

PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Volume 15

June, 1977

Number 3

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The photograph on the front of the QUARTERLY shows ice skaters on Old Town Lake in 1918. From collection of T. E. Tappan.

WILL ROGERS VISITS HELENA

by

Allen Layne

In February, 1931 the Great Depression had come to Helena, Arkansas. Banks were closed, food was scarce and money even more so, and jobs were not to be had. The people were in great distress; something had to be done.

Usually the President visits disaster areas. President Hoover didn't show up, though, luckily at this time, we had two Presidents of the United States. One was quite official and the other was not so official. Our official President's name was Herbert Hoover, and our unofficial President was Will Rogers. So what did Will do but begin a speaking tour to raise funds for food to feed the needy.

Will Rogers came to Arkansas amid great rejoicing. While enroute from Fort Smith to Russellville, he was halted at Dardenelle by a caravan of 75 automobiles and required to shake a lot of eager hands. After a while he succeeded in getting underway again.

Mr. Rogers visited Russellville and then flew to Hot Springs where he was greeted by a committee and attended a parade before he proceeded to his lecture. Almost \$2,400 was raised for the Red Cross and unemployment aid funds because of his visit.

Chester Curtis, organizer of the Michigan food expedition, stayed in Helena so he might hear Will's lecture. In deciding to stay, Mr. Curtis said, "I would rather meet and shake hands with Will Rogers than President Hoover."

Mr. Rogers arrived in Helena at 7:20 A. M.

on the morning of February 12, 1931. Three small planes landed at the Burnett landing field. Spectators were allowed on the field to greet the visitors, but no one except for the official welcoming committee was allowed on the runway.

15 to 20 automobiles were used to ring the runway in order to make a clear landing and prevent accidents. All other cars were parked on the old Clopton property adjoining the landing field. A detachment of police were on hand to keep the crowd in order and prevent accidents.

The welcoming committee was composed of Mayor D. T. Hargraves, Grady Harrison, Mrs. P. A. Deisch, Mrs. C. R. Shinault, Mrs. Walter Willard, E. C. Hornor, C. M. Young of the HELENA WORLD, and Charles Young, Jr.

Mr. Rogers arrived late at the Legion auditorium, but found the hall packed to its doors at 8:20 A. M. Delay was caused due to some misinformation about the landing field. Captain Hawks, pilot of the Rogers plane, had been told the field was not large enough to land his aircraft. A smaller plane was sent from Little Rock and Mr. Rogers flew on to Helena.

The packed audience waited patiently for the great comedian, being entertained meanwhile by the National Guard Band of Marianna and the Helena Boys Band. Arriving in the midst of a song, Mr. Rogers rushed upon the stage and immediately began his address, which lasted for an hour and forty-five minutes.

Removing his hat and coat while talking, he launched into an explanation of his late arrival and praised Captain Hawks' skill as a flyer, saying that the famous flyer had more records than any other person on earth. He also complained of the (messed-up) routing trouble throughout his Arkansas itinerary.

After paying his respects to his routing

agent, Mr. Rogers went immediately into the main part of his show, which consisted of everything the master of wit and humor had at his fingertips.

Mr. Rogers told of his visits to Presidents Hoover and Coolidge. Drawing plenty of laughs from every word, he wound up paying tribute to the accomplishments of both. He told of attending the London Peace Conference where he was the Social Director.

He also told of the Clara Bow escapade in a western gambling house, and of his skillful handling of the situation after the newspapers telling of the incident reached his home. He said it was the first time he had been caught and he had to wiggle out somehow--which he did in his usual humorous manner.

Mr. Rogers said that the Wickersham Commission had used up 96,000 pages of words in discovering that there was still a little drinking going on here and there, and that the only thing the report was good for was to fatten a herd of goats at San Angelo, Texas, where each animal was fed five pages each day. He said the goats liked the report, which is more than anyone or anything else could say.

In concluding his address, Mr. Rogers thanked the people for turning out so early and waiting so patiently. He said he spoke in behalf of the drought sufferers and the unemployed in Arkansas. He said Arkansas had paid him in full 24 years ago when he married a Rogers, Arkansas girl.

Leaving as hurriedly as he arrived, he donned hat and coat, leaped from the rostrum and sped away to the landing field, where he and Captain Hawks took off again to roam the skies. This time our not so official President was on his way to Stuttgart. America, and especially Helena, would remember Will Rogers when he died out on the frozen

tundra of Alaska in a plane crash. The man is never gone as long as the legend lives.

*

END NOTES

It is believed that Will Rogers may have visited Helena twice during 1931, or once soon after 1931.

Mr. Rogers' appearance here is generally credited to the Twentieth Century Club who sent him a telegram inviting him to visit Helena. Later, while in Little Rock, he received a visit from State Representative Dudley in behalf of the Club and the City of Helena, and it is believed that was when he decided to visit Helena.

The amount derived from the Rogers' appearance amounted to \$1,500.00 and was turned over to the various unemployment committees in Helena and Phillips County and the various other communities where tickets were sold.

WISCONSIN TROOPS AT HELENA: XI

The following letters were written at Helena by Delagon S. Ketchum of Company E, 29th Wisconsin Infantry Regiment, during the Civil War. They are printed here by permission of the Chicago Historical Society.

*

Helena March 8th 1863.

My Dear Wife

Once more I find myself with pen in hand, trying to scribble a few lines, to you. Your last letter found me suffering somewhat from a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and which gave me a sore throat; but I would not give up doing duty, and I am now well again. There is not so much sickness now in our Co. as there has been. George Smith from the Station, is here--(illegible line)-- Frank his brother, but he wont get him, for Frank is able to do duty again, and Discharges are about played out. You might as well kill a man here as to discharge him and send him up North at this time of year, nine out of ten that have been left here sick to go home have died before they got there.

I am really glad to hear that you are getting better. I feel encouraged, that Dr. Purington's medicine will cure you, give him a fair trial, and hope on. Uncle Sam paid me \$15 dollars day before yesterday he paid us for the odd days in the first month that we enlisted and one month besides excepted what we allotted, so you see that I rec'd pay for 19 days, as I enlisted on the 12th of August, and 8 dollars for the one month; for you know that I allotted 17 dollars per month to you. It may be two or three weeks before you receive this allotment. I can spare you a little of this 15 dollars trusting that we shall be paid more in a few days. But as it is risky sending money by

letter from here, I shall enclose only 2 dollars this time.

I hope you will not think that I am stingy because I send you this small sum, but as long as I am well I can get along with a little money. Tommy Dixon will hardly get his discharge, this Spring, he is better. J. W. Phillips is in the hospital at Memphis. He is and has been trying hard to get his discharge.

You said that you was glad that I owned up that I was sick of soldiering. I cannot think of what language I used, that you could construe it as an acknowledgement of such a thing. Did I ever murmur except against the leaders of our Armies, or those who have shown that they love money more than their Country. There have been too many Copperheads in our Armys or at the head of our Armys as there have been in the Northern States, for a few months past but there is a brighter prospect now. We think that we are getting better men at the head of affairs now. We like the style of Rosecrans & Grant, if Our Generals were all such as they, we might look forward with certainty to the time when honorable peace would dawn upon us; when peace does come as it must come, we want it to be permanent and without compromise.

Write in your next what is the feeling on the Conscription Bill. How do they as the people feel toward Deserters, for there must be considerable many of that stamp even in Columbia & Dodge has more. How is Capt. Dunham getting along. Deserters & Cap Dunham dont get much sympathy here. I have not got brass enough in my face to go home in that way.

I want to see you & my children very much, but I would not desert my country, when I have sworn to stand by her in her hour of peril. I am bound to see this thing through. If my health and my life are spared by --(illegible line)--

Rebellion will be put down, that this Government will stand, and that Copperheads will yet be an abomination to all people, as they now are to the Union troops at the South. I must close, give my love to Mother when you see her, my respects to all who enquire for me, kiss my darlings. Write again soon, tell Dell I was glad to get a few lines from her. Ever Yours,

Delagon S. Ketchum

Mahala Ketchum

*

Head Quarters 29th Regt Wis Vols
Helena March 23d 1863.

My Dear Wife,

To day, I rec'd your letter dated the 12th inst. It was marked at Cambrier (?) March 16th so you see that it took 7 days to reach here, 2 days longer than it took my letter to reach you. It is very gratifying to me, to hear that your health is improving. I hope this cheering news will continue to come. As it is natural to open or commence a letter by speaking of the weather, I will briefly state that, for about 45 days past we have had very warm and pleasant weather. To day it has rained nearly all the while, but it is as warm, I think I can safely say as June in Wis.

The trees have put on their summer robes of green. The fruit trees are in blossom which on some plantations look very beautiful. I have written to you in letters previous to this, about the overflowing of the Mississippi. The water continues to rise, and the Levee having been broken away here in many places the land in the vicinity of Helena is nearly all flooded. Our Camp is situated back from the River about one mile, at the foot of the Bluffs the water is within 4 or 5 rods of some of our tents. The 34th Indiana has had to remove some of their tents farther back on account of high water.

Many houses in Helena are surrounded by water, but we have plenty of high ground to retreat to, so there is no danger of any serious calamity befalling us on this account.

You may have heard ere this reaches you of the Battle fought here a week ago today, as it was published in the Cincinatti Commercial, and no doubt has found its way into Northern journals. Well, it was not a very severe engagement it amounted to, after simmering the thing all down to, only target shooting with the cannons. I was present, some of the time it was done on the Brigade drill-ground. No doubt this story was started by some one going up the River on a boat, and hearing heavy firing thought surely that we were attacked, and as it had been reported that Hindmans forces were menacing the town.

A few days ago, a body of Cavalry went out to see if there was an enemy near us. They encountered quite a large body of Gurrillas, a little skirmish ensued, in which one of the enemy was killed & several prisoners taken. No one was seriously injured on our side as I have learned. The enemy was considered to large for our Cavalry so some of them returned, and a battery or two was sent out. The final result I have not learned. Boat loads of troops continue to arrive from above, destination probably to join the flot. that now lye at the junction of the cold water with the Tal-lehatchee.

It is now growing dark and I must postpone writing more til' morning.

*

March 24th 1863

I rec'd 3 letters today one from R. C. Penney, one from Samuel Cook and one from George Bennett. Is it possible that Mary has has to beg

this winter, and that she is forced to live in what used to be our old Granary. There is a terrible day of reckoning coming for that man Dunham. I don't see how he can look any one in the face. He has done enough while in the Army to sink him in the lowest Hell, but it is useless to spend breath on such a contemptible Villain. But my space is about filled. I will write again soon. Keep up good courage, Kiss the children for me. Good bye for a while.

D. S. Ketchum

Chauncey H. Cooke (1846-1919) was a soldier in the 25th Wisconsin Infantry Regiment. His letters were published about 1915 at Independence, Wisconsin, and were entitled SOLDIER BOY'S LETTERS TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER, 1861-1865. The letters used here were furnished by the G. A. R. Memorial Hall Museum at Madison.

*

Snyder's Bluff, Miss., July 28, 1863.
Hd. Quarters Wis. Regt.

Dear Mother:

Your last letter at hand. There is no medicine like a letter from home. Let me tell you mother it does a fellow a lot of good. I am glad you are having such success with the bees. It makes my mouth water for biscuit and honey. I wish you would not take so many chances of getting stung. You ought to wear a veil of cheese cloth over your face. Don't think so much of me. I am all right. We have a plenty to eat. By paying a good round price we can get almost anything good to eat. I wish you would think more of yourself. When I see you in my sleep working in the hayfield helping to get up the hay it troubles me. I suppose as you

say that help is hard to get and may be there is no other way. I am careful you may be sure what I eat. Our dainties we get of the sutler, and it is nearly all in cans. I eat a lot of oysters and I find them good for me. That deer that father killed must have come in good play. Don't spoil your relish for it by constantly thinking of me. I told you I am all right. When I get a dish of oysters I always think how fond father is of them.

You say they are going to get rich in Bennet Valley where father bought that forty for me. Well I am happy to know that. It may be they will have use for a part of it when the next recruiting officer comes that way. Nor will he, likely as not, waste his eloquence in trying to coax them to enlist as J. A. Brackett did when I enlisted. He will like as not tell them to furnish so many men or stand a draft.

This war ain't over yet. There may be a lot of money paid out for substitutes yet. Just think of it, they are paying as high as a thousand dollars for substitutes in many of the states. It all means that people are getting tired of the fussy way the war is being carried on. If the slaves had been declared free right at the start just as father said and put into the ranks to fight the war might have ended long ago. I see by the papers there are fifty thousand freedmen under arm and they are doing good service. The poor black devils are fighting for their wives and children, yes and for their lives, while we white cusses are fighting for as Capt. Darwin calls an idea. I tell the boys right to their face I am in the war for the freedom of the slave. When they talk about the saving of the Union I tell them that is Dutch to me. I am for helping the slaves if the Union goes to smash. Most of the boys have their laugh at me for helping the blacks but Elder Harwood and Ed Coleman and Julius Parr and Joel Harmon and Chet Ide, the last two of Mondovi, tell me I am right in my argument.

I am sorry father lost that deer. He should take old Prince to help him next time. It is too bad to wound a deer for the wolves to catch and eat up in that way.

We have fresh beef all the time since the surrender. These cane brakes are full of half wild cattle, and they are fat as butter.

I thank brother W. for sending me those stamps. I will send him a book when I get to Memphis. Mother, I wish you would send me a small package of butter by Lieut. McKay, who is home of furlough for thirty days. I like John McKay. He is a good man. He is a good officer and fair to his men. His wife, I think, is in Modena, where he enlisted. You will see a notice of his arrival in the Alma Journal. For the can of butter you send I want you to reserve a ten dollar greenback for your own especial use out of the sum I send you. Good bye
Dear Mother.

Your boy,
CHAUNCEY

*

Helena, Ark., August 3, 1863.
25th Wis. Hd. Quarters.

Dear Parents:

The expected move came at last. After four days of steaming and tugging and puffing and groaning, we find ourselves camped near Helena, Arkansas, on the banks of the old Mississippi. For nearly four days the wheels of the brave old boat went round and round stemming the muddy water of the dear old river. We were glad to know that every hour brought us nearer to good drinking water and pure air.

All the 27th and 28th of July the ambulances were busy picking up and carrying the sick to the hospital boats. The bands on the boats kept up their playing so as to give the sick fellows courage. The evening of the 28th our regiment, reduced

to 700 men, marched on to an old vessel that had been used as a blockade runner, and as you may suppose it was full of holes bored through and through. Well we had not been on board an hour before the rain and wind began to pour upon us from above and from all sides. It was a regular cloud burst. The fellows on the upper deck were soaked and so were all of us below decks. The water poured through every seam and hole.

We lay at the landing all night. We got under way down stream early in the morning and about ten o'clock our old shaky craft turned its nose up the muddy current of the Father of Waters. Every fellow that could get a string lowered his coffee can for a drink of water. The boys would smack their lips and say the dirt in it tasted like Wisconsin dirt. Reaching Lake Providence that evening it was decided to transfer three companies to another boat, as our boat was overloaded and threatening to sink. Companies B, C, and F, went ashore to follow on the next boat. We pushed on with a more comfortable feeling. The next day I had a turn of fever as did a hundred others, on account of sleeping in wet clothes. I fixed that after a while with a dose of quinine and brandy, put up for me by the steward. Our vessel was old and rickety and made slow headway.

The faithful old craft panted, toiled and groaned its onward way toward the north star. We laid up alongside the shore two nights. And except to stop now and then for wood, there was no excitement. We stopped one night opposite a big peach orchard. Got peaches and chickens enough to make us nearly all sick and confiscated sixty mules. There are few towns along on either side and the forests come right down to the shore and look as wild and dark as they did when the French Jesuits visited the river two hundred years ago. Helena is not so far up as we had hoped to go. Soon as the remainder of our regiment gets here we expect to be sent to Memphis, Tenn., a hundred miles farther north.

We are camped under some big trees close to the shore, and we like it much better than on the miserable Yazoo. We can buy stuff here for less money than at Vicksburg. I should judge there were 15,000 troops at this place. They expect Gen. Price to attack this place any day. Let him come. he won't catch our commander Gen. Prentiss asleep. They say Prentiss always sleeps with one eye open.

While I am writing William Thomas of Mondovi, is sitting on a bench beside me. The poor fellow is dead home sick. He looks very bad. He watches the steam boats passing up the river and wishes he might get a pass to go home on one of them.

Mensus Bump came round awhile ago and treated us all to a cup of milk punch, that is milk and whisky. All the sick boys got some. It pretty near laid me out as it did a lot of others. It is a cold morning for this country and I dropped my paper and went over by the fire, and the heat made me dizzy. Dan Hadley and Obe Hilliard said it was better than quinine and they just as leave take some every day.

Well father, what do you think of the war anyway? It seems the rebs are trying to make an alliance with France, and make Napoleon Dictator, or something. Anyway to get the French to help. The South ain't licked yet, and we may be in for a lot of trouble yet. We get the daily papers from Memphis, and so keep posted. Have you got a letter advising you of the check I sent you of forty dollars? A load of Butternuts, rebel prisoners, is just passing on the steamer Hope, bound for the north. They will get into some prison, get full rations, get strong and be exchanged for our boys that have been starved and unfit for service.

Father, I often think of the three hundred thousand Catalines, as you called them, that brought on this war just because they could not run this government in the interest of slavery. It is only slave holders that fill the offices in the southern

army. It is the poor white trash that even the darbies look down upon that fill the ranks and take the brunt of the fight. Poor devils, they don't know that they are fighting for a rich aristocracy that despises them.

I don't know about your taking that Pierce darkey to work for you. Some of them are the worst liars and thieves in the world. Be careful. We soldiers have lots of dealings with them. They seem nice enough to me and honest, but it is claimed they are awfully dishonest. When they are faced with the facts of their lying they put on the most pitiful look of innocence. I am trying to find excuses for them when I remember what you told me about them. I don't doubt but the whites would be liars and and thieves too if they had been slaves for two hundred years. Whatever I think I won't side with the boys that are abusing them. This I do notice, the boys that I think the best and like the best say the least against the blacks.

Hereafter direct to Cairo. Mail will be forwarded from there.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY.

*

Helena, Ark., Hd. Quarters.
25th Wis. August 6th, 1863.

Dear Father,

I wrote to you but three days ago, but I am glad for an excuse to write to you again. I got your last letter with the extract from the New York Tribune enclosed. I am not surprised that old Greeley, as the boys call him, would have something to say about the New York riot. He feels terribly because of the late riots against the negroes in New York City.

I showed the extract to Dwyer, an Irishman in

our company, a real good fellow, and one of my best friends. He said O'Connell himself could not make the Irish like negroes. He said, when O'Connell talked to the Irish in Ireland about Liberty, it was all right, but it was asking too much for O'Connell or anybody else to fight for the liberty of the negro. He did blame the Irish though, for their part in burning the schools and asylums of the blacks in New York City. The boys had been talking this thing over a good deal since the New York riot. It must have hurt Wendell Phillips dreadfully after all the handsome things he has said about O'Connell and English oppression of the Irish nation to see them so bitterly opposed to the freedom of the slave.

I told Dwyer I didn't see how he or any other Irishman could feel kindly toward the south, that had never made them welcome nor had they treated any foreign people as kindly as we had done in the north. Their papers were always sneering at the Dutch or Hessians, the Jews and the Irish.

Dwyer said, the Irish don't hate the negro because he is black but because he won't fight. The Irish like a fighter. Dwyer has always cursed Lincoln because he was so slow to enlist the blacks in the army. I don't know but he was right. Lincoln seems to be a good man but he is slow. Things seem to be in a terrible jangle at Washington. There is so much jealousy among the officers and backbiting to Lincoln that the poor fellow don't know who to trust. The Vicksburg papers up to the time of the surrender, were always sneering at the Yankees and saying that if the South was beaten it would be owing to the foreign hirelings, that we were bringing in by the ship load, to fill up our ranks. Most of their spite is against the Germans, whom they call Hessians.

Well, so much for the comments in the Tribune extract you sent me. I have little to say about our doings here. Most of us are sick. We simply lay

round and sleep and dream and gaze out on the big river that never stops but flows on and on toward the gulf. Just below our camp is a big flat boat loaded with ice. They came from the Ohio. They ask five cents for enough ice to cool a drink of water. There is a lot of cows in the edge of town and the boys milk them every day. Thompson Pratt and Obed Hilliard brought me some milk the day before yesterday. I bought a pound of ice and cooled it and with hard tack for bread I had a royal good meal.

Say, how are things at home. Of course you are having venison these days and plenty of trout. Give old Prince a hug for me. Dear old dog. I often think of the days and nights we hunted together. I never feared anything the darkest night that ever blew when out in the hills with old Prince snuggled up in the blanket beside me. He has been the dearest friend of my boyhood and if anything happens to him bury him on the big hill and I will mark his grave if I come back. Tell mother never mind sending the butter. It's too fearful hot. There is a rumor that a lot of our regiment will be sent to the hospitals at Memphis soon. I hate to think that I may be one of that number. I think I am feeling better since the weather got cooler. Love to all,

Your son,
CHAUNCEY

*

Helena, Arkansas, August 14, 1863.

Dear Mother,

Your favor with father's came today. It seems a long time between letters, I read them over and over. They are the second I have had since we came to this miserable town. The sallow faced natives here call it Arkansaw. I don't blame them. Any kind of a name is good enough for such a dismally flat sickly country. I have had a touch of chills twice the last week. Our Regiment has moved again nearer

the river and nights when all is still I can hear the swash of the waves along the shore. There are a lot of boats passing day and night and all up the river boats are loaded with Grant's soldiers bound for the Tennessee and Potomac campaigns. It looks as if we are to hold this place for some time. Our duty being to stand provost guard on city patrols. The most of the troops here a week ago have been ordered out to garrison Little Rock.

The war cloud that has been looming up in Arkansas has about vanished. It looks as if the rebs cannot muster force enough to make a stand.

The darkies are bringing in lots of fruit and selling it to the soldiers. They buy it of their former masters and "tote" it down on their heads. I am eating sparingly of green fruit.

So father's contraband has left him so soon. Well, you remember what I told you about their tricks. They think they have nothing to do now but play the banjo and dance juba. They are a funny race and no mistake. I like to hear them laugh.

I am sorry that the corn crop is likely to fail. Perhaps the frost has not spoiled it all. What in the world can you do with the pigs? If it wasn't for the wolves you could turn them on the hills to eat acorns.

It gives me the blues that you are having such poor crops. And so Indian Charley and his band don't come back this summer as he used to with bear meat and venison. Well that means better hunting this fall for you. But what has become of poor Charley and his family? I am so afraid he was killed in Minnesota last summer or he killed somebody himself, some white man, and has gone west with the rest of the Sioux. You know Mother, I can never forget Charley. He was always good to us when during the first years no whites lived near us and his band might have scalped us all and nobody would have

known it for months after.

So Mr. Cripps got his rifle back from Indian Curley. That proves to my mind that Curley never was in the Minnesota massacre. If he had been he would never have showed up. It proves another thing. It proves that Indians are honest when they are dealing with honest people. It would have been a wicked thing if Cripps had shot Curley on suspicion that he had used his rifle shooting whites in Minnesota. It was to save his own life that he stayed away this long. He knew the whites were wild over the Sioux war and ready to shoot any red man on sight. I see by the paper you sent me, that every Sioux has been driven from Minnesota their home for generations. What's the matter with the white race? Why couldn't they live with the Indians around them as we have done all these years in peace and friendship?

You see mother I have nothing around here to write about of interest. I like better to talk of home matters.

Poor William Thomas of Mondovi is very low and they say he cannot live. What seems strange, the doctor says it is homesickness that is killing him. Dan Hadley and Obe Hilliard have just dropped in with a melon just to tease me. They know I can't eat such stuff. Dan says to remember him to the Gilmanton girls.

Good bye mother and father.

Your son,
CHAUNCEY.

P. S.--I had sealed this letter, and have opened it to say that our Orderly has just notified me that I am on the list to go to Memphis day after to-morrow, to the General hospital. I hate to think of it, but no doubt it will be the best place to recruit. Will write when I start.--C.

*

Gayoso General Hospital
Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 21, 1863.

Dear Parents:

I had hoped never to write you as the inmate of a hospital but I couldn't help it. Day before yesterday 540 from Helena, that is Helena, Arkansas, were landed here in Memphis from the hospital steamer, Good Hope. There were more than a hundred and forty from my regiment. A lot from my company beside myself. I was glad Bill Anderson of Durand was in our crowd, and glad that he was sent with me to the same hospital. Bill is a big, rough fellow but he was nice to us younger boys. He often came round and brought me things to eat and drink when he was sick himself. He is looking very bad just now but he says it's a "damned lie, I'm all right." Good hearted Bill.

Well, we got here in the night and in a heavy rain and in the mud. They had a time with their fat pine torches, getting us straightened round and separated into five bunches and sent to as many hospitals.

I carried my gun and belts from the landing, but a big negro grabbed my knapsack and four or five others and lugged them to the hospital.

The Gayoso Hospital is a big building on second street, looking out upon the river. I am all alone in my ward which is 7. That is there are no other soldiers in it that I know. There are 28 sick and wounded in the ward besides myself. I will finish this letter in the morning.

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS

I enjoyed Dr. A. A. Hornor's articles in the QUARTERLY. When I visited him last September in Boston, he told me that he had included a mention of my mother, Marie Cocke, who married Thomas E. Tappan, Sr., in 1908.

My mother and Elizabeth Hornor were girlhood friends and that friendship carried on the rest of their lives. I visited Miss Elizabeth several times in San Antonio. They were both great lovers of horses and rode together a lot in the hills around Helena. When they were girls, the hills were not overgrown with weeds and brambles as they are now. I would presume that in those days everyone had a cow and a horse and they were allowed to graze in the woods.

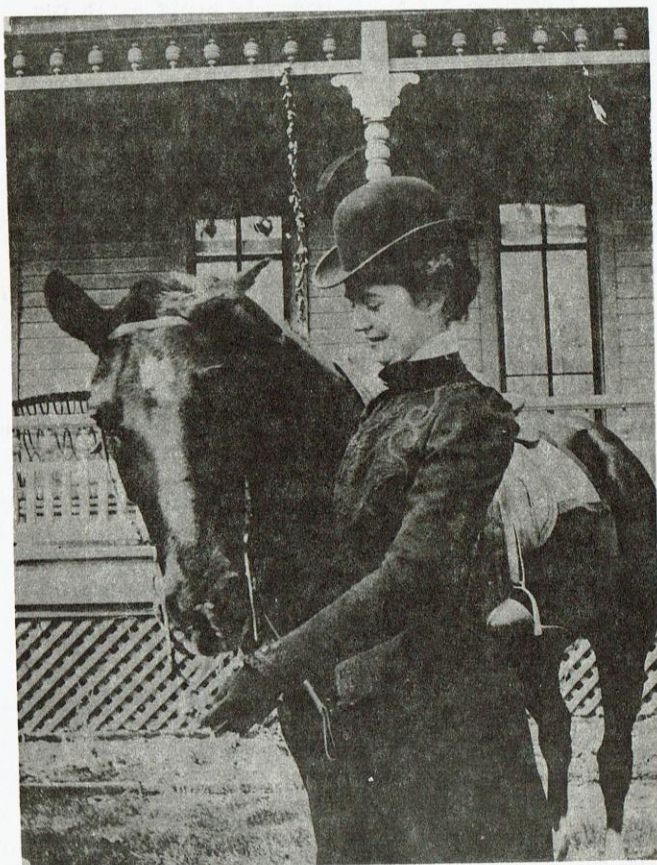
The pasture that Dr. Albert mentions was located in the valley where Audubon Park Subdivision is now located. It was later known as Harrington's (C. C.) Pasture, and before that as Moore's Pasture (later C. L. Moore & Brothers Subdivision to the City of Helena).

My grandmother's house, Mrs. S. W. Tappan, Sr., was just west of the Hornor house on the northwest corner of Porter and Columbia (605), and was torn down when Kroger, now Big Star, was built in 1955.

Mayor James Tappan Hornor related a story to me about my mother. He remembered when he would race her on horseback across the long wooden bridge on Porter Street near where the Hut is now, to see who could make the most noise.

I am enclosing two pictures of Marie Cocke on Beauty, both taken with a box camera, in front of the S. C. Moore house (her stepfather), 805 Columbia, about 1896. The house still stands, but was remodeled in 1921.

T. E. TAPPAN



HELENA HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION IS GIVING SERVICE

Splendid Record Is Made By Institution, Now Recognized By College Of Physicians And Surgeons.

Helena, Ark.-In ministering to the sick and injured the Kings' Daughters recognized the crying need of a hospital, so, in response to their call, a meeting was held at Library hall, July 21, 1905, for the purpose of forming practical plans for the erection of a hospital in the city of Helena, Judge John I. Moore being made temporary chairman. It was decided to open books for the subscription of stock for the formation of a corporation. The following were elected as directors: Mesdames J. C. Rembert, J. L. Solomon, E. Ford, W. A. Coolidge, A. P. Coolidge, G. H. Friberg, D. T. Hargraves, Luther J. Wilkes, R. E. Chew, Jr., Louis Solomon, H. H. Rightor, A. Cottem, C. S. Hiller and C. C. Agee, with Mrs. J. C. Rembert as president.

A constitution and by-laws were adopted and a little later the Helena Hospital Association was duly incorporated under the laws of the state of Arkansas.

After five years of untiring and ceaseless effort which overcame seemingly insurmountable difficulties, those who had been associated in the work realized their fondest hope in opening the Helena Hospital to the public on New Year's Day, 1910, with a reception with the physicians and their wives, Mayor and Mrs. Hugh Martin, County Judge and Mrs. Greenfield Quarles, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Pillow, the association president, Mrs. L. J. Wilkes, and the board of directors in receiving line.

Shortly following this, Mrs. E. D. Pillow was made president, she being succeeded by Mrs. Joseph L. Solomon. In 1913 Mrs. J. C. Rembert was again

elected president, serving three years, when she was succeeded by Mrs. W. M. Richardson, who served until 1925, when Mrs. W. H. Howe was elected to that office.

Starting out rather simply, progress has ever been the watchword, and under the efficient management of Mrs. Clifton Jackson, nee Eva C. Bolls, as superintendent for ten years, the hospital doubled its original size, with many interior improvements added, such as a handsome Kelly-Keott X-ray machine, a Nitrous-Oxide oxygen machine, a gift from the physicians of the city, and a well-equipped laboratory.

Upon Mrs. Jackson's resignation, Miss Kate L. Lord was made superintendent, who is carrying the work forward in a most satisfactory manner, being ably assisted by Miss Allen, as assistant superintendent and surgical nurse. Miss Davis, X-ray technician and anesthetist; Mrs. Wotring, laboratory technician, and seven student nurses, thus making it possible to handle cases of almost every character.

The Helena Hospital is now recognized by the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and has a staff of physicians and record system in accordance with their regulations. The past year a beautiful brick veneer nurses' home of seven bedrooms, baths, including showers, dining room and living room was completed. This is furnished throughout with Simons furniture and otherwise attractively appointed. Another gift for Christmas showing the thoughtfulness and generosity of the medical profession of Helena is a radio, installed in the living room, from them to the nurses.

The superintendent's annual clinical report for 1924 shows:

Number of patients admitted.....	848
Number of charity patients admitted.....	88
Number of operations.....	509
Number of births.....	74
Number of deaths.....	51

The board feels that some of its best work has been done in the colored wards, that is, its most difficult and complicated cases are found among them.

The following officers were elected for 1925:

President--Mrs. W. H. Howe.

Vice President--Mrs. Louis Solomon.

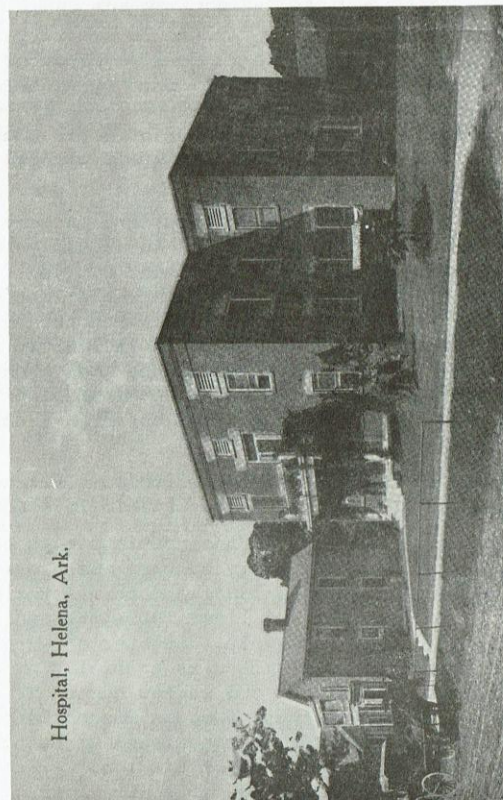
Secretary--Mrs. W. M. Richardson.

Treasurer--Mr. C. C. Agee.

Besides the above officers the board of directors, as elected, are as follows:

Mrs. D. T. Hargraves, Messrs. Philip Solomon, R. T. Doughtie, O. C. Brewer, H. G. Stephens, Doctors W. C. Russwurm, A. W. Cox, W. C. King and W. R. Orr.

From an issue of the ARKANSAS LEGIONNAIRE of 1925.



Hospital, Helena, Ark.

FROM THE FAMILY ALBUM

From the S & D REFLECTOR of March, 1970

Browsing around in the Inland Rivers Library, Cincinnati, we happened on a cumbersome album of old-time family photographs once owned by Nicholas Longworth and dated 1885. The volume found its way to the Library through the kindness of Bruce Edgington, and where he got it is a mystery we have not yet solved.

These pictures, all 8x10 size, are on heavy cardboard mounts. They were taken during an expedition of the Longworth family steamboat CO (yes, that's her name, simply CO, although she's listed in the Merchant Vessel volumes as C. O. with the periods but that's wrong). The CO was built in 1885 at Cincinnati. The Longworths fired her up, took along friends, and went down the Ohio, the Mississippi, and up the St. Francis River in Arkansas on a hunting and fishing trip.

If you're reading this aloud to some friends, CO is pronounced "Sue" and we'll explain in a moment.

There were two famous Cincinnatians both named Nicholas Longworth. The early edition was a grape grower and financier (1782-1863) and the latter one was a U. S. congressman who lived 1869-1931 and whose wife was Alice Roosevelt, daughter of ex-president Theodore Roosevelt (Alice is still living as this is typed, in England, and we saw her on TV not long ago). In between these two was Joseph Longworth who was principally distinguished as being "son of his father and father of his son."

Inasmuch as CO was built in 1885, at which time Nicholas (2nd) was 16, we take it that his father was the builder. There is a book "The

Making of Nicholas Longworth" by Clara Longworth De Chambrun which has in it, facing page 134, the same picture of the CO reproduced here. Clara's mother was the "Sue" the boat was named for. She says her father, at the age of six, was taken to visit neighbors Judge and Mrs. Walker and was enamoured, charmed and captivated with their young daughter dressed in white muslin frock with polkadots of lavender. He borrowed his mother's ring and with the diamond he scratched upon a window pane the mystical statement "I LUV CO." In later years he married her. So Sue Walker Longworth was CO.

The CO (pronounced SUE) may have been one of the first, if not the first, private steam yacht on inland rivers. Her hull was 81.6 by 15.7 by 2.7. The engines were 9-inch bore and 2½ ft. stroke. There is no known record of how long the Longworths operated the boat, or where all they went, but there are hints in Mrs. De Chambrun's book that hunting and fishing expeditions in the fall were regular features. Later the CO was sold to Capt. A. B. French to tow his showboat--said to be the first towboat he owned in his long and eventful career.

Capt. Jesse P. Hughes recalls seeing the CO stuck on the bar at Little Grave Creek, at Moundsville, W. Va. during the low water of 1897. "She was caught good and proper, and stayed there until the river raised," he says, adding "--and that was a high bar; came out dry when the Wheeling marks showed 4½ feet."

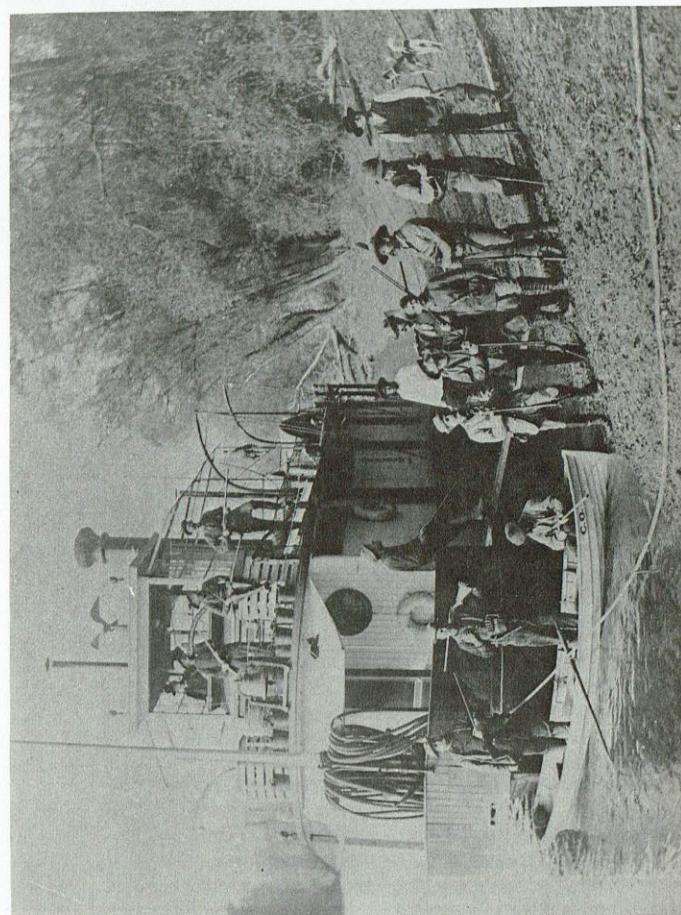
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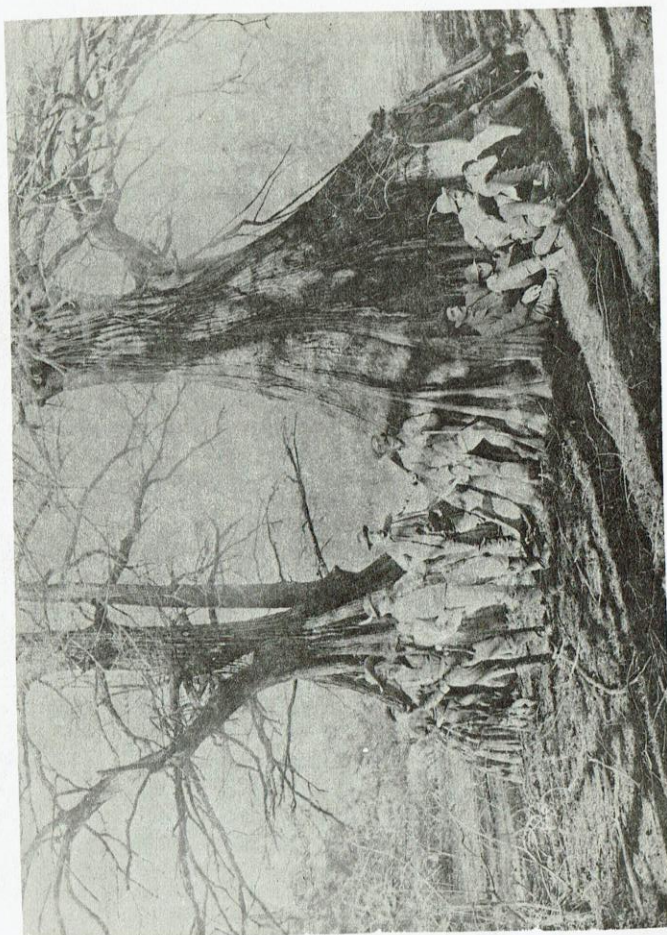
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Caption for the first picture: Here's the CO moored at shore on the St. Francis River with her nimrods ready for action. The clinker-style ship's boat has C. O. painted on its bow, but the name on the pilot-house was CO without periods. She was a stern paddlewheeler. Everybody but the chef (white jacket) and pilot has a gun, total of 14 and most of them double-barrel shotguns.

Caption for the second picture: This is along the banks of the St. Francis River in Arkansas where the party aboard the CO went on a bear hunt. There is no evidence in the Longworth album whether any bear was found. The St. Francis River in 1885 was largely wilderness, forests and swampland. These ancient cypress trees undoubtedly predate the New Madrid earthquakes of 1811-1812 which formed Reelfoot Lake. The St. Francis is a meandering stream entered from the Mississippi above Helena. After ascending it 17 miles a boat is back within 1½ miles of the Mississippi, close enough to hear steamboat whistles.

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NOT MANY YEARS SINCE BEAR ROAMED FORESTS IN COUNTY
LOWLANDS

Sportsmen From All Sections of Country Formerly Came
Here On Hunting Expeditions In White River Bottoms

Bear hunting in Phillips County not many years ago was as much of an annual sport as deer hunting is today.

As witness to this fact hear the story told a few years ago by George H. Robertson of Paducah, Ky., concerning his hunts in what used to be practically a wilderness below Helena and in the vicinity of Elaine.

It used to be Mr. Robertson's practice, he said, to load his hunting paraphernalia aboard the packets Jim Lee and Kate Adams and land near Modoc, from which place his hunting expeditions went out. The packets, like the bear hunting, Mr. Robertson lamented, belong with the past.

Speaking of these expeditions into the wilds of eastern Arkansas, the veteran hunter said:

"We would come down the river on the packets and unload near Modoc. I remember on one occasion it took 10 wagons and 40 mules to move our camping equipment into the woods where we pitched camp.

"How many bears would we kill on such trips? Well, I remember that on one of them we killed 32. I packed the meat down in a hollow cypress tree camp near mine. A negro man ran into the camp one Sunday morning and told us that a bear had gone under his house.

"Some of the boys protested that we ought to wait until Monday but I told them that 'the better the day, the better the deed,' and we went over.

"We found the bear and began chasing it.

There was a preacher and some deacons of the church in camp and before we killed the bear all of them were in on the chase. After it was all over they began to try to argue that it wasn't Sunday, and later brought it into Helena, where I gave it away."

Frequently, Mr. Robertson stated, there would be as many as 30 men in the party. Some of the old-timers with whom he hunted were: John T. Moore, John Powers, Bill Archdale, Deward King, Bob Hicks, Cam Clenard, John Opp of Lafayette, Ind., John Robinson and Frank Reed.

Two former policemen, Captain Barnette of Memphis, and Chief of Police Gillespie, formerly with the St. Louis Police Department, were brought here on hunting trips by Mr. Robertson.

From an undated issue of the HELENA WORLD.

THE HIGHWATER FIGHT AT OLD TOWN, ARKANSAS YEAR 1922

Written by the late L. R. Parmelee, Civil Engineer

Old Town, Arkansas is near mile post 20-21 of the Cotton Belt Levee District and is about 20 miles below Helena. In this locality the river points sharply into Arkansas and for many years the shore has been wearing in that direction. From time to time during the last fifteen or twenty years the Government has built dykes and reveted the banks in an effort to control and stop this wear. During the high water of 1922 sections of the revetment were washed out at mile post 21-22 and caving entered the levee. On the morning of April 1st, the indications were that this caving would breach the levee within two to four days and the fight was made to prevent the same and the resulting catastrophe.

On March 23rd, the river being about flood stage, sections of the revetment had failed and caving had entered the levee-pointedly- to within 39 feet of the crown. On March 29th it had caved-still pointedly to within 16 feet of the crown and on March 31st it breached the crown over a distance of about 150 feet. Further caving occurred on April 2nd, April 12th, April 22nd, May 5th, and May 13th. These caves gradually widened the breach in the crown to a gross width of about 500 feet and penetrated the banquette about 20 feet-half of its width-over a distance of about 250 feet.

Preparations of a limited nature were started on March 25th to prevent a breach. A small sub-levee was built on the banquette around the point of caving and tied to the crown on each side of same. Conditions at this time were not considered serious. However on the 28th, the caving having continued, it was decided to rebuild this sub-levee making it

larger and longer and setting it back on the crown of the banquette. (This reconstructed sub-levee was being tied in to the crown around the caving points when caving breached the point and the river poured in over the banquette back to the reconstructed sub-levee.) The period of caving now had been so regular-every forty-eight hours-and the one of March 31st so much larger that the situation was considered serious indeed and preparations made for a hard fight.

It was planned to do everything possible to stop erosion on the front, extend the sub-levee on the crown of the banquette and build a second sub-levee with a timber corewall at the base of the banquette. These sub-levees were about 1000 feet long, thirty feet apart and parallel. The space between was divided into chambers by cross walls built at fifty feet intervals so that the fight could be concentrated on any one chamber that the caving might penetrate. They were built out of feed sacks filled with earth (ordinarily called sandbags).

The work on the front looked hopeless because of the depth and velocity of the water and powerful eddies. It was decided not to try to make any local change in the current for fear of causing it to displace revetment sections below the one that had failed causing the immediate trouble. Barges and stone were not available within the time required. So it was decided to use mattettes placed against the caving face and as far down the slopes under the water as possible thus breaking the action of the water against same. These mattettes were first made out of steel reinforcing bars and steel mesh and covered with cotton bagging tightly laced on. They were 8' x 40' in size. These were found to be too rigid. Chicken wire was then used with two layers of the cotton bagging tightly laced on and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch cross bars laced in every 10 feet with

a solid 2 x 4 firmly fastened crosswise at one end. The mattette, beginning at the other end was tightly wrapped around a cylinder made of heavy gauge tin, 12 inches in diameter and packed with heavy ballast and closed. It was then placed at the edge of the water and allowed to unroll. As a rule they took their places against the caving faces as intended. They were made 5 x 40 feet and placed in layers. A $\frac{3}{4}$ inch rope was then attached to the 2 x 4 cross piece and the whole firmly tied back to a point outside of the caving zone. Just how much good they did is problematical. It is significant, however, that from the time they were placed the caving interval in time was increased from 48 hours to ten days.

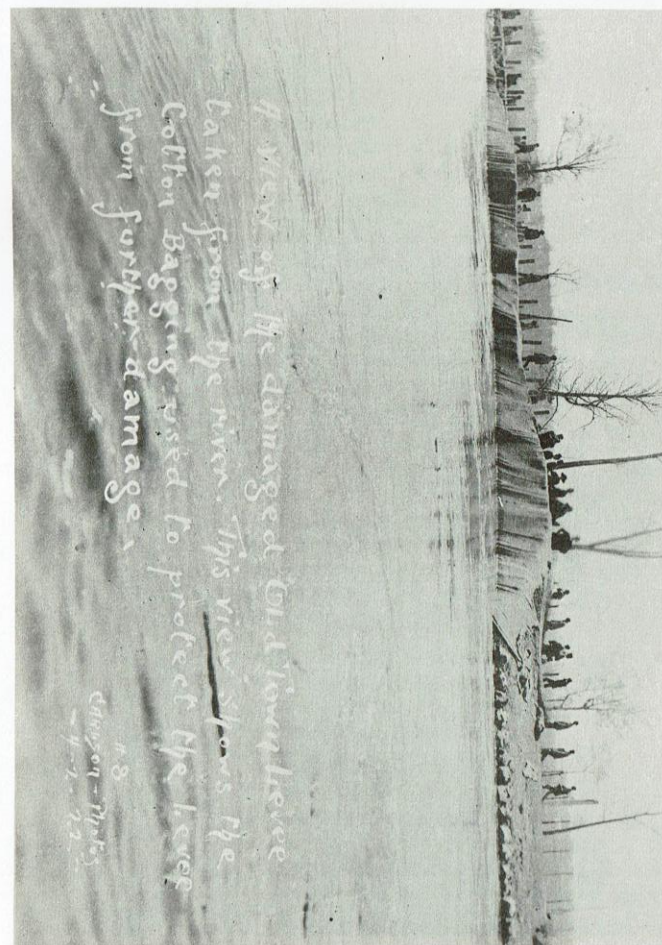
The entire job, as outlined and carried out, involved the moving by hand of 4000 cubic yards of dirt an average distance of 700 feet, the erection of a timber corewall 1000 feet long, 16 feet high and containing 60,000 feet B. M. of timber, fabrication and placing mattettes containing 10,000 pounds of steel bars and mesh, 10,000 square yards of bagging, 5,000 square yards of chicken wire and 12,000 lin feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch rope: electric light units, carbide lamps, tools and equipment and the feeding and sleeping of 1000 men. Sixty per cent of the work as outlined was done within 72 hours during which time there was a heavy rainfall. The remaining forty per cent was done during the following three weeks as occasion demanded. All of the labor, material and supplies were moved over the Helena-Old Town Road, a new high type highway. The fight was successful and this road went a long way towards making it so.

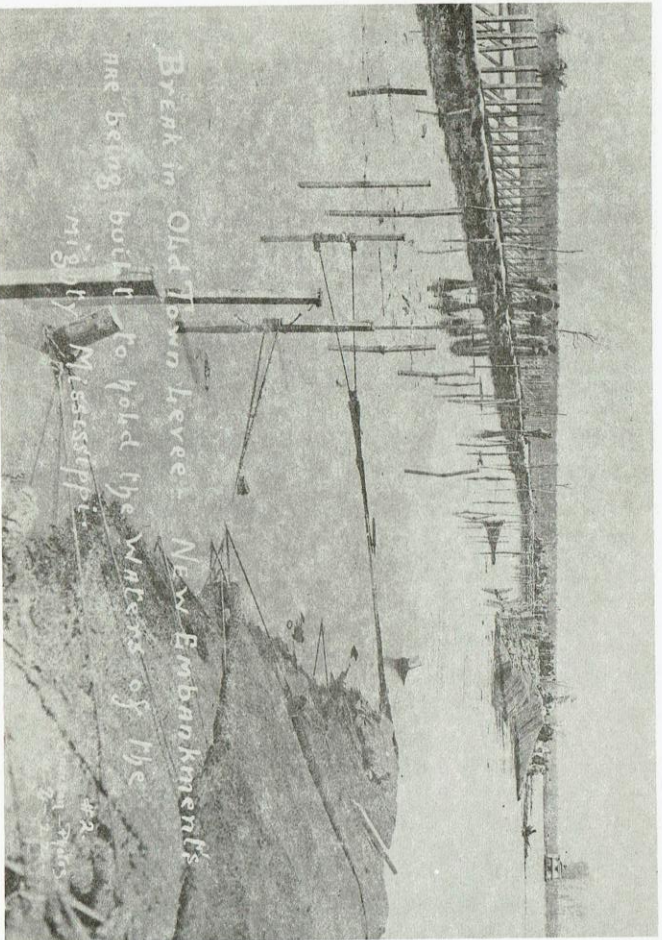
From an engineering standpoint there were no intricate features involved. Like an American Soldier once said, it was largely a matter of "Getting thar fust with the mostest men." Aside from the work itself the community spirit manifested was

the outstanding feature. The organization of 1000 men, foremen, clerks, timekeepers, truck drivers, material men and commissary department was built up in a few hours out of local talent. During the early morning hours of April 1st there was some confusion but thereafter things moved with speed and precision to a successful end.

The photographs on the next pages are from the collection of Mrs. Ralph Kyte.

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BREAK IN OLD TOWN HERE. NEW EMBANKMENT'S
ARE BEING BUILT TO HOLD THE WATERS OF THE
MISSISSIPPI.

42
2-2-1905