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THE 28th WISCONSIN INFANTRY REGIMENT AT HELENA: V. Letters of Captain Edward S. Redington, Company D

Camp Gray Helena, Ark., May 26, 1863.

Dear Mary:

I received the day before yesterday two letters from you, one dated the 14th and one the 16th. The last contained the sad news of dear mother's death (her mother). Dear Mary, how I have longed to be with you, to sympathize and weep with you in this bereavement. It seems as if I must come home, if only for one single day, for it seems as though you had more than you are able to bear alone. Is it possible that I am never to see that dear woman again? I cannot make it seem real, that her presence is never more to make glad the fireside, or her cheerful voice be heard around the festal board.

When I left home I did not take into account the thought of any of my friends dying while I was away, and have only calculated the chances of seeing them all by my getting home safe. I cannot make it seem in any other light than being taken at an advantage on a side not properly defended, but our loss is her gain; her stay for years has been only in pain and suffering, which her being taken from has kindly relieved her. If an enduring faith in and a faithful performance of the truths and duties of our Christian faith through a long series of years of trials and afflictions, entitled any one to a state of future happiness, she is surely among the number.

I was much pleased to think that she remembered me in her hour of trial. Please remember me to father and tell him that he has my sincerest sympathies in this his greatest bereavement. What is he going to do? Will he keep house or will he not?

Tell me all about him and how he bears under his affliction.

When I last wrote, I was preparing camp. We moved Sunday and are now pleasantly located on the banks of the river, a mile below the town, away from the dirt. In fact we are as well located as possible to be in this place. I took a great deal of pains in laying out and grading the streets so as to make it not only convenient but ornamental. Every officer who has seen our camp says that it is the best arranged of any they ever saw.

I have my tent nicely arranged; have two tents pitched eight feet apart, the ends toward each other, with a fly stretched between them for an awning, making a nice cool place in which to sit and eat. The river runs not more than thirty feet off and steamers are continually passing within a few rods. The opposite shore is covered with a dense forest with this background making as pleasant a view as one could wish. Then I have a brick floor laid, a table, desk, a bunk, etc, in fact as comfortable as I can wish to be and if you were here I could enjoy myself for a short time I think.

We have had another of our fights. Monday just as we were busily engaged fixing up things, the long roll beat and we were immediately in line. We were ordered out five miles to meet the Rebs, said to be coming in force. We marched out through the camp and formed a line, when we were ordered to stack arms and lay down and waited for orders. In about an hour Gen. Ross came and ordered us back to camp. The whole thing terminated in another Cavalry scare as usual. A scout went out and suffered himself to be surprised by a few Guerillas. He came rushing back saying there were at least two thousand of the enemy supposed to be the advance guard of Price. Their fears magnified one man into twenty at least. Five of our Cavalry were killed and twenty or thirty taken prisoners.

Col. Lewis leaves for home today. His family are sick and demand his presence. There may be other reasons, but that is the one given. He tendered his resignation, but the General refused to forward it and has given him leave of absence. Col. Whitaker is also at home, pending his resignation which God grant may be accepted which leaves Major Gray in command.

The Major wears well with the regiment and is gaining popularity every day. His health is first rate, and the health of the entire regiment is improving. It has never been better, since the first week we went into camp in Milwaukee.

Now about all the inquiries you made in your last, I think I have answered every one of them before but will answer them now in detail. First I commenced to draw pay from the 2nd of September the date of my commission; but there are rumors that we shall have to pay back the amount we have received between that date and the thirteenth of October the day of muster.

Second I have never sent my mother any money, you must see to it.

Third I have socks enough at present. Fourth we have never received a pound of sanitary goods to my knowledge. We have heard that there were a lot sent from Whitewater to us at Vicksburg. Schram is going down to look after them.

Fifth I have not a hole in my clothes the tailor did not make. Sixth what I paid on the boxes is not far from twenty dollars. I shall have to close for it is mail time, perhaps I may get time to write again this afternoon and send by Col. Lewis. Kiss all the dear children for me.

Yours ever,

Edward

Helena, Ark., June 1, 1863.

Dear Mary:

Your letter came to hand yesterday evening, and I felt much relieved to hear from you again, and that you were well. I have been more anxious about you for the last two weeks, than at any time since I first heard of your getting well, a short time after I left home. I have fully made up my mind, that you were sick and have thought of you night and day. I am also very much pleased with the letters from Willie and Lillie. They must write every time you write. I think Willie writes very plain and I can read Lillie's well enough, but had rather she would write than to make letters. I know she is not old enough yet to write very well, but she will soon learn if she keeps trying, but I had a great sight rather have her print me a letter than not to send any at all. I guess I can read Etta's too, if she sends one, and dear little Sasa, bless her heart. I would go on foot until daylight to see her five minutes. Give them all a good hug for me.

According to Willie's letter you must have a very early garden and a good one too. He also wants to know if he can go to the Dutch school. I calculate, if he and I both live I shall have him study German and some other languages, but I want to have him learn our own language first thoroughly. I do not think he is quite old enough yet, he must learn to talk Dutch all he can with the German boys and girls he associates with, and it will help him very much when he comes to study the language.

Since I last wrote, we have moved our camp again, to our intense disgust. We had the nicest camp I ever saw. Had brick floors in most of the officers tents and bricks drawn for the rest, had shaded the streets with young cypress trees and had just got it so that it was the admiration of every one that saw it. Then we got an order to come back to our old camp, God knows for what. I expect,

though, that our General in command has heard of a Guerilla or two and wants us between them and him. Anyway we got the order night before last at sundown and we were all moved at twelve o'clock that night. There was some swearing, but most of us thought that the English language could not do the case justice and very judiciously said not a word. We have things very comfortable again, we have had experience enough in making camps so that it is soon done. We have had fourteen regular camps in five months besides our marches and trips on boats. We have built five large ovens and it has become a proverb with us, when anything is said about moving, that we cannot go until the oven is done. We have never used one more than two days after it was finished before we were ordered on some expedition or other and of course had to leave it.

Now Mary, about sending things down here; if you have a chance almost anything you could send would be a rarity but I would not take upon myself to get up a box to send. When any of the officers come, I shall be much pleased to receive anything you may send. You need not be afraid of sending too much horse radish or anything of that kind. We can buy pickles for fifty cents a gallon of the Commissary and almost everything in the entire line cheaper than you can at home, I mean the officers. We get things at the contract price without any charge for transportation.

You have once or twice spoken of Mrs. Warne speaking to you about George. Say to her for me that George is one of the very best boys that I have. He is always ready to do his duty and always without any grumbling or asking any questions. I shall give him the first vacancy in the company of officers. If it had not been for stinking Scenten leading him away from his duty he would have been a sergeant before this time. I put as much confidence in George as any man I have.

We have been waiting for the last ten days

with our mouths open ready to hurrah over the fall of Vicksburg and have almost given up its being taken; not from any bad news, but when one is very anxious about anything, that is long delayed, he gets suspicious about its ever coming. I cannot see how Grant can fail since he has whipped them in six pitched battles and has them entirely cut off, and I cannot see how the Rebels can get troops enough to interfere with him. Massed in his rear, he holds all the positions for forty miles back his gunboats control the river; the bridge over big black is destroyed and the railroad useless. A week longer must close them out; it is only a matter of time. Vicksburg taken, the army of the West will soon be behind Richmond and there will not be any false reports then.

I do not pretend to say how long it will take to do so, but I have long thought that was the only way the Rebels in Virginia would be cleaned out. The fact is they do not mean fight in the East and either can not, or do not. Whatever they do, almost all the real hard fighting, even in Virginia, has been done by Western regiments and they have always been put in the front, I sometimes think on purpose to get them all used up. In fact I have not a doubt that it has been the fixed policy of the McClellan clique to destroy in some way every General and every man that wanted to fight to hurt the Rebels. There is an awful day of reckoning for them coming some day and I believe Seward is the worst one in the whole lot. It is getting late and I must close.

Yours ever,

Edward

*

Helena, Ark., June 6, 1863.

Dear Mary:

I received yours and Willie's welcome letters

and as I have an opportunity of sending a line by some of the boys that are coming home on a furlough I just succeeded in obtaining for them, and they leave in ten minutes. One is James Baldwin and the other's name is Rhinehart and lives in Palmyra; they have leave of absence for thirty days.

The Governor was here today and luckily Col. Whittaker's resignation was accepted just in time for him to appoint Maj. Gray to fill his place. The officers have had a meeting and recommended Capt. Townsend for Major and I have been appointed to wait on the Governor to present the proceedings of the meeting which I shall proceed to do this evening. The Governor makes a review of our regiment at five o'clock. I hope the Governor will make the appointment we asked, and if he knows what is good for the regiment he will.

I received a letter from George Redington (little George) yesterday. He gave me quite a history of his shooting, but left me to guess at all other news. I have not as much time to write as I thought I had. If there is a chance to send anything I would like some of the Whitewater soap; the kind that will take grease out of clothes.

Yours ever,

Edward

*

Helena, Ark., June 7, 1863.

My dear daughter Lillie:

Before I go to bed tonight, I will write you a letter, to tell you how pleased I was to receive your letter and to learn from yourself how well you were getting along with your studies. I expect when this war is over, and I come home, you will be the best scholar in your class and a very nice well behaved young lady. But while you are learning

your books, you must not forget to help your kind mama all you can. While I am away, you know, she has hard times in taking care of you all alone, so you must help her all you are able.

I was very much grieved to hear of dear grandmother's death. You must feel very lonesome without her. Does grandpa feel real bad since she died? I shall not write you any news in this because I have been writing ma a long letter and will hear all the news in that. Now my dear little girl Good Night. Your pa feels pretty lonesome tonight, and if he could see you, he rather thinks you would get kissed pretty hard.

Your father

*

Helena, Ark., June 7, 1863.

Dear Mary:

It is Sunday and not having much to do, I of course feel lazy and lay on my bunk until it has grown so warm, and the flies so troublesome that it was impossible to stand it longer. At last in a fit of desperation have set down to write, although not in very good humor with myself or anybody else.

First I will write what has taken place in a military line since I wrote last. We have (or at least the Generals have) been in a perfect fever over news of the advance of Price; and in consequence have kept us in readiness for any emergency. Day before yesterday, I was sent with my company out to the front for an advance guard and stayed twenty-four hours; when I was relieved by a company from the 43rd Indiana.

We passed the time quite pleasantly and only had one alarm in the night. George Winslow was on guard and he saw something that he thought was a man. As it would not halt when ordered to. he fired

away at it. We were most of us half asleep but the report had not half ceased the echo through the woods before every man was on his feet, wide awake with rifles firmly in hand ready for any emergency. I sent two men to find out the cause and found what was taken for a man was a big dog, which in the darkness was creeping through the woods. The moon soon came up full and clear making it nearly impossible for an enemy to get near enough to a sentinel to fire on him, and we all lay and slept until morning. Through the day we had nothing to do, as the Cavalry pickets were out beyond us, but at night they were drawn inside our chain of Infantry pickets, some half a mile towards camp from us so that we occupied the extreme post.

The lines were open six or eight days since for such citizens as wanted to come in for the necessities of life, on condition that they took the oath of allegiance and got a pass from the General in command. There are a great many women and some men, coming in all the time. Poor, lean, hungry looking creatures we could not help feeling sorry for them, although we knew perfectly well, that at least nine out of ten were Secesh of the vilest kind, with a fair chance of the tenth one being in the same rank.

They all have the wild, scared, strange look, that is invariably seen on the human face, when living in such a state of fear and excitement as exists all through the South. Poor things, there is an awful future in store for them, no matter whether the North or the South succeed in this war. It will take years to get to comfortable living and a generation for things to be in as good a state as they were three years since. They must suffer this winter, and we shall have to open wide our storehouses in the North, and deal out with no niggardly hand to keep thousands of our erring brethren from dying of actual starvation. God help them, for they do not seem disposed to help themselves.

Taking the negroes away from them has used them up, at least in this vicinity, and there can not be a doubt that if it had been done at first, this war would not have lasted one year. But I digress, I was going to tell you what we were doing and not write a political essay.

About noon there came up a shower, and the way it rained and hailed was a caution, but our oil-cloth blankets kept us dry (they are a great institution for a soldier) at least all but me. I put mine over a lady the guard had stopped and were keeping from passing out until they could send to the General three miles off. She had bought thirty yards of cotton cloth, and as the officer was instructed to let it out only in small quantities, he kept her waiting until he had official authority as to what a small quantity consisted of. She was a very nice appearing lady, and made me think of Celia - just about as fat and good natured looking. I rather think she may thank that fact for not getting wet.

When we were relieved and got back to camp, we found everything in excitement; the enemy were coming sure and every man was ordered to be under arms all night and reliefs of three companies ordered to be in the rifle pits until further orders. Our turn would not come until five o'clock in the morning so we all turned in with our arms by our sides. At daylight I went out with my company, and shortly after it began to rain, and the way it did was awful.

It kept on for two hours, and stopped in ten minutes, then commenced to hail and blow. The hail did not come down, the wind blew too hard for that; it came sideways, first one side, then the other. Fortunately the stones were not very large, and we escaped without serious damage. It kept on until five minutes before we were relieved.

When we got back to camp, we found things in

a delightful state of confusion. About one-half of our tents had blown down and the balance might as well for everything was saturated. We soon fixed up the tents and two hours sun made everything all right again. The alarm ended as all others had. Some Cavalry man had seen someone, who told him, that Price's advance were camped in a hollow close by and without investigating had scampered on to the General and given the alarm. A thousand men were kept up in the storm. I am afraid they will cry "Wolf" so much that if the wolf should happen to come the cry will not be heeded.

I see they had a fight in the Western part of this State with what is said to be part of Price's force. I think he is fully as likely to be there as near us, and more so, for he has the chance of running off into Texas there which he would not have this side of White River. More anon,

Edward

LINDBERGH TO HELENA

From An Unidentified Newspaper

Trans-Atlantic Ace Will Fly Over The City About Noon Monday.

Helena, Ark., Oct. 2.--Helenians will have an opportunity to get a glimpse of the lone eagle of the Atlantic, when Col. Lindbergh pilots the Spirit of St. Louis over this city between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock Monday morning, according to a telegram received here today by Judge Edward D. Robertson, from J. Carroll Cone, state auditor, Little Rock.

Judge Robertson, former circuit judge of the first district, wired Mr. Cone, asking him to use his influence in having Col. Lindbergh vary a little from his direct route to Memphis and include Helena in his flight, which request has been granted.

Judge Robertson is deeply interested in aviation, inasmuch as he has three sons who served in the air service during the World War. Arthur Robertson of Little Rock is now a first lieutenant of the reserve flying corps. James Robertson, attorney of Wynne, served also as a first lieutenant and Rev. Hugh Robertson, Presbyterian minister of Arkadelphia, served in the air service and on account of his exceptional qualifications was tendered the flattering offer of \$50,000 per year by the Japanese government at the close of the World War, to take charge of that country's aviation department, but declined, as he preferred to take up his ministerial work.

Col. Lindbergh has promised to drop a message to Judge Robertson when he passes over Helena. The judge states if this anticipated message is received he will preserve it for his grandchildren.

Mayor Hargraves has been requested to have the police department on the alert to pick up this greeting.

There is a photograph of the Spirit of St. Louis taken from the Solomon Building by Bill Wright, dated October 3, 1927, and signed by Colonel Lindbergh. This hangs in the Phillips County Museum and was loaned by Jerry Goldsmith.

*

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. ALEXANDER

The following articles are from a collection of reminiscences written by Louisa Titus Edmondson Alexander, who was born at Holly Grove plantation, Phillips County, Arkansas, June 24, 1860. She was the grandmother of Everett Tucker, Jr. of Little Rock, a member of the Phillips County Historical Society. She was the child "Lou" in the recent diary series, "Diary of Mrs. Mary Sale Edmondson," which has appeared in the Quarterly.

After the war closed Auntie and Uncle Will (Mr. and Mrs. William F. Sale) returned to Holly Grove and remained; she to care for us all in the motherless home, and make it possible for Sister, now in her 16th year, to enter a Girls Boarding School in LaGrange, Tennessee.

During the war years Grassmede (home of the Sales) was occupied by a fairly good farmer and caretaker, a reliable man too old for the army.

Then immediately after "The Surrender" a Yankee, Colonel J., one of the hordes of "Scalawags" and "Carpetbaggers" who flooded Phillips County in '65, rented the plantation, retaining Mr. Lansford to help him manage the freedmen and the cotton crops.

The two families shared the house.

One year was enough for Col. J. His experiences would make a story by themselves.

In 1867 or '68 when Auntie returned to her loved home (Grassmede), she found an entanglement of overgrown trees, shrubs and flowers.

She resumed her loved occupation of planting, pruning and as much as possible, living outdoors.

The trees and box borders, the vines, shrubs and hawthorn hedge called for ruthless cutting, hacking, trimming, everywhere.

I remember the immense blazing piles of trash on the lawn, tended by Jim Byrd or John Stovall, or some other servitor.

I used to sit on the horse block (used by lady riders in their long skirted sidesaddle riding habits), and watch the flames rise and roar.

Everything required to be shaped and reduced, except the water oak. That rose in a beautifully rounded head of widespread shade.

Auntie could always command some sort of labor, not trained, but fairly good. For a few years she had her German gardeners one at a time; sometimes in later years, it was negro women; and somehow, she always kept the whole place in order. It was Our Home until 1880.

It always attracted admiration, and we loved it.

And this was Grassmede. About twenty years ago I drove with some friends from Helena, to see the old home (probably in the 1920s).

It was gone. A few scraggy cedars in front, a half dead apple tree behind the house, was all that remained of Auntie's beautiful creation.

The little sacred shrine was lost -----only a spot of weeds and filth in the disordered yard once part of the garden.

When the old house burned the magnolias went too, with many other growing (or rather living) things.

But towering over the lost landscape, the magnificent water oak stood sentinel, strong in its youth of at least seventy-five years. All else is gone.

The lovely home is, "but a dim remembered story of the old time, long ago."

"For here we have no continuing city***** Hebrews 13-14.

WE HAD FOREIGN HIRED MEN AT GRASSMEDE

The first was John Prenter. He came to Holly Grove in 1866 from New Orleans bringing a letter from Dr. Linus Parker commending him to the kindness of my people.

Auntie said that after reading the letter she looked at John and said, "What can you do?"

"Oh, I can do anything!" he replied with a ghostly smile.

The upshot was that he was hired, to do "anything" he could.

My father being a doctor and seeing poor John's malaria poisoned body, took him in hand professionally.

Of course he had to occupy the "office" in the front yard. At first much of his time was spent in bed.

Nobody grudged the kindly care, the food, the medicine.

He was the needy stranger "Brother Parker" had commended him and they were the kindly, generous Southern born----themselves practically stripped of all they possessed, except land and a roof.

I can remember John's gaunt face, and almost feeble movements as he first hoed, dug, raked and planted, under Auntie's direction.

For two seasons Auntie pursued her gardening hobby to the benefit of the Holly Grove garden and

and yard, with John Prenter as her faithful worker.

Then we went to Grassmede and John went with us.

He must have staid at least two years longer.

When he left I think he returned to New Orleans, but I'm not sure.

I remember him as a pale, gaunt, blonde, tho I am sure his health grew to be sound.

He always had the look of a gentleman; he perhaps was one. Hard luck in a foreign land may have lowered his social grade.

At Grassmede he occupied the log room "office" described several pages back.

He used to study the seed catalogs Auntie always kept----Dreer's, Peter Henderson's, several others----learning to pronounce and recognize English names of flowers and vegetables.

The Grassmede yards and garden were more elaborate than at Holly Grove.

John's work was unending; but he was faithful and did it well.

Once during a thunderstorm which drove him to the open back porch for shelter, we were there counting the time between lightning flashes and thunder rolls to gauge the distance away of the electric bolt, as Uncle had taught us we could do.

John observed us, then in his careful foreign way he said: "Would you like to count in German?"

Of course we said, "Yes!" To my unreliable memory it sounded like this: "ein, dri, fear, sex, seben" and so on; then after nineteen----"ein und swansy, dri und swansy" etc., etc., etc., until the shower held up, and he went back to work. We enjoyed counting in "the German" after our lesson.

AFTER JOHN PRENTER, CAME FRED ZIMMERMAN

He was a German-Swiss peasant, a stocky old-young man, horse-faced, dark type, sure of himself, with quick alert motions.

He had a well-to-do brother in Evansville, Indiana.

Fred was in his element tending cattle and could tell many tales of his early life in the German Alps tending cows.

He made for himself a milking stool which he wore---and I mean wore---when he milked.

It was a board seat nailed to a stout sharpened peg. There were leather thongs with buckles attached to the seat, and it was a minute's job for him to assume it. The sharp end stuck safely enough in the ground when he sat to milk.

It was of unending amusement to us to sit on the fence and watch him, as he walked from one cow to another with the stool attached like a sort of rigid tail.

He loved the yard and garden work and was skillful in making frames for vines and in mending fences and gates.

I remember frames for coral honeysuckle each surmounted by a carefully made cross.

He worked steadily and cheerfully. American seed catalogs gave him trouble in trying to pronounce the names.

He would carry one stuck in his pocket and appeal to "Missus Sell" as he pronounced Auntie's name, many times as he worked.

I remember he never could master the name, gherkins, so he just called them, "dem bickles."

Fred's weak spot---one of them---was whiskey,

It was sold in those post-war days in every country store; the one nearest us was close to Shell Creek Bridge on that same Spring Creek road leading from Helena. It was only a few miles from Grassmede and much of Fred's money was spent there on Saturday nights.

Sunday he would be very solemn, his bulging dark eyes staring. But Monday morning he was cheerfully ready for work.

He had charm for women and that too gave him trouble.

I remember once a stocky well dressed not-young woman wearing a gold watch that struck my eye, appeared at Grassmede asking for Fred Zimmerman.

He was sent for, and there was a stormy interview on the front porch.

I missed it, being sent hurriedly with my colored playmate Becky, on an errand to Holly Grove.

The woman returned later to Helena and finally to Indiana.

Being questioned by Uncle, Fred said: Yes, he knew her; Yes, she was a good woman; But----no he did not promise to marry her.

Previous to the coming of "the woman scorned," Fred had formed a liason with Mary Lee the good looking young divorcee who was our cook.

Her father was a "sheer-cropper" on the plantation.

There were numerous others of his class from the middle west who had trailed the scalawags and carpetbaggers into Arkansas.

Mary Lee told Auntie that "Pap an' Murther" had been led to believe that they would move into the despoiled Grassmede house, and work the rich cotton land on their own terms.

They and their several children moved into a negro cabin fronting the lawn, and worked the "30 acre cut" outside, but returned to the West as soon as they could.

Evidently there were "rackets" after the War Between The States, as after all others.

I do not remember Fred's making an honest woman of Mary Lee, but he did, and they lived in the office previously mentioned.

Her little daughter was sent back to "Sol's folks" in the midwest.

Things, I suppose went on by routine, Mary in the kitchen, Fred in the garden, yard, orchard and cow pen.

He continued to get drunk in his off days, but was ready for work Monday morning.

I have no idea how long it was before the ill matched pair began to wrangle and soon after to come to blows.

They were still our servants.

Later, Fred would come to "Missis Sell" to pour out his indignant misery.

Auntie talked to him wisely, I know. She told me a great many things about those trying days, but waited until I was older for some of the items.

I think she must have considered him in a way a victim, but deserving a good deal of what he got.

Toward the last, when he related some bitter indignities he had met, she said to him: "You remember Fred, I told you beforehand that you should not marry Mary."

"You did Missis Sell! and I should have listened to you; but I did not. And now how she talks to me!!"

"I am not so good as she is, she will say!

And, what is my brother!"

"My God! Missis Sell, my brother would not let her come into his house!"

I do not remember dates, but a climax came in a Saturday night brawl in Hughes' store when Fred was knocked down and beaten to a pulp.

Somehow he got back to his room, the office.

He was badly hurt internally, and never worked at all, being totally disabled. He lived on, quite a long time, under the care of Dr. Ford.

Finally, Mary tired of nursing him, and returned to "Pap and Murther."

So poor Fred lingered on, waited on by the negro yardman who stayed in the office at night and was paid of course to keep him comfortable, Auntie and Uncle visiting him regularly.

They provided for all his needs and gave him suitable food.

I remember that Aunt Sue had asked him once in the early days of his coming if he were a Roman Catholic. He replied, "No, not yet, but I intend to be."

Now in the time of his spiritual needs she got for him a New Testament in German text, and took it in to him.

I recall too, that while Fred was lying helpless and suffering, our friend Mrs. Jones came over one afternoon with her son "Dr. Heber," recently returned from Paris where he had completed his medical studies, to see "dear Mrs. Sale and Colonel."

By way of complimenting the young doctor, Uncle asked if he would step out and see poor Fred.

Of course Dr. Heber was politely acquiescent; it was comforting to the poor sufferer too.

At last he died. He did not receive extreme

unction as he died, and was buried without benefit of clergy, in an old roadside graveyard.

John Prenter and Fred were the only gardeners among our foreign laborers, but there were others.

One, almost a boy, was also a German-Swiss. He worked in the field and stayed in the office with Fred. His name was August Huber. Fred pronounced it, "Aug'st Hooper."

After he met the boy he told Uncle: "I know who he is. His father is a judge in my country." Their meeting was an interesting coincidence.

Sometime after Fred's death Mr. Kupfer the grocer in Helena sent out to Uncle a group of Swedes who were regular croppers, and lived in a double log cabin.

I scarcely remember anything about them, except that one of them died. He was buried in the same old graveyard that held Fred's body.

I remember too, numbers of Chinese laborers going along the roads in our community, clad in the Chinese garb made of dark blue cotton stuff, their shirts worn like smocks, hair in a Chinese queue.

And they did look queer to us---country raised youngsters.

GROWTH OF SCHOOLS IN HELENA

This article was written in 1930 by a Helena High School student. Information was obtained from the following residents of Helena by that student: Dennis A. Keeshan, 617 Elm St.; Gray King, 610 McDonough St.; Mrs. Virginia Lambert, Waverly Wood; S. C. Moore, 805 Columbia St.; Mrs. John I. Moore, Sr., 527 Biscoe St.; Mrs. R. W. Nicholls and family, 627 Poplar St.; Sisters of Charity, Convent. Clarifications in parentheses were made for readers of the Quarterly.

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All of the information contained in this theme was obtained from the citizens of this city. The dates are somewhat uncertain and the schools are apt not to be arranged in a chronological order.

A school was conducted by Mr. Frank Russell in the Presbyterian Church. This school was patronized before the War Between The States. Mr. Clarence Quarles was a student there.

The parsonage of the Presbyterian Church used to be just behind the church. Mr. Sullivan, the minister at that time, ran a small school in his home. It is said that Mr. Sullivan was a great tobacco chewer, always spitting some tobacco before asking a question. Once while giving a test, he gave out of tobacco and discontinued the test, much to the pupils' delight, to go to the store some distance from there to get some. The parsonage was somewhere on Ohio Street.

A brother of Mr. Frank Russell in 1867 taught in a boys' school which was a four room building sixteen feet high above the ground on cypress pilings because of the high water. Mrs. Janie Nicholls

says that she remembers a unique mode of punishment employed by Mr. Russell. When the boys misbehaved, he would stand them up out in the sun with large pails of water on their heads. The children from Miss Alexander's school about a block from the Russell school, would run down to stand and gaze at the big boys. This angered the punished so much that they often threatened the children, who were in deadly terror of them, although they could not resist going to look the next time one was punished. Mr. Gray King said that during recess, the boys would go out on the levee near there and fish for crawfish, which were very plentiful.

A school was conducted by Mr. White, the Presbyterian minister, who was the father of Mr. Welford White, and his sister, Miss Hattie White, later Mrs. James R. Graham. Miss White came from Virginia to Helena before Mr. White did. They taught in a two story brick building at Franklin and Perry Streets.

Miss Sally Alexander (mother of Miss Lucy Sanders) taught a girls' school, which was located about a block from Mr. Russell's school. "Miss Sally," as she was called, taught most of the girls of Helena at that time.

Judge Nicholls taught a school for some time when he first came to Helena as a young lawyer. During high water, a series of small shacks were built where Sanford's Store is now (southwest corner of Beech and Perry Streets). When the water went down the people moved back nearer the river and Judge Nicholls taught school in one of the houses. This was about 1868.

The Harper School, later the Hillside School, was located on the side of a hill behind Mrs. Joe Hornor's home (north Columbia Street). Mr. Louis Epes and Mr. James Epes were teachers at this school, though a Mr. Harper was one of the first teachers. Later a Mr. Weims, a Methodist minister's son, taught in the school. This was a boys' school

which corresponded to the high school of today. The teachers at that school came mostly from Virginia.

A Young Ladies Seminary was operated for some time by the Singleton sisters. The school was located near the James Clopton residence (northwest corner of Columbia and Perry Streets).

About, or before, 1866, Father D. J. Cogan organized a boys' school. The building was a two story one located a little southwest of Mr. Joe Truemper's house (near present Catholic rectory). About one hundred boys went there and a dormitory was on the second floor. Although the school was Catholic, all denominations were allowed to attend school there. Father Cogan did not teach very often, but was assisted by Mr. Bruggemen. This school was attended by boys from all this section of Arkansas. A favorite spot of the students was a swimming hole back in a hollow behind the school.

The Sacred Heart Academy was established in 1879 by a small band of Sisters of Charity. This school did much to help the city and citizens of Helena. During floods, the parents brought their children to the Academy for safety. Once there were not enough pupils to keep the school going and the entire block from Arkansas Street to Catholic Hollow was offered for sale for \$3,000.00 No one seemed to want the place and the school was re-established some time later. As time went by, the sisters were able to increase their numbers and add music and many other branches of learning. In 1916 they added a business school. Later, a School Improvement Association was organized and a fund begun with which to build a new building. In May, 1918, the cornerstone was laid for the present building facing Columbia and Arkansas Streets. In 1927 the old building was remodelled and beautified. In 1919, a kindergarten was opened. A playground was added in 1921.

The first real kindergarten was the one of

Miss Annie Wendland. The school stood on Perry Street in the Archer home. Miss Wendland had a good kindergarten and went to Illinois every summer to study.

Miss Lizzie Cage also conducted a kindergarten in a room in the Rembert home (northwest corner of Columbia and Rightor Streets). Miss Jessie Thompson also had one for a long time in the Shinault home on Perry Street (718 Perry).

The first public school was the one of Mr. Russell. He at first had a private school, but later sold it to the city. The first classes amounted only to about one big roomful, as there was a prejudice against public schools at that time. The school was a long, low frame building with three big rooms. The superintendent was Mr. Jacob Fink. The teacher for the primary grades was Mrs. Anna Hanly; for the beginners, Mrs. John Ike Moore, Sr. To open the school, a large bell in the yard was rung. One cold winter morning, the school caught fire. One of the citizens of the town, Mr. Dunlap, rang the bell. Every time he would pull the rope, his feet would slip on the ice and he would fall down. Everyone escaped safely. Art had been introduced into the schools a short time before the fire by Mrs. Moore. Her first thought was of the children's work and she rushed in and brought out all their art materials.

After the fire, the present Jefferson School was built. It has been added to, since. Mr. Biscoe Hindman was principal. The school then had five rooms. After the school was built, the Twentieth Century Club put a course of famous paintings in the school rooms. Soon afterwards, physical culture was introduced. In 1912 a new high school was built on Biscoe Street on the exact location of the old Hindman home. This is a large four story brick building with about thirty teachers. All modern courses are taught.

There is soon to be built on the old Peabody School lot a new grammar school.

The first negro school was about where the Macon Kirkman residence stands now. This school was established by Quakers and was taught by white men and women teachers. This school later went into the Southland Institute, a negro college in Phillips County.

A large two story wooden school called the Peabody School, was on the corner of Elm and Columbia Streets. This was a negro school, and in addition to the large building, had a small one story, four room building on the same lot. This school burned completely up and was replaced by small shacks which were used until recently, when the Eliza Miller School was built. This school is located in Catholic Hollow and is very fine and large.

There is at present a negro school over the levee called Peabody School, also. It is on Holly Street and is made up of three small buildings. Five grades are taught.



FATHER D. J. COGAN. Loaned by Mrs. Ruth Clancy.

1818 ??

HAMPDEN JOURNAL, Springfield, Mass., May 10, 1826.

Modern Pilgrims.--In the summer of 1818, a company of people calling themselves Pilgrims, appeared descending the Mississippi, in a flat boat. By their own account they started from Lower Canada, in a company consisting of eight or ten. In Vermont they recruited twenty or thirty more, and when they reached Cincinnati, their numbers amounted to about sixty.

Their leader, a Canadian, by the name of Builard, (called also by his followers, the prophet Elijah,) was of a diminutive stature. Before he began his mission, he had a severe fit of sickness, when he fasted 40 days (as he said, and his disciples believed,) after which he recovered very suddenly, by the special interposition of the Divine Spirit, and being filled with enthusiasm, he declared that he was commanded to plant the church of the Redeemer in the wilderness, and among the heathen. From these notions, thus imbibed, and which he instilled into his followers, they believed themselves capable of fasting 40 days, accordingly when they committed themselves to the current, the prophet enjoyed a 40 days fast.

The people becoming sick and in great distress from hunger, this severe command he found it necessary to remit, in some degree, the rigor of his injunction, and he permitted the taking a flour broth through a quill, because he received his food in this way after his long sickness and fast, when he could not open his jaws; and which had the vivifying effect, taken by him for supernatural power or inspiration. But as the gruel allowed was very meagre, being simply flour and cold water, debility,

misery and death attended the experiment. Yet with faith and hope they persisted.

In this wretched situation, they arrived at Pilgrim's Island, which derives its name from this fact; at which place they were fallen in with by a barge belonging to Nashville, whose crew, detesting the conduct of the prophet and his seconds, who watched and governed the timorous multitude, gave two or three of the leaders a sound drubbing with the pliable cotton wood switch.

They next landed at the Little Prairie. The prophet's staff, which by the direction of its fall had hitherto pointed out the way, now stood still; and he declared that here he was commanded to settle and build a church. But Mr. Walker who owned the soil, and resided in this solitary spot forbid the undertaking. This was accounted persecution, yet they continued seven days, during which several died; among whom were children who were placed on the beach by their parents, at the command of Elijah; when exposed to the scorching sun, they wallowed in holes in the sand while they struggled away the agonies of death.

While here laboring under sickness and persecution, it seems they began to suspect they were forsaken by the Divine Spirit and that no more miracles could be wrought for them. Hence they commenced the cry of "Oh my God, why has thou forsaken me." When by assisting each other the vociferating cry was not intermitted for three days and nights.

They stopped further down at a desert place when six or eight more died, whose bones still lie on the shore uncovered. And all who remained, when they arrived at Helana, were objects of horror and compassion. The hospitable inhabitants furnished them a plentiful supply of milk and more nourishing gruel, for taking which every one was provided with a piece of reed cane.

Their boat next struck upon a sand bar near

the mouth of the Arkansas. The prophet, his brother, and other leaders being dead, the remnant dispersed into the settlements and down the river on the passing boards.

From the time the party entered the Mississippi, their numbers decreased daily by death or desertion. And when they made their final landing, only about 15 remained. One disciple eloped at the Little Prairie, with all the cash belonging to the company. One child was rescued here and raised. Several individuals who were dispersed in various directions, are now comfortably settled, but it is supposed that more than half their number died on the pilgrimage.

This fate of folly and delusion, is perhaps worthy of notice, as furnishing a striking instance of the blindness of credulity--the wildness of fanaticism, and the miserable propensity of the mind to believe itself possessed of powers which do not belong to humanity.

Western Balance.

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From a collection of newspapers at the Phillips County Library.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

Contributed by

Joan S. Roberts

Joan Skipper Roberts, formerly of West Helena, is a librarian in the Reference Department at the University of Arkansas Library, and a member of the Phillips County Historical Society. She has offered to supply--as her time permits--a bibliography of materials at the University of Arkansas concerning Phillips County. This is a real gift to our members, as the Library there has one of the best and most complete collections of Arkansiana in existence. It will be particularly helpful to one interested in research of our area. She is married to Bobby Roberts, also from here, who is presently working on a Ph. D. in history and teaching at the University. A brief first sample of the bibliography follows.

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LETTERS OF MR. MULLENS

Contributed by

T. E. Tappan

Sept. 20th 1926.

Dear Mrs. Ready,

I feel complimented that you should write me and ask for the information you have about the early Steamboat days around Helena. I wish I was in Helena to show you some of my boat pictures and tell you about the history of some of them, but to write you all in such a short time would be out of the question for I can't do it. If I had more time I wish I could talk to you in person, how much more satisfactory it would be.

I know nothing about the river before the Civil War, only in a historical way, altho I have several pictures of boats that ran between Memphis and New Orleans. The BELFAST and HRW HILL were large fast boats. In the history I have back in 1818-1820 when Clinton was running his boat on the Hudson, Capt. Roosevelt of Pittsburgh built a small sidewheel boat and named it NEW ORLEANS and started down the Ohio, but when he reached Louisville he could not get over the falls and had to wait until there was a rise in the river. They finally got over the falls but before reaching the Mississippi River, the great earthquake near New Madrid had occurred and when they reached that part of the river they got lost and did not know what direction to go as the river was running upstream and great trees were floating in every direction. They finally got thru and passed on to New Orleans.

That boat ran from New Orleans to Baton Rouge for seven years and was destroyed by a snag. Some years ago the Pennsylvania Historical Society had a duplicate of this boat built and with a

committee sent it to New Orleans and presented it to the Louisiana Historical Society. It was taken out of the river at N. O. and is now in the building. The boat stopped at Helena. I saw it and have a picture of it.

Many boats were built after that the fastest one being the J. M. WHITE in 1844. But the greatest steamboat race that was ever run was between the R. E. LEE and NATCHEZ two great rivals and was run from New Orleans to St. Louis. It was the talk of the nation and was most exciting. I had the great pleasure of seeing the boats pass Helena in the daytime. The LEE left New Orleans first and was never passed by the NATCHEZ. The LEE was built by Capt. Cannon of Ky. at Jeffersonville, Ind. but because he was going to name his new boat R. E. Lee he would not paint the name on the boat until he landed her on the Ky. side of the river as there was great prejudice to the name on the Indiana side of the river. I saw Gen. R. E. Lee and Hon. Jefferson Davis on the LEE at Helena on one occasion.

Many years ago the foreign nobility would make a boat trip when in this country. I saw Don Pedro of Brazil on his trip from St. Louis to New Orleans on the GRAND REPUBLIC, the greatest boat that was ever built. I have a fine picture of the boat. I saw the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia when he made his trip down the river on the big steamer JAMES HOWARD. The steamer ROWENA sank opposite Miller St. and caused the big Sand Bar to form there. The Steamer A. J. WHITE sank at old Glendale, Miss. across the river from Helena.

I doubt if there is a man in Helena that can tell the name of the boat that brought the first load of iron for the Arkansas Central R. R. to Helena. The big Steamer BISMARCK brought the first load and unloaded it just east of where the Morris Packing Co. is, there was no sandbar there at that

time. The Steamer ANDY JOHNSON (named for Pres. Johnson) brought the second load and in a few days the new Steamer CITY OF HELENA arrived and brought the first little woodburning locomotive. It was named S. W. Dorsey for he was President of the R. R. and also the Republican Senator from Arkansas. That was a great day in Helena, the arrival of the new boat with the first railroad engine for the boat, kept open house all and the City presented them with a new piano and a set of new flags. Mr. & Mrs. L. A. Fitzpatrick were married that day and left for St. Louis in the boat. The CITY OF HELENA with several other boats burned at Memphis a few years later.

There are only three men in Helena that I can think of that ought to be able to give you some earlier information than I can, and that is Mr. C. L. Moore, Mr. C. Quarles and Mr. W. R. Porter as they were all there before the Civil War. I have a history of the Adams Line of steamers when it was organized by Capt. J. D. Adams over 50 years ago, also a book with the names of all of the landings from Cincinnati to N. O. that is 40 years old that I am going to give to the Helena Library. I also have quite a collection of old time steamboat pictures and their history that I expect to give you some day there. Pictures are a curiosity to some Texans for they never saw a real steamboat.

I would like very much to be in Helena to see the new terminal on the river for I am sure it will be the greatest movement in the way of business that could be built there. I give myself credit for getting that move started there for I talked to Mr. M. W. Martin and Mr. Sanford about what a big thing it would be for Helena and asked them to take the matter up with the C of C. When they open the terminal for business I wish you would write to Mr. D. T. Wright--Editor--The Waterways Journal, St. Louis and ask him to be there. He is a fine writer and takes a great interest in the river and a

personal friend of mine. He married Miss Parks of Pine Bluff. Mrs. Ready I am afraid this will not be of much interest to you but I have not had the time to get up a letter that I would like to send you. I wish you success in your great undertaking and I would like to see one of the papers when they come out.

With kindest regards-

Truly

Jas. R. Mullens
511 Lipscomb St.
Fort Worth, Texas

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WHY HELENA IS ENVIED BY SOME ARKANSAS TOWNS

Fort Worth, Texas, Dec. 1, 1929

Editor, The Helena World:

I have intended for some time to write and tell you through the thoughtfulness of my son James Mullens, I am now receiving the World daily. We all enjoy it greatly, and I am getting a real thrill from the daily local news. That way I hear and read about what is going on in the old Home Town that I would not hear any other way. And again I get a good deal of satisfaction out of letting some other of the former Helena people here have it to read.

There are some 25 or 30 of them here that I have seen and know, and after the family have all looked over the paper I pass it on to certain parties, and after they have read it they pass it to another family. While they all like Texas, they yet have a tender feeling for the old town and always want to hear from Helena and what is the latest news. There are several of them that seem to rely, or expect me to keep them posted as to what is going on there. I am always glad to tell them any news that I may know about Phillips County.

I have been enjoying your editorials so much, and I do want to compliment you on the fine way you handled the State Chamber of Commerce freight-rate problem. As you plainly state, Little Rock, Pine Bluff, Fort Smith and Jonesboro are opposing and fighting Helena in every way, for the Helena people (as you stated) built the river terminals to get the benefit of the water rate which they are now getting over the other places. I am certainly pleased at the fine, bold stand my friends Mr. Bevens, Mr. Hornor, Mr. Cobb, and Mr. Anderson have taken, and I do hope they will always stand the same way and that the World will help them in their future fights.

Those places are not entitled to the same freight rate that Helena should have. You know, as well as I know, years ago when there were many good boats running up Arkansas River under Captain Downs, Captain Darragh, Captain Harbin, and many other old-time river men as far as Fort Smith, Fort Gibson, Muskogee, and Tulsa, all (except Fort Smith) in Indian Territory at this time--the merchants of all the towns on the river left the river interest and went to the railroads--the worst move they could have made. Now let these cities that are fighting Helena get busy like Helena did to save herself, and open up Arkansas River by getting rid of the low railroad bridges and put a barge line on the river for their benefit, and then they will not have any quarrel with Helena. I want to see you and the Helena Chamber of Commerce fight them to a finish.

Another thing: I was delighted to see and read about the great concentration point Helena will be in the future. I think the truth of the whole matter is that the rest of the State is jealous of the progress Helena is now making...

Yours truly,
Jas. R. Mullens
515 So. Lake St.
Fort Worth