

PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Volume 10	September, 1972	Number 4
-----------	-----------------	----------

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Edmondson Diary, Part II, Edited by R. P. Baker.....	Page 1
The Northeast Corner of Porter and Columbia Streets, by Albert A. Hornor, M. D.....	Page 12
A Cookbook, by Rosalie Warren.....	Page 24
Latour, by Henrietta Kloene as told to Gene Bradford.....	Page 29
Kate Adams III, contributed by T. E. Tappan, Jr.....	Page 35
Membership Roster.....	Page 40

"THIS OLD BOOK"

The Civil War Diary Of
Mrs. Mary Sale Edmondson
Of Phillips County, Arkansas

Edited By

R. P. Baker, Archivist
Arkansas History Commission
1972

PART II

PREFACE

The vast majority of Civil War diaries which have come down to this present time are those of the soldier himself. They give a thrilling account of the battlefield, the campfire and the march, but usually little else. This diary is different. It is an account of a different kind of battlefield, the home front in the South. But it is no less a story of privation, destruction and bravery.

This is the diary of a very literate southern gentlewoman. It reflects her interests in the welfare of her home, her husband and children, and her Negro slaves. In it is captured the essence of a way of life rapidly being destroyed forever by Yankee Soldiers. Gone were the gracious ways, the leisurely civilization and finally, life itself.

INTRODUCTION

MARY FRANCES SALE EDMONDSON was born November 16, 1816, in Amherst County, Virginia, the eldest of the eight children born to the Reverend Alexander F. and Sarah Crenshaw Sale. In 1821, the

family emigrated with a large group of their fellow Virginians to Lawrence County, Alabama, and settled near the county seat of Moulton. Here they made their home for a number of years.

In 1848, Mary's brother, John B., a lawyer by profession and the fifth County Court Judge of Lawrence County, "was seized by a desire to try a new Country" and removed to Aberdeen, Mississippi. It was no doubt through her brother's new friends and acquaintances that Mary met a widower from Pontotoc County, Mississippi, Dr. Albert G. Edmondson. Dr. Edmondson first wife was Caroline Pinson and they were the parents of three children: William, Mary E., and Caroline L. The first Mrs. Edmondson died about 1848 or 1849.

Dr. Edmondson and Miss Sale were married in Mississippi on May 23, 1854. Their first child, Alexander, was born April 20, 1855, but died eight days later. Their second child, John Albert, was born on May 23, 1856.

In 1857, Dr. Edmondson, his father-in-law, Alexander Sale, and two of his brothers-in-law, William and Melville Sale, joined the great American move westward. Choosing Phillips County, Arkansas as their new home, they settled northeast of Walnut Corner. Here they bought over one thousand acres of land in the Blackfoot or Central neighborhood, along Spring Creek Road. William named his plantation Granmedi, and the home shared by Dr. Edmondson and the rest of the Sale family was called Holly Grove. Some of the other families which made up this neighborhood were those of: Judge John T. Jones, George R. Johnson, Richard Ford, Thomas and John Gist, Joseph Green, Arthur Robinson, Richard Anselm Blount, Amos Jarman, James Cook, Alexander Graves, Warren and Jack Smizer, Dr. T. R. Welch, F. H. Dade and David Threlkeld.

On September 20, 1858, Mrs. Edmondson's third child, Sarah Susannah, or Sallie, was born - only

to die on June 24, 1860, ironically the same day as the birth of her fourth and last child, Louise Titus, or Lou. Mrs. Edmondson died on February 7, 1865, after several months of illness. Dr. Edmondson died in Phillips County in 1885.

*

(Note: There seems to be some question as to the correct spelling of several of the proper names in this Diary. A letter from Mrs. Louise Edmondson Alexander, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edmondson, which will be used with a later installment of the Diary, spells Edmondson with a second D, and so it will be in the rest of the Diary. A letter to Melville W. Sale was found at the Helena Museum and will also be used later on, and the spelling of Melville follows from it.)

*

DIARY

SEPTEMBER 1, 1863, Tuesday. I believe I have mentioned that Mama's mixed cloth got home at last--have made Albert a pair of pants from the cotton part of it, and mean to try and have Will and Milla (Melville) a pair, a piece, summer cloth as it is, and this the first of Autumn. I walked down to Will's (house) yesterday for the first time since we were left alone; got more fair promises on Will's behalf--had a kid (goat) killed--took half. Oh how fall (the) weather this last week of August, but today the thermometer is at 80°. I have been trying to persuade Jake and Davy to get up the grass in the garden and Dr. has been coaxing them into making a turnip patch--but they are set against both as useless.¹ I believe I am disappointed also in getting some things from town. They are pressing the few men (Negro) left in the country--and the women for nurses. There seems nothing left untried that petty malice can win out or tyranny inflict, to distress the few remaining citizens of the

unhappy country. How I long to hear from our dear absentees and Bro. John (Sale),² our poor William (Edmondson) and (John's son) Paul. Miss (Sue) Johnson³ I hear is beginning a school. That is effort in the right direction and what there is great necessity for--Oh that my poor little boy could have the benefit of it. Doctor was taken sick yesterday and is still quite in a suffering condition--it is another calamity for us. Oh what should I do if he were to be taken from us--he has never been quite well since he was thrown from the mule, and I seriously fear he will never recover entirely from it.⁴

SEPTEMBER 8, 1863, Tuesday. Just one week since I wrote anything. Dr. sick all the time, Carro has had another chill and fever, and Lucy and Henry (slave grandmother and child)⁵ also. Poor (William D.) Hutchinson⁶ came over--was just able to stagger up (to) the door from his horse and lie down in Dr.'s room and talk. I do pity him and his helpless family, unthrifty as they are--he in a consumption--what will become of them? Mrs. (Elizabeth) Walker⁷ has rode over here the past ten weeks, until Tuesday last, to get medicines and directions for her sick boys, when the Dr. was able for the first time to visit their sick. Mrs. (Edmond B.) Kilgore⁸ came also for the same. She is a poor widow made such by the war--her daughter and her only servant were sick. Doctor could not visit Mrs. (J. T.) Green, who was quite sick nor go to Mr. (Alexander) Graves,⁹ nor attend Mrs. (James) Martindale,¹⁰ nor Mrs. (Arthur) Robinson's babe,¹¹ all of whom suddenly needed him. Sunday morning Davy came from Mrs. Green's requesting him (Dr. Edmondson) to go immediately if it was possible for him to ride. She was in a most critical condition and could get no help. He got out of bed and went and she says "saved her life"--I had the old grey mare (Albert's pet) hitched to my dear old father's buggy, which Doctor had set up for the first time since our bondage--and Davy drove me over. I

spent the day with her and her sick children and servant; hers is the only garden and yard I know not overrun with weeds and grass. She has plenty of all that is cultivated in (the) garden; what a wonderful woman she is--I like and respect her more and more, as I know her better. Immediately after an abundant dinner Doctor was sent for (by) the Robinsons to see William Prewett¹²--found him in a congestive chill, Dr. (A. J.) Hughes¹³ was there--and after Dr. had done and suggested all he could, being much exhausted he left, and returned for me¹⁴--we started home--at (Judge John T.) Jones's quarter¹⁵ learned that Prewett was dead. We hurried on in hopes of sending some man to help with the dead--found Lansford just starting to town with a load of fresh meat--he could not go. Ed. Krickel¹⁶ was there--he would not go--his children were sick.

Dr. had to go into my brother's (William) house through the high weeds to prescribe for Betty Lane.¹⁷ Oh how my heart sinks when I think of his once pretty comfortable and even luxurious home so desecrated and desolated. Oh poor Will and Lizzie (William and Elizabeth Sale) what you have had to endure, and what is before you and all of us, who can tell.

Early Monday morning Dr. left to see numerous patients, and I mounted the mare, with Albert behind me, to attend at the house of death (the Robinsons). We found two men and two women nearly strangers to me, had stayed with the afflicted family and performed the needful offices (of the dead) for them. I remained all day and assisted in whatever was to be done--sent my little Son home, and he came again in the evening for me. We left just after the funeral procession had started for Andrew's Chapel¹⁸ to bury the dead youth--far from his home and parents. Mr. (Arthur) Robinson got home from his command about twelve--having been sent for. I called to see about Betty Lane on my way home and got there about dark--finding Lou delighted to see me again. It was quite an event for her to be

separated from me all day--a thing that had seldom happened in her short life of three years and not at all since the Federals have been here the last 14 months. These two days with the sick are the first times I have spent from home during that time, and the first times I have been so far from our house as two miles. I found Davy and Jake both sick.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1863, Saturday. This, if I rightly remember, is the anniversary of my Darling sister Sally's (Sarah E. Sale Parker) death--of yellow fever--at Lewisburg on the coast below New Orleans in 1853. She had been married just three months to a most estimable and gifted young minister, Rev. Lewis Parker. How fresh is the scene of her (wedding) in my memory and yet in the catalogue of events, how long, long ago it seems to have been! Every Sabbath morning I have renewed feeling at heart that my little children and I will never again see my dear honored parents! Oh how I miss every day the spiritual teachings of my father, but especially on this, when for the past 8 or 10 months, we have been accustomed to assemble in his room, now alas so vacant--to listen to his holy teachings!¹⁹ Now our house has no spiritual head--our efforts to instruct and keep up religious habit, with our children are so defective--we are so little prepared even at our ages to instruct, by precept or example. Oh God help us--and grant us the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit. Renew us in heart and in the disposition of our minds, and help us to train up our children for thy service!

The few servants (slaves)²⁰ we have are so full of thoughts foreign (to) religion and I am so unskilled in teaching or interesting them that I don't know what they will do for instructions while they stay with me. The past week I have had an opportunity of sending off a letter to my brother Wm. by...(William C.) Boone,²¹ also one to my dear brother John, who is far to the East in Gen. Bragg's Army, if alive, and one to Son Wm. who is I know not where about in Gen. Jackson's Army. Last week

a commission²² of Provost Marshall of Military Court was sent off to my brother Melville, with rank of Captain--by Mr. (J. W.) Stansel²³ who brought it, and who took the mentioned letters. Last Sunday my letter to Papa (was) a month old. (It) was started to Dobbins command in this state, through our neighbor's son, Whitley Jarman, with an urgent request that it should be forwarded to him in La. I was very glad to have seen Capt. Stansel for he was one of our original Yell riflemen,²⁴ whom we sent, more than two years ago to struggle for our rights. There he had, five weeks ago seen my dear brother John, who was on Gen. Bragg's staff as the Secretary with rank of Col.; Capt. (Stansel) told me he (John) was well but (that) my dear brother had lost his little Mary Grace, since I had heard from him before, eight long eventful months ago. His wife Louise²⁵ had to bear the loss of her first born child alone. And what has been the fate of Paul, brother's oldest son,²⁶--and our darling and pet of many years--who was in Pemberton's army in Vicksburg, that army which suffered and fought so long and so well capitulating to our enemies on the 4th of July (1863) through the culpable negligence and treachery of its Commander.

We sent out remaining wheat to (the) mill last week by our hitherto faithful Davy. He brought back 200 lbs. of flour. (Young) Mahala made her first trip to town shopping²⁷ last Friday. She had tolerable success, but did not see any of her acquaintances, and consequently did not have a very satisfactory trip. Lucy began a piece of cloth in the last week (to spin it I mean) to cloth herself, Davy and Jake, Mahala and Henry--all the black family we have now. Poor Lucy came back from her sojourn with the Federals naked and sick--just 4 weeks ago and has not yet been able to work all day. We have ministered to her and her Grandchild (Henry), and clothed them as well as we could--and they both look like living now. She has heard of Bob's death (her vicious son) and seems much resigned to it.

*

FOOTNOTES

¹All slaves in Rebel territory were freed by Lincoln on January 1, 1863. Dr. Edmondson was reluctant to try to force the Negroes to do anything fearing they might leave altogether.

²John Burruss Sale (1818-1876) oldest brother of Mrs. Edmondson who was a judge, lawyer, and a colonel in the Civil War. He lived in Aberdeen, Mississippi. For a complete biography of John B. Sale, see James E. Saunders' Early Settlers of Alabama. (New Orleans, 1899), page 61 ff.

³Miss Johnson, daughter of George R. Johnson, later married John W. Keese.

⁴Dr. Edmondson outlived his wife by some 20 years.

⁵Henry, the grandson of Lucy, was the "only Negro child on the place."

⁶ William D. Hutchinson	Aged 29	Born Miss.
Mary E. Hutchinson	25	Tenn.
Ada Hutchinson	7	Ark.
James Hutchinson	5	Ark.
Fannie Hutchinson	3	Ark.
Mary Hutchinson	7/12	Ark.
...		

Household #467, 1860 U. S. Census, Planters Township, Phillips County, Arkansas.

⁷Wife of W. J. Walker.

⁸ E. Kilgore	30	Ga.
Lucinda Kilgore	26	Miss.
Mary C. Kilgore	12	Miss.
E. E. Kilgore	3	Ark.

Household #313, 1860 U. S. Census, Spring Creek Township, Phillips County, Arkansas. Edmond B. Kilgore died in Federal prison at Alton, Illinois. No service record is available.

⁹ Alexander Graves	Aged 60	Born N. C.
Ann Graves	57	Va.
F. P. Graves	32	Tenn.
Margaret A. Graves	16	Miss.
Susan C. Graves	14	Miss.

Household # 418, 1860 U. S. Census, Planters Township, Phillips County, Arkansas.

¹⁰ James Martindale	31	N. C.
Julia A. Martindale	29	Ala.
Thos. W. Martindale	9/12	Ark.
Mary E. Martindale	4	Ala.

Household #451, 1860 U. S. Census, Planters Township, Phillips County, Arkansas.

¹¹The Arthur W. Robinson family lived on the neighboring plantation. Little is known of the family, except that Mrs. Robinson's maiden name was Wilburn. She left Phillips County for Alabama in 1864, after her husband died in a Federal prison. Mr. Robinson was in Companies H and E of Dobbins' First Arkansas Cavalry.

¹²Prewett or Pruitt (also spelled Precott) the son of John W. Pruitt and he was also Mr. Robinson's cousin.

¹³ Dr. A. J. Hughes	Aged 28	Born Ala.
R. L. Hughes	23	Ala.

Household #465, 1860 U. S. Census, Planters Township, Phillips County, Arkansas. A daughter, Lida, was born to them in 1862. Mrs. Hughes, the daughter of George R. Johnson, died in October, 1864. See Cook Diary of October 8 & 9, 1864, Phillips County Historical Quarterly, Volume 5, Number 1, December, 1966. Also Household #124, 1880 U. S. Census, Spring Creek Township, Phillips County, Arkansas.

¹⁴Mrs. Edmondson had gone to Mrs. Green's house.

15 John T. Jones	Aged 49	Born Va.
Caroline Jones	40	Tenn.
Thompson L. Jones	18	Ark.
Heber Jones	11	Ark.
Nannie Jones	9	Ark.
Virginia Jones	7	Ark.
Paul Jones	5	Ark.
Kennedy Jones	3	Tenn.
Carrie Jones	1	Ark.

Household #423, 1860 U. S. Census, Planters
Township, Phillips County, Arkansas.

16 Ed. F. Krickel	Aged 40	Born Ky.
Elizabeth M. Krickel	32	Ky.
Harriet Krickel	10	Ark.
Catherine Krickel	9	Ark.
Matilda F. Krickel	7	Ark.
John Krickel	4	Ark.
Elizabeth Krickel	2	Ark.
William Krickel	28	Ky.

Household #477, 1860 U. S. Census, Planters
Township, Phillips County, Arkansas.

17 Drury Lane	Aged 59	Born Va.
Agnes Lane	55	N. C.
Elizabeth Lane	19	Tenn.
Phillip Lane	22	Tenn.
Agnes Lane	17	Tenn.
Moses Lane	16	Tenn.
Julia F. Lane	14	Tenn.

Household #463, 1860 U. S. Census, Planters
Township, Phillips County, Arkansas. Elizabeth
Lane lived in William Sale's house.

18 Or Andrews' Campground. Contained church,
a campground, and a cemetery.

19 The presence of Federal troops in the area
discouraged the public assembling of the people for
any reason.

20 In 1860, Dr. Edmondson owned six slaves,
Alexander Sale owned sixteen slaves, and Wm. F.
Sale owned thirty-two slaves.

21 Wm. C. Boone, Sr.	Aged 48	Born N. C.
Amanda Boone	48	N. C.
Richard Boone	21	Ark.
Wm. C. Boone, Jr.	17	Ark.
Harriet Boone	13	Ark.
Edward Boone	11	Ark.

Household #491, 1860 U. S. Census, Richland
Township, Phillips County, Arkansas. W. C. Boone,
Jr. was in Company A, Dobbins' 1st Arkansas Caval-
ry. He was captured near Helena on March 15, 1863,
and was paroled April 28, 1863. He was 5 feet 10
inches tall, of fair complexion, and he had blue
eyes and red hair. Muster Rolls, Dobbins' 1st Ark-
ansas Cavalry.

22 Melville was appointed Provost Marshal on
June 23, 1863, and reappointed on August 15, 1864.

23 Stansel or Stansell was an original member
of the Yell Rifles. He was promoted to Captain in
the Quartermaster Corps. He was 5 feet 10 inches
tall, of light hair and had gray eyes. Muster Roll
Yell Rifles.

...
J. N. Stancil (sic) Aged 23 Born S. C.

Household #292, 1860 U. S. Census, Spring
Creek Township, Phillips County, Arkansas.

24 Became part of Josey's 15th Arkansas Infan-
try. See Phillips County Historical Quarterly,
Volume 2, Number 2, September, 1963, Pages 29-30.

25 Louise Leigh Sale, third wife of John B.
Sale. See Saunders, Early Settlers of Alabama,
Page 64.

26 Eugene Paul Sale, son of John B. and Susan
Sale. After the Civil War he became a doctor. Ibid.

27 Southern sympathizers were required to take a
loyalty oath to the Federal government before they
could cross the Federal lines and go to Helena and
buy goods, but Negroes could come and go.

(To be continued)

THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF PORTER AND COLUMBIA STREETS

by

Albert A. Hornor, M. D.
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

The house now owned and occupied by Mr. Ivey Gladin was originally the home of Sidney H. Hornor and family---1881 to 1911. In 1881 a brick house with a shingled roof was built by Helena's leading builder, Michael Brennan, and sold before completion to Sidney H. Hornor. In 1895 it was enlarged by the addition of a two-story wing with porch.

The location of the house was probably close to the spot where in 1541 DeSoto had erected a "Pine Tree Cross" (see The Delta Review, March, 1969). The southwest corner of the block on which Fort Curtis had occupied the northwest corner during the Civil War, became a desirable location after much of the hill was removed, between 1865-1877. Just how high the hill was it would be nice to know, but E. C. Hornor used to like to tell of his pleasure as a boy in watching, from across Perry Street, goats climbing over the hill.

When Sidney Hornor bought the property there was only the house, a cistern filled with rain water draining from the roof of the house, and a dug well in the garden. Later, after the stable was built, there was another cistern made. This was filled with rain water from the roof of the stable. This water went across the stable lot through a four inch iron pipe supported by ten foot posts, and down through a short pipe at a right angle, into a molasses barrel filled with small rocks resting on wood charcoal a foot deep. From the bottom of this barrel the water went for about five feet through two-inch pipe into the brick walled

cistern where it kept cold. From the cistern water was pumped into buckets to be carried into the house for any and all purposes, or it could be pumped into a four-inch uncovered drain that led to the horse trough which was in the stable lot beyond a fence ten feet from the cistern.

This cistern supplied all the water used until the Helena Water Works began to function about 1892. The original cistern draining water from the house was kept for many years though not used except on the rare occasion of a snowstorm it furnished a wonderful slope for sleds newly bought or made of barrel staves.

How soon after the Hornors moved in they had a stable and other appropriate outhouses built, I do not know--certainly I cannot recall their absence.

Originally the two-story house contained a front hall (entered from a small porch), a parlor, a dining room, a kitchen and a back porch--for the first floor. From the front hall to the second floor led a long flight of stairs with a right angle turn near the upstairs hall. There was a long banister which, though "too dangerous to slide down" was frequently used for this purpose with no serious mishaps, except our brother Sidney's fall over the banister, causing his loss of good hearing in one ear.

The second story had two bedrooms leading off the upstairs hall....the "front room" and Mama's Room--this like the dining room had an alcove with one window on each of the three sides. From this room there led a three step flight into a back hall and through there to a "back room"....these were over the kitchen to which a narrow flight of stairs led.

The kitchen was separated from the dining room by a pantry (on the west side) and the chimney which took care of the fireplaces in the dining room and the room above it. In the kitchen was a

gas stove, used only in very hot weather, and a wood burning stove which, because it cooked food "much better," was used routinely. During the winter, on Friday evenings, candy pulls were often held in the kitchen.

The wood box on the back porch had to be kept full of dry and correctly cut stove wood. This box could be reached through a window from the kitchen. (Cats had their kittens in the wood box.) The kitchen stove's chimney also served the fireplace in the upstairs "back room." All rooms except the kitchen were equipped with open fireplaces, each with a grate in which both coal and wood burned satisfactorily.

The back porch could be entered from front hall, dining room or kitchen. It was enclosed by lattice work and a roof about a foot below the upstairs windows. There were two doors from the back porch to the back yard, --the other opposite the kitchen window and wood box, leading to and level with the top of the cisterns. At the northwest corner of the "back porch" was the store room for a barrel of sugar, a barrel of flour, a ten pound bucket of lard and many other staple articles, including dozens of jars of homemade preserves and pickles.

The back porch was cool and used for many purposes. The most important item there was the cedar water bucket with a dipper from which all drinking water was obtained. On special occasions when guests were expected, Aunt Flora's silver dipper with a wooden handle was placed in the bucket of water. The silver bowl of the dipper had been dented when Aunt Flora hid the dipper in the chimney, as the Yankees were approaching her home. The porch also held the ice box into which one hundred pounds of ice were put two or three times a week during the summer.

The hobby horse was on the porch for many

years. Butter was churned, preserves and pickles enough for family and friends for the year were made on the porch between kitchen door and steps to the backyard. In winter at the corner where the porch turned to the west was placed a barrel of sugar-house molasses selected by our father in Louisiana and brought by steamboat from New Orleans and then by dray from "The Elevator" (steamboat landing). How one, possibly two men rolled the 650 lb. barrel from dray up to the back porch is forgotten but from the barrel molasses was dispensed via a spigot. Many gallons were given to kin and friends. Much enjoyed, molasses was on the kitchen and dining room tables at least once a day until the barrel was emptied in March or April. Then it was sawed in half and the sugar coating the inside was greatly enjoyed by children--the empty barrel halves were then taken to the stable lot for use by horses and cows. Sunday ice cream was made on the porch and the dasher taken immediately to the back steps and licked. These steps were also the favorite place to sit and eat watermelon. The rinds were saved for a favorite horse or calf.

At the north end of the backyard was a lattice screen covered with red blossoming trumpet vine. Across a three foot wide path immediately behind this screen were a wood shed, a privy, and a hen house.

The hens in the hen house laid a few eggs--not enough for the family. Young chickens were bought by the dozen, kept and fattened a few weeks, then killed by wringing their necks, plucked and cooked the same day. From November to March a few turkeys were also kept until prepared for cooking. Once guineas were kept for a few weeks.

Near the northwest corner of the house, between it and the sidewalk, was the coalhouse into which were put two or three tons of "Pittsburgh" coal every spring to be used in our fireplaces

throughout the next winter. The coal had come by barge and the wagons that delivered it were emptied through a window into the coalhouse. This house served as a place for boys to play away from the girls.

The cows slept in the stable lot as guardians of the place. They were taken into stalls in the west side of the stable to be milked. Calves were kept in these stalls at other times to keep them from their mothers. Every morning the cows were taken to pasture and brought home in the afternoon. There was a carriage house in the stable between the milking stalls and the horse stalls. The two-horse carriage and a one-horse buggy were kept in this compartment. Occasionally room was made in the carriage house for a cow to have a calf. (Usually dry cows were taken away for several weeks and brought back after calving.) There were three stalls for horses and hay could be dropped through holls in the floor of the loft, but grain and bran had to be brought down to their troughs. The cows in addition to bran and cotton seed meal were fed great quantities of cotton seed hulls, given away for the hauling by the cotton seed oil mills. It was more fun to jump onto a load of cotton seed hulls than onto a load of hay--the hulls were softer.

The garden began at the east side of the stable lot, from which it was separated by a solid board fence--upright boards eight feet high. This fence at the northern end met a similar fence which extended from Columbia Street east to the border of the Hornor property, then at right angles to the southerly end of the garden, where it joined a four foot fence that formed the eastern border of the front yard, and was continued to the southeast corner of the property on Porter Street.

The south and west sides of the front yard were marked by a four foot wire fence supported by upright pipes every eight feet. It was interrupted

by the iron front gate, otherwise bordered the property as far as the coalhouse. Beyond the coalhouse was the back gate--then the eight foot fence went to the southeast corner of the stable. A double gate for carriage, horses, cows and so forth to pass, led through this fence.

All these board fences, the coalhouse, stable and other outhouses had to be whitewashed every two or three years. Usually a man who knew how to make and apply whitewash was employed but at times the making and applying of the whitewash was done by our hired man with the help (?) of the Hornor boys. This task would take several weeks to complete.

The garden occupied about two-thirds of the eastern half of the property. The northern part of the garden was devoted to vegetables, --radishes, lettuce, tomatoes, Irish and sweet potatoes, turnip greens, peas, strawberries, butter beans, occasionally "roasnears" (roasting ears). At the north end of the garden were three fig trees, which bore delicious figs. Under these fig trees tongue burning cornsilk cigarettes were rolled and smoked by small boys.

At the gate from back yard to the garden was a pear tree; on the other side of the garden was "The Orchard,"--four apple trees that rarely bore. Under the apple trees we often grew cantaloupe and rarely watermelon. At the northwest corner of The Orchard was the well mentioned earlier--now filled.

The flower garden, the joy of our Mother and brother Sidney, produced sweet peas in large numbers and had beds of roses, hyacinths, pinks, violets, forget-me-nots and nasturtiums. It also had morning glories, and a calycanthus bush which produced switches to be used on children too little for a pear tree switch.

The garden was separated from the back yard as well as front yard by a white picket fence and could be entered through either of two gates. The

one to the front yard really led to a neighborhood playground. The games played there varied from croquet through tennis to football (more like present day soccer). A dozen participants was not unusual. A horse or a bull calf might be brought in to the yard to graze and be ridden by some small child. Hopscotch was played on the smooth walk leading from front porch to the steps down the terrace to the front gate. This walk was the favorite place for fireworks at Christmas. Near the eastern end of the front yard were three "pecan trees" which we watched every year for pecans--until they began to bear walnuts.

Near the center of the front yard were two cottonwood trees. The trunks of these were sawed off twenty feet from the ground and a 6" by 6" timber lay level between the tree trunk tops, though several large branches spread and rose from below where the trunks were cut. From this timber hung a pair of rings and a big swing. The rings were principally for acrobatic (?) boys. The swing was for all--even babies could be held in someone's lap while the swing was pushed gently--usually it was "run under" to give older people a high ride. Pumping alone or double was great fun--enjoyed by young and old.

After the number of children became five it became imperative that the original house be enlarged. The addition gave a ground floor room roughly sixteen feet by twenty feet and upstairs a bedroom twelve by twenty with a hall and bathroom in the remaining north part of the addition. The water to and from the bathtub used pipes outside the brick wall which were encased in a wooden frame filled with insulating material. There was a valve below ground level so that all water could be drained to prevent freezing when necessary. The new upstairs bedroom of course had its own fireplace and became our parents' bedroom.

The downstairs room was left with rough flooring for a couple of years, affording a wonderful winter playroom--then it was finished and furnished to become a living room for the pleasure of family and friends. A slate roof was put over the whole house when the new rooms were added. This addition was adequate for family and guests, even after the number of children became seven.

The painter who was asked to paint gutters, window trim and so forth began, much to everyone's disgust, by putting a priming coat of yellow paint on the lovely old brick walls. Our father was so disgusted that he waited several years before he had red paint put over the horrible yellow.

The addition to the house included a greatly extended front porch. In front of this was a three foot wide flower bed. There for several years Marechal Ney roses were planted with no success, but one of the stock roses on which a Marechal Ney had been grafted did well and there was rarely a month without a bloom on this rose as long as we lived in Helena. The steps at the east end of this porch were near the swing cottonwood trees and down these steps was the coolest place to sit on hot afternoons.

When the Helena Street Railway (mule drawn) was dissolved the street cars were given away for playhouses. Our father did not take one but later had built a small playhouse in the front yard near the garden fence.

Before it was learned that it was not "night air" but mosquitoes that caused malaria, no one slept with their windows open. One of the boys dared to sleep in the alcove off a bedroom with three windows open. Our father said it was all right--"He had not gotten sick sleeping outdoors during the Civil War!"

Shortly after 1900 an upstairs back porch was built. At the same time a full bathroom was built in the old upstairs back hall, and a full lavatory

was installed where the old store room off the back porch had been. At about the same time central heat was added, with a coal burning furnace in the cellar.

The cellar which could be reached through stairs under the front stair steps or downstairs from the back porch had three rooms. The back room was used for miscellaneous storage--furniture, old pictures, magic lanterns and the like. The front cellar room was light, airy, and often used as a drying room or in very hot weather for a nap. The third room was "the wine cellar" into which several cases of Ohio claret were put every fall. After Elisabeth was born in 1884 Papa bought some extra fine wine to mature by her eighteenth birthday. Before that happened someone checked the cases and found all bottles in these cases were empty. The gas meter was in the same part of the cellar and had been read regularly.

The house was served by gas from the time it was built, and there were chandeliers and wall brackets in every room. Electric lights were installed in the mid nineties and proved so satisfactory that lighting by gas was no longer needed. When the furnace was put into the cellar all coal was stored there and the coalhouse was torn down. After toilets were installed in the house the privies were eliminated.

There was almost always one dog on the place,--the one best remembered was a Shepherd (collie) who spent most of his time sleeping just inside the front gate.

This place could not have been maintained without the help of able and devoted servants who were greatly beloved by the family. These servants, a man and two women, came early every morning but none lived on the place.

One of the most faithful and devoted retainers

was "Uncle Ben" Ellison--a freed former slave. He was the only one to be called "Uncle" in the old Southern manner. He went to Texas, during the Civil War, as the Straw Boss of the slaves under the supervision of our father, who agreed to take any of the freed Hornor slaves, who wanted to go to Texas where they could find work. The faithful Ben Ellison continued the rest of his life working for our father. Every fall he brought a supply of firewood for the kitchen and fireplaces. Every Christmas he brought mistletoe and a holly Christmas tree for the family.

This home was greatly enjoyed by family and friends until 1911, when because of our Mother's health a supposedly temporary move was made to San Antonio, Texas. This move became permanent.

When the search was on for evidence of the Fort Curtis well (see Phillips County Historical Quarterly, Volume 6, Number 3, June, 1968), Dr. Hornor wrote the following letter and sent the sketch. They are included here in connection with his article on the Hornor home.

February 19, 1968

Phillips County Historical Quarterly:

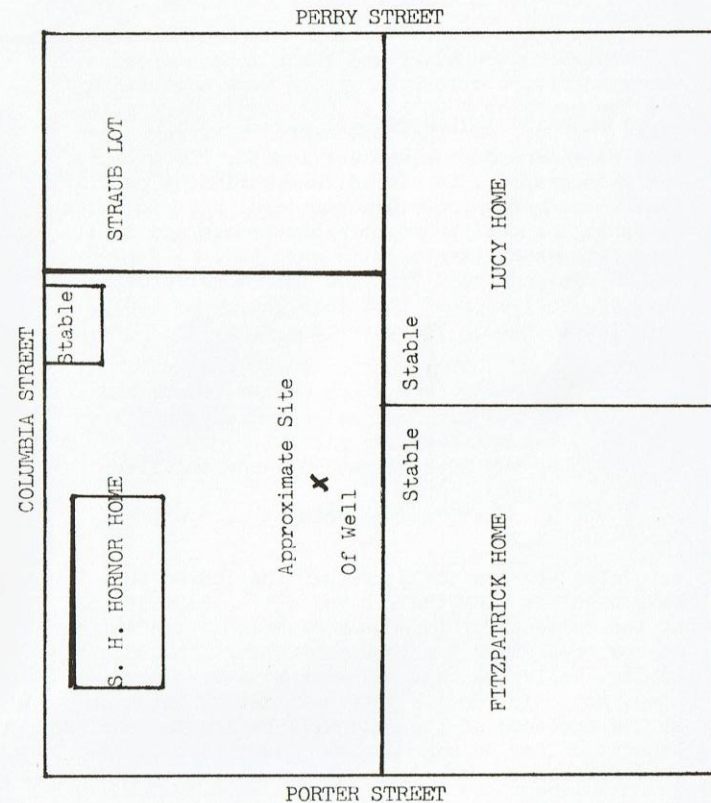
The report in the December, 1967, issue of Phillips County Historical Quarterly of the archaeological study of the land at the S. E. corner of Perry and Columbia Streets is of interest. There may be, though I doubt if there is still alive anyone who played in "The Straub Lot" more than I did as a boy, both before and after it was used as a refugee camp during the flood of 1897. I have no recollection of any remnant of a well in that lot which Lycurgus Lucy, Harry Ball, Will Ready or I should have found in our digging and playing on that vacant lot.

Enclosed is a sketch showing the approximate location of an abandoned well, the existence of which was discovered when a horse I was riding into "our orchard" (four apple trees) stepped in a well. The well was previously unknown to my parents and not visible because of grass, and when one of my horse's forefeet went down six inches or more into the well the horse fell on top of me.

The land on either side of Columbia Street as far south as Rightor was relatively high and I think the water table below the well I knew could have been 40' down from the surface though that would have probably been below the mean water level of the Mississippi, - surely below high water level. The well was lined with brick at least to a depth of 6 inches. That is as far as my knowledge goes.

Sincerely yours,

Albert A. Hornor



A COOKBOOK

by

Rosalie Warren

High button shoes and ankle length dresses were the attire of the day, cars were advertised for the price of \$800 to \$1,000, meals were advertised for 25¢, carriage and wagon repairing was a specialty, and coffee was selling for 25¢ a pound. One photographer, in his ad, was reminding people that he made penny picture postcards and did Kodak finishing at the lowest possible prices and developed film free. Men's suits were selling for \$9.90. One ad said that the 1910 model stoves had arrived, so I suppose that this recipe book was compiled in 1909. The paperback front and back are missing.

We may live without poetry, music and art
We may live without conscience and live
without heart,
We may live without friends and live
without books
But civilized man cannot live without
cooks.

The preface tells us that the ladies who have been devoting their time to the compilation of the contents of this book have the satisfaction of now presenting the result of their labors to the public, believing that the work will be appreciated, not only for its intrinsic merit, but also as the proceeds of its sale will be for the use and benefit of the Helena Hospital Association, Helena, Arkansas.

Mrs. Porter Young and I were helping Mrs. Charles Conklin move last summer to her apartment on Park Street in West Helena, when I fell heir

to some old recipe books. In fact, Mrs. Conklin told us to throw them away since she had no more use for them. She was 85 years old on August 7th and does not cook or bake much anymore. But in years gone by she was one of the best cooks in Helena, or I should say West Helena. I remember when Roy and I married in 1945, August 12th, two days before World War II was over. It was hard to find an apartment in this area because of the flying school at Thompson-Robbins Field in West Helena. So many of the flyers' wives were here with them, and you could rent a hole in the wall--if you had one--for a fabulous price.

Our first apartment was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Conklin, thanks to Mrs. L. D. Tuck for finding it and talking Mrs. Conklin into letting us have it, since she said eight flyers' wives had called wanting to rent it. But times in that respect have not changed too much where an airbase is located. I was reminded of this twenty-seven years later when, last year, our son Dennis was scheduled to return from Taiwan. His wife, the former Ann Gragg, and I called desperately trying to find them an apartment in Blytheville, Arkansas, where they would be stationed for the rest of his service. It took us two months to locate an apartment.

Back in 1945, as a new bride, I remember I was not much of a cook and Mrs. Conklin was a grand one, so she and Mr. Conklin were always inviting Roy and me to dinner. She could cook Brussels sprouts like no one else, and her cornbread sticks were delicious. I suppose she got those recipes from the old recipe books. I intend to try some of them. Besides being a good cook, Mrs. Conklin had one of the best collections of antiques in this area. Today she is very much interested in the growth of Helena and West Helena, and I love to listen to her talk about bygone days, especially her trips on the Kate Adams.

One recipe book was so old it was brittle, dated 1904. In it is a recipe for Old Fashioned Indian Pudding. I thought I might try that one just for the fun of it, but when it called for one cup of Indian meal, I stopped there--nothing ventured, nothing gained--or lost! One recipe book tells about canning and it gives the exact way to construct a cellar underground for storing vegetables for the winter.

Another recipe was for making Laundry Soap: 6 pounds fat (6 3/4 pints, melted); 1 1/2 ounce can lye; 5 cups cold soft water; 2 tablespoons borax. Melt fat in a large iron or enamel kettle (do not use aluminum) and set aside to cool to 80° F. Combine lye and water in enamel pan and stir slowly with wooden paddle until lye is dissolved. Cool to 70° F. then add gradually to fat, stirring slowly with wooden paddle. Continue stirring until creamy, then add borax, mix well and pour into molds. Heavy cardboard boxes make good molds. Cool slowly without moving molds for 24 hours. When soap is firm, remove from molds and cut into bars with string. Stack in rows allowing space between cakes for air to circulate. Dry 2 weeks before using... I wonder what they did if they discovered they were suddenly out of soap? But somewhere in the book there was an ad for soap at 5¢ a bar.

Following are some of the half-page ads.

THE ARKANSAS OAK CO. Manufacturers of Plain and Quartersawed Oak Lumber.

THE BANK OF HELENA, Helena, Ark. Receipt For Saving Money. Pennies, nickels and dimes that you daily spare, Will mount up into dollars ere you are aware. Capital, Surplus and Profits \$500,000.

ARCHER LUMBER CO., South Biscoe St., Phone 632, Helena, Ark. We carry the largest stock of yellow pine lumber in the city, and in connection with our hardwood department can make cheaper prices.



NEWMAN ICE and COAL CO. COALS

FUEL AND ICE. Cor. Ohio and Porter St

Phone 218. Helena, Ark.

RIDGE CITY DRUG STORE. Prescriptions properly filled. Phone 283.

ALLIN MACHINE WORKS. General machine work and heavy forging. Agent for Overland autos. Shop, Missouri & Pontotoc Sts. Phone 339.

WOOD DRUG COMPANY. Where you get "The Best Always."

MITCHELL BROS., Helena, Ark. The most complete line of Fancy Groceries. 326 Cherry St.

FOSTER WOODIN SHOP. 521 Ohio St., Phone 185. Plumbing, Tinning, Heating.

H. M. HOUSTON, Helena, Ark. Furniture, Stoves, Queensware.

COTTEM'S. 309 Cherry St. Wallpaper, Stationery, Glassware, Chinaware, Silverware, Cut Glass, Toys, Holiday Goods.

BANNER GROCERY. Phones 331 & 311. Everything Good To Eat. Coolidge & Polk, Props.

S. HOLMSTEDT. S. E. Corner York & Walnut Sts. Livery, Feed, Sale and Exchange Stable, Wagon and Stockyard.

S. H. HORNOR & CO. Corner Rightor & Cherry Sts. Local and Long Distance Phone 235. Cotton Factors, Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

DINNING FURNISHING CO. 135-137 Cherry St. Phone 517. "Everything For The House."

KELLY & ALLEN. Timber Lands, Farm Lands, Investments.

LEE PENDERGRASS. Cotton Broker. Charges for selling 50¢ per bale.

S. H. BLACKWOOD. Phone 54. Insurance, Real Estate, Loans.

JIEDEL & ROTHSCHILD. 419 Cherry St. Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Trunks.

POLICASTRO BOTTLING WORKS. Soda Water, Ginger Ale, Temperance Drinks.

MAX LAYNE. Short Leaf, Yellow Pine Lumber.

LYFORD'S LAUNDRY. Give us your work.

HARRINGTON & MOORE. Cotton Buyers. Owens Bldg.

FELDMAN COMMISSION CO. Wholesale fruit and Produce.

BLUE FRONT, Helena, Ark. 205 Cherry St. Dry Goods, Clothing, Millinery.

FREDERICK WM. HAURY. New Location 322 Cherry St. The Helena Jeweler.

WENZEL HOUSE FURNISHING CO. 209-211 Cherry St. Use Wenzel Kitchen Cabinets For Economy and Comfort.

ALL
RECIPES IN
THIS
BOOK CALL
FOR
OMEGA
FLOUR

E. M. Polk
Helena, Ark.

*

LATOUR

The following is not given as historical fact, but as the memories of the little things in the life of a child before the turn of the century, as recalled by Miss Henrietta Kloene (and told to her niece, Mrs. Gene Bradford) whose family lived at Latour from 1880 to 1900. Shortly after she became a teenager she went to Helena during the school terms and lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Biscoe. At one time the Biscoe home was on Rightor Street, just back of the Episcopal Church which was situated where Ciener's now stands. Later, Mr. Biscoe inherited property on the corner of Walnut and McDonough Streets and the family moved there.

*

One of our oldest family of friends from the days when we both lived at Pillow Station was the Schwantz family. They had moved out near Poplar Grove, but two strong ties held our families together. Papa and the Schwantzes were German and liked to converse in their native tongue. Mama and the Schwantzes were Catholic in a community almost completely Protestant. We always went to visit the Schwantzes in our wagon so the entire family could go. On the way we passed the home of other good friends, the Tom Wallaces. Their house sat back in a large pasture just south of where the Barton School now stands. (It was Mr. Wallace who gave to the community the lot at Walnut Corner where the church is now located.) Each time we reached the Wallaces' gate our mule would balk. Not one step would he go until one of us opened the gate and we drove up to the Wallace home. Then he was willing to continue our journey.

Across the road from the Wallaces was the Graves family. Mrs. Graves always had a house full

of company. Several nieces and nephews stayed with her. One was Fannie Renfro, a close friend of Sister's (Ella Kloene who later married A. A. Nelson) and Sister Kate. Then there were Maggie and Annie Allison whom Rosa and I loved to visit. Mrs. Graves had the usual long hall running the entire length of the house, and this was used as a dining room. Even this large room often could not accommodate the people present, so we children would wait for the second table. Maggie was needed to help wait on the table. Annie and I would post ourselves outside the window, and as Maggie went back and forth she would hand us chicken, corn, potatoes, biscuits, etc. What a feast we would have behind the haystack, although we knew full well there would be plenty for us at the second table.

It's a pleasure to recall the Cook family. On Sundays Mama and Papa and perhaps Gertrude would go to church in the only buggy. We children walked to Barton on the Sundays that services were held there. About one-half mile from the church was the Cook home with a lovely tree-shaded yard. On the way home we were always invited by Mrs. Cook to stop for a refreshing drink and a bite to eat. Some days we spent the day there. Mrs. Cook was very strict in her observance of Sunday. Children were not allowed to play games, but could sit on the long steps and look at books or read the Bible.

Adjoining the Cook plantation and extending to Lick Creek was the Bush plantation. Mr. Bush had the stockade or county farm for the prisoners. They were hired out for day labor for chopping, picking, etc. The lumber in our home was sawed at the Bush sawmill by prisoners. Mr. Bush had two daughters and two sons. The oldest daughter Lucy was a widow, Mrs. Binley. Quite often when she was going to be alone, she would walk over to our house for either Rosa or me to spend the night with her. Neither wanted to go because it was so lonely, though Mrs. Binley was kindness itself. She would have a tea

party and then sit in the floor and play with us. The Bush boys Walter and Jesse were twins. The schoolhouse was on Mr. Bush's land at Lick Creek. I had not started to school when he gave the building as a Union Church to sit on the plot of ground donated at Barton by Mr. Wallace. We all turned out as the big logs were put under the school and it was dragged off down the road. The church at Barton has been enlarged and remodeled many times, but surely some of the old timbers remain.

The schoolmaster at this time was Mr. Dick Blount. The two older children, Georgia and Joe, went to school, but like myself Sue was too young. Across the road lived the Figures family and their girls, Hattie, Liza, and Daisy, joined us in play. Sue was either the oldest or most mature, and was always the "mama." I still find myself thinking of her as Mama Sue.

The Figures had a lovely orchard as did most families in those days. Mrs. Figures said we could have any fruit on the ground but not to disturb her trees. Mrs. Figures was the former Lyda Hughes, daughter of Dr. Amos Hughes, our family doctor from the time the family moved to Pillow Station until his death. He was still practicing when I was born. Mama always said that when her second boy was born Dr. Hughes asked if she had a name picked out, and then asked that he be named Amos. I suppose he had no sons. Also living with Mrs. Figures was Mrs. Johnston, her grandmother, I suppose. Before we were allowed to go over to the Figures, Mama lined us up and cautioned us to be sure we went in to speak to Mrs. Johnston, but not to stay in her room. Mrs. Johnston was always in a rocking chair and each of us would say in our prim little voices, "Good evening, Mrs. Johnston. How are you today?" We waited for her answer and then we were off to play.

A large part of our farm was across Lick Creek. Not too far was the Trainer place near Hyde Park. Their children, among them Will and John,

attended dances at our house. (When Sister Kate gave a dance, brothers George and Amos would bring in sand and sprinkle it on the floor of our parlor. Then all day we younger children had to skate and slide on the floor to make it smooth and slick.) Mama and Papa rested the horses at the Trainer home on their way to and from Helena. Somewhere beyond Shell Bridge there was a large mudhole. Once when Papa was taking Gertrude and me to town (most likely to school) our horse took cramps in the hole, lay down and broke the shaft to the buggy. Papa worked and worked but there was nothing he could do. But we were lucky. A Mr. Donahoo came along in his wagon and took us to Helena, and Papa rode the horse.

Down the road at Latour was the most lovable of all doctors, Dr. Will Russwurm. He and his brother Dr. Sam, both bachelors, shared an office with Dr. McKnight. All the Negroes would see only Dr. Will, who would listen to their tales of spells and demons and evil spirits. Certain people they thought were able to cast evil spells and when one felt he was a victim he always came to Dr. Will, for Dr. Sam had no patience with such beliefs. Dr. Will would cure them by prescribing an emetic called--I think--epicap. Since they believed in him they felt cured.

The Russwurms boarded with the Belsha family who had a daughter, Dora, about Ella's age. I believe it was with them that the Reverend Obenchain boarded, and I think Dr. McKnight lived at Latour. There was a store which belonged to Mr. Bush and a post office. Back of the Belshas was the Latour school which the younger members of our family attended. A few years later my brother George became postmaster and he and Amos opened a second store.

A little farther than Barton and in the opposite direction was Southland where we had other very close friends, Mrs. Biscoe, her sister, Mrs.

Lanier, and their brother, Mr. Lanford, and their families. I am not sure if I stayed with them in the summer to attend school, or if I went to school because it was open and I was there. They had an unmarried brother to whom we girls (especially Lizzie Biscoe and I) must have been regular nuisances, as we were quite young. Once he agreed to saddle up for us if we would ride until the horse's tail dropped off. Of course we agreed, and it seemed he was going to hold us to our bargain. Again and again he said, "His tail's only drooping." Finally Mrs. Biscoe made him let us down.

I attended school at Latour and Southland, but most vividly I remember school at Pillow Station. Amos and Rosa rode the horse to school and I had to ride the mule. There was a waterhole and he always balked, and there would be the other school children lined up on the fence watching for me and the old mule to have our battle. The only children I can remember are the children of John Nelson and Chism Hanly, the teacher's son.

Mrs. Dora Hanly taught school on one room of her house. She also had an older son, Syl. At noon we were all sent outside, the door was locked and she went into the house part for her lunch. Occasionally Amos would beg to stay in and would receive permission on the promise he would let no one in. When Mrs. Hanly was ready to resume school, Amos always pretended he thought she was being impersonated and refused to open the door. When eventually convinced it was she, he would offer the most abject apologies, which Mrs. Hanly readily accepted. How she loved him--he was the pet of the neighborhood.

*

Several years after the Civil War, George Kloene came to Helena from Cincinnati and opened a small store on Front Street. He was soon joined by his older brother, Henry Herman Kloene, who

immediately began mailing copies of the local paper to his fiance, Helena Bridgett Troy, in Covington, Kentucky. The family does not know if George moved to Turkey Scratch in Lee County before or after his marriage. His wife, Aunt Molly, had a sister, Aunt Hettie Turner, who lived in Poplar Grove. George died in 1880, leaving no heirs. Molly later married Joe Word.

In 1870, Henry Herman Kloene married Helena Troy and lived for a very short time in Helena. He then moved to Pillow Station where he farmed and kept a small store. Here his first children were born: Ella, Kate, George, Amos and Rosa. Around 1880 he bought a part of the Shell plantation near Latour and had built a large two-story house and larger store and dispensary, as he was licensed to dispense medicine. Here his other three children were born: Henrietta, Gertrude and H. H., Jr. In 1893, Kate and Rosa died within a week of each other. Amos died a young man in 1898. H. H., Jr. died as a child. Ella married A. A. Nelson from Louisiana. They had no children. George married Asama Bautts of Barton and had three girls: Elizabeth (deceased 1935); Gene (Mrs. Howard Bradford); and Helen. Gertrude married Charlie Waters. They had two sons, George C. and Herman. Henrietta never married and now lives at 822 Pecan Street in Helena.

*

This article is the second in a planned series on towns and neighborhoods or communities of Phillips County.

KATE ADAMS III

Contributed by

T. E. Tappan, Jr.

Commercial Appeal, May 9, 1963. "I Remember Floating Palaces Deserved Name," by Mrs. Edith W. Bailey.

My earliest and fondest recollections are the "floating palaces" of the old steamboat days--the days of the Kate Adams and the Jim Lee.

I was a little girl about 7 and we lived in Helena, Ark. My mother, like most Helenians, used to come to Memphis to do her shopping.

I can remember her waking me up about daylight, saying, "Get up! Get up! We've got to catch the boat for Memphis." Then we would take an old "hack" to the wharf and stand shivering and shaking in the early dawn until the boat would heave in sight.

Upon arriving in Memphis we always went first to the Gaston Hotel opposite Court Square for breakfast--the most delicious food and one could eat for 25 cents.

After breakfast we would stroll in Court Square, shop around and then pay a visit to my uncle, Dr. C. J. Washington, who had an office in one of the largest buildings in Memphis. It was at Main and Monroe and was two stories high.

To the best of my recollection there were then only three dentists in Memphis--Dr. Bullington, Dr. Arrington and Dr. Washington.

After quite a memorable day in the big city we would go down to the river at 5 o'clock for our trip home. The old steamboats were called "floating palaces" and they deserved the title.

Luxurious paneling, gorgeous carpeting, coal-oil chandeliers that extended the whole length of the boat and furnishings that the best markets had to offer.

We would sit on deck enjoying the river breeze, chatting with other passengers and watching the enormous bales of cotton being loaded by Negro roustabouts who moaned spirituals as they worked.

Then dinner was served. And I'll never believe any dinners ever have been served anywhere that equaled the dinners served on the old Kate Adams or Jim Lee.

(Note: Mrs. Edith Washington Bailey was the granddaughter of Jane Phillips who was married first to George Nicholls, and whose grandchildren were George, Winnie and Robert Nicholls of Helena. Jane Phillips' second husband was Benjamin Swett Tappan (next younger brother of General James C. Tappan) and their children were Rear Admiral Benjamin Tappan, George, and James Tappan. Her third husband was Oliver Oates, and their daughter Olive Oates married Henry A. Washington, parents of Mrs. Bailey. This article and information were furnished me by Edith Bailey Wilkinson (Mrs. William N.) of Memphis whom I met on the trip of the Delta Queen to Caruthersville in March, 1970.)

Commercial Appeal, April 17, 1947. Joe Curtis Column.

Q.--You recently answered a question about whether boats could ever scrape their stacks on Harahan Bridge during high water by saying "No." But during the 1913 flood the Kate Adams had to lower the top section of her stacks to get under the bridge.

Correct. When she first came out, the Kate

had very high stacks, and in addition she wore two high collars on top of each one. They were too much for the 1913 flood and had to be taken down. In her later years the Kate operated with lower stacks which would have cleared the bridge even in 1913. There has been higher water since 1913 but never less than 58 feet of clearance. The answer is still "No" when the question is, "Does the river ever rise so high that big boats scrape their stacks..." It doesn't.

Commercial Appeal, ?, 1926. "Kate Puts On A Gingham Apron For Role in Movies."

Kate Adams, like all movie queens, is fussy about her appearance, and takes her time in creating it. She has been so long in making herself up as La Belle Riviere, in the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that she and the troupe of 60 actors of the Universal Film Corp. were not due to head down the river until some time Wednesday afternoon.

The old sidewheel steamer is slowly losing all traces of modern days. Radiators have been removed from the long hallway and ballroom. Electric equipment is being removed.

The Universal picture company is filming the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which happened between 1850 and 1860. All the river scenes will be taken on and from the Kate Adams. The work here will take three weeks or longer. Sam B. Jacobson, business manager, said, "The Kate may be taken as far south as Helena, Ark."

There were about 15 expert carpenters from the moving picture studio in California on the boat and they built false gingerbread ornaments all along the guards on her cabin deck.

At Memphis, the picture company had giant ferns cut out of sheet iron and fastened around the

tops of her smokestacks. Her swinging stages were removed and when those workmen finished dolling her up, she was a fine image of a Mississippi River packet in those years before the Civil War. They gave her the name of "La Belle Riviere," took her down on Big Black River and filmed the picture. It was a great success on the screen.

Commercial Appeal, January 8, 1927.

Flames ended the romantic career of the Kate Adams, majestic river steamer, here today and removed from the lower Mississippi the last sidewheeler to ply the great stream in southern waters.

"The Kate," beloved of river folk and pet of plantation workers along her course, perished as two of her ancestors of the same name before her and left but a ruin of twisted metal beams at the water's edge to mark her final anchorage.

Twenty-eight years ago the great packet steamed out of Memphis, her home port, on her first trip--down the broad river to Arkansas City. Two weeks ago she returned from Natchez, breasted the mighty current for the last time and tied up here at the mother wharf where fire ravaged her today.

Employees of the boat, who barely escaped with their lives when the blaze was discovered before daylight, declared she burned in five minutes. Tonight they and Memphis firemen who vainly rushed to the rescue did not know the origin of the fire.

The great boat, 240 feet long and with a fifty-foot beam, was valued at \$125,000, but river experts declared today she could not be replaced for less than twice that sum. A small part of the loss was covered by insurance.

The Kate Adams was owned by the Delta Packet Co., of Pittsburgh, of which C. Reins is president

and Dave Reeves, vice-president. Except for two years service on the upper Ohio River, which ended early last fall, the steamer operated on the lower Mississippi and its tributaries.

To plantation people "The Kate" was a living creature whose sonorous whistle audible as far as twenty miles inland, was the signal for joyous cries. Always they spoke of the proud craft as "She" and "Her" and gave her a colorful personality.

As the palatial two-stacker, trailing black smoke in twin clouds moved toward her landing, with passengers and a cargo of cotton or packet freight, inhabitants of the little river communities would turn out for a holiday.

The Kate, from 1899 until 1922, was a U. S. mail boat and to many a small valley point was the chief means of communication with the great world outside in the early years of her service. For 15 years she ran twice a week from Memphis to Arkansas City until her reputation for clock-like regularity became traditional.

Veterans of the river estimated tonight that "The Kate" in her voyaging, had traveled a distance of more than 90 times around the earth, and boasted that no other craft ever floated equalled this record. She never lost a life, they said.

The great boat became, in the last few weeks of her service, the stage and background for a motion picture production. The makers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" leased her for use in filming their scenes and took her to Natchez for this late activity in her dramatic career.

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER 1972-1973

Jason L. Adams	Walcott, Arkansas
Milton Alexander	Helena
Mrs. Tom Allen	Brinkley, Arkansas
Arkansas State University*	State University, Ark.
E. M. Bacharach	Helena
James P. Baker, Jr.	West Helena
Barton High School*	Barton
Mrs. E. C. Baskin	Jackson, Mississippi
James V. Belsha*	Phoenix, Arizona
Dr. Bill Biggs	Helena
Mrs. Robert Boney	West Helena
Mrs. Ellamai P. Boyte	West Helena
J. F. Boyte	Memphis, Tennessee
Mrs. Gene Bradford	West Helena
Mrs. Herbert R. Brantley	West Helena
Mrs. Bill Brothers	Helena
Dr. Glen E. Bryant*	Helena
Aubrey G. Burke	New Orleans, Louisiana
J. Frank Burke*	Merritt Island, Fla.
Baker Bush*	Helena
Mrs. O. D. Butterick	Helena
Dr. J. W. Butts*	Helena
Mrs. John T. Caldwell, Jr.*	Jackson, Mississippi
Mrs. Bernard Capes*	West Helena
Gere Carnathan	Helena
Mrs. Rufus Carruth	West Helena
Mrs. E. B. Carvill	Helena
H. C. Carvill*	Little Rock, Arkansas
Central High School	West Helena
Mrs. Ann R. Cherry*	Little Rock, Arkansas
Mrs. Tom Choate	Helena
Mrs. Sam Ciener, Jr.	Helena
Mrs. Charles J. Cliff	Bethesda, Maryland
Mrs. A. M. Coates	Helena
Nathan Cohen*	Helena
Mrs. Ella Collins	Marvell
Mrs. Fred Connaway	Helena
Fred J. Cooper*	N. Sacramento, Calif.

George Cooper*	N. Sacramento, Calif.
H. W. Cook*	Los Angeles, Calif.
Cornell Univ. Libraries*	Ithaca, New York
Mrs. Chesterfield Crisp	Marvell
Ernest Cunningham	Helena
Mrs. Dick Cunningham	West Helena
Mrs. Gordon Cunningham	West Helena
Mrs. Floyd E. Curtis	Helena
Robert Dalehite*	Galveston, Texas
Mrs. Billy DeJarnette	Poplar Grove
Jess Dew*	Arzew, Algeria
Mrs. W. G. Dinning, Sr.	Helena
Robert A. Duncan III	Williamsburg, Va.
Dr. H. N. Faulkner*	Helena
Mrs. Fred Faust	West Helena
Mrs. Thomas E. Faust	Helena
Mrs. Solomon Feldman	Helena
Fred Fielder	West Helena
Forrest City Public Lib.	Forrest City, Arkansas
Mrs. Winston Poster	Marvell
Mrs. Bruce Gardner	Helena
Mrs. Jane H. Garmes	Little Rock, Arkansas
George Gibson	Helena
Gist Music Co.*	Helena
Mrs. Thos. H. Gist, Sr.	Marianna, Arkansas
Mrs. Ivey Gladin	Helena
Col. Clarence Q. Graham	San Antonio, Texas
E. G. Green	West Helena
Eugene B. Greer	Greensboro, N. C.
Mrs. Frank O. Griffin, Sr.	Helena
Mrs. J. F. Hargraves	Helena
Mrs. Richard H. Hargraves	Helena
Mrs. H. R. Hendrie	Costa Mesa, California
Heritage Home	Helena
Mrs. D. S. Heslep	Helena
Albert Hicks	West Helena
W. E. Higginbothom*	Helena
Mrs. Herbert H. Hill	Helena
Mrs. Wayland Hollowell	Helena
Aubrey Holtzclaw	Durant, Oklahoma
Mrs. Florence Holtzclaw	Little Rock, Arkansas

Dr. Albert A. Hornor	Chestnut Hill, Mass.
E. T. Hornor	West Helena
Mrs. J. A. Hornor	Denton, Texas
Lawson D. Hornor*	West Helena
Louis H. Hornor	San Antonio, Texas
Robert M. Hornor, Jr.	Helena
Tap Hornor*	Little Rock, Arkansas
J. M. Howe	Wabash
Otis W. Howe, Jr.*	Wabash
Mrs. Otis Howe, Sr.	Helena
Miss Dorothy James	Helena
George James	Helena
Miss Joy James	Elaine
Col. C. C. Jeffries, USA-RET	San Antonio, Texas
Mrs. Curtis Jeffries	Helena
Col. J. C. Jeffries, USA-RET	APC New York, N. Y.
Z. D. Jennings*	Helena
Maurice E. Johnson*	Elaine
Mrs. Basil Jones	Elaine
Joe V. Jones	Helena
Vic Juengel, Jr.*	Helena
Allen R. Keesee*	Helena
T. W. Keesee	Helena
T. W. Keesee, Jr.	Mount Kisco, New York
Gilbert Kersey*	Gates Mill, Ohio
Mrs. R. B. Kilgallen	Redwood City, Calif.
Clancy King	Helena
James S. King	Helena
John C. King, Jr.	Helena
Mrs. C. M. T. Kirkman	Helena
Dr. C. M. T. Kirkman*	Helena
Mrs. J. R. M. Klotz	Montclair, New Jersey
Mrs. Ralph Kyte	Elaine
Mrs. Elmer Kummer	Fort Worth, Texas
J. B. Lambert*	Helena
Mrs. Charles Lederman, Jr.	West Helena
Charles Lederman, Jr.	West Helena
Barney Lewis*	Helena
Mrs. B. H. Lucy	Elaine
J. J. Lueken, Jr.*	Helena
Al McCarty	West Helena

Mrs. A. V. McCarty, Jr.	Helena
Mrs. C. P. McCarty	Helena
Dr. C. P. McCarty*	Helena
Mrs. Gordon McCarty*	Helena
W. L. McDermott, Jr.	Plaquemine, Louisiana
W. C. McEntire*	Helena
Mrs. Frank McGinnis	West Helena
Mrs. W. L. McKee	Friars Point, Miss.
Mrs. Wanda L. McKinney	San Pedro, California
Miss Bessie McRee	Helena
John I. McRee	Bristol, Tennessee
Marvell High School	Marvell
J. M. Massey	West Helena
Memphis State University	Memphis, Tennessee
Mrs. T. M. Mills	Elaine
T. M. Mills	Elaine
Mrs. T. J. Mitchell	Arlington, Virginia
C. L. Moore	Helena
Mrs. Leonora H. Morris	West Helena
Walter L. Morris	West Helena
Mrs. Henry W. Mosby	Helena
H. W. Mosby*	Helena
Ira F. Mundt	West Helena
Mrs. Marian H. Newkirk	West Helena
Mrs. Walton Nicholls	El Cerrito, Calif.
Richard D. Noble*	Los Alamitos, Calif.
Miss Dorothy Papa	Helena
Howard K. Perrin*	Helena
Miss Lily Peter*	Marvell
Phillips Co. Chamber of Commerce	Helena
Phillips Co. Community College*	Helena
Capt. S. H. Pierce, USN-RET	Memphis, Tennessee
Mrs. James H. Pillow	Helena
Mrs. Jerome Pillow	Helena
Joe Pillow	Helena
Pine Bluff & Jefferson Co. Public Library*	Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Mrs. E. F. Porter	Helena
Mrs. Hurt Porter	West Helena

C. W. Rabb*	Memphis, Tennessee
H. A. Reynolds*	Cypress, California
Mrs. Shelby Richardson	Dallas, Texas
Mrs. Roy Roberson	West Helena
Mrs. Bobby Roberts	Fayetteville, Ark.
Mrs. Guy Robinson*	Marvell
Walter R. Roe	San Antonio, Texas
Charles Roskopf	Helena
Mrs. B. L. Ross	Helena
Mrs. Floyd O. Rutherford	Helena
Mrs. Albert Sanders	Helena
Mrs. F. W. Schatz*	Helena
J. W. Shackelford*	Helena
Levaughn Smith	Helena
Paul C. Smith	Helena
Mrs. Ross Smith	West Helena
David Solomon*	Helena
Harry G. Stephens	West Helena
Mrs. David R. Straub	Wilmette, Illinois
Mrs. Aubrey Sylar	West Helena
James A. Tappan	Helena
Mrs. T. E. Tappan	Helena
T. E. Tappan*	Helena
W. T. Tappan*	Corrales, New Mexico
Mrs. Kate O. Tarkington	Los Angeles, Calif.
A. B. Thompson, Jr.*	Marvell
Francis L. Thompson*	Helena
Mrs. H. L. Thomson	San Mateo, California
Everett Tucker, Jr.	Little Rock, Arkansas
Gibson Turley*	Helena
Berry E. Turner	Poplar Grove
Mrs. Catherine M. Vineyard	Dallas, Texas
Dr. J. P. Vineyard, Jr.	Austin, Texas
Miss Frances Wahl	Helena
Mrs. J. F. Wahl	Helena
Miss Dorothy Walker	Helena
Mrs. C. M. Warfield	Helena
Mrs. Roy B. Warren	Helena
Frederick Way, Jr.	Sewickley, Pa.
Miss Nora Webb	West Helena
Mrs. W. E. Webb	Helena

Mrs. James Webster	Helena
Verne White*	Helena
Mrs. G. C. Whiting	Glynden, Maryland
State Historical Society	
of Wisconsin*	Madison, Wisconsin
Mrs. Donald Wood	Helena
W. H. Woodin	Helena
Mrs. T. E. Wooten	Helena
Mrs. C. M. Young	Helena
C. M. Young	Helena
Jack M. Young*	Helena
Porter C. Young*	Helena
Miss Helen Kloene	Memphis, Tennessee
Sustaining Member*	
