PHILLIPS COUNTY
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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CIVIL WAR REMINISCENCES
of
L. A. FITZPATRICK, SR.
Dated at Helena, Arkansas, July 27, 1918.

I was born in Chickasaw County in Mississippi, November 22, 1847. My father entered the Confederate War early in the sixties, enlisting in the 31st Mississippi Regiment. He put me at Tuscaloosa, Alabama in the University of Alabama, then a military college. He told me to stay there until the war was over--till we whipped the Yankees. I staid there until in the year of '63 when the Yankees began to invade portions of north Alabama.

When a portion of the Cadets were detailed to protect some property the college owned in north Alabama, I was with that detail. We had a few brushes with the enemy up there, but the regular Confederate soldiers made fun of us kids, and told us to go way back, for we might get hurt. So we were sent back to the college.

I soon learned the Yankees were invading north Mississippi. My mother and small children were alone with the negroes on the farm, but our negroes as a rule were faithful and loyal to my mother. Once the Yankees set the residence on fire, but the negroes put it out before it all burned.

I got a furlough to go home and see about things there. On arrival I found my mother and small brothers very brave and nervy, and the negroes at work and loyal, but I got mad and joined a Home Guard Company of Cavalry, and as I had had some military experience I was elected a Lieutenant. This of course gave me the big head. We skirmished around mightily, and did some fighting--and a good deal of running--and also rounded up Confederate deserters of which there were many.

One instance I recall was a young fellow who had come home without leave to get married, and he got married to a very pretty girl. We were ordered to get him. We located him at his father-in-law's house in a back country place, and went after him late at night. On awakening them, the old folks said he was not there. We had the house surrounded and told the old man we must search the house.

Away back in a side room we found him in bed with his wife. We

pulled him out and he dressed and his wife, father and mother followed him to the front gate, kissed him goodbye, and we had him "hoof" it to the nearest jail several miles away.

We had no extra horse for him to ride, but one of the boys took him up behind him and helped him along. I was informed after being sent back to his command that he was forgiven after some punishment, and to the end of the war made a good soldier.

This was fun for us but hard on the boy and girl. We had many fights in capturing deserters, but generally got them. We went with General Van Dorn on his raid into Holly Springs, Mississippi and helped to destroy several millions value of Yanks' supplies.

We went in there just before daylight, and surprised the small Yankee garrison there. Killed several of them, run others away, burned and blew up all supplies we could find. Got a few good horses, guns and pistols, and many good saddles.

We left hurriedly about 9 A. M. as a great force of Yankees were right on us, but they never caught many of us. We went in with about 30,000 men and got back with nearly as many. My father heard of my operations down there and said, come to his regiment, then north of Atlanta, Ga. I resigned and went and got with the 31st Mississippi Regiment, just about the surrender of Atlanta.

We followed Sherman on his march through Georgia. There was great desolation. Funny things happen in war as well as in civil life. Sherman's men set a pretty woman's house on fire down below Atlanta. She begged hard for her house, with her two small children in her arms, but the officer told her he had orders to burn every house, but said as he looked into her pretty face, if she would kiss him he would have the fire put out. She said she would. She did, and the fire was put out and the Yankees passed on, and the house was saved. This woman's husband had fallen out of his command in our army, and was hid in the chicken house, in the rear. After they were gone he came up. She explained she had to do so to save the house. But he said: "I saw you lean toward him."

Well our command went back to Atlanta or around it, and the next move after some fighting was the Tennessee Raid under General Hood. We went off in high glee with about 35,000 men, passed

through north Alabama under strict orders to keep in the road and to do no foraging. We passed a log farm house with a nice looking sweet potato patch out in front, which had not yet been dug. About 50 of the boys hopped over the fence and were filling their haversacks with fine potatoes, when an officer with brass buttons and stars on his collar cursed the men and drew his pistol, threatening to shoot into them. The old lady, the owner, was standing at the gate opposite the potato patch, with her specks raised, and said: "Mr. Officer, let 'em alone, them my taters, and them my boys." I learned afterwards she had four sons fighting for the Confederacy in Virginia.

We crossed the Tennessee River on pontoons and went gaily on. Everybody wanted to fight as we swept all before us. At Columbia, Tennessee we encountered a Yankee army of proportions, and had some fighting there, but majority of our Army was sent across Duck River some miles from Columbia and got in behind this Yankee army, and why we did not bag the whole thing has never been explained. But we lay in a cornfield all that night while the Yankee army passed near us and got away. On we went to Franklin, Tennessee. There we found the enemy entrenched behind earthworks in force. Our army was formed on the enemy's front two miles long, and began the Battle of Franklin, about three-thirty P. M. on November 30th, '64.

We carried the enemy time and time again, as many as six times in places drove them into their last ditch. Darkness came but we continued to fight till midnight, when a lull came. We gathered in knots, the commands were badly scattered, our wagons had come up with food and we sure did eat raw or cooked, as best we could. Loss of sleep the previous night, and marching and fighting all day and until midnight, had worn us down. Snatching a little sleep we awoke next morning to find the bird had gone--not a live Yankee outside of wounded left, leaving their dead and wounded.

Getting more to eat and pulling ourselves together, the order went out about noon to bury the dead. The wounded were being carried in and cared for by the surgeons and details and God bless those noble Catholic Sisters of Charity, who were there caring for the wounded and dying. They worked all night, even under fire, before the battle ended, in many cases tearing their clothes off to make bandages for the wounded. God never created better people.

All troops able to stand were put to burying the dead. Zero

weather had come that night but we did not know it was cold, till after we quit fighting. The ditches we had fought over so, we slung in the dead every and any way, and shoveled dirt on the bodies. Many bodies were four and six deep. Dirt was not put on deep as shoveling was hard and as we returned that way on retreating from Nashville many hands and feet were seen sticking out, and some faces exposed. But amidst all such horrors funny things happen. One of our boys, tired out while at work shoveling, fell down asleep, and as the gang came along slinging in the dead, they threw him in the ditch, but that was too much for him. He waked with a loud cry, "What is the matter?", and went to fighting again. The slingers, thinking a dead man had come to life, ran away.

On getting together the next day we found we had lost forty per cent of our army, but we had the Yanks gone so after them we went, on to Nashville, Tennessee. There we attacked them only to be defeated by overwhelming forces, nearly half our army was gone, dead, or wounded, some captured, some deserted, remainder half fed, barefooted, frostbitten feet, no clothes, no blankets. After several skirmishes and one battle, we started back on retreat. Our Brigade, Featherston's, protected the rest. We had a time of it. The enemy cavalry pressed us close, got many of our wagons and much of our supplies, but we held them off. We killed and ate every live cow or animal of any kind except dogs and mules as we retreated. Stopping one night at Franklin had a chance to again look over that ghostly field, but many of our barefooted boys dug into those half-covered graves or trenches and pulled shoes and boots off of dead bodies, regardless of whether comrades or Yanks, and wore them, leaving the dead bodies partly covered in the trenches. But the boys got the shoes and many took clothes off of dead bodies after they had been buried three weeks, and went along wearing same as proudly as if bought from a tailor's shop. Such is war.

Many took skins of cows as they were killed to eat, and sewed this around the feet while the hide was fresh, hair inside, and it was far better than no shoe at all. Again such was war.

Parched corn for main menu, and dessert as well, was about all to go in eating. The country had been devastated by both armies, and there was nothing left to eat, or we would have gotten it. The women and children all along willingly gave us all they had.

Well on Christmas Day we got back on south side of the Tennessee River with less than half the army we carried over on going up. It was a wonder that we got back across that river at all, pursued by a well-equipped army and twice outnumbering us, we barefooted, but little to eat, naked. Certainly they did not try very hard to bag us. All but our rear guard composed of Forrest Cavalry, and what was left of General Stev D. Lee's Division of Infantry held them back, and dropped many a one of them. Our wagon drivers had a hard time to get their teams along, mud was deep, mules poor, unfed, but we brought back a great many wagons and mules.

Our brigade, Featherston's, carried in sixty-five wagons and teams, and brought back sixty-one. Pete Lyon now living near Colt, Arkansas, was in charge of this lot of teams, and Pete knew exactly how to drive one hundred teams right by a Yankee camp, and make no noise what-ever. Not a mule would bray, if Pete said be still--"move quiet"--those mules understood all Pete said, so between the mules, the boys pushing and lifting the wagons out of mud holes, and running back and fighting, while the mules went along without drivers, we got by. Pete had a fine rifle he had gotten at Franklin, and plenty ammunition, and he could pick a Yankee cavalry off his horse with it a mile away, and he got a many a one on that retreat.

He would stop on a side road, let his team go along, and as he could see the enemy coming he would let them have a few rounds out of his rifle, then run and catch up with the teams.

Pete was very much attached to his mules, some of which he had been driving since he enlisted in '63, and those mules were well acquainted with Pete, and understood all he said to them. He would feed his mules at the first table and what corn the mules left Pete and his comrades parched and ate, when there was nothing else to eat. Pete was also a great cook. He could make all sorts of coffee and eatables out of parched corn. He could make all sorts of bread. He was also a good forager, and if there was anything lying around loose in the neighborhood where he camped, Pete got some of it and always divided with his comrades. At the surrender at Greensboro, North Carolina, Sherman's quartermaster gave Pete two of the mules he had driven so long. He brought them home to Chickasaw County, Mississippi, went hauling about there, made some money, and married his old sweetheart--the girl he left behind him. He farmed and made

a good living staying by those two mules, till Pete said they were over sixty years of age. Gave them a decent burial. He removed to St. Francis County, Arkansas in the 80s, has raised a large family, and principally spent his time in Arkansas in fox hunting and fishing, and doubtless is better off than many who tried to turn the earth over to see what was under it.

Pete was a singer--he said singing made hunger for food further off. One of his favorites on coming out of Tennessee was to the tune of "The Yellow Rose of Texas," or most any other old tune. It ran--

"You may talk about your dearest maid
And sigh for Rosalie
But the gallant Hood of Texas
Played Hell in Tennessee."

The whole army took this up after we got south of the Tennessee River.

The Yanks followed us close till we got across the river--then they let us alone. They had two gun boats, where we built pontoon to cross near Tuscumbia, and shelled our men--but Forrest run on the bank three or four pieces of six pounder cannon, and opened on them and the whole army tucked tails and left there.

We got over and walked on to Tupelo, Mississippi where Hood was relieved from command, and General Taylor put in charge. We pulled together, washed up, got some clothes and shoes, and more or less were ready again and were sent via Mobile, Alabama, through Alabama and Georgia and South Carolina, on after Sherman, who had reached North Carolina.

We walked most of the way by a road where a railroad could be found which Sherman had left, but we got there in the pinewoods of North Carolina. Found Sherman with a big army there. We tackled him or a part of his army at Bennington, North Carolina, and put them on the run.

This was the last fight we had. Soon the news came of the surrender of Appomattox. The jig was then up before we had gotten to North Carolina. General Joe F. Johnston had been assigned command to what was known as the Army of Tennessee, so it became his duty to negotiate terms of surrender. The army was about five miles apart in Pineywoods near Greensboro, not far from where Durham is now.

An armistice was agreed on, both sides got friendly, played marbles, swapped tobacco for coffee, and did around generally, but still kept up strict guard duty. It seems Secretary of War Stanton at Washington, had given Sherman special orders as to terms of surrender that pressed Jeff Davis to surrender, and to shoot members of his cabinet surrendered, and imprisoned many Generals--to be likewise treated and so on--so the armistice hung for several days. Johnston and Sherman could not agree at all, till General Johnston finally told Sherman he could not agree at all, nor would sign such terms. Sherman said his instructions from Washington could not be varied. Then Johnston said there is but one thing to do--fight on till death--if my army is exhausted and practically surrounded.

But at that time General John C. Breckinridge then Secretary of War came along on his retreat from Richmond. He stopped and met General Johnston. He spent a night in General Featherston's tent.

I saddled a horse for him on the morning of April 25th, as he mounted he waved me thanks. I then thought and now think he was the best looking man God ever created.

I went along to hold horses. Several of our Generals went with General Johnston and General Breckinridge, to this the last effort at an honorable surrender, and incidently heard a part of the talk. Sherman had several of those Generals there under a large fly tent, open, --they--many of them--were well acquainted with our Generals, as some had been schoolmates at West Point.

All seemed to know General Breckinridge, and appeared joyed to meet him. Breckinridge was perfectly Chesterfieldian as to politeness and hospitality. All seated on stools and boxes. General Johnston explained that he had requested General Breckinridge to assist him in trying to effect a surrender he could accept.

General Breckinridge read over the terms proposed. He said among other things that such terms had never been imposed so far as history developed on any defeated or conquered army, since Caesar's time, that many things were required over which General Johnston had no power. He spoke for twenty minutes, perhaps longer. His eloquence caught Sherman and in fact all present. When Breckinridge sat down, tears running down Sherman's cheeks. He did not look like the fellow who left the streak of smoke and fire and the conditions so that

a crow flying along would have to carry rations to subsist, as he had been instructed and ordered by Lincoln to do as he marched through Georgia and South Carolina. He wiped off the tears, asked for the paper, took a pencil and drew lines through the objectional portions of the terms of surrender, handed it to his orderly and told him to re-write as then erased. Not a word was said up to that time, but then a general conversation began principally between Sherman and Breckinridge, so the orderly returned with several copies of the reprepared terms. Sherman handed General Johnston and Breckinridge one, all read--nodded at each other--Sherman says shall we sign, Johnston says "yes."

They moved up to the table and both sides signed. The surrender was made and on an honorable basis. Sherman had said to Hell with Washington instructions, he could not stand Breckinridge's eloquence. Everybody shook hands, but Sherman says "wait a minute." Beckoned to his orderly, who brought forth out of another tent the longest jug I ever saw. Not much in diameter, but looked to me to be twenty-four inches long, with glasses, sugar and water. He handed Breckinridge a glass and poured--and Breckinridge did not say when to stop, so he got full four fingers. Down it went with water chaser and all around it went--some, a few only, taking water, and so the conference closed in a most felicitous manner.

I want to say I got none of this booze, I was only a horse holder. Again I held Breckinridge's horse as he mounted, and again he waved at me and thanked me. I felt fully paid for the work and in fact honored, to get a good look at such a man. I never saw Breckinridge after the war.

Well the news spread all over the camps, the end had come. We mixed freely with the Yanks, they were good to us. We were sorry we were whipped and told them to be good or we might give them another four years fight. They were glad they were on top but only now and then one crowed over it. Sherman at once ordered rations issued to all Confederates who were hungry, and sure every one of us were hungry. He also instructed that all who had horses or mules could keep them, went further than that--gave permission to many head quartermasters to take home some of the teams and wagons under their control, to assist them in getting home, for we were many of us four thousand miles from home, if there was any home left. No way to get

there except to walk as railroads were torn up. Shermans chief quartermaster gave my quartermaster eight mules and two wagons, with permits to hold till U. S. Government called for same. They never called for them.

On April 26th, '65, our paroles were issued and after bidding the Yanks goodbye, our faces turned westward. We were paid on being paroled one Mexican dollar each. We brought it home and it looked mighty good. But we had tons of new Confederate money of all sizes, $10.00 up to $100.00 and it too looked good to a few found en route, who did not know the war was yet over.

Now and then in the mountains of North Carolina and Georgia we found a fellow of this sort. I had packed up a mustang pony with C. S. branded on him, and got a permit from a Yankee officer.

Found a saddle and bridle, and thus mounted I rode away off the beaten paths along with Major T. J. Pullen of our Regiment, who had his horse in good condition--and such sparking of the girls both red headed and black headed, in those mountains in North Carolina and South Carolina and Georgia as you never read about.

We always returned to camp at night with something fresh for the boys. Once we rode 25 miles up in the mountains to where we had heard a fellow was making pine top booze. There was no moonshine then, anybody made it who could find the corn and water and knew how to make it--no law to interfere.

Well we found the old fellow who said he had just turned out 5 gallons of fresh and good. We handed him two brand new crisp $100.00 bills and took two gallons. He didn't know the war was over. He salted those bills away, gave us a pint extra, and we went back to camp to make the boys joyful. We had lots of fun on that return trip, and let me tell you the girls en route treated us fine, if now and then they discovered a gray back, crawling around on the outside of our shirts. Gray backs were fashionable and maybe necessary body-guards in those days, and perhaps they were the most tenacious insects to live, crawl, and bite ever invented. A shirt covered with them--we put them on the fence to dry, and pretty soon there were thousands of gray backs--on the move looking for more fresh meat. We brought the seed home, but under the wise and vigorous administration of our mothers, and the good ladies, I believe the tribe was

finally extinguished. But I must say, they were a great consolation to a soldier who wanted to scratch--gave him a job when not otherwise engaged, picking them off. It was out of the question to kill one. I don't believe there was ever a gray back killed by a Yankee or Johnnie, during the four years in the sixties. Some gray backs may have died with old age and from hard work or for want of fresh meat.

We had a great time on that long return trip. The Yanks had occupied all towns with garrisons, but they were nice to us. Gave us shoes and plenty to eat as we came along. Two or three times they took our mules and horses away from us, which had C. S. or U. S. on them, but when we hauled our permits and paroles out they gave them back to us.

Well we finally got home in August, being gone since about May first, on the road. Found mother and small brothers well and waiting as well as many of the old negroes, who had been loyal and faithful. The same God blessed the old faithful negroes, and I believe had blessed them who are gone. Had it not been for them and the noble white women at home, we could have been whipped long before we were.

Well the chimneys were standing around, on many farms the fences burned by campers of both sides. Towards the end our country was full of deserters and thieves, pretending to be Confederate soldiers, and what the Yankees left they took.

War brings to the surface a bad element, or did then. These thieves had been looting so long they wanted to continue it, and just take what an honest retired Confederate soldier might make, so something had to be done. Clothes were scarce. There had been some cotton hid out, and speculators were down from Memphis with gold, paying 60 to 75 cents per pound for it in gold, and offering $50.00 in gold to haul it to Memphis, about 150 miles. I hitched up those mules, got 3 bales of cotton. The old negro Neale who went through the war with my father as his servant and saved his life on several occasions, was ever faithful. With a frying pan and old tent, we lit out, determined to get that $150 in gold. After about a week we landed in Memphis, and got that money.

I traded the gold off for greenbacks and goods to peddle back, and

when we got home had about $1,000 in greenbacks, and clothes for mother and father and the little ones. So I was a flying.

I made other trips to Memphis, made some money, and had lots of fun. Everything went--money was plentiful, and the Confederate soldier who opened his eyes, and did do something, got there all O.K.

I had gotten a long linen duster for my Sunday coat, and got on that war pony, and you bet I sparked those pretty girls, who abounded in north Mississippi, going and coming.

We had to have corn to make a crop in '66, so down to Prairie County I took the wagons, and got the corn with the greenbacks I had accumulated. So in '66 we were ready to make a crop and did make one. Got from 20 to 25 cents a pound for cotton, and were farming again. Much of the land had been rented, and produced well. Free negroes worked very well in '66 before the carpetbaggers had them demoralized, but that year the carpetbagger was largely in evidence. They took charge of all the farms, corralled all the negroes, with the promise of 40 acres and a mule--if he worked.

There arose the necessity of the Ku Klux Klan, and it came and did good work for the next two years. We cleaned out that carpetbagger crowd in north Mississippi. Negroes went back to work and once more the enemy was cleaned out, and with a southern man's government.

The negroes were all right left alone. General Grant said let us have peace, and the Ku Klux Klan were a part of Grant's scheme to bring peace. He winked at it all along while he was president. Grant was all right. He fought when he fought, but when he quit, he quit without malice, took many drinks a day and wished everybody good luck.

At Appomattox he said--"Let those Confederates take their old horses home--they need them to make a crop," notwithstanding strict orders that everything be taken away from the Confederates and sent to Washington. He further replied to Stanton who had dictated terms of surrender, "I am making this capitulation, if you don't like it, I will take my army and what is left of the Confeds, and go back to Washington and make you accept it."

It was Grant who instructed Sherman to make terms at Greensboro,

North Carolina in conflict with instructions from Washington. It was Grant who run Ames out of Mississippi and Brooks out of Arkansas. Grant was the best friend the Confederate soldier had after the whipping. Lincoln, Stanton, Seward and all that gang would have all of us murdered or put into slavery. I have no patience with Abraham Lincoln or his memory. He was the fellow who directed Sherman what to do in Georgia, and Booth did not fix him any too early.

The Ku Klux Klan brought to the surface an element which had to be attended to after the carpetbagger was disposed of, so we had to attend to that crowd as they were trying to occupy the same places as the carpetbagger had. We routed him too, and at last got Confederate soldiers, true ones, running the country. In ousting this last crowd I encountered some rough ones, and it was better for me to find a new country, so I came to Arkansas in early '70. Went to work and did the best I could, always having a lot of fun. In '72 married the best woman I could find in Arkansas who would have me, and she has stayed by me all these years, and is better and better, and sweeter and sweeter as the days and years roll by.

I am not one of those Confederate soldiers who are glad we were whipped, who says it was better as it was--and all that sort of talk. I have no patience with such utterances. That we were whipped and whipped to a frazzle no sane person will deny. But no true Confederate can be glad of it. This was the sort of wishy washy uncertain loyalty which to a great extent caused us to be whipped. But all of us who went to work have had a good time ever since we were whipped, and it is my firm belief that God has the name of every Confederate soldier inscribed in the Book of Life who had kept half way in the middle of the road, and on that day St. Peter will say, "Walk in you had Hell enough in the 60's."

I will relate an incident at Resaca, Georgia in October, '64. Our army was lying opposite the enemy one night expecting a fight. Next morning the Yanks had one or two piece cannon over about a mile and a half throwing shells into General Featherston's camp and every now and then killing a man. We seemed to have no cannon there. General Featherston got very mad, ripped and swore, wanted to know why that engine of Hell could not be stopped. Featherston was a very profane man, but he was a fighter, but not a military trained man. There was in the 31st Mississippi Regiment (Featherston's brigade)

Captain J. L. Jennings, a Baptist preacher, who carried out a company of 104 men, all six feet and up, mostly poor farmers. The Captain preached the gospel of Christ when he could get three or more to listen and on profession of the faith would baptise the applicant in the first hole of water he got to and send his name back to his church to be enrolled. He was a pious man, as well as a good fighter. Featherston said, "Go bring Captain Jennings here." The Captain came, and saluted, and the General said, "Go pick you 20 men from my brigade, take them over there and stop that cannon."

The boys were brought up quick, all eager to go, were given the best short rifles, pistols, and short swords, or bowie knives, Captain Jennings said, "Let us pray," and such a prayer as he sent up was never sent before. We started out in the darkness scattered out, to make for that cannon across the gullies and ravines, through our pickets with the pass word. We slipped through the Yankees' picket with the pass word, got right on to their cannoneers before they knew it, and I believe killed everyone of them, drove a nail in the fuse hole of the cannon, crawled back and was back in our own lines in less than two hours.

The cannon did not shoot anymore that night. Two of the boys never got back, don't know what went with them, never heard of afterwards. After we fired first round of shots, there was considerable shooting.

FROM THE PAST

by

Robert J. Titus

The Wabash River begins as a stream, flowing through the iron rich mountains of northern Indiana. It flows further south through the coal districts of Illinois and Indiana, spreading wider and deeper until it joins the Ohio River. From there the waters merge and rush to meet the Father of Waters at Cairo, Illinois. Rain falls and washes across the black, dreary coal fields to join the steady flow down the ancient Mississippi Valley, to the sea from whence it and all its kindred came.

Indiana's coal mining camps at the turn of the century were composed of rude, black-stained buildings, setting helter-skelter among naked mountains. Deep underneath the earth, men clawed away at the veins of coal and loaded the little pieces into squat railcars, pulled by tiny donkeys. The little donkeys lived their entire lives in the darkness of the pits, without ever seeing the light of day or tasting green grass.

At that time, coal miners worked a twelve hour day for eight or ten cents an hour. Carbide lights with open flames were used to light the work areas, which resulted in frequent explosions and the loss of men and animals. Women did their housework with one ear always listening for the alarm whistle that signaled a cave-in at the mine.

Every man who descended, day after day, into the pits, carried with him a dream to take his mind away from the endless labor. Some were going West to homestead a farm. Others were working on some sort of invention that would make them rich over night. But one miner, in particular, dreamed of the South Sea Islands. At that time, pulp book publishers were turning out tales of exotic lands and peoples and pouring descriptions of tropical paradises and pagan love rites into a reading public, which had been fed bland literature since the landing of the Mayflower. Monroe Titus found himself caught in this delightful web of adventure, woven by writers like Herman Melville in **Typee**, and Rudyard Kipling in **Plain Tales from the Hills**. The little miner, who stood barely five feet tall, toiled away at the black vein, hour after hour, and trudged wearily home to his company owned shack, day after day, with visions of tropical lagoons, bordered by

lush jungles and filled with pearl bearing shellfish, clouding his mind.

Then one day tragedy struck. Monroe was straining to set a huge timber, twice his own weight, when a streak of pain seared through his lower abdomen. His fellow workers carried him out of the pits and deposited him at the company infirmary. A doctor on the company payroll examined him and announced that the injury would probably heal in time. But weeks passed, and the little man lay in pain, showing no signs of improvement. At last the mine foreman went to the company manager for a decision on what to do with Monroe. The manager sat at a mahogany desk in a plush office and issued the final edict. "Pay him off for a hundred and a half and get him off the premises."

Monroes's wife had died the year before, and he had four small children to raise alone. But fortunately his mother was still a healthy, robust woman, living on a farm near the mine. So he hobbled home to a little tenant farm on the Wabash River.

From that last day in the mines until his death, half a century later, Monroe Titus walked with a slow shuffle. He was never again able to do hard labor.

Before the invention of plastic, various types of shells were cut to make buttons. Shell gatherers thronged the banks of America's inland waterways, and shell buyers traveled the rivers and bayous, loading the shells into barges to be delivered to the button factories. So Monroe joined the shell diggers, grubbing in the mud along the banks of the Wabash River.

The more ambitious diggers dove with hard-hat diving helmets into the middle of the rivers, but Monroe had to wade along in the shallows, picking up the cheaper grades. Also the shelling season was very short in Indiana. For nine months of every year, the water was too cold. He sold his sand shells for fifteen dollars a ton, and had only three months a year to eke out his bare existence.

But as time passed, his dreams of tropical waters and hidden pearls began to materialize into reality. Tales were carried from down river of the southern mussel beds, loaded with giant black shells known as mulefoot mucketts, in which large black pearls were sometimes found. The mucketts were also worth thirty dollars a ton for their mother-of-pearl linings. The southern rivers were also warm

enough to allow a nine month shelling season. To cap it off, a European queen had offered a flat million dollars for any fresh-water black pearl that would weigh between sixty and eighty grains.

So in the spring of 1905, Monroe Titus launched a ragged little skiff in the Wabash River and headed south, following the natural flow of the primeval waters, drifting on the rain drops that trickled down from the coal fields, searching alone for his utopia.

Monroe was too weak to do much more than let his boat drift with the current. It passed out of the lazy Wabash and into the annual deluge of the turbulant Ohio, and bobbled like flotsam down the mighty Mississippi. The Great River was swollen far out of its banks, and ancient trees, uprooted by its fury, accompanied the little boat in a violent rush toward the sea.

Monroe passed the mouths of many rivers, each one pouring into the Mississippi with a mad dash, as if they were anxious to leave their present locations. All except one. The flow from the Mississippi was backing up into its calm embrace. It seemed to welcome the migrant rain drops and dying trees. Monroe's little craft drifted into the bosom of the St. Francis River, named by the Jesuits in honor of St. Xavier Francis, in stark contrast to the Wolf River and the Flint River. They named it well.

The trees were decked out in their fresh, early summer foliage, and wild deer scampered across white sand bars in the evening dusk. The virgin timber on either bank created perpetual cool shade across most of the river. Exploring inland, Monroe found dozens of clear springs, boiling up from white sand and growing profusely with tender watercress. Wild grapevines were laden with bunches of purple grapes, dewberries, and blackberries that covered acres of ground, and nearly every tree bore some kind of nut. He found groves of pawpaw trees, bearing a wild, banana-like fruit. He knelt at one stream and lifted out a large, black mussel. It was a mulefoot muckett.

Monroe Titus made camp at Distillery Branch, where it joins the St. Francis River. And he drifted no more.

The bar pits, lakes, bayous, and creeks along the St. Francis were shallow enough for a cripple to wade along, towing his boat behind him, and pick up the mussels. In time, Monroe established an income regular enough to support his family. He went back to In-

diana and brought his mother and his four children down the river in a house boat to Helena.

Monroe never gave up his dream of finding a black pearl. He pressed his fingers into the entrails of millions of mussels, searching for the tiny gems. In the years that passed, he found several pearls, but none were worth more than a few dollars. The children all grew up and married, but he continued to search, spending less time with the commercial shells and more and more time in the hidden coves with the mulefoot mucketts. He learned to preserve nearly every kind of wild friut and meat so that he could be free from the strain of earning money, free to search for a giant, black pearl.

The United States entered World War I and passed into the prosperous 20's with its Prohibition and boot-legging. The clear spring water and golden corn, along the edge of Crowley's Ridge, found its way into more and more moon-shine stills. The warm summer nights were busy with activity. Some of the rivermen bought new Buicks, Jewetts, and LaSalles. Many of the old shanty boats were replaced by luxurious cabin cruisers with powerful gasoline engines. Yachts, traveling from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, became common sights along the Mississippi. But one sight that did not change, was a little man, wading along the mussel beds, dragging his boat behind him.

One day in 1928, near the end of the great grab-bag era, and close to the eve of Black Friday, Monroe was working the mouth of Distillery Branch, at the same place where he had first landed. He waded upstream a few yards to a series of little waterfalls with shallow pools at their bases. He carefully felt around in the loose sands, until he found a pocket, hidden deep underneath one of the falls. He slipped his hand into the depression and felt the rough surface of a gigantic shell. It may have lain there for a century, well hidden and fed by the constantly flowing stream. He eased the old shellfish out into the light, astounded by its size and awed by its age.

Monroe hesitated to open it. It was a pity that the thing rested peacefully for so many years, only to die in vain. He had almost given up his dream of finding the pearl. This one, he thought, will be as barren as all the rest. Its shell would be worth only a few cents at the most. But life is harsh, and some things have to be done.

He slipped his knife into the crack at the shell's hinge and pried it open. His fingers pressed into the soft, wet mush of the creature's body. Then they hit something, the size of a pea. He pulled out the foreign particle and washed it in the clear stream. It was a jet black pearl, perfectly round, and larger than any he had ever seen. The long search was over.

Monroe Titus sold his pearl for eight hundred dollars and bought a farm at the foot of Crowley's Ridge, on the Big Spring Road. A year later the stock market crashed, and his farm was worth less than a tenth of what he had paid for it. The ancient mulefoot muckett had died in vain.

The old man lived through the depression years by raising his own vegetables, fishing, trapping, and gathering the dependable wild fruit. Looking for pearls became a habit he could never break. In his last years, he collected mussels for fish bait, always searching for another pearl. And he found several. One was a white tear from a sand shell; one was a pink rosebud from an elephant ear, and the others were mostly round whites. He carried his pearls in a leather pouch around his neck and would roll them out on a cafe table or anyplace else to show them off. But he never sold one. When he died in Helena, his pearls were never found. They are most probably resting in a pool somewhere along Distillery Branch.

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HELENA WORLD

March 16, 1898

Very good reports are being received from Cadet Farmer Morrison, Helena's representative at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. His friends here learn with pleasure that in the examination class of fifty-four, Cadet Morrison stood number two. Who says Arkansas is not all right, and that her representative from this city should not be highly esteemed? Here's luck and prosperity to you, Farmer, from the **World** and your numerous friends, who are always happy to hear such fine reports from our boys.

* * * * * * * *

THE ART OF GOOSE PICKING GIVES WAY TO PATE DE FOIE GRAS

by

Tommye Lindsey Satterfield

Grandmother was unique at the art of goose picking in a time when there was no foam rubber and goose picking was considered the best means by many of obtaining the material with which to stuff feather beds, quilts and pillows. Now, not everyone could pick a goose. Perhaps, that was because not everyone wanted to pick a goose. But she could turn loose some of the nakedest, raggedest, ugliest, but best picked geese found anywhere.

Grandmother was of the wonderful old school. A paragon of wisdom and virtue, she was, in her children's and grandchildren's opinions, the best cook, the best doctor and the kindest person to be found, serene, spiritually strong and not easily angered. She was present at the birth of the grandchildren, tended them in family emergencies, and gave not only her immediate family but other relatives and friends provisions from her smokehouse and canned goods pantry. She raised beautiful roses, seven children, flocks of turkeys and chickens, and gaggles of geese.

Grandmother's gaggles of geese contained the white goose and the gray goose, technically called the Embden, and the Toulouse, respectively. These domestic geese, descendants of the graylog goose of Europe, grew much larger than their wild ancestors, and had almost lost the ability to fly. They could take only short hops in the air. But thirty years ago when small and medium-sized farms were the rule, geese waddled with heads held high in almost all of the farm yards as they did in Grandmother's.

It was Grandmother's wish when one of her children married, to give that child and his or her mate a feather bed complete with two pillows. Since that meant seven featherbeds and fourteen pillows, the poor geese got worked for many years. It is believed, however, that Grandmother picked her geese only in the spring; although, an elderly friend tells that she has picked geese as often as every five or six weeks during the warm months. (Comparing this to having our own hair pulled out that often, we can't help but wonder what the geese did for tranquilizers and psychiatrists in those days.)

Part of Grandmother's art of picking geese was in choosing the right time. It was usually a rather still, lukewarm, humid and cloudy day in early spring. The successful goose picker had to be very apt to the weather no matter how unpredictable. If he tried to pick geese on a windy day, he would have trouble with the feathers flying since all picking was usually done outdoors. It was as much for the picker's comfort as for a job well done that the right day was important. If he picked the goose before all cold weather was over, the fowl would, in all likelihood, become sick from insufficient dress. If he picked the goose on a too hot day, the goose would sunburn. So a lover of geese and a good goose picker must also be a good weather prognosticator. The geese were penned up in a large chicken house the night before the day designated for depluming. If the day dawned wrongly, they were freed, upon the promise of a more suitable day.

The goose picker, to make any speed at all, in depluming a gaggle of geese had to have at least two helpers; usually someone younger who could catch the elusive goose fairly easily, and who probably had not mastered the art of goose picking. When a daughter in her late teens had not mastered the art, she quite often became the catcher. Also needed by the operation was an alert doorkeeper who could open and close the chicken house door quickly on cue from the catcher. A child quite often filled this opening.

The goose picker more than likely would seat herself in a cane bottomed chair near the door of the house containing the meandering, discontent and frustrated geese. The officially designated goose catcher would go about her task of catching the rather forbidding prey with all good grace, knowing full well that an enraged goose could take a hunk out of her, or at least, bruise the place badly. Also, the floor of their overnight habitat always gave full evidence that the honkers were by no means up on the latest sanitation measures.

After catching the goose, the catcher hurried to the door and told the doorkeeper to open the door quickly because, by this time, the geese were really in a state of utter confusion, hissing, honking, flapping their large wings and trying to fly. The catcher usually came out with the goose's neck in her left hand, to prevent biting, the feet in her right hand, the goose's body tucked under the right arm and the catcher's shoes quite dirty. The picker maneuvered to take the goose in a manner so that she could very deftly place its head under her left arm at just the right angle to prevent back biting. Also the darkness helped to quiet the goose; some pickers put little black hoods over the goose's head, folded and locked its wings behind its back,

placed the body of the goose in the lap of the picker, and held the honker's feet with the left hand. With the right hand the picker started to work--picking.

Now here's where true art is evident. The master goose picker knows just how many feathers (very few) to pull at a time to prevent tearing the skin. She knows that if she pulls the feathers at too obtruse an angle against the way the feathers grow, there is greater chance of the goose bleeding. Grandmother never picked the large tail or wing feathers. She did not pick the long feathers under the wings, or the wings of the goose would droop. She picked the small sized feathers on the breast and underside, on the back and up the neck until she progressed to the very small feathers right below and on the head. Some masters picked only the down, parting the feathers and picking out soft down to be used in pillows, especially.

The time element involved in picking a goose was determined by many factors, the cooperation of the goose, his size, and the skill of the picker. It could range from half an hour to never. As she grasped the feathers between the outstretched thumb and bent forefinger, her hand moved quickly and rhythmically back and forth from the goose to the thick sack in which she placed the feathers to later be sunned and aired before being placed in the ticks. It was indeed a thing to watch!

The "put upon" goose did not always cooperate and take kindly to the indignity of being painfully disrobed in public and fought back any way he could. Loosen that left arm and the head came out and darted for any place on the anatomy within reach, and the struggling goose beat the picker in the face with his wings. Not to be forgotten or underestimated was the fact that the goose was not toilet trained.

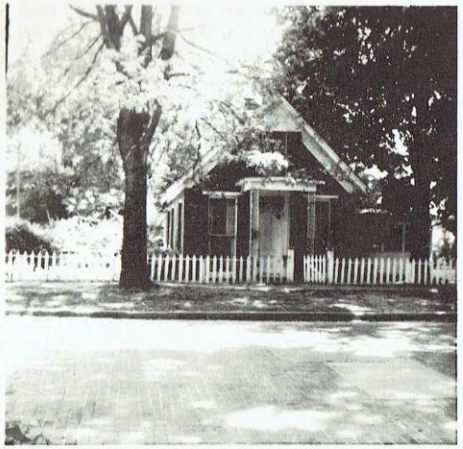
To say that things have changed would seem almost facetious, but in a rapidly changing culture Grandmother's art seems as it did then, symbolically an anchor. She never tasted Pate De Foie Gras (a goose liver paste) on a canape or played bridge, she was short and rotund, and she let her hair stay grey, and she loved, and loved and loved.

So Grandmother was a truly artistic person, not with the paint and brush, the pen or typewriter, or sculpting clay, though I feel sure she could have been, had she really wanted. But she left her descendants beautiful mental pictures of their heritage, truths written on the heart and love.

THE HOUSE AT 928 BEECH STREET

by

Dale P. Kirkman



It is impossible to start a hundred years later and write with absolute certainty about the past of a house, unless some notations or facts have been written down during the life of the house. This uncertainty is true in regard to the house at 928 Beech Street, home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pillow. An abstract of the property is helpful to a certain extent, but even it can not always impart to the reader the exact date that a house was built or who built it. In the case of this particular house, however, several people have furnished information which makes it possible to know much of its past.

The early house sat on Lot 452, numbered in the original plat of Old Helena, and eventually Lot 451 was attached to the main lot. Sylvanus Phillips and William Russell owned the property when Helena was mapped in 1820, as part of a 150 acre tract from the Spanish Grant originally made to Patrick Cassidy of 640 acres.

After brief periods of ownership by several owners, Thomas B. Hanley and his wife, Caroline Phillips Hanley, bought the property in 1841. Judge Hanley was a prominent member of the bar from Helena, and he held several local and state offices, among them, Judge of the Arkansas Supreme Court. In 1868, Lot 452 was bought from Judge Hanley by James T. White, and in 1871, Lot 451 was acquired in the same manner.

White was a Negro preacher from Indiana, who presumably had come to Helena during the Civil War, possible as a soldier with the occupying troops. It would be an understatement to say that he was a controversial character, and he figured largely in politics of the reconstruction period. At Governor Powell Clayton's instigation, he entered into an unsuccessful contest in 1870, to gain the position of Phillips County assessor from H. B. Robinson, also a Negro. The people of Phillips County were angered at Governor Clayton's attempt to interfere with county matters, and after a legal hassle in which Major Palmer represented Robinson and General James C. Tappan spoke for White, Robinson was verified as assessor.

Tradition has had it that White built the house on Beech Street, and tradition was recently reinforced by the recollections of Jenny Daley, retired schoolteacher, and one of the county's oldest citizens at ninety-five years. She maintains that Preacher White was responsible for building both the house in question and the 2nd Baptist Church at the corner of Rightor and Franklin Streets, that the same contractor built both structures, and the time of erection of the buildings was close. The house and the church would have been fairly new during her childhood and, of course, her parents would have witnessed the building of them. A stone inset in the side of the church and easily visible from Rightor Street, has inscribed on it, "1865 J. T. White." It is possible that the house could date from 1868, or the date of purchase of the land.

The house is a solid brick house, a customary manner of building of that day, and the inside walls were covered with plaster, later with wallpaper, and later still with panelling and wainscoting. The original house, before additions were made, was composed of three rooms, front to back, with a second floor. A large cistern was in the backyard, remembered by some, but it was covered over at an unknown date.

In 1892, White sold the property on Beech Street, and in 1894, it was acquired by Major C. H. Purvis, an engineer. Major Purvis or

his family lived in the house for a period of almost half a century, and in 1940, Mrs. Francis Thompson bought it for rental purposes. Two bedrooms, a bath, and south porch were added at this time, along with other improvements, such as a new flooring laid over the old. The house was surrounded by a thick hedge and a jungle of trees, much of which were removed at the time.

Flooring at the front entrance is greatly worn down with use, and a wooden front porch is no longer there. It is interesting to note that the house is several inches below street level, and this in itself is revealing of the age of the house. Columbia and Beech Streets were filled in with dirt again and again during the last century due to water and drainage problems, and as the street rose, the house sat lower.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Evans bought the house in 1949, and they, too, added more rooms on to it and modernized it. The stairway, which had been an enclosed one, was rebuilt, and brought out into the present-day dining room. Wrought iron posts replaced the wooden ones on the front of the house. The work of improving and modernizing continues with the present occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Pillow.

Sometime between 1900 and 1909, according to old Helena city directories, Beech Street was renumbered, and the house which had been 714 Beech Street became 928 Beech Street. This made little difference to a house that was already old then by Helena standards. Probably the oldest buildings in Helena, and therefore, the county, are the homes of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Schatz (Hanks home), Mr. and Mrs. Jerome B. Pillow (General Tappan home), Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hornor (Arthur Thompson home), all antebellum structures, and the already mentioned 2nd Baptist Church, the home of Mrs. Richard Allin, plus the house at 928 Beech Street, all very early postbellum structures.

BEAR HUNTING

by

Dr. Albert A. Hornor

Many if not most of the boys that grew up in Phillips County in the Nineteenth Century hoped to go on a bear hunt down in **The Bottoms** -- some of them even dreamed of being one of those that killed a bear. Unfortunately I was too young to be asked to join a party -- but I did see the big pack of hounds in Mr. Opp's garden before they went on a hunt every winter of my childhood.

This garden occupied the land at the southeast corner of Columbia and Porter Streets. Mr. Opp lived at the south end of the half block of land facing Columbia and extending from Porter to Rightor Street. In addition to his wonderful big garden he kept bees and shepherd dogs. The shepherd dogs would today be called Scotch Collies.

Mr. Opp was by profession a harness maker and saddle repairman. In his shop like many other Helena boys I spent many pleasant hours watching him repair bridles, saddles and other pieces of horse wear (now following our British friends called "tack"). Never did Mr. Opp talk about bear hunting -- if he had this story might be longer and more accurate.

Some morning in December I would hear hounds baying and look across Porter Street to see twenty to thirty dogs in Mr. Opp's garden. These dogs had come by river boat from Kentucky. They were the property of some men who came annually before Christmas to go bear hunting with Mr. Opp. After one or at most two days the dogs would be gone. They were bound for "The Bottoms" and would hunt in the cane brakes -- and big timber between Helena, Arkansas City, and the White River.

There was no intention of shooting any bear; this was below the dignity of a bear hunter. The hunting was done by dogs who would find, chase, and "bay" a bear. (Baying meant to encircle the bear by the dogs -- making its escape impossible.) When the voices of the hounds on the chase indicated that baying might soon be done the men would follow the dogs and be present when and if the bear was bayed.

Once the bear was bayed he would fight the dogs that ran at him from every point of the bay circle. Of course hound dogs were not skilled fighters -- and "Pit Bull" dogs were tried a few times but all

were killed by the bears before they could grab the bear's lower jaw.

When the men reached the bay one or more of them would go in to kill the bear with a knife. Mr. Opp had a great reputation as a killer of bears. Before going in to kill the bear Mr. Opp would exact a promise of no shooting unless you think "I am being killed." After the bear was dead Mr. Opp would blaspheme every other hunter for not having seen that he was about to be killed and needed help.

With every pack of bear hounds there was one or more shepherd dogs. These dogs did not enter the chase nor the fight until their master went in, then they were fresh and kept biting the bear from unexpected quarters while their master was busy cutting the bear's throat.

Once the bear was dead it was lifted from the ground and hung by its fore feet, using rope or "galluses" or anything handy, to a limb five or more feet from the ground.

Then the bear was dressed and the heart, lungs, liver, and other "innards" given the dogs, some distance away from the tree to which the bear was tied. While all the dogs feasted on bear "innards", the bear was skinned, untied, and taken back to camp. The first bear to be killed on the hunt was consumed by the hunters while in camp. There were many stories about bear stew and camp stews. Some of the stories were undoubtedly embellished by the whiskey drunk direct from stoneware gallon jugs which were an integral part of bear hunting equipment.

Other bears killed were brought back to Helena and often one was displayed in front of Mr. Burton's meat market on Rightor between Cherry and Ohio Streets. There a choice cut could be purchased by a non-hunting game lover. At the same time Mr. Burton might have wild geese, ducks, quail, or venison for sale.

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The following is a letter from Dr. Hornor, from his home at Boston, Massachusetts, with some interesting suggestions.

Editor, Phillips County Historical Quarterly:

Since its beginning I have read and enjoyed the Phillips County Historical Quarterly. The selection of material both new and of earlier years has given great pleasure.

The publication of the article by Judge Stephenson, whom I recall

with admiration, was impressive.

Neither of my younger brothers has been able to find anyone in Phillips County to whom I might appeal for a more detailed story of the bear hunts about which I heard so much as a boy in Helena, or when visiting Trenton. Should you publish this account I would hope that it would stimulate similar reports for the education of younger generations.

For example, stories of riding in rowboats through houses in North Helena above Walker's Levee, or stories about refugees from the overflow camped with their mules, etc. on the lot at the S. E. corner of Perry and Columbia Streets. Probably no one is living who could describe any of the various prize and animal fights that went on back of the Saloon, next to **The Levee** on Main (Ohio) Street, but it would be interesting. So, too, would be some of the raccoon and possum hunts carried on at various plantations.

Sincerely yours,

August 28, 1967 — Albert A. Hornor, M. D.

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HELENA WORLD
March 16, 1898

Killed a Wild-cat.

A negro named Walker came to town about noon today, with the body of a wild-cat he had killed about two miles west of the city, between Mr. H. P. Grant's and Mr. M. J. Crocker's places. Walker says he killed it just after daybreak this morning. The animal was discovered by Walker's dogs, which had chased it up a tree, where the negro shot it. The wild-cat struck one of the dogs, making a long gash in its face. It was a female of pretty good size, and, according to Walker, the male wild-cat which is in the same neighborhood, and has been seen by several persons, is considerably larger.

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HELENA IN 1900

from

Helena City Directory

CITY GOVERNMENT

City Hall, 210 and 212 Perry St. Mayor, Joseph C. Barlow. City Clerk, John O. Bagwell. Treasurer, Aaron Meyers. Police Judge, Jacob Fink. City Attorney, R. W. Nicholls. Chief of Police, F. D. Clancy. Chief of Fire Department, James Lanier. Board of Public Affairs, J. C. Barlow, chairman, John I. Moore, Wm. N. Straub.

CITY COUNCIL

First Ward, Lee Pendergrass, A. W. Sutherland. Second Ward, P. O. Thweatt, G. T. Updegraff. Third Ward, F. B. Sliger, Nick Simon. Fourth Ward, G. W. Willey, E. W. Short.

POLICE DEPARTMENT

Headquarters, City Hall. Chief of Police, F. D. Clancy. Sergeant, T. E. Ruane. Patrolmen, James Shenep, D. D. Farrell, Lee Nichols, John Turner.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

Headquarters, City Hall. Chief, James Lanier. Assistant Chief, Jeremiah Donovan. Hosemen, Scott Crull, Paul Bulow, John Turner, Isaac Meyers.

POSTOFFICE

Postmaster, Samuel I. Clark. Assistant, Baker J. Bass. General Delivery Clerk, Frank H. Clark. Special Delivery Messenger, A. D. Herron.

BANKS

Bank of Helena, 505 Cherry St., John J. Hornor, president. S. H. Hornor, cashier.
First National Bank, 515 Ohio St. S. Seelig, president. Aaron Meyers, vice-president. S. S. Faulkner, cashier.
Peoples Savings Bank and Trust Co., 332 Cherry St. John I. Moore, president. Greenfield Quarles, vice-president. M. E. West, cashier.

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS

American Building and Loan Association, of Little Rock. J. O. Bagwell, Secretary.
Arkansas Building and Loan Association, of Little Rock. George Walker, secretary.
Atlas Savings and Loan Association, of Chattanooga. J. O. Bagwell, secretary.
Home Mutual Building and Loan Association. Aaron Meyers, president. G. T. Updegraff, vice-president. Wm. Neal, secretary.
Peoples Building and Loan Association, of Helena. Greenfield Quarles, president. E. S. Ready, vice-president. Jacob Fink, secretary. S. H. Hornor, treasurer. E. C. Hornor, atty.

CEMETERIES

Maple Hill Cemetery, located 1 mile north of limits on Franklin ext. James M. Hanks, president. D. T. Hargraves, secretary. Julius Pause, caretaker.
Catholic Cemetery, one mile north city limits on Franklin St. Leon Berton, chairman. Dennis A. Keeshan, secretary and treasurer.
Beth-El Cemetery, ¾ mile north city limits. Isaac Ehrman, president, Mayer Cook, secretary. Aaron Meyers, treasurer.
Magnolia Cemetery, colored, ½ north of city limits on Poplar St. ext. R. C. Wilson, president, M. G. Turner, secretary, treasurer, custodian.

CHURCHES

First Baptist Church, 701, 703 Walnut St. Rev. H. C. Rosamond, pastor. Sunday services 11 am and 8 pm, Sunday School 9:30 am, B.Y.P. Union, 3 pm.
St. Mary Immaculate Church, Roman Catholic, 505 Columbia St. Rev. Peter Patrick Mazuret, priest in charge. Low mass 7 am, catechism 9:30 am, high mass 10:30 am, Vespers and benediction 4 pm, sermon at both masses.
First Christian Church. Sunday services in Jewish Synagogue, Pecan s. e. corner Perry. W. H. Funkhouser and T. H. Findley, elders.
St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Perry s. e. corner Pecan. Rev. Chas. H. Lockwood, rector. Early Celebration, 7 am, Sunday School 9:30 am, morning service and sermon 11 am, evening service, summer 8 pm, winter 7:30 pm.

Beth-El Congregation, s. e. corner Pecan and Perry. Isaac Ehrman, president. Meyer Cook, secretary. Aaron Meyers, treasurer.
First Methodist Church, Porter n. w. corner Pecan. Rev. W. B. Ricks, pastor. Sunday services 11 am, 7:30 pm.

First Presbyterian Church, Porter s. e. corner Franklin St. Rev. Lee H. Richardson, pastor. Sunday services 11:30 am and 7:30 pm, Sunday School 9:30 am.

NEGRO CHURCHES

Centennial Baptist Church, 800 Columbia St. E. C. Morris, pastor.
King Solomons Baptist Church, Pecan St. Isaiah Johnson, pastor.
New Hope Baptist Church, Holly and Monroe Sts. Rev. Shadd, pastor.
New Light Baptist Church, 107 Walnut St. D. J. Mitchell, pastor.
Second Baptist Church, Franklin and Rightor St. A. T. Stewart, pastor.
African M. E. Church, 811 Columbia St. H. S. Berry, pastor.
Derrick A. M. E. Church, n. w. cor. Franklin and Caroline H. G. Montgomery, pastor.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

School Board. Greenfield Quarles, president. Jacob Fink, secretary. S. C. Moore, Frank Sliger, A. D. Herron, A. H. Miller, members.
Jefferson School, w. side Columbia between Porter and Rightor. W. W. Rivers, principal.
Peabody School, colored, w. side Columbia between Elm and York. Henry Avant, principal.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS

Sacred Heart Academy, Columbia and Arkansas Sts. In charge of Sisters of Mercy of Nazareth, Ky., Sister Evangelista, Mother Superior.
Harper's Select High School, w. side Columbia between McDonough and Walker. H. H. Harper, principal.

COLORED SCHOOLS--SECTARIAN

Helena Normal, Poplar n. w. corner Miller. T. J. Austin, principal, conducted under the auspices of The American Missionary Society.
New Hope School, w. side Holly, 3 north Monroe. E. J. Alexander, principal.

BANDS

Y. M. C. A. Band 17 pieces. Andrew Coolidge, leader, hdqrs. Y.M.C.A.

PARKS

Sportsman Park, s. w. corner Walnut and Monroe. W. N. Straub, mgr.

CLUBS

Ridge City Club, 512 Cherry. H. S. Hornor, president. J. B. Pillow, vice-president. Thomas J. Mitchell, secretary.
Lotus Club. Adolph Solomon, president. S. B. Frank, secretary.
Pacaha Club. Mrs. J. B. Pillow, president. Mrs. C. R. Shinault, secretary.

HOMES

The Ophelia Polk Moore Home, 1115 Porter, Mrs. Marie Louise Kent, matron. Mrs. W. D. Reeves, president. Mrs. J. W. Cook, secretary. Mrs. T. H. Rice, treasurer.

LIBRARIES

Ladies Library Association, w. side Pecan between Perry and Porter. Mrs. J. B. Pillow, president. Mrs. M. J. Wilkes, vice-president. Mrs. W. M. Neal, secretary. Mrs. J. J. Hornor, treasurer

NEWSPAPERS

Helena Horn, weekly, 420 Cherry. J. R. Turner, editor & proprietor.
Helena World, daily and weekly, 520, 522 Ohio. Wm. N. Neal, editor & proprietor.
Progress, colored weekly, York corner Ohio. J. N. Donohoo, publisher.
Reporter, colored weekly, 308 Cherry. W. A. Holmes, editor.

RAILWAYS

Arkansas Midland Railway, freight and passenger station s. e. corner Missouri and Natchez. Jno. J. Hornor, president. G. T. Updegraff, gen. passenger and freight agt. General offices, Helena, Ark.
St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, f. & p. station Yazoo corner Louisiana. E. J. Landon, local agt. General offices, St. Louis, Mo.
Yazoo & Mississippi Valley Railway, f. & p. station Cherry s. e. corner Elm. L. W. Hazlehurst, local agt. General offices, Chicago, Ill.

STEAMBOATS

Anchor Line, St. Louis and New Orleans packets. Steamers City of New Orleans, Hill City, City of St. Louis. One boat each week.
Lee Line. Steamers touch at Helena Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday, up and down.

Steamer Ralph, Helena and Henrico packet. E. C. Postal, master. Leaves Mondays and Thursdays for points south, leaves Laconia Tuesdays and Fridays coming north.
Ferry. Steamer Maude.

SECRET AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES

Ancient Order of United Workmen. Officers, Frank B. Sliger, S. S. Faulkner.
Pioneer Lodge No. 1. Officers Dennis A. Keeshan, J. O. Bagwell, S. S. Faulkner, T. E. Ruane.
American Guild. Officers, Edward S. Ready, Meyer Cook.
American Legion of Honor. Frank B. Sliger, commander. George Walker, secretary. Meyer Cook, treasurer and collector.
Catholic Knights of America. Officers, Joseph Truemper, D. A. Keeshan.
Home Forum. Officers, F. D. Clancy, W. B. Stout.
I O Benai Brith. Officers, Seelig Mundt, Meyer Cook, Aaron Meyers.
Knights and Ladies of Honor. Officers, Aaron Meyers, Mrs. T. J. Tanner.
Knights of Honor. Officers, L. P. Sliger, Clarence Quarles, M. J. Wilkes, Frank B. Sliger.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Reynolds Lodge No. 7. Officers, H. A. Washington, Louis B. Sliger.
Mizpah Lodge No. 63 K of P. Officers, F. A. Dauer, F. A. Graves, C. C. Agee.

MASONIC

Blue Lodge. Officers, N. F. Bruce, E. R. Crum.
Royal Arch. Officers, M. B. Corrigan, Aaron Meyers.
Royal Arcanum. Officers, Dennis A. Keeshan, Edward Ford.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Samuel Corley Camp, No. 841 U.C.V. J. C. Rembert, commander. Robert Gordon, Sr., adjutant.
Wm. E. Moore Camp, No. 135 United Sons of Confederate Veterans. John I. Moore, commander. R. T. Pitchford, adjutant.
Seven Generals Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. A. P. Coolidge, president. Miss Jessie Thompson, secretary.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

Golden Rod Camp No. 10. Officers, E. P. Govan, M. J. Wilkes.

COLORED SECRET SOCIETIES

G.U.O.F. New Orphan Lodge No. 2560, 603 Ohio St. Officers, Louis Davis, George Clark.

MASONIC (Col.).

J. M. Alexander Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M., 603 Ohio St. Officers, Peter W. Clark, Willis S. Owens.

MISCELLANEOUS SOCIETIES AND ASSOCIATIONS

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Young Men's Christian Association. R. C. Moore, president. C. H. Purvis, vice-president. S. C. Moore, treasurer. C. H. Wooten, rec. secretary. J. P. Conder, gen. secretary.
Phillips County Medical Association. Dr. M. L. Pearson (Poplar Grove), president. Dr. C. R. Shinault, secretary.
Loyal Circle of the King's Daughters. Mrs. M. J. Wilkes, president. Mrs. W. A. Coolidge, secretary.
W. C. T. U. Mrs. G. W. Willey, president. Mrs. Richard Allin, rec. secretary. Mrs. W. M. Neal, corres. secretary.
Woman's Auxiliary Y. M. C. A. Mrs. E. D. Pillow, president. Miss Vienna Fitzpatrick, secretary.
Young Mens Sodality. Rev. P. P. Mazuret, director.
Floral Emblem Society of Arkansas. Officers, Mrs. H. C. Rightor, Mrs. R. C. Burke, Mrs. A. P. Coolidge, Mrs. J. Fink, Mrs. J. W.Cook, Mrs. J. B. Pillow

LEVEE BOARD, Helena Improvement District. J. B. Pillow, president. W. N. Straub, secretary. Aaron Meyers, treasurer. R. C. Burke, collr. C. H. Purvis, chief engineer. Jno. J. and E. C. Hornor, attorneys.

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HELENA WORLD
May 12, 1939

Former Citizen Recalls Early Days in Helena

Recently C. C. Giles, retired Helena lumberman, wrote two articles about early lumber operations along Crowley's Ridge in the area now embraced by the Marianna-Helena Land Development Project.

The articles told of some of the early families who resided in that vicinity. James R. Mullens, former Helena citizen now living in Fort Worth, Texas, read Mr. Giles' letter in the **Helena World** and wrote him the following letter which sheds additional light on that area. Mr. Mullens' letter follows:

Dear Mr. Giles:

I read your articles in the **World** telling about your early days of logging in the hill country between Helena and Marianna with much interest as it brought to my memory many good men that I well remember years ago.

I remember many families that lived in the hill country north of Helena in the years, 1870-1880-1890.

You mentioned Mr. Burke, father of A. G. and Graham Burke. His name was Moses Burke. When I was with J. C. Jeffries I sold him goods many times. Mr. T. L. Bonner lived near Mr. Burke. Around LaGrange were the Howards, Gists, Hickeys, Robertsons, Andersons, and Howes. I remember all of those people. I have seen Uncle Johnnie Patterson in Helena many times. He lived north of LaGrange and was said to be one of the first white children born in Arkansas. He always rode a white horse.

You mentioned Mr. Baker. His name was Jack Baker and he had two sons, James and Clayborn Baker.

Again you mentioned Mr. Mark Danley--his name was Mark Dooley. I knew him well. You also mentioned the Widow Danley. I think you are mistaken again for her name was the Widow Davis and she married Scott Dooley.

Phillips Bayou was quite a town at that time--1870-80--as there were many large business houses there. There were many large steamboats in the trade from Memphis and Helena up the St. Francis River to the sunklands as far as Hornersville, Mo.

The Steamers Mollie Hamilton, St. Francis and Rene Macready were large side wheel boats, over 200 feet long. I have made trips

up the L'Anguille River to Marianna on a boat. In the country back of Phillips Bayou there were a number of families. I remember the Wilkins, the Grays, the Royals, the Jammonds, Bakers, Sebastians, Hornors, and Dorseys.

Porter's sawmill in Helena was there many years before Reeves, McDonald & Co., located at LaGrange.

Mr. Giles please let me tell you some early day Helena history (in my lifetime) for I have travelled all over the city in a skiff, as I was there before she had any levees.

I remember when the first levees were built. The Steamer Andy Jackson brought the first load of railroad iron to Helena to build the narrow guage railroad (The Arkansas Central) from Helena to Clarendon and the Steamer Bismarck brought the second load.

The new Steamer City of Helena brought the first new narrow guage locomotive for the road. L. A. Fitzpatrick and Miss Jacks married that day, and left on the new boat for St. Louis. There were no sand bars in the river around Helena at that time.

I saw the greatest and most exciting steamboat race ever run in the history of the nation, between the great steamers Robert E. Lee and Natchez in July, 1870 from New Orleans to St. Louis.

I can think of only four people in Helena now that were there at that time. They are Mrs. R. W. Nicholls, Mrs. Wilkes, Mrs. McKenzie, and J. H. Krickle.

Mr. Giles I often think of you and the many fine friends I have in dear old Helena. I am past four score years but like Texas and am feeling well. Please remember me to all my friends.

With best wishes,

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With best wishes,

James R. Mullens.

Gene Raff	Helena
Mrs. Shelby L. Richardson	Dallas, Texas
Walter R. Roe	San Antonio, Texas
Charles B. Roscopf	Helena
Mrs. Albert Sanders	Helena
Dr. J. W. Short	Fort Worth, Texas
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Miss Dorothy Walker	Helena
Miss Nora Webb	West Helena
Mrs. W. E. Webb	Helena
W. H. Woodin	Helena
Mrs. T. E. Wooten	Helena
Mrs. C. M. Young	

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Mrs. Blossom Anderson	Westminster, Colorado
H. W. Cook	Los Angeles, California
Fred J. Cooper	North Sacramento, Calif.
George Cooper	North Sacramento, Calif.
Jess Dew	Helena
Dr. H. N. Faulkner	Helena
A. P. Hornor	Carlisle, Pennsylvania
Dr. E. J. Kurts	West Helena
Barney Lewis	Helena
Mrs. C. P. McCarty	Helena
Dr. C. P. McCarty	Helena
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David Solomon	Helena
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Mrs. H. L. Thomson	San Mateo, California
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Dr. J. P. Vineyard, Jr.	Austin, Texas
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Porter C. Young	Helena