

Stopping At Beulah

by Carol DeLaney

With contributions from Harold Lane, Hazel Reagan Cherry, Kathryn Reagan Kofahl, Dean Karnes, Delmer Maricle, Eldon White, Jean Ruede Johnson, Larry Swinford, and Sharon Austin Stephens

I am one of the few who have the privilege of being a member of the Beulah community. Though the town I knew as a child is physically gone, it lives on in the memories of the children who grew up in that little patch of paradise. Some of us have conspired together here to tell the story of our hometown. In the process I learned just how extraordinary that little town was and how brief its existence.

As a child I thought that Beulah had been and would be forever. The place was as much a part of me as my own skin. I came there with my mother and brother in 1945 to live with my grandparents, Charles and Alpha Capps. My granddad owned the flour mill and my grandmother was the schoolteacher. It seemed that everyone knew my grandparents and now I see that was true. The mill was the destination for all the local farmers and the school was the community center.

I suppose it was the abundance of activity in our lives that kept me from understanding that the empty buildings lining the Beulah Road were the remains of a dying town. To me the abandoned stores and bank were great places to play and pretend. Hazel Reagan-Cherry remembers those buildings as well. "I wondered what it was like

when it was a busy little town. Now all the buildings stood empty, some with broken windows...". Harold Lane concurs, "By the time we moved there (in 1942) everything had closed down. All the buildings were still standing and were owned by Sadie Sturgeon. She still lived there on the very large farm

smith, W.Z. Sturgeon. Twenty years later, in 1900, the community had a physician, druggist, two blacksmiths, and a general store/post office. By 1910 there were several additions: a distillery, grist mill, millinery shop, photography studio and gallery, a hardware store, a dry goods store, and a school-

Beulahites that, as my grandmother wrote, "C.A. Capps brought into the community the first automotive vehicle ever seen here. There was as yet but very few cars in all of Phelps County. This was a high wheeled international "Farm Fagon" -- as it was called. C.A. Capps went to St. Louis, bought the

machine, got into it -- the first "horseless carriage" he had ever been in -- and, after an hour's drive about the city with an instructor, took hold and alone drove it home. Nearing Beulah, the purr of the motor attracted attention and by the time the machine appeared a crowd had gathered. Tired as he was after the excitement and 7 hours of hard driving, C.A. Capps took everybody for a ride up a road no present day car could possibly take."

Unfortunately their success proved to be too much for one man. Their neighbor and friend, John M. Vance was arrested after he embezzled \$30,000 from their bank. He had been

abusing his position as head cashier for several years, stealing money from depositors and playing the stock market. When he was unable to continue to hide his crimes he surrendered himself to authorities in Rolla, Missouri before he was confronted by his victims. This

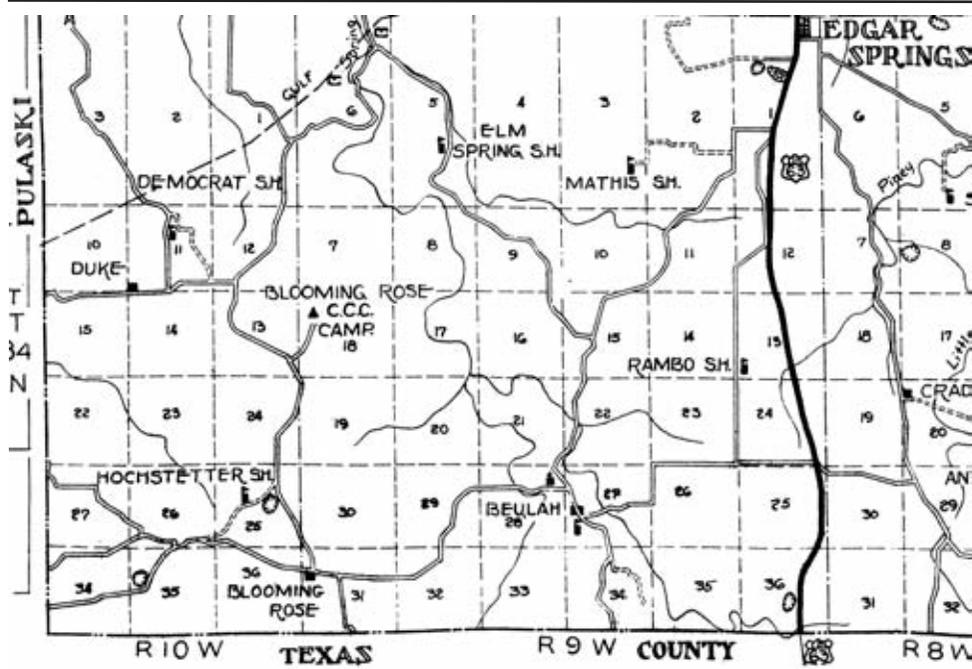


"The Mill at Beulah." [Carol Delaney has not only given us this reminiscence of Beulah in print but she has memorialized the community in paint. Carol is an accomplished artist and painted a series of scenes recalling life in Beulah. This black and white reproduction does not do justice to the painting with its vibrant colors. — Ed.]

that her husband had left her recently." Beulah became "official" in 1886 when William Z. Sturgeon founded the post office on his land in the Spring Creek Township of Phelps County. In the 1880 Federal Census the area was inhabited by farms with a lone black-

house with several local schoolteachers and a music teacher available. In 1911 the little town was so prosperous that many of the businessmen got together and founded the Beulah State Bank with \$10,000 in capital.

Things were going so well for the



Beulah is located in southwestern Phelps County and a stone's throw from Texas County with Licking as a trading center. Tourist Map of Phelps County, 1935.

shocking episode was such a staggering loss to the community, followed quickly by the Great Depression, that the Beulah business community was never able to fully recover, falling further and further into decline. Vance was given a five year sentence and the funds were never recovered.

Though they were unable to recapture the economic prosperity of those early years, the inhabitants of Beulah continued to be a close and caring com-

munity. As Hazel says so well, "Beulah was a great little place to live, with good neighbors and good people all around." For those of us who spent our childhoods there we have a kinship that we feel for each other that was passed along to us.

We all came to Beulah at different times from different circumstances but we have a wealth of shared experience that binds us together. After the death of his mother, Harold Lane and his

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Advertisement for the Beulah Roller Mills in the Licking News, 1906.

younger brother Bobby were taken in by his aunt and uncle, Delphia and Adlie Miltonbarger. "The folks had bought the Stratton farm near Beulah and the move was a great ordeal," Harold recalls. The last day of the

move, Bob's sixth birthday, was on foot. "What a sight that must have been. Mom, Jack (Bengry), me and Bob driving ten cows and calves, three horses, a dog, with a team of mules and iron wheeled wagon. All went well.

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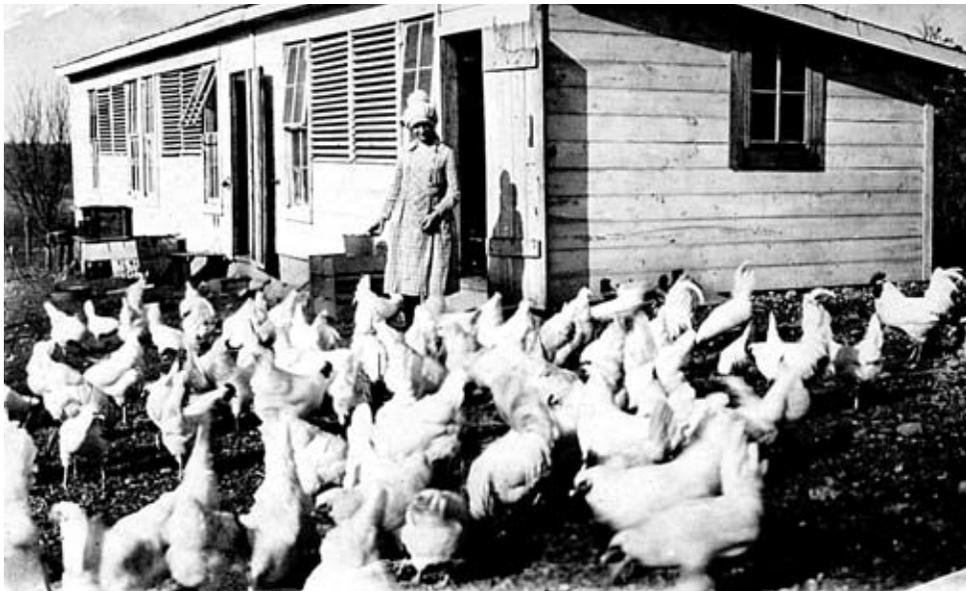
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Capp chicken house at Beulah, ca. 1920.

Gravel road, no traffic and we made it all the way to Blooming Rose in one day."

The Reagan family moved to Beulah in the Spring of 1943 to join family and share crop. Raymond and Edna Reagan packed up their car and a large wagon with their precious items and many pieces of handmade furniture for the move from Duke, Missouri. "The wagon was piled high," Hazel says, "and was pulled by the two mules, Jack and Jude. These mules loved to run away, so it was a miracle they made it to Beulah without running away and tearing up everything." Their new home was down a lane behind the schoolhouse and Beulah cemetery. My house stood between my grandfather's mill and the Beulah Hill Top Store & Post Office. My mother brought us to live there from Rolla, Missouri permanently after WWII to be closer to Fort Leonard Wood where she was working.

We were luckier than most because we had electricity and running water, though we still had an outhouse for emergencies. Jean Ruede Johnson remembers that Blooming Rose "didn't get electricity until the Rural Electric Association (REA) produced it in the early '40's." Hazel and her younger siblings, Kathy and Jimmy, were happy to go without as only kids would. "Our new home had an outhouse, of course, no running water or electricity. We loved it!" Harold's experience was unique. "We even had electricity and a telephone. Of course, our electricity came from a windmill mounted on a platform in the top of a tree with three batteries in a corner of the living room and a single bulb in each room. We had light when the wind blew and the batteries were up. The telephone was hand cranked with battery and only connected with three neighbors. Long and short is how we connected. Eventually the windmill wore out and the telephone no longer worked. I was in

high school when we finally got real electricity but we never got telephone service." There was a phone at our Beulah house when we moved there but it disappeared later on. Larry Swinford, whose family lived at Beulah in the '50's, recalls the lack of phone service even then. "No telephones at Beulah, I mean no telephones. In 1957 my Dad bought a ticket for a '57 Chevrolet



Alpha Capps with the first car in Beulah, ca. 1915.

from the Jefferson City Lions Club and he won the car. There was no way of notifying him. Finally he got a postcard that he'd won a new car. They couldn't believe, probably, that nobody would be around without a phone at that time, but on his ticket there was no phone number."

No matter the technological shortcomings, homes at Beulah were well loved and worked. My grandmother wrote about her typical days in 1949.

"Home is such a good stopping place. One is freer there -- has a better chance to skimp and save. Besides, a place left alone will soon be no place at all. My Saturdays and, I regret to say, often my Sundays are filled with housecleaning, cooking, ironing, sewing and mending. Through the summer vacation, if I have one, I housekeep on a better planned schedule and a larger scale. In addition,

I help to raise from 300 to 500 early broilers and as many later chickens, take care of the milk and help in the garden. I can fruits and vegetables, teach music, and occasionally make a dress for somebody.

This day Mrs. Ball wants to come over with her new dress pattern. She just can't seem to get it together right. Am I busy? Oh, of course not; she is to come right over.

It is five o'clock. Time to put feed and heat in for the chickens, set out a bunch of cabbage plants, gather the clothes off the line, take care of the fresh milk and do a churning so our sick neighbor can have butter for tomorrow's breakfast; get supper; wash the dishes and put the baby to bed.

Half past seven. I plant myself among cushions. Dad turns on the radio. The house careens in a whirlpool of WSM's "Gran' Ole Opry". There are the "Gully Jumpers", the "Fruit Jar Drinkers", the "Possum Hunters" and the boy with the musical gourd. Or maybe it's "Honey and Lasses" or "The Lady with Sunshine in her Voice".

Tomorrow dawns. I feel full of pep. I get the housework out of the way. I get myself all slicked up. Noontime dinner is over. I am feeding the cats at the back door. At the garden fence, my neighbor appears. She tells me: 'Old Mrs. Carter

died last night. I thought, if you would, we'd drive over there this afternoon.' And says we ought to take some flowers. They ain't got a one. You've got lots of Jonquils and Hyacinths; I've got some, too. Let's take 'em. And we do. Night again. The radio is going at full blast. I have just come out of the kitchen, having taken from the oven a pan of fragrant buns, baked to help out a little tomorrow. There is a rap at the door. Dad lets them in -- the newly married couple on the hill -- our newest neighbors, who have 'just dropped in for a few games of pinochle' and Mmm! Mmm! they smell the buns! Fresh buttered buns and hot tea are served before they go. Next day, I have to bake bread.

And so it goes. In the country one is surrounded by his friends and neighbors. It is a part of life -- to be useful, necessary, a real part of things -- always in demand. What else would one want to live for?"

Sharing and working together was a way of life at Beulah. When an orchard had a particularly good season there was always extra fruit for any who wanted it. "My folks and the Hilgerts had large orchards and were always ready to share," says Harold. "What they canned and dried is what they ate." After the Reagan family moved to their new farm on Sherrill Creek in 1947, they had a large orchard with "lots of apple trees and a couple of peach trees. Everything was grown up with weeds and brush. It was a nightmare! Not to mention copperhead snakes. Ugh! Daddy trimmed all the fruit trees in the orchard and that Fall we had so many apples the folks gave them to every one of the neighbors and family, too." I have always been amazed at the way these farmers were self-sustaining. Nothing was ever wasted. "All of the families that butchered hogs very carefully removed most of the fat and rendered it for lard which was used for the winter," explains Harold. "The crackling were



Beulah Band, ca. 1912, posed in front of the Beulah State Bank.

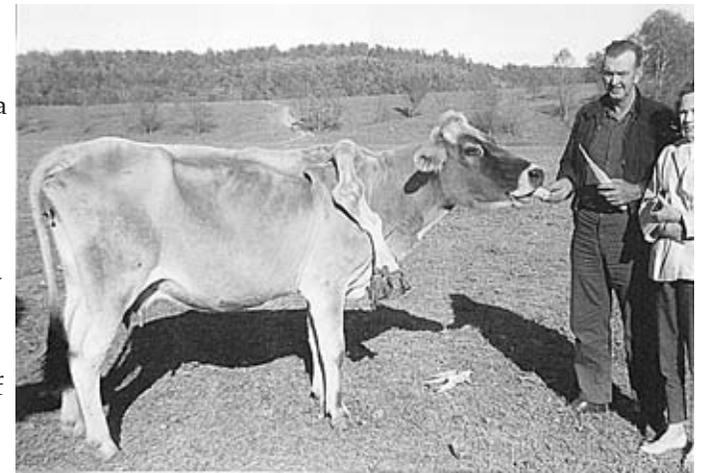
kept very carefully in a lard can and was used for cracklin' bread. All old fat and butter was stored in a large stone jar and saved for making lye soap in the spring. They later smoked the meat in their smoke houses."

Some of my fondest memories of Beulah are the chickens. My granddad kept hundreds in several large chicken houses between our house and the barn. My grandmother's brother, Jim McGiboney, told me once that when coming to visit, as soon as Beulah came into view across the valley, he could see

our house and the hillside was white with chickens. "Everyone raised some corn to feed their hogs and chickens," says Harold. "Chickens were very important as eggs were taken to Licking once a week to sell and groceries were bought. The most prominent chicken raisers were the Capps', Jaszarowski's, Marions, and my folks." After my granddad was unable to run the mill, he devoted his time to the chickens and egg production. Every summer we raised baby chicks. One year, Pete O'Malley, a family friend, thought it

would be fun for us to raise ducks along with the baby chicks. Pete owned a large farm in a community called Blooming Rose. His farm was called a river bottom farm because it ran along the Big Piney River. He always had a number of geese that hung out in the front of the house and by the creek. They were all named "Rose". Pete said that way he never got their name wrong.

He also had a mixed breed of cows on his land. One year a cow delivered a calf with five legs. It was born with a perfectly formed extra leg that began at the top of the right shoulder and hung down over the right leg. Pete took the calf over and named her "Beulah". The two became very attached to each other and she became famous in the area. A friend managed a carnival that toured Missouri, Arkansas and Texas during the summer months. He suggested that Pete take the teenaged Beulah on a carnival tour. They got a tent, set up a wooden square pen inside for Beulah and charged ten cents to see the "Five Legged Cow". They earned enough to



Pete O'Malley's five legged cow, Beulah, was a tent show star one summer.

pay traveling expenses. In the evening Pete, Beulah and the other Carnies would get together and drink beer; Beulah liked hers in a bucket. Pete brought us a few duck eggs that year and our setting hen hatched and lovingly raised her ducklings. Nature turned on her one day, though, when she took her babies too close to the mill pond. The ducks discovered water and happily floated out on the pond while the mother hen ran up and down the bank squawking, screaming, and flapping her wings until the ducklings returned to land. The next year Pete brought us some turkey eggs for a setting hen to hatch. This time we had



Charles Capps and Alpha McGiboney Capps in buggy in 1907.

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thirteen baby turkeys. All was well until they started to get bigger. On warm summer evenings the chickens liked to roost in the peach trees by the chicken house. Because the turkeys considered themselves to be chickens, they would fly up onto the branches too. As they got bigger and heavier they would break the tree limbs out from under themselves and the other chickens. The male turkeys decided they had to protect our home from strangers. When people came calling, the turkeys would strut out, tails up and wings out, to scare off the intruder.

I remember that everyone always kept an eye out for opportunities to supplement their incomes whether through diversifying their farm's products or taking on extra jobs. "To say money was scarce is an understatement," stresses Harold. "A few years before we moved to the Beulah area the government bought all the area that is now Fort Leonard Wood. People came from all over to build it. Everyone that had an extra bed or bedroom rented them to boarders. My folks were no exception. This meant Mom fixed beds, made breakfast, packed lunches, and fixed supper for eight extra people. She also washed their clothes. All of this was done for five dollars a week." Hazel remembers her parents both "had gotten jobs at Fort Leonard Wood for extra money. This was during World War II."

After my granddad died, my grandmother rented a room to her aunt to help make ends meet. Luckily she had a talent for writing and was able to produce a weekly column for the Rolla Weekly New Era newspaper called Vera Little About Anything. In this article printed in 1951, she tells of running a farm on her own in her sixties.

"That old saying, 'You can't teach an old dog new tricks' when applied to folks, just ain't so, and don't you believe it.

You know that hay, which so much of has been shipped in to us people who didn't raise none because of the drought? Well, then, you know how tight the bales are done up with wire -- those big eight-foot ones, weighing almost as much as you, being wired extra good like some packages labeled: "Don't open before Christmas" -- as if 't wouldn't take till Christmas to do it, anyhow!

Well, first I better tell you that of manpower on my place, there isn't an ounce, five days out of every week, which is why I elected to do, myself, the bit of choring required in caring for the hens and a few head of livestock. Being a lady, most of my life, and un-

used to such work, handling this baled hay came near to taking all the joy out of life as well as making me a cripple, before I learned, at my present late age --- a new trick.

Nobody had told me that those baling wires, one twisted, were not to be untwisted. And so I bravely tackled the job, first with my bare fingers, then with the help of a nail. But I had to give it up. A better plan, I thought, would be to pull the hay from the end of the bale until the wires became loose. This, too, after trial, seemed impossible. But finally, from the compact mass, I drew a straw, then a few more, and so on, until a handful of the stuff could be worked out and the wire there became quite loose. By the same patient method the opposite corner was loosened and a sizable "slice" of hay could be lifted from the bale. In the same manner a second bale was opened up. Then I thought of a still better way, which was to slip an iron wedge under the wire which could then be pounded in two with a hammer. That worked, but so did I, and I also mashed a thumb. Then quite by accident, I acquired from a neighbor, the idea --- the 'new trick' of cutting the wire with a pair of pliers!

Suffering such casualties as: two deep wire cuts on right thumb; 1 mashed left thumb; one broken spectacle lens (when the hay barn door blew to, just as I came out with a "slice" of hay for the spotted calf); and one strained wrist, I still maintain that anybody, even one as dumb as me, can learn a 'new trick'."

In the end, though, we could always count on each other for help. An item from the Beulah News in April 1949 is just one example of how these neighbors cared for one another.

"Last Friday some of the neighbors decided that Mr. Crosswell needed some help on his farm, as he is all alone since his son was taken to the hospital. So they got busy and with Glen LaMarr driving Joe Jaszarowski's tractor, they removed a tree in the old orchard and set out a new orchard, plowed his garden and cut seed potatoes. The men that helped were Jack Bengry, Lloyd Sander, Bruce Hill, Glen LaMarr and Mr. Austin."

Hazel's family, the Reagans, experienced tragedy shortly after moving to Beulah. "Our house caught fire and

burned to the ground," she says. "Our mother, Edna, had built a fire in her wood cook stove, getting ready to prepare dinner. She had a big pan of gooseberries simmering on the stove for a cobbler she was about to bake." Hazel's younger sister Kathy was sitting in the living room by the stove warming her bare feet when she looked up and saw smoke coming through the cracks in the pine wood ceiling. She called to her mother who yelled for Hazel and Kathy to grab their sleeping baby brother, run outside to the car and honk the horn. The car horn caught her father's attention while he and some other men were doing work at the Sturgeon Farm down the road. "They knew it was our house burning. All three men jumped into Uncle Lilburn's wagon. The horses were running so fast, he was really whipping them. We could hear them coming down the gravel lane. It made a lot of noise with those mares running, the wagon wheels bouncing on the rocks in the road." The men ran into the house to save what they could -- a walnut library table, a drawer full of family photos, a sewing machine and cabinet, the kitchen stove with the pot of simmering gooseberries still cooking on top. "Neighbors came running from all over to see if they could help but it was too late. Most everything we had was gone. The neighbors gathered the few things that were saved and took them to Uncle Lilburn's house. Kathy was crying because she had no shoes." Edna was treated for burns to her arms and hands. She had injured them as she dragged things away from the burning house. Edna Reagan recalled the aftermath of the house fire, "Joe and Mary Wheeler sent word for Kathryn to come to their General Store and Post Office at Beulah. When she arrived they gave her a new pair of black patent leather shoes. She was so proud of these special shoes as she had been going barefoot since the fire had burned up her shoes." They rebuilt their house themselves as they found time away from their farming chores. Friends and neighbors gave them dishes, cooking utensils, and an iron bed frame and mattress.

Extending a hand to help a neighbor was not limited to assistance in the face of destruction. Hazel remembers an old gentleman by the name of

Zack, who lived in an old two story house behind the Wheeler's home. "He suffered from dementia, or something, couldn't remember anything. He would walk to the Beulah store and then couldn't remember the name of what he wanted. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler were always so kind to him. They would let him go behind the counter and look until he found what he wanted. His house burned down too." Eldon White, whose family moved to Beulah in 1951, recalls that "if you wanted to add a room (to your house), you'd just holler at all the neighbors and here the neighbors would come with hammers, saws, and what have you, and By Golly, add a room."

One thing that really stands out for me when I remember growing up at Beulah is the feeling of security I had. I always felt looked after by all the adults in the community. I remember riding with my friends, Dean Karnes and Barbara Cohea, for hours on our horses throughout the surrounding countryside. All the farms were open to us for riding anytime as long as we closed the gates. We would ride by the Jaszarowski Farm and Maude Jaszarowski would give us all a huge juicy pickle from her pantry. At the Wheeler's store we would grab cold RC Cola's from the ice box inside for six cents. In the mid' 40s Joe Hill bought the old Sturgeon Farm intending to raise mules. He was from Texas and blew into town like a Saturday Western come to life. He had a big hat, chaps, boots, Texas saddles, bridles, ropes -- all the equipment -- and two train car loads of beautiful mustang mares. Two of the horses were set aside for the neighborhood kids to ride. "Chief" was a tall red western horse and "Mutt" was a shorter black horse. We were so small we had to put our feet under the straps above the stirrups. We were taught how to ride by Mary Woodcock. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Austin, who owned the Beulah Hill Top Store after the Wheelers. Mary was staying with her parents at Beulah while her husband was stationed at Fort Leonard Wood. He was a pilot and would fly his plane low over the store and tilt the wings to let her know he would be coming home. She had a load of ribbons and awards for her equestrian skills and we really learned how to ride properly. This adult indulgence was not limited to us kids. Mr. Hill had a mule, called Ichabod, that he raised after the death of its mother. Ichabod thought of himself as just another kid in the neighborhood. He walked along the road at will, took naps under the big oak tree in front of the Hill Top



Carol and Queenie, 1955.

Store, and waited for us to get out of school so we could all play. My grandmother recorded one incident in the Beulah News of August 10, 1950.

"All week, Ichabod has quietly and obediently, if somewhat doggedly, lent his slick back to the carrying of whomsoever wanted to ride. And the whomsoevers have been several. One, two; this one, that one; they all have had their turn. Up and down the sunny road; round and round in the pastures; sometimes hitched to a post --- little Ichabod has tolerated it all.

But even a mule knows when enough is enough. Anyway, Ichabod must have reached a decision. Standing patiently while the kids wrangled about who should ride next, there was a tilt to his head, a set of his ears, and glint in his eyes which spelled some settled determination.

A little girl, out-maneuvering the others, had placed her foot just right for the climb up. Ichabod, reaching back, bared his teeth, and took a firm bite in the softest part of her leg. There were loud yelps, but no blood. There was no more riding that day. Ichabod was

taken home, looking very much ashamed of himself, or maybe he was merely struggling to hold back a little mule laugh."

Kathy Reagan remembers getting some extra help from my grandmother, Alpha McGiboney Capps, one of the local schoolteachers. "She helped me take seventh and eighth grade the same year so when I started high school I would be with the right age group. She drove me to Edgar Springs to take the eighth grade test then brought me back to her house for lunch. This was the first time I had creamed tuna on crackers. It was so delicious."

Of course, for all of us telling this story school was a major component of our lives at Beulah. My grandmother was the primary teacher there but occasionally others filled the post. The Beulah School was a one-room schoolhouse with one teacher and all eight grades. In the morning the bell was rung to start classes and again at 1 PM after lunch. The bell was housed in a bell tower above the door with a heavy rope hanging down from the bell. There was a large wood stove in the center of the room. My grandmother arrived early every morning

and started a pot of beans on the stove in the colder months so we could all have a hot lunch. Harold remembers one day when Marie Karnes was filling the stove with wood. "She was wearing an angora sweater and it caught fire. She singed her hair and eyebrows." Hazel recalls there was no bus service. "My sister Kathy and I were lucky when we first moved to Beulah in 1943 because our home was just a short distance from the school." In 1944 the Reagans lived on a large farm on Spring Creek that was a greater distance from school. "Now Kathy and I had to walk two miles across a log foot bridge across Spring Creek, which got a little tricky in the wintertime, especially when it had snow and ice on it." My grandmother made all the kids line up in the morning so she could check to see if our fingernails were clean and if we had brushed our teeth and would remark that patches on our clothes were just fine as long as we were clean. Hazel remembers that "Mrs. Capps taught everything including music and art. We had art on Friday afternoon and I loved it. We had to draw everything free hand because she wanted us to use our own talent. Sometimes we were allowed to go outside and draw the bluffs we could see off in the distance, or trees and wild flowers. I still have some of the pictures I drew back



Beulah School 1947. Back Row: Bobby Lane, Floyd Carico, Ellis Wallace, Harold Lane, Maude Flett, Kathy Reagan, Thelma Wallace.
Second Row: Donald Carico, Audrey Wallace, Zelman Karnes, Lamar DeLaney.
Front Row: Bobby Carico, Carol Delaney, Barbara Cohea, Howard Flett, Hazel Reagan, Dean Brown.



This image of Beulah in 1906 surfaced as this article was going to press. Carol Delaney describes it as "the view of Beulah from just below the schoolhouse [see map, page 42]. On the right is the house I've always called the 'Boarding House' because my grandmother boarded there when she first came to Beulah as a schoolteacher. She and my granddad were married in 1907. Just beyond that house is the building that became the Beulah State Bank. Next to that is the W.Z. Sturgeon House. It was very large and extends back. There is a small pump house between the house and the bank building. You can see the top of the barn beyond the house - this is the barn I painted in the Mill painting (across from the mill on the left). On the other side of the road - the first building is the blacksmith, I believe. The next two buildings I'm not sure about but the large one at the top of the hill is the Dry Goods Store. Just past that you can see the top of the roof of the Hardware Store. I know there was a distillery at Beulah around this time so maybe it is one of those." Courtesy of State Historical Society of Missouri-Rolla - Williams Family Collection.



Reagan Family 1943 - (left to right) Kathy, Raymond, Edna, Jimmie, and Hazel.



Joel and Mary Reed Wheeler with son Lacy Wheeler, 1902. They operated the General Store and Post Office.

in the 1940s." There were never very many children attending school at one time. Harold estimates "between fifteen and thirty" when he was there. By the time the school closed in 1960 the population had dwindled considerably. "I joke with my kids that I graduated at the top of my class in eighth grade," says Larry Swinford, "of course I was the only eighth grader that year."

Eldon White had a similar experience. "When I graduated in 1960, it was just me and one other neighbor girl. After us they closed the place down." Delmar Maricle helped to dismantle the old schoolhouse many years later and remembers finding all sorts of souvenirs from those old school days. "We found old "Chief's Tablets" and pieces of slate under the floorboards." Those floorboards were memorable as well. "Once a year we had a cleanup day," says Larry, "we'd have kerosene and motor oil and we'd oil the floors down." Delmar remarks, "Those boards were slick. Waterproof."

Behind the schoolhouse was the Beulah Cemetery. Hazel recalls, "Several times Mrs. Capps would dismiss school in the afternoon for a funeral. If needed, she would play the piano and some of we school children would sing for the service. The rest of the children had to sit quietly in the back of the

school room." At other times, as both Larry and Eldon remember, some of the boys would be excused from class to help dig a grave.

The school house was the community center for Beulah. Besides funerals, there were pie suppers, monthly community meetings, and quilting bees. We voted there, had plays, and showed movies. Every year we had a turkey shoot in the yard. "I remember a church revival there," says Hazel. One of the favorite community get-togethers, though, was the square dance on Saturday night. People would come from all around the area to play. "The ladies brought cakes and made coffee and Kool Aid," says Harold. Mrs. Rose Marion played the piano and the Crosswells, Mark and his son Charlie, played the fiddle, guitar and mandolin. "Sometimes my dad, Raymond, would play the fiddle," Hazel remembers, "but he and mother loved to square dance so others came to play music." Harold recalls that "John Cassidy and his daughter Violet from Blooming Rose" played great fiddle and guitar, and "the Marsh family who lived down the river were a very talented family."

Musical entertainment had a long history at Beulah. In the March 22, 1912 issue of the *Licking News*, there is an

item about the Beulah Band.

"The entertainment given by the Beulah band Saturday night was a grand success. We were pleased to have visitors from Licking, Sherrill, Craddock, Kinderpost, Relfe, and Edgar Springs, but much more pleased to be able to entertain them with home talent. We are proud of our band and much praise is due our efficient manager, Mr. Bell."

This free entertainment could only be rivaled in the summertime by the cool waters of Sherrill Creek. There was no air conditioning back in those days so people would drive, ride, and walk to the running spring fed creek. You would see whole families wading out to cool off. Dean Karnes remembers those days well. "This used to be a wild creek, it used to run every day and I used to swim in it every day when I was a kid. In fact, I'd a liked to drown one time if it hadn't been for Harold Lane pulling me out. I was just a little guy about 5 or 4 or 6 years old." Harold says that "Beulah was located between two creeks that ran year round back then. The young people rode horses and swam in the creek during the summer." For the men of the community, gathering every day at the Beulah Hill Top Store was their entertainment.

The Beulah Hilltop Store and Post Office was one of the last structures to remain of the original town. It was the source for all the news of Beulah. After the Sturgeon family established the store and post office they sold the property to Joel and Mary Wheeler along with the house next door. Mary was a local girl who took on the position of postmistress after her marriage. The Wheeler's owned the store for over thirty years. I remember my granddad, Mr. Wheeler, and the other farmers would hitch up their horses under the shade of the giant oak tree then play intense games of horseshoes and checkers to wile away the afternoon. After Joel's death the store was bought by the Austin family. Eventually ownership transferred to the Swinford family. Larry Swinford's mother, Virginia, acted as postmaster and storekeeper for several years. During the long winter months, idle farmers would sit around the pot-bellied stove in the middle of the store and discuss politics. In the summertime, the conversation moved outside. Larry remembers those local men. "Those guys used to come every morning. Every morning they were sitting on those benches by the heating stove in the winter, of course, and on the porch probably in the summertime and had good jokes. I don't know how

they ever had enough stories and jokes to tell every day but they seemed to have 'em. It didn't seem like we did anything too much in the evening but they would have a new story the next day. Maybe they would just be tolerant and listen to the same ones over and over, I don't know." Sharon Austin Stephens and Jean Ruede Johnson, both relatives of Joe and Mary Wheeler, remember visiting at Beulah. Jean says, "it was a simple way of life, but a hard life" as well. The store and post-office stood at Beulah until recently when the store burned to the ground and the post-office was closed.

Such a place as Beulah should never just disappear. Fortunately we children of Beulah still remember the home our folks worked so hard to create. Though it lasted as a town for less than eighty years, its story is one of strength, optimism, ambition, and true community. Speaking for all of us Beulahites, I hope you will find a little piece of Beulah in your own town and carry it on into the future.

The Beulah Families

1. Wheeler Family: Joel, Mary (Store Owners), Lacy, Wilmer, Hattie, Helen
2. Capps Family: Charles, Alpha (Mill Owner, School Teacher), Mary, Aileen - Lamar, Carol and Susie DeLaney
3. Sturgeon Family (i): William Z, Mollie (Founders of Beulah), Elmer

4. Sturgeon Family (ii): Elmer, Sadie (Merchants/Retailers - Dry Goods Store and Hardware Store)
5. Flett Family: Angus, Alma, Anna Maude, Howard, Gordon
6. Karnes Family (i): Joseph, Lorine, Larry
7. Karnes Family (ii): Joe Lewis, John, Bonnie, Doyle, Rose, Lloyd, Dean
8. Karnes Family (iii): Jess, Cora, Marie, Zelman
9. Karnes Family (iv): Paul, Lois, Wayne, Paulette, Carol, Gerald (Griz)
10. Reagan Family: Raymond, Edna, Hazel,

- Kathy, Jimmy
11. Sliger Family: Clayton, Clifford
12. Miltonbarger Family: Adlie, Delphia, Jack Bengry, Harold Lane, Bobby Lane
13. Marion Family: Bill, Rose, Gerald
14. Zinder Family: Joe, Ula
15. Hilgert Family (i): Fritz, Cattie
16. Hilgert Family (ii): George, Leona, Betty
17. Brookshire Family: Ernest, May, Gilbert, Ronnie
18. Crosswell Family: Mark, Charlie
19. Jaszorowski Family (i): John, Rosie
20. Jaszorowski Family (ii): Joe, Maude,

- Frank, Jackie Rowland
21. Brown Family: Jim Brown, Mammie Nunn, Mary Nunn, Lucy Nunn, George Alvey
22. Hill Family: Joe, Bruce
23. White Family: Sebring, Eldon
24. Vaughn Family: John, Irene, Jimmy, Dorothy, Barbara Cohea, Virginia Howell
25. Chancy Family: Harry, Joann, Gaylon
26. Mosher Family (i): Homer, Josephine, Dick, Dale
27. Mobley Family: Lilburn, Ina, Loretta, Shirley, Charlotte
28. Winters Family: Holly, Viola, Ruby, Paul, Gail, Joyce, Cecil
29. Sanders Family: Tom, Elsie, Lloyd
30. Carico Family: Tobias, Hazel, Floyd, Donald, Bobby
31. Wallace Family: Chester, Mary Lee, Brownie, Gladine, Ellis, Velma, Audrey
32. Marsh Family: Charles, Alma, Marlene
33. Austin Family: Jack, Mary (Woodcock)
34. Romine Family: Donald, Billie, Patsy Jo



Carol DeLaney's "Decoration Day" is another in the Beulah series of paintings. It illustrates the Ozark tradition of decorating, visiting, and eating dinner at the graveyard. The colorful prints are 14 x 18 inches.

Carol DeLaney is an award winning artist currently living and working in Columbia, Missouri. Carol left Missouri for California and her artistic education began in the Central Valley where she studied painting and sculpture. Her training continued in the artist communities of Monterey and Carmel-by-the-Sea on the Central Coast of California. She has relived her childhood in Beulah on canvas. Carol can be contacted about her art via e-mail at caroldelaney1940@yahoo.com.

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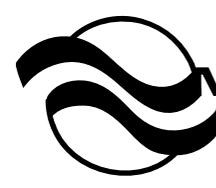
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