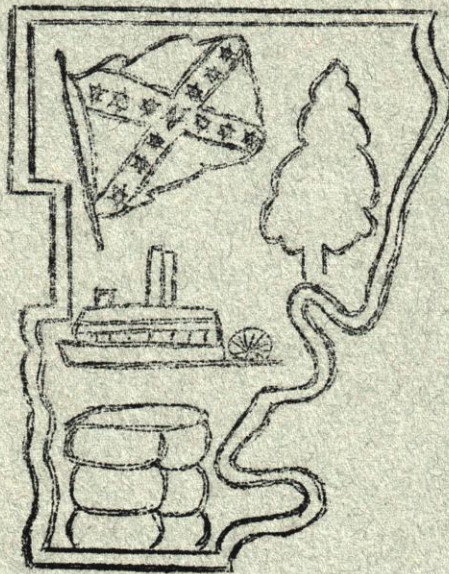


PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY



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"There is properly no history, only biography."
Emerson - Essays

IN MEMORIAM

ALBERT "AL" HARAWAY, SR.

Albert "Al" Haraway, Sr., of Helena, died on Monday, December 10, 1962, at the age of 77. Though born in Hartman, Arkansas, he had lived in Helena since 1910. In addition to large farming interests, he was President of the Helena Terminal and Warehouse, which handles much of Helena's Mississippi River barge traffic, was on the Board of Directors of the Helena National Bank, and was a member of the Board of Commissioners of the Laconia Drainage and Levee District.

An avid and well-known sports fan, Mr. Haraway, an alumnus of the University of Arkansas, was a faithful and enthusiastic supporter of the Razorbacks. In the days when Helena had a fine baseball club he was President of the Helena Seaporters and was also President of the Cotton States (Class C) League.

Mr. Haraway helped to organize and was a charter member of the Phillips County Historical Society, and his enthusiastic support of our organization, as well as his support of all things pertaining to Phillips County, will be greatly missed.

HELENA AND WEST HELENA
A CIVIL ENGINEER'S REMINISCENCES

by

L. R. Parmelee

(Published in The Arkansas Gazette, Little Rock, Arkansas, beginning on Sunday, Oct. 1, 1944, and on successive Sundays)

The time was March, 1907. As levelman, I had just joined the party of engineers who were locating the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad from Helena northwest to Searcy. The line had been located from northwest (Eureka Springs) to Searcy. John R. Wilbanks, now of Wilbanks and Pierce, dredging contractors, was the locating engineer, chief of the party, and the late W. S. Dawley, a noble character of the profession, was the Chief Engineer of the Allegheny Improvement Company, a company of St. Louis financiers who had organized to do this project. In February or March of 1907 we picked up our stationing at the intersection of Louisiana and St. Francis Streets in Helena and started northwest by running first south around Crowley's Ridge.

The year 1907 was a rainy one. Through water in creeks and bayous we waded and swam all during March and April, and finally reached Cotton Plant about the first of May, at least three weeks behind our schedule. Here we were delayed another two weeks waiting for the water to recede out of the White and Cache River bottoms. Finally, by moving a light outfit - that is, reducing our normal moving camp load for the 16 or 18 men of the party - we reached Peach Orchard Bluff. It took us two days to move across about 10 miles of the bottoms. A good part of the time our wagons were flooded and floating. We moved back to old Moro in the later part of July to make the final location. Because of malaria we came out of the bottoms with a debilitated crew. Two men died of this disease - one of them in Cotton Plant a day or so after we came out. In this party were E. E. Mashburn, a principal engineer of the State Highway Department at the present time, and Maxie Daggett, prominent druggist of Marianna. In fact, several Civil Engineers of later prominence in the State started on the M & N A Railroad. Among them was De Wody Dickinson, resident of Little Rock.

In August, 1907, I was ordered back to Helena as resident engineer in charge of construction. Through the kindness of the late James R. Bush, Sr., a very able man and prominent in the State's affairs, I was able to establish my party headquarters in the original plantation house at the old Hoggatt Clopton place, later known as the Worthen place, the present site of West Helena. Mr. Bush, with the late E. C. Hornor, owned this plantation. They

proposed the old place as a townsite as early as 1907. A pamphlet was authored by Mr. Bush during the later part of the year 1907 setting out that Helena was growing, that all available, suitable areas were utilized for building sites, because of the hills on one side of the town and the river on the other, and that it would be wise to go on to the other side of the Ridge (Crowley's) some three miles where the terrain offered possibilities for economical development, particularly for industry. Later Mr. Bush acquired extensive land holdings which claimed all of his time, in Mississippi across the river from Helena, and sold his interest in the Clopton (Worthen) place to Mr. Hornor, who some years later fathered West Helena. Mr. Bush did not see West Helena develop because of his death.

NOTE: John H. Clopton and Matilda Drake Clopton, his wife, came to Phillips County in December, 1851, and accumulated extensive land holdings which comprised Clopton Hall Plantation. After his father's death in July, 1855, Hoggatt Clopton acquired from the other heirs of John H. Clopton's estate, among other land, the 2358.6 acres which became the site of West Helena. In 1902 he deeded this land to Helen M. Worthen, excepting one square acre known as the Clopton graveyard, for a consideration of \$30,000.00. In 1907 Helen M. Worthen conveyed to James R. Bush for \$34,870.00, and in 1908 he conveyed to E. C. and John S. Hornor for about \$39,870.00. The West Helena Company was incorporated by E. C., Jno. S., and Jas. T. Hornor in February, 1910, and 2321.6 acres was deeded to this Company on March 31, 1910. The first plat and dedication to the public of West Helena was made on June 21, 1910, Chas. H. Purvis, C. E., signing this first plat, which appears in Record Book 107, page 540, official records of Phillips County. The next plat and dedication of new territory was made on Sept. 8, 1913, R. L. Hope, C. E., signing this plat, which is recorded in Record Book 138, page 262, official records. John H. Clopton and Matilda Drake Clopton were the parents of 8 sons and 2 daughters: Hoggatt, John A., Brittain D., Charles C., Jesse P., James W., Jack M., Matilda L., William C., and Fannie, four of whom died prior to their father's death in 1855.

At that time (1907) the Clopton Place, according to my recollection and opinion, was the most typical of the Old South's remaining plantations in this area. The plantation home was not so impressive as those we still occasionally see through Mississippi and Louisiana. A one-story affair, it rambled around with large rooms, lots of them, ample fireplaces, high ceilings, and plenty of openings. The kitchen and storeroom alone would make a good-sized house. Supported by huge timber pillars, the whole structure stood some three feet off the ground. The substructure was made of hewn timbers, and perhaps the framing as a whole. At one time it had been a noble place as a home, but was quite spent now. The surroundings retained the aspects of good living and a better

day. Facing east, the home had an expansive lawn with a long line of cedars paralleling the approach walkway to the home. What must have been an extensive flower garden of the English pattern was on the south side of the house where old perennials were still struggling to survive among rank weeds. There was a dreadful tangle of the old Scotch thorny rose bushes - living, but I would not say thriving. I recall distinctly a yellow rose which must have been one of the early Harrison's yellow. There was the usual remains of the servants' quarters, and off to the south of the home were the barns. This old Clopton home stood about 200 feet south of the present C. M. Johnston Hardware Store in West Helena.

(NOTE: In 1962 this location would be about 200 feet south of the Sibley-Porter Supply Company, No. 81 Plaza, in an area in Block "E", West Helena, west of Bobbie Brooks, Inc., and in eastern part of Lincoln Court Subdivision and in railroad right of way.)

One of the main roads leading from Helena to the north and west passed about three quarters of a mile to the east and northeast of the plantation home. In itself this road has a history. In later years it was known as the Neil Road, but formerly, during the days of the War Between the States, it was known as the Upper St. Francis. The official reports of the Battle of Helena of the War Department show it that way. Over this road General Price, with General Marmaduke, approached Helena for the Battle of Helena, July 4, 1863, which ended so disastrously for the Confederates. General Price spent the night probably of July 3, 1863, at the home of the Burkes, some 8 or 10 miles north of Helena. It was over this road that he retreated with his brigade.

This battle of Helena was one of the most unusual of the war. General Holmes, divisional commander of the district, recommended that the attack be made and enthusiastically reported his confidence in success. It seems, however, from reading the official reports, that the three divisions of the assault failed to coordinate; the assault was not screened; preparations of the Confederate Army were known by the Union commanders; and the rough terrain caused a dismal failure. General Marmaduke reported that General Walker did not protect his left flank like he should, with disastrous results, and one of the other officers was charged with dereliction of duty. It eventually led to a duel, between Generals Marmaduke and Walker near Little Rock, in which General Walker was mortally wounded. This is said to be the last duel fought in Arkansas.

LaGrange on this old road was the original home of several of Helena's prominent families of 40 years ago - the McDonalds, Reeves, Burkes, Howards, et al.

Of the McDonald's descendants, Jack McDonald is now Circuit Clerk of Phillips County. A day or so since Jack told the writer

about how the McDonalds located at LaGrange. Two of his uncles, or great uncles, came down from Obion, Tennessee, looking for timber. On the train they met a late former Helenian, known far and wide for his free way of buying and selling propensities, and made a tentative trade with him for some six or seven thousand acres of timber. Their canny Gallic nature told them that he didn't own the land, but they thought it a good trade if he could deliver; he did. The late Jack McDonald, Sr., came in later from a sojourn as a cowboy in Texas. The older brothers offered him a contract for logging. He was somewhat low on funds for the venture, but he discovered a lot of fat steers in the cane valleys of Crowley's Ridge. Finding the owner, he bought the steers, arranged credit, and developed into one of the large hardwood sawmill owners and operators of the South. W. D. "Dick" Reeves was from Tennessee and a partner of the McDonalds at one time. His son Frank owns and operates the Ford agency of Helena. In the early 1800s there was an Irishman by the name of Burke who settled west of LaGrange several miles. He was an ancestor of the present family of Burkes, including the late Aubrey Burke, former Circuit Clerk and County Judge, and the well-known attorney Judge Graham Burke. R. G. Howard, City Clerk, is of the LaGrange Howards. Another LaGrange family was the Pharrs. Mr. Harry N. Pharr, Civil Engineer, member of the Mississippi River Commission, spent his boyhood, a part of it at least, in LaGrange.

This old Helena-LaGrange Road, along with its brothers of these hills, was remarkable for other reasons than going to LaGrange and having had military service. Crowley's Ridge, in this area at least, is composed almost wholly of what is known geologically as loess, a clay and silt in physical structure, and having a high cohesive factor. A result of natural processing, the road has cuts 40 feet deep in extreme cases and, in modern parlance, one lane wide. It has been a wonder to engineers - or was until they learned more about soil mechanics - how these earth walls stood with such little caving and sloughing manifested. It is pretty generally agreed now, I believe, among geologists that this loess material is a wind-blown formation. As stated before, this road ran about three fourths of a mile to the east of the old Clopton Place and up on the hills. From the Ridge the view over the old plantation was impressive in 1907, but it made one wonder how much more impressive it must have been some 40 or 50 years prior when it was in its "hey-day." The same sight is good to look at today, but one would never imagine a plantation in the picture, for where the plantation stood once is West Helena, and what was once a beautiful scenic road through the hills now is to all visible purposes nothing more than an unnatural gulch.

In August, 1907, I was ordered back to Helena as resident engineer in charge of construction of the first 20 miles of road-bed out of Helena. It was to this old plantation house that I took my party as camp headquarters for the winter season of 1907-1908. We had a congenial group of boys and spent a pleasant

time along with our duties. In the party was Bogan Gist, present County Assessor of Phillips County, and with his guns and dogs we were kept pretty well supplied with game - principally birds. Also well remembered is Bush Binley, insurance man of Little Rock at the present time (1944) and member of the Corporation Commission, who served our party as rear chain-man. By relieving him of carrying the transit on one of our long muddy hikes one day I won his everlasting gratitude. Bush had the honor of being the first Helenian to ride the first train on the M & N A into Phillips County. He was standing at the Lee-Phillips County line when the steel-laying gang and work train crossed the line. Just before crossing Bush hopped on a flat car of the train and rode across. Among his friends of today who of them would not say, even now, that "that is just like him."

"Chris", the whitehaired colored cook, was our principal diversion through the long winter evenings. He was intensely religious (in his more serious moments) and prided himself on being able to quote from the Bible readily. One night while the whole party gathered around the big fireplace he was picking some birds with wet hot ashes. The question, as frequently, was Chris's theology, for his favorite theme was Nicodemus and "being born again." I must have felt a little over-smart myself that evening, for I spoke to Chris, who was already about half mad, as follows: "Chris, you are a pretty smart old nigger, know the Bible, and can preach. We want to know what you think about the infallibility of the Pope." For a full minute, and with head down, Chris was busy with the birds. Then, straightening up, shaking his woolly head under the guise of anger, and falling back on his old standby, Nicodemus, he said that he didn't care anything about the "infallibility" of "de Polk", that all "I knows ef'en he ain't bawn again, he'll go to hell sho." Needless to say, that answer put an end to my quizzing Chris for the evening.

At the time, and before our sojourn at the old Clopton Place, it was generally reported that Helena was intended to be only a division point for the Missouri and North Arkansas, that the road was to be projected across the Mississippi River and on to Pensacola. The fact is that the late E. C. Hornor, banker of Helena, with the late C. H. Purvis, engineer, made a trip to Pensacola in 1907 and obtained options on waterfront rights and options on railroads in the affected area through Mississippi between Helena and Pensacola. The 1907 and 1908 depression, with other causes, prevented the scheme from consummation, and incidentally made the M & N A a stunted child in the family of railroads. The depression of 1907 and 1908 was the time when the Helena banks printed their own bills as legal tender. It was unofficially reported at the time that the project managers intended to turn the line easterly about Heber Springs and make Memphis her southern terminal. Through the work and promotional activities of the old Business Men's League of Helena, headed and led by E. C. Hornor, the management finally chose to come into Helena. Big names among bankers, financiers, and construction men of the middle west were

in the Allegheny Improvement Co. Among them were David R. Francis, George Sands, Festus J. Wade, Powell Clayton, Mr. Scullins, and others. The day final inspection was made prior to turning the project over to operations was a big day for me. It was my first responsible charge. I met the inspection train, which contained some of the above notables, at Moro and rode with them over my residency to Helena and a big dinner.

I remember the late Mr. George Sands particularly well, for he was a hardy gentleman of many years of the old school of railroaders, a veteran of the U. S. Army of the Civil War, and a strict disciplinarian. As stated previously, W. S. Dawley was the Chief Engineer. His character and ability among railroad men of that era was outstanding. He had been chief engineer of the C & E I for many years and later went to China as a special consultant to that government.

Thirty-four years ago West Helena was in the swaddling clothes of development. The working of hardwoods was the principal business. There were sawmills, stave and box mills and a furniture factory or so. The town afforded a beautiful layout for industry. Besides being on the North Arkansas, the Missouri Pacific had built a spur line in to aid in handling the large volume of freight. People looking for new locations came to West Helena, saw, and stayed. The sponsors of the project were active as such and did not overlook the many opportunities to do anything that would benefit the new town and the older city.

We digress for a short while to the "Old City", which means, of course, Old Helena as contrasted to West Helena, or "New Wes" as the darkies called her for so many years. Thirty-seven years ago (1907) when I first knew Old Helena, her personality and character seemed to fit the euphony of her name. (I do not refer to any abbreviations.) She had a quiet, calm demeanor, a social atmosphere of gentility, poise, culture, and reverence, although at times she could and did frolic with considerable abandon. Too, she had a floating element of people who try to make their living in an easy way and who may generally be seen around a thriving town. Her negroes, about two to one of the whites, were, as negroes, on a par with the "white folks." They had twelve or fifteen churches, three of them of notable size and architecture. They had Bishop Morris, a divine nationally known. In contrast, on Saturday night their more sportive element, in the words of Chief of Police Clancy, "Run my officers dizzy." Once in a while a "bad one" came along, as will happen with all breeds, and the results would be tragic. But the negroes were, and are, a definite part of the life of Old Helena.

On that hot August Sunday when I came back into Helena (my first sight of her had been in April), my bulldog pup got away from me at the train and heedless of my whistling and calling ran down Missouri Street and under some swinging doors. I followed him, passed through the doors, and found myself in a

saloon with a crap game going full blast. Coming out of the saloon, I saw a rather surprising looking person picking her way across the street to the house from whence she came. I saw lettered on the door "Creole Palace."

However, such was the contrast of the social activities of the City, that within an hour, while looking over the town, I came to that cultured, gentle part and passed through the church center, saw the magnificent old Episcopal church, later destroyed by fire except for the tower, and replaced, the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches. From these were coming the blended tones of voice and organ in praise of His Glory. (Life is like that - never far from sin to righteousness, from disgrace to glory, from want to plenty, ugly to beautiful, war to peace - not far, but the way seems terribly long at times and truly through "blood, sweat and tears.") At that time some 22 to 25 saloons along Cherry Street were each paying as much as \$1,000 a year local license to operate. There were not nearly so many churches in the city as saloons, and, paradoxically, they were paying no license. Later on the saloons disappeared entirely and the prohibition era was on. What a nightmare that was!! Like all nightmares, prohibition passed out of the picture. In the meanwhile the churches plugged on and continued plugging in spite of a conventional lassitude wrapped in blankets of theology which have ever had the tendency to some of us to smother the warm human philosophy of the Life on which they are founded.

The old "Opera House", long since burned to the ground, booked real events at times - Walker Whiteside acted here, also David Warfield and Mrs. Leslie Carter. The top flight road shows of the period and Al Field's Minstrels were good for a turnout of Helena's best at most any time. The Adonises of society of the period withal were a pretty fast traveling lot, but, like young Southern gentlemen, acted perfectly to the requirements as such. And the Venuses of society to an observer - how sedate, well poised, and attractive. Needless to say, Venus de Milo herself has not yet been re-sculptured with the protrusion of a cigarette from painted lips nor the furrows of a high-balled brow.

NOTE: The Opera House was built in 1887 on the NE corner of Walnut and Porter Streets by the Helena Opera House Company, a corporation of which C. R. Coolidge was President, D. B. McKenzie, H. S. Hornor, B. R. Fitzpatrick, N. Straub, Frank B. Sliger, and Leon Berton, Directors. It burned in December, 1926, the fire, according to local sources, the result of a carelessly tossed cigarette following a crap game between the boxers and wrestlers who afforded the evening's entertainment for the proceeds of the boxoffice. Mr. Sam W. Tappan was manager for many years. Some other famous people who trod its boards were President Howard Taft, Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, Geo. M. Cohan, Lou Tellegren, Lasses White, O'Brien, Coburn & Primrose,

Lew Dockstader, Honeyboy Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, and Blind Tom. Jack Dempsey once boxed 3 men at one time in an exhibition match. Eliza Miller's scheduled concert was transferred to the old Saenger Theater following the fire.

One day in the latter part of 1908 the late Bruce Campbell, brother of Gordon and Arthur Campbell, lately settled in Helena as an attorney, came into my office, which was really a desk in the office of the previously mentioned James R. Bush in the Cleburne Hotel, and introduced himself. I knew him by reputation through the sports sheet of the Chicago Tribune as an athlete at Lake Forrest - particularly as the winner of a road bicycle race. Among Bruce's accomplishments was that of music. The Methodist Church had engaged him as organist. Having heard that I had musical leanings by voice, he invited me to sing in his choir and more particularly in the local amateur minstrel organization known as the "Pony Minstrels." Having had some experience along this line of activity, gained in spite of deficiencies in certain respects, I consented. It opened up a more or less continued activity for me, extending over the 37 years that I have been in Helena on to and through the long established Melody Club, now inactive.

The Pony Minstrels were something to write home about. Bob Gordon was the fixed interlocutor and a honey. Joe Meyers, Tappan Hornor, Luther Wilkes, and "Coots" Lyford were among the end men, and in my first show with them Bob Gordon, the late Bill Leurs, Frank Merrifield, and Yours Truly had the ballads.

The late Ralph Rider was a Pennsylvanian, and because of his earnestness and enthusiasm and love for the histrionic, an inspiration. He was our promoter and business manager. Bruce Campbell was the director, and his profession was law. With his red head bobbing, beating time with one hand, hammering the piano with the other, and carrying the tune, the bass or tenor, by voice, he also was an inspiration.

The late Erwin Vonderau, organist of the Episcopal Church, later a Marine of the United States Armed Forces in 1918, a young classicist of the old school, would also join us, although he made no attempt to hide at times the agony that he suffered through his musical sensitiveness at the more prolonged and simple nuances of some of our quartettes and ensembles. Fine as a master of music he was, and even better, we have been told, as a Marine. The annual show was an event, and generally wound up with a part of the cast at least in a "hail, fellows, well met" over at Barney's (the saloon around the corner).

During one of the shows, this party came off a little prematurely with near tragic results. The second part of the show that year was entitled "A Busy Day in the Police Court." The full court was present in character, prisoners (darkies), police,

ROBT. F. DARR POST NO. 88 AMERICAN LEGION

PRESENTS

THEIR THIRD ANNUAL MINSTRELS

For the Benefit

Robt. F. Darr Post and Ladies Aid Temple Beth El

OPERA HOUSE, MAY 5, 1926

Joe Greenfield, Director

SCENE ONE

Mrs. Victor Thomason, Pianist
L. B. Chambers, Interlocutor

FUN MAKERS

Victor Thomas, D. L. McDonald, Frank Blaine,
J. B. Mooring, John Blaine, Bennie Davison

BALLADISTS

Roy Ford, Sol Holwerk, F. R. Garner, Jr.
Sam C. Garner, Joe Greenfield

HARMONISTS

L. E. Posey, B. M. Scott, Harvey Erwin
Prentiss Clatworthy, James I. Goodwin, Curtis Erwin

PROLOGUE

Introducing the Minstrel Boys
L. B. Chambers

Opening ChorusEntire Company
Flaming Mamie Frank Blaine
You Will Find Me Waiting for You Roy Ford
Nobody's Business John Blaine
Pal of My Cradle Days Sol Holwerk

the Judge, Mayor, and the Chief. The late Senator Luther Wilkes was the particular offender being tried. In charge of him was the officer played by a big fellow by the name of "Jones", let us say, who was employed by the Helena Hardware Co. of that time. The "olio" was unusually long, and these boys in the second part thought they needed something for the nerves. All through the "olio" they were unwisely ducking over to Barney's, with the consequence that when it finally came time for them to go on some of them were a little over-stimulated, including the policeman "Jones." With the aid of his prisoner (Wilkes), he finally got into the court room (on stage). He left his policeman's billy over at Barney's, so he replaced it with a 2x4 about 24 inches long, readily picked up. The prisoner was seated facing the Judge, who also showed signs of the recent pilgrimages. Though the prisoner, the said Senator, had not used any stimulants himself, and was calm, the policeman must have assumed he was obdurate, for he gave him a none too gentle tap from behind on the head with the 2x4 billy. Totally unexpected by the prisoner and his friends in the wings, the blow caused them to prompt "Jones" to be careful, which he, in turn, resented, and, leaving his charge in the court room, came back in the wings to investigate the interference. There a fight almost started. It took special attention of the police department then and there to keep "A Busy Day in the Police Court" out of jail. Regardless of the color of this story of the Pony Minstrels, for many years they put on shows that were a credit to all amateur organizations of their kind.

The women's clubs of Helena during these earlier years of my residence until now, of course, were and are active. Particularly in my mind are the Twentieth Century and Pacaha Clubs. The Twentieth Century occupies a home on Poplar, the gift of Mrs. Helbing of some thirty years ago. The Melody Club has been the outstanding vocal organization for 25 years, but, as previously stated, is now inactive. Shortly after World War I a troupe of Russian singers (refugees as reported at the time), having landed at New Orleans, broke their trip to Memphis and the east for an engagement here. Because of needed rehearsals for which they had not previously had time, they were unfinished in the acting and stage technic, but in voices wonderful - probably the best the old Opera House ever booked. Among them was a baritone whom I have never forgotten.

Out of our Melody Club experience over many years I have always felt that of the many programs given the "Sacred Concert" at the Presbyterian Church some six or seven years ago was the most notable. That evening all members were present, all in good voice. The rehearsals had been well attended, and Miss Rosalind Mundt, with Mrs. Anderson and the late Mrs. Josie Mundt, directors and accompanists, superb. I had an old music lover to tell me the next day that he had never heard Handel's great "Hallelujah Chorus" sung better than the club sang it that evening. Mrs. Josie Mundt, too, was the long time sponsor of the Civic Music Association.

The little Amsterdam Jew, Spinoza, held that knowledge was necessary for a contented world. Of course he used the term "knowledge" in a broader sense than that covered by mere scientific reason. There is an infinite gap, maybe, between the philosophy of this story and Spinoza's philosophy, but neither could have been what it is, great on the one hand, insignificant on the other, had the early teaching of the author of either been neglected. A person must be taught, regardless of precocity, to get rightly in the channels of knowledge. Teaching, therefore, it is superfluous to say, is among the noblest of the professions.

I did not have occasion to know the teachers of Old Helena as a lot. Mrs. May Brown performed a lifelong service of a notably high degree of efficiency. She has former pupils all over the world today, and their English had better be good. I know that ranking with her in service were Mrs. A. A. Nelson (Emma Kloene), Mrs. Alonzo Fry (Fannie Lindsey), Miss Anna Vineyard, Miss Viola Rightor, Miss Bosworth, and Miss Cage. There were others, of course, but these were the best remembered because they, with the exception of Mrs. May Brown, were primary teachers, and thus started the little ones off on that long journey from the land of make believe, of innocence, to the greater conceptions of maturity.

One morning after the burning of the Episcopal Church 30 years ago I happened to be standing next to Rev. Charles Lockwood, Rector of the Church, looking at the scarred walls of the wreck with the tower standing only slightly damaged. I heard him say in meditation, "The old church is gone, but another will arise." Dr. Lockwood was an outstanding figure in the intellectual and spiritual life of Helena.

To one who has held appointive public office in the locality for over 30 years politics must necessarily have entered the formula of his calculations. The formula for Helena and Phillips County politics of 37 years may be divided into two periods very different in characteristics. The period of which I write, 1907-1922, was one of machine politics, with some intense personal rivalries but little factionalism, while the period 1922 to date (1944) has been characterized largely by an intense factionalism. As stated, my observations deal with the first period.

It seems now but a few weeks after that hot August Sunday morning when I arrived at the station in Helena and chased the pup into a wide open saloon that I was in the middle of Phillips County politics. There was a hot election on that fall, and I recall that I was somewhat exasperated in the many solicitations for my vote as well as the votes of the members of our party.

The late B. J. Cunningham was operating a first class saloon on Cherry Street across from the present Cleburne Hotel in 1907. For a social hour it made a good combination with Habib's, just

a few doors down the street. Each of these places in those years operated on a plane in quality of goods and service as high as the plane of a Cosmopolitan Club. Barney and Habib were characters of unusual molds in themselves. Each took extreme pride in having and serving the best. Each had patterned their own accomplishment, neither having had the benefit of extensive academic training. Being good friends, they had social times together with mutual friends on one-day fishing trips, or maybe several days, generally at Indian Bay - and what food and drinks they would have!! The little Irishman was forever playing some practical joke on the big Syrian like that one he played during a trip to Memphis on the Kate Adams. During the trip down on the Kate Barney, aided and abetted by others, managed to place a slip of lingerie in Habib's traveling bag - lingerie strange and foreign to Miss "Rosa", Habib's lovable, dumpy wife, who consistently occupied a chair at the entrance to the "old-world-like delicatessen" and greeted customers with a cheery smile of welcome. In truth, too, she was not only Mrs. Habib Etoch, but also Mr. Habib Etoch's boss. To make a long story short, Miss Rosa found the strange lingerie, made some deductions, and headed for the restaurant and Habib. It took quick intercession by mutual friends to keep Habib from being manhandled. Miss Rosa didn't appreciate the joke very much.

As a matter of fact, there was always something going on between Barney's and Habib's places. It was a nest of practical jokes. There was a sawed-off sort of fellow around about that time by the name similar to Taub - maybe it was Taub. He was a "nut" about his voice, and made himself more or less a nuisance sometimes during the later part of the evenings. The heavy Wagnerian roles were his forte. One number with a sustained robust baritone's "F" was his darling. He strutted with it. One night about one A. M. Billy Cunningham with one or two confederates got Taub out in front of Habib's with his voice and dramatics working overtime. Timed perfectly and blitz-like, he and his robust "F" were hit smack-oh with a tub of water from the second floor above. Taub's singing ardor was dampened for some days.

Along this block one would breathe the air of Phillips County politics as well as state. The social hour of the gentlemen of the courthouse at Barney's was five until six, with business friends dropping in on the way home after the day's work. A short or long toddy or two around in a quiet atmosphere - maybe Bill Jones had been in for the day from Big Creek, or Buck Johnson from down in the vast timber area of the "Ell" (M. H. & L. R. R.) (now the Mo. Pac. R. R.), or some news from the new capitol building in Little Rock - another toddy around and then home for the evening. This program was not a habit so much, nor was it a routine for all officers of the courthouse, but it did have the color of a custom for quite a number. Of course, some of the younger ones, with less personal responsibilities, did not always go home at six. Sometimes a party would adjourn to Habib's for a duck or bird dinner. The seasonal cotton buyers from foreign shores

added to the color of the sociability of these hours.

In those days automobiles were a novelty. One evening, on a bet, one of the younger ones of the group drove down and over the ties of the Y. & M. V. incline to the river and the transfer boat.

The late F. F. Kitchens, father of the present Sheriff, F. F. (Happy) Kitchens, Jr., was Sheriff. Happy has been Sheriff for six terms, a longer time than his father. The late "Dick" Dalzell was Chief Deputy. James Rembert, the dean of the courthouse personnel, was County Clerk, and had been for 30 years. A fine public servant he was, and he had a very efficient deputy, the late Charles Sanders, who later was County Clerk. Col. Bob Moore was County Treasurer, and later J. B. Butts. Aubrey Burke was Circuit Clerk, with Louis Berard as Deputy, later Circuit Clerk. Major Greenfield Quarles, no uniform now but to all intents and purposes still a major and natural crusader, was County Judge. The new County Courthouse was built 1912-1913 with E. P. Molitor as County Judge and F. F. Kitchens as Building Commissioner. J. M. Jackson was Circuit Judge; the constable, Capt. C. N. Biscoe, another Confederate veteran who had served gallantly in the Battle of Helena, later succeeded by W. L. Jarman.

Judge John Ike Moore, Sr. (father of the present Senator John Ike Moore, Jr.) was senator. His position in legislative matters was outstanding. When Governor Little's health failed, Judge Moore, through his being President of the Senate, succeeded to the chair of Governor.

Peter Deisch was one of the representatives and later senator. Probably his most outstanding work over a legislative career of notable accomplishment was that as attorney-executive secretary for the group of citizens of the State who furnished data and arguments for the formula of Governor Martineau's Road Law. The late Thomas Jacks, Sr., was County Surveyor - a fine old gentleman, physically tough as hickory, and an honor to his profession.

During the next 8 or 10 years there was some switching in the county offices, with a break-up occasionally, but the general line-up stayed about the same. These men formed a group of hard-riding politicians, but almost without exception they had political as well as business integrity.

They had upheavals in their leadership and ranks. One that shook Arkansas politics to its roots was between Frank Kitchens and Amos Jarman. An explosive personal encounter was a part of their differences, and tragic results were feared until the persistent wise counsel of mutual friends over several days finally prevailed, and, in time, they had reconciled their differences. Each of these men were of tough fibre, but totally different in disposition.

It would be poor writing to go into too much detail of Phillips County politics of this period of 1907 to about 1917. It was largely wrapped up in these two men - Kitchens and Jarman. Regardless of their one big difference, factionalism did not develop until later. May that be said to the credit of their friends and advisors as well as the citizenship as a whole.

One of the hottest, closest, and most fiercely fought elections was not a party election but one to select a candidate for congressional recommendation as postmaster. Whitley Jarman and the late Sam McGuire were the entrants. Every vote in the city that day was checked and double checked, with Whitley Jarman finally being selected.

Contemporary with this group, although as a rule not holding state or county offices, but active in public affairs, and, in some instances, holding appointive public offices, were the brothers the late Sebastian and William Straub. Nicholas Straub is still active. Sebastian Straub was particularly active as a business leader. William Straub was for a long time one of the commissioners of the Helena Improvement District; likewise, Dennis A. Keeshan, William A. Coolidge, B. J. Cunningham, and, previous to their time, the Pillow brothers - Ed and Joe, fine and successful plantation owners. Throughout the later years came Messrs. James R. Bush, Sr., Lefe Solomon, James Pillow, and, at the present time, S. W. Tappan, David G. Walker, and Clarence E. Mayer. The attorneys within my memory were successively the late P. R. Andrews, E. M. Pipkin, and the late J. M. Jackson. These men were and are of their own pattern, so to speak. An interesting book could easily be written on P. R. Andrews as a character. He was a fine lawyer, a scholar, and, in spite of certain deficiencies, an intriguing character. At one time the Missouri Pacific Railroad had him as General Counsel for the State of Arkansas. At another time he lost his political race for Attorney General of Arkansas by a few votes.

It so happened that I was with him on his last trip to Little Rock, where we had joint business, and spent several days at the Marion together. His health was breaking, or had broken, and he was making a valiant effort to correct, or at least alleviate, the effects of earlier intemperance. It was my pleasure to look after him, and he was then pretty weak and exacting. One day for his lunch I went out of the hotel to three different places before I brought back a club sandwich that suited him. He had fragments of club sandwiches scattered all over his room in trying them out before getting one that satisfied him. The next morning we went down to breakfast in the old dining room of the Marion.

After getting settled in his favorite corner, the menu was studied without much satisfaction, and the Colonel was getting a little peevish. Several waiters were tried with no advance, but finally an old favorite came up and the Colonel was transformed in disposition, with which the waiter joined. Then they spent

15 or 20 minutes as master and servant in personal felicitations and reminiscences over old menus of the Marion. The Colonel forgot about his determined quest of a few moments before for a certain kind of cantaloupe and readily agreed to the suggestion of a "nice big baked sugared apple with pure cream." A few moments before the same suggestion was rebuked. The course was served with infinite attention to detail, the palavering between the two continued, and the Colonel was even smacking his lips. George, the waiter, retired for a few moments and the Colonel, all expectancy, (the apple appeared delicious) poured out the cream from the covered silver pitcher. A startling thing happened. The rich cream spread out over the big baked apple and with it came a live, crawling spider, large as a twenty-five cent piece. In no calm tones the Colonel asked me if I could see it. I could, positively. Putting everything down, and relaxing, the Colonel squalled, "George! Damn your black hide! Come here!" One could have heard a pin drop. George came, on the lope. "Do you see that varmint?" the Colonel squalled again, pointing to the spider, "Well, take the blankety-blank thing back to the kitchen, kill it, and boil it, if it must be served." By this time he was out of breath, but he soon caught up, and, as an after-thought, yelled after George, "And parboil it too, by G-d!" For fifteen minutes in that big dining room there was not a waiter in sight, and few guests. Then they came back, warily. It took the manager to get the Colonel half-way settled.

I would not connect the "spider in cream" episode with the Colonel's death at all, but soon after this trip he made the "big crossing."

Judge J. M. Jackson, another notable character, also was attorney for this district. At one time the chair of the Circuit Judge of the First Congressional District was filled by him, and to a high degree of judicial efficiency, which was admitted by even his most aggressive opponents. Judge Jackson died recently, leaving a sorrowing wife and little daughter, but a beautiful memorial in his flowers of which he was so fond and cultivated so well.

E. M. Pipkin, former attorney for this district, is now Circuit Judge and serving, I believe, his third term, which speaks for itself. The present attorney is young G. D. Walker, member of the law firm of Burke, Moore & Walker, but he is at present serving in the Armed Forces.

I have gone into some detail about the officers and commissioners of the Helena Improvement District because around this district, organized for front line protection against flood waters of the Mississippi River, has revolved many events of the progress of Helena. Contemporary with this important district, and the officers mentioned over the earlier years that I have in mind, beginning with the year 1907, few business institutions along Cherry Street remain. The Helena Wholesale Grocery under

the management and ownership of Thomas Faulkner is still going; likewise, the Interstate, which came in later under the management of the Moores. McRee's Drug Store, under J. I. McRee, Jr., is still operating; likewise, Wooten-Epes, Habib's, Guaranty Loan & Trust Company, Walker Insurance Company, and some others, but not many. The late John I. McRee was said to be the oldest man on Cherry Street in point of continuous business when he died a few years ago. I do not know who holds the honor now. Joe Solomon promoted and built the Solomon Building in 1909. The late E. C. Hornor, referred to several times in this story, was the spearhead of a progressive Helena in 1907. His sons, Tully and George, and daughter, Leonora, as well as a non-resident son, Ree, are each active and successful in their respective fields.

On December 1, 1911, it having been mutually agreed by all interested parties, I came into Helena from West Helena as City Engineer, succeeding Nat Green, who resigned to go into the contracting business. Previous to Green, brother of Ned Green, also a Civil Engineer, Major C. H. Purvis had been city engineer. The Major was one of the pioneer levee engineers of this section and during the earlier stages of the development of West Helena was the planning and supervising engineer. His son, Charles Purvis, is now County Surveyor.

Mr. Hugh Martin, known as "Uncle Hugh", was Mayor - had been and continued so for several years. Meeting all the demands of the office, particularly the minor complaints, caused the old gentleman considerable concern and worry. One year Judge Greenfield Quarles, getting along in years, but still fiery and aggressive, ran against Mayor Martin - the latter running for re-election. The race started well under control, but Judge Quarles began to make it pretty hot for Uncle Hugh, who was not by nature a fighter, until his friends took up his cudgels. It looked like Uncle Hugh was beaten. Then things began to pop. The charges and blasts from each camp became so vicious that cooler heads, seeing trouble in the offing, and a chance for someone to be really hurt, got the leaders together, reasoned the thing out, and the assault campaign was called off, with the mayor being re-elected and a good man defeated.

During this time, one morning early the Mayor came into my office, worried. As usual he asked me, "Son, how are you getting along this morning? How is your family?" In replying, I made a remark about my fear of a nervous breakdown to one of the members of my family. The expression "nervous breakdown" caught the attention of Uncle Hugh. Looking at me a minute, he leaned over, and in a stage whisper said, "Son, I am afraid I am going to have one myself." Another day he came in the office with a Sears, Roebuck catalog. He needed a summer suit, and these nice blue serge suits were advertised, but the order required measurements. Being reluctant to have the measurements made down town, he hit upon the happy idea of having me make them for him. I assented

with some doubts as to results, for the only available tape I had was engineer's Chesterman, 50 feet, marked in tenths. He was about 6 feet 2 in height. I was 5 feet 6. At long last I got him measured up, the order made and mailed out. A few days later in he came with the suit in a box under his arm, all expectation. Back to the rear room he went to try it on. The old gentleman was not a profane man, but in a few minutes I heard him exclaim in no uncertain way, "Hell!!" Apprehensive, I walked back to see what had happened. The fit was a sight. Either I had dropped an even foot in length in measurement of the pants, they had shrunk awfully, or the tailor was a humbug. There he was, His Honor, the Mayor, persisting in making the fit, mad as a hornet, pants striking six inches above shoe top, waist three inches short, and seat about right for a healthy ten year old boy. I dared not look any more, nor ask him what he did with the suit.

The Chief of Police during Mayor Martin's time, and many years prior, was F. D. Clancy - a fine big Irishman, whose sons and daughters still live in Helena, except for Frank, who is in charge of a division of the State Revenue Department and lives in Little Rock. Chief Clancy was one of the trio of Irishmen of the period whom I think about as a group - Clancy, Cunningham, and Keeshan. Clancy was Chief of Police something like 40 years. Cunningham (the same Barney) came to Helena in the early or middle eighties, first in the grocery business, and I am under the impression that Keeshan (Dennis) came to Helena in the early or middle eighties as well, though I may be in error about this.

NOTE: In Mrs. John N. Ware's scrapbooks in the Helena Public Library appears a clipping, evidently from The Helena World, with the headline "Dennis Keeshan Recalls School Days of 1867." The body of the story relates that Mr. Dennis A. Keeshan recalled attending a school for boys operated here in 1867 by Rev. D. J. Cogan, a Catholic priest, and situated near the Joe Truemper house at 137 Columbia Street. Jim Birdoff of Poplar Grove, Peter Decker, of West Helena, Bob Shell, of Marvell, and Jesse Parrish, of Trenton, also recalled attending this school.

Each of them came up the hard way, and all of them were strong-willed men and played an important part in public affairs. Out of the trio grew a great feud between Cunningham and Keeshan. During the latter part of the 1910 decade there existed the old driving club of harness horses - a great sport. Booking was permitted and some hundred horses of all kinds were stabled at the driving park. Cunningham, a lover of horses, owned the little mare Miss Story. She was his pride, and, in her class, a fine and true racer. There was another little mare at the track, Nettie S., owned by a person by the name of Massey. Rivalry between these two rose to fever heat. One day toward the end of the season they hooked up in a two out of three heat race. Each won a heat with two or three other entries in the field. Miss Story came from behind under a hard drive in the

last heat to win with her owner driving, and Nettie S. came in second. But there had been some crowding in the stretch, complaint and appeal was made to the judge, with the result that Miss Story was set back last and Nettie S. placed first. Dennis Keeshan was the judge, and the feud that was to last the remainder of the lives of these two strong-willed Irishmen was on. Barney Cunningham always maintained that it was not Miss Story that interfered, while Dennis Keeshan, the judge, maintained that it was. Bets were declared off.

Helena's waterworks were installed in 1892-1893; the sewer system in 1902-1903; the paving development done in the period 1912-1917 and 1928-1929; levees increased in 1897, 1907, 1914, and 1927. Mayor D. T. Hargraves, present incumbent (1944), has been such now for about ten terms, and is generally credited with having given the city a good business administration.

Anything written about Helena would not be complete without something about the river, the Mississippi "Father of Waters", which during at least one or two of the great floods during peak time was discharging at Helena as high as 62,500 tons of water in one minute. This is one of the greatest potential forces of the natural forces of our earth.

In 1882, one of the great flood years, the highwater mark at Helena, as reported by the Mississippi River Commission, was 47.2. The present high water mark is that of 1937, which is 60.3, an increase of 13.1 feet. In 1897 the Helena Improvement District was formed to build protection works against the mighty forces of these waters. The business of the district is administered by a board of three members elected annually by the property owners. On that board, in the early history of same as well as later, have been many citizens of Helena illustrious in its history. They served within the writer's memory when a high-water fight meant "fight" and they had to lead. To their everlasting credit may it be said that since the levee system became such Helena proper has never been flooded.

Highwater fights meant work for everyone. It was not the responsibility of the government in those years to fight floods, and there was no highly trained engineering force with all necessary equipment available to fight. However, to some extent the government did cooperate. Highwater fights furnished tragedy as well as humor. In 1912 the late E. C. Hornor walked the levee as a guard on the north end of the Helena section the better part of the night in a cold, driving rain, with the water of the river lapping the sack tops. At this time he was facing financial consequences of the gravest nature. The Bank of Helena, of which he was president, closed within 48 hours, but he gave no sign of it that night. I know that he walked the levee because I walked a part of the time with him, being in charge of that section.

In 1912 the situation was very grave along the whole front.

Most of the levee had been topped with sacks one to three feet high. People were very tense. A rumor had gone out that in case of a crevasse whistles would blow so that those behind the levees could get to the hills or higher ground. During this particular night an hostler in the Y. & M. V. yards in some way accidentally got the whistle throttle open on one of his locomotives and it stuck. The whistle blew and blew. Most of the white folks, and all of the darkies, entered one grand scramble to get to higher ground. After reaching the protection of Crowley's Ridge, some of the darkies stayed two weeks. A story was told of an Italian peddler who loaded his none too lean wife and his six or seven children in his peddler's wagon and started for safety. Unfortunately, a front wheel came off. Not in the least baffled, he did the heroic stunt of supporting the axle himself with one hand, urging his slow horse with the other, to make it to the hills.

After the great 1927 flood the U. S. Government took over levees by authority of the 1928 law. Since that time some \$500,000,000 has been spent all along the river, thus ending those perilous periods. The old highwater fighter - a valuable person - has passed into the limbo of forgotten things.

It is merely coincidental, but about the time that the old "high water fighter" began to pass out of the picture, so did "Old Helena" as of 1907. I am writing as an observer of that time more than as a participant. The social atmosphere was different than later. Probably this was, and is, due to the growth of industry in and around the town, superseding the quieter and calmer atmosphere of a population generally devoted to agricultural pursuits. So much for the Older City and back to West Helena in 1910.

After all of this interlude about Old Helena, we will go back to the new town of West Helena. We have said that one of the many ways the sponsors were ahead of their time was the high value they placed on entertainment. They believed in close attention to business and work when it was business and work time, but they also believed in a time for good conscientious play, relaxation, and entertainment. Among the beeches over on the slopes of Crowley's Ridge in the east part of the town was built an attractive summer theatre where first class vaudeville was presented.

NOTE: The Beech Crest Park Theatre was on the present site of the Beech Crest School, east of Tenth Street and north of Plaza. There was also a small zoo and a band stand for concerts.

There was also a summer theatre for the colored patrons over in the darky section. These were not "hot spots" in the present day sense, but places for wholesome entertainment. (Of course, there had to be those more hidden places existing, without acquiescence or sanction of the sponsors where the "boys" could get

a little thrill by watching the wheels spin, the cubes bounce and roll, guessing what was in the "hole".) Old Helena, itself noted for a fine cultured class of people, was never known to run away from anything that promised sociability. Her barbecues were something to remember - particularly that famous one when the barbecue was just a little over-peppered - her own Mardi Gras, and the big parties for the Old Travelers Organization. The sponsors of the building of West Helena carried this feeling of the older town to the new. As always, and naturally so, Saturdays were big days - as someone has said among the colored gentry, "Tight Shoe Day."

We recall the day that West Helena held her opening celebration in 1910. It was a wonderful day in May. At that time, of course, traveling, urban traveling, at least, on an electric car line was quite the vogue. This particular line cut through the Ridge in a winding, up and down way. The sinuous line around the bluffs and through the valleys of varied foliage offered something more than an ordinary street car ride. A large crowd was on the cars that day, with many individuals making the trip several times, particularly the darkies. Operations moved very well until late in the afternoon, when the peak load came. Then things began to happen!! As folks were coming back to Old Helena cars began to stall on the grades. Two or three derailed for one reason or another. Still others, for more reasons, went wrong mechanically. Then the power went down - not a vehicle was rolling! We were a good part of the night getting the stranded back to Old Helena. The party wound up with a lot of hilarity, with very little complaining - not as much as one will hear at the slightest interruption of traffic at a small town intersection of the present day.

In their efforts to bring the new town to the notice of the outside world, the sponsors arranged and had various attractions from time to time. There was the time honored balloon ascension, with the parachute leap (how ordinary it sounds today) and barbecues and picnics. The summer theatre was going good. One big day was set aside for an aeroplane visit. It was to come from Memphis, but never arrived. The reason escapes me now, but we filled in with a country ball game. Another disappointment was when the Glidden Tour "came through." "Came through" is used advisedly. They hardly stopped for a breath, and left us with a lot of entertainment on hand in the way of refreshments and speeches of welcome. The entertainment committee and friends made a day of it, with the speeches becoming frequent and impromptu before the day was over.

NOTE: Charles Jasper Glidden, 1857-1927, financier and adventurer, was a leader in the early development of both the telephone and automobile industries and organized tours to promote interest in the automobile and the construction of better roads. Glidden made the first automobile trip around the world, 1901-8, covering over 45,000 miles.

Getting back to the car line again, after all, here was our proudest possession. W. J. O'Brien, former president of Memphis Light and Power, was manager of the Helena Gas and Electric Company, from whence came our power. The line was about four miles long then, a winding, tortuous, steeply graded track through the Ridge. Old Helena and West Helena were connected by it. After developments picked up several thousand passengers rode it daily, 75% of them darkies again. Many of these, particularly of the Saturday passengers, were of the agricultural class, who added materially to the problems of the operation because they seemed to believe that the only limit to what they could bring on the cars was their effort - and sometimes, very often in fact, their efforts were heroic; a half-grown pig was an ordinary passenger to them, and they felt free to bring him along.

NOTE: On August 2, 1909, the Helena Street & Interurban Railroad Company, by its president, J. W. Burks, Jr., and its secretary, Jos. C. Meyers, had conveyed all its property to E. C. and John S. Hornor, by deed recorded in Book 107, page 127, official records. These gentlemen formed and incorporated the Interurban Railway Company and on October 30, 1909, conveyed all rights of way and property to this company, which built the electric car line. Twin City Transit Company, which now (in 1962) operates the bus line between Helena and West Helena, is owned and operated by E. C. Hornor's grandson, Walter L. Morris, and his daughter, Leonora H. Morris.

The facilities of the line improved rapidly, but at the time of which we now write the line's operations were about the most "hit and miss" game one could imagine. It was a single track with a few passing tracks, and no way of dispatching, for that system came later. When a car left either terminal for the run through the Ridge, it was strictly on its own, so to speak. With the weak power, equipment in a deferred maintenance shape, and indifferent operating personnel (three fourths of them drifters and boomers), it is not difficult to imagine the ease with which we did not operate. It was nothing unusual for a car to start out on a run, be gone a while, and return with the same load of passengers it started out with. Maybe a hillside had slid over the track or maybe a derailed car was blocking traffic without a transfer car available. It got so that when a trailer derailed, which happened quite often, the passengers (regular they were) would jump off, re-rail her by a body lift, jump back on and "high ball." They became very proficient in the act.

The cars ran on schedule, or rather made the effort to do so. One car would pull onto a passing track at a meeting point, wait 30 minutes, and if the opposite bound car failed to show up, move on. Naturally this resulted in several near collisions, but fortunately none of serious consequences.

All people familiar with the Negro is aware of how, in the South, he likes to have his Saturdays off. This is particularly so during the cotton picking season when he works steadily and has money to spend. They love to ride the trains, or did. It was a common expression among them, while at work in the fields, if they saw or heard one in the distance, to say, "Toot, toot, ol' engine! Pass me by now, but I's gwine ride yo' Sat'day!" and so it was with this line. They rode it Saturday.

Among the dusky passengers was one little old nigger who really made most every Saturday of the cotton picking season his big day of the week by using a little gin, riding the trailer hauled especially for his colored brethren, strumming an old guitar that he carried, singing weirdly, and ever so often preaching and praying for his companions. When he reached his emotional peak in this routine, he generally occupied the end of the trailer facing his audience. He would make round trip after round trip on his Saturdays going through his act. Old Tobe was inoffensive. We didn't bother him. He paid his fare, held strictly to his services (slyly taking a nip of his gin occasionally) and always had a good natured audience. But one Saturday, in one of our near collisions, we nearly lost him.

As usual, he was going through his routine up at the head end of the trailer facing his audience - that is, with his back to the motor car. He had been doing particularly well that day and now he was praying, giving out everything he had, head pitched to the roof of the trailer, eyes closed, and lost in his favorite indulgence. Two descending grades met at this point and on a sharp curve. His car was clipping along down grade when an opposite bound car hove to around the curve. Tobe's audience had the advantage of him. Along with the white folks on the motor car, they saw what looked to be a collision. Thus about fifty of them left the trailer precipitately, flying, jumping, falling, and rolling. When their favorite pastor looked around and saw the impending danger, he lost no time in trying to make up for a late start. Grabbing old faithful, his guitar, he made one heroic jump. Unfortunately for him, he did not get very far because, in some manner, his coattail caught in the brake handle of the trailer and fetched him back right smartly. Then what might be described as a battle-royal took place between the brake handle, the pastor's coat, and the pastor himself with his guitar. Finally the pastor won out. In the meanwhile, however, he ran his bullet head through the box of the guitar. Breaking into the open, he gave another mighty jump, with the guitar framed around his neck, arms stretched out, part of his old Prince Albert straight out behind, and landed half way down the fill with a big grunt. Most of his flock had recovered sufficiently to witness his performance. They left nothing wanting in the details in talking about it thereafter. I hasten to add that there was no collision.

One day in the summer of 1911 I received a telephone call to report to the office in Old Helena. So many things had been going

wrong that I wondered what it could be this time, but I had a surprise. The "boss" advised that he had contracted with a party to put on a bull fight in "New Wes", as the darkies had come to call West Helena. It seems that the "party" was the bullfighter himself, who, out of some earlier experience as such, was trying to capitalize. The "boss" had all the details in mind and gave his instructions. We were to furnish the arena in the ball park, a well double-fenced enclosure, that is, an inner and outer fence, while the second party to the agreement, the bull fighter, was to furnish the bulls and paraphernalia, and do the fighting. We were to furnish a convoy for the bulls from the railroad to the site of the arena and corral so they could do no damage. The fight was to be two weeks later. On a Saturday it was advertised, and the air became charged with anticipation. Our preparations were made and the fateful day drew near. At the time I was told that a St. Louis paper ran a feature Sunday article on the event, saying that it was the only event of its kind ever held north of the Mexican border. I venture to say, even now, that the paper reported truthfully.

Thursday came before the Saturday of the fight, but no bull-fighter and no bulls, even though he had been due the first of the week. Again, Friday morning, I received orders to report down town. The fighter had shown up, but he was a sight to look away from. All he had in the way of equipment was a flat suitcase. The "boss" rather sharply stated the conditions .. "no bulls", but the fight must go on as advertised. He asked me if I could get some bulls, or anything resembling one that might fight. Of course, I knew the answer, and it wasn't "no." Anyway, it occurred to me that the situation could be worse in that the bulls might have shown up without the fighter.

Hardly knowing which way to turn, I hustled back to West Helena with the order to get some bulls. "Wash", a big, six-foot two, young Negro, weighing about 190 pounds, was a labor foreman and handy-andy man in our development operations. As becomes good members of his race, he was a clean black of fine disposition and happy to do his work. His teeth were a solid pearly rank across his big mouth, very noticeable when he grinned, which he did at the slightest provocation. "Wash", not having too much knowledge from books, was an observer by instinct. He had recorded in the back of his head a great deal of the current field details of our operations. He was a dependable nigger. I sent for him, knowing that if he could be impressed with just what was needed he would be of some assistance in supplying the demand.

It developed that he knew of some stray cattle around and about the edges of town that had been causing some trouble to the new residents. In fact, it had been a great part of Wash's duties to repeatedly drive them back into the hills. They were a particular group, and Wash knew them from the nature of his acquaintance with them, their sex and disposition, and the more

obstinate and stubborn ones. He said that they were cows and steers except one - a bull by the name of "Ole Ace." It was news, and good news, when Wash said further that Ole Ace had a bad reputation. Over the town, on the far edge, there was gossip that Ole Ace had a bad reputation - that he had actually pursued some women who were gathering greens on the country side. Upon my hearing these details from the inimitable Wash, our conference broke up immediately with my telling him to corral as many of this head as he could and under no circumstances to miss "Ole Ace."

The crowd came! By this time we had installed a dispatching system for the cars, had brought the old equipment up in fair shape, replaced the pine ties (that's right, pine ties), had a fair job of lining and surfacing, and the operating personnel was improved. The old motor cars with the trailers were coming in "clankity-clank" regularly and loaded. According to the bull-fighter's specifications, the arena had been built, and Wash, true to his dependable nature, had assembled the bulls (three or four flea-bitten steers, and one horned vicious looking female, and Ole Ace). I went over and looked at them about 2 P. M. My heart sank within me, for they were a sight to behold considering the mental picture I had of the fighting bulls needed.

To go into detail of all that happened in the arena before Ace came out would be painful reading. May it be known, though, that when he did come out two of his predecessors brought in to gore the matador were peacefully lying down in the far corner of the pen, not choosing to fight. Switching his tail, Ace came out in pretty style and bellowed one or two times. Then, making the middle of the arena, he spied the matador, who began his antics to bring on the fight. Ace's curiosity about the matador seemed to be aroused somewhat, yet he showed no viciousness at all, and only seemed to be wondering what sort of clown this was, and showed unmistakable signs of joining his progeny and hopeless brothers over in the corner. Consternation then really took hold of our camp. If Ace failed to put up a fight, it would be just too bad between us and the crowd. Ace was backing out now, no doubt about it, when someone advised the use of hot drops. No sooner suggested than they mysteriously appeared. Wash went out to make a light application on Ace's rump, but in the excitement of the moment applied the drops a little too copiously.

For the moment Ace stopped dead still, a look of wonderment came on his face. Then, straightening up, pointing his head to the rest of the universe, he let out a hell of a bawl. As the hot drops got in their work he stood rigidly, with the fore part of his body, and revolved his big rump around a point about half way up his spine in such manner as to cut a perfect figure eight. He started slowly, working up into a pretty fast tempo. More bewildered than ever, the matador was now standing in front of him. Ace then, quicker than Rod Whitney, one of Bill Dickey's professors, could whip a fast outside pitch to second base, launched an

offensive that was as unorthodox as it was unexpected. He reversed his ends on the matador, let both heels fly, and everything else that he had. He didn't actually kick the matador. It would have been more gentle if he had. Ole Ace had him disgracefully hors de combat. Going on with his wild kicking and butting around the arena, he ran over Wash, who went one way, his carnival hat another, as the dust rose in clouds. Now aroused, the two steers got up and into the whirl, making it a general stampede. Wash had gotten up and had no choice but to join. Round and Round they went! One round Wash would be ahead, and the next one Ace. Finally Wash squalled, "White folks, open dat gate." When it was opened, Ace had the same notion Wash had. He made for the gate too. Down went Wash again. Ace made the gate and left with a flying salute of his heels. Vanishing to his hills, Ace forever stayed there, becoming among the new town's people a legend.

The mystery of the ready availability of the hot drops was never cleared up, but in the more reflective moments of the later summer evenings my suspicions turned to a certain six foot two African.

The electric car line has long since gone to the junk yard and has been replaced by a high powered state highway, along which collisions are anything but humorous. The arena where Wash, Ace, and hotdrops put on the stampede is now a part of a restful neighborhood bordering on the pastoral. Not far from the spot where Ace said "goodbye", with his heels high in the air, in hearing of the silent beat of General Price's soldiers as they tread back along the road to LaGrange from the defeat at Helena, a sedate church stands, the West Helena Baptist Church. Tobe has gone to his Valhalla, as has the "Boss." We venture to say that each in his particular way is doing very well. Maybe Tobe is somewhere on the golden stairs with a harp for the old guitar. And maybe the "Boss" is looking across Elysian hills, lost in a vision of future things to do.

The matador and I settled our business that evening at Barney's Place over in Helena. He explained why he didn't bring the bulls. At the time it was a pretty good explanation too, but now I don't remember just what it was.

Not so long since, I stood on Reservoir Hill. Around me, to the right and left, the Battle of Helena had been fought on that July 4, 1863. A lazy old Helena lay before me along the foot of the hills - the Old Helena that Nicholas Rightor surveyed and planned in 1820. His plan was patterned after the French engineers - a public square and radial streets through a general plan of rectangular blocks. A public market square (on Market Street) was a part of the plan too, and a site for a college (on College Street). But the radial streets and Market Square were closed in 1856 by ordinance and sold for private property, and the plan, as a plan, despoiled. For twen-

ty years now Helena has greatly needed a public utility market place, and travel over the city is in straight lines, or turning ninety degree angles. There is not that satisfaction of being able to "cut across" town. If there is any amusement about it now, Nicholas Rightor, provincial engineer and surveyor, would appear to have the laugh on us as moderns.

From the view off of Reservoir Hill to the east and north I could see one of the great wonders of nature, the Father of Waters, appear in the distance from behind a bend, seemingly coincident with the horizon, pass me a mile away in a wide ribbon sheen, and disappear in the south. Today was a summer day. He is retired within his banks, moving listlessly, lazily. I had seen him angry, charging, surging, lapping the fragile levee top with his big waves, threatening death and destruction.

Characteristic of all alluvial streams in the upper reaches, the Father of Waters winds and turns, makes bars and shifts banks, has cut-offs and long bends, shallow places and holes, sometimes is narrow, sometimes wide - ever in restless change. Contrariwise, in his lower reaches he runs straight, deep and true, and finally even his own magnitude is lost in the vastness of the sea.

I am too lost in a reverie of this kind and suddenly look around - half way, strangely, expecting to see the little bull fighter of many years ago by my side. Then I just as suddenly realize that this would not be likely. The stream was too big. Maybe he had gone ahead, or, sorrowfully, I reflected, maybe buried in the debris of a sandbar in a bend above. So I paddled along by myself in the long deep sweep of a lower reach, approaching the sea, and lost in reminiscences."

At your Editor's request, in November, 1962, Mr. Parmelee wrote the following biographical sketch of himself.

"The author was born in Woodlawn, Illinois, on a date so remote that it has no importance in the chronological factors of this story. Regardless, however, of the date that he was born, the place was Woodlawn, Illinois, named for his grandfather Wood, who owned the land on which the town site was formed on the St. Louis Division of the L. & N. Railroad. The Wood family was of that flow of emigrants that left the Carolina country some 150 years ago moving northerly to Cumberland Gap, thence through the Gap on into Tennessee and Kentucky. Among them, notably, was a young Andrew Jackson. Some of them headed for the notorious crossing on the Ohio River at Cave-in-Rock, crossed the Ohio River, and penetrated southern Illinois. Among them was the Wood family. On the author's paternal side

he is in the eighth generation of the Parmeleees of America, the first one having landed from England with some 200 immigrants and settled and founded Guilford, Connecticut, in 1638. This family detail of the writer is merely mentioned as a matter of routine, because in the matter of pride of ancestors he presumes to agree with the great Voltaire, who is quoted as saying, "Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors."

The writer received his education in the public schools of St. Louis, Missouri, Mount Vernon, Illinois, and the University of Illinois. On July 2, 1905, he joined the Engineering Department of the Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, and St. Louis (Big Four) Railroad as a rodman at \$55.00 per month. (From that date to this he has never been without employment.)

On March 1, 1907, he came to Arkansas and assisted in locating the Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad northwest as far as Heber Springs. In August, 1907, he was tendered the position of construction Resident Engineer at Helena by the Chief Engineer. The work involved the construction of the terminal yards at the Crossing, the extension of the terminal to Helena proper and along the Helena Front, and 35 miles of line. While the railroad itself was constructed and put into operation, the switch yards at the Crossing were built only in part, and the Terminal in Helena proper was never built. The cause of this failure was probably the financial panic of 1907. In subsequent years, and from the first, the M. & N. A. had operating troubles. Financial troubles continued, and, as more recently well known, the Railroad eventually completely failed and was junked. It was considered at one time by no few railroad men of good opinion as having high potentialities as a fine piece of railroad property.

When the author was through with his M. & N. A. job, he went back north and joined the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy (the "Q") Railroad in construction of the Herrin, Illinois, extension and surveys of the Ohio River Crossing at Metropolis, Illinois. In the meanwhile he had married Miss Eloise Woodrow of Grayville, Illinois. They had four children, Jean, Louis, Bruce, and Janet - all married now, with families. Among them the author has two great grandchildren. His wife died in October, 1959 - a wonderful mother and wife.

During March, 1910, he received an offer from E. C. and John S. Hornor, who were promoting West Helena, to join their engineering forces. Looking for a place to settle, and liking his previous experience in Helena, he came back during March, 1910. During November, 1911, he was tendered the position of City Engineer of Helena, which, after consultation with Mr. E. C. Hornor, of the West Helena project, he accepted. He was City Engineer on full time to 1917, when by agreement he went on part-time retainer basis, and from then until the present day has worked as such. At the same time he was likewise en-

Lastly, he heartily endorses the philosophy involved in the old adage that "variety is the spice of life" down to everything except home baked navy beans. They need no variety - they are always spice as a food to him.

The author is very grateful to the Phillips County Historical Society for the opportunity of having his story published in the Quarterly of their Society. He is more grateful that there is such a local society. History, it has been said, makes some amends for the shortness of life."

Remembering that Mr. Sam W. Tappan was the last Manager of the Grand Opera House in Helena (and a popular manager he was), a trip to see Mr. Sam resulted in temporary acquisition of his Grand Opera House scrapbook, in which we found a copy of the program of the last local production performed on its stage. Remember?

RICHARD L. KITCHENS POST NO. 41 OF THE AMERICAN LEGION
PRESENTS
THEIR EIGHTH ANNUAL LEGION "MINSTREL REVUE"
GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Wed. & Thurs., Nov. 24 & 25, 1926
Under direction of Powell-Spain Producing Co.
Personal direction of Hunter W. Spain
A harmonious blending of class and color beginning with a traditional ensemble. Direction Powell-Spain Producing Co.

Scene One
Robert Gordon, Jr.....Marshall of Merriment
FUN LAND FELLOWS
Coots Lyford, E. S. Dudley, Najeeb Namour, W. A. Benton,
H. C. Jamison and Hal Thimig
BALLADISTS
Joe Greenfield, Charles F. Greer, Bob Harrison, Robert Gordon, Jr.
T. E. Giese, and Henry Otis
HARMONISTS
C. J. Ritchie, Ed. Carvill, Herman Lupkin, L. F. Heffley, Murriel
VanBriggle, Gene Miller, Ray Parmelee, Louis Lumpee, Sam Peppiate,
J. Meyers, Tom Hargraves, W. Goy, Tunis VanBriggle, C. Schuele,
W. Foster
Red Cross Nurse ...Mary Nell Dudley SailorWalter Roe
MarineM. B. Vonderau Soldier.....R. L. Brooks

"GOOD OLD MINSTREL DAYS"
Accompanist....Mrs. Frank Clancy

During the progress of the party the Fun Land Fellows will enliven the occasion with songs, dances and merry quips, while at intervals the Balladists will present ballads and ensemble numbers of appealing quality selected from the following numbers:

Opening - "Bits of Here and There"Entire Ensemble
SelectionHenry Otis
It's a Good Thing Cows Don't FlyW. A. Benton
In the Garden of TomorrowT. E. Giese
Let the End of the World Come TomorrowBob Harrison
Sadie Green, the Vamp from New OrleansHal Thimig
I Wish I Had My Old Gal Back AgainRobert Gordon, Jr.
Lay My Head Beneath a RoseCharles F. Greer
Me TooE. S. Dudley
Just a Cottage SmallJoe Greenfield
My Cutie's Due at Two to Two TodayCoots Lyford
Finale "My Dream of the Big Parade"Robert Gordon and
Ensemble

Five Minutes Intermission

Selection by orchestra under personal direction of J. Otis
Horsley

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Mrs. Frank Clancy, Piano | John McRee, Alto |
| Claude Rodgers, Trumpet | George Gibson, Percussion |
| Joe Troey, Bass | Jonnie Crawford, Banjo |
| Rice Fitzpatrick, Clarinet | Bill Scott, Violin |
| R. L. Newkirk, Clarinet | J. Otis Horsley, Violin |
| Miriam Schrantz, Flute | |

Scene Two

A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING
(Carolyn) HORNOR AND SPAIN (Hunter)

Scene Three

PREWITT SISTERS - Singing and Dancing -
Introducing "This is My Lucky Day"

Scene Four

THE LEGION QUARTETTE

Joe Greenfield, Jean Miller, Tunis Van Briggles, Henry Otis

Scene Five

"AH"

NOTE: Will ask that the audience remain very quiet during this scene as it is very dramatic and the only word used is "Ah."

Place: Any Place Time: Daylight Saving

CAST

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| The wife Emily Abbott | The HusbandNajeeb Namour |
| The Lover Hunter Spain | ?????????C. J. Ritchie |

Scene Six
THE KING OF ALL DANCERS
Harold Thimig with his Roller Skates

Scene Seven
POWELL-SPAIN PRESENT
"45 MINUTES FROM HELENA"

Place: Wayside Inn Time: Present

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Major Clayton (who elopes with the daughter)E. S. Dudley
Leonard Clayton (who elopes with the Mother)Hunter Spain
Jim, the PorterCoats Lyford Mrs. Johnson, the mother ..
Jane Pennywise ...Elizabeth McCaddon Anna Hargraves
 Nellie, the daughterBilly Woods

Musical numbers rendered by the following:

LADIES OF THE EVENING

Lillian Lupkin, Dorothy McDonald, Fannie Rose, Jean Parmelee, Elizabeth Harrison, Billie Luers, Billie McBride, Frances Polk, Maxine Jernigan, Frances Mann, Frances Rembert, Minnie Bookhart, Rebecca Bookhart, Maxine Wilson, Katherine Archer, Edwynne Gordon, Mary Lillian Conditt, Dora Seaborn, Mildred Phillips, Kathryn Williams, Helen Rabb.

Opening "Popular Hits"Ensemble
I've Found a New BabyLillian Lupkin & Girls
Red, Red RobinGwendolyn Gordon & Girls
Gee But Its Sweet to Cheat Just a Little ...

Fannie Rose & Girls
Her Beaux are Only Rainbows..... Hunter Spain & Girls
Grand Finale Entire Company

Minstrel and Parade Costumes designed by Russell Uniform Co., New York City, and Chorus Costumes designed by Gertrude Lehmann, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The last road-show production performed in the Grand Opera House was "The Arabian", with Walker Whiteside, assisted by a notable New York cast, on Wednesday night, December 15, 1926. Prices, including tax, were: Lower floor..\$2.75; Balcony..\$1.65-\$1.10; Gallery ..50¢. Besides Mr. Whiteside, other performers were: Miss Camelia Campbell, Barry Whitcomb, Paul McGrath, Frank Henderson, Miss Henrietta Tillman, Alma Chester, J. Irving White, and Marshal de Silva.

Boxing bouts rang down the curtain on the old Opera House - Battling J. D. scored a knockout over Oscar Mortimer, Negro heavy-weight of Cincinnati, Saturday night, December 18, 1926.

"ADVENTURES ON A HOSPITAL BOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI"

(from "Memorial of Margaret E. Breckinridge",
published in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippin-
cott & Co., 1865.)

The following excerpts were written by Margaret Elizabeth Breckinridge, the daughter of Rev. John Breckinridge, D. D., of Kentucky, and the granddaughter of Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D., of Princeton, N. J. She was raised by her grandparents in Princeton, N. J., but made extended visits to her relatives in Kentucky, New York, and Missouri. At the beginning of the Civil War one idea, to the exclusion of every other, seemed to take possession of the mind of Miss Breckinridge - to do what she could, and all she could, to aid in the fierce struggle. Though of a delicate frame and excitable temperament ill-adapted to bear the hardships of such a situation, she became a hospital-nurse. In April, 1862, she left home for the West, on her way remaining some weeks in Baltimore, where she commenced her hospital service. She remained in Lexington, Kentucky, at the home of her cousin, until November, when she left Kentucky to spend the winter in St. Louis with her brother, Judge Breckinridge.

In the winter of 1862, Miss Breckinridge entered the hospital service on the Mississippi in General Grant's department. In company with a few other ladies from St. Louis she made two excursions on the hospital boats sent from St. Louis down the Mississippi to bring up the sick and wounded from the posts below, the two trips occupying about two months. These boats went down the river either empty or carrying companies of soldiers to rejoin their regiments; and, as they left home with fresh supplies and in comparatively good order, the first experiences were not so trying. But on the return trips every corner was filled with the sick and dying from the malarious swamps of the White River and Young's Point, and even the cabin floor and the deck were covered with these emaciated and fever-stricken men, who had to be tended and ministered to in that position. Possessing a fine musical talent which had been well cultivated, a comprehensive and tenacious memory, and being familiar from the years of her earliest instruction with the sacred truths and promises of the Bible, she became a special favorite with the hopelessly sick, the wounded and dying soldiers. She died on July 27, 1864, of typhoid fever, contracted in the service to which she had dedicated herself.

An orphan at the age of nine, and her family - two sisters and one brother - separated by necessity, she was early accustomed to the free use of her pen, both in letter-writing and in miscellaneous composition. We are indebted to her for a very graphic, though hardly flattering, description of Helena in January, 1863.

Memphis had been captured and occupied by the Union Army in June, 1862, and Helena in July, 1862, and the Mississippi River was under control of Union gunboats as far south as the beleaguered city of Vicksburg. However, General William Tecumseh Sherman had not captured the city of Vicksburg in January, 1863 - the battle of Helena and the fall of Vicksburg were not to be until July 4th of that year. South of Cairo, Illinois, the hospital boats passed Belmont, Missouri, captured by Grant in November, 1861. Here it was that General James C. Tappan, one of the seven Confederate generals from Phillips County, held General Grant and his force in check until reinforcements arrived from Columbus, giving rise to the saying that Tappan was the only man who ever beat Grant. On the opposite shore, they passed Columbus, Kentucky, captured and fortified in 1861 by General Leonidas Polk, at the opening of the war the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Louisiana, and evacuated by General Polk in February, 1862. Just above Memphis they passed Fort Pillow, fortified by General Gideon J. Pillow, and, after a fierce naval battle, quietly evacuated on the night of June 4th, 1862, and all army stores not removable destroyed and the magazines and breastworks blown up by her Confederate defenders. Helena, in the Headquarters District of Eastern Arkansas, was under the command of Brigadier-General Willis A. Gorman, and its Union army of occupation was constantly beset by Confederate guerrillas. The freed Negroes, or "contrabands", had flocked here, most of them seeking the free handouts of the Bureau of Freedmen, Refugees, and Abandoned Lands, better known as the "Freedmen's Bureau." This, then, was the situation when Miss Breckinridge wrote of her adventures in 1863.

Dear -----:

"St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1863.

"I little thought when I wrote to you a month ago what a strange adventurous life the New Year would bring to me; that I should go down to the borders of Dixie, and then join the fleet bound for White River, and go up with it into the very heart of Arkansas, seeing more of the war, and appreciating the hardship and danger of a soldier's life from experience. It all begins to look dreamy to me already, and if I wait any longer to write you the history of those four weeks I am afraid it will float away from me entirely, like a great shadowy island, and be lost in the ocean of the past.

"It was on Monday evening, January 4th, that we left St. Louis, with our boxes of hospital stores directed to "Vicksburg, Mississippi," which in the plenitude of our faith in Sherman and the gunboats, we did not doubt was already in our hands. It was not till we left Cairo the next afternoon that the danger and excitement of our journey began to impress us. We met steamboats coming up with saucy little cannon putting their noses out at the sides of the engine, and with their pilot-houses protected by mattresses and sheets of iron, both of which were suggestive of guerrillas, masked batteries, and other ugly things. We passed the battle-field at Belmont in the gray of the evening, a sombre, desolate place at best, and desolate indeed when we recalled all that had happened there. It was night when we passed under the shadow of the frowning cliff at Columbus, and so dark that if Bishop Polk's chain and torpedoes had been there we should have been wrecked assuredly. The next day our acquaintance with guerrillas began. They were very polite, they urged us in every possible way to land, but our captain had been up and down many times, had been fired into once, and knowing that their signals were counterfeit, shook his head with a funny smile and said, "I know too much to land here, old fellows." They did not fire at us, and we passed on to Fort Pillow. I wish you could have seen it. It is the most magnificent position for a fort, commanding the whole sweep of the river up and down for miles, and why any force holding it should ever surrender seems a wonder. The water-battery, with its piles of sand bags, so matted together now they look like white stone work, is still there, the soldiers' tents crowning the bluff above it, and long before we reached the landing a stream of blue-coats began to pour down the steep road cut on the hill-side, to meet us and hear the news from Vicksburg, which we could not tell ourselves. All along be-

low here the guerrillas are getting perfectly rampant; burning cotton, and decoying unwary captains ashore, and then seizing and destroying their boats and freight, are favorite pastimes of these playful creatures. At a little town above Memphis we put off some country merchants who had been up to St. Louis for goods; they were professedly loyal men, and the first news they heard as they went ashore was that a band of guerrillas were then ravaging the country seven miles back, burning cotton and conscripting every man they could find. Poor people, I did feel sorry for them. They looked after us with despairing eyes, and the last I saw of them they were hovering round their trunks and boxes, afraid to go, and more afraid to stay.

Memphis is a perfect hot-bed of secessionists - and they are only smothered, not extinguished. The city is very handsomely laid out, and finely built up, and in the square is a statue of Jackson. Some morbid rebel has taken a chisel and almost scratched out the words "Federal Union" from the inscription at its base. I only wish Old Hickory had come to life, and caught him doing it. To give you an idea of the audacity of these guerrillas; while we lay at Memphis that afternoon, in broad daylight, a party of six dressed in our uniform went on board a government boat lying just across the river, and asked to be taken as passengers six miles up the river, which was granted; but they had no sooner left the shore than they drew their pistols, overpowered the crew, and made them go up eighteen miles to meet another government boat coming down loaded with stores, tied the boats together and burned them, setting the crew of each adrift in their own yawl, and nobody knew it till they reached Memphis, two hours later. Being able to hear nothing of the wounded, we pushed on to Helena, ninety miles below, and here dangers thickened. We saw guerrillas burning cotton with our own eyes along the shore, we saw their little skiffs hid away among the bushes on the shore, and just before we got to Helena, had a most narrow escape from their clutches. A signal to land on the river was in ordinary times never disregarded, as the way business of freight and passengers was the chief profit often of the trip, and it seems hard for pilots and captains always to be on their guard against a decoy. At this landing the signal was given all as it should be (they had counterfeited the new signal), and we were just rounding to, when, with a sudden jerk, the boat swung round into the stream again. The mistake was discovered in time by a government officer on board, and we escaped an ambush. Just think: we might have been prisoners in Mississippi

now, but God meant better things for us than that. I was amazed to find that quite a force is constantly hovering in the rear of Helena. Hardly a week passes that there is not a skirmish, and our pickets are constantly "gobbled up," as the expression is here - which means captured and paroled, though sometimes they never return any more. Just before we reached Helena a picket-guard of twenty-six were captured by a band who had our uniform on, and who came behind them in the direction of our own camps and so surprised them. Strangely enough, when one of our gunboats captured a rebel mail on the White River, a letter was given to me, as my share of the spoils, containing a minute account of how "Capt. Giddings" and his men had managed the affair, and returned safe to their camp after having paroled their prisoners. Still more strangely, on our hospital boat coming up, who should be on their way to St. Louis but these same paroled men, about twenty of them. I sent them word that I had a letter telling how they were taken, and if they had any curiosity to know I would read it to them. It was quite funny to watch their astonished fasses, and to see their surprise and amusement as I read the history of their own adventures from rebel authority! You never saw so wretched a place as Helena; low, damp, and enveloped in a continual fog, the rain poured down the whole time we were there, and the camps stretching for miles up and down the river looked like the constant and abiding dwelling-place of fever and ague, and it is without doubt a most sickly place. Why it should ever have been chosen for a military post, and why it is held still though known and proved to be a most unhealthy place, nobody seems able or willing to tell. The mud is enough to frighten anybody who does not wear cavalry boots, and the soldiers, who with all their hardships and privations have a joke for everything, tell grave stories of mules and wagons being lost forever in the streets of Helena, two pointed ears being the self-erected monuments to tell where each mule is buried. I saw myself, while we were making the tour of the town, a great mud-hole, with a sign-board on a pole at its edge. Three significant words were written on it, "This is bottomless." But oh! the contrabands, my heart did ache for them. Such wretched, uncared for, sad-looking creatures I never saw. Just at the top of the levee there were two groups waiting to be taken back to Mississippi again. A poor dejected man stood in the midst of one group (women and children, boxes and bags in a heap all around), holding an old horse by a bridle.

"Well, Uncle," I said, "how do you like being free?"

"I haint seen no freedom yet, missis, I'se a gwine home agin!"

They come in such swarms that it is impossible to do anything for them, unless benevolent people take the thing into their hands. They have a little settlement in one end of the town, and the government furnishes them rations, but they cannot all get work, even if they were all able and willing to do it (which many are not); then they get sick from exposure, and now the small-pox is making terrible havoc among them. They have a hospital of their own, and one of our Union Aid ladies had gone down to superintend it, and get it into some order, but it seems as if there was nothing before them but suffering for many a long day to come, and that sad, sad truth came back to me so often as I went about among them, that no people ever gained their freedom without a baptism of fire. The soldiers seem to have a latent notion that the contrabands were in the beginning the cause of the war, and feel a little spiteful toward them accordingly, forgetting that they, poor souls, are innocent. It was Saturday morning that we left Helena for the White River, at the mouth of which, we had heard, lay the boat with the wounded from Vicksburg; our yellow flag, which we had made that morning, appealing silently to the hearts of the guerrillas; but we had gone only a few miles before we met Gen. Gorman coming up, who convinced us that we were no longer independent civilians, but enlisted soldiers, under military rule. He told us we were not safe without an escort, and that we must turn round and go up to Helena again, which we did in the meekest manner, hauling down our yellow flag, and following humbly in the rear. At Helena our plans were all changed. Gen. Gorman was about to start on his White River expedition, and expecting to have severe fighting himself, wanted us to go with his fleet. The City of Memphis, with the wounded from Vicksburg, came up that very day, and finding that they had been well cared for, and were all to be discharged at the Memphis hospitals, we took a vote, and were unanimous for White River. That day and the next was a scene of the wildest confusion. The levee was alive with troops, and the river with boats. The idea of leaving Helena, and of "getting a chance at a fight," as they said, seemed to set the soldiers wild. One long, loud hurrah seemed to shake the very air, and as one boat after another was loaded and passed over to the other side to wait for the flag-ship to join them and give the signal for starting, the shout was taken up by the camps all along the river, and died away among the woods, only to come surging back again the next moment louder than ever. As we leaned over

the guards, watching the thronging crowds on the levee, who were waiting to be ordered on their boats, and listening to their cheerful talk and funny jokes, checked every now and then by a dry hacking cough, or a yawn that ended in something that wanted to be a sigh, and watching one group in particular who were singing the "red, white, and blue" most lustily, one man holding the lantern, which shone full in their faces, and threw the whole thing out in bold relief; just then, while we were watching them, the word of command was given, they sprang to their feet, fell into line, and marched down toward our boat. Yes, they were coming on board, and before we knew it (we were so taken by surprise, and so busy watching them walking up the plank), they had come up the steps and were all around us, and, as I turned to see what it was, a blue cape flapped in my face, a musket rapped me on the head, and two soldiers, who were about to walk over me, drew back as much bewildered as I was, and I beat a hasty retreat into the cabin. We did not know then how many pleasant hours we should spend among them, how sadly we should bid them good-bye, or how often we should look back and wonder what the fortunes of war had brought to them.

M. E. B."

"St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1863

"It was on Sunday evening, - alas! that this should be the day so often chosen for starting - that the fleet, all loaded and ready, twenty-nine vessels in all, lay waiting for the flag-ship to give the signal for starting, and at last it came, long and shrill, and one by one we dropped down the river and joined the procession over which the red and green lights of each floated like so many stars, as far as we could see in the distance, and morning found us all at rest again at the mouth of White River, a narrow little stream that crept out from behind a sharp bend between two thickets of cotton-wood, as if it was ashamed of something it had been doing.

"Why don't we go on?" said the raw recruit.

"Waiting for orders," said the old soldier, with a compassionate smile, as if he remembered the time when he wondered and asked questions too.

"Are you ready, for I am?" shrieked the flag-ship at last.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" the answer came, and was carried back from boat to boat, and as the last shrill whistle came faintly from far up the shore the procession took up its march. At the mouth of the river two stately ships lay at anchor, like a royal couple waiting to receive their court. Slowly and gracefully our transports, one by one, glided past them, turned, advanced again, it almost seemed as if they courtesied, and then swept round the bend, and out of sight into White River. It was a scene never to be forgotten. Now our tribulations began. A wonder for crookedness is this little river, and so narrow that some of our larger boats were in danger of blockading the stream permanently, while trying to get round the sharp bends. At first it was terrific to feel the stern crushing in among the trees, and hear the slight wood-work round the guards snapping and tearing as some overhanging bough swept along. Some of us made a rapid exit from one of the state-rooms as a great cypress branch came poking its head almost into the door, and when we tied up for the night, every boat had some disaster to tell of or some dreadful wound to show. One had lost a piece of the wheel-house, a branch had swept a dozen muskets and knapsacks from the deck of another, and from a third fourteen poor horses had fallen through a hole torn out of the lower deck. Our boat was comparatively small, so that we did not share the anxiety of the larger ones. It was soon after we got into the river that an order was given to load muskets, and a guard was stationed on the roof; and it was a place fit for all kinds of desperate deeds. A desolate, wilderness-looking country, no signs of life for miles and miles together, the low, swampy shore covered with cypress trees and wild cane brakes, and the long tangled vines, like funeral draping, fringing the trees and hanging in a trailing mass on the ground. A hundred guerrillas and a dozen batteries might have been hidden in it, and it was well to be prepared. Occasionally, as we went on, a single house might be seen set up on four high legs, as if it wished to be prepared to walk away at a moment's notice. The Spring floods are equal to an Egyptian overflow, and the high water, twelve feet higher than the surface, looks like a misty cloud floating along the shore. As it subsides, it leaves the country covered with a rank vegetation, and full of deadly vapors. The water is full of fever, and the country almost uninhabitable. Even now the water is almost poisonous to those who take it without care. On our boat alone half the soldiers were sick (some never recovered) from the effects of the water. It has a peculiar color, as if chalk had been mixed with it, and is very cold; to me the pleasantest water I have ever tasted.

I must not forget to tell you about our prayer meetings.

There were many religious men among the soldiers, and twice on Sunday, and three times in the week we had little gatherings that reminded us all of home. Away off there in that wild deserted country we sang the same hymns that you were all singing at home, and even among the soldiers, to whom people generally give little credit for religious principle, we found a little church. I cannot tell you how it stirred and thrilled me, and how I longed for you all to see the crowded cabin, and hear the woods along shore ringing with the notes of the dear old hymns I have sung in Princeton so often, as the men sat on the guards singing together hour after hour; and when it was pleasant we went out and sang with them. I don't believe the old Arkansas woods ever heard of a prayer-meeting or a hymn before. It was not till the third night - the other two we spent tied up along the shore, protected by a strong picket force - that we reached St. Charles; and here we had expected to find troops to dispute our progress; the little gunboat which protected our advance had been passing up and down, scouting, trying to draw any hidden fire there was, and greeted with shouts and hurrahs on every side. We knew how much our own safety depended upon her, and we had just heard that it was to the gunboats we owed the victory at Arkansas Post. No enemy was to be found at St. Charles. The intrenchments were all deserted and the town almost empty. A regiment was landed, and a chain of pickets thrown out, and right at the spot where our poor drowning men were murdered as they were clinging to the sides of the gunboat, just where the Mound City lay, we too lay all night. How little I thought then that I should ever see the place."

NOTE: St. Charles, on the White River, was attacked and destroyed by a fleet of Union gunboats, brought up from the Mississippi River, on June 17, 1862. Capt. Joseph Fry, in command of the Confederate gunboat Maurepas, was at St. Charles, and did what damage he could to the enemy fleet. His own gunboat, useless against the ironclad enemy vessels, was sunk across the channel of White River, together with steamboats, in a futile attempt to block the channel. The Union gunboats, the St. Louis, the Mound City, the Lexington and the Conestoga, began the attack at 9 A. M. On the bluff were two rifled 32-pounders and four field pieces manned by 79 men of Fry's crew; posted below the bluff were 35 other men, armed as sharpshooters. After a fight of almost three hours, the Mound City was blown up by a shot from the Confederate batteries, almost all of those on board, about 180, perishing when the vessel blew up. The rest of the boats then retired out of range. Union infantry was then landed and carried the position of the Con-

federates. Capt. Fry was severely wounded and captured. Ironically, in 1873, this same Capt. Fry was executed by Spaniards at Santiago, Cuba, as the leader of the famous Virginus expedition for the relief of the Cubans. Arkansas Post was surrendered January 11, 1863, by Brig. General Thomas J. Churchill after an attack by 20,000 Union troops commanded by Gen. John A. McClernand and supported by Union gunboats commanded by David D. Porter.

"The next morning we went on to Clarendon cautiously, for at any moment we might meet an enemy, but here again the town had been left for our occupation. The cavalry, which left Helena when we did, had come across and were already in possession. They had taken prisoners, and had several skirmishes by the way, and had stories to tell of some narrow escapes and hard marches. It did not take long for our soldiers to scour the town, and capture every house. A party would rush in, and finding nobody, up stairs they would go and in a moment hang out a blue blanket, a token of victory. Many a poor chicken and pig fell an unwilling victim, and when we left for Duvall's Bluff next morning there was little that was eatable left in the town. Above Clarendon the river is perfectly bewildering in its windings and convolutions. Boats that we had seen in front of us a moment before, appear suddenly away back among the trees behind us. It is a perfect game of hide and seek. We turn a sharp bend and two of our fleet are just in front of us, but in a moment they are gone out of sight behind the next point of land, and so we chase them all day long, just to see them sweep around one bend as we come in sight around the other. Wild geese and ducks and plenty of crane rise in flocks as we come suddenly upon them, but except where the bluff strikes the river suddenly, as at St. Charles, no sign of life or human habitation appears for miles together. It was on Friday, the 16th of January, that we came cautiously and expectantly upon Duvall's Bluff. It was here that there was sure to be a strong force, it was here we hoped to retake the Blue Wing, which had come up just a day in advance of us all the way, and here was the railroad connecting with Little Rock and only fifty miles from it, but there was nothing to dispute our landing. On the shore, and just ready to be carried off, were two large siege guns, the ropes were round them, and the platform cars standing by all ready to receive them, but they had gone, leaving it all. Further search brought to light two hundred muskets hid in a barn, and some sick rebels in a little hut on the hill. A contraband said that the cars were to come in at

midnight to carry all away, so the artillery was posted on a hill commanding the track for miles, and we all sat up to wait for the train - not that we expected any friends - but they had had warning no doubt, and we heard nothing of them. The fortifications here are as commanding as they are at Fort Pillow, and if the two siege guns had been mounted we should have found it hard work to come within many miles of them. We went out the next morning to look at the spoils we had taken, and carried some books and tracts for the soldiers, and some little comforts for our sick prisoners on the hill. It was the wretchedest little hovel I ever saw. It had no windows; and as I stood in the doorway (the bright snow had blinded my eyes so that I could see nothing) I thought it looked as much like the picture of a pirate's cave as anything I ever saw. It was pitch dark, except the flickering fire-light. The sick men were crouched up by the fire, and a group of soldiers sat around on boxes and on the bed, the fitful blaze giving them a most sinister look. The sick men were very glad to see us, and the soldiers fixed seats for us, and we sat and listened to the old story. How they had been Union from the first, how they were "drug" in and forced in, and how charmed they were to be taken. I confess I am suspicious of these excessively loyal prisoners, and the sequel does not always go to confirm their stories. Of all benighted creatures I think one of these poor wretches did exceed anything I ever knew. Mrs. C. had brought an apple with her, and gave it to him. She told him he must roast it, and as I had a long string in my pocket I tied it to the stem, and then fastened the other end to a nail in the mantelpiece, and it twirled and sputtered most beautifully right over the coals.

"La!" said he, "I never seed a roast apple before!"

"Mrs. C. then said, "Would you like a lemon?"

"I can't say, ma'am," he answered, "I don't know what that is."

She handed it to him, and he proceeded to smell it in a feeble manner, and at last asked her what it was good for! "To make a drink," she said, and I am satisfied that as soon as we were gone he boiled it. All the spoils, guns, muskets, and prisoners were taken on board the fleet, and on Saturday we heard that as soon as the gunboat returned from up the river we were to go back to Helena again. The King of France is not the only man who has had to march "down the hill again," without accomplishing anything. It was not till Monday morning that we left Duvall's Bluff, and our passage down was rapid compared with our slow rate of speed

going up. The current is very swift, and it was with difficulty the boat was kept from being driven ashore against the sharp bends, and we were all dilapidated enough when we got out into the great broad Mississippi again. We stopped again at Clarendon, still leaving a force of cavalry there. At St. Charles, which we left to its desolation, the town was all destroyed but one Union house, and the intrenchments and barracks made a blaze which lighted the sky all through the night. We had many sick men on board, and plenty to keep us busy all the time, but we were not sorry to see the broad waters of the Mississippi stretching out before us again, and to know that we were turning homeward once more. The saddest, indeed the only sad occurrence of the whole journey happened just after we left the mouth of the White River again. We stopped for wood, and the men imprudently scattered all through the forest. The signal for starting was given, the men all came on board again, and we went on for a mile or two before it was found out that eleven men were missing. We returned at once - a squad of men under their captain were marched ashore, and were going up to the town when three of their lost comrades came rushing through the bushes, overjoyed to see us all again. The others have never been heard of, and as mounted guerrillas were seen by those who returned, and revolver shots and shooting were heard in the distance, they were probably overpowered and taken prisoners. I will not think that they have been killed; they were some of the pleasantest of all the company. The captain would have gone on searching for them, but it was thought an ambush had been prepared to decoy them all into the bushes, and so we went off sorrowfully enough. At Helena, where it was raining again, we left our soldier friends. Their regiment, the twenty-ninth Wisconsin, was not to go to Vicksburg, and they went into camp again. We met Grant's army going down, and found another excitement at Helena, where, with troops and transports, all was life and stir. But here for us the scene changes. We were transferred to the hospital boats coming up with the sick, and Mrs. C. and myself were detailed to take charge of the smallest, on which were one hundred and sixty patients, and of the week we spent among the sick and dying there, I will tell you when I have time to write again.

Yours, etc.

M. E. B."

Miss Breckinridge, in subsequent letters, made only one other mention of Helena. She wrote, "At Helena, there were 5000 soldiers' graves, of whom scarcely any were wounded men."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

"CAPT. J. C. BARLOW, dealer in hardware, stoves, etc., of Helena, Ark., was born in Scott County, Ky., January 3, 1836, and is a son of Thomas J. and Mildred (Cantrell) Barlow, natives of Scott and Bourbon Counties, Ky., respectively. The paternal grandfather was born in Old Virginia and the grandmother in North Carolina, but at an early period they moved to the wilds of Kentucky, making their way thither on horseback, the grandmother carrying a large cane which she pretended was a gun, and used in frightening away the Indians. She was reared on the farm once owned by Daniel Boone in the "Old North State." The grandparents on both sides died in Kentucky, and were farmers by occupation. Thomas J. Barlow was also a farmer, and after living a useful and well-spent life, quietly breathed his last in Ballard County, Ky., in 1873, his wife's death occurring in Scott County, Ky., she having borne him six children, three of whom are now living: Frances A. (wife of John W. Allison, of Bourbon County, Ky.), Joseph C. and James M. Edward was in the Confederate Army and died at Montgomery, Ala. Thomas died in Kentucky, and William also died there when quite young. Mr. Barlow was married twice and by his last wife had a family of three children, Clifton J. being the only one alive.

J. C. Barlow was reared and favored with the advantages of the common schools in Scott County, Ky., but in 1859 came to Helena, Ark., and became a salesman in a dry-goods establishment, this work receiving his attention until the opening of the war, when he enlisted in the Phillips County Guards, and subsequently got a transfer to the Yell Rifles, with which he served until the fall of 1861, when he joined the Second Arkansas Battery, remaining with them until the close of the war. After serving for some time as first lieutenant of artillery he was appointed to the rank of captain by the Secretary of War, and was a participant in all the engagements of his regiment.

After the war he clerked in Memphis, Tenn., for about one year, then returned to Helena and has since been conducting a hardware establishment, this enterprise meeting with good success under his able management. He has the largest stock of goods in the town, and receives a most liberal share of pub-

lic favor.

He filled an unexpired term as Mayor of Helena, is President of the Phillips County Fair Association, and since August 22, 1882, has held the position of Colonel of the Arkansas State Guards, receiving his appointment from Gov. F. J. Churchill during the political troubles of that year.

(NOTE: Thomas J. Churchill was Governor of Arkansas for the term 1881-1883.)

He was married in 1869 to Miss Mary J. Porter, a native of Helena, and in 1876 took for his second wife Mrs. Mary Grant, by whom he has three children: Fannie A., Harrell E., and Joseph C., Jr. Capt. and Mrs. Barlow are members of the Episcopal Church."

- from "Biographical and Historical
Memoirs of Eastern Arkansas,
Published in 1890 by The Goodspeed
Publishing Co., Chicago, Nashville,
and St. Louis.

Your Editors hope to make the "Biographical Sketch" a continuing feature in the Quarterly as the history of its people is the history of Phillips County. Won't some of you aid us by contributing a sketch of your family or an early member thereof who was a resident of Phillips County? Or do some research on an early resident and write a sketch for us? We do not mean to necessarily publish them in alphabetical order, although the foregoing is the first biographical sketch in the section on Phillips County in the Goodspeed book of 1890. Sketches of our business and industrial establishments would be a part of this feature.

Congratulations to The Helena World on its 92nd birthday in November, 1962. We are uncertain, as yet, of the exact date of the first issue, but in November, 1871, the Helena Weekly World was established by A. F. Mulkey, William Burke, and William S. Burnett, who was its first Editor. The Helena Daily World followed shortly thereafter, the second oldest daily paper in the State.

NEWS, NOTES AND COMMENTS

by Dorothy James

Our thanks to J. N. Heiskell, Editor of The Arkansas Gazette, for permission to reprint L. R. "Ray" Parmelee's article appearing in this issue. The Gazette has always encouraged the collection and publication of the history of our State, and we are sure will continue to do so. Also, we want to thank our friend Mr. Parmelee, who has never written anything we didn't enjoy reading. We hope this is just one of many of his articles we will publish.

The Publications Committee would like to acknowledge receipt of congratulatory letters from J. H. Atkinson, Associate Editor of The Arkansas Historical Quarterly, and John L. Ferguson, Executive Secretary of the Arkansas History Commission. Thank you, gentlemen. We have also received letters from Marvin A. Miller, Director of Libraries, University of Arkansas, and Mrs. Cynthia Pitts, Order Librarian, Arkansas Library Commission, requesting copies of our Quarterly for their files. Copies of the first issue are scarce, but Mrs. F. W. Schatz and Mrs. Dan Whelchel willingly parted with extra copies. The Arkansas History Commission, the University of Arkansas Libraries, and the Arkansas Library Commission are three institutions which should have copies of all publications of the historical societies in the State, and we are delighted to include our Quarterly in their collections.

Dr. John L. Ferguson, Executive Secretary of the Arkansas History Commission, kindly sent a few copies of his Directory of Arkansas Historical Societies, 1962, for which we thank him. Our Society does not appear in this Directory, but we will be listed in the next, and were included in Dr. Ferguson's Arkansas History Commission News. The History Commission is doing a fine job of collecting and preserving our State history.

We are also in receipt of the October issues of the "Grand Prairie Historical Society Bulletin" and "The Independence County Chronicle" from their Editors, Dr. Boyd W. Johnson, of St. Charles, and A. C. McGinnis, of Batesville, and our thanks to the "Bulletin" for mention of our Quarterly in this issue. The early history of the 'Grand Prairie' is a part of our own history, as Phillips County was carved out of part of Arkansas County in 1820, and we found their Bulletin very enjoyable. Their annual dues are \$2.00, including copies of the Bulletin, and a complete file of 14 back issues may be obtained for \$5.00 from Dr. Johnson.

"The Independence County Chronicle" is a beautifully printed and wellwritten publication - the only local quarterly in the State that is printed. The Independence County Historical Society has 310 members, and their annual dues are \$3.00. Copies of their publication are available at \$1.00 from "The Independence County

Chronicle", Box 1412, Batesville. Mr. McGinnis suggests that we exchange publications, and we think this would be a good idea. Unfortunately, there are no more copies of our first issue available. However, we will begin to exchange with other Arkansas historical societies with this issue. All copies received will be placed in the Phillips County Library for use by the public.

Mrs. Kathryn R. Bonner, 21750 Berg Road, Southfield, Michigan, one of our new members, is Editor of the "Prather Family Association," a genealogical publication "for and in the interest of those people working on allied and Prater Prather Praytor lineages", and has included mention of our first Quarterly in the November, 1962, issue. Mrs. Bonner has recently edited and published the "Arkansas Federal Census, St. Francis County, 1850" and the "Arkansas Federal Census, Phillips County, 1850," copies of which are in our Phillips County Library. To those of us most interested in the history of Phillips County there is no more fascinating study than this first census in which (1) each person is listed by name, age, and place of birth, (2) the occupation of each male over 21 years of age (and many younger) is shown, and (3) any real estate owned is shown by monetary valuation. Lee County is included in the Phillips County census, since it was formed in 1873 from part of this County. Listings of a total of 905 houses in Phillips County and their occupants are by Townships, Helena having a separate listing. Complete indices of the census of these two counties make them a valuable addition to our Library, and many of you should also own a copy. They may be obtained for \$10 each from Mrs. Bonner.

Those of you who did not attend the October and November meetings missed two interesting programs. At the October meeting Mrs. Macon Kirkman showed slides made from old photos - some of them made from the same photographs copied by Ivy Gladin, Helena photographer, and exhibited in the Helena National Bank recently, and a great many more. Mrs. J. F. Wahl's November program was on the fascinating subject of the "Mystic Confederacy", the John Murrell gang of thieves, who sometimes rendezvoused in Phillips County. Do you have a lone pine in your yard? If so, perhaps at one time the Murrell gang knew it could find shelter there, or perhaps some of the stolen loot is buried nearby - there are two schools of thought on the significance of the "lone pine." Attendance at meetings is, of course, not compulsory in this Society - Heaven forbid! - but you are missing a great deal if you do not come. Most of the soldiers of the Spanish-American War, and others, some of whom may be relatives of yours, appearing in the slides shown are still unidentified. Those of us there had a fine time guessing as to scenes and residents, but we could have used some help. John Murrell was an unsavory character, but his activities made interesting history, and Mrs. Wahl's program was enjoyed. How about attending some of our meetings, with

a guest or two? Our meetings are being scheduled for the third Sunday in each month at the Phillips County Museum in Helena at 3:30 P. M., and the Helena World is carrying notice of meetings during the preceding week to remind all of us.

During this past Fall Mr. S. W. Van Zandt, Commander of the General Robert C. Newton Camp No. 197, Sons of Confederate Veterans, P. O. Box 92, Little Rock, inspected our Confederate Cemetery and was very disappointed as to its condition. He expressed the hope that our Historical Society would do something about this. We share the desire that our Confederate Cemetery will be made the place it should be - a beautiful, well-kept, and dignified resting place for our Confederate dead.

We extend our sympathies to Mrs. Dan Whelchel, our Secretary, who broke her leg recently - she hopes to be able to attend the January meeting, and her return will be welcomed.

Our Historical Society closed its charter membership role on September 16th, 1962, with 64 members. Since that date we have added 26 members, making a total membership of 90. Among our out-of-state members is Bob Dalehite, of Leesville, Louisiana, the great-grandson of Brigadier-General Arch S. Dobbins, one of the seven Confederate Generals from Phillips County.

We thank the Arkansas Historical Quarterly for mention in their last issue. However, we wish to reiterate that our dues are \$2.00 annually, which includes subscription to the Quarterly, and dues are payable to Mrs. J. C. Jeffries, Treasurer, 136 Oakland Avenue, Helena, Arkansas. Copies of the Quarterly, when available, may be obtained for \$1.00 each from Dorothy James, P. O. Box 655, Helena, Arkansas, or at her desk in the Circuit Clerk's office, Phillips County Courthouse, Helena, during workdays. There are no copies of the first issue available, but we hope to supply copies of this issue to all who wish them.

We are in receipt of advance copy of "The Hanks Family Legacy, 1643-1889" by Adin Baber (author of "Nancy Hanks, of Undistinguished Families") and collaborators Mrs. William F. Hanks, Mrs. Clinton Johnson, and Dorothy James. This privately published book by Adin Baber of Kansas, Illinois, contains the monograph "The Congressman From Arkansas - James Millinder Hanks" which is based on the diaries of the great-uncle of Mrs. F. W. Schatz, of Helena, from 1865 to March 4, 1873, when Judge Hanks was Congressman from the First Congressional District of Arkansas to the 42nd Congress of the United States. There is also included in this book a monograph, "The Methodist Circuit Rider, Matthew E. Hanks", which will also be of interest to citizens of Arkansas, as Matthew Hanks lived near Russellville, Arkansas, from 1879 to his death in 1919.

(See you at the next meeting?)

CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE
PHILLIPS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Baker, James P., Jr.
Baker, Mrs. James P., Jr.
Bond, Mrs. Wm., Jr.
Brewer, O. C.
Brewer, Mrs. O. C.
Burrus, Charles J.
Bush, James R.
Butts, Dr. J. W.
Conditt, Mrs. C. A.
Cooke, Mrs. Roy
Cunningham, Mrs. Dick
Curtis, Floyd E.
Curtis, Mrs. Floyd E.
Davison, Ben
Dinning, Mrs. W. G., Sr.
Faust, Mrs. Fred, Sr.
Faust, Mrs. Tom
Gibbs, Mrs. W. P.
Griffin, Mrs. F. O., Sr.
Haraway, Al, Sr.*
Haraway, Mrs. Al, Sr.
Hicks, Mrs. W. E.
Hornor, A. P.
Hornor, E. T., Sr.
Hornor, Mrs. Jno. S.*
Howe, Otis W., Jr.
Howe, Mrs. Otis, Sr.
James, Dorothy
Jeffries, Mrs. C. C.
Jeffries, Mrs. Curtis
Keesee, Mrs. Jack
King, Jno. C., Jr.

*deceased

King, Mrs. Jno. C., Jr.
Kirkman, Mrs. C. M. T.
McCarty, Mrs. Alto V.
McElroy, Mrs. Hesta
McEntire, W. E.
McRee, Bessie
Moore, C. L., Jr.
Morris, Mrs. Leonora H.
Morris, Walter L.
Nicholls, James R.
Otis, Mrs. Carrie May
Papa, Dorothy
Peter, Lily
Pillow, Mrs. James H.
Purvis, Charles J.
Ross, Mrs. B. L.
Sanders, Mrs. Albert
Schatz, Mrs. F. W.
Schieffler, Mrs. Nellie
Schubach, Mrs. Walter E.
Stratton, W. B.
Thompson, F. L.
Thompson, Mrs. F. L.
Wahl, Frances
Wahl, Mrs. J. F.
Webb, Nora
Webb, Mrs. W. E.
Whelchel, Dan
Whelchel, Mrs. Dan
Young, C. M.
Young, Mrs. C. M.
Young, Jack

NEW MEMBERS

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Allen, Mrs. Tom | Hackett, W. M. |
| Bonner, Mrs. Kathryn R. | Hornor, Dr. Albert A. |
| Brooks, Mrs. R. L. | Hornor, Elmer W. |
| Bush, Baker | Hornor, E. T., Jr. |
| Bush, Mrs. James R. | Hornor, Sidney H. |
| Butterick, Mrs. O. D. | Mitchell, Mrs. T. J. |
| Caldwell, Mrs. Jno. T., Jr. | Mundt, Ira F. |
| Chapline, Myrtle | Parmelee, L. R. |
| Coates, Mrs. A. M. | Richardson, Mrs. Shelby |
| Dalehite, Robert | Spivey, George |
| Gist, Mrs. Bogan | Tappan, Mrs. Moore |
| Green, Ruth | Tappan, S. W. |
| Griffey, Josephine | Tappan, T. E. |
