

Preserve Our Past

2016 Essay Winners

What is the Preserve Our Past Invitational?

The 25th annual Arkansas Historic Preservation Program's *Preserve Our Past Art and Essay Invitational* celebrates National Historic Preservation Month and Arkansas Heritage Month. The purpose of the invitational is to teach students about local and state history, and to foster an interest in preserving historic places. Winning entries are exhibited at Department of Arkansas Heritage museums in Little Rock. In 2016, student work will be exhibited at the Historic Arkansas Museum during May. The contest is open to all Arkansas 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th graders. Submissions must relate to a historic Arkansas property that is 50 years old or older.

The 2016 contest attracted 225 entries from 10 schools across Arkansas.



National Historic Preservation Act 1966-2016

Contents

7 th /8 th Grade 1 st Place	2
7 th /8 th Grade 2nd Place	3
7 th /8 th Grade 3rd Place	4
7 th /8 th Grade Honorable Mention	5
7 th /8 th Grade Honorable Mention	6
5 th /6 th Grade 1 st Place	7
5 th /6 th Grade 2 nd Place	8
5 th /6 th Grade 3 rd Place	9
5 th /6 th Grade Honorable Mention	10
5 th /6 th Grade Honorable Mention	11



323 Center Street, Suite 1500 Little Rock, AR
72201

PHONE: (501) 324-9880

E-MAIL:

educationoutreach@arkansasheritage.org

Visit our website at

www.ArkansasPreservation.org

"Like" us on Facebook at

[Facebook.com/ARHistoricPreservation](https://www.facebook.com/ARHistoricPreservation)

Follow us on Twitter at

[Twitter.com/SavingARPlaces](https://www.twitter.com/SavingARPlaces)

Through the Barbed Wire: Remembering the Arkansas Internment Camps

By Duncan Gwinn, Siloam Springs. 7th/8th First Place.

Imagine barbed wire fence between you and the world, imprisoned in a strange place with armed guards and imposing watch towers. Your family was taken from their home, with few possessions, to overcrowded camps. Every person in the camp has their liberties and rights denied. You are a child and the effects of war are not in a distant place like Germany. You are in Arkansas.

After Pearl Harbor, paranoia seized the nation. Japanese-Americans were thought spies, or worse, and shipped to "War Relocation Centers."ⁱ In southeastern Arkansas, camps Rohwer and Jerome housed up to 900 internees.ⁱⁱ Visiting, I stood in a desolate field, where nothing remained to tell the story of internment. How do we preserve history when nothing is left?

Children need to play, especially to cope with stress and grief, but camp life made that difficult.ⁱⁱⁱ The children played their games throughout the barracks.^{iv} They were taught traditional Japanese arts and culture, like bonsai and haiku, while enjoying American pastimes, like baseball and movies.^v Families tried to live normal lives, while surrounded by barbed wire.

Camp administrators established schools for internees. Some children viewed the schools as wretched, compared to schools they attended back "home." Schools received few resources, lacking pencils, paper and books. Sometimes educated adult internees served as teachers, unless administrators could contract teachers from distant school systems.^{vi} Schooling was not always pleasurable for students, and the disdain from their non-Japanese teachers haunted them.

Many Americans treated internees with hostility and contempt, possibly because they didn't understand the culture. Most citizens of Jerome and Rowher loathed the presence of the camps.^{vii} Guards in the camps mistreated internees, who learned to fear them. They never knew who was going to get shot next,^{viii} and were roughly interrogated for approaching the fences, even if chasing after a child.^{ix} Older internees frequently rioted and some were shot, including parents of children. The officers fine for killing a person was the cost of the bullet.^x The camp's atmosphere was pungent with fear, destroying many childhoods.

Historic photographs of children looking through the fence to the outside world are seen many books. Sometimes, we forget children are a part of history. In our paranoia, the government violated the freedom of American citizens, including children.

Arkansas must preserve this dreadful part of our past, to learn from it and prevent it from happening again. This is difficult, since these camps were dismantled to erase our crimes and return the land to farming. All that remains are a cemetery and monuments, and a small museum to tell this vital story. How can we learn if there is no place to visit or touch? And this history remains in the lives of people, especially children, who survived the camps. We need to tell their stories, not only for the sake of preservation, but for the collective history of our nation and understanding different cultures. This becomes the springboard for educating the next generation, like mine.

Bibliography

- i Gruenewald, M. (2005). *Looking Like the Enemy: My Story of Imprisonment in the Japanese-American Internment Camps*. Troutdale, OR: NewSage Press, p. x.
- ii Roberts, K. (2016, March 19) Personal Interview.
- iii Harth, E. (2001). *Late Witnesses Reflections on the Wartime Internment of Japanese-Americans*. New York, NY: Palgrave, p. 131.
- iv Kent, D. (2008). *The Tragic History of Japanese-American Internment Camps*. Berkeley Heights, NJ: Enslow Publishing, Inc., p. 66.
- v Becker, D. (2014). *Defining Moments: Japanese-American Internment During World War II*. Detroit, MI: Omnigraphics, Inc., pp. 50, 54-55.
- vi Becker, D. (2014). p. 53.
- vii Roberts, K. (2016, March 19).
- viii Harth, E. (2001). p. 135.
- ix Kent, D. (2008). p. 61.
- x Harris, S. M. (2014, October 25). *10 Shameful Facts about Japanese-American Internment*. Retrieved from: <http://listverse.com/2014/10/25/10-shameful-truths-about-japanese-american-internment/>.

Storytime

Maggie Pruitt, AHLF Junior High, Searcy. 7th/8th Second Place.

The doors open. The lights flip on. The crowd surges. I find a seat where I can see! I swivel. I notices the new mommies with their children heading to the balcony or a front row seat. You can tell they've only come once or twice. Then there's me. Arriana Conners. I'm a regular. No, not a regular person. I stick out like a sore thumb. I'm 12 years old, got a head of red hair, and green eyes. Not exactly "uniform." I am consistent. I've come to Storytime since I was three. Since I could read. I've the storyteller and talked so many times. She's my best friend. I know her voice. I know her story. Amazingly, I know her secret. I am the on the storyteller taught. I know every way in the art of storytelling. It will be my job someday. I hope you enjoy today's story. I know I will.

The lits dim as the storyteller walks onto the stage, a spotlight shining onto her. Sitting, (and fixing her curls) she starts:

"Let us begin our adventure!"

"Over fifty years ago, the courthouse that resides in Searcy, was a piece of wood . . . and an idea."

"But enough stalling. You came for a story!" The storyteller continues glancing around. "You wish for the courthouse's history. The 'whys,' the 'whats,' the 'hows.' Here you go." The storyteller pauses dramatically, rises, and paces as she commences. Call me weird, but this is my favorite part. When the storyteller actually starts her story. Then, you can't stop listening.

"The White County Courthouse was built in 1871 after a committee decided the County had outgrown its old courthouse. Contracts were signed. Blueprints were made. Our courthouse was in the makings, its budget \$12,000.

"Because building such an important structure during the Civil War would be difficult, construction didn't begin until 1869. Therefore, the county used the Masonic lodge, paying \$450.00 annually.

"Wyatt Stanford, when the job was rebid, was given the contract with a sum of \$25,000!!! It's said that it was exceeded before the courthouse was finished.

Renovations in 1912 included additions, but still kept with the style. I love this about the storyteller. She incorporates details about stories that make them interesting, but it's true. Her stories are real, historical facts! I love it! Call me dorky, but learning is my passion! Anyway, I'm listening now.

"The clock tower was built onto the courthouse including a bell resembling the Liberty Bell, which dates back to 1855. The bell is run traditionally to observe special events like New Year's, or national victories.

"The courthouse has a wonderful history and is delightful to all, especially during holidays when its decorated with lights, and their historic monuments.

The lights turn on. That's it. Now refreshments and we're off. My eyes open. Everything disappears. I eat the snack waiting, and lay back down. The storyteller tucks me in. "Goodnight Mom." The storyteller smiles.

Bibliography

whitecountyar.org/#!/history/cmpp

The Potts Family Legacy

Eva Cole, Pottsville Junior High. 7th/8th Third Place.

In the small town of Pottsville, Arkansas, stands a white wooden house with quite a story to tell. This house once belonged to the Potts family after whom the town of Pottsville was named. The owner of the house, Kirkbride Potts, had eleven children with his wife Pamela. In order to accommodate their large family, Kirkbride built the house with the help of his slaves. The house was patterned after the “Classical Revival” style Mr. Potts had seen in his home state of Pennsylvania. The only things used to build the house that were made in factories are the lumber for siding, plaster and laths for the walls, and chimney bricks.

After the house was completed in 1858, the Butterfield Stagecoach line delivered mail from all over the country and used Potts Inn as a station. The Potts home also served as a post office and inn. Travelers passing through by horse, buggy, or stagecoach would stop at the Potts Inn on the way to their destinations. Engineers and surveyors for the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railway Company would often stop for food and lodging here. Mrs. Potts was known for clean accommodations and good food.

Kirkbride’s son, James Potts, was appointed postmaster by the president of the United States. All mail was received and handled in their living room. After his father’s death in 1879, James Potts petitioned that the town be named Pottsville in honor of his father. His request was granted. On May 7, 1897, Pottsville was officially named after Kirkbride Potts.

In 1970, the Potts family sold the house to the Pope County Historical Foundation, which turned it into a museum that transports visitors back to the time of stagecoaches and snail mail. The house is now accompanied by five small shed-like buildings. These buildings hold collections of items from the 1800s, including medical instruments, doll likenesses of the first ladies in replicas of their inaugural ball gowns, a hat and dress museum, farm equipment, and Indian artifacts. The buildings and their contents were donated after the Potts Inn became a museum.

On September 20, 2014, the people of Pottsville commemorated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Civil War skirmish that happened at Potts Inn. The Potts Inn received a plaque in a ceremony complete with drum fanfare (by yours truly) and a skit portraying the skirmish. A house such as the Potts Inn with history bursting from it is not only a historical landmark but a legacy. The Pope County Historical Foundation safeguards its duty to ensure that the Potts family legacy remains well preserved and unforgotten.

Bibliography

<http://arkansasties.com/Pope/Structures/PottsInn/Pottsville1.htm>

www.pottsinmuseum.com

<http://www.encyclopediaofarkansas.net/encyclopedia/entry-detail.aspx?entryID=32>

How Pope County Got Its Name

Tia Franklin, Pottsville Junior High. 7th/8th Honorable Mention.

Well howdy! I'm from the past! Ya'll may be wondering about the history of Pope County. Before we get started I wanted to ask ya'll something. How do you think Pope County got its name? Just a little something to think about before we get started. It might be about a little something with a guy named John Pope.

After an election a few months after hearing a rumor we figured out John Pope is officially our new territorial governor. I knew that Governor Pope was from Kentucky and I think I remember my father talking about him going to Kentucky and the people there being nice and friendly and caring for each other but I think everyone cared for each other in this time period. Governor Pope was born in February 1770 but nobody knows the exact date and he was our governor from 1829 to 1835, and passed away on the date of July 12, 1845, only ten years after his last year in Arkansas.

John Pope had plans to build our first capitol building where Arkansas' general assembly could go meet each other at. and most people thought it was a good idea, the government even okayed it and gave us 6,400 acres of land and helped pay for the building. During the construction though we heard about this guy named Robert Crittenden that actually offered to trade a house for the ten sections of land the government gave them. All of us began pondering over if we should or not but in the end John Pope thought it was so out of the ordinary a person would do that so he vetoed the deal. His instincts were right the land was worth way more than the one house and if we had then we wouldn't have the money to build the state house. People of course started to think Crittenden was horrible and right as his political power started to fade he passed away at age 37.

As the state house was being built all of my folks came together at my Grandmother's house and we had lots of pork and other good foods back then. As we went about our business for that day and then those days turned to weeks then years finally the state capitol building was finished. When John Pope built that state capitol building we thought that he was the king of the world. Then after years of debating what we should name our county, all of us decided it best that it should be named after the soft-spoken guy we all loved, John Pope.

Pope County has a very unique history, with a lot of people making decisions about this county. John Pope is an interesting guy to learn about. What do you think about what he did? He made an amazing impact on my family just by talking to us, and, he made an impact by building the capitol building. How do you think he made an impact on Arkansas?

Bibliography

<http://www.popecountyar.com/index.html>

<http://www.encyclopediaofarkansas.net/encyclopedia/entry-detail.aspx?entryID=318>

Trapped in Time: The Arlington Hotel

Brooke Elliott, Episcopal Collegiate School, Little Rock. 7th/8th Honorable Mention.

The Arlington Hotel is warm, and full of the light whirr of bows across strings: music for tonight's grand occasion. Tailored dresses swirl about women's feet like the wings of a mother bird, curling gracefully around their ankles. Men dance and talk, the bell-like noise of their clinking glasses adding percussion to the violins. Chandeliers hang like clusters of golden icicles above the heads of the guests. The night is December 31st, 1924, and the just-opened third Arlington Hotel is throwing a New Year's gala to herald in 1925.

In 2016, the Arlington Hotel seems trapped in time; a monument of the roaring 20's. A technicolor mural coats the back wall of the lobby's musical stage, its inquisitive monkeys preserved by loyal staff and patrons. Pillars engraved with tumbling floral patterns hold the arching ceiling up. Artificial candles stand in the massive lamps that poke like young saplings from the Arlington's floor. As I brushed my fingers along the smooth, chilled walls, I imagine who might have touched those walls before me.

Presidents and gangsters have walked these halls; one can feel the legacies that still permeate the air in the Arlington Hotel. Looking up at the vast lobby ceiling, it almost appears to be an ocean of white water, an ocean that still carries the talk and life of decades before, and has seen the cheer and celebration from that December night in 1924. The kindest of men and the cruelest of souls have stayed here, and the Arlington still carries a piece of them with it.

The Arlington Hotel has survived age, fire, and economic downturn. Healing Hot Springs mineral water runs through its pipes. It sits beside a row of bathhouses, which each hold rich histories in and of themselves. The Arlington is a place where our age seems to bleed into another, mixing into the 1920's under the arching ceiling. One can only hope to stay there, and experience the history.

Hot Springs holds many historic buildings like the Arlington. If we save these buildings, our children and grandchildren will be able to walk the same halls we walked, and preserve the same memories that the past has given to us. I only hope that, when I am old, I will be able to see the childlike wonder on the face of adults and children alike as they enter the Arlington Hotel for the first time, and experience the blending of their age and an age of long ago.

Our grandchildren cannot walk the same halls that Presidents and stars did if the halls no longer exist. Hot Springs preservationists keep the Arlington Hotel and other buildings alive in this town steeped in history. I cannot bear the thought of losing these monuments for our descendants, but it is a possibility. The care of such buildings becomes more expensive every year, so we must rouse ourselves now and join the fight to preserve our past.

The Heart & Voice of Atkins School District: The Atkins Chronicle Building

Isabella DeLeuil, Atkins Middle School. 5th/6th First Place.

There I sat on Highway 64 across from the train depot, empty and lonely, until Mr. George L. Parker came along in 1894. Not knowing what impact I would make on this small town, my doors were opened in November that year. Through the years, I have become the heart and voice of Atkins. Unsure of what I am? Here's a hint: what's black and white and read all over? Answer: The Atkins Chronicle. Although my location has since changed, I remain the oldest business operating in Atkins today. Please sit down and let me tell you my story.

Mr. Parker published my first edition on November 30, 1894. I began as a weekly newspaper, which I still am today, and operated under slogans such as, "A Drop of Ink Makes Millions Think." In October 1898, Mr. Parker sold me to a former school teacher by the name of W. F. Turner who once said, "I accidentally got the Chronicle shot into me; or me into it. I don't know which and to this good day we've stuck." We were together for nineteen years before he transferred ownership of me to Ardis Tyson and his brother-in-law, Hugh Matthews in 1917. It was at this time that I was moved to my current location at 204 Avenue 1 NE. Four years later, Ardis bought Hugh's half of the business and became sole proprietor. This began my history with the Tyson family.

Ardis brought many family members into my building through his years as owner. He also wrote a column that subscribers looked forward to reading each week entitled, "Down on the Farm." In 1959, Ardis Tyson sold me to his grandson, Van Allen Tyson, who kept me until 1961, when he sold me to the editor and former printer, Tommy Gillespie. He was made famous for his column, "Tom's Tales." When it came time for him to retire, I was pleased to find out that Van Allen and his wife, Virginia, had returned to the area and planned to carry on the Tyson family legacy. They purchased me from Mr. Gillespie on March 1, 1992, and continue to run me today.

However, Van Allen's history with me started much earlier. His first job was as a printer's devil which, in his words, meant that he did "all of the dirty work." Throughout the years, he worked as a printer, reporter, writer, editor and publisher, but his ideal job was and continues to be, writing. When asked about his most memorable moment with me, he responded, "the 2008 tornado." He said that it was amazing to see how the community came together to help those in need. It was also special because his dad had written an editorial about the 1938 Atkins tornado that was very similar to his.

Although I have gone through many ownership changes throughout the years, my focus has remained the same: to be the heart and voice of Atkins and its surrounding communities.

Bibliography

- Anders, Andy. *The Atkins Chronicle*. N.p.: River Oaks, 2014. Print.
Bolen, Norma. "A Drop of Ink." *The Atkins Chronicle* 30 Nov. 1994, Centennial Edition ed.: 39. Print.
Sain, Johnny. "The Atkins Chronicle A Small Town's Voice ~ A Family Legacy." *ABOUT the River Valley* Feb. 2013: 8-11. Web.
Tyson, Van Allen. "The Atkins Chronicle." Personal interview. 17 Mar. 2016.

The History Behind Dunbar Middle School

Marion Shears-Heard, North Little Rock Middle School. 5th/6th Second Place.

Have you ever wondered about the history of our local public schools? Well, Dunbar Middle School is a school with a lot of history to tell behind it that is very important. Dunbar today is a school of diversity. It is a school with high standards. Back when segregation was still around, black teachers found out that they got paid less than white teachers at Central High School which at the time was the all white people school. No one black liked this train of thought. Little Rock High School which is Central High School now had just been built for white kids and left no money for a school for other kids.

It was first called the Negro School for Industrial Arts but it was changed to Paul Laurence Dunbar High School after Paul Dunbar, a black author. It was based on Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee model and they built it in a neighborhood by downtown with money from the Rosenwald Fund and money that local people raised because they wanted a good school for black kids. It had 34 classrooms, a library, an auditorium, and a cafeteria. It was made for students in grades 7-12 and had a junior college, too. "Negro history" was also part of what kids learned there.

A special civil rights battle happened with teachers at Dunbar, too. One teacher there, Sue Cowan Williams, should never be forgotten. She was a very brave black lady who represented all black teachers, male and female, because she wanted equality like Dr. King. Before he had a dream, she had a dream, and both worked hard to make things right. She started teaching at Dunbar in 1935 and decided to represent black teachers in court to get paid the same as white teachers. They asked for equal pay but were told no so they went to court but lost, then finally won equal pay, but she got fired for it. The principal of Dunbar was also fired, but she got her job back though in 1952.

This is why Dunbar is a very important school especially for black history. Dunbar Junior and Senior High School and Junior College was put on the famous National Register of Historic Places in 1980 but it's called Dunbar Magnet Middle School now. If you go by there, you will see that it still looks a lot like it did back then. Williams Library by there was built in 1997 to honor Sue Williams. Both still are open and are good places for the community and students of all races can go there.

Bibliography

"Paul Laurence Dunbar High School"

<http://www.encyclopediaofarkansas.net/encyclopedia/entry-detail.aspx?entryID=2859>

"Sue Cowan Williams (1910-1994)"

<http://www.encyclopediaofarkansas.net/encyclopedia/entry-detail.aspx?entryID=4063>

"Dunbar Jr. and Sr. High School." National Register of Historic Places nomination form. Arkansas Historic Preservation Program Online. <http://www.arkansaspreservation.com/National-Register-Listings/PDF/PU3232.nr.pdf>

Galley Rock

Christin Flory, Atkins Middle School. 5th/6th Third Place.

Me. The town of Galley Rock. I was once a thriving river town with a population of over 500 people, but now the waters of the Arkansas River are up to my neck, and the rest of me is buried under a very well fertilized cow pasture.

One of my “founding fathers” you could say, was Ben T. Embry. I watched him improve the city many times over.

Ben T. Embry was born in Green County, Kentucky in 1820, so the records on my many shelves said. He graduated at only the age of 17 at St. Joseph College in Bardstown, Kentucky in 1837. In 1847, he married Sallie McGee Taylor. They moved to Memphis in 1848 because of Ben’s health. He came to Arkansas on a prospecting tour and decided to settle there. But, he still hadn’t made it to me.

Finally, in 1853, Ben came to me while trying to find better farm lands. He bought the land that is now me, Galley or Galla Rock. My east boundary was decided by Daniel Gilmore and Ben T. Embry’s land, which is called Walnut Street. I didn’t mean to be rude, but I overheard many of their arguments. Many could be heard almost all the way across me. Embry would call it Galla Rock, while Gilmore would say Galley Rock. I would prefer Galley Rock because I wanted to be different from other towns. The beautiful Tulsey had changed her name to Tulsa, and my friend and neighbor Holley Bend had changed his name to Holla Bend. I thought this was truly a shame.

The rivalry between Ben T. Embry and Daniel Gilmore lasted into the Civil War. Embry and about 120 men from the Galley Rock area formed the Company B of the Second Arkansas Mounted Rifles and joined the Confederate Army. Gilmore went the opposite way and joined the Union. His records now say he was from Macomb County, Illinois.

The story of the two rival founding fathers of me was and still is very interesting. The stories of newcomers and oldtimers are usually some of the most interesting stories, so, in turn, but not to be rude, I am a very interesting story.

Now it’s me, the author. As you can see, my friend Galley Rock is quite a vain town. He would not appreciate me saying this at all. Though, he does have a very interesting story.

Bibliography

<http://arkansasgravestones.org/>

John Shoemaker The History of Galla Rock---Part 1

John Shoemaker The History of Galla Rock---Part 2

John Shoemaker The History of Galla Rock---Part 3

John Shoemaker The History of Galla Rock---Part 4

In the Makings: Maple Springs Free Will Baptist

Andrew Tybuec, Atkins Middle School. 5th/6th Honorable Mention.

Hi, I am an old church building. You're probably wondering why I am talking to you. I am here to talk to you about my history. I'm 109 years old and was built in 1907. Can you believe it? When I had just turned 75, I had an anniversary, and it was probably the most important event in my life.

In 1907, I was originally built as a school building. Bro. John Harris and others in the community hauled lumber all the way from Scottsville, Arkansas to build me. While they were doing this I was just a bunch of pieces of lumber scattered around.

On September 6, 1908, I was first used as a church building, and I was known as Maple Springs Free Will Baptist Church of Christ also called Smyra. There were seven members of the church. I only remember four of them. They were Sister Martha Wirth, Sister Rhoda Bowden, Sister Elizabeth Norris and Sister Julia Gideon. The reason I can't remember is there was a fire one day, and I was hurt severely. Now I am all fixed up and perfectly fine.

Our services grew slowly in 1927, and only 17 members were added. In 1928, the Rev. Thomas H. Dixon became Moderator and the name was changed to Maple Springs Free Will Baptist Church. At this time, services were held on the 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month. I can't remember when they started having services on every Sunday of the month, but I am pretty sure that it was in the early 70's. On Easter Sunday of 1972, the church voted to start a fund for a new church building. I felt betrayed that they were going to try to build a new church, but I guess it was time for another building. I was starting to wear down.

They had chicken suppers, made flower arrangements for decoration, and different things to raise money. Ground breaking was Sept. 25th 1972. The first service in the new church was Oct. 30th 1977.

You know it wasn't so bad having the new church around. I was and still am useful to this day. I am used for dinners and holiday celebrations. It makes me feel better to know I am useful. That's my legacy.

Bibliography:

Church article By: Delora Heflin

My Home: Oark General Store

Caitlin Isely, Atkins Middle School. Atkins Middle School. 5th/6th Honorable Mention.

My earliest memory was in January of 1890. It was a cold winter, and Oark was a busy place. People and horses were all around me. I am the sign at the Oark General Store, in Oark, Arkansas. My store is the oldest continually open store in Arkansas. I started out as just a little wooden sign; however, I have changed many times over the years and I have seen many things.

In 1890, I saw people on horses and buggies. The road in front of my store was a dirt road then. The store sold fabric, shoes, feed and other supplies. The stagecoach ran nearby. The Dickerson family were the original owners in 1890. The store may have been here before 1890, but the earliest tax records began that year.

I have seen many things. There is a picture of me way back in 1908 with students from Oark School. There were almost 120 children underneath me that day. Another exciting memory is when the road in front of the store was paved. The first car that came to Oark was an important day for everyone, also. There have been many owners of the store since 1890, but the store remains open.

I have been in several movies, so you could say I'm pretty famous. My favorite movie role was in the 2011 horror movie titled, *Madison County*. I am in several scenes of this movie along with my store. Although the movie was called, *Madison County*, I am actually in Johnson County, Arkansas.

My town of Oark is surrounded by the National Forest. After a day of kayaking the Mulberry River, hiking the nearby Ozark Highlands Trail, or visiting the famous swinging bridge, people come to my store to get a bite to eat. Many of them take a picture with me.

Today, I am not just a little wooden sign. I am a tall metal sign. My store still has the original floors, walls, and ceilings from 1890, but I have changed many times and have had many different words on me. My store is now also a restaurant with homemade food and delicious pie. It is a very busy place, and people all over the world come to eat here. I am still pretty famous. Since I stand in front of the oldest continually operated store in Arkansas, people like to take pictures with me. I have been on the show *Exploring Arkansas* on AETN with Chuck Dovish. I am even listed in the Arkansas Register of Historic Places. I stand proudly today and say, "Historic General Store, Oark Café, Est. 1890." I hope to be here many years to come.

Sources:

<http://www.oarkgeneralstore.com/>

<http://www.arkansas.com/attractions/detail/historic-oark-general-store-cafe/90772/>

Interviewed: Worker at the Oark Store