

Volume 14 PHILLIPS COUNTY
 HISTORICAL QUARTERLY Number 1
December, 1975

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The Phillips County Historical Society

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Meetings are held in September, January, and May, on the fourth Sunday in the month, at 3:00 P.M. at the Phillips County Museum.

The Phillips County Historical Society supplies the QUARTERLY to its members. Membership is open to anyone interested in Phillips County history. Annual membership dues are \$5.00 for a regular membership and \$10.00 for a sustaining membership. Single copies of the QUARTERLY are \$1.25. QUARTERLIES are mailed to members. Dues are payable to Mrs. C. M. T. Kirkman, Treasurer, 806 McDonough St., Helena, Arkansas 72342.

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CAPTAIN WILLIAM RUSSELL RIGHTOR 1823-1892

The following article and sketch appear here by permission of The American Blade magazine, Los Angeles, California, issue of November/December, 1974, Page 52. Captain Russ Rightor was the oldest child of Nicholas and Minerva Craig Rightor, and was named for a family friend, William Russell, land speculator and developer in the early years of Arkansas. Nicholas Rightor had surveyed and platted the site for the town of Helena, and his original map of Helena, dated December, 1820, now hangs at the Library entrance of the Phillips County Museum. Captain Russ Rightor was a man of many talents in the business world, and from one of his enterprises, running small trading boats to nearby communities on the Mississippi River, he received the title that he was known by. He had other inventions to his credit besides the knife described here. He was an uncle of the late Dr. Henry H. Rightor of Helena, and grandfather of Mrs. John T. Caldwell, Jr., of Jackson, Mississippi, longtime member of the Historical Society.

PATENTS AND PREVARICATIONS
Selected and Edited by Bernard Levine
No. 187,483
Patented February 20, 1877.

"Be it known that I, WILLIAM R. RIGHTOR, of Helena, in the county of Phillips and state of Arkansas, have invented certain new and useful improvements in Pocket-Knives...

"My invention...is designed to unite in a single knife-case, together with the usual cutting-blades, a detachable whetstone for sharpening the latter, and also a saw-blade, having a right-angular side rasping-surface.

"It is frequently desirable for the cutting-blades of a knife to be sharpened on a whetstone when or where an independent and usual whetstone cannot be conveniently used. My object is to provide a means whereby a stone suitable for sharpening a pocket knife may be constantly carried about with the knife in such a way as not to render the knife additionally bulky.

"Referring to the drawing, Figure 1 is a view of the knife embodying my improvements, with the blades exposed. Fig. 2 represents the same with the whetstone detached. Fig. 3 is a view showing the saw-blade with its file surfaces....

"...the saw blade D is a material element in my invention, and is preferably made, as shown, large, and pivoted to the same fulcrum with the large cutting blade of the knife. I preferably make this saw blade of steel...It has a working edge of serrated teeth D, while its interior face is constructed with the rasping-surface D1, so that it may act also as a file, when desired. The back edge of the blade is formed with a flange E extending at right angles out from the handle of the knife, and constituting the fourth and adjustable side to the recess F thus formed in the side.

"...Within the seat F the whetstone finds secure position, and when the saw blade is closed the stone is locked against displacement in any line of direction....It is thus apparent that the handle of the knife easily carries in one of its side pieces the independent whetstone instead of the bone or ivory usually secured therein, and that the stone can be quickly used by turning back the saw blade, thus allowing the stone to be slid out..."

*

This patent is now in the public domain and anyone is free to use it. If you do want to make a pocketknife this way, you should consider one modification. Instead of using a flanged stone as

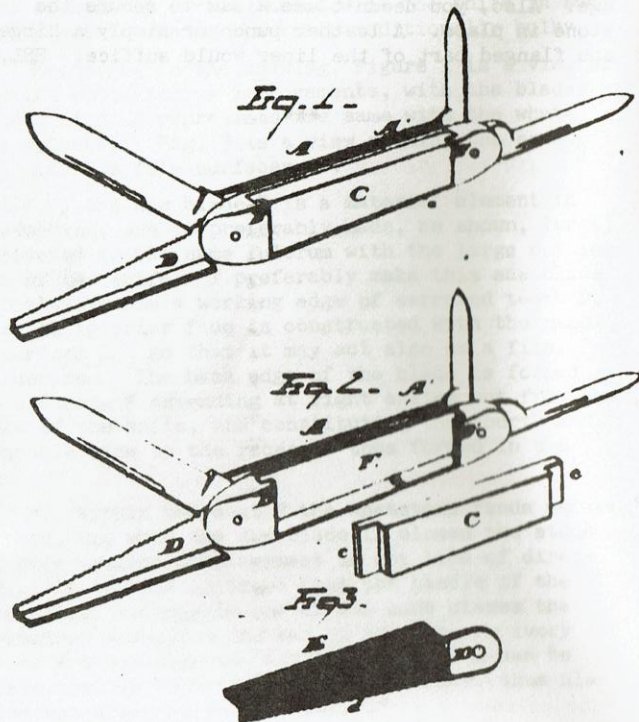
suggested by Mr. Rightor, use a rectangular stone glued to a slightly longer piece of sheet metal. The ends of the metal would serve as the flanges, while the metal reinforced the stone against breakage. Also, you needn't use a saw to secure the stone in place. A leather punch or simply a hinged and flanged part of the liner would suffice. BRL.

W. B. RIGHTOR.

POCKET-KNIVES.

No. 187,483.

Patented Feb. 20, 1877.



WITNESSES
Ed. C. Nottingham
A. Wright

INVENTOR
Wm. B. Rightor
By H. H. Seymour
ATTORNEYS

THE 28th WISCONSIN INFANTRY REGIMENT AT HELENA: VI.

Letters of Captain Edward S. Redington, Company D

Helena, Ark., June 8, 1863.

Monday morning

Dear Mary:

As the mail will not go out until this evening, I postponed finishing this last night. This morning I woke feeling awful sore and lame all over; but after stirring around felt better. As the Colonel was obliged to go to town, I had to take the regiment out to drill for two hours since which I have been to town and bought some tinware and other things we needed, and have got up a good sweat and feel all right except a slight headache.

The paymaster is down and we are to receive two months pay tomorrow so you can be on the lookout for some money. I think I can spare \$200. providing there is a chance of being paid again soon. The payment we get now is for the months of March and April, so there will be two months due on the 1st of July.

I sent a little box by Baldwin, it was the one my watch was sent in. Give it to one of the little girls if you do not want it to keep your locket etc. in. There is nothing here I can buy to send you and the children so you must buy them something for me and yourself a new dress for the 4th of July.

I am heartily glad you have a good girl and hope you will keep her. You did not tell me her name or how much you had to pay; but that makes no difference. You had better pay a good girl twice.

The order allowing 5% to have furloughs for thirty days is much appreciated. It is the non-commissioned and privates, the commissioned officers have no chance. Baldwin and Rhinehart came home on that order, and I can send one more as soon as they get back.

I have not written to Willie this time. I will write to him as soon as I get time.

It must have been a hard blow for Calkins family it does seem too bad, that he should get so near home and not see his wife and children before he died. His son feels very bad. The doctor was much surprised, when I told him of his death. He says that he saw nothing about him, when he left, that ought to cause his death.

Some of my boys tell me that they are raising a company of artillery in Whitewater. I hope they will succeed in filling it. Chafee's case seems a proof that it is hard to keep out of the army after once fairly in. When he first got home he wrote to Schram that he was out and he be damned if he did not stay out. The next letter he said that as soon as his health would permit he would be with us. The next he was raising a company. Let me know how he succeeds when you answer and who has joined. I do not think much of the Artillery, but better that than none. Tell Fred that if he gets in a fever to go, not to go in anything but an Infantry regiment. There are more reasons why than I have time to write. I will mention only one, that the state of morals in the Cavalry and Artillery service. They are a set of roudies with out exception, rank and file; great blowhards and the first to run. Perhaps I may have been unlucky in my association with them, but the rule held good so far. As soon as a man gets fairly in either of them he seems to lay aside everything honorable. You need not make public what I have said, I have only said it for fear Fred would join that Artillery company, and would be sorry to hinder anyone else from enlisting.

I believe I must tell the children one thing about my dogs. They went after a fox one night a month or more since and the last I knew of them, they were howling like all possessed on the track. Someone must have tied them up, I thought they were gone

sure. About a week ago, I was writing one night and Kate came into the tent almost tickled to death. Yesterday morning I found six little puppies that she had found somewhere. Now the question is what shall I do with the little ones? I do not believe I want so many. Give my best love to all the friends and tell Celia that it is about time I heard from her.

Your affectionate husband,

Edward

*

Helena, Ark., June 11, 1863.

Dear Mary:

One of my men left for home today on a furlough. I meant to have sent a letter by him but did not get time to write. I have been Brigade Officer of the Day and had to be in the saddle all night riding over the picket lines. Such a ride, up hill and down into hollows, sometimes so steep, that I had to lead my horse and hang on to the bushes to get up at that. When it is dark as pitch in the thick woods it is interesting, especially so, when one is all the time expecting to be made a target for some skulking rascal to practice shooting in the dark. I tell you a man keeps ears, eyes and all other faculties fully employed. Hardly a night passes but someone is fired at but luckily so far no one has been hit, although night before last one man got a bullet through his haversack, lodging in a loaf of bread.

I sent today by Adams Express Co. one thousand and fifty-four dollars for my company to the bank of Whitewater, including \$250. for you and \$250. for Mrs. Gray and \$100. for Mrs. Schram. I will enclose you an order for yours.

Gilbert Olson is the man coming home today; he is one of my best corporals, always ready and

willing. You must show him a good deal of attention. I sent by him a Secesh toothpick, that Jimmie Caward picked up and gave to me. Put it up somewhere out of the way. I shall send home from time to time any of the various kinds of arms in use as I can get hold of them. I now have a breech-loading carbine that I shall send the first opportunity. Have them kept where they will be dry.

I think that I may come home in July, if Vicksburg is taken. I think there will be no doubt but that I will. If it is not taken no one will come unless they are sick, and the surgeons will testify that it is necessary to save their lives. I hardly think I want to come home on those terms. Do you want me to? Oh dear, I feel sore and tired after my long ride - if I could only be at home tonight wouldn't I like it? But on the whole if I had to be back in the morning I rather guess I would not go.

I stopped to go to sword exercise; we practice half an hour each evening and some of the officers are getting so they handle the sword very well. I will write more when I feel more like it. So Good Night my dear ones.

Yours ever,

Edward

*

Helena, Ark., June 16, 1863.

Dear Mary:

Yours of the 10th instant came to hand this evening. I was at headquarters and about to start for my quarters to write to you, when the mail came in and I waited until it was looked over to see if I was favored with a letter. I was pleased to hear that you were all so well (as I always am) and shall go to bed feeling much more at ease than if your favor had not reached me tonight.

I have not been feeling very well for the last few days. Have a slight attack of Helena Quickstep, but feel much better tonight and think I shall be all right in the morning. I have been taking quinine, pain-killer, and whiskey and my head feels rather large and rings like a kettle. The way they all got mixed was in this way: a bottle of quinine and pain-killer got broken in my medicine chest; the quinine soaking up the pain-killer, so I put them in another bottle and filled up with whiskey. A more villainous compound to swallow never passed a man's lips. I have given several of the boys out of the same bottle and it has always cured them without fail. I think I shall apply for a patent on it as a cure for all the ills the flesh is heir to from colic to cholera.

I have been to town today and have bought a hat. Paid \$5. for it. It is the first cent I have paid for clothing of any kind since I left Wisconsin. Do you not think I have been prudent? But I shall have to have some new clothes before fall and if I come home this summer will have Macbeth make them, as he has my measure. I will write to him, so that he can have them done by the time I get there. Col. Gray, Schram, and myself talk about coming about the middle of August, if we can get away and we can if Vicksburg is taken. If it is not taken it will be a question whether any of us can come.

Schram started tonight for Memphis with a prisoner that the Provost Marshal wanted to send up. He will bring back Fred Tucker who has been there since some time in February. He was sent there sick, while we were down the pass and has been detailed for duty there. I have tried several times to get him. I rather think he will come this time.

Now about a Negro regiment: I made an application for the command of the next one raised, which will be the third. I could have had the command of the 2nd regiment if I had wanted it. I did not then

want the position, and do not now, if everything goes as it ought to in the 28th, but if Capt. White is made Major, I do want to get out of this so to prepare the way made the application for the Negro regiment. I think that there is not a doubt but that I can get the place when the regiment is organized, but shall not accept if things go right here. If I do go, I shall take George Winslow with me for an Adjutant, and several men of my company for other officers. They are all in an excitement for fear I am going to leave them and nothing short of my being placed in the dishonorable position I should consider myself in, if an officer were jumped over me, would induce me to leave them.

Tell Celia that I certainly wrote to her last, and think I did to Ira but will not be sure and shall chance another to him soon, for fear I may be mistaken. I wrote to father but have not yet been favored with a reply. Please say to him to let me hear from him soon. I think Frank must have a hard lonesome time. It does seem as though she had suffered and endured long enough to have a place of rest for a season. I have often thought what she has been called upon to pass through and hope there may yet be a future in store for her, that will make amends for all her sufferings.

You say you have got the little girls each a flat (wouldn't I like to see them with them on) and one for yourself. I do not know about that one. I rather think you want to put on airs, and make yourself look young and cut a swell. Haha how comical you must look. Don't wear it out until I get home to see how it looks. Is it a green one with a pink bow on each side, and blue strings, and a couple of yards of tri-colored streamers? Or have you put it on a la Quaker without any trimming at all? I think my watch is a good one or will be after I get it regulated. I think the girls dress is very pretty. Wasn't little Sasa proud to get on that red dress? Bless their little souls, all of them.

Willie's sacque (that is the way you spell it, is it right?) must look comical enough. Do you use your machine to do your sewing with and does it help you much? Now my dear one Good Night, and may your dreams be pleasant and mine be of you.

Your husband,

Edward

*

Helena, Ark., June 24, 1863.

Dear Mary:

I received yours of the 16th this morning and will write you a short note now. The mail closes at 12:00 so that I have not much time to write very much and then I am so all fired mad at what has been written to Whitewater that I could not write much if I tried. I wish, if it is possible, you would get the letter that John Miles wrote and send it to me; I do not want to say anything to him about it until I have positive proof of what he wrote. If I can get the letter I will make an example of him that will do the backbiters good or I am mistaken. About the reports that I was selling quinine I do not care very much, except that I should like to know who wrote such stuff, and I have taken steps that will unearth them I think.

It has commenced raining again like great guns and the way the water comes down is a caution; it sometimes rains hard up North but it cannot compare with this country. It has rained perhaps twenty minutes and everything is quite respectably flooded, the water running through and under the tent, and the way it is battering on the tent is furious. I expect every minute the tent will blow down and the prospect for dinner is dubious.

We have not yet heard who is to be Major. Since Capt. Williams came back we have reconsidered

our action and recommended him, on account of his being the ranking Captain. When Capt. Townsend was recommended we expected Williams would be unable to come but he looks now more able to stand fatigue than Townsend. Dr. Smith returned this morning looking very well; he is just in time for Dr. Miller was taken yesterday and we should have been without a surgeon. Dr. Hawes ought to be hung for the way he has acted since he joined the Regiment and, though I do not think he has been used right, he has no business to keep the Regiment without a surgeon; and he has not done any duty worth mentioning since he came and many times we have suffered severely in consequence.

There is nothing new in the military line as everything seems to be waiting on both sides for operations at Vicksburg to be brought to a focus. We have had about our usual number of false alarms. The night before last everyone was up and our Company sent into the rifle pits until morning, but it all ended in smoke as usual. I was Brigade Officer of the Day and spent nearly the entire night riding through the woods and hills to visit the pickets and outposts to see that all were on the alert; Lt. Schram went with me after two o'clock just for the fun of the thing and we had a gay ride from that time until sunrise.

I can't think what made you think from what I wrote that I was not on the best of terms with all the officers of the Regiment. However I am, with one exception, on the best of terms and highly respected and respect them all; and that one I have had a word of difference with but I shall not mention his name as his family are not in Whitewater, Waukesha, or Milwaukee.

I will write again in a day or two. I have commenced this No. 1 and will try and number all I write. Love to all.

Your husband,
Edward

Helena, Ark., June 30, 1863.

Dear Mary:

I received yours of the 21st instant yesterday morning and should have answered by return mail, only we are all pretty well stirred up by the news of Capt. White's appointment as Major. As I before predicted, it will be the disruption of the 28th Regiment. We held a meeting of the officers present with the result with which you can acquaint yourself, when you read the copy of the resolutions adopted thereat. This morning the resignations are all on and it remains to be seen, what will be done with them. One thing is certain whether my resignation is accepted or not, I shall not stay in the regiment if Capt. White is Major, and I shall not be alone. I have made my resignation in as strong language as is consistent with military discipline, and hope it may be accepted, but I have very little hopes of it. I think it may result in all the Captains being dismissed for tendering their resignations without proper cause in a military view, but do not care if it does.

I have not a doubt but that the appointment was made entirely for political reasons, and that the Governor thought that in securing Capt. White's influence it would help his re-election. But he never made a worse mistake in his life; where he would have got the entire vote of this regiment, he will not now get one - as if every other officer in the regiment has not as much influence at home as White has.

We have had our regular two months muster this morning and are now ready for the paymaster, should he come this way. We think he will be here in the course of ten days; but such things are rather unsafe to depend on.

Capt. Kenyon leaves for home today on leave of absence. I wish that I had applied for a furlough so that I could have gone too, then if my resignation was not accepted, I could have stayed at home and let

them muster me out for absence without leave. But I have all along thought I had rather come home in August, so that I should be away in the most unhealthy time and have made no effort to come before.

You speak of spending so much money. I do not see how you have got along and spent so little after what you have paid George, Macbeth, etc. You have used less than \$200 since I left. You also say that I had never asked you to tell me how you spent it. I have not been at all anxious to know, having perfect confidence that you will use it to the best possible advantage. Of course I would like to know how much it cost you to live, and whether the money I send you keeps you comfortable; and how much you have to pay for articles you have to use, and in fact of any minute detail that takes place in your life. Mary, I do wish that you would write me long letters and let me know all that is going on, and your views and opinion of the events that are happening, not only at home but throughout the land.

It is getting very warm and I have written this morning until my hand is cramped tight to my pen and dinner is ready. I want to go to Capt. Stevens tent to see him and Capt. Kenyon is just coming after a puppy to take home with him so I will not write more now.

Yours ever,

Edward

P. S. When you read the resolutions let Capt. Kenyon take them. He will have them published.

E. S. R.

CONNELL POINT, CRISP CROSSING AND CREIGH

by

Dorothy Crisp

Our community is bounded on the west by Big Cypress Bayou, on the east by Little Cypress Bayou, on the south by Big Creek and on the north by Highway 243. The line between Monroe and Phillips Counties is a gravel road running north and south almost through the center of the area, but because of natural boundaries it is one community, regardless of county.

Robert Smith Connell, born in South Carolina in 1804, moved to Alabama and then to Arkansas in 1822 or 1823, settling near White River in Phillips County. The line was changed in 1829, giving a part of Montgomery Township to Monroe County. He built a log house on a high point of land, near the joining of Big Creek and Big Cypress Bayou, a location usually referred to as Connell Point. It was a convenient location with water way through Big Cypress Bayou, Big Creek and White River to the Mississippi River, or to Bay Town, a thriving town at Indian Bay.

Ansil Crisp owned a farm about five miles north of the joining of Big Cypress Bayou and Big Creek. This location was known as Crisp Crossing because Mr. Crisp, his brothers and neighbors built a bridge across Big Cypress Bayou giving a wagon road connection between Bay Town, Marvell, Trenton and Helena. There is still a cypress log visible, though mostly submerged in the mud, that was a part of the original bridge.

A post office was to be established in the community. D. S. Womack owned a store on the west side of the road where the post office was to be

located, putting it in Monroe County. No more double names were being accepted for post offices and Arkansas already had a Crossing, Arkansas. The postal inspector suggested the name Creigh. Some of the local people had in mind that it would be named for Henry Earl Craig, who had owned a large farm on the east side of the road in Phillips County, but when the official name came down from the postal service it was spelled Creigh.

So that is why our community has three names and only one entrance. The flatboat roads in the Bayous and Creek have grown up in tall timber and are choked with logs and debris. It has been a long time since these roads were used except by motor or paddle boats.

One of the early settlers was Ansil Crisp who married Louise Hicks of Bradley County, Arkansas, and they were the parents of a large family that played an important part in the development of this part of the county. Their children were Ansil II, Will, David, Joel, Narcissus, Alfred, Daniel Boone, and Veston. After Louise's death, Ansil married a Mrs. Horn. She had four children; one daughter, Mellisa Horn, married Van Brown. Ansil and his second wife had two daughters. Sarah, often called Sally, married Clem Grider, and Sue married James Hardy.

Mathew A. Glass, born in 1806, and his wife, Nancy (Putnam) Glass came to Arkansas in 1859 and settled at Trenton. Of their children, Mary Glass married Venable Porter, Cornelia Glass married John W. Higginbotham, Purney Glass married Joseph Hackler, and Chesterfield Glass married Martha Smalley.

Chesterfield and Martha (Smalley) Glass were the parents of two daughters, Ann Glass who married Jefferson Hill, and Mittie Glass who married Daniel Boone Crisp on October 25, 1889. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boone Crisp were the parents of twelve children:

Mamie, Floyd, Ormand, Elise, Louise, Pearl, Chesterfield, Alfred, Johnnie, Joshua, Martha, and Daniel. Several of the stories here concern Daniel Boone Crisp.

In the summer of 1879, Boone Crisp and Andy Glenn, a Civil War veteran, floated a raft of logs from the Lightfoot place down Little Cypress Bayou, through Big Creek to White River, and on to the Mississippi down to Greenville, Mississippi, where the timber was sold. Flatboat roads were cut and kept clear in all the creeks and bayous in those days, as water ways were the easier and faster way of transportation.

Once when Boone Crisp and Andy Glenn were returning from Bay Town on Indian Bay, a strong wind was blowing and the water was so rough that their boat capsized. By hanging on to the boat they swam and pushed the boat to a tall tree on Prairie Cypress, and managed to pull the boat to safety in the tree. They spent the night climbing up and down and around the tree to keep from freezing. After daylight they watched for someone to come by to help put the boat right side up. But no one came. They heard the ringing of a plantation bell. Knowing it was noontime, they also knew they must make an effort to right the boat by themselves and get on their way or night would overtake them before they reached home. A cold front was moving in and the thought of another night in a tree was not relished. They managed to get the boat turned and with one paddle reached home before dark.

Robert S. Connell sold a tract of land to William M. Grider in 1869. In 1881, two acres were given for school and church use, land to revert to the Grider heirs when no longer used for public purposes. All denominations could hold church services in the building. Among the early preachers were Brother M. J. Day, Brother Wilson, Brother Koonce, and Brother Porter. It was here that the Sanctified Church began services in August, 1907, and services

were continued here in the Grider Schoolhouse until August, 1915.

Boone Crisp had felt the need for greater spiritual influence in the community and in his life. He prayed about the matter. The next week he talked with a man who peddled wares from one community to another. This man told him of an evangelistic group holding services at Helena, about 35 miles away, but willing to come to Connell Point if lodging and transportation from the nearest railroad station could be provided.

Mr. Crisp felt the Lord was answering his prayer, so he told the salesman to tell them to come. The next weekend three wagons met the train at Marvell, 15 miles away, to bring the people to Connell Point. The evangelistic group held services for a week that trip, coming back at regular intervals until the church was established. Boone Crisp was one of the first converted and sanctified, in August, 1907, and his wife, Mittie Crisp, was sanctified a year later, in August, 1908.

In early 1915, a building was erected on ground given by Boone Crisp for the church. The Sanctified Church of Christ has held regular services at this place since the first church house was built. The third building has been erected, but the faith and place are the same and are the faith and belief of the majority of the community.

Stave making was once a thriving business here. Staves were made with hand tools. The Garner Stave Company brought a group of Slavonians from Pennsylvania to make staves. Frank Sbasnik was their leader, and they were a friendly, industrious, educated, and very musical people. For pastime, after supper, they often sang their native songs. The Slavonians were here in 1905 and 1906, and came from a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, now Yugoslavia. Once a steamboat came up White River and up Big Creek to Goings Lake and picked up a load of 40,000 staves.

Bill Stewart built the first store in Crisp Crossing about 1904. He sold the store to J. L. Turner and D. S. Womack in 1913, and Mr. Womack operated the store for five years. Freight was shipped to Marvell and Postelle by train, then hauled by wagon over dirt roads to the store. Oscar Porter and Mr. Goldsmith delivered freight to the store---drygoods, groceries, hardware, or whatever. Mr. Porter and Fred Brown were clerks when Mr. Womack operated the business. It was later sold to S. Cook.

For a while Mr. and Mrs. Womack, two daughters, Lillie and Mable, and one son had living quarters attached to the store. Mr. Womack built a fine home in Creigh that was later destroyed by fire. D. I. Clark was teacher at the school that Mable and Ernest attended.

W. O. Peter owned the first sawmill in the community. He sawed logs for a number of the homes built about that time, the Boone Crisp home included. Tom Kornegay erected the second sawmill in this community, on his place on the bank of Big Cypress Bayou, about 1913. Ransom Walton was contractor in the building of the shed and setting the machinery. Mr. Kornegay operated the mill with the help of Jesse and Gaston Kornegay, R. L. Knight, Coot Beatle, Shorty Ed Bowe, Mr. Dunlap and Ransom Walton.

The first cotton gin in the community was a mule powered, two stand gin owned and operated by Robert Smalley and his slaves. The gin was located east of the present site of the Smalley Cemetery. The lint cotton ginned out onto a floor, was picked up by hand and placed in the press, a man would keep it tramped down until the press was full, then pressure was put on it to tie out the bale. There was no market for the seed. The farmers hauled it home and most of them piled the seed in an ell of the rail fence, fed the cows through the winter with a part of it, and in the spring dug out the center of

the seed pile for planting seed. The seed did not get wet and rot as it had a thick coat of lint on it.

T. J. King, 1834-1897, was born in Hendersonville, Cherokee County, North Carolina, moving first to Tennessee and then to Arkansas in 1874. He and his wife, Susa (Corn) King, 1844-1907, and two sons, Hiram P. King and Robert King, first lived on the Mayo place in Indian Bay Community. He told his grandchildren that one of the first jobs in Arkansas was planting cotton. The seed were mixed with ashes and then dropped by hand in a furrow made with a wooden plow. Mr. King said the invention of the Dialogue planter was a great improvement in farming.

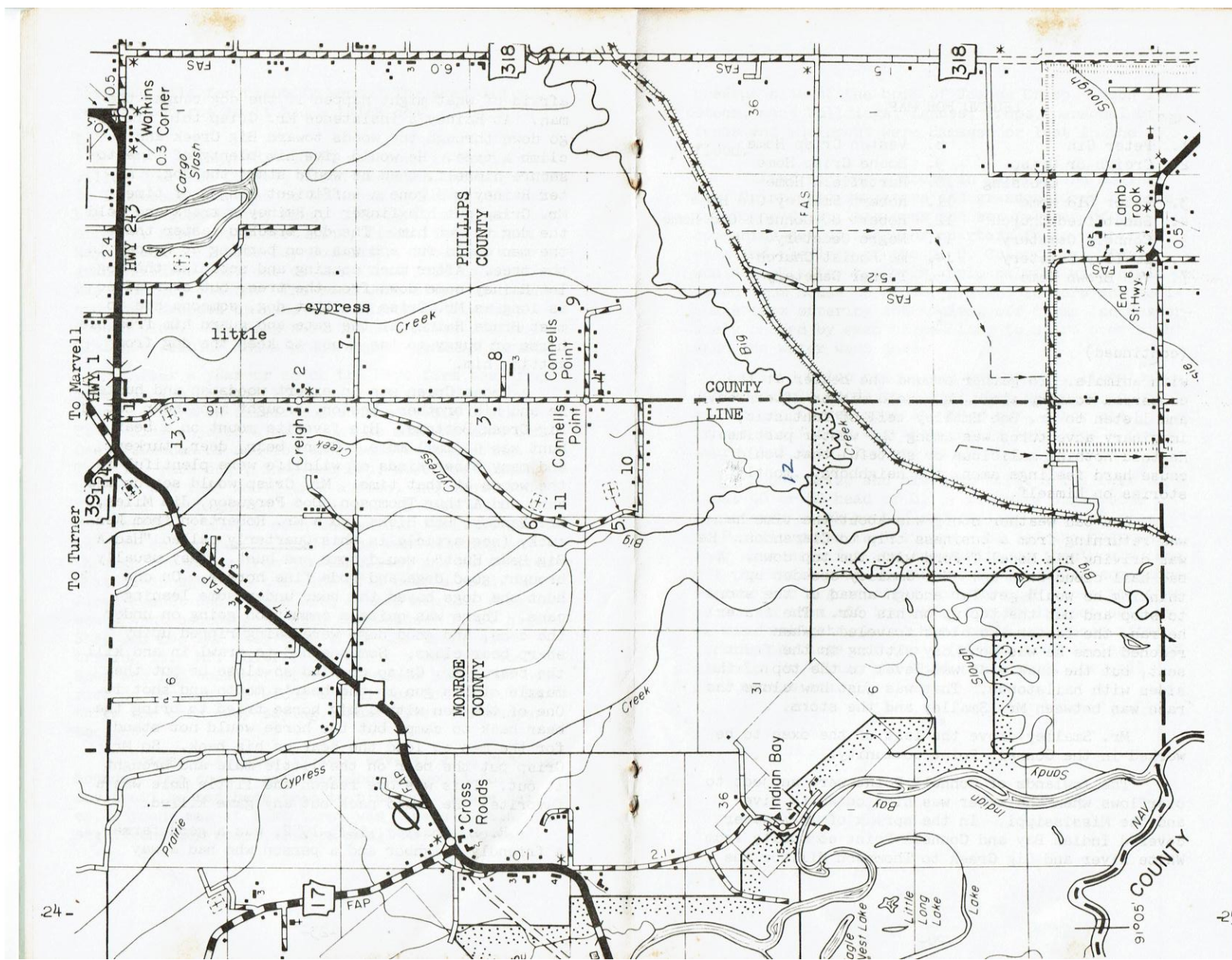
After a year or so on the Mayo farm the Kings moved to the Connell Point community on their own place, a farm in Phillips County near Big Creek. T. J. King enjoyed a bear hunt as much as most men. One afternoon he and Tom Whitfield went hunting. The King yard dogs, Shep and Lep, were not hunting hounds, but they would tree a coon, and went along to spend the night in the woods. As they went in, Mr. Whitfield shot a coon and said, "Well at least we have our supper." T. J. King went hunting on through the woods from the campsite, and he spotted what he thought was the side of a bear's head. He fired a shot and a bear with a deep hip and side wound went bounding through the woods. T. J. hissed Shep and Lep and they took after the bear, soon treeing it. Mr. Whitfield could not believe that Shep and Lep took off after a wounded bear, but hurried on through the woods and killed the bear. He threw the coon away saying, "Bear liver for supper tonight."

Boone Crisp usually kept several good hunting hounds. One dog, a part bloodhound, would follow any trail he had been told to pick up. Bruce Rainey, a young man at that time, was always wanting to see if the dog would track a man. Mr. Crisp was

afraid of what might happen if the dog caught the man. At Rainey's insistence Mr. Crisp told him to go down through the woods toward Big Creek and climb a tree. He would give him plenty of time to secure himself, then he would start the dog. After Rainey was gone a sufficient length of time, Mr. Crisp put his finger in Rainey's track and told the dog to get him. The dog tracked faster than the men could run and was soon barking at Rainey in the tree. After much coaxing and scolding the dog let Rainey come down from the tree, but ever after as long as Mr. Crisp had that dog, someone had to meet Bruce Rainey at the gate and guard him from his horse or buggy to the house to keep the dog from getting him.

Boone Crisp was an expert woodsman and hunter. He and his brother, Veston, brought many bear out of Big Creek Bottoms. His favorite mount on a bear hunt was a small mule. Coon, bear, deer, turkey, and many other kinds of wildlife were plentiful in the woods at that time. Mr. Crisp would set up the camp and Arthur Thompson, Doc Ferguson, Jim Miles, Mr. Yancey, Bob Hicks and a Mr. Robertson from Kentucky (see article in this Quarterly called "Had A Big Bear Hunt") would come and hunt. They usually brought good dogs and rode fine horses. On one hunt the dogs bayed the bear under some leaning cane. There was quite a commotion going on under the cane, and good dogs were being ripped up by sharp bear claws. Someone had to crawl in and kill the bear. Mr. Crisp crawled so close he put the muzzle of his gun in the bear's mouth and shot it. One of the men with a big horse tried to bring the bear back to camp, but the horse would not stand for the men to load the bear on his back. So Mr. Crisp put the bear on the little mule and brought it out. This was one reason the little mule was a favorite. He would pack out any game killed.

R. L. Smalley, 1875-1952, was a good farmer, a friendly neighbor and a person who had a way



LEGEND FOR MAP

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. Peter Gin | 8. Veston Crisp Home |
| 2. Creigh or Crisp | 9. Boone Crisp Home |
| Crossing | 10. Hartsfield Home |
| 3. Peter Old Home | 11. Robert Smalley Old Home |
| 4. Sanctified Church | 12. Robert S. Connell Old Home |
| 5. Connell Cemetery | 13. Negro Cemetery |
| 6. Smalley Cemetery | 14. Methodist Church |
| 7. Van Brown Home | 15. Turner Cemetery |

*

(continued)

with animals. To gather around the heater at the crossroad country store on a cold winter afternoon, and listen to Mr. Bob Smalley tell of fantastic, imaginary adventures was among the winter pastimes. He told nothing malicious or spiteful that would cause hard feelings among the neighbors...mostly stories on himself.

One bad weather story was about the time he was returning from a business trip to Clarendon. He was driving his Model T Ford with the top down. A bad hail cloud came up. Mr. Smalley speeded up thinking he would get far enough ahead of the storm to stop and put the top up on his car. The faster he ran, the faster the cloud traveled. When he reached home he was bone dry sitting in the front seat, but the back seat was level to the top of the sides with hailstones. That was just how close the race was between Mr. Smalley and the storm.

Mr. Smalley drove the last of the oxen to be worked in the Connell Point community.

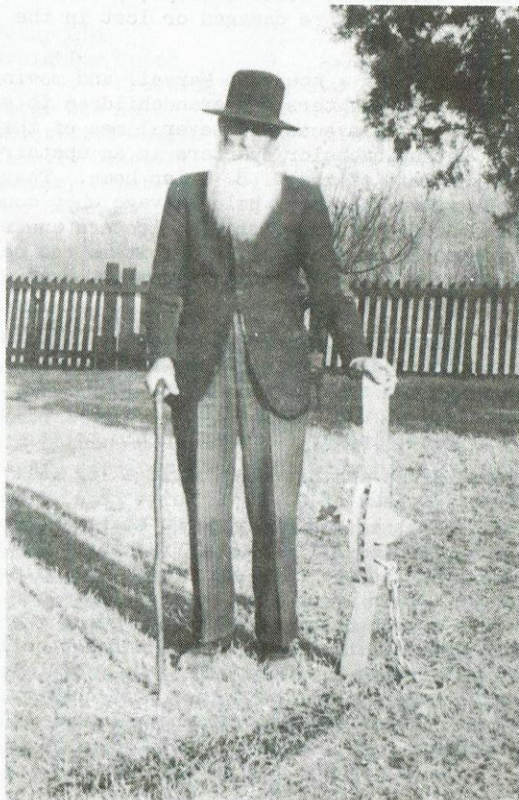
The lowlands of Connell Point were subject to overflows when the water was high on White River and the Mississippi. In the spring of 1927 water covered Indian Bay and Connell Point community from White River and Big Creek to Thompson Hill or the

present site of the home of Joshua Crisp. Much livestock, many buildings, fences, crops, personal effects and equipment were damaged or lost in the flood.

After renting a house in Marvell and moving Mrs. Crisp, the daughters and grandchildren to safety, Boone Crisp, his sons and several men of the community set up bachelor quarters in an upstairs room and the loft of the D. B. Crisp home. They would look after the hogs, help salvage what could be saved from house to house, prevent looters and scalawags from entering and hauling off items so desperately needed by each householder to start over with when the water went down.

Floyd Crisp had helped get people, livestock and household goods to safety then returned to his smokehouse to get some canned goods, lard, etc., from a shelf that was above water level for a few hours, but alas, looters had beaten him to it.

Boone Crisp and his sons built a log raft to float 40 or 50 head of O. I. C. White hogs, some registered stock he had ordered the start of from B. F. Silvermann in Illinois. He fed the hogs well, they were soon fat and snow-white as they would come off the raft, swim around, go back and eat some more. He received a good offer for the hogs about the time he turned them off the raft, but he did not sell as he was just getting his herd built up. Soon after turning the hogs off the raft they took cholera, and although Mr. Crisp had them vaccinated, they all died except one.



DANIEL BOONE CRISP WITH BEAR TRAP

HAD A BIG BEAR HUNT Helena Weekly World, December 18, 1901

C. N. Robertson of Paducah Reports Great Sport on
Bear Bayou.

C. N. Robertson, famous hunter, of Paducah, Ky., was in the city last night and today on his way home from Bear Bayou, where he has been hunting bear with Deputy Bob Hicks and a party of several other gentlemen of the Trenton and Marvell neighborhood.

Mr. Robertson comes to Helena nearly every year and puts in a few days hunting. He is the owner of a fine pack of dogs which he carries with him everywhere, and the scars exhibited by the hounds show them to be veterans of many a pitched battle with grizzly fighters. While waiting for a shave last night the hunter entertained a party of friends with the story of his last excursion on the Bayou, and stated that the party of which he was a member had great luck and splendid sport.

The hunt lasted several days, all the men returning to the camp on the bayou at night, and hardly ever failing to bring in one or more bear. The whole number caught and killed was eight, two of them having been caught by the dogs and taken alive. Mr. Robertson gave a graphic description of how he and one other gentleman of the party "roped" a big black brute and carried him into camp, one leading in front of the animal and the other having the end of a rope attached to a rear foot. The bear was landed, however, and will be shipped from the camp to Mr. Robertson's home in Paducah. The other one captured alive was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun with which one of the party was "punching" him.

The camp of the hunters on Bear Bayou, about twenty-seven miles below Helena, is fitted up in

great style, every arrangement being made for the comfort and convenience of hunters, who come and go in parties all season. The hunt just concluded was declared by all taking part to have been one of the most pleasant ever held, notwithstanding the game is poor this winter and it was necessary to chase every one for several hours before capturing or killing it.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS LIBRARY: II

Contributed by

Joan S. Roberts

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A \$100,000 BLAZE
Helena Weekly World, December 25, 1901

The city of Helena suffered the most disastrous fire in years at an early hour this morning. The Hotel Nonpareil, R. B. King's drugstore and Henry Lohman's residence were completely destroyed, and it appears a marvel no loss of life occurred.

As it was a property loss of more than \$100,000 was entailed, half a hundred people were turned out into the bitter cold with scarce clothing enough to keep them from freezing, and one of the handsomest business buildings in the town is in ruins.

It was about 1:30 o'clock this morning when the fire was first discovered, with smoke coming up through the floor of the first story, where the office, dining room, barber shop, etc., are located. It had started in the cellar, where the furnace is located, and where a big lot of dry wood had recently been stored for use during the winter.

Night Clerk Thompson and a porter were the only ones on duty at the time the smoke was found coming up from the cellar. Roland McAlexander, steward of the hotel, gave the alarm to the guests, and his quick action undoubtedly prevented a more horrible catastrophe, for if it had not been for his prompt and persistent efforts to rouse the guests some of them would have been cut off from escape and perished in the flames. Grasping the situation in a moment Mr. McAlexander ran through the hotel building calling the guests, and, not knowing which rooms were occupied and having no time to consult the register, he was forced to stop at every door and give the alarm.

The hotel was not crowded last night as it generally is, and this fact also had something to do

with the absence of loss of life. Never stopping for a moment to think of hotel property or of his own effects, McAlexander devoted his time to getting the half a hundred guests out of bed and impressing upon them the need of hurrying. The fire having started from the bottom the only means of escape, the stairways, were closed quickly, and many of the escapes were narrow.

THE FIREMEN ARRIVE.

When the fire was discovered an alarm was quickly sent in to the department and the company responded promptly. Going through the front door Chief Lanier and his men first cut a hole in the floor of the main hallway, just in the rear of the register counter, and two streams of water were poured into the flames from this point, while another line of hose was run from the rear of Wooten & Smith's grocery house and into the cellar from the rear.

The whole cellar was seething with flames from the wood piled there when the fire department arrived, and the position of the linemen in the office became untenable and had to be abandoned. A fourth line of hose was attached from the southwest corner of the building and also brought to play upon the flames, but the water seemed to have no more effect upon the fire than if it had not been thrown.

Eating a hole in the floor above the cellar the flames were supplied with an immense upward draft, and the hard pine finishings of the office, lobby, barber shop and dining room made fresh kindling wood. The saloon, which opens from the office on the north, also caught, and barrel after barrel of whisky, wine and other alcoholic liquors burned.

At this point it was seen by the firemen that it would be an impossibility to save any part of the building proper, or the residence of Henry Lohman on the south, toward which a stiff breeze was

blowing, but they worked on heroically, the water freezing almost as soon as it left the nozzles in their hands. The work of the fire fighters was bitter cold, and there not being enough firemen to man the four lines of hose at one time, Chief Lanier pressed several bystanders into service and directed the operations of the band continually, fighting against terrible odds, but standing to the last ditch.

Breaking through the walls of the new hotel building proper on either side, the flames first escaped to the Lohman residence on the south side of the building and separated from it about 40 feet, and this being a frame structure, and a gale blowing directly against it, there was no possible chance to save it, and it, too, was soon completely destroyed.

The Nonpareil Drug Store, on the corner of Cherry and Elm Streets, the last door of the old hotel building, caught next, the fire bursting through from the saloon, which is separated only by a hallway. Here a number of acids, chemicals, oils, etc., commenced exploding, making the work of the firemen extremely dangerous and increasing the heat a hundred per cent.

When the drug store began burning the flames were shot far into Cherry Street, and for a time it looked like the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley depot directly across Cherry Street must be destroyed also, but the attention of the firemen was turned that way and after a hard fight the depot was saved. Mr. G. E. Essertier, whose place of business is across Elm Street from the depot, did splendid service in saving the railroad property. When the flames looked sure to spread across Cherry Street he grabbed a hose line and getting into the least exposed place to be found and crouching low on the frozen ground covered with ice, began playing the stream of water on the scorching building. He was soon relieved by firemen and other volunteers, for

the point was so hot no man could stand it for long at a time, but to Mr. Essertier much more than ordinary credit is due for the work he accomplished.

HOW THE GUESTS ESCAPED.

The escape of some of the guests was very narrow, and it is little short of miraculous that not a single life was lost nor a single serious accident was chronicled.

The way in which Messrs. George Guild (of Guild & Co., Chattanooga, which constructed the Helena sewer system) and George A. Larimer and J. W. Kelton of St. Louis were saved from what seemed almost certain death was perhaps the most thrilling of the many marvelous escapes. These gentlemen were sleeping on the third floor, and when they realized the danger of their situation the entire lower portion of the hotel was so dense with smoke they could not find their way to the steps.

Hurrying back to the room occupied by the St. Louis gentlemen, both of whom are engineers for the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, a long piece of twine was dropped to the ground and one of the men called for a piece of rope. A coil of rope was quickly secured from the Solomon-Johnson Grocer Company's store, a few doors away, one end was tied to the twine string, and hauled up to the third story window, where it was made fast, and a shout went up from below as the three men slipped down to safety. It was a cool-headed piece of work, but it was either that or jump for their lives, and this would have meant only death to those who attempted it.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Solomon and little daughter had a narrow escape from cremation also. They had a room on the third floor. When the alarm of fire was sounded through the halls striking terror to the heart of every guest in the building, Mr. Solomon kept his head about him and started putting on his clothes after glancing down the hall and seeing

that the coast was clear for escape. He had only had time to slip on his trousers, when he looked a second time and found the building thick with smoke. Grasping his baby girl in one arm and shielding her from suffocation, Mr. Solomon called to his wife to hold on to him and they would make a fight for it. In this way the three got to the first stairway, but being unable to see, fell half way down to the landing. Here they found a window leading out to a hall where the smoke was not so stifling, and breaking this with his hand, Mr. Solomon crawled through with his little girl and pulled his wife through the opening after him, and thus made their way out of the burning building.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Lieber, their daughter, Miss Edna, and Miss Rosa Oppenheimer occupied compartments on the second floor. They had two rooms, both elegantly furnished, and barely had time to escape with their lives, and but few clothes to protect them from the cold weather. W. A. Biggs of Dallas, Texas, had a room on the third floor and he managed to get down the stairway without losing any of his personal effects.

Mr. and Mrs. August Cotten had rooms on the third floor, and barely had time to get out alive. They were awakened by the calls of one of the bell boys, and slipping on part of their clothing hurriedly, groped their way along the wall to the stairway, down which they escaped. Mr. Cotten stated that when they struck out through the smoke it was so dense they could not see an inch in front of their faces, and once when they became separated he had to stop and call for Mrs. Cotten, finding her only by the sound of her voice. Mrs. Cotten is suffering severely this morning from nervous prostration and from the inhaling of smoke. They were about the last to get out of the burning main building, and saved absolutely nothing of their personal effects beyond the clothes they wore.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Bruen had rooms on the second floor, and on being aroused by the noise of the callers waking the guests, hurriedly got into their clothes and escaped without much difficulty, but did not save any of their effects. Mrs. Dave Dreyfuss and little son also were compelled to flee for their lives, saving nothing.

A. J. Vaughan was asleep in the next to last room back on the third floor, and made his escape through the building by groping along the walls. George Sawyer had a room in the old portion of the hotel and had no trouble in getting out of the building. Chas. Toney did not appreciate his danger at first, and when he did had barely time to get out. He and Mr. Vaughan were compelled to complete their toilets on the sidewalk.

Mr. and Mrs. Owens had rooms in the old building, and they saved a few personal effects. Mr. Owens was one of the first to get to the office, directly under which the fire was located, and after giving hurried orders to the bell boys and others about seeing that all the guests were aroused, went back and got his wife and children out in plenty of time.

There were only a few traveling men in the building at the time, and all of them saved their grips so far as learned. The transient guests became so badly scattered after the fire they could not be found, but not one of them will ever forget the experience of last night.

THE LOSS FIGURES.

The actual loss of property will go above the \$100,000 mark when all is told. The loss on the hotel alone is in the neighborhood of \$75,000, on which there was insurance to the amount of \$48,000. Of this \$30,000 was on the building proper, \$16,000 on the furniture, and \$2,000 on the saloon stock. R. B. King, proprietor of the Nonpareil Drug Store,

lost about \$2,000, with insurance for \$1,500. He saved his show cases and contents. The loss on the Lohman residence all told is about \$7,000, with \$5,000 insurance. The loss on everything is complete; a salvage corps could not find a hundred dollars worth in the pile of ruins.

A LOSS TO HELENA.

The loss to the city of Helena in the destruction of the Hotel Nonpareil is one that will be felt most seriously. Being the only American plan hotel in the city of any pretensions whatever, it was naturally the stopping place of all traveling men who made this point, besides the large number of regular guests. The building was furnished in splendid style, had all modern conveniences, and was a first class place and a credit to any city of this size. Not only will the loss be felt by Mr. Owens, the owner, but by the city at large.

When seen this morning, Mr. Owens stated it was too early to begin talking about rebuilding; that at best it would be some time before the debris could be cleared away, and a little later on he would begin to consider the proposition to rebuild. The people made homeless last night were scattered about with friends in the city and at the other hotels this morning.

NIGHT WAS COLD.

Last night was a bitterly cold one for those who were forced out into the chilly atmosphere with scanty clothing. When the alarm was sounded the thermometer stood at 6 degrees above zero. Water thrown into the building froze instantly upon striking a surface not directly exposed to the flames' heat, and the firemen's gloves froze stiff about their hands, though they stood only a few feet from the fire. The ruins this morning presented a beautiful, if terrible, scene, with icicles hanging to everything where a drop of water fell. Although the

flames were subdued by 3 o'clock, several streams of water were kept pouring into the mass of brick and twisted iron and charred woodwork until 10 o'clock today.

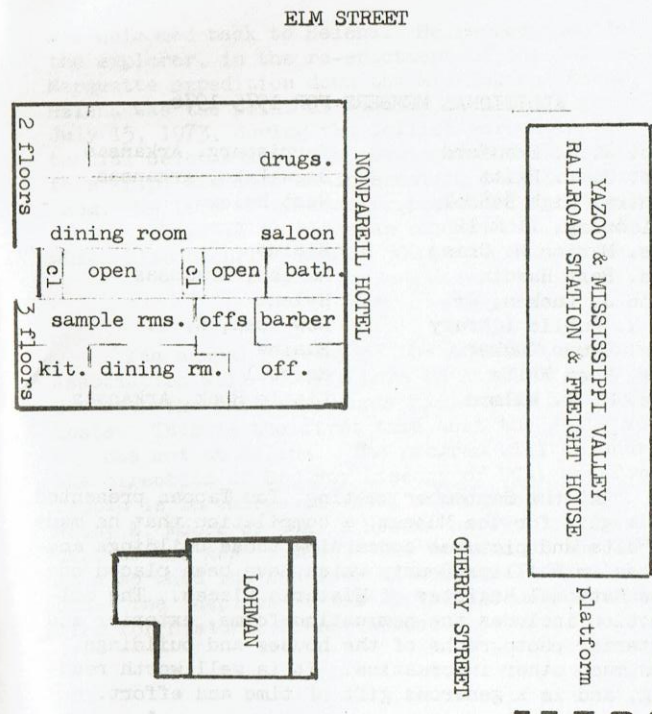
The wreck of the hotel building is absolute, and only half a dozen small sections of crumbling walls were left standing at daylight. These will be torn down by the city as soon as practicable in order to do away with danger to pedestrians passing along the street.

The Y. & M. V. freight crew was called up last night, all freight in the depot building was removed to cars and these were switched out of the way. A fire was built in the office and some of the guests and others made at home and as comfortable as possible. Others went to the Solomon-Johnson Grocer Company's store, where a good fire was burning, while others were driven in carriages to the homes of friends in different portions of the city.

The large number of telephone wires running in front of the hotel were broken and tangled, and though the force of linemen succeeded in getting the long distance wires repaired by eleven o'clock this morning, they are yet working on the local wires. The electric light wires were burned in two and it was necessary for the current to be shut off from that section. The hotel was in darkness during the fire, which added to the danger of the guests.

Not more than one hundred people outside of the unfortunate guests were present at the fire, this being accounted for by the fact that a great many did not hear the fire bells, and some of those who did hear the alarm, not knowing the location or extent of the fire, did not venture out on account of the bitterly cold weather.

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ADDITIONAL MEMBERS FOR 1975-1976

Mrs. W. S. Bradford	Harrisburg, Arkansas
Mrs. J. L. Britt	Snow Lake, Arkansas
Central High School	West Helena
Library, 11 & 12	
Mrs. Marion M. Crisp	Elaine
Mrs. Bert Hardin	Marion, Arkansas
John J. Lueken, Jr.	Helena
N. Y. Public Library	New York, N. Y.
Mrs. James Tucker	Elaine
Mrs. Rose White	Marvell
Mrs. H. T. Wilson	Little Rock, Arkansas

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At the September meeting, Tom Tappan presented as a gift for the Museum, a compilation that he made of data and pictures concerning those buildings and sites in Phillips County which have been placed on the National Register of Historic Places. The collection includes the nomination forms, exterior and interior photographs of the houses and buildings, and much other information. It is well worth reading, and is a generous gift of time and effort.

A gift was given to the Historical Society in memory of Bessie McRee by Cornelia Burke Nicholls of El Cerrito, California. She also gave a letter for the Museum, from General Gideon J. Pillow to Elisha Burke of Helena, written at Columbia, Tennessee in 1845.

The Historical Society sponsored a meeting on December 28th at the College, at which Reid Lewis

was welcomed back to Helena. He represented Jolliet, the explorer, in the re-enactment of the Jolliet-Marquette expedition down the Mississippi River. Helena was the point of landing of Lewis's group on July 15, 1973, during the Jolliet-Marquette Tricentennial celebration. Mr. Lewis showed slides of this trip, and made an interesting talk to accompany them. He told of another proposed trip on the river during 1976-1977 to honor an exploration of LaSalle, which also occurred almost 300 years ago.

The annual meeting of the Arkansas Historical Association will be held here on April 22, 23, and 24, with the Phillips County Historical Society as hosts. This is the first time that the state society has met at Helena. The program will be under the direction of Dr. Foy Lisenby of UCA, and Tom Tappan is in charge of local arrangements. Dr. Waddy W. Moore of UCA, a Helena native, is president of the Association. The weekend of the 24th is also when the 2nd Tour of homes will take place, under the auspices of the Phillips County Foundation for Historic Preservation.
