

# Website Art Hunt: The Arkansas Traveler



Search Historic Arkansas Museum's online collection for the Arkansas Traveler using this link:  
<http://www.historicarkansas.org/Collections-and-Research/search-collections>

Now, answer the following questions about it.

Who published this lithograph? \_\_\_\_\_ In what year? \_\_\_\_\_

*The Arkansas Traveler* has been many things in Arkansas's history- a story, a painting, a baseball team, a song, and group of political campaigners for a President. It has also been an image for how the state sees itself and how others see us. Over time people began to see just the squatter as an Arkansan when in fact both the squatter and his family and the traveler are Arkansans. *The Arkansas Traveler* influenced the founder of Historic Arkansas Museum, Louise Loughborough, to show that Arkansas was more than the backwards image that the state had from the painting.

Read the following Readers Theater script that describes an imagined encounter between a Traveler and an Arkansas Squatter. It tells the story from Colonel Sandy Faulkner's point of view. After reading his version, pick someone else from the painting and use the space at the end to tell the story from their point of view.

Historic Arkansas Museum is a historic site museum, interpreting the territorial and early statehood periods of Arkansas. For other educational materials, including videos, online tours and more, visit our website or our Facebook page.



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# A Reader's Theater Adaptation of the Arkansas Traveler

Cast: A total of 5 people.

FROM: *The Arkansas Pioneer*, an early 20<sup>th</sup> century publication

TITLE: *Col Sanford C. Faulkner and the Arkansas Traveler*

BY: Jane Georgine Woodruff (1845-1935), a daughter of William E. Woodruff (1795-1885),  
founder of the *Arkansas Gazette*.

CREATED AS A READER'S THEATER BY: Education staff of Historic Arkansas Museum

**NARRATOR:**

Col Sanford C. Faulkner was a native of Georgetown, Ky.

He removed to Arkansas some time before the statehood was accomplished.

He owned a fine plantation in Chicot County, and being a lawyer, attended sessions of the circuit court.

**READER I:**

Later on he made his home in Little Rock, where the last years of his life were spent.

He, like many others, lost his fortune during the war.

**READER II:**

He had three sons and three daughters.

The latter were all remarkably beautiful women.

He and his wife were very hospitable.

**NARRATOR:**

He was an accomplished violinist and often enlivened parties with that wonderful little one-act comedy,  
"The Arkansas Traveler," of which he was the originator...

**READER I:**

Our home was one of the social centers of Little Rock,

and it was at one of the social gatherings – called "parties" in those days –  
that I first heard Colonel "Sandy" Faulkner give his little comedy.

**READER II:**

I was only five years old, and, of course, could not fully appreciate it.

Later I heard him at the wedding of my eldest sister...

**NARRATOR:**

When the evening had well advanced, someone handed him a "fiddle" and bow [boh], saying,

**FIDDLER:** "Colonel, give us "The Arkansas Traveler.""

**READER I:**

I shall never forget the pleasant look and smile which his face wore  
as he took the "fiddle"...

...and the graceful sweep of his bow as he gave out the preliminary scrapings [scray-pings],  
to be sure the instrument was in tune.

**NARRATOR:**

Everyone gave close, expectant attention when he began speaking.

With his fine broad shoulders squared and his head bent a little,

with his chin resting caressingly on the violin, he began:

**FAULKNER:**

"As I was riding on horseback on my way home from court one day,  
in the Bayou Mason country,

I discovered that I was lost in that wilderness of vines and trees,  
having wandered from the road too far through the woods.

**READER II:**

I felt a little anxious, for night was fast coming on,  
and I did not wish to spend the night outside  
if it were possible to find a shelter in the neighborhood.

**READER I:**

After a while as I rode along, I heard a "fiddle."  
I followed the sound, and in a few minutes came to a cabin.

**FAULKNER:**

A man sat tilted back in his chair, playing a tune.  
The man was so carried away with his music that he took no notice of me as I rode up.

**READER II:**

I waited, thinking that I would speak to him when his tune was ended;  
but it never did end.

**NARRATOR:**

He just played half of the tune over and over.

**FAULKNER:**

I got tired of listening after he had repeated it several times,  
so I called him and asked if he could accommodate me for the night.

**FIDDLER:** No sirree

**NARRATOR:** And he went on fiddling the same strain.

**FAULKNER:** "My friend, can you tell me where this road goes?"

**FIDDLER:** Taint ben no whar sinse I ben livin' here

**READER I:** And he went on playing the same half of the tune.

**READER II:** Noticing the dilapidated condition of his house, I asked,

**FAULKNER:** "Why don't you mend that hole in the roof of your house?"

**FIDDLER:** Cuz it's a rainin

**NARRATOR:** ...still playing the same part of the tune.

**FAULKNER:** "Why didn't you mend it when the weather was dry?"

**FIDDLER:** Didn't need to

**READER I:** Still playing the first half of the tune

**FAULKNER:** "I'm very thirsty; can you give me a drink?"

**FIDDLER:** No, siree

**FAULKNER:** "Why in the world don't you play the rest of that tune?"

**FIDDLER:** No man livin' as I know of can do that

**FAULKNER:** "Lend me your fiddle a while."

**READER II:**

He handed it to me unwillingly. I played the tune all through for him,  
and he acted like something wild, then he exclaimed:

