

PHILLIPS COUNTY  
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

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Volume 8	March, 1970	Number 2
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### THE LOST WEAPON

by

Major James M. Massey, USAR (ret.)

#### Part II

Another story of the lost cannon comes from Barney Buford, a negro from Lee County. I received word from Don Webb that Barney had stumbled upon a cannon while logging in Crowleys Ridge several years ago.

Don, Butch McKinney and I talked to Barney. He said he didn't remember the exact year but it was in the early forties during World War II. He didn't remember the exact location but could tell us the direction they went and we might be able to determine the general area. Barney said they crossed Storm Creek spillway going south about three miles on the gravel road, turned right on a ridge and went north about two and a half miles. They cut timber in this area about a week.

Barney was walking in a ravine looking for a good place to snake logs upon the ridge to be loaded. He came upon three small springs bubbling out of the ground. Just a short distance from the springs was an old cannon lying along the ground. It was covered with dirt except about two feet of the muzzle end. He thought it was a big shaft or pipe until kicking around it. The end flared out a little and was full of dirt. He said it was a black and dark greenish color. The color description

could be that of corroding brass. He was going to haul it out for scrap iron but after trying to prise it up with a cant hook, he changed his mind. It was mighty heavy with all that dirt on it. He didn't think it worth the trouble so left it. We asked him if other members of the crew saw it. He didn't know but did tell one man, he couldn't recall his name. He said most of the old logging crew had left this area, some had passed away.

We tried to get Barney to go with us for a look but he wasn't physically able to ride in a jeep. Barney was near eighty years old, his eyesight getting bad. He also had diabetes and had lost a leg. Barney died a few months after our visit.

As we left Barney, Butch remarked, "that's another of many stories." Yes, but looking at the map his description of the location puts it close to the area described by Candy, (Phillips County Historical Quarterly, Vol. 7, No. 4, Sept. 1969). Both said it to be in a ravine. Barney saw it in the forties, Candy saw it in the fifties.

Of all the stories I've heard concerning the cannon, each is different. They do have one thing in common and that's the location. Nearly everyone refers it to be within the same general area.

I was recently told by Mr. Rudy Kummer there are old Civil War gun positions and trenches still visible on the west side of Crowleys Ridge near the Charles Lederman Hunting Lodge. Rudy has hunted this area for several years and is very familiar with it. The positions are said to be on a ridge overlooking the surrounding area. I asked Rudy where the story came from. He said an old negro, John Washington, had told Mr. Lederman when he bought the place, that the Confederates had set up there. Rudy said the negro had lived in the hills for years and if he was living today would be over a hundred years old.

The positions are located near what was known

as the "L" Bridge Road. This road branches off the old Wire Road (LaGrange Road), crossed Crowleys Ridge north of Stamp Creek (Storm Creek) and ran into the old Sterling Road (Big Springs Road) north of the old city site of Sterling. This town was located west of the mouth of St. Francis River.

Mr. Don Webb said he found what was left of an old muzzle loader rifle close to this same area. The question now arises, was this one of the bivouac areas of Colonel Dobbins Regiment?

Colonel Dobbins had winter quarters in Crowleys Ridge from which he directed raids against the Union in this area. Dobbins was known to be near Helena the spring of 1863. Many skirmishes took place around the Helena area from January through August second of that year. These clashes could very well have involved his troops.

On May first 1863, Captain J. Q. A. DeHuff (Union), Cmd. Co. B, 3rd Iowa Cavalry, advanced on LaGrange. When his advanced guard reached within a mile of the town, they were attacked by a force of Confederates. They fought a retreating battle for four miles back toward Helena. This action took place near the west end of the "L" Bridge Road.

The following excerpt is from Phillips County Historical Quarterly (Vol. I, No. 2, Dec. 1962), "Adventures On A Hospital Boat On The Mississippi River," by Margaret E. Breckinridge, January 1863. Miss Breckinridge states, as they left Memphis and

pushed on to Helena, 90 miles below, and here dangers thickened. I was amazed to find quite a force (Confederates) constantly hovering in the rear of Helena. Hardly a week passes that there is not a skirmish, and our pickets are constantly "gobbled up," as the expression is here--which means captured and paroled, though sometimes they never return any more. Just before

we reached Helena a picket guard of twenty six were captured.

This incident occurred around January 10th as the boat on which Miss Breckinridge was attached, accompanied General Gorman's expedition up White River. This expedition started January 13th 1863.

On June 21st 1863--4 AM, L. L. Moore, Agent of Express Lines reported to Captain J. K. P. Pritchard that Dobbins and Young were within a twelve mile range of Helena. The reported gun positions via the old roads are between eight and nine miles north of Helena.

Letter from W. W. Garner, Confederate soldier, to his wife.

Camp L'Anguille River, St. Francis County, Ark. June 23rd 1863.  
Arrived at this place this afternoon. Col. Dobbins Regt. camped sixteen miles toward Helena.

(From "Documents," Arkansas Historical Quarterly, Vol. 2, 1943.)

General B. M. Prentiss (Union), Helena, Ark. June 27, 1863, reported to Major General Hurlbut, Commanding 16th Army Corps, that he has been threatened for weeks by a superior force of cavalry.

The various sources of information establish the fact that Colonel Dobbins was near Helena and that there was considerable activity in the area.

There are other reports of a cannon being seen on the east side of Crowleys Ridge south of Distillery Branch. About three years ago Mr. Porter Young of the Helena World Publishing Co. told me he remembered seeing an old cannon when he was about fourteen. There used to be a Boy Scout camp near Distillery Branch. Mr. Young and other members of his troop have played around the old weapon. He does not remember the location. The area has

changed some over the years. Mr. Young said Bill Cushman, Santiago, California, was in the troop at the time. Contact was made with Mr. Cushman through his brother-in-law. He confirms the story with about the same details. I talked to Mr. Cushman on his recent trip back to Helena. He said the cannon was definitely in the hills. He thought we were looking north of its location. He said it was near the location of an old granary that was on the Big Springs Road.

I have received some interesting letters from Dr. Albert A. Hornor of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. One of Dr. Hornor's letters was printed in the last issue (Vol. 8, No. 1). Part of his last letter is printed below.

Dear Major Massey: January 9, 1970

During World War I, I took a course in map making but the enclosed sketch shows how little I have remembered. If you talk with Tully Hornor Sr. and tell him I was riding from the Sebastian place to the MacNeal or McNeil place he may be able to help you interpret my sketch. The sketch was made from the U. S. Geological Survey, Latour, Ark., Miss., Quadrangle map which I finally obtained.

When I saw the cannon if I actually did see it, I was looking for the remains of the distillery on Distillery Branch. This has been described in the Phillips County Historical Quarterly; unfortunately I don't have that issue at hand.

My suggestion is that you mount a good horse or preferably a saddle mule about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of West Helena and take the road across Crowleys Ridge to

the area I've mapped.....

Sincerely yours,

Albert A. Hornor

Dr. Hornor's overlay is very accurate to map scale. His description of the location is about the same as Mr. Young's. It is a great possibility that if the old gun positions were Colonel Dobbins' bivouac area, he would very wisely set a weapon near Distillery Branch overlooking the river. This position could also guard the Sterling Road and the east entrance to his area via the "L" Bridge Road.

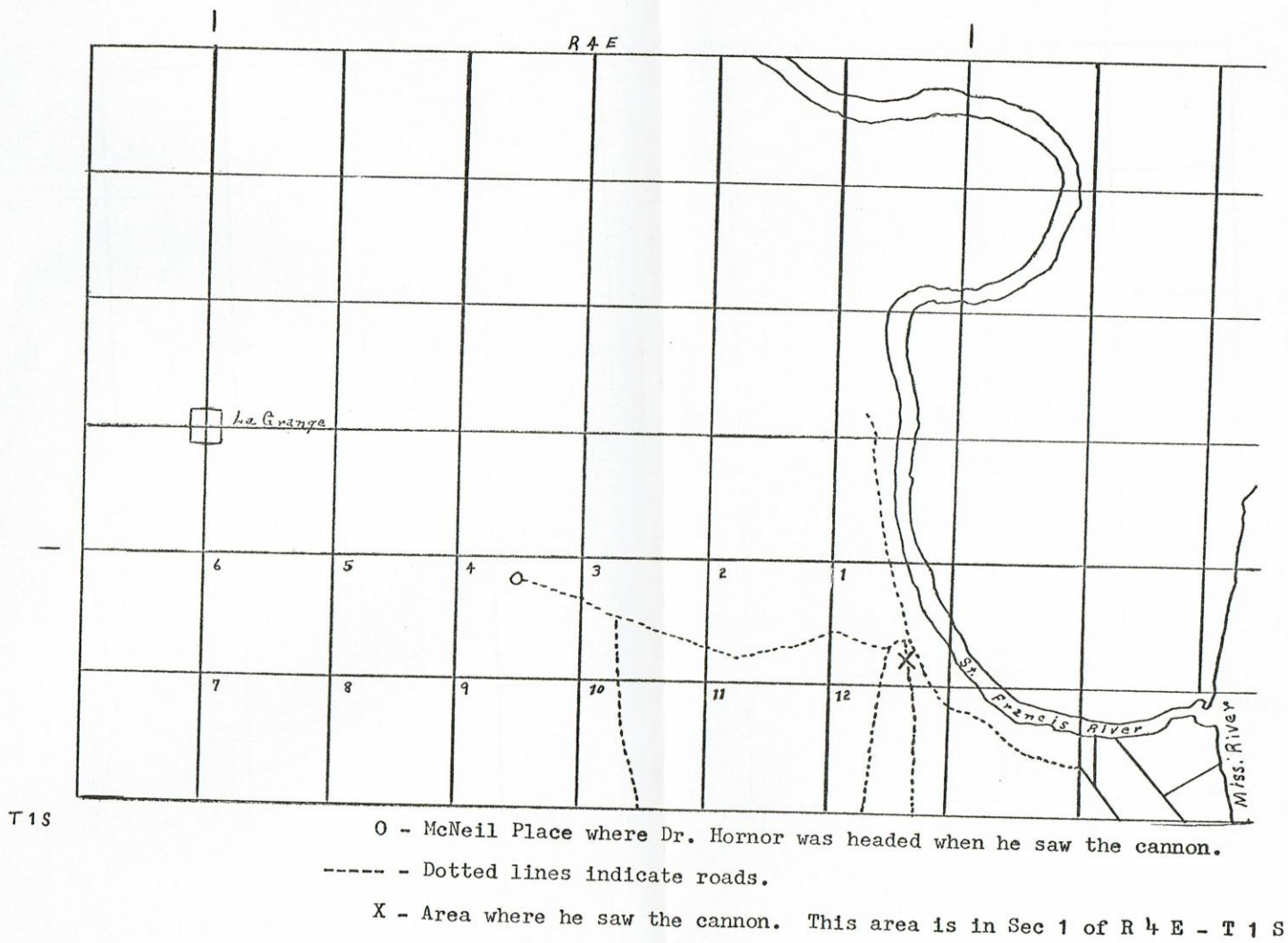
There is no doubt in my mind that there was a cannon near this location, whether it still remains is not known. It could have been removed for scrap iron years past. It may still be there covered with dirt and silt. I have found no trace of it to this date. It will take a metal detector, lots of time and patience to locate such a rare item.

A reproduced copy of Dr. Hornor's overlay is attached in this Quarterly. The circled dot on the overlay marks the McNeil place. This is the approximate location of the Lederman farm on the west side of Crowleys Ridge, where Mr. Kummer described the positions to be.

I recently received a photostat copy of the oldest Latour Quadrangle map the U. S. Engineers had on record. After looking at this map the overall picture changes. One could readily see this area would be ideal to conduct operations from.

It has been my theory that the reported weapon on the west of the ridge was left in a bivouac area by the attacking Confederate forces which came via LaGrange, or possibly a damaged weapon left in a bivouac area by Colonel Dobbins. This is pure speculation but a possibility.

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ABSTRACT OF EARLY MARRIAGE RECORDS  
OF PHILLIPS COUNTY

(Continued from Vol. 3, No. 2, and Vol. 3, No. 3)

by  
Dorothy James

Due to ill health Mrs. Albert Sanders has been unable to complete the project begun in Vol. 3, No. 2, of our Quarterly. Marriage Record Book "A" was completed in Vol. 3, No. 3, and evidently covered the period from January 1, 1821, to February 21, 1832. Marriage Record Book "B" is missing, also, from the County Clerk's office, but a typed transcript of this book appears in Marriage Transcript Record Book 1, pages 1 to 142, both inclusive, and covers the period from February 21, 1832, to December 20, 1847 (filing time of marriage certificates).

The following names are from Index of Marriage Records Book 1 (there is no index in Marriage Transcript Record Book 1), and a comma has been inserted following the surname of the bridegroom, and entries have been numbered. A question mark following any name indicates the uncertainty of translation. Note that many names have been spelled phonetically.

	Book "B"
144. Atkins, Isaac to Nancy Culp	Page 1
145. Applegate, Levi to Eliza Skinner	Page 14
146. Armstrong, William to Nancy Tackett	Page 16
147. Alison, Adam to Amanda Cumbers	Page 17
148. Anderson, George to Eleanor McCauley	Page 18
149. Alexander, Zacharias to Lavinia Owens	Page 23
150. Arrington, William to Elizabeth Moore	Page 47
151. Allen, Benjamin	Page 73
152. Arther, John to Mary Saford	Page 88
153. Anderson, Samuel to Elisa Williams	Page 96

154. Alderson, Isaac to Adaline Simmons	Page 123
155. Atkins, Benjamin to Polly Campbell	Page 127
156. Anderson, William to Matilda Hanks	Page 140
157. Adair, William to Margaret McNabb	Page 145
158. Azrington, Ezekiel to Elizabeth Ashin	Page 152
159. Anderson, James to Sarah Burkhart	Page 183
160. Allison, Robert A. C. ? to Frances E. Bonner	Page 203
161. Allen, Eathine A. to Loucy ? Mardin	Page 206
162. Avery, Jacob to Prudence Turner	Page 221
163. Allison, Adam to Mary Thornton	Page 227
164. Alen, Andre Jackson to Esther Pledger	Page 232
165. Avise, David to Mary Ann Martin ?	Page 234
166. Adams, Charles W. to Lucy Helen Everett	Page 258
(Note: Charles W. Adams and Lucy Helen Everett were the grandparents of Helen Keller, and this marriage was performed by John S. Hornor, County Court Judge, on Sept. 29, 1845, at Estevan Hall, the home of Adams' law partner, James Millinder Hanks.)	
167. Allen, James to Mariah Hill	Page 270
168. Adkins, Benjamin to Julia Askew	Page 273
169. Adkins, Benjamin to Julia Askew	Page 287
170. Anderson, James to Mary Williams	Page 297
171. Aldrich, Noah to Selina Tully	Page 298
172. Burress, John to Rebecca Phillips	Page 4
(Note: Rebecca Phillips was the widow of Sylvanus Phillips.)	
173. Bailey, Wm. C. to Ann S. Young Kornegay	Page 5
174. Bailey, Silas to Margaret Burchet ?	Page 6
175. Bailey, Silas to Margaret Featherchile	Page 6
176. Burrell, Jordan to Levicy Brigance	Page 15
177. Brickey, William to Angeline Jane Hartin	Page 19
178. Bridges, Edmond H. to Lucinda Clark	Page 39
179. Bebout, John W. to Missouri Jeffries	Page 43

180. Bonner, Robert H. to Casander Burress	Page 46
181. Beasely, Thomas to Hannah Hufsey	Page 48
182. Brown, George to Sally Hifner	Page 56
183. Brown, George to Polly Hefner	Page 57
184. Baynes, James to Lavinia Garrison	Page 58
185. Bailey, Silas W. to Roxanna Collins	Page 60
186. Black, Robert to Matilda Hampton	Page 61
187. Bell, Atlas to Betsy Conway	Page 64
188. Brady, Elijah to Polly Goodwin	Page 65
189. Bridges, Geo. W. to Mary Edwards	Page 67
190. Bradberry, William to Tabitha Johnson	Page 76
191. Burnett, Richard B. to Martha D. Palmer	Page 83
192. Burress, George W. to Margaret Hartin	Page 97
193. Bridges, Eli to Jane Slaughter	Page 103
194. Briggs, David to Harriett Burbanks	Page 104
195. Bailey, Young W. to Sarah O'Bannon	Page 105
196. Bower, Benanuel L. to Henrietta Hadley	Page 105
197. Bonner, Jones W. to Emeline Tolleson	Page 114
198. Ballard, Reuben J. to Susan A. Miller	Page 121
199. Black, William to Rody Saffold	Page 122
200. Bell, John J. to Sarah Demar	Page 129
201. Bond, Stephen to Maria Lackey	Page 129
202. Barney, William to Minerva Owens	Page 133
203. Bonner, James H. to Frances Harris	Page 134
204. Burk, Samuel to Polly Umphree	Page 135
205. Bradbern, William to Mary Drake ?	Page 137
206. Bond, William M. to Rebecca Wilson	Page 143
207. Bayless, Banzell L. ? to Elizabeth Smyley	Page 144
208. Bledsoe, Thomas J. to Mary Ann Fair	Page 150

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# FROM VIRGINIA TO TEXAS, 1835

## DIARY OF COL. WM. FAIRFAX GRAY

### Giving Details Of

### His Journey To Texas and Return in 1835-1836

#### Excerpt Contributed By

Bob Dalehite  
Archivist, Rosenberg Library  
Galveston, Texas

...At 10 o'clock, came to at Memphis, in Tennessee. A place of some note. Here many emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina cross into Arkansas. It is situated on a high bluff, very inconvenient to reach from the river. Went ashore for half an hour, to look at the town by star light. Appearance not favourable. Hudgin being very unwell and anxious to get on shore, and Scott having business there, they two and Farish left the boat, intending to wait here for the passing of some other boat. Having no business at Memphis, and desirous to stop at Helena, resolved to go on, and wait for my company at that place. Major Flournoy, of Lexington, Ky., who has purchased and settled near the mouth of White River, in Arkansas, also stops there; also Mr. Obediah Small, living on the West Francis, 15 miles from Helena. Mr. S. went from near Edenton, N. C.; lived in Alexandria 3 years. Says the lands, for 40 or 50 miles around him are very fine; all taken up, he thinks.

Friday, Octo. 23rd, 1835.

The boat did not get far from Memphis before daylight. Weather warm, uncomfortable, threatening rain. I am quite well. Paid fare from Louisville to Helena, \$20. Invited by Capt. Cardoza to visit him in New Orleans, and by Mr. Satterfield to visit him at Alexandria, and by Mr. Small to call at his home in Arkansas. Mr. S. says he knows Wm. R.

Horner; that he is doing a good law business. About 10 o'clock a. m. passed the steamboat Geo. Colyer, from New Orleans to St. Louis; a fine, large looking boat.

Passengers on board whose names I have ascertained and shall recollect: Cooke, an engineer, and wife; Crog Ker, son of Dr. D. C. Ker; A. H. McClung, Jackson, who shot Allen; Dr. Carter, of Lexington, Ky.; J. H. Bush, Natchez, to whom I was introduced in Louisville; Dr. Merrill, of Natchez; Sam'l Toby, New Orleans; R. A. Striker, New Orleans; Dr. L. Bradford, Vicksburg; H. Connolly, Natchez; S. A. Meredith, Natchez; Mrs. Graham Kerr, from Pittsburg to Vicksburg.

At 11 o'clock, passed steamboat Alert, coming up; at 1 o'clock met and passed steamboat Mountain-eer, coming up, a few miles from Helena. Arrived at Helena to dinner.

Helena, Octo. 23rd, 1835.

Put up at the home of Col. Wm. B. R. Horner, who keeps a tavern and practices law. The court is held in his house, there being no court house built. Tavern a very common and rough house; no bar; a large additional building, by Mr. Sandford, Horner's brother-in-law. Horner and wife gone to Virginia, to Clarksburg, Harrison County, where his brother lives, and his son goes to school. In their absence the tavern is kept by their son-in-law, Dr. Wherry. Saw Mr. Sandford, who is building an addition to the tavern. Was kindly received by the family as a far-off connection. John Sandford is clerk of the court, and practices in trade with his brother-in-law, Hanks. Advertises as land agent. Introduced by Major Flournoy to the Register of the Land Office, Dr. Cabeen. The Receiver, Littleberry Hawkins, has just been displaced, account of default, but Flournoy, who was one of his sureties, says he will pay up, and save his sureties harmless. His successor, -----Thompson, of Kentucky, has been appointed two months, and has not yet arrived. Mr.

Chas. Morehead, Attorney-General of Kentucky, is here, entering land; also, a Mr. Gaston and Miles, from Chicot County. Met a land hunter named Isaac S. Boone, of Columbia, Chicot County, who says there is yet some good land, not entered, on Bayou Bartholomew and Bayou Mason. His price, \$200 per section, for showing.

Saturday, Octo. 24.

The steamboat Revenue came down this evening, and I got on board, but finding my company had not come, I returned. Major Flournoy, Dr. Carter, Miles, Boone, Gaston, etc., went off.

Sunday, Octo. 25, 1835.

Had a long conversation this morning with Peter G. Rives, of Helena, a hunter. His price for locating, one-fourth of the land. He says that much of the military bounty lands are very good. They lie between the Arkansas and St. Francis. A speculation may be made in bounty land warrants. The sales for taxes, which are made annually, are not good. The owner may always regain possession by paying the expenses and 50 per cent damages. The County Courts will set the sale aside. Morehead, Flournoy and Sandford all concur in saying that sheriffs' sales do not pass an indefeasible title, but a purchaser is always safe. If the land is reclaimed, he gets 50 per cent, and if never reclaimed, he will ultimately get a title by possession. If the original owner of the patent finds his land badly located, not arable, he can claim another patent, or float, to be laid on good land.

Lovely claims are floats for 320 acres, given to the former citizens of what was Lovely County, in lieu of the settlements which they had made there and which were taken from them when that county was surveyed and sold. They now sell for about \$1,000. Col. Ashly is accused of having forged some of those claims, and has been indicted for it.

At 1 o'clock the steamboat Superior came down.

I had barely notice enough to get my baggage down to the skiff, the boat lying off...

Monday, Octo. 26, 1835.

Monday afternoon, came to at Princeton, a new settlement of about seven or eight houses, in Washington County, Miss. Major Miller speaks highly of the country, and offers to show me the plantations on Lake Washington and Lake Jackson. I determined to stop and see the vicinity. This is the seat of justice, but as yet no court house nor other public building is erected. One store, one poor tavern, a postoffice, three doctors, two lawyers, one tailor, one blacksmith. Boat from Helena, \$5.

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#### MCKENZIE LETTERS

Mrs. Belle H. McKenzie was a saving, generous lady who lived on Ohio Street. Her house is still standing, and it may well be the oldest building in Helena, next to the Schatz home. This house was mistakenly omitted from a listing of old structures in Helena in the September, 1967, issue of the Quarterly. It is popularly thought to have been built by slaves in the early 1850s, using handmade bricks and lumber cut from the Hicks plantation. In the beginning, the yard was planted with magnolias and cedars, but flood waters eventually killed them. The house was probably built by John H. Hicks.

Mrs. McKenzie's parents, Angelina Hartin Howard and William Irving Howard, came to Phillips County in the early 1830s, and she was born on a farm near the St. Francis River in 1850. The family of her husband, Daniel B. McKenzie, had settled in this area in 1817. Mrs. McKenzie attended school at the convent run by the Sisters of Mercy here, and the school that the Black sisters conducted on north Ohio Street.

When the "new" Helena Hospital was built at its present location, she was a very generous donor towards its construction. But her generosity extended to foreign parts, too. She and Mr. McKenzie traveled in Europe, and after his death in 1890, she returned there several times. After World War I, she took a French boy into her home for two years. She made donations to charity in several European countries, one of her contributions being a gift of \$5,000 to aid suffering families in Norway, France, and Italy.

Mrs. McKenzie did not subscribe to a newspaper and she did not have a telephone. In her later years, she approached living the life of a recluse. She died in 1946, a few days before her ninety-sixth

birthday. These letters were written in answer to a request by Miss Anna Vineyard for information on early Helena.

\*

Feb. 13, 1917

Miss Anna,

I hope Sundays outing did not serve you as it has me. I had a chill yesterday another today and now have a high fever, suppose it is grippe. But I am thinking of your paper, and am going to send you a few jottings either to accept or reject, it makes no difference.

The Bowie house was the first brick house in Helena and the only one when my mother came in '31. It faced the river and was near Market St, was well preserved when it was torn down not many years ago, I suppose to make a site or room for the levee.

Deputy & Odell were the Doctors at that time, I think the Drs Grant came later. One was the father of our Druggists, they were brothers and very prominent. Dr Hargraves, I think came in the early 40s, did not practice medicine but kept a livery stable and likely it was the first they had here.

The Thompsons were early settlers, they lived in the northern part of what is now the cemetery. Wm F, father of the Moore Bros, like all the rest of the immigrants came in a flat bottomed boat some where about '32 or '33. He was so successful he liked to tell what his possessions were when he arrived here. They were his wife, three babies, and a dog named Jake.

I am sure there was not a church here, services were held at homes, under arbors and occasionally they had camp meetings. I can not recall any thing about a Post Office, but suppose it was a tiny box in some store; with delivery by horse and stage and 25cts postage. I imagine letters like angels visits were few and far between. Another thing I have thought of, is the old Military Road. It was as much a part of Helena as any thing else

and really about the most important for it was the only way of traffic and though it almost broke the state to build it, rendered good service. To me the remembrance of it will always be gloriously grand. I have seen many Highways since but not one, even the Appian impressed me as the old Military did in childhood. I see they are going to seek it out, hunt it up, and reconstruct it for a Motor-way, I am glad.

I do not know if you care to have Robbers in your narrative, but "Murrell's Band" often made it lively for the natives by killing and plundering, his scope was to different states, but he had many a rendezvous about here. Another event of the "Times" was the passing of the Indians to their Western Reservation, a peaceful march but it took many days. Truly, the Pioneers had few diversions but what they had they enjoyed, besides, much of their happiness came from sincerity, attachment and kindness to each other which few moderns could understand.

If you pay tribute to any individual--there are two I know are worthy, one is, Margaret Moore, wife of Wm. F, reared in luxury, a gentlewoman she came here and endured the privations, toil and burdens of a new country without a murmur. My mother's praise of her was "of all good women she was the best."

The other is Mr. McKenzie's father, Judge James H. McKenzie, upright in his dealings with men, sincere, truthful even to bluntness. I have heard many say he was the most honest man they ever knew.

I have forgotten to tell you, Judge J S Hornors first occupation was teaching school in a little log cabin higher up on this street. I know you are tired, I am, have just turned over my ink, am always nervous when I have fever.

Sincerely,

Belle H. McKenzie  
827 Ohio St.

You spoke of the Mooneys, I think there were three brothers, one was noted for having killed four men. It is now the 15th, have been too sick to go downstairs to mail this. \*

Mar. 18, 1917

Dear Miss Anna,

Thanks for telling me of crystallized cactus. I thought I had eaten or tasted of every kind of confection, but must say I had never heard of it before, it must be good. I have eaten the fresh fruit in Algiers where the Arabs peel and serve it to customers, but woe to those who attempt the peeling for themselves.

I have been forgetting two or three little items which may be you can use. One is Cossitt who donated the Library to Memphis was one of the early merchants here afterwards going to Memphis and from there to New York where he accumulated a vast fortune, I think into millions. Anyway, he didn't forget old friends. Mr McKenzie was a little boy when he left here, but he did not fail to send us an invitation to his daughter's wedding which occurred shortly after our own marriage in the Seventies.

Another Old Time merchant here, was Mr Skinner. After his death, his family moved to New Orleans.

The greatest tragedy that Helena ever had, was the destruction of the "General Brown," a fine new boat, bound on her first voyage South, she had just landed at the warf. Several Helenians had gone a-bord on a tour of inspection, when the boilers exploded killing most of them, the Captain and many of the passengers, besides fatally scalding many others. A history of the disaster could almost be read a few years ago, on some of the mounments in our old graveyard.

I have not mentioned many old families--The Hanlys, Hanks and others, for I felt sure you had been informed, through other channels. Doubtless you have talked with Mrs Hanks, I imagine she knows more of Helena's early history than any one else, as she has lived here all her life. While my mother's was a brief stay, only a few short years, but her remembrance, told to me in childhood, of the Olden Time, comes floating back, a sweet message of a bygone, tranquil Age. Goodbye.

Sincerely,

Belle H. McKenzie  
827 Ohio St.

\*

April 4, 1917

Dear Miss Anna,

I am sure you have applied to the wrong party this time, for the reason, I have paid no attention to the Comings and goings or Happenings of Helena for twenty seven years. Part of that time I did not care to go out, and since--the handicap of deafness makes it more of a torment than a pleasure. But, I will try to give you a short list of the notables I have seen and heard before then.

To begin, I suppose Helenas first celebrity was a Polish portrait painter, but fear he will have to be nameless, tho' am trying to find it. He was a political refugee, and spent many months here painting for the old citizens in the later Forties or early Fifties. I have seen much of his work, and should think there would be some left, among others Mrs Vienna Wooten had a portrait or two and surely they would contain his name. He painted a portrait of Mr McKenzie's mother, but it was burned, much to his regret, along with his store during the war.

Mrs. Caroline Brooks was our first, and it seems will be our last--sculptor. Her first studies were in butter, her implements broomstraws and a butter paddle with which she produced much charming

imagery; her ears of corn and "Dreaming Iolanthe" were exhibited at our first Fair in '73 or '74 and afterwards at the Centennial Exposition in Phila. Later she went to Rome, Italy where success crowned her efforts in marble, among her executed orders was a group of Cornelius Vanderbilts family--I think she is dead.

About thirty-five years ago Susan B Anthony gave us "A Womans Rights" speech, the most convincing discourse I ever heard, and I have been "One of 'em" ever since. But this, "A vote in the primaries" doesn't suit me. I want a full grown, hardy vote that will oust some of these city officials who are draining all the water on me. Tonight as I write there is a sea of water all over my premises over two ft deep. The house trembles like a leaf, for the foundations have rotted, the workmen can not work for water. I've lived in mortal terror for three weeks--hanging between earth and sky, not knowing what moment I will topple over. I'm nervous and began wrong--shall have to go backward to Judge W K Sebastians time. He was State Senator and afterwards to Washington in the Forties & fifties, this place was his home, and he died here during the war.

Once, Pres' Jefferson Davis came near honoring Helena with his presence. He was a passenger on a boat that landed at the wharf, the few moments were given to a short address to the crowd, that had assembled.

Gen Hancock is another notable who has visited this place. Federal Gen Buford was in command at Helena from 1862 to '65. S W Dorsey was Senator from 1870 to '76, he lived here, died in Calif last Winter. The worthiest thing Powell Clayton ever did was to marry a Helena girl, Miss Ben McGraw. It was his greatest achievement. President Tafts visit is too recent to be forgetting. You know he was with the Miss River Commission which started from St Louis by boat to New Orleans. They tarried

here long enough for us to see them, and speeches, Pres' Tafts among them.

Bob, a democrat, Alf, a republican, brothers were here several times in their "The Fiddle and the Bow" and "Yankee Doodle." They were among the best lecturers I had, and both were Governors of Tenn. George Gordon of Ga was another speaker whom people loved to hear. I knew Maud Jeffries as a little girl. The Jeffries were my neighbors awhile. She was a wealthy Australian rancher, and still lives here.

Maud Adams was another of our visitors who lends distinction to her home, Salt Lake City. They take great pride in showing the house where she was born. Emma Abbott was still another whom I will not forget, tho' her voice is still remembered. Madame Jonishee once graced our theater, and she has passed to The Great Beyond.

Frederic Ward, James O'Neil, Keene (the actor), and such a host of others, that I'll not mention only one, "Buffalo Bill," Wm Cody, who was here in 1890, with his "Wild West Show" at the Fair.

Are you blind to color? If you are, do not object to my adding "Blind Tom and Bob" to your list. It seems to me that you had genius enough to get anywhere. And no mention? Didn't your father have charge here of the Cumberland Presbyterian church during the fifties? He or Mr Quaite did, I feel almost sure. Looking through an old book the other day, James H McKenzie was county judge from 1822 to 1826 and Mr J R Turner's grandfather H. Turner was the city surveyors. I am through, aren't I? I am, With many good wishes.

Sincerely,  
Belle H. McKenzi  
827 Ohio St.

\*

## THE DOCTOR'S STORY

by

W. H. Woodin

There are many different types of curio collectors. Some collect stamps, others collect coins, autographs, guns, or if their means permit perhaps they buy up paintings by the old masters, or antique furniture. My pet hobby is to gain the friendship, or at least the acquaintance, of unusual and interesting characters and I can say with the pride of the true connoisseur that I have some choice specimens stored away in my treasure chests of pleasant memories. However, the pride of my collection was one whom I will refer to merely as the Colonel, for that was the title given to him by his many friends, being a Southern Colonel of the old school.

I was closely associated with the old man for the last fifteen years of his life and we spent many pleasant days together, for he loved to hunt and fish and in those days there was sport to be had in the woods and streams of Eastern Arkansas, and now and then there would come one of those rare occasions when as we lay before a flickering campfire, or perhaps more comfortably seated in the library of his old plantation home, he would drop into a reminiscent mood and tell me of his adventures in the early days and of local history which never found its way into a textbook.

But it was not until about two years before his death that, while we sat before the roaring fireplace one bitter February night, he told me what I still believe to be the strangest story one man ever told another and which might have strained my credulity, even of the Colonel, had I not soon found myself playing a minor role in the affair. We had finished supper; the Colonel filled and lighted the little clay pipe with its cane stem which he seldom

allowed to go out except when it needed refilling, slouched down in his great armchair and puffed contentedly as he stared dreamily into the flames.

"You see, son," he suddenly began, "I landed at Helena on the twenty-fourth of December and drove out to the place here on Christmas day of 1865. There was only one mudhole in the road, but it reached all the way. At that time no one had ever thought of paved roads and so we did not miss them nor mind the mud. And so it was that I settled down to the life of a planter just after the close of the war.

"Our labor was composed entirely of negroes who had just been freed and when it becomes your duty to look after from a hundred to a hundred and fifty children, for at that time they were but little more than grown-up children as to their wants, needs and how to live, you can imagine what careful thought and planning it required to keep peace and have it running smoothly. I bought everything they needed from a cradle to a shroud, and was called upon to settle their differences, of which they had many. We bought our supplies and sold our cotton at Helena, a twenty mile trip, and usually made about two trips a month to supply the wants, real and imaginary, of the negroes. The teams would start about three o'clock in the morning and I would follow a little later on my saddle horse. After I had attended to my business and started the loaded wagons back home, I would visit around with my friends until dark and then ride home in the cool of the night.

"There was one in particular whom I seldom failed to see--an old Doctor, Doctor McTavish, who had settled here when this country was really wild and rough. He was more of a father to me than a friend and I looked forward to my visits with him with considerable pleasure. Over our pipes and homespun we would chat of the news of the day and often the old man would relate some of his early

experiences that happened long 'befo' de war.' One day after I had started the wagons back to the plantation I hitched my horse in front of the doctor's office and stepped in. I found him alone and apparently deeply absorbed in thought. He jumped up with a start but greeted me as warmly as usual, saying, 'Sit down, Bob, sit down, I have been thinking of you all day and am glad you have come for I have something to tell you.'

"I was all attention at once for I knew by his manner that he had something unusual on his mind, so I slid into a chair, propped my feet on the windowsill and prepared to listen.

"You see, Bob, when I first came to Arkansas this was part of what has since been known as the Louisiana Purchase, and was under the flag of France. There were a few whites here but the balance of the population was composed of Spanish, French, half-breeds and Indians, the renegades of all nations, the toughest that ever lived. River pirates and highwaymen infested the entire valley from St. Louis to New Orleans and in the absence of law, might made right. However, I hung out my shingle and began the practice of medicine, my fees were paid in otter and beaver skins which passed as a medium of exchange, but now and then a few Spanish or French coins would find their way into my pockets.

"One cloudy night after I had retired, there came a knock at my door and on inquiring who was there, was told that a man had been shot, up near the mouth of the L'Anguille River, and I had been sent for. The place was about twenty miles distant, through an unbroken forest, with only a bridle trail to guide me through the darkness. I told the messenger that I could not start until morning and doubted if I could even find the place in the daylight. "Never fear about that," replied the messenger, "I will guide you there tonight and see you safely home again when you wish to return, and, Doctor, there are plenty of doubloons in it for you."

"Being Scotch, I saddled my horse and we started. I was a good woodsman in those days, or I would not have survived, but I was hopelessly lost before we were two miles from town. How my guide followed the trail I never knew, for there was not even a star to guide us and often a low branch would nearly sweep me from my saddle. Finally just as the sky had turned grey in the east, and the first glimmer of day had begun to soften the Stygian darkness of the night, we rode up in front of a log cabin in a little clearing not far from the L'Anguille River.

"There is your patient, Doctor," said my guide, "I can not stay with you now but will return in a few hours and see that you get safely back to town."

"I hitched my horse to a swinging limb, slung my saddle bags across my left arm and knocked on the door. "Come in," a gruff voice replied. As I opened the door and stepped in a tall grey bearded man arose from a chair and drawing a pistol asked, "Are you the Doctor?" On being told that I was he pointed to a rude bunk in one corner of the room. "There, Doctor, is your patient, do all that you can for him and you will be well paid." Then as he replaced his gun in its holster, he turned to a group of rough men seated on the benches in the room, "Come, gentlemen, we are due at the lone pine now."

"As soon as they had gone I made a careful examination of the wounded man, but soon found he was beyond all human help, and as soon as I had returned the candle to the shelf, he asked, "Is there any hope for me, Doc?" I frankly told him there was not, though he might live a few hours and if he had any requests to make he had better make them now. "Well, I have a request to make, Doc, a very strange request, but first I must tell you a part of my life history in order that you can understand why I make such a strange request.

"My name is Joseph--my last name I will not

tell you, my family must never know what became of me--and my father was a rich sugar planter in Louisiana. When I was thirteen I was sent to Paris to be educated, and when I had finished and returned home I brought my cousin Melville with me, and as I had made my home with his father in Paris, he made his home with us on our plantation. My cousin was a gentleman, the soul of honor, a true companion; we were inseparable, and he was the only brother I ever knew. We would hunt and fish until we tired of it, and then ride to a neighboring plantation to dance and play with the young people there, and then with a merry party we would visit around with our other friends and finally ride home again.

"One day when we were alone he said to me, 'Joe, I want to tell you a secret, for I am too happy to keep it, and I want to tell you first. Yvonne has promised to be my wife and we are to be married in June.' I was struck speechless, Yvonne and I had been sweethearts from childhood and we were to be married at Christmastide. However, I mumbled a few words of congratulation and he was so absorbed in his own happiness he did not notice my emotion.

"But for days I brooded over the wrong I imagined he had done me and took a solemn vow that one of us must die. When once again we were deep in the woods, and waiting for the hounds to strike the trail again I slapped him in the face, tossed him my gloved, and said, 'Fight, damn you, or be a coward.' 'Why, Joe,' he said as he recoiled in surprise, 'What on earth is the matter with you? I never did you an injury in my life but loved you as a brother.' I struck him again, 'You liar, you coward, are you afraid to fight?' 'Joe,' he replied, 'There never was a man in our family who was afraid to fight, and though I don't know what I am fighting for I will meet you any time and place you wish, but I cannot fight you now for I have no weapon with me.' 'Oh, yes,' I said, 'I anticipated you would crawl behind such a subterfuge, so I brought a pair

of dueling pistols with me.' I tossed him a gun. We stepped ten paces under the moss festooned branches of a stately live oak, and counted, one, two, three, ----and fired. I shot him through the heart, and as I watched him stagger and fall, and the last quivers shook his body as he lay there upon leaves while his life's blood formed a great crimson stain upon his jacket, and death claimed its victim, I realized what a villain I was, for I had loaded HIS gun without a ball.

"All of our past friendship rushed over me, the days we had spent together on the chase, the many pleasant hours we had danced away with our friends, the vision of Yvonne. I knew I could never return to my father's house, that I could only lead a life of outlawry and crime, and there over the body of my first murdered victim I vowed that no last sad rites should be chanted over my grave, that my bones should never become a part of the earth again, and I would die, unshrived, unforgiven, and lost. Now, Doctor, that grey haired man who met you at the door was John A. Murrel, the noted bandit of the Louisiana Purchase, and I am his trusted lieutenant. This morning a flatboat was seen coming down the L'Anguille River and I was sent out to decoy the party ashore. The Captain refused all intercourse with me and as a last resort I reached for my rifle, but he was too quick for me, and shot better than he knew.

"The crimes we have committed together would darken the blackest pages of history, and not content with murdering on the highway, we would rob and torture the old and helpless, while Murrel preached to their friends and relations gathered at the little log churches at the crossroads.

"Now, Doctor, there in the hearth under the brick in the right hand corner this way, there, that is it, there is a sack of gold for you; there is blood on every coin for it was taken from our murdered victims, I could not make restitution if I

would, but take it, it is yours, and now for your promise. When I am dead, do not bury me, but dissect my body and take my flesh from my bones and keep my bones from ever becoming a part of the earth again, for if you should bury me, and lost spirits can return to earth again, I will hunt through the regions of the damned, for blacker ones than mine, and come again and rob you, not of gold, but of peace, a last lingering trace of which I have never known since my first step in crime. And you, Doctor, when you become old and tire of my bones, tell my story to some younger man and exact the promise, that my registered vow shall be fulfilled, that no rites shall be chanted over my grave, that I shall never be buried, and that I die, unshrived, unforgiven and lost."

"Look," said the Doctor, as he opened the door of a closet,---and a shudder passed over me, for there, wired together and tied to a nail hung a grinning human skeleton--the bones of the outlaw. I grabbed my hat, bid the Doctor a hasty goodnight and jabbed the spurs in my pony, for it was getting dark and I had twenty miles to ride.

"A few weeks later I sent the wagons to town, but for some reason did not go myself. After checking over everything on their return late that night, there was still one long box for which I could not account, so I called for an axe, pried a board loose, and thrust my hand in, to immediately jerk it out when I found myself fondling what was apparently a human skull wrapped in a cotton sack.

"I slammed the board back in place just as one of the negroes who had been busy with the stock, stepped up and removing his hat, took a letter out of it, saying, 'Here's a letter fo' yo', Cunnel, whut de doctah man done gived me along wid de box and say fo' to take good keer ob bof of dem an' see dat yo' be sho an' git 'em yose'f.' By the light of a lantern I read, 'Dear Bob, here are the bones of the outlaw, I have told you the story, I am

getting old and tire of my charge and so delegate the task to you that the dying request of Joseph may be fulfilled. When you become old, tell the story to some younger man, exact the promise and give him the bones.'

"I had the box taken up to the house without the negroes suspecting what it contained, for if they had, they would have vanished immediately and I would never have seen them again.

"And now, son, as I am growing old I want to be relieved of my trust. I have told you the story, here is old Joe, will you give me your promise?"

The Colonel stepped to the door of a small closet, inserted a key, and opened the door,---of course I knew what I was going to see but that did not present a few chills from chasing each other up and down my spine, as there leered at me out of the closet, in the flickering light from the fire, the gaunt, grisly remains of what had once been a proud man, and as I looked closer I saw where a rib had been shattered by the boatman's bullet. "I promise," was my whispered reply.

And that is the history of Joseph, as the Colonel told it to me, a weird tale of tragedy that came about from a fickle woman changing her mind, and a man's brooding, unreasoning temper. I am not a spiritualist, I am not superstitious, nor do I believe the dead can return and in any manner make their presence known to the living, and though the Colonel never knew just how much gold the old Doctor took out of the hearth of the outlaw's cabin, yet it must have been considerable, but ten times the amount would never induce me to bury the bones of "Old Joe," nor would it have induced the Colonel.

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FROM THE HELENA WORLD (early 1900s)

Contributed by

C. L. Moore and S. H. Hurst

C. L. Moore & Bros.

Evolution of Present Firm an Interesting Bit of History.

Any history of the City of Helena which omitted mention of the firm of C. L. Moore & Bros., and the gradual building up of their mammoth business, which runs close to a half million annually, would be no history at all. Or rather very poor history.

In 1855, the firm of Myrtle & Moore was established, the Moore of the firm being Col. William F. Moore, the father of the members of the present firm. The business done by Myrtle & Moore was a small one in those early days, but it was a safe and profitable business just the same.

In 1860, J. T. Moore, eldest of the several sons of Col. William F. Moore, bought the interest of Myrtle, the firm name changing to that of W. F. & J. T. Moore. The life of the new firm was a short one, however, the black clouds of war stopping all business and sending proprietors and patrons out to do battle for their country. Before the closing of the business, however, Messrs. C. L. and R. C. Moore had been admitted to the firm, the name changing again to that of W. F. & J. T. Moore & Co.

The two younger members of the firm enlisted in the Southern army and marched away to be gone for four long and weary years. The father, who was getting old and worn, and his eldest son, J. T., who was crippled with rheumatism, remained at home and wound up their business in the face of great difficulties, making their collections for the most part in cotton, and had the great misfortune to see it all burned before their very eyes, and by their own

soldiers, who determined that the advancing hosts of Gen. Steele should not become the captors of so rich a prize. To cap his misfortunes, Col. William F. Moore died, as did his son, J. T., the one of fever and the other of rheumatism of the heart. The next eldest son, the late Major William E. Moore, who was destined to be the head of the post-bellum corps of Moore merchants, was in Nebraska at the breaking out of the war, and enlisted in the army in that territory, rising to the post of commissary general of the army of the West, one of the most important in the Confederate army, and one in which he won golden opinions from his superiors.

Returning to Helena when hostilities had closed, Major W. E. Moore and Major William H. Govan organized the remnants of the Moore business and started out in the mercantile world under the name of Moore & Govan. This was in 1865. In 1867 Major Govan withdrew from mercantile pursuits and Messrs. C. L. and R. C. Moore were admitted to the firm, the name being changed to W. E. and C. L. Moore. Later, the youngest brother, S. C. Moore, was admitted to the co-partnership, and when, in 1888, Major W. E. Moore died, the firm was again reorganized, the name becoming C. L. Moore & Bros., the present firm name.

During all these years the Moores, father and sons, built up a reputation for industry and integrity that stood them in good stead and enabled them to at all times command a large share of the public patronage. For many years, thirty years, to be exact, the firm occupied the double, two-story brick store at the southwest corner of Porter and Ohio streets, from which they recently moved to their present larger and more convenient location on lower Cherry street. C. L. Moore & Bros. are, and have been for many years, the largest handlers of cotton in Helena, their annual business in this line running from 12,000 to 15,000 bales. In the course of business they have acquired large landed interests, and own several of the finest cotton plantations in

this and adjoining counties: For several years the firm has had a most prosperous dry goods department, which is under the management of Jordan B. Lambert, a nephew of the Messrs. Moore. Two years ago a handsome two-story building on Cherry street, in the heart of the retail district, was erected for this business, and it now ranks among the best dry goods houses in Eastern Arkansas. In the grocery department the business of the concern is divided between the brothers as follows: Capt. C. L. Moore, general director of all the forces; R. C. Moore, chief of the accounting department, with his son, Frank Moore, as chief bookkeeper; and S. C. Moore, or "Clark," as he is universally called, as buyer and general outside man. In both departments, C. L. Moore & Bros. employ a small army of salesmen and bookkeepers, all of whom were selected with the greatest care and are reliable men in their respective departments. In the grocery department, James R. Lanier is the cotton man, Earl Moore, George Sanford, Herman Moore and J. B. Keller are employed as salesmen, while in the dry goods store Manager Jordan B. Lambert is ably assisted by Messrs. Andrew Bush, John Crenshaw, William F. Moore, W. W. Moore, Miss Bird Watson and J. H. Biscoe.

It will be seen from this history of the firm that Messrs. C. L. Moore & Bros. come from a long line of merchants.

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## RANDOM THOUGHTS

by

Mrs. Ellen S. Williams  
Pryor, Oklahoma

The year was 1900. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Scott left their home in Lexington, Kentucky to move south to Helena, Arkansas. Mr. Scott had often visited here, his aunt having married Judge Humphries of Helena. His sister had also married and lived here. Her husband was Lee Pendergrass, a cotton man. Mr. Scott liked it here and brought his young family with him to make their home.

The Scotts raised five daughters. They were Lizzie, who married O. V. Luke, Maggie, who became Mrs. Frank Gerig, Ellen, who became Mrs. Ivon Williams, Jean, who married George Cracraft, Sr., and Nancy, who married Bruce Smith.

I was 6 years old when we moved to Helena in 1900.

And I remember:

Roaming the hills where the Battle of Helena was fought. We'd take sides but no one wanted to be a Yankee. There were Mena Tanner, Lucretia Tanner, Marion and Louise Owens, Norton Smith, James Faulkner and others.

The man who walked down the Mississippi. School was let out and we sat on the levee until he passed. He had small boats on his feet. I think the year was 1912.

Going to Marvell to house parties at the Frank Garner home--Mena Tanner (Davis), Elizabeth Coolidge (Beall), and Muffet Garner (Polk). It seemed that Frank Garner and William Coolidge were always around to make life miserable for us by hiding our clothes when we went swimming, etc.

The Presbyterian Church parties at Storm Creek. Father would take a storm wagon which would seat about 16 kids. And we had fun but how we did with all the snakes and mosquitoes, I'll never know!

I was Captain of our basketball team in 1912 when we were Tri-state Champions. Mildred Newman and I were forwards, Louise Owens played center, Mena Tanner, Adne Wood (Kelly) and Elizabeth Beall played guards. We dressed in black bloomers and white middie blouses.

We had a private basketball team and we played on the Frank Reeves lot.

Louise Reeves died during the flu epidemic and I remember all of us had to wear masks to the services.

Sister Lizzie had a long motoring coat and long veil. I thought that if I ever reached that age and had them my life would be complete, but they went out of style too soon.

Mr. Frank Merrifield who lived across the street from us had one of the first automobiles in Helena and on Sunday mornings he would ask us to ride to Sunday School. Nancy vows that I was scared to ride so she had to walk, too--all of which I do not believe.

If we were good all year Father would let us invite a guest for a trip on the Kate Adams. That trip to Arkansas City and to Memphis and back was a great treat. I grieved when the Kate Adams went aground years later near Helena.

During high water Mother would forget she had a family--she was so busy with the refugees--it was a funny feeling to see someone else wearing your favorite dress which she had given away.

Clark Moore Coolidge, Roy Coolidge and I joined the Presbyterian Church at the same time. We were all scared to death.

Kimbrough Willey played at our house quite a bit and I have never forgiven him for pushing me in the creek. Warren Jeffries would push me in the mud when we would walk home from school.

My first school teacher was Mrs. Bosworth. She was so large she couldn't stand up. She would sit in her chair and she had a long fishing pole and if we weren't paying attention she would slap that pole on our desks which made me not care much about reading, etc. I later learned to love her.

S. D. Warfield played with us a lot. William Woodin helped us to make a greenhouse where we raised plants and sold them. Godfrey Merrifield rigged a wire from his house to ours and we used to send things back and forth.

Mary Lillian Merrifield, my sister Jean and I played house. We had a big baby buggy which we would load our things in when the rent came due and we had to move. Why on earth we played like we were poor, I can't imagine as it seems it would have been more fun playing rich.

Coming across the backyard I thought the cow was chewing Nancy who was the baby. Mother had put salt on a dress and left it in the sun to whiten.

What nice children I taught in the second grade! Thomas Tappan, Jerome Thompson, Myron Schrantz, Johnny McRee, Helen Clopton, Rosalind Mundt, Hannah Solomon and many more.

My class was the last class to graduate from the old Jefferson School, 1912. Many of my classmates are gone now--Ward Gary Bryant, Robert Tappan, William Coolidge, M. P. Myers and others.

My grandchildren get a big laugh when I tell that my graduation party was a ride on the street car to West Helena with refreshments at the park. The street car is one of the things that I miss in Helena. I recently threw my high school annual

away, the pictures were so awful, especially mine. Milbrey Hollingsworth took all the honors.

The initiation into the O. S. S. held in the basement of the Jefferson School or in Evelyn Wooten's attic and sometimes in Ruth Davidson's house with Miss Anna Lyde Dawson as our sponsor.

We always had a church egg-hunt on the Davidson lawn.

The diamond robberies in Helena! The thieves stayed in our attic off the third floor playroom in the daytime and went out at night to rob. Afterward we found cheese, etc., which they had left there. We had a guest at that time who had some lovely jewelry which she kept in an old box. They looked through everything, and even knocked that box on the floor and found nothing. I tremble even now at the thought of sleeping when thieves were in the house!

How scared I was during the race riot at Elaine. Everyone was on edge. Mr. Luke was guarding the levee one night and as he started home he heard steps marching behind him. The faster he walked the faster they came. Finally when he reached home they turned into his yard and "they" were several mules instead of several rioters. He was greatly relieved at that.

Oh, those were wonderful days in Helena!

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#### ONCE UPON A TIME

The following article was written by Betty Woods for a Helena World of uncertain date, and was contributed by Mrs. Ellen S. Williams.

Once upon a time there were seven excited and happy Jefferson High School girls. They were going to be out of school for three whole days--just imagine--and were going all the way to Hot Springs to play a basketball game.

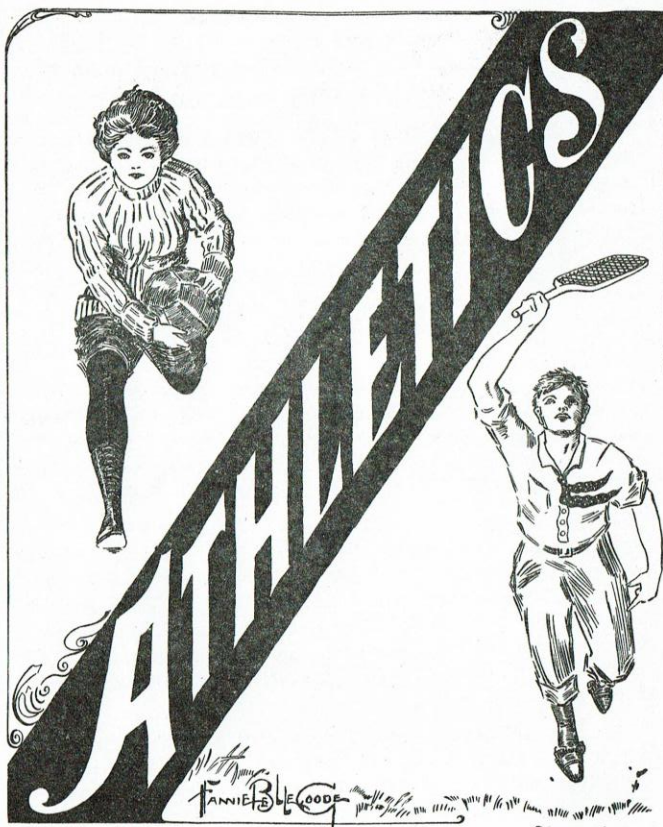
They had played many other games that year--Marianna, Forrest City, Searcy and Brinkley--but none were so far away as the resort city of Hot Springs.

The six girls on the first team were Miriam Newman, side center, Alma McCoy, guard, Martha Douglas, guard, Rooney Upshaw, center, Maggie Scott, forward, and Hattie West, forward. The seventh girl, Emma Jean Binley, was a substitute and she was going, too.

So all the girls, giggling and chattering as girls do, were seen off at the station by their parents. They boarded the train with their founder and coach, Miss Lorena Bolick, whom they all adored. Others in the party were Mr. James Tappan, who also coached them, and Mr. and Mrs. M. E. West, who went along as chaperones.

The train chugged slowly out and the girls waved excitedly to their families on the platform. The city was slowly left behind and some minutes later they reached the Helena Crossing, where the engine must stop for some reason or other.

Here all the girls started sighing wistfully and whispering among themselves as they watched Mr. David Walker board the train for a few minutes conversation with Miss Bolick. This was romance and the girls loved it.



The trip was exciting; but the game was more so. Many miles from home the nicely reared and proper girls became gay and naughty. They dared to lift the elastic of their below-knee length bloomers above the knees! And although the five yards of billowing cloth covered the knees, they thought they had been terribly risqué. And they had.

The very best time of all was had on the trip home. Then the seven girls, their coaches and chaperones, would join in singing such hit tunes as "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," "A Kiss in the Dark," "Red Wing," and "My Hero." And although they were sometimes a little off key, to them the harmony was perfect, and their delight in their music was unbounding.

And so the seven girls tired but happy returned home--the first basketball team of Jefferson High.

(The picture on the preceding page introduced the Athletic Section of the 1911 Ridge, yearbook of Jefferson High School. Interest in girls' basketball is shown in the drawing.)

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#### ADDITIONAL MEMBERS FOR 1969-1970

Milton Alexander  
Baker Bush  
J. M. Massey

Helena  
Helena  
West Helena

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Dues for the membership year of 1970-1971 are payable May 1, 1970. Cards will be sent out as reminders by the Membership Chairman.

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PHILLIPS COUNTY  
HISTORICAL QUARTERLY

Volume 8

Number 2

March, 1970

Published by  
The Phillips County Historical Society

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

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