

LOOKING BACK OVER THE YEARS WITH OLD BO...

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Submitted by
Fern Webster

Uncle Tommy Zumwalt all of older than fifty will remember Uncle Tommy as he traveled over the country preaching and living what he preached.

He was born in the year 1840, here in Mo. he sustained an injury when he was 6 years old and carried a noticeable limp the rest of his life. His father died before he was 10 years old leaving his mother to care for 7 children.

The go west to grow up with the country and get free land in Texas induced the family to move to Texas for a short while but they moved back to Missouri finding a home, 13 miles south of Waynesville.

In 1859 Tommy was 19 years of age he joined the home church being the Friendship Baptist Church and was the first one organized in Pulaski County.

Tommy felt the urge to help the Lord in his work, but as the Civil War first started he was not ordained as a preacher but went and served in the Civil War.

After dismissing church one Sunday morning they listened to a man from Waynesville pleading for men to enlist in service and go fight for our freedom. Uncle Tommy enlisted in General Prices army and served with him until he was captured and placed in prison in Alton, Ill. When the war ended he returned home to the same old church he was ordained as a minister.

In 1896 Tommy was married to Sarah Manes and to this marriage the Lord blessed them with 14 children.

Of course these children have passed on to be with Uncle Tom who left this world in 1927.

You could see Uncle Tommy as he moved over the country and later homesteaded the farm on Cottonwood Creek now owned by Junie Ogle, traveling a foot most of the time as he went to help someone in need or to preach the funeral of some of his friends. Many people gave Uncle Tom a lift as he traveled, he had a team and buggy that was used in his longer journeys.

When preaching in his early days he was paid a very small cash donation and many sacks of taters was given, quilts, homemade socks, other types of household needs, and this was their method of paying the preacher.

Uncle Tom missed corn that was taken from his log crib, and him thinking the coons were taking this corn regularly and in small amounts set a steel trap to catch them, but one morning where he went to feed and do his morning chores noticed a person standing outside of his crib, after feeding and getting ready to go back for breakfast he went to see about this person standing there to find that in reaching in for another ear of corn the man had been caught in the steel trap and could not get loose. Of course Uncle Tom released him from the trap made him go eat breakfast with him and then putting some corn in a sack for the neighbor to take home.

Uncle Tommy as known by

us older boys did not only preach religion he lived it everyday.

On another occasion the men on Bearcreek which was the Zumwalt home country needed some help to cradle his crop of wheat which was getting too ripe. He asked the Zumwalt boys to help cut the wheat on Sunday so rather than them to say yes before getting dads permission they asked Uncle Tommy and his answer was if it were me I would not do it, but you boys make up your own minds and do what you want. So to help the farmer neighbor they agreed to cradle the wheat on Sunday and as the day and cradling progressed the sheriff happened to pass and seen the boys working on Sunday so he stopped and arrested the two for working.

When they went to court for trial their case was dismissed and John claimed he was arrested only once in his life time, but not fined but found guilty of Sunday work.

We find in looking back many things that Uncle Tommy did for his people and many times he was not reimbursed in any manner for his efforts. When some good person handed him a four bit piece of money he was well paid. He worked for the Lord and the Lord cared for him.

Across the street we find the old Methodist Church a frame structure built in the 1880's. We read from a diary written by Mannie Tyre Brock that goes as follows.

In February 1870 a little band of citizens of the small town of

Richland, Mo. gathered in the Frisco Station and organized a Methodist Church with seven members, the town was so new and small that the depot was the only available place for a public meeting in 1887.

This frame structure being out dated and a new building wanted for more room and a better church building with added room for the growth of the congregation was sold to Lee Bohannon for \$175.00 the bell was reserved where it was and to be removed by Elmer Noe and J.W. Press. Bohannon was allowed 30 days to tear down and move the salvage, but the bell needed to be moved so salvage progress would not be delayed, but the job was too great for Press and Noe to do, so they traded with Old Bo to remove the bell for a cost to them of \$10.00, this contract was made and three men had the bell in the front yard in less than an hour.

The bell still is in the present brick sanctuary and the building was built by John Traw who at the time was our best builder.

Mollie Watson and her sister lived across the street where the filling station is and in the early 1900 hundreds we all had roller skates to spend our evening out.

Coasting down the hills and pumping back up again. Aunt Mollie barred all skates to stay off of her grandold walk as she did not want us to wear it out.

When we thought Aunt Mollie had given up the day and had

went to bed for the night the crowd of mean kids would all start at Dr. Olivers corner and skate very fast down to the hardware store then go home. Most always the last few of the mob would be severely talked to as we pass her front door.

A two story nice frame house sat up hill from Aunt Mollies place and years later when we had a fire department and they had a small fire in the roof of this home the fire department was called to extinguish the blaze and when all the fire was out, but we needed a better inspection to check. One boy was helped up into the attic for a closer inspection and found a 10 gallon cocola wooded barrel set up with the grape wine bubbling and ageing to ripen so the owner could enjoy fresh made wine.

This reminds me of my only time of making grape wine in the 10 gallon cocola barrel and my instructor was grandpa John Johnson (Great granddad to the type setter who is doing this work Jane Norton) his instructions were so many pounds of sugar so much grape juice, you place it into the barrel after you have mixed the juice and sugar well, then you cork it up and run a rubber tube from the barrel and place the other end into a cup of water as long as fermentation goes on the gas generated with bubbles in the water and when it stopped its time to bottle. Well I watched it very close for a few days then forgot about it and when I checked it again the

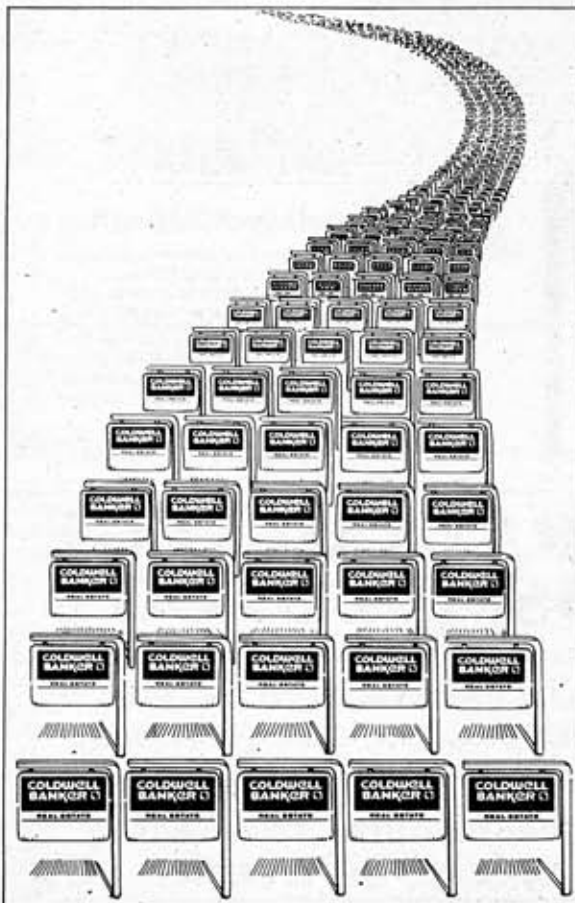
fermentation had stopped so to start it again you resugar it and be very careful and watch it closely after three starts and failure I bottled the brew in the small 6 oz. soda pop bottles used by the Magnetic Ice Co. of Lebanon. Some of the caps blew off, some of the bottles burst and some made it thru, those that were saved had a kick worse than any mule.

Well, we went down Pine Street both sides, drifted away on other stories and we need to check into the Diamond T Oil Company one of the first modern oil filling stations in Richland, it was a beauty made of brick and preformed cement.

As Mr. Muth lived across the tracks from the Palace Drug Store he could not start from the post office and make the hill over the tracks with out a helping push, so the close friendship between he and W.S. Lea they had permission from the Frisco to have another crossing made west of the depots after this was done Mr. Muth could drive down and get his mail from the post office and get back home without any help from his friends, time has given us many changes and one is that we all now have cars that will run fast, run loud and burn rubber squealing the tires to show someone what I can do with my car, see you all again someday.



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