

In the year 1932, when several stores in Wardell were giving sale tickets to be used in drawings for various prizes, they also came up with the idea of selecting a Wardell Queen. Thirteen stores and other businesses chose a young lady to represent their business. Each sponsor paid for the attire chosen by the contestants. Gladys (Miller) George, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, was chosen queen by judges at the old Missouri Theater at Hayti. Her first trip to Memphis was when she was taken there to select her gown and other accessories for the occasion. I was unable to obtain the names of the other girls in the contest. This was a one-time only occasion. In later years, Basketball Queens were chosen each year. The first one being Miss Lucretia Harris of the Wardell High School. The present queen is Kimberly Porter.

The Ross Junior High began selecting a Homecoming Basketball Queen in the 1977-78 school year. Paula Ruth Welch was the first queen in the Junior High, and Nicole Thomas is queen for the 1978-79 school year.

In the fall of 1978, an Indian skeleton was unearthed on the land just across from the Wallace farm where two Indian mounds are. The location was on land once owned by J. J. Mathis where the old Penhook School was for many years. The skeleton was viewed by many sightseers and was removed by Jerry Hillin and a friend of Semo College who are students of Anthropology. After reassembling the skeleton and extensive study after completion, it is to be placed in the Caruthersville Museum. (Note: In 1997 when this is being typed there is no museum in Caruthersville. I went there to inquire about copies of this Wardell History and was told at the library that materials once stored there had been auctioned off. We checked with the Historical Society and they confirmed this.) The two Indian mounds located on the Wallace Farm are ancient landmarks of the area. The larger one has been used for burial ground for Wardell citizens for many years, but no traces of Indian burial has been found there. The smaller one has been said to have been used for Indian burial. Evidently the land across the road was also used. This land was a rather high ridge. The skeleton found there was in very shallow earth. A rather shallow ditch had been dug when it was found. The weather and wash of many years no doubt had to do with the depth of earth which covered the bones.

Many varied persons did business in Wardell during the years. I am sure I do not remember all; but, among those who did own and operate stores, other than those already mentioned, were the late J.H. Walker, the late Francis Dillard, the late Charlie Thompson, the late Isaac Wells, the late Allen Mercer and brother, Raymond Mercer, the late Bill Waggoner, Don Waggoner, Jack Wilbanks, Bill White and Leon Curtis. The late Walter Shepard owned and operated a barber shop, which he was operating when I came to Wardell in 1919, and continued to do so with only a short interval until his death in 1948. There were also others who had barber shops later. The late Billy Phelps assisted in Mr. Shepard's shop. The late Charlie Hall and the late Bill Waggoner also operated barber shops in Wardell in later years. The present barber is Jim Kirk.

Mr. and Mrs. Monford Weaver, the late Leonard Walker, the late Willard Walker and his wife, the late Floyd Scott and wife, Mrs. Stella Blankenship, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shepard, Jr., Mrs. South, Mrs. Naomi Scism, the late Charlie Hall, the late Mrs. Reta Hogan were among those who operated restaurants or cafes through the years. The present Mustang Drive-In across from the high school has had many owners and operators, the present one being Mrs. Clara Maclin. Another store was owned by Mr. A. G. Sanders of Hayti. Several different persons who operated the store were Prucher Chilton, Mr. Blankenship, George Hillin, Herman McCloud and Earl Stanfill.

As you may have noticed, the second edition of this history carried the item of Mr. and Mrs. T.M. Spidell and daughter Lucille moving into the area in 1924. I then stated Mr. Spidell negotiated the site of the land from the Himmelberger-Harrison Co. to the McGinley Land Co. of Chicago. This part of the information was received from one who was supposed to give correct information; but, having sent Mrs. Spidell the two first editions, I received a nice letter from her and she gave me

more detailed information. She stated Himmelberger-Harrison had leased the land from a Mr. Edwards to harvest the timber. This was being done by Gideon Anderson with the dummy line log train moving the timber. When we arrived here in 1919, and for some time thereafter, the land was returned to Mr. Edwards. The McGinley Land Company was formed and Mr. Spidell employed to develop the land. She stated there were 10 to 12,000 acres of land on which much of the timber had been removed. It contained much of the land north of Wardell and went west and south to the Floodway. It continued eastward to within a few miles of Wardell, where the land was owned by private farmers. This was the most extensive land development in the Wardell area. There were three sawmills on the place rather than the two reported to me. We purchased lumber from one of the mills after our home burned. The land was surveyed by the County Surveyor and marked off in 80-acre tracts. A real estate salesman, who worked all over southeast Missouri, in Arkansas, Tennessee and Mississippi, was employed by Mr. Spidell. Timber cut at the sawmills was used in the building of houses on each tract and also pumps were put down. The land was then cleared and crops raised. There were approximately 132 houses built the first year. The first year the new farmers were supplied with their needs by the late T. M. Stoffle who owned and operated a store in Wardell at that time. A large building was constructed in Wardell across the street from the Davis-Tilghmon Gin. In one end of the building was the office. Mr. Gus Potts from Cape Girardeau was the bookkeeper. Sonnie Walker, Walter Randell and H. B. Mitchell also assisted in the work.

The building also housed a commissary and in the end of the building, feed for stock and seed. After the commissary was put in, more than 100 families were supplied with their needs. (Note: These supplies were not free to the families.)

The late John Tant and the late Harry Harris were riding bosses on the farm. They also operated a blacksmith shop. The blacksmith was the late Willie (Bill) Dempsey.

The road from Wardell to Highway 61, now I-55, was put through about 1930 as stated before. Mr. Spidell, along with the late Ed Brown, who was road commissioner at that time and had been appointed by the county court, set about to get approval of this road and to see that it would be a state road. Mr. Spidell made a number of trips to Jefferson City, where the Highway Dept. Superintendent gave some approval. After this, he took Mr. Brown with him. After many pressures and merchant persuasion, the state approved the road. Then Mr. Spidell realizing the McGinley Land lay west of Wardell, began to work for an extension of the road through Wardell to Highway 84. It took some time, but that too, was accomplished. Then the cross roads were opened up across the tracts which were about 8 miles by 13 miles. All the land was sold, mostly in small tracts to black farmers. When the clearing slackened off, Mr. Spidell brought in 75 to 80 Mexicans from south Texas. For them he stocked enormous amounts of Mexican foods in the commissary. They proved to be law-abiding and no trouble erupted.

They cleared about 1,000 acres. The development cost the company greatly, but proved to be a profitable investment.

A portion of the land cleared by the Mexicans is located a few miles southwest of Wardell, at least 900 acres, in the tract Mr. Spidell called "New Deal". This was a significant operation in the development of the Wardell area becoming a farming region rather than a wilderness area. This was done in the 1920's and 30's.

The area continued to have much done by others. Other areas of the surrounding communities have had many improvements until we now have some of the finest farms in the county and many nice homes.

During the thirties, Mr. O. H. (Owen Henry) Acom and Mr. O. P. Tilghmon put in a sawmill on the west side of the road from Citizen's Gin, which sawed much lumber from the timber on their

lands. The sawmill was operated by the late Barney Dailey and much of the lumber was used for building tenant and employee houses plus barns on their farms.

The Little River planters owned by Mr. Acom and Mr. Tilghmon dealt in the sale of Allis-Chalmers tractors in the late 30's. The late Gaye Knight of Caruthersville was their salesman.

In 1941 a large store building was erected west of the old railroad in Wardell by contractor George Smith of Lutesville, Missouri for the Ward Company. Mr. Smith and three of his laborers boarded with this writer and family. The store was operated many years as a grocery by various managers of the company before closing. Monford Weaver, who had been in the hardware business in the center of town, moved into this building where he operated until the time he retired. He also owned and operated a furniture business in a store across the street, which had been built and operated by Walter Shepard as a furniture store in earlier years. He had moved to California where he now lives. Mr. Weaver closed out his furniture business in 1958.

The new black-topped state road going north from Wardell and running into 162 north of Frailey was first built as a gravel road on the bed of the old railroad in the late 30's. The largest store in Wardell was the Red and White Store owned by Mr. O.P. Tilghmon. He dealt in groceries, dry goods, clothing, hardware, and appliances. Mr. Tilghmon passed away in 1949. The store continued to be operated with Sonnie Walker as manager. Mr. Walker had been employed in the office for many years. Mrs. Tilghmon continued to be the owner. In 1951 the store burned, but the large warehouse which had been added to the southwest end of the store was saved.

There have been numerous fires in both town and the rural areas including my own home in 1936. I will mention four where lives were lost. In February of 1942, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harris lost their lives in an early morning fire. The children who were sleeping upstairs got out through the window and were rescued from the porch roof by their father, who was in the barn feeding the animals when the fire was discovered. He rushed into the house to save his wife and was overcome by the flames. Both he and his wife, Beulah Bracy Harris, perished. The fire was thought to have been caused by an overheated wood or coal stove. Another early morning fire caused by an explosion of an oil can when a young man, Walter Franklin Bryant, was building a fire at his home resulted in injury. He and three small children lost their lives. Mrs. Bryant was severely burned and had to undergo lengthy treatment and plastic surgery. Another fire nearby took the life of Mrs. Newton within a few years of this fire. I have forgotten the exact date. A fire in town, now many years ago, took the life of Dick Canoy, a long-time resident and the father of the present fire chief, Eual Canoy. The cause of the fire was undetermined.

In last weeks issue it was stated that Gladys Miller George was the first carnival queen of Wardell. This was an error. She was the first queen of Wardell in 1932. There was no carnival connected with this.

Three Wardell citizens who were young men of draft age in World War I served time in Europe. They were the late Lon Miller, the late Walter Gray (whose pictures have already appeared in this history), and also the late Wavy Harris. This war was against Germany and Kaiser Wilhelm, the ruler. These young men returned home in 1919. I was one of the guests at the Homecoming Dinner for Walter Gray at the home of his sister, Mrs. Johnny Randall of Wardell. If there were others in the Wardell area who served in the war, I never met or learned of them. (Note: I remember my father, Lon Miller talking about a Quentin Ingram being in the army and supposed he was from around Wardell.) My husband was in class 1 and was awaiting his call when the armistice was signed November 11, 1918.

Many young men from Wardell served overseas in World War II, in the Army Infantry, Air Force, Marines and Navy. Some lost their lives in the war. Leonard Creasy was lost in a submarine. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Creasy. If there were others of the immediate area, I do

not recall, although many served in fierce combat. Some who did serve were: Elmo Gray, son of Walter Gray of World War I; Harley Woodward, Mr. Gray's son-in-law; Dallas Hickerson; Phil Ray; Sonnie Walker; Malphers Owens; Hardeman Owens; Chester Dillard; Clifford Skaggs, who was in the Battle of Midway, a gunner on a fighter plane on the largest aircraft carrier in the U.S. Navy. It was disabled in this battle and towed into the Hawaii Naval Base; Billy Wallace; Billy Ward; Allen Bowman; Lee Roy Latham; Terrell Dillard; Lyman Dillard; Roy Wright; Coy Wright; Harry Sandage; Loren Canoy; A.J. Wilson; Garner Baker; Johnny Arbuckle; Chester Clayton; James Rhynes; H. B. Mitchell; James Randall; Francis Randall; Eual Wells; Mack Canoy; S.A. Morris; Joe Mack James; William James; Howard Goodman; G.H. Bowman; Odell Bowman; William Fields; Dee Frich; Grady Cheshire; James Friich; Don Waggoner; Mitchell Hogan, Jr.; Wilburn Stanford; Billy Crabtree; Jim Stoffle; Eugene Stoffle; Dean Shephard; Ray Shepard; T. M. Ray; J. E. Randall; Haynes Clayton; Billy Young; J.L. Clayton; and Johnny Wisener. Some of these served in Europe, Japan, at sea and some in the occupational forces; but, most were in the combat field. If I have failed to list any names, please accept my apology and thanks to each of you for the sacrifice you have made. You may not have had a great part in the development of the area, but you have contributed greatly in the preservation of our homes, our way of life and the freedom of our country, along with all who love freedom in other countries. Again, we say "thank you".

There were also a number of young men who served in both the Korean and Vietnam Wars. Lives were also lost in these wars. I was unable to obtain only a few names, but we shall never forget the useless sacrifice of these young men.

For many years before the mechanization of farming and the cotton picking machines began to take over much of the picking, the school dismissed for at least 4 weeks after cotton was ready for good picking. The school began a few weeks earlier in order to dismiss for this work, which not only helped the farmers, but helped each family. These children could pick enough to help the family financially. Most people paid their children the regular picking price as they did outside help, and the children then used the money to buy their own clothes and some school needs. Some who were really ambitious, along with being a good picker, would be able to put some in a savings account. Of course, some did not like to work, but others were very eager and looked forward to earning their own money and having the privilege to buy for themselves. It was a very good experience in learning how to handle one's earnings. It was not only children of needy families who engaged in this labor. Many children from town and parents who were in good financial ratings picked cotton. They wanted their children to be able to gain the knowledge of earning and the thrift of handling money. Children of today, not only in the city but also in the country, have little knowledge of what it means to earn money nor the wisdom of how to be thrifty with what they are given.

In those days, most farms had chickens, cows, hogs and other livestock. They also used wood or coal for heating and cooking. There was no running water, all the people had pumps; so there were many chores to do. Children assisted with them when they were old enough. In the summer, gardens were grown, chickens raised, and canning was done. Many families grew more than a small garden. This was what we called truck patches. They consisted of beans, such as limas or butter beans, peas to harvest dry, peanuts, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, popcorn in sufficient amount to use through the winter, turnips, and carrots to be hilled up for the winter. Most people also grew watermelons and cantaloupes. Some had fruit trees. All these things required labor. The whole family participated. In those days, people knew the horror a long winter could bring if you did not prepare. Solomon, the wise man, gave us this proverb, "Consider the ant having no guide, overseer or ruler provides her meat in the summer." Another wise saying is, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The reverse is also true, "All play and no work makes Jack not only dull but useless." A combination of both make him a man.

Many of the events of World War II have long been forgotten by the American people. Most of the younger generation were never aware of them. However, in the memory of some veterans these events are indelibly etched, and can never be removed. We express our appreciation to Chester Dillard for sharing some of his memories.

I would like to share a memory with you on April 9, 1942. The starving, shell-shocked remnants of the Bataan Defense Force was captured by the Imperial Japanese Army after holding out for four months. We were forced to march from Maliveles to San Fernando, Pampango or, what has since been called the Bataan Death March. This was followed by three and a half years in prisoner-of-war camps. Thirty seven years have not dimmed my memory. I was there.

BATAAN'S MONUMENT-----VIC MAPA

Abucay, Orani, Bagac. To the average American mind they are far-away, strange-sounding names of places that God only knows where. Samat, Natib, Mariveles, are the names of its mountains. In this day and age they are almost shrouded in obscurity. The only flicker of recognition comes when one mentions the peninsula that encompasses these towns and mountains---Bataan. Even then, she is a wisp of history fleetingly remembered by a few. By old "Pacific Hands" who can recall every nook and cranny of the orient, by World War II buffs, and occasionally, by local officials of small California towns where Filipinos live. Every year on April 9 they are asked to prepare a resolution proclaiming that day as "Bataan Day". Filipino-Americans then convene to commemorate, reminisce, pay tribute, and relive a glorious defeat.

Bataan. A stumpy, awkward protrusion of land jutting downward from the midsection of Luzon. A homely piece of real estate undistinguishable from other forgotten waysides of Pacific Islands. The stillness of her countryside was broken only by the sound of children's voices playing in the open fields where carabaos pastured. Her uncrowded beaches reverberated with the lusty, bawdy, jokes of fishermen back from a harvest of the sea. She could have passed into oblivion. But Bataan also sheltered the world's best land-locked harbor. She had first sight on any ship that entered its waters. And she shared sentry with an island bastion that stood at the mouth of Manila Bay--Corregidor. To the American Military Bataan was strategic. The drums of war were sounding. America was unprepared. In frantic, hurried planning, Bataan became the pivot for "War Plan, Orange-3". She would be the last outpost of a retreating army and be defended until relieved.

Pearl Harbor came. Luzon's beaches were overrun and men came straggling into Bataan's hills, towns, mountains and defiles: Army professionals who soldiered during peacetime; National Guard units rushed to the Philippines at the last minute; lawyers, accountants, engineers, students mustered into an overnight army. Americans and Filipinos--bridling their fears, controlling their anxieties, and obeying the order--hold and defend until relieved.

Bataan became heat and dust. It was jungles with giant trees eight arms wide, overhanging vines and ferns that shielded stagnant waters and bred the anopheles mosquito. It was bombs shaving the forests, gouging the earth, amputating arms and legs. But help was on the way! A mighty armada was forming to rescue them! Relief was only a matter of days! In their desperate hours they made up, fantasized and believed, their own propaganda. Hold and defend. But no help came.

They held on until the river waters were too polluted with the dead to drink, until food to warm their bellies or quinine to still their bodies shivering from malaria ran out. They held on amid the moans of their maimed, the sick and dying. "The Bastards of Bataan, no mama, papa, no Uncle Sam," they sang. They were expected to hold out for four weeks. They held on for four months. On the evening of April 9 the earth shook. With those tremors Bataan died.

Korea, Berlin, Vietnam and other events of the 60's have erased the memory of Bataan. She is once more forgotten. The Filipino farmer tills the land. His plow furrows a rusty helmet, a shrapnel, a bent rifle. The chink of metal in the quiet of the field makes him remember the holocaust that took place in his native soil. The beaches again sound with the heave-hos of fishermen pulling their nets in. The sun sets and casts a fiery glow across the skies. They squint at the horizon and they remember the same searching, futile gaze of white and brown faces who waited in vain for help that never came. The farmers and the fishermen. Only they remember. Bataan was no epic battle of a grand sweep as in Stalingrad. She was no clash of giant armies such as the Battle of El Alamein. Nor was Bataan a rousing, heroic crusade such as that which landed on the beaches of Normandy. She was not even a turning point of the war. From the very beginning, Bataan was a throw-away pawn, a doomed holding action, and a defeat. So, although her men were not less brave, and they fought, bled and died in much the same way as other soldiers did in a hundred battlefields, history today remembers her only dimly, vaguely.

Visit her today by hydrofoil, only minutes away from Manila. At first glance you see a bustling Free Trade Zone, some hotels, even a picnic resort here and there. Further on, in places where pill-boxes once stood, where trenches were dug and barbed-wire strung, the jungle has again taken over, leaving few visible scars of her rape.

You also see a high, imposing granite cross. Not far away is a lonely marker commemorating the gathering point for that infamous Death March. They attract your attention to what once happened here. As a Filipino guides you through his hallowed ground you begin to sense something more priceless than any tangible relic. You feel the spirit and the honored glory of brave men who stood their ground in this corner of the earth--and checked the surge of tyranny. The Filipino walks tall. America is a better nation because of Bataan. When you pass this way, you never forget. This is the monument Bataan has built. For all time.

THE MARCH OF DEATH

The black hole of Calcutta is one of the infamous pages of world history. But greatest tragedy in warfare, most ruthless of dastardly deeds ever perpetrated upon a body of fighting men was "The death march out of Bataan," the forced evacuation of an estimated 30,000 men and women of the American fighting forces who surrendered on Bataan Peninsula on April 9, 1942.

The Japs were in a hurry to clear out the American forces from the Peninsula that their job of blasting Corregidor might be easy. So, orders were given to evacuate the Americans as speedily as possible, no matter what the cost. "Hurry" was the command, and push the Japs did. Thousands of mainland Americans, National Guardsmen, Army Regulars, Army and Navy Nurses, made the march. One hundred miles they staggered in heat, thirsty, shellshocked, battle weary from Bataan to Camp O'Donnell, where prisoners, Americans and Filipinos alike, died at the rate of 500 daily.

Eyewitnesses and participants in this forced march of horror carry its nightmare indelibly engraved in their memories. Sgt. Howard T. Chrisco of Salem, Missouri, member of New Mexico's 200th CAAA was more fortunate in that the Japs assigned him as a truck driver. He witnessed the tragic "Death March" of American prisoners as they marched from Bataan to San Fernando. He was commanded to drive a truck up and down the road during the march, and once was forced to drive over the body of an American soldier because of congested traffic. "The American prisoners were given one handful of rice to eat every six days," Sgt. Chrisco said. "They died like flies. I have seen them so sick they could hardly walk and when they would stop to rest, I have seen Japs take the butts of rifles and knock them in the head. I often saw a group of two or three soldiers get down together as if they were getting a drink of water, and never get up again. Often the stench from dead bodies was so strong that I would have to roll up the windows of my truck."

The road to camp O'Donnell stretched hot and dusty in the glaring sunlight and the ragged column of prisoners marched wearily mile after mile, and the ragged remnants of their uniforms were sticky with sweat and blood.

Numb with fatigue, burned with fever and gaunt from hunger, the survivors of Bataan trudged on. Only the rhythm of 10,000 bleeding feet beat into their brains, only the harsh commands of General homma's trained persecutors were heard, only the deadened thud of a falling body--a buddy who had walked his last step--could be heard, and even these familiar sounds came into the consciousness of the bone-tired marchers as though they were a thousand miles away. The men of Bataan left their battleground 9 April 1942. About the 16th or 17th the same month, after days of forced marching without rest they reached San Fernando. There, some were loaded into cars, packed like the proverbial sardine and moved to Camp O'Donnell. The balance were forced to march from San Fernando to O'Donnell. It was in O'Donnell that the men died by the hundreds daily.

Cabanatuan was the big concentration camp for prisoners and those in O'Donnell who showed strength enough were moved to Cabanatuan, where they received work assignments, the more hardy being shipped to Davao.

The story of the March of death--San Fernando, O'Donnell, Bilibid, Davao and Cabanatuan--was a familiar pattern. Men were beaten, tortured, died of malnutrition, dysentery, and malaria. Following the Death March the Japs immediately took more than 600 men, those in the best condition, out of O'Donnell, ordered them back to Bataan, where salvage and cleanup work was in progress. About half of these "volunteers" as the Japs called them, were never again seen.

From Bataan to O'Donnell to Bavanatuan was only the beginning. For the Men of Bataan had only a dismal future ahead of them. Silence from the outer world enveloped them. That any returned to their loved ones was a miracle indeed.

GENERAL OF THE ARMY DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

"Bataan, with Corregidor, the citadel of its external defense, made possible all that has happened since. History, I am sure, will record it as one of the decisive battles of the world. Its long, protracted struggle enabled the United Nations to gather strength to resist in the Pacific. Had it not held out, Australia would have fallen with incalculable results. Our triumphs of today belong equally to that dead army. Its heroism and sacrifice have been fully acclaimed but the great strategic results of that mighty defense are only now becoming fully apparent. The Bataan garrison was destroyed due to its dreadful handicaps, but no army in history more thoroughly accomplished its mission. Let no man henceforth speak of it other than as a magnificent victory."

S/Sgt. Chester F. Dillard, Army Air Corps, on detached service with the 71st Division, Provisional Infantry, Bataan Defense Force, United States Armed Forces in the Far East.

History of Wardell, continued.

In the year 1919 and a number of years thereafter, the churches had weekend services. Saturday evening, Sunday morning, and Sunday evening services were held. Much of the time, there was no located minister. Since there was only one road leading into Wardell for a number of years, many of the ministers who lived in other towns rode the train to Pascola and were met by members of their congregation on a hand car on the branch railroad that came through Wardell. They would be guests of various members during their stay until Monday. Some congregations had preaching two Sundays a month or every other weekend. Their home

congregation used the other two weekends. There was great attendance at these services. People would come from rural areas in wagons and some in buggies or cars if they had one and the roads were suitable. Those in wagons would pick up others along the way and a wagon full would arrive at services. Many walked up to a mile and a half or more. This writer has walked the same many times in earlier years. Many also walked to night service when the moon was bright. You could see quite well, but on darker nights someone in the group carried a lantern. As you know there were no lights, just the usual kerosene lights, one could see in the windows of homes. There were many meetings conducted in the summer months. Sometimes, they were held in a large tent, some in the open air, or in brush arbors, which would mostly be night services. There were also many lectureships with different speakers from various places each night. Many times the building would scarcely hold the crowd. There were also many singings with singers attending from distant places. Even the Spear Family, who still appear on TV, came. When they were at Wardell years ago, the younger son, yet in his teens, was a wonderful bass singer. Dad and Mom Spear, as they were called, passed away only a few years ago. Another well known group that sang here was the McDonald Brothers Quartet. Wardell itself had some good singers. At one time the Wardell Quartet won the banner in a county singing convention.

There was no running water so no baptistry. Baptizing was done in Little River, the Floodways, and I attended one done in the Mississippi River. The young people entered into these services and enjoyed church attendance. It was a common thing for a young man who was dating a girl to walk to church, walk home with his girl friend even though she might live a mile and half away, and then walk back to his home which would be at least two and a half or more miles. Perhaps the young of today think those days were no fun, but I can truly say much clean fun and pleasure was enjoyed. Dinner on the ground in summer after church service was often enjoyed. There was usually an afternoon singing with not only local talent but special visiting groups. Some of these events were held in Sawyer's Park in east Wardell.

In those days and the early days of further development, the land was tilled with mules or horses. The tools being used were two horse breaking plows. A plow called a middle buster was used to throw up ridges, 4-mule disks and harrows, the V-shaped heavy harrow and the wide harrow, double shovel plows, a one-mule type with handles attached for a man to walk and plow, especially in new areas with many stumps, were all used to cultivate the land. A one-row cultivator pulled by two mules with a man behind guiding the plow was also used. It had two handles attached for controlling the plow. Eight or ten acres were the limit with a fast-stepping team from early morning until sundown.

Now one can go into the same fields where the land has been cleared of stumps with a large tractor pulling 5 to 8 breaking plows on one hitch or 3 to 5 lister plows making that many rows at one trip through the field after the ground was already cut with a 19 to 32 foot disk. Dual cultivation is also done by 6-8 row cultivators. One round with the one row cultivator only did two rows. Now one round cultivates 12-16 rows. At harvest time when small acreage of wheat was grown in the area, I remember the late J.H. Tant owned and operated with hired help a threshing machine pulled by a steam engine. As it was driven down the road, it puffed like an old locomotive. The thresher was pulled into the wheat field and set for operation. The wheat which had been cut by a reaping machine and tied into bundles and tossed to the side were picked up by the men and loaded on to low flat wagon frames with high supports at each end. It was then hauled to the threshing machine where it was fed into the thresher. The thresher separated the wheat from the straw. The wheat fell into a large bin on the thresher and the straw was blown out through a large long pipe into a big straw pile.

Today wheat harvesting is done by a large combine cutting the wheat, separating the grain from the straw which is then blown out as chaff. All of this is done on one trip through the field with one man operating the entire job. Under the old method a number of men were employed. At harvest time when much wheat was grown, young men would follow the thresher for a few weeks mostly camping out. A large cook wagon where meals were prepared for the workers also accompanied the thresher. Now the chaff that is blown out on the ground is burned over and the

residue is cut into the soil. Usually a crop of soybeans follows the wheat. The wheat is now hauled by a large trailer to the grain elevator or stored on individual farms in grain bins.

Cotton was planted in those days by a single row planter in a continuous seeding. None was delinted. At chopping time, many farmers did what was called scraping. A sharp plow cut the seed bed down to a narrow ridge thus eliminating much work to the person chopping. As the cotton was chopped, it was also thinned to one or two plants 8-12 inches apart. Weather permitting cultivation by plow followed immediately to throw dirt to the plants. If rainfall came before this plowing, plants were bad to fall over due to the narrow ridge. Now cotton is drilled by 6-8 row planters. Most farmers drill it thickly with most seed having been delinted. The seed is also treated for diseases and tested for germination. It is premerged with chemicals to prevent the growth of vegetation. If necessary, it is followed by fertilizer and chemicals. Cultivation is then done with 6-8 row cultivators. Most hand chopping has been eliminated.

Corn was also planted by a one-row horse-drawn planter with grain being dropped 18-20 inches apart. It was cultivated in the open land by a one-row cultivator. It was the walking type pulled by mules. At harvest time, it was gathered or picked by hand. Usually two men, one on either side of the wagon being pulled by two mules or horses, picked the ears of corn from 2 rows and shared the down corn that was run over by the wagon. It was then hauled to the bin or wherever stored and unloaded by a large hand scoop. Corn is now planted by a 6-8 row planter pulled by a tractor with one man usually operating both. It is also planted thickly in the row, chemically treated for vegetation, and later fertilized. At harvest time, a mechanical picker goes into the field and picks, shells and shreds the stalks, shucks, and cobs all at one time scattering the waste on the soil which is later plowed or disked into the land.

In the old days, after corn was picked the stalks were cut by hand with a large heavy hoe called and eye hoe. They were then raked by a hand made rake made with a long timber like a 4x4 with holes bored and long wooden pegs or teeth as they were called. This was pulled by mules or horses and two men walking behind. When the rake had enough stalks gathered, the men would lift the rake and leave a row of stalks. A little later, spring teeth rakes were used. They were mechanical and purchased from implement companies. They had seats for the operator and tripped mostly by foot, although they were also pulled by mules. Both types of rakes left many stalks, which were picked up by hand. Children large enough to work helped their father in this task. After they were piled in rows, the stalks were burned.

Hay was cut with a horse drawn mower. After curing, it was raked with one of the tripping type rakes. Then it was placed on the wagon by men using pitch forks. Two men on the wagon placed it properly for a balanced load. It would then be hauled to the barn or to a hay baler, which was set in a place and fed by a man with a pitch fork. Two men would punch the tying wirer through the bales as they came through the press and tie the wire. The baler was operated by a mule going around in a circular path which operated the press. When the hay is cut and cured, it is then raked into windrows by machine and then baled by the baler going down the windrows, baling and tossing aside the bales. They are picked up later. Also some balers are being used now that bale in huge round bales that are hauled to an area and left for cattle feeding.

Ditching was another slow and hard process. Many ditches were dug with hand shovels and spades. A large scoop pulled by mules was used in making larger ditches. Today most farmers have a large rhino blade pulled by a tractor and they cut a very nice ditch in a short time.

Clearing land was very hard work and also a slow process. Two men would use a long cross-cut saw, which is a saw with handles on either end. They also used axes, sledge hammers and wedges. The small stumps would be dug out and many could be pulled out by teams of mules. After having been dug around the roots, the larger stumps were blown out with dynamite. Many

times, trees would be deadened a few years prior to their final clearing. This was done by chopping deep cuts around the tree with an axe. Men would do this type of work from early morn till sundown for \$3.00 a day. Now if clearing is done, a bulldozer type tractor pushes the trees down and piles them, pushing or pulling the stumps out, so the land is soon cleared. All this is done by machinery.

In 1919 just the one public road led out of Wardell by way of Portageville, to any place. Now and for several years, you can go any direction, east, west, north, or south on blacktop roads that join major highways or lead to others. Six miles to the east you reach I-55 that goes north and south through many states. Today you can travel this road and reach Memphis in little more time than you could have gone to Caruthersville in 1919 in the well-made model T car, the usual car of that day. The dirt roads were only passable during short periods of the year. There were very few cars in Wardell at that time due to very little use for them.

Wardell, a small village of approximately 45 families in 1919, a few businesses plus a two-room school building, a post office, a barber shop, a hotel, two church buildings, a blacksmith's shop, a gin, and a branch railroad through the town had only one public road leading out of town surrounded by thousands of acres of woods. Much of the land was swampy with thick cane brakes. Through the ingenuity and engineering of men who accomplished the drainage, the vision of various people, plus hard work through the years, Wardell became a very thriving little town and community for many years; however, several years following World war II, families began to scatter somewhat as farm mechanization became greater. The population gradually began to dwindle, so in the year of 1979, the town does not have the thriving business it once enjoyed. There are fewer houses in the country but more in Wardell. Most are occupied by senior citizens. We also have North Wardell with about 100 homes with its Board Chairman or mayor Reuben Hatley. There is also the Homestown addition with 100 or more homes with its mayor J.W. Shaver. Many in these additions are also senior citizens. Another factor in the decline in business is the access to good roads leading to nearby larger towns and shopping centers. Many are also employed out of town due to the farming operation no longer being 40, 80 or 100 acre plots. Many farmers now farm several hundred acres and some a thousand or more acres. Barns that once used when livestock were used are now torn down. Large metal buildings used to house machinery have taken their place. Old houses have been replaced with many brick homes and attractive wooden ones. Now the entire community is now lit up with large farm lights.

Wardell in 1979 still has an AA academic rating and an A athletic rating school. The school has been named North Pemiscot since consolidating with Ross in 1965. Wardell Central is composed of two high school buildings, a grade school, a band and music room, an FHA and Home Economics building, a large cafeteria, a gymnasium, a bus building, a maintenance building and a lighted ball park. Wardell has five churches. The Baptist Church celebrated its centennial in 1978. One of the finest electric gins in the county, both a cotton seed and soybean storage house, a delinting plant, a large machine shop, a water tank, water and sewage systems, a town fire truck, a rural fire truck (the second rural fire truck in the nation) with a crew of 22 members with modern fire fighting equipment, a city hall, a jail, two grocery stores, two cafes and a Drive Inn Food Center, a post office, a barber shop, a hardware store, two beauty parlors, a water softener business, an up-to-date funeral home, a meat packing plant, a highway department center, a telephone exchange, two service stations, a town park, a residential area of about 100 or more houses, and a number of mobile homes. All these make up the city of Wardell. The present mayor is Andrew Hillin and the marshall is High Vann. The present postmaster is Phil Ray who followed Dallas Hickerson who served longer than any other. Some other postmasters were: the late Pearl E. Bussert, Mrs. Althea Shanks, the late D.L. Owens, O.S. Owens, Walter Gulley, the late Bill Clifton, and the late Obie Hickerson who was postmaster when we came in 1919.

In one of the earlier editions of this history in listing the stores and businesses of the earlier years, I named the Red Ball Store, as it was called. It was owned by the late A.G. Sanders of Hayte. Mrs. V.O. or Jasmyn (Sanders) Garrett, his daughter, has recently written a lengthy article on her recent trip to Egypt. Mrs. Garrett taught in the Wardell schools in the past. She and Miss Leilah Rickus, who was high school principal at that time, had living quarters in this building for sometime after it ceased to be operated as a store. Miss Rickus was principal in the high school from 1932 till 1948 with the exception of one year.

Men who operated the store were also named, but one mistake was made at the news office in the name of Herman McClanahan, who was listed as McCloud. He and his family lived in the living quarters of the store. During his stay in Wardell, he frequently preached for the Baptist Church. He moved from here and later became a full-time minister for the Black River Baptist Church Association. He also served as minister of the State Baptist Association for some time.

Another store escaped my memory at the time. It was a grocery store operated by Mrs. Virgil Mathis in the 40's. She later sold to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Baynes who operated the store for some time. Also in the barber list, the late Sam Wilson was left out. He owned and operated a barber shop in Wardell at one time.

In an earlier edition, I wrote of the Indian skeleton having been unearthed on the old Penhook school ground now farmed by Thad Angotti.

Since that time, I received a complete analysis of the findings from Jerry D. Hillin and Dennis Latson, students of anthropology at SEMO University in Cape Girardeau, MO. The findings are as follow:

Sex-male; height, 67 inches; time of death, estimated 1200-1400 A.D. depth of burial at the time of excavation 18-24 inches. Identifying characteristics: Shell tempered pot sitting on skull; clay pot sitting on chest; deer bones with burial, A astracular (1) B phlange (1); mollusk shell covering eyes (Indians refer to these as moon droppings to keep evil spirits from entering the body); maxillary incisors in reverse position, erupting into nasal area; 2nd right molar bottom tooth contains an enamel pearl characteristic of only Indian and Mongoloids; vertebrae reveal some evidence of early arthritis; left femur bone larger than the right, due to osteomyelitis; small portion of left tibia reveals the same character as left femur; display of burial will be Riverview Museum at Caruthersville at a later date. The final report of this burial will be tentatively October 26, 1979. Years ago, Indians built mounds in this vicinity, but there is no trace of their tribal name.

In the year 1976, the Sawyer Memorial Park in the eastern section of Wardell was donated to the town by Mrs. Pauline Sawyer. A Memorial Monument has been erected with the names of the late John W. Sawyer and his son, the late Curtis Sawyer, husband of Mrs. Pauline Sawyer, the donor. It has the inscription "In memory of John W. Sawyer and Curtis Sawyer". The park has been used by the Wardell Rotary Club and other persons through the years as a picnic and barbecue center. Since its donation to the town, they have received a grant of \$9,000 for further development of the park. The town of Wardell and surrounding communities express a sincere thanks to Mrs. Sawyer for this gracious gift. Mr. Sawyer was one of Wardell's early citizens and died at the advanced age of 90 in October 1958. (Note: I remember Mr. Sawyer used to keep bees and my father often bought honey from him). A pavillion with inside picnic table, rest rooms and a chain link fence have already been built. Playground materials are yet to be added.

In 1976, Wardell was the first town of the county to celebrate the Bi-Centennial of our country. The celebration began Friday evening with the selection and crowning of a king and queen at the high school gym. Cleat Stanfill of KCRV Radio Station in Caruthersville was the MC. There was a large group of little contestants from Wardell and many other places. Judges were from out of town. Little John Owens, son of Mr. and Mrs. J.B. Owens was chosen king. Little Miss Amy

Reed, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Reed of Steele was chosen queen. They were crowned by MC, Mr. Stanfill. On Saturday morning, a parade through town opened the day's festivities. It ended at the high school grounds, where Mayor Andrew Hillin gave the welcoming address and introduced Congressman Bill Dean Burlison, who addressed the crowd and spoke of the history of our country. Mr. Burlison was born and reared in Wardell. Representative Vic Downing was also introduced and gave a talk.

There were many booths on the grounds and a log cabin that had been erected by the Industrial Arts boys and their sponsor, Mr. Phil Schonley, after it had been removed from the Coates farm where it had been built and lived in long ago. It portrayed the home of Abraham Lincoln. Clarence "Pete" Clay of Portageville was a very real personification of Abe Lincoln. An auction was held in the afternoon in the craft shop booth. Hot dogs and other foods were for sale at the school lunchroom, along with cold drinks. The most hilarious event of the day was the Womanless Beauty Contest with the following contestants: Bill Buck, Jerry Hatley, Ervin Griffith, Harold Gene Wilson, Jerry Hargraves and a brother. Mr. Griffith won first place. Cleat Stanfill was on the job all day as a wonderful MC. Mrs. Eva Shepard was presented a corsage as the oldest citizen of Wardell at 89 years of age. Entertainment was furnished by the Crowley Ridge Academy Singers and Jack Campbell and the Ambassadors Quartet.

Climaxing the day's events, many fireworks were displayed at about 8:00 p.m. Mrs Jeannie Buck, Mrs. Pat Owens and Mrs. Elaine McHugh were the program committee and worked enthusiastically and long hours for the success of the celebration.

Mrs. Eva Shepard, who is now 92 years of age is Wardell's oldest citizen, having lived here since early childhood. She is now living with her daughter, Mrs Quentin (Mary) Still at Steele, Mo. due to failing health and having suffered a broken hip several months ago. Mrs. Tilda Stephenson is 90 years of age and has lived in Wardell since a child of 4. Mrs. Hattie Letner is also 90 years of age. She was born near Kenton, TN, but came here in 1907. Both ladies maintain their own homes. Mrs. Pearl Hatley is also 90 and has lived in the Wardell area many years. She is in poor health and in fact is in the hospital at this time. Mrs. Arlie Cheek and Mrs. Maggie Farris are in their 80's. Mrs. Cheek has lived her most of her life and Mrs. Farris has lived her many years. Both of these ladies still maintain their own homes. Pictures of Mrs. Shepard, Mrs. Stephenson, and Mrs Letner are appearing in this history. I do not have pictures of the other ladies.

Since the changes in Wardell Village, as it was called in 1919, later becoming a small incorporated town, have been covered in prior editions, I will give a little more detailed description of North Wardell and Homestown which has also been mentioned in other editions..

North Wardell, which was a farm with no houles on this acreage, now has about 100 houses, a community building, a store and hardware owned by Mr. O.L. Glisson and son. Billy Woodall owns an auto repair and inspection shop. There are also some other part-time shops and a gas station. North Wardell has its own governing body composed of a Board Chairman, Mr. Reuben Hatley, and board members, Lawrence Atwood, Ernest Long, Bobby Ephlin and Don Boatwright. The town was incorporated in 1946. They have city water piped there from the Wardell Water Supply and they also have natural gas.

Homestown, south of Wardell, was mostly woods in 1919. Now there are 80-90 homes in the area, a community building, three churches: St. Paul Baptist, Riverview Baptist and Church of Christ. They also have a blacksmith shop, public water supply and a city hall. Mr. J.W. Shaver is the mayor. The four aldermen are Levi Clinton, Bobby B. Bays, Mrs. Mozelle Henry and one name unknown. They have a Homestown marshall and a cemetery.

A letter from Mr. T.M. Spidell gave me information on a very unique happening on the McGinley Land Co. in earlier years. They owned a section and a half of land on 84 highway between Hayti

and Kennett which joined the acreage of the county farm and home. Mr. Spidell had all usable timber cut. Most of it was scrub oak from which he had fence posts made. He also built a four room house with front and back porches, also a barn with a crib in the center and stables on one side. A shed was on the other side for equipment. Two men came to see about buying an 80 acre tract. He directed them to look at this farm and let him know their wishes. The next day they returned and said there was no house on the place. Mr. Spidell thought they had looked at the wrong place, so he accompanied them. To his amazement, the house was gone. Mr. Pete Robertson, Pemiscot County Sheriff was notified. He and his deputies combed the woods and everywhere for weeks, but no trace was found. They could not conceive of how the house could have been camouflaged so well, but decided they must have spray painted it some color not identifiable. Never before have we had a house so stolen.

Due to the modes of travel in 1919, the roads, and for many years after, people in Wardell did not get far away from home. I remember hearing some say they had never been to Portageville, even though they were grown women. The women and children seldom went further than to town or church. Men had to go to Caruthersville occasionally, since it was the county seat, even though travel was difficult. I remember having to go to the dentist in Hayti early in 1923. My husband took me and my oldest son, then a small baby, and my father who also was seeing the dentist, to Pascola, over a very rough road, where we caught the train to Hayti, having to catch a late train back to Pascola, where we were put again in the wagon arriving home after dark.

Now many young people go as far as Memphis shopping and return the same day. There are not too many in Wardell who have not ridden jet planes to various places. Many have seen one or other of the oceans and some both. Many have traveled abroad. Among those who have traveled in other countries are: Mr. and Mrs. Glen Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Mangrum, Mr. and Mrs. Sonnie Walker and family (who had a son, Wayne, who married in Hawaii a few years past. They attended the wedding). Mr. and Mrs. Leon Curtis and daughter, Pam, Glen Owens Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. C.N. Solomon, Miss Iva Lou Wallace, Mrs. Lynie Dell Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Broderick and possibly others whose names I do not recall at this time. Some of these have traveled to lands such as England, Europe, South America, Mexico, Hawaii and others. This writer toured several eastern states, Washington D.C., New York City and crossed into Canada at Niagara Falls touring some of Canada, several years ago.

In my correspondence with Mrs. T.M. Spidell, who was a Wardell resident for a number of years in time past, she told me of very extensive travel abroad the past 22 years. She has visited more than 55 countries, 3 times to the Holy Land, twice to Russia, to Africa, India, Japan, the Orient and the Scandinavian countries. She has flown around the world twice; however, she has not been in good health since last August.

We also have three former residents who are missionaries in foreign countries: Mrs. Catherine Strother Sinapiades and her family are now in Greece, her husband's native land. After his marriage to Miss Strother following graduation from Harding College in Searcy, Arkansas, where he was an exchange student, he became a minister and lived in Wardell for sometime. Mrs. Carole Ann Broderick Simon and her husband, John Paul and son, have been in Brazil for several years. Carole Ann, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Broderick grew up and finished high school in Wardell. Jerry Owens, who was born in the Wardell area has been a missionary in Guatemala for several years. He and his family were in Guatemala City at the time of the terrible quake there in 1976. As stated in the first edition, many from Wardell have attained high positions in many fields and are scattered in different places throughout the nation. It would be very unlikely that I could get the names and accomplishments of many personally, so I will say "Congratulations" to all of you. Wardell is proud of your accomplishments.

Three people in Wardell have owned small planes in the past several years. Mitchell Hogan, Jr., Felix Mangrum, and Wilburn Stanford. However, they have sold them before the present time.

In the year 1928, an item entitled "Alumni News" appeared in the Wardell School Memoir, a school paper that was published not only for the school and parents but was for public subscription. Various ads, not only of the Wardell area, but many from out-of-town were run. Businesses from Kennett, Hayti, Caruthersville, Gideon, and Campbell placed their ads. I did not know that any copies of this paper were available today until the past week when a friend of this writer for many years, called me and told me of finding one in her collection of things through the years. Miss Gertie Clifton who grew up in Wardell and attended the Wardell Schools all through high school and was valedictorian of her class in 1930. After attending college, she taught in the Wardell Schools for many years. (Note: I remember when I first started to school and stayed with my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Z.F. Wilson, I would see Miss Gertie riding her red horse on her way to teach at Penhook School when it was located near what was the Ephlin home and near what was called the Margie Johnson place. In later years when she was teaching in Wardell, I went to see her and asked what were the requirements at that time, about 1950, for a teaching certificate. The superintendent had told me 60 hours, but something told me to check with Miss Gertie and Miss Iva Wallace. Miss Iva had been my teacher. Miss Gertie said all you had to do was get a school board to hire you. When I went home, I did just that and had a job before a week was over). Miss Clifton had a photostatic copy made of the paper since she had been following this History of Wardell and felt I would be happy to use some of the items in this history as some of the things had already been mentioned in previous editions.

First the "Alumni News" appears as follows: As years go by our Alma Mater continues to grow. In the year 1924-25, Wardell High School, under the following faculty: Mr. Harold S. Jones, superintendent; Miss Lengenia Young, principal; and Miss Marie Frauns, was classified as a first class high school and school was held. This year there were only two seniors, Minnie Mathis and Iva Lou Wallace.

In the school year 1925-26, one change was made in faculty. Miss Jessie Dalton succeeded Miss Lengenia Young, and there were three graduates: Floyd Mathis, John D. Tice and Ershel Wisener. (Note: Floyd went on to college and became a teacher and later a principal in the Hayti School System).

The third year of our high school, 1926-27, another change was made in the faculty, Mr. Aaron Walker succeeded Miss Dalton. The senior class this year again numbered three: Fannie Owens, Ruth Haynes, and Hatley Wallace.

The 1927-28 year had a complete change in faculty: Mr. H.B. Masterson was elected superintendent, Miss Willie Huber, principal; and Mr. George Metzler. The senior class dropped back to two: Carmen Godair and John R. Owens.

Four years have passes. Ten of us have finished and begun a plane of greater usefulness, and we trust, a greater service to mankind. Of the ten who have entered, eight have gone into the teaching profession. The other two have entered other fields of service. Eight more follow us this school year. With the privileges and opportunities given in such a school, we all feel keenly interested in the class of 1928-29 and the future of the school. By: Alumni

The above is quite interesting, but the following article of the same paper of December, 1928 tells of various things that I have covered to some extent in previous editions, except this article written by Mr. R.L. Warren or Uncle Bob as he was called by many. He was a son of Mr. Crockett Warren, one of the very early settlers in Wardell, and a homesteader of some 600 acres of land on which he built a home and rea .

There were a number of the old log houses still being lived in during the year 1919 and some for a number of years after. I mentioned in the early editions of this history of the game and wildlife here in the early twenties. There was also a vast range for live stock. "Uncle Bob" who I also knew after we came here has brought childhood memories to me.

When I was a small girl in Tennessee, my father bought a farm. The kitchen was a log room which had been added onto the home in later years. The kitchen, along with a flue for the cook stove, had one of those dirt fireplaces, as we called them, made in the same fashion of the ones described above. They also had a heavy bar of iron made in the chimney with some tongs attached where you could hang an old-fashioned black iron kettle and boil meats or vegetables. I also remember my mother having a large iron dutch oven with short legs, which she and my grandmother would put sweet potatoes in, take out coals near the front of the fireplace and set the oven on them, also placing coals on the lid which was cast iron with a rounded top. These potatoes were delicious with the good country butter of those days. The ash hopper, I well remember as we had one of those when I was a child. Soap-making day, I also remember; as stated all children were strongly admonished to stay far away. If you had fallen into it, you would have been cooked alive, a horrible death. However, soap-making continued to be done in the country for many years. This writer has made many kettles of cooked soap, also cold soap. The difference in the two was that we used canned lye rather than the lye obtained from the ash hopper. The rail fences with the draw bars for gates were also a very common scene in my childhood.

As I stated earlier in a prior edition, people who lived on the farm obtained most of their food from the farm. I can remember in earlier years of saving your own wheat and having it ground into flour at the flour mills. Corn was ground at the grist mill. Most coffee was bought in the bean and ground at home. I owned a coffee grinder, but lost it in the fire when our home burned. A sister still has the one used by my grandmother and mother. I remember also when we dried pumpkins for winter, along with other foods grown on the farm. As Mr. Warren stated, meat, lard, milk and butter were foods on most all tables. These were practices as later as 1919 and later.

Much has been said in earlier editions of the school in 1919 and the succeeding years. So, I shall add to those things the following superintendents through the years, from 1921 until the present time. They were: Mr. Harold S. Jones, first high school superintendent who held office till 1928; Mr. H. B. Masterson who remained until 1931; Troy S. Pierce who continued until 1937; Mr. W. H. Foster who held the office until 1946; Max Timmons who remained until 1952; Lyman Dillard until 1958; Raymond Haggard remained until 1960; R. L. Taylor succeeded Raymond and remained until 1963; Carl Hutchison remained until 1973; Edward L. Brogdon who is the present superintendent. Mr. W. H. Foster served 9 years, the longest term so far. Troy S. Pierce served 7 years, and Mr. Brogdon has just finished his seventh year in May of 1979 and will begin his 8th year in the 79-80 school year.

The principals through the years beginning with 1925 through 1979 are as follows: Leugenia Young who was succeeded by Jessie Dalton in 1926; Aaron Walker was elected in 1927; Miss Willie Huber in 1928 who served until 1931; T.R. Moore served only one year when he was succeeded by Miss Leilah Rickus in 1932. She served until 1940 when she took leave of absence and returned the following year and continuing until 1950 when A. L. Bater came, serving until 1953. P. L. Archibald came for one year. He was replaced by Thomas Nick Suddarth, who served until 1957 when he was succeeded by D. E. Miller who served until 1970. Jim McCord served until 1973 when he was replaced by James Evan who remained through 1973-74 and was succeeded by Harold Walker who remained until 1977 when Jim McCord was again elected and is still serving as principal. Miss Rickus was succeeded by a Mr. Raye for the year 1940, when she returned and served until 1950. She served the longest time as principal of the school. The next in length of service was D.E. Miller.

Some of the preceding superintendents and principals were former graduates of Wardell . After furthering their education, they returned and many others returned as teachers.

Mr. D. L. Potts served longer than any other teacher in the North Pemiscot School System. He served 44 years. He taught at Concorck, Hayward, Swift, Wardell Central, and Ross. He retired in 1976. Miss Iva Lou Wallace was second in length of service as teacher. She also served several years as elementary principal. She began her teaching career in 1920 after finishing the 10th grade at the Steele Hight School. She began teaching at Penhook in the Wardell system in 1920. After a few years, she returned to high school and graduated with the first high school class of Wardell in 1925. She and the last Mrs. Minnie Mathis Harmes were the first two graduates. After furthering her education at the David Lipscomb College in Nashville, she returned to Wardell and taught again. She also taught some years in Kennett Elementary School and later at Wardell. She became the Elementary School principal in the early fifties and retired from teaching in 1973.

Mrs. Clellen Baynes was another teacher of many years. She taught 37 years all in North Pemiscot School District. Her first school was at Tatum, one of the Wardell rural schools. She later taught in Wardell, then Pascola, Peach Orchard, and her last years at Ross Elementary until she retired in 1976.

Some students who wer High School graduates of Wardell and later returned as Superintendents and principals were: Lyman Dillard and the present superintendent, Edward Brogdon; Principals were: Thosmas N. Suddarth graduated from the 8th grade under D. L. Potts and later Mrs. Potts taught under him as principal. Mr. Potts had the longest teaching record in the North Pemiscot School System. This is a very rare happening. Many pleasant memories will linger.

We often hear the phrase "The good old days". When we refer to those days, we use this phrase. The inconvenience, the difficult tasks are not being referred to, but in those earlier days, the home and family life were the centers of interest. There was a security, a togetherness, and sharing. Neighborliness was also a source of pleasure. Things were shared and enjoyed as a community. Family picnics, school picnics, and church attendance were some of those things. There was little anxiety and fear. Not a lot of red tape in business. Most everyone could keep their records straight. Taxes included property, school and road taxes. One had no fear of children being kidnapped or exposed to alcohol in the schools. Morals were on a high plane. Children were not subjected to all sorts of vulgarity and sensuality. Decent dress was expected and displayed. No fear of pollution, no nuclear fear until after Hiroshima in World War II. You did not have to lock your doors if you stepped over to see a neighbor. You felt in no danger in sitting in your own home even though you might be elderly or a widow. Elderly people were respected. Most all were respectfully called "Aunt" or "Uncle" by both young and adults. Courtesy was very prevalent. The country was filled with life, as it was an every day thing to pass homes, seeing people, children at play, livestock and fowls. Today you seldom see either. People had time for the home, children and neighbors. Today we have machines for outdoor work, electrical appliances or pushbuttons inside for workk. Yet, we do not have time nor calmness.

Let us not forget to treasure the pleasant memories of yesteryear, and have the wisdom to separate the good from the bad of today, holding on to the tried and true principles of both. With a knowledge of, and a faith in God, let us press forward with a prayer that our country will continue to be "America the Beautiful", the land of opportunity with freedom and justice for all.

I especially wish to thank all of you who have loaned pictures for this history, which has added much to the pleasure of the readers. Also I wish to thank those who have assisted with dates. Most of them are very vivid in my memory. Others were records of business at school and some are approximate. Should ther be a few errors, they are not far wrong. I spent many hours in the writing. As stated in the introduction, this is Wardell history as I have seen it.

Since this is the last edition of the History of Wardell, as I first saw it in 1919, with the many and various changes through the past 60 years, as I saw and remember them, a small village town with a few board sidewalks. The present concrete walks were built in the early 40's by the WPA workers. I was unable to obtain the exact date.

Perhaps it is fitting, you would like to know more about this writer, those of you who do not know me personally, I am submitting a picture of myself as of this date, and also a picture of my husband made in 1953, as he was one who did not engage in many pictures. There is also a picture of my parents, the late Marion and Deller Owens who would be 112 and 104 respectively if they were living. They would appreciate this history. The pictures were made on their golden wedding anniversary only one and a half years before my father passed away at the age of 81 years and six months. My mother lacked 3 months living to the age of 90.

I met my future husband, the late J.R. or Robert Welch early in February 1919. We were married several months later. He passed away 10 years ago, only six months before we would have celebrated our golden anniversary. We lived in the Wardell area all these years except 5 months in 1921 when we lived near Portageville. I have lived in the same location where I now live for 50 years. As of now I can recall only two people of Wardell who still live in the same exact location for that long. Mrs. Lynie Dell Moore and Miss Iva Lou Wallace. Miss Wallace had lived at her present location since moving her from Tennessee in 1917. Others have lived in the same area more than 50 years but not in the same location.

I have five living children, one dead. All the children are married except my youngest son, who lives with me and operates the farm, plus other rented land. I have seven grandchildren, five of whom are married. I have six great-grandchildren, three boys and three girls, four of whom are in school. The oldest is eleven, a girl, and the youngest one and a half years, a girl. The oldest grandchild and one son, who is 35 and a victim of cerebral palsy. I have kept him lengthy times due to his mother's illness. I also have a granddaughter who lives with me and will be a sophomore in 1979-80 school year.

Having lived on a farm all my life, I am quite familiar with all farm life and activities I have written about. I have sent children to school almost continuously since 1927, having kept grandchildren much of the time. I have always observed with interest the growth and betterment of our community, state and nation. I have been a news correspondent for 26 years, so I have met many of you on the phone, whom I do not know personally except for your voice. I have been a member of the Lord's church for 63 years and have taught Bible classes for many years.

The things I have written were my knowledge of Wardell, but my husband has told me of things that happened in his early life concerning the wilderness and the animals there. He was born near Braggadocio, but moved to Wardell area in early childhood. He has told me of his father having killed a bear near their home one night, that had caught a hog and was sitting astride its back eating the flesh. When the bear would bite out a slug, the hog would squeal. So he and a friend, who was a house guest, loaded their guns and took their light and followed the sound of the squeal. They killed both the bear and the hog. They came to the house got the mule and dragged both to the house where they dressed the hog. He also told of his mother hanging lanterns on the trees at night when panthers would yell nearby. When his father would be hunting, game was plentiful, providing much of the food and also furs to be sold. In those days a few people lived in large tents with a floor and walls built of furs. There were also log houses continuing to be scattered through the area. One family living in a large tent in Wardell and continued to be occupied for a few years in the early 1920's on the farm now owned by B.T. Owens.

A list of the valedictorians and salutatorians from Wardell Schools 1925-1979

Valedictorians are named first followed by the salutatorians:

1925 Iva Wallace and Minnie Mathis; 1926 Floyd Mathis and Ershel Wisener; 1927 Colley Wallace and Ruth Haynes; 1928 John R. Owens and Carmen Godair; 1929 Sonnie Walker and Emma Owens; 1930 Gertie Clifton and Louise Scales; 1931 Nelle Wallace and Gladys Hickerson; 1932 Bonnie Tant and Opal Brown; 1933 Isabelle Knight and Sarah Ruth Acom; 1934 Rudolph Hickerson and Rex Reeves; 1935 Mary Kinningham and Jewel Clark; 1936 Imogene Taylor and Dean Shepard; 1937 Ruth Thompson and Dallas Hickerson; 1938 Malphers Owens and Martha Brown; 1939 Nyna Faye Welch and Opal Ray; 1940 Mae Alece Fields and Hardeman Owens; 1941 Buel Weathers and Hazel Clifton; 1942 Nellie Miller and Juanita Buys; 1943 Ruth Hickerson and Gerald Hoxworth; 1944 Teddie Martin and Lester Weatherly; 1945 Margaret Shearer and Dorothy Teroy; 1946 Dottie Whitsell and Dolpheul Tearock; 1947 Mary Frances Yarbro and Virgie Smith; 1948 Ronald Downing and Doyle Weathers; 1949 Callie Hawkins and Doris Jean Yarbro; 1950 Marion DeLisle Owens and Lori Whitaker; 1951 Mary Dell Hoxworth and John Hudgins; 1952 Doris McPherson and James Summar; 1953 Blanch Golightly and Peggy Sue Orton; 1954 Geneva Metzger and Carol Buck; 1955 Emma Nelle Owens and Edward N. Brogdon; 1956 Gene Cain and Betty McPherson-Jimmy Irvin; 1957 Barbara Wyatt and Patsy Goodman; 1958 Helen Dunlap and Henry Fisher; 1959 Anna Massey and Judy Mathis; 1960 Linda Vickery and Alfreda Chastain; 1961 Dean Montgomery and James Hillin; 1962 Norma Atwood and Wanda Petty; 1963 Bill Creech and Martha McGraw; 1964 James Massey and Belinda Owens; 1965 Dianne Sellers and Ann Acom; 1966 Hal Walls, Jr. and Brenda Phipps; 1967 Carolyn Gibson and Julie Buchanan; 1968 Gretchen Rudkin and Lance Walker; 1968 Julie Blurton and Dianne Shell Ricketts; 1970 Sarah Hooten and Kaye Maxwell; 1971 Janice Nolan and Brenda Wilson; 1972 Sue Ann Creech and Vicki Ray; 1973 Ricky Tucker and Vicki Phelps; 1974 Joe Brown and Lindsey White; 1975 Regina Waltrip and Valerie Porter; 1976 Billy Max James and Gene Bogart; 1977 Kendall Shires and Claudette Crowder; 1978 Paula Wilburn and Johnna Walker; 1979 Susan Crabtree and Kimberly Porter.

This has brought the history of Wardell to an end. From Mrs. Eva Welch's friends and neighbors, thank you for sharing your thoughts and memories.

Mrs. Eva Welch

A History of Wardell ran for several weeks in The Missouri Herald, a Hayti newspaper, beginning February 22, 1979.

A special thanks to Mrs. Eva's family who gave permission for Wardell History to appear on this Pemiscot County site.

Collected and typed by Nellie Miller Wilson in 1997.