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 HISTORICAL QUARTERLY Number 3

June, 1971

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Where Obtained Part I By Crittenden L. George Date Oct. 10, 1840

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RICHLAND TOWNSHIP		MALE										FEMALE														
		Under 5 years	5 to 10 years	10 to 15 years	15 to 20 years	20 to 30 years	30 to 40 years	40 to 50 years	50 to 60 years	60 to 70 years	70 to 80 years	80 to 90 years	90 to 100 years	SLAVES	Under 5 years	5 to 10 years	10 to 15 years	15 to 20 years	20 to 30 years	30 to 40 years	40 to 50 years	50 to 60 years	60 to 70 years	70 to 80 years	80 to 90 years	90 to 100 years
JONES, James K.	1						1	1						11	1			1	1	1						
MCCRARY, Hugh	2	1		1	1	1	1	1						1	1			1	1	1						
HITE, Benjamin J. R.	1	1		1	1	1	1	1						1	1			1	1	1						
BOONE, Wm.	1								2						1	1		1	1	1						
COFFEE, Alfred														4			1									
SCOTT, Wm.																										
BOZEMAN, Wm. G.									1																	
BURKE, Elisha														12	1											
CALL, Amariah														8												
ROSE, John	2	1	1	1	1	2	1	1									1	1	1	1						
ALEXANDER, John																										
MOORE, Jackson																										
WALLER, Joseph S.																										
JAMES, Joel	2						Res.																			
MCKEEL, Josiah S.							Indiana																			
NEWMAN, Simpson														2	2	1		1	1							
SHEPHERD, Hiram														28												
MARTIN, James																										
JOHNSON, Elisha																										
DOOLING, T. J.	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	1						7	1	1	2	1	1	1						
DORRIS, Thomas	1													2	1		1									
CALL, John														12	1	1										

RICHLAND TOWNSHIP																							
	Under 5 years	5 to 10 years	10 to 15 years	15 to 20 years	20 to 30 years	30 to 40 years	40 to 50 years	50 to 60 years	60 to 70 years	70 to 80 years	80 to 90 years	90 to 100 years											
DANIELS, Reuben	1	1	1	1	1																		
MECKS, Larkin	2	2	1	1	1																		
PETTYJOHN, James		2	1		1																		
ADAMS, Thos.					1																		
ROBERTS, Obadiah	2	1			2																		
SMITH, James					1																		
HARTIN, John			1		1																		
NICHOLAS, William		2	1		1																		
WILLIAMS, Elisha				1																			
RAMSEY, Allen			1																				
COAL, Thos.					1																		
SHELTON, William		1		1																			
JACKSON, Joseph		2			1																		
ASHER, Henry C.					1																		
BURKS, Isham					1																		
MARTIN, George W.					1																		
MARTIN, John C.	2	1			1																		
TUCKER, Gideon	1				1																		
KING, Samuel	1	2	1	1	3																		
WILKINS, Albertis					1																		
CHRISTIAN, Wm.																							
KEYS, John	2	1		1			1																
	Under 5 years	5 to 10 years	10 to 15 years	15 to 20 years	20 to 30 years	30 to 40 years	40 to 50 years	50 to 60 years	60 to 70 years	70 to 80 years	80 to 90 years	90 to 100 years											
SLAVES																							
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5 to 10 years		1																					
10 to 15 years			1																				
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80 to 90 years																							
90 to 100 years																							

WALNUT TOWNSHIP

MALE	
Under 5 years	2
5 to 10 years	2 1
10 to 15 years	1 1
15 to 20 years	2 1 1 1
20 to 30 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
30 to 40 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
40 to 50 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
50 to 60 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
60 to 70 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
70 to 80 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
80 to 90 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
90 to 100 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
SLAVES	
Under 5 years	1
5 to 10 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
10 to 15 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
15 to 20 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
20 to 30 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
30 to 40 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
40 to 50 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
50 to 60 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
60 to 70 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
70 to 80 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
80 to 90 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
90 to 100 years	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

WALNUT TOWNSHIP

	MAL	FEMALE
KENT, Joseph SCOTT, P. L. SCOTT, James H. HARDING, George CLARK, William PLEDGER, Sprightly SEBASTIAN, Joseph J. CAMPBELL, John GOODE, Robert ANDERSON, Richard JIMSON, William P. ROBERTS, Benjamin	Under 5 years 5 to 10 years 10 to 15 years 15 to 20 years 20 to 30 years 30 to 40 years 40 to 50 years 50 to 60 years 60 to 70 years 70 to 80 years 80 to 90 years 90 to 100 years	SLAVES Under 5 years 5 to 10 years 10 to 15 years 15 to 20 years 20 to 30 years 30 to 40 years 40 to 50 years 50 to 60 years 60 to 70 years 70 to 80 years 80 to 90 years 90 to 100 years
HARPER, John ROLLISON, Joseph HARDESTY, Daniel LANCE, James M. BATLES, B. I. SMITH, Eliza ROLLISON, Unity CURZADD, Joseph CUMBERS, James GARRETSON, Cyrus H.	Under 5 years 5 to 10 years 10 to 15 years 15 to 20 years 20 to 30 years 30 to 40 years 40 to 50 years 50 to 60 years 60 to 70 years 70 to 80 years 80 to 90 years 90 to 100 years	SLAVES Under 5 years 5 to 10 years 10 to 15 years 15 to 20 years 20 to 30 years 30 to 40 years 40 to 50 years 50 to 60 years 60 to 70 years 70 to 80 years 80 to 90 years 90 to 100 years

PLANTERS TOWNSHIP

[illegible]

PLANTERS TOWNSHIP

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BIG CREEK TOWNSHIP														MALE														FEMALE																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																										
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BIG CREEK TOWNSHIP		MALE											FEMALE													
		Under 5 years	5 to 10 years	10 to 15 years	15 to 20 years	20 to 30 years	30 to 40 years	40 to 50 years	50 to 60 years	60 to 70 years	70 to 80 years	80 to 90 years	90 to 100 years	SLAVES	Under 5 years	5 to 10 years	10 to 15 years	15 to 20 years	20 to 30 years	30 to 40 years	40 to 50 years	50 to 60 years	60 to 70 years	70 to 80 years	80 to 90 years	90 to 100 years
KENDALL, Bailey	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1						2	1	3	1	1	1	1						
POOL, William																										
BROWN, Sara Ann			1	1	1												1	1	1	1						
STURN, Rebecca			1	1													1	1								
BROWN, Richard	1																		1							
DUDLEY, George			1	1	1	1	1	1										1								
MICHUM, Jesse			2	3	1	1	1	1										1	1							
NEEDLES, Nathaniel M.										1										1						
TUCKER, Ezekiel	2		2	1	2		1												1							
LOCKE, James																										
CORNEGA, Miller																			1							
DORRIS, Elias																			1							
MOOR, James A.																										
HIGGINBOTTOM, Arthur																										
SMITH, John B.	1		2	1	1	1	1												2							
JOHNSON, Caroline			3	2															1							
NELSON, Joseph																										
PAKE, Zilpha																										
KENDALL, Stern	1																									
BALILEY, Katharine																										
BALILEY, Silas			1																							
WHITSET, Joseph																										
GUNN, Ezekiel			1	1	1		1																			

BIG CREEK TOWNSHIP	MALE									
	Under 5 years	5 to 10 years	10 to 15 years	15 to 20 years	20 to 30 years	30 to 40 years	40 to 50 years	50 to 60 years	60 to 70 years	70 to 80 years
SWITZER, Lorena		2				1				
WILLIAMS, Parker		1				1				
MOSS, Martha		1			2					
HUDSON, Jefferson M.			1	1	1					
BONNER, Benjamin F.			1	1	1	1				
BILLS, Thomas			1	1	1					
MARTIN, Marina	1					1				
BOWER, Isaac				1	1					
LOCKE, Thomas		2					1			
WARD, John				1	1					
WARD, Ira E.	1				1					
RYAN, William Z.	1									
ANDERSON, Isaac	1									
STOVAL, Banister		1			1					
GERVAIS, John F.					1					
(To be continued)										
BIG CREEK TOWNSHIP	FEMALE									
	Under 5 years	5 to 10 years	10 to 15 years	15 to 20 years	20 to 30 years	30 to 40 years	40 to 50 years	50 to 60 years	60 to 70 years	70 to 80 years
SWITZER, Lorena		1								
WILLIAMS, Parker		1								
MOSS, Martha		2								
HUDSON, Jefferson M.			1	1	1					
BONNER, Benjamin F.			1	1	1	1				
BILLS, Thomas			1	1	1					
MARTIN, Marina	1									
BOWER, Isaac				1	1					
LOCKE, Thomas		2								
WARD, John				1	1					
WARD, Ira E.	1				1					
RYAN, William Z.	1									
ANDERSON, Isaac	1									
STOVAL, Banister		1								
GERVAIS, John F.										
(To be continued)										

THE HELENA GRAND OPERA HOUSE

by
Dona White

When one reads or hears the term "Grand Opera House" he envisions magnificent halls with ornate baroque interiors echoing the voices of ancient Italians. It may come as a surprise to many of the citizens of Helena that this city was once blessed with a grand opera house. In contrast to La Scala at Milan, Italy and The Metropolitan at New York City, the Helena Grand Opera House was a simple three story brick and wood structure which stood for nearly forty years on the northeast intersection of Porter and Walnut Streets.

The building, which seated around 1,000 people, consisted of a balcony, the Buzzard's Roost, the main floor, an orchestra pit, and a gallery. There were about ten dressing rooms on the east and west sides of the stage. Posts secured the balcony, giving the house a circular effect. The scenery was kept in a large room at the back of the stage. Two shops or offices in the front of the building were rented to various teachers of music.

It may also surprise Helenians to discover no grand or small scale operas appeared at the Grand Opera House, only musical roadshows (such as the Follies). Political campaigns, mass meetings of all kinds, the greatest of theatrical attractions, and sporting events formed the programs. All of the great minstrel men of a decade appeared upon the boards of the Grand Opera House. Even the world's heavyweight boxing champion appeared there in an exhibition in which he boxed three men to show his prowess.

The first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer full production

was presented at the Helena Grand Opera House on October 18, 1926. The production was "The Big Parade" featuring John Gilbert (America's hero) and Renee Adoree. It had a traveling orchestra of twenty artists. Some of the famous persons appearing at the Opera House were former President William Howard Taft, former secretary of the navy Josephus Daniels, George M. Cohan, Lou Tellegren, Walker Whiteside, Fred Ward, Jack Dempsey, Lasses White, Al G. Fields, O'Brien, Coburn, Primrose, Lew Dockstader, Oscar Mortimer, Battling "J. D.," and Paul Alexander Johnstone (a mind reader appearing in 1895).

The Helena Grand Opera House was constructed in the year 1887, by a Helena company composed of B. R. Fitzpatrick, W. A. Short, and Y. F. Harrington. Mr. B. R. Fitzpatrick had active management of the house until his death in the early part of the 1920s. The management after that time changed numerous times until the fall season of 1925, when Sam W. Tappan became manager.

In 1925, Mr. Tappan secured the "World of Pleasure" for November 19th. The attraction was the newest of the big extravaganzas of the Ziegfield Follies type. The show was direct from its run in New York. Mr. Tappan did an extremely good job as manager because the officials of the company expended much money (\$10,000) for new scenery, drop curtains, and materials used on the backstage.

The company was under contemplation of remodeling during the summer of 1927, in which the seating arrangement of the house would have been changed considerably, enlarging the capacity of the house as well as affording better facilities for the audience. This was to have included the tearing out of the two offices in the front part, extending the audience circle to the front part of the house and alternating the balcony. A steel girder was to have been placed across the center of the building, eliminating posts that held up the balcony.

The Helena Grand Opera House, one of Helena's most historic landmarks, passed into history on December 18, 1926. The loss was estimated between \$50,000 and \$60,000. A boxing match, staged by the Forty and Eight of the American Legion, was the last attraction to be presented in the famed old building.

BOXING CONTEST

Grand Opera House	Friday Night, December 17
Benefit Goodfellows Christmas Fund	
Oscar Mortimer	Battling "J. D."
Cincinnati, Ohio	Philadelphia
8-----ROUNDS-----8	
Dynamite Dan	Rough House Hughie
Memphis	Helena
6-----ROUNDS-----6	
Pat O'Malley	
Helena	
6-----ROUNDS-----6	

AND

BATTLE ROYAL

Prices: \$1.50, \$1, and 50¢

The fire broke out at 2:30 a. m., Saturday, and was discovered fifteen minutes later. The origin of the fire was unknown. Rumor has it that there was a crap game in the orchestra pit and one of the players dropped a cigarette, but it could easily have been quite a different story. In the '20s, women were looked down upon for smoking and some men were also looked down upon. It may have been someone trying to sneak a smoke, who just forgot to stub out their cigarette.

Sid Bailey, custodian of the building, was sleeping in one of the dressing rooms on the east side of the stage. He was awakened by the barking of his dogs and upon opening the dressing room door, discovered the stage a mass of flames. A careful (supposedly) inspection was made in the house preceding the blaze. The caretakers were looking especially for cigarette stubs; this detail

had to be carried out after every performance in the house.

The building, because of its material, was quick to burn and because of the hour of the morning had no one to save it. Only the walls and the steps of the old structure were left after the fire, but maybe it was for the best. Roadshows that year became fewer and the theatres around the town began attracting the most crowds; it was the beginning of a new era, one of movies and radio. No longer did the citizens of Helena have to wait for the fall season to see the new roadshows, now they could see a movie every night.

W. H. Howe, owner of the building, stated that while he appreciated the need for a modern playhouse for Helena, that no immediate steps would be taken to rebuild at that time.

Today, walking down the street where the Helena Grand Opera House stood, can be seen the last remaining evidence that there was a structure. That evidence is a bit of the steps which led into the building. Few people know it is there and others just don't care to know. It was a thing of the past with a glory all to its own, that has not been equaled to the present. The person who remembers the Grand Opera House cannot forget the phantom of the Grand, how the mysterious fire started, or the ghosts of the great men who walked its boards so many years ago.

The following pages, showing advertisements of events at the Grand Opera House, were made possible through use of a scrapbook belonging to the late Sam W. Tappan.

*

DIRECT FROM THE N.Y. HIPPODROME!

FRANK SILVER
(HIMSELF)
The World Famous
Composer of
"YES! WE HAVE NO BANANAS"

And his celebrated
DANCE ORCHESTRA
with a
Big Chorus of
BROADWAY
BEAUTIES

**The FRANK SILVER
REVUE of 1925**

FAMOUS CHORUS of BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS



ANNE NICHOLS'

Record-Smashing Comedy

"Abie's Irish Rose"



GRAND OPERA HOUSE
HELENA, ARK.

THREE NIGHTS

Commencing

Thurs., Feb. 25, 1926

MATINEE SATURDAY

SENIOR CLASS OF '26

PRESENT

"Good Evening Clarice"

Produced by Special Arrangements with
Walter H. Baker Company, Boston, Mass.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
FRIDAY, MAY 28th

Produced by
MRS. DORRIS POPE

Chorus and Dancing
MRS. JOY DAVIS

RAPHAEL JIEDEL, Manager

Characters in the order of their Appearance

Louis Franklin, a newspaper man	Richard Anderson
Annette, his wife.....	Virginia Lyle
Aunt Penelope, Annette's aunt.....	Leona Burke
Daphne, the Franklin's maid	Fay Carruthers
Elmer Hudson, Louis' friend	Harry Hilliard
Cleo, his wife.....	Lillian Underwood
Clarice De Mauree, the dancer.....	Gwendolyn McHaney
William Dunkirk, from Northville.....	Claude Pratt
Cousin Mary, from California	Hazel Wells
Teddy Langley, Mary's husband	Walter Davis
Mr. Lewis, the lawyer.....	Walker Seaborn
Grace, the stenographer	Ophelia Wade
Office boy.....	Marion Prewitt
Director.....	Barlow Coolidge
Mr. Cohen, the producer.....	Sam Coco
Madame Barbetta, the Prima Donna.....	Pauline Crabtree
Billye Beade, a chorus girl	Katherine Andrews
Ben Greet, Shakespearian actor	Raphael Jiedel
Comedian.....	Henry Namour
Dancer.....	Maynie Dinning

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SEVEN GENERALS CHAPTER OF THE U. D. C., from Robert C. Moore.

Ladies

Having been requested to write some of my recollections of the War between the States,

I will start by saying our company was organized in Helena, Arkansas in May, 1861 by James C. Tappan and Robert B. Lambert. We organized with 96 members. James C. Tappan was chosen Captain; Robert B. Lambert First Lieutenant; M. P. Suggett Second Lieutenant; and Robert A. Duncan Third Lieutenant; and the writer (R. C. Moore) Orderly Sergeant.

We left Helena the latter part of May or the first of June on the little Steamer Morning Star for Wittsburg on the St. Francis River. After a night and a days travel we reached our destination. The next morning we left our little Steamer and proceeded afoot across Crawleys Ridge to Harrisburg in Poinsett County. There other companies had been assembled for the purpose of organizing a Regiment. Our Captain (James C. Tappan) was chosen Colonel; A. D. Grayson Lieutenant Colonel; and W. H. McNeely Major. The Regiment was given the number 13 which proved to be a very unlucky number, judging from our losses afterwards.

Captain Tappan having been taken out of our company necessitated a reorganization of the company, whereupon Robert B. Lambert was made Captain, M. P. Suggett First Lieutenant, Robert A. Duncan Second Lieutenant, and myself Third Lieutenant, and Robert Brown Orderly Sergeant. We remained at Harrisburg several weeks drilling and from there we marches to Madison, Arkansas, there took the train for Hopefield, Arkansas just opposite Memphis.

In a very short time we were ordered to Fort

Pillow, a Fort that was first built by Cleburne's Regiment on the Tennessee side of the River above Memphis. We remained there sometime perfecting ourselves in the Regimental drill. We were then ordered to report to Major General Leonidas Polk at Columbus, Kentucky. We boarded the palatial Steamer H. R. W. Hill arriving at Columbus late in the evening. We spent the night on the banks of the Mississippi. After cooking our breakfast (those days each man was expected to do his own cooking and a mess some of us made of it), General Polk ordered us across the River to Belmont opposite Columbus. We went into camp and got down to regular routine work.

On the morning of October 7, I being Officer of the Guard for the day had stationed my detail on their different Posts. I noticed someone coming across the River waving his handkerchief. I called Captain Lambert's attention to the fact; in a few minutes he had approached near enough for us to recognise Colonel Tappan and commanded me to have the long roll beaten which I did. Immediately upon his landing he ordered the Regiment to fall into line (we were still ignorant as to what the matter was). By this time we noticed a large Steamer coming across the river loaded with troops which proved to be the 13th Tennessee Regiment.

We formed a line of battle with a Battery of Artillery on our left. In the meantime we learned that General Grant had landed a large force about 5 miles above and was coming down to take us poor little fellow in out of the wet. When they formed in our front their line extended so far below us that they took in our Hospital Camp which was about a mile below. A rather amusing incident occurred when the Yankees ran up to our Hospital. A young towheaded boy was in there and had been for about a month. He looked very sallow and felt as if death would be a relief. However when the Yanks saw him they said to him, "Come out we have got the Old He Rebel." He remarked to them, "By God you have got

No Big Thing."

Our skirmishers were fighting in a PawPaw thicket. While we were standing in line waiting for the Battle to open a spent ball struck me on the knee and I felt just like I had struck my elbow against something. I gave away in my knee and fell to the ground. I could see no blood then pulled up my pants to see what damage had been done me. To my delight I discovered nothing but a black spot on my knee. By this time the battle had opened in good earnest. The Lady Polk (a big gun on the bluffs at Columbus) was belching forth death and destruction to the Yanks and our men were giving them hail col- umbia with musketry and Grape. The battle was hot until about four o'clock when we began to move them back. We finally got them started for their trans- ports and we had an easy going time from then until we ran them aboard their transports.

In our pursuit we came across our Young Tow- head sitting on a log. The Yanks were moving so fast that our sick boy could not keep up with them. We returned to our camp about dark, and as General Polk was anticipating an attack on the Kentucky side we were ordered over there that night. Next morning I was ordered to take a detail of men and return to Belmont and meet a flag of truce to bury our dead. The Yanks were there with a detail on the same mission. They told us they expected noth- ing else but come down there and gobble up Colonel Tappan and his men and return with them to Cairo. But we turned the tables on them. There is where it is said that Tappan is the only man that ever whipped Grant.

We remained at Columbus through the winter and in the spring dropped down south stopping at short intervals at different points on the route, finally reaching Corinth, Mississippi. There Al- bert Sidney Johnston was concentrating his Army for the Shiloh fight. About April 4th our command under General Polk marched out from Corinth going

northwest. On that evening we were halted on the roadside to let Hardee pass as he was to open the fight at Shiloh. A short time after Hardee had passed us we heard heavy musket firing. It proved to be a cavalry raid that the Yanks had sent out to drive us back (thinking we were nothing but a foraging party). We maneuvered around there all day Saturday and Saturday night. We were so close up on them that we could hear them calling the roll. We lay there all night without any kind of a light, with instructions not to talk above a whisper.

Next morning Hardee's men began to move on them by daylight, our command (Polk's) following close up. Just before sunup our boys drove in their pickets and the Ball opened, Hardee driving them right along. About 8 o'clock we were ordered to double quick to the front. We got into it right amongst their Camps. It was there that Captain Lambert fell badly wounded. We pressed on in the midst of a big musket fire and about 11 o'clock our Lieutenant Colonel Grayson was killed leading a charge and a very short time elapsed before our Major McNeely was wounded twice. That left us without a regimental Officer (Colonel Tappan being absent), and we went through the balance of the day without a Regimental Commander.

The Yanks were gradually pushed back all during Sunday. We crowded them so far back that we could see the chimneys of the Gun Boats and Transports, in fact we had nearly half of the enemy under the banks of the Tennessee River. Dark came on. General Albert Sidney Johnston being killed, Beauregard was in command. We were called off and went back to the camps that we had whipped them away from in the morning, to camp. I being hungry was late finding a tent to hang up in. Sergeant Major Hammett Stephenson and myself found us a candle in their Commissaries and looking around had to take a tent that contained a dead Yankee, also a wounded Yank. In searching about the place we found a big

cedar chest and asked the wounded soldier what it contained. He replied it belonged to the Paymaster, that he had just gotten there to pay them off and we had kicked up that big racket and did not give him time to do so. Hammett and I got hold of an axe and broke into it and found any quantity of Green Backs. We loaded our haversacks with all we could possibly stuff into them.

Next morning by daylight the Commanding Officers had us out into line ready to renew the fight (General Buell having crossed the River during the night with fresh troops). The second days fight opened up early, and we had a hard tussle with them all day. About 10 o'clock Colonel Tappan rode up (he having just arrived from Helena)--where we were resting and commenced to distribute the letters he had for the boys but before we could read them General Polk rode up and asked Colonel Tappan what Command that was. Tappan replied the 13th Arkansas. Polk remarked, "Tappan I want you to take that Battery on that hill." Tappan replied, "We will do it General if it is possible."

So he gave the command and we started up the hill with fixed bayonets and just as we thought we had it, a Regiment of Yanks who was lying just over the crest of the hill rose up and discharged a volley of musketry into our ranks and broke us all to pieces. We fell back under the hill and reformed (all this time my sack of Greenbacks was getting heavier). We made three attempts to get that Battery but failed. The last charge we made the Yanks came over after us. In falling back Hammett says to me, "Lieutenant we had better get rid of our sacks. If those Yanks should get us they would think we had been robbing the dead and probably shoot us."

As we retired down the hill we passed a brush heap and we threw our sacks Greenbacks and all into the brush pile, thinking we would get back after awhile to get them. But bless your soul we were

moved around over that battlefield so fast and so often we never saw that brush pile anymore, and to this good day we have never been able to see those brushes. After the fight which was about dark the 13th Arkansas was ordered to remain on the field until the balance of the Command retired. While we were waiting for the Command to retire Hammett and I made a search for the brush pile but were unsuccessful.

At 12 o'clock that night we began to move. Colonel Tappan says to me (was then acting Adjutant of the Regiment), "Bob you lead the way out." The night being very dark I started off in the direction I thought would take us to Corinth but to my surprise after we had marched about a half mile a Yank cried out Halt and we halted, but changed our direction. We trudged along through the mud and slush until daylight and found we were only a mile from where we started. But we struck the big road about sunup, we struck a good lively pace then but did not reach Corinth before sundown Tuesday. The other troops were 12 hours ahead of us.

After lying around Corinth until the latter part of August, we moved around to Chattanooga, Tennessee. About the 15th of September a portion of the Army moved up to Knoxville and passed through Cumberland Gap and went into Kentucky. The portion of the Army that I remained with crossed the Tennessee River at Chattanooga went over Waldens Ridge through Sequatchie Valley and on into Kentucky. After we crossed Waldens Ridge we struck a lively gait marching from 30 to 40 miles a day (some marching). We who were not posted on General Braggs idea thought we were trying to head off General Buell from Louisville so as to let the command that had gone through Cumberland Gap have a free road into Louisville. But officers holding subordinate positions were not posted as to the plans of the Commanding General. Their business was to obey orders and ask no questions.

The day before we reached Woodsonville. General Chalmers who was then commanding an Infantry Brigade was in advance and attacked Colonel Wilder, a Yankee in command of about 1500 Yankee troops and well fortified at Woodsonville. The Yanks put up a good fight and held General Chalmers off, but the main part of Braggs Army came up that evening and and Colonel Wilder ran up the white flag seeing he had no chance against Bragg. Next morning we paroled the prisoners and crossed the River (I think the Kentucky) to Munfordville and remained there 2 or 3 days, we small fry thinking Buell would come up. But he was too sharp, he took another road and went to Louisville.

We then moved on to Bardstown and remained there several days. All at once we got orders to move out, which we proceeded to do in double quick time. Not knowing what was up, I had one extra shirt and had sent it out by a negro boy that was with me. The Yankees captured him and my shirt. (The Negro turned up after I returned home and told me he could have gotten back with my extra shirt had he not stopped to steal a Yankee horse.) We proceeded southwest still in ignorance as to where we were going or what we were to do. We passed through Elizabethtown about daylight on the morning of the 5th of October. The citizens were all up and out on the streets cheering us as we passed. We had orders not to molest or appropriate a thing on our march through Kentucky, and I assure you it was strictly obeyed. The boys all knew when Bragg issued an order he intended to have it obeyed.

We continued our march down through Kentucky. About 3 o'clock we reached Harrodsburg and stopped (as we thought to rest) about an hour. We received hurry orders to retrace our steps which we proceeded to do and next morning we were back at Perryville, Kentucky and were drawn up in line of battle, and a very short time elapsed before we were right in the midst of a considerable fight. We had

possession of a Spring, the only water close about and the Yanks fought manfully to get to that water but they never got there. We could hear their wounded calling for water and some of our boys risked being killed and ventured out and gave some that were close to our line their canteen of water.

I will hear state a singular coincidence at the battle of Shiloh. Captain Lambert was badly wounded on the 6th of April and the 10th Ohio Yankee Regiment got his sword. On the 7th of October, just 6 months afterwards, we fought the 10th Ohio at Perryville and Captain Lamberts Company recaptured that sword. I brought it home with me and turned it over to his family.

An amusing incident occurred at the Perryville fight, it was this. General Cheathams great word when we were in a fight was "give them Hell Boys." Just about dusk we had the Yanks badly broken up, we could hear them calling for the different commands. They were badly mixed so much so that a Yank Colonel rode up to Bishop (General) Polk and asked him where a certain Illinois Regiment was. General Polk captured him. About that time General Govan came up and, "General Polk," says Govan, "move your men up to the crest of the hill and do as Cheatham says." He did not care to use Cheathams language. After the fight we moved off on our journey to Tennessee.

The above pages are approximately half of Mr. Moore's letter. The last half will appear in the next Quarterly. Mr. Moore was the grandfather of Mrs. Floyd Curtis and Robert M. Hornor of Helena.

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SPRING AND SUMMER ON THE FARM

by

Carolyn R. Cunningham

A long time ago farm people tried to be sure their gardens were planted by February 14th. When Mama married Papa sixty-two years ago, on May 16, 1909, she says her mother's garden had brought forth English peas, white-head cabbage, onions, radishes, lettuce and Irish potatoes by that date. Gardens were a source of great pride to the hard-working families of all farm communities, and Vineyard in Phillips County was no exception.

Most gardens had a row of grapes which were used for jelly and pies. For pies, the young grapes were used before the seeds hardened. There were also gooseberry bushes. These berries were also used for pies--or cobbler as most fruit pies were called then, having no bottom crust but a thick top crust of crisp sweetened biscuit dough. And, of course, besides the flowers in the yard, there were always two or three rows of flowers in the garden, usually zinnias and marigolds. This is something my mother has continued to this day. I have never seen her garden without a profusion of summer flowers, and always zinnias. Nowadays she may plant hybrids, including the lovely new green zinnias, as she carries on the practice of her mother before her.

Papa says the first chore in preparation for spring planting the corn and cotton was to clean up the lot and barnyard and put the barnyard fertilizer out over the fields. Then the stalks were cut by hand and turned under, or piled up and burned. These things were started in February and finished up in time to plant corn in March and cotton in April.

The crops were plowed three or four times and everyone tried to "lay by" before July 4th, when there would be a big community barbeque or fish-fry. If it were a fish-fry some of the men got up early and left home before sun-up to catch the fish and clean them. This would be at Big Creek, and they used a seine as there was no law against it then, and it didn't take long to catch a croaker sack full of fish. By the middle of the morning the families were beginning to gather. Lemonade stands were set up, pavilions were built for dancing throughout the day to the lively tunes of string instruments, baseball games were started, and some hot horseshoe pitching got underway.

The fire was built up and a big pot put in place for frying the fish. Men traditionally did the same job year after year--just as the women could automatically be counted on to bring their own special dish each time.

The boys swam (never the girls!) and there was always a game of marbles going on somewhere under a shade tree. Young people cast flirtatious eyes about and many a romance got its start on the banks of Big Creek at a 4th of July picnic.

Wagons and buggies began to pull out early because everyone had their work to do up at night, mainly feeding the animals and milking.

After the crops were laid by the time was used for getting up the winter wood, cutting, raking and getting in the hay. Some of it was baled and stacked in the barn, while a certain amount was gathered loose for pitching out to the mules and cattle.

This was a time for picking peas which were dried for winter cooking. For the women, it was a busy time of canning, preserving and drying. They dried lots of fruit then. Other chores of the season were making kraut, chow-chow and other relishes, pickles, pickled peaches and pears.

But aside from all the work, summer was still a time of some fun and leisure. It was the time for Camp Meetings which sometimes lasted a week at the time. Not many families stayed the entire week, but came and went. These services were held under brush arbors, to accommodate the huge crowds that came. The community churches were small one room buildings and for the Camp Meetings folks came from miles around.

A brush arbor was set up on a sturdy frame that lasted for several years. Each year as meeting time drew close, the men and boys in the community started a few days early to go to the area to cut weeds and clear the grounds, to make ready for the people to set up their camps. The old dried limbs were gathered and stacked in place for shelter and shade. The limbs were stacked so thick that when it rained it hardly came through on the congregation. Coal oil lights were hung about for lighting. Sometimes the minister would stay in neighborhood homes or he might bring his family and join the campers. The meeting always closed with a baptizing at Big Creek.

Ante-over was a good summer game and a person could while away many a happy hour playing this ball game that all children called "Annie over." From one to ten could play on a "side," or as many as could squeeze into line. The opponents lined up on opposite sides of a building and at the shout of Annie by one team, and an answering shout of Over, the game was on, and all prepared to catch the ball that immediately came hurtling over. From then on it was anybody's guess as to what was happening, as kids sailed around corners, bumped into each other, and shouted and laughed.

And just as sure as death and taxes, one hot day every boy nearby would appear on stilts, and after a siege of falling was conquered, all became experts at this sport. A few girls occasionally tackled it, but it was accepted as a boy's sport.

When Mama and Papa were little their parents cut blocks of ice from nearby streams in the winter after a hard freeze, packed it in sawdust in the stable and divine luxury of all luxuries!--it was used to make ice cream come summer! The women used their rich milk and eggs to make the thick custard that simmered in a big pan on the back of the black iron cookstove.

Rainy days turned into fun days spent in the loft of a big barn playing in the hay. Simply rolling and tumbling was enough to make one break into gales of laughter. There were large openings at each end of the barn loft making it easier to load the hay into the barn, and what fun it was to line up in these openings and sit there swinging one's bare feet--farm children surveying their world. On such rainy days even a wet, bedraggled rooster could be a source of great merriment, with his sad look and drooping feathers.

Where they came from nobody knew, but tramps always came in the summer. They often walked the railroad, so communities near the tracks got more of them than the outlying areas. Although they were usually a sad, pathetic sight, they had about them an aura of the unknown and therefore held a certain amount of excitement, especially for the children, who saw few strangers during their childhood. They only wanted food and were never turned away hungry at the childhood homes of my parents. No one felt any fear of the tramps. Legends were that they left a mark so that the next tramp passing through would know where he could get food, but no one was ever able to find their secret mark if this were true.

Warm days also brought the pack peddlers. They walked the roads with packs strapped to their backs. Some traveled by train from one small community to another. Mama remembers two women who came, although not together. Their names were Mary and Martha. They had lovely things and were always eagerly awaited. They came for years and grew to be

familiar to everyone. They had many small items such as needles, pins, thread, thimbles, dresser scarves, dress material, patterns, lace, items supposedly from across the ocean, beads, rings, fans, combs and hand mirrors.

Not so welcome were the gypsies who traveled in groups in wagons and were looked upon with a trepidatious eye because they were known to steal. Their biggest attraction was telling fortunes.

Summers were as hot then as now, with hand fans bringing the biggest respite from the heat. Mosquitoes and flies were worse, with no insect control program in progress, and all farm people considered themselves lucky indeed if they made it through the summer without a good (or bad!) case of chiggers. This unwelcome guest nearly always accompanied the blackberry pickers home, and only the thought of a big blackberry cobbler floating in thick yellow cream made it worth taking the chance. Rubbing with coal oil and scratching were the two main treatments for chigger bites.

Traveling photographers came to the homes unannounced, and it was a mad scramble to get family photographs made, what with children getting called in from no telling where to get slicked up so they would look fit to say cheese, grin, and get their picture taken. These were paid for in advance, and there was no such thing as looking at proofs; you simply took what was sent you, and some of the facial expressions turned out to be, if not pretty, at least quite fascinating.

Now someone who did announce his arrival was the traveling dentist. He sent out the word at whose home he would be and when, and people came to him for pulling. The next trip would be for impressions, then he made the teeth and mailed them. Probably the only thing these beat were those wooden ones of George Washington's; at least these didn't have splinters, only rough spots. ...And then one day the long hot summer was over, autumn filled the air.

COLONEL JOHN RABB-FAMILY CEMETERY

by

John Lueken, Jr.

(Note: This article was not written as such for the Historical Quarterly. It was offered as information by John Lueken in answer to questions about the Rabb Cemetery, a place that several people had heard of and wondered about. He had hunted for Indian artifacts in the general area, and so brought back these details about the cemetery. The Rabbs were early settlers of Phillips County, and it was thought that these notes would be of interest to readers of the Quarterly.)

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Location: N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$ of N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$ of Section 20, Township 3 S, R 5 E, Phillips County, Arkansas. On acreage owned by W. R. Orr Estate, located on what is known as Shinault Farms.

To reach cemetery go south from Helena, Arkansas on State Highway 20, ten miles to old Westover Spur of Highway 20. Turn left south about two miles to Mississippi River levee. On top of levee at the site of National River Academy turn left north toward Helena. Travel on top of levee about three miles to second spur levee or "Waikiki Beach," a small body of water on the river side of the levee. The cemetery is about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south on the river side of the levee and about 300 yards southeast of Waikiki Beach.

The cemetery, located in a cultivated field, is surrounded by two large trees and about twenty-five smaller ones. It is about 100 yards southeast of the borrow "bar" pits formed when the present levee was rebuilt.

In years past the entire cemetery was fenced in, with Colonel Rabb's grave enclosed in an 18' x 18' ornamental fence. The heavy iron posts are about five feet apart and two sections of this fence are missing. There are no signs of the outer fence showing. At one time, the inner fence was three or more feet tall. About eighteen inches of the fence is now above ground.

Only one tombstone, that of Colonel Rabb, is showing at this time. J. W. Sheldon, the Shinault Farms manager, tells me that several years ago there were about seven more grave markers. These were all outside of the ornamental fence area. River floods have covered the land ten times in the last twenty years, depositing silt and covering the lower markers and part of the fence. The large Colonel Rabb marker is about four feet high, 12" x 18" thick with a 8" x 12" x 4" thick cap which is no longer a part of the marker. The marker has been knocked over and is lying flat. In evidence are many bricks which indicate the grave site was "bordered" with bricks.

The inscription on the tombstone is as follows:

Col. John Rabb
Born
In Adams County, Miss.
Aug. 1, 1803
and departed this life
at his residence in
Phillips Co. Ark. *MAY 31, 1856*
He was a kind husband, a
devoted father, a fast friend,
a humane master and an honest man.

J. White
Memphis

Colonel John Rabb apparently was married, had children, had slaves which indicates farming, was an honest man with many friends. A house or houses evidently were close by, as cisterns have been filled

in by the Sheldens in this area in recent years. It is believed that close by Rabb Lake was named for this family.

Mr. Sheldon, Sr. remembers relatives from out of state coming to visit the grave site over the years. The lot is in an unkept condition with fallen limbs, trees, bricks, concrete, etc., littering the grounds. The entire lot out of cultivation is approximately twenty yards square.

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The pictures in the last pages of this issue were picked at random from a box of old photographs. They have no particular significance except that they were a little less faded than others in the box, and seemed to have a better chance of reproduction. The older men were well known citizens of Helena in their time. The man in uniform did not live here for very many years. If you can identify any of the pictures, write their names on a card and send it to Miss Bessie McRee, P. O. Box 629, Helena, Arkansas 72342. The best identifier will be named in the next Quarterly, along with the identifications. (Maybe they are not hard enough.)

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