

PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Volume 21	June, 1983	Number 3
Volume 21	September, 1983	Number 4
	FALL ISSUE	

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Diary of a Soldier: Thomas J. Key	1
PART 3	
Mrs. Emma Rightor Morris	
Contributed by Mrs. John T. Caldwell, Jr..	29
HELENA WORLD, April 2 & 3, 1930	37
World's Fair Notes	40
Barton's Old High School	
by Gene Bradford	49
The Hargraves of Maryland	
by Richard Hargraves	57
History of Carter Chapel African Methodist	
Episcopal Church by V.S. Ellison	68
The Story of May Belle Thatcher	
by Tim Cantrell	71
Invitations	73
The Lightfoot House	76
The Rest of the Story	
by Thomas E. Tappan, Jr.	79
Letters to the Editor	92
History in the Making	98
by Dale P. Kirkman	

THE DIARY OF A SOLDIER: PART 3

Captain Thomas J. Key was born in Bolivar, Tennessee, on January 17, 1831, the son of Chesley Daniel Key who had emigrated from Virginia where he had been reared on a plantation adjoining that of Thomas Jefferson. In his early childhood young Key's parents moved to Mississippi, settling at Jacinto, the county seat of Tishomingo County. Here his boyhood was spent. When he was fifteen years of age, Thomas found employment in the office of the publisher of a weekly paper at Tuscumbia, Alabama, remaining in that position for four years until he had saved sufficient money to enter LaGrange College, in the same state. He was in attendance from 1850 to 1852, leaving school in the latter year to buy the DAY BOOK (more commonly referred to as the FRANKLIN COUNTY DEMOCRAT), the newspaper upon which he had formerly worked at Tuscumbia.

At this time the nation was greatly agitated over the question of slavery in the Kansas Territory, and the strenuous efforts towards colonization were being put forth by the slave and free states. At the height of the controversy, Key--with one hundred and thirty persons from Alabama--removed to the Kansas Territory where he himself began the publication at Doniphan of the KANSAS CONSTITUTIONALIST, the first issue appearing on May 4, 1856. Militantly slave and Democratic in its editorial policy, the paper was received with great hostility by the predominately Northern population that had settled in this part of the territory. Meanwhile, he was elected to serve in the celebrated Lecompton Constitutional Convention.

Key soon found that the Southern element in Kansas was fighting a losing battle because of the tremendous wave of immigration that was sweeping in from the North and East. Both he and his press were more than once thrown into the river, and when the Lecompton Constitution was rejected he decided to return to the South. Settling at Helena, Arkansas, on the Mississippi River below and opposite Memphis, he published a Democratic newspaper and served in the State Legislature. He was a member of that body in 1860 and voted for secession.

The main facts of Captain Key's military career are soon told. Having determined to enter the army, he enlisted as a private in Company G, 15th (Josey's) Regiment, Arkansas Infantry, on May 1, 1862, at Corinth. Almost immediately, however, he was transferred to Calvert's battery (Arkansas Light Artillery) of Hotchkiss's battalion, and in June he was promoted to the position of 2nd lieutenant. In this capacity, and later as 1st lieutenant, he took part in most of the fighting in northern Mississippi; in Bragg's Kentucky campaign; and, on December 31, 1862, in the bloody and indecisive Battle of Murfreesboro, fought as the army retreated south through Middle Tennessee. Here he commanded the artillery which henceforth won fame as "Key's battery."

At the battle of Chickamauga, September 19th and 20th, 1863, he served with unusual distinction. In their official reports, Lieutenant General D.H. Hill, Major General Pat Cleburne, Brigadier General Lucius E. Polk, and Colonel B.J. Hill cited him for gallantry and effectiveness, saying that in the fiercest part of the struggle he ran his battery by hand to within sixty yards of the enemy's lines.¹ At the Battle of Missionary Ridge, fought on November 25, 1863, General Cleburne stationed

Key with his battery over the tunnel where the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad passed through the ridge, and placed him in charge of all the Confederate artillery there.

In reporting that the batteries of Key and Swett bore the brunt of the fighting, he said that the former depressed his guns to the utmost and fired shell and canister down the hill in the face of a withering fire from the enemy. When the guns could no longer be gotten into position to command the precipitous slope, he led his men in rolling down stones upon the determined foe.²

With the retreat of the Southern forces after Missionary Ridge, Key helped form the rear guard which received the thanks of the Confederate Congress for saving Bragg's army from destruction, serving with particular distinction at Ringgold Gap on November 27th. Thereafter, the army went into winter quarters at Dalton while Cleburne's division, including Key's battery, acted as an outpost ten miles to the north at Tunnel Hill, Georgia (not to be confused with the tunnel through the ridge at Chattanooga). At this point the diary begins.

The entire diary is not printed herein. Selected parts that pertain to Helena, or people from Helena, are used, along with entries that are especially interesting.

AT HOME ON LEAVE

February 18, 1864

Feeling unsafe I arose before day and called Wash to conduct me to the woods in White

River bottom where the Federals could not discover me. He led me across some sloughs so that I could not be tracked, and at those points where they crossed the public roads the water was deep enough to swim a horse. I felt humiliated at hiding out in such a manner, but it could not be avoided. I roasted sweet potatoes and slept on the ground by the fire during the day, making up for rest lost on the previous night. I perused everything in the NEW YORK HERALD, including the disgusting free soil and traitorous speech of Colonel E.W. Gant of Arkansas, delivered in New York City.

After sunset I attempted to find my way out of the bottom, knowing that the wolves were fierce and desiring to go up to the house. After wandering in the dark forest and wading through numerous ponds I discovered an opening in the distance for which I aimed and was soon in the big road. I stealthily approached the house and entered, finding all my family about the fireside. My two youngest children stood off and eyed me, having forgotten me in my long absence. I called them by name and hugged them, but they were still shy. After I had eaten my supper, Mr. Wiggins, a soldier from Captain Mayo's company, called for me to go and sleep with him in the woods. I was glad to accept the proffer; so I mounted a pony to convey me over the slashes, halting in a thicket which we dubbed "Sweet Gum Hotel" because we made our fire against a sweet gum log.

February 19, 1864

We arose from our airy berth, saddled our horses, and rode to get our keen appetites satisfied. During the day I remained about the premises, though in constant anticipation of

seeing the bluecoats coming. I would occasionally spend a few moments with Mrs. Key in conversation, but the load on my mind was too great for me to enjoy myself. After tea Mr. Wiggins and I met and returned to our place of concealment for the night.

February 20, 1864

Having no rations in the woods, it was only natural that we should return home to satisfy the demands of hunger. Together we ate with Mrs. Key and then we remained on the lookout for the rest of the day. Nothing of note occurred and at our usual hour we sought our hiding place. The night was very cold and ice was so thick on the ponds that it was with difficulty that we could urge our horses through them.

February 21, 1864

The night was so cold that our berth on the frozen ground would not permit us to sleep. However, we made our usual trip to the plantation to get our daily rations, finding Aunt with her buggy hitched to visit Helena to purchase some clothing for Cousin Thomas Lambert and myself. As a matter of fact, the ladies--even those in good circumstances--do all the trading with the Federals. They get in an ox wagon with a bale or two of cotton and go into Helena and smuggle out sugar and coffee, meanwhile concealing beneath their hoops one or two pairs of cavalry boots for our soldiers. An instance occurred where a lady donned on her delicate feet a pair almost waist tall. The Yankee picket demanded of her that she pull them off. She refused. The sentinel then wanted to know whether she was in

the habit of wearing cavalry boots. She replied, "Yes, and I intend to wear these I have on." Her determination was as firm as her patriotism was true. She kept them. The cavalryman who was the recipient of these historic boots should have been inspired with the heroic courage of a Ney when wearing them in battle, remembering who had first worn them. No doubt many such noble deeds were performed by the women of Phillips and Monroe counties, Arkansas.

February 22, 1864

The usual visit to the swamps and return for something to eat.

February 23, 1864

I came in this morning and spent almost the entire day at the house. It was the quietest and most agreeable day of my visit. Since the clouds indicated rain, Mr. Wiggins and I moved our lodging for the night from Sweet Gum Hotel to a corn pen in order to keep dry in case of falling weather.

February 24, 1864

As we approached the house for our rations this morning, Wash came to meet us, exclaiming that the Federals were at the house shortly after we had departed last night. We retraced our steps and visited Mr. Sam Carpenter's where we were invited to breakfast. After dining we sought a hiding place in the forest and the night was spent as usual.

February 25, 1864

After remaining away from home 48 hours, I thought I would venture to see if the Abolitionists were around the premises. I ate at home and was leaving for the swamps when Mr. Beasley came galloping up the road and hailed me, informing me that the Yankees had passed on to Helena and that it would be safe for me to remain at home. At the same time, however, he extended to Mrs. Key and me an invitation to visit his home with him and spend the day. I accepted the offer and as soon as the buggy could be gotten ready my wife and children were seated in it and I led the way on a mule in order to be mounted in the event that I should be surprised by Yankees.

Mr. Beasley's family received us with their usual cordiality, and their sociable and agreeable manners made me feel at home. Dinner was announced and Mrs. Beasley had loaded her table with a fat turkey, sweet potatoes, ham, greens, roasted beef, butter, milk and desserts. She is a noble example of wife and companion, and has educated two daughters to fill the same position, one having taken a companion in Mr. B.J. Lambert. Miss Rosa Beasley made me a present of a hat, and Cousin Fannie, her sister, of a nice flannel overshirt. I am not in the habit of drinking, but when Mr. Beasley set out his bottle and sugar, I felt constrained to drink the following toast: "To my country and the ladies!" The day was far advanced when I said to Mrs. Key that it was time we were returning. I should mention the fact that this was the first time I had been blessed with the privilege of mingling with any pleasure with neighbors.

As soon as I reached home I "shucked" myself of the citizen clothes and drew on my official

stripes and bars, feeling unnatural with broad-cloth on my limbs. I had hidden my soldier clothes in a pen, knowing that if the Federals found them in my house they would, if not burn it, turn everything topsy turvy. I had eaten my supper and was amusing myself with the children when I heard an old faithful servant calling, "Mr. Key! Mr. Key!" and as quick as thought I gathered my overcoat and cap and rushed for the door where he met me and led the way in double quick time towards the garden. As I rushed from the house I had on such a head of steam that I ran over a negro woman who was standing near a group of four other women. By the time we had reached the rear of the garden, the Yankees had my house surrounded, but they were too late, for I had made a good retreat. We continued walking until we had all the points flanked where we supposed the Yankee pickets were stationed, and at midnight I came up to a fire where I found Mr. Oates and some negroes with mules hid out from the Feds. I threw myself down on the ground and dozed an hour, but was too cold to sleep.

February 26, 1864

As day dawned I mounted a mule and bent my course for the White River bottom to conceal myself. The mules were brought to me for safe keeping by three negro boys. I made a fire and called the swamps my home.

February 27, 1864

This morning found me still in the woods, eating and sleeping beneath the stars that nightly twinkled over me. Mr. Fr. Wallace was brought in to see me.

February 28, 1864

At sunset I thought I would venture to my home; so I saddled my mule and approached through the fields. However, half a mile from my residence I tied my long-eared animal so that I could advance with more secrecy. As I stepped in the house I was greeted by my children and wife, and after devouring a hasty supper I returned to my camp.

February 29, 1864

Wash brought the glad news that Mr. B.J. Lambert, my cousin, had arrived from the army at Cotton Plant. He was informed on what bayous he could find me. Shortly after Wash left me, five lovely deer skipped up within a few yards of me, but if I had been prepared for them it would have been impolitic to fire, for I could hear the Federals shoot in the bottom. In the evening cousin arrived, finding me sitting at the foot of a tree reading HARPERS MAGAZINE. I was rejoiced to see him. He dismounted and a discharged soldier and negro boy with him did likewise. Of course, I had to relate all the thrilling events and bloody battles that I had witnessed and passed through under General Bragg. After a few hours conversation, he told his servant, "Sol," to make a fire and roast sweet potatoes for our supper. This companionship rendered my spirits more cheerful and the hours more agreeable.

March 1, 1864

Having nothing to eat, it was necessary that Mr. Lambert and I should resort to some house for rations. We called at Mr. Dawson's and after half an hour he brought to us at the corn crib some ham, eggs, eggbread, and coffee which

we devoured with a perfect gusto. While we were consuming our hasty meal, we could hear the roar of the enemy's artillery on White River. Thinking prudence was the safer plan, we mounted our steeds and after crossing about six deep streams reached what is known as "Surrounded Hill" in White River bottom. There we bivouacked in a hut six by ten feet, erected by a man who was turned against the world and made a hermit by the dissipation of his wife. Because she was habituated to drunkenness, he left her and secluded himself from the eyes of the world in this little hut. His own beastly wife had created in him such a dislike for the female sex that he would not live where he could see a woman. He became ill and would have died without a friend near, but the neighbors--discovering his miserable condition--had him removed and he went down to the cheerless grave, a broken hearted man ruined by a wicked woman.

The rain came down like a shower bath. Since it was impossible to be with our families at home and our brief leave of absence expiring without our having enjoyed a peaceful hour with those we loved dearest, we concluded to send for our wives and camp in the dense canebrake. The rain, however, fell in such torrents that this hope was blasted. Certainly the course of true love runs hard paths! Notwithstanding the darkness of the night and the pelting rains we wound our way through the swamps to our respective homes, but I spent my night's rest, such as it was, in a cotton house beneath the cotton.

March 2, 1864

I rose before daylight and discovered that the forest and the ground were covered with sleet, the frozen timbers bending and swaying beneath the

mighty weight of ice and the sweeping winds. I knocked at Mrs. Key's door, entered, and built a fire, remaining until after breakfast when I rode to Mr. Beasley's, where Mr. Joel Lambert and his wife lived, in order to get Mr. Lambert to return with me to the little hut in the woods. After partaking of some refreshments we arrived at Surrounded Hill about dark. I gave the hut the name of Fort Lambert. The night was excessively cold and the mighty forest cracked, bent, and fell continually beneath the weight of falling snow and accumulated icicles.

March 3, 1864

We returned to the house to gather up the clothing my wife had made for me and that which Aunt had made for Cousin Thomas Lambert. I filled a bag with woolen shirts and other clothing, such as could not be obtained in the Confederate lines. Cousin Joe presented me with a fine pair of calf skin boots. Indeed, I did not know how to thank him enough for them. While I was at home, a stranger, who proved to be Mr. Rogers who had been a prisoner but who had escaped from the Federals two days prior, came riding up the road. My wife had early supper, as I expected to bid adieu to them all and to leave for the army that night in order that I might pass over the most public roads under the shades of darkness. Anyone who has been absent from a good wife for 22 months and who has been on the eve of bidding her farewell, bound for his country, may imagine with what feelings I ate my last meal with her.

As darkness was enveloping the earth our horses were saddled and all was ready and waiting for me to give the signal. I took my oldest girl,

Julia, in my arms and kissed her; next my kind wife whose tears were trickling down her cheeks, and as I kissed little Emma (four years old), Julia began weeping. This so melted my heart and choked my utterance that I could not speak a word. Near my horse stood my son, Chesley, just over five years old, whom I kissed and then mounted my horse. As I rode away, all of my dear family stood in the door weeping and looking after me. I dismounted at Aunt's and as she met me in the hall I said "Goodbye Aunt!" She threw her arms around me and exclaimed, "Oh, my son, God bless you!" Cousin Jane then kissed me, both talking to me as I walked away, tears falling from my eyes. I had seen the battlefield and heard the wails of the wounded mingled with the expiring breath of the dying, and applied the canteen to the pale blue lips of my sinking comrades--all this I have experienced unmoved, but the parting cry of an affectionate family completely unmanned me and I became as broken hearted as a child. Three dark figures moved over sloughs amidst the darkness of the night, but not a word was spoken; even the stranger (Rodgers) seemed to sympathize with me. After traveling until late in the night we reached Miss Lightfoot's and retired for the remainder of the night. My thoughts were upon my dear wife and children, and I could not sleep.

March 4, 1864

I bade Mr. Joel Lambert farewell. He loved me as a brother and had come this far on my route from the interest he felt in me. He had furnished my family with shelter and provisions after they were driven from my own home by the rotten-hearted Abolitionists, and had been more than a brother to me during my short visit. How can I repay him for

his benevolence and good deeds? Heaven bless him and reward him with a contented heart!

Accompanied by Sol I hastened to the ferry over Big Creek but after almost swimming our animals and reaching the bank of the stream, the boat was on the opposite side and no one could be called up to bring it to us. A young Delk³ showed me where there was another dugout, but when I reached the point it was in deep water. I attempted to reach it on horseback, but my horse had to swim and I was "ducked" in water that was formed from the melting snows and ice. I was so anxious to return to the army that I did not hesitate to pull off my clothes and attempt to swim to the boat. The water, however, was so cold and it so chilled me that I was fearful of cramping before I could reach the boat; hence I had to abandon the idea of crossing and returned three miles to Dr. Des Prez's. As soon as I informed Mrs. Des Prez of my mishaps, she insisted that I should put on dry clothes and make myself contented at their house. I acted as philosophically as I could under the circumstances.

The family was so affable and pleasant that I felt really welcomed. By the bye, the children were well educated and taught industrious habits--in short, though young they were men and women in deportment. Miss Josephine was ready to prepare breakfast as she was to trip her fingers over the piano keys, and as an evidence of her domestic economy she discovered that the socks that I wore when I took the cold bath had a small hole in one of them, and before I arose in the morning that sock was darned and washed.

March 5, 1864

After I had dressed and prepared for the

journey, I requested Miss Josephine to play a few parting pieces. She sang and played "Lorena," "When This Cruel War is Over," and "The Volunteer." The words of the latter piece were so appropriate and so harmonized with the sentiments of my heart that they brought before me my weeping wife, and while the music filled my heart and ears, tears gushed unbidden from my eyes. Oh music, how touching and heaven-like! It subdues my heart and drives all evil from it. I bade this good family farewell with a heart grateful for their kindness.

I arrived at the ferry but there was no change, only the creek was much higher; so I sought to cross at a point further up the stream. About noon I arrived at Mr. Humphrey's where his excellent lady had prepared a good dinner which I partook of with a relish. He had visited Helena in company with Colonel Jim Scafe and Lieutenant Thomas Scafe, and he told me that with a few base exceptions the citizens there were true to the South--that those pretended Union meetings were forced upon them and that they did not do or entertain half the things the opposition newspapers represented.

I rode about three miles to a point where, having driven our animals into the stream and made them swim to the opposite shore, I was ferried across Big Creek in a "dug-out." After dark I arrived at the home of Mr. Thrailkell who lived a mile from the creek. My appetite was soon satiated on milk and honey, and the table cleared away for me to read the traitorous circular issued by Dr. Z.M. Jacks, of Helena. Oh, what treachery! How a Southern man could so humble and debase himself as to eulogize the Lincoln despotism I could not perceive. As the Federals had not been

at this house, I slept in safety for the first time in twenty nights.

March 6, 1864

Before the sun smiled upon the earth I was up and Mrs. Thrailkell had prepared some of the best biscuits that ever passed between my teeth. Often have I thought of those biscuits and would have been glad to duplicate them. I rode down the Old Town Country and witnessed the desolation created by the thieving Abolitionists. By noon I had left 22 miles behind me, and dismounting at Mr. Hughey's I sent Sol back to Aunt's with the two horses. At this place I met with Mr. Abe Gillen who accompanied me to the island to aid me in crossing the Mississippi River. A steamboat was in sight and we concealed ourselves until she had passed, after which I gave \$10 in Confederate notes as an equivalent of \$2 in "greenbacks" to a negro to set me over the Father of Waters. Soon I was safely over, but the ladies at home had so loaded me with clothing that I could scarcely lug the pack half a mile to the first house, where Mr. Robinson lived. Hearing that the negro soldiers from "Island 66" had been in the neighborhood, I hid my bag of clothes preparing to make good speed if I should happen to encounter the rascals. As I walked into Mr. Robinson's yard I saw a soldier and several ladies. All looked confused. When I made myself known I was informed that three days prior a Yankee had come to their house dressed as a Confederate and requested them to aid him in escaping. At this point a white captain with twenty negroes came up and took him prisoner (he was obviously a deserter), and when he informed the Yankee captain that Mr. Robinson had advised him to run, the latter was at once arrested

and carried off to Helena. This put them on their guard.

I told them that I wished to visit Mr. William King's and desired to hire a horse. As there was no horse there, a Miss Beard proposed to remain at Mrs. Robinson's during the night and let me ride her mule. This offer was accepted and I thanked her from my heart. As I passed up the river bank I could see the negro tents located on the island. Arriving at Mr. King's I found him quite low and gradually sinking into the grave. I was informed of arrangements that had been made to capture the island and take therefrom about 450 negroes who had been stolen from the citizens of the neighborhood. But at dark, as a steamboat was seized to carry across the men, a gunboat and transport anchored just at the head of the island. Thinking that the move had been anticipated by the Federals, it was postponed.

March 7, 1864

Sunday morning I returned and delivered to Miss Beard her mule, remaining at Mrs. Robinson's to cut wood for her. Her husband was a prisoner, and three days prior the Abolitionists had stolen the last negro.

March 8, 1864

With the aid of Mr. Ben King I procured a mule about 20 years of age, loaded him with my bag of clothes, mounted, and began whipping and kicking. After swimming the old flop-eared animal over a slough and wearing out a number of withes, I reached Colonel McNeal's beautiful plantation. I was welcomed into the parlor by the Colonel and General Grantt, and I was introduced to Mrs. McNeal, Miss Grantt, and a Mr. Forbes.

The conversation was on the recent Southern victory in Florida, the failure of the attempt to take Island 63⁴, and the general phase of the war. Tea was announced and I was somewhat surprised to have placed before me a bowl of oysters and soup. The company was quite agreeable and the themes discussed of an interesting nature. All of the party proved themselves instructed and informed, and well versed in the gift of language. Since I had been kept up on the whole of the previous night, the Colonel and I retired early. But Miss Grantt and Mr. Forbes remained up to enjoy some music, and I suspected to pass a few love compliments.

March 9, 1864

Rose about the time the sun did and prepared for breakfast. After doing justice to a good table, I prepared to leave on my long journey. Mr. and Mrs. McNeal had made my visit very agreeable, and I thanked them from my heart. This residence sits on a level plain, the yard beautified by the luxuriant growth of the bluegrass and near the house a deep lake from which the angler draws many fish and on the bosom of which floated ducks and geese. Oh, how happy should be the people of the Mississippi bottom!

The roads from Colonel McNeal's to Bobo's were mud upon mud. My mule about to give down under age and weight, I halted at 12 o'clock at Mr. Childress's where I procured a few ears of corn for Flop Ear and ate a hearty dinner myself. I mounted Flop Ear but the roads were so muddy that I consumed almost all evening in making six miles. Passing Swan Lake, which was almost literally covered with wild ducks, I halted at Mr. Bridges' where I inquired if I might remain for the night.

A lady answered in the affirmative and I walked into the house and made myself as agreeable as I knew how. The gentleman being absent, Mrs. Bridges passed an hour in conversation with me after supper. She told me that the bear were very troublesome in the spring, killing their hogs. Her husband killed one bear from which, after it had been split through the back, she rendered 12 gallons of oil.

March 10, 1864

At an early hour I bade Mrs. Bridges good morning and was whipping and kicking my way towards the army at Dalton. The clouds lowered, but I could not stop out of the rain. Meeting two young men with three mules hitched to a wagon, I proposed to swap Flop Ear for one of them. I offered \$50 "to boot." He wanted \$50 in greenbacks, of which I had none on hand. He then demanded \$100 difference in the trade in Confederate notes. After hesitating for a moment I agreed to the trade and pulled off my saddle and transferred it to his mule, he placing Flop Ear in the lead in harness. I gave him the \$100 to boot and rode off as large as life, thinking I would make a long journey today. But my new mule had a peculiar way of holding her head to one side with her nose near the ground. What this manner of conveying herself meant I could not imagine. I had not made many miles, however, when I discovered that she was striking her feet against every root and grub in her path. At Moore's bayou I dismounted to be carried across on a raft, and then I discovered that my mule's eyes were quite white, which revealed the secret--she was almost blind. I therefore named her "Blind Peggy."

I managed to work my way over 40 miles today,

crossing the Tallahatchie River. Twelve months prior to this day the Federal gunboats were working their way down this narrow stream. I ferried across at the mouth of Coldwater, and for twelve miles traversed a dense wilderness, not passing a house in this distance. At length I overtook a Mr. Mitchell, with two mules in tow, who had carried Miss Hill and Miss Warren to the river near Helena and was returning home, and I accompanied him to his house to spend the night. The rain fell in blinding sheets, but I had passed beneath too many such as a soldier to slacken my gait or grunt as the cold water leaked down my back.

March 11, 1864

After paying my bill, the first since I had left the hills going toward Mississippi, I struck out for Charleston in a trot. I traveled all day by myself, nothing transpiring of interest, and arrived at a house six miles from Grenada, Mississippi.

March 12, 1864

Soon as breakfast was disposed of, I was on the road. Arrived at Grenada and learned that the Yankees had torn up the railroads at Meridian and that I would have to ride over to the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. While on the ferry boat crossing the Yalobusha, I spoke of the distance I had to travel and about my lazy mule. The ferryman said he had a good mule that did not suit him because she would not work in a cart and that he would swap her to me. As I rode off the boat, he desired me to go home and see his mule. I did so. and the animal proved to be old and sway back,

but had good eyes. He proposed to swap even. I thought mine the better, save the fact of losing her sight, but that his would carry me along without such constant whipping. I sprang upon my newly acquired mule and she trotted at a brisk rate for the first few miles. I named her Bridgett. The country east of Grenada is miserably poor--high hills, almost mountains, and three miles out one was fortified. The timber is almost exclusively pine. I drew up after sunset at Mr. Lewis's, having traveled 36 miles.

March 13, 1864

This day I had a lonely ride, no company and nothing except the sighing of lofty pines as the north wind whistled through their long hairlike leaves. Night found me about 38 miles from the place I left in the morning.

March 14, 1864

This was the Sabbath, and the family with which I had stopped was not in great haste to prepare breakfast. However, I witnessed a domestic scene which made my heart feel that there was no place like home. A mother and daughter were cooking breakfast and a son who had last night returned from the army was sitting neat the fire singing to them "Lorena." How happy all looked! Oh, home, sweet home, how I love thee and thy inmates but am denied thy enjoyments. Arrived at Zibly Station and found some old Alabama friends: D. Halsey, Best, and Cockrill, of General Forrest's command. They were preparing to move upon Tennessee. I rode down the railroad to Arlesia, as the cars did not come up any higher. Put up at a hotel kept by a woman--her husband being in the army.

March 16, 1864

After making good time for an hour we arrived at the Demopolis railroad and the cars were soon clattering along. At Demopolis I looked upon a picturesque scene that I should like to present here. It was General Polk's⁵ army--a train of wagons on one bank of the Tombigbee and on the other bank tents standing under the heavy forest, horsemen riding, infantry sauntering, and an indescribably romantic appearance was added by the blazing fires and curling smoke.

We rushed from the little boat in which we had crossed the river and the cry was "All aboard for Selma." Night found us at that beautiful town--a place of artesian wells. Since the boat was gone, all the passengers had to remain for 24 hours. The hotels were so thronged that I could not get a cot for \$1 per hour; hence I went for the first time to a "wayside hospital," sustained by the citizens for the benefit of traveling and sick soldiers.

March 17, 1864

I never before witnessed such a scrambling for berths as when the steamer Republic arrived from Mobile. I waited until all of them were spoken for and considered taken, and then I went to the Clerk and told him that I, a modest man, had stood back while the crowd broke down his awning trying to get berths and that if he had anything like a place for me to sleep I should like to be accommodated. He gave me one but as there was not a quilt or comfort on a bed in the boat, I proposed to a friend that he sleep with me and bring his shawls to keep us warm. He gladly accepted the offer.

March 18, 1864

The boat arrived at Montgomery after daylight. We went to one of the hotels, but seeing that a very ordinary breakfast was \$10 we concluded that the price was "too steep" and accordingly moved our headquarters to the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, where we found hot coffee made of corn, turnip greens, bacon, bread, and sweet potatoes for \$2.50 per plate. Here we ate breakfast, having with us some excellent boiled ham. The throng trying to get on the train was so great that at least 200 persons were left at the depot. Arrived at West Point, and from thence to Atlanta I could not get a seat.

March 19, 1864

At Washington Hall I ate a tolerably fair meal for \$10, bed included. Took the train for Dalton and arrived at camp by 4 o'clock, and was welcomed back to my battery. I had been gone ten days over my leave, but the fact that the Yankees had me surrounded and the railroads cut to pieces in my rear was a sufficient excuse. Many, however, had concluded that I was a prisoner.

March 20, 1864

When I visited General Cleburne and related the difficulties under which I returned, he told me that if I was arrested I should appraise him and he would go to see General Johnston and have me released. The men from Arkansas seemed delighted to see me, for I had brought my pockets full of letters from their dear female friends at home. Cousin Thomas Lambert came to my tent and I divided with him clothes which I had lugged for about six hundred miles. I also gave some to Dr. P.R. Ford,

the surgeon in my battery, and to Lieutenant Marshall.

March 21, 1864

Today assumed command of my company. Numbers of friends visited me to hear news from Arkansas. I told them of my "difficulties in the pursuit of pleasures," and what their friends were doing, etc.

March 23, 1864

The battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge (or Tunnel Hill)⁶ had so depleted my company that I visited General Joseph E. Johnston to learn if he would not transfer some of the 15th Arkansas Regiment who were desirous of being attached to my battery. The General remarked that all of his army would go into cavalry and batteries if it were allowed, and that he would not transfer a soldier drilled in infantry to make a bad cannoneer. The decision of the General was against my desires, but I resorted to other sources to fill my depleted ranks.

March 29, 1864

Last night a heavy rain fell and I was awakened by its patting in my face. The artillery of the battalion was harnessed for drill preparatory to a sham fight. A trial was in progress wherein Lieutenant Steele of Sweet's battery was charged by Major Hotchkiss with incompetency. The weather is very peculiar, for the air has the appearance of being full of flakes of snow and there is a hazy appearance natural to northern climates. Since the papers had nothing of particular interest, I

spent the day in examining artillery tactics. Received an order for the transfer of Private C. Ross, Company C, 15th Arkansas, to my battery.

March 30, 1864

At an early hour I had the horses and the battery ready for regimental drill of artillery, which, however, did not give me much information. The day was very cold and unpleasant. About noon distant cannonading was heard in the direction of the enemy. The sound grew less distinct and I supposed that it was our cavalry fighting the Yankees and that the enemy was retreating. The (MEMPHIS) APPEAL contained the following article:

March 31, 1864

The batteries were harnessed and moved upon a large field to be carried through the maneuvers of a sham battle. All of General Hardee's corps was present and the dark lines of men made a grand display as they moved in battle array, their guns glittering in the sunlight. There were many ladies on a distant hill to witness our fight. One line representing the Southerners threw out their skirmishers and drove back the Yankee line, and in turn the Yankees brought up their skirmishers and drove the Southerners skedaddle. The sham battle was over and we returned to camp expecting to have it renewed the following day with bloody carnage.

April 1, 1864

This being All Fool's Day, jokes opened upon Dr. Ford of my mess. The men of the company had their many hearty laughs over "April Fool."

The sham fight, which we expected to transpire today, was postponed from the fact that the ground was quite wet and rain still falling. Spent the day in my tent writing.

April 2, 1864

The day passed with the usual nature of business. Cousin Thomas Lambert came to my camp and brought me a present of a beautiful pair of spurs, remarking that he presented them to me in "appreciation of you as a relative and as an officer." I thanked him with all the politeness that I could command and expressed the hope that I would be permitted to wear those spurs through the remainder of the war and after peace is declared.

April 4, 1864

This being the day for the election of a congressman from the 4th District, Arkansas, I obtained permission from the Major for several of my men and myself to visit Polk's brigade to vote. The candidates are Judge T.B. Hanly, Major L.O. Bridewell, and one, Mr. Forbes. The latter played the part of a demagogue, visiting the privates in the army from his district and saying that all the officers are against him because his is a private--a base untruth. Mr. Steele, Dr. Ford, and I rode to the polls together. I saw Captain Phillips, who had returned from Arkansas, and in conversation with him found that his views coincide with mine regarding the action of the people in that state.

April 5, 1864

The weather continues cold and disagreeable,

with rain falling every other day. The news that General Forrest has captured Union City and burned Paducah made many glad hearts.

April 6, 1864

This morning I received 48 sets of harness for my battery. This was the first outfit that the battery has had in three years. I spent almost all day having the collars and gearing fitted to the horses. General Shoup,⁸ who was the first officer to drill this battery in Missouri, was at my camp. He is very affable and polite. He takes command of the artillery in Johnston's army.

April 7, 1864

This morning all were prepared for the great sham fight which was to come off. I managed Major Hotchkiss' battalion on the field. The fight, which began between the skirmishers, sounded very much a true battle. Cleburne's division moved upon the supposed enemy, opening a rapid fire of musketry, and our batteries made the welkin ring while the adjacent mountains sent back the reverberating echo. There were thousands of spectators, among whom were ladies said to be from Atlanta and other cities. They occupied a lofty hill which gave them a commanding view. I was not near enough to see the ladies, though the sight of a beautiful lady makes a soldier happy and brings up afresh the image of his dear wife or sister or mother. The battle was grand and interesting to those who do not see it in its bloody reality. It is said two soldiers were wounded--one losing an eye. I regretted to see such a waste of ammunition (all to gratify the

wives of two Generals) when our forces on the west side of the river have almost no ammunition whatever.

To be continued....

FOOTNOTES

¹See OFFICIAL RECORDS OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE ARMIES, Series 1, Vol. 30, pt.2, pp. 140, 154, 176-77. 183. Cf. Key's own report of the battle, *ibid.*, pp.186-87.

²Cf. *ibid.*, Series 1, Vol. 31, pt. 2, p. 750.

³This word is written very legibly in the text, but its meaning is not clear. Despite the indefinite article the reference is probably to a member of a family by the name of Delk.

⁴This is given as "Island 66" in the entry for March 6th.

⁵The reference here is to Lieutenant General Leonidas Polk, the Bishop-Soldier who was to lead his corps to Johnston's assistance, and who on June 14th would lose his life at Pine Mountain when he was struck by a cannon ball while reconnoitering.

⁶The language here is confusing. Desperate fighting took place at the Battle of Missionary Ridge at the point where the railroad tunnel passes through the mountain. But Tunnel Hill, as the term is commonly used to the present day, is specifically applied to the point in Georgia, between Ringgold and Dalton, where the

Western and Atlantic Railroad passes through the tunnel. Missionary Ridge and Tunnel Hill are not synonymous terms, as Captain Key's entry would seem to indicate.

⁷Lost from the manuscript.

⁸Brigadier General F.A. Shoup, a Northerner by birth and a graduate of West Point who had cast his lot with the Confederacy.

"My Mother's Story"

who was

-Emma Rightor Morris-

1842-1924

by Mary Morris

This story is composed of incidents in my mother's life or connected there-with as she related them to me at various times in our days together. She often told me of her mother, Minerva Putnam Craig, daughter of Joel Craig and Eliza Putnam Craig, great granddaughter of General Israel Putnam, who was the first Major-General on Washington's staff.

My grandmother, Minerva, was born in 1800 on her parents' farm, which is now the site of Newport, Kentucky. When my grandmother was about 18, her father, Joel Craig, decided to follow the pioneers then moving into the West and settling. They embarked on a flat boat with his family, then a large one, and floated down the Ohio and Mississippi to his destination at the town of Helena, Arkansas, which was then being laid off by Nicholas Rightor, a United States Government surveyor and a native of New York.

He had an office in St. Louis and was working out of Natchez, and soon met and married my grandmother, as I will describe later. He surveyed parts of Arkansas, recommended Hot Springs as a Government Reservation, and also surveyed in Texas and Mississippi. He was

a personal friend of General Austin and Sam Houston. And now it was at that time that he met my grandmother, Minerva Craig, who was visiting her Aunt in Natchez, Mississippi. He fell in love and married in that city. According to old letters, Jefferson Davis, later President of the Confederacy, who was a friend of my grandfather's, was best man at the wedding. After the wedding they returned to Helena, Arkansas, where they erected a house in the western part of Helena, which was later taken over and used by the Army after the capture of Helena by the Federal troops during the Civil War.

My grandparents had eight children, my mother being the youngest, Emma Rightor. She was about eighteen years old when she returned from a young ladies college at "College Hill" near Cincinnati, Ohio, just before the beginning of the Civil War.

When the Civil War began my mother was very active in the Confederate cause and was one of the twelve girls who made the first flag for the "Phillips Guards" of the 13th Arkansas Infantry Regiment. She presented the flag to the Captain before a large assembly. This battle-stained flag was given by the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the Phillips County Museum in 1930, and has been on display there since that time.

After the capture of Helena by the Federals, it was strongly fortified and garrisoned because of its location on the Mississippi River and the hills surrounding it.

I've heard my mother tell of the sixty thousand Federal troops that surrounded the town and took possession of all the lovely homes. My mother's home was one of those used by the Army.

My grandmother, Minerva Rightor, was deeply religious and had a literary turn of mind and often retired to the cupola to read and pray, and had written some prayers on the wall; so the General, out of regard for her, gave orders that the home was not to be destroyed.

During that time that my mother, Emma, was much in the public eye because of her intense rebel sympathies and activities, and she kept her family in constant anxiety because of her many exploits in behalf of the Southern cause, often requiring them to give bond for her observance of Federal regulations. One of the regulations forbade the display or wearing of Confederate colors and this was one order my mother refused to obey. On one occasion she was arrested by Federal officers while playing the organ in church, being dressed in white with a big red sash, the Confederate colors. She was marched out between two officers.

Another of her exploits related to smuggling of medicines through the lines. She had received letters from Confederate boys telling how badly they needed supplies and equipment. So finding out that one of the local preachers was driving out to preach a funeral, she asked to go along, so undertook to smuggle out what supplies they needed. She took advantage of the "hoop skirt," then in fashion, to conceal under it quinine, socks, blankets, pistols, two pair of rubber boots and other things. When they reached the "picket line" they were told they had to be searched, but they kept their composure and persuaded the guard that they had no contraband on them and were permitted to pass. When safely beyond the lines she raised her hoop skirt and shocked the minister by the amount and variety

of the supplies she had concealed on her.

My mother said the "hoop skirt" kept the South fighting as long as it did, for it was one of the principal "supply lines."

As a result of her many escapades a Federal officer advised her brother, Henry Rightor, her father having died many years before, that she be sent out of Helena. Aided by the officer and accompanied by two friends they started on horseback for Memphis, Tennessee, to join her sister. There were no railroads in that day, and the trip was an arduous one. They had to swim fifteen bayous on the way. She had no sooner arrived in Memphis, when she was again arrested, but through influential friends there, she escaped again. Shortly afterwards she and her sister proceeded to St. Louis, and there they were advised to go to Madison, Indiana, by a Federal officer who had lived there and recommended it as a nice, quiet, and lovely place. They lived there several months, were entertained royally by some Southern sympathisers. Hearing of a little town of Milton, Kentucky, just across the river, they were homesick to be on Southern soil again, so they rented a house in Kentucky. Milton at that time was quite an aristocratic settlement.

There were old southern homes along the Ohio and farms in the valleys and the hills. The war refugees were glad to be back in surroundings with such friendly people and were welcomed everywhere, in fact there was one old bachelor that my mother was told she might "try in vain to catch" but he was impossible to catch as all the girls had tried. But they didn't know my mother. She had been the belle of Helena during the War and had been through all kinds of experiences, lost several sweethearts in battle, lost homes and

all they possessed, so a rich old bachelor was an easy capture for her. It was not long before she was engaged and married to Ben Morris, of Milton, Kentucky.

They spent the first three years of their married life on the family's farm of eight hundred acres called "Cherry Grove" about five miles from Milton. In the meantime my grandfather Morris, who was one of the largest landowners in Trimble County, built two fine homes for his two sons in Milton, overlooking the Ohio River. We moved into one of them.

"They say the greatest love is for your native land"; my mother had it stronger than anyone I knew for her southern home. My father used to say if she was on her "way to heaven" she'd want to stop by Arkansas. Every few years of her life in Kentucky she'd return to Helena for a visit with relatives and girlhood friends. We three children looked forward to these trips which were always by river on the big old-time boats, like the "Guiding Star," "Golden Rule," and others.

As long as my mother lived in Kentucky her heart was always in her native state of Arkansas, and she still called herself a "Rebel". She lived to the age of eighty-two, died in 1924 in the old Kentucky Home in Milton, Kentucky, the last of the family of brothers and sisters.

Milton, Kentucky.
March 13, 1939

Contributed by Mrs. John T. Caldwell, Jr.
Jackson, Mississippi

MRS. EMMA MORRIS

(Copied from Newspaper Clipping in Family Bible belonging to Ben Morris Strother, her grandson, who departed this life on October 3, 1972, a resident of Henderson, Henderson County, Ky.)

Mrs. Emma Morris, who died Wednesday night, September 17th, 1924, mention of which was made in our last issue, was one of the very first ladies of Milton. She was born in Helena, Arkansas, January 31, 1842, being almost eighty-three years of age when she died. Coming here during the Civil War--sixty years ago--to visit relatives; within a few months she was united in marriage to the late Judge Ben Morris, a member of one of the pioneer families of Kentucky. To this union were born three children, two daughters and one son, Mrs. J.P. Strother and Miss Mary Morris, of Milton, and Henry Rightor Morris, who died a U.S. soldier in Manila, during an insurrection in the Philippine Islands in 1900, in the prime of young manhood; he also being a soldier in the Spanish-American War. His remains were brought home and interred in the family plot in the Moffett Cemetery.

Mrs. Morris was a charter member of the Milton Baptist Church and was loyal and faithful in every respect, living a life well worthy of emulation. In her declining years--when she realized, according to nature, the end was nearing, she was heard to remark: "I have finished my life's work, and am ready to go." She was a fine conversationalist, keeping well informed in current events of state and nation, and her experience during her long and useful life made

her highly entertaining, it being a pleasure to family, relatives and friends to be with her.

Following the death of Judge Morris, she and her daughter Miss Mamie, continued to reside in the old homestead, and there was never one more dutiful. Her other daughter, Mrs. Strother, resided nearby, and every attention was given their mother. For forty-seven years we were her nearest neighbor, and she was almost like a mother to us, and we mourn with the family over her departure. In her life a heritage has been left to us all.

The large attendance at the funeral and interment and the beautiful floral tribute from friends were an attestation of the love and esteem in which this dear woman was held.



EMMA RIGHTOR MORRIS
1842-1924

HELENA WORLD, April 2 & 3, 1930

HORNOR URGES HELENA OWNED RIVER FRONT

Mr. E.C. Hornor, president of the Helena Chamber of Commerce, outlined an item for the beautification of the Helena river front yesterday afternoon in an address before the Twentieth Century Club in connection with the club program on Community Betterment. The program was a special feature of the Cleanup Week campaign in Helena this week.

The city of Helena, Mr. Hornor pointed out, should take over the entire river front and every effort should be made to secure an extensive concrete sea wall along the entire river front at Helena. Tentative plans for a sea wall at the Municipal Terminal already are being considered by Third Field Engineering, and citizens of Helena should bring pressure to bear to secure a sea wall of this type all along the river here.

The attractiveness of Helena as viewed from the river would be greatly enhanced, and the river front could be made into a permanent park, sloping up from the water's edge to the wall.

The city cleanup campaign, of which the program yesterday was a part is being sponsored jointly by the city government and the Twentieth Century Club.

*

In his address before the Community

Betterment section of the Twentieth Century Club on Tuesday President Hornor of the Chamber of Commerce referred to how matters of unquestioned importance to Helena. The first of these was the proposed "sea wall" to prevent future inroads of the river along the local water front, and the second was the necessity for municipal ownership of all lands between the City of Helena and the low water mark in the river.

Here are two matters which should interest citizens generally. Construction of the proposed "sea wall" would act as a guarantee against flood damage to Helena and serve to preserve the present shore line. The United States Government, it has been stated unofficially, intends to use concrete in construction of a portion of the levee in front of Helena, and there is no good reason why this construction should not include the whole of the levee within the city limits. Erection of such a barrier against inroads from the river would be in the nature of a permanent obstacle to flood damage, and in addition, make it fairly certain that the present shore line will not be changed.

Municipal ownership of the lands between the city and low-water mark in the river would place Helena in position to take advantage of numerous opportunities which may be expected to follow completion of the important industrial and transportation projects now under construction, others soon to be undertaken, and those already completed. We have undertaken a praiseworthy program of river improvement, and if this undertaking is carried to its logical conclusion there will be need for more land along the river front. The present value of the land is not great and never will be under private ownership, but under municipal ownership, it would have a high

community value as affording sites for additional industrial and transportation plants.

Mr. Hornor's suggestions were timely, we think, and should rouse interest in a problem which has existed for many years. It is more important now than at any time in the past, for Helena has at last awakened to the value of the great river which washes its front gate, and there is no telling to what limits she will aspire hereafter.

From Issues of the HELENA WORLD
and the ARKANSAS GAZETTE of 1893

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES

The State Board of Lady Managers Organized--Committees Appointed

The first meeting of the Board of Lady Managers for Arkansas was held at the Governor's mansion at 3 o'clock p.m., June 14.

There were present Mrs. James P. Eagle, Mrs. R.A. Edgerton, Mrs. Logan H. Roots, Little Rock; Mrs. William M. Neal, of Helena, and Miss Corrine Kimball, of Hot Springs, members of the board, and Mrs. James A. Jones and Mrs. Fred Hanger, of Little Rock, members of the Woman's Columbian Club of this city.

Miss Fannie Scott, of Van Buren, was unable to attend on account of illness in the family. Miss Mary Mayers, of Fort Smith, was expected but did not arrive. Mrs. William C. Ratcliffe and Mrs. Frank Douglass, the other members of the board, being off on extensive pleasure trips were not present.

Mrs. Eagle called the meeting to order, and after stating that as a majority of the board was present they might proceed to organize. She read from the articles of incorporation of the World's Fair Association, article 7, which explained the duties and powers of the board, and after a few brief remarks she placed the name of Mrs. A. Edgerton in nomination for temporary chairman. Mrs. Neal, of Helena, seconded the

nomination and Mrs. Edgerton was unanimously elected, assuming the duties of the position in a graceful little speech.

Miss Kimball, of Hot Springs, was chosen temporary secretary.

Nominations for permanent chairman being called for, Mrs. Logan H. Roots nominated Mrs. James P. Eagle. Mrs. William M. Neal, of Helena, seconded the nominations. As there were no other nominations the vote was taken and Mrs. Eagle was declared the unanimous choice of the Board for President. With the same unanimity Mrs. Roots was chosen secretary; Mrs. Edgerton, treasurer, and Mrs. Neal and Miss Kimball, vice-presidents of the Board.

The bylaws were then adopted and numerous committees appointed. The following were some of the most important:

A committee to collect photographs of public buildings, charitable institutions, school-houses, etc., with brief statistics.

A committee to collect the literature of the State.

A committee to secure a collection of native birds from the taxidermists of our State.

A committee to draft and publish a circular letter to the women of our State, stating character of exhibits desired, etc.

A committee to secure collections of the flora of our State.

A committee to communicate with manufacturers of our State with reference to securing donations of cloth to be decorated by ladies, etc.

The ladies are enthusiastic in their work.

They have encouraging reports from several counties where clubs have been organized, and they propose to do their part of the work in the interest of Arkansas' exhibit at the Columbian Exposition.-- Arkansas Gazette.

STATE BOARD

Lady Managers of World's fair Association Meet

The State Board of Lady Managers of Arkansas' World Fair Association held a meeting Thursday, September 29th, at the residence of the Secretary, Mrs. Logan H. Roots.

The meeting was called at the request of Major John D. Adams, President of Arkansas World's Fair Association.

The regrets of the board were expressed that the serious illness of Gov. Eagle prevented Mrs. Eagle from being present.

Mrs. W.M. Neal, of Helena, First Vice-President, presided over the meeting.

The need of money to make a creditable representation of the wonderful resources of the State of Arkansas in the Chicago Columbian Exposition was freely discussed, and each member was to do all they could in the interest of the State for the display in the Arkansas building.

Miss Fannie Scott, of Van Buren, brought the designs of the beautiful newel post, balusters and stair railing which Van Buren had donated to

the building. Miss Scott has been indefatigable, and she and Miss Mayer, of Fort Smith, have secured the promise of marble columns and onyx mantles to be furnished when the exact dimensions of the articles required are known.

Miss Mayer, of Fort Smith, reports that the Columbian Club of Fort Smith would like to furnish the reading room and the Lotus Art Club would like to furnish and decorate a room.

It was announced that the Columbian Club of Little Rock had taken upon themselves the decorating of the rotunda.

Mrs. W.M. Neal, of Helena, said the Columbian Club, of Helena, would furnish the ladies' parlor.

Prof. James Mitchell addressed the meeting on financial matters pertaining to the World's Fair exhibit. He stated that we needed about \$5,000 to complete the building.

The ladies were very grateful for the many valuable suggestions which Prof. Mitchell gave them for the great work before them.

After much general discussion, the board adjourned to meet the first Thursday in December.-- Arkansas Gazette.

Articles Sent to World's Fair

The front page of the WORLD of yesterday contained a list of the pictures sent to Chicago. Another box sent contained Indian relics, twelve pieces, loaned by Mrs. Fitzhugh, Mrs. H.M. Grant, and Mr. Elmer West.

Another box contained a handsome blue heron loaned by Mr. Newman.

In the sixth box were:

Silk scarf given by Lieber Brothers

Embroidered center piece-- Miss Bailey

Cleburne's battle flag

Phillips Guards' flag

Old silver loaned by Mrs. Barlow

Old lace handkerchief, loaned by Mrs. Blackman

Doilies, worked by Mrs. Stephenson

Doily embroidered by Mrs. I. Ehrman

Old fans loaned by Mrs. Hanks

Pieces of China that belonged to Santa Anna, loaned by Mrs. J.J. Hornor

Jabeau, hand embroidered, loaned by Mrs. J. J. Hornor

Scarf with crocheted end made by Mrs. G. Davidson

Crocheted skirt made by Miss Lowry

Four hand painted plates by Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Ed Pillow

Quaint old picture loaned by Mrs. Crocker

King's Daughters Banner, (Sunshine Circle)

Portfolio of 27 photographs of buildings in Helena.

Residences of Messrs I. Lieber, C.L. Moore, W.A. Short, L. Lucy, N.J. Fritzson, B.R. Fitzpatrick, S. Seelig, with two interior views, J.A. Tappan.

The public school, and photograph of pupils. Anheuser-Busch building, Crebs-Fitzpatrick building, Windsor Hotel, Convent, Catholic Parsonage, Episcopal Rectory, Methodist Church, Baptist Church, two colored Baptist churches, J.W. Clop-ton's store house, Court House, Catholic Church, two of government building.

Mr. Maughan has prepared two beautiful wood panels of cypress and curly pine to be sent.

--The following is a short extract from a private letter: "We visited the Arkansas building this forenoon. Miss Scott had received the Shakespeare book and she and Mrs. Edgerton were in raptures over it. Mrs. Edgerton took possession of it and carried it over to the Women's Building and deposited it in the Library. Its admission there was a great compliment." The above refers to the book designed and executed by Mesdames Rightor and John I. Moore, a description of which appeared in the WORLD a few days ago.

JACKSON PARK, ARKANSAS STATE
BUILDING, June 26, 1893.

"The half has not been told," nor does it lie in the power of man to put on paper and convey to the mind of readers, the immense, bewildering splendor of the World's Fair. I shall not attempt to describe the glories of the beautiful White City. In the first place, I would not be equal to the task, and, in the second place, I haven't got the time. The utmost I can do today is to say that Arkansas is at the World's Fair and the nations will know more of the plucky little State down by the turbid Mississippi before the year is out.

Illinois, California, Washington, and several other rich States have spent more money and gathered together larger displays of State products, but none of them have surpassed Arkansas. Her displays of fruits, woods, minerals, grains, grasses, slates, granites, etc., attract the attention of all comers, while the beautiful little building with its delicately lovely interior decorations is the delight of the throngs which troop in day and night, week in and week out.

And Helena, the Queen City of Eastern Arkansas, is known at the World's Fair. Down in the Ladies Parlor hang two beautiful pastels by Claude Fitzpatrick, a moonlight scene by Jennie Pillow, two pieces--Chrysanthemums and Birches--by Fanny May Moore, two pictures by Miss Ada Davidson one by Miss Lizzie Cage, two handsome paintings by Mrs. Mattie Dube, and a child's head in marble, by Mrs. Caroline Brooks. In the gentleman's parlour are also pictures by two Helena girls. They are, Magnolias, by Miss Sallie Fink, Forsaken, by Fannie Leslie Moore, and The Alabama in a Hurricane, by Miss Fannie Leslie Moore. In the library appears a head of Carlisle and one of George Elliot, by Mrs. Brooks, and a Jainty little study of roses by Miss Lizzie Cage. In the upper hallway hangs Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, by Jerome Pillow, while in the gentleman's smoking room is a pretty thing in black and white by Mary Hornor. This is a bit of King Cotton and is greatly admired, as is also one of the same kind by Jimmie Clopton which hangs in the room of the Arkansas Banker's Association. Over in the reading room are hanging various photographs of Helena homes. So plentiful are Helena names and Helena pictures that your correspondent feels quite at home, and more than once has his heart

swelled with pride at the favorable comments of enthusiastic visitors.

This afternoon at 4 o'clock an informal reception will be tendered to the Arkansas Editorial Association at the Arkansas building, and immediately afterwards, at the invitation of the Governor of New Hampshire, the Arkansas editors will be present at the dedication ceremonies of the New Hampshire State building.

The readers of the WORLD are assured that both Arkansas and Helena are strictly "in" the World's Fair.

By the way, I want to correct an evident error in one of the earlier letters to the WORLD. It consists in a failure to mention several important pictures and other things sent from Helena. The most important of these is a picture by Mrs. John I. Moore. It hangs in the front parlor which was furnished by the Fort Smith ladies, and is a picture which was greatly admired by Mrs. Moore's friends at Helena and has been much admired here. It is a figure of a small girl and two kittens. This picture bears a card stating where it came from and by whom it was painted and I do not see how it was overlooked. I have had added a strip of paper stating that the remaining pictures contributed by the Helena Club were without exception, the work of the pupils of Mrs. Moore. I did not realize this fact, until I began to scan the pictures closely. I have seen in no state building a handsomer lot of pictures than adorn the Arkansas building, and fully two-thirds of these were sent from Helena. Another picture not heretofore mentioned is an old portrait of Charles de Villemont, (the uncle of Mr. Blackman), who was one of the early settlers of Arkansas. Then the picture of the monument to the Confederate dead, the handsome banner of the Sunshine Circle of King's Daughters,

and LaFayette's letter to General And. R. Govan, on the subject of the suppression of the slave trade, were neither of them mentioned in the letter devoted to a description of the contents of the building. The photos of Helena buildings are in an album on one of the tables, with the exception of Mr. Vallie Werner's residence; which was handsomely framed, and which hangs in the gentlemen's reading room on the second floor. More anon.

*

I made it a point to visit the Library in the Woman's building. It is an elegant room fitted up by the women of New York. Hundreds of books, by women, are in the low bookcases that line the entire wall. At either end of this large room are two smaller ones. About the walls, in a continuous frieze, are panels of carved wood from the various States. Found the oak panel sent from Arkansas, and carved at the Deaf Mute Institute, in Little Rock. In this same room, in a large glass case, are the two Shakespeare books sent by Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Rightor. One is folded to show the page that tells who did the work-the other is opened at one of the prettiest illustrations. By applying to the lady in charge of the library, one can get the books out of the case and look them over. I did this, and felt very proud as I turned the pages and admired in turn each lovely flower, with its appropriate quotation. Others looked on, as I turned the pages, and wondered at the knowledge of Shakespeare,-the study,-and the loving labor of the two women who produced the book.

*

Mrs. Dube's picture is greatly admired by the strangers who visit the Arkansas building, and the delicately beautiful curtains painted at Helena have won many admiring looks and comments.

BARTON'S OLD HIGH SCHOOL

by Gene Bradford

Changes have to come. Progress continues its path as time marches into another era. One of the landmark buildings in the county that has grown obsolete by present day educational standards is the Barton School, completed 57 years ago for \$25,000. According to Roy Kirkland, the present superintendent at Barton, the "Old High School" as the building is now known will be replaced in the near future with a building better suited to the needs of the school district.

As one anticipates the fine new building it is interesting to browse among old newspapers and memories and take ourselves back to the scene surrounding Barton and the new school in 1926.

While the school building was first occupied on January 25, 1926, the formal dedication was not held until February 5. According to the late John F. Mitchell, the senior class that year had four members: Deasidia Anderson, Alfred Roberts, E.S. Mitchell and John F. Mitchell. He remembered as serving on the faculty: Mr. and Mrs. James Eubanks, Nadene Tatum, Marvin Crittinden, Harvey Gray, and Mrs. Carr (Illia) Turner.

Barton School District #4 was first formed in November 1868, and is the oldest district in the county to continue to operate under the original name and number. That year the district voted five mills. W.M. Mixon was appointed trustee in lieu of a school board. That same year the district failed to raise sufficient funds to run the school for three months.

In 1923 Barton consolidated with districts: #8 (Mengo); #19 (North Creek); #21 (Calico of Calicut Bottoms); all also formed in 1868 and with #39 (Oneida) formed Barton Special #4 with a 12 mill tax. Later Lexa #L, Bonner #30, Howe #41, and Vineyard #42 also became a part of this district.

Mrs. Harvey Gray and Henry Ermer recall the following men as serving on the school board at that time: J.B. Weedman, W.A. Gibson, C.C. Campbell, and Alec Clements. The following year Mr. Ermer was to become the bus driver and custodian for the school--an employment which continued until his retirement in 1981.

The following two articles from the Helena World show the pride the community felt in their new school building.

HELENA WORLD, January 25, 1926

New School Opens at Barton Auspiciously

Barton's new consolidated school building was occupied for the first time today. There was no formal program, this feature being deferred until February 5, when a real celebration and dedication will be staged.

The process of changing from the old building to the new building this morning was simple enough. Teachers and pupils instead of reporting to the old building assembled in the handsome new structure,

where they found steam heat, electric lights and running water awaiting them. Most of the rooms had been equipped with desks and blackboards. Superintendent Eubanks with Chairman Weedman of the consolidated board personally superintended transfer of sundry lots of equipment from the old building which enabled school business to proceed as usual.

There was an undercurrent of excitement among the pupils, however, and this was communicated more or less to the faculty members, all of whom rejoiced with the pupils and felt glad that they were at last able to leave the old building for one erected with a view to comfort as well as utility.

When a representative of the WORLD arrived with Mrs. Sanders, the county superintendent, who was almost as excited as the little tow heads who made themselves both heard and seen. Pupils and teachers were going from room to room hovering momentarily about the radiators and enjoying themselves generally. It was too early for school to open, but everyone was on hand just the same. A tour of inspection was organized and every part of the building visited.

Down in the basement, reached from the right hand dressing room with which the stage in the auditorium is equipped, a modern steam heating plant was hissing and singing, and the crackling of pipes and radiators could be heard all over the building. There is no opening in the wall through which to dispose of the ashes and these will have to be carried up the winding stairway through the auditorium to a door communicating to the outside. This appears to be a slip on the part of the architect or contractor, which can be easily remedied and probably will be.

The auditorium, large enough to seat 250 to 300 people comfortably, is well lighted and has a wide stage at the east end. Two dressing rooms open right and left from this stage and electric wiring has been placed in position for illumination from above and below. The footlights on the stage can be covered in one operation and other appointments on the stage are equally convenient.

The auditorium opens on to a wide hallway flanked on both sides by schoolrooms. These are equipped with roomy wall blackboards and cloak rooms, and all have modern window systems which gives ample light at all times of the day without causing a glare. New desks are in most of the rooms and others are to be set up as soon as possible. They are now stored conveniently in a knocked down condition ready for assembling and placing in the schoolrooms and auditorium.

Steam radiators are located at proper places all about the building and there is in the hallway a modern drinking fountain. Outside the building there is another with sufficient capacity to accommodate many children at the same time.

There are modern toilets and equipment of every character to fill the requirements of the enlarged school.

Convenient and well appointed offices for school officials open from the hallway, and here the administrative work will be done by the superintendent and his assistants.

The school building, constructed of building tile and face brick sits on the highest point of a ten acre plot presented to the consolidated district by W.H. Gibson, a leading citizen and businessman of the Barton section. Being only one story high,

the building necessarily spreads out to considerable dimensions, but there is plenty of room for this and the one story structure makes it safe under all circumstances. The only stairway in it leads from the auditorium to the basement where the heating plant is stored.

The roomy campus is to be graded, laid out into athletic fields and playgrounds, walks, and planted with trees and shrubbery. Driveways leading from the hard surfaced road which the building faces will be constructed, and a rather pretentious landscaping program is already being discussed.

Plans for the building were drawn by C.M. Hirst, architect for the General Education Board, who also supervised blue prints and specifications. This service was supplied free of charge as has been the case with other schools of this character in Arkansas.....

The Barton School plant thus becomes one of the most complete institutions of its kind in the state. It was the first consolidated district to be organized in Eastern Arkansas and the third to be completed, complications arising from time to time which occasioned unavoidable delay in construction.....

February 6, 1926 HELENA WORLD

Barton Holds Open House to Celebrate Opening of New High School Building

Barton was a center of interest all day Friday when citizens from all over the county

assembled there to help the people of the Barton Consolidated School District celebrate the opening of the splendid new high school just completed and ready for occupancy.

The new high school which also takes care of the grammar school for the Barton Community, is constructed of brick and building tile, is fire-proof throughout, and is equipped with steam heat, electric lights, and running water. Particular attention was given to the problem of utilizing daylight so that there is no glare in the large and comfortable rooms.

The forenoon of Friday was devoted to inspection of the new building, many people from Helena, Marvell, Elaine and other parts of the county as well as from the consolidated district visiting the plant and examining the building and equipment. AT 10:30 Rev. T.H. Jordon, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Helena, delivered the only address of the forenoon, paying tribute to the enterprise and generosity of the people of the district in providing the new building, and outlining the possibility of Barton as an education center.

At noon the ladies of Barton and the remaining portions of the district served a most appetizing and appreciated light lunch, including hot coffee with or without sugar and cream. The luncheon was precisely what one would expect of the Barton community, nothing left out and everything cooked just right.....

During the afternoon Hon. S.W. Adams and Hon. J. M. Walker of Helena were the principal speakers. The addresses were brief but appropriate to the occasion and highly enjoyed. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to songs and recitations

by the home talent of which there is plenty in the district. The program was varied and highly interesting.

Friday evening beginning at eight o'clock, a formal program was given in the auditorium which was filled to capacity. While the audience was arriving, parking cars, and disposing of wraps, a song service was in progress in the auditorium. This continued until the opening of the formal program which began with some musical numbers. The musical numbers were preceded by a prayer offered by Rev. R.T. Austin of Little Rock. Mr. Eubanks then announced the numbers as follows:

Address of welcome by Chairman J.B. Weedman of the Barton Consolidated School Board.

Duet-Miss Mary Virginia Mullins and Master Garnett Wallace, Mrs. J.C. Turner, accompanist

Piano solo-Miss Margaret Mixon

Quartet-Misses Jessie Anderson and Mary Virginia Mullins; Masters Claude Gibson and Garnett Wallace, Mrs. J.C. Turner, accompanist

Response to address of welcome-Sec. J.B. Swift of the County Board of Education.

Introduction of Mrs. Bertha Cook Sanders, County Superintendent of Education who relieved Mr. Eubanks as Master of Ceremonies.

Address-Mr. C.M. Hirst, State Department of Education, architect of the new building.

Address-Hon. John I. Moore of Helena, attorney for the consolidated district.

Vocal Solo-Miss Exye Burks of Helena, Miss Lillian Mook of Helena, accompanist.

Reading-Miss Mildred Blackburn of Helena,
Miss Burks, accompanist.

Swing Low Sweet Chariot, The audience led by
Eddie Bloesch, Mrs. J.C. Turner, accompanist.

Address-Mr. Nathan Breight of Little Rock.

The Lord's Prayer followed by "America"
sung by audience.

Among the prominent guests of the evening
were Mrs. John I. Moore of Helena; Chairman J.D.
Crow, County Board of Education, Elaine and various
other ladies and gentlemen.....

The occasion was both interesting and enjoy-
able and brought a pleasing close to a very satis-
factory day.

The Hargraves of Maryland

by

Richard H. Hargraves

Prepared for presentation to the "HARGROVE FAMILY
ASSOCIATION" at their reunion in Salt Lake City,
Utah, June 27 and 28, 1983.

Roots in America

A quiet inlet on the Potomac River, about
twenty-five miles south of Washington, D.C., is
the place picked by my ancestors in which to settle
after arriving in America from their native
England. This place is called Port Tobacco, in
the present state of Maryland.

The first member of the Hargraves family in
America, as far as I have thus far been able to
determine, was George Hargraves. George became
a large landowner and also the father of a large
family, namely Elizabeth Marbury Hargraves
Spalding (Wife of George Hillary Spalding),
Henrietta Hargraves Meiggs, Ann Hargraves Smoot
(Wife of Colonel Wilson Smoot), George Hargraves,
Jr., Theophilus Hargraves and Mary Hargraves.

Elizabeth Marbury Hargraves married George
Hillary Spalding, who was born on February 10, 1770,
in Maryland, probably Charles County.⁶ He died the
16th of September, 1820. Elizabeth was born
June 17, 1774, in Charles County, MD. She died
January 29, 1834. George Hillary Spalding was
appointed joint executor of the will of his father,
Basil Spalding of Charles county, MD., and later
resided in the Spalding family plantation home on

Port Tobacco branch, after his mother and sisters completed their term of occupancy.⁶

George Hargraves must have had a good sense of humor, as evidenced by the opening phrases of his last will..."In the name of God amen, I George Hargraves of Charles County in the State of Maryland, being old but of sound mind and memory and disposing judgement, thanks be to God for the same do make, publish and declare this my last will and testament in mannor and form following, my soul I recommend to almighty God who gave it to me hoping for mercy thru the merits of my dear redeemer, Jesus Christ, and my body to the earth to be decently inter'd at the discretion of my executrix's....."²

George Hargraves was a wealthy landowner. His will describes the various parcels of land which he left to his children. Some of the descriptions of the boundaries and the names of the tracts of land are interesting to note here, such as.....

"I give and bequeth to my daughter Elizabeth Marbury Spalding the following lands... to the north and west of the following lines, beginning at a stone fixed at the root of a sasafra standing in the edge of the main branch of Port Tobacco run...to the south end of the south line of "Stewart's Oversight"....Beginning at the beginning of "Betsy's Pleasure"...Also that part or parcel of land beginning at the beginning of "Hargraves Venture" and running then with "Hargraves North".... Thence with a straight line to the beginning of "Hog Island"....

"I give and bequeath to my daughter Henrietta Hargraves.... A tract of land called

"Secret Enlarged" belonging to Hezekiah Berrie... until it comes to the forks of the roads leading to "Bean Town"...and into the ponds called "Weddens" where there is now a stone planted near the land called "Fortune"...."

"I give and bequeath to my daughter Ann Hargraves.... a tract of land called "Tryall" containing by patent ninety-five acres, also "Roby's Range", "Friends Grief", all my part of "Griffin's Hope", "Hargraves Gore" and the mill race addition to "Griffin's Hope", including in the whole about 240 acres."

"I give to my son Theophilus Hargraves a tract of land I purchased of Francis Ware.... also one half of a tract of land called "Addition to Hargraves Venture"."

"I give and bequeath to my daughter Mary Hargraves...."Hopewell", my part of "Achason's Woodyard", "Achason's Strife", my part of "Robersons Tryall", my part of "Friendship", alais "Hoskins Manor", all of which lands are included in a resurvey called "Bellmount".... also a tract of land called "Maiden's Pleasure" and a tract called "Convenency" and "Hog Island Resurveyed"...."

"I give and bequeath to my son George Hargraves (Jr) one hundred dollars."

George Hargraves died the 24th of April, 1805. He was buried in the "Hargraves-Smoot" cemetery in Port Tobacco, described as being "North of the N.W. corner of the southern electric at White Plains".⁴ His tombstone records his age as 75. This would mean he was born in 1730.

Others whose headstones have been discovered recently (1971) in the Hargraves-Smoot cemetery

are: Mary Hargraves, departed this life 1st day September 1793, aged 53; Theophilus Hargraves (Jr.) who departed this life August 1818, aged 12 years' Margaret Hargraves departed this life on the 23rd day of April 1799, aged 31.

Another tombstone in this cemetery says: "Mary Hargraves who departed this life on the 1 November 1818, aged 73." Was this George Hargraves' wife? If so, why was she not mentioned in George's will of 1802? Could she have been an unmarried sister of George Hargraves???

Also buried here are: Colonel Wilson Smoot, died August 2, 1825 at age 40, and his wife, Ann Hargraves Smoot, daughter of George Hargraves,⁴ born March 5, 1779 and died February 12, 1830.

Ann Hargraves' Smoot's will was dated February 8, 1830, leaving her estate to her sister Mary Hargraves. At Mary's death, the remaining property went to Elizabeth Spalding's children, equally divided.⁴

Mary Hargraves' will was dated December 4, 1847. The will states: "I leave nephew, James Hargraves, one negro boy and 20 shares of stock in the Farmers Bank of Virginia. Nephew, Richard Hargraves, one negro boy and one negro girl. Leave niece, Mrs. Henrietta Meiggs of Columbus, Georgia, \$600 which I have in Alexandria Corporation stock. Leaves Misses Henrietta, Rebecca and Jane Wilmer of Charles County, negro woman and her children. Gives nephew, Basil Dennis Spalding all lands and tenements, household furniture, stock of every kind and crops and ten shares of stock in Farmers Bank of Virginia. Make repairs to house of negro woman Mary, left me by my sister Ann Smoot."⁴

Some forty land deeds are recorded in Charles County, Maryland involving purchases and sales by George, Theophilus, James and Richard Hargraves. One of these deeds (JB8-Folio 340) was to Theophilus Hargraves for land known as "William and James", lying near Nanjemoy Creek in Charles County, Maryland. This deed states that Theophilus was living in the state of Georgia on the date of this deed, which was August 10, 1811. After discovering this, I enlisted the aid of Earl Hartgrove of the Hartgrove Family Association, who found the following: the GEORGIA GENEALOGICAL MAGAZINE states that Theophilus Hargraves of Charles County, Maryland, sold slaves to George Hargraves of Warren County, Georgia, on February 11, 1802, and again on March 27, 1802. George Hargraves was a juror in September 1797 in Hancock County, Georgia. George Hargraves had a bond of the estate of James Atchinson in Warren County, Georgia, on March 2, 1807.¹

In the book, PASSPORTS OF SOUTHEASTERN PIONEERS, 1770-1823 by Dorothy Williams Porter, George Hargraves is listed as a witness on a passport issued in Warren County, Georgia for William Huff on December 26, 1806. George also witnessed a passport for John Breed and William Dennis on December 20, 1806. These passports were for passage through the Creek Indian nation.¹

From the book THE MARYLAND SEMMES AND KINDRED FAMILIES by Harry Wright Newman is found the entry that George Hargraves married Teresa Thompson in Warren County, Georgia on February 13, 1806. This, of course, was George Hargraves, Jr.⁴

THE THEOPHILUS HARGRAVES BRANCH

Very little is known of Theophilus Hargraves, one of George Hargraves' sons. He married Jane Fowke Hutchenson, daughter of George Hutchenson. They had two sons, James Theophilus Hargraves, born October 2, 1809, died August 5, 1874, and Richard Harrison Hargraves, born 1813 and died January 11, 1880. Both of these sons became physicians.

Lands belonging to Theophilus Hargraves and described as "McConchie's Springfield" and "McConchie Resurvey" were descended to James T. and Richard H. Hargraves. This was on February 18, 1833.

Dr. James T. Hargraves whereabouts still remain a mystery. It is most likely thought by family members that he lived and died in Florence, Alabama. However, some family members say he lived in Iron Mountain, Georgia. He was a frequent visitor at his brother Richard's home in Helena, Arkansas.

DR. RICHARD HARRISON HARGRAVES

Dr. Richard H. Hargraves, son of Theophilus Hargraves and grandson of George Hargraves, married Angelina Hope. They had one daughter, Angelina Hope Hargraves, born in Helena, Arkansas on August 4, 1848 at 2:20 P.M.³ She died May 12, 1850 and is buried in Helena, Arkansas. Dr. Hargraves moved from Port Tobacco, Maryland about the year 1835 to the town of Haynes in St. Francis County, Arkansas. He practised medicine there and

was involved in politics and became a large land-owner. It is said of him that at one time he owned all of the land between Haynes and the Mississippi River! This would include forty or fifty thousand acres! The book BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF EASTERN ARKANSAS mentions Dr. Hargraves as "One of the Pioneers" of St. Francis county, Arkansas. It also mentions that Dr. Hargraves served the county as county judge and as county clerk during his life in St. Francis County. From the "Memoirs" book, Published in 1890 comes the following:

"The first permanent settlement of this county began about the year 1819, with immigrants entering from the states of Tennessee and Kentucky. At that time, as the country was a comparative wilderness and occupied by the Indians, settlers located principally on the eastern slope of Crowley's Ridge. No general influx was apparent until the opening of the Old Military Road in 1836. This road was cut through the county from the eastern to the western border by the United States Government to aid in the removal of the Indians from the states east of the Mississippi River to the Indian Territory. The highway was 300 feet wide and was the generally travelled thoroughfare of immigrants from the east."⁷

The book further states "A noble, generous and adventurous band of pioneers, inured to the hardships, trials and privations of a life far removed from the conveniences and amenities of the settled portion of the continent, they were men self reliant and determined, well fitted by nature and training for the niche they filled in the development and reclamation of the western wilderness. Fearlessly, they blazed the way for

advancing civilization with no conception of the magnificent empire to come, whose foundations their toils and privations were laying."⁷

Dr. Richard Hargraves moved to Helena, Arkansas about 1840, and continued to practice medicine. His first wife, Angelina, died August 23, 1849. He later married Josephine Thompson, daughter of Davis Thompson. Davis Thompson came to Helena about 1830 as Receiver of the Land Office, Helena District. He gained fame during the Mexican War for singlehandedly capturing General Santa Anna, commander of the Mexican Army. He brought home to Helena General Santa Anna's saddle blanket, which was displayed for years in the Phillips County, Arkansas Museum. Josephine Thompson Hargraves and Dr. Richard H. Hargraves had a number of children as follows: Jane Fowke Hargraves, born April 4, 1853, died April 8, 1928, aged 75 years; James Theophilus Hargraves, born August 18, 1854, died September 15, 1892; unnamed infant daughter born January 22, 1856 and died same night; Richard Harrison Hargraves, Jr., born February 15, 1859, died March 24, 1884; Davis Thompson Hargraves I, born August 16, 1860, died December 8, 1862; George Hargraves, born May 3, 1862, died June 10, 1863 and Davis Thompson Hargraves II, born December 6, 1864, died December 28, 1944.^{3&5}

Dr. Richard H. Hargraves wore a gold stick pin containing a lock of his mother's hair every day of his life. This pin is prominent in photographs of Dr. Hargraves, as he always wore it stuck in his tie.

Dr. Hargraves was active as a vestryman of St. John's Episcopal Church in Helena, Arkansas. He donated the land for the original church. A large stained glass window of the present Episcopal

Church in Helena was erected in his memory and that of his wife, Josephine. It is said that he did not like one of the ministers at St. John's, so he locked the minister out until he finally left! Dr. Hargraves died on January 11, 1880, and is buried in the family plot by his wives and children at Maple Hill Cemetery in Helena.

DAVIS THOMPSON HARGRAVES

Davis Thompson Hargraves was the last child born to Dr. Richard H. Hargraves on December 6, 1864 "at 25 minutes to 4 o'clock at night" states the family bible. He was in the wholesale grocery and feed business in Helena, Arkansas, and was mayor of Helena for 25 years. He attended the famous Webb School in Bellbuckle, Tennessee, Kentucky Military Institute and the Eastman Business College in Poughkeepsie, New York. His first position was with the Bank of Helena. He later started the D.T. Hargraves and Company Grocery, Feed and Building Materials business. He was active in civic affairs in Helena, being on the first sewer commission responsible for Helena's sewer system, commissioner of the Beaver Bayou drainage district (flood control), and many other posts. He was the first president and board chairman of the Phillips National Bank and, as mayor, helped obtain the local airport.

In 1890, Davis T. Hargraves married Grizelda Houston Polk, a descendant of Colonel Thomas Polk, a signer of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence on June 20, 1775. This is also the family of James Knox Polk, the eleventh president of the United States, and the famous "Fighting

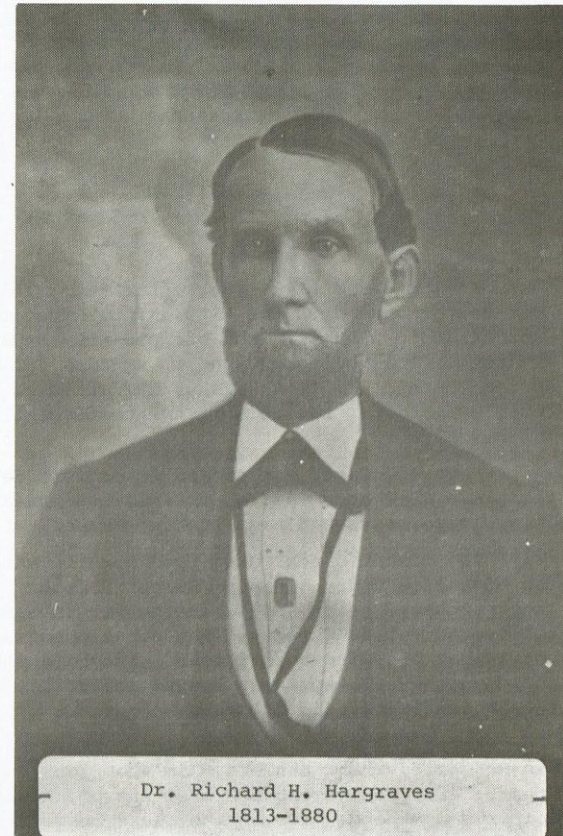
Bishop", Leonidus Polk, who was a general in the Confederacy and also was the Episcopal bishop of the Southwest. It is also interesting to note that Grizelda Polk's mother was the grand-niece of General George Rogers Clark, conqueror of the Northwest Territory. The family has an original letter from Patrick Henry written to General Clark describing how many men and what supplies would be given him for his conquest of the Northwest Territory.

Davis T. Hargraves children were: Davis Thompson Hargraves, Jr., born July 3, 1900, died June 8, 1982; Grizelda Polk Hargraves, born May 29, 1904; Anna Lee Hargraves, born October 27, 1907 and James Fitzhugh Hargraves, born September 11, 1909, died February 20, 1978.

Davis T. Hargraves died December 28, 1944, at age 80. His wife, Grizelda Polk Hargraves died January 19, 1947 at age 78. They are buried in Maple Hill Cemetery in Helena, Arkansas.

DAVIS THOMPSON HARGRAVES, JR.

Born July 3, 1900, Davis Thompson Hargraves, known as "Thompson" Hargraves began his business career after graduation from Purdue University as a banker. Later, he worked for the Guaranty Loan and Trust Company in the insurance department. In 1927, he formed an insurance agency partnership with Ed Brill, known as Hargraves and Brill. He married Mary Blanche Ellington of Greenwood Mississippi in 1925, and had two sons, Davis Thompson Hargraves III and Richard Harrison Hargraves. He died on June 8, 1982.



Dr. Richard H. Hargraves
1813-1880

HISTORY OF CARTER CHAPEL
AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

419 Columbia Street
Helena, Arkansas

by V. S. Ellison

In 1866, the first year after the Civil War, Adam Carter came down the Mississippi River from Missouri on a flat boat and stopped off at Helena, Arkansas. This being a frontier venture for African Methodism in Arkansas, it furnished a fertile field for the establishment of the church in this area.

Reverend Carter succeeded in organizing the first A.M.E. Church west of the Mississippi River. This church bears his name, Carter Chapel.

The communicants worshipped a while after the organized under a tent. Sometime later they purchased a lot and built the first church edifice on Poplar Street. They worshipped there until that building burned down. They did not build on the same spot but bought and built on the present site, 419 Columbia.

Among the first officers were: Stewards; Sam McKenzie, Frank Sanders, Jim Thompson, and others: Trustees; Brother Daniel Ankrum, Wesley Cooper and others. Two of the class leaders were Brothers Fowler and Jake Hayes. A few of the early ministers were, Carter, Willard, Junnifer, Nobles and Francis Carolina.

With the growth in number, culture and refinement the building became outmoded. With the coming of Reverend W.E. Pruitt in 1915,

who had a vision for progress, foresight, and for further growth. The officers and members decided to tear down the old building and erect one with more educational features for youth training.

While the old building was down Mrs. Eliza Miller graciously permitted the members to worship in her theatre, The Plaza.

The new edifice was finished and dedicated in 1918. This was a high day for Carter Chapel. Many of the members paid one dollar a brick and laid them themselves. The trustees of the building whose names appear on the cornerstone of the church building are: Daniel Ankrum, P.C. Caldwell, T.D. Wilson, Dr. H.W. Douglass, Lunder Ingram, C.A. Anderson, R. Coley, T.G. Gilstrap and Dr. Marquiss. The pulpit set was given by Dr. Marquiss.

The superintendent of the Sunday School for years was Brother Charley Ankrum. Brother William C. Cox served as superintendent of the Sunday School in the year 1895. He was called to preach from this church and preached his first sermon on this spot.

The choir of those days was a dedicated group. Mrs. Lorene Anderson was one of the most faithful members. The choir rehearsed every Thursday night, hot or cold, rain or shine. The first organist was Mr. Rigdon Levelle, later Mrs. Jennie Ankrum, Frankie and Fannie Donohue, Carre Avant, Ollie Blakely, Robert Ellison and now the present organists are Miss Norma Jean Young and Mrs. Lynn Boon.

Reverend Carter was the first pastor, following him have been some great pastors. Among them are Pruitt, Butler, Foreman, Brookins, Davis, Cooper, Washington, Wherry, Stuckey and Scott. Reverend

Scott retired from this church due to poor health.

This being the oldest church in the state, it is hoped that we can keep the faith and continue to perpetuate this heritage of our founding fathers.

THE STORY OF MAY BELLE THATCHER

BY Tim Cantrell

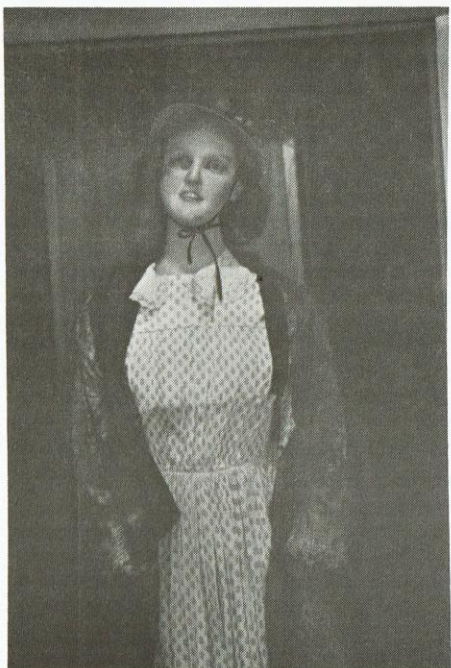
May Belle Thatcher was a young lady who lived near Estevan Hall on Biscoe Street. She was very much in love with a young man named Ralph Mooney.

On April 13, 1877, Ralph was expected to pay a visit to May Belle. Since Ralph lived across the Mississippi River, he began his trip early. As he boarded the ferry he noticed a "moon dog" around the moon, which had just begun to rise. When the ferry was midway through its trip across the river it pitched violently in the current. Ralph was accidentally thrown overboard and drowned.

May Belle, who was waiting in the family parlor at the time, was terribly distraught at the news of the death of her suitor. As she stood up in horror she froze in the position in which you see her. Her parents, grieving greatly at the death of their daughter, had her placed in the case you see in the museum.

It is said that on a full moon, like the one in which Ralph died, the light strikes the glass of May Belle's case. When it does, she leaves her case and walks the museum balcony, looking for her lost lover. Some even say that you can see her in the windows on those nights.

Very few can look into her eyes and deny that they look human.



INVITATIONS

Grand Ball.

M You are cordially invited to attend a GRAND BALL, to be given at the

Griffin House, Poplar Grove, Ark.,

On Thursday Eve., December 10th, 1885.

—Committee of Invitation.—

F. E. MCCOY.

J. M. MCCOY.

—Committee of Arrangement.—

ED. SONFIELD.

F. B. McDONALD.

—Committee of Reception.—

Mrs. F. B. McDONALD.

—MUSIC BY THE ARKANSAS CITY STRING BAND.—

*You are respectfully requested to attend a
Grand Ball,
to be given by the Blackton Social Club,
at their dancing hall in
Blackton, Ark.
Monday evening, December 28th, 1896.*

Invitation Committee
LAWRENCE GRAHAM R. B. STRICKLAND T. B. MATHIS
Miss ESSIE GLOVER Miss PEARL TURNEY Miss STELLA BARKER

Reception Committee
Dr. & Mrs. W. E. BRONTE Mr. & Mrs. W. C. JONES Mr. & Mrs. J. H. GRAHAM
Mr. & Mrs. J. J. CHASTINE

Floor Managers
J. EDWARD GLOVER P. E. HOWSER J. L. MEACHAM

You are respectfully invited to attend a

Grand Ball and Supper

to be given

At the Irwin House,

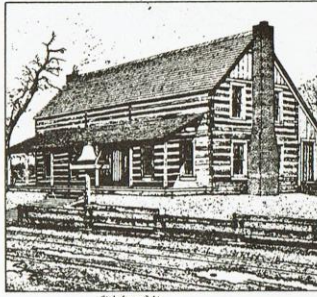
Pepler Grove,

On Wednesday Evening, December 31st., 1884.

FLOOR MANAGERS.
F. E. WYCK.
L. HANDELM.

INVITATION COMMITTEE.
J. S. BRICKELL.
E. SONTFIELD.
A. J. RALSTON.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.
MR. & MRS. F. S. McDONALD.



Lightfoot Cabin

Joel F. Lightfoot was appointed an Indian Commissioner by President Andrew Jackson in 1835. He brought many Cherokee Indians from the East through Arkansas to Oklahoma along the (Trail of Tears). He was offered a chiefship, but declined. He was made a blood brother of the Cherokees. Because of his government service, he was given a land grant in Phillips County and built his home there in 1857. Colonel Lightfoot served with distinction in the Confederate Army and died in 1877. The cabin was given to Nancy and Hampton Roy by a member of the Lightfoot family, Helen Reddick. Because of its remoteness it was moved in 1979 to Little Rock. This two-story (Saddlebag) log structure is built of squared yellow popular logs. The log structure was taken down and put back up, replacing logs that had been damaged by rot and insects. The cabin was donated to the World Eye Foundation in 1982.

These photographs of the Lightfoot house were taken in June, 1969, before it was moved to Little Rock. The house was located near Watkins Corner, Phillips County, and not far from the west county line of Phillips and Monroe Counties.





THE REST OF THE STORY

by Thomas E. Tappan, Jr.

On March 23rd, 1983, Paul Harvey, on his program on WMC Memphis, THE REST OF THE STORY, ONE OF A KIND, featured Captain Nettie Johnson, and her nomination to the Hall of Fame. Paul Harvey had made a trip on a Mississippi River towboat with Captain Fountain Johnson several years ago, and broadcast a program about Fountain Johnson, grandson of Nettie, and of life on the Mississippi River, of a 3rd generation pilot.

On May 22, 1983 the National Maritime Hall of Fame for inland waterways, inducted Captain Nettie Johnson as the winner of the 1983 nominations. Captain Fountain was present at the presentation ceremony, and presented a portrait of Nettie to the museum.

The interesting thing for us is that both Paul Harvey and the Hall of Fame, were sent copies of the PHILLIPS COUNTY HISTORICAL QUARTERLY, Volume 16, #1, December, 1977, which included the article "In the Johnson Family 'Pilotin' Comes Natural," the history of the Johnson family. Harvey used material from this article in his broadcast.

The nomination and details of the presentation have been written up in the PRESS SCIMITAR, COMMERCIAL APPEAL, THE WATERWAYS JOURNAL and the S & D REFLECTOR, all giving considerable space to the operations in the vicinity of Helena, Marianna, and Memphis.

The National Maritime Hall of Fame is located in the American Merchant Marine Museum, at Kings Point, N.Y. Long Island.

CAPTAIN NETTIE JOHNSON ENTERS HALL OF FAME

WATERWAYS JOURNAL

May 21, 1983

by James V. Swift

The commercial marine community is celebrating National Maritime Day on this May 21, with a number of events such as parades, displays, luncheons and dinners. Many organizations, including Propeller Club ports, held ceremonies to honor the American Merchant Marine earlier this week.

The Maritime Day has a special significance for the inland waterways, especially those called "the Western Rivers." This is because one of the notables from the rivers' list of famous men and women will be inducted today into the National Maritime Hall of Fame at the American Merchant Marine Museum, Kings Point, New York.

The Western Rivers are also honored by having chosen to be a "Great Ship" the New Orleans, first steamboat on the Mississippi River system.

Captain Nettie Johnson

Captain Nettie Johnson was born in Memphis in 1866 as Nettie Waldren; she met and married Captain Isadore S. Johnson in 1886. After establishing a home in Memphis and raising three sons, Mrs. Johnson turned to the river. She bought a small steamboat and got a master's license. Captain Johnson ran on the boat as a pilot. Mrs. Johnson ran on other boats, too with her husband and sons, one of the first women master-pilots on

the Western Waters. In 1917 she contributed to the war effort by transporting war materials on the str. Grand between Memphis and St. Louis. In addition to the packet boating, she worked on and designed towboats and was in the ferry business.

The Johnson family remains active on the river today. Captain Nettie's grandson, Captain Fountain Johnson, Greenville, Mississippi, recently retired as a pilot on the str. Mississippi Queen. He intends to be in Kings Point today for the ceremony honoring his grandmother and will present an oil painting of her. It will be unveiled by Fountain M. "Marty" Johnson III, Captain Nettie's great-great-grandson and son of Captain Fountain's son, Fountain M. "Buddy" Johnson. Captain Fountain says Marty plans to be a naval architect and marine engineer.

More Johnson History

Captain Fountain kindly sent THE WATERWAYS JOURNAL a series of articles about Captain Nettie which appeared in April (20 and 22) in the MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR. They were written by Charles Thornton in his "At Large" column. (He also sent the pictures used with this story.)

The Johnson boats also ran on the St. Francis River, and it was there on January 4, 1912, that the Nettie Johnson was cut down by ice. Captain Nettie climbed into the rigging and stayed there until daylight, when she and her son Emory swam ashore.

She then bought the steel-hulled str. Grand. Julian Street, author of "American Adventures,"

visited Memphis to talk to celebrities there when he was writing his book, and one of the three people he saw was Captain Nettie on board the Grand. In his book Mr. Street writes that "the steamer Grand is almost entirely a family affair. Mrs. Johnson is captain; her husband I.S. Johnson is pilot; her eldest son Emory is clerk; Emory's wife is assistant clerk; and Arthur, the younger son, is engineer. The regular route of the Grand is from Memphis to Mhoon's Landing on the Arkansas River, a round trip of 120 miles, with 30 landings."

After the Johnsons sold the Grand, Mrs. Nettie decided to retire from the river, but she couldn't stay away. She was in Paducah overseeing repairs to a boat she had bought when she was taken ill; after staying in Paducah a few weeks she was brought back to Memphis where she died December 30, 1921. She was buried in Forest Hill Cemetery.

Other boats the Johnsons owned and/or operated were the Hazel Rice and Rock Island, the latter a ferry at Helena, Arkansas. Captain Nettie had purchased the hull of the John L. Lowry and had it towed to Nashville where a new cabin was being constructed for use in the Memphis trade when she died. (The boat later went to the Patton-Tully Transportation Company and became the William P. Hall.)

We don't have a death date for Captain I.S. Johnson, but his obituary says he had retired 16 years from the river before his death. At the time of his death his son Captain Emory B. Johnson was with the Federal Barge Lines and A.C. Johnson had the ferry at Helena. Another son, Chester, was a marine engineer.

Others Are Honored

In addition to Captain Johnson, the National Maritime Hall of Fame today will receive Andrew Furuseth in the "deep water" category; Charles Morgan, "Coastal"; and Frank E. Kirby, "Great Lakes." (Mr. Morgan also had some ties with inland waterways through his steamers on the Louisiana coast and bayous.)

Vessels inducted were the Leviathan, deep water; Yale, coastal; and Christopher Columbus, Great Lakes.

Frank O. Braynard, noted author of marine books and articles, is curator of the American Merchant Marine Museum and secretary of the selection committee for the Hall of Fame.

More on the str. Johnson

To conclude, here are some statistics on the str. Nettie Johnson. She was built at Memphis in 1905 for the Johnsons, with a hull 116 by 28 by 5 feet. According to Captain Frederick Way, Jr., in his invaluable steam packet directory, the Nettie sank (as described before) at Marianna, Arkansas, having just left there with a log camp outfit. He goes on to say that Mrs. Johnson got ashore in a steel lifeboat-she did not swim as reported elsewhere.

In any case, the Nettie Johnson was raised and owned in 1914 by Captains J.A. Couch and H.C. Williams and ran between Memphis and Fritz Landing. Later Captain W.L. Berry bought her for the towing out of Paducah and put a new hull on the boat. When the Indiana Tie Company purchased her still later, they renamed the boat Indiana and moved

cross ties on the Green River. The vessel finally burned a mile below Natchez, December 9, 1937, along with the Rush-Krodell. They had been tied up near the U. S. Engineer fleet and were then owned by the Crescent Transportation Company, Point Pleasant, West Virginia. The boats had been running between New Orleans and Monroe, Louisiana, but the Rush-Krodell had been laid up and was due to be towed to Monroe by an American Barge Line boat for reconditioning.

STEAMBOATER'S TRAINING WASN'T SMOOTH SAILING

by Charles Thornton

MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR

April 28, 1983

One does not ascend to the command of a steamboat by virtue of birth. Captain Fountain Johnson of Greenville, Mississippi, can attest to that.

Johnson may have been born on a steamboat captained by his grandmother, Captain Nettie Johnson—who will be inducted into the United States Merchant Marine Hall of Fame at Kings Point, New York, May 21—but when it came his time to take up riverboating for real, he started where most future captains start, as a steersman, or apprentice pilot. Steamboat captains in those days, you understand, were a tough bunch, men not overly concerned with the sensitivities of their hands. When the future Captain Johnson, the man who would one day be a master-pilot on steamboats such as the DELTA QUEEN and the MISSISSIPPI QUEEN,

signed on his first boat, he had the ill luck to work for Captain Ed Ruckner of New Orleans, a former packet boat captain who clung to the old ways of dress— a white suit in the wheelhouse.

"Captain Ruckner never came on duty without a white coat, tie and gloves," Johnson said. "He was a fiery little Frenchman."

Johnson, of course, wanted to do things right and make a good impression on the captain.

Things went smoothly—most of the first day. The boat was plowing upriver from New Orleans and the weather was turning cold.

Before leaving New Orleans, the captain had replaced the old wood-burning heater in the wheelhouse with one of those new-fangled oil burners.

As night fell and the chill crept into the wheelhouse, the captain ordered the new stove fired up. Captains who wear white suits, of course, don't light stoves. One man after another was ordered to light the stove, but the pumps, knobs and such were a mystery to men accustomed to the more straight-forward wood stoves.

Then the captain remembered Johnson. Johnson, having completed a whole year at Southwestern at Memphis, ought to know about oil heaters. Johnson was ordered to the wheelhouse.

The exact dialogue has been lost, but it probably went something like this:

Captain: "Johnson!"

Johnson: "Sir!"

Captain: "Get your &*¢% up here!"

Johnson: "Yes, sir!"

Captain: "You know anything about these
%ç\$@*& stoves?"

Johnson allowed that he did.

"I didn't know they'd been pumping and
priming the thing since New Orleans," Johnson said
during a telephone interview.

He pumped and primed it too, then lit a piece
of paper with a match and tossed it in. There was
a flicker of flame, then BLAM!

"It blew out the wheelhouse window," Johnson
said. "The only part of the captain's white
uniform that wasn't black with soot was the inside
of his gloves."

Apparently there were no serious physical
injuries.

As Johnson recalled the incident, the captain
was not concerned that Johnson was worried that he
hadn't made a good impression.

The captain raised his voice when he ordered
Johnson out of the wheelhouse.

Rivermen, however, thrive on adversity, and
Johnson was determined that the next time he was
under the captain's eye, he would be outstanding.

Machines that tell captains the water's
depth were not yet common on riverboats during
Johnson's first trip as a steersman. The fashion
in those days was to send a deckhand forward with
a long line with a heavy weight attached to it.

The deckhand would heave the lead and when
the boat caught up with it the line was straight
down, the depth could be read from bits of leather
tied to the line and the information yelled back
to the captain.

Johnson, who was not in the captain's good
graces, was sent forward. It was his chance to
make up for the stove fiasco. The captain kept a
sharp eye on him.

"I heaved the line," he said, "and the whole
thing fell in the water. I'd forgotten to tie one
end of it to the boat."

The mate, a fellow named Tupelo Red, saw to
it that Johnson's humiliation was complete. He
yelled to the captain, "Captain, you better send
Johnson to bed "fore he drowns us all."

Johnson, despite his inauspicious beginning,
endured to become a master-pilot in command of
numerous major towboats, and finally the river's
two remaining queen of steam-the DELTA QUEEN and
the MISSISSIPPI. He retired two years ago without
losing another leadlime or blowing up another
wheelhouse.

S & D REFLECTOR

Volume 20, No. 2.

June 1983

The American Marine Museum Foundation,
through Frank O. Braynard, secretary, has announced
the 1983 selections for their National Maritime
Hall of Fame.

Ships:

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
Great Lakes
YALE
Coastal
NEW ORLEANS
Inland Waterways

LEVIATHAN
Deep Sea

People:

Frank Kirby
Great Lakes
Charles Morgan
Coastal
Captain Nettie Johnson
Inland Waterways
Andrew Furuseth
Deep Sea

Captain Nettie Johnson clearly was the pre-dominant choice at the Selection Committee, picked as the winner from nominations including Captain T.P. Leathers, Captain Joseph LaBarge, Henry Shreeve, Captain Callie French, Captain Mary Becker Greene, Nicholas Roosevelt and Captain Blanche Leathers.

Paul Harvey, whose "The Rest of the Story" is programmed on ABC radio, did a story on Captain Nettie Johnson, aired last March 23rd. Ceremonies were held at the American Merchant Marine Museum on May 21st last.

RIVER HONOR REPORTED

by Porter Young

HELENA WORLD

April 17, 1983

Nettie Johnson, one of the very few women to ever hold a pilot's license and master's license for steamboats, will be named to the

National Maritime Hall of Fame.

The official announcement will be made on National Maritime Day, May 22, at New Orleans.

Nettie Johnson was the mother of Captain A.C. (Babe) Johnson, who operated the ferry boat at Helena for a number of years, and the grandmother of Lannes Johnson of West Helena.

Captain Nettie is the second river person inducted since the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy Museum started the project two years ago. The first person from the Inland Waterways inducted was Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat.

Captain Nettie was a native of Memphis, born in 1865. Her maiden name was Waldren. She married Captain Isadore Johnson of Memphis, who, among other things, owned a small steamboat that ran the St. Francis River.

She started her boating career in 1904, fell in love with piloting and soon obtained a pilot's license for the St. Francis River and a portion of the Mississippi. Their boat ran out of Memphis to and on the St. Francis. Soon she expanded her license to sections of the Mississippi, Ohio, Arkansas and White Rivers and held her masters license for all-tonnage on all Western rivers. She was reported to be the only woman master on the rivers during her lifetime.

Captain Nettie had three sons, Chester, Emory, and Arthur. All were river pilots. In 1920 she suffered a stroke and was paralyzed. She died that year at the age of 55.

In 1905, Captain Nettie had a small steamboat built in Memphis which was named the "Nettie Johnson". It was a wood hull, measured 116 feet by 28 by 5. Statistics on the boat showed it to

have a twelve inch bore, four foot stroke, two boilers each 38 inches by 22 feet. Some of the cabin work was taken from the "Vicksburg" (formerly the "Ouachita").

The "Nettie Johnson" sank on the L'Anguille River just out of Marianna on January 4, 1912. The boat had gone to Marianna to get a logging camp and equipment. There was a thin coating of surface ice on the river. The ice acted like a razor blade and cut through the wooden hull causing the boat to shore. They then got into a metal lifeboat. It was in the middle of the night and they spent the night in the boat before being rescued at dawn.

A story in the PHILLIPS COUNTY HISTORICAL QUARTERLY, December, 1977, is printed in part:

Captain Nettie Johnson owned a small packet boat named for herself and worked up a good trade running from Memphis to Marianna, Arkansas.

They would leave Memphis about midnight, come down the Mississippi River to the mouth of the St. Francis River, up the St. Francis to the mouth of the L'Anguille, and up to Marianna landing there about daylight in the morning.

It required a good pair of eyes with night vision to make this run. The L'Anguille River was only about three times as wide as the boat.

On one trip she loaded a boiler for a plantation that was building a gin on the banks of the St. Francis River. Captain Nettie was a good manager. She could handle a steamboat and she could handle a steamboat's crew with tact and diplomacy, if that would work, or with an axhandle if necessary. She could have unloaded the boiler with her deck crew and the steam captain on the

forward deck of the boat, but it would have taken about two hours and some hard work by the deck-hands.

One of the Helena lumber companies had a derrick boat loading logs directly across the river from the plantation landing. Captain Nettie laid the forward deck of the steamboat along the side of the derrick boat and stepped out of the pilot house over to the edge of the hurricane deck.

"Hi, Johnnie!" "I want you to go over and unload that boiler for me."

"Aw, Nettie, you know I would like to unload it for you but Captain Charles on the "Hazel Rice" is chewing me out every trip cause I can't get these logs loaded up fast enough."

From the hurricane deck of the steamboat- "Now listen, you pie-faced baboon, I've got four quarts of Cream of Kentucky up here that says you are going to unload that boiler."

"John, get them lines off them lumber heads, we got to go over and unload that boiler for Captain Nettie."

While this conversation was taking place, the deck crew on the steamboat was lashing the cavels on the boat and the derrick boat together.

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS AT LITTLE ROCK
Department of History

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a notice concerning the Civilian Conservation Corps Oral History Project for inclusion in an upcoming issue of your publication.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Patricia Mooney Melvin
Assistant Professor of History

*

The Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni in Arkansas, under the direction of James Ratcliff, President of the South Central Region of the National Association of Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni, has begun an oral history project. Funded in part by the Arkansas Endowment for the Humanities, the CCC Oral History Project chronicles the enrollee experience in various CCC camps, the relationship between the CCC camps and the communities in which the camps are located, and the impact of the CCC experience on the participants in this particular New Deal Project. For further information contact: James Ratcliff, 106 Fairway Avenue, Sherwood, Arkansas, 72216.

*

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION
OF
WOMEN HISTORIANS

The University of Southwestern Louisiana
Department of History
USL Box 42531
Lafayette, LA 70504

July 20, 1983

Dear Editor:

I enclose a news release about two new prizes for publication in history and the fund-raising campaign to raise an endowment to support the prizes. The Southern Association of Women Historians would appreciate it if you would place an announcement about the fund-raising effort and the two prizes in the fall or winter issue of your newsletter or journal. We hope that persons interested in history throughout the nation will join us in honoring these two outstanding historians--Willie Lee Rose and Julia Cherry Spruill--and in promoting publication in history. If you are not the appropriate person in your organization to arrange for publication of our notice, please forward this to the appropriate person.

If you would like to make a personal contribution or if your organization would like to make a contribution, that would also be appreciated.

Thank you for your assistance.

Very Truly Yours,

Judith F. Gentry, Chair
Committee to Raise an Endowment

SAWH Establishes Endowment to Support

Julia Cherry Spruill and Willie Lee Rose
Publication Prizes

The Southern Association of Women Historians is delighted to announce the decision of its members to establish two prizes for publication and to solicit contributions to an endowment to support these prizes. Each prize will be awarded every two years and will consist of \$500 and a plaque. The Julia Cherry Spruill Publication Prize in Southern Women's History will be for the best published work (book or article) in the history of Southern women. The Willie Lee Rose Publication Prize in Southern History will be for the best book in Southern history authored by a woman.

The Committee to Raise a \$10,000 Endowment is chaired by Professor Judith F. Gentry. Ann Firor Scott chairs the Julia Cherry Spruill Prize Fund Committee and Carol Bleser chairs the Willie Lee Rose Prize Fund Committee. The Southern Association of Women Historians invites all those who share our respect for Julia Cherry Spruill and Willie Lee Rose, and who share our goals of promoting the study of women, the study of Southern history, and the enhancement of the careers of women historians, to join us in honoring these outstanding scholars and promoting our goals by contributing to the endowment fund.

The Southern Association of Women Historians is a tax exempt organization and all contributions are tax deductible. Contributors may specify to which fund they are contributing, but a general contribution to the Prize Endowment will allow us flexibility. Checks should be made out to the

Southern Association of Women Historians and
sent to:

Professor Judith F. Gentry
Department of History
University of Southwestern Louisiana
Lafayette, LA 70504

Julia Cherry Spruill is the author of WOMEN'S LIFE AND WORK IN THE SOUTHERN COLONIES, first published in 1938 and republished in 1972. This work stood virtually alone among books on Southern women until the interest in women's history emerged on a large scale in the 1960s and 1970s. It is excellent social history, based solidly upon original sources, the product of thoughtful analysis, and beautifully written. Julia Cherry was an ardent supporter of suffrage while attending high school in Rocky Mount, North Carolina. She graduated from the North Carolina College for Women in Greensboro. After marrying a rising young economist, Corydon Spruill, she entered the University of North Carolina graduate program and found herself the only woman in her class. In addition to earning her master's degree, she was awarded the William Jennings Bryan prize for excellence. Encouraged by her professors, she applied for and received a grant from the Institute for Research in Social Science and began in 1927 the research that resulted in her book. She visited archives from Boston to Savannah, utilizing newspapers, court records, other government documents, letters, and diaries. Finally, in 1938, her book was finished. Mrs. Spruill never held an academic post, and her scholarly work was often interrupted by family responsibilities. Her contribution to the study of the history of Southern women is all the more remarkable for these reasons. The Southern

Association of Women Historians is delighted to be able to honor Julia Cherry Spruill by establishing the Julia Cherry Spruill Publication Prize in Southern Women's History. When the President of the SAWH wrote to Mrs. Spruill, informing her of the proposal, her reply called to mind the Periclean statement,

"For it is only the love of honour that never grows old; and honour it is, not gain, as some would have it, that rejoices the heart of age and helplessness."

The Southern Association of Women Historians is honored to establish the Julia Cherry Spruill Publication Prize in Southern Women's History.

Willie Lee Nichols was born in 1927 in Bedford, Virginia. She received her B.A. from Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia in 1947 and taught in the public schools of Maryland and Massachusetts. She married William G. Rose in 1949, entered graduate school, and received her Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins University in 1962. She has held teaching posts at Maryland State Teachers College at Towson, Goucher College, the University of Virginia and Johns Hopkins University. Before leaving the University of Virginia, Professor Rose was appointed Commonwealth Professor of History. In 1973, she went to Johns Hopkins University as a full professor. In 1977-1978, she was the Harmsworth Professor of American History at Oxford University. She was an American Association of University Women Fellow, 1958-1959, a Social Science Research Council Fellow, 1960-1961, and a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellow, 1974-1975. Willie Lee's first book, REHEARSAL FOR RECONSTRUCTION: THE PORT ROYAL EXPERIMENT, published in 1964, won the Allan Nevins Prize, the Francis

Parkman Award, and the Charles Sydnor Award. She is co-author of the widely used textbook, THE NATIONAL EXPERIENCE. Her DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF SLAVERY IN NORTH AMERICA appeared in 1976. A collection of her essays, SLAVERY AND FREEDOM, was published in 1982. Her work on the Civil War and Reconstruction era, on slavery, and on black history after emancipation have contributed much to the study of American history and to our understanding of Southern culture. Her body of work, well respected, has withstood the test of time. Within the profession, Professor Rose has served on many committees. In 1969, she accepted an appointment to chair the American Historical Association Committee on the Status of Women. That committee under her direction made a report on the conditions facing women graduate students and women faculty within the historical profession. The report revealed much discrimination against women and her committee recommended that the AHA "express its formal disapproval of discrimination against women" and "pledge itself to work actively toward enlarging the number of women in the profession by enhancing the opportunities available to them...." Issuance of the "Rose Report" in 1970 took courage and determination and was of immense importance in opening up career opportunities for women in the historical profession. Willie Lee Rose is currently recovering from a severe stroke that she suffered in 1978 at the age of 51. The Southern Association of Women Historians is honored to establish the Willie Lee Rose Publication Prize in Southern History.

Now think back on this, and put yourself in Susan's place. There is a math class tomorrow, with homework to be done and handed in. You know that it is possible to solve the problems with a few quiet hours to work on them---as in high school days. But it is already 11 P.M., and the other class assignments are not finished. The night hours have to accommodate study and sleep, and sleep is the one left out. An average of five hours of sleep a night is not uncommon for a cadet.

Survival, Evasion, Resistance and Escape training course, called SERE, part of which is held in the Rocky Mountains, helps cadets reach a peak of physical conditioning that many people never approach in a lifetime. Included in SERE, among other courses, is a basic course in parachuting. Susan participated in that part of the program which also included jumping at night.

The superb physical state arrived at through this kind of training, plus active participation in a range of sports, is so apparent and is a pleasure to see in these young people. (The men look good, too. The girls brought two of them to Helena during the spring holiday this year.)

Ruth Ann, the youngest daughter, decided to try and enter the Air Force Academy, and she was successful, entering the fall of 1981. Susan was two grades ahead of Ruth Ann, and as Susan graduated, then Ruth Ann entered her junior year at the Academy. It took Bob and Ruth some time to get over Ruth Ann's acceptance to the Academy, as here went another daughter into the armed services for an indefinite stay.

QUESTIONS: Does every cadet at the Air Force Academy become a pilot after graduation from the Academy?
A. No, only those who have

near perfect vision are considered for pilot training. There are other career areas in the Air Force that are open to graduates.

Do women cadets wear skirts or slacks? A. They have a choice of wearing either to almost every function.

Did the girls see Ken Hatfield, football coach at the Academy, and across-the-street neighbor on College Street? A. Yes. He met Susan on her arrival at the Academy for her freshman year, and took her to her assigned dormitory. The rarified air up on College Street somehow must have contributed to the relocation of these three Helenians to the Air Force Academy. The girls remember sitting in their yard and watching the Hatfield boys and their friends shooting at the basketball goal over in their yard.

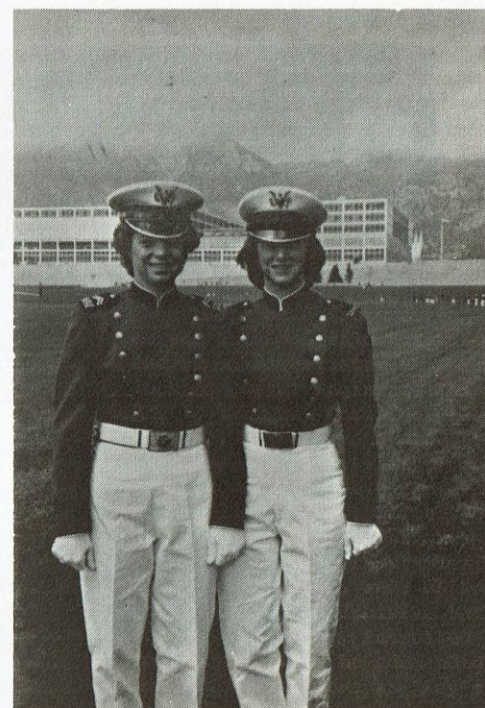
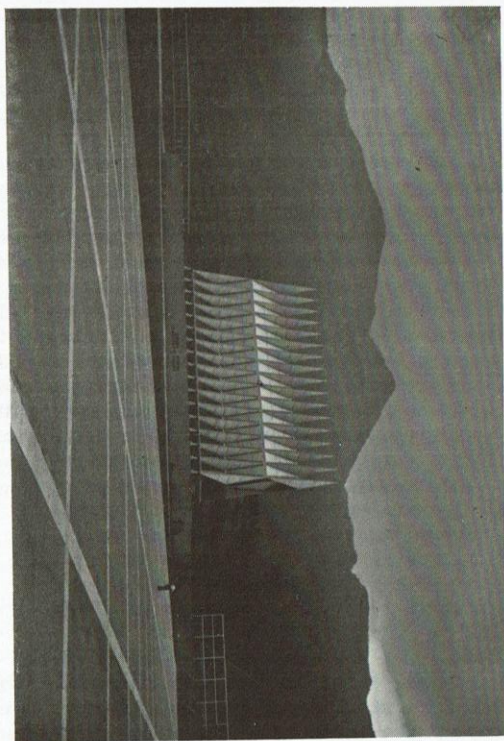
*

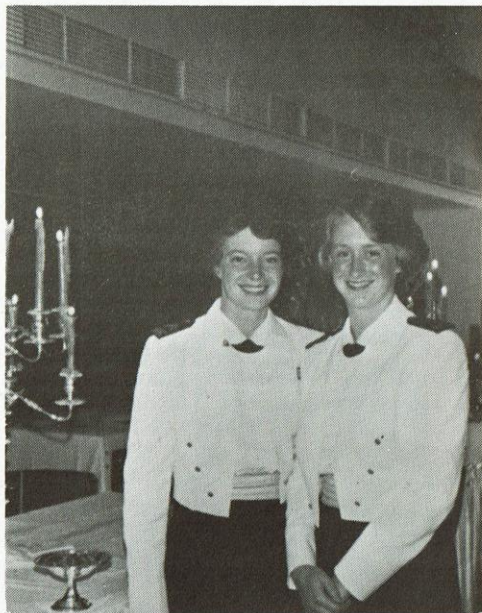
Pictures follow.

The Cadet Chapel, focal point of the cadet area, is striking in its design with 17 towering spires which admit light to the Protestant chapel through colorful stained glass. Catholic and Jewish chapels are on another floor level.

In both photographs Susan is on the left and Ruth Ann is on the right.

*





Volume 21 PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY Numbers
June, 1983 September, 1983 3 & 4
FALL ISSUE

Published by
The Phillips County Historical Society

EDITORIAL BOARD
Mrs. Dick Cunningham
Mrs. C.M.T. Kirkman
Miss Dorothy James
Mrs. Gene Bradford
Mrs. Rose C. White

OFFICERS
Jesse Porter, President
Mrs. Basil Jones, Vice President
Mrs. David R. Straub, Secretary
Mrs. Howard Bradford, Treasurer
Mrs. Louis P. Woods, Director
Mrs. Thomas E. Faust, Director

Meetings are held in September, January, April and June, on the fourth Sunday of the month, at 2:00 P.M. at the Phillips County Museum.

The Phillips County Historical Society supplies the QUARTERLY to its members. Membership is open to anyone interested in Phillips County history. Annual membership dues are \$5.00 for a regular membership and \$10.00 for a sustaining membership. Single copies of the QUARTERLY are \$1.25 and \$2.50. QUARTERLIES are mailed to members. Dues are payable to the PHILLIPS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Box 77, Barton, AR 72312.

Neither the editors nor the Phillips County Historical Society assumes any responsibility for statements made by contributors.