Johnny**. As they held in their arms the newest addition to the Hutsler family, none was aware of the fate that awaited him. Two years later a daughter was born. **Marie** inherited two traits from her mother, a highly independent personality and a self-acclaimed stubbornness that has seen her through many difficult moments.

**Barney Hanes Hutsler** was born 18 August, 1902. Three more children would arrive in the years following the new century. **Eunice**, **Goldie**, and **Earl** completed the family.

Already naturally close due to the nearness of their ages, Johnny's death made the relationship between Barney and Marie even moreso. Though Barney will grin slyly and say she could sure be "bossy" it's very evident that many of his memories concerning

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1 John Hutsler was diagnosed by **Dr. William von Gump** of Iberia as suffering from typhoid fever - contracted from the family's water source, the creek below the house. Other family members also caught the disease but it proved fatal only in John's case.

2 The move to Miller County was attributed to the illness of Ida's mother. **Elizabeth Grafton Silsby** had developed tuberculosis and the Hutslers came to help care for her. She passed away in 1900 but Miller County had become home and they never returned to Cole Camp Creek in Benton County, even though there were many influences to draw them back. Certainly not the least of these was the grave of little **Julie Ann**, their firstborn.

3 Until finances permitted the purchase of their own property, Jonah and Ida spent several years in rental homes around Brumley, including two owned by **Wiley Gott** and **John Shelton**. The 1900 census finds them living on a rental farm north of Brumley between neighbors **Wiley Gott** and **Isaac Horton**. It was here that John and Marie were born. Barney was born along Mill Creek on the John Shelton place between Brumley and Keethtown. Eunice and Goldie were born near Hawkeye on a farm owned by **Bill Griffin**. The 1910 census lists ownership of a farm east of Keethtown on the Iberia and Faith road, neighbors being **James Meredith** and **Fred Curry**. This was the "old home place" and where Earl was born. *Fibert*



This 1910 photo was taken by a travelling photographer from St. Louis canvassing the area for "hillbilly" subjects to show metropolitan residents their rural counterparts. A free photograph was offered in exchange for this pose. **Marie**, insulted at the idea of being considered a "hillbilly", refused to participate and is standing inside the house behind the closed door. Standing l. to r. are **Ida, Jonah, Barney, Eunice, Goldie,** and **William Stilsby**. This property, described in the photocopy of the Homestead Claim below, was filed for by Jonah after a Mr. Long failed to meet the original homestead obligations. Surprisingly enough, under the right conditions, homesteads were still available in southern Miller County as late as 1914. The document was recorded as land patent #318543.

## THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Homestead Certificate No. \_\_\_\_\_

Application No. *Springfield 03946.*

To All to Whom these Presents Shall Come—GREETING:

WHEREAS, There has been deposited in the General Land Office of the United States a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at *Springfield, Missouri* has <sup>been deposited in the General Land Office</sup> whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved 20th May, 1862, "To secure Homesteads to actual settlers on the Public Domain," and the Acts supplemental thereto, the claim of \_\_\_\_\_

*Jonah G. Gutsler*

has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the *South half of the northeast quarter, of Section eight in Township Thirty-eight north of Range Thirteen West of the Fifth Principal Meridian, Missouri* containing eighty acres.

his early years seem to include Marie. He fondly recalls the summer afternoons she would make him accompany her to an old vacant log house that was nearby so they could play church. Along with an imaginary congregation they would heartily join in and sing "When The Roll Is Called Up Yonder", Marie's favorite song.

During their younger years where you found one the other wasn't far away. This included nearly all activities, work as well as play. While on a hunting expedition one day a squirrel was spied hiding in the hollow of a fallen tree. Either the squirrel was too large or the hollow too small, in any case not all of him was in there. Two hind legs and a twitching tail were still visible, but the squirrel thought he was safe.

"Let me shoot him, Barney! Let me!" Marie pleaded.

Barney, giving her the rifle and some basic instruction, warned Marie, "Don't you miss!" Delighted with her opportunity, Marie crept to-

ward the intended victim. Confident that he couldn't be seen, the squirrel didn't move. Marie knew Barney would tease her unmercifully if she didn't get him. Determined not to miss, she moved closer and closer until she actually stuck the barrel of the rifle up under the squirrel's tail and pulled the trigger. There wasn't much left of the poor little critter but it didn't matter to Marie who was ecstatic because she got her squirrel - and with only one shot, too. She sure showed Barney she could hunt.

Perhaps the most frightening experience shared by Barney and Marie was the time Ida sent them to **Wright's Store** in Keethtown for a few items she needed. They scamp-ered onto the back of Raleigh<sup>4</sup> and rode to town, arriving just in time to witness a fight that ended with **George Wright** severely injured from knife wounds.<sup>5</sup> Neither remember getting groceries after that but do recall riding for home as fast as Raleigh would go.

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<sup>4</sup> Raleigh was a celebrated member of the Hutsler family. He was a big white horse with dappled flanks, living to be nearly 30 years of age. Jonah had taught Raleigh to gee and haw, responding more to these spoken words than to a bit or hackamore, which could make for some tricky riding if one weren't careful. An old friend was mourned at Raleigh's passing, though Jonah had a soft spot for many of his animals. Another draft horse, Molly, a bay with a blaze face, broke a leg in a farming accident. Jonah and Barney built a scaffold with a sling so she could be hoisted on her feet to eat. Despite their extensive efforts at saving Molly her suffering worsened. It was decided the only humane thing to do was put her to rest. Molly nickered when they entered the barn which moved Jonah to tears. He raised the rifle, aiming between those big, brown eyes. Sniffing, Jonah handed the gun to Barney. "You'll have to do it, son. I can't see the sights."

<sup>5</sup> George Wright closed his store in Keethtown after this incident. George went back to farming, both in southern Miller and northern Pulaski Counties, before moving to Eldon. There he again tried his hand at the merchant business, owning and operating **Wright's Grocery** for many years. His son, also named George, still resides in Eldon.

Occasionally the summers were interrupted by a visit from Grandpa Hutsler.<sup>6</sup> Eunice still retains the images of a tall man with hair and whiskers white as snow who enjoyed sitting outside in a rocking chair under the cool shade of a tree. He always had his fly swatter with him when he sat in the yard, not for killing flies but for swatting cats.

After the death of his second wife in 1910 (**Hattie Beaman**, referred to as Grandma Beaman) **William Silsby** moved in with his daughter and son-in-law.<sup>7</sup> A tie-maker by trade, Grandpa Silsby taught Barney the art of being a woodsman. Barney spent many hours behind the working end of a three and three-quarter pound Kelly axe trying to keep up with two of

his uncles, **Walter** and **Will Silsby**. He eventually mastered the trade, gaining a considerable reputation for what he could accomplish in a day's work.<sup>8</sup>

Like many families the Hutsler's experienced some difficult times. Jonah sought and found work in Illinois while everyone else pitched in, doing what they could. Barney made some rabbit gums, hoping to put some food on the table and sell the hides. He tramped faithfully through the woods each day to check them but the gums only yielded an occasional catch. He grew discouraged, yet refused to give up. On Christmas Eve he made his rounds and discovered a rabbit in all traps except one. That one had a possum in it! He sold the

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<sup>6</sup> **Aquilla Haynes Hutsler**, born in Winchester, Frederick County, Virginia, was a Missouri Civil War veteran. He took a neutral stance in the conflict until his neighbor (a Mr. Chunning) was killed by bushwhackers and his house set ablaze. Mrs. Chunning, hiding nearby, overheard the marauders state "Hutsler's next!" She ran through the woods to seek refuge and pass warning of their intent to Aquilla and his bride of only two years, the former **Sarah Ann Jackson**. Seeing them to safety Aquilla armed himself, hastily packed a few clothes and set out on foot for Springfield, Missouri. He thought the best way to stop the murder and terrorism was to unite himself with the forces fighting against them - the Union Army. Trusting no one, Aquilla kept to himself, sleeping hidden during the day and travelling only at night. He arrived on 29 September, 1863 and promptly enlisted for three years. Aquilla was assigned to Company D, 18th Regiment, Iowa Infantry, which was headquartered in Springfield at that time.

<sup>7</sup> William Silsby once owned stores in Hawkeye and Swedeborg. He heard there was good timber still standing in Arkansas for making railroad ties. He moved to Little Rock and there married a third time. A drifter named Will Dubord stopped by his farm looking for employment. Although he needed no help, William set him to work doing odd jobs and cutting ties. The man repaid William's kindness by murdering him and decapitating his wife. Her head was found in the chicken pen by those local authorities investigating the crime. When his children came to bury him, Walter, a 6'6" giant, begged to be allowed to confront his father's killer. Seeing the fury in his eyes, law officials refused the request. Robbery was the motive behind this heinous act that took the life of a former Miller Countian.

<sup>8</sup> Regardless of what others thought of Barney, even today with no one around to dispute it, he admits Walter Silsby could still best him in the woods. Though his back was just as strong as Walter's, Barney couldn't compensate for those long arms his uncle had.



hides, getting 10¢ each for the rabbits and \$1.50 for the possum. Barney holds to the belief it was a Christmas gift from the Good Lord.

Rural children have always sought recreation wherever they could find it. With Barney it was neighborhood friends and two pairs of mail order catalog boxing gloves. **Sam Farnham, Jim Adams, Carl Groves, Wes Condra, Charlie Adams, Victor Jarrett, Roy Jarrett, Caz Farnham,** and Barney would meet each Sunday at first one and then another of the boy's homes and retire to the barn. They would spend the entire day a-whalen' away in their makeshift ring. "We used to knock the tar out'ta each other." Barney reminisces. Little did he realize how much this past-time was going to benefit him later in life.

The first evidence of this arrived with a traveling circus at Iberia that had been procured to entertain during one of the annual G.A.R.<sup>9</sup> Encampments. One of the side-shows featured a large bear of a man; thick shoulders, heavy arms, and a hairy chest to boot. Forty dollars against ten would be paid to any person that could whip him on his terms. Nobody could.

"Get Hutsler in there!" someone yelled.

Nearly twenty years old, Barney stood 6'1" and was 185 lbs. of Missouri farmboy accustomed to cutting sprouts and driving posts and making ties. Still, he had his doubts. This guy was big,

looked mean, and was a professional. It was what he did for a living. Urged on by the crowd Barney entered the ring and strapped on the gloves.

They sparred for awhile with the fighter trying to get in close and wrestle Barney around, Barney doing his best to keep him at arm's length. In a clench he whispered to Barney, "Let's give 'em a good show. Next time I get close, you hit me if you can." The fighter backed away for a moment, then he cut loose with a roar and charged directly at Barney. Unnerved a bit and not knowing what to expect from this guy, Barney swung as hard as he could. His blow connected solidly on the fellow's ear, sending him face first to the ground. He got up spittin' sawdust and shaking the cobwebs from his head. Two more times he came at Barney, and two more times he went down. The last time he didn't get up, saying he had enough. The show-people howled and fussed, claiming Barney hadn't fought within the rules. The G.A.R. veterans said it was won fair and square. Barney got his forty dollars.

Barney had grown up working at all sorts of jobs but his first real offer of employment came at age nineteen **Felix Smith** of Iberia had been contracted to construct a building for the **Iberia Academy**. He hired Jonah and Barney as stonemasons for the project.

The first day on the job proved a memorable one for Barney. As everyone sat down

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<sup>9</sup> Grand Army of the Republic.

for the noonday meal a lithe young lady sashayed toward the group of workers. She was carrying a warm lunch to her father. Her name was **Julia Smith**.

Barney took notice of Julia and soon found himself looking forward to the daily visits, though he felt clumsy and awkward around her. The teasing he received from the other workers<sup>10</sup> only made him feel that much more uncomfortable, but he still kept an eye on the road as noon approached.

An opportunity for serious conversation with Julia did not present itself for several months. On a summer Sunday afternoon he visited **Grove's Pond**,<sup>11</sup> west of Iberia. While there Barney happened to meet Julia - in the company of another young gentleman. Evening, however, found Julia with Barney rowing lazily across the water and the other young gentleman forgotten.

On 19 March, 1924, Barney

Hanes Hutsler and Julia Ann Smith drove a horse-drawn buggy from Iberia to Tusculumbia. There they stood before **L. S. Edwards**, judge of the probate court, and exchanged their vows.

Perhaps the most pivotal day in Barney's life occurred in early July of 1923. While Jonah and Barney were out cutting sprouts a two-seat hack came across the field toward them. As it pulled to a halt Jonah went to meet it. Barney could see four somber men, each with long, gray beards striking at mid-chest. He recognized them as Civil War veterans.<sup>12</sup> From the bits and pieces of conversation he could actually hear, Barney knew they were talking about him.

"He's not even twenty one yet." Pa said.

"No one's gonna know the difference, Jonah." answered Squire John.

The G.A.R. veterans had been impressed with Barney's

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10 According to Barney several workers were from St. Louis. A man remembered only as "Fish" boarded with the Hutsler's. Those locally involved in the project included **Frank Smith, John Lilly, Oscar Lilly, John Nelson, and Elmer Prather**. The native stone used in the construction was taken from nearby Robertson Bald (located on the farm now owned by **Farris Russell**) and from the hillside immediately south of the Iberia Academy. The MFA Service Station, owned by **Jackie Fancher**, now stands where some of this rock was quarried. The large memorial stone on the East Lawn of the Academy was hauled by sled from Robertson Bald.

11 Groves Pond is a name designated by the author. Probably a more accurate description would be **Gordon Groves Ice House**. Three large ponds, dug manually by **Jet and Tommy Barlow**, supplied much of the area with commercial ice. During the winter the frozen surface of these ponds would be scored and cut into blocks. These blocks were then pulled out with ice tongs and stored in a log building whose walls were insulated with sawdust, keeping the ice intact and available all year long. Summer boating on the ponds made it a popular gathering place in the warmer months.

12 Barney identifies the men as: **Squire John Ferguson, Jim Martin, Miles Davidson, and John Irwin**.

(right) 1924. Courting days for Barney and "my Julie", as he calls her still today.

The days of youth foster promises of love and the choice of a lifetime together.

(below) Life grows older for Barney and Julia while love remains!

forever young. Many days have passed since they shared that Sunday boat ride on Groves Pond.

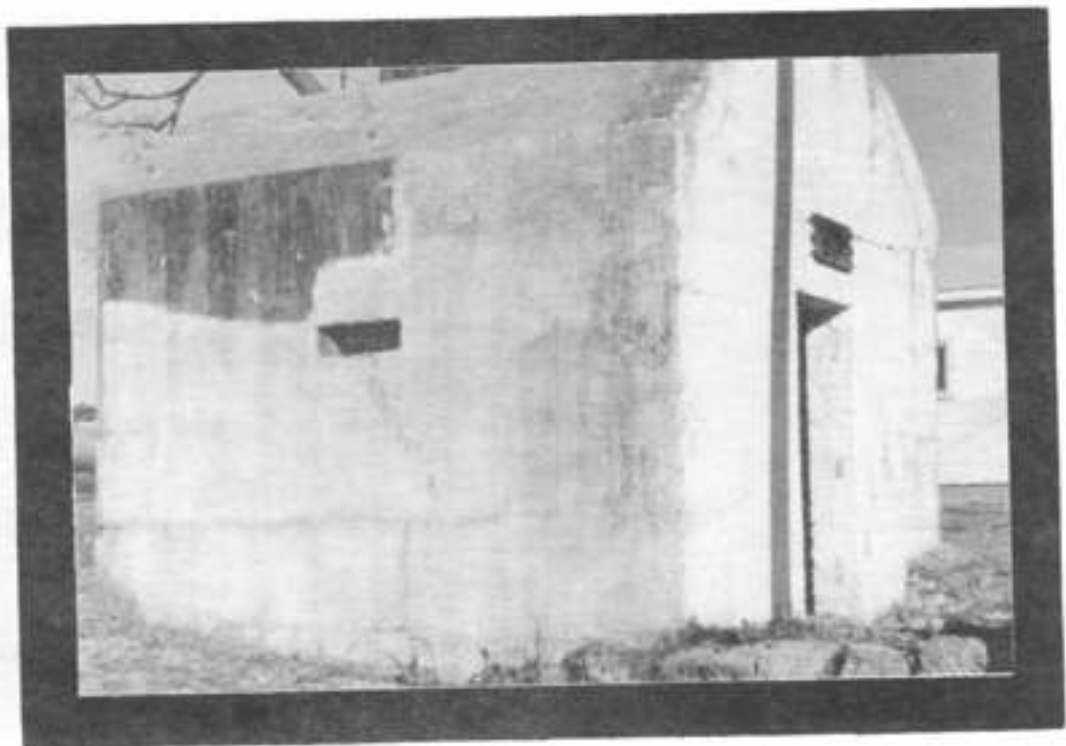
Julia Ann Smith Hutsler died 5 August, 1978.





(left) **Felix Smith**, first an employer and later a father-in-law to Barney Hutsler.

(below) The first city jail of Iberia was constructed around 1910 by **Harrison Smith** and his sons. Iberia native, **Davey Farnham**, lived just down the street from the construction site and remembers well the excitement generated throughout the neighborhood as it was being built. Rumor was that it would be named after the first man imprisoned there, but the man and the crime seems to have passed unnoticed. The 12' x 14' structure contained little more than a cot, a chamber pot, and a coal burning king stove, all maintained by the city marshal.



match against the circus fighter the previous year. They had decided to hire extra security for the upcoming Encampment<sup>13</sup> and Barney was their prime candidate. The event, attracting thousands of people, suffered from an increasing amount of altercations and incidents. Barney's job would be to help curb the instances of public drunkenness and disorderly conduct. He would be paid \$5 per day and though he was to co-operate with the city marshal it was made clear he was a special agent for the G.A.R. With Jonah's approval, Barney accepted. It was the start of a law enforcement career that would span a period of thirty two years.

Barney's first arrest was not long in coming. The Encampment had hardly begun when trouble was started by a man from Sedalia. City marshal **W. T. Ferguson**, showing Barney around, warned the stranger, receiving potent verbal abuse in response. Marshal Ferguson moved to apprehend the man and was hurled to the ground. Barney jumped between them and began to grapple with the stranger.

"If ya got a-holt of him, Barney, take him to jail."

Barney dragged, pushed, wrestled, and sometimes nearly carried his prisoner up the hill toward town, the man resisting every step of the way. At the jail door he managed to put his arms in front of him and grip each side of

the doorway.

"This is as far as I'm goin'!"

Barney shoved harder but couldn't get him through the door. Finally growing perturbed, Barney doubled up his fist and hit him in the crook of the arm. Hollering "Oww!" he went flying inside. Barney had his first lock-up.

Within a few years Barney found himself elected to the job as city marshal of Iberia. He was given a star and a Luger pistol then sent to Famous Barr in St. Louis to be fitted for a uniform.

Barney carried the Luger to work for several years, fortunately never having to use it. On one off-duty day while visiting his mother a rabbit happened into the back yard where Barney was. Thinking about eating fresh rabbit for supper, Barney pulled the Luger from it's holster and aimed. The first shot missed. As did the second, and the third, and the fourth. Barney emptied the gun at the rabbit with none of the bullets following the same trajectory. Finally, in frustration, he shooed the rabbit away. Barney reloaded and found something peculiar. When he shook the pistol he could hear the shell rattling around in the chamber. He went to the town board, explaining the need for a different weapon. Barney's complaint was understood but no funds were available to supply another, so he bought his own. He paid

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<sup>13</sup> The Iberia G.A.R. Encampments were four-day affairs. They were held in the area alongside present Highway 42 near its junction with Highway 17 where **Spurgeon Atwill** now resides across from the Iberia R-V School campus. This property was long known as **Hardy Park**, thirty acres deeded to freed slaves, **Hardy** and **Louisa** (Betty) **Lollis**.

\$50 to **Elmer Keeth** for a .38 Police Special that he carried throughout the rest of his career.

Barney recounts many harrowing tales from his years as a lawman, with more than 100 trouble-makers seeing the inside of his jail. Some, like the **Belk** brothers, saw it more than once. Usually, one confrontation with Barney was enough to convince a person that city ordinances in Iberia were to be observed. At the very least they soon discovered those ordinances were strictly enforced.

"Folks used to fight a lot back in those days," says Barney. "There was a lot of bullies around and they would fight at the drop of a hat. Why, they'd fight just to have somethin' to do." He chuckles. "If you wanted to get in a fight, just go to Brumley. Most of 'em who went once wouldn't go back a second time, though!" To illustrate his point he told the following story.

Barney's final pass across town would end at **Earl Stovall's Tavern** around midnight. It was usually the last place to close and he always stopped by and checked with Earl before heading home. One night while standing there and talking the front door was thrown open with such force that the glass in it was broken. Four fellows from Waynesville blustered in, loud and obnoxious. Earl left to wait on a customer and get a broom.

"Let's whip that barkeep!" one of them crowed.

Barney stood up straight and faced the men. He pulled the front of his yellow slicker back, revealing the

## BELK BROTHERS FIGHT TO HURT

### Dispute Arises From Payment of Security Debt.

Ed. and Pete Belk, brothers, engaged in a fight last week near their homes on the Big Tavern, two fists and a knife being the weapons used. As a result, the former was severely cut across the abdomen. Drs. vonGrimp and Duncan took forty stitches in patching up the wound. Pete's face was badly battered during the fray from fist blows.

The trouble arose over the payment of a security debt. At the July term of the circuit court, Ed was convicted of a crime and fined \$200. To secure the payment of the fine, he gave his note, which Pete signed as security. Ed failed to meet the obligation. The Sheriff went to Pete for the payment of the note. Pete promptly paid the \$200 and forthwith brought the matter to the attention of his brother. A dispute arose and the fight ensued.

**Miller County Autogram** - 27 Jan. 1921.  
Interviews with Barney Hutsler gave me glimpses of a Miller County that I was unaware of. Disputes were settled in more personal ways than we see today, and the violence could be frightening at times. Research to collaborate the information given by Barney proved his memory quite correct. I was given a deeper appreciation of the job he had to do, and of the job he accomplished. It was an occupation that could become dangerous with little or no warning. The above article concerns a regular nemesis confronted by Barney in his capacity as city marshal.



(above) from 1. **Burt and Ophelia Fisher,**  
**Barney and Julia Huttsler.**

It was at this age that Barney begins a law enforcement career as a special agent for the G.A.R. veterans.

(right) Barney Huttsler today stands outside an old familiar place.

Nearly 70 years have passed since Barney secured his first prisoner here. Tales of his days as a peace-keeper

can be heard at Winkle's Cafe in downtown Iberia, a place frequented by Barney and his friends, **Davey Farnham, Glen Casey and Spurgeon Atwill.**

A perfect example of a Miller County "native", Barney has spent his entire life within a twenty mile radius of his birthplace.





Barney in uniform with his son, Gene Hutsler.



The tall city marshal was an attraction to many children while on his rounds. Note the holster (flap closed) on his left hip, housing the .38 Police Special that got Barney out of more than one scrap. Though rarely used, when it was pulled you could guarantee there was a reason for it.



star pinned to his shirt.

"Ain't no fightin' allowed in this town, boys. You better just go on home."

They seemed confused now, except for the loudest one.

"I guess if we can't whip him, then we'll just have to whip you!" He came at Barney, either not seeing or caring that he was armed. The distance between them allowed Barney the time to draw his .38 Special. Barney ducked the blow intended for his head. He lashed out with the pistol, catching the man with the barrel across the temple, opening a bleeding gash and knocking him unconscious. The other three just stood there, mouths agape.

"Get him on out of here." motioned Barney. "Unless you fellas want to try me, too."

Barney later learned they stopped at **Charlie Glawson's Tavern** in Crocker after leaving Iberia. When asked what in the world happened to them they were too ashamed to say they had been bested in Iberia. "We've been to Brumley." was the explanation offered. Apparently getting whipped in Brumley didn't tarnish the image like other places did.

A free-for-all gang fight on the downtown streets of Iberia was the one time Barney filled the small jail to overflowing. (Barney couldn't recall if the Belk brothers were involved though he would not discount it.) He would stop the fight and haul a few away only to come back and find them at it again. He finally filled the jail driving the last seven to the county facility at Tuscumbia. Some were bleeding and none were handcuffed, but they all piled into his car and rode

quietly along. "They was mad and I was, too. I was awful aggravated with 'em." Barney says.

Many occupants of the old city jail at Iberia found themselves befriended by Barney afterwards. It wasn't unusual for him to give someone a ride home the next morning, and buy a cup of coffee on the way. This approach seems to have gained Barney much respect. Seldom did he have repeat customers, some even went as far as seeking Barney's permission to come back to town again.

During all those years Barney was never seriously injured on the job. "I took some licks," he grins. "But I gave some back, too." His worst injury came while disarming a knife-wielding drunk receiving cuts on his hands and arms. He confiscated only one firearm, a handgun that wasn't brandished at him personally, but at someone else. Most surrendered peaceably, but those resisting arrest were subdued and taken to jail in any way it took to get the job done. All those boxing lessons learned in the barn with his friends served Barney well when needed.

Barney had no office from which he worked. He simply came to town in his uniform and spent the time walking around. Barney knew where the potential "hotspots" were and made regular stops at these places. In the early years he rode a horse to work, however technology overtook the world during Barney's marshalling days and an automobile was carrying him to his job when that final day came.

There was more to Barney's job than just patrolling the

town and apprehending transgressors of the law. A generator fueled by coal was located near the corner of Main and Thompson Streets (close to the place where Dr. Gould had his office). It's primary use was for powering the city street lights. Barney had to keep it going. A common practice of the day was sitting with the dead during that grievous period of time between death and burial. That too was part of Barney's job.

The modern age began to creep over Miller County as the area slowly grew and expanded. City marshals and constables were replaced by local police forces skilled and schooled in the latest law enforcement techniques. The demands and requirements of the job changed with the times. Barney retired and returned to farming. Later he worked as a custodian for the Iberia R-V School District.

He sold the .38 Special back to Elmer Keeth for the same \$50 he paid for it.

Barney had seen the transition of law enforcement from that of a simple peacekeeper to an office often encumbered with paperwork and legal concerns. He was there when a good sturdy horse was exchanged for vehicles equipped to perform in high-speed chases. One by one his old employers, veterans of the Civil War, passed away. The G.A.R. Encampments diminished as that age was left behind and forgotten.

All that remained of his lawman days, apart from the memories, was his tin star. Barney eventually gave that star to a mentally handicapped child that touched his life, someone enamored with the dream of someday being a real lawman.

Just like Barney Hutsler.



Barney Hanes Hutsler, legendary lawman, 1991.

Iberia Mo

Nov 2, 1941

The Board of Trustees of the Village of Iberia, Mo. met Nov 2-1941 all members present except Wes Condra. and proceeded to transact the following business.

Falling bills were allowed, and checks drawn in payment of same.

Barney Hutcher check for \$50.00 for Marshall. it being for one month and one week.

Chat Catron check for \$2.00 for help to Marshall.

Motion made by Mrs Laura Martin and second by Myrtle Duncan that Mrs Eads see that the empty barrels<sup>bt</sup> returned to Eldon. (Motion Carried)

Motion made by Mrs Martin and second by Mrs Duncan that the Marshall investigate about the side walk to High school. Motion Carried

Also a motion was made and second that the Marshal buy paint and mark off parking space and turn in bill for same. Motion Carried  
Motion to adjourn by Mrs Duncan and second by Mrs Martin.

Allie Murdock Clerk Clerk  
Lou Eads. Chairman

Duties as city marshal were wide-ranging and diverse for Barney. It was an office that required wearing many different hats; night watchman, peace-keeper, enforcer, head of street department, emissary for town board. He could be battling intoxicated brawlers one night and then painting parking spaces the next day. The above photocopy of 1941 town board meeting records show Barney involved in an investigation - this time not of a crime but of the need for a sidewalk to the high school.

# FROM FREDERICK COUNTY, VIRGINIA TO MILLER COUNTY, MISSOURI

## John Hutsler

wife Sarah Griffith Hutsler

children John

Hannah Hutsler Garber

Jonah

**Aquilla Haynes Hutsler** (born 15 January, 1832)

## Aquilla Haynes Hutsler

wife Sarah Ann Jackson Hutsler

children Mary Susan

(born 17 April, 1862)

**Jonah Griffith Hutsler**

(born 6 May, 1867)

John Henry

(born 1 November, 1869)

Samuel Franklin

(born 19 April, 1873)

George Thomas

(born 22 January, 1875)

Sarah Frances

(born 12 February, 1878)

Alonzo Kieffer

(born 20 January, 1882)

## Jonah Griffith Hutsler

wife Ida Ester Silsby Hutsler (born 4 November, 1870)

children Julie Ann

(died at birth)

Everett Olen

(born June, 1891)

Henry Ramond

(born June, 1893)

John W.

(born February, 1897)

Estella Marie Hutsler Wall (born 13 August, 1899)

**Barney Hanes Hutsler** (born 18 August, 1902)

Eunice Opal Hutsler Spearman (born 1 February, 1905)

Goldie Grace Hutsler Scott (born 12 August, 1907)

Earl Griffith (born 31 March, 1914)



This one's for Marie. Since she didn't appear in the photo taken in 1910 we decided to place her here in Mill Creek. Please, no one mention the word "hillbilly"! Barney is now 88 years of age but Marie, of course, is still his big sister. All the Hutsler children remain close and reside in the area.

# Slates and Sorghum Pails

## the saga of Barton School



VERNA KEETH PEMBERTON  
RT. 1 BOX 273  
IBERIA, MO. 65486

### *the school by the highway*

The evolution of District #85 was moving into its final stages in 1952, though few could see it at the time. The reorganization and formation of the super-districts would soon envelope Barton, just as it was happening to those schools around her. The knell was already tolling in the distance as even the once mighty **Brumley High School** was claimed. Barton's isolated location would only serve to delay the inevitable, not avoid it. But the future was yet to come and there were current problems that had to be confronted.

On 18 April, 1952, in the home of **Clyde Duncan**, the

board of directors met and discussed the outlook for District #85. The most glaring enigma facing **Gail Wittle**, **Luther Duncan**, and **Bill Cochran** was the outdated building the children now attended. There was no electricity. There was no plumbing. There wasn't even a road to the schoolhouse! The two classrooms were literally overflowing with students. The 1952 enrollment shows 81 children in attendance, crammed into two rooms, each measuring 12 x 34 feet (in comparison, twelve feet is a standard measurement for the width of most hallways in today's school buildings). Mod-

ernizing alone wouldn't be acceptable. An addition to the existing structure would also be needed to relieve the crowded conditions. But the problem of accessibility remained. Practically everyone had some form of mechanized transportation by now but the only avenue through the woods was the old carriage lane. A road, nearly one-half mile in length, would have to be developed for passage by automotive vehicles. Further complications could arise from the procurement of easement rights through the privately owned property that surrounded the schoolhouse. This was not the first discussion regarding a road. The subject of providing transportation for the Barton schoolchildren had once been addressed seven years earlier, on 12 July, 1945, but the same obstacles had stymied them also.

With all possibilities now considered, there was only one practical solution. Costs incurred in renovating the concrete structure built in 1911 could not be justified. A new school building would be proposed to the patrons of District #85, and in compliance with state regulations the following notice was posted in five public places within the district:

4/18/52. By order of Board, petition calls for a special election to be at the Schoolhouse of Dist. 85 on May 10, 1952 to vote on moving School house site to corner south of **Leonard Pemberton's**, between Leonard Pemberton and **A. A. Pieper's**.

Brumley Creek was soon buzzing over the public no-

tices. The proposed site was nearly a mile southeast of the old school, an even farther move than the one attempted in the years 1907 through 1911. Would this new school meet with the same resistance?

The 10th of May arrived. By 2 p.m. that afternoon (the specified time for the election) there was hardly any room left inside the schoolhouse. The walls were lined with people and the doorways filled by those straining to hear the proceedings inside. Children ran and played around the building as board president Gail Whittle stood and called the meeting to order. As spokesman for the board of directors, Whittle presented three propositions to be decided upon by the patrons of the district. The first was a bond issue of \$3,100 for the purpose of erecting and furnishing a new school building. The second was an increase of the current tax levy from 65¢ to 100¢ per \$100 assessed valuation. Third was the selected site for the new school in the southeast corner of the parcel of Leonard Pemberton's farm lying west of the road (meaning state highway "U").

With presentation made and the floor finally cleared of discussion it was time to put the issues to vote. The will of the people would now be heard. Slips of paper were provided and distributed so votes could be cast by ballot. Item #1, the bond issue, was presented; 60 in favor, 11 opposed. Item #2, increase in tax levy, was next; 62 for and 9 against. The final proposal remained, that of a different school location. A

simple majority would not be sufficient enough to carry the day as it had in 1911. Missouri state law now required a two-thirds majority to support the issue. Item #3, selection of two acres of land for a new school site, was presented by Whittle. Ballots were collected and the room grew quiet as the remaining directors counted and tallied the vote. **Millie Duncan**, district clerk, recorded the results - 60 in favor, 8 opposed. District 85 would have their third school house.

Construction began on the new schoolhouse during the summer of 1952. No contractor was sought as all the work was done by volunteers. Funds were raised by donations, pie suppers, and the \$3100 worth of bonds that were sold to the **Bank of Brumley**. It was a community effort done in a pioneer spirit. The folk of Brumley Creek accomplished the task with one purpose in mind - giving the best they had for their children.

The school by the highway reflected the trends of change that were beginning to clutch at District #85. Barton was caught between an unyielding future and a traditional past. The result was a unique blend of both. The new building was indeed a true two-room schoolhouse. **Logan Stone** would teach the advanced grade levels while **Mary Thornsberry** would instruct the primary levels. However, as well as the two classrooms, the school building also contained an entry vestibule complete with coat-racks, two indoor restrooms, a drinking fountain, and a full basement. This lower

level housed a kitchen and was designed specifically for use as a cafeteria, but was also used as an auditorium for school plays, holiday programs, etc. In essence, it was an early version of the multi-purpose room. The wood stove was replaced by a wood furnace with a thermostatically controlled forced-air delivery system. The school by the highway had combined designs of the past with concepts for the future. And the evolution of District #85 was yet to be completed.

In the spring of 1953 soon after school was dismissed for the summer another notice was posted throughout the Brumley Creek area:

The old School House site and fixtures will be sold at public auction on Sat. April 18, 1953. Beginning at 2 o'clock at the old School House Site.

When the appointed time arrived the residents of District #85 gathered at the old concrete schoolhouse one last time. The woodstove sold to **Joe Luttrell** for \$10. The pump and pipe went to **Hamen Luttrell** for \$30.50. One outhouse was bought by **Fred Witt** for \$9.50, while the other was sold to **Everett Witt**, his brother, for \$7.75. The old school building itself sold for \$260, bid by Hamen Luttrell for **Jessie Witt**. With the bidding done and the auction over, the people dispersed and began the pleasant walk back through the woods and fields to where their cars were parked at **George Duncan's** old farmhouse. It was a perfect day for a walk with the warmth of an April sun and the soft fragrance of

spring in the air. A hidden meadowlark sang an amorous tune, making the day all the more delightful. Conversation varied as thoughts were on the coming summer, but maybe there were those who turned to look back, hoping to get one more glimpse of the old schoolhouse on its forested hill. For many it would be the last time they ever saw it.

The next few years brought some significant changes from the usual "backwoods" image we associate with the little two-room rural schoolhouse. In 1953, a PTA organization was founded with approximately twenty families in active participation. That year also brought the first school bus to Barton.

**Glenneth Cochran** owned a 1941 Chevrolet panel truck that he used to establish a bus route for District #85. To accommodate his passengers he built two benches, cushioned and upholstered them, then mounted the seats length wise along each panel so they faced each other. Carrying a dozen or so at a time it would usually take three or four trips to get them all home. Glenneth would back up to the door and the children would pile in through the rear of the truck. With a honk and a grin they would be on their way while the rest waited for him to return for the next load. Though no one had asked him to, Glenneth drove his bus that entire year on a volunteer basis, all the while absorbing the costs himself. Some may have thought him foolish but he saved a lot of cold, wintry steps for many children.

Barton began a hot-lunch program in 1954 and employed

**Vergie Pemberton** as full-time cook and custodian. (I dare say there weren't many two-room schools with a cafeteria and a cook.) After a century of recesses the first pieces of playground equipment were also purchased that year.

The 1954 school year found Glenneth back on the road in his homemade bus. The 1941 panel truck had been replaced by a newer version - a 1951 Chevrolet panel with a similar arrangement as it's predecessor. The board of directors now saw the need for a bus and held a special school election in compliance with 165.140 Revised Statutes regarding free transportation. On 15 November, 1954, with district approval, Glenneth Cochran and his panel truck became Barton's first official bus and driver. All expenditures for gas, oil, etc. were to be met by Cochran rather than the district. His annual salary was \$750, however, no funds had been allocated for transportation for that year and Glenneth had to wait until September, 1955 to receive payment. But with a honk and a grin he was on his way.

Within a few years the operating costs of a modern school program began to tell on district finances, even though expenses were controlled as tightly as possible. What couldn't be controlled was the rising cost of tuition paid by the district for an ever growing number of Barton students attending various area high schools. The financial strain would soon have an irreversible effect, but hope and help was on it's way from a very unexpected quarter.





Still owned by **Glenneth Cochran** the first Barton school bus sits retired behind his home.

## Barton's final years

By the mid-1950's government funding was slowly being withdrawn as programs once designed to aid the sub-district schools were being replaced by new ones favoring the super-district system. The small, rural schools were being choked out, left to bleed financially until they could no longer support themselves. Progress was finally threatening District #85 and many viewed it exactly as such, contesting bitterly against the idea of removing their children from an educational system strongly influenced by family and thrusting them into an institutionalized atmosphere.

Although finances were still sound for District #85, the constant drain from tuition payments and operational costs of the school by the highway began tapping into reserves, and the customary capital surplus began to dwindle. But unforeseen help was on the way.

The annual meeting of 1959 would provide the setting for this circumstance which would come in the form of a proposal from an outside influence. The board officials had been approached by county superintendent, **Carroll McCubbin**, and members of the **Curry** school board with the concept of combining the two districts. Curry was also experiencing financial pressures and knew the time for closing it's doors wasn't far away. Rather than see their children bussed the twelve miles or so to **Iberia** they chose to "keep them at home", so to

speak, by sending them to Barton - if Barton would accept them. A vote revealed 44 in approval of this new, enlarged district with only 4 dissenting voices.

After the meeting was adjourned, board members **Gail Whittle**, **Louis Moneymaker**, and **Robert Myers** met with Curry school directors **Otis Wall** and **Bill Cochran** (Bill had moved from the Barton district earlier that year) to relay the news of the vote. At that time a date was set for a special school meeting, the purpose being to establish what was, in essence, a new district.

The special school meeting was held 21 April, 1959. The first item of business was to elect a board of directors for the new district of Barton. **Gail Whittle** remained as president while **Otis Wall** and **Robert Myers** became directors of the school board. Other decisions made concerning the upcoming school year that day was to increase the tax levy from \$1.00 to \$1.10, extend the school year from eight months to nine, institute a sick-leave policy for personnel employed by the district, hire **Norman** and **Carolyn Devore** as teachers and **John Moneymaker** as bus driver. The school board was also given authority to dispose of the Curry schoolhouse, fixtures, and equipment.

The merger of the Barton and Curry school districts, coupled with a boundary change to the west with the failing **Warren** district (Warren would manage to survive

one more year before closing) had doubled the size of District #85. Although the larger tax-base was offset to a substantial degree by the costs of providing for the additional students, it would prove to bolster district finances, breathing new life into Barton - at least for the time being.

Another rural school disappeared on 20 June, 1959, when the Curry School was sold at public auction. The funds raised that day amounted to \$658.05, of which the greatest proportion naturally came from the old building itself, bought by **Dean Luttrell** for \$500. The money was deposited into the **Bank of Iberia** and later transferred to the Miller County Treasury for the Incidental Fund of Barton School.

During this time frame, plans were being made in Iberia to construct a new school campus for the patrons of **Miller County Reorganized District #5**. On 10 November, 1959, little District #85 entered into a contract with its giant companion, allowing Iberia to include all Barton high school students in application for federal monies to assist in construction of the new school.

By 1960 the small, rural school was a thing of the past, and in all of Miller County only a handful remained. Barton was one of the last of its kind. The expansion of the district had brought hope and promise with the new decade, but soon the struggle would prove too great.

The year 1963 dawned upon an America that was gripped in turmoil and change. We had

just experienced the darkest hour of the Cold War with the Cuban Missile Crisis; American efforts against communism and socialism were intensifying in a small corner of southeast Asia in a place called Vietnam; social unrest was beginning to flare across the southern United States and in several major cities, dividing Americans by race and color of skin; political upheaval on college campuses found students protesting anything and everything, with government policy being the most often used excuse, dividing Americans further by age and generation.

Although Brumley Creek was unknown to John F. Kennedy or to Dr. Martin Luther King and while its rugged hills had seen no flower children, 1963 was also to be a year of change for tiny District #85.

In January of that year a special meeting was held at the schoolhouse, the sole purpose being to decide the fate of Barton. Perhaps reflective of the pains of the nation as a whole the changes would not come easily, but come they would. In a meeting charged with vented emotion, Barton was consolidated into the Iberia R-V school district. Gail Whittle, long involved in Barton administration, was president of the school board during this difficult time. He recalls that meeting. "It got loud there for awhile!" He smiles now at the memory and for an instant he grows quiet, traversing the nearly thirty years into the past before resuming a more serious posture. "Oh, we could have survived a few more years at Barton, but the handwriting was on the wall.

It would have been hard to compete with the larger schools in teacher salaries and so forth. We couldn't compromise the education we had to offer. In the end it would have been the kids who suffered. That's why we did it - for the kids."

The voices against consolidation were many, and these would continue for years to come, after all, this was their school built by their hands. They had attended this little school, as had their parents, and grandparents, and great-grandparents. Barton had been there for as long as anyone could remember and had educated generations of children spawned among those northern Ozarks hills. They were as much a part of the life of Barton as the school was of theirs. Indeed, it was the spirit of the people who breathed life into their rural schools, making each one special and unique in it's own way.

But despite the voices the decision was made. Barton had ceased to exist. Although the school year was completed in the school by the highway, Barton was no longer a separate entity. District #85 was now a part of Miller County Reorganized District Number 5 (Iberia R-V).

Board meeting records, meticulously kept since the early 1900's, suddenly end in January of 1963, leaving the impression that the writer or recorder had suddenly gone away and forgotten the work. The final monthly teacher's report was written by **Layard Cross** and filed with district clerk, **Shirley Whittle**, on 18 January, 1963, showing an enrollment of 58 children at

Barton, grades one through eight. **Lynn Luttrell** received the last wood bid ever granted from the school being contracted to deliver 25 ranks for \$225. The final entry in the old District #85 records is a warrant issued in payment of a debt. Shirley Whittle mailed Warrant #22 on 29 January, 1963, to the **Ralph Thomas Store** in payment of groceries purchased for use in the school cafeteria totalling \$33.74. Appropriately enough there is an added footnote beside the entry marking the transaction "CANCELLED", stating that payment was returned because the invoice had already been paid by the Iberia R-V District. Barton's debts, it's business transactions, even its children now belonged to someone else. There were no more payments to make, no more board meetings to attend, no more wood to be cut. All written records simply end. Truly, Barton was no more.

The school year continued much the same as before for the children, most of them unaware of the coming changes. An end of the year field trip to the zoo in Springfield, Missouri became the last educational experience for Barton students as a whole, providing many of these rural children their first glimpses of exotic animal life. (As a second grader in that group I recall the irresistible attraction I had to the funny little monkeys - probably because of their amazing resemblances to my brother.)

In May of 1963, the doors of Barton were closed, never again to be opened as a school. The children who left the building that day were a-

mong the last ones to walk in the old ways and paths. A page in the history of Miller County had been turned.

Although the new building by the highway offered some modern conveniences, teaching had remained virtually unchanged. The same challenges of instructing four or more grade levels per room followed Logan Stone in his move from the school in the woods to the school by the highway. Though now better equipped to do his job, that job remained the same. The teachers in the new building were no less committed than their lengthy list of dedicated predecessors were.

The year 1959 brought the first husband/wife team to Barton. A young couple, Norman and Carolyn DeVore, would remain for three years. Just as Logan Stone had brought his passion for sports to Barton, Carolyn brought with her a lifelong love of music. Her music classes were appreciated by many (and endured by some) who had never before received instruction in the finer arts. Before Carolyn came to District #85 the sweetest music most had enjoyed were the night cries of Old Blue and Gypsy running a fox along a moonstruck ridge, or perhaps the zesty hymnals sang at church on Sunday mornings.

Though it will probably never be recorded as to who was the first teacher at Barton, the last were **Floy Wilson** and **Layard Cross**; Wilson

teaching the primary levels (grades one through four) while Cross instructed the advanced classes (grades five through eight). Both had spent many years helping to educate children in the one and two room schools. They were the final teachers of an educational system now gone. (Wilson would teach at **Ulman** the following year. When Ulman closed in the spring of 1964 - one year after Barton and **Brown School** - there were no longer any rural sub-district schools being attended in Miller County.)

After the spring of 1963, the new school by the highway was sold back to Leonard and Vergie Pemberton, the original land owners. They spent the summer converting the schoolhouse into a store, and opened for business as **"THE BARTON TRADING POST"**. The name continued through new owners **Ralph and Ruth Thomas** (Ruth was a former teacher). But eventually the word "Barton" was used less and less and eventually dropped entirely, leaving simply **"THE TRADING POST"**. The Barton name had slipped back into a distant, anonymous past and is no longer even associated with the building. It now lies forgotten to the younger generations who pass by not knowing the store was once a school. Today, it is known as **"B & M MARKET"**, located on state road "U", approximately two miles south of Missouri Highway 42.



This comprehensive history of Barton School was made possible because of the foresight to preserve school district records. All memorabilia concerning Barton (photographs, report cards, diplomas, etc.) are still being sought after. Direct inquiries to Mill Creek.

# Barton 1913



(shown l. to r.) **seated on ground:** Lonnie Griffin, Herman Shelton, Ray McCubbin, Roy McCubbin, Luther Duncan, George Wright, Clovis Griffin, Francis Witt

**seated on bench:** Arbyl Allee, Sibyl Allee, Oma Luttrell, Earnest Luttrell, Bettsie Luttrell (with face blurred), Malone Allee, Clifford Witt, Gladys Colvin, unidentified, unidentified, Nellie Swofford

**first row, standing:** Marvin Wright, Ross Blanton, Ethel Colvin, Roma Plemmons, Eunice Colvin, Bertha Cochran, Mrs. Josie McComb Buster, Clare Buster, Lottie Allee, Geneva Colvin, Sirilda Shelton (face partially hidden by hair bow), unidentified, Loucrecia Witt, Nora Witt, Dora Alexander, Ethel Duncan

**second row, standing:** Ralph Duncan, Richard Witt, Clarence Shelton, Stanley Griffin, Everett Witt, Reagan Popplewell, Ray Thomas, (face visible over Mrs. Buster's shoulder), Althea Duncan, Opal Colvin, Ada Duncan, Mary Alexander, Amanda Alexander, Rena Luttrell, Lonnie Colvin, Clate Witt

**back row, standing:** Ora Allee, Henry Luttrell, Ace Luttrell, Clyde Duncan, Zella Thomas, Frances Duncan, Verdie Witt, Stella Thomas, Millie Cochran, Sylvia Cochran, Carrie Wright, John Wright, Ollie Shelton, Ida Duncan

The people in doorways were parents and older graduates. The only one identified is Lucy Colvin Allee, the tall lady in right doorway between Verdie Witt and Stella Thomas.

# Barton 1913



(shown l. to r.) **laying in front:** Clarence Shelton, Clovis Griffin, Stanley Griffin, Richard Witt  
**seated on ground:** Sirilda Shelton, Bettsie Luttrell, Dora Alexander, Mary Alexander, Ethel Duncan, Loucrecia Witt, Sibyl Allee, Malone Allee, Oma Luttrell  
**seated on bench:** Roma Plemmons, Ralph Hill, Opal Colvin, Reagan Popplewell, Mrs. Josie McComb Buster, Rena Luttrell, Ross Blanton, Ida Duncan  
**first row, standing:** Herman Shelton, Arbyl Allee, George Wright, Ralph Duncan, Luther Duncan, Francis Witt, Amanda Alexander, Ollie Shelton, Ray Thomas, Verdie Witt, Ethel Colvin (in front of Verdie), Lottie Allee, Clare Buster, Bertha Cochran, Clifford Witt, Nora Witt, Earnest Luttrell, Ray McCubbin, Lonnie Griffin  
**back row, standing:** Sylvia Cochran, Stella Thomas, Althea Duncan, Ora Allee, Clate Witt, Henry Luttrell, Frances Duncan, Ace Luttrell, Arthur Luttrell, Clyde Duncan, Millie Cochran, Zella Thomas, Carrie Wright, John Wright, Marvin Wright, Everett Witt, Alma Cochran, Ada Duncan

# Barton 1926

## Your Mission

**I**F you cannot on the ocean  
Sail among the swiftest fleet,  
Rocking on the highest billows,  
Laughing at the storms you meet,  
You can stand among the sailors,  
Anchored yet within the bay,  
You can lend a hand to help them,  
As they launch their boats away.

If you cannot in the conflict,  
Prove yourself a soldier true,  
If where fire and smoke are thickest,  
There's no work for you to do,  
When the battle-field is silent,  
You can go with careful tread,  
You can bear away the wounded,  
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting  
For some greater work to do,  
Fortune is a lazy goddess,  
She will never come to you.  
Go and toil in any vineyard,  
Do not fear to do or dare,  
If you want a field of labor,  
You can find it anywhere.

*Ellen H. Gates.*

**L**OOK for goodness, look for gladness,  
You will meet them all the while,  
If you bring a smiling visage  
To the glass you meet a smile.

*Alice Cary.*

*"Memory  
like the ivy clings  
to olden times  
and ways  
and things."*

**T**HIS souvenir is  
presented to you  
with the best wishes of  
your teacher, believing  
that in the years to  
come it will serve as a  
pleasant reminder of our  
schoolday associations.

A long cherished treasure of **Zilphia Rhinehart Luttrell**  
was this souvenir, a memory book provided by **Mrs. Mary**  
**Swofford** to her 1926 students.

(photocopy of exterior)



# Barton 1926

## BARTON SCHOOL

*District No. 85*

Glaze Twp., Miller Co., Missouri

February 20, 1926



*Mrs. H. J. Swofford,*  
*Teacher*

### *School Board*

M. M. Meredith      John Duncan  
V. M. Smith          John Witt

## PUPILS

Noble Merideth	Noel Colvin
Winifred Rhinehart	Wayne Smith
Tennyson Popplewell	Sterlin Colvin
Opal Luttrell	Carl Shelton
Effie Plemmons	Bob Luttrell
Alonso Luttrell	Geral Merideth
Cecil Smith	Gail Popplewell
Oma Luttrell, Jr.	Dorothy Alexander
Gladys Colvin	Loyd Luttrell
Lee De Gress	Lorene Rhinehart
Clara Rhinehart	Parthena Luttrell
Mildred Shelton	Beulah Meredith
Glee Plemmons	Roy Swofford
Robert Shelton	Emma Alexander
Edgar Luttrell	Carl Plemmons
Alan Keith	Dolly Plemmons
Curtis Popplewell	Oma Luttrell, Sr.
Ralph Thomas	Nellie Swofford
Emery Allee	Orval Allee
Eula Popplewell	Lola Popplewell
Frank Thomas	Lola Luttrell
Zyilpha Rhinehart	Jewel Cochran

*Walter Alexander*

The little book of memories, bearing the names of those who shared them, has now passed into the care of Zilphia's daughter, **Bonnie Luttrell Bowden**. As her mother did before her, Bonnie also attended and graduated from Barton.

(photocopy of interior)

# Barton 1945



(shown l. to r.) **front row:** Mrs. Dixie DeVore Graham, Noah Alfred Davenport, Doral James Witt, Dorlas Cochran, Donnie Witt, Wayman Duncan, Iven Witt, Thurman Duncan, Marjorie Shelton, Delcie Witt, Eula Mae Cochran

**second row:** Dean Luttrell, Donnie Luttrell, John David Duncan, Milton Duncan, Harold Cochran, Andy Cochran, Bonnie Luttrell, Harold Duncan, Grace Witt, Daisy Witt, Mrs. Chloe Pemberton Cochran

**third row:** Donald Duncan, Junior Plemmons, Ovid Luttrell, Rosemary Luttrell, Vernia Cochran, Ida Luttrell (face not visible), Donna Cochran, Anna Jean Duncan, Gene Meredith, Dean Musick, Inis Keeth

# Barton 1945



(shown l. to r.) **front row:** Delcie Witt, Iven Witt, Donnie Witt, Wayman Duncan, Donnie Luttrell, Thurman Duncan (in overalls, holding cap), Bonnie Luttrell, Marjorie Shelton (over Bonnie's left shoulder), Dorlas Cochran, John David Duncan, Noah Alfred Davenport, Andy Cochran, Eula Mae Cochran  
**second row:** Grace Witt, Daisy Witt, Doral James Witt, Harold Cochran, Dean Musick (with glasses), Donna Cochran, Gene Meredith, Ida Luttrell, Dean Luttrell, Milton Duncan, Harold Duncan (barely visible in front of Mrs. Dixie DeVore Graham), Leroy Cochran  
**third row:** Mrs. Chloe Pemberton Cochran, Anna Jean Duncan, Vernia Cochran, Rosemary Luttrell, Donald Duncan, Ovid Luttrell, Junior Plemons, Inis Keith, Okle Luttrell, Mrs. Dixie DeVore Graham

VERNA KEETH PEMBERTON  
RT. 1 BOX 273  
IBERIA, MO. 65486

# Barton 1949



(shown l. to r.) **front row:** Eula Mae Cochran, Jerry Pemberton, Dorlas Cochran, Delcie Witt, Barbara Moneymaker, Bonnie Luttrell, Dorless Swofford, John David Duncan, Tennyson Duncan, Wayman Duncan, Leroy Cochran

**second row:** Mr. Logan Stone, Donnie Luttrell, Okle Gene Luttrell, James Lee Rook, Donna Cochran, Harold James Duncan, Sue Brumley, Dean Luttrell (top of head barely visible), Wayne Harrison, Andy Cochran (peeking around Tennyson), Iven Witt

**third row:** Grace Witt (standing in doorway), Lois Luttrell, Basil Luttrell, Dorlis Wayne Witt, Doral James Luttrell, Lucille Harrison, Anna Jean Duncan, Wayne Moneymaker, Noah Alfred Davenport

WERNER KEITH PEMBERTON  
RT. 1 BOX 227  
WILKINSON, MISSISSIPPI

# The last Barton Class

# 1963



(shown l. to r.) **top row:** Mr. Layard Cross, Mrs. Floy Wilson, Allen Cochran, Beverly Luttrell, Mike Luttrell, Joyce Whittle, Eddie Duncan, Terry Meredith, David Duncan, Janis Whittle, Bobby Cochran  
**second row:** Kathy Luttrell, Danny Plemmons, Pam Luttrell, Ricky Plemmons, Roger Plemmons, Beverly Whittle, Danny Witt, Rita Cochran  
**third row:** Danny Cochran, Vicky Plemmons, Charles Headley, Debbie Long, Pam Duncan, Randy Harrison, Camellia Hodgden, Wilbert Plemmons  
**fourth row:** Mary Pemberton, Donald Plemmons, Doris Harrison, Russell Plemmons, Luan Plemmons, Billy Hodgden, Brenda Witt, Greg Huddleston, Linda Luttrell, Jerry Plemmons, Paula Meredith  
**fifth row:** Ronnie Whittle, Gloria Plemmons, Terry Ashmore, Erna O'Hara, Steve Meredith, Pam Plemmons, Steve Plemmons, Rhoda Plemmons, Mike Harrison, Sherry Plemmons, Darrell Plemmons  
**bottom row:** Glenda Cochran, Gary Plemmons, Elaine Witt, David Huddleston, Sally Luttrell, Darrell Duncan, Darlene Plemmons, Steve Cochran, Carolyn Witt



Built in 1911 the second Barton School served the children of District #85 until 1953. This photo shows the school in the woods as it stands today.



The school by the highway was completed in 1953 and used until 1963 when Barton was consolidated into the Iberia R-5 District. Today it is known as **B & M Market**, located on "U" highway south of Missouri 42 between Brumley and Iberia.

*Mill Creek* artist and illustrator, **MARK BAYSINGER**, has recreated *Barton "the school in the woods"* as it will never be seen again. Prints of this 11" x 14" pen-and-ink drawing are available by mail only through Mill Creek. Suitable for framing, with or without matting. Signed by artist.



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# IMAGES FROM HOME

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*"Dad's Old Barn, God's New Snow"*