

PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Volume 18 March, 1980 Number 2

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PADDLE WHEELS TO REELS

by

Louis E. Cary

The following is an excerpt from PADDLE WHEELS TO REELS, not copyrighted or published, but a travel-log of William Sampson Cary through life including records of his ancestry and next of kin, including his progeny, as of January 1, 1973.

This excerpt from the above mentioned writing, deals with the operations of the Cary Brothers Construction Company, in the lower Mississippi Valley, engaged in levee construction.

.....This was Federal Government contract work, and they moved many a yard of earth to build the many miles of levee done with government contract. Most of the work was done with teams and slips, using negro drivers for the most part. Also much of the transportation of levee material was done with wheelbarrows, handled by a crew of 'big' Irishmen, who often pushed the barrows across a narrow plank--from pit to levee.

Points mentioned by W. S. that I can recall, on the Mississippi side of the river, and there must have been others, were Friars Point, Greenville, Natchez, and Vicksburg. On the Arkansas side, work was done around Helena, Ferguson's Landing, and Laconia Circle. They also did some work in the New Orleans area, in an attempt, (and after much time and effort, succeeded) in initiating a sewer system that would keep the water from backing up into the city.

Of special note to the Historical Society of Phillips County, Arkansas, is the knowledge of the writer, that near Ferguson's Landing (not shown on late maps, but now known, I believe as Crumrod, at least it is in the same general location), an

Indian burial mound was used for levee material. Many Indian jugs and other artifacts were disregarded there, I'm sure. Two mementos retained from this operation by W. S. were a couple of water jugs, six to eight inches tall, with the bowl part of the jug approximately five inches in diameter.

This work was accomplished under the watchful eye of government inspectors, who at that time could care less about preservation of the heritage left us of such historical value, through the culture evidenced within these structures built by an intelligent race of people. They lived healthy lives until the white man came with smallpox and the various others diseases against which these people, living close to nature, had no resistance, or were not immune to.

Authorities on such artifacts judge these jugs to be around 1500 years old. I have no way of knowing what tribe or group of Indians may have been responsible for these mounds, but noticed jugs very similar in design and size, when visiting the opened mounds near Wickliffe, Kentucky, for the public to see.

The government inspector, attending this same levee construction, noted that a large chunk of what appeared to be just dirt, repeatedly rolled off each slip load of soil and back into the dished out place or pit. After watching this for some time, he asked one of the drivers to load it on by itself and bring it out for him to inspect. When it was finally cleaned of all dirt and grime, it was found to be the bust of an Indian chieftan.

.....Another project that must have come by way of government contract, was the removal of a big boulder in midstream, that unsuspecting pilots would run aground on and had become quite a hazard to river traffic. Armed with a mighty charge of black powder, judson or some such explosive material and some yardage of fuse, W. S., with a helper

to row their skiff, planted such a charge that the rock disintegrated and flew like shrapnel for yards around. Sorry, but I don't know where this boulder was located; but I do know, most of this river work was done between 1890 and 1900 A. D. Louis E. Cary, son of W. S.

From a COMMERCIAL APPEAL of unknown date

JET PLANE DEVELOPMENT RECALLS HELENA MAN'S ROCKET
MOTORS

By Clarence Taylor

Helena, Ark., Jan. 9. Announcement that the United States and Great Britain have perfected a new secret, "jet-propelled" fighter plane without propellers recalled to Helena citizens the efforts of the late J. M. Biggs, eccentric radio repair man and inventor, to obtain financial backing to perfect his "Helena Blofly," a new type of plane powered with a rocket engine, old plans of which are in the hands of some Helena residents.

Local people, recalling Biggs' work on the rocket plane idea, Sunday wondered how close the Helena man came to the plans now said to have been perfected and which may change the whole picture of aerial warfare.

A prospectus, with an illustration of the "Blofly," issued by Mr. Biggs in attempting to get financial backing to manufacture his plane, said:

"The illustration herewith describes a new type of airplane, powered with a rocket engine, using a reciprocating propeller by which the full force of the explosion in the cylinder is made to strike the air direct, forcing the plane forward like a sky rocket, with greater speed and safety, and greater economy, its speed and power being limited only by the length of the cylinder, size of its bore and amount of fuel used."

His rocket engine was described by Mr. Biggs as being capable of a speed of 500 miles an hour, producing five to 10 horsepower to the pound. He predicted it could fly around the world in 24 hours and said that "for powering gliders alone it would be a tremendous success."

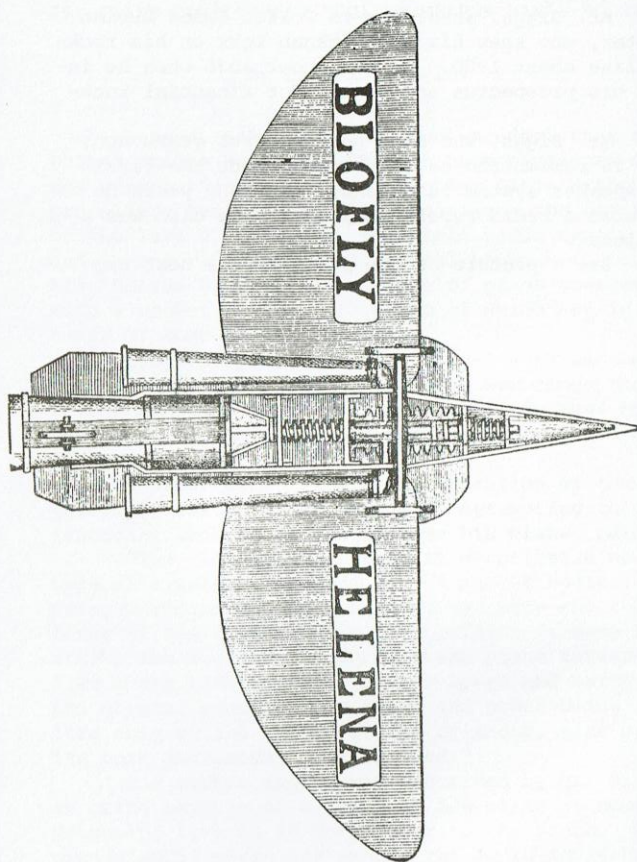
He also argued that perfection of the rocket plane would "do away with many deplorable accidents, caused by the heavy, complicated engines with revolving propellers."

Mr. Biggs, according to Police Chief Lucian Webster, who knew him well, began work on his rocket plane about 1920. It was about 1930 when he issued his prospectus and appeal for financial backing.

Mr. Biggs, who died here several years ago, also is remembered as the man who made the first loudspeaker system in Helena. For many years he operated a radio repair shop here. He also was a violinist.

See a picture of the plane on the next page.

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Unusual Ideas Are Old Stuff In Arkansas

Part 2 of "HISTORY"

by

Polk W. Agee
Memphis, Tennessee

Continuing my writing of history, I suppose I should go back to the fifth grade when we were dyeing the girls' hair from our inkwells. So, we next go to the sixth grade then into high school. My teachers were as follows:

Mrs. Brown - Literature
Miss Dawson - Expression
Miss Caroline Clark - History & Language
Miss Satterfield - Music
Mr. Turner - Mathematics
Mr. Spragins - The Principal, Latin

The Clark family came from the north and settled in Helena. They had three children, Frank N. Clark, Caroline I. Clark, and Sarah Clark. The father became the Postmaster and also operated a brickyard. Caroline taught me in high school. We "feuded" quite often, mostly my fault, I guess. But, regardless, she was a good teacher. Later on, after I moved to Memphis, my mother and Miss Clark came to Memphis to see a "play" at the Auditorium and spent the night with us. Remembering our feuding days I made a remark to my wife that I never thought I would be entertaining "Carrie" Clark.

Mr. Turner, our mathematics teacher, was a likeable person and a great teacher. Unfortunately during my sophomore year, he accepted a teaching chair in the Fort Smith High School leaving our school without a good "math" teacher, making it very difficult for all of us.

Mr. Spragins, the "Principal," came from Baltimore and taught our Latin class. He married Martha Tappan of Helena.

While writing of various acts and occurrences it brings to mind many things that interested me. There were two fire bells in town, one located in the city hall lot down town, and the other one located back of Judge Nicholls' home on the corner of Poplar and Perry Streets. This one was called the "West Helena Bell," and had a different tone. When anyone saw a fire or heard of one, they were justified in ringing the fire bell. Of course, when boys rang the bell a false alarm could occur "accidentally." But on the whole it was a very exciting game to see the fire engine pulled by trained horses racing down the street at top speed. It was interesting to see the horses come to their positions in front of the fire engine and the harness was set to drop right down on them for quick action.

As stated above, Mr. Spragins married Martha Tappan, who was the daughter of Major Tappan. This family consisted of Maggie T., Martha and Bessie and two boys, Robert and Moore Tappan.

While writing of families, the Sidney Hornor family comes to mind. Sidney Hornor, Sr. was a prominent banker, founding the Bank of Helena. Mr. Hornor married Betty Mosby, who lived in Fayette County, Tennessee, on a plantation. I knew all of the family. I remember when their son Louis broke his leg and the only good thing that could have happened from this accident was Louis's vacation from school for about two months. In Dr. Albert Hornor's article he writes of Uncle Hammy. Mr. Ham Hornor, as we called him, married a cousin of mine, Caroline Polk.

The Sam Tappan family who lived across the street from the Hornor family, had four children, Sam, Tom Ed, James and Lilly. I knew them all very well, especially James. Jim as we called him was quite a good boxer and was able to defend himself against great odds. Many times Walter Keeshan would try in vain to get under Jim's guard. They

really put up a great show.

It was fun in the winter when we had a good snow to coast down the hill beginning in front of the Henry Mosby home at College and Miller Streets, and ending up on Beech Street. We had boys stationed at the cross streets to avoid any accidents or collision. Of course, the traffic was mostly horse and buggy, as autos were very scarce. When winter produced ice strong enough to skate on, Rightor's pond was very popular, being just over Walker Levee on some of the Rightor property. The pond averaged about two feet in depth, so if the ice broke and we fell in we would only get wet; then go to the big fire that was located on the edge of the pond to dry out. This fire served many purposes, including roasting of weiners, or hot dogs, and any other food we decided to cook.

When some of the men would come to skate we were able to see many who were very good, especially Mr. Sandberg, who did all kinds of figure skating. This gentleman operated Sandberg's shop on the northwest corner of Pecan and Perry Streets. He did carriage and buggy repair and also operated a blacksmith shop in connection. Each school day I would pass his place on my way to and from school and we became good friends. As I was most interested in mechanics, he would let me watch him while he was doing repair work. One of the most intriguing jobs was his making of a wagon wheel, starting at the hub and building the entire wheel. Putting on the iron band was quite difficult as the band had to be heated red hot and placed on the rim, then plunged into a vat of cold water causing the wood to swell, and the iron to shrink. This made a tight fit and would last a long time.

Christmas holidays were very happy times, all the boy cousins in the family looking for holly trees that we used for Christmas trees. My mother was very partial to the holly tree and we would

generally get a beautiful one. The tree had to be pulled through a large double window on the front porch. This necessitated tying a rope around the body of the tree. It was then pulled through the window and set up in the parlor where furniture had been moved to make room for it. The tree was then decorated and presents for all tied on, and some spread at the base of the tree. In those days we used candles to light up the tree, and we had to be extremely careful to keep from setting anything on fire. I remember one Christmas eve night my mother had taken an old mackintosh, or raincoat, and trimmed all the edges with cotton batting. This was to be the Santa Claus outfit along with Santa face and cap. The cotton was supposed to represent ermine, a white fur.

Uncle Will Polk was the Santa Claus that night, and all of us children from 2 to 6 years of age were in the front hall waiting for the sliding doors to open. We thought that they would never open. Then we began to smell smoke and some of it was coming into the hall. Finally my mother came to the door and said that Santa Claus had caught his robe on fire coming down the chimney. This explanation was not very convincing to me as there was a big fire in the fireplace, but when they opened the doors we could see where all of the ermine had burned off Santa's robe, and it really left some doubt in my mind as to which candle set the fire.

As I write about the things that come to mind, I again say they are not in sequence. All of us rejoiced when Cherry Street was paved with brick from Perry to Arkansas Street. The dust had been very bad, and when it rained we had mud. The old mule streetcars were gone and the tracks torn up before paving. West Helena was laid out and electric streetcars were installed, and they ran from Helena to West Helena. Tully Hornor operated the first test trip down Cherry Street and I was the

only passenger. We were both proud of this event.

The old opera house brings back many pleasant memories, especially home talent shows in which a number of us participated. A minstrel show, which we produced, was so successful that we showed it in Clarksdale, Mississippi. And in another home talent show "Happy" Kitchens represented "Cupid," at the age of ten months old. He was propelled onto the stage by his mother who was backstage. Happy appeared to be bewildered by so many lights and people that he started running off the stage. During this sprint he lost his diaper, and this really brought down the house.

The opera house had two balconies, the first balcony and the other one called the "buzzard roost." A traveling minstrel named the Rabbit's Foot was performing one Saturday night when some boys in the first balcony turned loose sneezing powder, more potent than "Maude Muller's hay." Their rabbit's foot deserted then for it really broke up the show.

Several interesting happenings occurred in the opera house too numerous to mention, as it encompassed many of the town's activities. It contained two music studios, one on each side of the main entrance. One of the studios was occupied by Miss Stanton, who came to Helena from Natchez, Mississippi. She was related to the Stantons who owned Stanton Hall, one of the showplaces on the "Natchez Pilgrimage." She married Dick Doughtie, who operated a cottonseed oil mill owned by Col. E. S. Ready.

Off again on another subject--Pat Anderson, Campbell Thompson, and I did a lot of scout work in Helena. I was Scoutmaster of one troop that met in the basement of St. John's Episcopal Church. Campbell was assistant Scoutmaster and Pat, as I recall, was on the Scout Council, which incorporated all of the scout troops in Helena. Campbell

was a very close friend of mine, being my hunting buddy and doing scout work together. He and I put on the first scout carnival on Jefferson School grounds.

We encircled an area on the south side with 2" x 4" x 9' posts sunk in the ground about 18" and approximately 4' apart. Then a 6' height of cotton bunting was tacked to this post encircling a large area. Inside were individual booths of the same type construction. In these booths the boys would put up their own exhibits. We had a midway with a band, hamburgers, hot dogs, and soft drink stands. You would be surprised at the creative and ingenious exhibits, some very humorous. Two that I remember, "The American Rattler" an old stripped down Ford car and "An Australian Bat," a peephole with a brick bat on a board behind it.

Campbell Thompson and I were hunting on Porter's Lake with a slash in front and one at the back of us, a row of switch willows there on the banks of each slash. The wind was fairly strong, but the ducks were coming in fast. Among the mallards and large ducks were hundreds of blue wing teal. Campbell wanted to shoot some of the teal, but the price of shells was very high and I did not want to waste a shell on so small a duck. But we started shooting into the next bunch and, as they flew in tight formation, we could kill quite a number, which we did, aiming 20' ahead of the lead duck, Campbell aiming at the lead duck. We really raked the bunch and picked up 15 teal. We stopped shooting teal and returned to mallards. I shot a mallard and he fell wounded in the slash behind us. As I was looking for the duck, I saw a hawk swoop down to get him, but to my amazement an eagle swooped down after the hawk and duck. There were two birds of prey after the same duck. I shot by the eagle to scare him away, as eagles were protected. So many things can happen on a duck hunt.

We had several dances in Helena and nearby towns, Tunica, Jonestown, Moon Lake and Clarksdale. Trains were our transportation to the out-of-town dances. I remember one dance in Tunica that I attended. We danced until early morning and I rode the caboose of a freight train back to Helena, arriving at 6 o'clock in the morning. My office was in the Solomon Building near the railroad station. So I walked to the office and laid down to sleep on a 6' drawing board. After an hour's sleep I called my mother and told her I would be home for breakfast--good meals really appealed to me.

Our Helena dances were held in a number of places, the Jewish Lotus Club on Ohio Street, Library Hall, Habib's and Helena Country Club. At some dances at the Country Club Handy's band would play for us, and as long as the liquor would hold out for the band, the later our dance would last.

The old Country Club was a delightful place with the large porch and huge oak tree near the corner of the porch. My golf game was certainly not up to par, but I enjoyed playing. One of the amusing and almost serious events that occurred on the golf course was when Woodie Keesee played. Woodie had a good pointer bird dog. He took the dog with him while playing. This dog was a fine retriever and being with Woodie on the course, the dog got to where he could not tell the difference between a bird and a golf ball. So he began to supply Woodie with balls, where ever he could find them, much to the dismay of the other golfers. I don't know whether Woodie became embarrassed or threatened about the situation, but he stopped taking his dog with him on the course, however, he had a lot of golf balls.

Campbell Thompson had a brother, Jacob Thompson, who married Maude Pillow. "Jake" had a farm south of Helena and quite often he would drop by the office to see me when he came to town. On one

visit he stated he smoked too many cigarettes, and wanted to quit. I said that I would like to quit, but we would have to make it worthwhile. We made an agreement to quit for one year starting September 1. A check was made out for \$100 payable to each other and was deposited in Jim Pillow's safe, he being a mutual friend of ours. Either one of us breaking this agreement would forfeit his check.

Things went along fine for about two weeks when Jake came by the office and said he would like to start smoking again. I said it was O. K. with me. Then he thought about the \$100 check and remarked that our agreement did not include chewing tobacco and he would try that. I told Jake chewing tobacco would affect his stomach. In about six weeks he was in my office again and said chewing tobacco was about to get him, but he did not mention smoking.

However, in the month of August I received a postcard from Jake. He and his wife were in Toronto, Canada. He wrote, "We are having a wonderful time. I see there is a new cigarette on the market called 'Camel'." I often wondered about Jake and the 'Camel'. September 1 came around and I did not smoke the whole day until night, after I had attended a "picture show." Silent films were shown and I saw one actor light a cigarette, which got me to thinking about 'Camel.' I bought a package and lighted one, took two deep inhales, and my head started to spin around so I had to lean against the building. I threw the pack away, but that started me again. When Jake came back we tore up the checks and he started smoking also.

Another interesting episode that occurred in my early teens was Professor Altrieve walking down the Mississippi River. He had invented a hollow box type wood shoe with a pointed bow. The size was approximately 12" x 18". He had two

poles about 6' long with floaters on each end resembling the present day ski pole which he used for stability as the river current caused him a lot of trouble, but somehow he managed to stand up. He created quite a sensation.

The Mosby family, Henry and Joe, I knew very well as I shared an office with Henry when I first started my architecture practice in Helena. Henry married Hallie Cartwright, daughter of Dr. Cartwright of Kentucky. Joe Mosby's son, Joe Mosby, Jr., was in my scout troop.

Eaton Govan married Alice Cartwright, sister of Hallie. To them two sons were born, Eaton, Jr. and Richard. Alice told of an incident that occurred when the boys were three and four years old. She arrived home from a shopping tour just in time to save Richard as Eaton had a hatchet poised just above his head, so you never know what pranks kids can play.

Every town has its "characters." One of the most interesting ones was Professor Bagwell, who occupied a two story frame building on the corner of Ohio and Perry Streets. He was a photographer, a prognosticator and practically a weather bureau. He was really bald and while walking in his backyard one day some birds that were roosting in his magnolia tree put to flight, decorating the professor's head. He looked up and exclaimed "Thank God cows don't have wings." He had a Negro handy man named Louis who did all the yardwork and cleaning work. The Professor had an accident or a stroke that crippled him up. Louis and the Professor would really get drunk singing and reeling down the sidewalk, Louis pushing the Professor in a wheelchair going from one side of the walk to the other. Anyone in their path would have to do some fancy dodging.

Another character was Mr. Miles, a white bearded old gentleman, approximately eighty years

old who was interested in the depth and flow of water. He would do testing in the Mississippi River and would pass our house armed with a pick and shovel, wearing boots, slicker and hat on his way to the hills where he would dig ditches and work out drainage problems. He was the father of Mrs. George Willey, mother of Lena Taloo, George, Jr., and Kimbrough Willey.

Dr. Jeffett, who was a good friend of mine, Fletcher as we sometimes called him, was an unusual person. He was an avid sportsman and a wonderful story teller. One incident that I recall occurred during World War I. Jeffett was a captain in either the Remount Station, or some branch of the Cavalry. They were having inspection one day and Jeffett had all of the horses groomed and in good shape. While escorting the Colonel he noticed one of the horses had his side all dirty. As the Colonel approached the horse Jeffett shouted, "For God's sake, Colonel, don't get near that horse, he will kick your head off."

Jeffett was a member of Porter's Lake Duck Club. In those days we had live decoys. He had about a dozen that were well trained which he kept in a coop until he put them in the water. One day Jeffett had his decoys out on the lake and Dr. Aris Cox, who was a new member on his first hunt, saw Jeffett's live decoys and took a pot shot at them, killing three or four. When Jeffett saw what had happened I know he invented some new "cuss words." You could hear him all over the lake. Dr. Jeffett married Eufala Austin. They had one son, who I understand, inherited his father's sportsmanship.

Porter's Lake was a wonderful place to hunt. Bill Coolidge, my first cousin, and I have had many good hunts on this lake. One I remember in particular, where we were hunting in a small pocket surrounded by switch willows. The ducks would fly low over this area and the shooting was good. We were in a boat and one duck that I shot was

falling, and looking up, I told Bill to watch out as he was falling in our boat. We both leaned outward and the duck fell right in between us. A three pound mallard falling could break your neck.

There were also areas in the lake that were very deceptive. In one place the root structure of the willows extended out with a land area of approximately 3' from the trunk of the tree. I remember one very cold day I was hunting this area when the ducks were flying over and I stepped on a root structure to shoot a duck flying directly over me. The gun recoil kicked me off into the water. I was completely submerged, gun, shells and all. I had to get out and build a fire, dry out my clothes and continue hunting. Quite a chilling experience, but all in a day's hunt.

A quail hunt with Bill Coolidge on his farm gave me an opportunity to try out my young setter dog "Pete." I had a good friend, Eddins Wooten, who owned a setter bitch named Dixie. I used to hunt this dog quite often. She was a wonderful dog, good on finding, pointing and retrieving. Pete came out of one of her best litters, and developed into a bird dog as good as his mother. While we were hunting one day a light snowstorm came up covering the ground where we had a scattered covey in an open field. Some of the birds were under turfs of dried grass. Where Pete pointed them, one was practically under my feet. I really did not see him until he batted his eyes. Then I reached down and picked him up. I really felt sorry for him.

We will do some more hunting for quail. This goes back to our old pointer, Don. Frank Garner, who was called "Mal" and I did a lot of hunting together on his father's farm. So "Old Don" was our prize dog. He had a most unusual nose. One day we were hunting on a ditch bank full of thickets and briars. I saw a likely place for birds and motioned to Don to go into this thicket. He turned around and looked into my face and seemed to say,

"Do you think I am fool enough to go into those briars." He turned back, resumed hunting, caught the bird scent and went directly into the thicket and came down on a covey of quails. You really have to respect a bird dog with that much judgment.

The next day we were hunting in some cut over timber. Mal and I usually shot off horseback in this area, but this particular day one of the horses was at the blacksmith shop getting shod. So I was riding a mule, and when I shot I was rewarded with a high pitch into a large brush pile. Had it not broken my fall, it might have been my neck. That mule did not like our association. Mal did some high powered laughing.

In the days of the teens and early twenties duck hunting was in its prime. There was practically no limit on ducks, and the reason they survived was they were hard to get to. White River bottoms were almost a wilderness area with overflowed land and beautiful timber. The territory around Elaine, Wabash, Snow Lake, Laconia Circle, Indian Bay and Maddox Bay were in the overflow area contributing to wonderful hunting.

A Mr. Robinson from Paducah, Kentucky, would come down each winter to hunt bears, bringing all their dogs, hunting equipment, tents and provisions and stay for two weeks. They would usually kill three to six bears.

The best duck hunt I ever had was on Mud Lake, in the Indian Bay territory. This was an inland lake about 2 feet deep, with one foot of water and one foot of mud. Mal Garner, Godfrey Merrifield, Herbert Thompson and myself snaked a boat two hundred yards across a pin oak flat to get to this lake.

We set up our blinds on one side of the lake approximately 200' apart, two of us to a blind. We set our decoys out and almost immediately the ducks

started coming in from the north. These flights were young ducks and uneducated, and they came right into our decoy. While two of us were picking up dead ducks, we bent down as ducks were coming in, and said to the ones in the blinds, be careful where you shoot. Needless to say, we stopped shooting for it ceased to be sport. We had plenty of ducks and started home.

Another duck hunt in this area occurred when Frank Norton and I drove down to Indian Bay in a model T Ford Roadster. We had a successful hunt and were returning home when it started to rain. We put up our storm curtains and thought we had it made until we arrived at "Crisp Crossing," which was a corduroy road over a low place. A corduroy road is made with a series of saplings laid on the ground which keep you from sinking into the mud. However, the rain had caused this buckshot soil to really become slick, and in order to make the crossing one of us drove and one pushed. We finally made it, but each of us was plastered with mud from head to foot. The results of today's pie throwing contests were diminutive compared to us.

Hunting by myself on Snow Lake one cold day late in the afternoon, the ducks began to come in. The lake was completely frozen, except a small pond in the middle of the lake where ducks were working to keep from freezing. I had killed my limit of ducks, and was watching the ducks come in to roost. I had plenty of laughs. They would see the ducks in the middle and come in sliding on the ice before they got to open water. It was amusing to watch their antics.

Among our other sports was fish gigging, mostly at night. This trip occurred at Old Town Lake near by Uncle Cad's farm. Four of the negro hands on the farm would take a large cotton ball and wrap it in bailing wire, attach the ball to an end gate rod from a wagon, then soak the ball in kerosene and light it. We then proceeded down the

lake bank, each Negro carrying the lighted torch holding it near the water where we could see the fish at the water's bank, then gig. These trips were a lot of fun. We carried much food, soda pop and Coca Cola with us.

I had a cousin, Sam Lowry, approximately twenty years my senior, who was quite a wit and a lot of fun. This particular night he was entertaining us with some wild tales. One that amused me was his talk about some corn plaster he ordered from a medicine firm which he used on his big toe. He wrote this back to the firm, "Dear Sir, I have used two boxes of your corn plaster, the corn is still there, but my toe is gone."

The daytime hunting for frogs was usually done with a 22 rifle. On this trip we shot frogs near the Bookhart farm, just inside the levee about thirteen miles south of Helena. I think Bill Coolidge was with me. As we progressed around the pond we noticed a thorn tree. I looked up and remarked to Bill, "Have you ever seen so many branches on a thorn tree?" He said no, he never had. As we got near the tree the sun had just begun to set and we shot two or more frogs. Then the branches of the tree just seemed to melt off. We heard this slithering sound and snakes were dropping off the tree by the barrel full into the water. We had seen a few snakes in the water while hunting, but this tree full was too much. We automatically quit. I believe St. Patrick drove all of the snakes in Ireland to this pond.

We will now try a goose hunt. Riding up the Mississippi River in a motor boat on a cold night with your hunting buddy and all your hunting equipment to a sandbar five miles upstream, is really a hazardous journey. After reaching the sandbar we found a log, made a fire against the log and cut switch willows to make a sleeping mat. Then we put on our hunting coats and any other things to keep

us warm. It would be three hours before dawn when the geese would start to fly. But, regardless of how much cover we had over us, the cold seeped up through the sand and chilled us to the bone.

Not being able to sleep, we decided to dig our pits and set out our goose decoys. After being in our pits about an hour we were fortunate to call in a flight of twelve which landed just out of gun range. They started to feed on willow leaves and small vegetation, but first posted a sentinel about 20 feet from the feeding geese. He was constantly looking in all directions. When he decided to feed, another gander came out from the bunch and relieved the sentinel goose. At no time were the geese unguarded. After watching them for about an hour, I decided that I would be proud to be called a wild goose. Later we called in a flight of twenty and were able to get our limit of two each. You can really get "buck" fever when you are trying to shoot your first goose.

To get back to other interesting happenings in Helena.. This city was built on the site of an Indian village named Pacaha. The ladies of Helena had a literary club named Pacaha. Many Indian artifacts, such as pottery and arrowheads, were excavated in this area. As boys we used to dig for arrowheads, finding a great many. Some were on the ground surface, and several were almost perfect in shape. I remember Judge Stephenson had a wonderful collection which I think he donated to the Library.

Most of the people in Helena loved horses, and there were some beautiful ones in this town. Some that I can think of were G. H. Friberg's span of bay carriage horses, Dr. Orr's beautiful saddle horse, and my grandfather's combination buggy and saddle horse. The love of horses was fostered by several men in Helena, George Davidson, G. H. Friberg, G. T. Updegraff, Will and Bass Straub. In fact, these men were instrumental in building a ½ mile race track in North Helena, where they had harness and

running races.

Several good horses were developed on this track. For matinee racing many drivers from Memphis came down and participated. Some who I recall were Dr. Fletcher and Fred Orgill. Their horses's names were Straw Pile Billy and Roxey Hunter. About this time there were several records made. Lou Dillon, a trotter owned or driven by C. W. Billings, made her record on the North Memphis track. Then, of course, Dan Patch, a pacer, made a mile in 1.55 flat. I don't remember what track it occurred on. But the record stands today unbeaten.

Will and Bass Straub operated a large grocery and farm furnishing store. During my high school days I worked on Saturday from 6 a.m. to 11 at night for the magnificent sum of \$1.50. During this period coffee was ground by hand, and a slab of salt pork with a streak of lean and fat was sliced by hand. Molasses and cooking oil were hand pumped from a barrel, dried fruit was in slatted crates exposed to the atmosphere. A real sanitary arrangement- Pickles and kraut were in open head barrels. Cheese came in large hoops, or drums, and was hand sliced on a cutting board. The Negroes would come in on Saturday from the farms and plantations to buy their weekly supplies. Cheese and crackers were their favorite meal. One Saturday an old Negro wanted a dime's worth of cheese. I had to slice it, and it was fairly thin. This old man looked at it and said, "Boss, is dis all you gonna gimme. I can see der moon tru it." Those were the days I wished for some mechanical gadgets to relieve the hand work. But there was one thing I was thankful for, a dollar was worth a dollar.

Living within two blocks of us were two families, the Richardsons and Rabbs. The sons of these families, Bill Richardson and Happy Rabb were very active boys. It so happened that a contractor was using some dynamite on his levee work and had

it stored in a small shed. Bill and Happy were wandering around in this territory and saw the shed with an unlocked door. They entered and took two sticks of dynamite home. Bill's mother became suspicious of his actions and began to question him. She found out that Bill had hidden the two sticks in her dresser drawer. This created quite a sensation in our neighborhood. Happy seemed to have gotten off pretty easy as Bill had the dynamite. Bill and Happy later moved to Memphis. Happy married Mary Caroline Ellis and they are living here now. Before his retirement he worked many years for Treadwell & Harry Insurance Company. His eyes began to trouble him and he became almost blind. He deserves a world of credit for his good work, as he was able to keep his happy disposition and have the love of his friends.

Getting back to Mr. Spragins, principal of our school.. I will now write about the historical trip he planned and executed for 23 pupils in high school, in which I participated. We outfitted ourselves with a black shirt, khaki trousers, wide brim U. S. service hat, brown army shoes and back pack containing a tin plate, knife, fork, spoon and tin cup. We also had blankets strapped to the back pack. We had tents and kitchen equipment that was transported in the baggage car, as the trip was made on trains and street cars in the cities.

Starting our trip in June of 1907, we first went to Jamestown Island, then to Williamsburg, camping on the campus of William and Mary College. We arrived at the campus about noon and started setting up our tents. The natives about that time were very curious, especially about our organization and uniforms. Quite a number came to visit us. The town had a mental institution located near the campus and among our visitors was a mental patient.

One of our boys, George Purvis, was told by a native visitor that this particular patient had a

problem being afraid of a bull. George, being quite a humorous boy, proceeded to bellow like a bull, and as a result, the patient started running right through our kitchen tent, knocking over equipment, food and our coal oil stove. It almost set the tent on fire. It was quite a while before we could restore any semblance of order. It really sobered George up as he was quiet for three or four days.

Next we went to Washington, D. C., traveling through the mountains. We were all sleeping on the floor of a boxcar with only one blanket and believe me, that mountain air was really cold. Arriving in Washington we established our headquarters in the second story of a store building in the town of Benning, a suburb of Washington. We slept on the floor using any equipment from our back packs that would make us more comfortable. On this trip we had a Negro cook who was a house boy of the Keesees. His name was Frank Allen. He was quite a "comic." He had a mouth that practically stretched from ear to ear. He would amuse the natives by putting small grapefruits in his mouth. He was also quite skillful in drumming out time on a tin pan.

All of us started out the second morning to see Washington. First to the Capitol, next to the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, where they made all of our currency "paper money." While there I was proud to have a \$10,000 bill in my hand, then disappointed that I had to give it back. Next to the White House, then to the Smithsonian Institution where wonders never cease..then to the Washington Monument, a beautiful stone shaft reaching into the sky. The monument has a stairway and an elevator inside. Several of us decided to climb the stairs. I often wish today that I were as agile as the day I made that climb.

On to Mount Vernon, Monticello and the University of Virginia. A wonderful tour. There were so many interesting things to see that made a good

impression on me. Monticello, the beautiful colonial home of that great man, Thomas Jefferson, a man with many facets, a statesman, president, signer of the Declaration of Independence, architect, engineer and gadgeteer all in one. The University of Virginia was one of Jefferson's architectural gems, showing his love of the beautiful. The famous serpentine wall around the University garden was accomplished with one course of brick in a serpentine pattern, which gave it rigidity.

We will now go to Baltimore seeing the historical buildings and sights of this city. We camped in a large boathouse built on a dock in South River near Baltimore. Here we were joined by Mr. Spragins's brother, Dr. Spragins, and his cousin, a personable man of approximately 35 years old and a good story teller. He was telling of one amusing incident that occurred when his wife was on an out-of-town visit and left their twin boys eighteen months old in his care. It was a cold night and he had the boys sleeping with him. He was awakened by having a hot feeling in his ear. One of the little fellows had climbed up to his head and irrigated his ear.

There was wonderful swimming in this river, and my first encounter with a sea nettle, a pulsating jelly-like fish with streamers that created an awful sting when touching your skin. It did not take me long to come to the dock. Some of the natives were really laughing as they saw a newcomer initiated.

This small community had a baseball team and they played our team a few times. "Dub" Short was the pitcher for us and I was the catcher. Dub had one of the most unusual slow rising upshoots, starting from the ankle to the shoulder, which was most mystifying to a boy named Wesley Parks on the opposing team. He could not hit this ball, and strickly cussed when he was fanned out. Naturally, I called for this pitch when Wesley came to bat,

and he was most unhappy. We camped at South River for about two weeks and had a wonderful time.

Next to Buckroe Beach, Virginia, about three miles from Norfolk, Virginia...This was the year of the Jamestown Exposition, which we visited often. Norfolk, Newport News and Old Point Comfort were clustered together on Chesapeake Bay, of which Hampton Roads was a part.

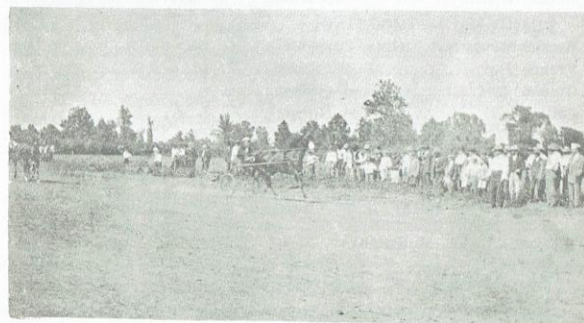
One day about 10 o'clock in the morning I was sitting on the beach looking out upon the bay when I saw a battleship coming up Hampton Roads. Looking again I saw another, and a whole string of battleships began a parade led by the flagship LOUISIANA for their trip around the world. It was a majestic sight and thrilled me so much that I wrote a letter to my parents describing the scene, a letter my mother kept through her lifetime. (Maybe I should have had an "A" for this wonderful composition), anyway, the letter was saved.

Our next city to visit was Annapolis and the Naval Academy. A most interesting place, with the Marine Band playing and dress parade. The city of Annapolis has much in history with the charming old houses, brick walks, picturesque buildings and narrow streets. I wish that we could have spent more time there.

Then on to Philadelphia visiting Independence Hall with its historic documents, including the original Declaration of Independence, and other interesting buildings and homes of colonial architecture. After seeing a great part of this wonderful city we headed for home, concluding one of the most enjoyable and instructive tours you can imagine. I often think of this trip and wish that I had the desire at that time to really absorb more knowledge of what I saw and heard.

The program shown on the next page was used at Sportsman's Park, Helena, about 1912. This is the same recreational area that we know as the "Fairgrounds" or "Recreation Park." This spot has served as fairgrounds and for contests in sports for a long time, at least as early as the late 1860s, and probably before that.

The faded little photograph was made at the Park about 1906 or 1908.



HELENA DRIVING CLUB

At Sportsman's Park

Friday, July 19

Time
1:12-113 **FIRST RACE CALLED AT 2:30 P. M.**
 All Races 2 in 3 Heats.

FIRST RACE—PACING.		239	237 1/2	233
1 Jack L.....R. W. Nicholls	3	3	3	
2 Queen.....N. Straub	2	1	1	
3 Togo.....B. J. Cunningham	1	2	2	
SECOND RACE—PACING.		237	239	238
1 Irby.....F. F. Kitchens	1	3	1	
2 Hooker Dan.....W. N. Straub	3	2	2	
3 Rowdy Boy.....Jas. R. Bush	4	2	4	
4 Teddy B.....Bass Straub	2	1	3	
5 Denmark.....Dr. W. C. King				
THIRD RACE—TROTTING.		245	244	
1 Bessie Stoutwood...Gray Carpenter	2	2		
2 French Boy.....T. W. Kesee	3	2		
3 Golden Rod.....G. L. Davidson				
4 Lady R.....Joe Hornor	1	1		
5 Proctor.....Eugene Berton				

Starter—G. T. Updegraff.

Judges—E. S. Ready, R. F. Lipscomb, A. W. McKnight.

Timer—A. W. McKnight.

Paddock Judge—J. M. Vineyard.

All horses must be in paddock by 3 o'clock.

All races mile heats, 2 in 3, unless otherwise stated.

Please avoid delays.

Drivers will not dismount before saluting judges.

Directly after finish of each race the first, second and third horses must appear in front of judge's stand.

Heats sandwiched.

First race called at 2:30 p. m.

PHILLIPS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

HAS EXHIBIT IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE STATE CAPITOL

By T. E. Tappan

Last summer the Society received a letter from the office of Paul Riviere, Secretary of State of Arkansas. Ms. Jeannie Whitelaw, Exhibit Director, quoted in part as follows:

"I am developing an exhibit program for the Capitol and am hoping to be able to represent areas of the state in an educational and historical manner.

It was suggested that photographs of the Mississippi River steamboats would be a good method of representing Phillips County."

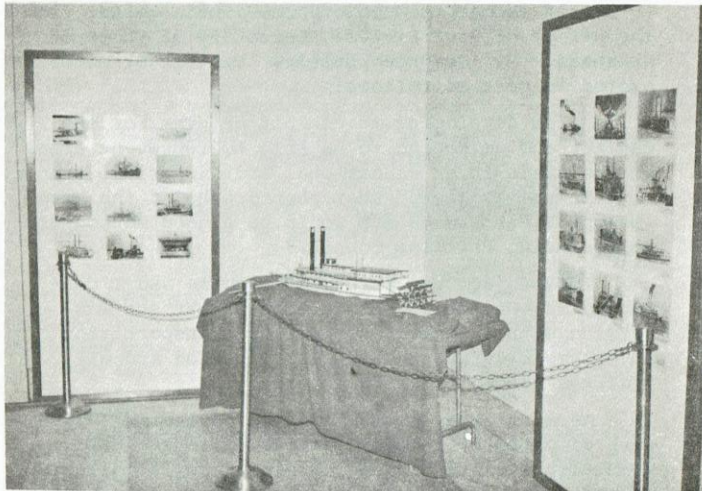
The project was turned over to me and I contacted Ms. Whitelaw. It developed that she was working with a general subject of transportation in Arkansas during the 1800-1900 period and all pictures needed to be 8x10" size.

As most of my collection was of the 5x7" size and were after 1900, I made a trip over to see Capt. W. H. Tippitt at Hernando, Mississippi, a collector of steamboat pictures and retired river boat captain. He loaned me 19 of his pictures to round out the 1850-1900 period which gave us a comprehensive coverage of the history of that period concerning boats that operated on the Mississippi River between Memphis, New Orleans, Arkansas City, and some that operated on the Arkansas River.

The Phillips County Community College assisted us in having copies made for the exhibit as well as the Phillips County Chamber of Commerce as they wanted to use the exhibit for the opening of their new building.

We had about 65 pictures ready for the exhibit when Ms. Whitelaw came over to look at the collection. She chose 24 of them and they were placed in the Rotunda of the State Capitol last November. They will remain on display for about one year.

The collection will be the property of the Historical Society and will be presented to the Museum when the Chamber of Commerce is finished with them.



The caption supplied by the Exhibit Director at the top of the left panel is as follows:

STEAMBOATS

As much a part of our heritage as cowboys, river travel was the easiest and safest method of travel.

The lure of the west brought many types of people from the poorest to the richest and most sophisticated; to the illiterate, and of course, the riverboat gamblers. Each had a purpose or vision, each contributed to our history and the romance of the 1800's.

The credit caption is as follows:

Thanks to: The Phillips County Museum and especially to Tom Tappan.

STEAMBOAT PICTURES SENT TO LITTLE ROCK

1. 1881-1898 CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, Rare view of the pilot house, Courtesy Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
2. 1889-1903 KATE ADAMS #2. Built for the Memphis and Arkansas City Packet Co., but proved to be too big for that trade and was sold, renamed the DEWEY after Admiral Dewey, and destroyed by the Spanish fleet at ManilaTom Tappan.
3. 1898-1927 KATE ADAMS #3. The first steel-hulled KATE for 15 years. She ran twice a week from Memphis to Arkansas City. Veterans of the river estimated "The Kate" in her voyaging had traveled a distance of more than 90 times around the earth and boasted that no other craft ever floated equalled this recordTom Tappan.
4. 1898-1927 KATE ADAMS #3, getting ready to land - head on view. Courtesy Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
5. 1889-1895 LADY LEE, Lee Line boat showing cotton bales loaded. How did passengers get on? Courtesy Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
6. 1890-19?? C. A. CULBERSON, Sternwheel Snag-boat. Courtesy Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
7. 1891-1900 T. P. LEATHERS, This boat had red smoke-stacks, as did all of the NATCHEZ side-wheelers and the first T. P. LEATHERS, a custom continued until August, 1898 when this boat's stacks were painted black. Capt. T. P. Leathers died while this boat was still running. Courtesy Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
8. 1894-19?? DE KOVAN, Side-wheel train ferry operated first at Paducah, then at Helena, 1912-18, capacity 5 freight or passenger cars. Later converted into a sand and gravel dredge and renamed T. P. SANDERSON.
9. 1895-18?? CITY OF OSCEOLA, Originally built as the CITY OF OWENSBORO. Much of the equipment came from the side-wheel GREY EAGLE, sold to the Memphis based Lee Lines and name changed.

She had a big roof bell that weighed 1,080 lbs. Later owned by Capt. Rees Lee, who still had it in 1940. Courtesy Capt. W. H. Tippitt.

10. 1896-1897 BLUFF CITY, the only stern-wheel steam-boat ever built for the Anchor Line. It ran about one year and burned at Chester, Illinois. Courtesy of Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
11. 1883-1903 CHICKASAW. Built for Memphis-White River Trade, carried up to 1650 bales of cotton. Courtesy of Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
12. 1882-1896 ARKANSAS CITY. Interior cabin view. Courtesy of Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
13. 1882-1896 ARKANSAS CITY, Anchor Line of St. Louis-New Orleans trade. The boat was demolished in the St. Louis tornado, May, 1896. Courtesy of Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
14. 1879-190? MISSOURI, side-wheel train ferry, one track, which operated at St. Louis for the Missouri Pacific Railroad. A train ferry similar to this, the JOY (good picture not available), operated for the Y & MY Railroad at Helena. Courtesy Capt. W. H. Tippitt.
15. 1871-1885 CITY OF HELENA, locked in the ice along side the MINNETONKA and MAR. Courtesy Capt. Fred Way, Jr.
16. 1870-1876 PAT CLEBURNE, named for General Pat Cleburne of Helena. Ran in partnership with the ARKANSAS BELLE for the Memphis and White River Packet Co.
17. 1869-1879 NATCHEZ (#4 The racer) owned by Capt. T. P. Leather. A reporter on board sent this message, "--Helena is just now 5:20 July 1, 1870. We will not stop, but I will send this ashore by skiff if possible." "The NATCHEZ rumbled past the little town of Helena on the Arkansas shore and the people at the landing waved flags and roared their joyous good wishes. The reporter lashed his dispatch to a billet of

wood and now flung it over the side into the river and was glad to see a little steam ferry puff out to pick it up-----," another report read. Courtesy Rock Hill Steamboats.

18. ROBT. E. LEE (#1 The racer), the winner of the greatest race ever. Owned by Capt. John W. Cannon, it passed Helena only 53 minutes ahead of the NATCHEZ. It arrived in St. Louis on July 4th, 1870, six hours and 33 minutes ahead. A record of elapsed time of 3 days, 18 hours, 14 minutes. Many speed boats and powerful motor boats have attempted to break this record since World War II. Courtesy Rock Hill Steamboats.
19. U S S SILVER CLOUD at Helena. She was built at Brownsville, Pa., in 1862 and sold to the US Navy in April, 1863, who made a tin-clad out of her and she was used in the fleet until sold October 7, 1865 into private hands. She was taken to Texas and lost on October 2, 1866. Tom Tappan.
20. SULTANA #4 From the World Almanac, 1949 edition, "1865, April 27, Steamboat SULTANA with exchanged Union prisoners of war aboard (many were from Andersonville Prison), destroyed on the Mississippi River, 7 miles above Memphis, by boiler explosion, 1450 killed." However, official records indicate 1547 lost. This would made the casualty list larger than the 1527 killed when the TITANTIC went down in the Atlantic. The legal passenger limit on the SULTANA was 376 persons (including crew). This was the last picture taken of the boat at Helena the day before the accident. The wharf boat at the left has been positively identified as being at Helena at the time. Tom Tappan
21. U S NAVAL HOSPITAL SHIP, converted from the packet boat, the RED ROVER. It evacuated the patients in the Naval Hospital at Napoleon to Helena, when it was flooded during the war. Courtesy Capt. W. H. Tippitt.

22. U S S TYLER, converted from packet boat in 1861. Her boilers were lowered into the hold and oaken bulwarks five inches thick were placed over the superstructure. She turned the tide of the Battle of Helena, July 4, 1863, when she was able to maneuver into position to fire on the Confederates who had overrun Battery "C", and were advancing on Fort Curtis. She fired 413 rounds, most of which were 8-inch 15-second and 10-second shells. Courtesy Capt. Fred Way, Jr.
23. U S S BLACKHAWK, after conversion to Admiral D. D. Porters flagship. Her armament consisted of four 32-pounder smooth-bore guns, two 30-pounder rifles, one 12-pounder smooth-bore gun. Tom Tappan.
24. C S S ARKANSAS, 1862. She was being built at Memphis, was towed out just ahead of the Union Fleet capture of Memphis, June 2, 1862. She was finished on the Yazoo River. The ram, ARKANSAS, was sunk in the battle for Vicksburg. Courtesy, Paul Coppock, Commercial Appeal.

From the HELENA WORLD, May 1, 1901
CHAPTERS IN PHILLIPS COUNTY HISTORY

by

Major S. H. King

Some three score years ago reports of the rich lands in Arkansas began to spread abroad throughout the older Southern states and many of their citizens were soon on the way westward seeking homes in the state across the river. Among these was a gentleman from Mississippi, who, not wishing to get too far west, left his old state with Phillips county, Arkansas, as his destination. In the early spring of 1840, with all his property, including a number of articles of the human kind, he and his family boarded a steamboat at Vicksburg for Helena. After a two days' trip they came to the city, or rather village of Helena. What a dilapidated appearance it presented to the new-comers who viewed it for the first time from the steamboat that morning in the long ago! Little flimsy wooden buildings right down to the edge of the water, behind them the dark old cypress of the swamp, and in the background the hills covered with the bare leafless trees.

A hearty welcome was given the new emigrant and as he became acquainted with the townsmen he found them a clever, generous people, though perhaps rough and lacking in the polish and culture of older communities. There were some four or five hundred of them, nearly all white, for the colored man in those days usually had business out on the farms. Most of the citizens busied themselves with trade, but there were some mechanics and the learned professions were not unrepresented. Factories there were none.

The whistles of the steamboats and of a saw mill about a mile north of town and the only one in the county, were the sole disturbers of the peaceful quiet in which those early Helenians labored.

There were a half-dozen stores that did a general mercantile business, quite a number of smaller groceries and any number of saloons. These, though, were frequently in connection with groceries. The business houses were right on the river bank, and their sites have long since crumbled away. The Valley engines pant up the incline over space once occupied by the wooden stores of merchants who, though we may no longer walk the streets they once trod or hurry into their little unpretentious offices, yet have left us legacies of business integrity and noble quantities or character of far more worth than any material bequest.

First among these old merchants were the firms of Coolidge and Myrtle, Bailey and Hornor, and Lan-decker. These three did the bulk of the business. Most of the dry goods were bought in Memphis and the groceries in New Orleans. Salt came through the latter city from Liverpool; it being brought over in sacks as ballast for ships. Flour was an article of luxury and was brought down the river from St. Louis and Cincinnati. Not very much meat or meal was sold, as those articles were generally raised and prepared on the farms and formed the staple diet of not only the negroes but many of the whites.

There were no railroad bills to settle, but it is probable that at this early day that merchants fared hard with the boats as there were not a great many on the river. There was a state bank in Helena in 1846 but it soon afterward failed. Indeed there was no great necessity for a bank, as money was no great necessity for a bank, as money was not a very common article in Phillips county then. Most of the trading was done by barter and the greater part of the money obtained from the cotton crop was usually spent in the purchase of land and negroes.

West of the business row and on the east side of Main street at the corner of Main and Porter, about where the World office now stands, was the court house square. The court house was a two story

frame building with the court room on the first floor, and the jury rooms and sheriff's office upstairs. This building was used by the Federals during the Civil War as a hospital, and was burned before the war closed. Southeast of the court house was the jail, a one story wooden structure lined by iron and steel bars, one side being divided into cells for the more dangerous criminals.

South from court square on the same side of the street were a number of small office buildings used by the doctors and lawyers. Some of these old doctors' signs are still household names, as Dr. Grant and Dr. Deputy and Jennifer, and the rough old court house resounded with the eloquence of Hanly, Preston and Adams, as they strove to temper justice with mercy in the punishment of the rude frontier law breakers.

The residences extended on the river front north and south of the business row, and about as far back as what is now Cherry street, then a mere road, rough and muddy. The houses were for the most part rude, unsightly and uncomfortable dwellings, but with all the space for yard and garden that could be desired--indeed, the old Helenians were more lavish with space than anything else in the construction of their homes.

Just west of the present Cherry street was a cypress swamp, always filled with stagnant pools, whose denizens served not only to make the nights resonant with their cheerful croaking, but also to furnish many a savory dish for the tables of our grandfathers.

Still west of the swamp began the hills whose sides were nearly all covered with woods. But on these the settlers were beginning to encroach. The old Biscoe residence, now the Catholic Convent, had been built and a small field had been cleared up between the house and the cypress swamp. In what is now South Helena the swamp had been ditched and

the space that now resounds to the whir of machinery then echoed to the songs of the slaves toiling in a broad cotton field.

These townsmen of '46 seemed to have been so busy making their own homes that they had little time to build churches, or perhaps to use them had they been built. The first church in the town was a small Methodist church that stood where the Crebs-Fitzpatrick building now is. Soon after the the Presbyterians erected a more commodious building in the north edge of the town. These two churches afforded the only places of worship until in '53 or '54 the Baptists built their first church on the site of the present city hall. Two or three years later the Cumberland Presbyterians erected their church at the place now occupied by the opera house and in close proximity to the choirs of the cypress swamp. No more church building was done until after the close of the civil war.

As for schools, in '46 they were almost an unknown quantity. Public schools were scarcely talked about outside of the legislature, for in the vocabulary of the old Southerners public schools and paupers schools were synonymous. Imported teachers from the North would endeavor to teach private schools, but the young Helenians had absorbed so much of the rough, reckless life about them that after a few months the teacher would usually leave them to their fate and betake himself to a more congenial country.

But if these old citizens were lacking in their zest for mental and spiritual development, they never failed in political zeal. The voters were almost equally divided between Whig and Democratic parties, and for some years victory alternated from one to the other. Each party in conventions would usually nominate its candidates about two months before the general election, and during those two months a hot campaign was kept up. The candidates would make still hunts and see every

voter in the county, and an occasional barbeque was given to increase the interest. When election day came whiskey usually played a prominent and evil part. In Helena hardly an election passed without some kind of a disturbance and too often accompanied by serious results. However, the election itself was conducted with honesty and after the result was known both sides were content to regard it as final.

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DUES FOR 1980-1981 ARE PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER, AS OF MAY 1, 1980.

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Volume 18 PHILLIPS COUNTY Number 2
 HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

March, 1980

Published by
The Phillips County Historical Society

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Meetings are held in September, January,
April, and June, 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 Street, Helena, Arkansas 72342.

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