

Verna Lee

Mill Creek

autumn/winter 1992

an Ozarks heritage

\$4.00

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★ **REFLECTIONS OF THE PAST**
the Pope family of the Grand Auglaize

★ **RURAL MEMOIRS**
cuttin' sprouts

★ **THE BRUMLEY HALL JOINT STOCK COMPANY**

— sit a spell —

Recently I was reading some literature about the fascinating history of the **Ha Ha Tonka Castle**. An advertisement enticingly invited visitors to come see for themselves the 60 year-old ruins.

"Corn shucks," I said to myself (somewhat cynically I must confess), "we tear down 100 year-old buildings practically every day around Brumley."

Each structure destroyed is one more step toward the disappearance of generations past. Structures can serve as visible reminders of our loved ones who have already taken their place among our heritage. There is a rock planter in the cemetery at **Mt. Union** that shall always remind me of **Dallis Luttrell**. But that planter will bear no significance to my son if I don't take the time to make him aware that Dallis helped construct that planter. If, at some point in the future, that planter is torn down, then one more reminder of Dallis and the life he lived and the lives he touched will be gone. Associating a structure with a person makes it much more than just a structure. It makes it more personal, more sacred, more special. It gives more meaning to the word "preservation".

Structures can bear a perspective on our memory. While conversing with **Ruth Plemmons Porter** she looked up the hill at Brumley and said, "It makes me sick at my heart sometimes when I look up there and see the old post office gone, the old lodge hall gone, the old church, the old school. It doesn't even look like Brumley, anymore."

But there are always those who march on in the name of "progress". Destroy the old. Make way for the new. After all it isn't *my* heritage. You're right. It's not yours. It's *ours*.

In an entirely different vein **Mill Creek** has an exciting announcement to make. We have added a contributing writer. For our regular readers you will realize she isn't exactly new to **Mill Creek**, but what is new is that she now has a regular column of her own. Her name is **Julia Spearman**. Her column is entitled "**Reflections of the Past**". We believe Julia will only improve **Mill Creek**. You can now enjoy the thoughts and memories she so eloquently shares in each future issue of **Mill Creek**. Welcome, Julia!

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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 twice annually at Rt. #1 Box 282, Brumley, Missouri 65017-9736 and printed by B-W Graphics, Rt. #3 Box 86-A, Versailles, Missouri 65084. All rights are reserved and protected.

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COVER - Precious moments with an Ozarks grandmother. Nancy Parish Pope holds two granddaughters, Nan Emry (left) and Julia Spearman (with flowers).



from the mailbox

Dear Debby and Greg,

Sorry I'm so late getting back to you. We just had the Wright Family Reunion 13 June at the State Park on Highway 42. Our family was the "host" this year, so I have been very busy. We had a great day with over 300 "Wright" kin in attendance. A memorable occasion.

I like the "new look" and as usual enjoyed the magazine I'm wondering if "Preacher Jim" was not a relative of mine. My grandmother on the Wright side was a Thompson and a lot of the men were ministers. Will check into it as soon as I get a minute.

We lost our mother, Sibyl Allee Wright, last June 15th. One of the last things she looked at was Mill Creek and the picture of Barton School with her in it. She was quite pleased and excited. We miss her terribly.

Will be looking forward to the next issue. Keep up the good work.

Lillian Hess
3561 Valleywood
St. Louis, MO 63114

Our deepest sympathies to you and your family in your loss. Each day we are reminded how important it is to record the memories of those who provide a link to our heritage. -Greg

Dear Greg,

Thank you for the new Mill Creek book. I am enjoying it. Thank you for including what I wrote about **China School**. There was a mistake in it. It should have been "**EDRIS Johnson**" instead of Edwin. (autumn 1991 issue, page 6) Edris is an unusual name. She and her mother stayed at the home of my grandparents one fall as Grandma had been ill and needed help with the housework for awhile. So Edris only went to China for a few weeks.

Would you be interested in using the history of the **Pope** family? They were well known in the **Brumley** community.

I am enclosing a check for \$6 for my Mill Creek book. If that isn't right let me know. Thank you so much for sending it.

Julia Spearman
326 Pioneer Drive
Fulton, MO 65251

I apologize for the mistake and I thank you for the correction, Julia. Never worry about calling my attention to an error. It is much more important to me to be connected and be accurate than it is to politely overlook it and remain wrong. After all, historical accuracy is what we seek and strive for. -Greg

ANNOUNCING!

We have had many remarks and requests concerning **Julia Spearman's** writings that have appeared in **Mill Creek**. You have enjoyed her so much that we have asked her to become a regular contributor! You can begin reading her **REFLECTIONS** with this issue!

school days

I began my schooldays at **Barnett School** the first Monday in August in 1928. Mrs. **W. W. (Mary L.) Bunch** was the teacher, and a good one she was.

I think the school acquired it from the **John Barnett** family who lived nearby. **Tennyson** or **Johnnie DeGraffenreid** could confirm that as their mother was **Cora Barnett DeGraffenreid**, the only child of **John and Louisa Barnett**.

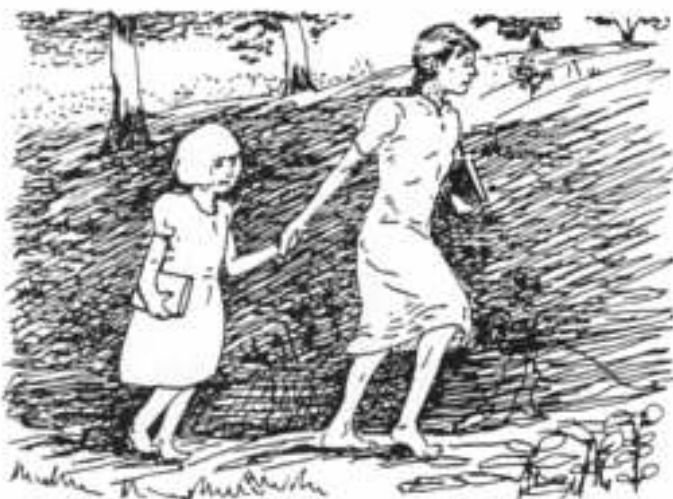
Barnett School and **Barnett Church** were only a short distance apart. The school was right beside the road, while the church was several yards farther up the hill. Both buildings were similar in structure. The outside of both buildings were weathered lumber. Our teacher and her family lived in the school building and we had school in the church building. Our teacher's husband, **Rev. W. W. Bunch**, preached at the church



The building was very cold in winter. As it was on a hillside the lower side was several feet off the ground, and as there was no foundation the cold air really made a cold floor. In cold weather we sat around the stove to keep warm. We kept our lunch buckets under the stove to keep the lunches from freezing. We had some double seats and desks and we used some of the church seats, which were homemade. I believe there was eight windows. There was a front door and a back door. There was a small room at the front where we left our coats. We had a wood heating stove. We carried water from a spring at **Louie DeGraffenreid's**. We would go two together to get a bucket of water and we enjoyed doing it.

The only punishment I ever received was to stay in at recess for talking in class.

We didn't have a very good playground, as it was on a hillside. The only game I remember was "Red Line". Since there was so much slope it



school days

LETTERS
FROM
STUDENTS

made a good place for sledging in winter, although I was never brave enough to try it. One winter when the weather was very cold our teacher, Mrs. Bunch, had us learn the books of the Bible, both forward and backwards.

My best friend was Inez Beard. She now lives in Springfield, MO and we still correspond.

I think I remember the names of all I went to school with at Barnett. They were Simeon Bunch (the teacher's), Lesta, Inez, Ira (Doug), Warren, Ruth, and Fay Beard; Edith and Herbert Robinson; Tennyson and Johnnie DeGraffenreid; Canell Thornsberry; Neata Cox; Mildred, Evelyn, Opal, Floyd, Henry, and Gene Parsons; Blanche and Berniece Beard; Belva Coan; Emerson and Junior Richardson; Pauline Barnett; Leslie, Johnnie, and Gertie Jenkins.

I was in the far corner of



the district and I walked part way to school by myself, then Canell Thornsberry met me at their mailbox and we walked together through a pasture.

In the fall of 1928 there was a mad dog scare in the neighborhood and we were all afraid in walking to school. Our teacher's son, Simeon Bunch, was swimming in Bear Creek with his dog, Rover, when the dog suddenly bit him on the upper lip. The dog was found to have rabies, and every afternoon after school Simeon had to go to Eldon for treatments.

We always had ciphering matches and spelling matches on Friday afternoons. Sometimes we would have a geography contest in which we would see who could find a certain place first on a map. Sometimes we would have a question box. We would drop our question into a box and the teacher would read them. They could be either funny or some bit of information we wanted to know.



school days

LETTERS
FROM
STUDENTS

We drew names for gifts at Christmas and had Christmas programs and last day of school programs. One Christmas our program was to be on Christmas Eve and we were going to Grandma and Grandpa's, so I wasn't going to be in the program. It came a big snow so Mrs. Bunch said since they were only going to practice one day I wouldn't have to come to school. However, just before noon there was a knock at our door and it was all the older kids from school. They had come to get me to go with them to cut the Christmas tree. We looked and looked until we found the perfect tree. The boys built a fire for us girls to warm by while they cut the tree.

All us pupils and our mothers made friendship quilt blocks for Mrs. Bunch. She had enough for two quilts.

Our county superintendent, **C. D. Snodgrass**, visited our



school at least once during the school year, as did the county nurse **Mrs. Maude King**. Mrs. King weighed and measured our height. She gave us some literature on health.

I graduated from Barnett School in March, 1930. There was six girls and one boy in the class. Besides myself there was Lesta and Inez Beard, Canell Thornsberry, Neata Cox, and Evelyn Parsons and the one boy was Simeon Bunch. I was valedictorian of the class. We had a basket dinner and program, the girls wore white dresses and Simeon wore a dark blue suit. While mother was an excellent seamstress she wanted my graduation dress to be extra special, so she had it made by a seamstress in **Linn Creek**. It didn't come until the day before graduation and I spent some anxious moments waiting for it to come. When I got in sight of our house the day before graduation my mother was on the front porch waving my beautiful white dress. Our class colors were light blue



school days

LETTERS
FROM
STUDENTS

and white. The county superintendent, C. D. Snodgrass, spoke to us. I remember he told us not to be blown about like straws in the wind.

The school building and the church where school was held are both gone, but precious memories linger on.

I entered **Brumley High** and attended one semester before we moved to Callaway County where I entered **Fulton High School** and graduated from there.

Julia Spearman
326 Pioneer Drive
Fulton, MO 65251
Barnett School, 1928-30

I attended **Jeffries School** near **Kaiser**. My mother's sister, **Louie Ritter**, taught there. I don't recall how many years she taught but she stayed at our house. Our father's rule was if you got



punished at school then you also got punished at home.

My two older brothers got into a fight one day. I saw the fight but I had to promise them I wouldn't tell. The teacher found out about the fight somehow and my brothers got whipped for fighting, and then I got whipped for lying! Of course when we got home we got whipped again because of our parents' rule.

The morning of the whippings my brothers and I wore our coats under our overalls, hoping to prevent the switch from hurting so much. The first thing the teacher said was everyone take off their coats because she had the room plenty warm. We had to take our coats off in front of the whole school and she really whipped us good.

Ward Maher
388 Valle Vista Street
Vallejo, CA 94590
Jeffries School, 1929-34



Reflections Reflections

of the past

by Julia Spearman

The **Pope** family emigrated to Missouri from Kentucky. In researching family history it was found George Washington's grandmother's maiden name was **Pope** and that she was of the same lineage as our family, making us distant relatives of **George Washington**.

William Meredith Pope married **Julia Ann Strong** and he bought a farm on the **Glaize** three and one half miles southwest of **Brumley**. They became the parents of two sons, **Samuel** and **Greenberry**, and a daughter, **Jane**. **Samuel** married **Eva Carnes** and they had a large family. **Jane** died when a small child. Her mother was so heartbroken that she wanted her buried near home, so she was buried in the field east of the home just beyond the orchard. This was the beginning of the **Pope Family Cemetery**. **Greenberry** married **Nancy Parish**, and it is around their family that my story is written.

Greenberry was born 17 March, 1858. **Greenberry** was a normal little boy, sometimes mischievous. On one occasion when his father was away from home and a neighbor lady was

spending the day with his mother, he thought he could get by with anything. His parents were strict and laughing was not allowed at the table, but he tried to make his brother laugh. His mother shook her head at him, but he ignored her until he saw her start to get up from her chair. He got up and started running, even though he knew that was a mistake. He ran to the upper end of the farm, which was quite a distance, and crossed the **Glaize** on the mill dam, ran into the mill and got between a man's legs (I believe the man's name was **Snelling**) which offered no protection. His mother took a switch and switched him all the way home.

Another time he heard a man using swear words. He was not used to that kind of talk and thought it sounded important. So one day when he was sitting by the kitchen stove he decided to try it. His Grandmother **Strong** was sweeping the kitchen floor when he felt several whacks with the broom. That broke him from swearing.

His father had storage

bins for wheat made from large hollow sycamore logs. Greenberry and the little slave boys used to hide in them and eat maple sugar.

Schools were few and far between in those days. It was not uncommon for schools to be in a home, so school was held in the Pope home and Greenberry attended school in the family kitchen at one time. His first teacher was **Cynthia Spearman**. When Greenberry was older he went to the home of his aunt **Marinda Parish** to attend school at **Chauncey**, now known as **Hugo**. Marinda Strong had married **John Parish**, a widower with seven children. There were two boys, **Jack** and **Ben**, and five daughters, **Mary**, **Betty**, **Jane**, **Minerva**, and **Nancy**.

Nancy and Greenberry were about the same age. Nancy was born 27 August, 1859, making her about seven months older. They were both excellent spellers and each tried to outdo the other with the highest marks in spelling. In spite of their rivalry they fell in love and were married 19 March, 1876 at Nancy's home. Greenberry was eighteen years and two days old at the time of their marriage and Nancy was eighteen years and about seven months. There was about twelve inches of snow on the ground on their wedding day. Greenberry didn't have an overcoat, so he borrowed one from a neighbor, **Jim Albertson**. Greenberry took his bride home to the farm on the Glaize and they began their life together which lasted almost fifty-eight years until Nancy's death.

Greenberry's father had died, leaving the farm deeply

in debt. In December of 1876 his mother also died. Greenberry's creditors urged him to sell the farm but Greenberry stubbornly refused. By hard work and good management he paid off his debt on the farm and had 50¢ left.

Greenberry and Nancy's first child, a son they named **John William**, was born 27 January, 1877. One cold night after John was born the fire went out in the fireplace. The next morning Greenberry had to go to a neighbor's to get some fire. This was not uncommon in those days. **Ralph**, the second child, was born in July, 1878. He lived only a few months. The first daughter, **Cora Winifred**, was born 31 October, 1879. **Arthur Monroe** was born 16 November, 1881. **Carrie Marinda** was born 1 November, 1883. **Nancy Maude** was born 25 October, 1885. **Nellie May** was born 4 November, 1887. **Greenberry, Jr. (Dock)** was born 11 October, 1892.

Some time in the late 1880's or early 1890's Greenberry decided to build a new home for his family. They had been living in a large log house. All the children were born in the old log house with the exception of Greenberry, Jr. who was born in the new house. I believe the carpenter who built the new house was a Mr. **Hickman**. When the house was completed it was the finest house in the neighborhood at that time. No deaths ever occurred in the new home.

Several of the children attended school at what they called the "old school". Possibly the **Reed School**, I'm not sure. After **China School** came into existence they at-



THE POPE FAMILY

(from left to right) **Greenberry, Jr. (Dock), Nellie, Maude, Carrie, Arthur, Cora, and John**
with their parents, **Nancy and Greenberry, Sr.**

tended school there. This meant crossing the Glaize, which at times could be very treacherous.

The children grew up, married and established homes of their own. John married **Maud Selby** and they were the parents of thirteen children. After Maud's death in 1934 John married **Azalea Garrison**. Cora married **Oscar Gibson** and they had no children. Arthur married **Emma McDowell** and they were the parents of eight children. Carrie married **Green Blackburn** and they had one daughter, **Maxine**. He died in 1927 and Carrie later married **Edmond Crew**. Maude married **Frank Spearman** and they were the parents of one daughter **Julia Pope Spearman**. Their marriage ended in divorce and Maude later married **Leonard Williams**. Nellie married **Frank Emry** and they had eight children. Greenberry, Jr. married **Charlsie Helton** and they were the parents of fourteen children.

John owned and operated a lumber yard at **Bagnell** for several years. The lumber yard burned during the mid-1920's and he then owned and operated a general store in **Bagnell**. He and his family later moved to **Kansas City**. At the time of his death he was living on a farm near **Butler**.

Arthur owned and operated a lumber yard and hardware store at old **Linn Creek** until the **Bagnell Dam** was built. It is said the lake is forty feet deep where the lumber yard was. He and his sons also owned a lumber yard at **Bagnell**. It was managed by his son, **Walter**. The complete inventory was destroyed by the big flood of 1943. He

also owned a lumber yard at **Osage Beach** during the time the **Bagnell Dam** was being built.

Greenberry, Jr. farmed the homeplace. He built a house near the home of his parents. Greenberry, Sr. retired from farming because of rheumatism he suffered from.

All four of the Pope daughters married farmers, and all of them were home-makers.

Even though Greenberry, Sr. retired from active farming, he always kept a Jersey cow and some hogs. Nancy churned often and they always had plenty of milk and butter around. Greenberry always butchered several fat hogs every winter. Neighbors always helped with the butchering. I especially remember one neighbor, **Lee Robinett**, helping.

The Pope family had many good neighbors. I won't attempt to mention all of them for fear of leaving someone out. I will mention one, the **Dick Ramsey** family. The Popes and Ramseys were almost like kinfolks. A neighbor who often helped out with the farm work was **Ike Phillips** who was a good friend of the family.

Nancy raised Buff Orpington chickens, so there was plenty of fried chicken for the table. Maude was considered the best chicken fryer while Carrie's specialty was chicken and dumplings.

Usually there was a family reunion in August to celebrate Nancy's birthday. A bountiful dinner was spread on a long table under a walnut tree in the yard.

Nancy and Greenberry, Sr. celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary 19 March,

1926 with a family dinner at their home. Arthur presented his parents with a beautiful Crosley radio as an anniversary gift. Radios were few and far between in those days

Life for the Pope family seemed peaceful enough until rumors arose that a dam was to be built across the **Osage River** near Bagnell. In that case the Pope farm would be in the lake basin. This was unbelievable!

The rumors became reality and work on the dam began in the summer of 1929. Workers swarmed up and down the creek banks clearing out the timber in preparation for the lake. Greenberry, Sr. and Nancy would have to leave the home that meant so much to them. The family cemetery was moved from the quiet field, some of the graves to the **Gott Cemetery** near Brumley and others to **Freedom** near Linn Creek. Greenberry, Sr. received a fairly good price for the farm. It meant looking for a new home. Both Greenberry, Sr. and Greenberry, Jr. travelled all over Missouri looking for a new home. Greenberry, Jr. finally bought a large farm in **Callaway County** near **Fulton**. He and his family moved in November, 1930. Greenberry, Sr. bought a thirty-acre farm across the road from his son. They moved in February, 1931. It was a sad day when they left the old home. Workmen began wrecking the house the very morning Greenberry, Sr. and Nancy moved. Carrie, who was a widow, and her little girl moved with them. Maude and her family were not affected by the lake water as they lived on **Bear Creek**, but they decided to move to Callaway

County too. Fulton schools had a good reputation, and Julia was a freshman in high school. They moved in March, 1931.

The last family reunion at the old homeplace was held on a sunny, warm day 12 October, 1930. All the children and most of their families were present. Four generations of Popes were represented; Nancy and Greenberry, Sr., John and his daughter, **Clara Miller**, and her three children. It was a day of reminiscing and remembering.

On 31 December, 1933, only three years after they left **Miller County**, Nancy fell ill and passed away 20 January, 1934. She was laid to rest in the Gott Cemetery.

After Nancy's death Greenberry, Sr. spent a great deal of time living at Bagnell. He enjoyed going to the **A. M. Pope and Sons Lumber Yard** each day and visiting with old neighbors and friends who came there. After the flood of 1943 he lived with his children. He suffered a stroke 31 December, 1944, and died 9 May, 1945. He was taken back to Miller County and laid to rest beside his beloved Nancy in the Gott Cemetery.

One by one the Pope children died. Arthur was the first to go. He died 20 March 1938 and is buried at Gott. John died 11 August, 1951 from a rattlesnake bite and is buried at Freedom. Greenberry, Jr. died 14 December, 1969 and is buried at **Callaway Memorial Gardens** in Fulton.

All four of the Pope daughters lived to be in their nineties. Cora died 1 January, 1972 and is buried

at Freedom. Carrie died 14 July, 1979 and is buried at Eldon. Six weeks later, on 16 August, 1979, Nellie died. She is buried at Freedom. Maude was the last of her family to pass away. She died 14 November, 1981. She also is buried at Callaway Memorial Gardens in Fulton. According to research done by her nephew, **Walter Pope**, she lived to be older than any of the Popes on record. She was 96 years old at the time of her death.

Nancy and Greenberry Pope, Sr. left a large number of descendants. There are presently twenty-six grandchildren and a host of great grandchildren, great-great grandchildren, and several great-great-great grandchildren.

None of the Popes ever became famous, and there is no record of any criminals. The **Popes** have always been good, honest, hard-working people. I am proud of my heritage.



THE LAST FAMILY REUNION ON THE AUGLAIZE. 12 October, 1930.

l. to r. front row (seated on ground): Robert Miller holding daughter, Mary, Clara Miller holding son Thomas, Robert Miller, Ruby Pope, Nancy Roberta Pope, Lucille Pope, Jim Pope,

Joe Pope, Frank Emry, Jr., Mary Lee Emry

second row (center of photo): Lena Pope, Greenberry Pope, Sr., Maxine Blackburn, Nancy Pope, Nelita Pope, Dorothy Pope, Tom Ann Emry, Jim Emry

third row (standing, far left): Greenberry Pope, Jr., Charisie Pope, Mabel Pope, Leonard Williams, Julia Spearman, Maude Williams, Carrie Blackburn, Cora Gibson, Emma Pope, Maud Pope, John Pope, Frank Emry, Nellie Emry

fourth row (standing between Carrie and Cora): Oscar Gibson, Arthur Pope

top row: Wilbur Pope, Ruth Pope, Mary Pope, Merl Emry, Vernon Pope, Walter Pope, Pauline Pope, Joe W. Pope

The Brumley Hall Joint Stock Company

"We, the undersigned subscribers to the capital stock of the above named Joint Stock Company, do agree and by these present, and our signatures hereto attached, agree and bind ourselves to pay to the trustees of said company the amounts severally subscribed when and where called upon."

It was late spring, 1882. J. M. Hawkins sat at his desk penning the document that would help finalize a dream. A dream of a town on a hill. A dream of white-washed buildings that housed stores and doctors and schools and churches. It was an aspiring dream. A dream as young as the dreamer himself. Only

five years earlier **James Martin Hawkins**, not yet thirty years of age, had taken it upon himself to lay out and plat boundaries for a new town in southern **Miller County**. He decided to name the town **Brumley**.¹

James Hawkins was born 19 September, 1847, two miles northeast of present day Brumley. He had watched the little village expand from nothing more than a crossroad to a flourishing community. One could say with truth that James Martin Hawkins and Brumley grew up together. Each would become significant to the existence of the other their futures forever intertwined.

¹ Goodspeed's "History of Miller County", first published in 1889, indicates the town was given the name of it's already existing post office. It is without doubt that the name was bestowed in honor of **William Carroll Brumley**, a man who greatly influenced young James Martin Hawkins' life. There are several indications that the area now recognized as Brumley may once have been known as **Union**. In 1855, on the **Grand Auglaize Creek**, the **Union Church** was established under the direction of **Reverend William C. McCubbin**. The **United Baptist Church of Christ at Union** was organized along **Mill Creek** in 1857. (These two churches may have been one and the same, the latter being merely a relocation of the original.) **Camp Union**, which this author always assumed named after the nearby church, may rather have reflected the name of the area instead of the church. **Mt. Union Church of Christ** still exists today, perhaps the only reminder and clue to a more distant past. Why was it called Union? Was it because this was the point where the **Tuscumbia-Springfield** and **Jake's Prairie-Erie Roads** united? Or perhaps the union of Mill Creek with the Grand Auglaize? Since no means of documentation exists, only conjecture remains to us today.

The town's development began in earnest at the outbreak of the Civil War when a military post was established one-half mile to the east along the banks of **Mill Creek**. A more permanent settlement began to form to service the needs of the nearly 400 militia volunteers at **Camp Union**. The new year of 1862 saw the soldiers gone, but they left behind the beginnings of a town.

Development began slowly as people, families, and communities struggled to merely survive the horrors and upheaval of the Civil War. The end of the conflict brought the area's fighting men home, James Hawkins² among them, and the Reconstruction Years

following the war allowed men of vision the opportunity to step forward and rebuild and reshape lives and communities. For Brumley that man would be James Martin Hawkins.

By 1868 the first store was established at the little crossroads, and Hawkins' dream began to form. Growth was steady over the next decade, raising the town to a level of importance as a market and trade center.³ The settlement became a legitimate entity in 1877 when young James Hawkins filed with the county court of Miller the plat that made his dream a reality, and brought into existence the town of Brumley.⁴

The spark of life was now ignited and James could only

2 James Hawkins enlisted at **Rolla**, January, 1862 with the 6th Missouri Cavalry at the age of fourteen. Knowing he would never be allowed to join because of his age, James swore an oath that he was eighteen at the time of enlistment and all military records assume him as such. He received a surgeon's certificate granting him a general disability discharge on 24 November, 1862, and sent home. As the war dragged on James remained at home, feeling helpless and frustrated. Unable to stand idly by any longer he rejoined in September, 1864, enlisting at **Linn Creek** with the 48th Missouri Infantry. Still underage at seventeen, James convinced the enrolling officer he was nineteen and again swore an oath to the correctness of his enlistment data. The military service file of James Martin Hawkins spans the entire four years of the Civil War yet according to those records, during that time, James ages only one year.

3 Brumley's early prominence as a market center was dependent entirely upon its location. If one traces a line on a map from **Tuscumbia** in Miller County to **Linn Creek** in Camden County (both shipping points on the **Osage River**) to **Crocker** in Pulaski County and then back to Tuscumbia, a triangle is formed with Brumley at the center, making it a perfect collection point for goods going to the market accesses of these shipping centers. Brumley's glory would be short-lived, however. The advent of mechanized transportation allowed farmers to deliver their wares directly to the shipping industry. The establishment of railways at Crocker to the southeast and **Eldon** to the northwest pulled away much trade and left Brumley in a void, greatly diminishing Brumley's influence as a market center.

4 **Dr. John L. Conner** invested in the dream of James Hawkins. He purchased the entirety of Blocks 5 and 6 on the morning before the plat was filed. Later that afternoon, on 12 June, 1877, when Brumley was officially christened into existence, the county recorder noted: "The Proprietors of this Plat are J. M. Hawkins to Blocks One, Two, Three and Four And J.L. Conner to Blocks Five and Six". There was no turning back now. Even **Julia Hawkins** and **Elnora Conner** did "relinquish their dowry in the Real Estate therein mentioned freely and without undue compulsion or influence of their said husbands", doing their part to see the dream come to fruition.



THE MAN FOR WHOM A TOWN WAS NAMED

William Carroll Brumley was a prominent name in Miller County politics during the Reconstruction Years following the Civil War. Brumley was elected sheriff and collector during the wild emotional campaign and election of 1872 when an alliance of Democrats and Liberal Republicans was formed to topple the Radical Republicans in power. With Brumley leading the opposition the attempt by this unlikely union proved unsuccessful - barely - not winning a single office on the county level. Brumley appointed a young supporter from Glaze Township as deputy collector whose name was James Martin Hawkins. Five years later Hawkins would return the favor when he surveyed and platted a town he named Brumley. An obituary published 30 April, 1891 in the Miller County Autogram quotes of Brumley, "To him the Republican party of Miller County owes its supremacy today." Though once a political hero, William Carroll Brumley rest eternally beside his wife, Sisley Wilson (granddaughter of John Wilson) in an unkept and overgrown grave beside Highway 17 amidst the farm buildings of Ralph and Ruby Vaughn Hendley.

Brumley to Miller camp, Mo -
 march the 29th 1877 -

Mrs Martin sons I received your letter
 on the 29th which give me great satisfaction to hear that
 you was well and workin at fair wages we are all well
 and all the comedion is well, and I hope these few lines will
 find you in good health and doing well; times is hard a bout the
 same as when you left money scarce; the people is sewing aly
 but the snow on friday the 29th has start plawing; the trial
 between James M. walk and samuel - Sminglton come off

Officially, there was no town called Brumley until June, 1877, but as can be seen by the addressed correspondence there was a Brumley Post Office prior to that date by some years. It remains unknown where the post office was located but almost certainly was not housed in a building to itself, probably sharing a corner of Lessem's General Store. The letter shown was written by Hezekiah Robinett to his grandson, Martin Sons.

Brumley's centralized location allowed access to the three shipping centers of Tuscumbia in Miller County, Linn Creek in Camden County, and Crocker in Pulaski County.

The introduction of railway service to Eldon and Bagnell to the northwest and Crocker to the southeast greatly diminished Brumley's influence on the area trade market.



watch and wait to see if that spark would burn, or die away. Would others see the vision?

On 6 February, 1878, **Lenora Thompson** purchased for \$20 "Lot 6 in Block 2" of the town of Brumley.⁵ One month later, on the 6th day of March, 1878, **William Pennington** bought Lots 3 and 4 in Block 2 for \$25. Piece by piece the little village began to grow.

As Hawkins dream prospered so did the town. The thriving atmosphere attracted more and more business. Two general stores were established, two wagon and blacksmith shops were built, a physician had already began practice while stocking the latest drugs and medicines, a mill was built to serve the agricultural commerce, and a hotel to accommodate visitors and weary travellers. Homes and residences began to spring up.

As wonderful as it was, it was still incomplete. Something was missing. There needed to be a nerve center, a place where the people could meet and conduct social and political and religious business. What Brumley needed was a place for its people to gather as a community, to allow ties and relationships to strengthen, and is so doing,

strengthen the community as well. What Brumley needed was a public building, one that would be recognized as belonging to the people. What Brumley needed was a town hall.

Constructing a public building presented some problems, certainly not the least of these being the question of financing. Brumley was not an incorporated village and had neither the power or authority to collect and disperse funds.⁶ Donations would be acceptable but would make it difficult to arrange a building schedule. And what if interest in the project waned before it was completed? A loan could be arranged but the agent granting or holding the note would surely keep the property as security until repayment. Those conditions would hardly make it a public building, at least as long as there was a debt against it. How could a public building be raised without the use of private funds and still remain debt-free?

Hawkins answer to that question was quite ingenious.⁷ On 29 May, 1882 he established, on paper, **The Brumley Hall Joint Stock Company**. This company had no office, no assets, no president, and existed only in the driven

⁵ This transaction probably was not the first lot sold in Brumley but, however, was the earliest we could find and document. This property today would include the rear portion of the old **Clark Martin Garage** and the open yard between that building and the old bank. Lot 6 of Block 2 is highlighted on page 33 for those interested in comparing 1877 to 1992.

⁶ Brumley never actually incorporated until 1928.

⁷ The more research I did on James Martin Hawkins, the more of an impression he left on me. He must have been a very intellectual man, possessing an extraordinary business mind. Many of his endeavors seem not specifically directed at providing himself a profit but rather in support of the little town he brought to life.

mind of James Martin Hawkins. He drafted an Article of Agreement for the company, establishing a capital stock of \$100 (an amount he was certain would cover construction costs for the town hall). The capital stock of The Brumley Hall Joint Stock Company would be divided into one-hundred separate shares, each selling for \$1. Whenever the one-hundred shares were sold, the company would then be responsible "to build and Erect in Brumley a house 18 feet wide and Twenty Four feet long and 10 feet High". To assure success of the project those subscribers who preferred could purchase their \$1 stock by furnishing material and/or labor for the building.

Under the direction of Hawkins the community building had become a community project, truly "belonging" to the people. From the capital raised during the initial subscription drive the town hall began to rise. These funds apparently proved insufficient to complete the task and on 30 June, 1882 another drive took place. This drive was as successful as the first, the unfinished frame building now tangible proof that The Brumley Hall Joint Stock Company was much more than just an idea in someone's imagination. Enough interest and curiosity had now been generated that Hawkins was obligated to actually sell more than the 100 shares

of capital stock that had originally been declared. But turning down an investor would be more than just refusing a financial venture, it would be rejecting someone who wanted to contribute to their community. Though the project had begun under the charade of business it was no longer that. It was personal. Not just for J. M. Hawkins, but for an entire town.

Within a few short weeks the structure was completed. Brumley had a town hall. It stood near the crown of the hill, the highest point in the little village, easily visible to all the inhabitants. The building was indeed a symbol of and for the unity of a people. From the very beginning, even before construction began, it had accomplished what the spirit of all town halls are meant to represent. The fusing together of a community. It was James Martin Hawkins crowning achievement.

The new town hall saw use immediately. **Brumley Lodge #203, A.F. & A.M.**,⁸ organized 27 December, 1877, began holding lodge meeting there. In October, 1883, a young minister conducted a series of services at the town hall from which a new congregation was organized, calling itself **The Church of Christ at Brumley.**⁹ An **I.O.O.F.**¹⁰ fraternity was organized in 1884 and also began meeting there. On 17 April, 1889, a charter was granted from the Depart-

8 Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

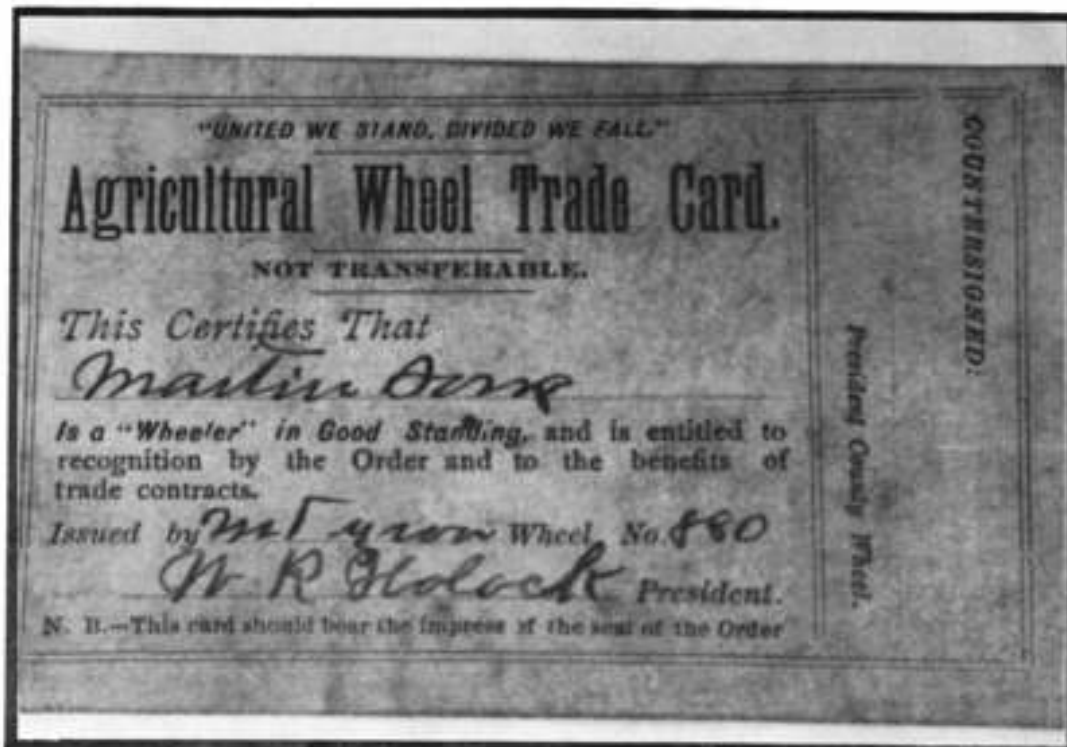
9 Known today as the Brumley Christian Church.

10 Independent Order of Odd Fellows.



JAMES MARTIN HAWKINS

Only twelve years before bringing to life a small town in central Missouri, seventeen year old Hawkins was awaiting discharge from the Union army when he posed for this photograph in Jefferson City in May or June, 1865.



Early use of the town hall was principally utilized by the various lodge organizations. Brumley had an astonishing number of social and political fraternities - an indication of vigorous involvement by the residents of this small rural community. An exact count of all the lodges that once existed in Brumley may never be finalized. Documentation that hasn't been destroyed or forgotten now waits for discovery in the bottom of old boxes in attics - such as the evidence pictured here, unknowingly purchased at an estate sale by **Melvin and Brooksie Morrow Sons** of Jefferson City.

(above) front; (right) back of membership card for Agricultural Wheel, Lodge #880, located at Brumley, Missouri.

Established 23 Years.

Journal of Agriculture

Official Organ of State Agricultural Wheel of Missouri and Farmers' Alliance.
A Weekly Family and Anti-Monopoly Paper.
42,000 CIRCULATION.

THE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE is a first-class Family Paper; issued Weekly; Sixteen Pages, and has a Larger Circulation than all papers of its class in Missouri.

Subscription Price, Only \$1 a Year.



WHEEL BADGES.

We have had made some beautiful Wheel Badges, with proper insignia, in the shape of pins, at the following prices:

White Metal, prepaid by mail, 25 cts each. In lots of 1 doz. or more at \$2.50 per doz.

Gold Plated, prepaid, 50 cts. each. In lots of 1 doz., \$5.00 per doz.

Solid Silver, prepaid, 60 cts. each. In lots of 1 doz., \$5.50 per doz.

These pins are gotten up in very nice style, and are furnished at the very lowest prices. Send money by registered letter, P. O. order, draft on St. Louis at our risk, not our expense.

JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE,
 No. 9 North Eighth Street, St. Louis, Mo

ment of Missouri, G.A.R.¹¹ to the newly formed **Lieutenant William Hawkins Post #425** at Brumley. According to charter agreement this organization of Civil War veterans met on the first Saturday of each month at the town hall. By 1892, the **John K. Hall Camp #134 Sons of Veterans of the Union Army of the Civil War** had organized and were using the town hall also.¹² There are remnants of information suggesting other clubs and organizations may have used the building also as the 19th century wound down.¹³

The new century began much the same as the old had ended but by the conclusion of the second decade communities everywhere began a subtle change. Men started leaving farms and fields to find employment among area factories and businesses. Those areas that lacked the opportunity

for industry witnessed the quiet erosion of their populace as a migration to the larger cities began. Membership and involvement in the local clubs, lodges, fraternities, and organizations suffered. One by one the various chapters represented in Brumley closed their charters until only the Masonic Order remained.¹⁴

With the decline of the lodges Brumley's town hall evolved into something more similar to today's community buildings, seeing a broad assortment of uses.¹⁵ Although never actually housing a city government the building continued to be the polling place for the Brumley voting precinct. In 1924 the town hall was the location for a season of vocational training for the area blind. During the 1930's an evangelistic team from **Jefferson City** fre-

11 **Grand Army of the Republic.**

12 By this time legal possession of the town hall and it's grounds had passed to the various lodge organizations. The Freemasons were full one-half owners while the remainder was divided equally between the G.A.R. post and the Sons of Veterans camp. At some point, possibly after his death, the latter re-organized, quite appropriately becoming **J. M. Hawkins Camp #25 Sons of Veterans of the Union Army of the Civil War.**

13 A biographical sketch of James Martin Hawkins, published in 1889, mentions membership in a society called **Agricultural Wheel.** The **Miller County Agricultural Wheel** was organized in April, 1888 and apparently became a very popular association. Within a year this society had a membership in excess of 1,800 persons county-wide, broken down into 42 local "wheels".

14 The Freemason Society received full ownership of the building in 1954 from the Sons of Veterans Camp #25. Exactly when the Sons of Veterans lodge was organized has not yet been ascertained, but serves as an example of the numerous unknown organizations that once used the old Brumley hall.

15 The Brumley town hall was a two-story building although Mr. Hawkins' original document describes a single level structure. It remains unknown when a second story was added, although this author suspects it was two stories from the very beginning. Throughout recent memory it was only the lower level that became a community building. The upper level remained as a Masonic lodge.



(above) Lt. William Hawkins Post #425 G.A.R.

These were the last surviving Civil War veterans of the Brunley area.
 (l. to r.) Elijah Dyer, unknown Lett, Jesse Witt, William Karr, James Hawkins,
 Maston Wornell, John DeVore, Samuel Brown.

(below) Person in center is Miss Mamie Walters, high school teacher at Brunley School.
 Looming in the background is the Brunley Hall.



quented Brumley,¹⁶ holding their Pentecostal revival services at the town hall. The year 1939 saw the largest graduation class ever at Brumley High School, thanks to the tireless efforts of Superintendent **John K. Bear**. The trend of growth continued and that fall the enlarged student population occupied every available classroom space, forcing the district to use the room designated as a cafeteria for other purposes. Arrangements were made to continue Brumley's hot lunch program for that school year in the lower level of the town hall, the students walking the short distance separating the two buildings.

Undeniably the most favorite, as well as most recalled use of the town hall were the Saturday night motion pictures shown there. Once exposed to the wonders of the silver screen the community of Brumley provided quite a market to travelling theatre companies. This love affair with Hollywood proved far more than a fleeting fling for Brumley, lasting the better part of three decades. **Clare Buster Mace** remembers the pew-like seating of the 1920's as she sat entranced by the flickering images on

the screen before her. The movies were silent so the only sound was from the chattering hand-cranked projector which she believes was owned or operated by the **Dickson** family. The 1930's introduced sound and launched the era of the popular Western movies, a big hit with the Brumley crowd. The difficult war years of the early to mid-40's did little to discourage attendance as people sought to escape the constant presence of the terrible conflict. In 1948 Brumley had a movie company of it's very own when an enterprising young man rented a 16mm projector and placed screens in Brumley's town hall and the schoolhouse at **Ulman**. **Robert Martin**, while still a student in high school, rented movies from a business in Kansas City and occupied his week-ends popping and bagging popcorn and showing movies - every Friday at Ulman and every Saturday evening at Brumley. The price for admittance was 15¢ per child and 35¢ for adults. A bag of popcorn to enjoy while watching the movie cost a nickel. Robert operated his little movie company for a year or so before pursuing other interests.¹⁷

On 21 December, 1972, a

16 **Kate Ballenger Jeffries** remembers well the impressions left upon her as a youth during these Pentecostal meetings. She recalls the evangelists as **Rose** and **Mamie** with **Loretta**, the daughter of Rose. The services were quite lively with plenty of music, testimony, and impassioned preaching. "They could sure get with it!" Kate quotes in her own inimitable way. These services were well attended since Brumley had no congregation representing the Pentecostal beliefs.

17 Robert had worked the previous two years for travelling companies showing motion pictures at Brumley, one owned by a man from **Jefferson City** in **Cole County** and the other by a man from **Sleeper** in **Laclede County**. It was from the experience gained during these two years that young Robert attained the knowledge and confidence to strike out on his own.

Lions Club organization was formed at Brumley. This community-oriented program constructed a new and modern facility. All community activities began to be scheduled in the new building. The old town hall then was used exclusively as a lodge building for the still existing Masonic Order.

The end of the year in 1979 also saw the end of the old lodge organizations at Brumley when Lodge #203 Ancient Free and Accepted Masons merged with **Iberia Lodge #410**. Ownership of the building and grounds in Brumley moved with the Masons and a deed signed 7 January, 1982 made it legally so.

The new owners had little need for the property in Brumley. The decision was made to return ownership, in essence, to the people of Brumley by giving it to the two churches in town. Although both church properties adjoined the old town hall grounds the Baptist congregation stood separated from it by a state highway. The Christian congregaton, suffering from a limited parking area,¹⁸ would certainly profit most from the property. According to business meeting records the Baptists voted to relinquish their share of ownership in exchange for the lumber and, particularly, the foundation stones beneath the old building with plans to construct a low decorative wall along their section of Locust Street. On 11 February 1982, the Brumley First Christian Church received as

a gift from Iberia Lodge #410 possession of the historic lodge building.

The year 1982 was a banner anniversary year for the town hall at Brumley. One hundred years earlier a young man with a dream sat down at a desk and created a fictitious company that would ultimately unite an entire community. The century anniversary of that special occasion wasn't celebrated with a mass meeting or a community gathering. There were no speakers to address a crowd, no historian to proclaim the significance of the gaunt, old building and the relationship it bore with the little town draped over a hillside. Instead, with little notice and no fanfare, a wrecking crew was assembled and the structure put to the torch where it stood. Once the pride of Brumley, and now viewed only as an abomination, Hawkins' dream rose in a black smoke and drifted away over the Mill Creek valley. One hundred years earlier construction of the town hall had brought the Brumley community together, but incidents occurring during destruction of the aged building, as if to signify the very changes that doomed it, became sources of disharmony.

Although Hawkins did not name his town after himself he left provision that he would always be remembered. A very curious condition exists in the property deed of the old town hall that has been inherited by the last four owners. (Brumley Christian,

¹⁸ Both church locations were chosen long before any consideration for automobiles need be given. It's a lot easier to tie your old broomtail up to a tree than it is your Buick.

Iberia Lodge #410, Brumley Lodge #203, Sons of Veterans) It states, in part, that the owner of the property:

"shall annually furnish...and place on the graves of all persons who have served in the armed forces of the United States, including any Veterans of the confederate Army, a flag of the United States... said flags to be placed at the **Hawkins Cemetery**, the **Gott Cemetery**, the **Mt. Union Cemetery** and the **Rodden Cemetery**..."

Failure or refusal to keep and perform this condition results in voiding the deed, ownership of the hall and grounds reverting back down the line to the previous owners until one is found who will. He made certain he would not be forgotten.

Today, the dream of James Martin Hawkins lives on. It remains a small, rural community where folks warmly return a wave of the hand. A place where a person can stand in the center of town and still hear the lowing of cattle, or look up at night and relish counting the very same stars you counted as a child. It's a place where time moves slowly. Yet something is missing. A vacant lot now exists where at one time the culmination of an entire community's hopes and dreams were embodied in a single structure. The wind now blows across the empty void there, gently bending the blades of grass, finding no evidence of the grand accomplishment so long ago of **The Brumley Hall Joint Stock Company**.



The Brumley Hall in the last decade of its existence. Considered as his crown jewel, the grand structure had a commanding view over the rest of Hawkins' dream. The upper story was used for nearly one hundred years as a Masonic Lodge while the lower level saw a multitude of uses.

ON THE FOLLOWING THREE PAGES ARE PHOTOCOPIES OF THE ONLY EVIDENCE REMAINING OF THE "FICTITIOUS" COMPANY RESPONSIBLE FOR BRUMLEY'S TOWN HALL. NOTICE THE REFERENCE TO THE WESTERN DESPERADO "BILLY THE KID", WRITTEN IN THE LEFT MARGIN OF THE LAST PAGE CONTAINING SUBSCRIBERS NAMES - A REMINDER OF OTHER EVENTS TRANSPIRING ELSEWHERE. BELOW IS A TRANSCRIPT OF THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT AND THE LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Brumley Mo May 29th 1882

Article of Agreement of the Brumley Hall Joint Stock Company

We the undersigned subscribers to The capital stock of the above named Joint Stock Company do agree and by these presents and our signatures hereto attached agree and Bind our selves to pay to the Trustees of said company the amounts severally subscribed when and where called upon Said payments to be made in cash or Labor or Material to the satisfaction of said Trustees when said Trustees shall call for the same and It is further agreed that said Trustees will give the subscribers of stock to the above company the Preference in furnishing material and in Labor for said Company when they can be as well served.

The capital stock shall be one hundred dollars and as soon as said amount is Subscribed the company shall meet and Elect directors or Trustees Three in Numbers who shall hold their office until Their successions are Elected and qualified. said share to be divided in to amounts of One dollar Each. Said company agrees and the purpose of said company is to build and Erect in Brumley a house 18 feet wide and Twenty four feet Long and 10 feet High to be Built of Ruff Oak Lumber to have one Door and five windows and Be Erected in Box house style and when Erected to be free for Political Judicial and all Prodestant Religious Purposes-

Thompson & Hawkins
R. A. Harper
L. A. Harper
Asa W. Wright
J. M. Wiseman
James H. Williams
W. J. Winds
John R. Warren
John Thornsberry
T. F. Sullivan

J. P. Shipman
J. M. Hickman
J. C. Martin
James H. Kann
Hiram Robinett
John B. Salsman
Samuel Graham
Wm. Coburn
W. P. Reinhart
Wm. T. Hill

W. F. Kann
G. W. Payne
A. C. Salsman
J. L. Conner
Daniel Robinett
R. Robinett
Wm. C. Howell
J. T. Hart
Riley Winfrey

subscribers signed 30 June, 1882 -

D. L. Wiseman
M. Catron
M. D. Emery
Martin Sons
Isaac Robinett
John S. Wilson
A. J. Wilson

George Martin
T. S. Tinsley
R. B. Reed
G. W. Adams
A. S. Ulmon
Tom Robinson
A. E. McComb

W. B. Wright
Joseph H. Bradshaw
Andrew Wilson, Jr.
H. D. Wall
Johnathan Hawkins
Geo. W. Reed

Brandy No May 2 1882

Article of Agreement of the
Brandy Hall Joint Stock Company

We the undersigned subscribers
to the capital stock of the above named
joint stock company do agree and by
these presents and our signatures hereto
attached agree and bind our selves to
pay to the Trustees of said company the
amounts severally subscribed when and
where called upon. Said payments to
be made in cash or labor or material
to the satisfaction of said Trustees when
said Trustees shall call for the same and
it is further agreed that said Trustees
will give the subscribers of stock to the
above company the preference in furnishing
material and in labor for said company
when they can be as well served.

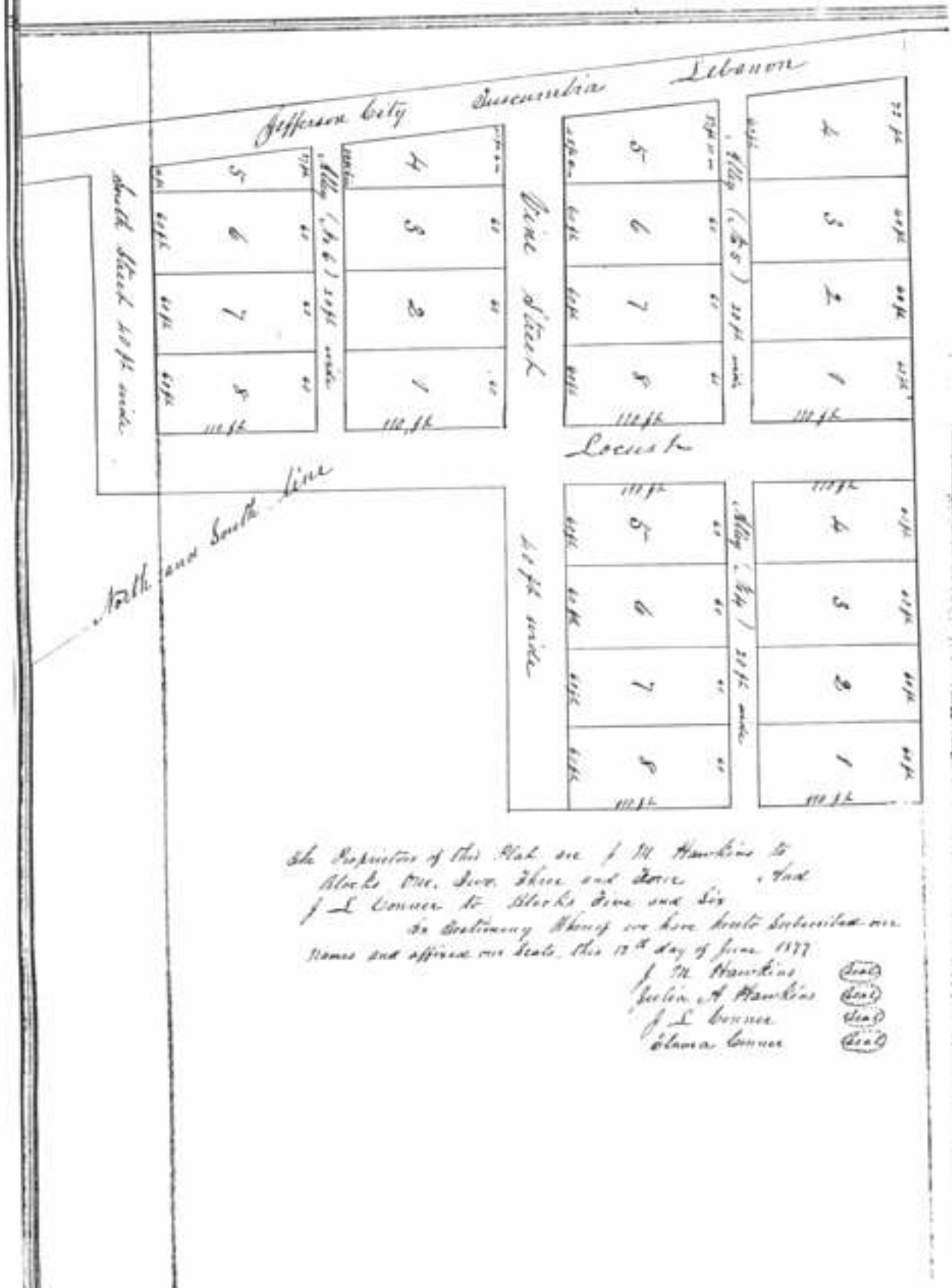
The capital stock shall be one hundred
dollars and as soon as said amount is
subscribed the company shall meet and
elect directors or trustees three or
four in number who shall hold their office
until their successors are elected. Each of
said share to be divided in to amount of
one dollar each. Said company agree
and the purpose of said company is to
be carried on in the business of

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

and Twenty four feet long and 10 feet
 high to the eaves of Gable end under
 to have one door and five windows
 All be erected in box house style and
 be erected to be free for Political
 Judicial and all Protestant Religious
 Purposes -

Subscribers names	amt of stock	value
	Shares	cents
Thompson & Hawkins	10.	10 00
B. A. Harper	5	5 00
H. A. Harper	6	6 00
Asa W. Wright	5	5 00
J. M. Wiseman	2	2 00
James H. Williams	1	1 00
John R. Warren	2	2 00
Thos. Norrumbury	1	1 00
J. H. Sullivan	2	2 00
J. P. Sullivan	2	2 00
Edw. Wickham	2	2 00
Geo. W. Martin	2	2 00
James H. Horn	2	2 00
John B. Robinson	5	5 00
Daniel. Graham	2	2 00
Wm. Coburn	1	1 00
W. J. Reinhart	2	2 00
Wm. J. Hill	1	1 00
W. J. Parr	1	1 00
		37

Map of the Town of 1877



The Proprietors of this Map are J M Hawkins to
 Blocks One, Two, Three and Four and
 J L Conner to Blocks Five and Six
 In testimony whereof we have hereunto subscribed our
 names and affixed our seals, this 13th day of June 1877
 J M Hawkins Seal
 J L Conner Seal
 Thomas Conner Seal



**BRUMLEY
1877**

Original town plat as filed with the Miller County Court by J. M. Hawkins. Lot #6 in Block 2 (highlighted) was one of the first properties sold.

Field Note
The North West corner of Block No 1 is perpetuated by planting a plank stone 18 inches by 7 1/2 to 8 inches facing East & West at a point South 81° East 465 links from a stone set by M. H. Reelike County Surveyor for the center of section 29 Township 29 Range 14 County of Miller and State of Missouri. Thence South 86° and 30' West to the North West corner of Block No 1 240 ft. Streets are 60 ft wide. Alleys 20 ft wide. Blocks are 240 ft square. Lots 60 ft wide by 110 ft long.

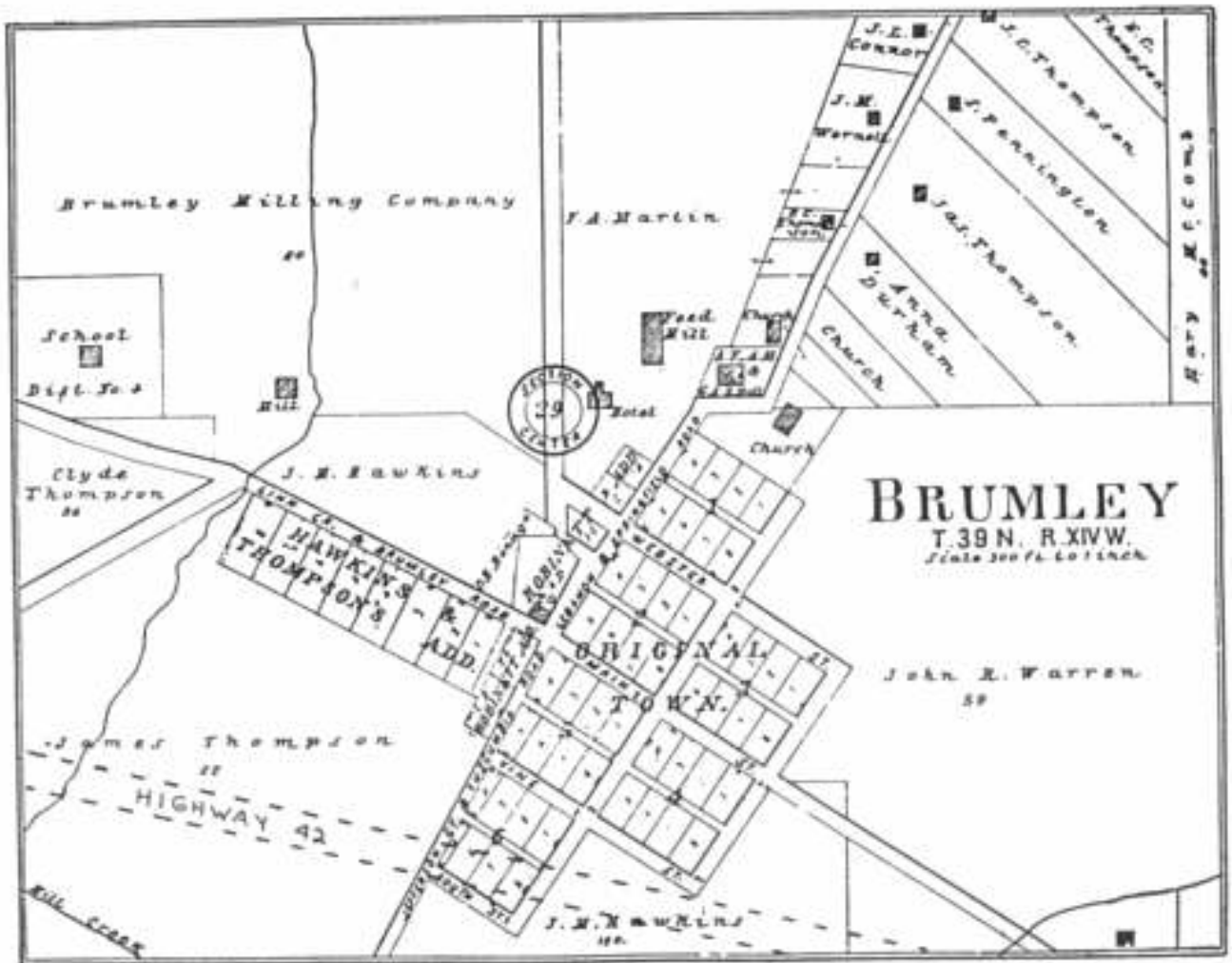
in length -
State of Missouri }
County of Miller } ss.
variation 7° 30' East
Scale of 48 ft to the inch

As sh. remembered, that on the 11th day of June, A. D. 1877 before the undersigned a Notary Public within and for the County of Miller, and State of Missouri, personally came J. M. Hawkins & Julia A. Hawkins his wife, J. L. Brown & Eliza Brown his wife who are personally known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the above Plat as the proprietors thereof, and acknowledge that they executed the same for the uses and purposes therein mentioned, and the Julia A. Hawkins & Eliza Brown being by me first examined separately and apart from their said husbands, and separately acquainted with the contents of the said instrument acknowledged that they executed the same and relinquished their dower in the Real Estate therein mentioned freely and without undue compulsion or influence of their said husbands.

In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in Brumley the day and year above written - I also testify that my term of office commences November the 20th 1877 and expires September 27th 1881

James Thompson
Notary Public

Witness my hand
June 19th 1877 at 1 o'clock P. M.



BRUMLEY, 1905

Expansion was northward and westward from the boundaries of Hawkins' original town. The Brumley Hall Joint Stock Company building can be seen between the two churches, identified above as a lodge hall. The two-room school stands atop the hill beyond Jake Creek. The post office in 1905 was located in the Thompson Store, today known as the Brumley Mercantile.

Missouri State Highway 42 is superimposed for an easier comparison to 1992.

PIONEER MEMORIES

the diary of James Harvey Vernon

PART 3 - CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS ISSUE

The year 1861 Father was drafted into the Federal Army against his will, for he was a southern sympathizer. I was only eight years old when they came to get Father but I remember it well. They set their guns down beside the door and I wanted to get hold of those guns, for I didn't want them to take my father away.

He joined **Captain Green's Army at Hickory Hill**. About a year later several of our neighbors were killed by a bunch of bushwhackers. The bushwhackers were men that didn't belong to either side, just outlaws.

Then I remember when **Price** made his raid on **Jefferson City**. Father had been home on a three-day furlough. His camp was on **Graze Creek**, four miles west of Jeff City. On

his way back to camp he met **Price's army** and they took him prisoner, took him to **Boonville** and paroled him and he had to walk back. He would hide in the daytime and travel by night to get back home.

Once Father, with a lot of other men, followed **Shelby's Army** almost to **Kansas City**, trying to drive them away.¹ They didn't have much to eat and it was a hard trip. On his way he saw some tomatoes on a bench by the side of a house, he jumped off his horse and ran and got them, then got back in line. It was the first time Father had ever tasted a tomato. People didn't used to know tomatoes were to eat. They were raised like flowers and called love apples.

Father was in the war about two years. He always

¹ Wilbern Vernon (spelling as per his own signature) entered service with the Missouri 9th Regiment Provisional Enrolled Militia Infantry, assigned to Company F. His Federal military file consists of a few pages of pension claims, giving no clues to his actual military service, making his son's diary of enormous importance. A capsule history of this unit shows it was involved in operations against General **Joseph Shelby** 22 September through 26 October, 1863 along with the Iowa 18th Infantry, the Arkansas 1st Cavalry, the Missouri 11th and 12th Cavalry, the Missouri 23rd Infantry, the Missouri 1st, 4th, 6th, 7th, and 8th State Militia Cavalry, and the 5th and 7th Provisional Enrolled Militia Infantry.

carried his Bible with him and often called a crowd of men together to read and pray aloud. Some would make fun of him but he saw the great need of prayer. Some of the men ordinarily would have been good but the bad influence caused them to be rough.

Once when five hundred of General Price's men passed by our house, my mother went out and stood in the middle of the road and the soldiers rode by on each side of her. She said if Father was in the crowd she was going to see him, but when they all passed by she fainted and had to be carried in. We children all thought Mother was dead and we ran out to an old wagon box and were crying when Aunt **Nancy Morris** came and told us that she wasn't dead.

We were all so glad when the war was over and Father was home to stay. It had been hard times and Mother had worried so, for lots of our friends were killed and lots of them suffered in lots of ways.

Not long after the war was over Father sold our farm to **John J. Farris** and bought a farm from **Martin Haynes** about one and one-half miles northeast of **Mt. Pleasant**. I was then about thirteen-years old I did lots of work, helped to clear new ground and did plowing and helped to raise the crops. Brother **Billy** hired out a lot to help the neighbors. He in that way could help buy clothing and shoes for himself and the rest of us, too.

We had singings at our schoolhouse and usually sang a while after Sunday school was over and not only the young folks but all the peo-

ple stayed for the singings. Our books were oblong and opened at the end. They had songs with notes and almost every family had one book. We had programs sometimes with singing songs and dialogues and readings.

We had no real neighbors and people didn't visit much except on Saturdays and Sundays, then a family would drive for several miles to spend Saturday night and Sunday with us.

It was always a delight to us children when Father and Mother would take us to visit some of our friends or relatives. It was quite a drive to Grandpa **Henderson's** house. They lived on the **Little Saline Creek**. They homesteaded the farm known as the **John Farmer** place now.

I only remember seeing my Grandmother Henderson one time. I remember her petting me and she gave me some sweet cakes. People call them cookies now, but then they were sweetcakes and made with sorghum molasses.

Grandfather and Grandmother Henderson had an apple orchard on their farm that they had planted. Grandmother had brought the apple seeds, tied up in her handkerchief, from Tennessee (after more than one hundred years some are still living).

After we moved to the farm Father bought from Haynes I had my first real scare. I had been to the neighbor's house to a prayer meeting and had to go home alone after night and through the timber. I was a little afraid because there had been talk in the neighborhood that there was a lynx or some such animal in the woods. Some pigs had been

Declaration for Invalid Pension.

Act of June 27, 1890.

RECEIVED
MAR 18 1892

NOTE.—This can be executed before any officer authorized to administer oaths for general purposes. If such officer was a seal, certificate of Clerk of Court is not necessary. If no seal is used, then such certificate must be attached.

State of Missouri, County of Miller, ss:

ON THIS 15 day of March, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and ninety 2

personally appeared before me, a Justice of the Peace

within and for the County and State aforesaid, Wilhelm Vernon

aged 64 years, a resident of the Town Aurora Springs

County of Miller, State of Missouri, who, being

duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the identical Wilhelm Vernon

who was ENROLLED on the first day of July, 1863 in Co H

9. Provisional Mo Militia

under capt A. J. Green in the Mo Mil

or Home Guards in the war of the rebellion, and served at least

sixty days, and was DISMISSED at Jefferson City Mo on the 21

day of November, 1863. That he is now unable to earn a support by

manual labor by reason of Rheumatism and General

Disability

That said disabilities are not due to his vicious habits, and are to the best of his knowledge and belief permanent. That

he has not applied for pension under application No. That he is a pensioner

under Certificate No.

That he has not been employed in the military or naval service otherwise than as stated above.

That he makes this declaration for the purpose of being placed on the pension-roll of the United States under the provisions of the Act of June 27, 1890. He hereby appoints

Thomas W. Shelton of Rocky Mount Mo

his true and lawful attorney to prosecute his claim, and he directs that the sum of ten dollars be paid to said attorney

That his post office address is Aurora Springs

County of Miller, State of Missouri

Wilhelm Vernon



WILBERN VERNON

The eldest son of one of the pioneer families to northern Miller County. During the Civil War, Wilbern, approaching forty years of age, was taken from his home and forced to serve with the Union Army. Given his choice, Wilbern would have sided with the southern cause. Though taken against his will Wilbern never attempted to desert his position and served his full term of enlistment, which speaks highly of the character of this man.

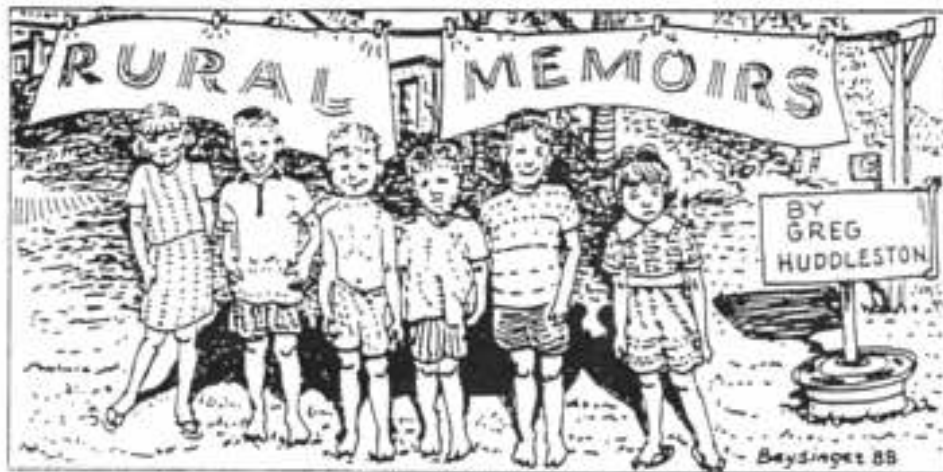
carried away out of a pen and other indications that there was a dangerous animal near. So I was making just as little noise as I possibly could when I stumbled my toe and fell down. Then there was such a scrambling noise in a tree beside the path that I thought sure a lynx was coming right down on me so I really did run for home. The

next a.m. I slipped back over there expecting to see some terrible tracks and I found that I had stumbled over a grapevine that ran across the path and up into the tree and when I hit the vine on the ground it shook all the dead leaves on the tree and so that was what had given me such a scare.



1882 portrait of Wilbern Vernon family
l. to r. seated: James Harvey (author of this diary),
William Jeremiah (Billy), Frank Merland, Wilbern,
Sarah Susan, John Allen
l. to r. standing: George Washington, Isaac Thomas,
Adaline, Elizabeth, Mary Eliza

next issue:
famed outlaw, Jesse James,
visits Miller County
in the diary of James Harvey Vernon



On the farm each change of season brought with it a change of routine. Summer's chores of haying and harvesting turned to autumn's chores of cutting wood and hauling it in, which became winter's chores of feeding livestock and keeping water holes cut open in the pond with an axe. Oh, there were more chores to be done than those listed, to be sure, but those were the main "seasonal" jobs. There was fence to be mended, fence rows to be cleared, garden to be tended, lawn to mow, eggs to gather from the henhouse, a cow to milk - the list was endless. And of course, when Dad thought we were caught up and needed something to do he had his "ace-in-the-hole", that one job we could never, never complete, not even in a lifetime. The perpetual chore of cutting sprouts.

Dad's definition of the term "sprouts" was a very broad one. It seemed to apply to any vegetation between the heights of two to fifteen feet. For the most part we could easily identify the undesirable fauna that we were to extricate, such as horse-

weed, cedar, poke, dock, and buckbrush. But the larger sprouts gave us some problems for, you see, a young tree does not necessarily look like the maturer version of the same tree. The leaves may be smaller and not quite as developed, or the bark may not have the same texture. So how do you determine the difference between a sprout and a tree? I'm sure you can sympathize with the enormity of the decision to be made. I mean, an actual life was at stake here.

Our first method of distinguishing sprouts was quite simple - we cut down everything that looked out of place. If it didn't look like it belonged there, we'd whack it down. This "does it belong here" system worked fine until we discovered that one of Mom's plum trees had become an inadvertent fatality. We knew Mom had a very understanding nature, so we did what any responsible, conscientious sons would do. We tried to cover it up. But we had a problem. We knew we could hide the fallen tree so Mom wouldn't find it, but we

couldn't figure out what to do with the darn stump. It sat there, defying all our attempts at uprooting it; mocking our puny efforts to pluck it from the ground. This was going to take some major excavating, but we did not dare risk getting caught at it. Getting caught after the fact was one thing. Getting caught red-handed was quite a different matter. We decided to trust to blind luck and plead ignorance if worse came to worst. After all, we weren't botanists, we were just kids. How were we supposed to know those little green things were plums instead of persimmons. So Dave and I hastily placed the remains at the bottom of a brushpile and set off for the farthest corner of the farm to finish the day - and to devise a better method of identifying sprouts.

The system we finally came to use was by no means flawless, but it did seem to have a high success rate. I would send Dave scurrying up the tree in question as far as he could go. If the tree bent at a forty-five degree angle or more, then that tree was promptly proclaimed a sprout and I'd have at it with my axe; usually with Dave still in it, hootin' and hollerin' for me to wait until he came down. I seldom did, figuring that he'd be down soon enough as it was.

Though we often claimed Dad was out planting these sprouts at night while we were sleeping, things went smoothly from that point on, until Dave made his debut as the "hacker", thus leaving me with the job as "tree ballast". I climbed the tree,

declared it a sprout and prepared to quickly descend. But Dave was expecting such a move on my part and was ready for it. Giggling from the anticipated vision of seeing me crash to earth with my perch, Dave took a mighty swing. He connected solidly; shaking the tree, rattling his teeth, and breaking the axe-handle! He was in such a hurry to see me get my just rewards that he had missed striking the tree with the axe-head, catching the trunk with the handle instead. Well, there was no way to hide this - but we did make a valiant attempt to do so. We stuck it back together and carefully placed it in the shed among all the other tools. It appeared quite normal to the casual passer-by. Why, you could hardly see the jagged break at all. But, just to be sure, we went ahead and put it way in back, behind everything else.

For the next few days we crossed our fingers and held our breath each time Dad went into the shed, and silently thanked the Good Lord when he came back out with a shovel or a post-mall. It was amazing how that old broken axe-handle stirred our religious fervor, although Dad was connected there somehow, too. I noticed that the closer Dad and the axe-handle came together, the more Dave and I prayed. Mom was overjoyed at our sudden interest and renewed enthusiasm about Sunday School attendance. Even Wednesday night prayer meeting became tolerable although Pastor Millis could say some of the longest prayers I'd ever heard in my life. And the phrase "hidden transgres-

sions" simply made me cringe. I could tell it had an effect on Dave, too. His eyes would get real big and he'd scoot down a bit in his pew. Afterwards, we'd talk about how Brother Millis knew of the broken axe-handle, each of us accusing the other of spilling the beans.

As the days went by the sense of dread became less and less, until the deed was all but forgotten. Then came the fateful day Dad emerged from the shed with a splintered axe-handle in one hand and an axe-head in the other. When asked to explain, I was quick to point out the fact that Dave had done it, while Dave, just as quickly, insisted that I had made him do it. For our trouble we were sent to cut sprouts - but with the old axe used to cut holes in ice on the frozen pond. This was a cantankerous instrument with a bowed handle and a blunt, rusty head that had a tendency for slipping off. We spent more time fetching, retrieving, and beating the head back on than actual cutting on sprouts. Just as well, I suppose, because we could have done more damage with a hammer than with that old ice axe. But we did learn a lesson on responsibility. There was also a point stressed about "fessin' up", but that one just didn't seem to sink in. Dave didn't catch on to it, either.

Our sprout cutting was greatly simplified one day by a machine that Dad found. It looked like a cross between a wheelchair, a lawn mower, and a miniature sawmill. It had a motor which turned a belt which turned a saw blade. I don't rightly know what the

thing's scientific name was. We just called it a brush-cutter. I had never seen one before and I've never seen one since. We probably had the only one in existence (which was nothing new, we could never seem to get parts for anything that we had). The thing was great for sprouts and could send up a very impressive shower of sparks when you hit a rock with the blade. Dave always seemed to be able to create a rather spectacular fireworks display with the brushcutter. (We could have saved Dad a bundle on the 4th of July, but we never told him that.) Dave also had a tendency for getting the blade hopelessly tangled in barbed wire.

Although the machine was beneficial and a great aid in the war against sprouts, progress does have a price to be paid. Before, all we had to do was carry an axe in our search for victims. Now we had to push, heave, and toil with this clumsy machine over the hills and through the hollers. And when we used the axe Mom never really knew where we were. We could sneak down to the creek and go wading or catch crawdads and Mom would still think we were out cutting sprouts, but this bothersome machine gave away our position and intentions. All she had to do was listen for the putt-putt of the motor and she could tell where we were and what we were doing. Believe me, it didn't work to just leave the brush-cutter running while we slipped down to the creek. Mothers are a lot smarter than they look. Yes, progress has it's price.

family tales, stories, and legends
of Miller County

An ill wind was blowing across the nation. Men everywhere were gathered to arms. Swords were being honed. Rifles and guns and pistols were being oiled and cleaned, readied for use. Blood had already been spilled, murders already committed, homes burned, property stolen. Lawlessness reigned as if a madness now consumed the world. Hatred and loathing had fallen upon humanity and a horrible darkness was descending. It was an ill wind, this wind of 1861, and its breezes were especially harsh in a corner of the world known as Miller County.

Susan Winfrey hastened to complete her chores, a wary eye on the setting sun. Soon it would be dusk and she knew the dangers that came with the darkness. Fear welled up from her bosom only to catch in her throat. She fumbled with the latch to the henhouse, looking about in dismay, nearly expecting to see hooded men lurking in the shadows around her. For the hundredth night in succession she wished her husband, **Greenberry**, was home instead of serving with Colonel **Emly Golden** at Camp Union.

Chores done, the young mother hurried to the nearby house. Collecting her children, and the bundle by the door, the little family left the shelter of their home and walked through the orchard and into the fields. The first stars were beginning to appear overhead when they found the small herd of cattle they owned, already settled for the evening. Speaking softly, Susan and the children walked among them. Stopping in their midst, she spread the blankets she carried and put her children to bed, there in the field, there among the cattle, just as she had done every night since mid-summer.

Soon the children were asleep. Susan remained awake much longer, her heart nearly stopping at every sound, praying constantly they couldn't be seen among the cows. Susan passed the night in quiet terror, more alone than she had ever felt, the children much too young to understand.

That night there wasn't any dreaded hoofbeats on the road, no sound of armed men riding in the darkness. But tomorrow night could be different - and tomorrow night would find them again hiding among the cattle.

During the Civil War the area encompassing southern Miller County, northern Camden County, and northern Pulaski County was plagued by numerous acts of terrorism. The worst, and most feared, were those called "night riders", roving marauders who looted, pillaged, and killed under the cover and anonymity of darkness. Each day was a titanic struggle of survival for the innocent and every family suffered miserably. Susan's price was the loss of one of those children she hid among the cattle, a fifteen-month old daughter named **Dacey** during September, 1862. This particular story was passed from Susan to her daughter, **Mary Winfrey Plemons**, and from Mary to her own children and grandchildren.

IMAGES FROM HOME



"Put Out To Pasture"

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