

# Smoke From The Chimneys



# Long Beach Historical Society

Remembering the past to preserve our future

October 2017

## President's Message

Hello,

Hope this finds all of you high and dry and also hope a year passes before we hear the words, "there is another storm headed into the Gulf of Mexico."

A busy October is on the horizon. A meeting on the 16th, the Cemetery Tour on the 17th, and our anniversary party on the 22nd. The busy time for us is making this issue of Smoke from the Chimneys shorter than usual. We'll resume our regular space in January. Thanks for understanding.

I've also been opening the History House again on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays again and have published that information in the new paper. Speaking of the new paper. The Long Beach Breeze is really nice. Every town needs a paper. It's a wonderful addition to our community.

Our air conditioner conked out again and the parts for it are coming from a factory that had just moved from Tennessee to Houston, one week before Hurricane Harvey slammed the area. It's taken quite a while for the factory to catch up and

we may have some temporary window units in place for the meeting, which will be provided for by the repair firm.

The Cemetery Tour will take place on Tuesday evening, Oct 17, from 5:30 to 7:00 p m, the night after the October meeting. The people of the past this year are:

- Emma Fulton - Revered music teacher in the city system, local churches and also privately - portrayed by Fran Wren
- lone Thomas - Owner of Glad Farm and property sold to city for high school - portrayed by Christine Thomas Butts
- Sarah Hunt - Camp owner, college teacher & first PE teacher at new high school that opened in 1959 - portrayed by student Beth Hansen
- Edgar Fillingim - Early meat market owner who owned property where city library is today - portrayed by Clayton Pennylegion
- Douglas Donovan - Railroad employee and husband of Fannie Capers, of Methodist Church - portrayed by Mark Bryant

Sincerely,

Beth Hansen,  
President

## July and October Meetings

Tom Simmons is as good a speaker as he is a writer. Everyone in attendance at the July meeting was mesmerized with the talk he gave about his book, A Man Called Brown Condor, the story about black aviator, John Robinson, who also had ties to Gulfport. A very inspirational story, to say the least.

Dan Ellis, local historian from Pass Christian, will speak to us at the October meeting about The Old Spanish Trail. This should also be a very interesting program. Dan had moved away for several years and we are happy to report he is now living in Pass Christian again. He has authored several interesting books and maintains a wonderful website as well.

## A Long Beach Pioneer

The following article about an inspirational and courageous woman, Sallie Frederick Rishel, the matriarch of the Rishel family, appeared in the Times Picayune on Sunday August 25, 1901. The Rishels in Long Beach all descend from their son Joseph and his wife Emma Allen.

One of the most remarkable women in the state of Mississippi, if not

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**SMOKE FROM THE  
CHIMNEYS  
LONG BEACH, MS**

Beth Hansen: Editor  
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**Long Beach  
Historical Society**

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**Mailing Address:**

P. O. Box 244  
Long Beach, MS 39560-0244

**Physical Address**

645 Klondyke RD

*(South side of the central fire station on Klondyke RD)*

Meetings will all be held on the THIRD  
Mondays at Historical Society Building, 645  
Klondyke Rd.

**2017 Meetings:**

- January 16 - 11:00 am (Awards)
- April 17 - 6:00 pm
- July 17 - 6:00 pm
- **October 16 - 6:00 pm**

**Email Address:**

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Eddie Ware – Webmaster

**Mission Statement**

The Society's purpose is "to bring together those people interested in the history of the City of Long Beach and to coordinate their efforts in preserving and recording that history for future generations."

Long Beach Historical Society is a volunteer-based organization dedicated to the:

- Preservation and management of historic and cultural resources of Long Beach
- Provide educational opportunities for both its membership and the public

the most remarkable, lives a mile and a half north of Long Beach. She is Mrs. P H Rishel, who has not walked a step in over fifty years, and yet she attends to all the work of her household in a way that would put to shame hundreds of able-bodied women who bemoan their hard lot and sit down with folded hands that cannot do anything for the sustenance of the body that supports them.

Mrs. Rishel was born fifty-five years ago in Lightstreet, a country village in Columbia county, Pa. When she was a wee tot, not yet 3 years old, she had inflammatory rheumatism, which racked her poor little body for many months. When the pain left she was a helpless cripple that never afterwards was able to walk. But she was energetic and proved no burden to the household, but a pleasure. She could crawl about the house and climb into the chairs and on her father's work table. He was a tailor, and while yet a young child she learned to sew, and sew well, and before she was 10 years old she could make a suit of clothing for her brothers, and made her own clothing. She was 14 years old before she went to school. She was sensitive, and disliked to go where other children were, and gained the little knowledge she had of books from the children at home.

It was deemed best by her parents that their little cripple, Sarah, should go to school for a time at least. They talked to her and impressed upon her the necessity of education until she was willing to brave the taunts of thoughtless children and go to school with her brothers and sisters. Arrangements were made with the teacher, and at the beginning of the term, when she was 14 years old, Sarah was hauled to the schoolhouse in her brother's wagon. She had her ups and downs, as afflicted children always do, but her application to her studies and her advancement soon won for her the admiration of all her schoolmates. Her progress was rapid, and at the close of two four-month terms, she had acquired all that was to be gained at the village school. After that her schooling was at home. She loved to read and study, and supplied herself with books and with the current literature of that day, and few young women of her time were better informed.

Between the terms of school and for some time after she had quit school she continued to work in her father's shop, and when he gave up the business there was not a better tailor anywhere than Sarah Frederick. Her services were in great demand.

After a few years the father died and the family scattered. Sarah and one of her sisters opened a dressmaking establishment in Bloomsburg, a nearby town, and their mother lived with them. Sarah was then 27 years old. Her reputation for good work was such that in a little time it took fifteen girls to do the work, besides what the two sisters did. Sarah did the cutting and the fitting after a tailor system, and saw that all the work was well finished. Although she could not walk a step, she could sew on the machine and could do more and better work this way than any girl or woman in the shop. Her system of fitting was so perfect that ladies did not have to stand for hours while they were being fitted. The cutting was by measurement, and fitted like a glove, without the necessity of

trying on. If, however, there was a new customer who feared the results, she was permitted to try on her dress before it was sent home.

After eleven years of almost ceaseless toil, Sarah Frederick concluded to take a rest, and on the invitation of friends in the west, went to Kansas, expecting to remain several weeks, or months, until rested from the overwork of years. It was there that she met Mr. P H Rishel, a prosperous farmer in central Kansas. They fell in love with each other, and in March the following year they were married at the home of the friends she went to visit.

That was sixteen years ago. After three years a little son came to add yet further joy to their happy home, and in due time two others followed. Only one, the second son, Joseph, is not living. Reverses followed prosperity in their western home, and it seemed as though the "lean years" were leaner than the fat years had been fat, and as though there never was going to be good crops again there. Discouraged and disheartened, they came south, as thousands of others, and settled near Long Beach, where they have engaged in truck farming. They live in a neat one-story cottage, and after the day's work is over are lulled to sleep by the music of the pines about them, and when the wind is fair by the songs of the sea that only a little way off. Mr. Rishel and Joseph do the garden work, and Mrs. Rishel does all the work in the house. She has a chair with wheels, and pushes herself around faster than the average person walks. Her hands and arms are very strong with much use, and she lifts herself from the bed to her chair with apparent ease. She dresses herself with little difficulty, and then wheels to the low stool and washes herself, brushes her long, dark hair and coils it at the back, ties on an apron and she is ready for the day's work.

Her kitchen is equipped with low cupboards that can be reached easily while sitting in her chair. The cooking utensils are also hung low, and a low cook table stands close to the stove. There she prepares the vegetables and meats and wheels about and puts them to cook. She spreads the cloth on the table, and then places the dishes, carefully and with precision.

The meals are not scant, nor are they wanting in variety because the "housemother" cannot walk. Dainty tea cakes, pound cakes, cup cakes, jellies, preserves, pies and vegetable are all served in the most tempting manner. If it is fried chicken she wants, it is no sooner thought than done. She wheels out on the gallery, leaves her chair by the steps, and with a handful of corn in her apron, she climbs down the steps and calls: "Come chickey, chickey, chickey," and chickey comes, and before he knows it a fine Plymouth Rock has his neck wrung, and is being carried, kicking, into the kitchen.

Mrs. Rishel sweeps her floors, and scrubs too, when it is necessary. She can wash her clothes and iron them, but usually hires that done. She makes the beds as quickly as any one that can walk. She wheels her chair on all sides of them, and when she is through giving the necessary touches they are comfortable, and inviting. She makes all her own clothing, and most of the clothing for her son and husband, besides helping the neighbors occasionally with their sewing.

In the shipping season when vegetables are being shipped from Long Beach to northern cities by the carloads, Mrs. Rishel ties the radishes in bunches, polishes and packs the cucumbers, and does endless little odds and ends that always fall to the lot of a woman to do, and that only a woman can do.

Mr. Rishel peddles his vegetables, and days when he has work in the garden that need his attention, Mrs. Rishel and her son take the vegetables and deliver them to the customers. The spring wagon is backed up to the gallery, the end gate taken out, and Mrs. Rishel wheels her chair aboard and rides in it while on her rounds.

With all her busy life she is a good neighbor and a good friend. She visits the sick, and does for them whatever lies in her power to soothe them. Indeed, her presence "doeth good like a medicine." And she is always a most welcome visitor to sick or well. To the stranger she has words of encouragement when they grow discouraged, trying to overcome the difficulties of gardening in a strange land and among strange people. She has a great

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big, motherly heart, and boundless sympathy for the afflictions and troubles of others. Her life is a lesson to those who would as Longfellow suggests: *"Be up and doing, With a heart for any fate."*

But to the indolent and unambitious her life is a living reproof.

Source: *Genealogybank.com, a newspaper website*

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### Condolences

Our deepest sympathy goes to member Joyce McCauley, the sister of Wendell Lewis Ward, and his sister-in-law, Sally Boulay. Living in the Naval Home at the time of his death, Lewis was a veteran of WWII, a Purple Heart recipient who served with the 422nd Infantry. He was injured in the "Battle of the Bulge" and was reported MIA in December of 1944. Several months later his parents received a card from him saying that he was a German prisoner of war.

Lewis had graduated from Long Beach High and Perkinston Jr College prior to going off in the war. When he returned home, he resumed his studies, married and then graduated from Mississippi Southern College with a degree in Chemistry.

He and his wife, the former Evelyn Russ, who pre-deceased him, were the first students to move into the newly created dorms for married couples on the Southern campus in the late 1940's.

(Personal note from Beth: In the early 60's I had the pleasure of riding back and forth with Lewis to work on Keesler AFB. He was a fine man!)

The society also regretted hearing about the demise of its second past president, Art Holzweissig, recently. Art, in failing health for quite some time, served during hurricane Katrina during the years of 2005-2007. Another member who will be missed is Alice Papania Carrubba. She was such a sweet lady and leaves behind a large family to cherish her memories.

Also, condolences to the families of Regina Franke, Fritzi Presley, Nancy Gurneck, Ceville Ladner, Dennis Myron, Diane Henderson, Janice Allen, James "Jimmy" McCaleb, Stephen Daniels, Frank Marasco, and Gene Wise, Sr.

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**20th Anniversary Party is on Sunday, October 22, 2017 from 2 - 5 PM at the Beth Hansen History House**

