

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

SPECIAL EDITION

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS

If you wanted to visit the grave of Henry Clay, the great American statesman and orator we read about in our American history textbooks, you would need to go to a cemetery in Lexington, Kentucky. There you would find a great monument 130 feet tall with his form on top looking down on the city that honored him, both while he lived and after his death. Thousands of people visit his grave annually. The monument was completed in 1861 at a cost of \$58,000.

To visit the grave of Henry Clay's brother, Porter Clay, you would need to go to Camden, Arkansas. You will find his grave in the old Oakland Cemetery on the north side of Maul Road. For many years, his grave was marked by a small stone and most folks did not even know who this Porter Clay was.

From articles printed in an early Camden newspaper, *The Beacon*, we learn more about the Clay family and the two different roads these Clay brothers traveled.

The two boys grew up in Virginia under the pious care of a Baptist mother and a preacher father who once was imprisoned rather than cease proclaiming "the glorious gospel of the Blessed God".

Porter was many years younger than his brother Henry. While Henry entered the world of politics, Porter followed the desires of his mother and became a minister and revivalist. Henry became famous for his oratorical skills and became a well-to-do statesman. Porter died in poverty.

Porter did study law and was admitted to the bar. The Governor of Kentucky, a friend of the Clays, appointed Porter as Auditor of the Accounts for the state. By this time Henry Clay had served two terms in the U. S. Senate and had been Speaker of the House of Representatives for four years. He now lived in Kentucky on his estate which he called Ashland. He even ran for president three times. He is known for making the statement, "I'd rather be right than President". Everyone predicted that young Porter would follow in the footsteps of his brilliant brother.

Porter served at Auditor of the state of Kentucky for several years. During this time his first wife died and he was remarried to the widow of U. S. Senator M. D. Hardin. Mrs. Hardin was a woman of great wealth and burning ambition. She desired her husband to take his place with the great men of that day.

Mrs. Hardin was the mother of two sons at the time of her marriage to Porter Clay. As these boys grew up, they developed wild and unruly traits of character. They had open contempt for their stepfather and his simple life. The mother and sons gradually came to treat Porter as an outcast. The situation became unbearable for Porter and he left the elegant lifestyle and devoted his life to preaching. He spent his time preaching to the

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poor people and sometimes spent the night in their humble homes. At one point, a dispute arose over some doctrinal questions and Porter was suspended as a minister. He then became an evangelist and traveled all along the Mississippi River, preaching in small towns to both whites and blacks. His travels brought him to Camden in the 1840s. After holding a revival, he started a church in the city and became its first minister.

His wife's sons barred him from ever returning to the family home in Illinois. His brother, Henry offered him a home at Ashland, which he declined, saying "I owe my service to God and He will take care of me."

He expected to live the remainder of his life ministering to the people of the little city on the banks of the Ouachita. He felt he had reached the goal of his mission. But in 1850, two years before the death of his famous brother, Henry, Porter Clay was stricken with a fever and died a few days later. Some of Camden's businessmen of that day paid for all expenses of Porter's illness and death. The money was later returned to them by Henry Clay, his distinguished brother.

Porter Clay's grave was unmarked for years, but a small board was placed upon it by members of the Baptist church. Finally, the New Century Club of Camden placed a small marker over his grave sometime around 1900. Today the grave is marked by a very nice monument which stands taller than most in the cemetery, placed there in 1939 (*see photo below*).

The last statement in the old newspaper article states "His body rests in the cemetery at Camden. His spirit rests with his God."

WHEN THE MOVIE STARS CAME TO GOOSEANKLE

It was during deer season in 1974 when the W. B. Irvin family met with friends and relatives for a get-together at the old home place and deer camp five miles southwest of Bluff City.

On the same day, David Carradine and Barbara Hershey were at Dill's Mill, about two miles south of the Irvin's camp. They had been filming scenes for the movie "Boxcar Bertha" at the old mill site and may have been doing some hunting also. The story I got was that some of their dogs got lost and as they were searching for them, they happened upon the location of the Irvin family's get-together.

This part of Gooseankle is way off the beaten path, but off course in deer season, it is not unusual to see strangers pass by. At some point in the conversation, Miss Hershey asked to use the bathroom in one of the Irvin's recreational vehicles parked at the camp.

Miss Hershey was an attractive lady, but from what I can gather, on this occasion she was a little bit on the dirty side and the owners of the camper didn't really want her to use the bathroom in their camper. The Irvins pointed to an outdoor privy behind the camp, which was what they used while camping. Miss Hershey, unaccustomed to such

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facilities, declined the invitation to use the privy and I suppose made other arrangements. The Irvins still laugh about the incident whenever it is mentioned.

According to the newspaper article these folks were present at the Irvin family reunion that day in 1974:

Mr. and Mrs. Hollie Irvin; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Irvin; Mr. and Mrs. Houston Delaney; Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Robinson; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Walthall; Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell Irvin; Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Kirk; Judy Hesterly, Shelly, and Paul; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Robinson; Junior Burns; Lou Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Garrison; Jeff Barlow; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Franklin; Eldry Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Delaney; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Atkins; Craig Robertson; Robert A. Jackson; Warren Ward; Roy Nash; Glen Spears; Kenneth W. Spears; Jerald Tyson; James Tyson, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Coy East; Paul Steed; John Beard; Dr. John E. Steiles; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Hesel; Mr. and Mrs. James Nelson; Foy and Scotty Nelson; J. D. Norman; James Plumbley; DAVID CARRADINE and BARBARA HERSHEY from Hollywood, California.

THE HANGING OF SQUIRE SMITH

The newspaper in 1905 called it “one of the most dastardly crimes which ever shocked the people of this section”. The article was referring to the murder of John and Count Gleghorn of Nevada County. They were well-to-do farmers who were working clearing land on their farm west of Rosston near the Hempstead County line. A black man named Will Preston was working with them. A black man named Squire Smith came to the farm and an argument began over a hunting dog. The incident ended with the two Gleghorn men dead. John Gleghorn was about 32 years old and had a wife and one child. Count Gleghorn was 31 and unmarried. Squire Smith escaped into the creek bottoms and a posse led by Sheriff Ed Hood began searching for him. The next day Squire Smith turned himself in. He was indicted for murder in January. The trial was held March 19, 1906 and he was sentenced to be hanged on June 14, 1906. Will Preston was also arrested in connection with the murders.

This was the last legal hanging in Nevada County. Hangings in those days always drew a large crowd of people and seemed more like a church service and a carnival all rolled into one. The accused was given an opportunity to speak to the crowd, religious hymns were sung, and a prayer was offered by a local minister.

Squire Smith spoke to the crowd for 25 minutes. He described how he slept the night before, saying “I rested all night last night and ate as heartily as I ever did.” He didn’t deny killing the men, but said he had to do it. Smith said, “I shot Mr. Count first, and when I left, Mr. John was still alive and I had four more loads in my gun”. He praised Sheriff Hood, saying he had been well cared for and had plenty to eat three times a day. He said, “I have no excuse to make for my pistol except for toating it, and if I had not toated it, I would not be here today to make this talk and to be hung.”

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Here is the complete text of the prayer by Dr. Godley offered on the day of the hanging and printed in *The Nevada News* on June 15, 1906.

Lord, Thou art our Creator and the final judge of all men. All men are alike before Thee, save as Thou seeist in their hearts and they shall be followers of that which is good and that which is evil. There is neither great nor small in Thy sight. Thou lookest on the heart alone.

As fallen beings, all men are sinful. No one can claim Thy salvation in his own merit. Many times and in many ways we forget Thy laws and transgress them.

But through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer is preached repentance and forgiveness of sins. Thou doest forgive sin wherever Thine eyes behold true repentance and faith in Thy beloved Son. The only star of hope for our fellow race is Thy forgiveness and mercy.

We commend to Thy mercy this man, doomed to die under our law, which is indeed, Thine own law, ordained of old that the murderer should suffer the death sentence of the judge.

If we know that even the murderers were changed in heart and would love and keep the law, we might turn aside from the penalty of death. But we know not the heart, and the high prerogative of forgiveness belongs to Thee, O God alone. If any man is penitent, have mercy: Thou wilt forgive.

We pray Thee, O God that the solemnity of this occasion may impress all those here present with reverence for the laws of the land, which it behooves every citizen to obey and uphold. Help us also to encourage and support all faithful officers of law who receive those charges from people to administer the laws, with all fidelity and in fear of God.

Above all, O God, help us to give heed to Thy truth of which alone can make us peaceable, which can write Thy laws in the hearts of men, that they might not be borne away by sinful passions, that hatred and revenge being cast out of the heart, man will not lift a murderous hand against his neighbor.

In the execution of the law, this Sheriff fulfilled his duty to the state. Not in malice, nor revenge, is this man's life taken, but that the lives of all men might be protected. Thou thyself, O God, has declared "Whosoever sheddest man's blood, by man's blood shall his blood be shed. I will require it at the hands of his brother". Therefore, we deliver this man to the cause of justice, which Thou has ordained on the earth, and commend his soul to Thine infinite mercy, through Jesus Christ.

Amen

Here is the news story of the hanging from The Nevada News (June 15, 1906): The Negro, Squire Smith who was hung here yesterday for the murder of the Gleghorn boys last fall, was removed from the jail to the old jail, in which the trap was built, at 6 o'clock in the morning. He showed no sign of fear and walked with a very staitly gait. He sat for a photo at 9 o'clock and showed little concern as if he was having a picture made for his sweetheart.

Precisely at nine o'clock, he was moved to the platform erected for that purpose and walked with an elastic step and talked to the multitude for 25 minutes. His manner all through the speech was brazen and impudent. He did not talk as a man about to be hung, but as one that seemed glad of what he had done.

After his harrangue, he was carried by Sheriff Hood and his deputies to the rear end of the old jail, where he ascended a flight of stairs as though he were going to an ice

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cream supper. The rope was adjusted around his neck and he shot through space to his eternal death without a word of fear or regret that he was going. His neck was broken and after ten minutes, he was cut down and turned over to his family.

Will Preston, who was also in jail and awaiting trial for the murders, escaped before time for his trial and was never seen again. Squire Smith, in his speech, said that Will Preston was innocent and he admitted to killing both of the Gleghorn brothers.

John and Count Gleghorn are buried in unmarked graves at Forest Hill Cemetery in Nevada County. Their brother, Thomas Levi Gleghorn, used a team of horses to drag a huge boulder to their graves for a headstone. They are buried in Row 10 at Forest Hill Cemetery.

YOU

By Edgar A. Guest
(from the Camden Evening News-1925)

You are the fellow that has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.
You are the fellow who makes up your mind,
Whether you'll lead or will linger behind-
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar
Or be contented to stay where you are.
Take it or leave it. Here's something to do!
Just think it over. It's all up to you.

What do you wish? To be known as a shirk,
Known as a good man who's willing to work,
Scorned for a loafer or praised by your chief,
Rich man or poor man or beggar or thief?
Eager or earnest or dull through the day,
Honest or crooked? It's you who must say!
You must decide in the face of the test,
Whether you'll shirk it or give it your best.

Nobody here will compel you to rise;
No one will force you to open your eyes;
No one will answer for you yes or no,
Whether to stay there or whether to go.
Life is a game, but it's you who must say
Whether as cheat or sportsman you'll play.
Fate may betray you, but you settle first
Whether to live to your best or to your worst.

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So whatever it is you are wanting to be,
Remember, to fashion the choice you are free.
Kindly or selfish, or gentle or strong,
Keeping the right way or taking the wrong.
Careless of honor or guarding your pride,
All these are questions which you must decide.
Yours the selection, whichever you do;
The thing men call character's all up to you.

RATES OF BOARD AMERICAN HOTEL--CAMDEN, AR., DEC. 27, 1847

Board and Lodging per month	\$15.00	Breakfast	\$.35
Board without Lodging per month	12.00	Supper	.35
Dinner boarders per month	8.00	Lodging	.25
Board per week with Lodging	5.00	Horse, per month	10.00
Board per day with Lodging	1.00	Horse, per day	.75
Board per day for Man and Horse	1.75	Horse, single feed	.35
Dinner	.50	Children and servants half price-	
		Lights extra	

ANY BOY'S DOG from The Camden Evening News -March 13, 1923

He's black and he's brown, and he's no breed at all
But he comes at my whistle, he leaps to my call
He's clumsy, ungainly, and huge as to size,
But his gentle dog-heart shines from out of his eyes.

He's useless for hunting, for tricks and the like,
But finest of pals, when we're out on a hike.
He runs far ahead in mad, rollicking play,
Then waits till I join him there perky and gay.

When I'm sad and unhappy, he snuggles my hand,
And he does all he can to say, "I understand".
And oft when we sit where the fire-shadows fall,
I forget he's a mongrel of no breed at all.

For his heart which is big as the rest of his size,
Is bursting with love, and shines out from his eyes.
And pal of my hikes, with his nose moist and cold,
I'd not trade my dog for his weight in pure gold.

--Edmund Leamy

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WHAT ANATOMY IS (found in the Camden Evening News-March 14, 1923)

A little Negro school girl down in Florida in answer to this question, wrote the following:

Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts--the head, the chest, and the stummick. The head holds the skull and the brains if they is any, the chest holds the liver and the lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o, and u and sometimes w and y.

THE HISTORIC WATTS HOME



Note: *This is the home featured in the background of the website you visit to read The Sandyland Chroncile.*

The historic Watts home was located at Delta, an old community a few miles south of Willisville in Nevada County. The information from this article is from old newspapers on microfilm printed about 1900. Many of you will remember Watt's Department Store in Camden. This is the same Watts family whose ancestors owned this beautiful home. The cemetery mentioned has some of the oldest marked graves in Nevada County.

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The home was built in 1858, and represented an outlay of thousands of dollars, and for many years it stood as a testimonial of the civic pride of the owner, Mr. Thomas J. Watts. He was a native of Georgia, a man of stern integrity, energy, decision of purpose, and strong domestic affection. Such men as he were those who won the respect and esteem of all who felt an interest in the up-building of this section of the country.

His wife, formerly Miss Elizabeth Godbold, was a woman of the finest character, loyal and true in every relation of life.

They came from Lowndes County, Alabama and lived first in a log house near the spot where the new house was afterwards built. The family consisted of three sons, John C., Monroe, and Thos. J. Watts, Jr. and three little daughters, Rachel, Mary, and May. The three daughters all died quite young. The new house was built by the most skilled workers to be found. The window frames, doors, etc. were made by hand. Some of the same men had just finished building the Graham house in Camden. Among them was Mr. Sifford. The plastering was done by B. Titcomb, who was an expert in that line. Among the painters as a man named Crowan, who was undoubtedly a genius, for he afterwards went to Italy and studied art, returning in later years with many fine specimens of his work, which unfortunately were lost.

Mrs. Lizzie Watts is the owner of a beautiful fire screen painted by him. The grounds surrounding this beautiful house formed an appropriate setting the picture. Hedges of box, carefully clipped, long rows of crape myrtles, and ??? altheas, with their wreath of bloom during the summer and fall, hydrangeas and oleanders in large tubs, and an immense white climbing rose which outgrew its frame, and stretched out long fragrant sprays as if in welcome to the fortunate guests who made up the house parties of the old days. All these combined to form an ideal picture of Southern home-life before the war.

A grove of fine old trees furnished shade when the children romped and played.

and

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friends. Large parties were frequently entertained for a week. The Watts Bros. had a large store near the house, to which the farmers for miles around brought their produce for barter.

Mr. John C. Watts married Mrs. Nannie Morris and Mr. Monroe P. Watts married Miss Minnie Lee of Camden, and on each occasion the young couples were entertained at the Watts home. Mrs. Watts died on April 18, 1886 and was laid to rest in the family cemetery, wherein are buried the remains of all their loved ones. They still use this cemetery and when the neighbors see the steady tread of a slowly moving procession coming up the road, they know another member of this fine old family has crossed the Delta of the River of Death toward the Gulf of Eternity.

After the death of Mrs. Watts, the family removed to Camden, and shortly afterwards, Mr. Thomas J. Watts was married to Miss Mary Helen Watts of Mt. Holly. The old home was sold to Mr. Geo. W. Hambrice. About two years ago the house was burned and no trace is now left of it, save the memories of those who once dwelt under its hospitable roof. Camden is proud to claim as citizens Messrs. M. P. and T. J. Watts and their interesting families, and Miss Lizzie is one of the most efficient and beloved members of the H. L. Grinstead chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

ALEX BRAGG, A DEVOTED SERVANT

Alex Bragg, one of the faithful and devoted body servants of the war period of Camden's history has been called to his reward. He died at his home January 7th of pneumonia. He was born in 1845 on the Bragg plantation four miles west of Camden, where he has continuously resided all his life, except during the time he was in attendance upon "Marse Anthon" during the closing months of the great conflict. His full name was Alexander Hamilton George Washington Bragg. His parents, George and Millie, were brought to Arkansas from South Carolina by the Bragg family, and Millie, being a house servant, heard much talk of the founders of our great republic, so she conceived the idea of naming her son for two of the most distinguished men.

Alex's long life was preeminently one of devoted service to the Bragg family. In youth he was the comrade and playfellow of the older sons, cheerfully taking upon himself every burden and counting it his highest joy and privilege to share in their camp hunts and fishing expeditions. During the four years of the war he was the guardian and protector of Mrs. Bragg and her daughters. No knight of the olden time was ever more faithful than he; no Samurai was ever more loyal to his Emperor. When Mr. Anthon V. Bragg at the age of sixteen enlisted in the Confederate army, then, and not until then, was Alex ever tempted to desert his post as guardian of the family. But he thought that "Marse Anthon" needed him most and he went unhesitatingly and rendered many and varied services to his young master in camp and field. At the close of the conflict, when all the other Negroes were gladly welcoming freedom and seeking other homes, he quietly settled down at the old home and took up the work of farming and cattle raising which enabled him to live comfortably, while his services were at all times invaluable to the Bragg family. So closely did he identify himself with them that upon one occasion when

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someone remarked that his hair was gray, he said, "Yes, all the Bragg boys turn gray early." He was always eager to uphold the family honor and to rejoice in their good fortune, and in times of sorrow when the Angel of Death invaded the home, faithful old Alex was sure to be on hand, to weep with them, and to render any service possible.

The greatest grief of his life was in the sudden death of his beloved "Marse Anthon", and from that day to the end of his life he seemed to feel that his mission was to "take care of Miss Virginia". Nobly did he maintain his trust. And right joyously may we, in spirit, follow him across the dark river where he will rejoin those whom he loved and served, and will enter into the reward given to all who do their duty faithfully in this life. His last illness was short and at times he was delirious. A most pathetic feature was the fact of his talking to "Marse Anthon" as if they were on a hunt together. Everything possible was done for his comfort, and he responded gratefully to the voice of "Miss Virginia" when she spoke to him, but his life's work was done and it was his time to go. Sleep sweetly, faithful one, in your humble grave on the hillside, near the old home which you have guarded for so many years. May your awakening be in the Sunshine Land with a welcome from those you love, and a plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant" from the Master.

ACTIVITIES OF THE KU KLUX KLAN IN PRESCOTT

We have all seen stories about this organization in the news even in recent times. Most of the information we get about them is not too favorable. I have only seen members of the KKK in real life on one occasion. That was about 25 years ago in Texarkana. A large group of them dressed in full Klan attire (white robes and hoods) was demonstrating at a shopping center. The demonstration attracted a lot of attention from shoppers and motorists.

The Ku Klux Klan was formed in Pulaski, Tennessee in 1865 just after the Civil War. They disagreed with the reconstruction government set up after the war and didn't like the idea of northern carpetbaggers coming into the South trying to run things. They would sometimes try to intimidate certain politicians to force them to leave their jobs. They would ride through neighborhoods at night, terrorizing innocent people and leaving behind a burning cross. Their agenda was one with which many people agreed, but the methods they used soon gave them a bad name and the Klan was feared by certain groups of people. The member's identity was kept secret because they would wear white hoods to hide their faces.

The Klan had almost disappeared by the late 1800's, but in 1915 it was revived with new leaders and by the 1920's it had about three million members. It was popular all over the South even in small towns and farming communities. Even today, a large group of Klan members are headquartered in northern Arkansas near Harrison.

The first appearance of the Ku Klux Klan in Prescott was in the fall of 1922. Robed in garb of the order, ten white-robed klansmen entered the Methodist Church and took their places in front of the chancel. They gave Rev. Roebuck an envelope containing a small

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printed slip of paper which gave ~ condensed version of information about the KKK and a letter which the preacher read to the congregation. Two new \$20 dollar bills were attached to the letter. The preacher assured the visitors of the appreciation of the gift and his hearty approval of the principles for which the Klan stood.

A portion of the letter is as follows: "the KKK stands for the two greatest gifts that Heaven has bestowed, namely the Holy Bible for our guide and practices and the American flag handed down by our forefathers who fought and died to keep it clean and spotless... We are here today to uphold the Holy Bible and its sacred writings, and to make America a better America for true and real Americans to live in. The KKK stands for all pure and right and is squarely against everything that is wrong". At the conclusion of the reading of the letter, the white-robed visitors silently withdrew from the church and the service proceeded in normal fashion. (The Nevada News- 11-2-1922)

I think the catch-phrase in their letter was "true and real Americans". Those groups the Klan didn't agree with were not considered to be true and real Americans.

In September, 1922 several Prescott citizens witnessed the first open air meeting of the KKK. From about eight to twelve o'clock at night, people driving down the Rosston Rd. could see huge fiery crosses burning in an open space in a thicket in the direction of the high school building and could see a large crowd of white-robed guards patrolling in a large circle around the multitude of klansmen. No outsider got close enough to be able to tell who composed the assembly. The number of automobiles which carried the men to the meeting was estimated to be from 44-55 and the crowd was estimated to be between 200 and 400. It was evident an initiation was being conducted and a banquet was held with several speeches being made, but none was close enough to hear or recognize the members.

A Negro boy who accidentally passed too close to the white-robed figures estimated the crowd at a million and said that the members were ten feet tall. (The Nevada News-9-14-1922)

In another article, it is recorded that the KKK had captured a whiskey still and put it on display early one morning on the streets of Prescott. Attached to the still was a message-- "Wildcatters and bootleggers had better take heed. We are after you."- The Ku Klux Klan. The words Ku Klux Klan were written in red.

The KKK also visited the Christian Church in Prescott. During a normal Sunday service, the doors opened and hooded Knights marched down the aisle and formed a line before the preacher. They handed the preacher a note and some money. They carried the Holy Bible and an American flag.

The minister, Mr. Hall, was at a loss for words as he received the strange guests. He is not sure he even thanked them for the \$50 dollar donation. There were 18-20 men in robes but they seemed like a thousand. (The Nevada News- 12-7-1922)

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I can only imagine what it would be like to be sitting in a worship service under these circumstances. Can you imagine how children would react to someone coming into church dressed in robes and hoods? The robes might not be all that unusual for some groups, but the hoods would be a bit unusual. If they had telephones back then, I'm sure the phone lines were buzzing as folks called their friends to tell what happened at church that day? Would our reaction today to such an incident be any different?

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NEW PAPER FOR BLUFF CITY AREA

A note from the editor:

You are holding in your hand the first edition of *The Sandyland Chronicle*, a monthly newspaper for the Bluff City-Chidester-Reader-White Oak Lake area. The paper is not like newspapers you are accustomed to receiving, because it is printed in the home of the editor on an old computer which has seen its best days. Even though it is not as pretty as some papers, this small paper will contain news and items of interest to our local people and whether it succeeds or fails depends on those who read it.

My name is Jerry McKelvy and I am the editor, publisher, and general manager of this small paper. I have reported the local news to *The Nevada County Picayune* for a few years and many of you read my columns. There have been some problems recently in getting the local column included in that paper and maybe these can be worked out, but I decided that if I had my own paper, I could have more control over things and eliminate some of these problems. It will also give me more leeway in providing the type news our local people prefer. To do this, I need your help by giving me your suggestions, criticisms, and comments.

I spent lots of time trying to think up a name for this paper. Finally I gave up and settled on *The Sandyland Chronicle* because sand is one thing we have in abundance in this area and I wanted to include the entire area and not just one community. The definition of chronicle is "a historical record according to date". So in this paper, you will have a record of all the latest happenings in the area, or at least the ones we can report. I reserve the right to change the name of the paper if someone comes up with a better name. I am open to your suggestions.

I hope that at least a few who read this paper will decide to keep each issue for its historical value. Each issue will have something about our local people and will be interesting to read many years from now. If you will keep each issue until the end of a year, I can bind them into booklet form for you with a cover. You will then have a nice record for future generations to enjoy. So, watch out for the coffee stains, etc. if you plan on doing this.

After a year has passed, I will place a bound booklet containing all twelve issues for that year in the local libraries and archives. So, if you have something you want preserved, be sure and let me know so I can include it. I need lots of help in coming up with things to include in the paper.

I am asking you to tell your friends and neighbors about this little paper. I wish I could publish it for free each month, but that is not possible. I have to buy the paper, ink, and postage for those receive it by mail, but I promise to keep the cost as low as possible.

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NELSON REUNION

Those attending the Nelson family reunion in north Gooseankle on Sept. 29th were:

Mike and Aleta Haynes of Gooseankle; Gary and Linda Kirk of Lewisville; Dale and Bonnie Roe of Dallas; Jeff and Sandra Kay Melton and son Jabe of Cale; Jody and Jody Ray Nelson of Nashville, TN; Phil, Brenda, and Matthew Lincoln of Benton; Claudis and Oleta Nelson of Bluff City; Quincey Joe Nelson of Prescott; Quintin Jack Nelson of Prescott; Charles, Brenda, Cody, and Kelley Otwell of Texarkana; Tommy, Tracey, and Dalton Gaf; Rhonda, Rex, Rodney, and Ron Sarrett of Texas; Perry Nelson of Prescott; Ferrel and Glenda Nelson of Gooseankle; Andy, Lauren, and Lexi Nelson of Clarksville; Bobby, Lourie, Ethan, and Ross Philgreen of Gooseankle; Eddie and Kathryn Clark of Arkadelphia; Eddie, Susan, Kylie, and Breanna Roe of Hot Springs; Sherry Karr of Gurdon; Bobby and Connie Wells and Reid Ledbetter of Gurdon; Roger Seto of Texas; James and Kay Nelson of Bluff City; and Olen and Helen Kelley of Bluff City.

BRIDAL SHOWER

There was a bridal shower Oct. 21st at the Bluff City Church of Christ for Ginger Minton and Jeremy McKelvy. Jeremy is one of the local Bluff City boys and Ginger is from Gurdon. The couple received many useful gifts. They have moved a mobile home to Bluff City and will make their home there. The wedding date is set for Nov. 2.

A QUOTE--"A jury consists of twelve persons chosen to decide who has the better lawyer." *Robert Frost*

SAM WALTHALL

Sam Walthall, age 60, of Chidester died Wednesday, Oct. 17.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Clate and Blanche Hooks Walthall and two brothers, Woodie Joe Walthall and Jethro Walthall. Survivors include two sons, Clayton Sam Walthall of Palm Springs, CA and Sammy Walthall of Hot Springs; two daughters, Rebecca Walthall of Hot Springs and Michelle Walthall of Phoenix, AZ; three brothers, Bennie of Texarkana, Donald of Magnolia, and Billie Joe of Chidester; a sister, Mabelle Brothers of Chidester; and two grandchildren.

Funeral services were Oct. 20th at Proctor Funeral Home in Camden.

MR. KELLEY CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY

Mr. Olen Kelley recently celebrated his 81st birthday. He and his wife live next door to James and Kay Nelson. Congratulations, Mr. Kelley.

HIGH PRICED MEAT

Hunting season is in full swing. This brings many more people to our part of the state and the sport is enjoyed by men, women, and children.

The main thing is to stay safe. Be careful out there, so you will be able to enjoy the sport next year. Let *The Chronicle* know if you kill something worth bragging about.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

BEULAH DELANEY

Beulah Watson Delaney, 95, of Camden died Sun. Oct. 21. She was born Jan. 19, 1906 and was a member of Rushing Methodist Church. She was preceded in death by her husband Willie H. Delaney, Sr. and two sons, Billy H. Delaney and Willie H. Delaney, Jr. Survivors include two sons, James Terrell of Lewisville and Robert Ellis of Camden; a daughter Mary Jo Sherrod of Texarkana, TX.; 11 grand children; 23 great grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. Burial was at Ebenezer Cemetery.

WORD TRIVIA

1. There are no words that rhyme with orange, silver, or purple.
2. The average American has a vocabulary of 10,000 words (15,000 if very smart). Shakespeare's vocabulary was 29,000 words.
3. The only book in the Bible that does not contain the word God is Esther.
4. About 50,000 words can be written with one pencil.
5. The second most common word spoken by Americans right before death is the "S" word.
6. The longest word that can be typed from the top row of a keyboard is typewriter.

Sign seen at Randolph Co. courthouse:
I'm as slow as a herd of turtles stampeding through peanut butter.

LETTERS

Dear Jerry,
I really enjoy your paper and look forward to receiving it each month.

Editors note: This is not a real letter, but if you have a comment, suggestion, or criticism, send it to the address below and it will be considered for a future issue.

The Sandyland Chronicle
2680 Warren St.
Camden, AR 71701

If you would like to order a subscription by mail, send \$10.00 to the above address for 12 issues. If we can avoid the mail system, the price is only \$6.00 or 50 cents per copy.

THEODOSIA HELDEBRAND

Theodosia Heldebrand, 98, formerly of Camden, died Oct. 21 in Tulsa, OK. She was born May 20, 1903 in Okolona, the daughter of James and Ola Smart. She was a Baptist.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Bert Heldebrand. Survivors include four daughters, Peggy Dortch, Gwen Dubois, Betty Parker, and Evelyn Woods and three sons, Bernard, Jim, and Lowell Heldebrand.

Funeral was Oct. 26 at Proctor Funeral Home with burial at Bluff City Cemetery.

A FAVORITE BIBLE READING

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. (Proverbs 3: 5-6)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I plan to include a favorite recipe in each issue submitted by one of our good cooks. Everybody will benefit. The ladies can learn some new recipes and everyone can enjoy the good eating.

OVEN SWISS STEAK FOR TWO

Submitted by Jeanie McKelvy

Ingredients:

1/2 to 3/4 pound of boneless beef round steak, 3/4 inch thick
2 tablespoons all purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 eight ounce can (1 cup) stewed tomatoes
1/4 cup chopped celery
1/4 cup chopped or julienne carrots
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons shredded cheese (if desired)

Cut meat into two portions. Season with salt and dip in flour. Set aside remaining flour. Brown meat in skillet with small amount of hot shortning. Place meat in small shallow baking dish. Blend remaining flour with drippings in skillet. Add remaining ingredients, except cheese, and cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly until mixture starts to bubble. Pour over meat in baking dish. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for two hours or until meat and vegetables are tender. Add a little water as needed while baking. Sprinkle cheese over meat. Return to oven for a few minutes. Makes two servings. More meat can be added and other ingredients adjusted for more servings. Leftovers are good served over rice.

MEET THE COOK

Jeanie McKelvy is the wife of Jerry McKelvy, editor of this paper. She is originally from southeast Missouri (about 325 miles from the Bluff City area). It took her a while to get used to the amount of purple hull peas people eat in this area. Very few gardeners in Missouri grow peas of this type. Another thing that was different was the term "English peas". These are called green peas or garden peas in Missouri. Jeanie remembers one time on her senior trip to the deep South, some of the class members saw English peas on the menu at a restaurant and decided to order them just to see what they were. They were surprised when their order arrived and they found green peas or garden peas like they had back home.

Jeanie's hobbies include gardening and sewing and she recently became interested in genealogy. She recently discovered that she is a third cousin to the actor, Richard Chamberlain. She has also learned to love purple hull peas.

(Check back next month for another good recipe from another cook)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 1- No. 2

December, 2001

ON CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

by Jerry McKelvy

Some people complain that we are too easy with criminals these days. They spend their time in a jail, but are provided with television, air conditioning, exercise rooms, and other amenities, or at least that is the impression we get. Others just serve their time at home, as long as they report regularly to the law enforcement people. Most law-abiding people feel that a criminal, especially someone who commits a serious crime, should be made to suffer a little while incarcerated. We have come a long way from the days of chain gangs, but one time in Indiana, I did see prisoners picking up trash on the highways guarded by officers on horseback. I feel that this type work, farm work on a prison farm, or making license plates is a good idea and helps to defray the costs of running the prisons. We will always have a criminal element in our society and we must have some system of punishment.

I don't believe I have ever been inside a jail or prison or I would probably have remembered it. I remember taking a course one time in college and a field trip was planned to the federal prison in Texarkana, but for some reason the trip was cancelled.

I have a book called *Old Time Punishments* which describes various ways criminals have been punished in various parts of the world. It describes such things as the ducking stool, the pillory, the stocks, the drunkard's cloak, whipping, and the repentance stool for minor crimes and for the serious crimes, such things as beheading, drawing and quartering, and hanging.

These punishments have long since disappeared with the exception of hanging. Hanging is still a method of execution in a few states, even though it has not been used since 1936.

There have been three legal hangings in Nevada County since the county was created in 1871, and probably some that were not legal. The first legal hanging was at Rosston on July 27, 1877. Albert Trammel was hanged before a crowd of 3000 people. He had been found guilty of killing his wife in Ouachita County, and the trial had been moved to Rosston.

The next hanging was on August 5, 1898 in which Charles Clyborn was hanged for killing Sol Rollins, a deputy sheriff of Clark County. This trial was also moved to Nevada County. (see page 3 for more on this story)

Squire Smith, a black man, was hanged in Prescott on June 14, 1906 about seven months after being convicted for killing John and Count Gleghorn, two well-to-do white men who lived west of Rosston near the Hempstead County line. The cause of the murders was an argument over a hunting dog. (continued on page 3)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE
2680 Warren St., Camden, AR 71701 (Phone 231-6186)

A WINNING TEAM

Congratulations to the Broncos Pee Wee football team this season. They won all their games except one. Members of the team from Bluff City are Brandon and Bryan Meador, Tyler Carman, Dexter Sims, and James Threadgill.

Those who love deeply never grow old; they may die of old age, but they die young. *Benjamin Franklin*

God must have loved the plain people: He made so many of them. *Abraham Lincoln*

BIBLE TRIVIA

What is the last word of the New Testament? (Answer on last page)

OLD PHOTOS NEEDED

If you have an old black and white photo of an ancestor, a building, or something connected to the history of this area, let me know. I might be able to use it in a future issue. Your photo will be returned unharmed.

A NEW BOOK

Jerry McKelvy has recently completed another booklet. This one is entitled *Hard Times*, and is full of local news tidbits of how people in Nevada County survived during The Great Depression. The booklet is 38 pages and is available for \$5.00. It also includes some interviews with some of our local people done in 1996. Sorry, there are no pictures in it.

The following poem was written by Sgt. Vernon Dale Simpson, a member of Co. C, 153 Inf. from Nevada Co. The unit was in training at Camp Robinson in the spring of 1941.

OLD GLORY

Wave on you mighty Emblem
Spirit of Democracy
Unfurl your gallant Stars and Stripes
That I may gaze on thee.

The many storms you've weathered
Blood shed without redeem
And yet you have not fallen
God's blessed you with supreme.

Old Fellow, I salute thee
Yet, such an act seems small
When thinking of the great pioneers
Who've died and gave their all.

But wave on Old Glory
O're the land of Liberty Free
Unfurl your gallant Stars and Stripes
That ring with Democracy.

Sign at a laundramat: Automatic washing machines. Please remove your clothes when the light goes out.

ANNIVERSARY

Congratulations to Millard and Elloene McBride of Bluff City who celebrated their 59th wedding anniversary on Nov. 14th.

DEEP THOUGHTS

1. Is it OK to use the AM radio after noon?
2. What do people in China call their good plates?
3. What do you call a male ladybug?

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

(continued from page 1)

Here are some excerpts from a news item that appeared in an 1898 edition of *The People's Tribune*, a Prescott newspaper:

Last Friday was hangman's day in Prescott and deputy sheriff Sol Rollins life was avenged in the hanging of Charles Clyburn in the courthouse yard. There were about 300 people present to see Clyburn swing to eternity.... On the scaffold, Clyburn had nothing to say only to tell his friends goodbye and expressed a desire to see his wife sent back to her fathers. After being introduced by Rev. Mr. Hawkins, pastor of the Methodist Church, Mr. Clyburn made the following remarks from the courthouse balcony after reading the 18th chapter of Matthew:

"Kind people, I am not able to say very much. I will say this one thing, if there is anybody here today that I have ever done aught against, I ask you to forgive me. I forgive the bitterest enemies I have on earth. I feel that I have made my peace with God, I am ready to go. One thing especially I will ask you to do for my sake, that it may benefit some of the young people.... In the next general election, everyone that has a right to vote at the polls, cast their vote against whiskey. Vote it out of the state. It has been my ruin forever. It is the cause of my death this day...I beg you all to take warning from me... Shun bad company and leave whiskey alone.

"I went out this morning and looked at the scaffold, the first one I ever saw in my life. I am perfectly willing to walk on the scaffold and die for Jesus. I have a wife and two little children. She was not able to be here today. I have not seen her or my children in over eleven months. I have here a lock of her hair she sent to me and I will carry it to my grave. (*Clyburn showed the crowd the lock of hair pinned over his heart*). As for me being guilty of the charge that I am to die for here today, God and the angels in heaven know I am innocent. I don't deny killing the man. I killed that man, but I done it in self defense."

By Mr. Clyburn's request, a choir sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul", and when dismissed by the minister, the crowd of more than 300 swarmed about to see the prisoner being led to the gallows. the prisoner was courageous to the last and seemed to die with unassuming faith in the certainty of his salvation by Him who was led to the cross to die for all.

Many people thought that Clyburn had acted in self defense in killing Rollins, the officer who was trying to arrest him, the guns going off about the same time.

The sheriff who had the responsibility of carrying out the execution of Charles Clyburn was Alexander P. Greer. He was a farmer by profession except for serving four years as deputy sheriff and two years as sheriff. Mr. Greer had a farm a few miles south of Bluff City and was living at Lackland at the time of his death. In his obituary dated Dec. 9, 1905 the writer had this to say:

"He made a good officer and a most excellent sheriff, was courageous, brave, and true. Nevada County never had a more competent sheriff than A. P. Greer".

"Mr. Greer did not hang Clyburn. The crime with which he was charged and convicted and the law did it. Mr. Greer was only an instrument of the law and its execution. No man was more tender in feeling, more kinder in disposition, and more charitable. In him the needy had a helper to the extent of his ability. He was a good citizen, a good father and husband, and a professed and consistent Christian."

A. P. Greer is buried at White Church Cemetery, about eight miles south of Bluff City.

Next issue--*The hanging of Squire Smith*

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Alexander P. Greer (1833-1905)
Sheriff when Charles Clyburn was hanged
(photo from Ruth Greer Pierce)



Chidester Football Team of 1928
Photo from Mr. Hassel Starnes who passed away in 1996

A DAY TO REMEMBER

In a few days we will mark the anniversary of the attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. We now have another date, September 11, 2001 which we will never forget. Let us hope and pray that we never have to remember a third date.

The Bluff City area lost one of its own back in 1941. Harl Coplin Nelson gave his life for his country while serving on board The *USS Arizona*. He was a brother of Claudis Nelson of Bluff City.

HARL COPLIN NELSON
Oct. 11, 1917—December 7, 1941

DID YOU KNOW THAT--

1. The lifespan of a dragonfly is 24 hours.
2. The average person falls asleep in 7 minutes.
3. The only food that doesn't spoil is honey.

TWO FROGS

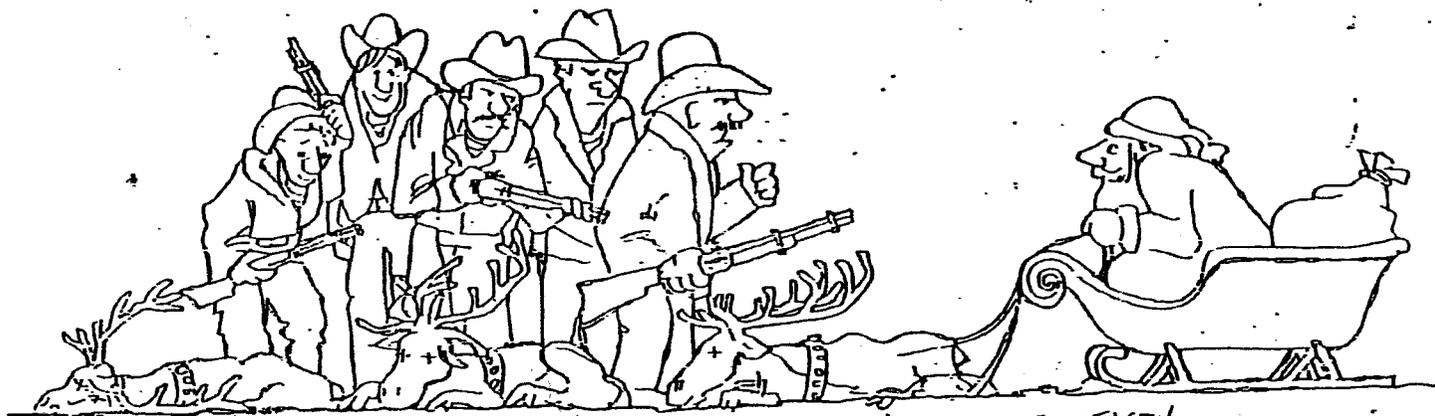
Two frogs fell into a deep cream bowl,
One was an optimistic soul,
But the other took a gloomy view,
"We shall drown", he cried, without
more ado!

So with a last despairing cry,
He flung up his legs and said "goodbye".

Said the frog with a merry grin,
"I can't get out, but I won't give in.
I'll just swim around till my strength is
spent, then I will die the more content."

Bravely he swam till it did seem,
His struggling began to churn the cream,
On top of the butter at last he stepped,
And out of the bowl at last he leapt.

What of the moral?
Tis easily found,
If you can't get out...
Keep swimming around!!!!



"I DENT GIVE A DOG GONE WHO YOU ARE! THEM CRITTERS IS ON OUR DEAR LEASE!"

CHRISTMAS IN OUACHITA COUNTY, ARK.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

SWEET POTATO PIE from Claudis Nelson's Cookbook

1 cup mashed sweet potatoes (baked ones are best)	3 teaspoons flour
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 and 1/2 cups sugar	3/4 cup Pet milk
2 eggs	1 stick oleo

Mix well and pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 375 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until firm.

MEET THE COOK (S)

Claudis and Oleta Nelson live about three miles from Bluff City on Hwy. 299. They are retired, but stay busy with various hobbies. Mrs. Nelson enjoys painting, gardening, grafting trees, and other hobbies. As I write this, she is recuperating from having a pacemaker implanted and we wish her well.

STEAK SOUP (Makes 7 cups)

1/2 lb. ground beef	2 celery sticks
1/4 lb. butter	1/2 cup half & half (cream)
1/2 cup flour	1 1/2 cup beef broth
1/4 teaspoon Accent (seasoning)	1/2 pint tomatoes (or 1/2 can)
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce	1 large carrot
1 onion	

In processor (I use blender), do celery, onion, and carrot to a medium chop. Simmer about 15 minutes after adding to "browned beef". Add tomatoes, beef broth, Accent, and Worcestershire....simmer while making roux.

ROUX

Melt the 1/4 # butter, slowly add the 1/2 cup flour; then stir in the half and half. Add to beef mixture using whip to incorporate. Heat through. Recipe can be doubled.

This recipe was sent in by Barbara Masterson, a subscriber who lives in Arizona. She is the great granddaughter of William L. Webb, who was the first mayor of Prescott way back in 1876. She says she hasn't tried this recipe because she doesn't eat meat, but has been told it is delicious.

Answer to Bible trivia question: *Amen*

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 2- No. 1

January, 2002

LOOKING BACK AT 2001

Most newspapers do a story at the beginning of a new year about the important events of the past year. It's a good time to record all the important events in one place. Some of these events are things we like to remember and others we would like to forget. Here are some of the things that happened around this area in 2001.

The weather was the big story as the year started. We started the year off with snow and ice on New Years Day and on January 2, power was finally restored to the Bluff City area, which had been without power since Christmas Day. Everyone was trying to recover from the devastating ice storms of December, 2000.

The paper mill in Camden made its last roll of paper in January, 2001 and the smoke-stacks and machines were idle. This had a dramatic effect on the economy of the Ouachita County area as over 600 people lost their jobs.

The country had a new president on January 20 when George W. Bush took office after weeks of controversy over counting the votes in the very close election of 2000.

In February, Steve and Missy Beaver moved from Bluff City to near Holly Springs.

In August, Allen's Grocery in Bluff City ceased to be a grocery store and was converted into a bar-b-que and seafood buffet restaurant.

The biggest news event of the year came on September 11, 2001 when the United States was attacked by terrorists, using passenger planes to crash into the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, killing thousands of innocent people. We will always remember where we were when we heard the news. The president vowed we would find those responsible and in October, the U. S. began its war on terrorism.

Millard McBride resigned as mayor of Bluff City in October due to health reasons and the city council voted to appoint Vernell Loe to succeed him as mayor. In November, Jeff Phillips resigned as fire chief due to lack of time to devote to the job. Joe Nordrum was selected to take his place as fire chief.

Several of our friends and neighbors passed on to their reward in 2001. Those buried at Bluff City Cemetery (through 12-23-01) were Edith Bever, Christine Barlow Dewoody Page, Annie Helen Lampkin Hackney, Olyn W. Harrell, Terry Jack Walker, Orville Paul Greer, Monroe Ellis Harvey, Carolyn J. Byrd, James Roland Brown, Ed Stiffler, Emma Meador, Maurice Ramsey, Eldon Jack Martin, Leslie Walthall, Willie Blanche Rowe, Phillip Lynn Hoots, Louis R. Calley, and Theodosia Heldebrand.

Those buried at Ebenezer (through 12-23-01) were Norma J. Ingram, Obie Franklin Odell, William Hartwell Irvin, Beulah Watson Delaney, and Catherine Porterfield.

WHEN THE MOVIE STARS CAME TO GOOSEANKLE

It was during deer season in 1974 when the W. B. Irvin family met with friends and relatives for a get-together at the old home place and deer camp five miles southwest of Bluff City.

On the same day, David Carradine and Barbara Hershey were at Dill's Mill, about two miles south of the Irvin's camp. They had been filming scenes for the movie "Boxcar Bertha" at the old mill site and may have been doing some hunting also. The story I got was that some of their dogs got lost and as they were searching for them, they happened upon the location of the Irvin family's get-together.

This part of Gooseankle is way off the beaten path, but off course in deer season, it is not unusual to see strangers pass by. At some point in the conversation, Miss Hershey asked to use the bathroom in one of the Irvins recreational vehicles parked at the camp.

Miss Hershey was an attractive lady, but from what I can gather, on this occasion she was a little bit on the dirty side and the owners of the camper didn't really want her to use the bathroom in their camper. The Irvins pointed to an outdoor privy behind the camp, which was what they used while camping. Miss Hershey, unaccustomed to such facilities, declined the invitation to use the privy and I suppose made other arrangements. The Irvins still laugh about the incident whenever it is mentioned.

According to the newspaper article these folks were present at the Irvin family reunion that day in 1974:

Mr. and Mrs. Hollie Irvin; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Irvin; Mr. and Mrs. Houston Delaney; Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Robinson; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Walthall; Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell Irvin; Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Kirk; Judy Hesterly, Shelly, and Paul; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Robinson; Junior Burns; Lou Morgan; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Garrison; Jeff Barlow; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Franklin; Eldry Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Delaney; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Atkins; Craig Robertson; Robert A. Jackson; Warren Ward; Roy Nash; Glen Spears; Kenneth W. Spears; Jerald Tyson; James Tyson, Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Coy East; Paul Steed; John Beard; Dr. John E. Steiles; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Helsel; Mr. and Mrs. James Nelson; Foy and Scotty Nelson; J. D. Norman; James Plumbley; DAVID CARRADINE and BARBARA HERSHEY from Hollywood, California.

A POEM FROM 1907

Little flecks of powder,
And a little spread of paint
Makes a girl's complexion
Look like what it ain't.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THE HANGING OF SQUIRE SMITH

The newspaper in 1905 called it "one of the most dastardly crimes which ever shocked the people of this section". The article was referring to the murder of John and Count Gleghorn of Nevada County. They were well-to-do farmers who were working clearing land on their farm west of Rosston near the Hempstead County line. A black man named Will Preston was working with them. A black man named Squire Smith came to the farm and an argument began over a hunting dog. The incident ended with the two Gleghorn men dead. John Gleghorn was about 32 years old and had a wife and one child. Count Gleghorn was 31 and unmarried. Squire Smith escaped into the creek bottoms and a posse led by Sheriff Ed Hood began searching for him. The next day Squire Smith turned himself in. He was indicted for murder in January. The trial was held March 19, 1906 and he was sentenced to be hanged on June 14, 1906. Will Preston was also arrested in connection with the murders.

This was the last legal hanging in Nevada County. Hangings in those days always drew a large crowd of people and seemed more like a church service and a carnival all rolled into one. The accused was given an opportunity to speak to the crowd, religious hymns were sung, and a prayer was offered by a local minister.

Squire Smith spoke to the crowd for 25 minutes. He described how he slept the night before, saying "I rested all night last night and ate as heartily as I ever did." He didn't deny killing the men, but said he had to do it. Smith said, "I shot Mr. Count first, and when I left, Mr. John was still alive and I had four more loads in my gun". He praised Sheriff Hood, saying he had been well cared for and had plenty to eat three times a day. He said, "I have no excuse to make for my pistol except for toating it, and if I had not toated it, I would not be here today to make this talk and to be hung."

Here is the complete text of the prayer by Dr. Godley offered on the day of the hanging and printed in *The Nevada News* on June 15, 1906.

Lord, Thou art our Creator and the final judge of all men. All men are alike before Thee, save as Thou seeist in their hearts and they shall be followers of that which is good and that which is evil. There is neither great nor small in Thy sight. Thou lookest on the heart alone.

As fallen beings, all men are sinful. No one can claim Thy salvation in his own merit. Many times and in many ways we forget Thy laws and transgress them.

But through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer is preached repentance and forgiveness of sins. Thou doest forgive sin wherever Thine eyes behold true repentance and faith in Thy beloved Son. The only star of hope for our fellow race is Thy forgiveness and mercy.

We commend to Thy mercy this man, doomed to die under our law, which is indeed, Thine own law, ordained of old that the murderer should suffer the death sentence of the judge.

If we know that even the murderers were changed in heart and would love and keep the law, we might turn aside from the penalty of death. But we know not the heart, and the high prerogative of forgiveness belongs to Thee, O God alone. If any man is penitent, have mercy: Thou will forgive. (*continued on page 4*)

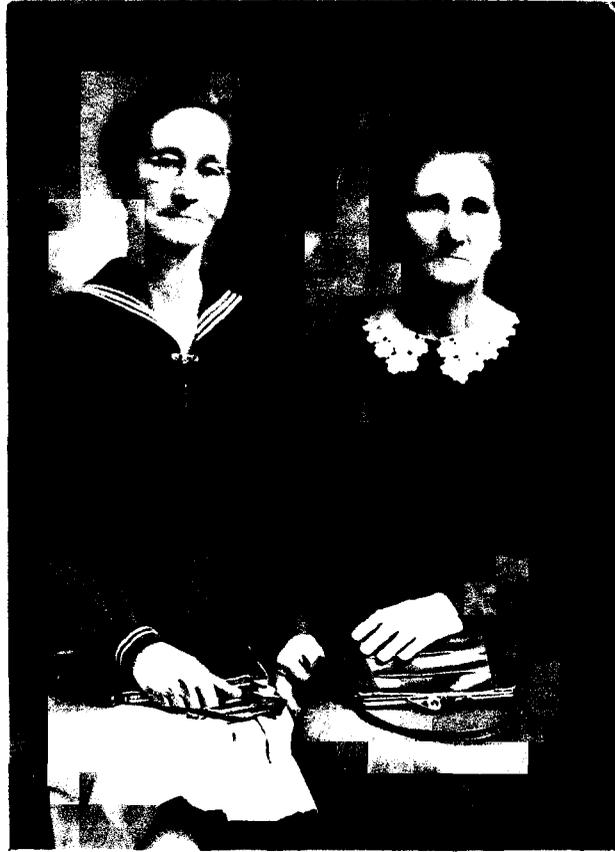


PHOTO FROM THE PAST

Photo of Lucy Lee Barlow and Julia L. Barlow (sisters). Lucy was born July 14, 1887 and died Sept. 19, 1970. She married James I. Harvey. Julia was born Nov. 23, 1884 and died Apr. 06, 1949. She married Walter Moore. All are buried at Bluff City Cemetery.

Years ago a Kentucky grandmother gave a bride the following recipe for washing clothes. Hang this above your automatic washer and when things look bleak, read it again, and count your blessings.

1. Bilt fire in backyard to heat kettle of rain water.
2. Set tubs so smoke wont blow in eyes if wind is pert.
3. Shave one hole cake of lie soap in bilin water.
4. Sort things, make 3 piles. 1 pile white, 1 pile colored, 1 pile work britches and rags.
5. To make starch, stir flour in cool water to smooth, then thin down with biling water.
6. Take white things, rub dirty spots on board, scrub hard, and then bile. Rub colored, don't bile, just rinch and starch.
7. Take things out of kettle with broomstick handle, then rinch, and starch.
8. Hang old rags on fence.
9. Spread tea towels on grass.
10. Pore rinch water in flower bed.
11. Scrub porch with hot soapy water.
12. Turn tubs upside down.
13. Go put on clean dress, smooth hair with hair combs. Brew cup of tea, sit and rock a spell, and count your blessings.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

BAKED FISH

1 egg, beaten
2 teaspoons lemon juice

6 fish fillets
seasoned bread crumbs

Mix beaten egg and lemon juice. Wash fish fillets and pat dry. Dip fish in egg mixture, then cover with seasoned bread crumbs. Place in 9" X 13" pan. Bake at 350 degrees until done.

Meet the Cook

This recipe comes from Laverne Green who lives in downtown Bluff City. She works in the cafeteria at Prescott Public Schools. She is active in church work and is a member of the Helping Hands Extension Homemaker's Club in Bluff City.

McKELVY FAMILY WAFFLE RECIPE

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder

2 eggs, separated
1 3/4 cups milk
4 tablespoons melted butter

Sift dry ingredients together into mixing bowl. Add egg yolks and milk slowly, beating until batter is smooth. Add melted butter, blending well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in heated waffle iron.

This waffle recipe has been used in our family for many years.

ELEPHANT STEW

1 Elephant
Salt and pepper to taste
2 Rabbits (optional)
Cut up elephant into bite size pieces. (Takes about two months)
Add brown gravy to cover
Cook about four weeks at 465 degrees over fire
Serves about 380
For larger groups add two rabbits,
but only if necessary, as most people
don't like to find hare in their stew.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 2- No. 2

February, 2002

ONE MORE HANGING STORY

In the last issue, we discussed the last legal hanging in Nevada County in which Squire Smith was hanged for killing the Gleghorn brothers. There have been other hangings which were not legal. In June, 1916 there is a record of the hanging of Felix Gilmore.

Felix Gilmore was a black man who had been arrested for assaulting a young white girl. He had been placed in the Prescott jail, but Sheriff Munn feared a mob might try to take him from the jail. He and his deputies decided to transport Gilmore to Arkadelphia just in case there was trouble.

Sure enough, as they were transporting him to Arkadelphia, a mob stopped the sheriff's car and as the sheriff and his deputies were held at gunpoint, the mob took Gilmore with them. The hanging took place on the public road just beyond Rose Hill Dairy and the body hung there until the next morning until it was removed by J. D. Cornish, the undertaker.

A coroner's jury was called and a number of witnesses were questioned, but there was not a clue as to the identity of any member of the mob. (*The Nevada News- June 1, 1916*)

PRESCOTT'S NATATORIUM

In case you are not familiar with this word, a natatorium is another name for a swimming pool, especially one indoors. In May of 1916, Prescott's natatorium was opened to the public. This popular place of amusement and healthful exercise was in the city park on Front Street and was filled with pure water from the Prescott Ice and Milling Co.'s well. The article said the water was kept at the right temperature and that it was an excellent place to spend an hour each evening. A small admission fee was charged and Tuesday was ladies night. (*The Nevada News- May 11, 1916*)

PRESCOTT STREETS ARE "PAVED"

Several cars of screenings from lead mines have been received. These mixed with oil make nice streets with very little dust. This place is almost uninhabitable on account of dust in the dry part of the year. We are thankful that these dusty conditions will soon be over. (*The Nevada News- May, 1916*)

A PUZZLE

A farmer has problems with mice eating his corn. He knows that five cats can kill five mice in five minutes. How many cats does he need to kill one hundred mice in one hundred minutes? (*answer on page 6*)

SOME ITEMS OF INTEREST

- Another old landmark has bit the dust. The pavilion at Bragg Lake in Ouachita County was torn down a few days ago. I suppose the cost of repairing it was too great.
- Congratulations to the Mark Meador family and to Bill and Kay Sellers of Bluff City for getting honorable mention in the Chidester area Christmas lighting contest.
- Several people on the Internet have been trying to learn how the community of Sayre got it's name. There was a Sayre Lumber Co. there at one time. It was probably named after the man who owned the mill (just a guess). If you have any information or pictures of the old town, let me know. My address is at the top of this page.
- Hershel Danny Hicks, 49, of Prescott died January 9, 2001 and was buried in the old part of Bluff City Cemetery on January 11th.

ANY BOY'S DOG
from The Camden Evening News-March 13, 1923

He's black and he's brown, and he's no breed at all
But he comes at my whistle, he leaps to my call
He's clumsy, ungainly, and huge as to size,
But his gentle dog-heart shines from out of his eyes.

He's useless for hunting, for tricks and the like,
But finest of pals, when we're out on a hike.
He runs far ahead in mad, rollicking play,
Then waits till I join him there perky and gay.

When I'm sad and unhappy, he snuggles my hand,
And he does all he can to say, "I understand".
And oft when we sit where the fire-shadows fall,
I forget he's a mongrel of no breed at all.

For his heart which is big as the rest of his size,
Is bursting with love, and shines out from his eyes.
And pal of my hikes, with his nose moist and cold,
I'd not trade my dog for his weight in pure gold.

--Edmund Leamy

Bible Trivia: What is the first color mentioned in the Bible? (Genesis 1:30)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS

If you wanted to visit the grave of Henry Clay, the great American statesman and orator we read about in our American history textbooks, you would need to go to a cemetery in Lexington, Kentucky. There you would find a great monument 130 feet tall with his form on top looking down on the city that honored him, both while he lived and after his death. Thousands of people visit his grave annually. The monument was completed in 1861 at a cost of \$58, 000.

To visit the grave of Henry Clay's brother, Porter Clay, you would need to go to Camden, Arkansas. You will find his grave in the old Oakland Cemetery on the north side of Maul Road. For many years, his grave was marked by a small stone and most folks did not even know who this Porter Clay was.

From articles printed in an early Camden newspaper, *The Beacon*, we learn more about the Clay family and the two different roads these Clay brothers traveled.

The two boys grew up in Virginia under the pious care of a Baptist mother and a preacher father who once was imprisoned rather than cease proclaiming "the glorius gospel of the Blessed God".

Porter was many years younger than his brother Henry. While Henry entered the world of politics, Porter followed the desires of his mother and became a minister and revivalist. Henry became famous for his oratorical skills and became a well-to-do statesman. Porter died in poverty.

Porter did study law and was admitted to the bar. The Governor of Kentucky, a friend of the Clays, appointed Porter as Auditor of the Accounts for the state. By this time Henry Clay had served two terms in the U. S. Senate and had been Speaker of the House of Representatives for four years. He now lived in Kentucky on his estate which he called Ashland. He even ran for president three times. He is known for making the statement, "I'd rather be right than President". Everyone predicted that young Porter would follow in the footsteps of his brilliant brother.

Porter served at Auditor of the state of Kentucky for several years. During this time his first wife died and he was remarried to the widow of U. S. Senator M. D. Hardin. Mrs. Hardin was a woman of great wealth and burning ambition. She desired her husband to take his place with the great men of that day.

Mrs. Hardin was the mother of two sons at the time of her marriage to Porter Clay. As these boys grew up, they developed wild and unruly traits of character. They had open contempt for their stepfather and his simple life. The mother and sons gradually came to treat Porter as an outcast. The situation became unbearable for Porter and he left the elegant lifestyle and devoted his life to preaching. He spent his time preaching to the poor people and sometimes spent the night in their humble homes. At one point, a dispute arose over some doctrinal questions and Porter was suspended as a minister. He then became an evangelist and traveled all along the
(continued on page 4)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

(continued from page 3)

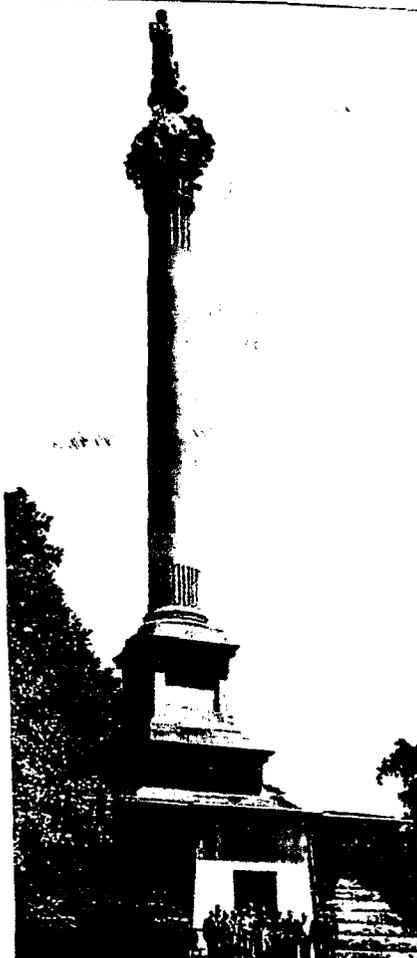
Mississippi River, preaching in small towns to both whites and blacks. His travels brought him to Camden in the 1840s. After holding a revival, he started a church in the city and became its first minister.

His wife's sons barred him from ever returning to the family home in Illinois. His brother, Henry offered him a home at Ashland, which he declined, saying "I owe my service to God and He will take care of me."

He expected to live the remainder of his life ministering to the people of the little city on the banks of the Ouachita. He felt he had reached the goal of his mission. But in 1850, two years before the death of his famous brother, Henry, Porter Clay was stricken with a fever and died a few days later. Some of Camden's businessmen of that day paid for all expenses of Porter's illness and death. The money was later returned to them by Henry Clay, his distinguished brother.

Porter Clay's grave was unmarked for years, but a small board was placed upon it by members of the Baptist church. Finally, the New Century Club of Camden placed a small marker over his grave sometime around 1900. Today the grave is marked by a very nice monument which stands taller than most in the cemetery, placed there in 1939 (see photo below).

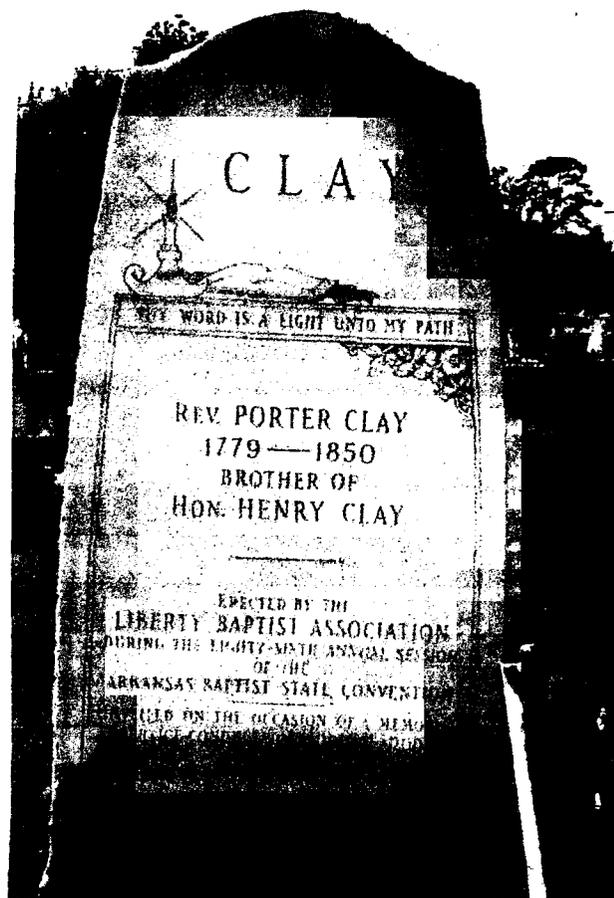
The last statement in the old newspaper article states "His body rests in the cemetery at Camden. His spirit rests with his God."



(left)-Henry Clay
Monument in
Lexington, KY

(right)-Porter Clay
marker at Camden, AR
erected 1939

small stone to the right
was original stone about
1900



THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



CENTER POINT SCHOOL-1925

This school was located between Bluff City and Chidester at the intersection of Hwy. 24 and Hwy. 368. I believe the location was on the east side of Hwy. 368 a short distance from Hwy. 24. The school burned sometime in the 1930's. Photo from Mrs. Clara Harvey, who also identified the students in the picture.

Front Row (left to right)--Coy Walthall; Alta Jewel Bradley; Ira Lee Armstrong; Blanche Rowe; Grace Frizzell; Jim Arnold Harvey; Hugh Hackney; Elbert Rowe; Warren Wesson

Second Row (left to right)--Mildred Grayson; Doyle Harvey; Gertrude Greer; Dale Walthall; Jenny Greer; Lucy Greer; Beatrice Stinnett; Bunice Bradley

Third Row (left to right)--Charlie Harvey; Julius Bradley (teacher); Manford Thomas; Ruth Greer; Johnnie Grayson; Minnie Mae Harvey; Hazel Powell; Coy Moore

Back Row (left to right)--Marshall Greer; Sybil Harvey; Hazel Moore; Jewel Wesson; Leslie Walthall; Virgie Siders; Clara Rowe; Herbert Harvey; Hubert Stinnett

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

This month's recipes comes from Vernell Loe, who is currently serving as mayor of Bluff City. When I asked her for a recipe, she just loaned me her book of recipes and said pick one. I chose these because they seemed to be a bit unusual.

UGLY DUCKLING CAKE

The secret: Coconut, fruit cocktail, eggs, and a simple cake mix make a crumbly looking cake that turns absolutely beautiful at the first bite.

1 pkg. yellow cake mix	1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 can fruit cocktail (16 oz.size)	1/2 cup butter or margarine
2 1/3 cups Baker's angel flake coconut	1/2 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs	1/2 cup evaporated milk

Combine cake mix, fruit cocktail with syrup, 1 cup of the coconut, and the eggs in a large bowl. Blend, then beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Pour into a greased 13" x 9" pan. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes or until cake springs back when lightly touched. Bring butter, granulated sugar, and milk to a boil in a small saucepan. Boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in remaining coconut. Spoon over hot cake in pan. Serve warm or cool.

AMAZING COCONUT PIE

The secret: Because it makes its own crust. Some people call it the impossible pie. Just mix, bake and serve.

3/4 cup sugar
2 cups milk
1/2 cup biscuit mix
4 eggs
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 and 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
1 cup angel flake coconut

Combine milk, sugar, biscuit mix, eggs, butter, and vanilla in electric blender container. Cover and blend on low speed for 3 minutes. Pour into greased 9 inch pie pan. Let stand about 5 minutes, then sprinkle with coconut. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Serve warm or cool.

(answer to puzzle on page 1) ---5 cats

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 2-No. 3

March, 2002

CAMPING AT DR. ROOK'S PLANTATION

Sit back, kick your shoes off, and let your mind wander back some 138 years to April 13, 1864. Imagine you are living a few miles southwest of Bluff City on the main road that runs from Lone Grove by Ebenezer and eastward toward Camden. The Civil War has been going on since 1861, fought mainly in other states, but now troop movements are a common sight on the road by your place. Imagine you are living about where the Arkansas Forestry Commission tree farm is located today on Hwy. 299.

This is the area in which Dr. William R. Rook owned a plantation in those days. Dr. Rook owned just about all the land from where Doris Barlow and James Nelson live today all the way to Ebenezer Cemetery. This area was well suited for a large farm with level fields and well-drained soil. Other large plantations were nearby, including the huge Gulley plantation just down the road. From census records, we learn that Dr. Rook was born in Tennessee and was age 36 in 1864. His wife's name was Mary Jane and they had two children. Dr. Rook's plantation is shown on an 1865 map (see next page). I don't usually associate a doctor as being a plantation owner, but evidently this one was. Deed records show he sold his farm in 1876 to Harriett J. Blake.

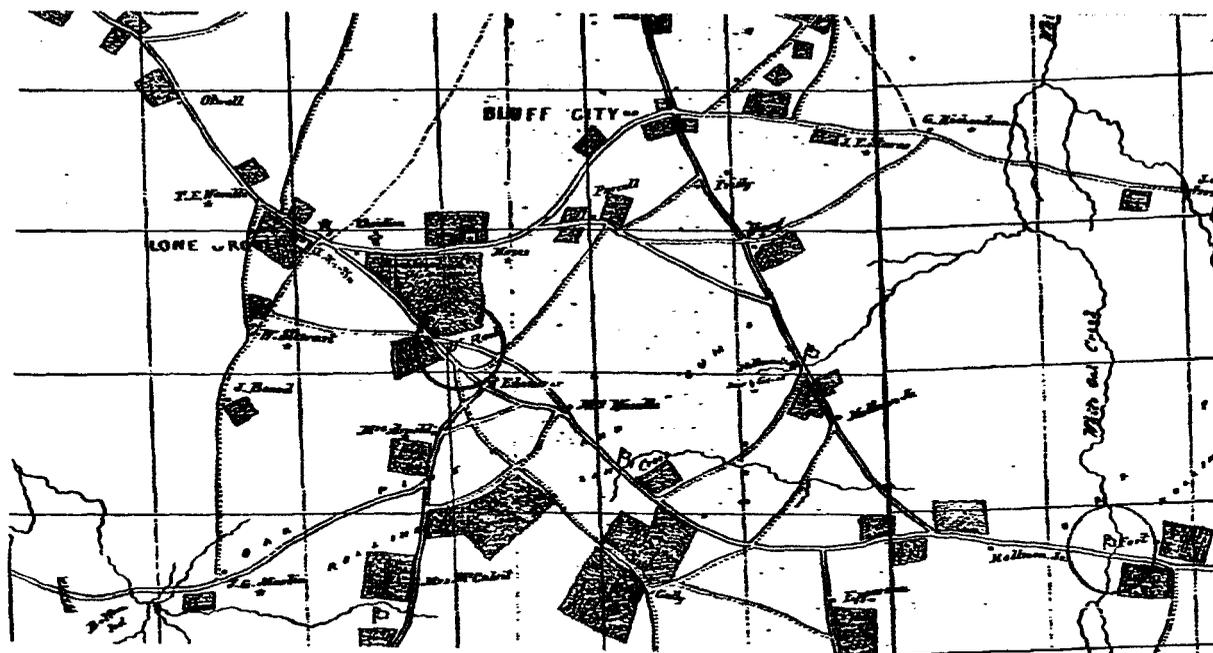
Since Dr. Rook was a physician and was only in his 30's, it is possible that he was away from home in 1864 serving in the army or he may have been allowed to stay at home because he was a doctor. Other than the census record and the deed record, very little is known about this man.

I would imagine the war somewhat disrupted normal farm life as soldiers could be seen moving through the countryside, raiding nearby farms for whatever supplies they might need. I would expect that many of the plantations were operated by women and slaves as most of the menfolk had enlisted to fight and were gone from home. In April, 1864 a small bit of history was recorded that should be of interest to those of us who grew up in this area.

I recently found a record in a book called *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies-Series I-Volume 34* in which Brigadier General Eugene Asa Carr, a Union general, made a report on the activities of his army as they moved through this area. He mentions that he camped at Dr. Rook's plantation near Lone Grove. From previous reports, we learn that his army consisted of at least 600 mounted men plus a forage train (wagons). He had been near Murfreesboro on April 10th, at a place called Folk's Old Field on April 12th, at Dr. Rook's plantation on April 13th, at White Oak Creek on April 14th, and his next report was from Camden on April 21st.

The Battle of Poison Springs happened on April 18, 1864. I have all the reports from the armies in that battle and it appears that General Carr's army was already in Camden and did not participate in that battle. That means that another large army probably traveled the same route a few days later. A good water supply at a campsite would have been needed to supply water for 600 horses. My theory is they may have used the spring that furnishes water to the
(continued on page 3)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,

Dr. Book's Plantation, near Lone Grove, Ark., April 13, 1864.

SIR: I am encamped along the road from Lone Grove toward Camden. Colonel Ritter has orders to move with his mounted force to Camden early to-morrow. In the absence of other orders I propose to march at 7 o'clock to-morrow, keeping scouts well out on either flank. The Caneby makes a sweep to the southwest from the crossing, and is said to be impassable, so as to protect us on the south till we get several miles further east. Some of my foragers saw 12 rebels about a mile north of here to-day. I propose to take out the family of a soldier of the Tenth Illinois, which is at a cross-roads called Bluff City, 3 miles east by northeast of Lone Grove; also those of two Union men living near here north of the road. The soldier says there is forage in his neighborhood, and that he can take a train of twenty wagons off the road at Lone Grove and come in again at a point several miles in advance, loaded. The man has gone to-night after his family. If he returns in time in the morning he will report to Captain Henry, but I think it would be well to send the wagons any way, as any intelligent man ought to be able to make the circuit, and guides may be pressed. The road, so far, from Caneby is sandy, and rain cannot hurt it.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. A. CARR,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Lieut. G. O. SOKALSKI,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

CAMP ON WHITE OAK CREEK.

April 14, 1864—9 p. m.

SIR: Upon arriving here a short time before sunset I sent out 500 men to reconnoiter the Washington road, 250 to go to the junction with this road, and 250 to take a cross-road which leaves this 1½ miles in advance. The reconnoissance on the direct road drove a scouting party of about 60 (which had been annoying my advance for several miles) to within half a mile of the junction, where it met a column of the enemy and engaged it. At last reports they were still engaged, and had not yet arrived at the junction. The party on the cross-road went on to the Washington road and formed line across it. A few moments after there came a party of about 200 from the west. My men challenged: "Whocomes there?" Answer, "Friends." "Friends of whom?" "Friends of Jeff. Davis." Whereupon my men fired on them, killed 1, wounded and captured another, and captured 1 unwounded. The unwounded prisoner says he belongs to Kitchen's regiment, of Greene's brigade, and that Greene's and Shelby's brigades have passed on to Camden; that his party was the rear guard; does not know whether Price's whole force is moving or not. The wounded prisoner has not yet come in. A citizen, captured about 1½ miles in advance, says he saw one of Mansfield's flankers near the Washington road this p. m. I have had 3 men wounded, 1 through the chest.

General Rice came to this creek just after I had received the above report, 7.30 o'clock. We agree that we are between 5 and 6 miles from your headquarters; the junction is 4 miles still farther. We propose to move at daylight. I send with this orders to Colonel Ritter to move at daylight. The road is good; there are two small creeks to cross; bottoms narrow (a few yards wide), but may (probably will) require some work. The crossing here is covered with water, and promises to last well. Lieutenant Porter places but little confidence in the prisoner's statement, but I feel satisfied that a considerable part of the enemy's force has got between us and Camden. The remainder may be camped to-night on the upper crossing of the White Oak, in which case we will be before them at the junction in the morning.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. A. CARR,

Brigadier-General, Commanding.

Lieut. G. O. SOKALSKI,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Brigadier General Eugene Asa Carr

Born March 20, 1830 in Concord, NY

Died Dec. 2, 1910 in Washington, DC

Graduate of West Point--

Commanded Union forces at Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge;
Received Medal of Honor for heroism in battle; in Arkansas in
1864; after the Civil War was Indian fighter

nursery pond on Hwy. 299, since it was along the main road. The exact location of Dr. Rook's home is not known.

See page 2 for copies of General Carr's reports and the map to help you locate his route.

A note to members of the Nelson family: If you had been living where you now live back in 1864, you would probably have had some visitors as these soldiers camped near your place. I'm sure Mrs. Oleta Nelson's cooking would have been better than what these Yankee soldiers could have come up with. They might have "borrowed" some of your animal feed or other supplies. You would probably have given it to them, hoping they wouldn't harm you or burn your home. You probably wouldn't have gotten much sleep that night knowing that over 600 Yankee soldiers were camped nearby.

Remember the newspaper article I put in my *Diggin' Deeper* book about the buried treasure believed to be buried on the Hildre Griffith place. That article stated that a Confederate soldier buried the treasure at the site of a Civil War campground shortly before the battle of Poison Springs. That article says the Confederates camped there and we have record of Gen. Carr's Union army camping there, so it is possible that armies from both sides camped at the same places as different times. Since Mr. Griffith plowed up Civil War artifacts on his farm, the actual campsite may have been near his old home place, but remember this army had at least 600 men and horses plus wagons, so the camp could have covered a large area.

The newspaper article stated that Mr. Giffith purchased his farm from Dr. Rook in 1926. The deed record I found shows Mr. Griffith bought his farm from A. C. and Fannie Moody in 1925, so maybe more research is needed to sort all this out. Dr. Rook would have been 98 years old had he been living in 1926, so I have my doubts about that part of the article. The last deed records I found involving Dr. Rook was in 1878 when he sold the place to Harriett Blake. What happened to him after 1878 is unknown.

YOU

By Edgar A. Guest
(from the Camden Evening News-1925)

You are the fellow that has to decide
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.
You are the fellow who makes up your mind,
Whether you'll lead or will linger behind-
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar
Or be contented to stay where you are.
Take it or leave it. Here's something to do!
Just think it over. It's all up to you.

What do you wish? To be known as a shirk,
Known as a good man who's willing to work,
Scorned for a loafer or praised by your chief,
Rich man or poor man or beggar or thief?
Eager or earnest or dull through the day,
Honest or crooked? It's you who must say!
You must decide in the face of the test,
Whether you'll shirk it or give it your best.

Nobody here will compel you to rise;
No one will force you to open your eyes;
No one will answer for you yes or no,
Whether to stay there or whether to go.
Life is a game, but it's you who must say
Whether as cheat or sportsman you'll play.
Fate may betray you, but you settle first
Whether to live to your best or to your worst.

So whatever it is you are wanting to be,
Remember, to fashion the choice you are free.
Kindly or selfish, or gentle or strong,
Keeping the right way or taking the wrong.
Careless of honor or guarding your pride,
All these are questions which you must decide.
Yours the selection, whichever you do;
The thing men call character's all up to you.

PUZZLE: How much is 1 times 2 times 3 times 4 times 5 times 6 times 7 times 8 times 9 times 0?

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

WHAT ANATOMY IS (found in the Camden Evening News-March 14, 1923)

A little Negro school girl down in Florida in answer to this question, wrote the following:

Anatomy is a human body. It is divided into three parts--the head, the chest, and the stummick. The head holds the skull and the brains if they is any, the chest holds the liver and the lites, and the stummick holds the entrails and the vowels, which are a, e, i, o, and u and sometimes w and y.

RATES OF BOARD AMERICAN HOTEL--CAMDEN, AR., DEC. 27, 1847

Board and Lodging per month	\$15.00	Breakfast	\$.35
Board without Lodging per month	12.00	Supper	.35
Dinner boarders per month	8.00	Lodging	.25
Board per week with Lodging	5.00	Horse, per month	10.00
Board per day with Lodging	1.00	Horse, per day	.75
Board per day for Man and Horse	1.75	Horse, single feed	.35
Dinner	.50	Children and servants half price-	
		Lights extra	

EXCERPT FROM THE BLUFF CITY HIGH SCHOOL HANDBOOK (1913-14)

Literary Societies, Reading Circles, Debating Clubs, and Conventions will be organized. Much pains will be taken to train pupils in the use of Parliamentary Laws. They will be stimulated to post themselves and to contend for every privilege the law allows them. But all this work will be done upon a high moral and intellectual basis. All low vulgar slang and dialect will be discouraged. Our every aim will be to elevate their morals, develop their intellect, and to prepare them for the actual duties and responsibilities of life.

Pupils will be given much practice in essay writing and in writing, memorizing, and delivering speeches of their own composition.

Location: Bluff City is situated in the eastern part of Nevada County, in one of the best agricultural sections within the famous "Pine Belt Region". Its people are cultured and hospitable, and thoroughly interested in the cause of education.

The town and surrounding country are elevated and well drained, thus being free from malaria. The moral and religious influences are good. There are three churches in the town, and our pupils are encouraged to attend religious services every Sunday. We have no saloons or other immoral places. *(more from this handbook in next issue)*

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

STRAWBERRY CAKE

- 1 large pkg. white cake mix
- 1 box strawberry jello
- 4 whole eggs
- 3/4 cup strawberries
- 3/4 cup Wesson oil

Combine all ingredients and beat until smooth. Bake at 350 degrees until done.

Strawberry Frosting

- 1/4 cup strawberries (no juice)
- 1 box powdered sugar
- 1/4 stick butter

Beat until smooth

This recipe comes from June Nicholas. June is the wife of David Nicholas, minister of the Bluff City Church of Christ. I understand this is one of David's favorite cakes.

CARAMEL PIE

- 4 ounces cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
- 1 carton (8 oz.) frozen whipped topping, thawed
- 1 graham cracker crust (9 inch)
- 1/2 cup caramel ice cream topping
- 3/4 cup coconut, toasted
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans, toasted

RECIPE 1 1/2
...
...
...
...
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...

In a mixing bowl, blend cream cheese and milk. Fold in the whipped topping. Spread half into pie crust. Drizzle with half the caramel topping. Combine coconut and pecans and sprinkle half over the caramel. Repeat layers. Chill or freeze until serving. The recipe can be doubled as well as made ahead of time and stored in the freezer.

This recipe is from Jeanie McKelvy via *Taste of Home* magazine. This is a very good pie and is a convenient recipe for serving a crowd.

"My favorite sandwich is peanut butter, baloney, cheddar cheese, lettuce, and mayonnaise on toasted bread with catsup on the side." *Hubert H. Humphrey, former Senator from Minnesota*

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 2- No. 4

April, 2002

THE HISTORIC WATTS HOME

This historic old home was located at Delta, an old community a few miles southeast of Willisville in Nevada County. The information in this article is from old newspapers on microfilm printed about 1900. Many of you will remember Watt's Dept. Store in Camden. This is the same Watts family whose ancestors owned this beautiful home. The cemetery mentioned has some of the oldest marked graves in Nevada County.

The Watts home, at Delta, in Nevada County was one of the most beautiful places in South Arkansas. The house was built in 1858, and represented an outlay of thousands of dollars, and for many years it stood as a testimonial of the civic pride of the owner, Mr. Thomas J. Watts. He was a native of Georgia, a man of stern integrity, energy, decision of purpose, and strong domestic affection. Such men as he were those who won the respect and esteem of all who felt an interest in the up-building of this section of the country.

His wife, formerly Miss Elizabeth Godbold, was a woman of the finest character, loyal and true in every relation of life.

They came from Lowndes County, Alabama, and lived first in a log house near the spot where the new house was afterwards built. The family consisted of three sons, John C., Monroe, and Thos. J. Watts, Jr. and three little daughters, Rachel, Mary, and May. The three daughters all died quite young. The new house was built by the most skilled workers to be found. The window frames, doors, etc. were made by hand. Some of these same men had just finished building the Graham house in Camden. Among them was Mr. Sifford. The plastering was done by B. Titcomb, who was an expert in that line. Among the painters was a man named Crowan, who was undoubtedly a genius, for he afterwards went to Italy and studied art, returning in later years with many fine specimens of his work, which unfortunately were lost.

Mrs. Lizzie Watts is the owner of a very beautiful fire screen painted by him. The grounds surrounding this beautiful house formed an appropriate setting for the picture. Hedges of box, carefully clipped, long rows of pink crepe myrtles, and white altheas, with their wreath of bloom during the summer and fall, hydrangeas and oleanders in huge tubs, and an immense white climbing rose which outgrew its frame, and stretched out long fragrant sprays as if in welcome to the fortunate guests who made up the house parties of the old days. All these combined to form an ideal picture of Southern home-life before the war.

A grove of fine old trees furnished shade when the children romped and played.

Another little daughter was added to the family, Miss Lizzie Watts, the only one of the children born in the home. When she was quite an infant, her father died. Mrs. Watts was devoted heart and soul to the Southern Confederacy. She frequently entertained soldiers for days at a time. Generals Magruder and Price were among her guests, also Gen. Churchill and family and Dr. C. M. Taylor of Little Rock. After the Battle of Poison Springs, wounded Confederate soldiers were brought to her house in wagons, and the entire lower floor, including the parlors and even Mrs. Watt's bedroom was converted into a temporary hospital.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

All the Negro women on the plantation were put to work washing the clothing of the men and preparing broth and other food for them. After the war, the family continued to reside here, extending a charming hospitality to all their neighbors and friends. Large parties were frequently entertained for a week. The Watts Bros. had a large store near the house, to which the farmers for miles around brought their produce for barter.

Mr. John C. Watts married Mrs. Nannie Morris and Mr. Monroe P. Watts married Miss Minnie Lee of Camden, and on each occasion the young couples were entertained at the Watts home. Mrs. Watts died on April 18, 1886 and was laid to rest in the family cemetery, wherein are buried the remains of all their loved ones. They still use this cemetery and when the neighbors see the steady tread of a slowly moving procession coming up the road, they know another member of this fine old family has crossed the Delta of the River of Death toward the Gulf of Eternity.

After the death of Mrs. Watts, the family removed to Camden, and shortly afterwards, Mr. Thomas J. Watts was married to Miss Mary Helen Watts of Mt. Holly. The old home was sold to Mr. Geo. W. Hambrice. About two years ago the house was burned and no trace is now left of it, save the memories of those who once dwelt under its hospitable roof. Camden is proud to claim as citizens Messrs. M. P. and T. J. Watts and their interesting families, and Miss Lizzie is one of the most efficient and beloved members of the H. L. Grinstead chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.



WATTS FAMILY HOME - NEVADA COUNTY, ARK. - BUILT 1858

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

A POEM FROM THE CAMDEN EVENING NEWS-JULY 21, 1925

THE GEM OF LIFE

Life is a game that each man plays
At morning, noon, and night;
Throughout the years, months, the days
Lord, help us play it right.

The game starts at the cradle-bed,
The end—a white headstone;
Some play the game where thousands tread
Few play the game alone.

Some play fair—some think they win
By double deal and cheat.
Be not deceived. All's written in
The game's great tally sheet.

Some claim misfortune “stacks the deck”
And leaves no chance to win;
While others rise from ruin and wreck
And beat fate with a grin.

The rules are strict, the game is hard—
There's no soft snap for you;
The King of Faith's your leading card,
Then play that suit straight thru.

Protect hearts with “three of a kind”—
With love! With faith! With hope!
And play the game with even mind—
Don't fret; don't sulk; don't mope.

And when the game at last is done
And you are called to rest,
Lay down your cards—the game is won
If you have done your best!

--Warren H. Clifford

Puzzle: A frog wants to cross a road which is 16 feet wide. On his first jump he jumps half way across—exactly 8 feet. But he is getting tired and so with each jump he manages to jump only half the distance between him and the edge of the road. How many jumps does it take for him to get to the other side?

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

MORE FROM THE 1913-1914 BLUFF CITY HIGH SCHOOL HANDBOOK

Co-education: Our school is co-educational. It is natural for boys and girls to associate, and we believe it inspires both the boys and girls to do better work. Boys and girls enter our school upon the same footing and pursue practically the same studies. Experience has convinced us that this school room association and competition yields beneficial results to both sexes. It establishes confidence in the girls and neatness and politeness in both, and gives each respect for each other. But we would not think of allowing the freedom of association between the sexes that is permitted in many schools.

We feel that fathers and mothers commit to us a sacred trust when they send their daughters to us, and it shall ever be our purpose to guard them as we do our own, and we would want our own guarded were they away from us. There is nothing so delicate as a girl's character; nothing so easily soiled, and nothing so hard to cleanse once it has been tarnished.

Building: Our school building is a neat and commodious new frame structure. It is furnished with up-to-date patent desks and such other furniture as is needed for our work.

It is built upon a beautiful elevated plat where the atmosphere is pure and invigorating.

Tuition: First and second grades--\$1.00; Third and fourth grades--\$1.50; Fifth and sixth grades--\$2.00; Seventh and eighth grades--\$2.50; Ninth and tenth grades--\$3.00; and Eleventh and twelfth grades--\$3.50

Board: Good board with refined Christian families will be furnished for \$8.00 per scholastic month.

Diplomas: A beautiful diploma will be granted to students who, in a satisfactory manner, complete the public school curriculum of Arkansas, provided their conduct has been such as to entitle them to the honors of the school.

Books: Bring such text books as you have upon the several subjects you expect to study. If we do not use them as regular texts, they will be useful to you as reference works.

IT ALWAYS WORKS

Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add three, multiply by five, add the number of your living sisters, multiply by ten, add the number of deaths of your brothers and sisters, subtract one hundred and fifty from the result. The right hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure will be the number of living sisters, and the figure at the left will be the number of living brothers.

(information on this page is from Mrs. Clara Harvey)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

FEED-BACK

From Barbara Ray, Missouri City, Texas (Nov., 2001)

Got my newsletter today. Thanks, I'm enjoying it. If you bump into Mr. and Mrs. McBride, please tell them I said "Happy Anniversary". Don't know if they will remember me, but they taught at Fairview with my mother, Louise Walker. Mr. McBride was my history teacher in the eighth grade. I will never forget his description of the national debt—it made an impression on me that I have never forgotten, when he talked about how the paper money needed to pay it off would fill the classroom we were in, plus many more.

From Perry Westmoreland, Livingston, Texas (March, 2002)

I read with interest your piece in *The Sandyland Chronicle* about the Union army at Lone Grove and Gen. Carr's report of April 13, 1864. As you know, my Great Grandfather Fielding Irvin's place was near Lone Grove. Lonnor B. Moores, my Great Great Grandfather also lived there.

Fielding Irvin did not believe in slavery and would not join the Confederate army even though he was pressured to do so. Great Grandmother Margaret C. Moores Irvin told my mother, Drue Tunnell Westmoreland, that at the beginning of the Civil War, Fielding Irvin would hide from the Confederate sympathizers in the woods of Caney Creek bottom during the day and come home at night. Late one night, the Confederates came to their home, and Fielding went out the back door and crawled under the house, where he could hear the boots of the Confederates as they searched for him...

Margaret Irvin told my mother that she believed it was the Confederates who burned their house.

Keep up the good work. I only wish *The Sandyland Chronicle* was as large as our newspaper, *The Houston Chronicle*.

From Barbara Masterson, Chandler, Arizona (March, 2002)

The *Chronicle* arrived this evening and it is wonderful as always. I thought you would like to have some more information on Eugene Asa Carr. In 1850 he was the 1,468th person to graduate from West Point which had begun as a military school March 16, 1802. It took 48 years to graduate as many as graduate in about one year today....

THANK you for this issue. It is so wonderfully interesting.

Editors Note: Thanks for your letters, be they praises or criticisms. If any readers have some memorable experiences of growing up in the Nevada-Ouachita County area or anything that might be of interest to readers of this paper, please jot it down and mail it to me. I will try to include it in a future issue. Send letters, comments, stories, suggestions, etc. to Sandyland Chronicle, 2680 Warren Ave., Camden, AR 71701 (email: jmckelvy@cei.net)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

RECIPE FOR THIS MONTH

Editor's Note: The following bread recipe is one of the best and is not all that hard to make. If I can do it, anybody can. We try to keep a supply of these tasty rolls in the freezer and just heat them in the microwave to go with a meal.

NO-KNEAD KNOT ROLLS

Sometimes, we make them shaped like knots, but usually we make them butter-horn style. Choose the style you like.

2 packages (1/4 ounce each) active dry yeast
2 cups warm water (110-115 degrees)
1/2 cup sugar
1 and 1/2 teaspoons salt
6 to 6 1/2 cups all purpose flour
1 egg
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened

In a mixing bowl, dissolve yeast in warm water. (*I use a thermometer to make sure water is the right temperature*). Add the sugar, salt, and 2 cups of the flour. Beat on medium speed for 2 minutes. Add egg and shortening and mix well.

Now for the hard part: Stir in enough remaining flour (*a little at a time*) to form a soft dough (*do not knead*). I usually give up after about 3 1/2 more cups of flour is mixed in. You need to have a strong arm for this or get someone to help stir. *I use a wooden spoon with a plastic handle which seems to help*. Dough will be sticky, but it will be OK. Put in a large greased bowl. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Take a break and take care of sore arm.

For Knot Rolls:

Punch down dough and divide into four portions. Cover three pieces with plastic wrap. Roll remaining portion into a 14 inch by 12 inch rectangle on a slightly floured surface. Spread two tablespoons softened butter over dough. Fold in half lengthwise and cut into 12 strips. Tie each strip into a knot. Tuck and pinch ends under. Place 2 inches apart on greased baking sheets. Repeat with remaining dough.

Cover and let rise until doubled, about one hour. Bake at 400 degrees (*I use 375*) for 10 -12 minutes or until golden brown. Brush tops with melted butter. Yield: 4 dozen

For Butter-horn Style Rolls:

Punch down dough and divide in half. Roll one half into a 12 inch circle on a floured surface. Spread 4 tablespoons softened margarine on top of dough. Cut circle into 12 pie shaped pieces. Start from wide end and roll up each piece. Place on greased baking sheet with pointed side down. Repeat with remaining dough. Cover and let rise until doubled, about one hour. Bake at 375 or 400 degrees until golden brown (about 12-15 minutes). Brush tops with melted butter. Yield: 24 rolls

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Vol. 2, No. 5

May, 2002

Editors note: Imagine the adjustments that had to be made by our ancestors as the first automobiles arrived in Nevada County. Some folks were curious, others were skeptical, and I'm sure some thought the world had gone plumb cuckoo. Below are several articles that give us an idea of what it was like in those days as these horseless carriages arrived.

PRESCOTT'S FIRST CAR

The Nevada News- May 6, 1909

The first and only automobile in Prescott is a homemade product. The design of the vehicle as well as the mechanism is the work of the brains and hands of a young Australian, Frank Terusen. The young Terusen conceived the idea of the machine about six months ago, and has been constantly at work on it along with his plumbing business. Removing the shafts from an ordinary run-about, he built a small platform in front of the dashboard where he placed a compact gasoline engine as the propelling power. Using tools in a local blacksmith shop, he welded the gearings, made the cog-wheels, propelling rods, brakes, etc. and a few days ago he appeared on the streets of Prescott with the machine in a successful operation.

Young Terusen was born in Albany, Australia 22 years ago. His father was a civil engineer there and later did construction work on the Panama Canal. Six years ago, Frank ran away destined for America. As a stowaway, he arrived in New Orleans in 1903. Using his natural mechanical talent, he worked in the plumbing trade and in 1907 he arrived at Little Rock, where he secured a position with a plumbing firm. He came to Prescott about a year ago and opened a plumbing establishment.

A 10 ½ HOUR TRIP FROM GURDON TO PRESCOTT

The Nevada News-May 12, 1910

The automobile of H. E. Bemis arrived here this morning about 3:30, the delay being caused by the driver getting lost in the Little Missouri River bottom and making a wrong turn after leaving Beirne. The machine left Little Rock at 10:00 yesterday morning and had reached Gurdon at 5:00 p.m. Had the right road been taken, it should have reached Prescott at least by 6:30.

TOURISTS ARRIVE IN PRESCOTT

The Nevada News-June 2, 1910

A touring party from Shreveport enroute to Chicago in an automobile drove into Prescott this morning at 8:30 and for 45 minutes drew around them a crowd of curious people. They are riding in a 50 horsepower Maxwell car carrying a 19 gallon gasoline tank. They left Shreveport Thursday morning. The party was complaining considerably on account of the roads, having made but 72 miles the first day and 28 miles the second day, coming here from Shreveport by way of Lewisville and Hope. They left here at 9:15 this morning and expect to make Little Rock by tonight.

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CHARLES JASPER GLIDDEN

Charles Glidden was born in 1857 in Massachusetts. He started work at age 15, working with Alexander Graham Bell in the telephone and telegraph business. He retired as an executive of the company at age 43.

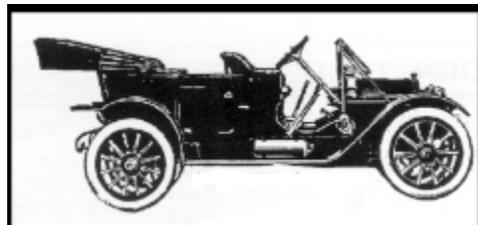
He was also known as an automobilist, making several long trips by car usually accompanied by his wife. To prove that the automobile was a reliable means of transportation, Glidden organized the Glidden Reliability Tours. These were held from 1905 to 1913. A magnificent trophy was awarded to the winner of each tour and there was fierce competition between the auto manufacturers to win the Glidden trophy. Glidden also was a strong advocate of balloon travel. He died of cancer in 1927.

PRESCOTT WELCOMES THE GLIDDEN TOURISTS

The Nevada News- June 23, 1910

A large crowd of Prescott people welcomed the Glidden tourists in front of the Park Hotel for four hours. The first contest car to arrive was Premier No. 1 coming in at 12:30 followed by the Glide at 12:46. The Glide was the tenth car out of Hot Springs. Then came Maxwell No. 7 at 12:49, Chalmers No. 3 at 12:55, and Chalmers No. 4 at 1:00. From then until 4:00, the cars came in at regular intervals and after waiting the required 30 minutes for dinner, they proceeded on their way to Texarkana.

The official pathfinder sprang an axle south of Arkadelphia and it is reported several cars were out of commission by accidents. The whirling, smoking, dust-laden autos came strolling in for nearly five hours and the crowds remained until the last, some missing their dinners, others slipping away to nearby restaurants and back again as quickly as possible. It was a big day, a novel experience, and women, men, and boys crowded around the cars in a mighty mass eager to find out every detail of the trip. The party reported the roads today were the worst they have found in Arkansas, but complimented the roads through Nevada County. Twenty one cars had arrived by 4:00 p.m. with five more still to come in. The official car passed Fulton at 2:00 p.m. and reached Texarkana at 4:11 p.m. Four cars had reached Texarkana by 4:09 p.m. The telephone company gave out bulletins on the progress of the cars into Prescott and the crowd knew almost to the minute when the first car would get in and were waiting with a kindly reception and lots of refreshments.



The Chalmers "30" Touring Car which won the 1910 Glidden Tour that came through Prescott. *Note: The 1910 Glidden Tour ran from Cincinnati, Ohio through Louisville, Memphis, Little Rock, Dallas, Oklahoma City, Omaha, Des Moines, and on to Chicago. It was the longest undertaken up to that time, a distance of 2851 miles. The average distance per day was 178 miles and the longest distance in a single day was 242 miles.*

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THE TIN LIZZIE

By 1926, automobiles were a common sight in Nevada County. Henry Ford and his assembly line were turning out automobiles very fast and the price was cheap enough that many people could afford one. It was said that you could get one in any color you wanted as long as it was black. In the January 14, 1926 issue of *The Nevada News*, the Wildcat Rd. correspondent had this to say about these "tin lizzies".

"Many a man is getting his license to wed him a Lizzie for one year. He should be sworn to say-Will you take Lizzie for better or worse; will you let Sal and the children do without and promise you will feed her gas and oil, keep her by your side, stand by her when she is in a mud-hole, love and cherish her until in a trash pile you do part."

Mrs. Lucille Knight Kirk, age 93, of Bluff City died April 9, 2002 in a Camden nursing home. Survivors include a son, Wayne Kirk of Texas; three daughters, Bernell Johnson and Doris Barlow of Bluff City, and Marjorie Keith of Lockesburg; 15 grandchildren; 31 great grandchildren; and 8 great-great grandchildren. Burial was at Bluff City Cemetery.

WRITE MOTHER

A Poem from the Camden News March 15, 1923

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
Just show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make the loved one happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present
The future is unknown.
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all your own.
The chance that future lends us
May vanish while we wait,
So give life's richest treasures
Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken
The letter never sent,
The long forgotten messages
The wealth of love unspent.
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait.
O show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

Riddles (answers on page 4)

1. What has two arms, two wings, two tails, three heads, three bodies, and eight legs?
2. What has six eyes but can't see?
3. Why do dogs scratch themselves?
4. If you took 5 chocolates from a box which contained 21 chocolates, how many chocolates would you have?

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I got this from the Internet.

A fourth grade teacher collected old, well known proverbs. She gave each kid in her class the first half of a proverb, and had them come up with the rest.

As you shall make your bed, so shall you.....	mess it up.
Better to be safe than	punch a 5 th grader.
Strike while the	bug is close.
A miss is as good as a	Mr.
It's always darkest just before.....	daylight savings time.
Never under-estimate the power of	termites.
You can't teach an old dog new	math.
If you lie down with the dogs, you'll	stink in the morning.
Love all, trust.....	me.
The pen is mightier than the	pigs.
An idle mind is	the best way to relax.
Where there's smoke, there's	pollution.
A penny saved is	not much.
Two's company, three's	the musketeers.
Don't put off until tomorrow what	you put on to go to bed.
Laugh and the whole world laughs with you, cry and.....	you have to blow your nose.
None are so blind as	Helen Keller.
Children should be seen and not	spanked or grounded.
If at first you don't succeed,	get new batteries.
When the blind leadeth the blind,	get out of the way.
Don't bite the hand that	looks dirty.
You can lead a horse to water, but	how?

Answers to riddles on page 3:

1. A man riding a horse carrying a chicken
2. Three blind mice
3. Because they know where it itches
4. You took 5 chocolates, so you have 5

OLD LAND OWNERSHIP MAP

On the next page is a map of an area near Bluff City in Nevada County which shows who owned land in that area in 1861. This area was in Ouachita County at that time. I took this information from the Ouachita County tax records which are preserved on microfilm and available at the Southwest Arkansas Regional Archives in Old Washington. Each little square on the map is forty acres (640 acres per section). The roads on the map are as they exist today. You can see from this map some of the old pioneer families who settled this area. Some of their descendants still live in the area.

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THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

Eva Dell Henry's Chocolate Pie

Eva Dell Starnes Henry and her husband, George Henry, operated a store and gas station on the corner at Bluff City for many years. Both are now deceased and the old store building has been torn down. This recipe was submitted by their daughter, Patricia Farr.

1 cup sugar (almost)
1 tablespoon flour
1 heaping tablespoon cocoa

Sift above ingredients together three times.
Add 3 egg yolks (one at a time). Mix well.
Then add:
1 small can Pet milk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup homogenized milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook on top of stove while stirring until thick.
Pour into a baked pie shell (8 or 9 inch)

Beat 3 egg whites until stiff. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar gradually and blend in. Put on top of pie and brown in oven.

For other pies, leave off cocoa and substitute with one small can crushed pineapple or $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of coconut.

IDEAL HOMEMAKER A LA MODE (from the Watts Family Cook Book)

1 cup of patience
Mix well with a dash of humor and add:
1 tbsp. of kindness
1 tbsp. of respect for the rights of others
1 tbsp. of ambition to seek more knowledge
1 tbsp. of community participation
1 tbsp. of neatness
1 tbsp. of efficient home management
1 tbsp. of interesting hobby
Blend with a steadfast faith in God and a child's laughter.

This mixture becomes more valuable when it is used every day and mellowed with experience. Do not refrigerate.

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Vol. 2- No. 6

June, 2002

ROCKY HILL METHODIST CHURCH

An interview conducted by Phena Fincher in October, 1984. She is speaking with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Johnson of Camden, Mrs. Mae Parker Norman of Bluff City, and Mrs. Jessie Tunnell Morrow of Camden. The original copy of the interview is at the Prescott Depot Museum and is posted on their web site.

Phena: Mr. Johnson, could you tell me where Rocky Hill is located?

Mr. J.: Four miles southwest of Bluff City

Phena: Do you know when the church was founded? What year?

Mr. J.: 1908, as far as I know. It's what I've heard.

Phena: What you have heard may be as good as we have. Do you know how the land was acquired?

Mr. J.: Fletcher McKelvy donated 2 acres of land for the church they built there.

Mrs. J.: And he was Earl's grandfather.

Editor's Note: Alexander Fletcher McKelvy donated the land for the church in 1907.

Phena: Your grandfather (to Mr. Johnson) donated the land for the church. Was the church erected by people just pitching in and coming together and doing the work?

Mr. J.: It sure was.

Phena: I went out there this afternoon, the first time I've ever seen it, and I was amazed at the beauty. It is nestled in the trees out there, and this time of the year, the colors were just beautiful. But I felt, when I left the main highway, that I had kind of gone away from civilization. I suppose that is a change from the days when the church was erected. Am I right?

Mae: You are right about that.

Phena: It was more densely populated back then?

Mae: Yes, there was a house just a little piece- Mrs. McKelvy's house was just.....

Mrs. J.: We put that siding on there when Bro. Lee was on the circuit. What year was that?

Mr. J.: Well, it was 195?. Well, you know the siding that covers the church, recovered it in 1958, then the siding went up probably a year later.

Phena: What did it look like before the siding was on it? The original building? This is still the original building?

Mr. J.: Well, it was just rough lumber, not even planed lumber.

Mrs. J.: What they always called box planks.

Phena: Well, it has served its purpose over the years. During what years would you say its membership was the greatest?

Mr. J.: In the mid 30's, along 30-40.

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Phena: And then the decline began. Was the community still well populated during those years? When did they start to move away from there?

Mr. J.: During World War II in the 40's.

Mae: When these depots, you know the one at Camden, one at Hope.

Phena: The defense plants.....

Mae: Yes, and the government came in and bought up all this poor land, people had to get out, you know. That was the beginning of the decline. There were houses just on this side of Rocky Hill and all down the other side in those hills. Uncle Willie and Uncle Henry and Aunt Della; they all lived down there close, and me and Dunn-a lot of people around there. Earl's daddy and them lived just a little piece....

Phena: What was the main source of livelihood for the people?

Mae: Farming. They raised all their stuff, you know.

Phena: Do you know who some of the early pastors were?

Mae: I can't remember any myself.

Mr. J.: George Mauser was the first one I remember.

Mae: And Mr. Sam Adams, you know, he pastored there twice.

Phena: And the pastor you have now is Bro. Dale McKinney who lives at Hope. How have the services changed over the years? As far back as you can remember, how often were services held?

Mae: Once a month.

Mr. J.: Sunday school every Sunday and Christian Endeavor Society every Sunday night. Young people was what it was.

Mae: They had Sunday school until, I know it has been 10 or 15 years ago when they quit, because we lived over there close and we went every Sunday. We'd go by and take up Mrs. Hardley Johnny(?) (Editor's note: probably Miss Johnnie Hardwick) and go to the Endeavor and Sunday school. Then Mr. Beddle (Bevill) preached over there a long time.

Mae: Mr. Bevill was a teacher, and then after he quit teaching, he began to preach.

Phena: Can you remember, or have you heard any interesting stories about the early days of the church at Rocky Hill? Mrs. Morrow, you were telling me how the church got its name.

Jessie: Well, it's them big old rocks down there; so big I bet they weigh a thousand pounds or more, all down in there. Just a little while back, I picked up one and carried it home. Of course, it wasn't very big. I'd love to have one of them, just a piece of Rocky Hill.

Jessie: I can tell you one thing that used to happen there at Rocky Hill, and it would give you a good feeling. I've seen Aunt Deller, Aunt Minnie and Nonie Richardson get up there and shout all over the church.

Mr. J.: Her mother, don't forget her, too. Mrs. Molly Parker.

Jessie: That's right, but Mrs. Parker and Ma didn't seem like they got up and shouted like them. And Mrs. McKelvy, she was always quiet. But Aunt Deller and Nonie Richardson would nearly always fall right backwards, nearly always, every time she'd get up there and go to shouting.

Phena: And you said that gave you a good feeling.

Jessie: Yeah, and that was Alma Eagle's mother that lived there in Prescott.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Phena: What would you think if you saw somebody shouting today?

Jessie: Well, I believe I'd think more of it. Churches are so cold, sometimes you don't even have any feeling in the church. I guess it's me, but it's sure not like it used to be. I'd want to get up and shout.

Mae: I don't know what year it was, and the only time I remember that any denomination was barred from using the church for service, was when this lady preacher by the name of Smith, and her character wasn't above board, so they refused to let her use the church, but it has been used as a community church for other people to worship in, too.

Phena: It was a Methodist/Protestant church, wasn't it?

Mae: Well, it was Methodist, but they welcomed other people in to worship.

Phena: How was your attendance in those days?

Mae: It was good.

Phena: The church was filled for revivals and things like that?

Mae: Sure was.

Phena: And today?

Mae: We have 4 members, believe it or not. There's 3 of them right here, and 1 up here.

Phena: And you think you are going to be able to keep holding on?

Mae: We're going to hold on just as long as we can.

Mrs. J.: We would have to because of our parents, 'cause they were dedicated, and we can't close the door as long as we're able to carry on.

Editor's Note: Update—The old Rocky Hill Methodist Church still stands, but has not been used in many years. All four of the people interviewed are now deceased—Jessie Tunnell Morrow in 1988, Mae Parker Norman in 1992, Myrtie McBride Johnson in 1994, and Earl Johnson in 2000.

SEVERE STORMS HIT NEVADA COUNTY (THE NEVADA NEWS—MARCH 9, 1909)

Weaver, Ark- The most disastrous wind and rain that had ever visited Georgia Township struck here yesterday afternoon and wrought much damage to land and timber. The rain fell in torrents and the wind destroyed fully 25 percent of the pine timber in this section. Farmers lost heavily by washing of the soil, especially where it had been freshly plowed. All streams are higher than ever before known and many cattle were drowned by overflows in pastures.

East of here in Bluff City, the wind was even heavier with several dwelling houses demolished and one person, a Negro, badly crippled. The oldest inhabitant cannot remember a more destructive storm.

Editor's note: Weaver was an old community a few miles north of Morris. This same storm system caused damage all over the state. The town of Brinkley was completely destroyed from a tornado and fires that erupted after the storm. A telegraph message was received at Little Rock saying that all buildings in the town were damaged or destroyed. Early reports said 33 were dead and 150 injured with the list growing.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE
THE POETRY PAGE

I FOLLOW A FAMOUS FATHER
(Camden Evening News-April 23, 1923)

I follow a famous father;
His honor is mine to wear.
He gave me a name that is free from shame,
A name he was proud to bear.
He lived in the morning sunlight;
And marched in the ranks of right,
He was always true to the best he knew,
And the shield he wore was bright.

I follow a famous father,
And never a day goes by
But I feel that he looks down to me
To carry the standard high.
He stood to the sternest trials,
As only a brave man can
Though the way be long; I must never wrong
The name of so good a man.

I follow a famous father,
And him I must keep in mind,
Though his form is gone, I must carry on
The name that he left behind.
It was mine on the day he gave it,
It shone as a monarch's crown,
And as fair to see as it came to me
It must be when I pass it down.

During the "Roaring Twenties", a new hair style became popular for women called "shingle bobs". This poem is from the March 18, 1926 issue of The Nevada News

THE '26 MODELS

Ten years or so today
A crime we thought it then
To go into a barber shop
Where there were only men.

But now the girls and ladies
All give the barber's jobs
And almost fight to get a chair
To get their shingle bobs.

They climb up in a chair
And hold their heads just so,
"I want it not too short
And a shingle bob, you know."
There's a short one and a tall one
There's a plump one known as Rob
But they all swarm to the barber shop
To get their shingle bobs.

To get a shingle bob,
Shingle bob, shingle bob
Shingle all the way
All the barber shops are full
It's all the rage today.

Shingle bob, shingle bob,
Right up to the dome,
Ain't it grand?, the more you cut
The less you have to comb.

A FARMER'S LETTER

My razorback strolled down your
track a week ago today.
Your #29 came down the line,
And snuffed his life away.
You can't blame me; the hog you see
Slipped through a cattle gate;
So kindly pen a check for ten,
The debt to liquidate.

He was surprised a few days later to
receive the following:

Old #29 came down the line,
And killed your hog, we know;
But razorbacks on railroad tracks,
Quite often meet with woe.
Therefore, my friend, we cannot send
The check for which you pine,
Just plant the dead; place o'er his
head;
'Here lies a foolish swine.' "

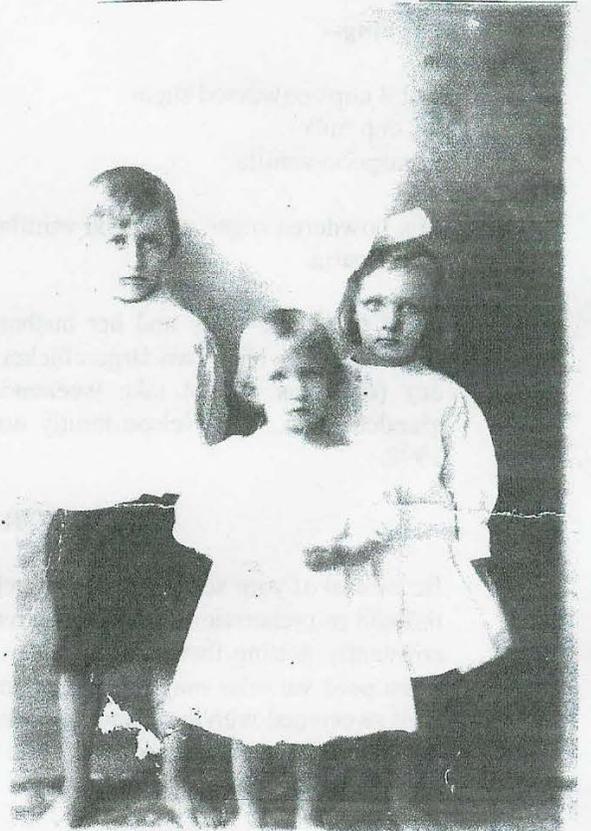
PHOTOS FROM THE PAST
(from Mrs. Clara Harvey)



Identity of this lady is
unknown—photo was
not labeled.

Children of Walter and Julia Moore

- Arlis Moore (1905-)
- Elsie Moore Beaver (1908-1998)
- Mildred Moore Starnes (1906-1986)



THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

HONEY BUN CAKE Submitted by Kay Nelson

Cake--

1 box yellow cake mix
4 eggs
1 cup sour cream
2/3 cup oil

Mix and pour into greased 9 X 13 pan. Set aside.

Filling--

1 cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons cinnamon

Mix sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle over top of cake. Swirl the filling into the batter with a knife. Bake at 325 degrees for 50 minutes. When done, remove from oven and poke holes in the cake.

Topping--

3 or 4 cups powdered sugar
1/2 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix powdered sugar, milk, and vanilla. Pour over hot cake. Serve hot or cold. It's best when warm.

Meet the cook—Kay and her husband James live on a farm near Bluff City. They raise cattle and also have two large chicken houses. Sometimes they gather over 20,000 eggs per day (chickens do not take weekends and holidays off). They have two sons and four grandchildren. The Nelson family was chosen Nevada County Farm Family of the Year in 1998.

RECIPE FOR PRESERVING A HUSBAND

Be careful of your selection. Do not choose too young. When once selected, give your entire thought to preparation for domestic use. Some insist on keeping them in a pickle, others are constantly getting them in hot water. This makes them sour, hard, and sometimes bitter. Even poor varieties may be made sweet, tender, and good by garnishing them with patience, well sweetened with love, and seasoned with kisses. Wrap them in a mantle of charity. Keep warm with a steady fire of domestic decoration and serve with peaches and cream. Thus prepared, they will keep for years.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 2- No. 7

July, 2002

MAN FINDS CHILD STOLEN FROM HIM TEN YEARS BEFORE

As I do research for this paper, I sometimes come across stories that are a bit unusual. We hear news reports these days about missing children and parents who are desperately hoping for some clue as to the whereabouts of their child. The following incident happened over 100 years ago and was recorded in The Nevada News on Feb. 2, 1910.

After a search of ten years covering most of Arkansas and Louisiana, W. F. Pittman last Friday found a lost child stolen from him by a woman by the name of Mattie McIntyre in 1900 at Greeley's Spur in this state.

The mother of the child, Mr. Pittman's first wife, died when the babe, which was christened Della, was two years old. For the next two years, Mr. Pittman lived at the Spur and was rearing the child himself, but when nearing her fourth birthday, she suddenly disappeared and all effort to locate her failed. At the Spur there was living at the time a couple by the name of Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre. Just two days previous to the disappearance of Della Pittman, the McIntyres lost by death a girl just two days younger than Della. Yet no suspicion rested upon them.

Mr. Pittman in his search for his lost child, drifted from place to place, and came to Prescott several years ago and has since made his home here.

Three years ago, someone told him that John McIntyre had stolen his child. He went again in search and located McIntyre, who by that time had separated from his wife, and from him learned that the former wife had the child. The search then centered on finding the woman, whom he located last Wednesday at Woodson's Switch, 20 miles from Little Rock.

Going to the capital city, Mr. Pittman secured the aid of Chief W. M. Rankin of the Humane Society and they with M. A. Belar, an assistant, went to Woodson's where the woman denied them the privilege of seeing the child, who was now 14 years old. Mr. Pittman's life was threatened and he was told that they would kill him before he could get the girl, although they did acknowledge that it was his child.

With the determination of a fond father, and the realization of the outrage that had been perpetuated upon him, he stood his ground, secured the child, and arrived in Prescott with her last night at 11:00 p.m. The incident has been kept a secret until divulged today by Mr. Pittman, who gave out the story as narrated above.

I thought this was the end of the story, but two months later another article appeared in the paper. Turn to page 2 to find out what happened in this unusual case.

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THE REST OF THE STORY—TWO MONTHS LATER (APRIL 10, 1910)

Mr. and Mrs. John McIntyre of Saline County arrived in Prescott accompanied by their attorney with proper papers for the possession of Miss Ella (Della-?) Pittman, daughter of W. F. Pittman over whom there has been much contention lately.

Mr. Pittman contested this action and a trial was held before Judge Denman. Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre were given custody of the girl with the recommendation that the Saline Probate Court investigate their rights in the matter. There were many sensations during the trial and some trouble seemed imminent. The girl herself stated that she desired to go with Mrs. McIntyre, and upon her statement rested largely the decision of the judge.

Now we wonder if this really was the end of the story. Did the Saline Probate Court investigate the matter? Did Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre face any type of punishment for stealing the child? What happened to Della Pittman? Did she go through life as Della McIntyre? Imagine the emotions Mr. Pittman had as he lost his child, found her after ten years, only to lose her again.

I searched at the courthouse for the trial records, but none could be found. Judge Denman was the Nevada County Judge at that time and the "trial" or hearing was hastily arranged which may explain why no records can be found. A good researcher with plenty of time could probably find answers to some of these questions. It sounds like this case would make a good television movie.

MORE FROM THE 1913-14 BLUFF CITY HIGH SCHOOL HANDBOOK

1. Send mail, messages, etc. to your children, but in care of Bluff City High School.
2. Furnish your children only a small amount of spending money. They will do more and better work, will give us less trouble, and you will receive better and more satisfactory reports of their deportment.
3. If your children get sick, we care for them promptly and see that they have the very best medical treatment; if they are seriously sick or likely to be, we shall notify you promptly. Young people sometimes magnify the slightest ills and frighten their parents needlessly. We ask parents to rely upon our judgment and care, and not be alarmed over any reports, for we assure you that your children shall have the very best treatment and that you shall be notified of any illness that has any semblance of seriousness.
4. Pupils sometimes do not willingly submit to discipline. We cannot always manage to please young people in our discipline When your children complain, we ask you to remember that we are striving to develop our pupils to the very best possible advantage. We would, therefore, ask that when complaint is made that you write us before allowing them to leave school. One letter to your child, upholding our management and methods, may suffice to settle the whole difficulty and insure success of your dear boy or girl in school and life;

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one letter of so called “sympathy” decrying our management and methods may forever ruin your child. If parents will be firm, and not yield to childish whims, school management will be easy and children will be saved.

5. The correspondence of pupils must be limited and approved by parents and teachers.
6. No borrowing of money or clothing will be allowed among boarding pupils.
7. Students will be dismissed from the school whenever, in the opinion of the Board, they are pursuing a course that will be detrimental to the school.
8. Pupils shall render perfect and willing obedience to those who have authority over them; they shall pursue their studies as directed, and keep such outside regulations as the faculty and board may direct.
9. Pupils shall study all the subjects of the grade to which they belong, and shall remain in such grade until, by examination, they show themselves ready for promotion. They will be held responsible for the neatness and cleanliness of their books and desks.
10. All fragrant violations of good order are liable to be punished by expulsion from the school. So is habitual carelessness in preparing lessons. We do not want any idlers in our school. If your children are low, mean, and vicious, we do not want them. This school is not a reformatory, but an institution for educating and training civil boys and girls. We want the patronage of only such as will make the proper use of the opportunities we offer, and of such as will be subject to our rules and regulations. While mild, our discipline shall, at all times, be firm and our ruling shall be final. We believe that the discipline pupils receive from a well regulated school is of the greatest value in preparing them for the conflicts of life; and to this end, we have determined to be as rigid in discipline as the circumstances in any case may demand.
11. If any pupil so deports himself that it becomes necessary to expel him from this session, he will not be permitted to re-enter the same.

* * * * *

BRAIN TEASERS

1. What happens when you throw a white rock into the Red Sea?
2. What is half of two plus two?
3. What time is it when 12 cats chase one mouse?
4. What word looks the same upside down and backwards?
5. What kind of rocks are at the bottom of the Mississippi River?
6. If two’s company and three’s a crowd, what are four and five?
7. What has one foot on each end and one foot in the middle?
8. How much dirt is in a hole 4 feet deep and 2 feet wide?

Answers

- | |
|----------------|
| 1. it sinks |
| 2. three |
| 3. 12 after 1 |
| 4. swims |
| 5. wet ones |
| 6. nine |
| 7. a yardstick |
| 8. none |

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A NEAR "MIDGET" WEDDING NEAR LOUANN (from an old Camden newspaper about 1912)

Mr. George Pace, a prominent young businessman of this city, who stands about 4 feet 10 and tips the scales at 102, led to the altar Miss Blanche Myatt, who looks up to her liege lord from about 4 feet 6, and who finds it necessary to slip a couple of bars of soap on the scales to tip the beam at a hundred when she is weighed.

At services held at the church last Sunday afternoon, a large crowd was present, but George had no idea of "claiming his own" in their presence. He quietly asked the minister, Rev. C. G. Ferguson to wait until the crowd dispersed and then tie the knot, which he very kindly agreed to do.

The happy young couple departed after the ceremony, the groom returning to this city, while the charming little bride remained at the home of her parents. This morning Mr. Pace asked Mrs. W. L. Wood to prepare the bridal suite, as he was going to Louann to escort his bride home.

They arrived on the afternoon train and are now at home at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wood.

With a wide circle of friends, we wish the "little fellows" a happy, long, and prosperous life.

SOME OUACHITA COUNTY NEWS ITEMS FROM 1908

July, 1908 - Frank McGaughey from south of Buena Vista brought in a stalk of cotton waist high that had been stripped of every hull and bloom by the boll weevil and the pestiferous bugs were crawling all over the stalk looking for food. Unless a systematic and careful fight is made by every man where the weevil appears, there will be but little cotton raised this year. It is up to every man to fight his own battle.

July, 1908 - Miss Elberta is attracting much attention these days. This excellent peach gladdens those who buy and those who sell. Our county will not be much in evidence in the market this season, but when the 75,000 or 100,000 trees planted get fully into bearing, there will be carloads and trainloads going out.

July, 1908 - Camden has disorderly houses and a big crusade to purge the city of the disreputable female characters is now on. It seems the city council has allowed them to exist through the fine system, but public opinion has resolved for their banishment and the victory will be in favor of law and order. Perhaps Camden's saloons will be next to suffer at the hand of this moral influence.

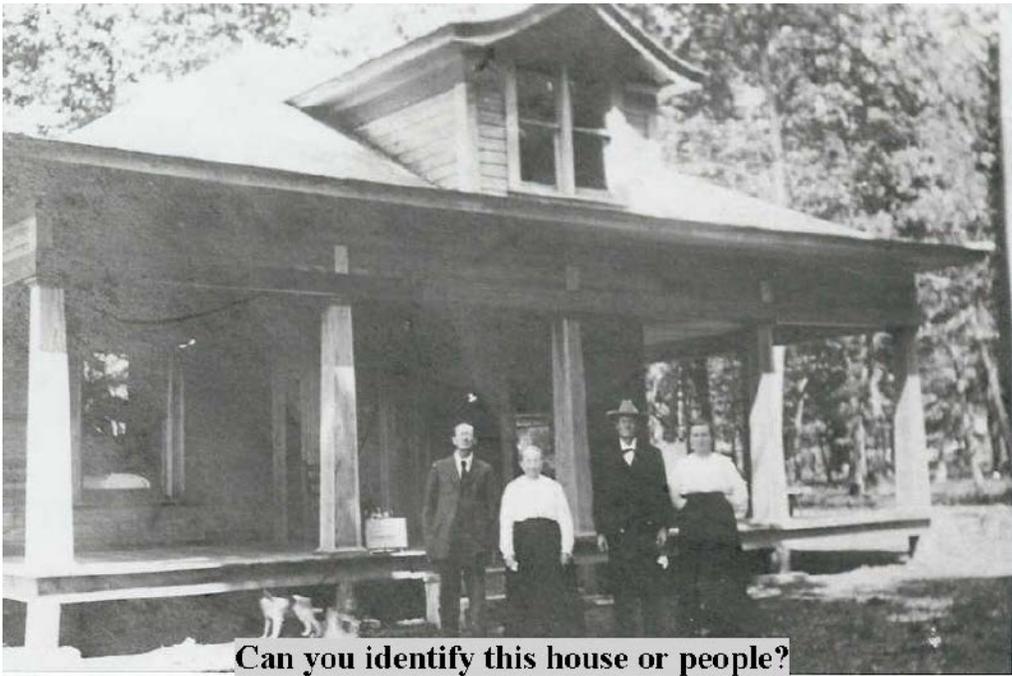
Nov., 1908 - The Agee Wagon Works was destroyed by fire. The firm employed 20 men and had been here for a number of years. The business is a total wreck with the loss estimated to be \$75, 000 to \$100,000.

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PHOTOS FROM THE PAST



Warren and Trine Starnes (both preachers who loved to fish)



Can you identify this house or people?

Mrs. Brodie Knight of Bluff City had this picture in her collection, but it was not labeled.

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THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

RAW APPLE CAKE

This recipe is from Mrs. Nell Kirk, wife of Horace Kirk. They lived on the old Jasper Kirk homestead a few miles south of Bluff City. Both are deceased and buried at Bluff City Cem.

3 cups flour
2 and 1/4 cups sugar
1 cup chopped pecans
1 and 1/2 cups Wesson oil
3 cups raw apples (Winesap or homegrown), chipped
2 eggs well beaten
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 and 1/2 teaspoons baking soda
Pinch of salt

Mix Wesson oil, sugar, and eggs. Beat well. Add dry ingredients and mix well. Stir in apples and nuts. Bake in loaf pans at 350 degrees until done. Or use tube pan.

SUGAR COOKIES

This is my grandmother Katie May McKelvy's recipe for sugar cookies.

1/2 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg or egg yolk
2 tablespoons cream
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 and 3/4 cups flour

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs and mix well. Add all other ingredients and mix. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased cookie sheet.

A RECIPE FOR ALL AMERICANS

A heaping helping of American pride
Equal servings of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness
A bunch of truths we still hold to be self-evident
Add according to taste: old fashioned friendship, kindness, and brotherly love
Fill to overflowing from sea to shining sea
Enjoy with warm hearts, and
Serve with pride.

A VISIT TO CAMDEN IN 1889

The editor of the Nevada County Picayune in Prescott decided in 1889 to make a visit to the neighboring town of Camden. Here is an article printed in the March 27, 1889 issue of his paper telling of his visit. This gives us a glimpse of what Camden was like 113 years ago.

**Camden, Arkansas-A Rising City, Full of Plucky and Enterprising Business Men
Advantages and Prospects
Water Works, Electric lights, Street Railroad Almost In Sight**

For some time past, having been apprised of the great improvements and progress going on in our neighboring city, Camden, the editor of this paper resolved to visit it, combining business and pleasure. Thursday, this resolution was carried into effect and a part of two days was spent there.

Camden has many advantages, both natural and acquired. Besides two railroads--the Iron Mt. and St. Louis, Ark, and Texas railroads, she has a navigable river, the Ouachita. This gives her exceptional transportation facilities and low freight rates. Another thing--she is an old town, and many of her citizens have acquired wealth in trade, and are now beginning to appreciate the advantages already in hand, and add others by liberally going into public enterprises for her future welfare. The want of this public spirit is all that has kept Camden back heretofore. Here, merchants and citizens deserve credit for taking hold and pushing public enterprises that will redound in the improvement and advancement of the city and themselves. With a population of over 2,500, and her merchants, many of them large dealers (in another part of this article, we will have more to say about them), enjoying a fine trade and a bright outlook for the future, she has cause for congratulations. By reason of its favorable location, a large trade is secured from five or six counties, among them Clark, Calhoun, Union, and Nevada. About half of the latter county, nearly all of it south of Rosston, go there to trade because it is the nearest desirable point. By order of the Governor, Camden has just been made a city of the second class through the efforts of her city fathers, Dr. John W. Brown, one of them, having gone to Little Rock to effect the same.

Progress and improvement seem to be the order of the day. A cotton compress has been in successful operation for over a year and will eventually do the city and surrounding country much good. There are a number of smaller manufacturing establishments, a cotton factory, a broom factory, and others that will, with the proper fostering, materially assist in building up this place. Pipes have been laid and arrangements are being perfected to give the city a good system of water works, and while we were there, contracts were entered into to furnish the city with electric lights. A charter has been granted a company whose purpose is to build and operate a street railway. The Knights of Pythia will soon erect a very handsome, large, three story brick, and a number of other brick business houses will go up this summer. A good hotel is badly needed, not having any, save two or three houses that are poor excuses, but we learn a public spirited citizen will build a \$20,000 brick hotel in the next few months, when this want will be supplied. A \$30, 000 new brick court house will soon be built. A good-sized boom is on hand.

(continued on page 2)

HUMOR	HISTORICAL TIDBITS	RECIPES
TAKING YOU BACK TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS		
GENEALOGY	POEMS	OLD PHOTOS

(continued from page 1)

Camden has many splendid mercantile establishments. While we have not the space to enumerate all of them, we will give a few of them here. Bay & Bros. is one of the largest, with one of the largest selections of dry goods, notions, clothing, etc. in the city. They do an immense business, at wholesale as well as retail and guarantee prices as low as at St. Louis in their jobbing trade. Dr. J. W. Brown, besides a dry goods and grocery business, has a separate hardware store and does a big business. Morgan, McRae & Co. is another large house well known in all this section. Mr. M. P. Watts, a former resident of Nevada Co., is now at the head of one of the largest establishments with a growing trade in general dry goods and groceries. He also has a fine jobbing business. In his specialties, clothing, ladies dress goods, boots, shoes, and hats, he lets no house in Camden take a rank above him. In the way of groceries and feed stuffs, stand D. W. Chandler, O. F. Gee, and Ritchie and Co. In drugs, A. H. Morgan. In watches, jewelry, silverware, fancy goods, etc., Mr. George H. Stinson is in the lead. He is one of Camden's old reliable business men, long and favorably known in all this section. In furniture, Proctor and Bros. Our friend, J. T. Darby, one of the firm of Winfrey and Darby, does a great business. The *Beacon* and *Herald* are two good papers gotten out by real nice, clever gentlemen. Camden should be proud of and liberally maintain her papers.

Taking it all together, we enjoyed our trip to Camden. It was not our first visit there, hence our surprise to note its great improvements in the past two years. We think she is destined to be a large, commercial city in the near future, the metropolis of southwest Arkansas.

On March 10th, while the shadows were still falling toward the west, the great monster, death, stretched forth his merciless hand and took from us a loved husband, father, and friend. Andrew J. Pruitt was born January 15, 1860 in Clark County. From early manhood, he lived a conscientious and devoted Christian life. He was a member of the Missionary Baptist Church. At age 21, he married Almeda Dewoody. To this union were born five boys and five girls, seven of whom are still living. He was a member of the Corinthian Lodge #448, Free and Accepted Masons.

The deceased had attained the age of 65 years, one month, and 25 days. He had passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, and being weary for a moment, he fell into that dreamless sleep and passed on to silence and pathetic dust. He added to the sum of human joy, and if every one for whom he did some loving service were to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight underneath a wilderness of flowers ..

Andrew J. Pruitt- born 1-1-1860; died 3-10-1925 **Almeda Dewoody Pruitt**- born 9-30-1863; died 1-4-1925
 Both buried at Bluff City Cemetery (Old Section)

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Those of us who live in Ouachita and Nevada counties have become very familiar with fire ants the last several years. Everyone is looking for something that will rid us of these pests. I found this article on the internet written by David Gregory in a collection of articles he calls "Horsefeathers".

FIRE ANTS, ARE THEY HERE TO STAY?

By David Gregory

A few years ago I was almost convinced that the environmentalist, Howard Garrett, who calls himself the Dirt Doctor, knew what he was talking about. From time to time I listened to him on my pickup radio. He gives advice to listeners who call in to his talk show. Mostly he tells them to avoid commercial fertilizers, insecticides and herbicides. Instead he recommends the use of compost, mulches and lady bugs.

During the summer he gets several calls each day about how to get rid of fire ants. His answer to the problem is compost tea which is made by putting compost or manure of some kind in a barrel of water and letting it set for several days. To this you add citrus tea made by soaking orange, lemon and grapefruit peelings in water for 24 hours. Then add a table spoon of black strap molasses and a little vinegar to a gallon of compost tea and spray on the fire ant mound.

Having failed to rid our place of fire ants with amdoro, purex, dish washing soap, boiling water, diatomaceous earth, diazanon, seven dust and a ball peen hammer I decided to try this remedy. The compost tea certainly seemed benign enough and since I had a barn full of horses the cost would be minimal.

I got manure from a stall where I keep a mare. Thinking I could get citrus fruit from the market that was out of date and about to be thrown in the trash I set out to put my ingredients together. At the grocery store the produce manager told me they sold their bad fruit so I bought a bag of oranges which didn't look that good. Since I didn't want to be wasteful, Mama and I ate all the oranges. By the time we had finished eating them our teeth were so sharp that we couldn't talk for the fear of biting off our tongues.

Compost tea treatment is not for those with a weak stomach. After the brew had sat through several days of 100+ temperature, it took on an aroma all its own. When the brew was properly aged I strained it through a door screen and party hose. This removed everything from the brown liquid, except the smell. While filling up the sprayer I spilled some on my boots.

All the mounds in the yard were sprayed without incident. However, I did begin to take on a very distinct aroma not unlike the mare stall where I got the manure. I also learned a very valuable lesson while spraying the fire ant mounds in the stallion run. It's a lot better to have a few little bitty fire ants on you than a 1300 lb. stallion.

Last year it was so dry and hot that we had almost no fire ants here at the ranch. During the fall I started a big compost pile to compliment my newly found gardening talents. I added layers of oak leaves, barnyard manure, straw, sand, grass clippings and watered it well. I saved the table scraps, orange peelings and egg shells which I added to the pile. This compost pile contained all the ingredients called for by Mr. Garrett.

I put a black plastic cover over the pile to increase heating and to rush the composting process. A day or two after the latest arctic cold front had passed I went out to turn the compost pile. The coyotes had helped me keep it turned while looking for table scraps to eat. When I raised the cover it was working alive with fire ants. This proves to me that compost tea isn't a very effective way to get rid of fire ants but I can assure that it sure gives them a really bad breath.

Maybe the Dirt Doctor said to use chicken instead of horse manure. Since the coyotes killed our last rooster, I'm gonna get my next batch of compost tea starter from the hen house. At least I'll be a lot safer if I need to spray for fire ants in the stallion run.

This is a picture of Denton Robinson in his military uniform (possibly World War I). As you can see from the list of students on page 5, he was a student at Bluff City High School in 1913-14.

He was the son of Timothy and Cassandra Hepsobeth Epperson Robinson. He was born Feb. 9, 1897 and died Dec. 31, 1924.

“ROSEUNEERS”

Today we call it corn on the cob, but I can remember when folks would say something like “I picked a few roseuneers today”. It is a corruption of the phrase “roasting ears”. We used the term even though we boiled the ears instead of roasting them. I have read that in earlier times people would roast corn in the shuck in the ashes from the fireplace and that’s probably how the name came to be.

It’s been a long time since I heard anyone use the term. Old words and phrases sometimes get lost in our modern world. When is the last time you had a glass of sweet milk?

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe, which wasn't too bad when the winter winds blew. But the strong summer sun was too hot to handle, so she packed up her stuff and moved to a sandal!

Jack was nimble. Jack was quick.
Jack jumped over the candlestick.
Jack kept jumping, much too close.
Now his pants smell like burnt toast



From the Bluff City news column
The Nevada News-July 16, 1909

**The days are long and hot and dreary
It’s dry and the sun is never weary
The withering crop still clings to its hold
But the dry wind, as in the days of old
Is wreaking destruction with every gust
And enveloped all in a cloud of dust
Then the rains came and ended this
poem.**

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STUDENTS ATTENDING BLUFF CITY HIGH SCHOOL IN 1913-14

C. J. Askew, Bluff City
Thaeron Atkins, Rosston
W. H. Atkins, Rosston
Edd Askew, Bluff City
Lynn Askew, Bluff City
Berry Black, Bluff City
Clyde Black, Bluff City
Pirtie Benton, Sayre
Everett Barlow, Bluff City
Verdie Black, Bluff City
Ruby Black, Bluff City
Jeff Barlow, Bluff City
Novice Byrd, Bluff City
Aubrey Byrd, Bluff City
Troy Byrd, Bluff City
A. F. Byrd, Bluff City
Bertha Blankenship, Bluff City
Myrtle Barlow, Bluff City
Joe Barlow, Bluff City
*Julius Bradley, Bluff City
W. F. Booker, Bluff City
Roy Black, Bluff City
Tracy Black, Bluff City
Romey Black, Bluff City
Walter Carter, Bluff City
Reecy Carter, Bluff City
Jesse Carter, Bluff City
Pat Carter, Bluff City
Rilla Carter, Bluff City
Mattie Carter, Bluff City
Georgia Carter, Bluff City
Florence Carter, Bluff City
Hassel Carter, Bluff City
Denton Carter, Bluff City
Eddie Carter, Bluff City
Ella Conklin, Bluff City
Mattie Crowell, Bluff City
Finis Cross, Foss
Herbert Dawson, Bluff City
Leila Dawson, Bluff City
Joe Wheeler Dawson, Bluff City
Tula Dawson, Bluff City
William Dawson, Bluff City
James Day, Mill Springs, MO
Elmer Day, Mill Springs, MO
Coy DeWoody, Sayre
Lillie Mae Dempsey, Bluff City
J. E. Elliott, Stark
Robert Forbus, Rosebud
Elma Gulley, Bluff City
Zaidee Gulley, Bluff City
Vera Gulley, Bluff City
Exa Gulley, Bluff City

Ethel Graham, Bluff City
Hester Gulleck, Sayre
Dewey Hackney, Bluff City
Pearl Heldebrand, Bluff City
Edna Heldebrand, Bluff City
Lawrence Heldebrand, Bluff City
Clyde Heldebrand, Bluff City
Willie Harrell, Bluff City
Olive Henry, Bluff City
C. C. Harvey, Bluff City
Eddie Harvey, Bluff City
Ruby Harvey, Bluff City
Frank Henderson, Bluff City
Gussie Erwin, Sayre
Chuvvy Moseley, Bluff City
Clifton Moseley, Bluff City
Wilkie Moore, Bluff City
Lena Morgan, Bluff City
Belle Morgan, Bluff City
Garland Moore, Bluff City
Liewellyn Morgan, Bluff City
Mildred Moore, Bluff City
Lillie Moore, Bluff City
Arlis Moore, Bluff City
Vernie Meador, Bluff City
Mack Neal, Bluff City
Ollie Nichols, Bluff City
Bessie Owen, Waldo
Madaline Owen, Waldo
Clinton Pearce, Bluff City
Jewell Pearce, Bluff City
Earnest Payne, Bluff City
Enis Pruitt, Bluff City
E. A. Pruitt, Bluff City
Meedie Reed, Bluff City
Richard Reed, Bluff City
Roy Robinson, Bluff City
Denton Robinson, Bluff City
Nettie Smith, Camden
Nora Sudsberry, Bluff City
*Clara Sudsberry, Bluff City
Ila Sudsberry, Bluff City
C. C. Starnes, Bluff City
Rufus Starnes, Bluff City
Watson Starnes, Bluff City
Orland Starnes, Bluff City
Cullen Starnes, Bluff City
Beulah Starnes, Bluff City
*Eula Starnes, Bluff City
Jenie Starnes, Bluff City
Katie Starnes, Bluff City
Caddie Starnes, Bluff City
Lessie Starnes, Bluff City

Deward Starnes, Bluff City
Stella Starnes, Bluff City
Carrie Starnes, Bluff City
Minnie Starnes, Bluff City
Lee Starnes, Bluff City
Bynum Starnes, Bluff City
Henry Starnes, Bluff City
Loyce Starnes, Bluff City
Denton Starnes, Bluff City
Ida Tunnell, Bluff City
Iva Tunnell, Bluff City
Pear Upton, Bluff City
Jewell Upton, Bluff City
Percy Upton, Bluff City
Delila Upton, Bluff City
Allen Upton, Sayre
Archie Upton, Sayre
Vernie Walker, Bluff City
Lawrence Walker, Bluff City

*Expelled

SONG OF THE CORN

From Camden Evening News
(1926)

I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing
When put through the mill,
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me into loaves
And your children are fed;
But if into drink,
I will starve them instead.

In bread, I'm a servant
The eater shall rule;
In drink, I'm a master
The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning,
My strength I employ—
If eaten, to strengthen,
If drunk, to destroy.

Could you survive several days without ice? Imagine a whole town without ice. This was the situation people faced back in the summer of 1909 in Prescott. At that time ice was delivered to towns by train and then distributed to the people by the local "ice man". .

PRESCOTT'S ICE FAMINE

NEVADA NEWS- JULY 15, 1909

Prescott is in the throes of an ice famine good and hot. Yesterday morning, a thirsty town woke up to the fact that the ice was out. It was believed to be only momentary and that the day would see a car of ice come in as these temporary spells had occurred before. But the day went on and by night, no ice had come in. The people became alarmed. The drug stores had enough to run their fountains through the day but when they ran out, the phone lines got busy. R. P. Arnold, the local ice man, left yesterday morning for Little Rock to get what ice he could, but word was received announcing the fact that there was nothing doing. He left for Pine Bluff where he is today seeking relief for our people.

This morning's train brought 3000 pounds of ice, but it was for private parties and the great bulk of humanity is still suffering.

The cause of the present famine is due to contracts the ice plants have to ice fruit cars and the great quantity of the crop pushes the plants to full capacity to move the fruit. It is hoped some relief will be had in a day or two. In the meantime, great crowds of people will continue to seek and beg a drink of cold water from those who were fortunate to have friends in the ice towns who were kind enough to look after their interests in the matter of securing relief for them.

Note: Three days later, three car loads of ice was received. The express shipment sold for two cents per pound yesterday. Today, the price is 50 cents per hundred as long as the supply lasts.

This recipe is from Linda Carman of Bluff City who got it from her sister, Bonita. Linda says it is really good. Linda operates a beauty shop and is active in community affairs.

BONITA'S FRUIT DISH

1 cup fresh strawberries (sliced)
1 cup sliced fresh peaches
1 cup blueberries
1 cup seedless grapes
1 cup brown sugar
1 16 oz. sour cream

Place fruit layered in dish. Cover with brown sugar and place in refrigerator for one hour. Then spread sour cream on top. Great for pot luck dinners.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 2- No. 9

September, 2002

Some of the things in this article came from an article written by Cleo Chism Webb which she called "Some Oldies But Goodies" which appeared in a magazine about southwest Arkansas called "The Looking Glass". Some of the things she mentioned brought back some memories and some of them are new to me. I have included some of my own "oldies but goodies" as well. I believe all readers over 50 will find something familiar here.

1. Poke sallit--Wild greens eaten by many Southerners. Ms. Webb also mentions lamb's quarter and sour dock used for greens, but those are new to me. She says her grandmother included wild dewberry buds mixed in when the greens were scarce.
2. Cush—Ms. Webb says this was served when groceries were scarce. It was dressing with the chicken still in the yard. It was made of corn meal, green onions, salt, pepper, and bacon drippings held together with water. An egg was added if the hens were laying. This is a new one to me.
3. Thickening—another thing eaten during hard times. It was a gravy made from any available fat with flour and water.
4. The safe—Not a place to keep valuables. This was an upright cabinet on legs with tin doors punched full of tiny holes in all kinds of designs. A place to keep pies. Most had drawers for utensils and maybe a storage space underneath. Ms. Webb remembers her mother also stored tea cakes in the flour barrel. Children in those days raided the safe and the flour barrel instead of the refrigerator.
5. Roseuneers—Roasting ears; refers to corn in the shuck; in earlier days corn was roasted in the shuck in ashes from the fireplace.
6. Sweet Milk—this term distinguishes it from sour milk. Sour milk was on its way to becoming buttermilk, clabber, or any stage in between.
7. Gristmill—a place where corn was ground into corn meal; usually located along a stream; large stones with grooves were used to grind the corn.
8. Bolted Meal—store bought meal such as Aunt Jemima. I haven't heard of this one.
- 9 Grabble potatoes—When little potatoes came on the vines about the size of a quarter, people would start "grabbing" potatoes to have new potatoes to eat. They would get one or two off a plant and leave the rest to mature.
10. Red-eye gravy—Ms. Webb says their gravy was made by pouring water or coffee over cured fried ham; very good with homemade biscuits.
11. Sack sausage—sausage squeezed into narrow, cloth sacks made from flour sacks and hung in the smokehouse. They were sometimes squeezed into hog intestines instead of cloth sacks. I remember these, but we used the cloth sacks. I can remember the sausage was very good.
12. Render lard—where the grease was cooked out of the fat in a big black wash pot. What was left when the lard was rendered out was cracklings. Cracklings were sometimes used to make "crackling bread" to eat with sweet milk.
13. Lye soap—cracklings and other fat were put with lye and water in a washpot and cooked to make lye soap for washing clothes and sometimes for bathing. Ms. Webb says they usually bought "toilet soap" because it smelled so much better.

14. Soup line—during the depression days, there were soup lines in the cities where people lined up for a daily bowl of soup. Most country folks raised enough food to get by on. Country people in southern Arkansas survived on field peas and other vegetables.
15. Hoover hog—what people during the Great Depression called a rabbit. They blamed their troubles on President Hoover.
16. Straining milk—Cows were milked by hand and the milk was strained through a clean flour sack and allowed to stand for the cream to “rise”. The cream was skimmed off with a spoon. Sometimes the milk was allowed to “clabber” and churned with a “churn dasher” into buttermilk. Before the milk became clabber, it went through a stage called “Blue John”. The taste was described as “blinky” which meant very disagreeable.
17. Plate pies—a name for regular pies to distinguish them from cobbler pies.
18. Half moons—another name for fried pies.
19. Stack cake—another name for a layer cake.
20. A “lasses cake”—cake made with molasses.
21. Johnny cake—a corruption of “journey cake” made to carry on long journeys.
22. Slum gullion—Ms. Webb says her father picked up this term in World War II. It means anything all mixed together and soupy.
23. Materials for clothing—Ms. Webb remembers things made of crepe-de-chine-pique, taffeta, rayon, organdy. These might mean something to the female readers. Ms. Webb says no self respecting girl was well dressed without a hat and gloves.
24. Shimmies—grandmother wore her shimmies; probably another name for chemise
25. Mother Hubbard dress—straight and loose; most women on the farm also wore homemade bonnets while working outside.
26. Bull Durham—a type of tobacco; men rolled their own cigarettes. I can remember rolling cigarettes for my father when I was a kid. He had a little machine for that purpose.
27. Garrett snuff—used by many women; came in brown bottles with raised dots on the bottom which indicated the strength of the snuff. Some snuff glasses were clear and could be used for drinking glasses later.
28. Slopping the hogs—people would put dishwater in a bucket and save it for the hogs. They would also put table scraps, peelings, etc in the “slop bucket”.
28. Scraping the yard—Since there was no lawnmower, most front yards were scraped clean of all grass. This was also called “flat hoeing”. When leaves fell raking was done with a “yard broom” made from small straight branches tied together.
29. Coal oil lamp—another name for a kerosene lamp. Aladdin lamps came in later and gave better light. This was the source of light before electricity came to the farms. People would sit awhile by the fire, tell stories, and probably go to bed early.
30. Aggies—multi-colored marbles. Steeles were ball bearings from automobiles. If you played for “keeps”, you could keep the ones you knocked out of the designated ring.
31. De-bug the potatoes—Since there was no insecticide or people didn’t know about it, they would pick the bugs from the potato plants and they were sometimes mashed on a flat rock.
32. Corn sheller—a device for shelling corn by turning a wheel to separate the corn from the cob.
33. Sears Roebuck dolls—Small girls would cut paper dolls from the catalogs. Ms. Webb says her mother wouldn’t let her use the scissors for this on Sundays.
34. Tin lizzie—a name for early automobiles

35. Boxed house—built like a rectangular box. A “dog trot” house had a hall way with rooms on each side. The porch was sometimes called the “gallery”.
36. Peddlers and Tinkers—Peddlers brought groceries, household items, and clothing to the farms. Tinkers came around fixing holes in cooking utensils and sharpening knives and scissors.
37. Planting by the signs—Many farmers believed in planting their crops by the signs of the moon. If the crop was planted at the wrong time, it would bloom, but not make fruit. Root crops were planted in the dark of the moon and above ground crops in the light of the moon.
38. “Saw, saw”—While milking the cow, people would say this to make the cow stand still and give milk.
39. “right peart”—means you feel good.
40. “gully washer”—a very heavy rain.
41. “rig-a marole”—something complicated
42. “purt”—such as “It’s purt near dinner time.”; means pretty near.
43. “a quietus”—to stop something, such as “put a quietus on them”.
44. “corkusing”—two or more people whispering
45. “light a shuck”—to leave quickly
46. “the last button on Gabe’s coat”—meant the last of the money, groceries, etc.
47. “rising”—a boil, swelling or inflammation. I was told I needed to eat more raisins.
48. “whomper-jawed”—something uneven
49. “golly”—don’t golly yourself eating too much
50. “larruping”—that corn sure is larruping (very delicious)
51. “shillelagh”—pronounced shi-lay-lee; a switch; “Stop that before I get a shillelagh after you”.
52. “annie godling”—something uneven
53. “pot likker”—what’s left in the pot after cooking a mess of peas, beans, or greens
54. “light bread”—plain ole white store bought bread

And the list goes on and on. If you can think of others, send them to me and I’ll print them later.

WILD ROSES AND TURNIPS

By Dorothy Dean (Camden Evening News-1927)

A wild rose and a turnip were growing side by side
The turnip grew broad and dark; the roses opened wide.
We praised the flirting roses with all their glee and show
But hardly gave a kindly glance to the turnip down below.
To love a rose we only have to breathe the fragrance in its cup
But we never love a turnip before we dig it up.
Some of us are wild roses and loved by every one
And some are just plain turnips with few real friendships won.
If you’re a lover of a wild rose with dewdrops in its cup
Love it still—but all the turnips you know—go dig them up.

ALEX BRAGG, A DEVOTED SERVANT

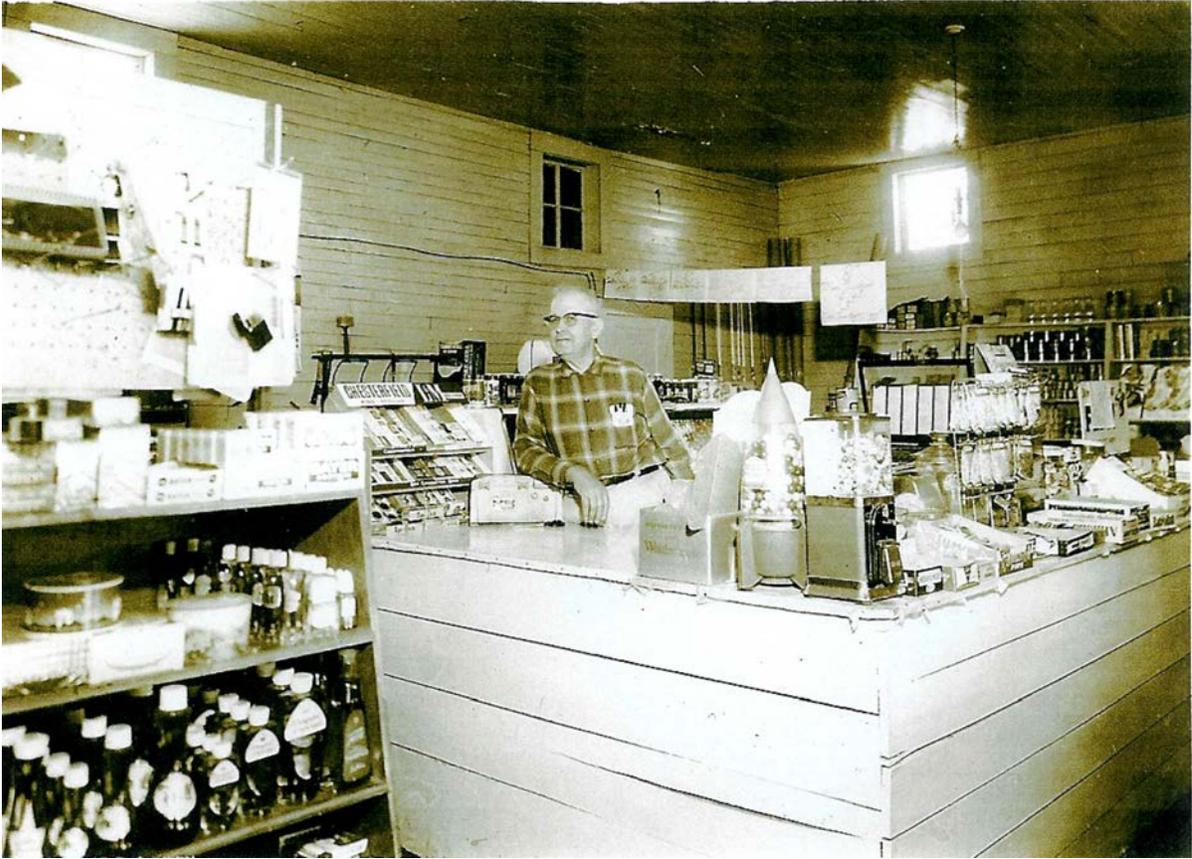
Alex Bragg, one of the faithful and devoted body servants of the war period of Camden history has been called to his reward. He died at his home January 7th of pneumonia. He was born in 1845 on the Bragg plantation four miles west of Camden, where he has continuously resided all his life, except during the time he was in attendance upon "Marse Anthon" during the closing months of the great conflict. His full name was Alexander Hamilton George Washington Bragg. His parents, George and Millie, were brought to Arkansas from South Carolina by the Bragg family, and Millie, being a house servant, heard much talk of the founders of our great republic, so she conceived the idea of naming her son for two of the most distinguished men.

Alex's long life was preeminently one of devoted service to the Bragg family. In youth he was the comrade and playfellow of the older sons, cheerfully taking upon himself every burden and counting it his highest joy and privilege to share in their camp hunts and fishing expeditions. During the four years of the war he was the guardian and protector of Mrs. Bragg and her daughters. No knight of the olden time was ever more faithful than he; no Samurai was ever more loyal to his Emperor. When Mr. Anthon V. Bragg at the age of sixteen enlisted in the Confederate army, then, and not until then, was Alex ever tempted to desert his post as guardian of the family. But he thought that "Marse Anthon" needed him most and he went unhesitatingly and rendered many and varied services to his young master in camp and field. At the close of the conflict, when all the other Negroes were gladly welcoming freedom and seeking other homes, he quietly settled down at the old home and took up the work of farming and cattle raising which enabled him to live comfortably, while his services were at all times invaluable to the Bragg family. So closely did he identify himself with them that upon one occasion when someone remarked that his hair was gray, he said, "Yes, all the Bragg boys turn gray early." He was always eager to uphold the family honor and to rejoice in their good fortune, and in times of sorrow when the Angel of Death invaded the home, faithful old Alex was sure to be on hand, to weep with them, and to render any service possible.

The greatest grief of his life was in the sudden death of his beloved "Marse Anthon", and from that day to the end of his life he seemed to feel that his mission was to "take care of Miss Virginia". Nobly did he maintain his trust. And right joyously may we, in spirit, follow him across the dark river where he will rejoin those whom he loved and served, and will enter into the reward given to all who do their duty faithfully in this life.

His last illness was short and at times he was delirious. A most pathetic feature was the fact of his talking to "Marse Anthon" as if they were on a hunt together. Everything possible was done for his comfort, and he responded gratefully to the voice of "Miss Virginia" when she spoke to him, but his life's work was done and it was his time to go.

Sleep sweetly, faithful one, in your humble grave on the hillside, near the old home which you have guarded for so many years. May your awakening be in the Sunshine Land with a welcome from those you love, and a plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant" from the Master.



This is a picture of Mr. Con Harvey in his store on the corner at Bluff City. A service station was connected to the store operated by George Henry. Mr. Harvey sold the store to George and Eva Dell Henry. She operated the grocery store while he continued to run the service station. This was an old time general store. Notice the gum ball machines on the corner of the counter. This photo must have been taken at least 40 years ago. He died in 1967. The building and service station were torn down in 1983.

Mr. David Edward Harvey also operated a store at Bluff City from 1927 until his death in 1962. His wife, Gladys continued to operate the store for some time after his death. That building burned in 1989.

Earlier members of the Harvey family also owned stores in Bluff City. In 1910, there is a record of the Henry Brothers selling their store to Upton and Harvey, who expanded the business and added many improvements.

Mr. Con Harvey, Mr. Ed Harvey, and others were influential in persuading the highway department to build Hwy. 24 through Bluff City back in the late 1920s. The shortest route would have taken the highway through Reader. I checked this out myself and found the route through Reader to be a little shorter, but the driving time is about the same due to more curves. So, Bluff City residents owe a debt of gratitude to these men who had the foresight to work to "put Bluff City on the map". Too bad a railroad didn't make plans to come through town. That would have brought more people and businesses to the small community.

THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

A co-worker gave me a copy of a recipe booklet put out by the Hempstead Co. Home Demonstration Club in 1944. Actually I only have one page. He says he has the rest, but can't find it right now. The first three recipes are from that page of the booklet.

Wash Day Pie (Mrs. Ann Lusby)

Cook rich pie shell, fill with sliced bananas and cover with whipped cream.

Cantaloupe Pie (Mrs. Mont Harris-Sweet Home Club)

I have never heard of cantaloupe pie. This recipe makes two pies and calls for six cantaloupes. Sounds like a lot to me. With the price of cantaloupes these days, you might have to adjust this recipe.

6 nice size cantaloupes	5 eggs
½ cup flour or corn starch	1 teaspoon flavoring
1 cup sugar	¼ cup butter
3 cups fresh milk	

Cook cantaloupe very slow and cool. Mix sugar, flour, and butter together. Add gradually to the cantaloupe mixture. Beat eggs and add with flavoring to the mixture. Cook in uncooked pie shells. **Makes two pies.**

Lemon Pie (Mrs. F. V. Porterfield-Union Grove Club)

½ cup flour	2 egg yolks
1 cup sugar	¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups boiling water	juice and grated rind of one lemon
1 tablespoon butter	

Combine the sugar and flour. Stir in the boiling water and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Add the lemon, salt, butter, and the well beaten egg yolks. Cook until the mixture thickens stirring so that it will not lump. When done allow to cool partially and pour into baked crust and cover with meringue. Put in oven and brown a light brown.

Cornflake Cookies

1 cup white Karo	
1 cup sugar	
Boil for 1 ½ minutes	
Add: 1 teaspoon vanilla	1 ½ cups crunchy peanut butter
1 cup coconut	4 cups cornflakes

Stir and drop by spoonfuls on to foil or wax paper.

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SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT NAMES

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches... (Proverbs 22: 1)

A good name is better than precious ointment... (Ecclesiastes 7: 1)

Did you know that some people believe that a person's name has something to do with their personality or behavior? Do you know someone who got stuck with a name they didn't like? Remember the old Johnny Cash tune called "A Boy Named Sue"?

You may have heard of the following nursery rhyme:

Monday's child is fair of face; Tuesday's child is full of grace; Wednesday's child if full of woe; Thursday's child has far to go; Friday's child is loving and giving; Saturday's child works hard for a living; Sunday's child is bonny and blithe and good and gay. *(If you want to know the day of your birth, consult a perpetual calendar).*

There is a tribe of people in Africa called the Ashanti. These people sincerely believe that the day a person was born has a direct effect of the behavior of that person throughout life. So strongly do they believe this that the day of a person's birth is included as a part of the person's name.

A man named G. Johoda did research on the Ashanti people over a period of five years and found that 13.5 % of boys in trouble had Wednesday as part of their name. They were responsible for 22 % of all violent acts. Mondays had 6.9 % of the juvenile delinquents. But he concluded that there is no connection between the day of birth and how a person turns out. He believes that people just live up to what society expects of them. Mondays were expected to be good and they were. Wednesdays were expected to be bad and they were. Because the day of the week was a part of the person's name, the expected behavior (according to what the Ashanti people believed) was reinforced every time the person's name was said.

Another study was done to see how teachers graded an essay written by their students. Did the name of the student have any effect on the way a teacher graded? Male students named David did best, followed by Michael, Elmer, and Hubert. Of the female students, Adelle did best, followed by Lisa, Karen, and Bertha.

The conclusion of the researchers was that teachers unconsciously favored students with the most popular names when grading an essay test. So, the name you have may have some effect on your life whether you realize it or not.

The most popular male names in Arkansas for 2001 were: 1. Jacob; 2. William; 3. Joshua; 4. Ethan; 5. Austin

The most popular female names in Arkansas for 2001 were: 1. Hannah; 2. Madison; 3. Emily; 4. Alexis; 5. Sara

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How do people choose the names for their children? A poll was taken and parents were asked the question- How did you choose the names for your children? The results:

1. Named after a relative- 16 %
2. Named after me or my spouse- 5 %
3. We liked the sound of the name- 54 %
4. Named after a famous person- 5 %
5. Other- 20 %

I thought it might be interesting to find out what names mean. I found a website where you can type in a name and it will give the meaning. Below are the names of subscribers of this paper. Following the name is the origin of the name and its meaning. If you would like to look up other names, the address of the website is:

http://www.parenthood.com/parent_cfmfiles/babynames.cfm

Name-Origin-Meaning

1. Jack-Hebrew-God is gracious
2. Marion-Latin-see Mary and Anna
3. Mary-Hebrew-the perfect one
4. Anna-Hebrew-gracious
5. Charles-German-man; strong
6. Patricia-French- regal; royal
7. Geneva- French- juniper berry
8. Barbara- Greek- foreign; strange
9. Vince- Latin- conqueror; victor
10. Andy- Greek- manly
11. Perry- French- pear tree
12. Joanne- Hebrew- God is gracious
13. Jerry- Hebrew- spear warrior
14. Jeanie- French- God is gracious
15. Leora- Greek- light
16. Sue- ???- form of Susan; lily
17. Clara- Greek- bright; clear
18. Doyce- (Not listed)
19. Jeff- ???- God's peace
20. Debbie-????- form of Deborah; a bee
21. Annie- English- gracious
22. Minnie- German- loving memory
23. Al- English- noble; bright
24. Dot- ???-a gift from God
25. Joseph- Hebrew- God adds
26. Aline- Celtic- fair; good looking
27. Mavis- Celtic- the thrush
28. Marie- Hebrew- the perfect one
29. Bill- ???-resolute guardian
30. Linda- Spanish- pretty

Name-Origin-Meaning

31. Margie- Persian- child of light
32. David- Hebrew- beloved
33. June- Latin- from June
34. Laverne- French- spring like
35. Claudis- (not listed)
36. Oleta- English- winged
37. Nell- Greek- light
38. Olen- Norse- relic
39. Helen- Greek- bright one
40. James- Hebrew- one who supplants
41. Kay- Greek- pure; virginal
42. Vernell- French- green; flourishing
43. Eddy- ???- guardian of prosperity
44. Connie- Latin- to be knowledgeable
45. Becky- ???- tied
46. Gail- English- gay; lively
47. Millard- English- one who grinds grain
48. Herman- German- man of the army
49. Doris- Greek- a dorian woman
50. Robert- English- bright fame
51. Peter- Biblical- a rock or stone
52. Henry- German- ruler of the house
53. George- Greek- tiller of soil; farmer
54. Mable- English- loveable
55. Fred- German- peace
56. Lana- English- fair; good-looking
57. Don- Celtic- brown stranger
58. Nona- Latin- born ninth; name traditionally given to ninth child
59. Elloene- (Not listed)

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Another website will tell you how many people in the United States have your surname. When I typed in McKelvy, I found that the name ranked # 14,826 and there were 1900 people with that name in the United States. However, if I put the extra “e” in the name as some folks do, I found the name ranked # 5,187 and there were 6300 in the United States. The ten most common surnames in the United States are: Smith, Johnson, Williams, Jones, Brown, Davis, Miller, Wilson, Moore, and Taylor.

All this is very interesting. We can't do much about the name we have unless we go to the trouble of having it legally changed. I guess we have the option of using a nickname. Our parents chose our names for some reason. Many chose names to honor a relative or ancestor. Hopefully, you are happy with the name you were given. Sometimes we don't find out a person's real name until it appears in their obituary. In my opinion, names were much more interesting in the old days. I have read that the trend today is toward the more unusual names. Remember that whatever name is chosen will last a lifetime, so choose carefully.

Just a glance through the cemetery records will reveal some unusual names. At Ebenezer Cemetery you will find Dorthula Orphelia Hesterly, Ammorilous Barksdale, Carlos Levander Dunn, and Tennessee Tunnell. Imagine having to learn to spell some of those names.

I read on the website about a fellow named Tonsillitis Jackson who enlisted in the army. He had a brother named Meningitis and sisters named Laryngitis, Appendicitis, and Peritonitis. That's taking it a little bit too far.

I have heard that American Indians had a custom of naming their children after something they could see in nature such as Morning Star, Running Bear, Little White Dove, etc. Makes you wonder about Sitting Bull, doesn't it? Naming customs varied among the different tribes, but I believe they attached some important meaning to the names they chose.

If you ever wondered about the names of animals, just read Genesis 2: 19-20. *“And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field...”*

TRIVIA QUESTIONS (answers on page 4)

1. How many blackbirds were baked into a pie?
2. In what year did Arkansas become a state?
3. What building is on the back of a nickel?
4. How many years is fourscore and seven?
5. What is a haberdashery?
6. What is the longest river in the world?
7. What was John Wilkes Booth's occupation?
8. What was Paul Revere's occupation?
9. Name of Roy Rogers' famous horse?
10. What Little Miss Muffet sat upon?
11. What P.O.W. stands for?
12. What frightened Little Miss Muffet away?
13. Nickname for the Bowie knife
14. What was Little Miss Muffet eating?
15. First animal listed in the dictionary?

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The following poem was written by a thirteen year old Camden school boy in the early 1900s. A note with the poem says it was published so that the boy would be encouraged to develop his talent. However, the newspaper did not publish the boy's name.

THE HUNTER AND THE SQUIRREL

The wily hunter of the squirrel
Treads all day the forest green
Light is his tread as he marches on
And sober his forest mein.

A squirrel played upon a limb
Unaware that the hunter sly
Was watching him as he frisked about
With a twinkle in his eye.

His gun he raises and quickly takes sight
At the pretty grey squirrel on the limb;
But a grey flash is seen, and the squirrel is gone,
For the hunter has been sighted by him.

Straight to his hole does the squirrel fly,
As lightning dashing from the sky
So fast he goes that he is soon lost sight
To the sly old hunter's eye.

He reaches the hole; he is safe at last,
If there he will patiently lie,
'Til the hunter tired will leave the tree,
In which his game he cannot spy.

But below the tree he takes his stand,
With a ready eye and gun in hand.
As sentinel bold, who at his post,
Searches for a hidden host.

The squirrel did soon impatient grow
Within its crowded den.
And seeing naught of its dreaded foe
Came out to play again.

He slyly advances from the hole,
And scampers down the limb.
The sly old hunter's face then told
That the squirrel had been seen by him.

But look! He sees him and raises his gun
And now his gun he fires.
Alas! The innocent little squirrel
Upon the ground expires.

Thus all day long, does the hunter sly,
Shoot the innocent ones and see them die.
Thus all day long are the squirrels grey,
Traacherously shot while at their play.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER ITEM FROM 1885

Nevada County Picayune (Jan. 29, 1885)

A sad accident in the Artesian community last Monday evening. Dr. Milam's little son, Charley was having chills and Mrs. Milam went to give him a dose of quinine, but through a mistake she gave him a heavy dose of morphine. The little fellow went to sleep, and after he had slept some time, and his mother went to wake him, she discovered the mistake she had made. A doctor was sent for, but Charley never awaked anymore.

Answers to trivia questions:

1. four and twenty 2. 1836 3. Monticello 4. 87 5. men's clothing store 6. the Nile 7. an actor
8. silversmith 9. Trigger 10. a tuffet 11. prisoner of war 12. a spider 13. "The Arkansas
Toothpick" 14. curds and whey 15. aardvark

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

HE BEAT THE ODDS

Very few people live to be over 100 years old. When my wife and I did our surveys of Nevada County cemeteries, we only found a handful of people who lived past 100 out of about 22,000 graves we surveyed. Anyone who passes this milestone deserves some sort of recognition.

Mr. John Samuel Rudeseal of Reader was one of the few who made it. I didn't know him personally, but an article appeared in *The Nevada News* in 1969 when he was celebrating his 101st birthday. Mr. Rudeseal died in 1971 at the age of 102. (see obituary below)

According to the article about his life, Mr. Rudeseal was born in the northeastern part of Georgia in 1868. He attended school for three weeks and got three whippings a day. He lived in Arkansas since 1895, moving first to Clarksville. He married his first wife in 1895, but she died after only two weeks. His second wife died in 1940 and since then he referred to himself as a "bachelor". He lived in Ouachita County for 45 years before moving into the nursing home at Prescott. He had three daughters and two sons living in 1969 when the article was written.

One interesting thing about his life was the fact that he walked from Reader, Arkansas to Ft. Smith, Arkansas, a distance of over 200 miles after he was fifty years of age. The article doesn't say why he did this.

He held a variety of jobs. His first job was making sorghum syrup. He also worked as a farmer, blacksmith, and railroad worker. When social security went into effect, he was 68 years old and none of his work was covered by social security. In October, 1966, Social Security paid \$40 per month to people who never worked under social security provided they were not on the welfare rolls or on a government pension. Mr. Rudeseal received \$40/month while he was in the nursing home and agreed to tell his story to be published so others in similar situations could receive any benefits to which they might be entitled.

When asked the question, "To what do you owe your long life?", he said his painful left foot that had bothered him since he was a child. Besides his thorn in the flesh, he was remarkably healthy. Any of us who could hike 200 miles at age 50 and live to celebrate our 101st birthday would be more than willing to put up with a sore left foot.

Life expectancy is increasing and many people today live to pass 100. In many of the older newspapers a person age 70 was called an aged person or referred to as one of the oldest citizens of the county. Mr. Rudeseal was almost in a class by himself back in 1971.

John Samuel Rudeseal, 102 of Reader died in a Prescott nursing home at 11 a.m. Tuesday. He was a retired farmer and a member of the Baptist church. Survivors include two sons, Luther Rudeseal of Ackerly, TX and J. J. Rudeseal of St. Louis, MO; three daughters, Mrs. Grace Harper and Mrs. Gertrude Lambert of Reader and Mrs. Georgie Chambers of St. Louis, MO; one brother, Henry Rudeseal of Mt. Airy, GA; 10 grandchildren; and several great grandchildren. Funeral will be at 2:30 p.m. Thursday at Proctors Chapel with graveside services at 3:45 at Turner Cemetery near Reader under the direction of Proctor Funeral Home.

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HOW TO BOIL WATER (OLD FASHIONED ADVICE TO COOKS)

In cooking the terms “boiling water” or “boil the water” are frequently used. The housewife sometimes thinks that the water is boiling when, unfortunately, the boiling point has not been reached. These suggestions will probably help her to understand the term “boiling”.

1. When water is placed in a pan and heated and the bubbles stick to the bottom of the pan, the temperature is around 160° F
2. When the bubbles rise to the top, the temperature is around 180° F.
3. When the water starts to move slowly about the pan, the temperature is around 200° F.
4. When the water jumps and tries to get out of the pan, the temperature is around 211° F to 212° F.

212° F is the exact temperature of the boiling point. All these temperatures are from sea level to 1000 feet above sea level.

TEA CAKES



Sent in by Vernona Irvin Rubarts of Rowlett, Texas (an old recipe)

2 cups sugar	about 6 cups of flour
1 cup shortning	1 rounded teaspoon soda
2 or 3 eggs	1 rounded teaspoon baking powder
1 cup buttermilk	1 teaspoon vanilla

Knead dough. Roll thin. Sprinkle with sugar. Cut with cookie cutter, put pecan half on each and bake at 350 degrees.

Another recipe from the 1944 Hempstead County Home Demonstration Clubs Cookbook

JELLY PIE

Mrs. Edgar Dorman-Union Grove H. D. Club

1 cup sugar	3 tablespoons of flour
½ cup jelly	½ teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs	½ cup sweet milk
4 tablespoons butter	

Beat egg yolks. Add sugar, flour, and butter which has been creamed together. Add jelly and vanilla. Fold in egg whites beaten stiffly. Cook in uncovered pie crust.

I do not like broccoli. And I haven't liked it since I was a little kid and my mother made me eat it. And I'm President of the United States and I'm not going to eat any more broccoli. –George Bush, U. S. President, 1990

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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ACTIVITIES OF THE KU KLUX KLAN IN PRESCOTT

We have all seen stories about this organization in the news even in recent times. Most of the information we get about them is not too favorable. I have only seen members of the KKK in real life on one occasion. That was about 25 years ago in Texarkana. A large group of them dressed in full Klan attire (white robes and hoods) was demonstrating at a shopping center. The demonstration attracted a lot of attention from shoppers and motorists.

The Ku Klux Klan was formed in Pulaski, Tennessee in 1865 just after the Civil War. They disagreed with the reconstruction government set up after the war and didn't like the idea of northern carpetbaggers coming into the South trying to run things. They would sometimes try to intimidate certain politicians to force them to leave their jobs. They would ride through neighborhoods at night, terrorizing innocent people and leaving behind a burning cross. Their agenda was one with which many people agreed, but the methods they used soon gave them a bad name and the Klan was feared by certain groups of people. The member's identity was kept secret because they would wear white hoods to hide their faces.

The Klan had almost disappeared by the late 1800's, but in 1915 it was revived with new leaders and by the 1920's it had about three million members. It was popular all over the South even in small towns and farming communities. Even today, a large group of Klan members are headquartered in northern Arkansas near Harrison.

The first appearance of the Ku Klux Klan in Prescott was in the fall of 1922. Robed in garb of the order, ten white-robed klansmen entered the Methodist Church and took their places in front of the chancel. They gave Rev. Roebuck an envelope containing a small printed slip of paper which gave a condensed version of information about the KKK and a letter which the preacher read to the congregation. Two new \$20 dollar bills were attached to the letter. The preacher assured the visitors of the appreciation of the gift and his hearty approval of the principles for which the Klan stood.

A portion of the letter is as follows: "the KKK stands for the two greatest gifts that Heaven has bestowed, namely the Holy Bible for our guide and practices...and the American flag handed down by our forefathers who fought and died to keep it clean and spotless... We are here today to uphold the Holy Bible and its sacred writings, and to make America a better America for true and real Americans to live in. The KKK stands for all pure and right and is squarely against everything that is wrong". At the conclusion of the reading of the letter, the white-robed visitors silently withdrew from the church and the service preceded in normal fashion. (*The Nevada News- 11-2-1922*)

I think the catch-phrase in their letter was "true and real Americans". Those groups the Klan didn't agree with were not considered to be true and real Americans. (*continued on page 2*)

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In September, 1922 several Prescott citizens witnessed the first open air meeting of the KKK. From about eight to twelve o'clock at night, people driving down the Rosston Rd. could see huge fiery crosses burning in an open space in a thicket in the direction of the high school building and could see a large crowd of white-robed guards patrolling in a large circle around the multitude of klansmen. No outsider got close enough to be able to tell who composed the assembly. The number of automobiles which carried the men to the meeting was estimated to be from 44-55 and the crowd was estimated to be between 200 and 400. It was evident an initiation was being conducted and a banquet was held with several speeches being made, but none was close enough to hear or recognize the members.

A Negro boy who accidentally passed too close to the white-robed figures estimated the crowd at a million and said that the members were ten feet tall. (*The Nevada News-9-14-1922*)

In another article, it is recorded that the KKK had captured a whiskey still and put it on display early one morning on the streets of Prescott. Attached to the still was a message "Wildcatters and bootleggers had better take heed. We are after you. The Ku Klux Klan" The words Ku Klux Klan were written in red.

The KKK also visited the Christian Church in Prescott. During a normal Sunday service, the doors opened and hooded Knights marched down the aisle and formed a line before the preacher. They handed the preacher a note and some money. They carried the Holy Bible and an American flag.

The minister, Mr. Hall, was at a loss for words as he received the strange guests. He is not sure he even thanked them for the \$50 dollar donation. There were 18-20 men in robes but they seemed like a thousand. (*The Nevada News- 12-7-1922*)

I can only imagine what it would be like to be sitting in a worship service under these circumstances. Can you imagine how children would react to someone coming into church dressed in robes and hoods? The robes might not be all that unusual for some groups, but the hoods would be a bit unusual. If they had telephones back then, I'm sure the phone lines were buzzing as folks called their friends to tell what happened at church that day? Would our reaction today to such an incident be any different?

I did not know until I researched this that women were also members of the Ku Klux Klan. Actually they were an auxiliary organization known as the Women of the Ku Klux Klan. I found a mention of this group in the obituary of Mrs. Chris Benton who was buried at Bluff City Cemetery in October, 1926. The obituary states that she was laid to rest at Bluff City Cemetery by the women of the Ku Klux Klan of which she was a member. (*a portion of the obituary is printed below*)

Aunt Chris Benton was born December 15, 1860 and departed this life August 10, 1926 at the home of her son, Clate Benton near Lackland Springs, Arkansas. She became a member of the Methodist Church in her 16th year and was married to Walker Benton at the age of 18. She leaves to mourn her a loving husband, Walker Benton; two sons, Clate and Bennie; and

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six daughters, Etta, Lila, Lola, Annie, Ruby, and Susie. All the children are married except Bennie who works in the bank at Hope.

She was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Bluff City, Arkansas by the women of the Ku Klux Klan of Chidester of which she was a member.

A long tribute to her life was printed in the paper written by her nephew, Thomas H. Benton of Chidester. (see the 8-14-1926 issue of The Nevada News)

From cemetery record:

Walker Benton born April 3, 1855 and died February 24, 1932

Christian N. Benton born December 15, 1859 and died August 10, 1926; wife of J. W. Benton

Notice that there is a one year discrepancy in Mrs. Benton's birth date from the article above.

It appears the KKK reached its peak in Nevada County in the 1920s. Don't be surprised if you learned that some of your ancestors were once members of the Ku Klux Klan.

THE MYSTERIOUS GURDON LIGHT

This is a good time of the year for a good ghost story. The small town of Gurdon, Arkansas is the setting for an unexplained phenomenon that has been seen by hundreds of people over the years. It is a mysterious light that is visible at certain times along the railroad track that extends west from Gurdon toward the Interstate. (not the main railroad).

It cannot be seen from the highways, so in order to see it, one must hike up the railroad track to a certain place. A dark, overcast night seems to be best and the best time to see it is just after midnight when the moon is full. The light has been captured in photographs and does not stay in the same place, but appears to be moving. It changes in intensity and appears to go on and off. It sometimes appears before you and then will be behind you. So far, the cause of the light remains a mystery. Some say it is swamp gas or reflections from headlights on the nearby Interstate. However, people have reported seeing the light long before the Interstate was built, so that eliminates that theory.

An incident happened on this railroad track in 1931 that some believe is the explanation of the light. A railroad foreman named Will McClain was murdered by an employee he had just fired and his head was severed. Some think the light is the light from the lantern of Will McClain's ghost as he searches for his head along the tracks.

Another legend says it was a railroad worker who accidentally fell into the path of an oncoming train and his head was severed. The moving light is from his lantern as he walks the tracks searching for his head. The death of the railroad worker is a documented fact and the man's head was never found. The mysterious light first appeared shortly after the accident. *(continued on page 4)*

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Many hundreds of people over the years have witnessed this “ghost light”. It has even been featured on the show “Unsolved Mysteries” and several other shows. You can find out more information on the Gurdon Ghost Light by searching the Internet. Just type in “gurdon ghost light” and it should bring up more detailed information. There are directions on where to go to see the light, what to take with you, and the best times to go.

This is a popular place for young folks to go on Halloween night. So, if you’re looking for something to do besides going trick or treat, get with some friends and go see the Gurdon Ghost Light. I wouldn’t advise going alone.

THE ARKANSAS STATE CHAMPION FARKLEBERRY TREE

Usually when we think of a state champion tree, we think of some majestic oak or a towering pine tree that stands out above all the other trees around it. That is usually the case, but some species of trees by nature do not get very big in diameter or reach great heights. Such is the case with the farkleberry tree. It is sometimes called a sparkleberry or a tree huckleberry and rarely gets above 30 feet tall.

In 1983 an unusually large farkleberry tree was discovered by James D. “Buster” Green, an employee of the Arkansas Forestry Commission, on land owned by International Paper Company in Nevada County and his supervisor, Harmon Ross of the Arkansas Forestry Commission nominated it to be a state champion tree. At that time the tree measured 8.1 inches in diameter at breast height and had a circumference of 25 inches. Even a small tree such as this deserves champion status when it grows larger than any others. After checking the records, the tree was awarded championship status by the Arkansas Forestry Commission.

The tree is not a perfectly formed tree as you might expect, but is forked and has some defects. These trees are considered ornamental and are not used in the forest products industry. In the springtime, it has beautiful bell-shaped white flowers and later on bears a small fruit which many birds and small animals love to eat.

The Arkansas state champion farkleberry tree is located on a small island in Caney Creek bottom near Hwy. 299 close to the old Dill’s Mill sawmill location about five miles southwest of Bluff City. I visited the tree a few days ago and found that it now measures 8.7 inches in diameter and 27.5 inches in circumference (not much growth for 19 years). The tree lost two of its larger branches from the ice storms in December, 2000, but is still holding on. The area around the tree is protected from cutting by International Paper and a management plan is in place as part of the company’s *Special Places in the Forest* program. The tree is visited once each year by company personnel as part of the management plan.

So now you know that in Caney Creek bottoms, there are other things besides water moccasins, beavers, and alligators. A champion farkleberry tree has its own special place in this corner of the “Natural State”.

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SOME WORLD WAR II VETERANS

November 11th will be Veteran's Day. Listed below are some World War II veterans from Nevada County that have connections in some way to the Bluff City-Gooseankle-Terrapin Neck area. The information comes from a book called *Men and Women in the Armed Forces from Nevada County*. The list may not be complete. We salute all the veterans who have served in the armed forces, both in war and peacetime.

Alford, John W.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Alford
Barksdale, Ruel G.-Army- son of Mrs. Loma Parker
Barlow, Thomas L.-Army-son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barlow
Barlow, James P.-Army Air Corps- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barlow
Barlow, William D.-Army-son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Barlow
Beaver, Joe A.-Seabees-son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Beaver
Beaver, Thurman E.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Beaver
Beaver, Adrian T.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Beaver (wounded)
Beaver, Woodrow H.-Army-son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Beaver
Beaver, William F.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Beaver (wounded)
Beaver, Willie R.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Beaver
Bradley, Percy E.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bradley
Chamblee, Glenn W.-Army-son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Chamlee (wounded)
Cummings, Robert L. Jr.-Army-son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Cummings (wounded)
Delaney, James E.-Army Air Corps-son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Delaney (died in plane crash)
DeWoody, John S.-Army- son of Mrs. Louis DeWoody
DeWoody, Ashley E.-Army Air Corps- son of Mrs. Barbara DeWoody
Franklin, Grady-Navy-son of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Franklin
Gillespie, Glenn S.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gillespie (wounded)
Griffith, Mavis V.-Army; Nurse-dau. Of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Griffith
Gulley, Ewell, Jr.-Army-son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Gulley
Harvey, James E.-Army Air Corps-son of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harvey
Henry, Charles C. Jr. -Navy- son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Henry, Sr.
Henry, Dawson C.- Navy- son of Mrs. Brodie Henry
Hildebrand, Hoyt J.- Navy- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hildebrand
Hildebrand, Harold J.- Navy- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Hildebrand
Johnson, James E. – Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Johnson
Johnson, Earl C.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Johnson
Kirk, Dale-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kirk
Kirk, Ivy R.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kirk
Kirk, Garland K.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kirk
Kirk, Duncan E.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Kirk
Kirk, William S.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Kirk
Knight, Herbert- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Knight
Martin, Colwell W.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Martin
Meador, Elmer L.-Navy- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Meador
Meador, Stell-Army Air Corps- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Meador
Moore, Hillery H.-Army Air Corps- son of Mrs. Katy Moore
Moore, Clyde J.- Army- son of Mrs. Katy Moore
Morrow, Isaac T.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Morrow
McBride, Millard D. -Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McBride
McKelvy, Ruel M.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. James C. McKelvy

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McKelvy, Harland G.-Army Air Corps- son of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. McKelvy
McKelvy, Herman O.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. McKelvy
McMurray, Silas F.-Navy- son of Mrs. Mary S. McMurray
McMurray, Joseph R.-Army- son of Mrs. Mary S. McMurray
McMurray, Joseph R.- Army- son of Mrs. Mary S. McMurray (died from illness)
Nelson, Foy L.-Army Air Corps- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nelson
Nelson, Harl C.-Navy- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nelson (killed at Pearl Harbor)
Nelson, James C.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Nelson
Otwell, Clyde G.-Army-son of Mr. and Mrs. John Otwell
Plyler, Dexter W.-Army Air Corps- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Plyler
Plyler, Joe M.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Plyler
Plyler, Algia J.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Plyler
Pruitt, Andrew J.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. John Pruitt
Pruitt, Lewis E.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. John Pruitt
Purifoy, Lawrence L.- Navy- son of Mrs. Susie Purifoy
Rhodes, B. F.- Navy- son of Mrs. Minnie Rhodes
Sarrett, Jay D.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sarrett
Sarrett, Nathaniel-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sarrett
Sarrett, Andrew H.-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sarrett
Sarrett, Dale-National Guard- son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sarrett
Tunnell, J. P.- Army- son of W. B. Tunnell
Tunnell, Edgar C.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tunnell (wounded)
Tunnell, William B.- Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tunnell
Walker, Dennis H.- Army Air Corps- son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Walker
Williford, Everette W.- Navy- son of Mr. and Mrs. Felse Williford

BLACKS--

Blake, Dollison E.-Marines-son of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Blake
Gulley, George L.-Army- son of Lige Gulley
Purifoy, Martin-Army- son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Purifoy

TWO EASY RECIPES

HERSHEY PIE

A good pie to have in freezer when guests drop by unannounced.

1 (8 or 9 inch) graham cracker crust

Filling:

1 (8 oz.) Cool Whip
1 can Pecan-Coconut Frosting
2 Hershey chocolate bars with almonds,
(chopped)

Directions:

Mix frosting and chocolate bar. Fold in Cool Whip. Pour in crust. Cover with foil And freeze.

HAWAIIAN SALAD

Ingredients:

1 small can mandarin oranges
1 cup coconut
½ pint sour cream
1 small can pineapple tidbits
1 cup miniature marshmallows
pecans (cut up)

Directions:

Mix all together and chill in refrigerator.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

December, 2002

Vol. 2- No. 12

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE DAY OF REST?

It's funny how things change over the years. Back when I was a kid, practically all stores closed on Sundays. That was a day devoted to going to church and after services we looked forward to a fine Sunday lunch, especially when the preacher was a guest. The afternoons were spent resting from the week's labors with hardly any work being done except by farmers who had to tend to the livestock.

Gradually, things changed and some stores in town started to open up for a few hours on Sunday afternoons, usually from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. When the huge discount stores came to town, it was only a matter of time until these stores realized how much more money could be made by staying open on Sundays. It wasn't long until some of these stores shocked the community by opening their doors even on Sunday mornings.

The idea of stores being open on Sundays was a controversial thing a hundred years ago and laws were passed prohibiting them from being open. Some storekeepers didn't complain because they also enjoyed getting one day off each week. It was not considered proper for a church-going person to do manual work on Sundays unless "the ox was in the ditch". Exceptions were made for farmers who had to tend to livestock, but they usually worked that around the church services. I have read of some families who would insist on walking several miles to church because they considered it wrong to make their horses pull a wagon on Sundays. They felt that the animals also needed a day of rest.

I have found two articles on this subject-one in Prescott in 1907 and one in Stephens in 1924.

SUNDAY LID GOES ON IN PRESCOTT Prescott Daily News - June 1, 1907

Mayor Arnold will strictly enforce the Sunday law. Anyone violating the law will be arrested and fined. A few of the business concerns involved in the closing are meat markets, news dealers, boot blacks, short order houses, telephone exchangers, electric light plant, saw mills, express office, stores of every description, cold drinks, cigar stands, drug stores, ice houses, livery stables, etc.

No labor of any character, except for protection of property, will be tolerated. This last item includes all mill hands, except watchmen, all depot force except telegraph operators and baggage men, all livery help except those necessary to feed the stock, and the entire force of the telephone office. In fact, Sunday is to be strictly observed as a day of rest.

In the next day's paper, a report was given on how things were in Prescott on that Sunday back in 1907 when all the stores were closed for the day. (*continued on page2*)

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Yesterday was one of the quietest Sundays in Prescott's history. It was perhaps the first Sunday that livery stables and news dealers failed to do any business.

Mr. Bryan, the news dealer, gave away papers to those who had been in the habit of buying them. The liverymen turned the stock out into the pasture Saturday night and took a vacation. All stores were kept entirely closed throughout the day. (*PDN- June 2, 1907*)

SUNDAY LID GOES ON AT STEPHENS From The Stephen News in 1924

The Sunday lid is clamped down in Stephens "tighter than Dick's Hat Band". In fact it is so tight that a man has to leave the corporate limits of the city to spit.

The lid went on last Sunday and it went on with a bang....Deputy Sheriff Lawler, we understand, has served notice that next Sunday will be even tighter than last Sunday and of course everybody is wondering how it can be done. There was absolutely nothing doing last Sunday in the way of buying and selling in Stephens, but our neighboring towns, we are told, did a thriving business with Stephens people. They went to other towns for gasoline and other things they wanted to buy and they got them.

There are varied reasons given for the sudden shutting down on Sunday business. Mr. Lawler seems to be in supreme command of the situation and has the whole town under his thumb. It has been suggested that a closed town will mean more people at church and Sunday School, and maybe more men will stay at home to draw water and carry in stove wood for their wives instead of drifting downtown. If the latter statement is true, it will have the backing of the women.

Opinions of the wisdom of clamping down the lid differ. Some contend that it is driving the Sunday trade to other places and that the local dealers are losing the money. Others contend that he is carrying out the letter of the law, but they go further and say that there are many other things going on that should be included in the closing process and they are not much in sympathy with his order unless there is a general cleaning up. At any rate, there is not much doing where it can be seen on Sunday, and will not be until the Deputy Sheriff relents and permits the old practice of the people buying such things as they have to have on Sunday mornings. In the meantime, Mr. Lawler calmly sits serene holding down the lid, while those who have money to spend go to other towns to spend.

These days some stores never close and others will open on Sundays for a few weeks just before Christmas. Some states have laws against selling alcoholic beverages on Sundays. I wonder how long it will be before these laws are discarded. We are an impatient people who do not like to be inconvenienced in any way. I am reminded of an episode of *The Andy Griffith Show* in which a businessman from the city gets stranded in Mayberry on a Sunday and can't quite understand why the whole town seems to shut down for the day.

Yes, times have changed in the last hundred years, but have we lost something in the process?

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Mrs. Oleta Nelson of Bluff City shares this picture of a watermelon she grew this summer at her home. The melon vine's runners entwined themselves on a nearby fence and this melon grew wedged in between the fence wires. When the melon was picked October 19, 2002, it weighed 18 pounds and had never touched the ground.

Mrs. Nelson has gardened all her life and she said she has never seen anything like this. She enjoys working with plants.

She said the melon was really a good one—very sweet.

A FINE DINNER

July 14, 1890

Hotel Brooks

Camden, AR

We had the pleasure yesterday of being a guest of the good Hotel Brooks, and sitting down to as fine a dinner, in point of variety, elegance, and service as ever graced a table. At 2 o'clock the inviting dining hall was thrown open and soon all the tables were surrounded by a pleasant crowd, consisting of traveling men, transient guests generally, and townspeople who graced the occasion, having heard of the good things in store. The menu was served in courses and was as follows:

Clam Chowder, Consomme Julienne, Soup Sticks, Sliced Tomatoes, Olives, Civit of Game aux Fine Herb; Boiled Salmon, Madura Sauce, Hollandaise Potatoes, Boiled Westphalia Ham, Sherry Sauce, Boiled Capons, Parsley Sauce, Roast Ribs of Beef, Dish Gravy, Roast Suckling Pig, Stuffed Applesauce, Roast Young Turkey, Current Jelly, Filat de Chicken a la Financiere, Tenderloin of Beef, Sauce Diplomatic, Peach Turnovers with Honey, New Cabbage, Green Corn on the Cob, Boiled Onions en Crème, Baked Candied Yams, Mashed White Potatoes, Mayonnaise of Egg, Cold Spiced Tongue, Russian Salad, Tom Thumb Ice Cream, Baked Apple Pudding, Brandy Sauce, Pineapple Meringue Pie, CharlotteRusse, Sponge Drops, Chocolate Cake, Pound Cake, Preserved Apricots, Malinga Raisins, Water Crackers, Soda Crackers, Virginia Hoe Cake.

We venture to say the bill of fare was not surpassed in the state yesterday and only equaled by a few houses. These dinners will be a special feature of this hotel every Sunday, and that they will receive popular patronage is already assured.

Your mind is a garden, your thoughts are the seeds. The harvest can be either flowers or weeds. (Author unknown)

TRIVIA (answers on page 6)

1. Song that begins—"Mine eyes have seen the glory..."
2. His picture is on the five dollar bill
3. What Lincoln was dedicating when he gave the Gettysburg address.
4. In what direction does the Mississippi River flow?
5. How many feet are in a mile?
6. John fell into a barranca. What did he fall into?

CAMDEN'S NATATORIUM IN 1908

Camden's natatorium is located in a ravine at the north end of California St. The deep natural depression has bluffs on three sides. Three overflowing springs provide an abundance of pure water. An embankment has been built to confine the water and is partly covered with a concrete bottom. The water depth ranges from a few inches to eight feet. Steps are provided from the street to the edge of the pool. An amphitheater is being built and there will be dressing rooms for both sexes. It is the intention of the proprietors to fit up the whole grounds in park style, light it up brilliantly, and provide such attractions as shoot the chute, a scenic railway, and a moving picture show. It promises to be a popular place to spend the hot summer evenings. (*The Nevada News- 8-20-1908*)

TALK ABOUT HARD-HEADED

Lake Village, AR—While attempting to arrest an escaping prisoner, Deputy Sheriff John Crabtree, was suddenly attacked by the Negro and shot in the center of his forehead at close range with a 22 caliber Winchester. The deputy escaped serious injury, the bullet simply flattening against the man's forehead due to the hardness of the bone. (*Prescott Daily News- 2-19-1909*)

THE CITY OF READER TO BE DISSOLVED

The *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* reported on October 7, 2002 that the small town of Reader which is located on the Ouachita-Nevada county line is to be disincorporated as soon as the paperwork is done and the order signed by Ouachita Co. Judge Mike Hesterly. The town has been receiving state turnback funds even though there is no elected city government to oversee things. The city council has not met in several years. The accounting of the city's finances has become a nightmare and the former mayor and council members are more than willing for the county to take over these funds. One woman said, "It's not a town. It's just a quiet place to live". Pam Chittum, former city treasurer is quoted as saying, "It doesn't matter to me that the town's dying. I don't live there anymore. I'm glad they're dissolving it." The 2000 census showed 82 people living in Reader.

Reader was once a lively town with a large sawmill and the place where the famed Reader Railroad connected to the main line. The Reader Railroad (the Possum Trot Line) brought many tourists to the small town back in the 1960s and 1970s. It was one of the few trains still operated by steam locomotives that offered passenger service. The train was used in filming the television drama *The North and South* and a movie called "*Boxcar Bertha*". This filming brought to Reader such well known stars as Barbara Hershey, David Carradine, Johnny Cash, Patrick Swayze, Waylon Jennings, and others. The main railroad line through Reader once offered daily passenger service from Reader to Camden. This railroad to Camden was dismantled a few years ago. The Reader Railroad has been dismantled except for a short stretch of track from Reader to Hwy. 24 and the trains no longer run.

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Members of the Starnes family were among the earliest settlers in the Bluff City area. The name is listed with property owners on an 1865 map of the area. Tom and Mollie Starnes raised a large family here and descendants of the family still live in the area. Mrs. Margaret Morris Starnes, wife of Arthur T. Starnes, had a unique way of keeping up with that family in a poem she wrote in January, 1928 celebrating the 50th anniversary of Tom and Mollie Starnes.

THE HOME NEST

Wedding bells were ringing
Under skies of blue
When Grandpa and Grandma Starnes
Built a nest for two.

They were very, very happy
As happy as could be
When their little Warren came,
That made three.

They thought their joys complete
What could they ask for more
When Garland came to live with them
That made four.

Garland wanted a sister
When mercy sake alive;
Little Jewell came along,
That made five.

Then A. T. came to live with them
They were surely in a fix,
The nest was getting crowded
For that made six.

Of Johnie they were not denied
Another gift from Heaven
Was added to their list
And that made seven.

Now Daddy and Mother Starnes were
rushed
From early morn till late,
They called the next one Orland
And that made eight.

When Cullen came
Around their hearts to twine
The little home was most complete
And the family numbered nine.

Of a sister, Jewell had been denied
She had often spoken of one with pride,
Then Eula was ushered in,
And the family numbered ten.

The barque in which the family sailed,
Moved on with slightly leaning keel,
To make her run straight and level
Beula got on and that made eleven.

Beula said, "Three sisters are not enough
With all these boys to tease and bluff."
And while some thought it would be too
many
They all gave welcome to sister Minnie.

When Loyce the last and sweetest came
Around their hearts to cling,
The little home was then complete
And the family numbered thirteen.

Fifty years have passed away
And their hearts beat as of yore,
But the Home Nest is mostly empty now
Again they're only four.

(Written by Margaret Morris Starnes, wife
of Arthur T. Starnes—January, 1928

Thomas and Mollie Starnes are buried in the old section of Bluff City Cemetery.

THOMAS STARNES (1856-1934)

MOLLIE STARNES (1862-1943)

LIFE AFTER FORTY

HOW TO KNOW YOU'RE GETTING OLDER

1. Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt doesn't work.
2. The gleam in your eye is from the sun hitting your bifocals.
3. Your little black book contains only names ending in M. D.
4. You get winded playing chess.
5. Your mind makes contracts your body can't meet.
6. You know all the answers, but nobody asks you the questions.
7. You look forward to a dull evening.
8. Your favorite part of the newspaper is "25 Years Ago Today".
9. You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going.
10. Your bones buckle and your belt won't.
11. Dialing long distance wears you out.
12. You're 17 around the neck and 42 around the waist.
13. Your back goes out more than you do.
14. A fortune teller offers to read your face.
15. You turn out the light for economic reasons instead of romantic ones.
16. You burn the midnight oil after 9 p.m.
17. You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.
18. You've got too much room in the house and not enough room in the medicine cabinet.
19. The best part of your day is over when your alarm goes off.
20. Your children begin to look middle aged.

Answers to trivia questions on page 4

1. Battle Hymn of the Republic
2. Abraham Lincoln
3. a cemetery
4. south
5. 5,280
6. a deep ravine

DIRTY DISHES

Thank God for dirty dishes,
They have a tale to tell.
While other folks go hungry
We're eating very well.
With home, health, and happiness
We shouldn't want to fuss,
For by this stack of evidence
God's very good to us.

--Deana Lawson

A. BAILEY'S APPLE CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 ½ cups vegetable oil
- 2 eggs
- 2 ½ cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 cups chopped apples
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Combine the oil and sugar. Beat in eggs. Sift dry ingredients together. Add to oil, sugar, and eggs. Add vanilla. Stir in apples and pecans. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour in a 9 X 13 dish. Let cool.

Drizzle a mixture of powdered sugar, water, and a "bit" of vanilla over top of cake.

PRESERVING CHILDREN

- 1 large grassy field
- 1 dozen children
- 2 to 3 puppies
- pinch of brook
- small amount of pebbles

Mix the children and puppies well together and put them on the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles. Sprinkle the field with flowers. Spread the deep blue sky over all and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set away to cool in a bathtub.

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Vol. 3- No. 1

January, 2003

CYCLONE HITS NEVADA COUNTY- MANY DEAD AND INJURED

November 25, 1915

Editor's note: This was probably the most severe storm to ever hit Nevada County. In those days residents had no advance warnings of storms, no radios, no weather forecasts, and no radars to look at. After the storm hit, there was nobody but country doctors to treat the injured, no helicopters or ambulances to take them to the hospital, and no way to warn others in the path of the storm. It also proves that these severe storms can happen anytime of the year- not just in "tornado season".

First reports: A great storm did considerable damage in the vicinity of Bodcaw and Laneburg. Early reports say as many as 20 people were killed and a great number injured. The Baptist College at Bodcaw and a number of residences were blown down. The extent of the damage has not been verified.

In the next few days, the extent of the damage was verified and the damage was greater than first thought. The storm began at Mt. Pleasant School House in Lafayette Co. and moved southwest to northeast as far as Hot Springs. The path of destruction was from one half to three fourths of a mile wide.

The Mt. Pleasant school house was destroyed and the storm next hit Tom Hamilton's place. Walter McCoy's place was next causing some injuries. Joe Bailey's place was next and was blown away, killing Bill Bailey. Mrs. Bailey received serious injury and the eight month old baby of John Bailey was blown $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the house and was found dead the next morning. Also injured was his five year old son and eight year old daughter. Mr. Bailey was away from home at the time.

The storm also struck the farms of J. B. Blankenship, George Washington, Lewis Armstrong, Abe Mitchell, R. S. Smith, M. M. Duke, J. Cassidy, Cleve Downs, John Parker, and Dr. Garner. The Bodcaw post office received heavy damage.

Judge J. J. Hirst was returning from Prescott to his home in the Laneburg vicinity when he noticed the black cloud near the Georgia Mill. He drove fast to a vacant house he knew about. He unhitched the horse from the buggy and put it in a lot and just as he was about to close the gate, the storm hit. He was knocked to the ground with the gate on top of him. He did not know how long he remained unconscious, but when he came to, the house he was trying to reach was completely gone.

A list of the dead and injured are as follows:

Dead:

W. M. Bailey, 60- a farmer near Stamps
Lewis Armstrong, 30-a farmer near Bodcaw
Baby of John Bailey- near Stamps

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Son of Will Cummings- near Patmos

Fatally Injured:

Mrs. John Bailey- near Stamps (head crushed)

Mrs. J. C. Downs- Bodcaw (head and face crushed)

Sid Deaton-Bodcaw (internal injuries)

Mrs. Lewis Armstrong- (body crushed)

Injured:

Judge J. J. Hirst- Cale (external injuries and bruises)

Mrs. Callicutt- near Prescott (hurt by flying timbers)

Mrs. Dunaway- near Prescott (limbs broken by flying timbers)

John Bailey- near Stamps (bruised and cut)

Tom Hamilton- near Stamps (leg broken)

P. H. Herring – 10 miles north of Stamps (leg broken and back hurt)

W. P. Lewis- Bodcaw (chest crushed)

Edgar Downs- Bodcaw (side injured)

Barney Brown- Bodcaw (serious internal injuries)

Son of John Bailey- age 1 (internal injury; shoulder dislocated)

Daughter of John Bailey- age 10 (broken leg)

R. S. Smith- 8 miles from Stamps (bruised and cut)

Others from Bodcaw, Sardis, and Azor

Dr. Garner, Dr. Strange and Dr. Benton of Stamps, Dr. Kemp of Patmos, and Dr. Sherill and Dr. Nichols of Falcon were busy all night dressing wounds and setting broken bones.

THE HOME TOWN (The Nevada News- June 5, 1924)

Some folks leave home for money
And some leave home for fame
And some seek skies always sunny
And some depart in shame.
I care not what the reason
Men travel east or west
Or what the month or season
The home town is the best.

The home town is the glad town
Where something real abides
'Tis not the money-mad town
That all the spirit hides.
Though strangers scoff and flaunt it
And even give its name
It has a charm about it
No other town can claim.

The home town seems bluer
Than skies that stretch away
The home town friends seem truer
And kinder through the day.
And whether glum or cheery
Light hearted or depressed
For struggle fit or weary
I like the home town best.

Let him who will go wander
To distant towns to live
Of some things I am fonder
Than all they have to give.
The gold of distant places
Could not repay me quite
For those familiar faces
That keep the home town bright

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ONE PERSON CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Matthew H. Rothert of Camden, Arkansas organized the Camden Furniture Company in the 1930s and made frequent business trips to Chicago. In 1941 he became ill with pneumonia and developed hypoglycemia (a blood disorder) for which there was no known cure. A Chicago physician properly diagnosed his problem and began treatments which helped. The doctor suggested that Mr. Rothert engage himself in some interesting hobby to keep him busy, so he became interested in coin collecting. His health began to improve.

While attending church services in Chicago in 1953, Mr. Rothert noticed as the collection plate was passed that only the coins had the motto "In God We Trust" on them. He then began a determined one-man campaign to get the phrase placed on our paper money. He wrote many letters to politicians, to the Secretary of the Treasury, and even to President Eisenhower. In his letters he said putting the motto on our currency would "affirm our trust in God in such a manner that it will be heard around the world and give moral and spiritual strength to those who realize a great nation humbly and reverently places its trust in the Almighty".

At that time Arkansas had two powerful politicians serving in Congress. J. William Fulbright was a U. S. Senator and Orren Harris was the congressman from south Arkansas. Fulbright was chairman of the Banking Committee that would have to approve such a request. These two men agreed with Mr. Rothert and they introduced bills into Congress making the change to our paper money. The bill became law and was signed by President Eisenhower in 1955.

The dies that are used to print the money had to be changed to add the new wording. The first paper money with the motto "In God We Trust" appeared in 1957, two years after the law was passed. Two years later, another law was passed making "In God We Trust" the official motto of the United States.

Some groups felt that any mention of the word "God" on our money violated the Constitution and the separation of church and state. These groups wanted prayer to be taken out of schools and wanted the motto to be removed from our money. Several court cases were brought, but the courts ruled that the phrase "In God We Trust" was not a religious phrase and the U. S. Supreme Court refused to hear cases appealed from lower courts on this matter. The motto even hangs on the wall of the U. S. Supreme Court.

There will be more challenges in the future on this matter. We frequently hear of those groups who want the Ten Commandments and nativity scenes removed from public buildings and prayers abolished at school functions. They want any mention of God removed from anything of a public nature. I'm sure this will continue in the future.

Although things were different at the time Mr. Rothert started his campaign, it shows that a single person with determination has the power to change some of the biggest things in the world. Through his persistent efforts, a flood of letters to important people, and many speeches he gave on the subject, Matthew H. Rothert of Camden, Arkansas accomplished his goal of having the phrase "In God We Trust" appear on all paper money printed in the United States.



A few weeks ago one of the Nelson boys showed me a picture of a sign they had found in the woods a few miles south of Bluff City. We wondered about the significance of it and after further research, I have discovered some things I did not know.

There are 57 natural areas in the state of Arkansas which the Natural Heritage Commission oversees. It just so happens that one of these, the Arkansas Oak Natural Area, is right in our back yard and we didn't even know it. This natural area consists of 40 acres purchased by the Arkansas Heritage Commission in January, 1980 for the sum of \$32,000. It is home to several endangered or unusual species of plants. One of these is the Arkansas Oak tree which only lives in a small portion of this part of the state.

Other rare plants found here include bristly-stalk sedge, umbrella sedge, scarlet beard tongue, large clammy weed, coral greenbrier, and smooth twist-flower.

To visit the Arkansas Oak Natural Area, go out Hwy. 299 from Bluff City for 4.5 miles; turn left on County Road 47 (Kirk Rd.); go 1.1 miles and look for an old woods road to the left. Walk about ¼ mile up this old road to the natural area. There are signs posted, but as you can see, some are showing the effects of time.

There are certain rules for visitors to Arkansas natural areas. (1) Leave nothing but footprints and take nothing but photographs, (2) Removal of plants and animals from natural areas is strictly forbidden, except for legally taken game and fish, (3) Limit travel in natural areas to foot traffic only to minimize erosion and the disturbance of sensitive habitat. (4) Motorized vehicles, horses, camping, and construction of permanent hunting stands are prohibited.

This natural area is of particular interest to me because it just so happens that this 40 acres was part of the land my great-great grandfather, Jabez McKelvy settled when he came to Arkansas about 1859.

TRIVIA: (answers on page 6)

(1) What mountain has the faces of four Presidents carved on it? (2) famous "rock" that guards the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea (3) What insect is the state insect of Arkansas? (4) What is mutton? (5) Write 1973 in Roman numerals. (6) A male goose



These are believed to be young men from Bluff City. (Photo taken about 1912-14)
Second from left is Con Harvey (1894-1967). Can you help identify the other three?

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT STATUES
(from the Old Farmer's Almanac of 1977)

There is a world-wide regulation in regards to heroic horse and rider statues. It is (1) Horse standing on all four legs with rider mounted means the rider is a National Hero; (2) Horse has three legs on the ground with rider mounted means the rider died as a result of his wounds in battle; (3) Horse has two legs on the ground with the rider mounted means the rider died during the battle; (4) In all the above positions, if the rider is standing beside the horse it means the horse died also. These rules and regulations can be found in the National Archives in Washington, D. C.

LITTLE PRESCOTT LAWS
The Prescott Daily News- May 3, 1907

It shall not be lawful for any person to wear under his clothes or concealed about his person any pistol, or slug shot, or brass knuckles, or knuckles of lead, brass, or any other metal, or bowie knife, or dirk, or dagger, or a knife resembling a bowie knife, or any other dangerous or deadly weapon within the town of Prescott. Anyone who violates this law will be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, fined not less than five dollars or more than twenty-five dollars.

**THIS MONTH'S RECIPES FROM THE 2001 ELKHART COUNTY, INDIANA
COUNTY FAIR CONTEST**

GOLDEN CRESCENTS

This recipe from Bertha Johnson of Indianapolis, IN came from *Taste of Home* magazine (April-May, 1998). In 2001, it was entered in the county fair in Elkhart, IN by Jane Stutsman and it was one of the prize-winning recipes. We have used it several times and agree that it is a very good roll recipe.

2 packages (1/4 ounce each) active dry yeast
3/4 cup warm water (110-115 degrees)
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup plus 2 tablespoons butter or margarine (softened; divided)
Note: We use 5 tablespoons instead of the 1/4 cup
2 tablespoons shortening
2 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
4 to 4 1/2 cups all purpose flour
additional butter or margarine (melted-optional)

In a mixing bowl, dissolve yeast in warm water. Add sugar, 5 tablespoons butter, shortening, eggs, salt, and 2 cups flour. Beat until smooth. Add enough of the remaining flour to form a soft dough. Turn onto a floured surface; knead until smooth and elastic, about 6 to 8 minutes. Place in a greased bowl; turn once to grease top. Cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled (about 1 1/2 hours). Punch the dough down; divide in half. Roll each portion into a 12 inch circle. Melt remaining butter and brush over dough. Cut each circle into 12 wedges. Roll up wedges from the wide end and curve to form crescents if desired. Place with point down two inches apart on greased baking sheets. Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled (about 45 minutes). Bake at 375 degrees for 8-10 minutes or until golden brown. Brush tops with melted butter if desired. Yield: 2 dozen.

SKILLET CAKE (Eva Allen)

Melt 1/3 cup shortening and 2/3 cup brown sugar in a 10 inch skillet. Add one cup drained, crushed pineapple and one cup drained apricots.

Batter Ingredients:

1/2 cup shortening	2 cups sifted cake flour	3/4 cup milk
1 cup sugar	3 tablespoons baking powder	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs		

Cream shortening. Add eggs. Blend in dry ingredients. Add milk and vanilla. Beat until smooth. Pour on top of pineapple/apricot mixture. Bake at 375 degrees for 40-45 minutes.

Answers to trivia questions on page 4: (1) Mt. Rushmore; (2) Rock of Gibraltar; (3) honey bee; (4) meat from sheep used for food; (5) MCMLXXIII; (6) gander

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

February, 2003

Vol. 3- No. 2

GUNFIGHT ON MAIN STREET IN PRESCOTT THE NEVADA NEWS- AUGUST, 1916

Main Street in Prescott has been the scene of many gunfights. One such gunfight was the result of a petty disagreement near the packing shed at Deaneville. Those involved were J. P. Slagle, Mark McCain and Joe and Henry McCain, his sons.

The argument started two weeks before and grew worse with the passage of time. On this particular day, all parties came to town. During the morning words passed between the McCains and Slagle. About 1:00 p.m., the elder McCain and Slagle were at the feed store when someone fired a shot. Slagle ran from the building and fell just behind a wagon load of hay. The elder McCain followed, a pistol in hand, and when he reached Slagle who was lying on his back, attempted to shoot or strike him with the pistol. Slagle grabbed the barrel of the pistol and rose to his feet and as he did so, another shot was fired. Slagle then wrenched the pistol from the hand of Mark McCain and fired at him, striking him in the hip. He fell to the ground and then the two younger McCains, Joe and Henry, opened fire on Slagle. Slagle returned the fire and retreated into the feed store where he fell and died a short time later.

Joe McCain received three bullets in his body, one penetrating the bowels which caused his death. He was about 20 years old. Mark McCain, father of the two boys, received one shot in the hip and is in critical condition, but should recover. Henry, the younger son, escaped without being shot.

Jno. I. Wade of Emmet was standing across the street opposite the feed store. He received a stray bullet to the foot which caused a painful injury. Babe Clemons, a negress, was also on the opposite side of the street and was struck in the head, but it was not a serious wound.

The dead man was about 40 and is survived by his wife and five children. He resided in the Deaneville community. The remains were placed in an ambulance and taken to the undertaking parlor at Prescott Hardware Co. Coroner Reeder held an inquest which was still in progress as we go to press.

Mark McCain and Joe McCain are in Greeson Sanitarium. Joe McCain is in critical condition and it is stated he cannot live.

PRESCOTT'S WILD AND WOOLY PAST

Evidently, Prescott was a wild town in its early days. There are several accounts of gunfights on Main St. such as the one above. To give you a glimpse of what things were like 20 or 30 years prior to this gunfight, I found a political ad by W. B. White who was

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running for city marshal of Prescott in 1924. In the ad he mentions how he had once been city marshal in 1887. His ad reads: “I was appointed marshal by Mayor Capt. Dave Arnold during Cleveland’s first administration in 1887-89 when things were at their hottest in politics and everything else.—five saloons in our city, lots of strangers, railroad just being completed, whiskey running down the gutters, and horse thieves at every crossroads. I got through that successfully and I am sure I can do it now. If elected I will enforce the law or pass out trying.”

GENEALOGY 101

Here’s a chart to help figure how someone is related based on a common ancestor. Write the common ancestor’s name in the top left box. Write names in the boxes across the top row and down the left side. You can then find the box where the row and columns meet and that will show the relationship of the two people. From the example, you can see that Sue and Ann share a common ancestor, John. From the chart you see that Sue and Ann are 1C1R (first cousins once removed).

Removed cousins are people who are cousins, but at different generation levels. This is where many people get confused. That’s why it’s best to use the chart.

Codes Used: C=Child; S=Sibling; N=Niece/Nephew; GC=Grandchild; GN=Grand Niece/Nephew; GGC=Great Grandchild; GGN=Great Grand Niece/Nephew; #C#R=#Cousin (1C=1st cousin; 2C=2nd cousin; and #of times Removed (1R=once removed; 2R=twice removed etc.)

Common Ancestor (John)	C (Jim)	GC (Sue)	GGC	2GGC	3GGC	4GGC	5GGC
C (Nellie)	S	N	GN	GGN	2GGN	3GGN	4GGN
GC (Harold)	N	1C	1C1R	1C2R	1C3R	1C4R	1C5R
GGC (Ann)	GN	1C1R X	2C	2C1R	2C2R	2C3R	2C4R
2GGC	GGN	1C2R	2C1R	3C	3C1R	3C2R	3C3R
3GGC	2GGN	1C3R	2C2R	3C1R	4C	4C1R	4C2R
4GGC	3GGN	1C4R	2C3R	3C2R	4C1R	5C	5C1R
5GGC	4GGN	1C5R	2C4R	3C3R	4C2R	5C1R	6C

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THE LITTLE BLUE JAR

This time of year we are often plagued with the discomforts of the common cold which causes us to look for any remedy available that might make us feel better. One of the classic cold remedies for over a century has been Vick's VapoRub, more commonly called Vick's salve. The little blue bottle has had a prominent place in most folk's medicine cabinets and we all have fond (or not so fond) memories of this "miracle drug", especially during our childhood years.

Every time we started coming down with a cold, we knew that it wouldn't be long until we were subjected to the "Sally Cloth". This was a soft piece of cloth covered generously with Vick's salve. This was heated until it was nice and warm. More salve was rubbed on our chests and then the warm cloth was pinned underneath our undershirts and we were tucked into bed for the night. I'm sure many readers of this paper have had similar experiences with the little blue jar.

I thought it might be interesting to do a little research on this medicine. The salve dates back to about 1890. The man responsible for it was Lunsford Richardson who was a pharmacist who lived in Greensboro, North Carolina. Family legend says that Richardson had once been in France and observed menthol being used for treatment of colds. He set to work and developed a croup and pneumonia salve containing menthol, camphor, eucalyptus oil, cedarleaf oil, nutmeg oil, and turpentine oil. He named his creation for his brother-in-law, Dr. Joshua Vick.

There are two approved uses for Vicks. It can be rubbed on the chest and throat to relieve coughs and nasal congestion and it can also be applied to sore muscles to relieve minor aches and pains. Vicks is intended for external use only and there are warnings on the jar about putting it in the nostrils, etc. The reason is that camphor can be poisonous if taken internally, so it should be kept out of the eyes, nose, and mouth.

Mr. Richardson had other medicines besides Vicks salve. He had twenty one different medicines marketed under the name Vicks Family Remedies. He first sold these in the local area. His son, H. Smith Richardson, helped his father in the family business as well as various other jobs. After learning some business skills, he joined his father in running the business and was considered a marketing wizard. Sales had begun to fall off and the younger Richardson came up with a plan. He would devote his full energy into just one product—Vicks Salve. He suggested that the name be changed to Vicks VapoRub and the name of the company be changed to the Vick Chemical Co.

What really made Vicks successful was the horrible flu epidemic of 1918. Forty million people died around the world and half a million in the United States. Sales of Vicks VapoRub soared to \$3 million in one year which was a lot of money in those days. I have seen full page ads in old newspapers advertising the wonders of Vicks VapoRub and people were looking for anything that would help during the flu epidemic.

The Vick Chemical Co. quickly increased in sales. Salesmen took to the road to tell Americans of the wonders of Vicks VapoRub. Some of the advertising methods used included newspaper ads, billboards, coupons, and free samples. Richardson believed that once people used the product, it would sell itself. Soon the product was sold all across America and in South America and Europe. His father had often dreamed of having a world-wide business but he didn't live to see it. It is ironic that Lunsford Richardson, the man who developed Vicks salve, died in 1919 of complications from the flu, the disease which made his company so successful.

When his father died, the younger Richardson took over control of the company. Richardson took a back seat in the management of the company in the 1930s, devoting his time to recruiting promising young people to work for the company. He set up the Smith Richardson Foundation and was very

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generous with his wealth. He lived by old fashioned values and was well respected by the business world. The Foundation continues to support programs that are consistent with the vision of its founder. The family, whose fortune was earned from the sale of Vicks VapoRub, is one of the richest families in America. The Vick Chemical Co. continued to operate until 1985 when it was bought out by Proctor and Gamble.

Now you know a little more about this well known cold remedy. I still keep a jar of Vicks in my medicine cabinet. When I feel a cold coming on, it's one of the first things I look for. It may not be a miracle drug, but millions of people have used it over the last 112 years and it is still popular.

I was a little disappointed when I was reading the label on it the other day and noticed that it is now made in Mexico. I wonder if it is actually the same as the old product we have used for years or if it might have been altered a little. One thing for sure—it still smells the same.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS FROM 1908

Bluff City—We have been writing about the little church over the way as “Goose Ankle”, but since then we have learned that the correct name is “Rocky Hill”. We had never heard it called anything but “Goose Ankle”. (*Prescott Daily News- 8-12-1908*)

Cale—Dr. Thompkins of Morris is building at Cale and will move there in the near future. Dr. Shell will also move to Cale soon. (*Prescott Daily News -9-2-1908*)

Mt. Moriah--Wilburn Clark's wife is unable to do her housework on account of a large rising under her arm. (*Prescott Daily News- 9-9-1908*)

Foss-- Mr. Willie Gillespie and Miss Idell Smith of Foss drove to Bro. Whaley's and were married. (*Prescott Daily News - 9-22-1908*) *Editors note: Foss was an old community four miles south of Bluff City. It no longer exists.*

Foss-- The high school at Bluff City is in progress. The promoters are offering to board pupils free of charge as an inducement to attend. (*Prescott Daily News—9-22-1908*)

Foss-- Sunday school at Harmony seems to be made up of widows and orphans these days as the ladies cannot get their husbands out. (*Prescott Daily News—9-22-1908*)

Foss-- McAteer and Epperson, successors to W. J. Via in the gin business, have made a number of improvements for the convenience of their customers. (*Prescott Daily News 9-22-1908*)

Cale—There will be a Christmas tree at this place on Christmas Eve, so let everybody slip off from their whiskey and have a good time. (*Prescott Daily News—12-16-1908*)

TRIVIA: 1. Famous Indian captured and imprisoned in Florida in 1885 2. How many arms does an octopus have? 3. In the comic strip, what is the name of Blondi's husband? 4. Part of a vehicle that tells how far it has traveled 5. What is a zither? 6. Which of the following is not an animal? (badger, ferret, cello, ermine) **Answers on page 5**

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THE JAMES COLUMBUS McKELVY FAMILY

This photo was taken in 1917. James Columbus McKelvy (1882-1959) was my grandfather and was known locally as “Gee” McKelvy. I never learned how he got that name. My grandmother was Katie May Kirk McKelvy (1892-1963). The three children’s names from left to right are: Myrtle Belle (1917-1994), Lee Roy (1909-1978), and the little fellow on the right is my father, Ruel Monroe McKelvy (1911-1986). The family lived in the Goose Ankle community about five miles southwest of Bluff City.

Answers to Trivia on Page 4: (1) Geronimo; (2) eight; (3) Dagwood; (4) odometer; (5) musical instrument; (6) cello

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RECIPES

Christmas has come and gone, but here is the recipe for Never Fail Christmas Fudge from the Farmer's Almanac. Candy is good anytime of the year.

NEVER FAIL CHRISTMAS FUDGE (Yield: 30 pieces)

This tasty fudge is soft, but not gooey. Wear long sleeves or oven mitts when stirring; it tends to splatter as it cooks.

- 2 cups sugar
- 2/3 cup evaporated milk
- 12 regular marshmallows
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup (6 ounces) semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

In a 2-quart saucepan combine the sugar, evaporated milk, marshmallows, butter, and salt. Cook, stirring constantly, over medium heat until the mixture comes to a boil and is bubbling. Boil and stir for 5 minutes; remove from the heat. Stir in the chocolate chips until completely melted; stir in the walnuts and vanilla. Spread into a buttered 8-inch-square pan and cool before cutting.

MYSTERY PECAN PIE

(presented by Jordan's River Cottage Bed & Breakfast-Chickasha, OK)

- 1 pkg. (8 oz.) cream cheese
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. In a small bowl beat above ingredients until thick and creamy. Set aside.

In a separate bowl beat:

- 3 eggs
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup light corn syrup

Spread cream cheese mixture in bottom of a 9 inch pastry shell. Sprinkle with 1 1/4 cups chopped pecans. Gently spoon the corn syrup mixture over the pecans. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 35-40 minutes or until the center is puffed up and firm to the touch.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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March, 2003

“OLD MIKE” PUT TO REST AFTER 64 YEARS

Some information in this article is from articles in *Nevada County Picayune* dated May 15, 1975 and *Arkansas Democrat* dated June 24, 1970.

Most everyone who grew up in and around Prescott in the mid-1900s has heard of “Old Mike”. He was found dead in the city park in a sitting position against a large oak tree on August 21, 1911. Nobody could identify him and it was assumed he was a hobo who traveled about the country, possibly making a little money by selling pencils and combs.

“Old Mike” was embalmed by Dr. J. D. Cornish of Prescott and attempts were made to find out his identity. After about two weeks, Dr. Cornish reviewed his condition and decided to wait a little longer in hopes someone might identify him. Weeks turned into months and months into years. People came from all over the country looking for their missing loved one, but nobody claimed him. He was given the name “Mike” by the funeral home staff. Some assumed him to be an alien from Europe, since the high quality gold work on his teeth was of a quality known by many as the work of European goldsmiths and silversmiths.

Originally, Mike was embalmed with his mouth and eyes closed, but dehydration caused the skin to tighten, pulling apart the lips and eyelids. The dry eyes cracked, so eye-caps were inserted to cover the eyeballs. The caps were tinted a shade of blue. Every few years, Mike was removed from the cabinet, stripped of his clothes, and bathed. The old clothes were burned and a new set of out-dated clothes were put on him. Then he was placed back in the cabinet. He was left in a standing position in the cabinet, which appeared to be a closet. I am told he was kept in the old post office in the 1940s, but at the time I saw him, he was in the Cornish Mortuary on West Elm St. across from Guthrie’s Drug Store. It took lots of courage for young folks to make the trip into the mortuary and ask to see “Old Mike”. Many times this was done after being dared to do so by their friends who had already seen him. At one time, the story of “Old Mike” was even mentioned on the Johnny Carson show on television.

Soon after my wife and I married, I told her the story of Old Mike and she thought I was just making up the story. After a little coaxing on my part, I persuaded her to visit the Cornish Mortuary and see for herself. We asked the man up front if we could see Old Mike and he led us back to where he was kept. Needless to say, it was an experience my wife won’t forget.

In the newspaper article printed in 1970, S. L. “Blue” Avery, an employee of the funeral home stated that there were no plans to bury “Old Mike”. “We won’t bury him as long as he holds up. I believe he’ll hold up indefinitely” Avery said.

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But by 1975, it was decided to go ahead and bury "Old Mike" mainly due to some state laws that required it. Over the years, the funeral home had refused offers from traveling carnival shows to purchase "Old Mike". There was a state law which prohibits the display of human beings in museums for public view.

In May of 1975, the funeral home purchased a lot in De Ann Cemetery for "Old Mike". It is not a pauper's lot, but is in a section of the cemetery designated for single lots. Mike's coffin was covered with a wreath of red carnations. Rev. Jerry Westmoreland officiated at the graveside service held on May 12, 1975. His tombstone simply reads- Old Mike...Died August 21, 1911.

THE ACTUAL NEWS STORY FROM 1911

Aug. 21, 1911- This morning about 8 o'clock a white man about 40 years of age was found dead in the city park on the east side of the shed. The man had apparently been dead about two hours when discovered.

The remains were brought to the undertaking parlors of the Prescott Hardware Co. and Dr. W. W. Rice, the coroner, was notified and a jury was selected to hold the inquest. Several witnesses were examined and it was learned the deceased had been seen at Little Rock, Arkadelphia, and Gurdon during the last ten days. One witness testified that he saw the man in the police court at Little Rock ten days ago where he was charged with being drunk. He was later seen at Arkadelphia and Gurdon and it was not learned when he arrived in Prescott. He was seen in different parts of the city yesterday and was also seen by people attending church at the Park last night.

The deceased was a cripple and used two crutches, and evidently made his living by selling lead pencils, as there were a dozen or more in his pocket.

After examining the witnesses, the jury verdict was, "We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death by unknown means".

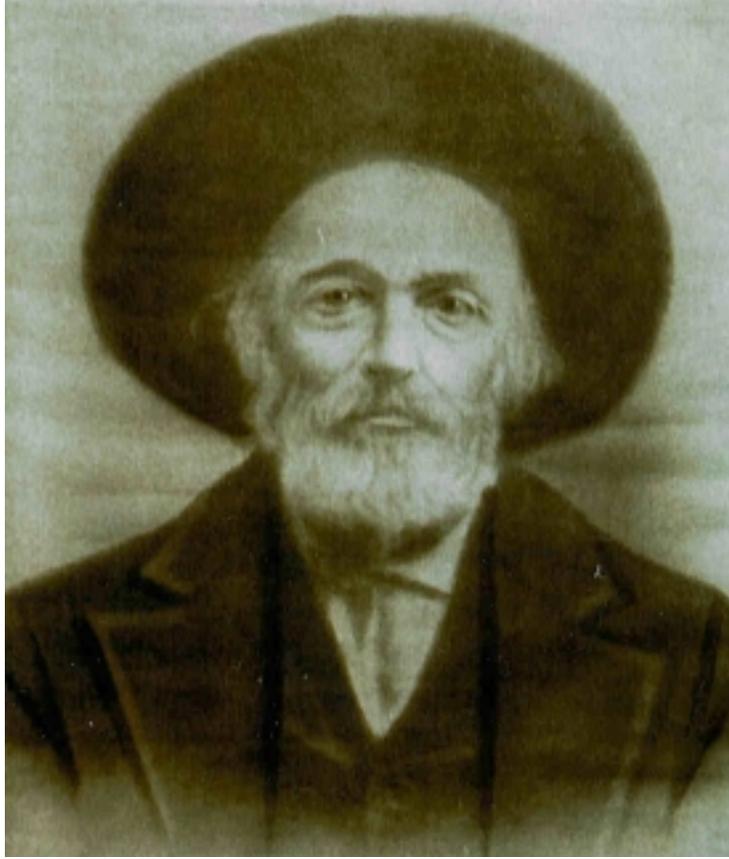
The dead man was about 5 feet and 4 inches high, brown eyes, brown hair, partly bald on top of head, brown mustache, tattoo on right arm between elbow and wrist, design of a woman standing on a pedestal, left leg a little shorter than right, stiff ankle, wore pair of No. 6 shoes made by the Foreman Shoe Co. of Chicago, old scar on top of head, and two gold teeth.

There was nothing at all found in his clothes that would lead to his identity. A small amount of change, less than two dollars, a piece of chewing tobacco, two handkerchiefs, and the lead pencils were all that his pockets contained.

There were no marks at all on the body indicating that he had been foully dealt with and it is the opinion of many that his death was caused by heart failure.

The remains were embalmed by Undertaker Cornish and will be held here for a few days with the hopes that something may be learned of the deceased's identity.

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This is a picture of James E. "Jimmy" Starnes who was one of the early settlers in the Bluff City area. According to those who have researched this family, Jimmy Starnes was born ca.1828 in Georgia. He married Martha "Mattie" Jones who was born ca.1837 in Alabama. The Jimmy Starnes family moved from Alabama to the Bluff City area sometime in the mid-1800s. The children born to this couple were:

1. M. Frances "Ponie" Starnes who married Monroe Edward Harvey
2. Thomas Britton Starnes who married Mollie Ann Ray
3. William R. "Dick" Starnes who married Nancy M. Black
4. Nancy Lucindy Starnes who married Henry Clinton Rodolpheus Morgan
5. George W. Starnes who married Lydia R. Hall
6. Maxie Arena Starnes married (1) James Monroe Pearce & (2) Robert Murphy Henry
7. James Nathaniel "Nate" Starnes who never married
8. Paralee Wistella Starnes who married (1) B. H. Crowell & (2) ??? Doster

Some of the above information is from a booklet entitled "Meador Genealogy and Related Families" by Elloene McBride.

James E. "Jimmy" Starnes and his wife are believed to be buried in unmarked graves at Bluff City Cemetery and all of the children are buried there. The 1880 census shows him to be a widower, age 52, so evidently Mrs. Starnes died shortly after the birth of their last child in 1878. Some of their descendants still live near Bluff City and many members of the Starnes family are buried at Bluff City Cemetery.

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PICTURES AND STORIES NEEDED

If you have an old family picture or family story you would like to share, let me know and we'll try to feature a different person or family each month. I can make a copy of your picture at your home if you are concerned about it getting lost. I would like to get some family information or old pictures of any families who once lived in what is now Nevada County or western Ouachita County. Remember that before 1871, the eastern half of what is now Nevada County was part of Ouachita County. Let's preserve our heritage. Thanks to Mrs. Clara Harvey for providing the picture of James E. "Jimmy" Starnes.

THE NIGHT HISTORY WENT UP IN SMOKE

In 1909, five Prescott men met in the Hamby law office and decided to organize the Nevada County Historical Society. They were Henry B. McKenzie, A. M. Ellsworth, Joe Bailey, Walter P. Murrah, and R. P. Hamby. Mr. McKenzie was selected as president, Mr. Ellsworth as vice-president, Mr. Hamby as secretary, and Mr. Murrah as treasurer.

For the next ten years they traveled into the rural areas of Nevada County interviewing citizens that were over 75 years of age. These were people who were born before the Civil War and had memories of those days. These men traveled over the county by horse and buggy at first to conduct these interviews since the automobile first appeared in Prescott about 1910.

After ten years they had a collection of historical information including names of early settlers, origin of the names of communities, location of early roads, and the first schools of the county, including the famous female academy at Glenville which existed before the Civil War.

Mr. McKenzie had all this information at his home and was editing it for publication. On the night of April 17, 1919, his home on Cale Road southeast of Prescott caught fire and all the material was forever lost. By that time, many of the people they had interviewed had died or moved away.

This was an unfortunate event for all of us who love history. These men should be remembered for their efforts to preserve information about Nevada County. Mr. R. P. Hamby is responsible for preserving much of the early history of Prescott and Nevada County and many of his articles can be found in old newspapers. That's where I found this account of the fire in 1919 when much of the early history of Nevada County went up in smoke. Mr. Hamby also served as mayor of Prescott from 1912 to 1948.

Maybe it's time for another group of concerned citizens to start a Nevada County Historical and Genealogical Society. I get inquiries all the time wanting to know if there is such an organization in Nevada County.

Some family trees have beautiful leaves, but some have a bunch of nuts. It's the nuts that make the tree worth shaking.

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OLD LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Rosston -Mrs. Pearl Hilton, our worthy postmistress made a flying trip to Prescott Wednesday. (*April 23, 1914*)

Willisville- Herbet Herring says his father will let him have his buggy now, but he can't get a girl to ride with him (*April 23, 1914*)

Glenville- Glenville farmers have completed planting their second crop of cotton. Come to the South where you can plant two crops of cotton every year. (May 28, 1914)

Glenville- C. B. Hesterly has planted onions with his potatoes. Upon inquiry, we were informed the onions cause the eyes of the potatoes to water, thereby insuring plenty of moisture during dry weather. (*May 28, 1914*)

Delta- There have been some cases of smallpox and mumps near Delta. (*Sep. 21, 1909*)

Bluff City- Oscar Johnson of Zama was in the city today selling cotton. (*Feb. 18, 1909*)

AN "EASTERNER'S" LETTER TO HER SON

(published in the 1977 Old Farmer's Almanac)

condensed from the Union County Advocate-Morganfield, Kentucky

Dear Stanley,

I write to let you know I am still alive. I am writing slowly as I know you don't read fast. You won't know the house when you come home—we moved. We had trouble moving, especially the bed—the man wouldn't let us take it in the taxi and we were afraid we might wake up your father.

Your father has a nice new job and very responsible. He has about 500 people under him—he cuts the grass at the cemetery.

Our neighbors, the Browns, started keeping pigs—we got wind of it yesterday.

I got my appendix out and a dishwasher put in. There is a washing machine in the new house here, but it don't work too good. Last week I put four shirts in the washer and pulled that chain. They whirled around real good but then disappeared. I think something is wrong with the machine.

Your uncle Dick drowned last week in a whiskey vat at the distillery. Four of his work mates dived in to save him, but he fought them off bravely. We cremated his body the next day and just got the fire out this morning.

I went to the doctor with your father last week. The doctor put a small glass tube in my mouth and told me not to open it for ten minutes. Your father wanted to buy it from him.

It rained only twice last week—once for three days and once for four days. Monday was so windy that our chicken laid the same egg four times.

I got a letter from the undertaker this morning. He said if we don't make up the installments on your grandmother's grave—up she comes.

Your loving mother, Stella

P.S. I was going to send you \$10 but I had already sealed the envelope.

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AUNT JANE'S CASSEROLE

(I found this poem on the Internet. It was written by Bob Tucker)

At all our family parties
In the spring and in the fall.
We'd have a potluck dinner.
There was food for all.

At the center of the table
Sat a celebrated bowl.
Just one of our traditions,
It was Aunt Jane's casserole.

No clue to what was in it.
Twas her secret recipe.
Folks asked us when they ate it,
"What on earth can this stuff be?"

My dad said it was possum,
Uncle Billy tasted coal.
They both took time to warn me,
"Don't eat Aunt Jane's casserole."

My mother claimed it was fishy,
As she hid a bite in foil.
When I finally tried it,
I remembered castor oil.

The preacher came one springtime.
Said a prayer condemning sin.
Then had a heaping helping
And did not come back again.

Aunt Jane would stand there asking,
"Have you tried it on a roll?"
As the family all avoided
Aunt Jane's casserole.

Aunt Jane is no longer with us.
Bless her heart and rest her soul.
Her hallowed spot's remembered,
There we place an empty bowl.

The recipe went with her.
Soon again to take it's toll.
It will be the talk of Heaven:
Aunt Jane's casserole.

(Another recipe from the 1944 Hempstead Co. Home Demonstration Club Cookbook)

ARKANSAS FAVORITE COOKIES

4 tablespoons shortening
1 cup sugar
¼ cup milk
1 egg

2 cups flour
3 tablespoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add milk and beaten egg. Sift one cup flour with baking powder and salt. Add more flour to handle easily. Roll out ¼ inch thick on floured board. Cut with cookie cutter and bake in hot oven. (For a large amount of cookies double this recipe).

Mrs. Luther Westfall
Doyle H. D. Club

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor
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SCHOOL DAYS REMEMBERED

Back in the 1950s when I started to high school in Prescott, it was the custom that all freshmen entering high school must be initiated. If my memory serves me correctly, each member of the senior class was “assigned” a freshman, and for one day, the freshman was subject to whatever humiliation the senior wished to inflict upon him or her. This involved such things as carrying the senior’s books or more humiliating things like being forced to roll a peanut down the hallway with your nose or pulling the senior around campus in a little red wagon. The senior would also tell the freshman how to dress for Initiation Day.

My manner of dress for the occasion was captured on film just before I left for school on Initiation Day in 1957. I am looking at that picture as I write this. I was wearing a long sleeve shirt with a bow-tie and an old floppy hat. Over the shirt I wore a long dress. I had the word “Freshman” written across my forehead with lipstick and there is a string of something around my neck, but I can’t remember what it was. My brother is also in the picture, laughing at how I was dressed.

The first hurdle was getting on the school bus before someone driving by saw me. Then I had to endure the giggles of the other students on the bus. I felt better when another freshman got on board and the attention was focused on them for awhile.

I don’t think there was much school work accomplished that day. It was one of those days we wished would soon be over. Some kids enjoyed it and others just endured it. I believe that after lunch an assembly was called and the freshmen had to get up on stage and do a talent number of some sort, either individually or as a group. I can’t remember what I did, but I’m sure it was something appropriate for the occasion.

You would think that one of these initiation experiences would be enough, but it was not to be. I also belonged to the Future Farmers of America and they had their own initiation ceremony. The ones who were candidates for the FFA were called Green Hands. Since this was an all-male group, the ceremony was quite a bit different from the regular high school initiation.

The first order of business was for the candidate for membership to be blind-folded. Then we were led by those who were already members to the first station. There it was explained to us that we must be branded on our chest or abdomen. Our shirt was pulled up and the blind-fold was taken off so that we could see a fellow with a hot soldering iron, which was to be the branding tool. The blind-fold was replaced and after a few words were spoken, it was time to be branded. At the moment when we were expecting to feel the hot branding iron, a cube of ice was slapped against our body.

The next station was the tank which held some water with green dye in it. We had to place our hand in the tank and our hand would be colored green, since we were called Green Hands. Our blind-fold was put in place and we placed one hand in the tank. They had a little

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crank-type generator hooked up to the tank which delivered a small tingling shock to the one having his hand in the water.

We were then taken to a station, our blindfold removed, and we were shown a can full of earthworms. We were told we would have to eat some of these earthworms to become a member of the FFA. Our blindfold was put on and we heard the others say that earthworms didn't taste all that bad or something similar. We were then given some plain cooked spaghetti instead of the worms. I believe there was also a similar station where cooked oatmeal was substituted for cow manure. I remember some of the boys had to be held by two or three other boys as they submitted to this part of the initiation.

The next station I remember was a table on which the FFA manual was placed. We were instructed to kiss the manual three times, standing up after each kiss. This was also done while blind-folded. After the second kiss, the manual was exchanged for one with a pile of flour on it, so the third time we kissed the manual, we got a face full of flour.

Later when I started to college, I had to submit to a three week period of initiation. The freshmen were required to wear "beanies" on their heads as they walked over campus. If an upperclassman requested it, we would have to place our finger on the button of top of the beanie and tell our name and where we were from.

Almost every night at suppertime, a group of upperclassmen would be waiting for the freshmen as they came out of the cafeteria. The freshmen were subjected to all sorts of humiliating things like having to scrub the sidewalk with a toothbrush. I can remember missing some meals at the cafeteria to avoid all this type foolishness.

There was sort of an understanding that if a freshman wanted to avoid all the harassment by the upperclassmen, he could submit to having his hair cut and his initiation would be over. He could choose whatever hair design he wanted—either having all his hair cut off or having some sort of design cut in it. If you check out the school yearbooks, you can see the results of turning an unprofessional hair cutter loose with your hair. You will see some with shaved heads, some with Mohawk haircuts, and some with their beanies on to cover their bald heads. I chose to have the initials SSC carved in my hair which stood for Southern State College.

I can only speak from my experiences at college. I don't know what type of initiation the girls had to endure, if any.

I suppose most of these hazing practices have been eliminated by now. Occasionally we hear of some of these getting out of hand and someone getting injured. I suppose it was all done in fun, but I'm not sure it has a place in our educational system. Can you imagine the lawsuits that could be filed these days by students and their parents against the schools if these initiation or hazing practices were still used?

If you have had similar experiences with initiations or hazing in your life that you would be willing to share, send your memories to me and I'll include them in a future issue. I would be interested in knowing if these traditions existed back in the days of the one and two-room country school houses of Nevada and Ouachita counties.

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A CURE FOR WHAT AILS YOU

Old newspapers are filled with advertisements for all sorts of concoctions and elixirs guaranteed to cure just about anything. One of my favorites is a cream for rheumatism called Rub-My-Tism. Below are a few ads I found in the old Nevada County papers. This is for informational purposes only. Try these remedies at your own risk.

1910

Tutt's Pills—for dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache, biliousness, and all diseases arising from a torpid liver and bad digestion.

Carter's Little Liver Pills—nine times in ten when the liver is right, the stomach and bowels are right-gently, but firmly compels a lazy liver to do its duty

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—for constipation

Hunt's Lightning Oil—accidents will happen and when they do, they hurt. Hunt's Lightning Oil is an instantaneous relief and cure-all for all wounds, bruises, sores, cuts, sprains, and abrasions of the skin

A homemade remedy for colds—will break up a cold in 24 hours; mix together in a large bottle, 2 ounces of glycerin, ½ ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound, and 8 ounces of pure whiskey. This mixture will cure any cough that is curable and is not expensive and will last the average family an entire year

Fletcher's Castoria—promotes digestion, cheerfulness, and rest; contains neither aspirin or morphine; the recipe of old Dr. Samuel Pitcher; contains pumpkin seed, senna, Rochelle salts, peppermint, bicarbonate of soda, worm seed, clarified sugar, and wintergreen flavor

For rheumatism—1 ounce syrup of sarsaparilla compound and one ounce of Toris compound. Add to ½ pint of good whiskey. Take a tablespoon before each meal and at bedtime. Shake bottle well.

Sloan's Liniment—for neuralgic pains caused by excitement of the nerves and sciatica

1914

Chamberlain's Tablets—for a torpid liver

Foley's Honey and Tar—for coughs and colds

1928

Sickly, peevish children infested with intestinal worms cause cross, restless, unhealthy children. If the child is pale, with dark rings around the eyes, and has no interest in playing, it is almost certain that the child has worms. Use White's Cream Vermifuge for positive destruction of worms and it is harmless to children.

If you're tired, out or sorts, and have no appetite, it means your liver is clogged up. Get Carter's Pills.

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Mrs. Bettie McKelvy and Mrs. Mollie Parker

These two ladies lived in the Goose Ankle community about five miles southwest of Bluff City. My guess is that they were at some sort of community gathering where food was to be served because of the aprons they are wearing, but farm women in those days commonly wore aprons as they did their work. I don't know the year except that it was prior to 1947.

Elizabeth Ann "Bettie" McLelland McKelvy, known affectionately as "Little Grannie" was my great grandmother. She married Alexander Fletcher McKelvy in 1881. She was born Nov. 22, 1862 and died March 31, 1947, twenty three years after her husband. She and her husband are buried at Ebenezer Cemetery.

Mrs. Mary R. Parker, known as Mollie, and her husband, James A. Parker, known as "Gus", lived on a farm next to the McKelvys. Mollie Parker and Bettie McKelvy were the best of friends. Mrs. Parker was known for her shouting at the Rocky Hill Methodist Church near her home. She was born Dec. 22, 1867 and died July 4, 1951 on the day the Orland McKelvy family was having a family reunion at their place nearby. Their son, Harland McKelvy from Seattle was home and many of the family were there to visit with him. James A. Parker had died in 1931. The Parkers are also buried at Ebenezer Cemetery.

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MEMORIES FROM GOOSE ANKLE AND GUM GROVE SCHOOL

Editor's Note: I recently received a letter from Mrs. Mavis Giffith Belisle who grew up in the Goose Ankle community. She tells of her early school days at Gum Grove, the neighbors who lived close by, and some of her early childhood memories Mrs. Belisle left the area in 1934, went to Memphis, and became a registered nurse. She now lives in Austin, Texas. Some of the information below was furnished by Mrs. Belisle's sister, Mrs. Mildred Munn who now lives in Hope, Arkansas. (letter was edited for publication)

I was born in 1915. I am the first grandchild of John Henry Griffith. My father was William "Will" Griffith and mother was Gillie (Hall) Griffith. We had a home near Goose Ankle and attended the Methodist church there. Our home was on the Jeff Barlow place. Dad sold the place to Jeff Barlow. We were neighbors to the Moores, Nelsons, Irvins, Plylers, Otwells, Henrys, Walters, and Meadors. Our closest neighbors were Verna and Frank Nelson.

I attended my first school at Gum Grove until I was nine years old. We then moved to Caney (Morris) and I went to school there until the schools were consolidated and I finished at Cale. I remember walking to school at Gum Grove. I walked with Foy, Earl, Ardle, Lois, and Ester (Nelson) up to Henry Irvin's. We were joined there by Ellis and Grace Tallmadge, Nellie and Geneva Irvin, Maxine and Ollie. Then on by the Obe Richardson place, where we were joined by Alma Johnson (Eagle), Vera Johnson, Clara Richardson, and Arlis Richardson and then on to Gum Grove School.

Coming down the hill from Rocky Hill church (very steep), was the Jenkins Hall place where my grandfather John Henry Hall had a country store. He died with pneumonia during World War I. The road continued on by Marion Plyler's and on to Gum Grove School.

It was about a mile and a half walk for me to my first school, but we all had fun with our lunch pails and we ate icicles from the trail that hung on the barb wire fences. Uncle Talmadge (Griffith) would give me ribbon cane joints to chew on the way home and always looked after me. The others had brothers and sisters with them. I had it alone, but the Nelson's looked after me from where the divide was at the Henry Irvin place.

We had a lot of fun, but sometimes got to school with wet feet and frozen mittens to thaw out by the pot-bellied stove. We took turns sitting by the stove to warm up. We took our lunch in buckets- sweet potatoes, fried pies, ham or sausage in biscuits, and sometimes apples, etc.

The road by the Henry place (in sight of Gum Grove) went on by the Munn's, Walters, Luke and Henry Meador, Conklins, and Neals, I believe. I just turned 88, so it's hard for me to remember (ha).

Henry Irvin married Liza Johnson, who had two children, Eldry and May Johnson. They had Ruth, Ollie, and Maxine.

Obe Richardson married Nona Johnson who had Alma and Vera Johnson. He had Homer, Clara, and Arlis Richardson. There was a Mrs. Moore there also who went to the women having babies to assist the doctors. She came to our house and helped on May 23, 1919 to help deliver my sister. I had been sent to the Richardson's to spend the night. I was four years and three months old at the time, but I remember the event. There were five babies born in Goose Ankle that year—my sister, Mildred, Zettie Griffith, Lonnie Hall, Claudis Nelson, and a Johnson, I think Earl.

A huge mulberry tree stood at the old home place and Obe had to build other rooms to accommodate the three girls who were having dates from Bluff City. Alma went to college at Monroe, LA, which was also impressing to me.

I have all my report cards until I finished high school. I walked to school while living at Cale until the schools were consolidated. Then we went by bus to Cale. We always had fun going to or coming from school- riding or walking.

These were the teachers at Gum Grove (from my report cards):

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Gum Grove (1921-1922)- Mrs. Ruth Irvin Barlow (my first teacher); Miss Alma Johnson (Eagle), Principal.

Gum Grove (1922-1923)- Miss Elsie Beaty (?); Mr. Joe Bevill, Principal

Gum Grove (1923-1924)- Mrs. Belle Morgan; Mrs. Beulah Johnson, Principal

I remember my first toothbrush (Colgate) and we used a mixture of salt and baking soda to brush with (a black gum limb mop before that). I also remember my first airplane ride in 1919 about the time World War I ended. I was four years old and very excited. I also remember our first automobile. I can remember having to jump out of the wagon and throw blindfolds over the team to keep them from running away with us. I remember Mother making kraut, lye soap, and hominy and all the fruits and vegetables we canned and the pickles and relish she made. I remember the first radio with earphones to listen with. We could only get two or three stations. If company came in the earphones were divided so each party could hold one piece up to the ear.

FRESH STRAWBERRY PIE

These recipes come from Barbara Ray, a subscriber from Texas who grew up in Chidester.

1 cup sugar	red food coloring
Pinch of salt	2 cups fresh strawberries (more if desired)
4 tablespoons cornstarch	1 (9 inch) baked pie shell or Graham cracker shell
1 cup water	½ pint whipping cream (or whipped topping)

Combine sugar, salt, and cornstarch. Mix well. Add water. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add a few drops of red food coloring. Cool. Wash and drain strawberries, halve them, and place in pie shell. Pour filling over the top of strawberries. Refrigerate until firm. Top with whipping cream or whipped topping. Serves 6 to 8.

ANNIE'S LEMON ICE BOX PIE

Mrs. Ray says, "Our babysitter/cook/housekeeper, Annie Sims made this pie for us when we were growing up in Chidester. She was probably the best cook I have ever known."

Filling

Vanilla wafers
1 can Eagle Brand condensed milk
3 eggs, separated into whites and yolks
Pinch salt
1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring
3 lemons (or 1/2 cup lemon juice)

Topping

1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring
1 teaspoon water
1 teaspoon cream of tartar
3 teaspoons of sugar
Pinch salt
3 egg whites

To make filling, add egg yolks to Eagle Brand. Add lemon juice, other ingredients last. Pour into pie plate lined with vanilla wafers—crumbs on the bottom of the plate and whole cookies around the sides.

For topping, mix all ingredients except sugar. Start beating with a mixer on medium to high speed, and then begin adding sugar. Continue to beat until peaks are formed. Put on top of filling and bake at 350 degrees until the top is browned.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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EBENEZER

In a previous issue, I included an interview concerning Rocky Hill Methodist Church done by Phena Fincher. Ms. Fincher also interviewed the same people about Ebenezer Methodist Church. Those interviewed included Mr. and Mrs. Earl Johnson, Mae Parker Norman, and Mrs. Jessie Morrow. The interview was done in October, 1984. Below are some excerpts from this interview. The complete interview can be found at the Prescott Depot Museum website. <http://www.depotmuseum.org>

Phena: Do you remember when the church at Ebenezer was founded?

Jessie: No, I don't know when it was founded, but I remember when the church that was here last was built, but not when it was founded. I guess when they all settled in there.

Phena: Could you establish a time when the building you were talking about was built?

Jessie: About 1904 or 1905

Phena: Was it in existence prior to the Rocky Hill church?

Jessie: Yeah, to the last church, but when they built this church they had a church down below this just a little piece, a schoolhouse and church together. They went to school in the church until they built this church here and then they built a little schoolhouse across the road from the church.

Phena: About how many did you have in school at that time?

Jessie: I can remember when my brother, Arthur Tunnel taught school there. He had 80 pupils in that little church in that little schoolhouse, and he taught every one of us and now they can't have 15 in a class. We had the 3 R's. We didn't have all this fancy stuff, or anything, and we had to learn the 3 R's- reading, writing, and 'rithmetic. Whenever they needed a whippin', they got it and when they's bigger, I can remember they called the directors to correct the big boys when they got in a fight or something.

Phena: How many families originally attended the church there at Ebenezer as far back as you can remember?

Jessie: Mama and Papa had 14 kids still alivin' when they both died. Mae and them, well, they didn't have too large a family. They was always a good crowd.

Phena: Was the church at Ebenezer a log structure?

Jessie: No, it was nice lumber on the inside and the outside was made of wide boards. It was a good built church. They finally tore that one down and built a smaller one and I don't remember what year that was, but it was about in the 1930's.

Phena: When would you say the membership began to decline?

Jessie: Somewhere in 1925 or 1926. People just moved out and went to other places.

Phena: Can you remember any interesting stories about things that happened in the early days of Ebenezer Church?

Jessie: Well, my husband and I were married. We were supposed to be married in church, but the fire smoked so bad or something, so they decided they'd go to the schoolhouse, and the pastor told us whenever we come out of the church and got off the steps, why he would just marry us right there. So that's where we were married, right in front of the church. That was November 20, 1921. My husband was buried in Ebenezer graveyard and that's where we started and that's where we will end.

Phena: What are some of the ways that you've seen services change?

Jessie: Well, they didn't quit whenever it came 12 o'clock if they wasn't through preaching. Everybody had to go in wagons, you know, and it would take awhile to get home, and you'd invite people to go home with you for dinner. I remember my mama and daddy—they had 17 'lotta times on Sunday. Mama could feed them just as good as she could feed a dozen. She didn't get flustered. I'd just have one and get flustered. She always had enough.

Mae: The thing that I think back to—they didn't have any air conditioners, any fans—people had fans of their own. And you know, I never did hear people complain it was too hot to go to church.

Jessie: No, and it was too cold. You'd sit in the back and you'd shake all the time, and you didn't complain about it. We didn't have anyplace else to go—kids has got too many places to go.

Mr. Johnson: People didn't complain about the heat or the cold, or anything. You know, kerosene lamps, little ole lamps around the walls.

Phena: Did you have Sunday evening services back in those days?

Jessie: Not too much. Sometimes we'd have it on Wednesday nights, but not too often 'cause people had to work.

Mae: The other thing back then was that pastors had to go on horseback or walk. And on the weekends, there was always somebody that had to take care of the preacher. He'd come in maybe like Saturday and stay over until Monday morning.

Phena: Something was said about the time you joined the church, or didn't join the church, because of the method of baptism. What was that about?

Jessie: Well, I just said I was saved in the Methodist Church, but I never did join it, because I didn't want to be sprinkled, and that's the only way Ebenezer did then; was to sprinkle, but I know at Rocky Hill, they immersed them, but I never did see anyone.

Mr. Johnson: I don't know of anyone being sprinkled or poured at Rocky Hill. We always went to the creek or someplace.

Mae: I remember at Emmet, you know your uncle, they poured water on him, but his health was real bad. But for years they immersed—they'd go to the creek, or somebody's stock pond. I know where I was baptized—in a stock pond.

Mr. Johnson: Up by _____McKelvy's. I know, too.

Mae: It was spring-fed. I wanted to be immersed. I never criticized people that was sprinkled, but that's the way I believed it.

Jessie: I don't believe in these fountains here at the church now—I'd rather go the river to be baptized.

Mae: That's more sacred.

Jessie: I was baptized in the Little Missouri River and there was plenty of water. I remember going down to Caney Creek one time; just before we got down to where they'd baptize 'em, why they's a big ole rattlesnake there—that was the biggest snake I ever saw. I wouldn't have got in that water for nothing.

Phena: It's a large cemetery, still used by the people around the area, and very well kept.

Mae: They sold the building and gave the money to the cemetery fund. I think they used the money to put a fence around the cemetery.

Jessie: And they cleaned up all around where there used to be muscadine and huckleberries; it's what we lived on.

Phena: Those were the good old days, weren't they Mrs. Morrow?

Jessie: Sure was. You know, we were pore, but we didn't know it, because everybody else was the same with us. And we all had a good time.

Phena: The difficult times you had helped to build character.

Jessie: We didn't realize we were having a hard time because we were brought up to work. I can remember I was 3 years old and had a little old job, like carrying in splinters to build a fire with. And I knew that was my job and they didn't have to tell me.

Phena: We are most appreciative of you sharing your knowledge of these churches that are only three miles apart, but have played a very important part in the lives of the community in and around Rocky Hill, Ebenezer, and Bluff City.

The first doctor to advertise in the paper in Arkansas Territory was James Mason in April, 1821 at Arkansas Post. The first doctor in Little Rock to advertise was C. Baker in Dec., 1821. The early doctors also did the work of dentists, so dentists were slow to arrive in Arkansas. The first dentist was William Kilgore in 1830 who stopped at Little Rock for a few days to "insert teeth, clean out and plug hollow teeth, make them almost as good as new, take the tartar or scurvy from them and destroy its ravages from slaying its thousands."

In 1834, Dr. William Kennicott was prepared to insert from a single tooth to an entire set of human or animal teeth "in the most scientific and skillful manner" and in 1839, Dr. Bustin announced to the public that he extracted teeth "with little or no pain" and informed the ladies that he would wait on them at their residences.

In the fall of 1832, spasmodic cholera, one of the most dreaded diseases of the time, threatened to invade Arkansas. There had been terrible epidemics in Louisville, New Orleans, and Vicksburg and among the Choctaw Indians who were passing through Arkansas on their westward migration. The symptoms of the disease were shriveled, blue-white skin, a cold, damp body surface, bloodshot and sunken eyes, nausea, vomiting, extreme thirst, and spasms of the limbs. The method of treating this cholera included bleeding, doses of calomel and opium followed by castor oil and salt to induce vomiting. The expected epidemic in Arkansas did not happen. There was a scare in July, 1833 when nine passengers on a steamboat died from cholera on the way from Vicksburg to Little Rock. This caused some great concern among the people, but by late 1833, the danger of an epidemic had passed.

(from Arkansas Historical Quarterly, Spring-1951)

Listed below are some common things we use in our daily lives. Match the unit of measurement on the left with the product on the right.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| ___ 1. 2 X 4 | A. sewing thread |
| ___ 2. 7 ½ | B. outboard motor |
| ___ 3. 12 | C. women's dress |
| ___ 4. P215/78R15 | D. car engine |
| ___ 5. 6 penny | E. screen |
| ___ 6. 11 oz. | F. nail |
| ___ 7. 60 watt | G. camera |
| ___ 8. 16 rib | H. lumber |
| ___ 9. 35 mm | I. electrical breaker |
| ___ 10. 10 h.p. | J. men's pants |
| ___ 11. 30 amps | K. shoe |
| ___ 12. 50 | L. light bulb |
| ___ 13. 3 cell | M. flashlight |
| ___ 14. 9-D | N. hat |
| ___ 15. 32-30 | O. tire |
| ___ 16. 15 ½ - 33 | P. drinking glass |
| ___ 17. 16 mesh | Q. rake |
| ___ 18. 14K | R. rifle |
| ___ 19. 30-06 | S. typing paper |
| ___ 20. 18 tine | T. gold |
| ___ 21. 21 jewel | U. men's jacket |
| ___ 22. 12 volt | V. car battery |
| ___ 23. 40 | W. watch |
| ___ 24. 350 CID | X. umbrella |
| ___ 25. 8 ½ X 11 | Y. men's shirt |

Scoring: 20 correct---good; 13-19 correct---not bad; less than 12 correct---you don't measure up

A poem boosting Camden written in 1927 by W. L. Morgan of Rt. 2, Camden

Camden on the Ouachita
Best town you ever saw
On the MoPac and Rock Island Railway
Cotton Belt and Pershing Highway
High power lines and natural gas
Camden is a thriving city none can surpass
Good hotels and houses
With bells on the door
If there isn't enough
We'll build some more.
Pack up your grip
And come to stay
For when you get here
You will never want to go away.



Sometimes you can find interesting things in our cemeteries. Pictured above are the graves of Susan A. Hirst (1868-1954) and Jesse J. Hirst (1857- 1923) at Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Nevada County.

Notice the use of shells covering the graves. There are several graves in this cemetery like this and a few at Mt. Olive Cemetery near Waterloo. These are what we commonly call mussel shells that have been bleached to make them white. As you can see, this family spent some time placing these shells in the concrete.

Is there some significance to having shells on a grave? According to an article by Sam Dickinson in *The Old Time Chronicle-Nov.*, 1990, shells have been used on graves for centuries. It is more common in areas near the seashore where you occasionally see a conch shell left at a grave.

Some cultures believe that leaving a shell at a grave provides a place for the soul to dwell until resurrection day. This is a common belief in some parts of Africa. Others think shells are left at graves for decoration.

Whatever the reason, you have to admit that it does add something to a gravesite. Mt. Moriah, between Rosston and Laneburg, is one of the oldest places in Nevada County and was the temporary county seat of Nevada County from March 20, 1871 until October 7 of that year when Rosston was designated as the county seat.

SOME OLD LOCAL NEVADA COUNTY NEWS ITEMS

Mt. Moriah- Tom Weaver of Mt. Moriah has a very sick baby girl at his home. The little one is suffering from congestion from eating mulberries. (Prescott Daily News-May 13, 1908)

Mt. Moriah- Will Tomlin happened to a bad accident last Sunday. We suppose he was running his horse and it fell down and it fell on him. They thought he was dead for awhile, but he is better now. (Prescott Daily News-May 20, 1908)

Cale- We were informed yesterday by Uncle Perry Westmoreland that the bricks are on the ground for the erection of the canning factory. We suppose Uncle P. will be the president of same. (Prescott Daily News-May 21, 1908)

Delta- We had a blind man's show at Pleasant Hill Wednesday night (Nevada News-March 25, 1909)

The Dixie Carnival featuring the world's largest and smallest horses was in Prescott. The smallest horse died while the carnival was in town and is buried in the DeAnn Cemetery Pauper's field. (from Depot Museum website- Dec. 18, 1910)

A piano fell on Sam O. Logan. The piano was not damaged. (from Depot Museum website-July 6, 1912)

Wildcat Rd. news column- It's got so nowadays everybody tries to find out if you don't make whiskey. If they can't find out any other way, they will try to get the little children to tell them if daddy don't make a little in the old coffee pot while mother gets breakfast. People should ask an adult about such matters and not be asking children. Always let the other fellow's business alone and keep your own hands clean before God and man and this will be a much better world to live in. (The Nevada News- March 18, 1926)

TROPICAL DELIGHT PIE A recipe from Jeanie McKelvy

1 package cream cheese (8 oz.), softened
2/3 cup confectioners sugar
1 carton (8 oz.) frozen whipped topping, thawed
1 (20 oz.) can crushed pineapple, well-drained
1/2 cup chopped pecans
1/2 cup coconut
1 graham cracker crust (9 inches)

Blend cream cheese and confectioner's sugar until well blended. Fold in whipped topping until well combined. Then fold in well-drained pineapple, nuts, and coconut. Spoon into crust and chill for several hours or overnight.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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THE DEATH OF FLOYD COLLINS

When I was a young boy, I used to visit my grandparents who lived in the Goose Ankle community about five miles southwest of Bluff City. They had a large room on one side of the hallway that they seldom used. In this room was an old Victrola phonograph that stood about four or five feet high and had a crank on the side and a lid that raised to reveal the turntable. We kids enjoyed cranking up the machine, folding the arm which held the needle down onto the record, and listening to some of those old 78 rpm records. One that left a lasting impression on me was entitled *The Death of Floyd Collins*. I didn't know at the time that it was telling the story of an actual event that happened in Kentucky in 1925.

Floyd Collins was known as the greatest cave explorer in the world. He came from a poor farming family living near Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Floyd spent all his spare time exploring caves and had explored many of the 330 miles of underground passage-ways in Mammoth Cave. The Collins family owned a cave known as Crystal Cave, but it was too far off the tourist trail to make money. Floyd spent much of his time trying to find an entrance to Mammoth Cave from the Collins property in hopes that his family could cash in on the tourist business or at least find an entrance near the highway so tourists could explore Crystal Cave.

During his explorations, he explored a little known cave called Sand Cave about four miles from his home that most everyone ignored. Even though he was the world's greatest cave explorer, he was somewhat careless. He left one day to explore Sand Cave without telling anyone where he was going. He carried only one small light and wore no protective gear. When he was about 120 feet from the entrance and about 60 feet underground, a 27 pound rock fell on his foot and trapped him in the narrow passage-way. There was nothing to do but wait and hope someone would come to his aid. His lantern soon went out and Floyd found himself in total darkness and unable to move.

It was a day or so before anyone became concerned about Floyd. Finally his brother, Homer began a search for him and soon discovered that he was trapped in Sand Cave. Homer tried his best to free Floyd, but soon realized he needed help. Word spread and the rescue of Floyd Collins began. The radio was just becoming popular at that time and the listening public received regular updates on the rescue attempts. All the major newspapers printed stories about the incident. Soon the whole nation had heard about the man trapped in a Kentucky cave and listened to their radios and read the papers for all the latest news.

We remember only a few months ago when nine coal miners were trapped in a flooded coal mine in Pennsylvania and how happy we were when they were brought out alive. And I'm sure you remember the story of Baby Jessica who fell in a well and was finally rescued back in 1987. The area around Sand Cave soon took on a circus-like atmosphere as reporters and other people flocked to the area. It was said that there were no parking places for twelve miles around Sand Cave. There were pony rides for the kids and vendors sold

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food and souvenirs as the rescue party labored. An estimated crowd of 20,000 people gathered at the scene in the days that followed.

A newspaper reporter from Louisville who was very skinny managed to make it down to where Floyd was trapped and was able to touch him and talk to him. He took food, water, and whiskey to Floyd and read telegrams from people all over the country who were praying for his rescue. He conducted several interviews with Floyd about what it felt like to be trapped in a cave and this reporter even won a Pulitzer prize for his unusual reporting.

For over two weeks, Floyd suffered in the cold, dark, and tight passage. The rescuers tried everything to free him, but nothing worked. They tried to pry the rock to free Floyd's leg, but it would always fall back in place. Then the cave began to collapse and these efforts to free Floyd had to stop before others became trapped. They tried sinking another shaft to intersect with the tunnel where Floyd was trapped, but all this took time. Finally, they broke through to where Floyd was trapped, but it was too late. He had died about a day before. It was considered too dangerous to move his body, so he was left in the cave for about 80 days. His brother, Homer managed to raise enough money to give Floyd a decent burial and his body was brought out of the cave and buried outside the entrance to Crystal Cave.

Crystal Cave which the Collins family owned was later sold and Floyd's body was placed in a glass-topped coffin and displayed inside the cave for many years. Then the unexpected happened. Floyd's body was stolen. It was later found with one leg missing, which has never been found. Floyd's family finally had him buried in the family cemetery in 1989. His headstone reads:

William Floyd Collins
Born 7-20-1887
Buried 4-26-1925
Trapped in Sand Cave 1-30-1925
Discovered Crystal Cave 1-18-1917.

Technically, Floyd Collins was buried four times—at first when he was left in the cave for 80 days, then when he was removed and buried outside the entrance to Crystal Cave, then when his glass-topped coffin was placed inside Crystal Cave, and finally at the Mammoth Cave Baptist Church cemetery in Mammoth Cave National Park.

Many poems and songs were written about this event. One of the most popular records was the one my grandparents had entitled *The Death of Floyd Collins* by Vernon Dalhart. The words were written by Rev. Andrew Jenkins and Mrs. Irene Spain, for which they received \$25. Vernon Dalhart's recording sold over three million copies in two years. The legend of Floyd Collins lives on and there have been many books written about him. Floyd Collins is a legend especially among other cave explorers. Floyd Collins was 37 years old at the time of his death.

There are stories that the caves in and around Mammoth Cave are haunted. One of the stories is that Floyd Collins' ghost still roams the caves looking for his lost leg. If you ever visit Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, be sure to stop in at the cemetery and pay your respects to Floyd Collins, the greatest cave explorer the world has ever known. Just before the visitor center, turn right on Flint Ridge Rd. and go two miles to the church and cemetery.

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THE DEATH OF FLOYD COLLINS (RECORDED BY VERNON DALHART)

Written by Rev. Andrew Jenkins and Mrs. Irene Spain

You can view pictures and listen to this song on the Internet at
<http://www.bluegrassgrotto.org/floyd-c.html>

1 Oh, come all you young
people
And listen while I tell;
The fate of Floyd Collins
A lad we all knew well;
His face was fair and
handsome
His heart was true and
brave;
His body now lies sleeping
In a lonely sandstone cave.

2 How sad, how sad, the
story
It fills our eyes with tears;
Its memories too will linger
For many many years;
A broken-hearted father,
Who tried his boy to save;
Will now weep tears of
sorrow
At the door of Floyd's cave.

3 Oh! mother don't you
worry
Dear father don't be sad
I'll tell you all my story
In an awful dream I've had;
I dreamed that I was a
pris'ner
My life I could not save;
I cried, Oh! must I perish
Within this silent cave?

4 Oh! Floyd, cried his
mother
Don't go, my son don't go
'Twould leave us broken-
hearted
If this should happen so
Tho Floyd did not listen to
Advice his mother gave
So his body now lies
sleeping
In a lonely sandstone cave.

5 His father often warned
him
From follies to desist
He told him of the danger
And of the awful risk
But Floyd would not listen
To the oft advice he gave
So his body now lies
sleeping
In a lonely sandstone cave

6 Oh! how the news did
travel
Oh! how the news did go
It traveled thru the papers
And over the radio
A rescue party gathered
His life they tried to save
But his body now lies
sleeping
In a lonely sandstone cave.

7 The rescue party labored
They worked both night and
day
To move the mighty barrier
That stood within the way
To rescue Floyd Collins
This was their battle cry
We'll never, no we'll never
Let Floyd Collins die.

8 But on that fatal morning
The sun rose in the sky,
The workers were still busy
We'll save him by and by.
But oh! how sad the ending
His life could not be saved
His body then was sleeping
In a lonely sandstone cave.

9 Young people oh! take
warning
From Floyd Collins fate
And get right with your
Maker
Before it is too late
It may not be a sand cave
In which we find our tomb
But at the bar of Judgment
We too must meet our doom

WHAT A HAIL STORM!

A severe hail storm was reported near Sheppard, Arkansas between Hope and Fulton. Mr. F. B. Harkness stated he found numerous stones as big as coconuts and several so large they wouldn't fit into his hat. Railroad engineers passing through at the time of the storm reported the ground covered ten inches deep with hailstones over a three mile stretch. They estimated the stones to weigh between one and two pounds. (Prescott Daily News- May 8, 1909)



GUM GROVE SCHOOL PICTURE- Early 1920's

If you look closely at this picture, you will see that the group was posed this way by the photographer or the teacher. Notice the pattern—girl, boy, girl, boy, etc.

Front row- left to right: (1). ????, (2). Will Otwell, (3). Myrtis Hall, (4). Harland McKelvy, (5). ?????, (6). Ruel McKelvy, (7). Georgie Bradley, (8). Haskell Norman, (9). Mary Jane Walters, (10). Lee Plyler

Second row- left to right: (1). Alvin Dunn, (2). ????, (3). Lee Roy McKelvy, (4). Lois Nelson, (5). Carl Greer, (6). Ardis Hall, (7). (??) Bradley, (8). Elsie Walters, (9). ????, (10). Ardle Nelson, (11). Gertie Parker

Third row- left to right: (1). ????, (2). Archie Stone, (3). Edna Walters, (4). ????, (5). Beulah Johnson, (6). Bryon Thompson, (7). Ollie Otwell, (8). Edward Dunn, (9). Mae Norman, (10). Vernon (??) Bradley, (11). Esther Nelson

Back row, left to right: (1). Lois Bradley (??), (2). Ellis Griffith, (3). ????, (4). Arl Moody, (5). Adell Norman, (6). Alvin Bradley, (7). ????, (8). ????, (9). Grace Griffith, (10). Garland Plyler, (11). Thelma Dunn

SUTTON, ARKANSAS (NEVADA COUNTY)-AUG. 16, 1909

Yesterday afternoon at 7:00 Rev. Greer united in the bonds of wedlock Mr. Jim Mann and Miss Pearl Murry. The contracting couple met the minister in the road near this place and were married while seated in their buggy. Mr. Mann is a promising young man of this community and Miss Murry is the accomplished daughter of Squire Murry.

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A St. Louis newspaper reporter passed through Prescott in 1887 and wrote an article giving his impression of the town and listing some of the positive things he noticed. (From the Nevada County Picayune-June 6, 1887)

A WIDE AWAKE PROGRESSIVE AND PROSPEROUS PEOPLE A SPLENDID TOWN IN THE HEART OF A FERTILE REGION

1. Situated on Iron Mt. RR
2. County seat with 3000 voters in county.
3. Population of city is 2000 souls
4. Fine public school and fine courthouse and jail
5. 7-12 thousand bales of cotton handled out of here each year
6. Vast fruit production; well adapted for peaches
7. Artesian wells provide clear water, slightly impregnated with sulphur
8. Large lumber shipper; ships several hundred cars each year
9. Prescott Lumber Co. with stock owned by St Louis men has \$50,000 capital
10. Good merchants; Substantial stores, mostly brick
11. Two newspapers- Nevada County Picayune (one of cleanest and most spicy sheets) has J. W. Gardner as editor (Eugene White was former editor); has modern machinery; The Dispatch published by J. A. Ansley
12. Hub, spoke, and handle factory run by T. M. Neel; also ships pine and oak lumber 
13. Thos. S. Bryan is sewing machine agent and wife has millinery store
14. B. L. Harwood has grocery business and ice cream restaurant
15. One of finest barber shops run by Adam Frederick features hot and cold baths.
16. J. C. Trevillion has meat business in a first class shop
17. Hinton Drug Store and Gro.
18. Foster and Logan Hardware
19. Hatley and Christopher grocery and hardware
20. Palace Dry Goods run by W. F. Armstrong
21. J. H. Kershaw has grocery store
22. Pat Cassidy, a former peddler, now has a neat store with Wm. Parr
23. E. Littlefield is a photographer
24. Hugh Montcrief is druggist
25. J. O. Howell has drug store
26. Montgomery, Madden, and Montgomery is a law firm
27. Nevada County Bank managed by W. H. Terry and J. C. Young
28. T. C. McRae, a congressman, lives here
29. the best hotel is the Winter House, run by Mrs. Sarah Winter
30. John M. Milburn is the news agent
31. W. B. Waller general merchandise
32. Mr. White, the postmaster

Prescott is a lively little Southern town full of vim and enterprise. The stranger is made welcome, it has good facilities for pursuing any line of business, standards of morality are high, and everywhere in her borders prevails the spirit which says, "Come".

CORN BREAD TAMALES

If you want something a little spicy, try this recipe

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| 1 lb. ground beef | 1/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 large onion chopped | 1 tablespoon chili powder (or to taste) |
| 1 can tomato soup | 1 cup whole kernel corn (drained) |
| 2 cups water | 1/2 cup chopped green pepper |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |

Brown ground beef and onion in skillet and drain any excess grease. Add tomato soup, water, seasonings, corn, and green pepper. Simmer for 15 minutes.

TOPPING MIX

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|
| 3/4 cup cornmeal | 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1 tablespoon flour | 1 egg |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | 1/3 cup milk |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1 tablespoon oil |

Mix dry ingredients together. Add egg, milk, and oil. Place meat mixture in greased baking dish (2 1/2 quart). Cover with cornbread topping. Bake in hot 425 degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes or until corn bread is brown. Yield: 6 servings.

AN ODE TO TIMES LONG GONE

For older folks only—(If you're under 40, you won't understand)

You could hardly see for all the snow,
Spread the rabbit ears as far as they go.
Pull a chair up to the TV set,
"Good night, David; Good night, Chet."

Dependin' on the channel you tuned,
You got Rob and Laura - or Ward and June.
It felt so good, felt so right.
Life looked better in black and white.

I Love Lucy, The Real McCoys
Dennis the Menace, the Cleaver boys
Rawhide, Gunsmoke, Wagon Train
Superman, Jimmy & Lois Lane.

Father Knows Best, Patty Du ke
Rin Tin Tin and Lassie too,
Donna Reed on Thursday night--
Life looked better in black and white.

I wanna go back to black and white.
Everything always turned out right.

Simple people, simple lives
Good guys always won the fights.

Now nothin' is the way it seems
In living color on the TV screen.
Too many murders, too much fight,
I wanna go back to black and white

In God they trusted, in bed they slept.
A promise made was a promise kept.
They never cussed or broke their vows.
They'd never make the network now.

But if I could, I'd rather be
In a TV town in '53.
It felt so good, felt so right
Life looked better in black and white.

I'd trade all the channels on the satellite
If I could just turn back the clock tonight
To when everybody knew wrong from right
Life was better in black and white.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 3 No. 7

July, 2003

THE BIG CAT SCARE OF 1909

The spring of 1909 was a tense time in Nevada County as reports began to come in of a great cat or some type of animal prowling the woods. It was seen by several people at various times. Below are several news stories that appeared in the county newspaper. I never found a story about the animal being killed, so what it actually was remains a mystery.

Prescott Daily News (4-28-1909)

There was consternation again last evening caused by the presence of the mountain lion, wolf, or whatever that is causing a strong condition of nervousness in certain sections of this vicinity. The last disturbance took place in Sunset when a Negro woman raised an alarm stating she had seen a big animal the color of sawdust with a large head and a long body and massive legs creeping through B. J. Daniel's pasture. A posse looked for the beast, but darkness prevented an extensive hunt. The tracks, measured by Marshal Murrah, appear to be the same as those in Kirk Cummings pasture. The woman who claimed to have seen the beast is staying behind locked doors today and has not yet recovered from her fright.

The Nevada News -(4-29-1909)

The mountain lion, big dog, wolf, or what not was the sensation again today. At 6:30 this morning, Jim Young, a Negro was run out of the pasture of Kirk Cummings by the animal and breathlessly came to town with the news. The Negro claimed to have come upon the beast quite suddenly in a thicket. It was of large size, brown in color, and showed fight. Soon after the news reached town, a posse was formed and securing the dogs of Henry Slaughter, a rush was made for the scene and while the tracks of the animal were plainly visible, the dogs refused to follow them. Their actions clearly indicated that whatever it was, they were afraid of it and after bristling up and barking a time or two, they abandoned the hunt. The track was measured and revealed to be nearly five inches across and it is the opinion of those who saw it, that the beast is a big wolf.

The Nevada News -(5-13-1909)

There is renewed excitement here today on account of the movements of the mountain lion which has been seen at several different times during the past month. The most recent actions of the panther-like animal was its appearance Friday night among the cattle of Loomis and Denman a few miles south of town which caused a stampede and the cattle in their fright broke through the fences of the pasture and tore them down like they were made of straw. A night or two before the same thing happened among the cattle of S. S. Brooks, a farmer living near the Loomis place. A small calf was run over in the stampede and killed.

Yesterday afternoon, Luke Steele and his wife, while out driving, came upon the animal near the railroad tracks two miles south of town and were able to view it carefully. Mr. Steele says it was not a wolf and the tail was too short for a panther. From what he has heard of the Mexican lion, he is confident that is what it is. Mr. Steele did not have a gun with him and was forced to watch as the varmit disappeared into the woods.

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B. G. Murrah, father of county clerk Murrah, saw the animal Friday afternoon in a pasture south of town.

So far, all dogs placed upon its tracks have refused to run the animal and without exception have turned back frightened.

Ex-Senator George R. Haynie sent word to his father and brothers in Gurdon who own a pack of fine dogs, to come tomorrow and he believes these dogs will enable a posse to kill the varmit.

The presence of the animal has caused consternation among the Negroes and farmers in the section south of town and they are having great difficulty in getting them to work in the fields.

Prescott Daily News – (6-29-1909)

For months past, rumors have been rife of a jaguar or Mexican lion in the vicinity of Boto and Bills. It has been reported to be seen by a number of people, but no one has succeeded in killing the animal. Report is now made that last week while Mr. Hoover and his sons were working on their farm a rain came up and they went to their camp place for shelter. Their dog came into the camp as if something was after him. After being urged, the dog ran in pursuit and was soon heard giving vent to his pain in exclamations of anguish. On investigation, the dog was torn and crushed by some ferocious animal supposed to be the jaguar which escaped.

SOME PROBLEMS FROM A 1909 GRAMMAR SCHOOL ARITHMETIC BOOK (these are some of the easier ones---see page 4 for some of the answers)

1. A box containing oranges weighs 55 pounds; the empty box weighs 7 pounds; and the oranges, 3 pounds per dozen. How many oranges are there in the box?
2. A father had 30 apples and gave one fifth of them to his daughter, one fourth of the remainder to his son, and the balance to his wife. How many did each receive?
3. There are 15,129 peaches in an orchard. How many trees are there if the number of trees is equal to the number of peaches on each tree?
4. A boy paid 55 cents for apples and oranges. The apples cost 3 cents and the oranges five cents each. If there were 8 oranges, how many apples were there?
5. A lady, on being asked her age, said: "2 years is 8% of my age." How old is she?
6. John can dig a ditch in 12 hours and Jim in 15 hours. How long will it take both together to dig it?

NEVADA COUNTY'S TALLEST GRAVE MARKERS



The size of a person's grave marker does not always indicate the worth of the person. There have been many good people whose graves are marked by a small native stone or maybe not even be marked at all. But we assume that a very large stone like the one to the left marks the grave of an important person or at least one whose family was wealthy enough to purchase such a stone.

This is the tallest grave marker in Nevada County. It marks the grave of Brad Scott in the old part of De Ann Cemetery in Prescott. He was born Sept. 19, 1847 and died May 2, 1895. The base of the stone is five feet square and the height is 20 feet.

Can you imagine what such a stone would cost today? Think of the work it took to install this stone back in 1895. A stone such as this was probably ordered and shipped to Prescott by train and then manually carried to the cemetery by horses and wagon.

I know that there is a Brad Scott Addition to the city of Prescott, so evidently he donated or sold some of his land to the city in its early years. He served as an alderman of the city of Prescott in the first election in 1876. Other officers were W. L. Webb, mayor; M. J. Saxon, marshal; J. J. Whitesides, recorder; E. E. White, treasurer; Brad Scott, W. B. Waller, W. A. Bright, D. M. Wadley, and Guy Nelson, aldermen.



The second tallest grave marker in Nevada County is that of R. S. Briant in Forest Hill Cemetery. Mr. Briant was born March 20, 1859 and died July 10, 1903.

The base of his stone is 38 inches square and the height is 15 feet. The large stone next to his is that of his mother, Nancy J. Briant. On her stone is engraved "wife of Robert N. Briant. Mother of R. S. Briant, W. H. Briant, and R. M. Briant". She was born March 9, 1840 and died March 25, 1911.

I have no information about these people other than what is written on their grave markers.

A COUNTY SEAT CREATED

Nevada County was created in March, 1871 from parts of Hempstead, Ouachita, and Columbia counties. The first seat of justice for the county was at Mt. Moriah, but lasted only six months when Rosston was designated to be the county seat.

Henry Ross and his wife, Martha E. Ross donated forty acres of land to Nevada County on September 15, 1871 “for the purpose of locating the county seat thereon”. This is recorded in Deed Book A, page 124 and 125. It was decided to name the new town after Henry Ross who donated land for the county seat. Henry Ross also had other lands in the same area in a partnership with James Torrains of Lafayette County.

The actual city of Rosston was laid out by surveyors commissioned by the General Assembly of the State of Arkansas in late 1871 and the land was divided up into blocks and lots and street names were assigned for the city. These survey plats are recorded in Book A, page 126, 137, and 139. The streets running north and south were named after the presidents—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Van Buren. The streets running east and west were named after trees—Pine, Olive, Beech (spelled Beach on plat), Spruce, Vine, Oak, and Holly. Each city block and lot had a number assigned to it. Practically all the town was owned by Henry Ross and James Torrains. They agreed to divide up the town with each one getting certain lots. I’m sure they felt that this would put them in a good position when the town began to grow.

In a deed dated November 10, 1871 (Book A- page 128), Henry Ross and James Torrains donated Block No. 28 in the newly surveyed town of Rosston to Nevada County. This block was in the center of town just north of the intersection of present-day Hwys. 278 and 200 (the sharp curve in Rosston). As the town developed, I believe this was probably where the county offices were located to do the business of Nevada County. No courthouse was ever built at Rosston because the county seat was not to remain there for very long.

When the railroad was completed through southwest Arkansas about 1873, stores were built along the railroad and people began to settle close by. Prescott, located on the railroad and named after a railroad surveyor, was laid out in 1873, soon became the center of business in the area and the town grew rapidly. An election was held in 1877 and the people voted to move the county seat of Nevada County from Rosston to Prescott, even though Rosston was located in almost the exact center of the county and Prescott was in the north end of the county. Prescott received 1107 votes and Rosston 392 votes. Some thought the election was unfair, but it was not contested.

The old street names assigned to the city of Rosston were never used as far as I know. The dreams of Henry Ross and James Torrains never materialized as far as Rosston was concerned.

Rosston today is an incorporated town in Nevada County with a population of 262. It has two stores, a fire department, post office, and one church. The Nevada Public School was located there in 1988 (a result of the consolidation of schools in Bodcaw, Cale, Laneburg, Willisville, and Oak Grove). A new school was constructed and today most of the students in the south half of Nevada County attend school at Rosston.

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This poster, written by Meiji Stewart, is displayed in the office where I work. It has some good thoughts to help us as we go about our daily lives.

When Life Gets You Down – Don't Quit!

- A. Anything can happen
- B. Bend—Don't break
- C. Challenge Your potential
- D. Destiny is a choice
- E. Effort creates opportunities
- F. Follow your intuition
- G. Get back up and try again
- H. Hold on to your vision
- I. Improve yourself
- J. Just dig a little deeper
- K. Keep knocking on doors
- L. Learn from mistakes
- M. Motivate with compassion
- N. Nothing worthwhile ever comes easy
- O. Own a positive attitude
- P. Problems hold messages
- Q. Question what's not working
- R. Re-group when you need to
- S. Stand up for your principles
- T. Think outside the box
- U. Unite perseverance with resolve
- V. Value knowing when to walk away
- W. Work smarter; not just harder
- X. –haust all possibilities
- Y. You can if you think you can
- Z. zzz's; take naps as needed



Pictured here are Mrs. Etta Carter Meador and Mrs. Katie Bradley Moore of Bluff City.

Etta Ethel Carter was born Nov. 10, 1882 and died March 17, 1980. She was the daughter of Jiles Marion Carter and Mary Catherine Walker. She married Julius Andrew Meador in 1902. Children born to this couple were: Mildred Meador, Elmer Lee Meador, Stell Meador, and an infant son.

Mrs. Katie Moore was born June 8, 1882 and died June 8, 1974. She was the daughter of Elizabeth Jane "Betty" Carter and John B. Bradley. She married William Edwin Moore in 1895. Children born to this couple were: Wilkie Edwin Moore, Lillie Belle Moore, George Garland Moore, Joseph Clyde Moore, Elsie Mae Moore, Hillery Herbert Moore, Pearl Louise Moore, and Merle Elloene Moore.

Answers to math quiz on page: (1)-192; (2)-??; (3)- 123; (4)- 5; (5)- ??; (6)- 6 hrs. and 40 minutes

MAYBE THERE IS STILL HOPE FOR THE OLDER FOLKS

I found an article in the Nov. 25, 1915 issue of *The Nevada News* that I thought was interesting. According to the article, it was an accepted belief in 1915 that little could be accomplished in life after the age of fifty. Some even thought that a man that was 60 years old might as well be chloroformed since he was on longer of any value.

A Dr. Dorland, a prominent physician of that time, decided to do some research on this subject. He made a list of 400 of the most noted and illustrious men of all time in the history of the world including statesmen, painters, poets, writers, and warriors. Next to each name he wrote down the single greatest achievement of that man during his lifetime. Then he wrote down the age of the man when he accomplished his greatest achievement.

The results were startling and dispelled some of the myths of that time. He found that 35% of the great achievements were accomplished when the man was in 60-70 year age range. The group aged 70-80 were responsible for 23% of the greatest achievements. Those over age 80 were responsible for 6% of the great achievements.

That meant that 64% of the world's greatest achievements were accomplished by men over age 60. The group aged 50-60 had 25% of the great achievements, so that meant that 89% of the world's greatest achievements were by men over the age of 50.

Of the remaining 11%, only 1% of the great achievements were by men less than 40 years old.

His conclusion was that man came into his intellectual prime when he reaches age 50 and has a better chance of doing an important deed after age 60. The many years of experience combined with plenty of gray matter and making good use of opportunities will enable older people to make great accomplishments in their lives.

So, maybe there is still hope for us older folks. Just because you retire from work doesn't mean you have to retire your mind. Many elderly Americans are learning how to operate computers and doing all types of volunteer work to keep active. And you can always write your memoirs.

It's not too late to get started on some dream you have. Anna Mary Robertson, known as Grandma Moses, didn't start painting until her late 70's and she lived to be 101. During that time she painted over 1600 works of art and painted her last painting when she was over 100 years old. Ex-President Bush parachuted out of an airplane at age 75. John Glenn made his second space flight at age 77. Sam Walton was 44 when he opened his first Wal-Mart and spent the last thirty years of his life making Wal-Mart the country's largest retailer with over 1700 stores at the time of his death.

“An archaeologist is the best husband any woman can have: the older she gets, the more interested he is in her.”—Agatha Christi

“Whatever a man's age, he can reduce it several years by putting a bright-colored flower in his button-hole.”—Mark Twain

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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LANDMARKS OF LONG AGO

When the county seat of Nevada County was moved from Rosston to Prescott in late 1877, I'm sure efforts soon began to build a county courthouse. According to the information I have, a "commodious two-story courthouse was built in 1884 at a cost of \$20,000. I came across the picture below on the Internet of this early Nevada County Court House that was pictured on a post card. The web site was called "Penny Post Cards of Arkansas".

I am not sure of the date of this picture. It was taken by Mr. Newth, a well-known photographer in Prescott. As you can see, it was a handsome building.



The courthouse square is usually found near the center of a town and the courthouse usually stands out as the most prominent structure in town. It is the people's building where the county records are kept and people go to tend to their legal matters. Notice the hitching posts along the fence for the horses and wagons.

There are always some people who will not obey the laws. When they are arrested and held for trial, the courthouse becomes a popular place. In the early days of Nevada County, trials were held only a few weeks or months after the crime was committed. A murder trial would bring a large crowd of people to the courthouse square and sometimes the person would be found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

There are records of a few public hangings that took place in Prescott. The last "legal" hanging in Nevada County was June 14, 1906 when Squire Smith was hanged for the murder of John and Count Gleghorn (see the Jan. 2002 issue of *The Sandyland Chronicle*). That hanging more than likely took place near the courthouse pictured above, although the record states it was at the old jail.

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About 1910, it was decided that the courthouse was inadequate for the growing population and even though the building was only 26 years old, it was razed to make room for a new and larger courthouse. (*Note: The county's population in 1910 was 19,344 compared to 9,955 in the 2000 census*)

In the Prescott Daily News of May 10, 1912, there is an article about the completion of the new Nevada County courthouse. County Judge A. M. Denman and the architects were congratulated on the fine job that was done. The paper stated that this new courthouse cost about \$60,000 and was considered money well spent. The building was said to be fire-proof.

As you can see from the picture below, this new courthouse was also a handsome structure that the people could be proud of. Notice all the trees around the courthouse at that time. This is the building I remember as I was growing up in Nevada County.



In 1963 County Judge Mack Hillery informed the citizens of Nevada County that the courthouse had been declared a “hazard to public health and safety”. The building was said to be unsafe and could not be repaired. The county received a grant of \$159,500 to be used to build a new courthouse. The county would have to match the grant dollar for dollar, so an election was held to increase taxes to pay for a new courthouse. The measure passed by a margin of four to one.

The courthouse pictured above was torn down and a new building was constructed on the same site. That building is still in use, although it too is showing signs of wear. The trees were removed when the new courthouse was constructed and the present building has a flat roof. Even though it cost about \$300,000, it is my opinion that it cannot compare in elegance to the two courthouses pictured here. It won't be long until the citizens of Nevada County will be faced with the task of building another courthouse or repairing the existing one which is now 39 years old. Since the population continues to decrease, it may be difficult to finance any new construction in the near future.

HE RETIRED AT AGE 90

J. R. Woods, custodian of the Nevada County Courthouse in Prescott for the past 17 years and 4 months retired January 31. On February 1, he celebrated his 90th birthday anniversary. A native of Ouachita County, Mr. Woods moved to Prescott in 1927. He worked for Paul Argo in the sawmill business for a number of years and later worked with Mr. Ed Moseley on the dray (?). Mr. Woods only missed three weeks of work due to illness.

Mr. Woods and his daughter, Mrs. Mattie Robinson plan to make a trip to the valley in the near future and after that he intends to spend his time working in the yard and garden. His smiling face and friendly manner will be missed by all who have seen him day after day for so many years. *(from The Nevada News of 1956)*

Mr. Woods' retirement was a short one. He died April 10, 1956

OBITUARY (from the 4-12-1956 issue of The Nevada News)

James R. Woods, aged 90, died April 10th at his home in Prescott. Mr. Wood had been custodian of the Nevada Co. court house for 17 years and retired on his 90th birthday.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Mattie Robinson of Prescott; two grandsons, Elwood Robinson of El Dorado and Denton Robinson of Longview, TX; and four great grandchildren.

Funeral services were conducted April 11th at 2:30 at Bluff City. Burial was in Bluff City Cemetery by Cornish Funeral Service.

Pallbearers were Billie Roe, Dick Bright, Phles Orren, Everett Ward, Ivan Hildebrand, Jack Anderson, John Eagle, and Carl Mitchell.

**518 POUND MAN SEEKS A WIFE
(from the 4-30-1925 issue of The Nevada News)**

Providence, RI—Nick Tartaglione, a 42 year old restaurant proprietor who weighs 518 pounds is willing to accept a bride.

Nick wants a wife, a traveling companion, someone to hand him his shoes in the morning, and someone to sit at the table and hold his left hand while he tucks away four pounds of steak, a chop or two, a side of roast beef, three or four helpings of macaroni, some vegetables, and a mess of fruit.

The biggest man in New England has had several chances to join circuses. He expects to begin a tour of the United States within a few months, traveling in special trains, spending weekends in the best hotels, and having a good time. Money is no object with Nick. He has plenty. He owns an automobile, a tenement or two, and a place at the beach. An old fashioned girl is Nick's desire. Girls with bobbed hair need not apply.

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Nick's clothing is tailor made. Seven and one half yards of cloth are required to make him a suit. His shoes are custom made. One pair costs \$18. He wears a 22 collar.

Nick has been a widower for two years. He has eleven children living.

A TALL TALE (from John Tweezer column about mosquitoes) The Nevada News - April 6, 1909

When I was a boy, I carved my name and the date on the hull of a half-grown mosquito and liberated it. While turkey hunting last spring, I found what I supposed to be a flushed gobbler, but on closer examination, I found my turkey was featherless and bore the inscription I had carved on its hull some twenty years ago.

FROM THE NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE (JULY 30, 1885)

It is suggested that the city purchase a dump cart and mule and run a regular scavenger cart daily to cleanse our streets of all filth and rubbish.

FROM THE NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE (SEPT. 24, 1885)

The large rattlesnake at Mr. N. T. Richard's store shed its outer coating for the second time this season. Although the snake has been imprisoned for twelve months, it has not eaten anything, though it drinks water occasionally.

FROM THE NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE (DEC. 3, 1885)

These post offices were in Nevada County in 1885:

Bell's Store, Bodcaw, Boughton, Bourland's Store, Bluff City, Caney, Clayton, Delta, Emmet, Falcon, Honeaville, Laneburg, and Prescott. Prescott is a money order office.

A SERIOUS RUNAWAY (PRESCOTT DAILY NEWS- MAY 21, 1907)

Yesterday morning while W. H. Bull, rural route carrier for Rosston Rt. # 2, was attending to some business at Fincher's store two miles north of Brisbane, his horse attached to his mail cart became frightened and ran away. In its course, the horse ran into a buggy containing Mrs. Dr. Weaver and Mrs. Sel Mason, completely demolishing their vehicle and dislocating the shoulder of Mrs Mason. No harm was done to the mail cart and its contents.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS FROM THE PRESCOTT DISPATCH (MAY 19, 1881)

Mrs. Isaac Moore has filled up an elegant ice cream saloon in the Reppy House.

Ladies, call and see the nice lot of perforated card board at Howell and Majors Drug Store.

Companions Smoote, Warren, and McRae constitute the choir of the Legions of Honor and the music they furnish hath "charms to soothe a savage, melt a rock, and split a cabbage".

Common Sense

Today we mourn the passing of an old friend, by the name of Common Sense.

Common Sense lived a long life but died recently in the United States. No one really knows how old he was, since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape.

He selflessly devoted his life to service in schools, hospitals, homes, factories helping folks get jobs done without fanfare and foolishness.

For decades, petty rules, silly laws, and frivolous lawsuits held no power over Common Sense.

He was credited with cultivating such valued lessons as to know when to come in out of the rain, why the early bird gets the worm, and that life isn't always fair.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you earn), reliable parenting strategies (the adults are in charge, not the kids), and it's okay to come in second.

A veteran of the Industrial Revolution, the Great Depression, and the Technological Revolution, Common Sense survived cultural and educational trends including body piercing, whole language, and "new math."

But his health declined when he became infected with the "If-it-only-helps-one-person-it's-worth-it" virus. In recent decades his waning strength proved no match for the ravages of well intentioned but overbearing regulations.

He watched in pain as good people became ruled by self-seeking lawyers. His health rapidly deteriorated when schools endlessly implemented zero-tolerance policies. Reports of a six-year-old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate, a teen suspended for taking a swig of mouthwash after lunch, and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student only worsened his condition.

It declined even further when schools had to get parental consent to administer aspirin to a student but could not inform the parent when a female student was pregnant or wanted an abortion.

Common Sense lost his will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband, churches became businesses, criminals received better treatment than victims, and federal judges stuck their noses in everything from the Boy Scouts to professional sports.

Finally, when people, too stupid to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot, were awarded a huge settlement, Common Sense threw in the towel.

As the end neared, Common Sense drifted in and out of logic but was kept informed of developments regarding questionable regulations such as those for low flow toilets, rocking chairs, and stepladders.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by two stepbrothers: My Rights, and Ima Whiner.

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone.

How well do you know your abbreviations?

- _____ ESP—John says he has ESP.
- _____ GNP—The GNP of the United States is rising.
- _____ VIP—Several VIPs will be present.
- _____ ETA—The ETA of Flight 920 is 4:00.

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A LITTLE TOWN

By Kirby Able

A little town is where you don't have to guess who your enemies are. Your friends will tell you.

A little town is where few people can get away with lying about the year they were born. Too many other people remember.

A little town is where people with various ailments can air them to sympathetic ears.

A little town is where, when you get the wrong number, you can talk for 15 minutes anyhow.

A little town is where the ratio of good people to bad people is 100 to 1. That's nice to know.

A little town is where it's hard to walk to work for exercise because it takes too long to stop and explain to people in cars who stop, honk, and offer a ride.

A little town is where city folks say there's nothing to do, but those who live there don't have enough nights in the week to make all the meetings and social functions.

A little town is where everyone becomes a "neighbor" in time of need.

A little town is where those same businessmen dig deep many times to help with countless fundraising projects.

A little town is where many teen-agers say there is nothing to do and are surprised to learn their big city peers are saying the same thing.

A little town, when all is said and done, is a nice place to live.

INSIDE-OUT STUFFED PEPPERS

**This is a good one from Taste of Home magazine
(said to be created by a 14 year old girl)**

1 pound ground beef
1/2 cup chopped onion
1 can (16 ounces) stewed tomatoes, cut up
1 large green pepper, chopped
1/2 cup uncooked long grain rice
1/2 cup water
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 cup (4 ounces) shredded cheddar cheese

In a skillet, brown ground beef and drain. Transfer to a greased 2 quart casserole dish. Add the next eight ingredients. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour or until rice is tender. Uncover and sprinkle cheese on top. Return to the oven until cheese melts (about 5 minutes).

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

September, 2003

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TRAGEDY IN PRESCOTT MAN KILLS HIS BROTHER ON WEDDING DAY (Reported in The Nevada News- December 29, 1910)

One of the worst tragedies ever enacted in southwest Arkansas occurred at mid-afternoon yesterday. Will W. Hendrix shot and killed his brother, George Henry Hendrix, at their father's store on West Main Street. Will is the bookkeeper for the firm and Henry was a salesman.

About 3:30 news flashed over town that Will had killed Henry. On arriving at the store, reporters for the press found the body of Henry on a cot where it has been placed by friends and surgeons. Two bullet holes, one through the heart, had done the work and Henry Hendrix, who that evening at 7:00 was to have wed Miss Bettie Brown of this city, lay lifeless unable except for a few feeble words as he lay dying, to testify on his own behalf.

Upon calling at the jail to see Will, the man who did the shooting, the press agent got the following story:

"I was sitting at the desk. Henry approached the office with a raised hatchet and said, 'You slapped Pearl, why don't you slap me?' I said I did not have cause to slap him and with that he started at me with the hatchet saying, 'I'll scatter your brains all over this store.' I then fired, emptying my revolver which was a six-shooter."

Will was 39 years of age on Sunday, Christmas Day. Henry was 22 last March. Both brothers were prominent in Prescott in business and socially. The young lady, Pearl is a sister to the brothers about 20 years of age.

Charles Lancaster of Prescott Hardware Co., Dr. Buchanan, and Mr. Hornbeck arrived in time to hear the last words of the dying man. Reports of the words uttered by both Will and Henry after the shooting are naturally a little conflicting. As people entered the store, Henry was found lying on the floor about six feet from the office. Will was standing inside the office railing with a 38 Smith and Wesson Special revolver in his hand. Near where Henry lay was a hatchet. Henry is said to have exclaimed, "He has killed me, he has killed me." Will replied, "You made me do it." One report states the dying man denied the statements from Will. The dying man recognized Dr. Buchanan and said, "Raise me up". The doctor, not realizing that death was near, began to remove his overcoat and gloves, but before the same could be accomplished, Henry's life had gone out, killed by his brother.

The fiancé of the deceased is said to be crazed with grief. The sympathy of hundreds of friends goes out to her in this dark time in her young life.

The father of the boys, an aged man, had started for the city marshal when the altercation started, but before he could get further than the street, shots were fired which told him too plainly of the awful heart-rending tragedy. The father is in the peculiar position of being a witness in the case. There was not an eye witness to the actual shooting.

Following an investigation that lasted over two hours, the coroner's jury at 8:25 last night brought in a verdict that they did not find the shooting justified and the prisoner was bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury.

THE VERDICT OF THE JURY

The case came to trial in late July, 1911. The charge against Will W. Hendrix was first degree murder. There were no eye witnesses to the shooting. The trial lasted a full day with the jury getting the case at 6:30 p.m. They met until 11:00 p.m. when they were allowed to go to bed. They resumed deliberation early the next morning and reached a verdict at 8:30 a.m. The decision of the jury was "Not Guilty". (*reported in the 7-22-1911 issue of The Nevada News*)

THE FIFTEEN-CENT HAIRCUT (from the 3-14-1931 issue of The Nevada News)

The three Stitt brothers, J. W., J. R. and S. D., lived 40 years ago at a country crossroads known as Dobbyville. It was many miles from the nearest railroad and the bright lights of any town. A trip to town in those days was a day's journey.

One of the problems of rural life in those days that had to be solved was getting a haircut. The younger fellows learned to perform tonsorial services for each other.

One Saturday afternoon, a group gathered at the general store and S. D. Stitt gave George Clark a haircut. The temperature that day was not conducive to bodily activity, so the group of young boys began to speculate about their future. It was agreed that forty years from that day they would report to each other regarding their life experiences during those forty years.

With the approach of evening, the group broke up and George Clark discovered that he didn't have the 15 cents which was the price they had agreed upon for a haircut. He jokingly promised that when he made his 40 year report, he would pay for the haircut with 10% interest compounded annually.

The years passed and a few days ago, S. D. Stitt received from George Clark, a millionaire lumberman from Beirne, Arkansas, a check for \$5.35 to settle the old account.

AN OLD OBITUARY-NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE (AUG. 6, 1885)

We announce the death of Squire William Marsh which occurred at his home at Caney in Jackson Township on the 21st ultimo. Mr. Marsh lived in this county for a great many years and was one of the most honorable and useful citizens and his death is lamented by the entire community. He was a successful farmer and merchant and made liberal contributions of both time and means to every enterprise for the promotion of society and general welfare of the community. He will be greatly missed. He leaves a wife and several children, most if not all, are grown to mourn his death. John, Ed, and Oscar Marsh of Jackson Township are his sons. (*Note: Caney was an old community in east Nevada Co. near White Church Cemetery*)

THE TUNNELL FAMILY

Note: Information for this article submitted by Joanne Westmoreland.

The Tunnell family was well known in northeastern Nevada County and many members of the family are buried at Ebenezer Cemetery. As you drive out Hwy. 299 from Bluff City past Ebenezer Cemetery, you will also notice a small creek identified as Tunnell Branch, so named because it flowed through Ike Tunnel's farm.

One of the early Tunnells in America was Rev. John Tunnell, who was one of the first twelve elected elders of the Methodist Church in America. He was a circuit rider who traveled and preached in eight of the original 13 states. He was a very prominent preacher in those days. His ministry was cut short due to contracting tuberculosis which caused his death in 1790 at age 35. His life is a story in itself.

The Tunnell family is a family of preachers. Stephen Tunnell, Sr. had five sons, all of them ministers and there were at least 15 ministers within four generations of his descendants.

Stephen Tunnell, Jr. (1790-1870) married Sarah A. Hamilton. Stephen was born in Greene Co., Tennessee and died in Lowndes Co, Mississippi. They had 12 children—Nancy Tunnell, Elijah Tunnell, John Tunnell, Polly Tunnell, Betsy Tunnell, Sarah Ann Tunnell, Stephen Money Tunnell, Payton Graves Tunnell, Jane Catherine Tunnell, David Parker Tunnell, Martha Kezia Tunnell, and Thomas Lloyd Tunnell.

Most of these children remained in Mississippi, but Payton Graves Tunnell made his way to Arkansas and to the area near Bluff City. In this article we will focus on Payton Graves Tunnell and one of his sons, Isaac Newton Tunnell. Payton was born 11 June 1826 near Columbus, MS and died in 1876 near Bluff City, Arkansas. He married Vina Fortune, also born in Mississippi. She died 10 Jan. 1910 near Bluff City, AR. and is buried at Ebenezer Cemetery.

Payton and Vina Tunnell had 10 children—Reuben Tunnell, William Thomas Tunnell, John Payton Tunnell, Sarah A. Tunnell, Isaac Newton Tunnell, Timothy G. Tunnell, Mary Malinda Tunnell, Nancy L. Tunnell, Nathan P. Tunnell, and Julia Tunnell.

There is something about Payton Tunnell that few people know. Payton Tunnell's grave marker is at Ebenezer Cemetery, but actually he is not buried there. His daughter, Mary Malinda Tunnell married Elijah William Barlow and they lived on what is now Hwy. 24 just west of Caney Creek about three miles west of Bluff City. Many of you will remember where Aubrey and Leila Barlow lived—now the home of R. L. Cummings. When Payton died, he was buried in the family plot in front of this old home place. When Hwy. 24 was constructed through this area about fifty years after his death, the highway went right over the top of Payton's grave which was only marked with a rock. Older members of the family remember other graves being there as well.

It seems strange that the highway construction had to disrupt so many cemeteries. In a distance of about ten miles, this highway went through three different cemeteries. One is near the road to Lower White Oak Lake in Ouachita County. The second is this old cemetery where Payton is buried, and the third one is about a half mile west of the intersection of Hwy. 24 and Hwy. 53.

About 1940, Payton's granddaughter, Drue Tunnell Westmoreland, applied for and received a stone marker for Payton Graves Tunnell from the U. S. government. Since the grave was covered by the highway, she couldn't decide where to place it. The grave marker was left in their garage for about a year. Drue then decided to place the marker on her grandmother's (Vina Fortune Tunnell) grave since it was only marked with a rock. With the help of her son, Perry (then about 12 years old), the marker was placed on Vina's grave in Ebenezer Cemetery.



One of Payton Tunnell's sons also raised a large family in this area. Isaac Newton Tunnell was born 18 Sep. 1861 in Mississippi and died 10 Jun 1929 near Bluff City, Arkansas. He married Laura Enola Irvin, daughter of Fielding and Margaret Caroline Moores Irvin. They had 15 children—Arthur C. Tunnell, Ruby Tunnell, Bessie Tunnell, Ada Tunnell, Edna Jane Tunnell, Viola Tunnell, Marcia Marvin Tunnell, Drue Essie Tunnell, Ernest Moores Tunnell, Jessie Clae Tunnell, Herbert Oliver Tunnell, Verda Sallye Tunnell, Cecil Calvin Tunnell, Olga Eudara Tunnell, and Warden Isaac Tunnell.

Here is a family picture taken about 1908 of the Isaac Newton Tunnell family.



Back row, left to right: Ruby, Viola, Ada, Edna, and Marcia; Ernest (in front of Ruby); Drue (between Viola and Ada); Jessie in center between Isaac and Enola; Cecil (held by Enola); Verda (in front of Isaac); Herbert (in front of Marcia);
Not pictured: Arthur (age 21); Bessie (died age 1); Olga (born 1909; Warden (born 1911)

**AN ARKANSAS GAZETTE REPORTER TRAVELS THROUGH SOUTHERN
NEVADA COUNTY—Reported in Nevada County Picayune Oct. 8, 1885**

From here I went to Falcon, some ten miles north, which is one of those “has been” places killed by the building of the Iron Mountain road. It was once a flourishing town, home of a number of reputable businessmen whose energy and enterprise were utilized in building up other places including Messers. Bayless, J. R. Giles, Dr. Royce and the Bryants of Hope, Samuel Carson and W. R. White of Prescott, and Col. Hardy and Sons of Camden. A post office and one or two business houses remain here which seems to fill the place of sentinels to keep the owls away.

Thence I wended my way by Bodcaw post office into the Bright neighborhood some ten miles southeast of Prescott. All the intelligent and thrifty people occupy this neck of the woods. Here I found Mr. Basset Bright and Jas. W. Brooks erecting a fine steam mill and gin. A new post office has been established near the mill called Lanesville. It is quite convenient to people who have been in need of better mail facilities.

As space forbids further minute details, I must leap over ground more rapidly. From Mt. Moriah I directed my course to old Rosston known as Bourland’s Store. It is a good business point notwithstanding the many disadvantages with which it has to contend. Messers. Fincher, Tidwell, McClure, and Bourland, merchants and businessmen of the place joined in the assertion that more cotton is bought here than any place its size in the state.

From here I went east ten miles to Young’s Store. Mr. Young is located in a prosperous neighborhood and is doing well as merchant. Much complaint about the mail facilities here. From this place I stuck southwest to Pipkin’s Store. A new post office has just been established and the place will henceforth be known as Glenville. Mr. W. L. Pipkin, postmaster, is a good man and affable gentleman.

A ride of eight or ten miles brought me to Watt’s Store. The Watts Brothers do a good merchantile business at this place without opposition, yet their trade is injured to some extent by the close proximity to McNeil on the railroad.

Thence I proceeded as far south in Columbia County as Killafore’s Landing, then direct to this place.

LITTLE WILLIE’S POEM

The teacher was trying to teach her class how to write a poem that rhymed. Little Willie wrote:

I saw a pretty maiden
with blue eyes and red lips.
She slipped into a puddle
that reached to her ankles.

“Why”, the teacher asked Willie, “that last line doesn’t rhyme at all.”

“I know”, said Willie, “but the puddle wasn’t deep enough for it to rhyme.”

AN OLD-TIMER'S PRAYER

Lord, I've been just a sittin' here thinkin' about how much my life is like my old car out there in the shed that sometimes needs a master mechanic to pull it into the garage and give it an overhauling.

Lord, I want the headlights of my body and soul to keep pointin' out the clear road; and if they get dirty, I want you to take out your big hankerchief and wipe 'em off, so I can get back on the right road.

Help those things called the oil and air filters to keep the particles of bad thoughts out of my system and keep my ideas clean and pure, so I won't have any little specks that keep me from workin' smoothly.

I need oil to wash everything and keep it lubricated, so I can function just like you'd want. Keep the Holy Spirit a-givin' me help all the time.

Then Lord, there seems to be trouble of sometimes a-blowin' my horn at the wrong time. I sure could use a control button on this.

Keep the preacher a-pourin' in the high octane; and even though I don't like the price of the gasoline, keep me a-chuggin' along and pullin' into the station.

And you know, Lord, some of my Christian friends seem to have lost that Cadillac smile you've given them, and they look like the front of my old Nash. The world's just a-waitin' for that little bit-o-sunshine in a smile. Help us all to share it.

And Lord, when my fuel pump finally wears out and I've gone as far as I can on the one set of spark plugs You have given me, let me be willin' to turn in my old model for the new one I'll be gettin' on the other side.

I'm gonna let YOU do the shifting, Lord. the days are plumb too fast for me. Amen!

HOMEMADE BISCUITS FOR TWO

¾ cup cold milk

1 ½ tablespoons Crisco oil

Self-rising flour

Mix cold milk and oil in small mixing bowl. Stir in self-rising flour, adding a small amount at a time, until batter is a very stiff consistency, but still not dry on surface. Pour out on well-floured waxed paper and knead in small amount of flour until surface is dry. Pat out to about ½ inch thickness and cut with a biscuit cutter. Grease both sides of biscuits by dipping in pre-oiled loaf pan and turning upside down. Bake at 450 degrees for about 25 minutes or until biscuits are golden brown. Yield: 8 small biscuits

"I have no yesterday. Time took it away. Tomorrow may not be—but I have today." *Pearl McGinnis*

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

JERRY McKELVY, EDITOR
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HUNDRED YEAR OLD CHURCH RECORDS DISCOVERED

Imagine living in the Nevada-Ouachita County area about 100 years ago. Life in those days was much different from the way it is today. The days were filled with hard work for all members of the family. Most of the people who settled this area were farm families trying to make a living by working with their hands, raising food for the family, and maybe have some surplus to sell. Of course there were other occupations— merchants, blacksmiths, doctors, lawyers, preachers, and others, but the majority of the people were farmers.

These farm families worked long hours without the modern conveniences we take for granted today. Sundays were a day of rest for most folks as they took time out to worship, even though it usually meant a long walk or wagon ride to get to the church. These country churches were usually started by the early settlers of a particular area. Some communities had more than one church depending of the religious views of the settlers.

One of these small country churches was the Pleasant Hill Missionary Baptist Church in the old community of Zama, a few miles south of Bluff City. The church was organized in 1889 and was dissolved in 1911. The church was located on the old Jasper Kirk place. Jasper and his wife Nancy (my great grandparents) were charter members back in 1889.

In some of the records, the church is called Missionary Baptist Church of Christ worshipping at Pleasant Hill No. 1, the Church of Christ at Pleasant Hill, and the Pleasant Hill Baptist Church of Christ. It was also known as Kirk's Chapel at one time.

Old church records can be valuable for folks interested in their family history, but many of these records have been lost. We are fortunate that the church records of Pleasant Hill Baptist Church have been preserved. Mrs. Goldie Meador (deceased) kept these handwritten records in her home for many years. Her father, John C. Barksdale, was the church secretary when the church was dissolved which probably explains why the records were in her possession. Mrs. Meador's daughter, Linda Carman, is now in possession of these records.

The book is just an old ledger book containing about 150 handwritten pages and is in fragile condition. Some pages are easily read and others are very faint, depending on what type pen or pencil was used and who the person was doing the writing.

By reading these records, we can find who the preachers were at various times and there are lists of members for various years. I have been able to find the names of some of my relatives in the membership lists. Other normal church business is recorded and some of this makes interesting reading.

The first record (or conference) was dated August 21, 1889. W. R. Barham was the preacher and some of the first members were mentioned in the record.

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In 1890 we find where a committee had been appointed to confer with one of the members regarding “un-Christian conduct”. The committee later requested more time. In 1891 we find that the committee’s report was heard and all male members of the church would confer with the wayward member and “insist on his coming to the church on Saturday before the second Sabbath or give satisfactory evidence of his future course or intentions”.

In July of 1891, the case came up again. The charges are listed—drinking too much intoxicating spirits and dancing. The records states, “He not coming forward and making the necessary acknowledgements, we declare non-fellowship for him and dismiss him from the church.”

In another case, a motion was made to prefer charges against one of the sisters for heresy. The charges were sustained and fellowship was withdrawn.

Most of the conferences or business meetings concerned normal church business. These two cases were the only ones mentioned that involved discipline of a member, although there was one page with a list of seven members “dismissed by exclusion”. The names of these disciplined church members are included in the records.

This church continued on until the business meeting of September 24, 1911. In that meeting we find this statement—“This church thinking it best as they was such few of us and so badly scattered to dissolve. Motion was carried to dissolve and the clerk was to write letters for all those who were in good standing and the church said for the clerk to sell the organ and stove and give the money to our preacher, Bro. Dock Barham.” This page is signed by Bro. Dock Barham, Moderator and J. C. Barksdale, Church Clerk.

Listed below are some of the names of members of this church (the ones I can read). Some were members for all the years the church was in existence and others were only there for a year or two. From reading these records it appears that many families were moving in or out of the community during the time this church existed.

C. P. Moore
A. M. Moore
D. Matthews
J. L. Daniel
R. E. Purifoy
W. O. Godley
Jasper N. Kirk
Nancy A. Kirk
W. A. Purifoy
Mattie L. Hannah
Lizzie Purifoy
J. S. McDaniel
D. E. Ammons
L. N. Ammons
W. L. Green
Sister Green
T. L. Gulley

Sis. Felix Purifoy
Eliza Barksdale
Sis. Willie Darby
Luther Creech (?)
Sis. A. L. Ammons
Sis. M. E. Barksdale
J. H. Kirk
J. O. Thompson
C. B. Jetton
H. L. Moore (?)
J. C. Barksdale
O. L. Smith
Monroe Kirk
Sis. Bennie Malone
Sis. Pearl May Barksdale
Lizzie Sarrett
Edna Schooley

Ella Schooley
Louise Schooley
Jasper Sarrett
Sis. Jannie May
Sis. Jewel Jetton
???? Kirk
Laura Kirk
May Kirk
J. R. Smith
Tom Shirel
Bessie Kirk
Sadie Purifoy
N. C. (?) Powell
Callie Powell
Ed Sanders
John Powell
J. B. Hannah

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Dorah Hannah	John L. Purifoy	W. W. Hytton
John (?) Gulley	W. S. Whaley	Sis. Hytton
E. G. Robinson	???? Purifoy	Sis. Georgia Hendrix
M. E. Ammons	John H. Ammons	Walter Mitchell
Larkin Crenshaw	Bro. ???? Steed	M. B. Sanderson
Sherman Nelson	Sis. Net Steed	Deley (?) Sanderson
Effie Nelson	Sis. ?illa Steed	Bettie Sarrett
John Schooley	Luther Steed	Marvin Kirk
Agnes Schooley	Arthur Steed	Sis. Jewel Jetton
B. G. Darby	Georgia Darby	L. R. Plyler
Mattie Darby	Lori (?) Johnson	Llvie (?) Plyler
R. A. Moore	Willie Foster	Letsie L. Purifoy
Keron Gill	Mary Foster	
Thomas Green	Harriett Jane Purifoy	
Magie Green	Samuel L. Gulley	
Nettie McDaniel	J. E. Sanderson	
E???? E. Godley	H. E. Sanderson	

“A LITTLE TOAST TO TWO BRAVE LITTLE SOLDIERS”

That was the title of a news article printed in the Nevada News on July 7, 1939. The article was long, but here are the basic facts: Roy Duke at age 10 was critically ill with pneumonia for several months and almost died. His spine began to curve abnormally and he was sent to the Campbell Clinic in Memphis. He was placed in a cast from his neck to his knees. A bone was taken from his leg to be grafted to his spine, but this operation was not successful. His younger brother, James Edward, age 8 was taken to Memphis and a bone was taken from his leg to be grafted to his brother's spine. The two brothers were in the operating room at the same time and this operation was successful. Dr. Campbell told a California surgeon that this was the most interesting case in his medical career. Both boys remained cheerful throughout the ordeal and recovery. Roy was in a cast for 154 days and had three major operations. He said, "What's one year of my life in a cast to what the future might bring." The younger brother was said to be "tickled to death" to be able to give his brother the bone needed for the operation.

Obituary--Roy Leonard Duke, Jr. age 21 died October 30, 1949 at his home. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy L. Duke and a brother, James Edward Duke, a student at Henderson State Teachers College in Arkadelphia. His grandmother, Mrs. James M. Duke, Sr. is a resident of Prescott. Burial was at De Ann Cemetery.

He was born in Prescott and lived here all his life. He was a Methodist and a graduate of Prescott High School. For several years he was business manager of the Prescott High School football team and at the time of his death was a bookkeeper at the 102 Service Station in Prescott. He suffered from a physical handicap for over half of his life.

MURDERED BY A BUSHWHACKER

This is the tombstone of Wiley Brigham at Round Oak Cemetery in eastern Nevada County. His grave is not actually in the cemetery but in the woods about fifty feet from the back of the cemetery.

From the stories I have heard (which may not be correct), this fellow was not what you would call an upstanding citizen and he was involved in some way with a local girl in 1891. I don't know the details, but from what I have been told, he was not the type person that was considered proper for the girl to be involved with. Someone laid in wait for him and murdered him in February, 1891.

The story goes that some folks did not want him buried in the cemetery, which is the reason for his grave being separated from the rest of the cemetery. A little trail leads to his grave.

I was also told that his grave marker was made by a black man who lived nearby. He felt that all men--good or bad needed to have a marker so folks would know where they are buried. He was the one who added the phrase "murdered by a bushwhacker".



From the Prescott Daily News in 1907--

The fashion of the short sleeve has brought about many articles on how to make the elbow pretty, just as if the elbow could be made pretty.

Dr. Tichenor's Antiseptic

I'm sure most of you who read this paper have heard of or used Dr. Tichenor's antiseptic. Here are a few things about this elixir that you might not know.

Dr. George Humphrey Tichenor (1837-1923) was a surgeon and pioneer in the use of antiseptics. He was born in Ohio County, Kentucky in 1837 and was a surgeon for the military of the Confederate States of America where he experimented with the use of alcohol as an antiseptic for wounds. He was badly wounded in the leg in 1863 and it was recommended that his leg be amputated, but he insisted on treating his wounds with his alcohol based solution. His wound healed and he regained use of his leg.

Dr. Tichenor was very loyal to the Southern cause and he insisted that his techniques be used only on injured Confederate soldiers and never on Yankee prisoners. His techniques saved the lives and limbs of many southern soldiers.

After the war he started bottling Dr. Tichenor's Patent Medicine in New Orleans. The formula consisted of alcohol, oil of peppermint, and arnica and was originally marketed as useful for a wide variety of complaints, to be used both internally and externally on man or beast. Early labels said it was for "wounds, burns, bruises, scalds, colic, cramps, cholera morbus, flux, and foot evil in horses and mules".

The label instructs the customer to dilute the antiseptic with five parts water for internal use such as for a mouthwash, but some people will occasionally take a sip of it full strength. If you check the label you will see that it is 70 percent alcohol.

The company was incorporated in 1905 and is still in existence, although it is now only recommended as a mouthwash (diluted) and topical antiseptic (full strength).

One of the old jingles used in advertising the product went like this: "Dat good ol' Dr. Tichenor's; best antiseptic in town; Just rinse your mouth wit Tichenor's; and those little germs go down"

Dr. Tichenor lived to the age of 85, long enough to see the antiseptic that carried his name used by thousands of households across the land. More than 425 million bottles of his antiseptic have been sold and the number continues to grow.

See page 6 for answers:

BRAIN TEASER: A woman had ten children. She had six potatoes to feed them with. How did she manage to feed them so each child would have an equal amount?

LEARN A NEW WORD: You suffer from misopedia. Do you have an abnormal aversion to (1) very large books, (2) children, (3) people who won't spend their money?

INTERESTING FACT: It is impossible to lick your elbow

**THE LAND OF “PRETTY SOON”
Camden Evening News 2-11-1926**

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved,
And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promise broken,
And many a coveted boom
Are stowed away in that land somewhere—
The land of “Pretty Soon”.

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.

And oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon,
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
To the land of “Pretty Soon”.

Answers to questions on page 5: Brain Teaser—she made mashed potatoes and used a spoon; New Word—Misopedia is a hatred of children; Fact—75% of people who read this tried to lick their elbow.

CORN CASSEROLE

**1 box Jiffy corn muffin mix
3 eggs
1 stick butter
1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cans creamed corn
1 small onion cut into rings and then chopped into smaller pieces
3/4 teaspoon black pepper**

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Beat eggs in a small bowl. In a larger bowl, mix together the muffin mix, salt, milk, corn, beaten eggs, and butter. Pour into a 9 X 13 casserole dish (greased). Sprinkle top with black pepper. Then toss onions on top. They should sink into the casserole. Bake for one hour until top is browned like corn bread.

The Sandyland Chronicle is available on the Internet—<http://www.pcfa.org/sandyland/>

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

JERRY McKELVY, EDITOR

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SMOKEHOUSE MEMORIES

Most farms back in the good old days had smokehouses. These were usually small buildings sitting somewhere out behind the house or somewhere fairly close to the main house. Most of the food for the family came from the farm. Everyone had a garden and canned their own vegetables. Most people had several fruit trees and farm animals were slaughtered for meat. In the days before electricity, the meat had to be preserved in some way, usually by canning or by home curing in smokehouses.

The name smokehouse comes from the process of curing the meat which involved salt, keeping it at a certain temperature, and exposing it to smoke for an extended period of time. I can't remember much about the details of how the meat was cured, but I can remember my father trying his hand at curing some hams in our smokehouse. I also remember one time when we stuffed some sausage into cloth sacks and allowed them to hang in the smokehouse. Best I remember they tasted pretty good.



The smokehouse I remember was directly behind our house. It was there when my father purchased the farm from Mr. Berry Martin in 1947. The main house was very large with high ceilings and a porch on three sides and a fireplace for heat. It had a tin roof on the very top with cypress shingles down below. It was built on top on a hill and was surrounded by several large sycamore trees. There were the usual out-buildings found on a farm—barns, a garage, the outdoor toilet, and the smokehouse.

We lived in the old house for several years until about 1956 when my father decided it was time to build a new house. He decided to tear the old house down and save the lumber for use in the new house. The only problem was that the new house would have to be built in the exact same spot as the old one. That created a major problem—where to live for several months while all this was accomplished.

Building a new home is a major expense. It takes a lot of money, and most folks look for ways to cut expenses as best they can. We didn't have many options. I guess we could have tried to rent a house if one was empty close by. That would cost money that was needed for the new house. It was decided that the best thing for us to do was to try and make do by moving into some of the out-buildings while the new house was being built. My grandfather,

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“Gee” McKelvy had some carpentry experience, so he had a big part in the building of the new house.

At that time our smokehouse had another shed built onto the side that we called the wash house. That’s where we had the old wringer type washing machine. We heated the water in a wash pot in those days. The smokehouse had a concrete floor, but the rest was wood. It was probably about 12 feet by 14 feet in size and the wash house was about the same size.

At that time our family consisted of my father and stepmother, me, and my younger brother, Billy. I was about 13 years old and Billy was about five. We put two beds in the smokehouse for our sleeping quarters. That about filled up the place, but I believe we found room for the food freezer also. I will have to put in a plug for General Electric here. That old GE freezer purchased about 1951 has been running continuously for 42 years and still keeps things cold. I think we had a television at that time, but I can’t remember watching TV while we lived in the smokehouse. It was probably stored away during that time due to lack of room.

The wash house which was attached on the side of the smokehouse was our kitchen. It contained our cook stove and our dining room table. We had most of the clothing packed away in boxes and only kept out the bare necessities.

This was to be our humble abode for whatever time it would take to tear down the old house and get the new one as least partly built, so we could move into one or two rooms.

I believe we moved into the smokehouse in August of 1956 and were there until sometime in December of that year. We didn’t have any heat in our temporary quarters. I figure we expected to be able to move into the new house before winter set in, but you know how that goes. Things take longer than expected. So for the last few weeks we had to contend with some cold temperatures. It even snowed once while we were living in the smokehouse.

We could always pile on enough quilts to stay warm even on the coldest nights, but getting out of bed in cold weather is something we always dreaded. In our case, we had to go outside every morning to get to our temporary kitchen next door for breakfast.

But we survived the experience. In later years we would remember the time we lived in the smokehouse. I also remember the time a few years later when we caught a six foot chicken snake in the smokehouse.

In the years that followed the smokehouse became more of a storage shed and a feed house where we kept sacks of feed for the animals.

The old smokehouse is gone now, but I managed to take a picture of it before it was torn down (see photo). Sometimes when things seem to be going wrong-- when the furnace won’t work or we have a plumbing problem-- I can always think back to 1956 when we spent five or six months living in our smokehouse without all the modern conveniences and be thankful for what we have today.

THE TOWN NOBODY WANTED
From the Prescott Daily News - June 18, 1909

The entire town of Antimony, located in the corner of Howard County near where Howard, Pike, and Sevier counties converge, has gone to the state as a result of the failure of anyone to bid on the property when it was offered for sale for delinquent taxes.

The town of Antimony at one time was a live and promising community being at the center of antimony deposits. It has been said this is the largest deposits of antimony in the world, but for some reason, plans made for development of the deposits were abandoned.

About two years ago, the American Antimony Co. made up entirely of foreign investors, most of whom were from England, spent a large amount of money for installation of an expensive plant. A smelter was built and every preparation made for opening the mine on a large scale. A town known as Antimony sprang up near the mine and for a time had a considerable number of residents.

For some reason, the company abandoned the mine after only a small amount of ore had been taken out, and upon abandonment, the town was soon deserted.

Taxes have not been paid on the land on which the town was located and the property was offered for sale for payment of delinquent taxes. Not a bid was made on any of the property included in the town and as a result the land will go to the state.

UNKNOWN MAN BURIED AT DE ANN CEMETERY
From The Nevada News – March 23, 1911

A man was killed by a freight train five miles north of Prescott. J. D. Cornish, the embalmer, went to Boughton and brought the body back. A pocket handkerchief was found on the body with the initials W. C. H. The collar band of his shirt had the name Heber written on it. It was assumed that the man's name was W. C. Heber. An expense account book was found in his pocket with a well kept account of expenditures, but in several places the names had been erased as if every effort was made to conceal the person's identity. This led to speculation that the death could have been a suicide. Two ten dollar bills were also found in the lining of his coat. It is hoped that this evidence will lead to the person's identity. The remains were buried in De Ann Cemetery at Prescott.

CHRISTMAS PARTY TURNS DEADLY
From The Nevada News – January 6, 1916

Essard Renfro, age 19 was stabbed at Nubbin Hill church December 23, 1915. A Christmas tree was being held at the school building when a fight broke out which turned into a free-for-all. Several others were injured. Renfro's wounds proved fatal. Lonnie Harris was arrested and is under a \$1000 bond. He is still at large at this time.

PHOTO FROM THE PAST



**Left: Lawrence Walker; Right: Lewis Carter; Standing: Mattie Carter
Photo from Mrs. Annie Mae Greer & Mrs. Clara Harvey**

SUNDAY SICKNESS

A disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly every Sunday with no symptoms on Saturday night. The patient sleeps well and awakes feeling well, eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time, the attack comes on and continues until services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the p.m., he feels much better and is able to take a walk, talk about, and read Sunday papers. He eats a hearty supper, but about church time, he has another attack and stays home. He retires early, sleeps well, and wakes up on Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work and has no symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. The peculiar features of this disease are as follows:

1. It always attacks members of the church.
2. Symptoms vary, but never interfere with sleep or appetite.
3. It never lasts more than 24 hours.
4. It generally attacks the head of the family.
5. No doctor is ever called.
6. It always proves fatal—to the soul.
7. There is no known remedy, except prayer.
8. Religion is the antidote.

*Printed in Nevada County Picayune
1887*

From the Nevada County Picayune—October 22, 1885
MARRIED PEOPLE WOULD BE HAPPIER

- If home troubles were never told to a neighbor
- If expenses were proportioned to the receipts
- If they tried to be as agreeable as in the courtship days
- If each would be a support and comfort to the other
- If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel
- If each was as kind to the other as when they were lovers
- If fuel and provisions were laid in during high tide of summer work
- If both parties remembered they married for worse as well as for better
- If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts
- If there were fewer silk and velvet costumes and more plain, tidy house dresses
- If there were fewer “please darlings” in public and more common manners in private
- If masculine bills for Havanas and feminine ditto for rare lace were turned into the general fund until such time they could be incurred without risk
- If men would remember—a woman cannot be always smiling when she has to cook dinner, answer the door bell a half dozen times, get rid of the neighbor who dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up a cut finger of a two year old, tie up the head of a six year old on skates, and get an eight year old off to school, to say nothing of cleaning, sweeping, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it a privilege to look and feel tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from a man, who during the honeymoon would not let her carry as much as a sunshade.

GOOD TIMBER

From the Camden Evening News—September 9, 1925

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
That stood in the open plain
And always got its share of rain
Never became a forest king
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil,
Who never had to win his share,
Of sun and sky and light and air
Never became a manly man
But lived and died as he began.

By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
In tree or man good timber grows.

Where thicket stands the forest growth
We find the patriarchs of both
And they hold converse with stars
Whose broken branches show the
scars,
Of many winds and much of strife—
This is the common law of life.

---Selected

Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind, the tougher trees,
The farther sky, the greater length;
The more the storm, the more the
strength;

SIX CUP SALAD

Sonja Holland-Rural Arkansas magazine -June, 1999

- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup pecans, chopped
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup pineapple, drained
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows

Mix all ingredients together and chill before serving.

FAVORITE DINNER RECIPE

Rural Arkansas magazine -August, 1991

1. Preset oven to OFF
2. Place children and/or husband in car
3. Drive to nearby restaurant
4. Let each member of family order their favorite dinner
5. Return home to a **clean** kitchen

BARBARA MANDRELL CAKE

Mrs. Jerry Bunch-Rural Arkansas magazine -March, 1991

- 1 pkg. yellow cake mix with pudding in it
- 1/2cup oil
- 4 eggs
- 1 can (11 oz.) Mandarin orange slices
- 1/2cup chopped walnuts

Grease two 9" layer cake pans; line with waxed paper; grease again. Prepare cake mix according to package directions, using oil, eggs, and juice drained from oranges. Stir in oranges and walnuts. Spread evenly in prepared pans. Bake 25 minutes in 325 degree oven.

Frosting:

In medium bowl, mix together one 20 oz. can crushed pineapple in juice (chilled) and one (4 serving size) pkg. vanilla instant pudding. Fold in one cup thawed frozen whipped topping. Spread between cake layers and on top of cake. Keep in refrigerator until served.

SIGNS

Sign in Grocery Store: Snickers—5 for \$1.00 (Limit 4)

Sign on garbage truck: Satisfaction guaranteed or double your trash back

Sign on church door: This is the gate to heaven. Enter ye all by this door. (This door is kept locked due to the draft. Please use side door)

Sign on door of health food store: Closed Due To Illness

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

JERRY McK ELVY, EDITOR

Vol. 3 – No. 12

December, 2003

THE “BATTLE” OF LACKLAND SPRINGS

Lackland Springs was once a well known resort area in Nevada County. It was located about 12 miles east of Prescott near Caney Creek off what is now known as County Rd. 290. The community of Lackland once had a school, churches, post office, and was the home to several families.

Lackland Springs was a mile or two south of the community. It was a favorite camping spot for people from miles around and was known for the medicinal qualities of the water in the springs. There were six or seven different springs producing water thought to cure many types of medical problems. People would come to the springs and camp out for days at a time, fish in nearby Caney Creek, and drink from the springs. The springs were very popular back in the days of the Civil War and the popularity continued well into the early 1900's.

One article about the springs reads: “Lackland Springs is Nevada County's health and pleasure resort. A half dozen springs bubble out from a series of hills in Redland Township and form a cluster that is not only of rare natural beauty, but also contains properties proven beneficial in more than one disease. For years, each summer has found scores of people camping on the hills above the springs and receiving wonderful benefit from the water and climate.”

For one reason or another, the interest in the springs faded away and people stopped coming. Many blamed the lack of upkeep of the grounds. The article continued, “Let someone build a few small cottages, rid the grounds of underbrush, burn up the ticks and redbugs, keep out the hogs, and clean up around the springs, and there will be a maddening rush for Nevada County's most beautiful resort.”

It's too bad that this area was not preserved since it played an important part in the early history of Nevada County. Today the area looks like the surrounding woods and one would never believe it was once Nevada County's premier resort area.

THE RAID

A tragic event took place near the springs in September, 1923. The following article appeared in the 9-27-1923 issue of *The Nevada News*.

“In a raid on a still this morning City Marshall Murrah was shot and instantly killed. Sheriff Parker was shot through the hip and Deputy Sheriff Steele McLelland was wounded in the right hip and left side.

The posse left Prescott last night about 9 o'clock. It was composed of Sheriff J. D. Parker and Deputy Steele McLelland, City Marshal Fred Murrah, Constable L. A. Willingham, and his deputy, Willie Martin. They reached lower Redland about 10:30 o'clock and were piloted through the woods by a Negro informer. It was a long search and

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the officers had almost decided to abandon the search. They scattered, some of them going up a small creek and the others in the opposite direction. About 1:15, the Negro returned and stated he had the still located just across the creek. He wanted the officers to go around the moon-shiners and cross the creek so as to approach the still on the opposite side. They refused to do this and advanced to within a short distance from the still.

One of the lookouts for the moon-shiners opened fire on the officers when they were within 20 feet of him. This shot glanced the shoulder of Marshal Murrah and wounded Deputy Sheriff McLelland.

The officers could distinguish forms of five men around the still and immediately opened fire. After a short interval the moon-shiners returned the firing and it was during this that Marshal Murrah received a bullet in his breast that caused instant death. When he fell Sheriff Parker and Constable Willingham immediately went to his side, raised him up, and realized he was dead. It was at this time that Sheriff Parker received two wounds, one in the hip and the other in the side.

Constable Willingham assisted Sheriff Parker to their car, leaving Deputy Willie Martin and the body of Marshal Murrah near the still. They reached Prescott about 4 o'clock and aroused the people. Within a short time there were over 100 people armed and in route to the scene.

Federal officers Wilson, Cooley, and Barkmen arrived here at 9 o'clock from Hope accompanied by Sheriff Dodson and his deputy Jim Bearden and with Constable Willingham went to the still. It was located about one and one-half miles southeast of Lackland Springs. They found two stills, one of them a 40 gallon barrel and the other a 30 gallon barrel, both equipped with copper wires, two gallons of whiskey, 7 barrels of mash, and two empty barrels. The operators had dismantled one of the stills and had just made a "run" on the other. They were located on the A. S. Johnson Lumber Co. land.

Sheriff Parker, Deputy McLelland, and Constable Willingham were armed with shotguns and revolvers. Marshall Murrah and Deputy Constable Martin had only revolvers. The moon-shiners were armed with shotguns and revolvers.

Three of the Negroes are held in jail and there are two others held as witnesses. One of the Negroes was wounded in the wrist and was captured this morning at home about 8 miles east of Prescott. Officers are still out looking for the two who have not been captured and expect to have them in custody this evening.

City Marshal Fred Murrah was serving his first term and had previously held the office of constable of Missouri Township. He would have been 42 years of age tomorrow. He was very popular among the people of Prescott and throughout Nevada Co. As an officer he never shirked duty and as a citizen, he held the respect of everyone in Prescott. The funeral will be conducted by Rev. J. A. Sage tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of his brother-in-law, P. H. Herring. Interment will be in De Ann Cemetery."

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THE FUNERAL

The funeral of City Marshal Fred Murrah was one of the largest ever seen in Prescott. The mayor issued a proclamation that all city businesses should close from 2:30 until 4:00 that day. A crowd of about 2000 people turned out for the funeral and cars were parked for about one mile along the highway by De Ann Cemetery. It took two trucks to haul all the floral offerings to the gravesite. Several members of the Ku Klux Klan, dressed in full regalia of the order, marched to the grave, deposited a large cross of red and white chrysanthemums, kneeled in prayer, and marched away. (from *The Prescott Daily News*)

THE TRIAL

The grand jury had indicted Tom Henry, Dodd Cummings, Lloyd Cummings, and Larkin Butler, a Negro, on charges of first degree murder. Dodd Cummings, age 24, was tried first in November of 1923. He had been wounded twice in the incident, but had recovered. The jury deliberated for four hours and found him guilty. He was sentenced to life in prison.

A few days later Tom Henry, Lloyd Cummings, brother of Dodd Cummings, and Larkin Butler were tried at the same time. Henry and Cummings denied that they knew anything about the still or had any knowledge of the shooting, but other testimony incriminated them. All three of these men were found guilty and sentenced to life in prison. According to newspaper accounts, the jury reached its verdict without leaving their seats.

The trial drew a large crowd of people. The judge admonished those present about making illegal whiskey said "Why in Heaven's name would a man take a gun with him to a still". The newspaper reported a pathetic scene in the courtroom as the verdict was read since the wives and children of the men found guilty were present in the courtroom. The names of the jurors were printed in the paper.

Eugene Butler, a Negro, had died from wounds received trying to escape after his arrest. N. C. Charles, a Negro, was also wounded and it was his testimony that placed those convicted at the scene on that fateful night. He testified that Tom Henry, Dodd and Lloyd Cummings, himself, along with Eugene Butler and Larkin Butler were on the way home from work when someone told them where they could get some whiskey. They met at a certain place on the railroad (the old Reader RR), but were told the whiskey was not ready yet. They were told to come to the still and waited until 1 o'clock in the morning for the whiskey to cook. It was at that time that the officers arrived and the shooting began.

LESSONS LEARNED

On Nov. 11, 1923, Rev. J. A. Sage gave a sermon entitled "Lest We Forget—The Moral Lessons of the Tragedy of Lackland Springs". The newspaper printed the sermon in its entirety which covered a full page in the paper. One paragraph of his sermon reads: "Because of this tragedy, a brave and popular officer is sleeping beneath the sod; two others are wounded for life, three white men and one Negro are in the pen under sentences for life, one Negro is dead and another is certain to die from wounds received on the fateful night of September 25th."

THE SA NDYLA ND CHRONI CLE



BLUFF CITY SCHOOL GROUP-ABOUT 1932

*Identified by Mrs. Annie Mae Barlow Greer and Mrs. Aline McKelvy Gresham Claus
Let me know if you can positively identify any of the unknowns.*

Front row, left to right: (1) Herbert Knight; (2) ??? could be a Steed; (3) Estell Starnes; (4) James Harvey, (5) Vernon Creech; (6) Hershel Carter

Second row, left to right: (1) Agnes McGee, (2) Lela Gillespie, (3) Annie Mae Barlow; (4) Thelma Delaney; (5) Myrtie McKelvy; (6) Mae Plyler; (7) Lucy Greer; (8) Gradie Faye Cummings; (9) Dorothy Meador; (10) Aline McKelvy

Third row, left to right: (1) Nathaniel Sarrett; (2) Noel Gillespie, (3) Dervis Knight; (4) Woodrow Carter; (5) Elaine Dunn; (6) Hazel Moody; (7) Glen Gillespie; (8) Gladys Morgan; (9) Euna Norman; (10) boy in striped sweater-???- could be a McWilliams; (11) Lillian Moody

Back rows, left to right: (1) boy in dark coat-could be a Bevill; (2) girl in back- Bertha Mae Cummings; (3) girl with white dress- Ira Grubbs; (4) girl smiling- ??? could be Azell McGee; (5) boy in back by bricks-Travis McGee; (6) boy with hair combed down on forehead- Thurman Wynn; (7) girl in back with white jacket- Carlene Robinson; (8) tall boy by door- John Meador; (9) round-faced boy – Gerald Carter; (10) girl in checked dress by door- Minnie Meador; (11) girl with white trimmed collar- Goldie Barksdale; (12) boy in back right side of door- Vernon Wynn; (13) lady in corner- Teacher, Mrs. Reba Stuart; (14) in front of teacher- Joe Plyler; (15) dark haired boy in back- Everett Wynn; (16) boy with part of face hidden- Roy McKelvy; (17) girl in back- Thelma Greer; (18) girl by window- ????

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ARTESIAN CHURCH AND CEMETERY (Between Prescott and Emmet)

The land for this church and cemetery was donated by Jesse Johnson, Sr. April 20, 1855 by a deed to the Clerk of Hempstead Co. and recorded in Nevada County Deed Book G, pages 166 and 167.

The deed describes 30 acres of land to be a site for the Masonic Hall and church. The church was to be under the care of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and the Masonic Hall under the care of the Lodge of Masons now established at the place called "Artesian".

No murderers or thieves to be buried here

From the deed:

"A graveyard is to be laid off in the said block of land of four acres—one acre of which is for the interment of people of color and the residue being three acres are to be used as a burying ground for the members of said church and lodge and the citizens of the vicinity, but in no case shall any person be entitled to be buried in said graveyard or any part of the said land above conveyed who was a murderer of a thief."

OBITUARY OF JESSE JOHNSON, SR. Nevada County Picayune 7-16-1885

Jesse Johnson, Sr. died at his home in Prescott July 14, 1885 at the age of 85 years, 6 months, and 14 days.

Mr. Johnson was the most prominent citizen of the community. He was born in Randolph Co., IL on the first day of the year 1800 which was also the first day of the week as well as being the first day of the month. When he was 21 years old he moved to Clark Co., AL where he married. In 1841 he moved from Alabama to Arkansas settling in Hempstead Co. about two miles from where Prescott now stands. There he lived and prospered for many years and ranked among the foremost and highly respected citizens of the county. He raised a large family of children, all of whom became useful and highly honorable men and women.

Mr. Johnson was the founder of Artesian Church about five miles from Prescott where he was buried yesterday with Masonic honors. He donated the ground upon which the church and cemetery are situated upwards of forty years ago and at the same time selected the spot in the cemetery where he wished to be buried. Uncle Jesse Johnson's life was replete with good deeds and he bequeaths to his descendants a name untainted by any act of dishonor. May he rest in peace.

Correction: In last month's issue there was a picture of two young boys sitting on mules. One of the boys was identified on the picture as Lawrence Walker. I am told that that is incorrect. That boy's name should be Haskel Carter, known as "Shag". If that is correct, the picture can be dated about 1917, because Shag Carter died in 1918 at age 12 due to an accident involving a gun.

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Recipes from the 1939 Nevada County Home Demonstration Club Cookbook

APPLE PIE

Use tart apples. Pare, core, and slice apples very thin. Line pie plate with rich crust and fill with sliced apples. Round up apples and press together so the pie will be full. Cover apples with sugar and flavor with nutmeg. Dot over with bits of butter. Moisten the edge of lower crust with cold water. Fold the top crust before laying on pie to prevent breaking of the crust. Press edges of crusts together and scallop the edges. Be sure to leave gashes in top crust to allow for steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (425-450 degrees) for 10 minutes. Then lower heat to 375 degrees. Bake until crust is brown and apples are tender.

Mrs. Albert Barlow—Rocky Hill Club

DOUGHNUTS

4 cups sifted flour	1 cup sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder	2 eggs, well beaten
½ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
¼ teaspoon nutmeg	1 cup milk
½ teaspoon lemon extract	

Sift flour once and measure. Add baking powder, salt, and nutmeg and sift together three times. Combine sugar and eggs and add shortening. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Knead lightly on slightly floured board. Roll 1 to 3 inches thick. Cut with floured doughnut cutter. Fry in deep fat until golden brown turning frequently. Drain on unglazed paper. Sugar if desired. Makes 4 dozen small doughnuts.

Mrs. H. B. Irvin—Rocky Hill Club

FEEDBACK

Jerry,

Just wanted to drop you a note to tell you how much I appreciate your efforts with the Sandyland Chronicle; I know sometimes people don't let others know these things, but wanted to tell you that your E-Magazine means a great deal to me.

Though I did not grow up in Nevada County and my only real connection is through the Jones and Bemis families from years ago, your monthly publication represents a link to my past.

Thanks again, and keep up the excellent work; it is appreciated.

D. M. - Smyrna, Georgia

Editor's Note: Feel free to comment on *The Sandyland Chronicle* (pro or con). Why not try your hand at writing by sending in some family story or something you think would be of interest to the readers. My address is 2680 Warren St., Camden, AR 71701 or email to jmckelvy@cei.net

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 4- No. 1

January, 2004

THE HISTORIC SCOTT HOME

Editor's note: This information was copied from a microfilmed newspaper article dated about 1910. This home was located just west of the intersection of Hwy. 24 and 278. The cemetery mentioned is just off Karen St. not far from the Y-Mart convenience store.

The residence of Capt. Frank Scott, 2 ½ miles west of Camden, is one of the oldest historic places of this vicinity. It was built during the fall of 1845 and spring of 1847 and was the home of Hon. C. C. Scott, who at that time had just been elected Circuit Judge of this district. Prior to this date he had been a resident of Camden for two or three years having settled in a log house on the lot where Mr. W. W. Brown's residence is located. The country home was built in the woods, and the road was afterwards changed so that the house was not only on the road, but had the added advantage in being situated on the forks of the Lewisville and Washington roads, which was considered something of a distinction in those days. The builder of the home was John Hawkins, who had more than a local reputation in his line, and in this house and all others built by him, he left ample testimony to his careful and conscientious work. The doors, window facings, and high, old-fashioned mantels were all made by hand. The Scott residence was of modest proportions, but there were two additions which played important parts in the life of the family. One was the small log office in the northwest corner of the front yard, where Judge Scott kept his library. Here the young law students came to him to be examined, including Hiram L. Grinstead, Walter Bragg, James T. Elliott, and others. The other addition was known as the log dining room. Here on winter nights, when the logs in the big fireplace had burned down to a bed of coals, the Scott and Bragg boys were wont to gather around the hearth and tell blood-curdling stories or plan some mischievous pranks. It was from this room that a boy stole forth silently one dark night, robed in a white sheet, to perch on the roof of "Mammy's" little cabin, calling to her in sepulchral tone, "I'm an angel of the Lord come to take you home." But the sequel was not quite what was planned, for the dogs happened to spy him in his peculiar garb and raised such an alarm that he became more frightened than "Mammy", and ran as if for his life.

Judge Scott was a great hunter and sometimes had as many as 21 dogs in his pack. Among the number were three thoroughbred English fox hounds named Jack, Stormer, and Sounder. One of these, Jack, died during one of the annual camp hunts and was given a military burial. After that, on each successive year, when the hunters passed his grave, they raised their hats and rode by in procession with uncovered heads. The Greenings, Braggs, Col. Warren, Joseph T. Powell, Billy Cleaver, (the elder) Randall, Stockman, Armstrong, Drs. Leake and Hopson were among the choice spirits of these camp hunts.

Dave Phillips was never left out and was the lite of the camp and would tell more funny stories than all the rest put together. Joe Jordan and Lee Morgan were also good hunters and very desirable as jolly companions. It was quite a sight to see them start off in the dim light of early morning with four mule wagons, buggies, hacks, hunting horses, and dogs galore, almost like an army train.

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Most of the hunters had a pack of hounds and part of these were kept chained each day in order to have a fresh pack for every “drive”. Sometimes they hunted through Dorcheat and Bodcaw, down to the Louisiana line, killing deer at the rate of 15 each day and again they would go to Prairie de Ann. Some of the hunters had names for their guns. Orlando Greening called his “Old Death” while his brother, Lucius, selected the name of “Sweet Love” for his. There was always much rivalry among the servants as to who would be allowed to accompany their masters upon these hunts, and no one enjoyed the privilege unless he was an expert in certain lines of work. Rafe Hill and August Greening were the ones who skinned the deer to perfection and prepared the meat for cooking, and George Greening, Anderson Hall, and Bill Brown were the most famous camp cooks of the day. No one could surpass them in serving venison steaks, squirrel stews, hot coffee, and cornbread. It was a rule of the camp to observe Sunday strictly as a day of rest. Not a gun was fired and the menu was limited to the supplies brought from home.

Judge Scott and his wife were Virginians, and naturally given to hospitality, and every year at the meeting of the Circuit Court, a grand dinner was given to the Judge and lawyers, which included all local and visiting attorneys—Conway, Pike, Watson, Haskell, Hubbard, Stith, Warren, Witherspoon, and others, names of glorious memory which have now for many years have been carved upon the tomb. In 1848, Judge Scott was appointed by Gov. Drew to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court for the un-expired term of Judge Oldham and in 1850 he was elected for the full term of eight years. The discharge of these duties necessitated much absence from home. Little Rock seemed much further away then than it does now in these days of rapid transit. Then it took three days and a night to make the journey by stage.

Mrs. Scott bravely took up the added responsibility brought about by these absences, and bent all her energies to make the home a bright and happy one. The name of the place was “Dell de Rosa” afterward called Dellrose or Rosedale, but all meaning the same—“Valley of Roses” and it became in time, not only a valley of roses, but of all beautiful and fragrant flowers and vines. Strangers often stopped to admire the magnificent Snow Ball or the luxuriant Lady Banksia Rose which rambled all over the summer house and reached out to the nearest trees. The orchard was west of the house. Why is it that one never sees nowadays such nectarine peaches that grew in that orchard?

In 1849 death invaded the home and the light paled in the sweet blue eyes of “little Bobbie”, the five year old pet and darling, and the first grave was made upon the hillside. In 1857 another grave was made, and Dr. Daniel S. Scott, the oldest son, the pride of his parents, was laid to rest. He was a strikingly handsome boy and a gifted magician. No gathering in town was complete without him. He sang and danced beautifully and fairly bubbled over with fun and it was no wonder that all who knew him loved him. In 1854 he graduated from Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, returned to Camden and began the practice of medicine in partnership with Dr. E. M. Leake, but after a few months, tuberculosis that he had no doubt contracted in hospital service, developed and he began that always losing fight with death which lasted till 1857, when at the early age of 24, he passed from this world to that one where the beautiful dreams of life come true. But the old home had also its share of joy. Two happy weddings were solemnized and two happy brides

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went forth to gladden new homes and three little daughters were left who laughed and played and were as happy as the days were long. Columns would be written of the joys of the woolly lambs, the roly-poly puppies, and black kittens which were the favorite pets.

In January, 1859, Judge Scott set forth on his last journey to Little Rock, having been elected to the Supreme Court for another term of eight years. The weather was very cold and he contracted an illness which speedily developed into pneumonia and he died in Little Rock at the old Anthony House, January 19th, his faithful wife by his side and also his sons who had been hastily summoned. At the sad homecoming the house was thronged with friends and members of the bar, some who had accompanied the funeral cortege from Little Rock. He was buried with Masonic honors.

Col. Thornton writes of him, "Judge Scott was a Christian gentleman and a fine lawyer. His mind was deeply imbued with the principles of jurisprudence and he had a rare insight into the practical reasons in which they had their birth. His decisions scattered through the Supreme Court record bear the impress of great learning." To his wife and children he was the personification of all that was noble and true. To this day, the very remembrance of his smile come as a benediction to the few who are left of his family circle. After this the second son, whom we know as Capt. Frank T. Scott, became bread winner and guardian of the family and most faithfully and bravely shouldered the burden. Soon came the war and two soldier boys went forth from the old home to battle... Their eight children, three of whom died in infancy, were all born here and in 1906 a pretty home wedding was celebrated when the oldest daughter, Fannie, became the wife of Mr. J. F. Walker of Buena Vista. In 1909 C. C. Scott and Miss Kate Harwell were married and their bright little son, Frank T. Scott the third is the youngest representative of the family.

In 1876 Mrs. E. E. Scott who had been for 17 years the widow of Judge Scott passed to her rest and was laid to rest by his side. Through all the trials and vicissitudes of life, here heart had never grown old or lost its cheer.

Of the ten children born to Judge and Mrs. Scott, five are still living: Mrs. J. W. Tobin of New Orleans, Mrs. I. W. Carhart of Clarendon, Texas, Mrs. A. A. Tufts and Capt. Frank T. Scott of Camden, and Capt. C. C. Scott of Arkadelphia. They meet frequently in family reunions at the old home.

R. I. P.

Said to be actual epitaphs observed on tombstones

To all my friends I bid Adieu
A more sudden death you never knew
As I was leading the old mare to drink
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink

On the grave of Ezekiel Aikle in East Dalhousie Cemetery, Nova Scotia:

Here lies Ezekial Aikle Age 102: The Good Die Young.

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In a London, England cemetery:

Ann Mann: Here lies Ann Mann, Who lived an old maid But died an old Mann. Dec. 8, 1767

In a Ribbesford, England, cemetery:

Anna Wallace: The children of Israel wanted bread. And the Lord sent them manna.
Old clerk Wallace wanted a wife, And the Devil sent him Anna.

Playing with names in a Ruidoso, New Mexico, cemetery:

Here lies Johnny Yeast, Pardon me For not rising.

A lawyer's epitaph in England:

Sir John Strange: Here lies an honest lawyer, And that is Strange.

Someone determined to be anonymous in Stowe, Vermont:

I was somebody. Who, is no business Of yours.

Lester Moore was a Wells, Fargo Co. station agent for Naco, Arizona in the cowboy days of the 1880's.

He's buried in the Boot Hill Cemetery in Tombstone, Arizona:
Here lies Lester Moore. Four slugs from a .44. No Les No More.

In a Georgia cemetery:

"I told you I was sick!"

John Penny's epitaph in the Wimborne, England, cemetery:

Reader, if cash thou art in want of any. Dig 4 feet deep, and thou wilt find a Penny.

On Margaret Daniels grave at Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia:

She always said her feet were killing her but nobody believed her.

On a grave from the 1880's in Nantucket, Massachusetts:

Under the sod and under the trees Lies the body of Jonathan Pease.
He is not here, there's only the pod: Pease shelled out and went to God.

The grave of Ellen Shannon in Girard, Pennsylvania, is almost a consumer tip:

Who was fatally burned March 21, 1870 by the explosion of a lamp filled with "R.E. Danforth's Non-Explosive Burning Fluid"

Oops! Harry Edsel Smith of Albany, New York: Born 1903--Died 1942

Looked up the elevator shaft to see if the car was on the way down. It was.

In a Thurmont, Maryland, cemetery:

Here lies an Atheist All dressed up And no place to go.

But does he make house calls?

Dr. Fred Roberts, Brookland, Arkansas: Office upstairs

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



A GRAVE MARKER IDENTIFIED

As my wife and I were surveying Moscow Cemetery in 1997, we came across an unusual looking monument with no name. We tallied the grave as “unknown” along with many others we found in every cemetery we surveyed.

A few months ago, I began corresponding by email with Duncan McKelvey who lives in Georgia. He and I discussed possible family connections trying to figure out if we were distantly related. He had some connections to the Prescott area and as we discussed various family relationships, Duncan mentioned his father’s death and a monument to him at Moscow Cemetery.

It turns out that the unusual monument we found is actually that of Charles Woodward McKelvey Jr., Duncan’s father. His father had died August 7, 1977 while living in Little Rock and his body was cremated. Duncan told me that he made the concrete grave marker that contains the ashes of his father. They used his brother’s pickup truck to haul the marker to Prescott to be installed in Moscow Cemetery. Duncan says they decorated the pickup with black flags, loaded the heavy marker in the back, and the family made the trip to Prescott where they placed the marker in the Jones family plot at Moscow Cemetery. Duncan says his brother was supposed to put a nameplate on the marker at a later time, but this has not been done.

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So another mystery has been solved. We now know the story behind the unusual grave marker at Moscow Cemetery. Too bad we can't discover the names of countless others who lie in unmarked graves at practically every cemetery in Nevada County.

So far, Duncan and I have not discovered a tie that connects us as relatives. I have done quite a bit of research on this McKelvey family who once lived in Prescott and believe their ancestors originally came from Pennsylvania, migrated into Ohio, and later into Missouri. Some of those in Missouri came to Prescott and worked as barbers in the early 1900s. My family originally came from South Carolina. My great-great grandfather moved into Georgia and later came on to this part of Arkansas.

But whether we are related or not, Duncan and I enjoy corresponding with each other. He reads the *Sandyland Chronicle* and enjoys hearing about the Nevada County area. He is involved in woodworking and has sent me pictures of several things he has made. Because of the modern technology (e.g. the Internet), we have become email pen pals and in the process, we were able to make an identification for the unusual grave marker in Moscow Cemetery.

BLACK-EYED PEA CORNBREAD

This recipe was passed around by my wife's sister from Illinois during the Thanksgiving holidays. She said it was good.

1 lb. ground beef
1 (15 oz.) can black-eyed peas, drained
1 chopped yellow onion
1 can cream style corn
1 cup cornmeal
½ cup flour
1 cup buttermilk
¼ cup cooking oil
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 tsp. salt
½ tsp. baking soda
2 jalapeno peppers (bottled or fresh), chopped---- I use 1 can of diced tomatoes with jalapenos
1 cup grated cheddar cheese

Preheat oven to 350 degrees; grease a 13 x 9 x 2 inch baking dish. Place beef in a large skillet over medium heat; cook until just beginning to brown—I cook until beef is done). Drain and set aside.

Add ingredients and mix well. Add beef last. Pour into baking dish. Bake 40 to 50 minutes or until firm and slightly browned.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 4 - No. 2

February, 2004

THE LITTLE VERSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Many who read this paper will remember the Burma Shave signs placed along the major highways of America. I can remember seeing the signs on a straight stretch of Hwy. 67 between Hope and Emmet.

Here is a little history regarding the famous Burma Shave signs. It all started back about 1925 when Clinton Odell developed a brushless shaving cream. This cream could be rubbed on the face and eliminated the need for a shaving mug and brush. His son, Allan Odell came up with the idea of using the roadside signs as a way of advertising the new product. At first his father refused to go along with the idea, but he finally gave in and authorized \$200 to be spent on signs. Allan bought some used lumber and cut it into 36 inch strips and thus began one of the most successful advertising gimmicks of all time.

The signs consisted of five or six signs about 200 feet apart along major traveled highways. The first four or five signs contained a rhyming verse and the last sign just said "Burma Shave". The company paid farmers a small fee for allowing them to place the signs on their land. Soon the advertising began to work and sales of the shaving cream increased rapidly. More signs were built and the company even started a contest where people could send in jingles and be paid \$100 if their jingle was chosen.

The signs were a part of American advertising from 1925 until 1963. During that time over 7000 verses were painted on signs and covered 45 states. No signs were placed in Arizona, New Mexico, or Nevada because of low traffic volumes and none were placed in Massachusetts because it was hard to find good locations for the signs on the winding roads. The signs became a diversion for families traveling America's highways as they read each line of the verse. Some had funny messages and others had serious safety messages for the driver.

The company had a crew of eight trucks which maintained the signs and changed the verses at least once each year and replaced any broken signs. These men called themselves PHD's (Post Hole Diggers). One of the causes of broken signs was that horses liked to rub against them to scratch themselves so the signs were raised higher to eliminate that problem. Some people also used them for target practice and when they were placed near college towns, many were stolen and placed in dormitory rooms for decoration.

By the mid-1960s travel had become faster and the interstate highways were being built. The Burma Shave company was sold to Gillette, then to American Safety Razor Co., and finally to Phillip Morris. The big companies decided the signs were a silly advertising gimmick and ordered them all removed. The Burma Shave signs had worked well for about forty years and are fondly remember by many older Americans.

Clinton Odell died in 1958 and his son Allan who thought up the idea of the Burma Shave signs died in 1994. Here are few examples from the approximately 7000 verses the company used during that 40 year period of advertising:

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Henry the Eighth
Prince of Friskers
Lost Five Wives
But Kept His Whiskers
Burma Shave

The Whale Put Jonah
Down The Hatch
But Coughed Him Up
Because He Scratched
Burma Shave

Around The Curve
Lickety-Split
Beautiful Car
Wasn't It
Burma Shave

Car In Ditch
Driver In Tree
Moon Was Full
And So Was He
Burma Shave

Don't Lose Your Head
To Gain A Minute
You Need Your Head
Your Brains Are In It.
Burma Shave

If you dislike
Big traffic fines
Slow down
'Till you
Can read these signs
Burma-Shave

Don't pass cars
On curve or hill
If the cops
Don't get you
Morticians will
Burma-Shave

They missed
The turn
Car was whizz'n
Fault was her'n
Funeral his'n
Burma-Shave

Don't stick
Your elbow
Out so far
It might go home
In another car
Burma-Shave

From
Bar
To Car
To
Gates ajar
Burma-Shave

If every sip
Fills you
With zip
Then your sipper
Needs a zipper
Burma-Shave

Approached
A crossing
Without looking
Who will eat
His widow's cooking?
Burma-Shave

A girl
Should hold on
To her youth
But not
When he's driving
Burma-Shave

Big mistake
Many make
Rely on horn
Instead of
Brake
Burma-Shave

You can beat
A mile a minute
But there ain't
No future
In it
Burma-Shave

Sleep in a chair
Nothing to lose
But a nap
At the wheel
Is a permanent snooze
Burma-Shave

This will never
Come to pass--
A backseat driver
Out of gas.
Burma-Shave

Road
Was slippery
Curve was sharp
White robe, halo
Wings and harp
Burma-Shave

Speed
Was high
Weather was not
Tires were thin
X marks the spot
Burma-Shave

Highways are
No place
To sleep
Stop your car
To count your sheep
Burma-Shave

The minutes
Some folks
Save through speed
They never even
Live to need
Burma-Shave

At school zones
Heed instructions!
Protect
our little
Tax deductions
Burma-Shave

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her Jeep
It struck
A truck
When she went to sleep
Burma-Shave

He tried
To cross
As fast train neared
Death didn't draft him
He volunteered
Burma-Shave

No matter
The price
No matter how new
The best safety device
In your car is you
Burma-Shave

A man
A miss
A car--a curve
He kissed the miss
And missed the curve
Burma-Shave

Her chariot
Raced 80 per
They hauled away
What had
Ben Her
Burma-Shave

The safest rule
No ifs or buts
Just drive
Like every one else
Is nuts!
Burma-Shave

He saw
The train
And tried to duck it
Kicked first the gas
And then the bucket
Burma-Shave

Train approaching
Whistle squealing
Pause!
Avoid that
Rundown feeling!
Burma-Shave

Cattle crossing
Means go slow
That old bull
Is some
Cow's beau
Burma-Shave

When frisky
With whiskey
Don't drive
'Cause it's
Risky
Burma-Shave

Proper
Distance
To him was bunk
They pulled him out
Of some guy's trunk
Burma-Shave

Don't
Try passing
On a slope
Unless you have
A periscope
Burma-Shave

Twinkle, twinkle
One-eyed car
We all wonder
WHERE
You are
Burma-Shave

Is he
Lonesome
Or just blind--
This guy who drives
So close behind?
Burma-Shave

He lit a match
To check gas tank
That's why
They call him
Skinless frank
Burma-Shave

On curves ahead
Remember, sonny
That rabbit's foot
Didn't save
The bunny
Burma-Shave

Heaven's
Latest
Neophyte
Signaled left
Then turned right
Burma-Shave

Dim your lights
Behind a car
Let folks see
How bright
YOU are
Burma-Shave

Violets are blue
Roses are pink
On graves
Of those
Who drive and drink
Burma-Shave

Why is it
When you
Try to pass
The guy in front
Goes twice as fast?
Burma-Shave

Statistics prove
Near and far
That folks who
Drive like crazy
Are!!!
Burma Shave

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THE MAN WITHOUT A COAT (from the Prescott Daily News - April 29, 1910)

Mr. V. Osborne of this city, "the man without a coat" is celebrating his 73rd birthday anniversary.

About 46 years ago he bought a coat, a navy blue garment cut in what was then the latest style. He got to wear it at his wedding. He has worn it only three times since then, two of the occasions being subsequent weddings, and the third being "the coldest night he ever saw" eleven years ago. In his entire life he has not worn out more than two coats. "The next time I wear a coat, I will wear it a long time" is the grim determination expressed by Osborne.

The following are some reasons why Osborne is entitled to be called "the most eccentric man in Arkansas".

He never removes his hat except when going to bed and when eating with strangers. His hat is the first thing he puts on in the morning.

He hasn't worn an overshirt but a dozen times in the last twenty years.

He drinks no intoxicants.

He has chewed tobacco for 65 years.

He never smokes.

He drinks black coffee and eats "hog and cornbread".

Osborne is a carpenter born in Jasper County, Tennessee and has lived in Arkansas since before the war. He talks freely about his customs. His sole reason for going coatless, he says, is that he considers the garment unnecessary. He says he is healthier than he would be if he wore a coat. He has never had a headache and no fever since 1862. He says he never feels "tough" after arising in the morning. He eats three meals a day and isn't faddish concerning his food except it must be simple fare. Osborne's fourth wife died last July 4th. He is the father of a boy baby two and a half years old.

From The Nevada News (March 4, 1915)

A meeting of the South Nevada County Medical Association was held . Physicians attending were: from Prescott- Drs. Reeder, Hesterly, Chastain, Rice, Buchanan (Al), Buchanan (Gill), and Cox; from Bodcaw- Dr. Garner; from Sutton- Dr. Sutton; from Bluff City- Dr. Pool; from Emmet- Dr. Sandlin; from Cale- Dr. Tompkins; from Laneburg- Dr. Nelms

Other physicians who were absent because of being too busy to attend were: Dr. Mendenhall from Rosston, Dr. Brandon from Rosston, Dr. Shell from Caney, and Dr. Horton from Willisville.

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BLUFF CITY GIRL'S TEAM OF 1929

Left to right: (1) Cora Starnes (Bolls); (2) Inita Henry (Gillespie); (3) Sula Nichols (Robinson); (4) Marie Hildebrand (Pruitt); (5) Gladys Hildebrand (Harvey); (6) _____; (7) Azell McGee; (8) _____; (9) Gladys Morgan (Nelson); (10) Ethel Gillespie Moore; (11) Carlene Robinson; (12) _____; (13) Helen Harvey (Robinson); (14) Brodie Kirk (Knight); (15) Dorothy Latimer, Teacher (Notice all the wrist watches and stylish tennis shoes)

(from the Prescott Daily News - March 13, 1909)

In 1906, William A. Gilcher of Ohio, purchased land near Delight at a nominal price and started raising peanuts. A year later the great diamond discoveries began to attract the attention of the whole world to Pike County after George Kunz, the noted diamond expert, disclosed that the diamonds rivaled South African gems. A boom started and the price of Gilcher's land soared.

No diamonds have been found upon the land as yet, but the diamond boom was on all around him. Gilcher went on calmly and raised a crop of peanuts. After picking them, he started in to look for diamonds. He gave the land a thorough plowing, searching every piece of earth. As a result, he found several diamonds. The price of his land went up more and he is thinking of giving up peanut farming and becoming a diamond farmer.

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THE WORDS UNSAID

by Florence Jones Hadley

Published in The Camden Evening News June 21, 1927

How often, how often, O heart of mine,
Have we sat at the close of day
And looking backward been glad, so glad,
Of the words we did not say.

For words are easy to say, you know,
And they crowd the door of the lips
Unless the warden, Love, is close by
To see that no wrong word slips.

Like a crafty foe, through the open door,
For when he once gains the day
He will never, no never, go back again,
But a victor, he becomes to stay.

The words that we use so easily
Of our lives are a very part;
They can bring glad smiles to a tear-wet face
Or add grief to a burdened heart.

Then let us take heed, O heart of mine,
That the end of each coming day
May find us glad, when we backward look,
For the words that we did not said.

BANANA SPLIT CAKE

INGREDIENTS

1 16 oz. pkg. vanilla wafers (crushed)
1 cup margarine (melted)
1 20 oz. can crushed pineapple (drained)
6 bananas
1 8 oz. package cream cheese
2 cups confectioners sugar (softened)
1 12 oz. container of Cool Whip (thawed)
1/4 cup chopped nuts
8 maraschino cherries

Combine the crushed vanilla wafers and melted margarine. Pat into the bottom of one 9 X 13 inch pan.

Beat the cream cheese and confectioners sugar together until light and fluffy. Spread over the top of the vanilla wafer crust. Spoon crushed pineapple over the cream cheese layer. Then layer sliced bananas over the pineapple. Cover with the whipped topping and sprinkle top with chopped nuts and maraschino cherries.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 4 – No. 3

March, 2004

NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE UNITED STATES OPENING OF ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL IN LITTLE ROCK IN 1912

An article appeared in the April 23, 1912 issue of *The Prescott Daily News* announcing the opening of a new hospital in Little Rock. This hospital was the dream of Dr. J. P. Runyan, a surgeon. He made four trips to Europe, visiting hospitals and making notes of things that he felt would be of benefit to his patients. The result was St. Luke's, the only hospital in Arkansas devoted exclusively to surgery. The following are comments made by a visitor to the hospital.

St. Luke's is in every particular the most complete aseptic, the most beautifully furnished of any hospital in the United States, and is on par with any to be found anywhere in the world today.

St. Luke's is a one-story solid brick structure, eliminating the need for elevators and the noise and possible accidents associated with them. There are times when a patient, being brought to the hospital for an operation, is in such a nervous condition that to be placed in an elevator is enough to throw them into hysterics—the grinding noise of the cogs, the rattle of the chains, and the jarring of the car.

All windows are screened with the finest of bronze wire screen in metal frames with weather stripping so that it is impossible for the windows to rattle no matter how hard the wind blows. The windows have Venetian blinds on the inside.

The furniture in every room is of metal made to look like mahogany furniture and is absolutely sanitary. Several of the rooms have the Wallace bed, a new patent that allows the patient to be raised or lowered.

The hospital is small, consisting of but 15 bed rooms, a reception hall, and kitchen. Every room is fitted with a complete solid silver service and a tray full of the most beautiful china-ware imported from the best pottery houses in Austria.

Every room is furnished with an electric toaster so that the patient may have fresh toast to suit his or her taste at any time day or night. Every room is equipped with an automatic heat regulator or thermostat, which by a simple turn of a knob, secures the exact degree of heat required. There is also an adjustable telephone connection in every room so that the patient need not move a hand to use the telephone.

Every room is a work of art and every effort was taken to get away from the usual "hospital look", and so each room resembles a beautiful room at home. The bath rooms are of solid white tile and marble with solid porcelain tubs, lavatory, sink, water closet, and showers. Everything is absolutely sanitary and the finest to be had.

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The operating rooms are marvels of beauty. The entire north side of the operating room is one solid plate glass, to get the very best light for operating purposes. Wash basins are worked by foot and knee pedals so the surgeon will not have to touch anything after washing his hands.

The kitchen is a marvel of beautiful cleanliness—everything snow white. The Chef is the very best to be had and he will furnish the finest food possible to secure.

Every patient coming to St. Luke's must furnish his or her own private nurse. This nurse must be a graduate nurse, without which no patient will be admitted. This special nurse will have nothing to do but wait upon her special patient. This is an absolute rule at St. Luke's and is made for the special advantage of patients. If general nurses were used, a patient might feel they were not getting the proper attention. For this reason St. Luke's will not furnish nurses, but will require each patient to furnish a special or private nurse. This nurse will be furnished her room and meals by the hospital. For the use of the rooms for patient and nurse and the meals for both patient and nurse, a modest charge of Twenty Five dollars per week will be made.

St. Luke's is located at Twentieth St. and Schiller Avenue in the southwest part of Little Rock on slightly rolling ground surrounded by a beautiful grove of shade trees. It is away from the noise of traffic and the dust and landscaping will soon be completed, making it one of the show places of Little Rock.

A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO MAINTAINING COUNTY ROADS

A new law went into effect January 1, 1916 in Nevada County that required all able-bodied men between the ages of 21 and 45 to work at least four days per year on the county roads. Anyone subject to road duty may, by using his team, do the required work in one day under the supervision of the overseer, or he may be exempted from road duty by paying into the county treasury the sum of \$3.00. (*from The Nevada News*)

Adam N. Eve vanished from the Marine Corps in 1911 and federal authorities have been unable to locate any relatives.

BABY SHIPPED BY PARCEL POST

(from the 2-5-1914 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Wellington, Kansas—Mrs. E. H. Straley of this city received her two year old nephew by parcel post today from his grandmother in Strafford, Oklahoma where he had been left for a visit of three weeks. The boy wore a tag about his neck, showing it had cost 18 cents to send him through the mails. He was transported 25 miles by rural route before reaching the railroad. He rode with the mail clerks, shared his lunch with them, and arrived here in good condition.

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“Lordy, Lordy, don’t leave that log here!” were the words of W. W. Taylor when Mr. Lloyd Robinson hauled this huge cypress log to his mill at Chidester in 1940. Pictured from left to right in the first photo are Roy Holleman, owner of a service station in Chidester, Horace Henry, who owned the log truck, Thurston Pickett, log scaler for the mill, and an unknown man who worked in the office of the lumber company. In the second photo are the same men—from left to right (Thurston Pickett, office man, Roy Holleman, and Horace Henry). Lloyd Robinson, who drove the truck is not pictured.

Mr. Clinton Robinson of Camden was present when this tree was cut and hauled. The tree was located on the east side of the Ouachita River near Camden. He says they used a nine foot cross-cut saw to fell the tree, using what was known as a “ring cut”. The truck was placed near the downed tree after brush and smaller trees were cleared out of the way. Some good sized trees were used as a ramp and with the aid of a winch mounted on a truck, the log was rolled up on to the truck. Mr. Clinton Robinson hauled the second cut from the tree on his truck, which was also a “one log load”.

The W. W. Taylor sawmill at Chidester was located near the present day location of the water treatment plant in Chidester. A pine sawmill was located across the road from the Taylor sawmill. The mill at Chidester couldn’t handle such a large log, so the log was reloaded and hauled to a mill at Smithton near Gurdon where it was sawed into lumber. (Thanks to Mr. Clinton Robinson for sharing the photos).

Correction: In the February issue, there was a picture of the Bluff City girls basketball team of 1929. One of the girls was identified as Gladys Morgan (Nelson). The correct identification is Nellie Mae Morgan (Kirk). If you are keeping these papers, please make that change on your copy.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Commencement Program for

Bluff City High School

Sunday, March 31, 1940

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

Processional, (Congregation standing as mark of respect to Seniors)
Hymn—"Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus"—No. 108—Congregation standing
Scripture Lesson
Prayer
Hymn—"Savior, like a Shepherd Lead Us"—No. 100
Announcements
Quartette—Mrs. L. S. Hilderbrand, Mrs. Ashley Dewoody, Miss Mavis Nischols and Miss Pearl Moore.
Sermon—Rev. R. D. Nolan, pastor of Presbyterian church of Prescott
Hymn—"Bless Be the Tie that Binds"—No. 98—Congregation standing.
Benediction
Recessional (Congregation remain standing until Seniors pass out)

Contributed by
Cathy Straley,
daughter of Mary
Hildebrand Cox

Mrs. Aubry Barlow, Pianist
Ushers from Junior Class—
Martha Sue Barlow Herman McKelvey
Eva Dell Starnea Harold Hilderbrand

GRADUATION EXERCISE

Friday Evening, April 5, 1940

Eight O'clock

Members of Senior Class appear on Program according to grade average. (R. L. Cummings Jr. and Lorene Beville tied for third place)

Processional
Invocation—Marie Andrews
Class President's Message—R. L. Cummings Jr.
Salutatorians Address—Mary Hilderbrand
Class Will—R. L. Cummings Jr.
Class Prophecy—Lorene Beville
Piano Solo—Mary Hilderbrand
Class History—Georgia Hillery
Class Poem—Lewis Pruitt
Valedictorian's Address—Frederick White Jr.
Remarks—Mr. Basil Munn, County Examiner
Reports from School Board Members
Awarding of Diplomas
Benediction

MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS

R. L. Cummings Jr., President
Mary Hilderbrand, Secretary and Treasurer
Georgia Hillery Lewis Pruitt
Lorene Beville Frederick White Jr.
Marie Andrews

EIGHTH GRADE GRADUATES

Gwendolyn Upton, Valedictorian Harley Cummings
Jerry Chamlee, Salutatorian Tunnell Morrow
Evelyn Kirk Algie Plyler
Arrona Irvin Geneva Trantham
Herman Smith Kathryn McLelland
Thomas Barlow

SCHOOL DIRECTORS

Mr. Ed Harvey, President Mr. Ed Cottingham
Mr. R. L. Cummings, Secretary Mr. Loyce Starnes
Mr. C. C. Henry

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

DID YOU KNOW?

1. That Prescott had a skating rink in the city park in 1907?
 2. That the most popular drink at Prescott's soda fountains in 1907 was "Fru-tola"?
 3. That 30 trains passed through Prescott each day in 1907 and half of them carried passengers?
 4. That Prescott had a meningitis epidemic in 1912 and several people died?
 5. That Fred Powell was quarantined in Prescott for 36 days in 1912 because he had smallpox?
 6. That a popular club for women in Prescott in 1907 was the Chafing Dish Club?
 7. That Prescott's De Ann Cemetery in 1907 was referred to as "our little cemetery"?
 8. That Hesterly Drug Store in Prescott had a live alligator on display in 1912?
 9. That it was unlawful in 1907 for any person in Prescott city limits to play with a base ball or any other type of ball without permission from the Mayor?
 10. That the names of hotel guests at Hotel Miller in Prescott in 1907 were published each day in *The Prescott Daily News*?
-

ANOTHER UNUSUAL NEWS STORY

(from the 2-26-1914 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Spokane, Washington—While sewing a garment in 1907, Mrs. Mary Stevens stuck a needle in the base of her thumb. A physician was called and the needle was removed, but the tip of the needle had broken off and continued to cause pain. An X-ray was contemplated, but it was decided that it was not necessary. The pain finally went away.

Seven years later in 1914, Mrs. Stevens had a wisdom tooth extracted and two or three days later, the point of the needle worked its way out where the wisdom tooth had been after traveling in her blood stream for seven years. Cases such as this have been reported, according to physicians, but some of them cause death when the object strikes a vital organ or the brain.

SIGNS SEEN POSTED ON LANDS AROUND BEARDEN

(from *The Bearden Courier*)

NO HUNTING ALOUD
POSTAGE – KEEP OUT
NO PHYSHING OR HUNTING PROMITTED HEREIN

(from the July, 1914 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Several of our citizens contemplate going to Lackland Springs next month to spend a few weeks. The water there is fine and the temperature much cooler than in Prescott. (*Note: Lackland Springs was a well known health resort in Nevada County about 12 miles east of Prescott*)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

A TRIP FROM MORRIS TO EMMET IN 1915 (from the 2-13-1915 issue of The Prescott Daily News)

A trip from Morris in Georgia Township up the old Clark Road to Emmet gave me a very pleasant surprise. I had not been over this road in about eighteen months and I must confess that the many changes that have taken place along that road do not spell hard times.

Perhaps I ought to say just here that this road leads through some of the poorest sections of Nevada County as far as fertility is concerned. For the most part it runs through a hilly, rocky, and sandy country. The farms are so hilly that much of the land is terraced. Much of the land is still un-cleared and some of the finest pine timber to be found anywhere in the South is along this road.

The land is rapidly being put into cultivation where the timber has been taken off and many new and substantial houses have been built where formerly old dilapidated farm houses once stood. Everything along the way indicates progress and prosperity. In addition to the many new residences may be seen some of the best horses and mules, cattle and hogs to be found anywhere. The farms are kept in first class condition. The old run-down appearance that was so common a few years back is a thing of the past.

Chicken Casserole

Submitted by Helen Medlin of Guntersville, Alabama

(from "Calling All Cooks"- Telephone Pioneers of America—Alabama Chapter No. 34-
Dorothy Hayes, Birmingham Central Council)

3 boneless, skinless chicken breasts, cooked and broken in pieces
3 stalks celery, chopped
1 onion, chopped
1 cup minute rice
1 can cream of chicken soup
½ cup water
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon lemon juice
¾ cup mayonnaise
½ cup potato chips

Bake chicken breasts in oven, covered until tender. Cool. Mix all other ingredients together. Place in casserole dish and top with potato chips. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes.

"Flowers always make people better, happier, and more helpful; they are sunshine, food, and medicine to the soul." *Luther Burbank*

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 4 - No. 4

April, 2004

I have heard it said that somewhere in the world there is another person who looks almost exactly like each of us. We see people all the time who remind us of someone we know. I always wondered what life would be like for identical twins. I can see where that could be somewhat confusing at times. In most cases there is no problem looking like someone else, but consider the case of Frank Benton, a farmer in Nevada County, Arkansas back in 1914.

MAN CLEARED OF HIS DOUBLE'S CRIME

From the Arkansas Gazette—printed in the 1-1-1914 issue of The Nevada News.

Camden, AR--One of the most remarkable cases of facial resemblance that has ever been brought to the attention of an Arkansas court was staged before County Judge E. B. McCall today when the prisoner succeeded in proving to the satisfaction of the judge that he is Frank Benton, a peaceful, law-abiding farmer of Nevada County who has never been in trouble and is not Van Williams of Smith County, Texas who tried to kill his wife and failed only by a hair's breadth.

Frank Benton said he was born in South Carolina and moved to Nevada County in 1898. The records show that on May 28, 1900 he was married to Miss Nancy Smith of Texarkana. He settled on a Nevada County farm with his wife and continued to peacefully till the soil, although he and his wife separated in 1909. Benton remained on the farm.

On the other hand, Van Williams was a resident of Smith County, Texas. Little is known of his history until he married in 1899. He and his wife spent much of their time traveling about the state of Texas. In February, 1905, while they were living in Smith Co., Williams made a brutal attack upon his wife. He shot her, beat her with his pistol and fled, leaving her for dead. For a month her life was despaired of, but she finally recovered. The Texas officers were never able to find Williams.

About a month ago, a suspicion arose that Benton was the missing Van Williams. A man who had known Williams was struck by the remarkable similarity of their appearances. The story went back to Texas that Williams was living in Nevada County under the name of Frank Benton and Governor Colquitt sent a requisition to Governor Hayes of Arkansas asking for the return of Van Williams, alias Frank Benton. Governor Hayes honored this request. Benton was lodged in jail here, but applied for a writ of habeas corpus. It was this writ that was argued before Judge McCall today.

Mrs. Williams who nearly met death at her husband's hands, was brought here from Texas to identify Benton as her husband if possible. The woman looked at the prisoner long and searchingly, then shook her head. "He closely resembles my husband, but I wouldn't swear that this man is he," she said.

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She had brought with her a photograph of her husband taken 10 years ago. Even Richard K. Mason, Benton's attorney admitted that the resemblance was remarkable. However, Attorney Mason used the same photograph as one of the strongest arguments in his client's favor.

"This photograph was taken 10 years ago," he argued. "Undoubtedly, Williams does not look much like the man in the photograph now. This photograph shows a man about 40 years of age, which is about Benton's age. Williams must be 50 now."

Attorney Mason has also summoned 40 witnesses from Nevada County, all of whom testified that Benton was living with his wife on their Nevada County farm at the time Williams shot his wife at their Texas home.

Benton also offered in evidence his mutilated hand. The ends of the fingers of one hand are missing. He said that he had lost them in an accident while he was a boy in South Carolina. Mrs. Williams admitted that her husband's hands were not mutilated when she saw him last.

At the conclusion of the testimony, Deputy Prosecuting Attorney L. B. Smead told the court that in view of the strong case made by Attorney Mason in behalf of Benton, he did not feel justified in asking that the prisoner be held any longer.

After he had formally been discharged by Judge McCall, Benton's Nevada County neighbors gathered around him and showered him with congratulations. He says he will return and till his Nevada County farm in peace as before.

NO POSTAGE STAMPS NEEDED (from The Prescott Daily News – 11-28-1908)

Mrs. Edward Martin of Nashville, Arkansas owns a cow which not only furnishes milk for the Martin family, but is also a messenger in exchanging notes between Mrs. Martin and her mother who lives five miles away.

The cow was given to Mrs. Martin by her mother, Mrs. George Humphreys. The cow still goes to the Humphrey's house each morning to spend the day in the pasture and each evening, it returns to her new home for the night.

A few days ago, Mrs. Martin noticed a small sack attached to the cow's neck with a string. She examined it and found inside a note from her mother which she promptly answered and sent back to her mother the next morning. Every day since mother and daughter have been exchanging notes with the bovine acting as messenger.

Bible Trivia: The word grandmother is only used one time in the Bible. Who was she?

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TABLE ETIQUETTE

University of Arkansas Home Economics Dept. – 1924

The meal hour should be one of pleasure and good cheer, rather than a time to settle disputes, punish children, or review unpleasant happenings of the past.

Books, magazines, and newspapers are out of place at the family dining table.

The proper place to train children in table manners and table conversation is at the table when they are alone with their parents. They should be taught that table articles are not playthings and that the dining room is not a playground. Older children should be taught to wait on the table.

Kimonos, boudoir caps, and cook aprons should never appear at the dining table. Neither should soiled shirt sleeves, collarless shirts, and dressing gowns. Personal tidiness is nowhere at a greater premium.

To criticize the food served at home is as ungracious as to criticize food served at the home of a friend.

All members of the family should respond promptly to the announcement of a meal and the habit of coming to the table one at a time not only tires the person preparing the food, but is conducive to careless table manners.

If one is to feel at ease in company, one must constantly practice good manners at home.

MY DOG

By George Burton--Nevada News—1926

He's my dog—
Four legs and a tail,
A restless vagabond out of jail
Just a dog—no pedigree,
All kinds of branches in his family tree.
Shoe-button eyes and nose too long,
Makes your head ache when he sings his song.
His legs are gangly, he has knock knees
Tears up slippers and harbors fleas.
Wild and woolly, likes to run away,
Knock you down when he wants to play.
Is fond of "rassling" with the gloves and hats,
Tears up the flower beds and chases cats.
Sleeps all day, eats like a hog,
Absolutely worthless—but,
He's my dog.

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Donie Moore Henry
daughter of
William Harve Moore
and
Sarah Salina Johnson Moore

Born – March 31, 1888
Died – February 3, 1918 (age 29)

First wife of Charles Clinton Henry

Buried in Bluff City Cemetery



Thanks to Mrs. Zettie Link for sharing these old photos.



Garland Hardwick
son of
John Mobley Hardwick
and
Georgia Johnson Hardwick

Born July 5, 1898
Died December 23, 1918

Enlisted in the U. S. Navy in World War I. He was on his way home just after the peace treaty had been signed and became ill with pneumonia. He died in a Navy hospital in Brooklyn, New York.

As far as we know, he is the only World War I veteran that died while in service buried at Ebenezer Cemetery.

He is shown here in an American Air Service uniform. Many World War I servicemen enlisted in the Allied aero squadrons in France. These daring aviators were considered heroes at that time.

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Clinton & Vera Robinson—Camden, Arkansas	Mary Bailey—Jacksonville, Florida
Andy Nelson—Clarksville, Arkansas	Thomas Knight—Kingwood, Texas
Ben Grove—Fredericksburg, Virginia	Lonnie Hall—Grand Junction, Colorado
	Earlene Lyle—Grand Bay, Alabama

WOULD YOU CARE FOR A CUP OF COFFEE? (From the 5-1-1924 issue of The Nevada News)

Hornwell, NY—Harold Whitford and Ephraim Fitch engaged in a coffee drinking marathon contest in an effort to learn whether the beverage is intoxicating. Fitch quit after drinking 24 eight ounce cups, but Whitford imbibed 36 cups within the three hour planned time period. He had to be carried home by friends, but said he felt no bad effects beyond stomach cramps. Both men remained quite sober.

AD IN THE MALVERN METEOR—1914

To the citizens of Malvern: There is a young lady living here that I am going with and there are people in Malvern meddling with my love affairs who keep trying to turn her against me. I hereby notify one and all to cut it out at once. You will do well to attend to your own business and let us run ours to suit ourselves. – Jas. Eaton Smith

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All these recipes come from the Watts family cook book. The Watts family settled in southeast Nevada County at Old Delta. Some of the Watts family later moved to Camden and founded a mercantile business and later Watts Bros. department store in downtown Camden.

JOSEPHINE MCGILL'S ORANGE DELIGHT

Mix together in mixer:

- 1 3 oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 11 oz. can mandarin oranges (drained)
- 3 oz. pkg. orange jello
- 3 Tbsp. crushed pineapple

Fold in 9 oz. Cool Whip. Save back 5 or 6 mandarin orange sections to use as a decoration on top.

KAY LADD'S BAKED BEANS

- 1 lb. size can pork and beans
- 2 Tbsp. brown sugar
- ¼ cup dry mustard
- ¼ cup catsup
- 2 pieces bacon

Combine above ingredients, except bacon. Put in casserole and cover with the two strips of bacon. Put lid on and bake in 350 degree oven for 20 minutes, then uncover and bake another 20 minutes.

PHYLLIS J. WHITE'S HOT TAMALES PIE

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1 lb. lean ground meat (round or chuck) | Mush: |
| 1 chopped onion | 1 cup cornmeal |
| ½ chopped green pepper (optional) | 1 quart water |
| 2 cloves garlic, chopped (or garlic powder) | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 Tbsp. chili powder | |
| 1 tsp. salt and pepper | |
| 2 dashes Worcestershire sauce | |
| 1 16 oz. can tomatoes | |

Brown meat, add onion, chopped garlic (or garlic powder) and remaining ingredients. Cook until mixed well. Cook mush—use one cup of water to soften corn meal. Pour into remaining water that is boiling. Cook stirring to consistency you prefer—we like it thick.

In pyrex bowl (greased), layer half of cornmeal mush, then chili mixture, ending with remaining cornmeal mush. Sprinkle with paprika or chili powder. Cook 30 minutes in conventional oven at 350 degrees.

TERRY SMITH'S COCKEYED CAKE

- | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| 1 ½ cups sifted flour | 1 cup sugar | 1 Tbsp. vinegar |
| 3 Tbsp. Cocoa | ½ tsp. salt | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 1 tsp. soda | 5 Tbsp. cooking oil | 1 cup cold water |

Put flour in sifter and add cocoa, soda, sugar, and salt. Sift into greased 9 X 2 square pan. Make 3 holes in mixture—put oil in 1, put vinegar in 1, and vanilla in 1. Pour cold water over all. Beat with spoon until nearly smooth. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

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JERRY MCKELVY, EDITOR

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This article was printed in the 10-16-1924 issue of The Nevada News. It was written by George W. Moreland as one of a series of articles he wrote under the title “Rambling in Arkansas”.

Away back in the southern part of Pike County, in the edge of the valley of the Little Missouri River, is an interesting old town. Buried far back from the din and racket of the busy world, the old town of Murfreesboro has for nearly a century pursued its undisturbed way—its very existence would almost have been forgotten had it not been the county seat of Pike County. On that account when court convened, some news would trickle out and remind men of its existence. And Murfreesboro seemed to like this pastoral life—it cared little if it were forgotten. Its people were contented and happy and its only ambition seems to have been the seat of justice of Pike County, and this honor it had held since the day of the county’s organization which was so long ago that none of the residents could recall just when this important event in the town’s history did happen. It was the heart of the little Utopia in the foothills of the ever-interesting Ozarks.

But one day something happened in Murfreesboro—something which not only awakened the people of the old town from their peaceful slumbers, but sent a thrill through the financial circles even as far away as New York. This something which happened caused many a financier to dig up a musty atlas from his library shelf and turn to the map of Arkansas to look for the unheard-of-town of Murfreesboro. It is singular how it happened, too. One would never think that because an old farmer away down here in the beautiful Ozark foothills chose to ramble over his wooded acres, the financiers on Wall Street would become interested in his peregrinations, but that is exactly what happened.

John Wesley Huddleston was a good honest farmer who owned 160 acres of land bordering on Prairie Creek about two miles south of Murfreesboro. His land was not very fertile—not even as fertile as some of the lands surrounding it. It was mostly wooded and not very fine woodland at that. Probably there was not enough timber on his holdings if sold to buy his winter supplies. It is likely that John Huddleston got blue about it. I cannot positively state that he did, but as the story unfolds, I believe that you will agree with me that he must have been blue—peevish at the world perhaps. On August 1, 1906 he sat down beneath a scrubby pine tree that grew on a naked hillside which never would grow even many scrub pines. Now I say that John Wesley Huddleston was blue because all men when they are blue are morose and think life is a dreary desert with never an oasis in sight, would do just what he did on that August day—get out somewhere alone and brood over their luck. While he sat there in the shade of that scrub pine, he picked up a pebble probably to toss at some bird which annoyed him because it twittered a song full of joy and sunshine. That pebble is the core of this story. It started Wall Street to whispering and put Murfreesboro on the map. It proved to be a perfect specimen of a blue white diamond which weighed nearly two carats.

Financiers in Little Rock, St. Louis, and even New York immediately became interested in the sleepy, old town back here in Pike County, Arkansas. They made the journey to

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Murfreesboro and bought Huddleston's property, paying him \$36,500 for it, which was all he asked. It is strange what unusual sequels can come to some stories. Because John Huddleston had went rambling about his farm, the town of Murfreesboro has now an industry the like of which no other community in Arkansas can boast, or the United States, or North America, for that matter. It has an honest-to-goodness diamond mine with genuine diamonds equal in hardness and luster to any from the far-famed Kimberly mines of South Africa. The world's diamond mines which are of enough importance to warrant operations are found in India, South Africa, Borneo, Brazil, and in Pike County, Arkansas. A few specimens of inconsequential value have been found in the southern Alleghenies, California, Indiana, and Wisconsin, but the craters were not productive enough to warrant operations, which give the Arkansas mines the distinction of being the only commercially valuable mines of their kind in North America.

The Arkansas diamonds have been put to the test by experts and are pronounced by them to be equal in every respect to the valuable South African diamonds. One government report to which I fortunately had access, says of them, "Samples from South Africa when placed by the side of the Arkansas diamonds is very striking—often barely distinguishable." It is claimed by geologists and other experts that the general appearance of the area in Arkansas is very similar to that in South Africa. The report also states that diamonds probably may be recovered in this area to a depth deeper than mining can be carried on. When it is recalled that South African mines are now successfully operated at a depth of 4000 feet, the possibilities that exist in Arkansas are more forcefully illustrated. Since the Arkansas mines started operations in 1908, diamonds in the amount of 10,000 carats have been recovered there. The average size of the diamonds recovered range all the way from one-eighth of a carat to 20 carats, although one was found which weighed more than 40 carats. Even a stone of this weight does not rank as one of the world's big gems, although it is a valuable stone. Newspaper reports have recently mentioned the famous Sultan diamond from Wulai Haifid, former sultan of Morocco. This stone weighted a little more than 183 carats and is said to be the fourth largest diamond in the world. By this comparison, my readers can obtain an idea of what the Arkansas mines are producing. It is estimated that a diamond in the rough is worth something like \$200 per carat, but may vary according to quality. After they are cut, their value increases to about \$400 to \$800 per carat.

I paid Murfreesboro a visit to see for myself where men dig real diamonds out of the ground—big sparkling gems that look like lightning bugs on a starless night. I also wanted to know if the current reports are true that the boys about the village streets use diamonds for taws in their games of marbles. This report, unhappily, I found was exaggerated, but not so much as one might imagine after all. Upon my arrival, one of the first men I happened to meet was W. J. Munsey who owns a slice of ten acres extending into the center where the diamond mines are being operated. He did not sell his property to the corporation which operates the mines in the crater and is probably the only single individual in the world who owns land where he positively knows there are diamonds in paying quantities. While in conversation with him, I noticed a ring he wore which contained a beautiful specimen of uncut diamond. I commented upon the novelty, whereupon he opened his mouth and disclosed an uncut diamond even larger than the one in the ring, reposing as a filling in the cavity of a hollow tooth! He then placed his hand in his hip pocket and brought forth more than a dozen stones, some of which he told me weighed more than a carat. After I saw this I was about ready to believe the story about the marble games was not so impossible after all.

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The mine now being operated is known as the Arkansas Diamond Mining Corporation of Virginia. It has an authorized capital of \$10,000,000. They have been operating more or less regular since 1908. From the very beginning the venture was a success. Of course, I lost no time, but hastened my visit to the mines as soon as I arrived at Murfreesboro. The superintendent of the mine was absent, but Lee Wagoner, his assistant, a very kindly old fellow, most courteously extended me an invitation to the mines and very carefully and with much patience explained to me the complete process. About two miles south of Murfreesboro is a little creek, known since the country was settled as Prairie Creek, but since the discovery of diamonds along its banks, now bears the high-flown name of Peridotite Creek. Now the bank of this creek was a naked hillside of a dozen acres in extent and surrounded by dense woods, and here I saw the interesting process of playing hide and seek with diamonds.

The large plant is not being operated at the present time, but the smaller plant was running. It is not my purpose in the scope of this sketch to go into the scientific details of the why of diamonds. I believe even the scientists themselves do not thoroughly agree on the subject, and I certainly will not attempt to add an opinion, for I have none to add. I know nothing about it. I consulted two or three books of the learned and on reading them, I felt about as wise as the subject. After I had finished I was as much informed as I would have been engaged in perusing a manuscript on Egyptian hieroglyphics or some classical masterpiece of ancient Sanskrit. I shall feel I have accomplished the purpose of my visit to the mines if I succeed in conveying to you simply how the diamonds are obtained.

The diamonds appear in what is known to scientists as peridotite. Now, peridotite, if you please, looks to me very much like a mucky brown clay. When it is uncovered and exposed to the air it slacks not unlike lime and becomes like very coarse brown sand. It had rained before my visit, and I made the discovery which may or may not be of interest to scientists that peridotite is a very pernicious neighbor in that it clings to one's shoes with a tenacity that is marvelous. I wonder that I did not carry off half a dozen valuable gems clinging innocently to the peridotite which had persistently attached itself to my shoes.

There are many methods of recovering the diamonds from the peridotite, but the method in vogue at this time was to first uncover the earth and let it slack—a pulverized mass of coarse dirt is what the uninitiated would call it. Long wooden troughs are constructed on an incline leading from the point of operation—the mine—to the machinery which separates the diamonds from the residue. Big hoses are turned on this peridotite which flows along with the water troughs which carries it to the machines where the mass is separated, the residue sifted and passed over a greased board to which the diamonds adhere, the residue passing along into the waste pile.

It is muddy in the vicinity of the mines at all times due to the constant stream of water which washes the peridotite to the place of separation. The workmen engaged about the premises all wear rubber boots. I watched these men at work and the thought occurred to me that they must have sore temptation to retain some unusual gem for their own future speculation. It must be remembered that sometimes diamonds are found exposed on top of the ground as was the original find of Huddleston. I asked Mr. Waggoner about this. All the employees, he told me, are taken entirely on honor. They are required to make no bond nor are they ever searched, but they come and go like any other workmen whose output is not so

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valuable or as easily concealed as diamonds. Of course great care is exercised in the employment of the men. All of them are men who have lived all their lives in the vicinity and are known to the superintendent. Let it be said to the everlasting honor of the neighborhood that not once since the mine has been in operation has any man been dismissed on suspicion of pilfering diamonds, nor even the slightest suggestion of dishonesty ever having been noted by the corporation. The workmen are all eager to “make a big find” and every stone is promptly turned in with as much elation on the part of the employee who found it and is evinced by the great corporation whose property it is.

Of course, visitors are not allowed promiscuously in the diamond field but even in this it seemed to me that the corporation evinces a faith in the honesty of men that is contrary to the ethics of the average city policeman. The field is surrounded by a barbed wire fence such as an ordinary farmer might build to keep his cows in the meadow pasture. A simple wooden gate which, however, was locked is at the entrance with the sign attached “No admittance except on Business”. I fear that the pilferer who might want to prowl over the premises might give this warning a liberal interpretation and decide that he was on business—quite important business should he be lucky enough to find an exposed gem weighing several carats.

The quiet old town of Murfreesboro may be hidden far back from “the maddening crowd’s ignoble strife”; the little railroad track which once wound through the inviting hills to haul their freight and passengers may have ceased to function; there may be other places with taller buildings and more of them; but one thing is here that not even the biggest town in all the land can boast—a real diamond mine is almost daily producing gems which are not scorned by kings and queens and which the most exacting of the earth do not disdain to wear.

Note: The Murfreesboro diamond mine became the Crater of Diamonds State Park in 1972 and is still a popular tourist destination. Visitors are allowed to keep any diamonds they find. If you are looking for a vacation close to home this year, consider the diamond mine. Who knows? You might get lucky. From 1972 through 2001, a total of 23,809 diamonds were found for a total carat weight of 4,663.89 carats. There have been 677 found that weighed over one carat. A total of 2,144,396 people purchased admission tickets to the park during the period 1972-2001.

WORLD’S SMALLEST HORSE BURIED AT PRESCOTT (from the 12-20-1910 issue of The Nevada News)

The Fireman’s Carnival now showing in this city lost one of their smallest number and greatest drawing card last night in the death of their little fifty pound horse which died during the night. The pony was born on a ranch near Laredo, Mexico four years ago last June. At the time of its birth he was only 13 inches high and weighed only 19 pounds. Being too low to suckle, he was fed from a bottle. His mother was an Indian pony and father a bronco. The mother and father weighed from 600-700 pounds each. At that time his present owner, Mr. G. Baldassarre, was agent at Laredo for the Lemp Brewing Company. Mr. Baldassarre purchased the colt and entered the show business with him. The purchase price of the colt was \$225. What he was worth on the show last night only his owner knows. He is known

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far and wide and much loved by all show people. The Prescott authorities will be interviewed for a burial plot today and a monument will be erected at the grave. The cause of the death of the horse is supposed to have been from eating wheat which caused indigestion.

Later—By permission of the city authorities, little Dixie was found a burial place at the price of \$10 in the potter's field at the city cemetery. Burial will take place at 5:30 o'clock this afternoon. A headstone will be erected to mark the grave so that visiting shows may pay their last sad rites to the little fellow who has made so many thousands of dollars.

A crowd of men and boys gathered at the carnival where last sad rites were paid to "Little Dixie" and then the group went to the cemetery where all that was left of "Little Dixie" was lowered into the grave which was prepared for him in the Potter's field. The carcass was taken to the grave in a box covered with stars and stripes. Though Dixie was a native of Mexico, he belonged to the United States by adoption.

(Note: We did not find the headstone for "Dixie" when we did our cemetery surveys and we are not sure exactly which part of De Ann cemetery was known as "the potter's field".)

"OLD MIKE"

Died in Prescott, Arkansas in 1911

Buried in Prescott, Arkansas in 1975
(No, that's not a misprint)

This picture shows "Old Mike" posed by the Cornish Funeral Home hearse. I'm not sure of the date of this picture.

For the complete story of "Old Mike", refer to the March, 2003 issue of *The Sandyland Chronicle*.

Thanks to Mrs. Mildred Munn for providing this picture.



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THE ALL-ROUND WIFE

Of all the virtues, tis a fact
There's none that helps as much as tact,
And in the case of many a wife
It's often saved her husband's life.

I knew a buxom wife, who pined
Because her husband, who though kind,
Admired ladies tall and slim
And said they always looked so trim.

His wife, who really was quite square
Tried everything in her despair
To make herself look small and trigger
But all he said was "Aren't you bigger?"

Her courage then completely failed
She sobbed and frantically wailed

"Why did you marry someone fat?
You knew I'd always be like that."

In vain her tears to quell he sought
Until he struck a happy thought
"My dear, I wouldn't have you smaller"
He said, "Or lank or taller."

"I wouldn't have you lose a pound
The Lord made all the best things round
The sun, the moon, this world of ours
Our favorite fruits, the sweetest flowers."

"Those active maidens I've admired
Would in the long run make me tired.
Oh no, my dear, give me for life
The cozy little all-round wife."

LEMON CAKE PIE A recipe from 1942

1 cup sugar
1 Tbsp. butter
2 Tbsps. Flour
2 eggs (separated)
1 cup milk
1 lemon

Blend sugar and butter. Add beaten egg yolks, milk, flour, and the juice and rind of the lemon. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into an unbaked pie crust. Bake in a slow (325 degrees) oven for 35-40 minutes. The top will be like a sponge cake and underneath there's a soft, firm custard.

BIG FIRE AT CHIDESTER—JANUARY, 1933

A fire of unknown origin destroyed one block of the town. The Knight and Grayson store, one of the largest in town, a café, a barber shop, and the post office were completely destroyed.

Trivia: How much water can a thirsty camel drink at one time? (15 to 20 gallons)
What is the origin of lb. for abbreviation for pound? (from Latin word libra, a pound)

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OUR BOYS IN UNIFORM

By Willa (Carter) Yarberry

This poem appeared in the April 9, 1942 issue of The Nevada News at the time when many of Nevada County's young men were being called to serve their country in World War II. With the present situation in Iraq, Afghanistan, or elsewhere and many of our young men (and women) away from home, I felt that the message of this poem is still applicable today.

To a far away land
Our boys have gone
To help protect mother,
Sweethearts and home.

So let's all try
To do our part
By asking God
To cheer some heart.

Of course, they'd rather not
But duty says go
To live through hardships
Through rain and snow.

Or brighten a corner
Where some boy dwells
On land or sea
Or in prison cells.

Away from loved ones
Away from home
Out in the jungles
Or across the foam

Boys, be good
And true and brave
And always make
Old Glory wave.

Oh God, give them courage
And grace and health
For to we mothers,
They are more than wealth.

Let's all unite
In an humble prayer
For God's protection
And His care.

They are priceless jewels
Though some may not know
I wonder, mothers
Have you told them so?

Upon our boys
For whom we yearn
And how we long
For their return

If it were not
For the boys of our land
We'd be living
On sinking sand.

All their places
We are saving
While they keep
Old Glory waving.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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THE STORY OF THE FIELDING IRVINS

By Joseph Lonner Irvin

1958

As one ripens in age and approaches near the end of his earthly career, his mind often reverts to scenes and experiences of his childhood and adolescence years. Some of those experiences and happenings as well as facts told him stand out more vividly than others. A great many are nearly, or entirely forgotten.

My father, Fielding Irvin, was born in 1825. He came to Nevada County, Arkansas about 1855 from North Carolina as a pioneer settler, preempting from the government several hundred acres of land bordering Caney Creek, about five miles west of Bluff City. At that time there were no saw mills near, so he built a log dwelling house which required a great deal of hard work, as well as some knowledge of building.

The entire tract of land was heavily timbered. He cleared the brush and small trees from a few acres, cutting around the larger ones to make them die, and began the planting and cultivating of crops for a meager living. This initial work required several years of time.

In 1860 my father married Margaret Carolyn Moores. She was 20 years of age and the daughter of Lonner Moores who had come with his family from Tennessee a few years prior and settled about three miles west of Bluff City. He brought his bride to his home where he had settled. She lived there until her death in 1922, except for the duration of the Civil War.

To this union there were born 8 children, 5 boys and 3 girls---John Franklin, Enola (Irvin) Tunnell, Adella (Irvin) Griffith, Edmund Ramsey, Willie Bogle, Henry Bascom, Joseph Lonner, and Jessie Ester.

Father did not own any slaves and was opposed to the secession of the southern states from the Union, being classed as a dissenter. He felt such a move was a grave mistake. Refusing to join the Confederacy, it soon became necessary that he leave his home and seek protection in the Union forces of the north. So, having stored his gathered crop and farm implements in the dwelling house with the furniture, he arranged for his wife, now heavy with child, to live with her father, Lonner Moores.

Many years afterwards, Mother told us children that she and father started to Camden in a buggy, and had gone as far as Poison Spring near Chidester, when they saw ahead some Confederate forces. Father quickly left mother in the buggy and made his way safely to the Union forces at Little Rock, and she returned to her father's home.

In November, 1861, their first child was born—John Franklin Irvin.

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My father was not allowed to engage in actual combat service. In fact such was his request, since he held no ill will against the south. Later on the army he was with was overcome by some Confederate forces and he was made a prisoner and so remained for a long time, I think until the close of the war in 1865. It was told that this period of prison life was almost unbearable with poor food and lodging which caused much sickness and many deaths.

In the meantime the opposing armies, Federals and Confederates, passed through our community. One of these armies burned father's house to the ground, destroying all his feed, furniture, and farming implements. It was never determined which army was responsible for this mean and spiteful deed.

When the war was over and freedom granted, my father came back to his wife and 3 year old son and to his land to start life all over again without money or equipment. He went to work and built a new log house, and in spite of dire poverty, got started to live again.

Father had acquired a fairly good education before coming to Arkansas. Soon after the war ended he was chosen to teach and superintend the Negro schools of Camden, a position he held for many years not too long before his death. It was about 27 miles to Camden and traveling was slow and difficult in those days, so he was unable to get home very often, sometimes for months. He also taught several schools near home—one at Rocky Mound near Laneburg, walking the 7 or 8 miles back and forth on weekends, one at Lackland Springs, and one at Lone Grove near Grandpa Moores' home place.

During his teaching career, father managed to keep a hired man to work the farm and look after his growing family. A teacher's pay was small in those days, and also because of poor management of the farm, he was compelled to go in debt by mortgaging his land to a friendly merchant in Camden, Mr. Felsenthal.

Two or three years before my father's death, he slipped from off a load of hay and one wagon wheel ran over his breast, almost crushing him. He recovered from this accident, but his health was never so good afterwards. It seems he had to give up his school work in Camden.

It was during this time that he started to construct a frame dwelling house in front of our log house. I can faintly remember our living in this log house while the new one was being built over a period of a year or two.

I should mention at this time that father had managed to bring his aging father and mother from North Carolina to his home in Arkansas. He built a one room log house for them about 75 feet from our house. There they lived until their deaths. Grandfather Irvin passed away a few years before Grandmother Irvin. I have a misty recollection of Grandmother Irvin as she would sit in an old rocker-less chair outside by the door of her cabin smoking an old corncob pipe. She seemed to enjoy that old pipe as she sat silently looking out into the distance, reflecting, no doubt, on past experiences of life and meditating on the future and the hope of a consoling faith in her God and Savior. We children spent a great deal of our time with her.

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We all loved her dearly. She passed on into that unknown beyond a year or two before father died.

There are but a few incidents in my young life that I remember vividly about my father, as I have said he was necessarily away from home much of the time.

One of these incidents was when I must have been 4 or 5 years old. Father asked me to go close the front yard gate. For some reason I refused and started to run away. He took after me and after a short distance caught me. He gave me a light switching. I never disobeyed him again.

My father and mother were devout and sincere Christians, dependable members of old Ebenezer Methodist Church. He held prayer and Bible reading services regularly when home, and when not at home, Mother carried on in the same way. Some of us used to take turns about in leading the prayer. The old family Bible was a large book and was left lying on a table near the fireplace.

Father believed in keeping the Sabbath holy and in a pious manner. I recall one Sunday afternoon when my two older brothers, Willie and Henry, had gone swimming with some neighbor boys in the near-by Big Branch we called it. This was against father's ideas of observing the Lord's Day. When they came back home, he took them aside and gave them a long talk on the wrong they had done. I stood listening and felt sorry for my brothers because of the great sin they had committed.

It was four miles to Ebenezer church and we always went there to Sunday school. Preaching services were usually once a month. That service was long and a bit tiresome. We sat there like statues on those wooden benches and apparently listened to every word. When the farm team worked all week, it was considered wrong to make them pull a loaded wagon eight miles—half the road rough and half deep, white sand. Then the older children walked. Usually they all went barefooted. Before reaching the church, the girls who carried their shoes sat down by the roadside and put them on, but the boys went on without shoes.

While my father was working on this new frame house I have mentioned, one afternoon he was above on the joists for the ceiling. He stepped on the end of an unsupported board and fell through onto the sleepers of the ground floor. He broke several ribs and was bodily bruised. This fall and his previous wagon accident almost proved his undoing. However he managed to finish most of the house as I recall. The balance was not finished for some 15 years later by Adella's second husband, John Griffith.

One occasion which made a lasting impression on my mind, for I was now 6 years of age, took place just a few days prior to father's death. One night, as it was a little cool in early May, we had built a fire in the fireplace. Ma and Adella were in the kitchen getting supper ready. Father had gotten up from his bed and sat down in front of the fire. Willie and Henry, little Jessie, and I were all there, some sitting and some standing. Father told us he was not feeling well and that he would not be with us but a few more days, so he wanted to say a few last words to each of us. He spoke first to Willie and Henry, telling them to be good boys, to

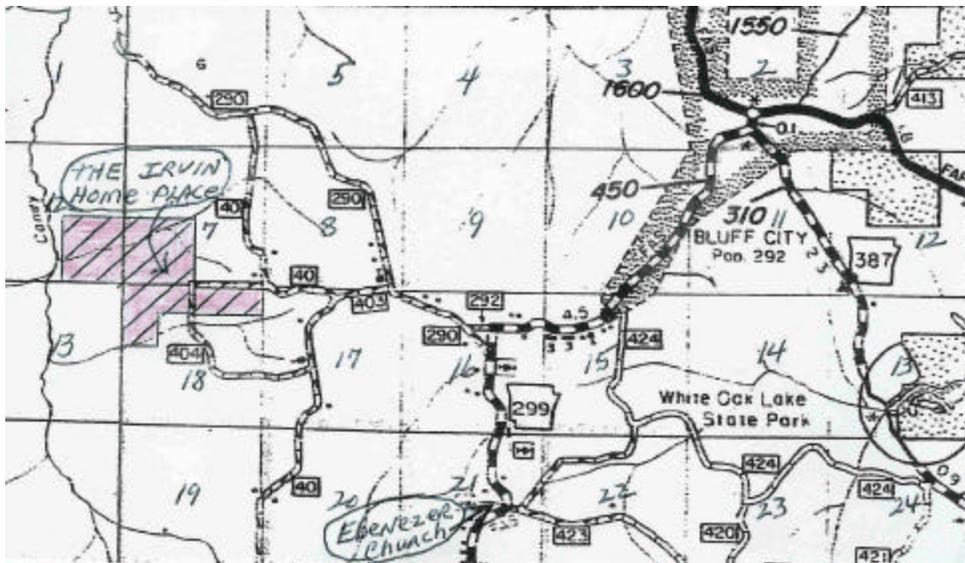
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obey their mother, and help in managing the farm. Then he turned to me and said, “Joe, I want you to be a good boy, and when you are grown, become a preacher.” He said a few kind words to little Jessie. Some of us were shedding tears and did not comprehend what his words meant at that time. Willie was 12, Henry was 9, and I was 6. Soon he went back and got in his bed.

This was the last I recall of our father until it seems two or three nights later when he was called to answer the summons of that Common Reaper of all flesh. Ma was by his bedside every minute she could spare. The night he passed away, she came to where I was sleeping. She was crying and said our father was dead.

The neighbors had always been so kind and helpful. They began that night to make preparations for making the coffin. People in those days were put away in pine-lumber home-made coffins and not embalmed. He was buried in Ebenezer Cemetery. I think Bro. Whaley had charge of the funeral services. My mind seems more or less blank of that occasion. We all came back to our home, sad and broken-hearted. Bro. Whaley was a great consolation to all of us. He was a kind and thoughtful person and our local preacher. This was in early May of 1887.

The story of the Fielding Irvins will be continued in the next issue.



Map showing the Irvin homestead and other lands owned by the Irvins. Also shown is the location of Ebenezer church and cemetery mentioned in the story. Fielding and Margaret Irvin and some of their descendants are buried at Ebenezer Cemetery. The Ebenezer church building no longer exists. Each section on the map is one mile square.

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BLUFF CITY BASKETBALL TEAM (1940-41)

Front row-left to right: (1) Eva Dell Starnes; (2) Al Plyler; (3) Margaret Nichols; (4) Guy P. Nash (coach); (5) Zettie Griffith (coach); (6) Dennis Kirk; (7) Frances Kirk; (8) _____

Back row-left to right: (1) Harley Cummings; (2) Virginia Knight; (3) Tunnell Morrow; (4) Heloise Morrow; (5) Howard Barksdale; (6) _____ (7) Herman McKelvy; (8) Norma Chamlee; (9) R. L. Cummings

Thanks to Mrs. Zettie Link for sharing this picture

THE SEARCH FOR OIL NEAR BLUFF CITY

In March of 1920 an oil well was drilled on the Green Blake farm located in Section 16 of Township 12 South, Range 20 West (refer to map on page 4). This location is near the Arkansas Forestry Commission seed orchard about three miles southwest of Bluff City. This caused quite a lot of excitement in the area and I'm sure many people had dreams of getting rich.

The drilling of this early well took a long time. They started in March of 1920 and by October of that year, had reached a depth of 1000 feet. At a depth of 1100 feet they encountered some quicksand which caused the drillers problems. At Christmas time they were still drilling and in February, 1921, they had reached a depth of 1800 feet. In March, it was reported they had drilled to 1900 feet and had reached some "blue gumbo".

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The next report was in June of 1921. The well was now at 2715 feet and had come into sand, gravel, and lime deposits. The drillers drilled slow and cautiously and kept close watch of cuttings day and night. They had been instructed to drill to 3400 feet.

The well was down to 2940 feet by July 24, 1921. All reports from the drilling were optimistic and the excitement increased. But the last report in the paper was in September, 1921 in the Ebenezer local news column. The writer stated that no oil was found and the drillers were moving the machinery out.

Another well was drilled during the same period in Section 12 just southeast of Bluff City. This well was called Bluff City No. 2, but this well did not get as much news coverage as the one near Ebenezer.

More drilling was done in 1923 in Section 10 about one mile southwest of Bluff City. This well was known as Henry No. 1. Oil had recently been discovered in the central part of Nevada County and test wells were being drilled in all parts of the county.

In 1926 it was reported that a number of oil wells would be drilled in the northwest corner of Section 11 about three-fourths of a mile from Henry No. 1. The drillers were down to 1670 feet and reported excellent gas at several depths.

Evidently no big oil strikes were discovered in the Bluff City area, but the search continued in later years. I can remember an oil well being drilled east of Rocky Hill church back about 1950. I remember us going over there at night and watching the men work. This well was in Section 16, the same section where the drilling was back in 1920. According to a map I have, this well was drilled to 3,001 feet. It seems like I remember Mr. Rushing, the driller saying if he could just get through a hard rock he encountered, he was sure he could find oil. The expense of replacing drilling bits was too great and the drilling was stopped.

The area around Bluff City once attracted oil men and several test wells were drilled. It could be that a large pool of oil is just waiting for the right driller to come along and find it.

GROUND BEEF CASSEROLE

From "Tastes From the Country" published by
Puxico, Missouri Young Farm Wives

2 lbs. ground beef
¾ cup chopped green peppers
½ tsp. salt
1 Tbsp. chili powder
2 (8 oz.) cans tomato sauce
2 cups shredded American cheese
¼ cup chopped onions
1 cup quick rice
½ tsp. pepper

Combine beef, onions, green pepper, rice, salt, and pepper in large skillet and brown. Pour off fat. Add chili powder, tomato sauce, and one cup cheese. Cook on low heat about 15 minutes. Pour into large casserole dish and top with remaining cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Serves 8 to 10.

(Mark Crisel)

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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THE STORY OF THE FIELDING IRVINS—PART TWO

By Joseph Lonner Irvin—1958

Editor's note: Part One of this family's story was in the last issue. Part One ended in May of 1887 with the death of Fielding Irvin. The story continues...

We children were subject to chills and fevers and frequently little Jessie had one or two pretty hard chills. Dr. Charles Norwood, a distant cousin, was our doctor. He had one wooden leg. He lived several miles away. Anyway, mother was pretty good in taking care of her children in sickness. But she didn't know that our little sister had suffered with a congestive chill. She and I were out playing one morning beside the house when she was seized with a chill. Ma, who was out at the well doing the family wash, came and put her to bed and then went back to her washing. Adella was in bed in the same room with her baby of a few days old, Ester Baker. Mr. Baker, Adella's husband, had died a few weeks prior while they were living in Hot Springs. She had come home to live with us. Well, in just a few minutes, Adella suddenly told me to go quickly and call Ma. She came hurrying. When she reached the bedside, she saw that our dear little sister whom we all loved so much, was already passing out of this life. It was almost more than we could stand. So we had another sad funeral, just a week after Father's death. It seemed tragedy had struck us rather hard. Had we known and had proper medical care, Jessie might be living today.

At this particular time, we were in desperate circumstances—poor and in debt with a mortgage on our land. The neighbors were kind and helpful. Ike Tunnell, who had married our oldest sister Enola a year or two before, advised and helped all he was able. Also John Otwell and Fletch McKelvy, as well as others, were sympathetic and helpful. Time was hard. Everyone was struggling to make a decent living.

Willie, who was 12 now, took the lead and a good part of the responsibility of management. Of course, Mother was chief advisor and manager. Rather than go in debt for anything, unless it was absolutely necessary, we simply did without. I can recall at one time, we had to eat cornbread for breakfast for about three weeks, as well as for the other meals.

Henry was now 9 and at that young age made a regular loyal hand in the field and at anything else that was needed to be done. Willie was shrewd and conservative, a tireless worker and a good planner. As time went on, Ma would talk matters over with him and usually followed his advice.

Our oldest brother, Johnny, who had been gone from home several years before Father's death, came back home from Washington Territory a year or so after his father's death. He worked hard, helped Ma on the mortgage, and did all he could to better conditions, but left the farm management mostly up to Willie. He had never married and was a friendly, sober, and well-liked man. His training by godly parents proved an asset in molding his character into a good, honest, and upright man. He returned to Washington Territory in 1891, hoping

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to be able to bring our family out there later on. But Ma was never much impressed in such a move. Johnny was instrumental in getting several families to sell out and move to that new country. Two of Ma's brothers, Uncles John and Willie, and one sister, Aunt Mary, moved out there. They went in the fall of the year. The winters are rainy and damp. Uncle John took sick and died the first winter, caused by exposure to bad weather conditions. Aunt Mary made her home with her daughter, Georgia Dunlap, suffered many privations, dying at an advanced age and was buried at Elma, Washington. Gardie and I visited the grave some 18 years ago. Uncle Willie made Washington his home for life and passed away some ten years ago. Johnny never returned home. We heard he made two trips to the Alaskan gold fields, from one of which he did not return, probably losing his life searching for gold as so many others did in those times.

By good management, my mother finally paid off the mortgage to Mr. Felsenthal of Camden except a small amount against about 120 acres that laid along the south side of our home place. When Willie was grown, he told Ma he would pay the debt on that tract if she would give him a deed to it. She was glad to do this. Willie paid the mortgage and so this piece of land became the W. B. Irvin estate and remains so to this day, title of course having passed to his heirs on the decease of both parents.

In order to accomplish what we did it was necessary that we save and work hard and long hours. Ma helped in the field all she could. Sister Adella, who was born in 1869, three years after Enola's birth, was always a faithful and hard worker in the field. She and I worked together and did the hoeing and brush cleaning, which was some job in those days. In the spring of the year, we usually worked from early sun-up till sundown. Oftentimes, I noticed Adella seemed so tired she could hardly walk from the field to the house. Those were days of labor, turmoil, and lots of sorrow.

In 1899, Esther (Adella's little girl), passed away with a congestive chill. Her death nearly broke her mother's heart. She was such a sweet Christian girl of 12 years. Everybody loved her. It seemed our cup of sorrow was more than full. My own heart was sorely pained for I loved her dearly. Her mother's grief was more than words can describe. Someone said she was needed to be with the angels of heaven, but I always thought her mother needed her more.

In December of 1900, Adella married John Griffith from Texas. Our home was fast being broken up. I had gone to Texas to school in September of that year. While I was packing my few clothes in my trunk, Ma came into the room and sat on the bedside. There were tears in her eyes. It seemed her heart was ready to burst. She said, "Joe, I want you to get an education, but it will never be the same again here at home. You will not come back to live here again." I tried to console her, but it did no good. Her premonition came true.

I think it was the next year after Adella married that Willie married Minnie Ridling, and soon Henry married Eliza Johnson. Now we were all gone but Ma. Adella and her husband came back from Texas to live with Ma on the old home place. Willie built a two room box house on his newly acquired land an eighth of a mile from our house and Henry had settled about one half mile away.

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John and Adella offered to give Ma a lifetime home with them if Ma and her heirs would deed the place to them. So with a small payment to each of us, we deeded our interests in the Fielding Irvin homestead, some 320 acres, to John Griffith. Thus the estate passed out and away from the Irvin name for all time.

Our dear old mother fell and broke one of her hip bones about 3 years before she died. She suffered pain and misery with this hip to the day of her death in 1922. I was living on a homestead in Colorado at this time and did not get to be at her funeral. She was always a conscientious Christian; her Bible was her daily companion. She believed its message and waited patiently to be taken home to her eternal rest. Thus was finished the earthly career of two Irvin pioneers and ancestors of their present descendants.

It might be in order at this time to briefly mention each one of the Fielding Irvin descendants in the order of their decease. John Franklin has already been mentioned. Laura Enola was born in 1866 and married Ike Tunnell about 1885. She gave birth to 15 children. The first one died in infancy; 2 others died after they were married, Uola and Herbert. The other 12 are living and all apparently in good health. The oldest, Arthur Tunnell, has been a Nazarene minister for nearly 50 years. Ike passed away before Enola, who died about 1932, I think it was. Willie, born in 1875, departed this life in July of 1947. I was by his bedside, holding his hand when he drew his last breath. Then he was so silent and eternally still. His dear wife, Minnie, passed on to the great beyond just a few months ago. We all loved her very much. She died with faith in her God. Little Jessie, who died in 1887, I have already mentioned. Adella, born in 1869, died in 1953 in our home 3 miles from Prescott. My wife, Gardie, and I were at her bedside as she peacefully went to sleep in death. Her husband passed away many years before. She was a devoted and loved Christian all her life. She left 4 children, all married and well. I forgot to say that Willie and Minnie had 8 children, the eldest dying in infancy, raising 7 to adulthood, all married and doing well.

There are yet two living sons of Fielding and Margaret Irvin. Henry, born in 1877, lives in Prescott. He and Eliza who will soon be 84, raised 3 girls, all married, but two of them are now widows. Henry has had a hard life. Some 35 years ago, he had the misfortune to lose his right arm in a sawmill accident. But he had proved himself master of so great a misfortune, made a good living for his family, and prospered due to his staunch faith in God and his ingenuity and strength to go forward and do things.

The other living descendant is Joe, the writer of this sketch, who was born in 1881 and has lived in Prescott the last five years. His wife, Gardie (Warren) Irvin and he have 3 children, 2 boys and one girl. The youngest, a boy named Ray, died at one week old on a homestead in Colorado and is buried on a mountain overlooking a beautiful valley. The two living are doing well.

Of the Fielding Irvin descendants now living, there are 2 sons, 28 grandchildren, and 60 or more great grandchildren. I am not about to determine the number of great-great grandchildren. They are widely scattered, the most of whom I have never seen. There are just 10 male descendants living. We hope the Irvin name may continue on and on as long as time shall last.

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All the buildings on the Fielding Irvin homestead are gone and nature is fast taking over their places and before long even the house ground can't be found. Just a reminder of what time and nature will eventually do to all things of man's creation.

The W. B. Irvin homestead, which is part of the Fielding Irvin estate, is still intact. The buildings which Willie put up with his own hands are standing there still, even the first one, an old log smoke house. But they all must soon give way and go back to Mother Nature. We hope the land may ever remain in the Irvin name.

And now as our minds revert to the lives and sweet relationships of those once so near and dear, but now having gone from us, it seems we are almost overcome with sad reflections. They once were here with us, but now they are gone. While they were a part of our life, we could scarcely conceive how it could ever be otherwise. But nature had her way. Her laws must be obeyed and fulfilled. Some, for many long years, have lain in their dark and silent resting places, their bodies slowly disintegrating and returning to the dust of the earth from whence they came. Shall we see them again? Oh, that we might know the mystery of the limitless future. We have an abiding hope, and that hope forever consoles our deep sadness and sorrow.

E. H. Chapin once wrote, "To me there is something thrilling and exalting in the thought that we are drifting forward into a splendid mystery---into something that no mortal eye hath yet seen, and no intelligence has yet declared." And N. P. Willis said, "We believe that we shall know each other's forms hereafter and in the bright fields of the better land, shall call the last dead to us." And Saint John reports that Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." And so may it be.

May heaven's blessings forever rest and abide with each and all of the Fielding and Margaret Irvin descendants.

Editor's note: The Fielding Irvin homestead was located in the sharp curve on Rd. 404 one half mile west of Rd. 40 (see map in last issue). I always knew it as the Griffith place (explained in the story). The W. B. Irvin homestead, part of the original estate, has also gone back to nature. No buildings remain, but several large oak trees mark the spot. Much of the original homestead is now owned by International Paper Co. Since I work for that company, I'm sure at some time in the last 30 years, I have probably walked on the exact spot where old Grandmother Irvin sat in her chair smoking her corn-cob pipe. While others just see it as another tract of land for growing pine trees, I look at the land as described in this story and think of all the hardships the Irvin family went through when they lived there.

If any readers of this paper have similar stories to share about your family, write them down and send them to me. I'm sure the Irvin family descendants are glad Joseph Lonner Irvin took time to write these things down. As your children and grandchildren get older, they also will be very glad to read stories about their ancestors.

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HIGH EGG PRICES

Egg prices have been high the last few months, but this is not the first time. Way back in August, 1908, the city of Prescott had an egg famine. According to a newspaper article, hotel boarders had to forego their omelets, *straight-ups*, and soft-boiled eggs and eat grape nuts or oatmeal instead. Few eggs came to market and those that did were quickly taken at **20 cents per egg**. The situation was the same in Hope. The article stated, "If the hens don't get busy soon, we will witness the novel procedure of shipping eggs into Prescott which is worse than shipping coal to Newcastle." *Editor's note: Anybody know what a straight-up is?*



Bluff City Café (the flat-topped building) was located on the corner at the intersection of Hwy. 24 and Hwy. 299. It was built by Dick Harvey, probably in the early 1960s, but I'm not sure about that. It was later operated by R. P. and Hazel Plyler and Lawrence and Lottie Purifoy. Don and Carolyn Byrd operated it as Don's Mr. Catfish until 1980 when it was sold to Cephas Stinnett who operated it for a short time and called it The Oasis. A used car lot was here in 1989.

In 1993, Eddie Allen constructed a new store building at this location and moved his business here from across the highway. The buildings shown in this picture were removed to make way for the new store. Allen's Grocery was sold in 2002 and the business is now known as Willie's. It is used mainly for a restaurant and gas station. The price of gas today is considerably more than the \$1.23 per gallon in the picture above.

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BASEBALL IN THE BIBLE (from the Nevada News - July 1, 1920)

Baseball in the Bible is as follows: The devil was the first coach. He coached Eve when she stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebecca at the well, she was walking with a pitcher. Samson was struck out when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptian. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. David was a long distance thrower. Moses stuck out the Egyptians at the Red Sea. And we might mention the home run made by the prodigal son.

Bible Trivia: Who set fire to the tails of 300 foxes? (see Judges 15: 4, 5)

THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

PORCUPINE MEATBALLS

Mix:

¾ lb. ground beef

¼ cup uncooked rice

¾ teaspoon salt

1/8 to 1/4 teaspoon black pepper

1 egg

¼ cup milk

Mix separate from meat:

1 can tomato soup

1 can water

¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Form meat mixture into balls. Place in large flat baking dish and pour soup and water mixture over balls. Cover baking dish and let simmer 1 ½ hours in 350 degree oven. Makes about 16 to 19 walnut size meatballs.

SUMMER DELIGHT

from Sheila Nall

Published in "Tastes From the Country" by the Puxico, Missouri Young Farm Wives

½ lb. vanilla wafers, crushed

½ cup chopped nuts

1 medium can crushed pineapple, drained

1 small Cool Whip

Place a layer of wafer crumbs in buttered dish. Cover with half the pineapple and sprinkle with half of the nuts. Top with half the Cool Whip. Repeat one more layer. Top with crumbs. Refrigerate for 2 hours.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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August, 2004

A VISIT WITH MRS. MINNIE MAE HILDEBRAND

About three weeks ago, I made the short trip from Camden out Hwy. 24 to Harvey's Grocery, one of the well known landmarks in this area, and had a pleasant visit with Mrs. Minnie Mae Hildebrand. Mrs. Minnie Mae just celebrated her 95th birthday and still spends several hours each day at the store visiting with customers and the "regulars" who congregate there most every day. Her son, Bobby Hildebrand, takes care of the store these days. Her daughter, Dorothy Herrington and husband, Al Herrington, live just across the road from the store.

Mrs. Minnie Mae has a remarkable memory of how things were when she was young growing up in the area around Sayre, Chidester, and Bluff City. Since I am not an official newspaper man, I don't have any real experience in interviewing someone. I decided to compile a list of questions to ask Mrs. Minnie Mae when I got there. Here are the questions I asked and Mrs. Minnie Mae's comments.

1. **Who were your parents?** Henry Harvey and Amanda Dean Sudsberry Harvey
2. **Who were your grandparents?** Michael Edward Harvey and Mary Frances "Poney" Starnes Harvey on my father's side. George A. and Mary E. Sudsberry on my mother's side.
3. **Who were your brothers and sisters?** Syble Harvey, Doyle B. Harvey, Monroe Ellis Harvey, A. G. "Doc" Harvey, Henry Harvey, Jr., and Guy Roland Harvey
4. **Where was your old home place located?** The first one was near White Oak Creek, but we moved several times. My father bought up land over the years and had accumulated about 3000 acres by the time the depression hit. We moved here in the 1940s.
5. **Where did you go to school?** At Campbell Hill which is on the gravel road that leads from the overflowing well north to Sayre. The school was built like a T. Cora Payne taught the young kids. There was a high fence around the school. I remember one time when the teacher lined up the kids and we all marched like soldiers up the road to Turner Cemetery to attend a funeral. We walked a mile and a half to school in those days. The teacher rode a horse to school.
6. **Do you remember any funny things that happened during your school days?** I remember once when the boys brought us some vines to smoke. It was unheard of in those days for girls to smoke. We almost got in trouble over that.
7. **Where was the nearest store when you were a kid?** I guess it would be Chidester. The railroad ran from Sayre to Chidester. The distance was about four or five miles by rail.

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8. **How often did you go to town in those days?** We didn't go to town. My dad would sometimes flag down the "local" and go to Chidester. I remember one time when I went to a spelling contest in Camden. We had to carry a lantern and walk those long railroad trestles to Sayre to catch the train.

9. **Describe Sayre in those days.** There was the railroad and depot. Sam Hesterly had the post office and Victor Wallace had the commissary. There were two churches (Methodist and Baptist) and a school. There was Harvey's store nearby at a place called Wedgetown and the old stagecoach stop across the tracks. There were lots of houses. It was a good sized town in those days.

Do you know how Sayre got its name? No

10. **What did children do for amusement when you were a child?** Played baseball and basketball. The boys and girls usually played together so there would be enough to make a team. We also played games like Hide and Go Seek, Bear in the Gully, Annie Over, Hop-Scotch, and pitched silver dollars.



Minnie Mae Harvey as a child

11. **What was your father's occupation?** He was a farmer and also had seven stores in his lifetime.

12. **Who was the doctor for your family?** Dr. Whaley when we lived near Bluff City. We also used Dr. Rushing and Dr. Purifoy.

13. **What home remedies do you remember your family using?** Castor oil; dry quinine with juice from canned peaches; buttermilk biscuit poultice; red clay and vinegar for swelling; quinine for malaria.

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14. **I'm sure people helped each other back in those days. Do you remember anything in particular like that?** I remember one time when the boiler at the saw mill blew up and killed three men. My father let the widow of one of the victims use a plot of ground so she would have some cotton to sell to have money for her family. He did the plowing and she hoed the cotton.

15. **Do you remember any bad crimes in those days?** No. I remember we were afraid of the Ku Klux Klan in those days. I can remember them meeting in the lodge hall at Bluff City.

16. **What was it like during the Great Depression?** Times were hard. We saved everything, especially all kind of sacks. We made our clothes out of sacks.

17. **What was the first television show you remember?** Probably Amos and Andy

18. **Do you remember any fads (hair styles or clothing styles) that your parents complained about?** No. We plaited our hair and wore long dresses.

19. **Do you remember any old sayings or words of advice your parents or grandparents used?** "A still tongue makes a wise head" and "Blessed is he that tooteth his own horn, for he shall not be disappointed"

20. **Have you ever flown in an airplane?** No, but I did look inside one once.

21. **Did you drive a car?** I started driving when I was 16 after I married and drove until I was 84. I had my first ride in an automobile when I was six years old.

22. **What do you remember about Bluff City in those days?** Most of the businesses were on what is now Hwy. 299. Hwy. 24 developed later. There was Harvey's store, Upton's store, the post office run by Ella Carter, Byrd's store, and Dr. Whaley's office or drug store. Mavin Hildebrand once had a store there, but it burned. There was the school and I remember a blacksmith shop south of the road not far from the cemetery. There was a large cotton gin and the churches.

23. **What is the longest trip you ever took?** I went to McGee, Mississippi once and to Louisiana. I've never been very far from here.

24. **Who was your favorite teacher?** I guess it would be Julius Bradley. He was a good teacher and made us study.

25. **How were young folks expected to behave in those days?** We were taught to act properly. We said "No sir", "Yes sir", and "Thank you". When a grown person visited, we excused ourselves and went to the other room. We respected our elders.

26. **How did you meet your husband (William L. "Bunn" Hildebrand)?** We met at church. I was 16 and he was 22 when we married. Wilkie Moore married us at the church.

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After we got married, I went back to school and he went on back to work. **Did you have a big wedding?** No, we just ran away and got married. He didn't ask my father's permission.

27. Did your mother have any hobbies? Was she artistic or did she have musical talent? She was a good singer. Most of the Sudsberrys were good singers.

28. What was a favorite dish that your mother cooked? She made good chicken and dumplings and good dressing. She also made wonderful cakes and pies.

29. Who was the most interesting person you ever met? I met President Bill Clinton several times and Dale Bumpers who was governor and U. S. Senator. I've met lots of politicians. Even the governor called and wished me happy birthday this year.

30. What advice do you have for the young people of today? I think they need to dress differently for one thing. You hardly ever heard of a girl getting pregnant in the old days, but it seems to be fairly common these days. Parents need to teach their children how to act like our parents taught us in the old days.

Well, time passed fast and before we knew it, two hours had gone by. During that time, Mrs. Minnie told several interesting stories like the time Mr. Sudsberry, who was blind, accidentally fell in the well and almost drowned and the time her daughter, Frances' bonnet got sucked up into the cotton gin while she was riding on a wagon load of cotton.

Harvey's Grocery was built by Mrs. Minnie Mae's father, Henry Harvey in 1948 and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. A bronze plaque hangs by the front door. The store has also been featured in *Southern Living* magazine. When the political season heats up, all the candidates make a point to stop at Harvey's Grocery. Even the sign on the highway says "Politics Spoken Here" and Harvey's is well known for its good bar-b-cue.

If your travels take you anywhere near Camden, stop by Harveys. You can still get an ice-cold coke in the small 6 oz. glass bottle and if you're lucky, you can visit with Mrs. Minnie Mae. She will be glad to see you.



HARVEY'S STORE NEAR CAMDEN, ARKANSAS

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Mrs. Minnie Mae Harvey Hildebrand

at Harvey's Grocery

June 30, 2004

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EARLY HISTORY OF CAMARK POTTERY from The Camden News—July 30, 1927

Camark pottery is the newest wonder of the Wonder State and it is the finest product of a most modern and successful manufacturing plant which has claimed Camden as its home for less than six months, but in that short time, by the excellent qualities of its product, has advertised this city over the entire country.

This plant, the Camden Art, Tile, and Pottery Company, was established by Jack Carnes, a young business man, whose inspiration to utilize the natural resources of this section profitably, has proven a wonderful industrial advancement for Camden, as well as a great achievement in ceramic art.

Though fashioned from the common natural clay dug from the banks near Camden, this new ware reveals a rare beauty in pottery which is winning distinction in art circles and acclamations from critics and connoisseurs who declare it is an artistic product of which Americans may well be proud.

Camark has met with almost instantaneous popularity in the past few weeks it has been on the market. Salesmen of the company are meeting with success and a great number of the larger stores and gift houses, especially in the home state, have adorned their cases and shelves with the attractive ware which is manufactured in such a wide variety of design and color so as to appeal to every artistic taste.

At present, Camark is being manufactured in twelve different decorated styles and many plain glaze finishes and in pieces ranging in value from twenty-five cents to twenty-five dollars.

The manufacture through every step from the plan of the decorative motif to the finished piece, is completed by experienced designers, talented decorators, and skilled potters which accounts in a large measure for its unusual beauty.

The natural clay is first ground into a dust and mixed with water to thin mud-like consistency. Then it is poured into moulds of which there are thousands, constructed of plaster of Paris, which, when placed on the hot air drying tables, draws the moisture from the clay leaving it compact and shrunken from the side of the mould so it can be easily removed.

The soft pieces are then trimmed and straightened before they are placed in the kiln for the first baking of 20 hours at an 1800 degree heat. There are two of the great kilns which will hold a large number of pieces when they are placed in the oblong seggers (?) which fit on top of each other.

Various dips and color solutions are used to produce the different shades and finishes and several different bakings are required to properly prepare the combinations of colors and designs.

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In the artist's room, skilled decorators outline the design, landscapes, flowers, silhouettes, etc. on the decorated models, and then in the sample room, one must stop for a long time to enjoy the indescribable beauty of the finished articles displayed on the shelves and racks. Such an array can only be appreciated by the eye, for words fail to express the fascination experienced by lovers of art, color, and beauty when they examine the beautiful creations.

This display resembles a rainbow jumbled together and splattered with gold, brandishing bronzes, glistening golds, vivid yellows and greens, and soft gray blues—with perhaps an outline of frosty dots, a sand dune and palm tree landscape, or the plain colors with contrast stipple dropped from the top or an all-over crackle finish.

The variety of designs is almost as stupendous as the color variety for there are tiny bud vases, bowls, rose jars, etc. in graduating sizes up to the large urns standing several feet off the floor.

No doubt, the universal appeal of Camark is partly accountable by the wide variety offered, but we must realize that this would account for nothing were it not for that essential quality of the pottery—it's artistic beauty.

The pottery plant is located a short distance off the main Camden-El Dorado highway a few blocks south on Adams Street and is ultra modern in every respect and is now making a systematic production. There are 25 persons employed in the plant under Charles J. Sebaugh, the manager and all are directing their accomplishments toward that successful development of natural beauty.

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS Randolph Hamby, Mayor of Prescott 2-16-1942

BE PREPARED—Keep where convenient at least 50 feet of garden hose with spray nozzle; a ladder long enough to reach your roof; a hoe, rake, or shovel; 30 feet of rope; a bucket of dry sand. Keep your attic free of paper and trash.

THE ALARM—Notice of the approach of enemy planes will be given by sounding the fire siren on the city hall by raising and falling the pitch or a series of short blasts lasting about two minutes; The all-clear will be given by a single long blast; The warning may be given many minutes before the arrival of planes.

WHAT TO DO—Seek shelter; keep cool; stay indoors until the all-clear is sounded. There is often as much danger from machine guns on planes as there is from the bombs. Keep off the streets. Children in school are safer there than on their way home. If in a car, immediately park next to the curb, extinguish all lights, and seek shelter. The best place during a raid is under a table. Keep away from windows. At night, following the alarm, turn off or shade all lights. Do not turn off your main light switch. Turn off all gas jets. Catch water in buckets or bathtub with which to fight fire.

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HOW TO FIGHT INCENDIARY BOMBS—Do not approach a burning bomb the first 45 seconds after it lands; the heat is terrific. Spray the bomb and area around it with water or soda and acid fire extinguisher. Do not use solid stream; it will cause the bomb to explode. As soon as possible remove bomb from building in a bucket containing at least two inches of sand. Use hoe, rake, or shovel. Throw dry sand on bomb to extinguish. Spraying water on bomb will cause it to burn up rapidly, but will not extinguish it.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT—The fire department cannot extinguish all fires caused by bombs. It is the duty of each to assist his neighbor in fighting fires. You cannot collect insurance for fires caused by enemy bombs. Do not get in the way of the fire department.

WATER SUPPLY—Bombs may cut off the water supply, therefore when alarm is sounded catch water in tub or buckets. Use water sparingly, but effectively.

REMEMBER—The air raid wardens have complete police authority. Obey their orders.

BLACKOUTS—Blackouts are effective only when ALL LIGHTS are out or windows are covered so NO LIGHT shows on the outside. Keep off the streets and walks during blackouts; if caught in a blackout while driving a car, park at the curb immediately and extinguish lights. Seek cover.

THE LAW—Persons violating orders of air raid wardens will be punished according to law.

Re: Survey

Thanks to all who responded to the survey in the last issue. Here are the results of the survey: Categories from favorite to least favorite—(1) family histories; (2) old newspaper; articles; (3) old photos; (4) recipes; (5) trivia; (6) humor; (7) poems.

Most readers were interested in Nevada County, but many were also interested in Ouachita County or anything about southwest Arkansas. About half of those who responded say they keep the papers—some in three ring binders and others keep articles that interest them on their computers.

Several readers said the paper was not long enough or wanted it to come out more often. One person said they did not like depressing family stories like the Fielding Irvin story.

I got several suggestions. Several readers wanted more articles written by the readers, so if you have something to submit, send it in. Some wanted more regional history and others wanted more local news.

I will consider all your suggestions. I will try to add two more pages to the paper (at least for some issues). The main problem with making the paper larger is the cost for printing and mailing the paper. If you have the Internet, consider reading the paper online when it's time to renew. That will save both of us some money.

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JERRY McKELVY, EDITOR

VOL. 4 – NO. 9

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THE BOOM TOWN OF WATERLOO

I'm sure we all remember watching "The Beverly Hillbillies" on television and the changes brought about in their lives by the discovery of "black gold" or Texas tea".

Poor farm families of Nevada County, Arkansas probably had dreams of something like that happening to them in 1922. Oil had recently been discovered in Union County and El Dorado and Smackover had become boom towns almost overnight. Oil had also been discovered in Ouachita County near Stephens. Once oil is discovered, geologists work quickly to determine other places with similar geologic formations and drill test wells in their search for oil. This search led them to Nevada County in 1922. A test well was drilled near Mt. Olive in the central part of the county. The drilling caused much excitement and I'm sure some folks had dreams of becoming rich and being able to retire from the drudgery of hard farm work. Others probably wondered what would happen to their community if oil was discovered.

LYKE WATKINS

The most famous oil driller in Arkansas at that time was Lyke Watkins and he was the man who was drilling the oil well at Mt. Olive in Nevada County. Mr. Watkins already had a reputation as an expert and one who didn't believe in dry holes. That added to the excitement as the drilling commenced at Mt. Olive. Hundreds of automobiles and vehicles of every description carried thousands of spectators to this place. Many came on horseback.

Lyke Watkins, oil driller, came to Arkansas from Mexico in 1919 on the hunt for oil. He first struck oil in Ouachita Co. with the Hunter well, then in Columbia Co. with the Poverty Well, and on September 13, 1922 he made a huge discovery of oil near Mt. Olive in Nevada County.

An unusual thing about Lyke Watkins is his view of the number 13, which many people are superstitious about. His birthday was on the 13th, his wedding day was on the 13th, and he begins all his great undertakings on the 13th day of the month. It was also on the 13th that he has reached his greatest rewards as was the case at Mt. Olive when the oil well came in on September 13, 1922. He has never drilled a dry hole in Arkansas (*from the Prescott Daily News - 1-26-1924*)

The news of the big discovery at Mt. Olive spread fast and oil companies rushed to the area to get in on the action. Many other wells were drilled in the same area and most were good producers. Here are some news items from the local papers regarding activities in the Nevada County oil fields.

A well known oil man, George J. Ames visited the well site and sent off samples for testing. (*The Nevada News – 9-21-1922*)

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From The Prescott Daily News - 2-15-1924:

George Ames and R. M. Zingg receive \$185,000 for 80 acres in oil field, purchased by Keystone Co. of New York. This tract has four wells producing 1100 barrels/day.

A NAME IS CHOSEN

From the Prescott Daily News 4-14-1924:

Sect. 2-14-21 on T. Ellis Tract (1/4 mile from Discovery well)

The Keystone Co. is building houses, both business and residential, and one will be the home of Guthrie Drug Store. Messrs. Adam and Martin Guthrie of Prescott will open a store on the Keystone holdings a short distance from the Discovery well. At this point Keystone people have installed a treating plant and steam all the oil just as it comes from the pump. It is then stored in reservoirs. A mammoth steel tank and a number of smaller tanks are in place on the public road where the Mansfield Lumber Co. road (railroad) will enter the field. It is at this point where the town site has been laid out and at this time a number of streets are being built. A name is wanted for the place and it may be selected today. Many are strong for calling the first city in the oil field "Nevada" and it may be the name selected. Others suggest "Keystone", but there is strong support in the vicinity for the name "Nevada". After much deliberation, the name "Waterloo" was chosen for the new town in honor of the Waters family who owned the property where the first well was discovered.

The road from Rosston to Mt. Olive is rough, but passable. Large numbers of people are visiting the Nevada Co. oil fields and many are making plans to locate there.

From the Prescott Daily News - 4-15-1924:

Keystone Co. has three large boilers running which are never allowed to cool. The railroad is now within two miles of the oil field.

From the Prescott Daily News - 4-21-1924:

The Prescott Chamber of Commerce is planning to visit the oil field. "Hitch up your Lizzies, Packards, and Bevoes. Carry your own grub or you may get hungry".

Report from their visit: "Instead of a quiet farming community with a few derricks scattered around, there are now numerous houses, business houses, and on every hand there are derricks, drilling wells, producing wells, enormous pits filled with crude oil, steel storage tanks, and the hum of machinery is heard everywhere."

Of 21 wells drilled so far, 14 are producing oil, 2 are gas wells, 2 are temporarily abandoned, and only 3 dry holes found. The Johnson Lumber Co. railroad (formerly Mansfield Lumber Co.) is almost completed to the oil field.

From the Nevada News 2-25-1926):

The Humble Oil Co. is building a treating plant, erecting steel storage tanks, and has a derrick up on the Grove Tract in the south side of the NE SE of Sec. 2, Twp. 14 South, Range 21West. Their lease is 220 acres and many holes will be drilled at once.

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From the Nevada News - 3-11-1926:

Major oil companies are being drawn to Nevada Co. oil fields. A large force of men are laying pipe and building tanks. Humble Co. is erecting derricks, building earthen reservoirs, steel tanks, and treating plants, and has completed pipe lines to the loading rack on the Reader Railroad

From the Nevada News - 3-18-1926:

Nevada Co. oil field is booming. In Waterloo, many houses, both business and residential, have been built and the forest is full of tents. Waterloo has businesses of all kinds and hotels and rooming houses, but not enough to accommodate the men employed by the drilling companies.

From the Nevada News - 4-15-1926:

The oil field is expanding rapidly. Waterloo is growing and business is good. Arkansas Power and Light is erecting lines into the oil field. The Reader Railroad goes into the field each day hauling oil in tank cars to the MoPac line at Reader and bringing in supplies to the oil field. They are talking of adding a passenger coach.

Ozan Oil Co., Humble Oil, Keystone, and others are shipping a number of cars daily from their treating plants via the Reader Railroad to the MoPac line at Reader. Keystone, Smitherman and McDonald, and Autry have their treating plants near the loading racks on the railroad and others pipe their oil to the railroad.

Keystone has a 100,000 barrel order with Barber Asphalt Co. of Madison, Ill. Humble has two 55,000 barrel steel tanks partially filled.

The road from Prescott to Waterloo has been graded and many improvements made.

From The Nevada News - 4-1-1927:

Keystone has been taken over by Atlantic Oil Royalty Co. Keystone owns Waters No. 1 in Sec. 11, Twp. 14S, Rng. 21West which was the first oil well in Nevada County brought in September, 1922. Keystone has a productive treating plant and large storage capacity and pipelines to the loading station on the Reader Railroad. The company has produced 240,000 barrels of oil so far from 30 acres of land. The average depth of drilling is 1200 feet.

Testing for oil is being done in the Falcon area. The abstract office in Prescott is so busy with oil leases, etc. that it has had to hire extra help.

From The Nevada News - 8-18-1927:

The Prescott Chamber of Commerce is planning a visit to the Waterloo oil fields. The Prescott Boy's Band will accompany the group and will render concerts at each stop on the route as well as at Waterloo.

From The Nevada News - 9-1-1927:

A caravan of autos and 150 people made a good will tour of the oil fields. The first stop was at Laneburg where the Boy's Band gave a concert. Dr. and Mrs. Nelms served iced melons following the speech. The next stop was Mt. Moriah, at one time the principal town in the

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county. A large crowd enjoyed a concert by the band. A larger crowd was found at Rosston and the band gave another concert.

At noon, the caravan arrived at Waterloo. The town has a number of businesses, a hotel, and an emergency sanitarium. There was more music and speeches. Lunch was at the Humble Oil “chuck house” and was served by “Ella”. One person ate 38 chicken gizzards. Almost everyone had from one to four gizzards. Following lunch, Fred Guthrie and Dan Pittman conducted a tour of the oil field.

Editor’s note: On early maps of Nevada County, you will find a place called Ames. This was the spot where the railroad from the oil field crossed the Rosston-Camden highway and is named after George J. Ames, one of the early oil men. The intersection of the Mt. Olive road (now Hwy. 76) and the main highway (now Hwy. 371) was named Irma. I have lost my notes on who Irma was, but I believe she was a member of the Waters family or a daughter of one of the oil men.

THE OIL CONTINUES TO FLOW

The oil produced at Waterloo was not the highest grade of oil, but it was soon discovered that it was useful for certain purposes such as in the production of asphalt and for certain types of lubricating oils. New highways were being constructed in the 1920s and 1930s, or at least the main graded roads were being paved. A large asphalt plant and oil refinery was constructed at Waterloo and this operated for many years. Products from the oil field continued to be shipped on the Reader Railroad up the “Possum Trot Line” to Reader on the main railroad line, a distance of about 25 miles.

The old refinery stands silent today with rusting tanks, pipes, and rundown buildings. The railroad line to Waterloo was discontinued in the 1970s and the track was taken up. The oil continues to be pumped, but is now hauled by trucks to wherever it goes.

The big oil boom at Waterloo didn’t last too long, but the oil industry has played a big part in the economy of Nevada County and still does today. The town of Waterloo today has only a few families, no post office, and no stores. For pictures of the oil refinery at Waterloo, visit the Nevada County Depot Museum website at <http://www.depotmuseum.org/> and type “waterloo” in the search box.

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THESE SUPERSTITIONS?

1. Wearing ear-rings is good for the eyesight.
2. Wearing a mustache is beneficial for weak eyes.
3. Carrying a buckeye ball in your pocket will help rheumatism.
4. Children should wear a bag of asafetida around their necks to ward off diseases.
5. Keeping a goat around the house is a good health measure.
6. Boys afflicted with hives were warned not to wade in water, lest they strike the heart and cause death.
7. A horse hair placed in water will turn into a snake.
8. Don’t take the third light from a match.

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A FLYING LEAP

Editor's note: This news item concerns John W. McKelvey, who was a well-known Prescott businessman in the early 1900s. Some members of this family had come to Prescott from a place called Buckhorn in Madison Co., Missouri. They had migrated to Missouri from Portage Co., Ohio. There is a Huffman-McKelvey Cemetery in Buckhorn, MO which I visited while doing research on this family. As best I can tell, there is no connection between this McKelvey family and my McKelvy family.

The family is mentioned frequently in early Nevada Co. newspapers. In 1909 there are advertisements for the McKelvey and England Barber Shop. In 1919, I found J. W. McKelvey had purchased the East Side Barber Shop and in 1920 he had accepted a position in the shop of Louis Stroopon in Arkadelphia. I also found a McKelvey Hotel mentioned in Prescott.

This news item concerns a serious illness that J. W. McKelvey had in 1912. He was taken to a St. Louis hospital for treatment where the following unusual event happened.

Prescott Daily News 6-1-1912

J. W. McKelvey, well known in the Prescott area was admitted to St. John's Hospital in St. Louis on May 27. He had relatives in the Madison County, Missouri area. His brother, C. W. McKelvey of Prescott left for St. Louis when he heard of his brother's illness. He has been suffering from a mental condition. The following report was published in the Prescott Daily News.

May 31st- The shock of diving headlong through the glass and screen of the third story window of the hospital is expected to cure Mr. McKelvey of his hallucinations. John (known as Jack) McKelvey, wealthy merchant of Prescott, whose plunge was taken yesterday has given no sign of his mental condition and his physician says he is permanently cured. McKelvey's leap through the window was witnessed by Miss Mary Budde, a special nurse who had been detailed to watch him. Catching her off guard, he sprang from his bed, brushed her aside, and made the dive, clad only in a thin night gown. He landed on the sidewalk of Twenty Third Street, but the only injury he sustained was a broken left leg.

He had been in the hospital since May 27th and had been possessed of the delusion that his wife and three children also were in the hospital and were being kept from him.

A footnote to this story: About a month later, Jack McKelvey returned to Prescott by train accompanied by Dr. Gill Buchanan and was said to have stood the trip well. He continued in his profession at least until 1920. There is a John W. McKelvey buried at the Huffman-McKelvey Cemetery at Buckhorn, MO who died in 1939. I suspect this might be the subject of this story, since many of his relatives are buried in that cemetery.

"The future lies before you, like paths of pure white snow. Be careful how you tread it, for every step will show." *Author unknown*

"Decide what a beautiful day it's going to be for you before checking the weather." *Mary Ellen Edmunds*

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THE DEATH OF RIN TIN TIN From the 9-8-1932 issue of *The Nevada News*

After 13 years as a film actor, Rin Tin Tin, the most famous dog that ever lived, is dead in his 15th year. The passing of this wonderful animal, whose almost incredible intelligence amazed and delighted millions of movie fans, will be regretted wherever the silver screen is known.

Rin Tin Tin was a pure-blooded police dog, one of a litter of puppies found by American soldiers in a captured German sector during the last stage of the World War. He was adopted by Lee Duncan of the Aviation Corps, who brought him to the United States and trained him for the movies. The dog's earnings have been close to \$300,000. His great popularity is said to have once saved Warner Brothers from bankruptcy.

Among Rin Tin Tin's most impressive stunts was to thwart the villain of the play by springing at his throat with apparent ferocity. Yet he never bit anyone, his viciousness being entirely assumed as a feature of his technique as an accomplished actor.

It is related that he paid very little attention to villains in real life, once having slept peacefully while a burgler robbed his master's home, including the room where the dog lay.

Rin Tin Tin Jr. has been in training for some time and will take the veteran's place in a new picture which was to have starred the dead actor-dog. Movie fans will hope the offspring may prove worthy of his distinguished sire.

CATS AND KITTENS

One day last spring, a funny thing
Our mama Maltese cat
Found seven little kittens
In my Granddad's high silk hat.

And then when it was summer
Right behind the cellar door
She gave us a big surprise
And found us seven more.

And when the plumber came one day
The kitchen pipes to fix
Here was the cat behind the sink
And there she'd found us six

And so if mama cats find kittens
Everywhere like that
What are we to do
When every kitten ----is a cat?

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Amanda E. Kirk Wadley
Born- November 11, 1846
Died- November 10, 1933
Married- ???Wadley
(separated)
Buried at Ebenezer Cemetery
Nevada County, Arkansas

Siblings: Jasper Newton Kirk
(married Nancy Ann Honea),
Caroline F. Jane Kirk (married
Robinson McAteer), Matilda
Adlissa Georgia Kirk (married
Samuel Luther Gulley)

WHEN SMALLPOX WAS COMMON (from the July 8, 1915 issue of The Prescott Daily News)

About 200 years ago, everyone was expected to have smallpox sometime in their lives. “All our ancestors,” said a physician, were pock-marked and smallpox was a recommendation if you were looking for work.

“What I mean is that you couldn’t get a job if you had not had smallpox. No one wanted a servant who was liable at any moment to be stricken down with the loathsome disease.”

“Hence, ‘help wanted’ ads read something like this from a 1774 newspaper:

“Wanted—a man between 20 and 30 years of age to be footman and under-butler in a great family. He must have had smallpox in the natural way. Also a woman, middle-aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fortune and fashion. This woman must have had the smallpox in the natural way.”

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RECENT NEWS ITEMS FROM THIS AREA

July, 2004—A large alligator was spotted in Bluff City near the Herman McKelvy residence. Ronnie McKelvy was able to take a picture of it.

July 15, 2004—James H. “Booger” Cummings, 80, of the Terrapin Neck community was found murdered in his bed and his house had been ransacked. He operated a produce stand at his home for many years. Burial was at Bluff City Cemetery. Three teenagers and a 22 year old woman were arrested in August.

July 21, 2004—Freeman Quinn McKelvy, 58, of Houston, TX died from lung cancer. He was the youngest child of Lee Roy and Marie Martin McKelvy. Burial was at Ebenezer.

August 14, 2004 – Richard Perry McKelvy, 53, of Conway died after a nine month battle with melanoma. He was the son of Herman and Nell Wanda McKelvy of Bluff City. Burial was at North Little Rock Veterans Cemetery.

August 17, 2004 – Mary Ann Starnes, 68, of Bluff City died Aug. 17. She was the daughter of Carl and Mary Purifoy and the widow of Jimmy Starnes. Burial was at Bluff City Cemetery.

BROCCOLI SUPREME

This recipe was given to us by Mrs. Cora Starnes many years ago and is one of our favorite casserole dishes.

1 (10 oz.) package of frozen broccoli (chopped)
1 can cream of chicken soup
1 tablespoon all purpose flour
½ cup sour cream
¼ cup grated carrots
1 tablespoon grated onion
¼ teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon pepper
¾ cup herb seasoned stuffing mix
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Prepare frozen broccoli according to package directions. Drain. Blend together soup and flour. Add sour cream, carrots, onion, salt, and pepper. Stir in broccoli. Turn into a two quart casserole dish. Combine stuffing mix and the melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle around edge of baking dish. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 to 35 minutes or until hot through.

* May add chopped cooked chicken breast for a complete main dish.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

"TAKING YOU BACK TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS"

Vol. 4 – No. 10

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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FROM TICK HILL TO NUBBIN HILL Surveying Nevada County Cemeteries By Jerry McKelvy

Our surveys started about 1997. I guess what started it all was the fact that as I drove around Nevada County and the surrounding counties doing my job (forest management), I would occasionally come upon an old abandoned cemetery deep in the woods all grown up with brush. Some of these had old grave markers and others just had a few rusty old metal funeral home markers, but one could tell from depressions in the ground that several graves were there.

I had become interested in genealogy which happens to many of us as we get older. I knew that somewhere there was probably someone who was wondering about some of these people buried in these lost cemeteries. Perhaps they had researched the names of some of their old ancestors, but had no idea what happened to them or where they were buried.

I began to take a few minutes to record the names from these old grave markers and document the location of the cemetery. Some of these are "family plots" with just a few graves, all members of the same family. These early settlers failed to realize that these spots might be lost after the family had all passed on or moved elsewhere. Land changes hands over the years and not all landowners care for these old burial places as they should.

Each state has different laws regarding abandoned cemeteries. In some states, the cemetery must have more than five graves to be considered a cemetery. If there are fewer than five graves, the landowner can file papers to have the graves removed to a public cemetery if certain procedures are followed. In my opinion, a landowner should be required to protect these burial places and all known cemetery locations should be on record at the courthouse. When land is sold, some system should be in place so that the buyer is aware of any old cemeteries on the land he is purchasing. This can become a major problem near big cities where land is being developed for shopping malls, housing subdivisions, or major highways. We have a few cemeteries even in Nevada County that were "in the way" when some of our highways were first paved.

The old saying "May he rest in peace" may not apply these days. Today's loggers use huge cutting machines and log skidders to do their work. The workers ride around in air conditioned comfort as they cut and skid logs and are often unaware of the small abandoned cemeteries. Sometimes they accidentally drive into the burial places before they notice them. The great majority of loggers would not damage a cemetery on purpose, but there are a few bad apples in the bunch who don't seem to care about such things. I put these in the same category as the vandals who get their kicks by turning over tombstones in cemeteries and breaking into church buildings.

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Another reason for surveying the cemeteries was that my wife had broken her ankle in 1998 and spent nine weeks in a cast. When the cast was removed, the doctor said she needed to walk to build up strength in that leg which had been immobile for so long. So we killed two birds with one stone—we surveyed the cemeteries and she got some needed exercise at the same time.

Our survey of Nevada County cemeteries took us about two years to complete. At first we only planned to do a few we were familiar with, but soon decided to just do the whole county since the older records were about thirty years old. We spent many weekends and some vacation time doing the field work and I would type up the names at night or whenever I had extra time. My typing skills improved greatly because it had been years since I had done much typing. I'm thankful we have computers, because I would have never made it using a typewriter and an old eraser like we used back in high school. An average size cemetery took us about three hours to record the names and about the same amount of time to type the information in alphabetical order. We usually had to make a second or third trip to the cemetery to double check something. We wanted the records to be as accurate as possible, but still we sometimes made mistakes.

Someone has asked how we found all these cemeteries. I located most of them by using maps. The larger cemeteries are shown on county maps and I was already familiar with most of the roads in the county. I asked people who worked for timber companies if they knew of any old cemeteries on their company land. I also asked deer hunters since they roam around their hunting leases on four wheelers and probably know every inch of the land they hunt on. When I found good information that a cemetery was in a certain area, I checked out the land on aerial photographs, looking for a clump of larger trees and old roads. If I found something that looked suspicious, I visited the spot to see if that was the cemetery. I got pretty good at finding burial places. I looked for large oak trees or large cedar trees usually on a hilltop or close to an old road. I don't claim to have found every burial place in Nevada County, but we have surveyed about 100 cemeteries and recorded over 23,000 names of people buried in Nevada County. These cemeteries range in size from several acres down to one lone grave deep in the woods.

These old grave markers sometimes have quite a bit of information engraved on them. Besides the name and dates, there are such things as the military regiment the person was in, lodges they were members of, the state they were born in, and other such information. This is very helpful for people doing research on these old settlers.

An interesting thing we discovered is that some old grave markers were in very good condition and the engravings could be easily read, while others from the same time period were barely readable or could not be read at all. I guess the old saying is true about getting what you pay for. Some people have the idea that a tombstone will last forever, but the elements will work on these stones and many will gradually become unreadable.

A few grave markers are unique. There are home-made markers with miss-spelled words. Some markers have mistakes in the engravings such as one in Harmony Cemetery that shows the person born on Sept. 31 when there is no such date. Several of the newer

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markers have the likeness of the person engraved on the stone or a likeness of the person's handwriting. We came across one marker in Round Oak Cemetery that reads "murdered by a bush-whacker" and one in Snell Cemetery with the words "He loved God, country, and fox hunting". And we were somewhat shocked to find a baby's grave marker at Snell Cemetery with the nickname "Little S- -t, S- -t" engraved on the stone (with the missing letters).

The earliest marked graves we found in Nevada County dated back to the 1850s. Nevada County was not created until 1871, so when some of these folks died, they lived in Hempstead, Ouachita, or Columbia counties. Most of the older cemeteries have some graves dating back to that time period. I find the older grave markers the most interesting. Some are just tall slabs of granite and others are very elaborate and, I'm sure, were very expensive in those days. There is one marker in De Ann Cemetery about twenty feet tall.

In practically every cemetery, there are numerous unidentified graves. Some are marked with a native sand stone or a piece of petrified wood. Many have no marker at all, but it is obvious that a grave is there. These early settlers lived and died, but we will never know for sure where many of them are buried. Some people couldn't afford a store-bought grave marker in those days and did the best they could. As long as they lived, the family knew where their family members were buried and maybe they intended to put up a stone someday, but never got around to it. Some tried to chisel names or initials on the native sand stones, but most of these have become unreadable. We still wonder who might be buried in the large rock grave at Ebenezer Cemetery, but the answer will probably remain a mystery.

Another thing we discovered was that only a handful of people buried in Nevada County lived to be 100 years old. It is interesting to note that in the olden days, few people made it to 70 or 80 years old. Some of the old newspaper articles call a 70 year old man "one of our oldest citizens" or referred to him as "an aged man". With our modern medicines, the life span has increased greatly.

I know some people think roaming around in a cemetery is a peculiar hobby and some don't want to go to the cemetery until they are carried there, but for those interested in genealogy, a wealth of information can be found there. You can find census records, deed records, copies of wills, and other such information at the court house or library, but it is good to have the final resting place of a person recorded in your family records.

We get inquiries from people all over the United States who have some question about Nevada County cemeteries and we are glad to answer their questions if we can. One lady in Arizona had posted a query on the Internet about her relative who was the first mayor of Prescott and was buried at De Ann Cemetery. I wrote back that I knew the location of his grave. She wanted a picture of his grave marker and sent me money to take a picture for her. That was several years ago and we have been corresponding with her ever since.

Sometimes we can't help, like the time a lady wrote saying we had left her relative out of the records, but in her letter admitted that the relative's grave marker was in the closet at her house and not in the cemetery. How were we to know that? Or the time a lady was desperately trying to find her grandmother's grave in Nubbin Hill Cemetery so she could put

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up a marker. Her mother had told her there was a small stone in the cemetery with the word “Mama” written on it, but she could no longer find it.

Our cemetery project was a lot of hard work, but we felt good about it when we finished. We have provided a source of information for many people who live far away and are not able to visit the cemeteries in person. It makes it all worthwhile when we receive a comment from someone who found a lost relative by using our cemetery surveys.

I think the following poem sort of sums up what our cemetery surveys were all about.

THE RECORDING OF A CEMETERY

By Thelma Greene Reagan

Today we walked where others walked
On a lonely, windswept hill;
Today we talked where others cried
For loved ones whose lives are stilled.

Today our hearts were touched
By graves of tiny babies;
Snatched from the arms of loving kin,
In the heartbreak of the ages.

Today we saw where the grandparents lay
In the last sleep of their time;
Lying under the trees and clouds -
Their beds kissed by sun and wind.

Today we wondered about an unmarked
spot
Who lies beneath this hallowed ground?
Was it a babe, child, young, or old?
No indication could be found.

Today we saw where Mom and Dad lay,
We had been there once before
On a day we'd like to forget,
But will remember forever more.

Today we recorded for kith and kin
The graves of ancestors past;
To be preserved for generations hence,
A record we hope will last.

Cherish it, my friend; preserve it, my friend,
For stones sometimes crumble to dust
And generations of folks yet to come
Will be grateful for your trust.

The McKelvy Cemetery Survey can be found in book form at The Ouachita County Library, the Nevada County Depot and Museum, and the Southwest Arkansas Regional Archives. You can view the surveys on the Internet at the Depot Museum website: <http://www.depotmuseum.org/> You will need to set up an account (which is free) in order to view the cemetery records. Just follow the instructions. They can also be found at: <http://www.rootsweb.com/~arnevada/>, but these are not quite as up-to-date.

“A cemetery is a history of people—a perpetual record of yesterday and sanctuary of peace and quiet today. A cemetery exists because every life is worth loving and remembering—always.” (Author unknown)

CARLETON E. DENNY, AGE 100, OF DELIGHT

This is a reminder to the older readers of this paper that you don't have to completely retire just because of your age. Mr. Carleton E. Denny of Delight, Arkansas wrote at age 86 a book about his father's journey from Michigan to Pike Co., Arkansas. The book is based on a diary his father kept for the year 1891. The book is called *The Diary—The Story of Edgar A. Denny, A young man of the 1880s who fell in love with Pike County, Arkansas.*

Edgar Denny had traveled by train from Michigan to Smithton, near Gurdon. He noticed another railroad track leading to the west and decided to walk the track in that direction. He was impressed with the timber in that area and was told it was even better further west in Pike County. He went there and eventually bought a tract of land and operated a sawmill in that area.

When Mr. Carleton Denny recently celebrated his 100th birthday, friends suggested he write down some of the things he had experienced in his life. So in 2004, just after his 100th birthday, Mr. Denny found himself in front of a computer writing another book about his life in Michigan and in Pike County, Arkansas. He called it *The First Hundred Years.*

It is good to see that some folks are willing to tackle such a project at that stage of their life. They have a lifetime of memories to share with the younger generations. So, if any of you readers feel the urge to do something like this, what are you waiting for?

This was on the last page of *The Diary* (taken from William Cullen Bryant's *Thenatopsia*)

So live that when thy summons comes to join
That innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry—slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By that unfaltering trust; approach thy grave
As one who wraps the draperies of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE OLD SHED ROAD

Most articles in this paper have some connection to Nevada and Ouachita counties, but I recently came across an article that appeared in a magazine called Forests and People back in 1953. I thought it was an interesting bit of history.

As you travel into Bossier City, Louisiana you might notice a street sign that reads Shed Road. This is the story of that road and how it got its name. It was considered the most unusual road ever built.

Northwest Louisiana was settled mostly by people who came in by wagon from Georgia and the Carolinas. These early pioneers found the virgin loamy soil perfect for their homes. While the Red River bottom wasn't considered fit to live in, the soil was fertile. With millions of mosquitoes swarming the bottom, the hardy souls had to keep moving by day and sleep under clouds of smoke at night.

The Red River valley yielded up its rich crops of cotton and produce, but the problem of transportation raised its head. The valley was nine miles wide, and there were no railroads. The problem: How to get the cotton to the port of Shreveport for shipment!

The valley floor was a swampy flat. When it was wet, its soil resembled paste. Mules sank to their bellies, and wagons spun through the slosh to the axles. When rains started in the fall, transportation came to a halt.

The settlers tried building "corduroy" roads with no success. The soft mud could not hold the logs firmly in place and the top of the logs were so slippery the mules lost their footing.

Finally Judge John W. Watkins of Minden secured a special charter from Congress to build an unusual road, one he felt certain would conquer the problem. With the charter in hand and the laughter of his neighbors ringing in his ears, this man built a road in 1874 that opened up commerce again.

The road was a shed, nine miles long, with a highway running through it.

Many people wonder how such a sturdy structure could have been built in such a short time. The reason was its timing. Countless thousands of Irish laborers had been working building railroads in the United States and were looking for something to do. These men answered Judge Watkins' call.

Soon drainage ditches appeared along the right-of-way. Dirt was piled up into an embankment across the nine miles of swampy land. The vigorous Irish workmen cut cypress posts, setting them at 20-foot intervals along the roadside. Two little sawmills in the highlands nearby cut timber for girders, joists, braces, and roof boards. Tying the posts together with joists about 10 feet from the ground, the workers then placed girders across the top of the structure, bending them down like the roof of a box-car. There was enough slant on the roof to shed the water off the road.

Transportation trouble ended. The road stayed dry and hard throughout the year. The chocolate river muck that got "soupy" when wet packed smooth and hard as asphalt.

Judge L. K. Watkins of Minden, (son of the builder), often related with merriment how the mules that regularly made trips over this route would start braying when they came in sight of the shed, for they knew they had easy going the rest of the way.

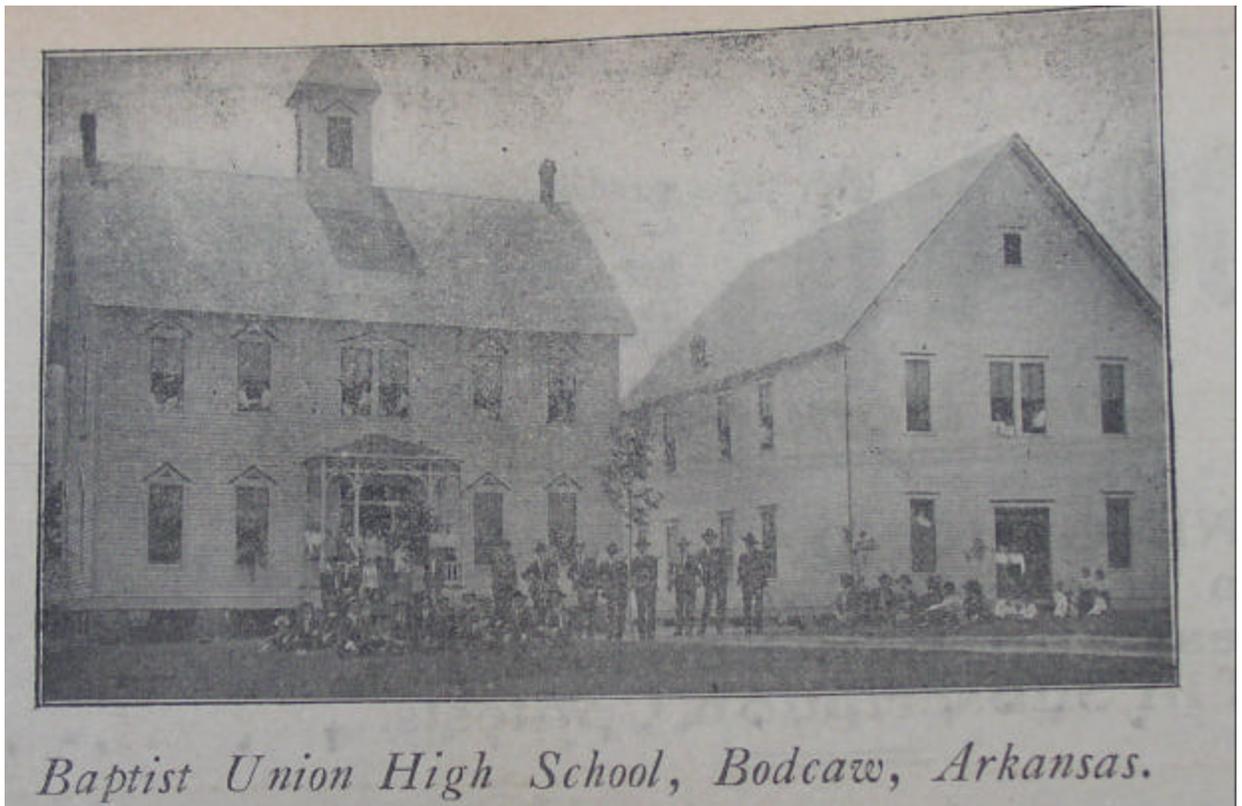
The old shed was a financial success. A four-yoke ox team and wagon was charged a dollar and a half; a four-mule team paid a dollar, the schedule graduating down to a single person who

paid a nickel to walk under the roof. Commerce was willing to pay to keep moving. With upkeep almost nothing, profits totaled \$20,000 or more each year.

For twelve years settlers of the Red River Valley traveled the old shed road to Shreveport, taking their rich produce to market. Then the Vicksburg, Shreveport, & Pacific Railroad was completed in 1886, traversing the state from east to west and paralleling the stagecoach line from Monroe to Shreveport which used the old road. The flourishing town of Fillmore moved to the new town of Haughton which sprang up three miles away on the railroad. Transportation by wagon to the river port ceased, and the shed was abandoned.

The old shed is only a memory with little to honor the ingenuity of its builders. Its grave is marked by a mound, overgrown now with willows and wild flowers. The section of the road still in use looks like any ordinary present-day road where it crosses the Shreveport-Benton highway. The rest can be traced through fields and forest from Scottville east to the hills.

Running almost parallel to the shrubby-covered embankment that was once the old shed road is a modern concrete highway, carrying drivers who whiz by unaware of the old road that gave comfort to grandma and grandpa.



PICTURE FROM THE NEVADA NEWS IN 1908

UNION HIGH SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENT

Next session begins Sept. 16th, 1907

The best school in Arkansas for boys and girls preparing themselves for business life, or to enter our colleges and universities. Each pupil receives individual instruction. Location most delightful. Buildings new, convenient, and commodious. The teachers from the best Southern families and representing the best Southern culture. Expenses as low as can be offered by the best. For further information or catalogue, contact J. M. Langston, Principal, Bodcaw, Ark.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT BODCAW'S UNION HIGH SCHOOL

It was built in 1899. The school averaged 25 boarders the first two years. There were 40 boarders the third year, 60 the fourth year, 70 the fifth year, and nearly 100 the sixth year. The seventh year was considered a failure due to mismanagement, but in 1907, the school had 279 students and over 100 were boarding students. *(from Nevada County newspaper in 1908)*

RECENT LOCAL NEWS

Sept. 1, 2004—Mrs. Esther Green, 99 of Caney community passed away. Burial was at Caney Cemetery.

Sept., 2004 - Vandalism was reported at Providence Cemetery near Boughton in Nevada Co. Many grave markers were overturned or damaged. This is one of the older cemeteries in Nevada Co.

Sept. 7, 2004 - Mrs. Wilma Ethridge DeWoody, 84 of Camden passed away. Burial was at Bluff City Cemetery.

CORN BREAD MUFFINS

1/2 cup white cornmeal
1/2 cup plain flour
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
1/8 cup shortening
1 egg

Blend first five ingredients well. Cut in shortening scissor-fashion until crumbly. Add egg and milk, beating well. Pour into greased muffin pan and bake in preheated oven at 425 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes or until golden brown. Makes 6 muffins.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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SEREPTA SPRING AND CAMP SHED

By Jerry McKelvy



Serepta Spring and Camp Shed is located just about smack-dab in the center of Nevada County near the intersection of Hwy. 299 and Hwy. 372. Here you will find a one-of-a kind open air camp meeting shed which is still used occasionally for revival services. There is also a small cemetery and a spring which has furnished good water for local residents since the area was first settled.

I have not been able to find much information on this place, but it was frequently mentioned in the local newspapers. It was the scene of many reunions of Civil War soldiers after the war was over. At these reunions, politicians made speeches to the crowd and a good meal was enjoyed by all. I found that at some of these occasions, there were parades and band concerts. In July, 1934, there was a Ladies Rest Camp at Serepta that lasted for three days. Ladies were instructed to bring bedding, food, and other necessities. There was a charge of fifty cents per day to pay for ice, lights, etc.

According to an article in the *Nevada County Picayune* in 2002, the camp shed was built in 1902 for non-denominational revival services to be held in July of each year and the tradition has continued. Jodie Waddle, age 84 when the article was published, remembered going to Serepta as a child and said about 100 people would turn out for the services. He remembered the time when folks went by wagons and animals were tied to every tree around the shed. There were about 50 people present for the revival in 2002.

I don't know who built the shed over the spring, but I found the date 8-19-1968 written in the concrete foundation. I don't know if anyone uses the water for drinking purposes these days, but it does look inviting on a hot summer day. I have located the deed for the

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land on which the shed is built. It was deeded in 1902 by W. E. Evans and his wife, Mary Evans to J. W. House, B. W. Beauchamp, and J. N. Reagan, trustees as a gift “for the purpose of religious worship”. According to the deed, if it ever ceased to be used for the purpose intended, it would revert back to the grantors. The spring and cemetery are located on land owned by International Paper Company at the present time. One can also see the remains of several concrete benches near the spring, what appears to be an old well, and a small shed for cooking barbecue. Things were probably very nice at one time, but appear to have been neglected or vandalized over the years.

I did find a news item in 1950 that mentions that the camp shed was being remodeled, a new galvanized roof was being installed, and the stage and seats were being repaired. The total cost was \$350. This is probably the same roof that is on the shed today. As you can see from the picture, the tin is now rusty.



THE SPRING HOUSE



**THE SPRING INSIDE THE
SPRING HOUSE**

**A door is installed on top
to protect the spring**

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COULD YOU HAVE PASSED THE 8TH GRADE IN 1895?

Remember when grandparents and great-grandparents stated that they only had an 8th grade education? Well, check this out. Could any of us have passed the 8th grade in 1895?

This is the eighth-grade final exam from 1895 in Salina, Kansas, USA. It was taken from the original document on file at the Smokey Valley Genealogical Society and Library in Salina, KS, and reprinted by the *Salina Journal*.

8th Grade Final Exam: Salina, KS -1895 *****

Grammar (Time, one hour)

1. Give nine rules for the use of capital letters.
2. Name the parts of speech and define those that have no modifications.
3. Define verse, stanza and paragraph.
4. What are the principal parts of a verb? Give principal parts of "lie," "play," and "run."
5. Define case; Illustrate each case.
6. What is punctuation? Give rules for principal marks of punctuation.
- 7 - 10. Write a composition of about 150 words and show therein that you understand the practical use of the rules of grammar.

Arithmetic (Time, 1.25 hours)

1. Name and define the Fundamental Rules of Arithmetic.
2. A wagon box is 2 ft. deep, 10 feet long, and 3 ft. wide. How many bushels of wheat will it hold?
3. If a load of wheat weighs 3942 lbs., what is it worth at 50cts/bushel, deducting 1050 lbs. for tare?
4. District No. 33 has a valuation of \$35,000. What is the necessary levy to carry on a school seven months at \$50 per month, and have \$104 for incidentals?
5. Find the cost of 6720 lbs. coal at \$6.00 per ton.
6. Find the interest of \$512.60 for 8 months and 18 days at 7 percent.
7. What is the cost of 40 boards 12 inches wide and 16 ft. long at \$20 per metre?
8. Find bank discount on \$300 for 90 days (no grace) at 10 percent.
9. What is the cost of a square farm at \$15 per acre, the distance of which is 640 rods?
10. Write a Bank Check, a Promissory Note, and a Receipt.

U.S. History (Time, 45 minutes)

1. Give the epochs into which U.S. History is divided.
2. Give an account of the discovery of America by Columbus.
3. Relate the causes and results of the Revolutionary War.
4. Show the territorial growth of the United States.
5. Tell what you can of the history of Kansas.
6. Describe three of the most prominent battles of the Rebellion.
7. Who were the following: Morse, Whitney, Fulton, Bell, Lincoln, Penn, and Howe?
8. Name events connected with the following dates: 1607, 1620, 1800, 1849, 1865.

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Orthography (Time, one hour) (WHAT IS THIS ANYHOW?)

1. What is meant by the following: Alphabet, phonetic, orthography, etymology, syllabication?
2. What are elementary sounds? How classified?
3. What are the following, and give examples of each: Trigraph, subvocals, diphthong, cognate letters, linguals?
4. Give four substitutes for caret 'u.' (HUH?)
5. Give two rules for spelling words with final 'e.' Name two exceptions under each rule.
6. Give two uses of silent letters in spelling. Illustrate each.
7. Define the following prefixes and use in connection with a word: bi, dis, mis, pre, semi, post, non, inter, mono, sup.
8. Mark diacritically and divide into syllables the following, and name the sign that indicates the sound: card, ball, mercy, sir, odd, cell, rise, blood, fare, last.
9. Use the following correctly in sentences: cite, site, sight, fane, fain, feign, vane, vain, vein, raze, raise, rays.
10. Write 10 words frequently mispronounced and indicate pronunciation by use of diacritical marks and by syllabication.

Geography (Time, one hour)

1. What is climate? Upon what does climate depend?
2. How do you account for the extremes of climate in Kansas?
3. Of what use are rivers? Of what use is the ocean?
4. Describe the mountains of North America.
5. Name and describe the following: Monrovia, Odessa, Denver, Manitoba, Hecla, Yukon, St. Helena, Juan Fernandez, Aspinwall and Orinoco.
6. Name and locate the principal trade centers of the U.S.
7. Name all the republics of Europe and give the capital of each.
8. Why is the Atlantic Coast colder than the Pacific in the same latitude?
9. Describe the process by which the water of the ocean returns to the sources of rivers.
10. Describe the movements of the earth. Give the inclination of the earth.

Notice that the exam took SIX HOURS to complete. Gives the saying "he only had an 8th grade education" a whole new meaning, doesn't it?! Also shows you how poor our education system has become...

THE LARGEST GRAVE IN LOUISVILLE (from the Prescott Daily News – September 11, 1908)

Louisville, KY—The body of Mrs. Gertrude M. Hill, formerly Gertrude Parker of Louisville, Kentucky, who died Saturday in Prescott, Arkansas occupies the largest grave ever dug in Cave Hill Cemetery, requiring the space reserved for two ordinary graves.

The undertakers in charge of the burial say the body of Mrs. Hill who weighed 600 pounds was the largest they had seen in their 25 years experience. The coffin of Mrs. Hill had been made for her eight years ago and was of red cedar, especially strengthened. The total weight of the casket and body was 1000 pounds. No hearse in Louisville was large enough to accommodate the casket.

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GRAVE RECEIVES BULLET-RIDDLED BODY OF OUTLAW 'Pretty Boy' Floyd is Buried in Spot He Picked Out (from the 11-1-1934 issue of The Nevada News)

Sallisaw, OK—The bullet-riddled body of Charles A. “Pretty Boy” Floyd, Oklahoma’s phantom outlaw, was buried in a little hillside cemetery near the village of Akins Sunday, while a crowd of curious estimated at 20,000 looked on.

Once rated by federal officers as Public Enemy No. 1, Floyd’s career of crime ended in Ohio last Monday when federal and state officers shot him as he ran. He was accused of several murders, bank robberies, and kidnappings.

His last resting place was a grave he reputedly has picked out for himself more than a year ago with a remark to Mrs. Walter Floyd, his widowed mother.

“Right here is where you can put me. I expect to go down with lead in me—perhaps the sooner, the better. Bury me deep”.

Mrs. Ruby Floyd, the outlaw’s wife; his mother; his 12 year old son, Jack Dempsey Floyd; his four sisters, and two brothers sat in a small arbor, shielded from the eyes of the crowd as the simple casket was lowered into the grave.

The Rev. W. E. Rockett of the Sallisaw Baptist church preached the final services assisted by Rev. Owen White of the Akins Baptist church.

Mr. Rockett took his text from John 19th chapter and the 30th verse: “When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, ‘It is finished’ and bowed his head and gave up the ghost.”

“If heredity alone could direct the lives of our reckless youth,” Mr. Rockett said in his brief talk, “we in all probability should not be here on this sad occasion, but a stronger force, environment, steps in to defeat heredity.

“Thus oft times, the example of consecrated mothers, fathers, and grandparents are nullified by the evil forces of environment.

“There is nothing we could say that would be on any benefit to Charles Arthur Floyd, but it is possible, we hope, to say something that would be beneficial and consoling to those who are living; therefore we urge you who do not know him, the Christ, as your Lord and Savior, that you seek him now before it is too late, for we know neither the day nor the hour when He may come and we have to recognize the fact that it is finished.”

The thousands of onlookers stood about the cemetery and the crowd overflowed onto nearby pastures. Fences were torn down on the pastures to make room for parked cars.

A steady stream of motor cars from 20 states came to the cemetery from Sallisaw. Some spectators came in wagons and buggies and others on horseback. A few came afoot.

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Farm women dressed in calico aprons appeared with babies in their arms. School buses brought children.

Three women fainted near the little shingle arbor and were trampled.

At Sallisaw, the sheriff's office said it was the largest crowd this city had ever seen. A private funeral service was held at the Sallisaw home of Mrs. Floyd before the body was taken to Akins, Floyd's boyhood home. Only relatives were admitted to the Floyd residence.

THE ONE I WANT TO BE Printed in The Nevada News 4-14-1927

If I were just the person
That I would like to be
There wouldn't be a soul living
Who could find a fault with me.

And always I'd be glad
My friend's success to see
There wouldn't be room in my heart
For a touch of jealousy.

I'd never lose my temper
When things didn't go just right,
I'd never say an unkind word
I'd smile from noon to night.

I'd find time to talk to others
Whose lives are sad and gray,
At least enough of happiness
To brighten one dark day.

I'd never, never be too tired
(or cross as the case may be)
To stoop down to kiss and soothe
A little dirty, skinned-up knee.

Ah – so many things
Are left undone by me –
I'm sure that's the kind of person
God would have me be.

*Elsie Hop Dillon in the
Christian Observer*

HOW TO BE HEALTHY

Printed in The Nevada News 9-19-1908. There were 10 rules, but only these five were printed

1. Rise early, retire early, and fill your day with work.
2. Water and bread maintain life; pure air and sunshine are indispensable to health.
3. Frugality and sobriety form the best elixir of longevity.
4. Cleanliness prevents rust; the best cared-for machines last the longest.
5. Enough sleep repairs waste and strengthens; too much sleep softens and enfeebles.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

SOME UNUSUAL NEWS STORIES FOUND IN NEVADA COUNTY NEWSPAPERS

1930—A tube of lipstick that had been lodged in a seven year old Oklahoma child was successfully removed in Ft. Worth, Texas. The child had swallowed the lipstick while eating candy at home.

1930—Nashville, Arkansas—Mrs. W. M. Layton's hen laid an egg measuring 7 and one half inches the short way and eight and one half inches the long way. It weighed a full quarter pound. When broken it was found to contain a perfectly formed egg in the enter of the large one.

1930—Little Rock—A nine year old girl lived 14 hours after coming in contact with a live electric wire after an auto accident. A nine inch square hole was burned in her rib cage. Doctors were amazed because she felt no pain and remained conscious. The doctors even took pictures of her heart and lung action through the hole.

1930—A snake and horse battled it out to their deaths on H. R. Walkins's ranch in Woodland, California. After being bitten, the horse stomped the rattlesnake to death. Both were found dead in Walkin's pasture.

1931—In a court case ruling, cows have the right-of-way when cows and autos meet in Wisconsin. Alfred Ludwig brought suit and won \$400 from a motorist whose auto killed two of his cows.

1931—Tired of his wife Rosie, Alex Grosheim, 70, traded his wife to his best friend for seven hogs, a dozen chickens, and a dog. They had been married for ten years and he decided they were not well matched. He didn't want to divorce her without fixing things so she would have another husband. A deal was struck and Rosie received her divorce. Rosie and Oscar were married with her former husband as best man.

1933—A child was born with a tail in London, England. The tail was two inches long and described as curled and tapering to a point. The child was normal otherwise. The tail can be removed and this condition is "an unusual but not unknown phenomenon".

UNCLE JERRY PITTMAN (from the Prescott Daily News – July 16, 1908)

Uncle Jerry Pittman living a few miles west of Prescott has a record which few men have attained. He is 75 years of age, reads without the use of glasses, is cutting his third set of teeth, has one of the best crops in Missouri Township, and is the father of nineteen children, the youngest of which arrived yesterday.

Mary's father had five daughters: (1) Nana; (2) Nene; (3) Nini; (4) Nono; and ????. What was the name of the fifth one? (see bottom of page 8 for answer)

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

This pie won “Best of Show” in the American Pie Council contest in Celebration, Florida in 2003. It is the recipe of Raine Gottess (how’s that for a name?)

CELEBRATION CHEESE PIE

Crust

15 to 18 Keebler Pecan Sandie cookies (crushed)

¼ cup butter (melted)

Stir butter into finely crushed cookies with fork. Press into a nine inch pie pan to shape crust. Freeze to firm.

Layer # 1

2 oz. Philadelphia brand cream cheese (softened)

2 cups Cool Whip

1 Tablespoon sugar

¼ cup confectioner’s sugar

Beat all ingredients in mixer until blended. Spread onto crust and freeze while making next layers.

Layer # 2

4 oz. Philadelphia brand cream cheese (softened)

¾ cup confectioner’s sugar

4 cups Cool Whip

¾ cup peanut butter

2 oz. melted Bakers German Sweet Chocolate baking squares

Beat first three ingredients together until well blended. Divide into two bowls. Add the peanut butter to one and spread on top of pie. Freeze.

Add the Bakers German Sweet Chocolate baking squares to the second bowl. Beat and spread on top of pie.

Decorate with Cool Whip

THANKSGIVING HUMOR

Asked to write a composition entitled “What I’m Thankful For This Thanksgiving, little Johnny wrote, “I’m thankful I’m not a turkey.”

Why did the Pilgrim’s pants keep falling down?
Because they wore their belt buckles on their hats.

Why did the turkey cross the road?
Because it was the chicken’s day off.

Answer to question on page 7

Not Nunu. The answer is Mary. Read the question again.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 4 – No. 12

December, 2004

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

Prescott, Arkansas today is a fairly peaceful town with a population of 3,686. It is not very often that a serious crime occurs. But it was not always like this. Prescott's early history is filled with accounts of lawlessness including many gunfights in the streets. Liquor was prohibited, but seemed to be readily available in town. There seemed to be a strong connection between the availability of liquor and the amount of crime.

Finally in 1908, the law-abiding citizens of Prescott decided something must be done. They held a mass meeting of the citizens at the opera house to discuss the situation. About 400 of the best citizens showed up and out of this meeting came the Law and Order Committee.

Hon. T. C. McRae was made chairman of the meeting and admitted that the situation had reached the point of crisis, but urged that any steps taken be done in a lawful manner. W. V. Thompkins admitted that more than 10 men had confessed to buying whiskey in Prescott, and he urged those men to come forward like men and tell what they knew. Other addresses were made by H. B. McKenzie, Dr. Guthrie, O. S. Jones, James Thomas, W. A. Hatley, T. H. Ware, T. D. Scott, J. H. Riggin, Horace Jewell, M. W. Greeson, and W. C. Watson.

A resolution was unanimously passed to form a law and order committee. Those selected for the committee were H. E. Bemis, M. W. Greeson, O. S. Jones, J. M. Pittman, J. S. Regan, P. S. Harrell, and John A. Davis. The meeting was very enthusiastic and well attended. Most stores were closed, school was dismissed, and those present seemed determined to bring about a better order to things.

The incident which was "the straw that broke the camel's back" was the attack on A. H. Tardy, a lumberman who had been in Prescott for about a year. He was attacked twice near the city park in one night.

Things seemed to improve after the Law and Order Committee was formed. The newspaper stated, "Everything is remarkably quiet in municipal circles. The mass meeting of Thursday afternoon seems to have had the effect of producing in the minds of everyone, even those who have heretofore favored an open town, that it was a good time to begin an era of reform, and from henceforth there is little doubt but what a different condition will exist. The confession of parties that were guilty of violating the liquor laws and the pledge to do so no more is taken in all sincerity by our people and no one doubts that they will keep it."

The committee backed by the city council agreed to see that the law against violating the Sabbath would be strictly enforced. The council planned to enact rules that would permit certain necessities to be sold, such as ice, bread, fresh meats, and drugs.

In the matter of gambling, the officials of the Law and Order Committee will be alert and end this violation just as vigilantly as they expect to stop the sale of whiskey.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The investigation into the attack of Mr. Tardy will continue and the committee will show no quarter in prosecuting the matter to the fullest extent.

Everyone, even the whiskey men themselves, are glad of the new order of things, for we cannot believe that any man who expects to make Prescott his home, wants to see the town pass through many such periods of lawlessness as has characterized the past few weeks. Citizens are encouraged to assist the committee in making Prescott a decent and law-abiding town.

A SPLENDID COMMITTEE

Our people are perfectly satisfied with the Law and Order Committee that was appointed by Chairman McRae yesterday. These men may be trusted to see that the laws of our city are strictly enforced and they are the kind of men who will give every consideration to one's rights, and at the same time see that the law is upheld. The effects of yesterday's mass meeting will be felt in Prescott for many years to come, and the man who can't see an end to the lawlessness here must indeed be blind.

IT MUST HAVE WORKED

Night Marshal Sam Weaver suffered last night from a big case of lonesomeness. He says that from midnight until 5 o'clock, there was not a soul on the street, and he felt almost as lonely as if he had been lost in the Little Missouri River bottoms. Not even a dog paced across the streets and nothing save the distant crowing of wakeful roosters broke the awful stillness of the silent night. He welcomed as gladly as he ever did the first streaks of dawn, as the light fell upon the town, and brought forth a day that was to be the beginning of an era of peace and lawfulness for the citizens of Prescott.

TRIVIA MATCHING TEST (answers on page 7)

- _____ 1. Trigger
- _____ 2. Champion
- _____ 3. Target
- _____ 4. Traveler
- _____ 5. Cincinnati
- _____ 6. Buttermilk
- _____ 7. Ruth
- _____ 8. Silver
- _____ 9. Tornado
- _____ 10. Topper
- _____ 11. Scout
- _____ 12. Bucephalus
- _____ 13. Buck

- A.- Tonto's horse
- B.- Gen. Ulysses S. Grant's horse
- C.- Alexander the Great's horse
- D.- Zorro's horse
- E.- Annie Oakley's horse
- F.- Lone Ranger's horse
- G.- Roy Rogers' horse
- H.- Gen. Robert E. Lee's horse
- I.- Matt Dillon's horse
- J.- Gene Autry's horse
- K.- Festus Hagan's mule
- L.- Dale Evans' horse
- M.- Hopalong Cassidy's horse

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OLD BETSY

(this article found on microfilm—date about 1910)

One of the most celebrated relics of Camden is a cannon which has been called “Old Betsy” from such an early date that her sponsors are unknown. This cannon was captured by the Union army of Washington, Arkansas and brought to Camden soon after the surrender. At that time, 1866, there was a camp of Union soldiers stationed at the View and Old Betsy was not highly prized as a trophy of war, but was used for firing salutes. When the camp was broken and the troops ordered away, Capt. H. H. Crews of the 34th Illinois Infantry presented the cannon to Mr. W. K. Ramsey who promptly forgot about it.

From that time on, Old Betsy had a strenuous life, for she fell into the hands of the politicians. When the Republicans were successful, “Betsy’s” voice would make the welkin ring. This happened often enough to arouse the ire of Jack Simmons, a good old Democratic darkey, who carried her off under cover of darkness and sunk her in the river. Some months afterwards, during a stage of low water, she was rescued and brought back in time to proclaim the news of Cleveland’s election. Then she settled down quietly, not even being heard from on the 4th of July, until the new court house was built. Then, to add the finishing touch to the beauty of the surroundings, she was stationed at the northwest corner of the building. Here she was formally presented to the city of Camden by Mr. W. K. Ramsey in one of his witty, characteristic speeches at a band concert. It was thought then that her wanderings were ended, but she disappeared again and has lately been found minus her wheels. A movement is on foot to plant her firmly on a concrete base on the court house lawn.

The following is from the October, 1992 issue of *The Old Time Chronicle*

Old Betsy served as Camden’s “city cannon” from 1866 until 1932. It had been confiscated by the Yankees at Washington, Arkansas and somehow wound up in Camden with a unit of Federal troops. Capt. H. H. Crews gave it to W. K. Ramsey, a prominent banker. The cannon was used for the lowly task of announcing victories by the invading carpetbaggers in political races.

One morning Old Betsy was gone, spirited away in the dark by a loyal Democrat who was tired of hearing her put to such use by the hated Republicans. The crime was allegedly done by a black man named Jack Simmons, who took it to the river and sunk it.

The new courthouse was completed in the 1870s and the cannon literally resurfaced again during a time of low water and was placed on the northwest corner of the courthouse square after being presented to the city with much fanfare. Now it was towed to the school grounds where loud booms would announce Democratic winners in political races. Some folks didn’t like it and the cannon was swiped again and was later found without its wheels. A concrete base was poured at the courthouse and she was placed on it, hopefully for good.

It was there until 1932 when Franklin D. Roosevelt defeated Herbert Hoover. The cannon again disappeared during the city’s celebration.

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The article included this account from an article in *The Camden News* of January 3, 1970:

“A group of hilarious young Democrats loaded Old Betsy on a pickup truck, bought themselves a lot of gunpowder, got scads of old newspapers, and hauled it to Coker’s Landing on the river on East Washington Street, which served as the boat landing at that time.

“Time after time, Betsy was loaded and set off with a kerosene torch. After the whole town had been shaken and awakened, there was a lot of black powder left and so the leaders decided to set off ‘a big one for FDR’ and the Democratic victory. All the powder was crammed into the barrel of the cannon and it was rammed home. Then the torch was applied. What happened next no one who was there will admit nor will they even say who they were. But Old Betsy had had it. The powder was too much for its old iron sides. It blew into a million pieces, scattering bits of iron across the river and into buildings as far uptown as Proctor’s and Lide’s (later Snow Hardware). The young Democrats scattered too, because they feared the wrath of the few beloved UDC members who were still alive and they knew that all the King’s horses and all the King’s men could not put Old Betsy back again.

“How that group of FDR backers escaped injury was a miracle. Anyway, Old Betsy had a glorious demise.”

FLEA MARKETS

I went to a flea market and bought a Thing-ma-jig, and when my wife sees what I bought, she’ll flip her wig.

She’ll say, “What is that thing and what does it do?” And I’ll say, “I’ll be darned if I know, I was gonna ask you”.

Our old house is chucked full of junk we have no use for, but when I go to a Flea Market, I’m always buying more.

I guess we will have to move out of the house and into a shed. If I keep buying more junk, I won’t have room for my bed.

I can’t pass up a good bargain when I know it’s cheap. My wife says I’m nuts in my head and she calls me a creep.

I guess that I’m queer and I’m probably off my head, but I’ll keep on collecting junk till I drop over dead.

I have some prize goodies and it’s not all junk that I’ve got. If you keep on buying, you’re bound to hit the jackpot.

Don’t smile when you’re buying or your feelings reveal. He’ll think it’s too cheap and you won’t make a deal.

When you go to a Flea Market, please follow my advice—Never pay what they ask because you can get it for half price.

One time I went to a market and came home with a horse and my wife says, “With you I’ve had it. I’m getting a divorce.”

My dog likes Flea Markets and he says, “Take me please.” He thinks it’s a Pea Market and waters the trees.

If you’ve never been to a Flea Market, give it a try. For everything you don’t need, that’s the place to buy.

=== W. L. Schrader==

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



A Singing School at Bluff City in the early 1920s

If you have connections to the Bluff City area, you might have an ancestor in this picture. Too bad we are not able to identify all of them. This picture belonged to Mrs. Elsie Moore Beaver who at age 87 was able to identify a few of these people:

Of the six older girls in the front row, Mrs. Beaver identified Nellie Morgan, Sula Nichols, Dovie Black, Minnie Harvey, and Gladys Hildebrand. One girl was not identified.

Second row left to right: ____; Helen Harvey; Myrtle Martin; ____; ____; ____; ____; Ruby Carter; Gussie Byrd; Elsie Mae Moore; Blanche Henry; ____; Marie Hildebrand

Third row left to right: ____; ____; Bill Nichols; Dennis Walker; rest were not identified.

In the back half of picture, Mrs. Beaver was able to identify these: Girl in center with ribbon in hair—Elsie Moore (this is Mrs. Beaver, the lady who had this picture); tall boy —Loyce Starnes; top left with tie—Arlis Moore (Mrs. Beaver's brother); top left by boy holding onto post—Olive Henry; white shirt and tie with large head in top right of photo—Leroy Martin

I have this picture blown up to cover a full page which makes the people easier to identify. If you have an ancestor in the picture and would like a full page copy, let me know. The cost is \$1.00.

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A GIFT TO OLD SOUTH CHURCH from the book "500 Little Known Stories from American History"

In Sterling, Massachusetts lived Mary Sawyer, who went to the barn one morning and found that two little lambs had been born in the night. One of them was so weak and small that her father said there was no use to try to raise it, but Mary's tender heart pitied the tiny creature and she begged her father to let her try to save it. He gave it to her, promising her it should be her own. So she wrapped it up, fed it, and watched over it, and the lamb lived. It became such a pet that it followed her everywhere she went and even went with her to school one day. There a young man saw it, and wrote the verse:

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to go.

The lamb lived for several years, and then one day, a cow with sharp horns tossed it into the air while playing with it, and it fell bleeding at Mary's feet and died. Mary took the fleece and made yarn of it, which she sold to various people, and it brought in a total of sixty dollars, which she gave to the Old South Church in Boston.

Criminal Court Docket for July, 1925 term of Circuit Court of Nevada Co.

Cases to be tried:

Names were given, but are not printed here to protect the innocent (or guilty).

Murder in the first degree	Possession of a still
Assenting to receipt of deposits in a bank which was in a failing condition	Transporting liquor
Carrying weapons	Selling liquor
Wife abandonment	Assault to kill
Burglary	Breach of peace
Possession of a pistol	Cutting trees unlawfully
Making mash	Carrying away logs unlawfully
Making liquor	Grand larceny
	Selling property subject to a lien

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THE WILD MAN OF LITTLE MISSOURI BOTTOMS

This article appeared in the November 30, 1944 issue of *The Nevada News*:

A mysterious hermit, clad in tatters of clothing, was apprehended Sunday in the Little Missouri River bottoms about eight miles north of Prescott by Duncie McLelland and marched to Nubbin Hill. Mr. McLelland notified Sheriff Curtis D. Ward, who brought the man to the county jail. The hermit, about 32 years old, weighs 160 pounds, is five feet ten inches tall, of fair complexion and heavy beard, and except for being thin, seems to be in good health. He has been seen by farmers in the community for over a year, but always fled when approached. His clothing, in shreds except for an Army overcoat, was replaced with good clothing by Mr. Ward. He wore a belt of skins of two rattlesnakes, and carried a bottle of matches, a skillet, pocket knife, and a can of baking soda.

Fingerprints and photographs of the hermit are being sent to Washington and when questioned by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, State Police, and sheriff's officers, he would only nod and shake his head. On Tuesday morning, when taken by Mr. Ward to a barber shop for a shave, he spoke his first word. The sheriff, as they left the barber shop, asked him if he would like a cup of coffee and he said "Yes, I would".

On further questioning Tuesday afternoon, Sheriff Ward discovered his name was Lonnie Ellwood, that he remembered registering for the draft at his post office in Summerfield in Leflore Co., Oklahoma. He said his mother, Mrs. Virginia Ellwood, was living there when he left soon after his registration. He said that as a boy he was sent to an asylum, and that he "signed the wrong government check" four or five years ago and had been living in the woods since that time. He said he started at Polo, Oklahoma, crossing the mountains there, that he found officers and other people were in for him, so he left the highway and took to the woods, living on berries, persimmons, turtles, squirrels, and vegetables from gardens. When questioned about high water in the bottoms, he said the only time he was in danger was last winter, when the water was so high he was forced to remain in a tree for three or four days with water up to his shoulders, and his only food was raw corn.

Ellwood is apparently harmless, stating that he did not want "to get in anybody's way". He said he had grown afraid of every living person as everyone either shot at him or spoke unkindly to him. He has offered no resistance to officers.

Sheriff Ward stated Ellwood would be turned over to Federal authorities in the next two or three days, and that he had wired the State office in Oklahoma to check on his registration.

Mr. Ward estimated approximately one thousand people have visited the jail to see the so-called "wild man".

Answers to trivia test on page 2: 1 – G; 2 – J; 3 – E; 4 – H; 5 – B; 6 – L; 7 – K; 8 – F; 9 – D; 10 – M; 11 – A; 12 – C; 13 – I

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LAURA BUSH'S COWBOY COOKIES

This is an adaptation (1/3 of the original recipe). Texans think big, you know.

1 cup all purpose flour	1/2 cup packed light brown sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 egg
1 teaspoon baking soda	1/3 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
1/3 teaspoon salt	1 cup old fashioned rolled oats
1/2 cup butter (at room temperature)	2/3 cup sweetened flake coconut
1/2 cup granulated sugar	2/3 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mix flour, baking powder, soda, cinnamon, and salt in bowl. In another bowl, beat butter on medium speed until smooth and creamy (1 minute). Gradually beat in sugar and beat to combine (2 minutes). Beat in egg and vanilla. Stir in flour mixture until just combined. Add chocolate chips, oats, coconut, and pecans. Drop on un-greased baking sheet and bake until lightly browned on edges. May need to rotate sheets halfway through baking. Remove cookies to wire rack to cool.

JINGLE BELL FUDGE

12 oz Butterscotch chips
1/2 c Chunky peanut butter
2/3 c Sweetened condensed milk
1/2 c Walnuts (chopped)

Combine butterscotch chips and peanut butter in top of double boiler on medium heat. Cook until butterscotch melts; remove from water. Stir until blended; add milk and stir just until blended. Spread in foil-lined 8-inch square pan. Press chopped walnuts into surface, if desired, and chill until firm. Cut into 1-inch squares.

7 LAYER MAGIC BARS

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1 14 oz. can sweetened condensed milk
1 cup butterscotch flavored chips
1 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
1 1/2 cups coconut
1 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees (325 for glass pan). Line 13 x 9 baking pan with sheet of foil making sure sides are covered well. Place butter in pan and melt in oven. Sprinkle crumbs over butter. Pour condensed milk evenly on top of crumbs. Top with remaining ingredients in order listed. Press down firmly with fork. Bake 25 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool. Chill if desired. Cut into bars. Store covered at room temperature.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 5 – No. 1

January, 2005

HATTIE ORPHELIA WYATT CARAWAY FIRST WOMAN TO SERVE AS UNITED STATES SENATOR



On January 12, 1932, Hattie Wyatt Caraway of Arkansas became the first woman ever elected to the United States Senate after winning a special election to fill the remaining months of her husband's term. Arkansans elected Hattie Caraway to the Senate two more times, and she served in the U.S. Senate until January, 1945.

While in the Senate, Hattie Caraway in 1933 became the first woman to chair a Senate Committee and in 1943 became the first woman to take up the gavel on the Senate floor as the Senate's presiding officer.

Arkansas History Commission Hattie Caraway made history again recently by becoming the first Arkansan to ever appear on a stamp. On February 21, 2001 in Little Rock, the 76-cent Hattie Caraway definitive stamp was unveiled, which is the third in the "Distinguished Americans" series after Joseph W. Stilwell and Claude Pepper.

There is no doubt that Hattie Caraway's service in the Senate paved the way for women seeking elective office. Twenty nine women have followed Hattie Caraway to the U. S. Senate and today, a record high of 14 women are serving in the Senate all at the same time.

Hattie Caraway was born near Bakerville, Tennessee in Humphreys County. She married Thaddeus H. Caraway and moved with him to Jonesboro, Arkansas where she cared for their children and home and her husband practiced law and started a political career.

Her husband was elected to the United States House of Representatives as a Democrat in 1912 and served in that office until 1921 when he was elected to the United States Senate where he served until he died in office in 1931.

Arkansas Governor Harvey Parnell appointed Caraway to serve out the rest of her husband's unfinished term. She was sworn into office on 9 December 1931 and was confirmed by a special election of the people on 12 January 1932 becoming the first woman elected to the United States Senate. Caraway made no speeches on the floor of the Senate but built a reputation as an honest and sincere Senator.

When she was invited by the Vice President to preside over the Senate she took advantage of the situation to announce that she would run for reelection. Populist Louisiana politician Huey Long traveled to Arkansas on a 9-day campaign swing to campaign for her. "Huey waited until there was only ten days left in the campaign before he made his move", former Arkansas Governor David Pryor related. "He told Senator Caraway

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to meet him on the courthouse steps in Magnolia down in southwest Arkansas. Huey showed up with about a dozen trucks, sound equipment, a band and a portable printing press plus dozens of campaign workers.”

“Hattie and Huey then embarked on a whirlwind campaign like nothing that Arkansas had ever seen before or since,” the former U.S. Senator from Arkansas noted. “They drew huge crowds where ever they went. Hattie's opponents used every trick in the book to stop her and Huey, even cutting off the electricity at their campaign events.”

“But nothing slowed down Huey and Hattie,” Pryor explained. “Huey caught a train in Memphis for New Orleans late in the afternoon of Election Day. When his young son Russell met Huey's train in New Orleans later that night, he gave the “Kingfish” the news from Arkansas that Hattie Caraway had beat everyone in the first primary.”

In 1938 she ran again for reelection against John L. McClellan and was victorious after receiving support from a successful coalition of veterans, women, and union members.

She ran for a final time in 1944 and was defeated by J. William Fulbright.

Caraway was a prohibitionist and voted against anti-lynching legislation along with many other southern Senators. She was generally a supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt's economic recovery legislation.

Hattie Caraway suffered a stroke in early 1950 and died in Falls Church, Virginia. She is buried in Westlawn Cemetery in Jonesboro, Arkansas.

One of the subscribers to this paper suggested that I include an article on Hattie Caraway. As you can see from the above information, Hattie had an important part in our history. Anyone who does something that is a “first” deserves some special recognition.

The subscriber has a special connection to Hattie Caraway because she was named after this lady. The subscriber's name is Hattie Wyatt Caraway Griffith Raines who lives in Salem, Massachusetts. Adella Irvin Griffith was her grandmother and Mrs. Raines has fond memories of her early days on the farm about four miles west of Bluff City, Arkansas.

Mrs. Raines says she didn't like her name as a child, but wishes she had been wise enough to use Hattie Caraway as her role model. Mrs. Raines has a letter that was mailed to her mother from Sen. Hattie Caraway at the time of her birth. She wanted to send me a copy, but the letter is too fragile to make a copy.

She also had a silver baby spoon that Sen. Caraway had given her mother. It was safely tucked away among her treasured possessions until a bad experience with a French exchange student in the 1970's. It, along with other valuables, was missing and lost forever.

Thanks to Mrs. Raines for sharing this bit of information. I had wondered about her name when she first subscribed to this paper. So, as Paul Harvey says, now we know the rest of the story.

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FACULTY MEMBERS- BODCAW BAPTIST UNION HIGH SCHOOL (1908)

(see October, 2004 issue for related article and photo of school)

M. G. Orr—Third Assistant

Samuel H. Warmack, First Assistant

Prof. J. M. Langston, Superintendent

J. E. Meador, Second Assistant

Just in case you are worried about eating too much over the holidays,

METHUSELAH

**Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of calorie count;
He ate it because it was chow.
He wasn't disturbed as at dinner he sat,
Devouring a roast or a pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat
Or a couple of vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed each species of food,
Unmindful of troubles or fears
Lest his health might be hurt
By some fancy dessert;
And he lived over nine hundred years.**

--Anonymous

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

EARLY NEVADA COUNTY HISTORY

*Editor's note: The following article was written by R. P. Hamby about 1940 and was published in a souvenir edition of **The Prescott Daily Mail** newspaper.*

The first white people to settle in what is now Nevada County were five families who journeyed from middle Tennessee by flat boat and landed at a point on the Little Missouri River near where Hwy. 67 crosses. The names of two of the families are forgotten, but the other three were named Whiteside, White, and McLelland. They settled in various parts of the county. Nevada County was formed of parts of Hempstead, Ouachita, and Columbia counties in 1871 and Mt. Moriah was designated at the temporary county seat.

Acting Governor O. D. Hadley appointed commissioners to select a county seat and they selected what later became the town of Rosston. The first county officers, appointed by the governor, were D. C. Tuttle-county judge; A. B. Parsons-county and circuit clerk; J. S. Vandergriff-sheriff; T. W. Hammon-treasurer; Samuel Weaver-coroner; W. H. Prescott-surveyor; and John Meeks-assessor.

The first county court was held in a church at Mt. Moriah on May 8, 1871 and the first circuit court met July 3, 1871. The county seat was removed to Rosston during the fall of that year where it remained until Prescott became county seat and the records were moved on August 13, 1877 and the newly erected Methodist church served as a court house for about a year.

At the time Nevada county was created, there were small villages at Falcon, Glenville, Mt. Moriah, and Moscow. The Cairo and Fulton railroad (now Missouri Pacific) was constructed across the north part of the new county in 1873, the first passenger train arriving at the new town of Boughton on July 4. Prescott was surveyed in August, 1873 and Robert Burns erected the first store building on West Main Street where the First State Bank building now stands about September 1 of that year.

Prescott was incorporated as a town on October 6, 1874 but the town officers were not chosen until 1876 when the following were selected: Wm. L. Webb-mayor; M. J. Saxon-marshal; J. J. Whiteside-recorder; E. E. White-treasurer; and Brad Scott, W. B. Waller, W. A. Bright, D. M. Wadley, and Guy Nelson-aldermen.

The present court house was erected in 1911, the one which was erected in 1884 being torn down, and the present county jail was built in 1926. Prescott's city hall was erected in 1939 at a cost of \$30,000. The first paving was laid in 1927 and the sewer system was constructed in 1911, the water and light plant having been built in 1898. The post office and the Masonic temple were built in 1927.

The Cumberland Presbyterian organization erected the first Prescott church in 1875.

Prescott has an area of 720 acres and a population as of 1940 of 3,177. Nevada County has an area of 620 square miles and in 1940 its population was 19,786.

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The county officers (1940) are Brad Bright-judge; Otis Langston-sheriff; C. C. Mitchell-circuit clerk; Brad DeWoody-county clerk; Dallis Atkins-treasurer; J. D. Cornish-coroner; and J. M. Plyler-tax assessor.

Prescott's present (1940) officers are Randolph P. Hamby-mayor; Horace Hale-chief of police; L. M. Cummings-recorder; Wren Scott-treasurer; and aldermen- A. W. Hudson, Horace DeLamar, R. B. Hardley, Joe R. Hamilton, J. D. Cornish, T. E. Logan, J. M. Stripling, and J. Alvin Cole.

Just for fun, I have included this little quiz to test your knowledge about the state of Arkansas. Some questions are very easy and some are more difficult. You can check your answers on page 7.

- ___1. The official state bird of Arkansas is the—A. sparrow; B. robin; C. mockingbird; D. cardinal
- ___2. Which of these country singers was **not** born in Arkansas?—A. Johnny Cash; B. Loretta Lynn; C. Glen Campbell; D. Jim Ed Brown
- ___3. The official state flower of Arkansas is the—A. yellow rose; B. morning glory; C. petunia; D. apple blossom
- ___4. The world's championship duck calling contest is held annually in—A. Jonesboro; B. West Memphis; C. Stuttgart; D. Pine Bluff
- ___5. Arkansas became a state in—A. 1825; B. 1836; C. 1850; D. 1900
- ___6. The official state tree of Arkansas is the—A. pine; B. red oak; C. bald cypress; D. sweet gum
- ___7. Which one of these generals was born in Arkansas?—A. Robert E. Lee; B. George S. Patton; C. Tommy Franks; D. Douglas McArthur
- ___8. The official state gem is —A. ruby; B. sapphire; C. pearl; D. diamond
- ___9. Arkansas is known as—A. The Land of the Rising Sun; B. The Natural State; C. The Land Down Under; D. The Gateway to the West
- ___10. The official state fruit is the—A. watermelon; B. red delicious apple; C. Elberta peach; D. pink tomato
- ___11. The official state mineral is—A. gold; B. bauxite; C. oil; D. silver
- ___12. The official state beverage is—A. milk; B. sweet tea; C. coffee; D. Coca-Cola classic
- ___13. A person from Arkansas is called—A. a hillbilly; B. a redneck; C. an Arkansan; D. a Dixiecrat

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- ___14. The official state insect is the—A. seed tick; B. monarch butterfly; C. honey bee; D. grasshopper
- ___15. The official state instrument is the—A. dulcimer; B. guitar; C. harmonica; D. fiddle
- ___16. The official state rock is—A. sandstone; B. quartz crystal; C. granite; D. marble
- ___17. Which of these states does **not** border Arkansas?—A. Kansas; B. Oklahoma; C. Louisiana; D. Missouri
- ___18. Which of these men was **not** a governor of Arkansas? Orval Faubus; B. Winthrop Rockefeller; C. Ben Laney; D. Sam Walton
- ___19. The “Arkansas Toothpick” is a nickname for—A. a cannon used in the Civil War; B. a small twig from a sassafras tree; C. the Bowie knife; D. a plant that grows in the Ozarks
- ___20. The highest mountain in Arkansas is—A. Mt. McKinley; B. Mt. Rushmore; C. Pike’s Peak; D. Mt. Magazine
-



THE HARVEY HOME IN BLUFF CITY

(was located about where the Bluff City Laundramat is today behind “Willie’s”)

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ANSWERS TO ARKANSAS QUIZ

1. C – designated as such in 1929
2. B
3. D – designated as such in 1901
4. C
5. B – it was the 25th state admitted June 15, 1836
6. A – designated as such in 1939
7. D – he was born in Little Rock in 1880
8. D – designated as such in 1967
9. B
10. D – designated as such in 1987
11. B – designated as such in 1967
12. A – designated as such in 1985
13. C
14. C – designated as such in 1973
15. D – designated as such in 1985
16. B – designated as such in 1967
17. A
18. D
19. C
20. D

How did you score?

16 or more correct – You are very smart or just lucky
12 to 15 correct – Not bad since you didn't study
7 to 11 correct – You learned something, didn't you?
6 or less correct – You must not be from around here!

CADDO GAP SPRINGS

An official of the U. S. Government was here today to inspect the hot springs recently discovered. He believes an unlimited supply of hot water is available.

The springs were discovered last February by J. M. Davis, a mining prospector. He noticed the peculiar rock formations and late at night fired a shot of dynamite which uplifted the capstone and disclosed the hot water.

Further search revealed numerous springs of hot water. He carefully concealed his find with brush and stones until he could file a claim to the land.

He also claims to have found rich deposits of gold, silver, and other metals near the springs. Many theories are advanced in regard to the hot springs. Old men say the blasting in the gap during the construction of the railroad shocked the strata of rocks apart and caused the hot water to come forth. Others say the hot water has been there forever and a day.

One thing is certain is that the hot springs and plenty of them are here. People come from far and near to visit them daily and drink the water. *(from the 9-1-1908 issue of the Prescott Daily News)*

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CHICKEN POT PIE

2 chicken breasts
1 can cream of chicken soup
1 large potato, diced
½ cup carrots, cut in pieces
¼ cup English peas
1 tablespoon finely chopped celery
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt (for broth)
¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning
salt and pepper to taste

Boil chicken breasts in a medium (2 qt.) stew pan of water seasoned with pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook until chicken is tender and easily de-boned. Remove skin and bone from meaty part of chicken and chop the chicken. In a 1 ½ quart baking dish or pot, dump a can of cream of chicken soup and a can of broth from the stewed chicken. Add the chopped chicken, diced potato, onion, celery, carrots, and peas. Season with poultry seasoning, salt, and pepper and simmer while preparing pie crust.

Crust:

2 cups plain flour
1 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup shortening
4 or 5 tablespoons of water

Cut shortening into flour and salt until crumbly. Add water, a tablespoon at a time, until well blended and moist. Divide in half and roll out to fit a 2 quart baking dish. Spoon in the prepared filling (see above) and cover with top crust. Crimp edges together and cut slits in top crust. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 to 60 minutes. Makes 5 or 6 servings. Leftovers freeze well.

GOOD CHILI

½ cup chopped onion
2 teaspoons garlic salt
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoons pepper
2 ½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
2 ½ lbs. ground beef
1 oz. chili powder
2 small cans tomato sauce

Combine first five ingredients with ½ pint of water and let set. Meanwhile, brown ground beef and drain. Add above mixture along with chili powder and tomato sauce. Add approximately 2 pints of water (if desired) and ½ cup plain flour to thicken. Simmer 1 ½ to 2 hours.

*Note: You can increase pepper and chili powder if you like it hotter.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 5 - No. 2

February, 2005

This article about the old cemetery in Camden was copied from microfilm and was published sometime around 1910. This may be boring to those of you who don't live in Ouachita County, but it contains much information on the early settlers of Camden. I have highlighted the names of people mentioned in the article. Sometime when you are in Camden, stop by the old cemetery to see some of the oldest grave markers in this area. The cemetery is a tourist stop during the Daffodil Days festival along with tours of the ante-bellum homes. The slogan of the city is "Camden, Arkansas—Where History Lives"

A PLEA FOR THE OLD CEMETERY

Written for the Daughters of the Confederacy by Mrs. J. W. Meek

Some time since, an honored guest was entertained in one of Camdens hospitable homes. He enjoyed its rare courtesy and had the pleasure of being driven through the well kept streets of our little city. He admired our magnificent houses and cozy cottages, and noted all the modern progress, his only criticism being: "Your old cemetery, which is the basis of your local history, is sadly neglected".

It is because we, the U. D. C. recognize this to be a fact, that we desire to present this plea. This especial "God's Acres" has never possessed any real designation beyond "the cemetery" in former days, and "the old cemetery" in these latter ones. An annex, "Forest Grove" has been added to it, and within the last few years a beautiful "Greenwood" has been enclosed. It is around the old cemetery that the early history of Camden, and to a certain extent, that of Arkansas centers. Major **W. L. Bradley** was one of the earliest settlers in this portion of the state and was the owner of wide territory. At some time between 1840 and 1850, he donated this site to the settlement to be used as a burial ground. In thus providing for the dead, he did not fail to foresee and care for the future lives of the community. At the same time, he gave the site of the Mr. **Eustace Newton's** home for a school house and a log hut was erected upon it. He also gave the site of **Bry's** store for a court house. At the time Mr. Bradley made his purchase of land, small allotments were not at a premium. It is said that the site of Mr. **Geo. Ritchie's** store and others cost him eighteen cents each, but he sold them for much more.

The first deaths in the settlement were in the **Nunn** family and these were previously interred on a high point of land in back of the present site where they can still be distinguished. This tract of land that held the dead of Camdens first citizens, generations later received the Southern soldiers gathered here under the control of **Gen'l's Marmaduke and Price**. The same site, since known as Point Lookout, was afterwards the base of operations for Union soldiers under the command of **Gen. Steele**. The long line of trenches still show the handiwork of these men.

The first grave made in the cemetery is now enclosed with iron chains, supported by cedar posts. This is said to be the grave of a babe born to a white woman whose home was in

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the north. The first tombstone to be placed there was in memory of **Thomas Stone**, a slave holder from Autauga County, Alabama. He was the father of Mrs. **Ora Newton** and located in Camden in 1843 where he died two years later. While on a return trip from New Orleans he contracted cholera which proved fatal. The obelisk which still surmounts his grave was brought from New Orleans by steamboat. It attracted wide attention at the time, people driving in from remote neighborhoods to see it. The markings for the graves of these Camden pioneers were crude, but later they were laid down beneath marble mausoleums or within strong vaults of brick masonry. Prominent among these are the family vaults erected by **J. D. Hill** in 1856 and **Dr. Williams**. A gruesome pastime has been afforded many who loitered in the grounds by peering into their gloomy, untenanted apertures. Two old enclosures are those which contain the descendants of the **Elliott** and **Scales** families. The handsome marble mausoleums, contrasted with the green of the cedars and purple iris blooms, would compare well with early tombs of larger cities. There are many handsome enclosures, but most of them are neglected through the absence of relatives. Miss **Octavia Elliott** was chosen Queen of May in 1847. Her attendants were **Miss Woodward**, another belle of the old regime and **Misses Medley and Stone**. They graced the day and times with their beauty and wit, but have lain silent for many years. Miss Elliott was afterwards the wife of **Col. J. M. Brooks**.

The grave of **W. P. Ratcliffe** lies near the lots alluded to. It was he that first blazed the way for Methodism in this portion of the state. His monument was erected within the last few years by an affectionate granddaughter, Mrs. **Eva Whitthorne Trezevant** of Dallas, Texas and an additional inscription that he was "bold, faithful, and true" accurately described his character. The Eva Whitthorne chapter of the Masonic Order of the Eastern Star was named in her honor.

In the year of 1850, the cemetery received the body of a good man whose name shines to us mostly through the reflectant light of his great brother, **Henry Clay**. He died in Camden at the close of mission work down the Mississippi, terminating with a revival at this place. He was a Baptist minister and people of that denomination erected to his memory a tablet eight by eighteen inches with the name of **Porter Clay** engraved upon it. Few people know it is in the cemetery and fewer still can find where it is placed.

Legal talent is honored in the tomb of **Lawyer Case**. The inscription tells us that "he lived, loved, and died regretted." An unusual feature of this stone is that it was placed there by five faithful friends who obtained permission from his wife to do so, and who were sincere in their expressions. These were **Stephen McHugh, Roland Smith, John Ramey, John Daly, and Edward Woodland**. The stone is now broken and lies aslant upon the earth. Nearby lies **Stephen McHugh**, who was born in Letrum, Ireland in 1799. We wonder, as we stand under an overshadowing magnolia tree, if this warmhearted Irishman, whose name leads the list, did not perfect this friendly plan. When we are told that he was the first Episcopal Rector at this place, we are sure of it. An old letter states this concerning him: "He was greatly loved by Camden people of all denominations." He lived on the road that turns to Two Bayou. There was good fellowship between the travelers in "Preacher's Row" **Rev. McHugh, Rev. Ratcliffe, and Dr. Winfield** (Methodist Divine) living close together on the road that turns to go to Two Bayou. He was a product of Trinity College, Dublin; was highly educated and is said to have taught a boy's school. In 1850 he held services in the Masonic

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lodge, then located where Mrs. **Ella Gordon** now lives. This was said to have been a two story structure, the upper part used for Masonic purposes. **Dr. McHugh** was the first stationed pastor of this church. He died in 1857 or 1858. The church was previously established by a missionary in 1848. St. John's Parish was officially organized under the supervision of **Bishop Freeman**, whose diocese was an extensive western territory. From **Mrs. Tuft's** history of the Parish we find that services were held in the old Female Academy (the site of Mr. **E. Newton's** house) or the so-called City Hall, but in the spring of 1871 the lot and building known as "the old Episcopal church" was purchased by the vestry. It was bought by Messrs. **John Matlock, Rainey and Daly** and **Mrs. Case**, afterwards **Mrs. Ellis**. The clay hill, dotted with evergreens, holds the dust of these people. "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

The name of **Mrs. Elizabeth Nunn** marks the early history of Presbyterianism. **A. R. Banks** of South Carolina, a stationed pastor at Tulip, Ark., stated that he organized the church of that name at his home. It is probable that the Articles of Agreement of 1852, looking to that result, were made there and that the call to Presbytery which convened at Mt. Holly on April 1, 1853, was made at the same time. Five names were signed to this petition—**Judge Isaac Strain, Mrs. Elizabeth Simmons, Mrs. Nunn, Peter K. Rounsaville**, and his sister, **Adelaide Rounsaville**. Most of these rest upon the rugged old hill of the dead. The first meeting of the church members was held in the home of Mrs. Simmons and there **Peter K. Rounsaville** was elected the first ruling elder. **Col. Bunn**, who knew him well, writes this: "A purer man never lived." Finely educated, reared in the best society, he was unfitted for the surroundings of pioneer life." He was a graduate of the University of North Carolina and a lawyer by profession. He and his wife were earnest helpers, not only in the gathering of the church from Mt. Pisgah (now Champion Hill), into a Camden church, but also in the erection of a new building. The first place of worship used by the Presbyterians was a school house erected at the corner of Harrison and Van Buren streets on the lots now occupied by Mr. **J. H. Morgan's** residence. The quaint, two-story structure was erected in 1858. The tombs of the **Rounsaville** and **Simmons** family are familiar features of the old graveyard. "She lived a wife and died a Christian" is the comprehensive epitaph found on the tombstone of **Peter K. Rounsaville's wife**. **Mrs. Woodland's** quiet tomb reveals no disclosure of the fact that, although her later years were spent in retirement, it was she alone who prepared the sacramental service in the sixties. She was also a liberal contributor to the erection of the old church which was but lately destroyed. The stone marked **Elizabeth B. Hartwell** marks the wife of a well beloved pioneer Baptist minister. His son, **J. B. Hartwell, Jr.**, D. D., served as missionary to China for fifty years. **Thos. Malone** and **Mike Wilson** were also early Baptists, but it was left to **Rev. T. G. Freeman** to mark an epoch when he built the old brick structure in 1859.

A large granite stone stands at the head of the grave of **William Bross**. He was a liberal contributor to the Catholic church which was established in Camden directly after the war. **Bishop Fitzgerald** was in control and **Father Garrety** was the first stationed priest. A building was erected upon a site donated by **Mr. Henry Clifford** who, with his wife, sleeps within the old cemetery.

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Near the center of the lot stands a broken shaft erected to the memory of **E. H. Whitfield**, notable as being the founder of Masonry in South Arkansas. He was an elective officer of the Grand Lodge of Arkansas in 1850 and 1852, and is supposed to have organized the Blue Lodge at this place in 1844. An old newspaper issued a Masonic call for an approaching "anniversary of St. John the Baptist" to be held May, 1847, signed by **N. Clifton** and others. **Mr. Clifton's** grave is near the **Elliott** enclosure.

In the first edition of the *Ouachita Herald*, published in May, 1847, we find an advertisement inserted by **Jas. Vaughn**, postmaster. The notice states that the eastern mails by Little Rock arrive every Thursday and Monday by 5 p.m.; from Washington and Texas, arrive every Wednesday by 7 p.m., leaves every Thursday at 5 a.m. In regard to either the weekly or bi-weekly mail, he announces it must be put in the office by nine o'clock, otherwise it will not go. **Mr. Vaughn's** elegant tomb is found near the entrance of the old graveyard. In connection with this postal history it is very interesting to know that **Mr. J. R. Young** was the first postmaster after the Civil War. He served in the building now occupied by **Charley Randall**. Some of our mature citizen entrusted their earliest epistolary confidences to a slit which can still be seen in the door, where a candle box received them. The progress of the age is in no way better exemplified than by the contrast of the old and new post office buildings which stand opposite each other.

In 1828 Camden rejoiced over the birth of its first white boy babe, but lately her citizens followed in sad procession the boy and man, **Rowland B. Smith** (of honored memory) to his last rest under the trees of the sacred hill. The old cemetery marks for us the first of things; **Dr. James H. Ponder**, who died in 1855, aged 67, was Camdens first and honored physician. **Drs. Williams and McElrath**, both cultured gentlemen, succeeded him, both of whom claimed as wife, the same lovely woman, **Miss Eliza Young**. **Robert Ives**, the first blacksmith and wagon shop owner, whose rest after a tiresome journey from Virginia, was in a little house on the site now reserved for the Catholic church. **Mr. Augustus Stapp**, of the first bakery and candy store; **Mr. Simmons**, of tin-shop memory; **James Jennings**, whose name as marble cutter is in the corner of so many headstones that we are surprised to walk abreast of one erected to his own memory.

In the extreme northern end of the cemetery is found a stone to the memory of **John Works**, familiarly known during his life as Uncle Johnny Works. He was Camdens first tailor, a diminutive specimen of mankind. He was said to have been the wonder of all small boys as blood-curdling stories were whispered of his previous life. The generally accepted theory was that he had been a soldier in the Texas war, an active participant in the battle of San Jacinto, and afterwards an avid gambler and horse racer. He bore the reputation of having been a splendid fighter who always carried a bowie knife down the back of his neck. In Camden he led a singularly quiet life; was a consistent member of the Methodist church and died leaving a fortune (\$3200) to the Southern church.

A contemporary of his was **H. A. Poole**, a reserved, quiet man and Shakespearian scholar, who lived beyond his time and more and more unto himself. During his last illness a devoted wife leaned to him and whispered "How do you feel, George?" "I feel like one who treads

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alone a banquet hall deserted”, he answered, and with these words upon his lips he passed into eternity. His grave at the extreme point of Forest Grove, still accentuates this loneliness.

The monument to the memory of **Dan W. Fellows** recalls a strong personality; a home of rare courtesy and hospitality, from whence cultured women have gone to fill prominent and useful places in the world. **Mr. Fellows** came to Camden from Mechanicsville, N. Y. in 1857, and died in 1881. **Mr. Chamberlain**, of the same family enclosure, came in 1857. They were prominent merchants of their time. In our wanderings there we will find the names of **Seales, Seay, Daly, Graham, Graves, Kellam, Morgan, Pope, Rainey**, and other honored citizens of the past. Our Southern soldiers, numbering about 250, are enclosed near their monument. The gallant **Grinstead** and **McCollum** here find their last peace, and many other soldiers, numbering possibly 75, who lived through the war to finish life under various circumstances.

We find here many “sermons in stones” and if one cares for sentiment, the old place is rich with it. See the tall slab at the head of a grave near which a mimosa seed has germinated and produced a tree. It is to the memory of **Jane**, aged 15 years, 20 days; a child asleep, but wife to **Len Green**. There is a touching testimony to another wife, who is some older, and lies within a square brick mound covered with a long marble slab. There are many of the square mausoleums with the flat slab on top. They bear long, closely written testimonials to the virtues of the dead. They are impressing, recalling us from an undignified age to one in which every wife is memorialized as a “consort” and to a time in which there was no leisure for thinking noble thoughts. The thought expressed on this particular stone to **Mrs. Haislipp**, causes us to pause and wonder, if there was not mixed with the husband’s grief, the more bitter feelings of remorse. A broken bit of marble was found flat upon the earth. When overturned, it revealed the words, “Our Little **Leo**.” No one knows where it belongs as it has been found in different parts of the cemetery. A tiny grave tells of Little **Ebon**, who lived and died within a year. It tells an old truth that “God gave us love, but something to love He lends me.” An inscription concerning a young woman who died in 1865 says, “Death lies upon her like an untimely frost upon the sweetest flower in all the field.” When another was called, we are told, “And she answered, all is well.” A gravestone bears Aldrich’s tender lines, “Her little heart was ---ed in ours, and how we loved her God can tell.” Another one reads, “My boy”. The sweetness, the pathos of that word.” That was an old stone, for the cemetery holds all the dead from 1843 to later years, but we know how these children were beloved, for love is eternal. One stone is marked, “In Heaven—Our little baby. Born and died August, 1849.” From the pure earth of this little child that folded its white hands in death, has sprung a giant oak. Its broad girth crowds the little stone, but its towering limbs typify once more the fact, though death be the same yesterday and today, there is forever the hope of resurrection for man.

Some time ago, the writer stood on the dividing line between Forest Grove Cemetery and the old one. Without moving, seventy-five trees were counted, which were either dead or dying as the result of fires which have devastated the grounds. Rare cape jessamines and crepe myrtles, which beautify with age, are killed; magnolias, of which a Southern city should boast, are badly damaged; the blossoms of the blue and white iris, which grow in such profusion are dwarfed and will soon fail because of burnt foliage. The iron chain around the

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first grave now limps on three supports instead of four, and many private enclosures are badly burned. Cows meander peacefully among the grasses and with a few exceptions, the trail of neglect is over it all.

What shall we do with it? That is a question which our people only can decide. **The Daughters of the Confederacy.**

DO YOU KNOW THIS MAN? (published in the March 3, 1917 issue of The Prescott Daily News)

The following letter was received by Nevada Co. clerk R. D. Martin: (printed as written)

blossom, lamar, county texas
march, 1, th, 1917

MR, Martin

clerk of nevada county

dear, sir in reply to yours of the 28th I am glad to know that i have found my man he has been juestes of the peace for over forty years and he had a son that was a doctor his name was curk he was county jug of hemstid county and his weif was my mothers sister her name was jane and he has a dorter her name is munt if this is john burshers he is my unchel so i am so glad i have found him i don't know what to do my reason for trying to find him is to try to get my fathers pention my fother was a U.C.W. solger and was in the army with him and he can help me to get his pention i all so have a unkel in pike county by the name of gum maborn i am a son of henrey CUMMONS so will be evry so much ablige to you if uou will fiend out all about him and let me know.

yours trully

my name is RUPHES CUMMONS

my nick name was tute

yours trully

R. G. CUMMONS

Blossom, Texas Box 261

Barney Stapert, an expert typist, appeared at Prescott High School in 1924. He was with the Underwood Typewriter Co. and typed 149 words per minute with no mistakes.

On the following page is an old photo of a group of students at Gum Grove School in Nevada County. Gum Grove was located about 3 miles southwest of Bluff City. The school was consolidated with Bluff City School in 1929. If you study the notes on the photo, you should be able to identify most of the students. You may need a magnifying glass to help read the names. Thanks to Mrs. Mavis Belisle for sharing the photo.

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Gum Grove School Group
1923-24 -- Submitted by
Mavis Griffith Belisle

Mavis Griffith Belisle
Su Grove, Ark 3rd School year 4th grade 1923-24
Belle Morgan teacher

L-R - ~~Bottom Row~~ - Annie Stodd, Christine Bradley, Mae Pyle
Harold Nelson middle Griffith _____ Myster McKelvey
Earl Nelson, Annie Mae Barlow, Mavis Griffith, Roy McKelvey
Earle P. J. _____ Dorothy Meador _____ Aline McKelvey

? - Horace Stone, Ethel Parker, Belle Morgan, Edna Johnson Trix Parker
? - Mattie Stone

Top Row
Earl Moody, Beulah Stone, Jay Nelson, Mavis Griffith, Roy Pyle
Mittie Hall, Joe Pyle, Bonnie Hall, Elmer - (Walter J. Thins)

ART Moody place sold to child Griffith



ART

Beulah

Jay

Mavis

Earl

Joe

Bonnie

Elmer

EARL

Beulah Stone

Jay

Mavis

Earl

Harold

Aline

Christine

Joe Pyle

Myster

Mavis

Sto

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ONE OF CAMDEN'S FIRST HOMES DESTROYED BY FIRE (copied from microfilm)

The Smead home in Camden was destroyed by fire of unknown origin (date unknown). The only people at home at the time were Mrs. Smead and her daughter, Mrs. Harry Stewart. When they discovered the fire, it was so far gone that there was no chance of saving it, yet without a thought of her own interests, Mrs. Smead dragged out the two trunks which contained the clothing of Mrs. Hibbard, an aged lady who was making her home at the Smead residence.

The home was valued at \$6000 and was insured for \$4000. Mrs. Smead's household effects were valued at \$3500. Mr. Stewart's personal property was valued at \$1250. Mrs. Stewart lost all of her wedding presents, the value of which could not be figured.

The fire was one of the worst in Camden in a number of years, removing an old landmark. The present owners had made extensive improvements on the building in the last decade. The home had been standing for over half a century, having been one of the first residences erected in Camden.

A PECULIAR INCIDENT CONCERNING THE FIRE

A peculiar incident of the fire which destroyed Mrs. H. P. Smead's home some weeks ago was brought to light when Mrs. Smead looked over the ruins a few days ago. She found her wedding ring and a massive gold ring worn by Colonel Smead during his lifetime, which he highly prized and which had been preserved for the children, firmly welded together by the heat.

At the time of the fire Mr. Smead's ring was in a jewel case on the dressing table, while Mrs. Smead's ring was lying on the dressing table near the box. As the flames destroyed the table and box, the two rings happened to fall together in some way and were joined by the great heat into a double ring.

Mrs. Smead will have the rings made into three plain gold rings for her daughters.

ANGEL PIE

3 egg whites
1 cup sugar
1 cup Ritz cracker crumbs
1 cup ground nuts
1 can cherry pie filling
Cool Whip

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Beat egg whites until fluffy. Add sugar and beat until stiff. Fold in cracker crumbs and nuts until well mixed. Pour into pie plate. With spoon, press to form sides. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes or until dry. Add 1 can cherry pie filling. Top with Cool Whip and sprinkled pecans. Refrigerate.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

JERRY McKELVY, EDITOR

Vol. 5 – No. 3

March, 2005

Editor's Note--This article was copied from a microfilmed newspaper dated about 1910

Note: This story is founded upon fact. John Powell, a member of the Camden Knights, sent a small cedar tree to his mother from Aquia Creek, Virginia in 1861, and it is now a large, beautiful tree on the lawn of Mrs. W. E. McRae's residence, which was formerly the Powell home.

TREE WAS A MONUMENT TO HER SOLDIER SON

When the famous company known as the Camden Knights left to go to war in 1861, young John Powell was among their number. He was a typical Southern boy of the old aristocratic class. Next to his devotion to the cause for which he finally gave his life, was his love for his mother.

While encamped near Aquia Creek, Virginia, thinking of his mother and loved ones at home, he dug up a tiny cedar tree and sent it to them. He wrote his mother to plant the little tree in front of her window, that she might have a constant reminder of her soldier son before her eyes. Mrs. Powell planted the tree and it soon began to thrive in its new home. The fond mother would gaze on it daily as she sat by her window.

Young Powell was afterward killed in battle. His mother had never seen him after he left with his company to fight for the cause. During her whole life, she regarded the growing cedar as a monument to her boy. The present owners of the property feel much the same sentiment toward the tree. It will doubtless stand for many years. It has grown from the tiny slip to a great tree, and daily throws its shade across the window where the mother sat to think of her boy in battle and as buried in a soldier's grave.

THE STORY OF THE CEDAR TREE

When I first began to notice things around me, I was a very tiny little tree, growing just as near to my father and mother as I could possibly get. All around my home were many tall, beautiful cedar trees. We grew not very far from Aquia Creek in Virginia, and I used to think, in fact I yet think, that Virginia is the loveliest home in the world. It is no wonder that the trees stand up so straight and sturdy, and put forth such luxuriant foliage in the spring, and it is no wonder that in that pure and bracing air so many girls and boys grow into such splendid womanhood and manhood.

The first thing I can remember is how impatient I used to be, and how I wished to grow taller so I could look out in the world and see more that was going on, but there came a day when I was glad to be small. I will tell you about that day. It was in the springtime, and although the birds sang and the flowers were blooming, it seemed to me as if there were a shadow over the land. When the south wind blew softly through the trees, there seemed to be mingled with its music a note of sadness and sighing, such as comes from the hearts of

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sorrowing mothers, and ever and anon would be heard the words, “War! War!”, from the lips of the passersby. Then one day I knew something important was about to happen, for some men came to the place where I was growing, and after looking around, said, “Yes, this is the best place to camp.” I wondered what a camp was, and soon began to find out when I heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of many feet and the sweet notes of a bugle, and by and by a band playing such beautiful music that all the trees nodded their heads and rustled for joy, and the birds went off and hid themselves in the forest because they were ashamed to think they could not sing any music so sweet. Afterwards, I came to know that tune very well—it was “Dixie”. As the sounds came nearer that day, I could hear voices of the men, and finally I could distinguish their features. I saw that they were young and fair, and their eyes sparkled with joy, as if they were sure of victory. As I listened to their talk, I found that they were called “The Camden Knights”, and that they had come from far off Arkansas. Their uniforms were new and their bayonets bright and shiny, and each man had a big knife, called an “Arkansas toothpick” stuck in his belt. Strange to say, not one of them stepped on me. I was growing as near to my mother as I could, and it happened that when the tents were put up one of the stakes which held a tent was near enough to protect me on the other side. So there I stood, a tiny little tree, wishing with all my might to grow bigger. Especially did I wish this during the long, dark nights when I could hear the old trees talking to one another about how glorious it was to be permitted to stand guard over the sleeping heroes, and how happy they were as they stood holding out their thick branches to ward off the chilly mountain air.

Hearing the roll call every day, I soon grew familiar with the names of the men, and many of them I remember yet—Crenshaw, Hogg, Darnell, McCollum, McMahan, Ponder, Puryear, Scott, Stinson, and Ward. One of these names afterwards became very familiar to me, and this name, Powell, has much to do with the time when I was glad to be a tiny little tree. John Powell was the name of one of the soldiers who slept in the tent nearest to me. Every morning as he came out, he would be very careful not to pass me too roughly, for he loved all plants and growing trees. One day he opened the flap of the tent and sat down to write a letter to his mother; I know it, because as he began to write, he took from his pocket a picture and kissed it saying, “God bless my dear mother!”

After writing awhile he stopped and looked at me a moment and said, “Little Cedar Tree, how would you like to go to Arkansas and live with my mother? She is so kind and gentle, and loves growing plants and trees, and every day you can tell here how I love her and how I am standing up straight and strong and doing my duty to God and my country.”

Oh, that was the day and hour when I was glad to be a tiny little tree! I was so happy that I fairly trembled with joy from the top of my green, glossy head to the tips of my feathery branches. I kissed his dear, kind hand as he took me so carefully, loosening the Virginia soil with his “Arkansas toothpick”. He wrapped me in wet moss and packed me neatly for my journey, and although it was a long, tiresome time before I reached here, still I was happy to think of the beautiful message I was carrying. At last I found myself taking a good, long breath of Arkansas air, and lying in the soft hand of the mother. I felt her tears dropping here and there on my tiny branches, yet as I looked in her sweet face she was smiling.

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Soon there was a cozy little place prepared for me just outside her window. She was even thoughtful enough to put some small stones in the soft earth where I was to grow, for she knew I came from a place where the soil was rocky. After that I grew so rapidly that in a year's time my own mother would not have known me. I was very happy, for every day I could see the dear mother and give here the message from her boy, and I'm sure she understood.

But one day—one sad, heartbreaking day—the news came that the soldier had fallen in battle, and when the dear mother came to where I was growing, she knelt down and, looking at me with her sad eyes, said: “Oh, Little Cedar Tree, he is dead, he is dead!” And I stood up as straight and tall as I could and repeated my message over and over again, and when she was calm I added, “He is living, he is living!” and she understood. And from that day until the day she went to meet him in the Better Land, I continued to whisper the two messages—and she always understood.

For many years since then I have lived in Camden. Many wreaths have been twined from my branches to decorate the graves of Southern heroes who sleep in the Camden cemeteries, but I have never forgotten the one who found me in Virginia. All these years he has been sleeping in an unknown grave, while I have lived in his childhood home, happy in the thought that I, too, did my duty in those days. And now, as the little children play around me, I like to whisper to them:

“Be brave, be true! Remember the heroes who died for you.”

FEEDBACK FROM READERS

I was reading your article entitled “When the Movie Stars came to Goose Ankle” in the January, 2002 issue. This brought back memories of my adventure with David Carradine and Barbara Hershey.

I was married to a girl from Cale at the time. We were visiting from Hot Springs one weekend and I was sitting on the front porch, rocking away, as I was want to do frequently, due to the fact that the setting out there in the country was so serene and peaceful (compared to the hectic hubbub of Hot Springs). Anyway, a new car drove into the driveway, disturbing my serenity. I got up and went out to the car and inquired of the driver what I could do to assist him. It turned out to be none other than David Carradine...Kung Fu! Sitting beside him was a gorgeous, dark-haired girl whom, I found out later, was Barbara Hershey.

It seems that their two dogs, "Bluebird" and "Buffalo" were missing somewhere in the bottoms around Dills Mill. Not knowing the lay of the land, Mr. Carradine asked if I would please drive them around the countryside and assist them in locating their dogs. I quickly agreed and away we went, the two of them sticking their head out each side of the car. "Buffalo"! "Bluebird"!, they yelled repeatedly. We drove around for what seemed a hundred miles, over a two hour period, them each taking turns yelling the dogs' names. Finally, as it was getting dark, we had to give up the search.

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One somewhat humorous incident was the fact that I had seen Mr. Carradine in many episodes of "Kung Fu" and recognized him immediately. Unfortunately, for whatever reason, I had not seen, or heard of Ms. Hershey. I asked her directly if she, too, was a movie star! That didn't set too well with her and, as such, she didn't thank me for my help. David did. He even offered to pay me for my time and fuel, to which I flatly refused! "We folks down here in Arkansas help other folks without expecting any gratuity!", I responded. He was sincerely grateful and the two of them left, heading back to Camden, where they were staying in a hotel.

I just wanted to pass this little tidbit on to you, as I read in your Chronicles about another group who encountered those two rather likable celebrities. I'll never forget that incident, or the names of their dogs. I often tried to contact Mr. Carradine, to no avail. I didn't try to contact Ms. Hershey, for fear that she'd remember the "doofus" who didn't recognize her as being equally as famous as her co-star in Boxcar Bertha! ---James Hairston

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

By George Carlin

1. Throw out nonessential numbers. This includes age, weight, and height. Let the doctor worry about them. That is why you pay him/her.
2. Keep only cheerful friends. The grouches pull you down.
3. Keep learning. Learn more about the computer, crafts, gardening, whatever. Never let the brain idle. "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." And the devil's name is Alzheimer's.
4. Enjoy the simple things.
5. Laugh often, long and loud. Laugh until you gasp for breath.
6. The tears happen. Endure, grieve, and move on. The only person who is with us our entire life is ourselves. BE ALIVE while you are alive.
7. Surround yourself with what you love, whether it's family, pets, keepsakes, music, plants, hobbies, whatever. Your home is your refuge.
8. Cherish your health: If it is good, preserve it. If it is unstable, improve it. If it is beyond what you can improve, get help.
9. Don't take guilt trips. Take a trip to the mall, to the next county, to a foreign country, but NOT to where the guilt is.
10. Tell the people you love that you love them at every opportunity.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER: Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

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AD FOR CAMPBELL SHOWS (APPEARING IN PRESCOTT FOR ONE WEEK) From The Prescott Daily News—January 19, 1912

- “Bob”- the only boxing kangaroo in the world (he boxes 3 rounds with a lady)
 - The Lizard Girl- the strangest creature on earth
 - A \$10,000 Jumping Horse
 - Russian dancing girls
 - Jungle Land- strange animals from the jungle
 - Little George- the midget and his wife and baby
 - Biggest and strongest Ferris wheel ever carried by a traveling show
 - Free band concerts each day
-

AN UNUSUAL GRAVE MARKER

We were visiting a cemetery in Missouri recently looking for the graves of some of my distant McKelvy relatives. We found the grave marker below and couldn't resist taking a picture of it. I never knew Mr. Wally F. Hanebrink (1903-1986), but this simple grave marker with the inscription “A Man of Iron” gives a distinct impression of the man and his life.

The marker is located in McGee Chapel Cemetery in Bollinger County, Missouri.



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A LOCAL NEWS ITEM FROM THE WILDCAT RD. NEWS COLUMN The Nevada News—March 18, 1926

It's got so nowadays everybody tries to find out if you don't make whiskey. If they can't find out any other way, they will try to get the little children to tell them if daddy don't make a little in the old coffee pot while mother gets breakfast. People should ask an adult about such matters and not be asking children. Always let the other fellow's business alone and keep your own hands clean before God and man and this will be a much better world to live in.

FROM THE PRESCOTT SCHOOLS CATALOGUE OF 1911-12

Before completing first grade the student should be able to:

- Write all the letters of the alphabet
- Write his or her name well
- Write his or her post office address
- Write his or her township, county, and state
- Write the names of familiar objects
- Write a long list of words from reading lessons
- Write short sentences using periods, comma, and capital letters where needed.

The second and third grades will complete a nature study. In the autumn, they will study birds, with a close study of the blue jay and sparrow. They will study the dog, cat, horse, pig, and rabbit. In the winter, they will study birds that migrate and also do a close study of the robin. In the spring, they will study the birds that return to the area and do a close study of the goose, duck, and crow. They will observe Bird Day and study the life of John James Audubon. They will also learn about processing food by canning and drying and learn how to prepare for the winter season.

OLD TIME FIDDLER'S CONTEST AT ROSSTON FEBRUARY 13, 1915

The annual Fiddler's contest held at the Rosston Public School Building was a great success. The building was filled to capacity.

The music made by the contestants was of superior quality and was appreciated by all lovers of music.

The sum of \$81.15 was realized out of the contest which will be utilized for the benefit of the school.

The following contestants were awarded prizes: Mr. Clarence Dunn, best single fiddler (first prize) and Mr. J. D. Taylor (second prize); Mrs. J. D. Taylor, best lady single fiddler

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(first prize) and Miss Mollie Luck (second prize); Mr. Sorrells, best left-handed fiddler; Miss Mollie Luck, best looking lady fiddler; Mr. Jim Sewett, oldest fiddler; Mr. T. H. Whitehead, fastest fiddler; Mr. Owen McKissack, youngest boy fiddler; Mr. T. H. Whitehead, fanciest fiddler; Mr. Clarence Dunn, best player of "Casey Jones"; Mr. Parris Atkins, best player of "Home Sweet Home"; Mrs. Alta Warmack, best lady player of "Home Sweet Home"; Mr. Jim Sewett; longest nose fiddler; Rosston Band, first prize; Willisville Band, second prize; Willisville Band, old time music (first), Rosston Band (second).



This post office was located at the home of Foy and Gladys Nelson on the north side of Hwy. 24. Gladys Nelson was the postmaster until her death in 1982. Wilma Knight then became postmaster at this office and at the new post office which opened in 1984 at the present location. This small building was then moved behind a neighbor's house.

HOW DID WE LIVE THROUGH IT?

Looking back, it's hard to believe that we have lived as long as we have.

As children we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Riding in the back of a pickup truck on a warm day was always a special treat.

Our baby cribs were painted with bright colored lead based paint. We often chewed on the crib, ingesting the paint.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors, or cabinets, and when we rode our bikes we had no helmets. We drank water from the garden hose and not from a bottle.

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We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then rode down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times we learned to solve the problem.

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the street lights came on. No one was able to reach us all day.

We played dodge ball and sometimes the ball would really hurt. We ate cupcakes, bread and butter, and drank sugar soda, but we were never overweight; we were always outside playing.

Little League had tryouts, and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment.

Some students weren't as smart as others or didn't work hard so they failed a grade and were held back to repeat the same grade.

That generation produced some of the greatest risk-takers and problem solvers. We had the freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned how to deal with it all.

Author Unknown-

A bride and groom ordered their wedding cake and requested a particular scripture verse written on the top with frosting. It was to be 1 John 4:18 - "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casts out fear." Unfortunately the baker didn't know the Bible all that well, and put on John 4:18 - "You have had five husbands and the one you have now is not your husband..."

PHILADELPHIA "3 STEP" CARAMEL PECAN CHEESECAKE

2 pkgs. (8 oz. each) Philadelphia cream cheese, softened
½ cup sugar
½ tsp. vanilla
2 eggs
20 caramels
2 Tbsps. milk
½ cup chopped pecans
1 graham cracker crumb crust (6 oz. or 9 inch)

Mix cream cheese, sugar, and vanilla with electric mixer until well blended. Add eggs and mix until blended. Melt caramels with milk on low heat, stirring frequently until smooth. Stir in pecans. Pour caramel mixture into crust. Top with cream cheese batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes or until center is almost set. Cool. Refrigerate three hours or overnight. Makes 8 servings.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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BLUFF SPRINGS AT THEO

By Jerry McKelvy

Most of the older folks around Bluff City have heard of the old community of Theo a few miles south of Bluff City. Theo was one of the old communities in Nevada County that no longer exists except in the minds of a few of our older citizens.

Theo was named for Theodore Lewis Gulley, son of John Gulley and Sarah Moreland and the grandson of the John Gulley (1788-1865) who started the famous Gulley plantation. When his father died in 1880, “Thee” and his three brothers continued to operate the huge family farm for their mother. The other brothers soon moved elsewhere, but Theodore remained at this location.

From public records we know that a post office was at Theo from 1904 until 1939 and the place was still shown on county maps at late as 1950. Older residents tell me they remember visiting Theo in their younger days. They tell of the post office and store, a Methodist church, a school, and several homes. There was also a grist mill nearby. The school was consolidated with Bluff City about 1930. One newspaper item I found mentions the school enrollment at Theo in 1930 was 18 students. Dr. E. E. Shell was the local physician at Theo. I’ve often heard my family mention Dr. Shell treating them for various illnesses.

Most of the old Gulley plantation is now owned by International Paper Company. The company opened a pine tree seedling nursery there in 1979. The old farm fields and sandy soil with good drainage are perfect for this type operation. The nursery recently expanded and now reaches from the old Gulley family cemetery on the north to County Road 422 on the south which was the location of Theo. No evidence remains today of this old community except for maybe a piece of broken glass or metal and the remains of a few old oak trees that have fallen in recent years due to high winds or old age.

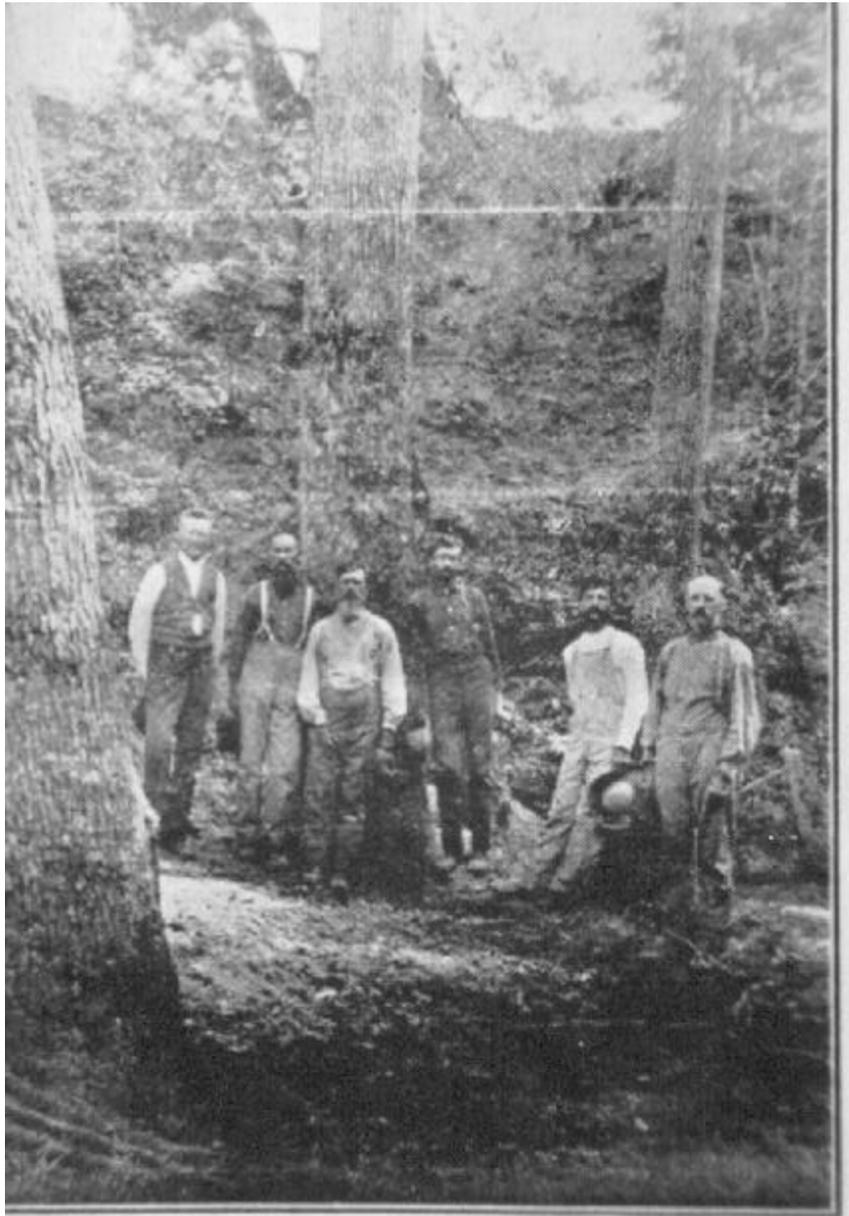
Some family names once found at or near Theo include Gulley, Knight, Kirk, McAteer, Creech, DeLaney, and Mooty.

In an article published in The Nevada News in 1906 about Union Township we find this small description of Theo: “T. L. Gulley is the postmaster at Theo and runs a big plantation. Besides raising all staple products, Mr. Gulley devotes considerable attention to fruit and has last week marketed some of the finest peaches we have seen this season. Dr. E. E. Shell is the physician at Theo and bears the reputation of a splendid gentleman and fine doctor.” Other postmasters who served at Theo include Pinkney Creech and Mary C. Henry Gulley, who along with her husband John M. Gulley, had a general store and farm at Theo.

The 1906 article also mentions a local landmark at Theo called Bluff Springs—“There is much beautiful scenery around Theo. One point of interest is Bluff Springs, where the clear sparkling water bubbles out of the base of a 60 foot hill and causes a deep ravine to join the

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waters of the sea.” A picture was included with the article showing six men of the Theo area posing at Bluff Springs.



Bluff Springs, near Theo Postoffice—G. R. Blake, J. T. Knight, E. A. Bevers, J. R. McAteer, T. L. Gulley and J. N. Kirk.

I always wondered where this Bluff Springs was located, so a few days ago I went to Theo to look for it. Using topo maps which show the location of creeks, I stopped at the spot where Theo once existed at the south end of the IP nursery. I hiked about a quarter mile north to the head of a hardwood drain which is now surrounded by the level fields prepared for growing pine seedlings. I'm almost certain this must be Bluff Springs because I found a deep ravine that fits the description in the 1906 newspaper article. The walls of the ravine

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are at least 60 feet high and surround the springs on three sides. The water still gushes forth from the base of the hill and is perfectly clear. I'm sure back in 1906 this place was used as a water supply for the folks at Theo and the spring was maintained at that time. I carefully made my way down the steep hillside for a closer look, knowing that I would have to climb back up later. I noticed that some large hardwood trees had fallen from the steep hillside covering the source of the springs. This probably happened in the summer of 2004 when a severe windstorm hit this area. This prevented me from doing a close inspection at the source of the springs, but I agree with the writer of the article that it is a point of interest and somewhat unique to that area.

Who are these men pictured at Bluff Springs? With the help of other researchers, I have been able to find some information about them.

Green R. Blake, a prominent planter, was born in South Carolina in 1850. His family moved to Arkansas in 1859, settling in what is now Nevada County. The children numbered ten—seven sons and three daughters. The parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Green Blake's father died in 1875 and his mother in 1888. Green married Della Hill in 1877. She was born in South Carolina in 1849, the daughter of Moses and Elizabeth Wesson Hill. Mr. Blake is an exceedingly prosperous man, and ranks high, both in business and social circles. He owns some valuable land and takes pride in cultivating the same. He and his wife are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (*from Goodspeed's Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Southern Arkansas*)

Green R. Blake died in 1921 at age 70 and is buried in an unmarked grave at Ebenezer Cemetery along with Della Hill Blake who died in 1901.

John Thomas Knight was the son of Calvin Knight and Therelda Gandy Knight. He was born in 1855 in Tallapoosa County, Alabama and came to Ouachita County about 1870. He married Amanda Hays in 1878 and they had 10 children. He had quite a bit of land, cattle, and farm equipment. He developed cancer on his face and went to Mayo Clinic in 1915. He died Feb. 25, 1917 and is buried at Holleman Cemetery in Ouachita County. (*This information comes from Debbie Knight Phillips of Bluff City who is the great granddaughter of John Thomas Knight*)

Ellison Asbury Beaver (spelled Bevers in photo) was born in 1850 in Tallapoosa County, Alabama, the son of Hezekiah and Annie Laney Beaver. He married Johnnie Eliza Gillespie in 1875 and they had several children. One of his daughters, Maude Eron, married Robert E. Knight. She died when she was about 24 or 25 years old when her clothing caught fire while burning off a garden spot. She was pregnant at the time. She left a little girl 18 months old, Beatrice, who was the mother of Dr. Bill Livingston. Ellison Beaver died in 1919 of Bright's disease and is buried at Holleman Cemetery. (*This information from The Holleman Family Cemetery—A History of the Cemetery and the People Buried There by Hellice Burton and Polly Beaver*)

J. R. McAteer—I'm not positive who this is. In checking the 1910 census records, I find a James McAteer (age 44 with a wife named Margaret and several children). I can't be certain that he is the one in the picture.

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Theodore Lewis Gulley has already been mentioned in this article. The community of Theo was supposedly named after him and he was the postmaster in 1906. He was born in 1859 and married Ida M. Lee in 1893. The 1900 census shows Theodore L. Gulley (age 41), his wife, Ida M. (age 26) and one child named Jodie (age 2). I have been unable to find his burial place. *(some information from John Gulley Genealogy by Paul John)*

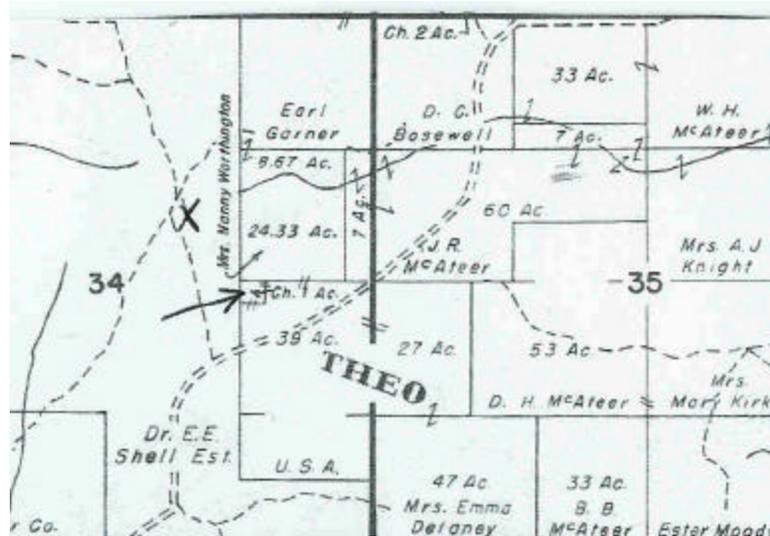
Jasper Newton Kirk was my great grandfather. He was born in 1853 in Georgia. He married Nancy Ann Honea in 1874. Their children were James Thomas, Amanda, Walter Newton, John Marion, Cora Alice, Laura Belle, Henry Jefferson, William Marvin, Monroe Edward, Katie May, Bessie Iler, and Mary Mabel. The family lived about one mile west of Theo and one of his descendants, Betty Kirk Thomas, still owns the old home place. *(information from Betty Kirk Thomas)*

Theo has joined the ranks of so many other small communities that once existed in Nevada County. By writing these articles, maybe some of the local history will be preserved for future generations.

1948 Ownership Map

Notice the small parcel identified as “Ch - 1 ac.” marked by the arrow. I assume this was the location of the church at Theo. I have marked what I believe to be Bluff Springs with an “X”.

The “Ch-2 acres” at top of map is the old location of St. John’s Church and cemetery (black).



The property identified as the Dr. E. E. Shell Estate is now part of the International Paper Co. nursery.

If anyone reading this article has any old pictures taken at Theo that might show some of the buildings such as the church, the store/post office, or people who lived there, please contact me.

LYNCHING AT EMMET Nevada County Picayune—12-17-1891

News came to Prescott Sunday morning of a man with a rope around his neck permanently breathing his last breath while looking up a tree for hickory nuts near Emmet. Later it was learned a dark-skinned foreigner, or half breed Indian had been lynched about

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9:00 Saturday night by a mob of infuriated men who wreaked vengeance upon a fiend incarnate.

The inhuman wretch had made an assault of two of Emmet's most estimable young ladies, Misses Hattie McFarland and Bettie McGough late Thursday afternoon, the 8th instant, while returning from school and on the way to Mrs. Roseberry's to spend the night when a short distance from Mrs. Roseberry's, the young ladies heard the fiend coming rapidly on tip-toe behind them and they ran and began screaming.

Miss Bettie McGough tripped on some brush and was caught by the assailant as she was arising. She fought him off desperately and Mr. Roseberry came to her rescue, but the deep-eyed devil made his escape. The neighborhood was aroused and went out in every direction. Several tramps were caught, but not proving the right one, they were turned loose. Friday afternoon, Mr. Dave C. Nichols of Falcon was on the way to visit his father at Spring Hill and overtook a tramp that tallied with the description of the Emmet criminal and he arrested him and on Saturday night when he was brought to Emmet, both young ladies and young Mr. Roseberry positively identified him as the gristly man. He tried to play off as dumb and refused to say a word or give his name, but as he had spoken when Dr. Nichols first met him, his 'possuming had no effect.

As stated before, he was lynched that night. On Monday, W. A. Snell, Justice of the Peace (the coroner being over 20 miles away) summoned a jury and held an inquest. A verdict was rendered "killed at the hand of unknown parties".

While we deplore mob law, and are violently opposed to it in most cases, yet we can but say in this instance, it seems to be justified. It will serve as a warning.

IS THAT IN THE BIBLE?

All of the following statements are found in the King James Version of the Old Testament **except ten**. Circle the numbers of the ten not found in the Bible. Check your answers on page 7.

1. Buy the truth and sell it not.
2. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.
3. It is not good to eat much honey.
4. Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out.
5. All that glitters is not gold.
6. Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.
7. Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.
8. Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set.
9. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.
10. The chameleon may change its color, but it is the chameleon still.
11. The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.
12. It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman.
13. The glory of young men is their strength; and the beauty of old men is their grey head.
14. Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow.

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15. Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty.
16. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
17. Open rebuke is better than secret love.
18. A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.
19. The venom of a female viper is more poisonous than that of a male viper.
20. Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter.
21. There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceedingly wise.
22. Iron sharpeneth iron.
23. Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing.
24. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
25. Fear God and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.
26. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full.
27. For there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not.
28. That which is crooked cannot be made straight.
29. The eyes of man are never satisfied.
30. Cleanliness is next to godliness.
31. A man's pride shall bring him low.
32. He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread.
33. The sleep of a laboring man is sweet.
34. To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven.
35. When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it.
36. Two are better than one.
37. Be not rash with thy mouth and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God; for God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few.
38. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.
39. There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.
40. The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly.
41. The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.
42. Spare the rod and spoil the child.
43. A wise son maketh a glad father.
44. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
45. Is there any taste in the white of an egg?
46. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
47. None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.
48. A small leak will sink a great ship.

EARLY PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS AT BLUFF CITY **(from ledger in County Clerk's Office- Prescott)**

Dr. A. Harris – 1881

Dr. J. L. Hesterly – 1895

Dr. Charles M. Norwood – 1881

Dr. E. L. Beck – 1895

Dr. G. N. Gill – 1892

Dr. J. W. Green – 1896

Dr. E. S. Whaley had an office in Bluff City in 1916 (this from a local news column)

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I sometimes come across some unusual things at work like this pine tree I found near Bluff City with a piece of iron pipe through the center. It was some hunter's way of blocking access to his hunting territory. A cable with a chain attached was inserted through the pipe and locked. The hunters have now constructed a permanent gate, but left this tree standing with the iron pipe inside. If the tree doesn't die, the bark could eventually cover the pipe. Imagine what could happen someday if a saw hit the iron pipe.

Answers to quiz:

1. (Proverbs 23:23); **2.** (Proverbs 25:11); **3.** (Proverbs 25:27); **4.** Proverbs 26:20); **5.** (Shakespeare); **6.** Proverbs 26:27); **7.** (Proverbs 27:1); **8.** (Proverbs 22:28); **9.** (Proverbs 22:6); **10.** (Shakespeare); **11.** (Proverbs 22:2); **12.** (Proverbs 21:19); **13.** (Proverbs 20:29); **14.** (Helen Keller); **15.** (Proverbs 20:13); **16.** (Proverbs 20:1); **17.** (Proverbs 27:5); **18.** (Proverbs 27:15); **19.** (Ben Butler); **20.** (Proverbs 30:33); **21.** (Proverbs 30:24); **22.** (Proverbs 27:17); **23.** (Proverbs 18:22); **24.** (Proverbs 22:1); **25.** Ecclesiastes 12:13); **26.** (Ecclesiastes 1:7); **27.** (Ecclesiastes 7:20); **28.** (Ecclesiastes 1:15); **29.** (Proverbs 27:20); **30.** (John Wesley); **31.** (Proverbs 29:23); **32.** (Proverbs 28:19); **33.** (Ecclesiastes 5:12); **34.** (Ecclesiastes 3:1); **35.** (Ecclesiastes 5:4); **36.** (Ecclesiastes 4:9); **37.** (Ecclesiastes 5:2); **38.** (Shakespeare); **39.** (Proverbs 14:12); **40.** (Proverbs 18:8); **41.** (Proverbs 15:3); **42.** Unknown—see Proverbs 13:24 and Proverbs 23:13); **43.** (Proverbs 10:1); **44.** (Ben Franklin); **45.** (Job 6:6); **46.** (Psalms 121:1); **47.** (Ben Franklin); **48.** (Unknown)

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PEANUT BUTTER CREAM PIE

2 Tbsp. flour
2 Tbsp. cornstarch
½ tsp. salt
2/3 cup sugar
2 cups milk
3 eggs, separated
1 tsp. vanilla
1 Tbsp. butter
½ cup peanut butter

9 inch baked pie shell

MUST FOLLOW DIRECTIONS FOR THIS TO COME OUT RIGHT

Blend first four ingredients in saucepan. Add milk and cook over low heat until thickened, stirring often. Stir in a little of hot mixture into beaten egg yolks and add to saucepan. Cook while stirring over low heat for two minutes. Remove from heat and blend in vanilla, butter, and peanut butter. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour cream mixture into pie shell. Serve cold.

LEMON COOKIES

1 Pkg. Duncan Hines Lemon Supreme Cake Mix
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 8 oz. carton Cool Whip
Powdered sugar

Mix cake mix, egg, and Cool Whip together. Coat hands with powdered sugar. Spoon mixture and roll in a ball. Press with wet fork coated with sugar. Bake approximately 10 minutes on a greased cookie sheet at 350 degrees.

YOU ARE A LOUSY COOK IF

- Your son goes outside to make mud pies and the rest of the family grabs their forks and follow him.
- Your kid's favorite drink is Alka-Seltzer.
- Your kids get even with the neighborhood bully by inviting him over for dinner.
- Your husband refers to the smoke detector as the oven timer.
- Your kids know what "peas porridge in a pot nine days old" tastes like.

"No man is lonely while eating spaghetti—it requires so much attention." *Christopher Morley*

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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FAMILY FEUD ACCOUNTS FOR FATAL DUEL

COUSINS KILL EACH OTHER

(from the Dec. 7, 1933 issue of The Nevada News)

Hope, Dec. 2, 1922 – A family feud is believed to account for the pistol duel enacted at Fulton, Hempstead County, shortly after midnight Saturday morning, which resulted in the death of both combatants who were cousins, and the arrest of the father of one of the men suspected of having a part in the encounter. One of the duelists was killed instantly. The other lived several hours and though conscious, steadfastly refused to make a statement.

The shooting occurred about 1 a. m. following a quarrel at a dance which the cousins had attended earlier in the night. Elbert Seymour, aged 40, a farmer and Hanan (Jack) Turner, aged 30, a laborer, killed each other.

Seymour was shot one time, the bullet piercing his heart and killing him instantly. Turner was hit three times. One bullet entered his breast just below his heart and the other two entered both thighs.

A young hitch-hiker, who was standing near the station when the two men met, is said to have been the only person who witnessed the shooting. He said he turned his back to them when they began shooting at each other and was unable to give any definite information.

Turner was brought to the Julia Chester hospital here, where he remained unconscious up to the time of his death a few hours later. It is said he made no statement.

Deputy Sheriff Ed Van Sickle and Ellen Shipp arrested B. A. Turner, father of Hanan Turner, about noon today on a warrant charging him with accessory to murder. He is being held. The finding of squirrel shot in Seymour's body caused a suspicion that Turner's father had discharged a shotgun at the duelists. After an investigation, Dr. J. H. Weaver, coroner, held that no inquest was necessary.

The cousins and their families have resided in Fulton for more than 20 years. The shooting is said to have been the sequel to a feud which has existed between the two families for several years.

THE ODD COUPLE

(from the Nevada News in 1931)

The largest and smallest men at the University of Arkansas are roommates. They are W. H. "Fatty" Clark, a 352 pound youth from Pawhuska, Oklahoma and little Maurice Finn, 100 pounds, from El Dorado.

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Clark is claimed to be the largest football player in the world. He earned a letter as tackle on the Razorback Eleven last season. The two have been eating at the same table and sleeping in the same room for the past four months. They are buddies in every sense of the word.

Neither seems to mind the size of the other. Clark's massive arm is much larger than Finn's leg. "Fatty", who is six feet one inch is nearly two feet taller than Finn. The big fellow's size 17 collar will easily slip over Finn's head. The smaller member of the partnership can lap Clark's trousers about his waist twice. Finn's overcoat would not even cover Clark's back and his shirt would hardly make a good patch on the one worn by Clark. Both students wear tailor made clothing through necessity.

PETS

By Jerry McKelvy

I think every kid needs some type of pet to call his or her own. Besides being a good companion, having a pet to take care of teaches a kid valuable lessons on responsibility. The first real pet I remember was my dog, Smokey. I was looking through some old pictures the other day and came across a couple that show Smokey and me back when I was a kid. The main thing I remember about Smokey was that he liked to ride on my wagon. We had lots of fun together as I was growing up. I'm not sure just how long Smokey lived. I know that in his later years he got one of his back legs tangled up in a fence which resulted in the loss of the leg. He recovered just fine and learned to get around with three legs.



Smokey and Me - 1949



Smokey with me and my younger brother, Billy - 1952

I can remember several other dogs we had around the farm. We loved all of them—some more than others. Sometimes dogs have some undesirable habits like chasing the chickens or chasing cars. Either one of these habits could result in bad luck for the dog. Most dogs will bark when someone drives up which is a good thing, but some like to bark at night while everyone is trying to sleep. This gets to be a problem sometimes. I can remember getting up at night and shutting the dogs up in the smokehouse just so I could get some sleep.

For some reason dogs like to ride in trucks. Once they get used to doing that, they want to jump in anytime someone decides to go somewhere. The dog will usually stick his head

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out and let the wind blow in his face or pace from one side of the truck to the other to make sure he doesn't miss something.

Some people like a large dog like a German shepherd. They make good watch dogs and most people will respect a dog that size. Some like Dobermans or one of the various breeds of bulldogs. Others like more gentle breeds like a black Lab. If small children will be around the dog, it is important to pick a suitable breed for a pet. We have all heard some of the horror stories involving dogs that attack people causing severe injuries or even death. Many people want a small house dog for a pet or a companion. These are especially good for elderly people who live alone. They provide companionship and some studies show that petting a dog will lower a person's blood pressure. Some folks take their dogs with them just about everywhere they go. Some people will absolutely refuse to allow a dog inside the house. Some will let the dog only in certain parts of the house. All this has to be worked out to everyone's satisfaction to have peace and harmony in the home.

Dogs are expensive if taken care of properly. A pure-bred dog is expensive to buy and then there are the expenses for food, medications, shots, flea and tick control, etc. Once a person gets attached to a pet, they usually don't mind the expenses and will treat the pet almost like one of the family. Most of the dogs we had were just mixed-breed dogs or maybe one that showed up one day and decided to stay. Once you feed a stray dog, you will be pretty much stuck with it.

We had many dogs over the years. I remember Shep, Lady Ann, Missy, Brandy, Kit, Prince, Max, Rusty, Pluto, Ben, Jake, Docky, Caesar, and Uno. Our Boxer named Brandy was known for burying things. She would dig a hole and bury live terrapins and quart Coke bottles. Ben was just a regular old dog, but unlike most dogs, he got along well with the cats. Sometimes we would find him and a kitten sleeping together. Prince and Max were German shepherds and were the biggest cowards. I've seen them being chased around the yard by a little Chihuahua yapping at their heels. Finally they would lie down and hold the little dog down with one of their paws. It was just a game to them. Some of our dogs were good squirrel dogs and some just passed the time eating, sleeping, and barking. I remember one time we sold one of our good squirrel dogs and then wished we had him back.

Dogs get old just like we do and sometimes get a little grouchy in their old age. They pretty much want to be left alone. When our pets passed on, we buried them in a special place on the farm. It was always a sad occasion and was like losing a member of the family. Some got killed by automobiles and others just died from old age. We have pictures of almost all of them and every time we see one, it brings back memories of our experiences with that particular dog.

Since I am writing about dogs, I am going to reprint a poem I used in an earlier issue. This poem was in the March 13, 1923 issue of *The Camden Evening News* and was written by Edmund Leamy.

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ANY BOY'S DOG

He's black and he's brown, and he's no breed at all,
But he comes at my whistle, he leaps to my call.
He's clumsy, ungainly, and huge as to size,
But his gentle dog-heart shines from out of his eyes.

He's useless for hunting, for tricks, and the like,
But finest of pals when we're out on a hike.
He runs far ahead in mad, rollicking play,
Then waits till I join him there, perky and gay.

When I'm sad and unhappy, he snuggles my hand,
And he does all he can to say, "I understand".
And oft when we sit where the fire shadows fall,
I forget he's a mongrel and no breed at all.

For his heart which is big as the rest of his size
Is bursting with love, and shines out from his eyes.
And pal of my hikes, with his nose moist and cold,
I'd not trade my dog for his weight in pure gold.

THINGS YOU CAN LEARN FROM A DOG!

1. When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.
2. Avoid biting when a simple growl will do.
3. Take naps often and stretch before rising.
4. Eat with gusto and enthusiasm.
5. If you want what lies buried, dig until you find it.
6. Be loyal.
7. When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by, and nuzzle them gently.
8. On hot days, drink lots of water and lay under a shady tree.
9. Every once in a while, put your head out the window and feel the air on your face and hair.
10. Have a favorite toy.
11. Don't hold a grudge.
12. Let others know when they invade your territory.

If you had a special pet when you were a child or if you have one now, send me an email or letter and tell me about your pet. Include the pet's name and mention anything unusual about it. It doesn't have to be a long story—just a sentence or two will do. Maybe you have an unusual or exotic pet or one with an unusual name. Maybe your dog is named Fido, but you spell it Phydeaux. That would make it even more interesting.

I'll publish the responses I get in a future issue, but don't wait too long. I'm counting on you to come through. I'd like to have as many responses as possible. You can sign your message with your first name, your full name, or just your initials. I'll print it however you

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prefer along with the state you live in. That's the way it will appear in the paper. This will also let me know who might be reading this paper on the Internet and can be a way for you to preserve the memory of your favorite pet. My email address is: jmckelvy@cei.net or you can send it by snail mail.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART ONE)

You may remember reading in a past issue (June, 2004) of the story of the Fielding Irvins, a pioneer family that settled about four miles west of Bluff City. Joseph Lonnor Irvin wrote a touching story of all the hardships his family faced during the early days. Gordon H. Irvin was a nephew of Joe Irvin and he continues the story by including in his autobiography some of his memories of his childhood in the Rocky Hill community of Nevada County. Gordon was born May 30, 1908 and wrote this autobiography in 1963. He is now deceased.

In this year 1963, it must indeed be difficult for our children to imagine all the hardships and privations suffered by those of the late nineteenth century and even yet by my own brothers and sisters but perhaps to a lesser degree.

Let us not forget that the way of life is to remember mostly the good things and happy times and to almost forget those long years of hard labor and all the forlorn moments when there was not much to hope for.

The span of years covered in the following pages is not more than ten or twelve or from the year 1914 to about 1926. Since it is from memory that I write, it follows that the events set forth are only as a child saw and remembered them. Furthermore, any speculations made or conclusions arrived at are just my own and would not necessarily be the same for instance, as those of my brothers and sisters.

At best it is only part of the story on one generation's productive years, those of my parents and the beginning of life for another, my brothers', sister's, and mine. These are the details of a few things that happened to us which might otherwise, and still may be, forgotten. In a sense, it may seem like a tragic story incorporating the futile efforts of a man, my father, who, born in the wilderness, tried for a spell to wrestle away from God that which was His and lost. He came away from the battle at last weary and beaten and old. The silent wilderness is still there with maybe a few broken stones and abandoned hut as mute ashes of evidence that once he labored there. Now, soon shall vanish from the earth all trace of his toil to be resolved again to the primeval. My father's was the dark portion of the journey along the rugged trail of civilization. Only his ax and shovel had finally turned from stone to steel in four thousand years. He wandered through the valley of doubt and indecision of primitive man. The trail was marked where it left the valley but he was too old and missed the turn. He never gazed upward around the next bend to glimpse the lofty peaks or high plateaus that loomed near at hand.

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Listen to the song your heart is singing. Come with me now and let us find a refuge from the world of strife and turmoil, a rendezvous safe from the mad frenzy and confusion of life. Let us forget for a spell, if we can, the sounds outside--the meshing of gears, the screaming of tires, and the wail of sirens wild. The march of time--nay the racing years-- fly by down the track of memory. Let us pick its path and tread its way back through the years like the restless raindrop on a green oak leaf that disdains all comfort save on the broad bosom of the deep.

There in the quiet cool of the evening, and the sparkling white sands flecked where the lengthening shadows fall and a crumbling cottage reposes snug in the arms of venerable oaks, there shall the spirit find a sheltered home and welcome rest. Let nature have its way, cease vain struggling, nestle with me softly in the cradle of long ago. Listen to life's pensive melody.

Walk slowly with me and listen to the whispering pines or sit by the babbling brook and watch the tiny red horse hold its own against the current. Follow along the fresh plowed furrow and feel the cool soft loam between your bare toes. Spy the timid field mouse as she gathers courage to steal the grain of corn and make a skid in the row. Let us call the bob-white forth from the hedges when the evening sun is low and see how foolish he looks when he finds there is no waiting mate. And when autumn leaves have turned to red and gold, we'll take a trip through the hills to gather chinky-pins and hickory nuts and not return until we have gone on down into the bottoms where the scaly-barks grow. Perhaps we'll pause by the cypress banks on Caney Creek and catch a glimpse of the lazy catfish sleeping there. See the collie, Bess on the trail ahead, the friendly dog who hopes to scare a cottontail before we are home as the shadows fall.

Shall we stop and listen while nature sings, for soon that song shall end. Her voice, once so soft and clear, shall soon fade away to dwell in silence forevermore deep only in the hearts of those who were there, a haunting refrain in this, our restless world.

Our community was little different from many others etched into the white sand and red clay hills of southwest Arkansas. Four or five of these settlements might be served by one rural mail route. Ours, along with several others, was Route No. 1, Cale. No visible signs other than maybe a creek or small river marked their boundaries. They all had names, however, as most things do, and were well known to people living as far as thirty miles away. Their names are not recorded in history as far as I know. I mention this because, as will be noted, there was or is some controversy over their nomenclature. Generally the one room school and church or churches were located near the center of a community.

In the early days the nearest church to us was Ebenezer. As the population grew, there was a need for a church closer than four miles away. My father, being a religious man, collaborated with God, put up the money, and with help from a few of the neighbors, built a church about one mile from our home. He named it Rocky Hill because it was located on top of the highest, rockiest hill in the area. Many of the surrounding communities had unusual names such as Bad Cow, Possum Trot, Terrapin Neck, and as everyone knows, Walnut and Pine Ridge. I doubt if anyone really knows from whence these names came but they were

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very odd. Now, the younger set in our neighborhood didn't want to live and die in such a mediocre place as Rocky Hill and so they called it Goose Ankle. And to this day, if you are inside the church, you call it Rocky Hill, but if you are outside, you are from Goose Ankle.

It is not always so easy to pin down the origin or genesis of a name. For instance, I only recently learned that if you cross a billy goat with an owl, you get a hoot-en-nanny and I still don't know where the hooky-bushes came from.

Long ago, before my time, a young man and woman walked into the dark wilderness with an ax and a hope and started to clear away the underbrush. At length there was enough room and a cabin with clapboard walls and a rough pine floor was raised in the small clearing. Its shelter was on hand-riven boards and it stood on piers of flat sandstones stacked two feet high so that you could see right through underneath except where the clay-covered stick chimney stood. As the seasons came and went a lean-to for a kitchen, a back bedroom, and a front porch were added while one by one every two or three years we children came into that home and claimed it and it claimed us and the clearing in the woods widened.

Scattered at random but not far away were the typical small farm structures—the horse barn, cow barn, goat house, chicken houses, and well sheds. A single building with lean-tos on three sides stood close to the back door. This was our smokehouse, potato shed, work shop, and wash shelter. The walls of all these buildings were made of pine logs either whole or split in half and their roofs were covered with split cypress boards. After sixty years some of these shacks are still standing though they were never painted and little or no repair has ever been made to them. When the timber and small brush was cleared away for the home site, a number of large white oaks were left standing spaced about one hundred feet apart. In summer this beautiful oak grove all but conceals the brown moss-covered buildings that nestle beneath their boughs.

I don't know how much land was owned or controlled by my paternal grandfather, but our 120 acre tract was, at one time, a part of the old Fielding Irvin homestead. Our house, mentioned above, stood in the northeast corner of our eastern most forty, the west forty joined directly in back of this and the south forty acres was adjacent to the west or back forty. Thus it, the three forties, formed an ell shaped tract extending considerably more than one half mile from our house to the far corner of our land. Not all this land was ever cultivated at one time. Indeed, some of it never has been and never will be tilled. As will be explained later, it is a heartbreaking job to clear timber land for farming, moreover some of it is too hilly, rocky, or poor to struggle with. Still, about eighty percent of our tract had at one time or another been cleared and cultivated. What we call the "Pine Field" was not really a field at all but a dense pine forest covering perhaps thirty acres of the west forty. My father had cleared and plowed this land when he was a boy, but now the pines are from two to three feet in diameter growing tall and straight. It seemed to me then, and it still does, that our greatest problem was, first to clear the land, and second, to keep it cleared and I don't know which was the greater task. In summer our woods relentlessly encroached upon us and infiltrated our cleared areas and in winter we struck back as best we could. It was a life of the seasons.

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This was my home, my country, my wide world as far as a boy could see and more than he could explore in a day or in a week. He knew where the bluebirds built in the spring and where the slate clay lay hidden in the banks, what trees he could climb and why. He remembered the hill from whence the summer thunder storms came and which side of the house was warm when the cold winter winds came down upon us. All these things and many more filled his mind by day and his dreams by night with never a care of what lay beyond these sandy hills.

(to be continued in the next issue)



BETHEL CHURCH

Bethel Church, also known as the Westmoreland Church, was located about two and one half miles north of Morris in Nevada County near the Westmoreland Cemetery. Bethel School was at the same location. I was told that the buildings were identical except for the steeple. This style of building with the door at the corner of the structure is not very common.

This church was built about 1914 by Brycen (Bryce) Barham, a preacher who had lost his right hand in a sawmill accident. His wife, Ethel Hardwick Barham was also a preacher. I have no information about what happened to this building.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 5 – No. 6

June, 2005



A POSTCARD FROM 1910

Do you notice anything unusual about this old postcard? The symbol in each corner is what is now known as the Nazi swastika which was the symbol used by Adolph Hitler in Germany in the days of World War II. It seems that many old postcards used this symbol in earlier years as decoration. In those days it was a “good luck” symbol and was meant to wish the recipient good luck. Of course after it was used by the Nazis, it became one of the most hated symbols on earth.

This card is addressed to Oscar Lee McKelvy, my great uncle and is dated August 10, 1910. It is postmarked “Sayre, Arkansas” and has a one cent stamp on it. Oscar Lee died in 1911 from measles just before his twenty-first birthday. He is buried at Ebenezer Cemetery.

LYNCHING AT HOPE

Reported in *The Nevada News*—Jan. 21, 1909

Passengers on board # 28 reported the lynching of a Negro at Hope. The body was still hanging from a telegraph pole at the depot when the train passed and was easily visible from the train’s windows. After stringing the man up, the mob riddled his body with bullets.

An account of the events is as follows: Last night a most horrible outrage was attempted by a Negro on a most estimable lady of Hope. She was confronted by a Negro who made improper advances as she was returning to her home on Front St. The lady attempted to pass on, but the assailant grabbed her by her left arm and made an effort to accomplish a most

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heinous crime. The cries and screams of the lady scared the miscreant, for he ran away at a rapid pace.

The news spread of the attempted outrage and a thorough search was made assisted by bloodhounds brought in from Ashdown, but the dogs failed to get a scent. Two Negroes were arrested on suspicion, but later released after being confronted by the lady. A Negro named Dillard, about 18 years old, was arrested and the lady identified him as the one who had attacked her.

Dillard was brought from the Washington jail about 5:10 a.m. and was hanged from a telegraph pole at the train depot. As people began to go about their business, the mob dispersed as quietly as it was formed and was nowhere to be seen. A crowd of curious men stood looking at the body as it swung to and fro in the wind. He is said to have confessed to the crime and was fully identified by the woman. The body was cut down shortly after the lynching. A coroner's jury ruled that he died at the hands of unknown persons. No arrests have been made and the people seem to think the Negro met his just desserts.

PET STORIES FROM READERS

My Basenji, Wrinkles, was my special dog. He couldn't bark but could yodel when he was happy. When I lived in North Carolina, my mother sent me "care" packages and always included a treat or toy for Wrinkles. He would always yodel when a package arrived.
Patricia Farr-Arkansas

A SPECIAL BUDDY

The special buddy came along when I must have been around eleven or twelve. My dad brought him home with him from work. He had been given the pup by someone "on the job". He was such a pretty pup and my heart melted immediately, however, Dad told me that the pup was his. He said that I "ruined" every dog he brought home by petting them too much and he wanted to train this one (for what, I never determined). I think "his" dog lasted maybe thirty minutes for I started up the hill to the barn and the pup's legs were too short to climb the rough ground so I had to "help" him. Thereafter Shep was mine. He followed every step I made one way or another, waited on the front porch for me to come home whenever I left, and ate anything I did.

The really pretty pup turned out to have a mixture of forebears for he had long wiry hair, a pointy nose with long hair around the snout and eyes. He was sort of collie colored and the least shepherd looking dog one could imagine, but just the right size to keep up with me.

I taught him to go after the pocket gophers that loved to set up house-keeping in the front yard. I'd point to the ground and say, "Sic, 'em," and he would make the dirt fly by digging in the mound. Of course, we never caught any, but it was fun until Mother protested about the holes around everywhere. One morning she sent me to the potato patch to dig a bucket of new potatoes for dinner and Shep and my other dog went with me. I saw no point in my digging potatoes when I had two able-bodied diggers with me so I pointed at the potato

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hill and said, "Sic, 'em." The dirt and potatoes flew and I soon had my bucket full and went home. Unfortunately for me, the dogs hadn't found anything of interest to them and they kept digging. Daddy came in later and complained about the pit at the end of the potato row.

Monday was wash day usually and also dog bath day in the summer time. I used the left over wash water and washed the dogs and then ran when I let them out of the tubs for they would shake water all over me and then go roll in the sand. Afterward they would head for the front porch, sand and all. I would get to do a lot of sweeping.

One time Shep got a bad case of mange. I had put the remedy that Daddy and I bought at the drug store on him and the mange seemed to be getting worse. I had studied just enough biology to be dangerous so I looked up "mange" in the dictionary and decided that since it was cause by a mite, coating the mite in oil would keep it from breathing and that would kill it. I mixed up used motor oil and creosote stock dip (if it was good for cattle, why not dogs?) and put it on the big patch of mange. Shep did a lot of running and rolling in sand and then headed for the front porch—I never did get that porch scrubbed clean—but we got rid of the mange. It was a drastic measure and it really is a wonder I didn't kill my dog. Dog like, he forgave me.

Dad was working long hours and I decided that I could feed hay to the cattle during the winter. Of course, I didn't want to do that job alone so I taught the dogs to climb the ladder to the barn loft. Dad had cut holes in the loft floor so that the hay could be pushed from there into the mangers below. After I got through putting the hay in the mangers, I would shove the dogs into the mangers and they would run barking out through the cows. Shep was too big for me to carry down the ladder so it seemed a logical way to get him down. One night I was staying with a friend and Dad had to feed the cattle. He came back and asked Mother if she knew the dogs could climb the ladder to the loft. She didn't and later when the dogs kept barking, he had to go back to the barn and bring them down. He asked how I got them out of the loft and just shook his head over my solution to the "down" problem.

Shep was a great friend and checked out all my dates—chased some—and some didn't come back again. He always welcomed me home when I grew up and went away to college. I guess he finally became Dad's dog then for he followed him just like he had me.

Betty Thomas- Texas (this story took place in Arkansas)

When Peter, my husband, received orders for Viet Nam the first time we bought a German Shepherd puppy to become my 'guard dog'. Her name was very original - Heidi! To become a guard dog she was allowed with only our immediate family. When visitors came she was shut away. Now Peter has the softest heart for dogs and children.

There was a night wives' social so I left our house with Peter in charge. When I returned home everyone was in bed. I tip-toed back to the bedroom and when I opened the door a riot happened. Heidi was jumping frantically off the bed, right across Peter. She knew I did not allow her in our bed. She was so scared, at getting caught there, that she tinkled right on Peter's face as she scurried over him to the floor. He came up sputtering trying to figure what in the world was going on. I started laughing and woke both our girls. Needless to say, Heidi never got in our bed again. *Barbara Masterson- Arizona*

Apparently dogs have a terrific sense of smell that creates a fingerprint of each person.

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For a year our 'guard dog' Heidi (a German Shepherd) had grown from a puppy into a very large dog while being my constant companion. To lay the scene - we had braided rugs on hardwood floors. In the dining room there was a large table with 6 chairs. That room opened into the living room, and the front door. Peter was just returning from Viet Nam. Heidi was in the back yard

Peter walked in the front door. At that very moment our daughter let Heidi in the back door. Hearing a commotion at the front Heidi raced in - growling - with the hair on the back of her neck raised high. She got as far as the dining room and realized that was not a stranger in her house. She applied her braking power and slid - right along with the rug, dining table, and chairs that were crashing to the floor - into the living room and right into Peter's arms. They went down together in a heap of laughter, whimpers and kisses. *Barbara Masterson-Arizona*

One day Daddy came home with a big, ugly dog. It had a brindle coat and looked like a cross between a hound and something. What a surprise! Daddy explained that a kid wanting to sell his dog came by the site where he was building a house. "How much for the dog?" "10¢." Daddy paid it. In those days, that was a lot of money for a big, ugly dog.

What she lacked in looks, she made up for in heart. Queen loved everybody and everybody loved her. We were her charges, though, and no one got near us without her approval.

She was prolific. She had litters of 15 or more pups. But Queen was getting past her prime. Since she was such a great dog, my parents decided they would keep one of her pups, a male pup -- with no more large, frequent litters of puppies.

As genes sometimes will have it, this dog did not resemble Queen. His coat was black with brown eyebrows and brown tips on his feet. His tale was bushy. Nor was he the nursemaid that Queen was. I don't think we ever named him. As I recall, he was always Queen's Pup.

One day (with no lizards to chase) I noticed Queen's Pup digging. He was focused and intent on his digging. I decided to watch to see what was of such interest to the dog. I sat down beside him. He had strong legs and long claws on his front feet. He was really digging!

Now you may know this already, being an adult. But I was about five years old at the time.

As I sat watching Queen's Pup dig, he turned without skipping a beat with his digging. And I suddenly got a face full of dirt. Lots of dirt. I opened my mouth to scream at the dog while yelling for my mother. I got a mouth full of dirt. Lots of dirt.

I learned a lesson that I have not forgotten to this day.

Never sit -- next to a dog -- while he is digging. *Mary Anna- Oklahoma*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART TWO)

OUR FOLKS

With spring the rains descend followed by summer's sun and soon the autumn leaves turn brown and tumble down before the wind to receive their winter blanket, as the long train of years glide away. Unknown to the world but loved by those few who were near, sleep there also beneath a common mound, two hearts that once beat as one. Now they are gone by each

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their turn to rest at last forever; to sleep in peace and strive no more; their mission done as best they could. Still, throughout the days to come, in all the land, their spirit soars and knows no bounds. Their image now is clear before me.

My father and mother were not alike in many ways. Whereas Papa was slightly below average in height with dark hair and brown eyes, Mama was tall, blond, and angular. She had a grand manner and her voice was loud and clear, but Papa seemed to feel his way about in rather a subdued mien. He was a frugal man stinting unnecessarily at times while Mama might have been thrifty if she but had the opportunity. She sallied forth with an air generally gay and bright. Papa plodded phlegmatically on determined to continue in a way of life prescribed by the post Civil War era. Those bleak years came at a time in his childhood when poverty, hardships, and the responsibilities left piled upon him by the death of his father were to leave permanent scars on his body as well as in his brain. He did not anticipate progress nor did he embrace it, but rather he was skeptical of innovations. He tolerated such things as the two horse plow, the telephone, and later the radio, but never believed they represented any real progress or advancement. Any advancement in our home over that of Daniel Boone was directly due to the influence of my mother. She labored and fought without ceasing to improve our lot and though she did not achieve all her aims, I love to believe that her reward was sufficient.

Here, I wish to remind the reader that, as has been noted, at this time I was only a child and remember mostly the things that concern my parents, my older brother and sisters, for in fact, Hartwell was still an infant and Arona, my baby sister, had not as yet been born. Still, there were in all eight children born, but the first was either dead or died at birth. None of us ever doubted the great love and devotion bestowed upon us by our parents, nor were we ever without that assurance of complete security. However, with no conveniences or labor saving devices as we know them today, it is doubtful if any of us received more than the bare minimum or personal attention. The fact that seven of us are alive this day and well is due to an abundance of wholesome food, adequate clothing, and rigid discipline more than to any individual personal attention or professional medical care. Of course, we did have some medicine which was good and considerable home remedies, both good and bad, which brings to mind quinine and three sixes. They were and may still be the best remedies for chills and fever, but a most bitter dose to swallow sans pills and capsules.

Hollie, Nellie and I were all down at one time with malaria fever, but this was expected at certain seasons of the year. There were no good home remedies for pneumonia—about all one could do was try and make the patient comfortable and wait and watch. This was a most dread disease being generally fatal. The only one in our family who ever got pneumonia was Hollie. For many days his life hung in the balance, each short breath could have been his last on earth. How well I remember my mother teaching him to walk again when at last he had recovered. It seems to me now that Hollie, who is about four or five years older than I, was always either very sick or very, very well. Once, while cutting sprouts, he amputated his toe with a pole ax, but Mama stuck it back on and it grew, thus saving a doctor bill. Then there was the time when we were afraid he might die from powder burns. It happened on a weekend when all the family but Hollie and I had gone to visit Aunt Tint who was actually our great aunt. She lived about five miles into the sand hills or some two hours drive by wagon. She had no children our age and so we were left to do the chores and spend the night

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with the Dunn boys whose farm joined ours. This was a great occasion for me because there was nothing I had rather do than visit the Dunns. You could always count on them for just about anything. They were never too busy, too skeptical, nor afraid to join in any venture. They- Victor, Edward, and Alvin-, had helped us finish our chores that evening and we were walking across the field to their house when we noticed two or three cats following along behind. Now it didn't seem normal nor right that housecats should follow along like as if they were dogs. And so it was agreed that we should singe their noses for them. Papa used a muzzle loading shotgun and kept his powder in a horn by the gun rack. It was our original idea to make a cannon with the powder we had taken from the horn, but now our plans were changed. I remember seeing Hollie pour the explosives onto a piece of paper making a small pyramid, and while some of the boys held the cat's noses close, he struck a match and touched it off. Like a flash of lightning, a dark red and black cloud went up and soon, through the clearing smoke, I saw the blackened, bewildered faces of the boys as they picked themselves up from here and there. I, being too small, was not allowed to join actively in the sport, and so was far enough away from the explosion to see all that happened but not too far to hear the peculiar grunting sound that Hollie was making. He must have been directly over the powder and the closest one to it, because he was the only one seriously burned. His mouth and eyes were seared and sealed, so we led him through the plowed fields to the Big Branch and washed his face until his mouth came partly open. I don't know how long it was until he could see nor when it was that we knew he would recover. Eventually, the scars went away and we never talked about this much afterwards because Papa had warned us so many times about the danger of powder.

I don't rightly know the meaning of the word "salavate", nor exactly how it happens. But it is a terrible thing if it is done to you and old Dr. Shell did it to Hollie when he was about fourteen years old. All the delicate lining of his stomach was destroyed. The flesh from his mouth and intestines sloughed off so that you could see pieces of them in his excretion. I am sure that old Dr. Shell did not intend that this should happen nor worry very much about it. He was our family doctor, the one who presided at the birth of all of us for a fee; the births assisted by Aunt Alice Moore who never received pay and did not expect it. Later on, with the advent of the automobile, Dr. Shell got run over and killed in Hot Springs or somewhere, I think.

The foregoing are a few of Hollie's afflictions. It has occurred to me that his body may have been stunted to some extent since he is shorter in stature than most of us children, but I don't know. Be that as it may, his mind was ever vigorous and strong even when his body was not well. As has been stated, there were stretches of time between ailments when he was more alive than any or all of us, long stretches of time, or so it seemed to me. He was the oldest and, I suppose, felt called upon to discipline the others. Called upon or not, he rode real close herd. It was not his way to allow free rein. I did not fear Mama and paid not the slightest attention to Papa, but Hollie was alert and vigorous; also the weight of his hand was considerable. He was positive, too much so to have made a good politician, never on the fence or in doubt about anything. We owe much to him for he it was he who, in the absence of our toiling parents, taught us most of the things we learned. His size and his voice were not at all in proportion to each other. Many of his larger opponents- and he had many- were completely subdued just by the sound of his big bass voice, especially if it was at night. Later, he went to Texas and won the state award in oration with no coaching.

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When Papa sent us to chop down trees in the pasture land, Hollie would create an atmosphere of daring and suspense by having me first climb the tree. I never got hurt very bad though, especially if the tree was nice and bushy at the top. I can't remember when I first started using tobacco, but I do remember that my parents objected to it only mildly compared to Hollie's violet hatred for the stuff. I had to remain on guard at all times on his account.

Vigilant watch dog that he was, Hollie could not bring himself to be so stern with one as kind and gentle as Opal, my oldest sister. I think he, like the rest of us, had a special feeling for her. She is only two or three years older than I am and when she was yet too small to handle a hoe in the field, she was assigned the formidable task of caring for me so that Mama might go into the fields and work along with Papa and Hollie. She seldom complained, but I vaguely remember they were long and trying days for her. Most of the energy I was born with was used up in the first twelve or fourteen years of my life, making myself and all those near me miserable. But Opal, with the occasional and questionable help of Grandma Irvin, was able to bear it day in and day out. Grandma could not take it so well. Her patience would run out and she would lose control of herself trying all sorts of time-tested failures to get her hands on me. Then when she realized how ridiculous I was making her look, she would throw up her hands and go home. This was the desired result as far as I was concerned. The very sight of Grandma would trigger off my most diabolical disposition. She was little and dark and very old. Respect of a sort, I may have had for her, but certainly no fear.

Our immediate family was spared the sadness that comes with death. My only real sorrow, as I recall, was when Opal married. She went with the blessings of most of the family while still a child of fifteen years. For my part, I could not bear to see her go away and leave us there all alone. It seemed I might never see her again nor hear her gentle voice any more as she sang to herself and to me some ballad or church hymn while we worked or as we trudged homeward along the path just as twilight gathered in the evening. I tried to put up a bold front knowing it would not be good to let her know how sad and forlorn I was, but as we stood there alone together by the well that last Sunday morning, a teardrop stood in my eye and I turned my head away and said, "When is the funeral?" These words came straight from my heart though I meant to say "ceremony". She laughed at me and then I was embarrassed but glad for the change of thoughts.

Nellie and Geneva are younger than I and in that order, but I can't recall when Geneva was smaller than Nellie. They were a pair in more ways than one. It is doubtful if any of our neighbors ever thought of them separately. It was always Nellie and Geneva. Still, there was no physical resemblance between them. Nellie had light brown hair and blue gray eyes. She had a picayunish disposition and was small for her age. She had peculiar eating habits relishing such things as pickles and salt. There was a streak of devilment in her and she was real game in most any venture so long as it had no threat of bodily harm to her. Having me for a brother may have had something to do with the latter precaution. She certainly was not gullible but more or less self-reliant. She was never an awkward child and was always neat and clean as a pin.

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Everybody said that Geneva was the prettiest child they had ever seen and they were right. She had dark red hair, brown eyes, and the fairest complexion. She was happy and robust with little concern for her personal needs. Her greatest aim was always to please which often made her fall for the little mean tricks that Nellie and I were forever playing on her. Still, the two girls were as twins at home and wherever they went. That they generally dressed alike was due mostly, I guess, to the fact that Mama could buy cheaper and make easier two of a kind. And so it was and ever will be with Nellie and Geneva.

My memory of Hartwell is of a tow-headed, chubby, brown-eyed little boy who appeared to be melancholy most of the time, though I am sure he was not really sad. He loved to follow me wherever I went which was of little concern to me as long as we were alone, but when I had company, it was a different matter. We would slip away from him and later I would be ashamed for the underhanded way I had treated him. It was about this time that Houston was courting Opal every Sunday afternoon and would usually have gum or candy in his pockets for Hartwell. It was our ruse to let Hartwell follow us far enough away from the house so he couldn't see and know we were lying and then tell him that Houston was driving up with gum. While Hartwell bolted for the house, we sprinted through the plum thicket and away through the fields. Hartwell was the youngest of the family at that time.

Arona, my baby sister, had not as yet been born, but she has heard most of these tales and knows that they are true.

(To be continued)

Micro Sour Cream Pudding (from Barbara Masterson of Arizona)

Ingredients—

One 3 oz package Jell-O pudding [**not instant**] -any flavor except lemon
3 Tablespoons sugar
1 Cup water
1 Cup Sour Cream = [1/2 pint]

Stirring well, combine pudding, sugar and water in 1 ½ quart microwave safe bowl.

Cook, uncovered, on high for 2 minutes; stir well and cook for 1 minute; stir well again and cook for 1 more minute or until mixture comes to a boil.

Stir and allow the mixture to cool for 3 minutes, uncovered; stir well and cool for 2 more minutes.

Stir in sour cream being sure to blend well. Pour into dessert dishes and chill.

This recipe can be doubled, however, the cook time will need to be increased to 3+2+2

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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***** <http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/> *****



ANOTHER GRAVE MARKER DESTROYED

Pictured above is what is left of a grave marker deep in the woods near Falcon, Arkansas. I found this grave back in January, 1998 while updating the cemetery records of Nevada County. A deer hunter had told me of the approximate location and a local resident was able to give me good directions to the spot. At that time, the marker was intact and was in good shape. There is only one marked grave at this spot which was probably near the old family homestead. The area is now covered by mature pine timber. I checked the grave this year and found the marker had been destroyed. I don't know if the damage was from vandalism or from timber harvesting in the area. As you can see this grave will probably soon be lost forever. I marked the location a few weeks ago with a six foot iron pipe painted white in hopes that the site will be protected for at least a while longer. The inscription on the marker from my survey in 1998 is as follows:

Mrs. Martha Wilbun
Born October 4, 1864
Died August 23, 1908
"Asleep in Jesus"

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A History of Hoo-Hoo International

Perhaps you have driven through our neighboring town of Gurdon, Arkansas and noticed a monument near the railroad tracks dedicated to the Hoo-Hoo International organization. You may have wondered what this organization with the unusual name is, so here is a brief history of it condensed from information available on their website.

It all started back on January 21, 1892 at Gurdon. Five men who were interested in the timber industry had just reached Gurdon from attending a meeting in Camden and were due to catch a train at Gurdon. Due to some delays, they were forced to wait several hours at the Hall Hotel near the railroad tracks in Gurdon.

Two of these men, Bolling Arthur Johnson and George K. Smith began to discuss the need for a fraternity of lumbermen whereby all lumbermen and trade associations could join together and hold their meetings at one place rather than in various cities. One of them suggested the name "Ancient Order of Camp Followers". From these discussions which lasted about seven hours, the framework for a lumbermen's fraternity was put in place. They agreed that lumbermen meeting in good fellowship would help the timber industry and the benefits would trickle down into all aspects of business and social relationships.

The discussion led to what manner of organization this fraternity should have so as not to resemble the other fraternities of the day. It was agreed that there would be no lodge rooms with forced attendance; no marching in the streets in protest; no "bothering" anybody; no uniforms or flashy regalia. There would be one single aim: to foster the health, happiness, and long life of its members. It was further proposed that this new order should devise a secret means of communication so that any member could correspond with any other member on matters of interest to one another without revealing their identity to those persons outside the fraternity.

Recognizing that the name "Ancient Order of Camp Followers" did not accomplish their objectives, the group wasted no time agreeing with the suggestion by Johnson that "Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo" was the perfect name. The word "Hoo-Hoo" had been coined by Johnson himself only one month earlier at Kansas City in describing a most peculiar tuft of hair, greased and twisted to a point, atop the otherwise bald head of Charles McCarer, of Northwestern "Lumberman", Chicago. The name Hoo-Hoo became a catch phrase among the lumbermen in various areas to describe anything unusual or out of the ordinary. A good poker hand was a "Hoo-Hoo hand." A strange hat was a "Hoo-Hoo hat". A good breakfast might be called a "Hoo-Hoo breakfast". Thus, Hoo-Hoo well described this new order, and since the word "concatenate" means "to unite", it was decided the two words made a perfect marriage.

The organization was to be non-superstitious in nature, and when the discussion led to choosing a mascot, the black cat was chosen due to its association with bad luck. In honor of the legendary nine lives of the cat, Johnson suggested that the number nine assume a high

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and lofty position within the makeup of Hoo-Hoo. There would be nine men on the Board of Directors. The order would hold its annual meeting on the ninth day of the ninth month beginning at nine minutes after nine. Annual dues would be 99 cents, and the initiation fee would be \$9.99. The membership would never consist of more than 9,999 men.

W. E. Barns, one of the men who helped organize the fraternity, had just completed reading Lewis Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" and suggested that the directors be given names of an "eerie and peculiar" nature like those used in the book. Hence, the names "snark", "bojum", "Sr. High Hoo-Hoo", "Jr. High Hoo-Hoo", and "bandersnatch" were chosen, although "jabberwock" later replaced "bandersnatch". The other names which are now affixed to officers (e.g. Scrivenoter, Arcanoper, Custocatian, and Gurdon) were the products of Johnson's imagination some days or weeks later.



The group could not get away from words like "grand" and "sublime", and things that were "high". Therefore, the Grand Snark was born that day, but he later assumed the "universe" as his kingdom. The bojum became the Holy Bojum to serve in the capacity as chaplain. The name "scrivenoter" sounded like a "note scribe" and was assigned the duties of secretary. The "arcanoper" was to stand within the garden and be the "opener" of the gates to those requesting admittance into the realm of Hoo-Hoo. The name "Gurdon" had the faraway hint of "guard" to it and was therefore assigned to the sergeant-at-arms, and was also an obvious compliment to the place of the order's birth. It was decided at Gurdon that the board of directors would consist of nine men to be called the "Supreme Nine".

Hoo-Hoo prospered during the twenties, but with the Great Depression, Hoo-Hoo fell upon hard times. Unable to meet the financial obligations of its insurance program, its membership dropping and burdened with apparent embezzlement, the International Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo almost slipped into obscurity as only one club in Spokane, Washington continued to meet on a regular basis during the time.

Efforts were made to increase the membership and it had increased to over 13,000 during the fifties. The promotion of wood became one of the objectives of Hoo-Hoo. The next decade saw expansion into Australia and later into other areas of the South Pacific. Today, more than 100,000 individuals have availed themselves of membership in the order. The United States and Canada are divided into nine jurisdictions. A map is available on the website showing the divisions and locations of local clubs and contact information.

Dedicated primarily to the principles of true fraternalism and fellowship, the International Order of Hoo-Hoo continues to make many serious, effective contributions to the timber industry and to the communities from which its members come. The Hoo-Hoo International office and Hoo-Hoo Museum share a log cabin which was built by the WPA in the early 1930's. The building is located on Main Street in Gurdon, Arkansas, one block from the site where Hoo-Hoo was founded in 1892. The Hoo-Hoo Museum which was formally dedicated

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on April 11, 1981, is a tax exempt organization and all contributions to the Museum are tax deductible.

So now you have learned something about Hoo-Hoo International which had its beginnings in the small town of Gurdon, Arkansas back in 1892.

I found the following item in The Nevada News issue dated 9-16-1909. I wonder if the members of Hoo-Hoo are aware of the sealed box mentioned in the article.

*Gurdon, Arkansas--*About 3000 people gathered to watch the unveiling of a tablet erected on the spot where the order was started Jan. 21, 1892. The tablet is Egyptian is symbolism and represents the entrance to an Egyptian temple. Within the tablet is placed a sealed box that contains the minutes of the first meeting of the Hoo-Hoo, a photo of the tablet, letter heads of the House of the Ancients, a photo of the old Hall Hotel, portions of Hoo-Hoo history, and souvenirs of former annual conventions.

Jerry,

This is a poem I wrote about my much cherished cat, Kristal a few months after she was put to sleep while I held her. It was published online a couple of years ago at Poetry.com .

KristalCat

Even on a late Spring evening,
she enjoys cuddling
a few feet from the brick edge
of the backyard fire pit.

Birds and small paper ashes
soar/float/drift around her
with no notice; the dead branches spit and snap
their orange angers of giving up.

Budding quiet trees of several sorts,
all well grown,
shadow silently 'gainst the
housetops/sides and
the cloudy blue sun setting sky.

My friend listens.

Duncan Michael McKelvey (Georgia)

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ASPEN

Every once in a while
Something good comes along;
Ours had four little legs
And a little bark so strong.

She loved to go to work
And ride in Grandpa's truck;
She was there to help him
If ever he got stuck.

You could see her at midnight
With her coat of snow white fur;
She was there to protect you
In case someone was to stir.

If we all had the love
That Aspen showed to us;
This world would be a better place
And we would never fuss.

June Nicholas (Arkansas)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART THREE)

A family history about the Irvin family near Bluff City, Arkansas about 1920

ROTATION

We knew that the world was round and probably very large and that the land portions were populated by different kinds of people, but we had no conception and little concern about how they lived or what they thought. Our intelligence was relegated by the perimeter of our community. Each year was very much the same as any other year with farming and associated activities. This was true in spite of Mama's arguments that we should try something new or better yet—move off and leave it to grow up in thickets. But no, it was without variation—the same amount of cotton and corn, the principal crops--one for the money and the other for food and feed. The remainder of the arable land was given over to patches of potatoes, peas, peanuts, hay of one kind or another, sorghum for molasses, watermelons, and a large fruit orchard and a vegetable garden. In addition to the above there were the hog, cow, and horse lots.

There was the cleared pasture land and the wooded pasture land. Most of the crops were rotated from year to year and about every two years, the cleared pasture land was exchanged for the cultivated areas. Also, it was feasible to use certain portions of the tilled land as pasture during the winter months but not other portions. Now, from all this it follows that the whole farm was a complicated maze of fences, gates, hedges, and ditches with the gates and fences forever rotting down and falling apart and the predominating ditches and hedges becoming gullies and briar patches. We had every type of fence you could have—net wire, barb wire, plank, picket, split rail, and pole fences and just about as many different kinds of gates. I hated gates—all manner of gates—but especially wire gates. One cannot subdue a wire gate nor intimidate it in any way. It stands, or rather it sags and coils like a cobra ready to strike the unsuspecting passerby. I cannot nor do I wish to try to explain how one of the evil

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things is concocted. Building fences was necessary like breathing or sleeping, but cutting bushes and briars and filling up ravines was imperative or soon you wouldn't have room to sleep, breathe, or build fences. Our patchy farm was like a small wound in the great woods that irrevocably closed in and healed around the edges. Day in and day out, we fought the losing fight to keep the wound irritated and open.

Papa was the proud sire of all our gates and he reveled in his prowess. To get from our house to the bottom field, you had to open and close five gates. A good example was the small cow pen which was joined on one side by the cow barn, on two sides by the cow pasture, and on the other side by the fruit orchard. There were all told seven gates good and strong to this cow pen. Four opened into stalls, one led to the orchard, and not one but two opened out into the same cow pasture. Mama watched him build the latter two gates saying not a word until he had finished, then she asked him which gate he preferred her to use. For a long time after that she would win most any argument just by mentioning the two gates whereupon Papa would swell up, shut up, and just gaze far off into the woods.

Now as the cleared and cultivated land became depleted and eroded, it was abandoned to grow up in briars and bushes again, so that to maintain farm ground, new patches had to be cleared of timber to replace it. This required much hard labor and was usually begun in late fall after the harvest was in and weather was cool. All trees exceeding one foot in diameter at the base would be deadened by chopping a deep ring around the trunk. The smaller trees and underbrush were cleared away and piled in heaps to be burned in early spring. These brush heaps made fine sanctuaries for small animals and birds during the cold winter months. It occurs to me now that the SPCA would never have sanctioned what we called bird thrashings, but then there is a lot they didn't know and still don't. We literally did just what the word implies on cold dark nights, the colder the better to numb and slow the birds down in flight. About six or ten men and boys with a thick brush in the right hand and a long pine torch in the left would surround the brush heap and shake it until the frightened birds would come fluttering out half frozen and blinded by the flaming torches to be threshed good and proper. Then, when all the birds had been collected, we would build a roaring fire, gather around it and poach them on long sharp sticks. If I neglected to mention that we ate them, it is probably because we did not.

From the foregoing, it follows that not much, in any, of the land was ever completely free of natural growth in one form or another for any great length of time. It has been said that a tree has as many roots below the ground as there are branches above and as far as I am concerned, they can stay there. Fortunately one never sees all the roots of a tree, but it has been established that they are quite numerous and tough. New ground plowing calls for considerable strength and an abundance of courage on the part of both the mule and the boy. A cutting tool will hang up on large roots and stumps stopping the whole rig with such a suddenness that one is likely to be knocked to the ground by the rebounding plow stock and then trampled upon by the poor mule who has been jerked off his feet at the same time.

As has been noted, all the larger trees were deadened and left standing in the fields. Someday, perchance, they would fall but one could not rush into it nor postpone the associated disaster. They were just waiting for a good chance when our backs might be turned. You

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could not trust them. I have seen tall trees with all their limbs still standing that had been dead for fifteen years while others might come crashing down within a few short months. You had to watch out especially during the spring thunder and wind storms. Papa felt that the sporting thing to do was just stay in the field and defy the storm until such time when the wind had reached its full fury, then one must jump lively to dodge all the falling timber and flying debris. After this, of course, the logs and dead limbs had to be cut, piled, and burned.

A great many people have either heard or read about log rollings in pioneer days, but not as many of us are left who have been a guest at one. I don't suppose a person should crow too loudly about this dubious honor, like as if he had gone to the opera or spent a day at the races. Still, there must be something to say about it, if I can just think what it is. Most everyone in the neighborhood was invited to a log rolling, but it was hoped that the old men would stay home. A good crowd of men and young women (the younger the better) would gather in the morning at the farm house that had a new ground. The men would cut and roll the logs into piles so they could be easily burned while the women (the older ones) cooked and prepared their dinner. The older men enjoyed all the wonderful food which was furnished by the owner in return for their work while the young men enjoyed the young women for no good reason at all. A fine time was had by everyone. To me, it was a fascinating sight to see how strong the men were and to hear their songs and witty stories as they worked. At noon-time, they would play games of skill such as pitching silver dollars, horseshoes and woo, and would not have gone back to work at all unless or until the owner pitched a few good strong hints about the time of the evening.

LIP SERVICE

There is little doubt that Mama loved the farm very much. Still, she knew that at best, it was a hard life. She hoped and believed that somewhere there must be a better way of making a living. As far as Papa was concerned, the world ended at one day's round trip from home. It is true that sometimes on winter nights, he would talk idly to Mama about moving away to some other place. Actually he never entertained any fear of doing so. It was not that he held any illusions about the easy life or getting rich on our farm. It was simply all he knew or wanted to know. It was his life. He often complained, as farmers do, about the poor crops or the weather, but in reality he loved every minute of his life there. Mama had dreams of being nearer to market and also to schools that taught higher than the eighth grade. Papa gave lip service to her arguments, but never allowed any concrete plans to materialize. He often talked of moving in vague terms of some far distant time, so much so that even we children paid little attention to it. He had a point. The truth was and we knew it—our farm was better than most of those surrounding us. It lay in the rich foothills and bottom lands. We could grow most any kind of crop. Even so, Mama knew that our land must soon erode away like so many of the others had already done. One spring she was so persistent about moving that Papa figured it would be worthwhile to spend a little time—but just time, because he had plenty of that—in order to once more have peace and quiet in the home. So, he led a young-- very young--real estate broker to believe he was ready to trade his farm for property in the mountains near Glenwood. It would be necessary to see the property first of course. Actually, he had no desire to be near the place, but he did want me to see it to bear witness that we had tried. One warm spring day, the young man thinking to make a shrewd deal, but actually very gullible,

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took Papa and me to Glenwood in his Model T and bought our dinner there. This village had no more than 400 population, but I was all excited over the prospects of moving there, for truly it was beautiful little mountain hamlet. After lunch, we got in the Ford and started to locate the tract of land to be traded for. Then it developed that the real estate man had never seen it either. He did have a map however, and so we drove away—far, far away—into the mountains. Through wagon roads and finally over mere trails we went. Finally we had to ditch the car and walk the last mile or so along the side of a mountain until we came upon a two room abandoned log cabin darkly seen through the persimmon sprouts, briars, and underbrush. The only thing of interest was a cool, clear creek that ran nearby. There was no cleared land and none worth clearing. I reported to Mama and she knew I was telling the truth about the place because she understood how glad I too would be to move away. He had dealt us a cruel blow and we remained subdued for some time to come. Still, Mama never gave up all hope. I think we children knew that at worse, with us, it was not a lifetime proposition.

The human being is a creature of desire, prone to looking over the fence, of seeing green pastures afar off, generally that is, but my father was a wise, contented man—a happy, pleasant person. As time goes by, we come to appreciate more and more the wisdom of accepting one's station, of being critical of innovations and radical changes. Looking back, I know that our childhood was no bed of roses, but we could not have been happier no matter where we might have lived.

(to be continued)

SQUASH PATTIES – 1

2 cups grated yellow squash
¼ cup self rising flour
1/3 cup self rising cornmeal
1 small onion, chopped
1 egg, beaten
pepper to taste

Mix all ingredients together. Spoon out into a hot greased frying pan. Brown both sides. Drain on paper towel.

SQUASH PATTIES – 2

2 cups peeled and grated zucchini or yellow squash
1 teaspoon salt
2 Tbsp. sugar
1 egg
½ cup flour
1 small onion, grated

Mix all ingredients well and drop by teaspoon into hot oil. Fry until golden brown.

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***** <http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/> *****

ALBERT E. ADAMS

THE TERRAPIN MAN OF BLUFF CITY

Albert E. Adams was a well known Bluff City man who was born in 1858. I don't know much about him except what I learn from old newspapers and census records. The 1870 census lists him as 12 years old with an older brother named Joseph and a younger brother named Wallace. His mother, Jane was listed as head of the household. From the cemetery records we learn that his first wife, Mary H. Adams died in 1896. She is buried at Bluff City along with at least two of their children, Bulah and Walter, who died as infants.

In later census records (1900 and 1910), we find Albert E. Adams and wife Lucy Adams living at Bluff City, so evidently he remarried. No children are listed in the household.

Albert Adams became known as the Terrapin Man from Bluff City. According to news stories, he found a terrapin near his home in 1886 and marked his initials (A. E. A.) on the shell along with the date. He found the terrapin again in 1904, 1906, 1918, 1923, 1926, and 1932. In 46 years it was never found more than 300 yards from the location of the first marking in 1886.

I tried to do some research on terrapins to find out how long they live. I discovered that there are so many species of terrapins and turtles that I'm not sure of the exact name of the type we have in this part of Arkansas. From looking at pictures, the one that most resembles what we have is called the Eastern Box Turtle. Sometimes, the names turtle, terrapin, and tortoise are used interchangeably, but experts know the difference. Here in Arkansas, we usually think of terrapins as living on land and turtles living in or near the water. The only tortoise we know of is the one in the story of the tortoise and the hare.

Some of the life spans of terrapins were given as 40 to 60 years and possibly one could live to be 100 years old. The research I looked at did not recommend carving initials, etc. on the shell of a terrapin since it could damage the shell. No terrapin wants to live in a house with a leaky roof.

They eat insects, worms, berries, etc. and cause no harm to anyone except maybe eating some low hanging garden vegetables they are able to reach. I have noticed that drivers will dodge a terrapin that might be crossing the highway, but the same driver might go out of his way to run over a snake crossing the road. That shows it's good to have a good reputation. It might pay off in later life. The article I read recommended washing your hands after handling a terrapin since they might carry salmonella.

Albert E. Adams evidently cared about his community, because in 1935, I found that he had donated some land overlooking the bluff from which Bluff City gets its name for use by the Future Farmers of America. They planned to build a log chapter house on the land and

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had plans to construct a swimming pool and a picnic park at the site. I don't know if this ever happened. As you know sometimes plans get changed for one reason or the other.

Albert Adams rented out his farm and went into the lumber and stave business in 1937. He lived to be 82 years old and died February 27, 1941. A few hours after his death, his wife, Lucy Adams, also died. Both of them are buried in the old section of Bluff City Cemetery.

AN AMERICAN HISTORY QUIZ (Answers on page 5)

- ___ 1. Paul Revere was not able to complete his famous ride warning the colonists that the British were coming because **A.** he got saddle sores, **B.** his horse broke a leg, **C.** he was captured, **D.** he was shot and killed.
- ___ 2. The Star Spangled Banner was **A.** a newspaper, **B.** the name of a play, **C.** a flag, **D.** a ship.
- ___ 3. A "flivver" was **A.** an enlarged liver, **B.** a fried pie, **C.** an article of clothing, **D.** an automobile.
- ___ 4. Which of these is not one of the "Great Lakes"? **A.** Great Salt Lake, **B.** Huron, **C.** Michigan, **D.** Superior.
- ___ 5. The Lewis and Clark expedition explored the Louisiana Purchase. What was Lewis' first name? **A.** Roy, **B.** Andrew, **C.** Meriwether, **D.** Hernando.
- ___ 6. Charles Lindbergh was **A.** the first to fly an airplane across the Atlantic Ocean, **B.** the first to hit a home run in baseball, **C.** a Civil War general, **D.** the man who shot Abraham Lincoln.
- ___ 7. Davy Crockett's motto was **A.** "In God we trust", **B.** "Be sure you are right, then go ahead", **C.** "A chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage", **D.** "Go west, young man, and grow up with the country".
- ___ 8. The first shots of the Civil War were fired at **A.** Bunker Hill, **B.** Concord, **C.** Ft. Sumter, **D.** Appomattox.
- ___ 9. The first President to die in office was **A.** Thomas Jefferson, **B.** William Henry Harrison, **C.** James Garfield, **D.** John Kennedy.
- ___ 10. When Abraham Lincoln gave his Gettysburg Address, he was dedicating **A.** a battleship, **B.** the Washington Monument, **C.** an addition to the White House, **D.** a cemetery.
-

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WHEN MILK CAME IN BOTTLES



My work sometimes takes me deep in the woods off the beaten path. Sometimes I come across old home places and I always keep an eye out for open wells, rusty nails, and other hazards. I also look for old antique bottles such as medicine bottles or old soda bottles. Old bottles are getting harder and harder to find these days.

Several years ago I came across this old milk bottle. It is just a plain bottle with no name of a dairy, but it does have the words: THIS BOTTLE TO BE WASHED AND RETURNED—NOT TO BE BOUGHT OR SOLD.

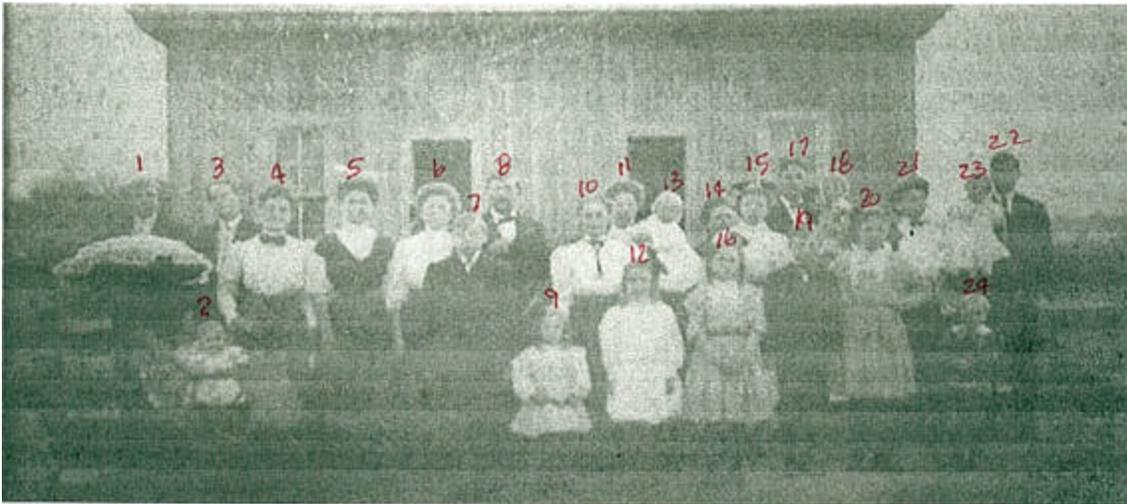
On the opposite side of the bottle are the words: HALF GALLON and a circle about four inches in diameter.

I would appreciate hearing from any milk bottle collectors or others who might know something about the history of this bottle or the time period when it was used.

FINE FOR FLIRTING (from The Nevada News—1920)

Bangor, Wales---To promote the best interests of colleges here, a student is liable to a fine of 12 cents if found guilty of ogling or making any sign whatsoever to attract the attention of girls.

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Picture of John and Georgia Anna Hardwick's extended family made about 1909. The story is that John and Georgia's house had burned and this is the house they were living in with the younger part of their family. If the date of the picture is correct, here are the names and ages of the Hardwick family: The Hardwick family settled near Bluff City in Nevada County, Arkansas. *(Thanks to Thomas Knight and Zettie Griffith Link for this picture and information)*

1. William George Hardwick, 17
2. Myrtis Idell Barham, 1
3. Bryce Barham, ?

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4. Ethel Hardwick Barham, 26
 5. Agnes Hardwick Gulley, 27
 6. Johnnie Malinda Hardwick, 19
 7. Homer Hardwick, 13
 8. John Mobley Hardwick, 60
 9. Gladys Gulley, 5 (dau. of Agnes Hardwick Gulley)
 10. Georgia Anna Johnson Hardwick, 50
 11. Sarah Fredonia Hardwick Bustin, 32
 12. Sattie Bustin, 6 (dau. of Sarah Hardwick Bustin)
 13. J. R. Bustin, Jr., 2 (son of Sarah Fredonia Hardwick Bustin)
 14. Eunice Hardwick Moore, 29
 15. Stella Hardwick Griffith, 15
 16. Flossie Bustin, 9 (dau. of Sarah Hardwick Bustin)
 17. Herbert Lee Moore, 24
 18. Earl J. Moore, 3 (son of Eunice Hardwick Moore)
 19. Garland Hardwick, 11
 20. Georgia Ann Bustin, 10 (dau. of Sarah Fredonia Hardwick Bustin)
 21. Frances Hardwick Martin, 30
 22. Berry Martin, 27
 23. Marie Martin, 2
 24. Leroy Martin, 4
-

ANSWERS TO AMERICAN HISTORY QUIZ

1. The answer is C. - Paul Revere was captured and later released without his horse. His famous ride was the subject of a poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow that began, "Listen my children and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere." Paul Revere was a silversmith by trade and died in 1818.
2. The answer is C. - The Star Spangled Banner was written by Francis Scott Key who witnessed the British bombardment of Ft. McHenry during the War of 1812. The bombardment lasted 25 hours, but Key noticed that the flag was still flying. The Star Spangled Banner became our national anthem in 1931.
3. The answer is D. - The word "flivver" was a slang word usually referring to the Ford Model T, and is sometimes used to describe any small, inexpensive, or old automobile.
4. The answer is A.- Great Salt Lake covers 2500 square miles in the state of Utah. The salt content is second only to the Dead Sea.
5. The answer is C.- Meriwether Lewis and William Clark led the 8,000 mile expedition to explore the Louisiana Purchase. Lewis had a promising future, but his life was cut short. He died from a gunshot to the head at age 35, but the cause of death is uncertain. Some think it was suicide since Lewis suffered from bouts of depression. Others think he was murdered.

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6. The answer is A.- Charles Lindbergh flew non-stop across the Atlantic in 1927 in his plane, “The Spirit of St.Louis”. That reminds me of the time I gave my class a test and one of the questions was to tell what Charles Lindbergh was known for. One student wrote, “He flew his spirit to St. Louis”. After his famous flight, Lindbergh wrote a book, invented an artificial heart, and flew 50 combat missions in World War II. His 20 month old son was kidnapped and later found dead. Lindbergh died of cancer at his home in Hawaii in 1974.

7. The answer is B. – Davy’s motto—“Be sure you are right, then go ahead” was taken from his 1834 autobiography. Sounds like good advice to me.

8. The answer is C.- The first shots of the Civil War were fired at Ft. Sumter, off the coast of South Carolina in 1861. The only casualties during the bombardment were one Union soldier killed and three injured when a cannon exploded as they fired a salute to warn soldiers to leave the fort.

9. The answer is B. - William Henry Harrison stood in a cold rain giving his inaugural address (the longest in history). He caught a cold which developed into pneumonia and died 31 days after taking office.

10. The answer is D. – Abraham Lincoln delivered his famous address in 1863 at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The main speaker at the event was a famous orator, Edward Everett, whose speech lasted two hours. Abraham Lincoln was invited to “make a few appropriate remarks”. Lincoln’s address lasted for only two minutes, but became one of the great speeches of all time. When I was in school, we were required to memorize The Gettysburg Address.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 4) The story of the Irvin family near Bluff City, Arkansas about 1920

ACTIVITIES

I am glad of the memories of the old home. It is pleasant to re-live those nights when we gathered by the fire to play games, eat peanuts, or shell corn off the cob to make meal for bread or for feeding the stock and chickens. It was always a lively time with Mama playing jokes on Papa and him never complaining but just grinning good-naturedly at it all. In the daytime the chickens would flock under the floor to catch the grains of flying corn that fell through the cracks and sometimes the noise of their flapping and cackling would be ferocious. In winter the fronts of Mama’s and the girl’s legs looked as if they were about ready to shed, a result of the constant baking before the fire. It was not that they were partial to the front side--you could not keep turning the chairs around. We men wore overalls which protected our legs from both the cold and the heat. Papa’s place was by the wall on the right side of the fireplace, Mama’s was on the left and always this was so. Close by Papa’s right leg sat the pine box loaded with fat pine for kindling and for giving light to the room. Hard by Mama’s left knee stood the churn waiting for the milk to clabber. Directly in front of the fire all the children and not a few cats arranged themselves in no particular order. Thus it

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was each night until bedtime at eight. This may seem like an early hour but not to us who had eaten our supper at five and had been sitting in the dark ever since.

It was discouraging however, to all the cats that had to go outside and face the cold long night at such an early hour. That is, to all except Old Ben, and even he had to face it but not for long. Since I can remember, everybody said he was Hollie's cat, but Old Ben knew he belonged to me or rather that I belonged to him. When we were all ready to go to bed, Papa would put the cats out the front door and before I could make it to my bed in the back room, Old Ben would be climbing through a broken window nearby. I am glad to this day and I know Old Ben is too that the window stayed broken, for where he lay, it was always warm.

Sometimes, before going to bed, we had family prayer by the fire. Papa would read a chapter in the Bible and Mama would pray and the next night the procedure would be reversed. At such times my father was the most humble man I have ever known. He laid his bare soul at God's feet and cried softly while giving thanks and asking only that he be watched over during the night. Then soon the glowing embers were covered with ashes and we all went to bed. And it is in these processes that timber is woven into the fiber of men and virtue imbued into the hearts of women.

The fireplace room was quite large enough to hold all of us, a dresser, and two beds. The back room was even larger and also had two beds. Mine was in the far end--the one by the broken window. The mattress was filled with corn shucks which insulate real good but are too lumpy for old folks to sleep on. All our bed covers were hand-made patch quilts beautifully designed and brightly colored. Sometimes at night it might snow and then in the morning the beds would all be white as indeed would everything. Our house had no ceilings, so quietly the snow sifted down through the walls and roof and settled over all. It was a cold house in winter, cool even in the summer.

It was Papa's job to be the first one up in the mornings and build fires in the fireplace and in the stove. To this day I don't know why he never put on his shoes until after he had made a roaring fire in the cold early morning. Of course, the kindling pine was inside the house, but the logs were on the porch outside, which most of the time was either wet or covered with ice and snow. I can hear him now as he walked on his heels back and forth at five o'clock in the morning from the porch to the fireplace carrying wood. The colder his heels got, the harder they hit the floor until the whole house would shake. Then it was, he would sit all alone by the kindling fire seemingly in deep meditation, deliberately pausing and gazing long into the flames as he slowly put on his shoes. This was his adventure, his movie, night club, television, his trip abroad--this was his diversion. Or was it simply the lull before the storm? At any rate, the spell would be broken soon enough and we would all be up running, scuffling, and scrounging for a place before the fire. But at least this hour was his alone and he savored its flavor and drew long and deep upon its magic.

As warm weather approached at the end of winter, the scene would change. An open porch, on the front, ran the full length of the house. It was there that we rested for a spell at noon and before retiring on the short spring and summer nights. A wide board extended from the wall to the edge of the porch and served as a shelf for the water bucket, wash pan,

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and soap dish. The towel hung on a wooden roller nailed to the wall. Papa's chair was near the edge of the porch between the steps and the water shelf on the right side. Mama's place was usually to the left of the steps and farther back from the edge, but not always in precisely the same spot like Papa's. It was not the custom for children to occupy chairs on the porch. We preferred a more easy manner, sitting on the edge of the porch or steps or lying back against the wall. I cannot remember hearing much conversation or seeing much activity on summer nights. But, how could one ever forget such a quiet pensive interlude, the soft breezes and mysterious sounds of the night creatures, the toads that croaked only when rain was near and the whippoorwill that sang in the Cay Hills all through the night and finally, my mother's voice saying, "Get up, Gordon and go to bed. You're sound asleep."

(to be continued)

ROOM 50—BUCHANAN HALL (from the Oct. 26, 1922 issue of The Nevada News)

Nine members of the McGill family of Chidester attended the University of Arkansas and six of the nine lived in Room 50 in Buchanan Hall.

S. D. McGill, a physician of Camden lived in Room 50 and graduated in 1906. Sidney McGill, an electrician, Minto, a mechanic, Walter, a farmer, J. Tate McGill, a star football player for the Razorbacks and now coach of Prescott High School, and Robert Layton McGill, a freshman in 1922, all lived in Room 50.

Also attending the U. of A. were Sara McGill, a teacher, Josephine McGill, a teacher, and Ann McGill.

The football team at Prescott High School coached by J. Tate McGill has one of greatest winning streaks of any high school team. They played and defeated Little Rock and the score when they played Hot Springs was 77-0.

It was in 1922 that the name "Curley Wolves" was chosen for the Prescott High School football team. A Little Rock sportswriter had used the term in a column he had written and the name was chosen by the entire student body to be the name of the team. The official name was "McGill's Curley Wolves". Before that time, the team had been known as the "Aggies".

FROZEN CUCUMBER SALAD (yield = 1 ½ quarts)

2 quarts sliced unpeeled small cucumbers
2 medium onions, sliced
1 tablespoon salt
1 cup vinegar
1 ¼ cups sugar

Combine cucumbers, onions, and salt. Let mixture set for 3 hours. In a saucepan, warm the vinegar and sugar. Stir to dissolve sugar. Drain cucumbers and add to vinegar mixture. Ladle into plastic freezer containers and freeze. When ready to use, defrost and serve chilled.

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

THE STORY OF THE MAN WHO TRIED TO STEAL THE RIVER

The census of Marion Township in Ouachita County lists Thomas Woodward as male—age 60—farmer—owner of 13,000 acres of land, most of it lying across the Ouachita River from the town of Camden. This was in 1850. Records of the time also name him among the trustees of the first school, as one of the first aldermen of the town, and as the wealthiest man in the county. There are many things for which General Woodward might be remembered, but through the years, he has become... that man who almost stole the river.

Thomas Woodward and W. L. Bradley had been friends back East in their youth. William Bradley came to Ouachita County in 1833 from New Orleans and a year later married the widow of John Nunn, the first permanent settler of the trading post known as Ecore Fabre. Woodward had come to the settlement from Alabama a few years later.

In 1844, Bradley laid a part of his land off into lots and T. S. Woodward was appointed Commissioner to locate and name the streets of the new town. It was then that the name of the settlement was changed to Camden, probably at the suggestion of Woodward, who had lived in Camden, Alabama for a number of years.

Sometime, while the formation of the new town was taking place, there was a trivial disagreement over some land. It caused a misunderstanding between the two citizens that grew into a feud of proportions that almost destroyed the town.

Camden stands on a bluff on a horseshoe curve in the river. The distance around this curve is five miles, but it is less than one fourth of a mile across the neck of the curve. It was here that Woodward set more than one hundred slaves to digging a bayou, which if it had been completed, would have become the main channel of the river, leaving the town sitting high and dry on the loop.

When it became evident that Woodward's plan would work, Major Bradley and the townspeople formed an armed posse to stop him. In turn, General Woodward backed his workmen with a shotgun and a threat to shoot the first man who interfered. Before there was bloodshed, cooler heads prevailed and an injunction was filed against Thomas Woodward's diverting a navigable stream from its natural course. Few people believed that the injunction would stop him. For months armed followers of Major Bradley watched the site day and night, sure that the General would try again to steal their river, but respect for law and order was stronger than his hatred and the digging stopped. Not long after this, General Woodward left Camden after losing several members of his family in death.

Through the years, the General's bayou has been known as Treadway's Slough since it was adjacent to a plantation owned by a Mr. Treadway. During the Civil War, the channel was deep enough to permit a small Confederate steamboat to gain five precious miles on its Federal pursuer by taking the cut-off and so to elude them. For many years, the young men

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of the area found it great sport to take their small boats through the ditch at high water. Because of the accumulation of snags and driftwood (some logs being more than a century old), it took considerable skill and daring to maneuver a boat through the narrow passage and some lives have been lost in the attempt.

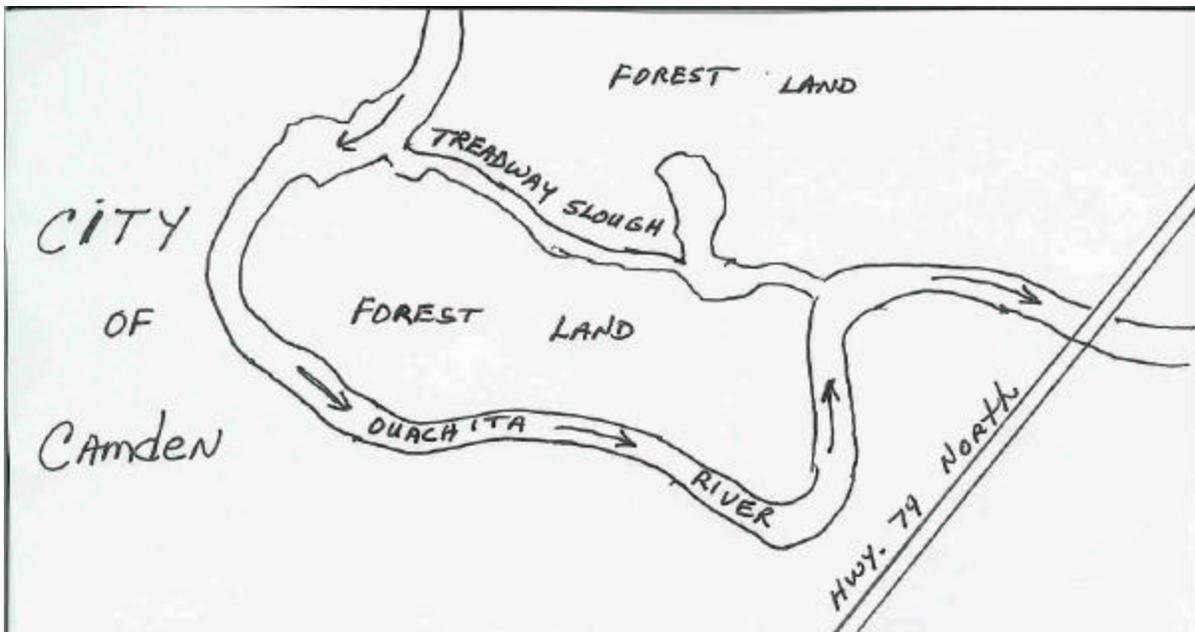
In 1930, nearly a hundred years after the General's attempt, the project he began in hatred was almost completed by floods. The channel was enlarged to the point that it required the building of \$20,000 worth of revetments, concrete levees, and other barriers by the United States Army Corps of Engineers to prevent the town of Camden from losing its river as General Woodward had planned. (taken from a booklet called "Historic Camden").



At left: Copy of Government Survey map of 1841 showing the loop on the Ouachita River on which Camden (Ecore Fabre) was situated. The town was on the left side of the map in the bend of the river.

Gen. Woodward planned to dig through the narrow neck of the bend and thereby change the course of the river.

Below: This is taken from a recent aerial photo showing Treadway Slough. Over the years the river has enlarged the channel dug by Gen. Woodward, but the main river channel still flows in the direction of the arrows. The article mentioned that it was five miles around the loop, but it is actually a little over two miles. The distance of Treadway Slough is a little over one fourth mile.



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A “TOM THUMB” WEDDING AT CHIDESTER IN EARLY 1930’s

Boy with book (the preacher)-Louis Harold Jones; **two young girls in center by basket**-Betty Jo Rushing and Rebecca Dempsey; **boy sitting in front**- Jackie Norwood; **two girls kneeling bottom right**- Colleen Jones and Valerie Bridges; **first row standing left to right** - ?_____, Billy Stinnett, Charles Farr, Mamie Jo Taylor, Harold Sweatman (the groom), Dorothy Hildebrand (the bride), Wanda Lee Emmerett, James Epperson, and Alpha Stinnett; **second row standing, left to right** - ?_____, Henry Harvey, Jr., Charlene Webb, Billy Ray Baker, Johnnie Lee Riffe, and Marion Baker; **back row, left to right** - ?_____, William Rufus Bradley, Cleo Blagraves, Marvin Holleman, Frances Lyon, and James Blagraves

Thanks to Patricia Farr for sharing this picture and to Dorothy Herrington and others who helped identify the young people in the picture.

WHO WAS TOM THUMB?

His real name was Charles Sherwood Stratton. He was born in 1838 in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He was a fairly big child, weighing nine pounds at birth and his parents were both of normal size. He grew normally for the first five months of his life reaching a length of 25 inches and a weight of 15 pounds, but then he simply quit growing. Other than his height, he was a normal, healthy person. He was what was known as a “midget”, which in those times was a short person of normal proportions. Today the “politically correct” term is “little person”, and the term midget is considered derogatory.

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Stratton was four years old when the circus pioneer, P. T. Barnum met him. He was 25 inches tall and weighed just 15 pounds. Barnum taught him how to sing, dance, and perform and gave him the stage name of General Tom Thumb. His height never exceeded 33 inches.

Stratton traveled the world with Barnum meeting and performing for various leaders and royalty. His parents accompanied him in his travels. His starting wage at age 5 was 4 dollars a week with all expenses paid, and by 1844 he was making fifty dollars a week, with expenses paid for both him and his parents.

In 1863, Tom Thumb married Lavinia Warren (also a midget) in New York in front of over 2,000 wedding guests. It was the most celebrated wedding of its time, and besides many well known people attending the ceremony, President and Mrs. Lincoln sent gifts. To receive their guests, the bride and groom stood atop a grand piano. Following the wedding ceremony, the couple was received at the White House by President Abraham Lincoln.

Tom Thumb died of a stroke on July 15, 1883 at the age of 45. His funeral was attended by more than 10,000 people. He is buried in Mountain Grove Cemetery in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The statue of him on top of his headstone is life size. Mrs. Tom Thumb died at the age of 77.

During the 1920's came many fads. The "Tom Thumb" wedding was one of the more interesting fads to come into style. At these events you would see a mock wedding with children dressed in formal attire. The fad was fashioned after the famous midget pair in the P. T. Barnum circus. They were sometimes used to raise money for some community project.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 5) The story of the Irvin family near Bluff City, Arkansas about 1920

RELIGION AND THUNDER

Our home and religion were synonymous. You could not very well picture one without the other, for any account of one must, in truth, include the other.

If the following narrative of certain phases of our religious life leads the reader to suspect that we were fanatics or even that I have now reached or attained a condescending attitude, I wish to rectify that illusion and assure him that such is not the truth. Christianity has many faces all looking in the same direction. Here I shall try to present that particular phase of religion as taught, practiced, and lived in our old home. And so, if the facts here recorded seem unorthodox, it should be remembered that the Christian faith has that particular characteristic of adapting itself to all walks of life or vice versa. It may lend solitude to those who need it and time for meditation to those whose lives are filled with noise and distraction. It may give joy to them who weep and relief to those lonely, checkered, and work-weary souls.

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I don't know from whence my forefathers came, but looking back now, it occurs to me that not a few of them might have been Calvinists or next of kin. Stern as they were, however, it must be acknowledged that we then, as today, had two more or less widely separated religions just like we have now. There was a sort of hot summer time salvation, protracted meeting type and a winter time sort of passive, waiting for summer time type of religion. As a boy, I anticipated both kinds with certain well founded apprehensions.

I do not wish to imply that we ever forgot about God in winter or any other time. On the contrary, we never ate a meal until grace had been said. I will admit here that I never followed this practice, but do recommend it for at least two good reasons—first, it tends to keep one's skirts clear with the Lord, which is good, and also it allows a few seconds for the kids to jockey into position and get set at the table. At best though, winter was a cooling-off time for religion too. There was Sunday school every week and church with preaching once a month. The circuit rider was just an ordinary farmer who had heard the call and without checking to see who it was or what He wanted, unhooked his horse from the plow and took to the buggy. He would fumble and bumble through his sermon in a half-hearted manner thinking more of his dinner than his duties. No particular attention was ever paid to his random gibberish. We went to church because it was our duty, but mostly because it was some place to go. Be that as it may, in back of our minds, lurked the constant knowledge that any day Papa and Mama might reflect upon their negligence, become contrite, and take things into their own hands by imposing stiff penalties on all of us.

You could not escape summertime religion any more than you could escape the heat, and only a fool such as I would spend his time trying to avoid it. A general build-up would begin in about May or June with prayer meetings say once a week at first and then twice a week as the time of the revival neared. This was usually July or August. These so-called protracted meetings might last three days or they might be protracted to three weeks depending on the evangelist's schedule and on his success, or lack of it, as the case might be. Somebody had to pay the piper or he didn't pipe very long. The close of the meeting was the anti-climax and following this, a simmering-down period for a few short weeks.

Prayer meetings were, as a rule, dull affairs, no singing or fooling around—just praying. Picture if you can, a little sinner listening for two hours to the prayers of fifteen or twenty men and women praying together and separately. It was at best a monotonous rote coupled with hard benches. Still, it was some place to go. Moreover, I was not in any fear of being molested at this time. You do not gather a green harvest, but give it time. One can understand why these meetings were boring if he considers the fact that they had all been born, raised, married, and lived within a short distance of the church. They were all farmers, they grew the same crops, and their interests were identical. It was, for all practical purposes, one big farm family. So, generally, they prayed for the sick and afflicted, the needy, and poor in heart (and that took in about everybody). Particularly, though, they prayed for sinners, but not always, as I recall and as we shall see.

Arkansas has a bad habit of being dry during July and August. Just when the corn needs it most, it will not rain a drop for weeks. One summer, right at prayer meeting time, the weather was being uncommonly stubborn so that the corn leaves were twisting up like

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firecracker fuses and turning about as yellow, and never a sign of rain in the sky. Someone, I think it was my father who was prone to lean to the practical side, suggested they pray for rain. Now this idea of his of praying for rain didn't catch on right away. It lacked emotional quality. Also, it does not sit well in the eyes of God to tamper with Arkansas weather. No, it would be better to stay on familiar ground and stick to tangible, familiar emotional and personal subjects like John Stone and Tom Plyler, where you could call a spade a spade. Still, as I have said, my father was a persistent man and he had a point to his argument that if all the pleas and supplications could be funneled into one main stream and all the prayers focused on one single objective, their combined weight might bear fruit in the form of a good summer shower. There was much wagging of heads and rolling of eyes at this, but reluctantly and grudgingly, they finally set aside one evening to pray for rain.

Well, it started off like a bad dry evening. Papa was just a humble man, not much given to flowery words or demagoguery, and here he found the whole burden of this project on his shoulders alone. It was his baby, so to speak, and he was not a man who could fan a spark in indeed there ever was a spark. Of course, when it comes to praying, especially on the eve of a protracted meeting, one should not be refractory like a mule, nor have to be kicked in the side when it comes his turn to pray. But this is about what Papa had to do to keep things going and the people awake that evening. There was more muttering and maundering than praying as everyone fidgeted and waited for a decent time when they could pick up and go home. And it was just about that time, I guess, say 9:30 or 10:00, when someone noticed a faint lightning low in the east. Now everyone knows that this is another bad habit Arkansas has of lightning at night in the east during a drought. It just doesn't mean a thing except that you are in the middle of a long dry spell. Rain always comes from the west and northwest – never from the east in the summertime. Here it is hard to describe or understand what went through the minds of most of the farmers and their wives there that night. True, the lightning was not bright at first, still one associates lightning with thunder and later with rain. Well, that is what they had been praying for. This then was their dilemma—should they rely on all past experience, pretend not to see the lightning, quietly slip out of the church and go home? But no, God is the author of all inexplicable phenomena. Here the unbroken chain—prayer, God, lightning, thunder, rain—five links and already the first three in hand. Still, lightning in the east during a drought—to believe or not to believe—that was their crux. They hung momentarily on the horns of their dilemma, but not for long. It has been said that Mag Johnson was the world's most ignorant woman, but I believe, on this night, she was it's most vociferous one. East or west didn't matter to her--she knew it was going to rain.

Now the tide turned and everyone followed her example, got down on their knees, and started to pray—and I mean to pray good and proper. And lo, the flashes became brighter and the praying became louder, and soon across the heavens rolled the distant sound of thunder. Ever nearer the thunder drummed as louder and louder old Mag shouted. It seemed for a spell they were jawing at each other back and forth. But as the night wore on, they became more belligerent. The bellicose thunder rumbled, roared, and came tumbling down out of the black sky hard in the wake of each vivid flash. And many there that night knew they had tampered with the lock of God's workhouse and were wrought with fear and sought to hide themselves from His vengeance. Yet, all alone in the midst of the storm, stood old Mag and gave no ground. Not an inch did she give. Small in stature, but stout and staunch,

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she stood with her hair streaming and arms outstretched in the blinding white lights. Aye, she hobnobbed with God that night and the strength of heaven was in her breast. She looked the storm full in the eye and gave as good as she took.

Now, it has taken God several hours to gather up the storm and bring it to Rocky Hill, so it was quite late or early morning before He was able to break it on top of old Mag's head. No matter, she had lost all track of time and was in no state of mind to go home. Everybody else had had enough of it. Many were leaving and some had already gone. Frank, her husband, had threatened to leave her there alone, but she either couldn't hear him above her shouting and the raging tumult, or else she didn't care. He could home if he wanted to. She held her ground and beat her bosom and arrogated unto herself the power of God while the tempest howled outside. My father was a cautious man, especially where the Lord dwelled, and he was also head deacon in the church. He realized something had to be done and was reluctant to stand by and hold his hands and accept the impasse. He was responsible for and accountable to the Lord in all church activities. So, he called Frank to one side and told him what had to be done. Frank agreed--he had to--and so, with the assistance of two or three more good men, they put a headlock on Mag, hauled her bodily out of the church, and threw her into the back of a wagon. The horses were unhitched, the lightning unchained, and the rain descended. In sweeping gray sheets, the rain came and beat upon Mag while the lightning flashed and the thunder clapped. And the last I saw of old Mag, she was writhing and screaming and wailing and flouncing there in the back of the wagon as it rolled down that rocky hill into the night.

But as I have said, you could not expect the above type of show very often. In fact, it was the most spectacular prayer meeting production that I can remember seeing.

(to be continued)

Lot's Wife

The Sunday School teacher was describing how Lot's wife looked back and turned into a pillar of salt, when little Johnny interrupted, "My mommy looked back once, while she was driving", he announced triumphantly, "and she turned into a telephone pole!"

The Lord Is My Shepherd

A Sunday school teacher decided to have her young class memorize one of the most quoted passages in the Bible- Psalm 23. She gave the youngsters a month to learn the verses.

Little Bobby was excited about the task, but he just couldn't remember the Psalm. After much practice, he could barely get past the first line.

On the day that the kids were scheduled to recite Psalm 23 in front of the congregation, Bobby was so nervous. When it was his turn, he stepped up to the microphone and said proudly, "The Lord is my shepherd and that's all I need to know!"

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THINGS TO PONDER

The most destructive habit.....Worry
The greatest Joy.....Giving
The greatest loss.....Loss of self-respect
The most satisfying work.....Helping others
The ugliest personality trait.....Selfishness
The most endangered species.....Dedicated leaders
Our greatest natural resource.....Our youth
The greatest "shot in the arm".....Encouragement
The greatest problem to overcome.....Fear
The most effective sleeping pill.....Peace of mind
The most crippling failure disease.....Excuses
The most powerful force in life.....Love
The most dangerous pariah.....A gossip
The world's most incredible computer.....The brain
The worst thing to be without.... Hope
The deadliest weapon.....The tongue
The two most power-filled words....."I Can"
The greatest asset.....Faith
The most worthless emotion.....Self-pity
The most beautiful attire.....SMILE!
The most prized possession..... Integrity
The most powerful channel of communication.....Prayer
The most contagious spiritEnthusiasm

NEW ENGLAND BLUEBERRY COFFEE CAKE

1 ½ cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
1 Tbsp. baking powder
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. salt
1 ½ cups fresh blueberries
1 egg
½ cup milk
¼ cup butter, melted

Topping

¾ cup packed brown sugar
1 Tbsp. all-purpose flour
½ cup chopped walnuts

In a large mixing bowl, combine flour, sugar, baking powder, cinnamon, and salt. Gently fold in blueberries. In a small bowl, whisk together the egg, milk, and butter. Add to the flour mixture and stir carefully. Spread into a greased 8 inch x 8 inch baking pan. Combine all topping ingredients and sprinkle over batter. Bake at 425 degrees for 20-25 minutes or until top is light golden brown. Serve warm or at room temperature. Yield: 12 servings.

The aroma of this cake is heavenly, and the taste is scrumptious. It's wonderful with mid-morning coffee. You can serve it at brunch, or with ice cream as a dessert. The blueberries help make this a special treat. (this recipe found on the Internet)

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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***** <http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/> *****

HORACE ERASTUS BEMIS ONE OF PRESCOTT'S MOST PROMINENT CITIZENS

The Nevada News
April 30, 1914

Little Rock, April 14—

Horace Erastus Bemis died at his home in Prescott, Ark. on the morning of April 1, following a month's illness, and with his passing, Arkansas lost one of its most distinguished citizens. Residing in the vicinity of Prescott for twenty years, Horace Bemis did probably more than any other man to develop and advertise Arkansas over the world. He did not only what all captains of the lumber industry have done, but he made possible the great orchards of the Highland Planting Co., which is now shipping hundreds of bushels of fancy Elberta peaches over the world annually, and so encouraged the diamond mining in Pike Co. that it has been proven that Arkansas contains one of the greatest of all diamond fields.

Large in stature, big in heart, and above all, he was a plain man among his men. He met them all on an equal plane, associated with the families of his workmen, and no employer ever had a more contented set of employees than did Mr. Bemis. This was demonstrated by the grief of the workmen at the death of their employer. The employees of diamond mines, orchards, railroads, and mills from all sections of the state journeyed to Prescott to attend the funeral and to them it was like the parting with a member of their own family. The pallbearers at the funeral were selected from employees of the various companies, and business associates in these concerns were honorary pallbearers.

Horace Bemis came to Arkansas in 1894 with his parents and four brothers and entered the lumber business. The start was small, but from this small beginning great mills have grown and the timber possessions of the Bemis brothers include many thousands of the best pine and hardwood timberlands of Arkansas. At the time of his death, Mr. Bemis was the general manager of the Ozan Lumber Co., the largest of the Bemis concerns, as well as general manager of the Prescott and Northwestern Railway, another Bemis concern. He was the head of the Highland Orchard Planting Co. which has thousands of acres in fruit in Pike Co.

The deceased was born in Clinton, Iowa November 30, 1868, but has spent the greater portion of his life in the South. He graduated from Vanderbilt University in Nashville, TN in 1891 with a B. S. degree. At the time of his death, Mr. Bemis was president of the Vanderbilt Alumni Association. He entered Vanderbilt after an academic education in a northern school, and was the first coach of a Vanderbilt football team in 1890. He played halfback of the university team and later led the baseball team, and at one time was considered the best college tennis player in the South. Mr. Bemis annually returned to Nashville to attend the alumni meetings and to attend the Thanksgiving football game between Vanderbilt and Sewanee. Mr. Bemis was never deserted by his love for athletics

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and he greatly encouraged the spirit in the schools of Prescott as well as among his employees. He was an annual visitor to the high school athletic contests in Little Rock, and always accompanied Prescott high school teams when they went out of town.

After graduating from Vanderbilt, Mr. Bemis was associated with college chums in Texas for several years, but finally went to Prescott to settle down to real business. He was married here Nov. 14, 1900 to Miss Ethel Norvelle McRae, daughter of Hon. Thomas C. McRae, a prominent banker of southern Arkansas and at that time, Congressman from that district.

He is survived by his wife and seven children: Thomas McRae Bemis, Douglas Knox Bemis, James Hervey Bemis, Horace E. Bemis, Jr., Norvelle Bemis, Amelia Bemis, and Mildred Bemis and his parents, James Hervey Bemis and Mrs. Hannah Bemis; two brothers, W. N. Bemis and J. W. Bemis all of St. Louis.

The remains were interred in De Ann Cemetery in Prescott with Rev. James Thomas of Pine Bluff and Rev. J. C. Williams of Prescott officiating. All business houses in Prescott were closed during the hours of the funeral, and practically every man, woman, and child in the town attended the services.

Besides the companies mentioned, Mr. Bemis was a director in other orchard companies of Pike Co. as well as the Bank of Prescott and the Caddo River Lumber Co. He was among the first to realize the possibilities of the ridges of that section for fruit growing, and the success of the extensive orchards is largely attributed to his untiring energy—*The St. Louis Lumberman*

The following comments were published in The Nevada News:

Horace Erastus Bemis died this morning at his home in Prescott at 8:30 o'clock. The cause of his death was an aortic aneurysm and he had been in critical condition for the past month. Prescott citizens were shocked this morning to learn of his death.

He was and had been a member of the city council for the past several years and on this body and in many other ways, he was instrumental in the advancement of our city. There probably has never been another man in Prescott who held the high respect and friendship of the entire citizenry as has Mr. Bemis.

Prescott and this country generally suffers a distinct loss in the death of H. E. Bemis. He was an enterprising citizen, able and willing to give assistance to all worthy projects. It is not easy to estimate the value to a country of a man who is liberal in his efforts to promote all lines of industry and who had faith in the future development of the country. Mr. Bemis was one of the most central figures in the Ozan Lumber Co. and the Prescott and Northwestern Railway and in these circles he will be missed most. Among the employees and attaches of these companies, he was universally loved and held in the highest regard.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 6) The Story of the Irvin Family near Bluff City, Arkansas about 1920

A continuation of the section entitled “Religion and Thunder”

The same could not be said of a great revival meeting. There is, perhaps, no single event, no fantasy of glory nor dream of destruction and no messenger of peace that carries with it the multitude of emotions that may be engendered at one good protracted meeting. They were held at a time when crop working was laid by until harvest time and all the people were otherwise idle. We had two church services per day. The one at 10:00 or 11:00 A. M. was attended only by church members and other good Christian folk. They made up the planning board as it were. If one had a practiced ear, as I had, he might deduce from not too subtle hints in the prayers and clues in the testimonials and pep sermon just which sinner or sinners the main attack would be directed against in that night’s service. It was something like a private caucus with God Almighty to plot strategy.

In the evening, just before sundown, toward the church from all directions the people came—both saint and sinner. They converged singly and in pairs, on foot from near and on horseback, by buggy, and wagons, from afar. By good dark, horses, wagon, and buggies would be hitched all around the church and for some distance back into the woods. This was a revival for religion and served as such, but not for that alone. It was a time for many things. The gay blades in silk shirts and the farm girls in starched dresses eyed each other across the aisles. The less faint heart or more compelled, depending on how you look at it, sat beside her, walked her to the wagon, and soon they got engaged. The hellions came just to stand outside and look in through the window and steal watermelons on the way home. I belonged to neither group officially at this time of year, but was more or less an associate or non-participating member in all of them. The church assessed a somewhat dubious claim on me by way of infant baptism, but I couldn’t remember about that. I was too young to join openly in the courting group, but getting old enough to play a little pocket pool. I was too well guarded to defect to the hellion gang, but knew where all the best melon patches were. And there I sat so miserably alone in the midst of everyone. I did not want, or rather, I feared to be saved.

There never was a time when any of us did not believe in God. Even those of us who stole watermelons believed in Jesus Christ, but that was not sufficient. One had to be saved to be a Christian and he should join the church. I hoped I was a Christian and had no objections to joining the church. But no, this was not the way. The sporting thing to do was to get saved and every time I got to this point, I’d balk. Everyone who had ever joined the church had at one time or another been saved or at least he had said he had been saved, and he had said it in public. I thought it might be better for me to say in public that I had been saved than to get saved in public. All this was passing through my mind and making me uneasy. Also, it didn’t take a fool to see that Mama had her sights set on me. She knew I needed it (getting saved, that is) most and there was nothing to deter her. And so, I sat as small as possible all alone in a crowded church knowing I should be saved, but hoping to postpone it yet a while.

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Our evangelists were always specialists in their field, brought in from some mysterious place no one ever knew where. He was not a man like you have ever seen before, nor one you could picture wearing overalls and a blue jumper. He holds himself aloof even from the humble circuit rider who is allowed to make the introduction, but must soon bow out and stay out of the picture. To us, the evangelist was the mystic man of God come riding high through the rolling hills; enshrouded as it were, by a ethereal gown, set apart and looking down on the rustic farm folk. He disdains to join in trivial conversation, speaking only in lofty phrases. He it is who will mount the pulpit and come roaring through when the time is right. So, be not misled for, up to now, he has fooled no one with his quiet reservations.

Now, the house is packed. The pulpit is flanked on the right by first the elders and then the choir. On the left sit first the older women and close behind, the mothers with babies in their arms and children on pallets between the pews. Directly in front and below the pulpit rests the altar or mourner's bench in a small cleared area. Further out front and all the way to the back of the house is jammed a heterogeneous assemblage of both saint and sinner with the latter predominating, especially toward the back. Here lurks the enemy or waits the harvest, depending on the preacher's attitude. The spearhead of the attack will be launched in this direction where the hard core of resistance is entrenched, with here and there a few side skirmishes along the way. I was always a sucker for a side skirmish.

Before the service starts, there is always a general hubbub and babble of voices on all sides, but this is the custom and beneath it all, one senses an air of general expectation preoccupying the whole congregation. The stage is set.

The house lights are dim (they always have been), but now the curtains go up, as it were. The choir and as many of those who will, lead off with the most beautiful hymns one ever heard. Prayers are intermingled with the songs and at this time, only the best are called upon to pray—those with a gift of tongue to wring your heart. When the last plaintive note is barely a whisper on the night wind, the master of the captive crowd mounts the pulpit. Actually, most of his work has already been done by the choir. The lost await like sitting ducks. Still, he has a reputation and must back it up, else there are, no doubt, many extra hard hearts and souls as black as midnight to be saved this night. Such an outpouring of words and actions as one never saw or heard, warnings, accusations, threats, and supplications, his voice now modulated and articulated. He speaks of sudden death, hell, and damnation to the wicked while the Lamb of God waits for the righteous in the Garden of Eden. In a compassionate tone, he retells the story of the crucifixion and couples the end with the altar call.

All those who were not filled before, are now ready to overflow and just at this point, the top is knocked off by the choir as it levels off on "Oh, Why Not Tonight?" Why not, indeed? They have hit the nail on the head.

Without further adieu, the meek and lowly push their way through the spellbound crowd weeping. They fall prostrate at the mourner's bench. Soon they are joined by one or more whose morning service prayers had, by this very act, been fulfilled. But these are the sitting ducks mentioned, the easily wounded, the very young, and the backsliders who get saved

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nearly every summer. Why pray for something so easily attained? Those who had the faith of mustard seed have lowered their sights on larger game. Their reward will be great for they are the Lord's shock troops who will hit the line guarding old Satan's GHQ. For a year now, the devil has been making inroads and it is time for the counter attack-- the big push is on. They must go out and wrestle with the old reprobates, the hard-hearted, and those like me who are just plain scared. The prayers for these are seldom answered right off and that is why they must go out and give God a hand by singling out their subjects and engaging them in hand to hand combats, as it were. They approached one who has been weakened and weep on his shoulder and plead with him and practically carry him to the altar. Now, all the while the choir has continued to chant in a low wailing under tone like the sad melody of muted strings. The evangelist now has forsaken his perch, his plaintive voice is heard overriding all, as, with arms outstretched, he moves to and fro along the aisles. Should a hardened sinner here break and bolt for the altar, a chorus of shouts will go up leading one to suspect they did not anticipate such an easy victory.

Now, when it is evident that Satan's ranks have been thoroughly purged and all the ripened grain garnered in, there will follow a time of threshing. The saints will gather at the mourner's bench to pray for and pound on the poor lost soul, kneeling there. There will be no slacking of the threshing nor postponing of the purging until such time as the erstwhile sinner admits that he has been saved, and the sooner the better for him. Each admission of salvation is punctuated by a chorus of shouts and when finally the last one has come through, there will follow a general finale of rejoicing by all.

One of the worst things that could happen at the altar, and one that discouraged the saints the most, was to get hung up on an ignorant sinner who appeared to be trying as hard as he could to get saved, but nothing happened at all. This can be very exasperating and I have seen it occur a few times. They stay and pray and pray and stay, and finally, when the east is gray with the coming day, they get slowly up and wander off to their respective farm houses. And right there lays the crux of my obstinacy on getting saved. It was said that one who ever sinned against the Holy Ghost could not be saved and was damned to hell without hope. But no one seemed to be able to tell me exactly what that was. Now, what if I, unknowingly, had already committed this sin? Wouldn't it be better not to know, than to live a long miserable life aware that such a terrible doom was hanging over my head? Either way, I was hooked and tormented as long as the revival lasted, but soon forgot all about it once it was over with.

After the close of the protracted meeting, everyone would begin to relax and cool off. Theories about the Bible would be expounded by the old folks. Stories in the Old Testament were remembered in a lackadaisical manner and family prayers continued for a spell. But, by the middle of October, crop gathering would have drained off most of the surplus religion, leaving us with the bare Ten Commandments. These we never broke in our home. Sunday was always a day of rest and worship—no games, sports, hunting, or fishing. Mama was the only one allowed to work on this day (I use the work "allow" in rather loose sense). I suspect that Mama might have been a worse saint or better sinner if Papa would have permitted, and her pleasures were so few that I look back with regret now that she was not.

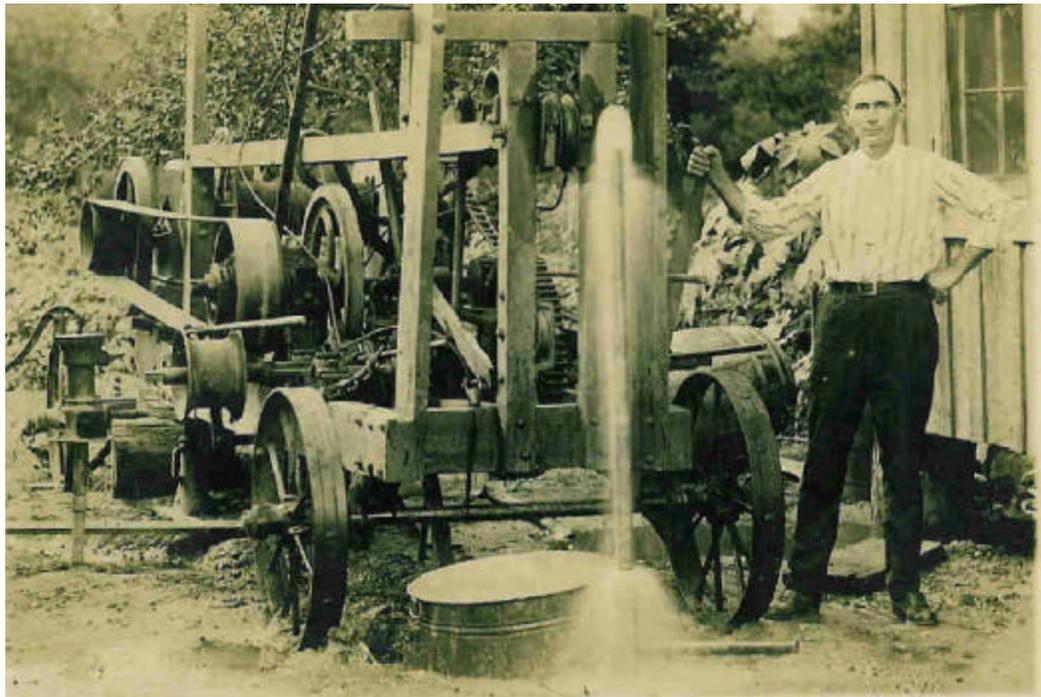
(to be continued)

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TV TRIVIA

Match the characters on the right with the setting for the TV show on the left

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| ___ 1. 1313 Mockingbird Lane | A. Ben, "Hoss", Adam, and Little Joe |
| ___ 2. New York City | B. Archie and Edith Bunker |
| ___ 3. the Ponderosa | C. the Munsters |
| ___ 4. 704 Howser Street | D. Ward, June, Wally, and Beaver |
| ___ 5. Fantasy Island | E. Andy, Barney, and Aunt Bee |
| ___ 6. Bed Rock | F. Matt, Kitty, Chester, and Festus |
| ___ 7. Walton's Mountain | G. J. R. and Bobby Ewing |
| ___ 8. Falcon Crest | H. Superman |
| ___ 9. Metropolis | I. Mr. Roarke and Tatoo |
| ___ 10. Walnut Grove | J. Sgt. Joe Friday |
| ___ 11. Los Angeles | K. Jed Clampett |
| ___ 12. Beverly Hills | L. Chase Gioberti |
| ___ 13. Dallas | M. Nellie Oleson and "Half-Pint" |
| ___ 14. Mayberry | N. John Boy and the Baldwin ladies |
| ___ 15. Dodge City | O. Fred Flintstone |
| ___ 16. Mayfield | P. Ralph Kramden and Norton |
-



Written on back of picture: "This well made by G. B. Wells of Prescott, Ark. for P. H. Gullick—Sayre, Arkansas; RFD #1, Box 15"

(Editor's note: There was no date on the picture, but P. H. Gullick died November 13, 1929)

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PROPOSED ARKANSAS HUNTING RULES FOR 1915

Open season for hunting, chasing, and killing deer, turkey, and bear will be Nov. 10 to January 10 of the following year, except that turkey may be hunted April 15 to May 31. December and January will be open season for quail.

No person may kill more than two deer, four turkeys, and one bear in any one year. Bag limit on quail is 15 in one day and for wild ducks is 25 in one day.

A special license will be needed to hunt deer which will cost \$1.00 each. All hunting dogs will be taxed at \$1.00 per year.

All hunters must have written permission from the owners to hunt on any fenced property.

No provision is made for non-residents to obtain a hunting license.

MAN GIVES WIFE UNWANTED HAIRCUT (published in the January 10, 1950 issue of The Camden News)

Phoenix, Arizona—Benton Verkay, 40 gave his 27 year old wife an unwanted haircut. She wound up in the hospital and he in the county jail.

His wife, Dorothy Louise, says her husband cut off her waist length red tresses with barber shears and clippers for “revenge”. She was admitted to the hospital suffering from hysteria.

Verkay told reporters, “I sheared her hair to keep her from flaunting her tresses. It gave her too much power”.

Verkay was charged with assault with a deadly weapon. The Verkays were married on Christmas Day. He said this marriage was his fifth and her third.

FIRST FRONT WHEEL DRIVE CAR IN CAMDEN (from the 3-16-1930 issue of The Camden News)

The first front wheel drive car to be shown in Camden was seen here yesterday afternoon when Red Robbins, a salesman for Midland Motor Co. of Little Rock exhibited a Cord cabriolet here.

The car was a low-slung convertible cabriolet. The new car is a departure from the standard wheel machine in that all power transmission equipment is attached to the front wheels of the car.

The car is powered by a 125 HP Lycoming motor and the top speed is 110 miles per hour. It is manufactured by the Auburn Automobile Co.

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DOG

When God made the earth and sky,
The flowers and the trees.
He then made all the animals,
The fish, the birds, and bees.
And when at last He'd finished
Not one was quite the same.
He said, "I'll walk this world of mine,
And give each one a name."
And so He traveled far and wide
And everywhere He went,
A little creature followed Him
Until its strength was spent.
When all were named upon the earth
And in the sky and sea,
The little creature said, "Dear Lord,
There's not one left for me."
Kindly the Father said to him,
"I've left you to the end.
I've turned my name back to front
And called you dog, my friend.

Author Unknown

Editor's Note: Nice poem, but according to Genesis 2: 19-20, God gave Adam the job of naming the animals.

SLAB TATER PIE

A recipe from Mrs. Oleta Nelson

Peel and slice about three cups of sweet potatoes. Put them in about a quart of water and add one teaspoon of salt. Cook until well done. Add two cups of sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla. Mix well. Put in a baking dish. Roll out two crusts large enough to cover the baking dish. Spread one crust on top of potatoes and juice. Put in a 350 degree oven and brown. Press down first crust and put on next crust. Add half stick oleo and sprinkle two tablespoons of sugar over all and brown in oven. Be sure to add enough water for the potatoes to be real moist.

WIFE'S COOKING

Wife: "The two things I cook best are meat loaf and apple pie."
Husband: "Which is this?"

Answers to TV quiz: 1-C; 2-P; 3-A;
4-B; 5-I; 6-O; 7-N; 8-L; 9-H; 10-M;
11-J; 12-K; 13-G; 14-E; 15-F; 16-D

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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MRS. ROSE GARNETT

I never met Mrs. Rose Garnett, but wish now that I had tried to visit with her before she died. I think she would have been an interesting person to talk to. She lived in Camden for about 40 years looking after the holdings of the old Camden Coal and Clay Company northwest of the city in the area known as Lester Hills. Her later years were spent in the old Hotel Camden across the street from the courthouse. She died November 18, 1979 at the age of 97.

The Camden Coal and Clay Co. was founded by her father-in-law, Dr. Algernon S. Garnett over 100 years ago, and the story of that company is an important part of the history of Ouachita County. Some of the clay mined there was used to make brick and some was shipped out and used in the manufacture of Camark pottery and fine dinnerware. I was still able to find the site of the old brick factory when I visited the area a few years ago. Some of the vats and concrete structures were still there at that time and the area was being protected from logging by International Paper Co. which at that time owned the land. The timber company had included the brick factory site in its “Special Places in the Forest” program.

The coal and clay mining had pretty much ceased by the time of World War I, partly due to the shortage of rail cars. Some of the old-timers in the area around Lester remembered the days when hundreds of men worked in the mines and sawmills in this area. Mrs. Garnett ended up with the land holdings of the coal and clay company which included thousands of acres of timberland. She was often seen driving around Camden in her Jeep which she used to look after and manage her timberlands.

Lester Hills is appropriately named because the area contains some of the steepest hills in Ouachita County. I know this because I have climbed many of them in my career with International Paper Co. which bought these timberlands from Mrs. Garnett in 1963. The area abounds with wildlife and there are very few houses. Much of the area still does not have electricity because nobody lives there except on the fringes. It is near the Ouachita River and is a favorite place for hunters and those who enjoy river recreation. The area is accessed by a couple of main paved county roads with logging roads branching off into the wilderness.

Mrs. Garnett cared deeply for these hills and enjoyed the wildlife and plants. A friend of mine who sometimes worked for her says she was very particular about the land she owned and tried her best to protect the trees and wildlife.

Mrs. Garnett was a very private person, but was known to provide money for young medical students from Ouachita County in hopes that they would return to the county to set up their medical practice. She would sometimes make contributions to public officials such as writing out a check to provide a meal for members of the police force and expected no favors in return. It has been reported that at her death she left \$1,200,000 to the University of

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Arkansas Medical Center to endow the Dr. Algernon S. Garnett Professorship of Family Practice.

When Mrs. Garnett sold her lands to International Paper Co., she reserved 72.6 acres which she later gave to Ouachita County as a wildlife sanctuary. In the deed to the county, she reserved a 70 foot x 70 foot plot of ground to be used as her burial site and gave explicit instructions in her will regarding her burial:

It is my wish and desire that I have a very inexpensive funeral with an unpretentious casket. I do not want my casket opened at the funeral service and desire that my family nor others not view my body after death as it is my wish that they remember me as I was in good health. I would like for my body to be cremated, and I direct my Executor or attorney personally verify that it is my body that is placed in the crematorium.

I direct that my Executor bury my ashes in a memorial plot of approximately seventy feet by seventy feet, which is located across the road from the present cemetery near the Boiling Pot area and which I have designated as said memorial plot.

I further direct that a suitable granite monument not over five feet high be erected in said plot with the following inscription:

*Mrs. E. S. Garnett
Formerly
Rose Marie Blewitt Kirkpatrick-Howat
of
Anne Arundel County, Maryland*

Her deed for the land she gave to the county also contained some restrictions and reservations. It is recorded in Record Book 403-Page 280. The following is a portion of that deed:

This gift is made, however, subject to the following reservations and restrictions in that it is understood that the premises shall always be used and maintained by Ouachita County as a Wildlife Refuge and Bird Sanctuary. Further conditioned that no roads be made or built on this land other than those existing at the time of this gift, and that the existing roads be maintained in their present condition and shall not be enlarged or widened in any way, nor shall any trails be cut or made in or upon the property, or any other improvements made upon the property such as damming of streams or impounding of water. The gift is further conditioned that Ouachita County will not sell this land or use the property for any purpose other than a Wildlife Refuge and Bird Sanctuary. There shall not be allowed any drilling or digging for any oil, gas, coal, or other minerals in or upon any of the property and no permanent structures are to be built or placed on this property and none of the timber on the said property shall be cut or harvested for any commercial purposes. No trailers, tents, or any type of campers are to be placed on this property. These restrictions, conditions, and covenants are intended to run with the land and upon any breach thereof of Ouachita County,

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this conveyance shall become null and void and the title to the property shall revert to the Grantor, her heirs, and assigns.

I visited Mrs. Garnett's memorial plot recently and found it to be inside a chain link fenced area of about 30 feet by 40 feet. Inside the fenced area is the granite marker with the exact wording as shown above. Her death date of November 18, 1979 is displayed on a marker embedded in a concrete slab in front of the granite marker. Along the road approaching the cemetery, I noticed a concrete monument and several small signs marking the area as a wildlife sanctuary. I think Mrs. Rose Garnett would probably agree with the following statement made by President John F. Kennedy:

"It is our task in our time and in our generation, to hand down undiminished to those who come after us, as was handed down to us by those who went before, the natural wealth and beauty which is ours."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 7) The Story of the Irvin Family near Bluff City, Arkansas in the 1920's

CATFISH AND CONGER EELS

Had Papa permitted, Mama might have gone fishing on Sunday as well did she enjoy this one thing. In the spring of the year, she and I would escape from the crops as often as Papa would allow and go cat-fishing in Caney Creek which ran about a mile in back of our farm. On this day she would not go to the fields, but would pack us a lunch to eat and an early dinner for us to eat that night. Then at noon we would gather up our tackle and a grubbing hoe and head for the creek. It was hard work digging bait with the hoe and cutting poles for the lines but, in our excitement, we did not notice. By four o'clock we might have maybe fifty or a hundred hooks baited and set out on poles in the bank. Then we built our camp fire and ate our lunch for soon it would be sundown and time to start running the lines. Sometimes, by the light of the pine torch you could see four or five poles shaking at one time. The catch consisted of catfish, turtles, water dogs, and eels. We ate the catfish and eels that had no legs, but it was not easy to see their tiny legs by the flickering light of the torch and so we waited until next morning to check for legs. By ten or eleven at night we were too tired to take up our hooks and so would leave them until the next day and drag ourselves up the long hill home and fall into bed. Papa did not care to knock himself out with this type of fishing nor permit us to go too often on account of we might lose the crop or not make enough to feed a billy goat. However, we did enjoy bream fishing occasionally and were not averse to an all day fish fry with several families participating.

SCHOOL

Editor's Note: The school described here was the Gum Grove School. It was located about three miles southwest of Bluff City at the intersection of County Roads 290 and 403 (just past the big power line). The school existed until 1929 when it was consolidated with Bluff City. This site was also the location of the Gum Grove Church of Christ until 1980.

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Neither our parents, grandparents, nor in fact any of the neighbors were illiterates and that is quite amazing in retrospect, when one considers that they did not spend more than nine months in a school room in all their lives. I know my father taught us how to borrow when subtracting, but somehow or other, he always paid back what he borrowed. A farm newspaper came by mail to our house once a week and *The Herald*, a religious paper, came once a month. I never saw my parents use a dictionary. I don't think we had one. Still, they discussed and seemed to understand most of what they read.

Our school house was located in the center of a forty family community. Most families were large in those days and it is quite likely that more than one hundred children were in attendance there. The one room building was perhaps thirty feet wide by forty feet long. It sat in the shadows of many large gum trees and was called Gum Grove. The furniture was hand made of rough lumber. We had a few desks but mostly it consisted of long benches packed as close together as possible. A black board extended across one end of the room.

It seems to me that our teachers must have been near geniuses, for there were eight grades with as many as six subjects per grade, though not in all grades. In some subjects like science, geography, hygiene, etc., he lumped two or three grades together, but even then, he or she could not allow more than ten or fifteen minutes per class.

Text books are not what they used to be. I remember our geography books were real snazzy with pictures of foreign lands and people of all races. The photographer was probably one of the Sarrett boys from Terrapin Neck; he tried to let the pictures tell a story and sure enough they did. One that impressed me was of a sheep herder in Australia or Scotland or somewhere. He was looking after his flock and looking over the rolling hills perched on top of a pair of stilts a good six feet tall. This gave me an idea of how to undo my cousin, Ellis Griffith. His stilts were no more than ten or twelve inches high. If an ignorant sheepherder could chase sheep over rocky hills on stilts six feet high, it should be no trick for me to walk to Aunt Della's on a pair ten feet tall. I selected two long slender pine poles and made the steps up even with the smoke house roof. It was just before noon the day I first tried them out. Papa was washing his face and gazing, as usual, towards John Griffy's (sp.) house between handfuls of water. I had advanced from my launching platform, the smoke house roof, to a point between and somewhat above his eyes and whatever it was he was looking at. But I was too high to see him and he was too low to see me. What he saw as he slowly lowered his wet hands was two pine poles moving unsteadily towards the front of the house. For a moment, he became rigid and his disbelief in the supernatural kept him from bolting. When he could gather himself together, he jumped out in the yard, looked up the poles and saw me. Realizing there was nothing he could do momentarily, he left it up to me as how to get down. This I did by simply stepping off onto the porch roof and climbing down the ladder. What lesson is taught here I don't know, but it does point up the old saying that the pen is mightier than the sword and a good razor strap will beat either one.

Our school ground, as I recall, was covered with deep, white sand and fairly level for a short distance around. Its limits were vaguely defined as covering about three acres. No one cared about the limits; we roamed as far away and sometimes farther than we could hear the small hand bell marking the end of recess and lunch hour. At the edge of the deep, white sand,

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the terrain abruptly plunged down steep hillsides or looked out across deep red-walled ravines. Beyond the gullies and at the foot of the hills, there was the spring where cold, sparkling, clear water made the sands appear to boil. At the end of each play period, we converged here and tussled for a place in the line. The school furnished only one cup and when it became evident that the bell would ring soon, the boys surrendered their places to the girls, lay on the ground, and drank from the small brook that hurried away from the spring. It was a stout climb back up the hill to the school house.

The winter school term lasted from three to five months and the summer term from one to two months. It depended upon how much money was in the treasury. We loved school which seemed more like a holiday or picnic. It was an escape from the drudgery of the farm and a wonderful vacation. It did not concern us that Gum Grove was a place of learning and we were sad always at the end of the few short weeks. Yet, those who went away to enter high school had no trouble in jumping to the eighth grade.

From our house to school was about two miles due east, up hill and down with no level ground in between. We never missed a day, but were glad to walk the distance there and back in sunshine, rain, sleet, or snow. Our clothes were thick and heavy but they were not water resistant and so we were often very cold and soaked to the bone on rainy winter mornings. Many of the children would be huddled near the large wood-burning stove crying softly from the pain in their hands as the circulation and warmth re-entered. The opposite, of course, was true in summer when most of the children were barefoot. Then on the way home, it was a race through the white, hot sand from the shade of one bush to the shade of another. The parents thought not of these conditions as hardships, but considered it a privilege to send us to school.

Mama and Papa, after much pleading and begging, usually allowed us to join in the program of school plays once or twice a year although it meant a few night trips for rehearsal or practice, as we called it. They did not approve of these trips because we did or vice versa. Anyway, it was the most fun we ever had just to run and carouse more or less on our own for a few hours at night. If anything, the program was incidental.

We came to know our teachers well and the memory of them is dear to all of us, notwithstanding the few well deserved shellackings we caught from some of them.

“CAMDEN ABLAZE” IN 1890

“Camden Ablaze” was the black headline underneath a large picture of a crowing rooster on the front page of *The Camden Beacon* on March 22, 1890. It was the occasion of the first electric lights in Camden. A sub-headline read “The City Lighted Up by Electricity—Citizens Jubilant”.

According to the article, the power company invited the city council and other prominent citizens to the Brooks House for refreshments. The menu consisted of oysters, champagne, and fruit. Over half of the *Beacon's* four pages were devoted to the big event.

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CLASSIC ADVERTISING SLOGANS

Identify the product or company associated with the following advertising slogans:

- _____ 1. Breakfast of Champions
- _____ 2. "Where's the beef?"
- _____ 3. We bring good things to life.
- _____ 4. Plop, plop, fizz, fiz z; oh, what a relief it is!
- _____ 5. Don't leave home without it.
- _____ 6. A little dab'll do ya!
- _____ 7. Good to the last drop.
- _____ 8. Things go better with _____.
- _____ 9. Double your pleasure, double your fun
- _____ 10. It takes a licking and keeps on ticking.
- _____ 11. "Look Mom, no cavities!"
- _____ 12. Melts in your mouth, not in your hands.
- _____ 13. 99.44% pure
- _____ 14. Sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you don't
- _____ 15. Please don't squeeze the _____.
- _____ 16. When it rains, it pours.
- _____ 17. It costs a little more, but it's darn well worth it.
- _____ 18. Betcha can't eat just one
- _____ 19. Relieves gas pains

THE COMMUNITY OF DOTSON IN HEMPSTEAD COUNTY (Published in July 27, 1911 issue of The Nevada News)

Dotson is half way between Blevins and Belton and is surrounded by good upland farmland. We never had a crop failure. Our land has a red clay foundation and stands drought well. It is adapted well for growing fruit. The land is fine for strawberries. One farmer sold \$30 worth from one-sixth of an acre besides what the family used.

Dotson has one good store owned by Messers. Wardlow and Harris. We have a blacksmith shop and mill owned by Mr. Mann. Dotson needs a depot. More passengers get on and off the train at Dotson than at any other station on the way to Prescott except Blevins.

Dotson is near the extreme west boundary of School District No. 48. The voting precinct is at Friendship, one mile northeast of Dotson and we can poll 100 votes.

Most of the men live east and northeast of Dotson and a depot here would be a big help to them. So give us a depot and our people will build a packing house and go extensively into the fruit, berry, and melon business. It is only a question of time until Dotson will be a flourishing town.

Answers to quiz above: 1. Wheaties cereal; 2. Wendy's; 3. General Electric; 4. Alka Seltzer; 5. American Express; 6. Brylcreem; 7. Folger's coffee; 8. Coke; 9. Doublemint gum; 10. Timex watches; 11. Crest toothpaste; 12. M & M's candy; 13. Ivory soap; 14. Mounds/Almond Joy candy; 15. Charmin tissue; 16. Morton salt; 17. Curtis-Mathis TV; 18. Lays potato chips; 19. Volkswagen

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A BAPTISM AT THE BLUFF CITY CHURCH OF CHRIST
The preacher is Warren E. Starnes (1880-1963)

This church was located in Bluff City about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile west of the intersection of Hwy. 24 and Hwy. 299 on the south side of Hwy. 24. The date of this picture is not known, but you can make a guess judging the preacher's age and considering the years of his life shown above. Let me know if you can identify any of the people in the picture.

RURAL MAIL SERVICE STARTED AT PRESCOTT IN 1903
(from the April 4, 1929 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Through the efforts of former Congressman Thomas C. McRae, six rural routes were established at Prescott, the service becoming effective April 1, 1903. The six routes combined consist of 171 miles of travel daily at the present time (1929). The distance traveled on the six routes in the past 26 years is approximately 1,209,312 miles and the number of pieces of mail delivered during this period is near 11,000,000. These routes have been served by different methods of travel—walking, horseback, cart, buggy, motorcycle, and automobile.

John W. Mitchell and Clinton H. McCuller, carriers on rural route one and four, have been in continuous service since the establishment of those routes. Neither of these carriers have been absent for a very long period on account of sickness or other causes. Rural route one served by Mr. Mitchell is 21 miles in length. During his 26 years of service, he has traveled

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nearly 158,886 miles or little more than six times around the world and has delivered and collected approximately 1,800,000 pieces of mail. Rural route four served by Mr. McCuller, is 28 miles in length. He has traveled about 211,848 miles or about 8 ½ times around the world, and has collected and delivered nearly 2,000,000 pieces of mail during his 26 years of service.

Saxon P. McGuire, rural route carrier on route 2, will complete 30 years of service on May 31st, having served in the railway service and later transferring to his present position on route 2.

James B. Bramlette was appointed rural carrier on route five when the service was first established, transferred to the city service in Little Rock, and later transferred to rural carrier on Route six at this office. He retired Aug. 31, 1927, having reached the age of 65 years and is now residing in Little Rock.

The service of the six rural routes at Prescott covered an area of about 12 miles in every direction from the office, serving approximately 6000 people.

WYOMING COWBOY COOKIES (from Taste of Home magazine—April/May, 1993)

Editor's Note: We have tried this recipe and found it to be a good one.

1 CUP FLAKED COCONUT	2 CUPS ALL-PURPOSE FLOUR
¾ CUP CHOPPED PECANS	1 TEASPOON BAKING POWDER
1 CUP BUTTER OR MARGARINE, SOFTENED	½ TEASPOON SALT
½ CUP SUGAR	1 ½ TEASPOONS VANILLA EXTRACT
1 ½ CUPS PACKED BROWN SUGAR	2 CUPS ROLLED OATS
2 EGGS	2 CUPS (12 OZ.) CHOCOLATE CHIPS

PLACE COCONUT AND PECANS ON A JELLY ROLL PAN. PLACE IN 350 DEGREE OVEN FOR 6 TO 8 MINUTES UNTIL TOASTED BROWN, STIRRING EVERY TWO MINUTES. SET ASIDE TO COOL.

IN A LARGE MIXING BOWL, CREAM BUTTER AND SUGARS. ADD EGGS AND BEAT WELL.

ADD DRY INGREDIENTS AND VANILLA. STIR IN OATS, CHOCOLATE CHIPS, AND TOASTED COCONUT AND PECANS.

DROP BY ROUNDED TEASPOONFULS ONTO GREASED COOKIE SHEETS. BAKE AT 350 DEGREES FOR ABOUT 12 MINUTES OR UNTIL BROWNED.

(MAKES 6 DOZEN)—YOU MAY WANT TO HALF RECIPE

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU! --A LOOK AT WILLS

It is interesting to read through some of the old wills recorded at the courthouse. They are a good source of detailed information useful to those who are doing family research.

Some wills are very simple and others are very long and complicated, consisting of several pages. I especially like to read some of the older wills because of the way they are written. For example, the following sentence is taken from a will prepared in 1928 for a resident of Ouachita County.

It is my desire that since I have finished the work assigned to me as best I could that the drapery around my cot be gently folded while my spirit ascends to God who gave it.

Many of these old wills list in detail possessions to be given to various people. I recently found a copy of the will of Nancy Ann Kirk, my great grandmother, who lived a few miles from Bluff City in Nevada County. The will states: *After the payment of my said debts and funeral expenses, I give to each of my children, Dora Haddox, born Kirk, deceased, Marvin Kirk, Marion Kirk, Monroe Kirk, deceased, H. J. Kirk, May Belle Lester, born Kirk, May McKelvy, born Kirk, Bessie Gillespie, born Kirk, Walter Kirk, Alice McAteer, born Kirk one feather bed to be divided equally to each as named above, or their heirs.*

This is good information for those researching family history since it lists the children. I don't know how much a feather bed was worth in 1935, but after dividing the money equally, I doubt if anyone listed received very much.

The will continues: *I give to Laura Belle Kirk all the money I may have on hand and also the following articles, namely:--1 China ware butter dish, 1 yellow top lamp, 3 enamel ware boilers, 1 frying pan, 1 ½ gallon stone jar with lid, 1 rolling pin, 1 stove pan, 2 pairs scissors, 2 smoothing irons, 1 large framed picture, all lard and syrup buckets and cans, all the fruit and fruit jars, 4 small enamel ware pudding pans, 4 tin cake pans, 5 pie plates, 1 white enamel ware water bucket, 2 enamel ware dish pans, 1 cream pitcher, 1 salt box, 1 white water pitcher, 3 aluminum sauce pans, 1 aluminum roaster, 4 one gallon jars, 1 big white stone jar, 1 3 gallon white churn, 6 tablespoons, 2 stone ware bowls, 50 jelly glasses, 4 bowls, 2 cake plates, 1 cake stand, 1 butter dish, 1 fruit stand, 7 dinner plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers, all the hand towels, 1 white bedspread, 5 pairs pillow cases, 16 bed sheets, 1 hand made chest, 1 rocking chair, 1 mattress (newest), 1 feather bed, 4 feather pillows, 1 dresser, 1 folding cot, 2 trunks with all their contents, and 14 quilts to be paid or delivered to her as soon after my decease, but within one year, as conveniently may be done.*

My grandfather, J. C. McKelvy and husband of May McKelvy mentioned in the will, was appointed as the executor of Nancy Ann Kirk's estate.

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I can remember visiting my Aunt Laura Kirk at her home in Bluff City sometime around 1950. She never married and lived in a small frame house on a very sandy hill on what is now Hwy. 387 toward White Oak Lake State Park. I can remember spending nights at her house and sleeping in her feather bed. I remember her trunk filled with all kinds of interesting things, and I'm sure I have probably eaten from some of the kitchenware mentioned in this will. I remember playing with her old battery radio and the ice-box in the kitchen. I was just a kid back then, but wish now that I had asked more questions about her family. We spent lots of time together as I was growing up, but all I have now are memories. I don't even have a picture of her except for one taken of her family when she was a child.

The wills of famous people are interesting to read also. Have you ever wondered what Elvis Presley might have mentioned in his will, or maybe some of the presidents or other famous people? The will of William Shakespeare has been analyzed just about every way possible.

Most people take making a will as serious business, but a few folks are remembered more for what is written in their will than for what they did while alive. Many people who have no family leave their estates to some organization they want to support. Sometimes a person who appeared to be barely getting by will surprise everyone and leave a fortune to some group. Some use a will as a way to publicly embarrass a family member by leaving them a very small amount. One man left one penny to several of his family members because *"that's what they are worth as members of my family"*. One man wrote this: *To my first wife, Sue, whom I always promised I would mention in my will—'Hello, Sue!'* Some even make special provisions in their wills for their pets as one Nevada County man did. After listing who was to receive his land and household items, he made a special provision to leave his Boxer dog named Sandy to his daughter.

THE GREAT STORK DERBY

Charles Vance Millar, a Canadian lawyer and investor was known for his love of jokes and pranks which played on people's greed and hypocrisy. He sometimes would leave dollar bills on a sidewalk and watch from hiding as people would pick up the money and put it in their pockets.

Millar was a successful investor and at the time of his death in 1926, he has accumulated a nice sum of money. He had no children or close relatives. He is remembered more for his will than anything else. His will reads:

This will is necessarily uncommon and capricious because I have no dependents or near relations and no duty rests upon me to leave any property at my death and what I do leave is proof of my folly in gathering and retaining more than I required in my lifetime.

His will was full of pranks. Anti-gambling and temperance advocates were left shares in breweries and race tracks. Three men who were known to despise each other were granted joint lifetime tenancy in Millar's vacation home in Jamaica.

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The strangest part of his will and involving most of his estate became known as The Great Stork Derby. His will stated that the money (close to a million dollars) was to be given to the Toronto woman who gave birth to the most children in the ten years following his death. In the event of a tie, the money would be divided equally.

The government of Ontario attempted to make the will invalid, but Millar, being a lawyer, had prepared it with care. The court cases lasted for ten years. All this time his investments continued to grow and the baby contest continued. This was during the Great Depression and the thought of coming into this much money caused many women to take part in the contest. Nine months after the contest started, the Toronto newspapers began printing scores of which woman was leading in the contest.

His estate was finally settled when over half a million dollars was divided among four Toronto women who each had nine children in ten years. Two other women that had ten children each in ten years received a consolation prize. One had some illegitimate children and the other had some children who died and she could not prove they were not stillborn.

THE MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLE

Here's another strange story which is hard to believe, but supposedly is true. On May 16, 1949, an unemployed man named Jack Wurm was walking along a beach in San Francisco when he spotted a bottle with a piece of paper inside. The note said:

"To avoid all confusion, I leave my entire estate to the lucky person who finds this bottle and to my attorney, Barry Cohen, share and share alike." It was signed by Daisy Alexander and dated June 20, 1937.

As it turned out, Daisy Alexander was somewhat of an eccentric. For years, just to satisfy her curiosity, she dropped bottles with messages off a bridge over the Thames River in London, England. She also happened to be the only child of Isaac Singer, the founder of the Singer sewing machine empire. When she died in 1940 at 80 years of age, she was one of the world's richest women. Her estate was valued at over \$12,000,000. Jack Wurm received over \$6 million dollars from her estate.

Most of us will never have the good fortune to come into a large sum of money, but it's sometimes fun to imagine what it would be like to be rich. For instance, if you suddenly came into a million dollars, would you continue working? Would you give any of it away to those less fortunate? How would you spend it?

Greed is a weakness for many people. I remember an old black and white television show from the 1950's called "The Millionaire". It was about a very rich man named John Beresford Tipton who lived in seclusion on his huge estate called Silverstone. He was ordered by his doctor to choose some form of relaxation. He decided to select someone at random on each episode to receive one million dollars tax free. They never showed the face of the rich man—just a scene of him handing a check to his trusted employee, Michael Anthony, whose job it was to deliver the money to the person selected. The only stipulation

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was that the person could not tell anyone other than his family that he had received the money and could not try to locate the donor. The rest of the show was about how the money changed the life of the person receiving it. It was an interesting plot for a TV show and the series ran for about five years. A million dollars was quite a sum of money back in 1955.

I guess I'd better bring this to a close before I get to dreaming of living in some castle or owning a fleet of Rolls-Royces.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 8) The Story of the Irvin Family near Bluff City in the 1920's

GOING ABROAD

Prescott is the county seat of Nevada County and was the only town near our home. The word "near" is used in a modern sense. It was exactly fifteen miles and that distance, in a wagon over rough roads, is never near to anything. The population of Prescott at that time was about 2,000 consisting of county employees, mill workers, merchants, and their families. Some few hundred feet of its sidewalks were paved but, during rainy seasons, wagons might bog down in the middle of Main Street. The courthouse and county square was enclosed by a large chain that ran through the tops of posts spaced eight or ten feet apart. The chain and posts were used as hitching places for horses and wagons. After sun-up, on Saturdays, you could not find a vacant space around the square, but there was another place in back of Prescott Hardware. I remember this part of town for its strong barnyard stench. You could hitch closer up town, but that would be a mistake on account of the Missouri Pacific railroad tracks being so near and your horses rearing and tearing loose every time a train went by. It was like a circus—you were torn between two attractions, the train going by and the commotion at the hitching racks.

Papa made a trip to town on the average of every two months except in the fall when it was necessary to go more often to sell cotton. At the end of the cotton season we all went to town. This was something very special in our lives and for many days ahead we talked and made plans for the trip and did not sleep well at night. On the eve of the journey, we loaded the wagon with eggs, butter, peanuts, and whatever else we could think of that might sell. Mama packed fried chicken and many other good things to eat and long before daylight we were all up and on our way.

Wagons have no shock absorbers, no springs, and no rubber tires. Mama and Papa sat up front in the spring seat. This seat had two leaf springs that absorb some of the jolts and jogs along the rough rocky road. We children were crowded into the back where we nursed our bones. On this one occasion we were allowed fairly free rein because there was not much mischief we could get into cramped in such close quarters. If we became too weary of jolting along, we might hop out and walk behind the wagon. We often did this to warm up when it was cold in the early morning. It took about four hours to make the trip one way.

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Landmarks along the journey were remembered from year to year and pointed out as we approached and slowly passed them by. Caney Creek marked the limit of our community and of things familiar to our sight. This creek, so small in summer it might be waded without wetting the knees, could be treacherous after heavy rains. Its turgid waters often reached from hill to hill so that it was difficult to determine just where all the culverts and bridges were. Indeed, a bridge or part of it might be washed away. Thus it was necessary to wade out ahead of the mules to find if the crossing could be made. All this was just part of the excitement and no doubt we children were somewhat let down to find the waters low. Up out of the creek bottom for a few miles the soil was mixed with white gravel. As the road bed eroded the gravel remained and the noise of the iron-tired wagon crunching through these rocks could be heard for great distances. It was on this leg of our travel that we went through a Negro community. There were no colored folks near our home and so they were something of a curiosity to us. Also, from the numbers that gathered at the sound of the approaching wagon, it is evident that we were no less an amusing sight to them as well. It was the custom for us and the colored children to make ugly faces at each other as we passed their house. Mama and Papa pretended not to notice what was going on unless or until a good size colored gal might get so carried away that she would pull up her dress and spank her behind at us. Then Papa would put a stop to our foolishness, but by then we were well past the house anyway.

The Reader Lumber Co. railroad ran near this road for some distance and then crossed it. If a log train was coming, we would race it to the crossing. We didn't do this so much for the sport as we did to see the train go by. Next came Main Springs Campground with its artesian wells. From here on it was almost like being in town to see the painted houses along the way and to read the billboards nailed to the trees and fences. Guthrie's Drug Store had the most signs, but Prescott Hardware had the biggest ones. Once inside the town limits, if you were lucky, you might get to see someone using a lawn mower or better yet, a boy on a pair of roller skates. There were three or four street lights which amused us although they were not lit, it being daylight. As I recall, we did not stray far from our parents while in town and my memory of the sights along the way were more vivid than the town itself. It was, of course, most exciting to hear the trains blow and watch them go roaring through (they did not stop at this small town), and to see the occasional automobiles (the name "car" came into use later) as they popped and smoked and bounced along the rutted streets.

It was at about this time that some city man passed a law saying you drive only on the right side of the road. This was the best laugh the farmers ever had. It was also ridiculous to drive all the way to the corner just to turn around.

None of the children ever thought of having money to spend. However, I did have a nickel once but don't know where I got it. I wanted to buy ice cream in a cone, but didn't know how to ask for it. I just stood around in the drug store for about thirty minutes hoping someone might come in and order one so I could find out how. No one ever did, so I walked out and gave the nickel to Nellie. I don't know what she did with it.

I can imagine how trying this day must have been for Mama and Papa. Most of our supplies had to be bought at this time to last for the whole year. By 4:00 p. m., our wagon

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was loaded with flour, salt, sugar, clothing, tools, and many other items of necessity. The long journey home was of no interest to anyone once past Main Springs Camp and the terribly steep Loudermilk Hill. This hill was so steep and long that the mules could not hold the wagon back even with the wheels locked. It was, in fact, a hard race for them to stay ahead all the way down. Once down to the bottom safely, we each found a sack of flour for our heads and slept the remainder of the way home.

Dresses for the girls would be made by Mama from the yards of material bought and for each of the boys there was a pair of brogan shoes, two pairs of overalls, two pairs of union suits (or long handles) and a cap. How warm and good we felt in those union suits on frosty nights. How exciting the smell of new flannel. It was almost like going to town all over again.

(to be continued)



A photo of Con C. Harvey who was a long-time merchant in Bluff City.

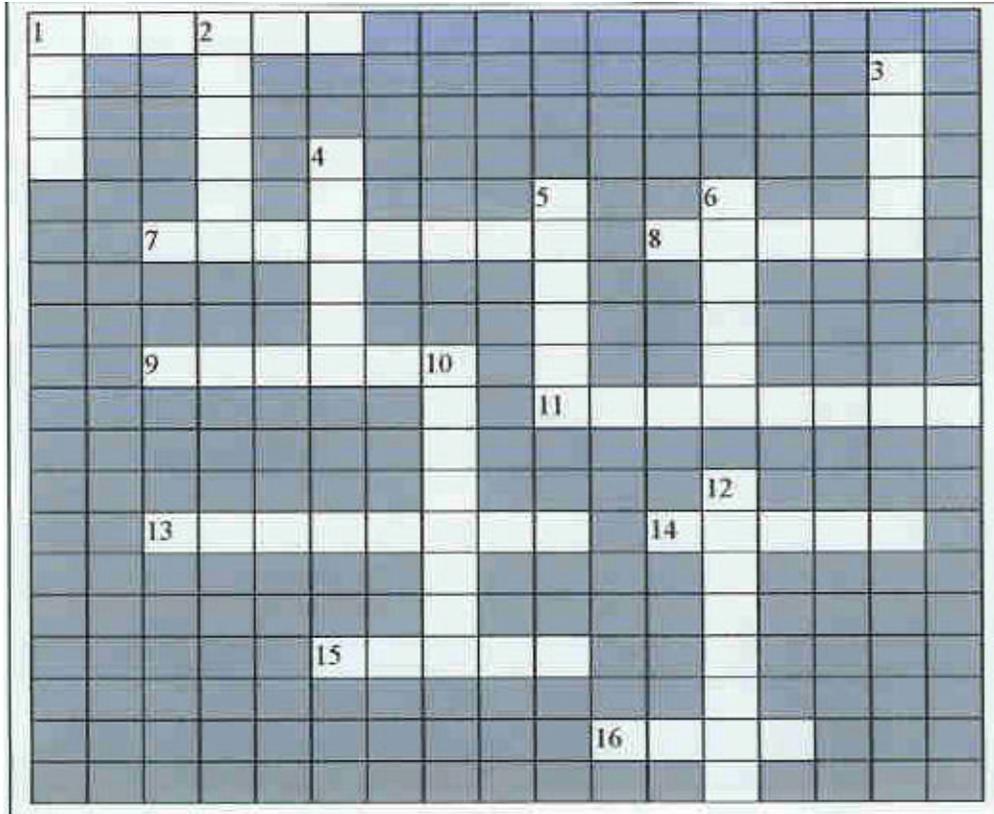
He was born March 8, 1894.

When I was growing up in Bluff City, his store was at the intersection with the door facing Hwy. 24. The store had a connecting door to George Henry's service station on the corner. See the September, 2002 issue for a picture of Mr. Harvey inside this store.

He married Olive Henry, the daughter of Jim Henry and Nora Epperson Henry. His son James Edward "Dick" Harvey once had a dairy bar on the corner where Willie's Gro. is located today.

Mr. Harvey died November 23, 1967 and Mrs. Harvey in 1969. Both are buried in the new section of Bluff City Cemetery.

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This puzzle is mainly for the local folks who live (or once lived) in the Bluff City, Arkansas area or the surrounding area. Check your answers on page 8.

ACROSS

1. Arkansas governor who dedicated White Oak Lake State Park in 1966
7. Historic church in SE Nevada County
8. Local name for the Morris community
9. Reader RR was known as the ____ Trot Line
11. Large cemetery 4 miles southwest of Bluff City
13. County seat of Nevada County
14. Camden has many of these historic structures
15. Bluff City is in this township
16. Town named after Gulley family member

DOWN

1. Old community 4 miles SW of Bluff City in 1900
2. Female character in movie filmed in Nevada and Ouachita counties in 1974
3. Goose Ankle was also known as ____ Hill
4. Dill's Mill made these in 1918
5. Event that happened at Poison Spring in 1863
6. Was once known as Ecore Fabre
10. The Little ____ River is northern boundary of Nevada County
12. Arkansas has 75 of these

Two signs your new car is a lemon: 1. The message in the rear view mirror says "Objects in mirror are better than this piece of junk"; 2. When you approach hitchhikers, they put their thumbs down.

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“WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER” THE STORY BEHIND THE SONG

James Milton Black was born August 19, 1856 in New York. He acquired an early musical education and knew many of the famous songsters of his day. In 1881, he moved to Pennsylvania and was involved in the Methodist Episcopal church, serving as song leader, Sunday school teacher, and youth leader.

He loved working with young people and tried to win them to Christ. One day, he passed through an alley and met a ragged fourteen year old girl. She was the daughter of an alcoholic. He invited her to his Sunday school class and she began to attend.

However, one day when he took roll, the girl did not respond. Each child had to say a Scripture verse when his or her name was called. James saw a lesson in her silence. He thought of what a sad thing it would be when our names are called from the Lamb’s Book of Life, if one of us should be absent.

After Sunday school, he went to the child’s home to find out why she had not shown up for class. He found her dangerously ill and sent for his own doctor. The doctor said she had pneumonia. Since that was before the days of antibiotics, death was highly likely.

James returned home and tried to find a song to fit the thought of a heavenly roll call, but couldn’t locate one. An inner voice seemed to say, “Why don’t you write one.” And that’s what he did.

*When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright, and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I’ll be there.*

It only took James a few minutes to compose the song with the same words and notes as found in nearly all hymn books. He said, “I have never dared to change a single word or note of that song.”

A few days later, he had the sad opportunity to explain in public how he came to write the song when it was sung at the funeral of the girl whose absence at roll call inspired it.

Answers to crossword puzzle:

Across: 1. Faubus; 7. Carolina (*Methodist*); 8. Caney; 9. Possum; 11. Ebenezer; 13. Prescott; 14. homes; 15. Union; 16. Theo (*after Theodore Gulley*)

Down: 1. Foss; 2. Bertha (*Boxcar Bertha*); 3. Rocky; 4. spokes (*wooden spokes for automobile wheels*); 5. battle (*Civil War*); 6. Camden; 10. Missouri; 12. counties

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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***** <http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/> *****



Another year has come and gone. The staff of *The Sandyland Chronicle* (which is me) wishes you a Happy New Year. Let me know if you have an old item (picture, article, poem, good recipe, etc. you would like included in this publication. I'm always on the lookout for new (or old) material.

This old postcard was addressed to my aunt, Miss Beulah McKelvy, Cale, Arkansas and was from Esther McKelvy, her sister. There is no message on the card and no post mark or stamp, so I assume it was just something she may have picked up at a store and maybe just handed it to her sister instead of mailing it. They may have even been living in the same house. I know in their later years, three sisters (Esther, Mattie, and Beulah) lived together in the Rocky Hill Community of Nevada County, Arkansas. Esther and Beulah never married, but spent the early part of their lives taking care of their ailing mother who lived with them. After Mattie's husband died, she moved back home and lived with her sisters. They lived in a small frame house, grew a large vegetable garden with hand labor, and kept a few farm animals to supply milk, butter, and eggs. They loved for someone to stop by and visit with them because hardly anyone passed by their house except for the mail carrier. They didn't have an automobile and no telephone service until later years. It was only about a quarter of a mile to Rocky Hill Methodist church and I'm sure they walked there most Sundays. Their house was sold and moved after their death and the old home place has gone back to nature. The McKelvy sisters are buried side by side at Ebenezer Cemetery and share a common headstone.

Mattie McKelvy Clark
Born Nov. 28, 1891
Died June 16, 1983

Esther McKelvy
Born Nov. 7, 1893
Died July 25, 1968

Beulah McKelvy
Born Dec. 30, 1902
Died Oct. 13, 1982

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WALKING ACROSS AMERICA IN 1908 (from the 4-9-1908 issue of The Nevada News)

Al Edwards and H. C. Clary of Los Angeles, California came through Prescott on a walking tour across the United States as part of a \$5000 wager from an athletic association to which they belong. They left Los Angeles October 10, 1907 and plan to walk across the country ending at the World Building in New York City on June 25, 1908. They have already walked some 3200 miles of the 4900 mile journey. They left home without a cent of money and are under contract to neither beg, steal, or accept any charity or accept any rides of any kind. They earn their way by selling furniture polish which provides expense money.

They are both nice looking gentlemen and have not been sick one day since leaving home. They each are wearing their third pair of heavy shoes and will need a fourth pair in a few days. To complete the trip on time, they must average 20 miles per day, but some days they cover as much as 30 or 40 miles.

They reached Prescott from Hope at noon, ate dinner, rested awhile, and at 2:00 p.m. they were strolling north along the railroad track. They carry no baggage, but keep their clothes in sanitary condition by leaving one batch at a laundry and receive a fresh supply previously shipped to them. The soiled clothes are left to be washed and sent to them at another town along their route. They have no doubt of being able to complete their journey on time and are looking forward to receiving \$2500 each from the athletic association to which they belong.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 8) The Story of the Irvin Family near Bluff City, Arkansas in the 1920's

This is a continuation of the section entitled "Going Abroad"

Our livelihood, in the old days, depended to a great extent on certain if not all the farm animals. A farmer's well-being was closely correlated with that of his livestock. And so it would not do justice to some of the more intelligent ones if we did not mention a few episodes concerning mostly them.

Our grandma Ridling lived in the Cale community on the other side of Caney Creek. We usually visited her once or twice a year as infrequently as Papa could arrange it. Grandma and Papa didn't see eye to eye on hardly anything. Out of five, he was her only country bumpkin son-in-law, the only one who didn't have sense enough to pour piss out of a boot or come in out of the rain. She tried to cause as much trouble as possible between Mama and Papa and their arguments to and from her house attested to her success. Their shouting and jawing at each other was usually the most interesting part of the trip home. The one exception, as I recall, was when old Bill shoved Daisy into the creek.

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Our team was that in name only. We hitched them together at the wagon like a team, but they did not work very well together. Bill was a little, long-eared, brown Arkansas mule. He and Papa had been together, but not necessarily friends, since long before Mama came into their lives. He was a cantankerous and stubborn cuss, but wise always where it paid to be so. Much of Papa's cautiousness was inherited from old Bill. Daisy was a little, nervous red mare, even smaller than Bill. She didn't have hardly any sense and was apt to get killed or bad hurt if you left her alone where she could fall into a well or get tangled in the gear or maybe cut up in barb wire fences. You had to watch out for her all the time. Her only spark of intelligence was a mortal fear of Old Bill. He despised her, stole her food, and did all manner of evil against her. She trembled in his presence and shrank from him if he pointed his long ears in her direction. He could point his ears in any direction without moving his head at all. This was his method of indicating the object of his attention. She knew this and more, that any concern he might have in her boded strictly no good. So, she cringed and trembled and strove to remain as inconspicuous as possible.

Bill and Daisy managed to pull us along in the wagon toward grandma's house as far as the Caney Creek bridge without any mishap. But neither Papa nor Bill had wanted to make the trip in the first place. They were both spoiling for trouble. The creek bridge was long but not much wider than the wagon with no guard rails on either side. Its bed at the deepest place was eight or ten feet below the bridge and almost dry at this time of year.

Old Bill never did like the right hand side of any bridge-- that's the side he worked, and the edge was much more dangerous looking on his side. He was dubious of each plank and distrustful of every little nail hole in the bridge. He was naturally that way even when he was in good humor. So, when he came to the foot of the bridge this day, he threw back his ears this way and that and then stopped stock still and wouldn't budge another inch. Papa reared and kicked and stormed until poor Daisy, trembling with fright, dragged all of us out to about the mid-point. Here, old Bill threw his ears to three o'clock low, got a good toe hold, and started to push and shove with all his might. He had spotted a knot hole hard on the right. It was good night Daisy—she never had a chance. Into the brink she went, harness and all. By the time Bill realized what had happened, it was nearly too late to save himself. He had forgotten they were chained together at the collars. He rose swiftly to the occasion, hooked his heels in a crack, and pulled back for dear life while Daisy's hind feet literally dangled, barely touching the creek bed. It was the funniest sight you ever saw two animals in—she hanging by her head, their collars had rammed down over their ears, and he nearly tearing his old head off trying to keep from being pulled in after her.

During the commotion, all of us kids started to scatter and scream until finally Papa was galvanized into action. He leaped from the spring seat with knife in hand and began to cut and slash the harness, the reins, the hame strings, the belly and back bands—everything until nothing was left tying them together. Then he led poor miserable Daisy up out of the creek bed onto the road while Bill stood nonplussed there in the middle of the bridge. All alone he stood—nobody on the bridge, nobody in the wagon, no one to argue with—not yet anyhow, but his time was coming. So quietly now, deliberately, Papa walked into the woods, cut a good sized club, came slowly back and beat the living daylight out of Old Bill. But I'll say this for that mule—he took it like a man. He never groveled nor flinched. He knew he had it

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coming and, if he got more than his dues, he could bide his time. There would come another day and another bridge to cross.

Some years following this episode, Papa decided it was time for him to get a real honest to goodness pair of mules. Now he didn't just go out to the stock yard like you or I might have done to buy or trade for a pair of mules. He didn't believe in doing things the easy way. He believed there was more gratification in working toward a goal than in gaining it and the longer it took, the better he liked it. So, he went out and acquired a big, beautiful, broad-backed mare. Her name was Bess. She was kind and gentle and we adored her and treated her like one of the family. She loved to pick our pockets and eat out of our hands and it was not unusual for two or three of us children to be on her back at once. As I recall, there is a picture in the old family album showing all five of us aboard her. She tried but could not make a Christian out of Old Bill—nobody could do that. Still, she handled him like none of us ever could and as the years went by, he gained a healthy respect for her teeth as well as her heels. He could not help being a reprobate, but she would make him go all the way to the back of the pasture to push down fences or chase calves. While in her lot, he had to behave like a gentleman. She knew that he was none of her kinfolk. She couldn't stand the sight of a jackass even when she was in heat. In fact, we were proud of her moral standards and concurred in her dislike for the ugly jack.

Mama never worried too much about our trips abroad if Bess was with us. She knew the good mare would try to take care of us, shield us from harm, and bring us home. The only time she failed was when Hollie and Opal were on their way home from grandma's house in the wagon. The tongue in a wagon serves two purposes. The horses guide the vehicle by means of straps stretched from their breasts to the end of the tongue and they can hold the wagon back with these same straps, thus keeping it from rolling too fast down a steep hill. Hollie and Opal were alone on this trip and I can imagine how proud they must have been to find themselves sitting side by side up in the spring seat just like grown folks. They had arrived at the top of that long steep hill which leads down to Caney Creek bridge—the same bridge where a few years earlier Old Bill had shoved Daisy off into the creek. The roads in those days were no more than tortuous trails winding through open spots in the forest. They tacked and veered, circumvented hill ponds and large trees. Sometimes the trail divided so that one might pass the obstacle on either the right or left side. At the very bottom of Caney Creek hill a large pine tree stood smack in the center of the road. Bess and Bill with Hollie and Opal and the wagon in tow eased over the crown of the hill, their eyes on a level with the top of the pine tree far below and they started down. It was now their aim to reverse the process and hold the wagon back. Bess was doing all she could—in fact, she was struggling so hard to hold back that her collar was already up over her ears and still they were gaining speed. It was a job for two. Old Bill, loafing along by her side, was thinking about that other time at the bridge below and didn't care what happened anyway. He thought he had Bess in a bind and he was right. She couldn't let go long enough to reach over and bite a plug out of his neck, but out of the corner of her eye, she could see Bill just trotting along by her side. So, in anger and in desperation, she raised her hind foot to kick Old Bill and when she did, her hoof got caught on top of the wagon tongue. As the oncoming wagon hit her in the rear, she was forced to put her weight on that leg. It was too much—the tongue snapped like a match stick, the back half dropped down, rammed into the ground, and the front of the wagon

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rose like a pole-vaulter and sailed on over. Hollie and Opal, along with the spring seat, were tossed heels over heads into the back end as down the hill they came. There was no control now with the tongue broken out, no guiding, or holding back. It was every man for himself now as faster and faster they flew toward Caney Creek bridge and the large pine tree standing in the center of the road.

Racing now with nose out and ears back and reins flying free, Old Bill quickly calculated to save himself. As the pine tree approached, he leaned hard on Bess as if to pass it on her side until just at the last moment when he swerved with all his might and passed it on the right. The good mare had done her best and could not choose to follow. The big pine tree split them down the middle and took the wagon full force. Fortunately, nobody was bad hurt, but here wasn't a good piece of the wagon or harness left. The two children slowly gathered themselves up, felt their sore bodies, and surveyed the ruins. Then they walked on down the hill to where Old Bill was standing in the middle of the bridge pretending he didn't know how it had all happened.

(to be continued)

OLD TIMER MAKES A VISIT TO PRESCOTT TO DO TRADING (The Nevada News—1928)

Deer Eddyter:-

Be gosh, I didn't know Prescott wuz sich a bizzy little town, but I can tell you she's all right and plum good un.

Me and Liza and the kids had been aworking hard all winter and spring and got together a bunch of country produce and sum cotton what we had for to sell, so Liza sed to me one nite as how we'd ought to as well sell the things right now and git 'em of'er our minds.

We had been reading all long 'bout the markets and from what we could gather by word of mouth and thru the local paper we decided that Prescott was 'bout the best market in reach and Liza decided—she allus does the deciding for the family caze she's decidedly the better half—as how I'd better hitch up ole Beck and Jude to us folk's horseless kerridge and drive a few loads—oh no, I mean to drive the mules and let them pull a few loads uv produce and cotton to Prescott to sell at once.

Wall, we had to pass through 1 or 2 other towns an all them thar store merchants run out and tried to stop Beck and Jude right thar so we'd stop in that air town, but we just axed the price of cotton and produce and come on. And so we driv on again till we driv up to Prescott.

Fust thing I done was to drive round to the White Produce House whur I sole my country produce for lots more'n I coulda got anywhere else in town. Ain't no telling what a good market for produce is wuth to us farmers and I tell you now we're powerful proud uv sich houses as the White Produce Co. Jewel White is the oldest exclusive dealer in town and byes

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all kinds uv produce sich as chickens an eggs an turkeys an gese an ducks an hides an furs an sich—and he allus pays us jist a leetle more'n we can git most anywhurs else. He is a rail friend to us farmers and beleaves in treatin us jist like a friend.

I was feeling purty good over them prices I got for my cotton and produce and I natchly felt like buyin somethin in Prescott. I went round to Werner Hamilton's Grocery Store. Bein' as how Liza allas wants to have biscuits for breakfast and a leetle short sweetenin fer the coffee, I bought a sack uv their famous White Rose flour which they sell. I taken some of them canned goods an a ham an some of that honest-to-goodness ole time C & S Seal Brand coffee, very best that is ground. This an a dollar wuth uv sugar an a mighty big one it wuz, got me kinder started, and when I wound up I had to give Mr. Hamilton a check fer over \$20 to square off, an I saved nuff to buy me a new hat.

Sim spied some ice cream cones in Buchanan's Drug Store an he jest had to stop and git one. They've got a big soddy water contraption in front thar wher a fellow can git all kinds sof drinks, ice cream, and buttered toast sandwiches. Sides that the Buchanan Drug Co. carries a lot of good smellin articles fur the wimmin folks toilet, to say nuthin of combs an brushes an face whitein an candles an dodack an fountain pens an sich. Everybody in that is polite as a basket of chips, and they allus sell everything a leetle less. Thar's plenty of fiscicks to fill any kine of doctor's perskripshuns and them thar folks knows how cause they're reglar registered pharamists.

All of a sudden, I felt rele shamed uv myuself puttin on airs in a new sute and hadn't bot Liza nothin to ware, so I went round to Reedy's, the Busy Store, where I knowed a swell line uv ladies ready to ware was kept all the time an picked out a pretty navy blue sute and a swell dress for Liza. Then I bethought myself uv a coat or cloak what Sis, our gal, needed one orful bad and warn't no trouble to find a swell looker what pleased the gal. Reedy's is one uv the biggest stores in this part uv the country in ladies ready-to-ware and ladies hats and fancy sweaters an other ladies furnishins, as well as general dry goods at low prices.

Me an Sim kinder begun to feel a little empty in the craw about 12 o'clock an we went around to the City Café fer to git us a snack. They sure feed you good but they orter, fer they keep sum of the finest meats I ever stuck my grinders in anywhere, and Alex Avery, the boss thar, know jist how to have em cooked an served to a hungry man. An that thar beef stake an pork chops of ther'n simply melts in your mouth. I jest couldn't help wish Liza wuz erlong to help me an the kid put erway all them thar good rations that wuz put down thar fer our dinner, an it didn't cost me but little of nuthin. An you know all that thar good home cooked dinner didn't cost me but very leetle nuthin.

The parson in our church sent along a sute by me he wanted the Star Pressing Co. to clean up an press for him. Durn my skin if I didn't think they made a mistake an gimme the rong sute it all looked so clean and dandified when they got thru with it. Jesse Crow takes pride in turnin out the very best werk and they's got an uptodate cleanin and pressin plant what turns out werk in a hurry. It's no wonder they gits lots of werk to do because they pleze ther customers. All work is guaranteed. No chances to scorch or burn your close with a

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steam presser an the steam kills all kinds uv girms. They also does alterin and repairin well as high class cleenin an pressin.

Bout this time I thought uv a pare uv shoes what the old wummin tied a string to my finger bout, and I made a brake for Waters and Warmack's Store to look at them easy wearin an long lastin shoes whut they carry all the time. They air knowed as the Friedman-Shelby Shoes fer men and women, guaranteed all solid leather plum thru—an they air so purty an feel so good on your corns that a fellers eyes look full moons he so tickled when he gets a pare on. I kno case I couldn't get a pare for Liza thout fellin a hankerin fer a pare for myself. So I went the hole hog and bought me an the boy both a pare an taken a couple pares of Red Goose shoes fer the kids at home. Thare prices fit us farmer folks pocketbooks, too.

Ef theys anything the kids likes bettern sassidges its moar sassidges an I know they raise a howl ef I didn't go by Cloud's Market an git some before I went home. They shore know how to put em up jest like us farmer folks—pure pork sassidge –an them beef stakes and pork chops ov ther'n simply melts in your mouth an you don't hafta to chaw 'em much with seech ole snags uv teeth as I got nuther. Thar ain't no eatin like a good nice stake and so we had Mr. Cloud fix us up one uv them to go er long with the sassidges. They handles fish and oysters as well as Kansas City and home growed meats—nuthin but fat and fine stock an is got a clean sanitary place throughout.

Me and a naber of mine has been dickerin fer sum time on a piece of ground I wanted to bye, and when me and him did finally come to a agreement on the terms and prices, we decided to have E. H. Weaver git us up a abstract for the title. He has got up sevrul abstracts for me and his work has always been very satisfactory. He has been in the abstractin bizness for sevrul years, and he know the tracts of land in this county purty considerable well. "Eph" Weaver is powerful careful in every detail of the work, too. By the way, he's a mitey poplar candidate for Sheriff in our neck of the woods and judgin from his record of four years as clerk, he ought to make a good sheriff.

Hereafter when I want to sell cotton or country produce sich as eggs an chickens an the like or bye any kind of store bought goods you can jest put it down. I'll go to Prescott case I know I'll git all my crops worth an them thar store merchants treats you so nice you want to go back and trade with them.

Hezzekiah Hawkins

READER PARTICIPATION

It's time once again for the readers of this paper to put in your two cents worth. I thought it might be interesting for us to think back to our childhood or at least a few years back and see if we could list a few things that we really enjoyed back then—things that no longer exist, but you wish they did. It might be a favorite candy bar or soda pop. It doesn't have to be something to eat, but I can think of several things I wish they still made. Give this some thought and let me know what you come up with. Try to get your thoughts to me by Jan. 15.

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(Editor's Note: I found this information on the Internet)

**BLUFF CITY POST OFFICE
NEVADA COUNTY, ARKANSAS**

**RESEARCH ON THIS POST OFFICE
HAS NOT YET BEEN COMPLETED**

<u>Name</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Date Appointed</u>
Mrs. Launah V. Black	Acting Postmaster	08/31/1950
Mrs. Gladys M. Nelson	Postmaster	06/05/1952
Wilma J. Knight	Officer-In-Charge	10/12/1982
Wilma J. Knight	Postmaster	03/05/1983
Margaret L. Beavers	Officer-In-Charge	01/18/1990
Mary R. Hogg	Postmaster	04/07/1990
Alpha Hunter	Officer-In-Charge	03/30/1993
Betty A. Kenzel	Postmaster	09/18/1993
Alpha W. Hunter	Officer-In-Charge	07/16/1997
Bonnie S. Dulin	Postmaster	10/11/1997
Doris Barlow	Officer-In-Charge	10/31/2002
George C. Speer	Postmaster	11/16/2002
Ila Scifres	Officer-In-Charge	12/27/2002
Jeffery T. Burson	Postmaster	05/03/2003
Debra Szymanski	Officer-In-Charge	09/29/2004

SNICKER-PEANUT BUTTER PIE

Jennie (Loe) Riddling

Published in *Wicker Family Favorites*—Page 107

4 Snicker candy bars (3.70 oz.)
½ cup peanut butter
small amount of milk
1 container of whipped topping (12 oz.)
1 baked pie crust

Melt candy bars, peanut butter, and small amount of milk in the microwave. Stir in whipped topping and blend well. Pour into baked pie crust. Refrigerate. (This is a quick and easy pie and only requires a few ingredients. Make it when you need a dessert fast.)

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 6 – No. 2

February, 2006

***** <http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/> *****

BUSINESS FIRMS IN CHIDESTER, ARKANSAS IN 1948

These advertisements appeared in the May 16, 1948 issue of *The Camden News* in a special section of the paper entitled “Local firms that have helped build Ouachita County”.

W. I. Wilke Lumber Co. Chidester

This firm, managed by Jack Mosley, manufactures rough finished hardwood lumber, having a daily output of 20,000 board feet, making an annual output of two and a half million board feet of lumber. They employ about 60 men, all having families who live in this community.

Smith's Cash Store Chidester

This home owned store was begun under its present ownership January 3, 1948, succeeding Bradford and Stott. Mrs. C. J. Smith operates the store, handling groceries, dry goods, meats, shoes, notions, and feeds and buying local farm produce at top market prices.

Chidester Mercantile Co.

It was on Feb. 4, 1911 that this concern with G. R. Riffe as President, H. E. Kirby as Vice President, W. C. Stinnett as Secretary, and Thomas H. Benton as Manager came into existence. *(Sorry, I didn't copy complete ad.)*

Walker Bros. Lumber Co. Chidester

J. T. and F. G. Walker, brothers, started this lumber milling business in 1929. They manufacture yellow pine lumber and sell it wholesale and some at retail, securing their timber locally. They have seven million feet of standing timber in 460 acres of timberlands. They maintain a modern sawmill and employ about 65 local men, all of whom have families. We wish to state that the firm has never lost sight of the fact that it owed a debt of gratitude to the community at large and will in the future, as it has in the past, always take a real interest in all movements that may promote the public welfare; always ready and anxious to aid in the expansion and growth of Ouachita County and vicinity.

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Bank of Chidester

This bank, founded in 1909, confines most of its activities to the further advancement of the community in which it is located, its resources being primarily devoted to that end. With W. G. Rushing as President, C. B. Clingan and T. H. Benton as Vice Presidents, and W. C. Stinnett as Cashier, it couldn't be different than it is—safe, sound, and conservative. (*not complete ad*)

Holleman Service Station Chidester

You'll find Roy Holleman's Texaco station and garage the kind you can come back to—not just a filling station. By selling dependable Texaco gas and oil, Goodyear tires and National tires and batteries and giving exceptional repair service, Mr. Holleman built up this enterprise from a humble beginning over three years ago.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 10) The Story of the Irvin Family Near Bluff City in the Early 1920's

COUNTRY MUSIC

There is little doubt that music has a profound effect upon the lives of many people. Wherever and whenever the door of a home is opened, one hears the sound of music, the radio, television or hi-fi. One cannot escape these sounds. In hotel lobbies, in travel terminals, and in nearly all business houses, tunes are piped in over long distance wires for a fee. Now the question arises as to exactly what the results are when one is forced to hear questionable tunes he never heard before, or to talk down a blaring TV set when visiting his neighbors and friends, or to try to transact a business deal between duel speakers. And when the noisy day is done, he will drive home face to face with the car radio, go to sleep in spite of the kid's hi-fi, and wake up to a radio alarm clock. The effect of all this confusion could be disastrous but for the ability of a person to inure himself against it.

Right here, let us draw a line between the above conglomerate mixture of electrically amplified sounds, and those tunes we knew and called music in our old home. You could number on one hand the musical instruments known to us. I remember seeing the harmonica, banjo, guitar, fiddle, and a few foot pumped organs. But there was no lack of singing. Social gatherings, called musicals, were frequently held in private homes that had an organ. To this would be added a fiddle or two, a guitar and a banjo. Often they played far into the night. There were solos, duets, trios, quartets, and group singing as well as instrumentals. We did not need a book of instructions to know what tunes they were playing or to tell us what words they were saying and that was good. Some of these people—the Barlows, Irvins, Otwells,

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and others are still singing to this day and it is still good to hear their voices. For many years there were no musical instruments in our home. But one day, I learned to play a harmonica that Hollie had traded for, though I was never good enough for others to listen to. Then when I thought no one was in the house, I took Old Jack's fiddle off the bed and gingerly pulled the bow across the open strings. By a coincidence, I was able to play a few notes of a tune called *The Blind Girl*. Now Mama was about the house after all and overheard me. Soon she ordered a violin from Sears Roebuck and I learned to play, but again was not good enough for others to listen to. I should have kept borrowing Old Jack's fiddle, for it was a thing alive. It could talk, laugh, or cry and could create a mood and had a soul. Still, it needed Old Jack, but then we all needed Old Jack.

He was the minstrel man, tall and bony with piercing blue eyes. His old battered hat could hardly contain the great shock of sandy hair that tried to stand on end. His nose was large and full of bumps. His chin and Adam's apple jutted out like the jaws of a monkey wrench and it was in this vise that he held the violin while he whipped it to make it cry or stroked it gently to hear it croon. And there never was a man so kind or so adept or so much wanted as Old Jack.

You never knew when he was coming to visit, how long he might stay, or where he would go, but it always seemed that when you wanted him the most, you could look up the road and see him swinging along towards you. He never rode a horse nor in a wagon even when invited--they were a bother to him. His feet were long and lean like his body and they appeared to reach way out ahead and gather in great stretches of road with each stride. You could not keep up with him and so he traveled alone with his fiddle swinging like a pendulum by his side.

Mama claimed she could figure out how old Jack was but no one really knew or cared about his age. He was strong and could cut timber or dig a water well, but that was about the limit of his intelligence because his mind never advanced beyond six or seven years and that was good. Papa used him in these capacities when he was staying at our house, in addition to enjoying the music, since he always had plenty of timber to cut and old wells to be cleaned out and new ones to be dug.

SUPERSTITION

We had too many wells in winter when the water table was high and not enough in summer when it was low. It never occurred to Papa or Old Jack to dig the wells any deeper. Mr. Shamley was our water witch and Papa would not deliberately go against his divining rod as to either the location or the prophesied depth, though he did sometimes suspect that the witching branch may not have been cut from a shumate tree in the dark of the moon.

We were not a superstitious family, as the saying goes. By that I mean, we did not go about looking for signs and such. On the other hand, we did not flout our heresy in the face of a recognized ill omen, adhering to the principle that it can do no harm to be on the right side. Papa was a moon man. He knew all about the quarters and halves, etc. If the crops above the ground such as cotton and corn did not yield, it was because they were planted on

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the dark of the moon and if those below the ground like potatoes and peanuts were poor and full of insects, it was due to light nights at planting time. Cultivation, rains, and insecticides had nothing to do with the harvest. Still, as I have said, we were not a family that believed in magic.

INSECTS AND THINGS

While traveling about this country—and I have traveled about considerable—I have noticed that no matter where one goes, he is apt to see either a great variety of insects or a great number of insects of one variety. Our old home was certainly no exception to this condition. It is said, but I have never been convinced, that many of these creatures do a beneficial job especially for farmers. Well, we were farmers, but it seemed to me then and still does that we could have gotten along very well without the help of most of these so-called benefactors. Suffice it to say, their effect upon our lives was considerable.

The woodlands, in this part of Arkansas, abound with various wild blooming plants such as may-haws, dogwood, honeysuckle, and many others. Thus, it was well suited to the propagation of honey bees. The months of May and June were the best for locating wild bee trees—it was the bees and not the trees that were wild. This could be done by either of two ways. Having nothing better to do, you might just stroll along through the woods, listening for their humming and looking up into all trees that appeared to be hollow near the top. Or, you might try the more technical method. Some honey was placed on two or three pieces of brightly colored paper to resemble flowers, but having no paper, I went a step further and used fruit jar lids and found that the bees didn't know the difference. These baits were arranged two or three hundred feet apart in small clearings in the woods. For best results, they should not be placed in line. On a clear warm day, it would take about ten minutes or so, depending on the proximity of their home, for the bees to find the honey. These are communistic people—hard workers and very greedy—so much so that they are prone to overload themselves when pure honey is available, thereby making it easy to take a bearing on their laborious homeward journey. At the intersection of the bearings of two or more flyways, their tree may be easily located. The tree was felled and all the good honey salvaged. Many, but no means all, of the bees were captured, placed in a jute sack or other container, and brought home to be introduced to a captive hive. There was actually no profit for anybody in this business, but it was a good excuse to get out of cutting sprouts or building fences when it was too wet to plow. Also, one did not come away unscathed from this looting. You see, the bees were skeptical of becoming slaves and indignant a being robbed. That is probably why they are referred to as wild bees—wild with rage, no doubt. Still, wild or not, they and a few others were considered to be good insects. There were so many insects that nothing good could be said about them. You might just as well lump them all together with snakes and Indians, as far as I was concerned.

With such proximity of the barns and hog lots to the dwelling, one can be sure that houseflies were everywhere in evidence. We used Daisy fly poison, Tangle-foot fly paper, and various other deterring agents, but with no screens on the doors and windows, all we could do amounted to no more than token resistance. During most of the early daylight hours, it is the custom of flies to forage about in the pig pens and stables for whatever it is

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they eat and also to find likely spots to deposit their eggs. But in the afternoon, they like to come inside the house where it is cool to breed, relax, and be sociable like everybody else. Maybe that is why they are called houseflies. It was fortunate for us that they too slept at night.

Mosquitoes were prevalent in all but the winter months and at certain turns of the seasons we were invaded by great dark clouds of gnats. And, while they did not prescribe human blood, their preference was for the plow animal. After feeding upon his body until they became bloated with blood, they would literally fall off to be blown by the wind back into the face of the trailing plowman. They were always bad at sun-up and worse at sun-down. A gnat infestation might last for a few days or it might go on all summer, but while it lasted you had to wear a mask and keep the animals covered with stock dip. In the evening we built fires with cow dung to try to discourage them. The stock caught on quickly to the purpose of this and were willing to nearly suffocate on the acrid smoke rather than be eaten alive by the gnats. I was a barefoot cow chip specialist using my toe to determine if the chips were yet dry enough to burn good, and so was singled out to keep the smudges going. Mama never cottened to the word dung, and called them chips, or it, chips, if you prefer—but they smelled the same. The smoke from dried cow chips will soon rout a gnat or anybody else. Nobody ever built cow dung fires inside the house, at least nobody in our neighborhood ever did. So, shortly before retiring, Papa would shoot off a mixture of sulphur and black powder in each bedroom, and if this did not asphyxiate you, the stench would make you forget the gnats and mosquitoes long enough to go to sleep.

The great prevalence of malaria fever was, to some extent, undoubtedly due to certain species of mosquitoes though, at that time, we were not aware of this fact. There was also a fever among the livestock which they said was caused by ticks, and when this became known, state laws were enacted forcing the farmers to dip all stock at regular intervals. Now, this may strike the uninformed reader at a very good idea, but it is often a lot easier to enact a law than to enforce it. In the first place, there are fewer people involved with the enactment and in the case of the dipping law, you had the obstinacy of both the cows and the farmers to contend with. It developed that some were dipped all the time and all were dipped part of the time, and suffice it to say that there are still ticks in Arkansas.

It was at about this time that the hog law and the smallpox vaccination law came into effect. The hog law required the farmer to keep his hogs behind fences, not because of the highway hazards or any danger to the hog. The Arkansas razorback is a first cousin to the southwest Texas javelina and he is more vicious. Whereas the javelina will attack when cornered, the razorback will corner and attack any living thing. He could not be fenced in and so the hog law, in effect declared open season on the savage beasts which was good. Still, the law required the farmers to build hog proof fences for their domesticated animals and this they refused to do. In other words, they gambled. Some won and some lost, but to this day nobody ventures into the river bottoms without a good high powered gun. The vaccination law was viewed as an insult to the intelligence and in a way, I guess it was. They said it was cruelty to the little children. You see, they neglected to require the immunization of all adults. I don't know in just what light this gateway to possible extermination was

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deliberately left open, but it is so, and one can only surmise. At any rate, there are still both farmers and razorbacks in Arkansas.

Event followed fast upon event. Times were moving fast and not nearly all of the people could keep up or swallow such large doses without more time to chew. Mama was more broad-minded and could adapt. She said she might allow them to vaccinate her children, but there she drew the line—and ticks or no ticks—they would not dip them—the children, that is—and she never did either.

The foregoing are a few of the more obvious insects and their effects upon us. Underneath and not so conspicuous, but probably more detrimental, there were others which dealt us great material damage such as the corn weevil and the cotton boll weevil. There were years when our production was cut in half by these insects. At the beginning of the year, we could not foresee what the yield might be, but we trusted in God and the moon and worked and hoped and took whatever the insects left and Providence was of a mind to give.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

READER FEEDBACK—from James Hairston

Hi, Jerry! I read your Chronicles as often as I can find the time. I particularly enjoyed the one describing the trip to Prescott from Bluff City back in the earlier years. Reading that article brought to mind an escapade I pulled shortly after being brought to Prescott, along with my sister, Ruth, as adoptees. As most folks from around Prescott know, my dad was a family physician. In the years from 1948 to some time around 1970, Dad made house calls to his patients' homes. He used to take Ruth and/or me along at times to keep him company. Anyway, one Saturday, my mom and dad were visiting Hot Springs for a day at the horse races, having left my little sister and me under the wonderful care of their housemaid, Pearl (for the life of me, I can't recall her last name!). Pearl was very loving and extremely conscience of our safety; however, on this particular day, she was busy doing her housework, while my little five year-old mind was conjuring up mischief! I talked my sister into our getting on our tricycles and, just like daddy, making a *house call at Blevins!* As I recall, the weather was spring-like, quite warm for that time of year (April?). Nevertheless, I made Ruth put on a heavy coat so she wouldn't get any sicker! You see, she was suffering from a bad case of the flu at the time! We set out for Blevins on our tricycles, traversing the city of Prescott as if we'd drawn up the original street map! We made it to what is now the entrance to DeAnn Cemetery before a kindly black lady gave ME a warning to get my back-side back home before she called our folks! I reluctantly made a u-turn and headed back toward the east side of town, my little *sick* sister in tow! We ran upon a small bridge which spanned the roadside ditch. We played on it for several long minutes. Finally, as we approached Highway 67, just past the police department, we were met by a highly irate and agitated, worried sick, caretaker called Pearl! She was kind enough to assist ME in peddling my trike. She'd obtained a "switch" and was switching me onward with each pedal motion!!! After my folks returned home, I experienced the first (of many) "attitude adjustments" from my dad! After growing up, I've many times thought just how really fortunate we were that day! We were two tiny figures, riding on and off the streets, crossing the Missouri Pacific railroad tracks....not once, but twice, with not a single safety-related mishap (that is, if you don't count the switching I got!). Later on, my parents explained, it was one of the most frightening times they ever experienced with my sister and me.

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**BLUFF CITY SCHOOL GROUP IN EARLY 1920's
(identified by Mrs. Elsie Moore Beaver on Oct. 21, 1996)**

Front row (left to right)-Nellie Morgan; Myrtle Martin; Charlie Payne; Dovie Black; Joe Bevell (teacher); Gladys Hildebrand; Sula Nichols; Elsie Mae Moore; Grady Starnes

Middle row (left to right)-Bill Nichols; Doyle Crowell; Hollis Walker; Inita Henry; Mae Crowell; Edna Hildebrand; Penny Black; Clinton Robinson-?; Georgia Carter; Marie Hildebrand; Louis Carter; Lawrence Walker; Ruby Carter; Florence Carter; Dennis Walker; Ray Robinson

Back row (left to right)-Hazel Walker; Hudson Crowell; Elsie Moore; Byris Thompkins; Marie Martin; Clyde Moore; Mildred Moore; Garland Moore; Mattie Carter; Clyde Hildebrand

A fellow from Boston named Lance
Couldn't walk well or run well or dance;
It troubled his mind
Till he happened to find
That his necktie was caught in his pants

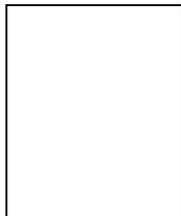
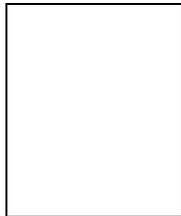
A business man living in Gurdon
Deemed all fire prevention a burden
But they thought him a fool
When the ruins got cool
And they found out it was his third 'un

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GEORGE WASHINGTON AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Both George Washington and Abraham Lincoln were born in February. Try to find the words below that are associated with these famous presidents. Words can be vertical, horizontal, diagonal, or backwards.

Q	X	Q	N	Y	K	L	M	A	D	H	F	F	H	Y
K	B	O	P	O	R	F	E	E	C	A	Y	Q	F	E
F	Q	G	P	H	H	R	H	R	M	T	W	G	Q	M
N	O	E	S	L	M	V	E	E	L	O	I	Q	V	Z
E	R	A	W	A	L	E	D	H	N	X	R	A	S	Q
T	M	A	P	H	B	A	S	T	C	N	L	I	U	T
H	E	P	Q	X	T	O	M	K	O	L	M	A	A	F
E	K	Q	D	M	I	V	C	S	E	O	R	N	T	L
A	A	H	T	R	A	M	O	Y	W	T	O	H	S	Z
T	U	L	Y	Y	R	R	F	W	E	N	T	U	E	P
E	J	M	I	B	T	O	Y	R	R	O	B	L	N	L
R	T	Y	C	C	R	K	G	E	O	R	D	D	O	X
L	S	Y	G	G	O	P	V	B	E	J	U	M	H	Y
P	M	N	E	Z	P	T	M	O	N	U	M	E	N	T
N	Z	P	C	E	M	P	E	N	N	Y	K	O	V	N



BOOTH
 CHERRY
 DELAWARE
 HAT
 HONEST
 MARTHA
 MARY
 MEMORIAL

MONUMENT
 MTVERNON
 PENNY
 PORTRAIT
 QUARTER
 SMALLPOX
 THEATER
 VALLEYFORGE

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 6 – No. 3

March, 2006

*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



This picture of the Nevada County court house is from a post card. This was the court house previous to the present one.

From The Nevada News – May 5, 1912

The new courthouse for Nevada County has been completed. It is a handsome and imposing structure. It cost about \$60,000 which appears to be money well spent. It is nicely furnished with durable and elegant fixtures and is absolutely fireproof. It was opened to the public on May 17, 1912. The public congratulated County Judge Denman and the contractor from Little Rock for their part in getting this accomplished.

From The Nevada News – 1963

County Judge Mack Hillery informs county residents that the courthouse has been declared unsafe to public health and safety. The building is unsafe and can not be repaired. He asks voters to approve a tax increase to match a \$159,500 grant to build a new courthouse.

From The Nevada News – March 12, 1964

The new courthouse is under construction. County Judge was Mack Hillery said the county received a \$159,000 grant matched dollar for dollar. The total cost was \$300,000; Voters approved a tax increase by a margin of four to one to build the new courthouse.

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VISIT OF FRENCH PRINCE TO CAMDEN IS RECALLED **(from the Jan. 17, 1934 issue of The Camden News)**

Injury of Princess de Polignac of Paris and her brother, Jacques Dupuy, French publisher when their airplane plunged into Biscayne Bay waters near Miami, Florida Tuesday recalled the Civil War activities of Prince de Polignac who was stationed in Camden for several years when he fought on the side of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Dora T. Sifford, state historian of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and an authority on Southern history for Camden and Arkansas, said today that this princess is a lineal descendant of the Prince that fought on the side of the South in the war between the states. Mrs. Sifford didn't know the exact relationship because the age of the princess was not given.

Prince de Polignac came to this section shortly before the start of the Civil War. He called himself the "New Napoleon" according to Mrs. Sifford, who collected historical data of this period and corresponded with his daughter, Princess de Polignac for many years. He spent a great deal of his time in New Orleans and he espoused the cause of the South at the outbreak of the war.

Because of his distinguished service at the Battle of Mansfield, Louisiana, he was given the rank of general and presented with a sword. Because of this honor, the Prince later named his only son, Mansfield de Polignac, Mrs. Sifford recalled. Later his daughter, Princess de Polignac came to America after her father's death and presented this sword to the Confederate museum at Richmond, Virginia where it remains today. She said it was her father's dying wish that the sword be returned to the South. This was in 1914 or 1915, Mrs. Sifford believes.

The princess was a musician of note and composed a piece of music dedicated to the Battle of Mansfield. She sent a copy of this to Mrs. Sifford. The two corresponded for many years although Mrs. Sifford did not have the pleasure of meeting the princess.

During the war Prince de Polignac was stationed here and spent much of his time at the old Bragg place west of Camden. He was very popular and won the hearts of the Camden citizens, especially the members of the fair sex. A grand ball was given in his honor and the Camden belles looked forward to getting a dance with the prince. They attired themselves in their best gowns, but were doomed to bitter disappointment. The prince sat in his chair throughout the entire proceedings and did not dance at all during the entire evening.

At the close of the war, he left Camden and later returned to his native France. He always retained a fond memory of the South, according to his daughter and Mrs. Sifford.

I had never heard of this Confederate general, so I decided to do a little research on the Internet. Here is what I learned from various web sites.

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His full name was Camille Armand Jules Marie de Polignac

He was born in France in 1832.

He was chief of staff for Generals. P. G. T. Beauregard and Braxton Bragg.

He had the nickname “Prince Polecat” by his men which was a nickname of respect—not derision. His soldiers could not cope with his long French name and gave him the nickname. Speaking of the battle of Mansfield, a Union soldier said Polignac’s Confederates were “charging like demons” and moving forward “like a cyclone”.

“Polignac was a true type of a Frenchman. He was about forty-five years of age, medium size with a long sharp nose, and he resembled Napoleon Bonaparte's portraits. He spoke the French and English languages fluently, and when in camp, was no better dressed than one of his orderlies. Those not knowing him would take him for a common soldier.

“Polignac was every inch a soldier, and although a (French) volunteer on the Southern side, he went at it with a vim, and throughout that memorable campaign, displayed great heroism and great soldierly qualities. Before the troops became acquainted with him, they daily ridiculed him; but when they saw his skill as an officer, commanding in the field, admiration of (Gen.) Polignac soon followed. If the leaders of the Confederacy had placed a few similar men in command of its armies, the lives of 10,000 brave men would not have been sacrificed by unskilled generalship.”

He went to France in March, 1865 to try to get help for the Confederacy from Napoleon III, but learned of Lee’s surrender and decided to retire to his estate in France.

He married Marie Adolphine Longerberger in 1874 who died at the birth of their daughter; he then married Elizabeth Margaret Knight in 1883 and they had two daughters and one son.

He died in 1913 and was the last surviving Confederate major general. He was buried in Germany

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 11) **The story of the Irvin family near Bluff City in the 1920's**

OIL AND STUFF

Most people’s hind sights are a lot better than their foresights anyway and, I reckon, my Father was no different than most in this respect. But, he was a man who could get by on less than any man I ever saw. It has already been noted that cotton was our cash crop and

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that we produced on an average of three or four bales per year—not per acre. The cash return on this varied from year to year depending on the buyers Jake Suckle and Joe Boswell and the market place, usually two or three hundred dollars. Some years we did not make even one bale of cotton due to floods and boll weevils. It has also been noted that we tend to remember the good and happy times, and while the above hardships are true, I cannot recall that the lean years were much different from the rest.

It was during one of these rainy years that the oil boom hit this part of Arkansas. Our farm of 120 acres was thirty miles west of Smackover, Louann, and Snow Hill discoveries. No one had ever heard of so much oil, money, or evil as flowed from these cesspools of iniquity. There was robbing and killing every night. Several of our neighbors lost their lives in gun fights. Fabulous fortunes were made in a day and lost just as quickly. There was no oil conservation and I have seen wells so close together that their derricks interlaced at the bottom. Leases and royalties were bought for \$100.00 per acre and sold for ten times that much. With the spreading of the fields and the mushrooming of new discoveries, it soon became evident to prophesiers and soothsayers that oil was everywhere, even as far away as our farm. Furthermore, we learned that no one should take what was offered, but always ask for more no matter what the offer. Papa thought he had the best saying of all and he did say it loud. He said that if a three year lease and 1/8 royalty was worth \$100.00 per acre to a lease hound, then it was worth that much to him. I didn't get the meaning of this, but that is what he said. He stood to his word, resisted mightily, and was able to countervail any and all offers. When the going got hot, a few of the weak-kneed neighbors succumbed and sold. They paid off their mortgages and had a fine time. Our farm was not mortgaged and Papa thought we were happy enough and I guess we were too.

Anyhow, the money we might have received would have amounted to more than all the cotton we could have raised in fifty years. Now, I wonder just what we would have done with fifteen or twenty thousand dollars.

HUNTING

Occasionally, we were able to make a few dollars for Christmas spending. The girls picked, cleaned, and sold peanuts and the boys went possum hunting and sold the pelts. A good pelt might bring as much as \$2.00 and it was possible to catch four or five by midnight for the first few nights.

There is something to be said about a good old possum hunt on a cold moonlit night, but maybe the less said the better. Still, to stand on a lonely hill and look across the quiet frosty valleys all around gives one a feeling of smallness and solitude. When we reached the hunting ground, the dogs were sent out on their mission while we built a fire and roasted peanuts and potatoes. Soon you might hear the trail bark and before long the intent tree bark, and then it was time to go. The opossum is either the oldest or has been able to survive the longest of any other animal on earth. Yet, he is considered one of the silliest. He will climb the smallest tree he can find and only a little higher than the dog can jump as if he is hoping you will put him out by the tail rather than shake him out.

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The dogs were not prone to take undue interest in polecats, but one time they did bay one that holed up in a clay root. They soon lost interest, however, and went away vomiting. Knowing the value of the pelt, Hollie and Victor were not about to go away or give up. They sent Edward back to the house to get a grubbing hoe and dug the rascal out. As it turned out, there was no profit in the operation because Mama had to burn Hollie's clothes and threatened to burn him also.

My father enjoyed hunting and often went with us at night in lieu of squirrel hunt which he dearly loved. He loved to train a pup to hunt squirrels and was a crack shot with a good gun. He would deliberately aim to cripple a squirrel so that it would bite the playful pup and thereby instill into his mind an abiding hate for that animal. As conservative as my father was, he never complained about the money we spent on shotgun shells nor the time spent in the woods hunting squirrels.

MAMA'S VOICE

Some reference has already been made as to the size of the old farm and that it is almost a mile from the dwelling to the farthest field. Ours was perhaps a little larger than average for the community. With this in mind, it follows that as one jogged along the eroded, winding wagon roads, he was apt to pass a farm house about every half mile. If it was at night or early morning, the sound of an approaching rig could be heard from afar giving the children and grownups too, I expect, ample time to preempt vantage points to their liking in anticipation of his passing.

How poignantly revealing each sound was to our sensitive ears. The whistle of a far off train, the howl of a dog in the evening, the hoot of an owl in the hills at night, the sound of distant voices like Mr. Lum Johnson hollering along the rail fence and down the trail to his back field—each had a story it told bringing with it, to the mind's eye, a picture of the place from whence it came.

We knew nothing of the laws that govern the propagation and speed of sound. Yet have I wondered as I watched our neighbor chop wood and waited for the sound of his axe to cross the valley between or stood on the hill and yelled into the dark pine forest to hear the echo come bounding back. As the days lengthened and summer wore on, the heat at noon subdued all sounds and seemed to drop them softly in the dust at one's feet. At this time of day the good housewives were wont to call their families in from the fields for dinner. Various signals were employed and if you would listen, you could tell from the sound what family was being called in. One might beat an old plow hung from a rafter, Aunt Deller rang a huge bell, Mag Johnson blew a conk shell. My mother considered all these devices as just so much claptrap or useless paraphernalia. I see her now as she would step out of the kitchen door, dust her apron, take a wide stance, belly forward, shoulders back and hands on hips and simply call out WILLLLL-IEEEEE. If the air was clear you could hear her from two or three miles away and in the dead heat at noon, we had no trouble catching her voice from the fathermost fields. Of course, we were listening—in fact that was all we were doing at that time of day and would all join in a loud chorus answering her, not that she heard or cared one way or the other. The real purpose of our enthusiasm was to make sure that Papa knew we had

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heard and that we knew he had also heard. He was the kind of person who would have you finish a row if he could get away with it.

Since we are on the subject of Mama's voice, it might be well to tell you a little about the advent of the telephone as the two are somewhat related. You can't imagine how excited everyone was, especially the women, all over the neighborhood. Some of the men were skeptical, but most of them went along. Instead of having a phone number, you had a ring or combination or rings which were cranked out like a long or a short. Aunt Dellers' ring was "short-long-short", Aunt Lizer's was "long-short-long", and ours was "short-long-short-short", or as we said, "short long and two shorts". You got to sort of thinking about families by sound brands and picturing certain households by the number of rings coming in on the phone. I think of Mama's voice when I think of the old phone and especially the crank. The wire coming in to our house was bent at the end and this bend was simply hooked into a wire loop at the corner of the porch. During a thunderstorm, the phone was unhooked and thrown into the yard because they said it might set the house on fire or maybe ruin the phone. When the storm had passed, we re-hooked the wire. In view of the fact the wire was always covered with sand and grit, I expect the connection was not too good. There were two generally accepted methods of overcoming or trying to overcome this slight obstacle. One which Mama did not favor was to jiggle the receiver hook up and down incessantly throughout the conversation. Her favorite and the one she always used was the so-called crank and yell technique. It is accomplished by yelling two words and spinning the crank twice around. She was very adept at this and invariably got her message through. But like Papa, she would have done better by coming out on the porch and forgetting about the phone. During any one of the important message sessions—and they were nearly all that kind—Papa would be the first to quit the house and us kids would follow one by one as the terrible din increased. She stood out in the community as a great message relay and would not hesitate to volunteer her services at a moments hesitation or to explain the meaning of any word that was not clearly understood right off. Even today when I hear static on the radio, I think of the grit on the phone line, the crank, and Mama's voice. She never quite got over the day they put the switchboard in Aunt Lizer's house instead of ours although Aunt Lizer was in the logical place for it. After this happened she would still listen in but would not relay except by request. You could tell by her voice that her heart was not in it. The timber had died out and gone was the resonance. The system had its heyday, but its peak has passed. Interest declined generally, the lines were not maintained, and soon the whole service was abandoned.

(to be continued)

SWEET SMELLING JAIL

(from the 3-18-1940 issue of The Camden News)

The city of Hot Springs claims to have the sweetest smelling jail in America, but from all reports, the basis for that claim is soon to be removed.

An odor very strongly reminiscent of five and ten cent store perfume simulating orange blossoms now pervades the city Bastille. It comes from a new perfumed disinfectant that is

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being used in place of creosote, kerosene, and carbolic acid that formerly kept the cells sanitary.

The prison's fragrance, however, is not proving popular. Much of the complaint is coming from the married members of the police department who say they are having a tough time explaining to their wives the scent clinging to their clothing when they go home at night.

Commissioner Rasberry expressed the fear that crooks from distant points might be lured to the local jail to escape the odors in their hometown jugs.

In all likelihood, the jail will again have its accustomed smell of creosote and unwashed prisoners within a few days.

The Handwriting On The Wall

A weary mother returned from the store,
Lugging groceries through the kitchen door.
Awaiting her arrival was her 8 year old son,
Anxious to relate what his younger brother had done.

"While I was out playing and Dad was on a call,
T.J. took his crayons and wrote on the wall!
It's on the new paper you just hung in the den.
I told him you'd be mad at having to do it again."

She let out a moan and furrowed her brow,
"Where is your little brother right now?"
She emptied her arms and with a purposeful stride,
She marched to his closet where he had gone to hide.

She called his full name as she entered his room.
He trembled with fear--he knew that meant doom!
For the next ten minutes, she ranted and raved
About the expensive wallpaper and how she had saved.

Lamenting all the work it would take to repair,
She condemned his actions and total lack of care.
The more she scolded, the madder she got,
Then stomped from his room, totally distraught!

She headed for the den to confirm her fears.
When she saw the wall, her eyes flooded with tears.
The message she read pierced her soul with a dart.
It said, "I love Mommy," surrounded by a heart.

Well, the wallpaper remained, just as she found it,
With an empty picture frame hung to surround it.
A reminder to her, and indeed to all,
Take time to read the handwriting on the wall.

~Author Unknown~

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BLUFF CITY NEWS

JANUARY- FEBRUARY, 2006--

A baby shower was held in January for Kelley Carman, wife of Britt Carman. Many attended and she received a good selection of gifts. Britt and Kelley are presently at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri where Britt is stationed.

The extreme drought seems to be over. Bluff City received over four inches of rain in January. That's more than we got in the last three months of 2005.

Mrs. Venita Graham Kendrick passed away Jan. 3. Burial was at Bluff City.

Mrs. Mabel Hawley, sister of Margie Knight, passed away on Feb. 6. Burial was at Bluff City Cemetery.

Dwight Beavers of Camden died Feb. 19 in an auto accident. Burial was at Bluff City.

10 TEN YEARS AGO—

Several from Bluff City went to Ashdown to see Stacy Hildebrand perform at the Ashdown Jamboree. He is the son of Rex and Sandra Hildebrand.

BLUFF CITY IN 1966—

White Oak Lake State Park was dedicated Dec. 7, 1966. Gov. Faubus delivered an address to a large crowd and music was provided by the Prescott High School Band.

BLUFF CITY IN 1948—

The Prescott Hour, a radio program, will feature Paul Adams of the Forestry Commission nursery and the Bluff City Quartet—Mrs. Wilma Knight, Miss Bernell Kirk, Glen Barham, and Leon Neal. Also featured will be the Bluff City String Band—Elmer Meador, his young

son, Billy, and Glen Barham. Mr. Adams will give a talk on the nursery.

BLUFF CITY IN 1929—

There are 170 students enrolled at Bluff City with 8 teachers. Senior class president is Bill Nichols. There are two societies—the Hubs and the Spartans.

BLUFF CITY IN 1912—

Land is very cheap here, but very productive. It is easily cultivated and responds well to cultivation. Our schools are excellent, and a more healthful community cannot be found.

BLUFF CITY IN 1907—

Bluff City is one of the oldest places in Nevada County and is bustling more than ever before. We hope to have a good high school in the near future.

BLUFF CITY IN 1892—

There has been an epidemic of la grippe in Bluff City. Several have died.

SNICKERS CAKE

1 package German chocolate cake mix.

1 small package caramels

½ cup butter

1/3 cup milk

6 ounces chocolate chips

1 cup nuts, chopped

1. Mix cake mix as directed

2. Pour half of batter into greased 9 x 13 pan

3. Bake in preheated 350 degree oven for 15-20 minutes.

4. Melt caramels, butter, and milk together.

5. Pour over baked mixture

6. Sprinkle chocolate chips and nuts over caramel mixture.

7. Pour remaining cake batter over top of all and bake 20 minutes at 250 degrees; then 10 minutes at 350 degrees.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

COUNTRY PEDDLERS

Some of us older folks can remember the days when a country peddler came by our house. The one I faintly remember came by my grandparent's place when I was just a kid. I think Mr. Cross was his name. He worked out of Rosston, Arkansas and I assume he had a different route each day. It was always a time of excitement especially for a child in those days to see all the different things he had to sell.

Trips to town for farm people in those days were few and far between. So the next best thing was for peddlers to bring the stores to the farms. They didn't have everything a person might want, but did carry the basic necessities that farm women needed to run a household and some also carried sacks of feed for the farm animals and other items needed on a farm.

Peddlers were mentioned in the Bluff City local news column in the county newspaper in 1936. One item stated: *"Harvey and Sons have three peddling trucks on the road and L. M. Carter has two. If you want to buy something, just stop a peddler. They are as thick as fleas"*

Betty Thomas, a subscriber from Texas, grew up a few miles from Bluff City. She wrote me recently asking if I remembered peddlers. I'm sure the one she describes below is the same one I remember.

"Another peddler important to us ran a regular route from Rosston. I think he worked out of Ward's store there. He had a large truck with storage cabinets built on the back. The cabinet doors opened to shelves that were stocked with goods from the store. He carried some fabric and notions, canned goods, breakfast cereal, canning supplies, and staples like flour, corn meal, and sugar. He also carried some cow and chicken feed in the center at the back of the truck. It was really something to behold to a kid. The only thing that I was disappointed in was that he did not carry chocolate candy (it would have melted in the heat). He did have other sweets that really appealed to me. The truck was a small store on wheels. At that time not every family had a vehicle and gasoline was rationed thus "going to town" was not a regular event and many families depended upon the peddler for their household supplies. Things that he did not have on board could be "ordered" and he would bring them the next trip. He even took eggs and some produce in exchange for goods. There was not a lot of variety because there was not a lot of space, but I sure looked forward to the days when the peddler was coming by!"

She also mentioned the Watkins Man.

"I remember the Watkins Man. He came by erratically. We never knew when he was coming but when he drove into the yard with his trove of seasonings, spices, and flavorings, it was a treat. The big deal was vanilla flavoring. During World War II "real" vanilla was difficult to get. I do not remember if his vanilla flavoring was "real", but Mother thought it

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tasted better than any other. Part of his visit was simply that he was someone from another place and broke the monotony of the day to day grind."

Here is a little history of the Watkins Co. that I found on the Internet:

The J.R. Watkins Medical Company was founded in Plainview, Minnesota by Joseph R. Watkins in 1868. Watkins started his company after acquiring the patent for Dr. Ward's Vegetable Anodyne Liniment (later renamed "Watkins' Red Liniment"). The main ingredients of "Watkins' Red Liniment" were camphor from an Asian evergreen related to the cinnamon tree, extract of capsicum (from red peppers), turpentine oil and other botanicals. Watkins mixed his liniment in his kitchen.

In 1885, Watkins moved 25 miles south to Winona, Minnesota and developed a network of door-to-door salesmen to sell his liniment. Sometime around 1895, in addition to his liniment, Watkins began to sell the spices, vanilla, black pepper and cinnamon. These products were closely related to the ingredients of his basic product and had similar sources of supply. Watkins' network of door-to-door salesmen is the first recorded network marketing endeavor. At the time of his death in 1911, Watkins had more than 2,500 people selling his liniment and spices. The company was renamed, "Watkins Products." In 1912, shortly after the death of its founder, the company headquarters was relocated to an office building near the banks of the Mississippi River where it remained at the time of this writing in 1999.

In 1999, Watkins Products had 80,000 so-called "Independent Associates" throughout the United States and Canada and sold a wide range of food and home products, including both the original "Watkins' Liniment", as well as the spices of the original product line.

So, the Watkins Company has been around for a long time, and their products are still available for those who would like to try them. On the website, a catalog was advertised that features all their products and also job opportunities are available to those who would like to try their hand at being a modern day "Watkins' Man (or Woman)".

Another type of peddler in the "good old days" was the "ice man". That was a little before my time, but I do remember the "ice-box". It was some time before people could get accustomed to using the name refrigerator after they got electricity. The ice was carried in blocks (usually 50 pounds) from the delivery truck to the home with a pair of ice tongs. A block could be split with an ice pick. I have found references to Mr. Hambric Cummings being the local ice man around Bluff City. It seems to me that being an ice man might be a good job to have during the hot summer months. Maybe someone reading this could write down your memories of the ice man and tell us how your family kept things cold in the days before electricity.

City folks also had the "milk man" to deliver milk and butter to their homes, but country folks had no need for a milk man since most of them had cows to furnish milk for the family and butter was made at home. I can remember taking a turn at the butter churn when I was a kid.

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I was never much of a salesman, but I have had some experience as a peddler. We raised all kinds of vegetables on the farm as well as large patches of watermelons and cantaloupes. The sandy soil around Bluff City is well suited for melons. During the peak of the melon season, we would load up the pickup truck with watermelons and any other farm produce that was in season. We usually headed to Camden (the largest town near our farm) and didn't return until everything was sold which usually took all day. Sometimes we would go to the "rich" neighborhoods and knock on doors. Many of these city folks loved to get fresh farm produce, but sometimes we would get the door slammed in our face if we happened to wake someone up. We also cruised the black sections of town where many folks would be sitting out on their porches. We would just drive very slow and holler "Watermelons" until someone acted interested. Usually when we stopped, a group of people would congregate to see what we had to sell and sometimes we would sell several melons at one stop.

During these trips we usually stopped for lunch at a drive up place such as the Cow Bell which was then located on the corner near the hospital and order a hamburger and maybe a milk shake. This was in the days before McDonald's and Burger Kings. This was a highlight of my day since we didn't get this type food very often at home.

Usually by mid-afternoon, we were getting tired and ready to go home. We would stop at one of the smaller stores and try to sell the remaining melons for a very low price just to get rid of them. We usually made these trips about once per week. We soon learned where the best customers lived and where the best shade trees were to park under.

I also remember the times we would travel to Nashville, Arkansas during peach season and pick bushels of peaches, put them in the bed of our truck on loose hay, and then peddle them in the area where we lived. At that time you could buy a bushel of tree ripe peaches for \$1.00 if you picked them.

This type of door to door peddling is almost a thing of the past, but occasionally we do see a load of melons parked somewhere. Some cities require a peddler to get a permit to sell on the streets. Most farmers today sell their melons from their homes. They just pile them under a shade tree, stick up a sign, and hope someone will stop.

We often see some organization or group of people at the entrance of the local Wal-Mart store selling something. These days that location is the most highly visible place in the city. Young folks will sometimes have car washes to raise money for some project. And we sometimes see them just asking for a donation for their project without offering anything in return. I think it would be better to teach our young people to work to raise money rather than just asking for a hand-out.

While all of this is a form of peddling, I don't think any of it would surpass the excitement of seeing the country peddler or the Watkins man stopping by in the "good old days".

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 12)
The Story of the Irvin Family near Bluff City in the 1920's

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My father was not a vain or presumptuous man. His pleasures were as simple as those just mentioned and his sorrows were real and unaffected. There were many aspects of so-called progress that he could not fathom nor understand any more than he could know the mysterious ways of God. He was dumbfounded that the earth was round and did spin like a top and was fearful lest, when it came his turn, he fall off the underside if this was really true. When he heard the sound of many voices over vast distances through wires that had no holes, and through air waves that were as silent as the grave, he predicted a great calamity and impending doom. And when men rode in chariots of fire and soared aloft like eagles, the last of the prophecies had been fulfilled, the earth would be destroyed by fire and time would be no more. He did not fear the waters, for: "And God said, and it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, the bow shall be seen in the cloud. And I shall remember my covenant which is between me and you, and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh." But he "was looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." He trusted in God and believed the Bible that "heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

And now forty years later, we begin to have an inkling of how he must have felt, as the march of time thundered by, and of how the American Indians must have viewed the white man's desecration of their sacred heritage. His way of life had passed. The sun set upon his day. And now we, who were born half a century ago, likewise grope in the gathering doom. We too are the last of a species, the spent husks, driven before the wind into oblivion. Flourish here now, new mutated strains our genes produced, and now our fields lie fallow. We are confounded that men should leave this earth alive, that they should go to a place called heaven and gad about the universe.

Still, nothing under the sun is new for: "In the beginning the world was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." All the elements were there waiting to take shape and form. Also, all things must pass away to return again to the elements from which they came. Our forbears once made their peculiar noise and now they lie silent smoldering in the grave. Soon too the sounds we make shall die away as we stand the call to muster while the strange clamor of our off-spring fills the whole world with a mighty din. And they also, one day, shall surrender up their ways of life and join these silent ones.

It is said these are changing times we live in, but times are always changing. They cannot stand still. The river of life runs full tide and only the deadwood is cast upon the shore to lie still and strive no more. The young grow up and leave their homes to go forth to seek their way in a new world.

Uncle Joe has recorded in somber notes how his old home as he knew it broke up and disintegrated. He spoke of melancholy partings. And now the time has come for me to say something about that last year of my life at the old home, of the closing chapter in a boy's life. It is the year that brought my childhood abruptly to an end. It is perhaps as it should be the

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most climatic and memorable year of my life. Opal was married now and had a family living in Texas and Hollie had been away at school for several years. Thus I became the oldest of the children left at home. With Hollie's going, he bequeathed upon me the right and the duty of supervision and responsibility over my younger brothers and sisters. But the truth is, I never had either the personality or the vitality to fill his abdicated shoes. In this one short year I grew from a chubby, freckled-faced urchin into a six foot, one hundred and sixty pound man. I was healthy and felt strong and it was very good to be alive that year. Suddenly, I found myself looking down into faces that all my life I had peered up at and that was good. Of course, all the home folks knew I was still a child, but there were strangers who didn't and that was also very good.

This was one of those years when we made a bumper crop and prices were high. Everybody had money to spend. Many farmers were buying their first truck or car which brings to mind how Papa managed to trick himself into buying a model T Ford touring car. Neither Mama nor us children dared dream of ever owning any kind of a car, but this is how it came to pass.

This was the time of Star cars and Papa came home from town one day with his pockets full of brightly colored brochures. He was so elated over the pictures that in spite of ourselves we too caught the car fever. We dreamed about the car but didn't really know much except that it had a gear shift and, I believe, a foot feed gas pedal. Still, in the cold light of day, we knew the price (about \$600.00) was way beyond our means. Moreover, Papa also knew that we knew this and felt so secure in this knowledge that he kept on talking. "If only the price was a little lower," he would say. What he didn't know was that a high pressure model T salesman was on his way to our house at that very moment. You did not very often catch Papa off base, but for once he had no place to turn. The price on the Ford was well within our means, about \$300.00. Papa became so confused and flustered that he declared he would buy the Star car at any price. At this point, I stepped into the breach by saying the truth, that I already knew how to drive the Ford but might never learn to manipulate all the gadgets on the more expensive car. Well, I still don't understand it but we got the Ford and, I must admit, Papa enjoyed it more than any of us. He was always ready to go and never grumbled at the cost. Now it occurs to me that maybe we were the ones being tricked. We made a trip all the way to Galveston that summer to see Opal and the family on the Ford. I use the word on, because there were eight of us on, but not necessarily in the car. This journey with its excitement and adventure would make a wonderful story. Hollie joined us at Nacogdoches and made the trip with us to Galveston and Texas City where Opal was living. He returned home with us that summer to help cut and market the timber.

He and I worked against each other for we were on the opposite ends of a cross-cut saw cutting logs for several weeks following our Texas expedition. One who works on the end of a cross-cut saw all day does not complain about the quality of food that night, neither does he have insomnia nor need for psychiatric treatment. Hollie had two main objectives that I know of in coming home that summer. His senior year at Westminster College was coming up and he sorely needed money to complete his education there. This was his first reason, but of equal importance to him was the fact that I had completed all the schooling that was available there at home. He wanted me to return with him to Tehuacana, Texas where I might finish

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

high school. On this last matter, he could not be sure as to how either I or our parents might feel about my going so far away while still so young. And so, like the cross-cut saw, he worked both ends against the middle. Papa paid us the same price per thousand feet of timber cut as he paid the other hands and in addition, he gave us our board and room. All day as we worked in the woods, Hollie impressed upon me the importance of education and at night he guided Mama's and Papa's thoughts in the same direction. So, by that summer's end, the plans were complete and there remained only the sad, sad business of saying goodbye; of feeling the loving eyes of my little brother and sisters upon me as they huddled near by; of seeing that forlorn look in my father's face; of hearing my mother pray. With that first parting, I said farewell not only to my home and loved ones, but also closed the last chapter in the book of my childhood.

THE END

I hope you have enjoyed reading Gordon Irvin's stories of his childhood days in Nevada County that I have published the last several months in *The Sandyland Chronicle*. He had a way of telling a story that makes the reader feel as though he were there on the farm in the Rocky Hill community in the 1920's. It probably means more to me that some of you because my grandparents lived less than a mile from the old Irvin farm. I am familiar with the layout of their farm and know about the landmarks and some of the people Gordon mentioned. It would be good if every family had someone to record stories like these for the younger family members that come along many years later.

If you have similar stories about your family, please send them in. I'm sure the readers of this paper would be interested in them.

I WISH WE STILL HAD THESE

In a past issue, I asked readers to send in things they wish they could still find in the stores. Here are some of the things mentioned by readers:

Peanut Patties

Coconut Grove candy bar

Cherry Hut candy bar

Zero candy bar

Saturday morning with Sky King

Sunday nights with Maverick

10 cent kerosene

5 cent Baby Ruth and 5 cent Pop Cola

A bear track (peanut patty) that was 5 inches in diameter for 5 cents

Putting peanuts in a bottle of Coca Cola and eating them while drinking the Coke

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN...?

It took five minutes for the TV to warm up?

Nearly everyone's Mom was at home when the kids got home from school?

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Nobody owned a purebred dog?
When a quarter was a decent allowance?
You'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny?
Your Mom wore nylons that came in two pieces?
All your male teachers wore neckties and female teachers had their hair done every day and wore high heels?
You got your windshield cleaned, oil checked, and gas pumped, without asking, all for free, every time? And you didn't pay for air? And, you got trading stamps to boot?
Laundry detergent had free glasses, dishes or towels hidden inside the box?
It was considered a great privilege to be taken out to dinner at a real restaurant with your parents?
They threatened to keep kids back a grade if they failed. . .and they did?
When a 57 Chevy was everyone's dream car...to cruise, peel out, lay rubber or watch submarine races, and people went steady?
No one ever asked where the car keys were because they were always in the car, in the ignition, and the doors were never locked?
Lying on your back in the grass with your friends and saying things like, "That cloud looks like a ..." and playing baseball with no adults to help kids with the rules of the game?
Stuff from the store came without safety caps and hermetic seals because no one had yet tried to poison a perfect stranger?
And with all our progress, don't you just wish, just once, you could slip back in time and savor the slower pace, and share it with the children of today?
When being sent to the principal's office was nothing compared to the fate that awaited the student at home?
Basically we were in fear for our lives, but it wasn't because of drive-by shootings, drugs, gangs, etc. Our parents and grandparents were a much bigger threat! But we survived because their love was greater than the threat.
Nancy Drew, the Hardy Boys, Laurel and Hardy,
Howdy Dowdy and the Peanut Gallery,
the Lone Ranger, The Shadow Knows,
Nellie Bell, Roy and Dale, Trigger and Buttermilk.
As well as summers filled with bike rides, baseball games,
Hula Hoops, bowling and visits to the pool, and eating Kool-Aid powder with sugar.
Didn't that feel good, just to go back and say, "Yeah, I remember that"?
Remember that the perfect age is somewhere between old enough to know better and too young to care.

How many of these do you remember?

Candy cigarettes
Wax Coke-shaped bottles with colored sugar water inside
Soda pop machines that dispensed glass bottles
Coffee shops with tableside jukeboxes
Blackjack, Clove and Teaberry chewing gum
Home milk delivery in glass bottles with cardboard stoppers
Newsreels or cartoons before the movie

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P.F. Fliers
Telephone numbers with a word prefix
such as (Overbrook 5-4601).
Party lines
Peashooters
Howdy Dowdy
45 RPM records
Green Stamps
Hi-Fi's
Metal ice cubes trays with levers
Mimeograph paper
Beanie and Cecil
Roller-skate keys
Cork pop guns
Drive-ins

Studebakers
Washtub wringers
The Fuller Brush Man
Reel-To-Reel tape recorders
Tinkertoys
Erector Sets
The Fort Apache Play Set
Lincoln Logs
15 cent McDonald hamburgers
5 cent packs of baseball cards - with that
awful pink slab of bubble gum
Penny candy
35 cent a gallon gasoline
Jiffy Pop popcorn

Do you remember a time when..

Decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-moe"?
Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, "Do Over!"?
"Race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest?
Catching the fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening?
It wasn't odd to have two or three "Best Friends"?
The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was "cooties"?
Having a weapon in school meant being caught with a slingshot?
A foot of snow was a dream come true?
Saturday morning cartoons weren't 30-minute commercials for action figures?
Spinning around, getting dizzy, and falling down was cause for giggles?
The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team?
War was a card game?
Baseball cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle?
Taking drugs meant orange-flavored chewable aspirin?
Water balloons were the ultimate weapon?
If you can remember most or all of these, then you have lived!!!!!!

CHIDESTER GIRLS GO TO STATE TOURNAMENT IN 1940

The Chidester girls basketball team played in the A. A. U. tournament in Little Rock in March of 1940. The girls were the Ouachita County champions for the three previous years. The players were: Ernestine Stroud, Helen Cubage, Cleo Blagraves, Wilma Creech, Bertha Haire, Lucille Stinnett, Ila O'Keefe, Gracie Bray, Geraldine Epperson, and Elga Mae Creech. The coach was Ray Cook. A picture of this team can be found in the Camden News in March, 1940 but the quality of the copy was not good enough to include in this paper.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

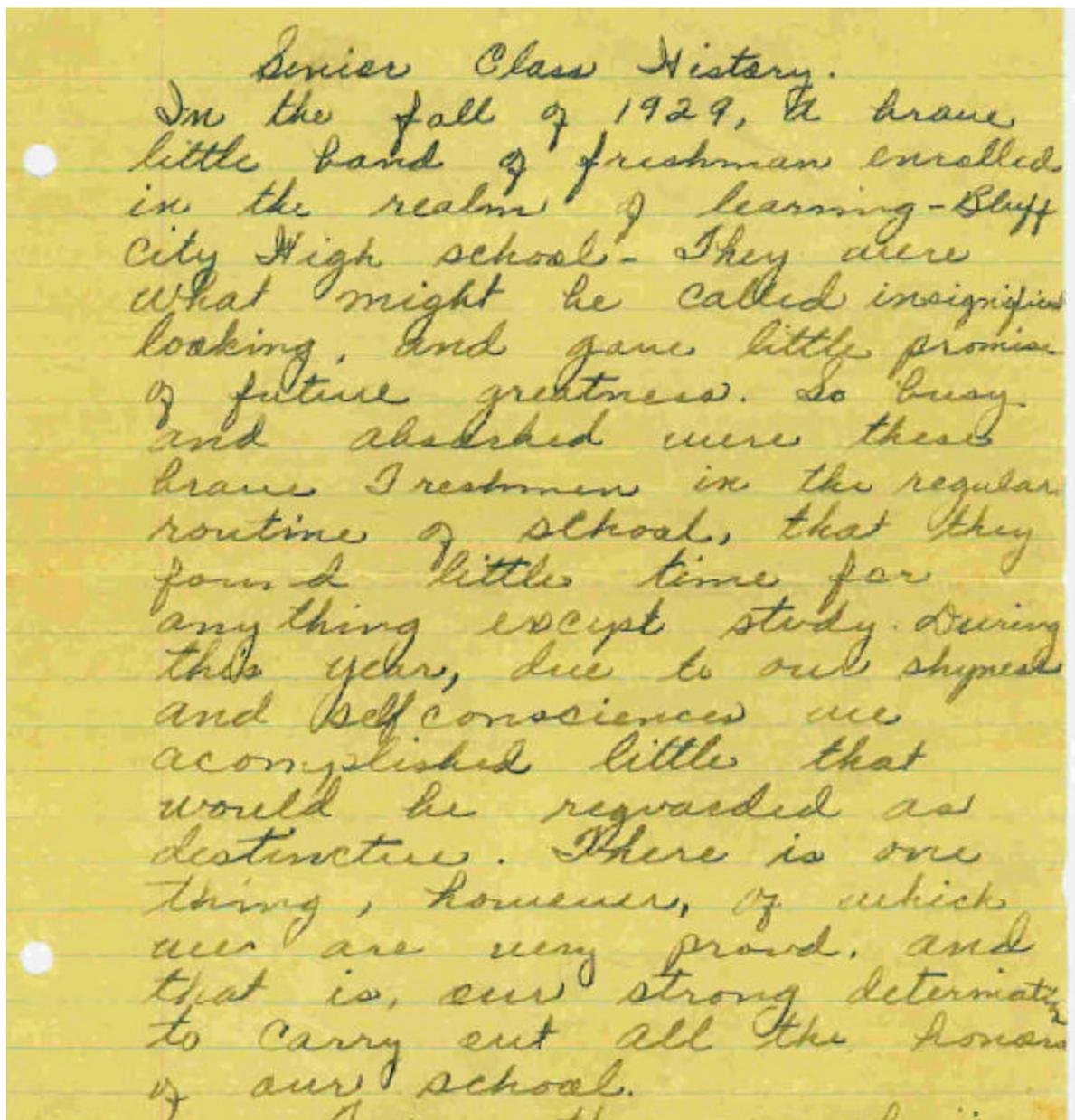
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BLUFF CITY CLASS OF 1934

A cousin of mine in Texas recently sent me six handwritten pages of the senior class history of the Bluff City High School class of 1934. These belonged to my aunt, Myrtie McKelvy Irvin who passed away in 1994. To conserve space in this issue, I scanned the first paragraph as it was written. Following on page 2 is the rest of the class history transcribed from the handwritten copy.



Senior Class History.

In the fall of 1929, a brave little band of freshman enrolled in the realm of learning - Bluff City High school. They were what might be called insignificant looking, and gave little promise of future greatness. So busy and absorbed were these brave Freshmen in the regular routine of school, that they found little time for anything except study. During this year, due to our shyness and self-consciousness we accomplished little that would be regarded as distinctive. There is one thing, however, of which we are very proud, and that is, our strong determination to carry out all the honors of our school.

(continued next page)

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From the very beginning of the next year, we made great strides towards the hall of fame. We toiled and studied extremely hard in order that we might gain the good will and favor of our instructors who were the best that could be had. We also tried, and did, live up to the real meaning of the term "sophomore", which when correctly interpreted, means "wise fools", at least as we were told on one occasion. Our sophomore year was one in which we enjoyed most of all our school activities, and many of our members won honor and distinction through the various activities.

Our junior year, begun in the fall of 1932, really marked the period of growth and prosperity. The class membership of the previous year was doubled and we actually lived up to the expectation of everyone by proving to them mental power, our fine traits of character thru our regular school work, the activities in connection with the school, and by competing very hotly with the seniors. The instruction and experience which we received during this year paved the way for a successful senior year.

In our senior year, needless to say, we were compelled from the very beginning of the school term to summon up and manifest a certain degree of reserved dignity. We were not so dignified and self reserved, however, as to forget the existence of our lower classmen. No, far from that. But we endeavored to exhibit standards of dignity, loyalty, and self respect in order that they might be the more determined to direct their thoughts and actions in the proper channels. And as we look back on those days we spent in Bluff City school and reflect upon the good times we had, we cannot but think of those many opportunities which were afforded us and of our failure to take advantage of some of them.

We also endeavor to please and cooperate with our instructors, and we regret much that we didn't do more for them. The members of the faculty also cooperated with us in all our efforts to pluck fruit from the tree of knowledge, and desired that which we most needed. For this cooperation, we wish to extend our gratitude to them. Especially do we wish to thank our sponsor, Mrs. C. C. Stuart, for her earnest and well directed endeavor to guide the Senior class always for the best.

The social events of this year of years were few in number, but most pleasing in quality and sociability. The most prominent of the entertainments given us by lower classmen was the Junior-Senior party, which we greatly appreciate. We do not forget the favors shown us by other classmen, which have helped to make our last year in Bluff City the most pleasant one of our high school career.

We are now taking leave of our school and our thoughts are now, and will be in the future years with her, always hoping for the advancement and success. For those we are leaving behind, we extend our heartfelt wishes that they may have an even more successful high school career than we have had.

Creed of 1934

We, senior class of '34, believe in B. C. H. and all the noble ideas for which she stands. We believe in her tradition of uprightness, honesty, and fairness to one's fellow man. We believe it is our duty to uphold Bluff City's name; to forward her interest in all the ways that

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we can; ever to honor and respect her faith which brings out the best in all of us; her love that keeps us plodding on and which will help us to fulfill the bright dreams our school has for us.

After getting this material, I looked up the county newspaper for 1934 to see if anything was mentioned about the Bluff City class of 1934. I found an article concerning the baccalaureate service. Bro. Highsmith of the First Christian church was the speaker. His subject was "Falling In Love".

The article also gave the names of the class members. Mae Plyler was the valedictorian and Hershel Carter was salutatorian. Other members listed were Gerald Carter, Buel Murphy, Myrtie McKelvy, Annie Mae Barlow, and Mrs. Hardwick Martin.

PROPOSED STOCK LAW FOR NEVADA COUNTY NEVADA NEWS –MARCH 4, 1909

1. Posts must be firmly set in the ground and be no more than 16 feet apart. There must be four strands of barbed wire. The bottom wire will be 18" from the ground, the second wire 28" from the ground, the third wire 40" from the ground, and the top wire 54" from the ground. This will be considered a lawful fence in Nevada County.
2. All hogs, pigs, sheep, cows, calves, goats, or geese shall not be permitted to run at large. They may be impounded by the owner or tenant of the land upon which they are trespassing. The owner must notify the owner (of the animals) who will take charge of the animals and pay the owner of the land for the expenses of the impoundment. If after five days the owner has not been found, the person must post in three prominent places in the township and on the front door of the courthouse a description of the animals, including ear marks, flesh marks, and brands. If no one claims the animals the person may sell them to the highest bidder and keep ten cents per day for each hog, pig, cow, sheep, or goose to cover his expenses of impoundment. The remainder of the money will be paid to the owner if he can be located and to the county treasury if he cannot be located.
3. A fine for violating the stock law will be \$1.00 per day with each day considered a separate offense.
4. This proposed stock law will be presented to the voters in July, 1909 for their decision.

THE DECISION

The proposed stock law was voted down at the election. The vote was 600 for it and 1200 against it. The vote in Union Township, which included the Bluff City area, was one vote for and 103 against.

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FEEDBACK FROM READERS

Jerry,

You talked about the peddlers and ice men in your April edition of *The Sandyland Chronicle*. Mr. Cross' name was Clifton, I think. I remember that he came by where I was living with my grandparents, Tom and Ibra Plyler, near Gum Grove church. I think he came by our house on Tuesday afternoon. I remember being given a nickel to spend and how hard it was to decide what to buy. My grandparents would buy flour, sugar, chicken feed, etc. from him. He sold big square jars with tea leaves in them, which you would boil to make iced tea. When the jars were empty, my grandmother would use them to put the liquid tea or milk in. If you bought a sack of flour, you would get a free glass with it. These glasses would sometimes be a goblet or have different colored stripes around them.

You talked about the ice man, which I remember well. A family would have a card with the numbers 25 and 50 on one side and 75 and 100 on the other side. The numbers on each side were printed upside down from each other. A family would put the card in their window with the number of lbs. of ice you wanted pointing upwards. If you were not at home, the ice man would put your ice in your ice box and leave. (Don't try this now). He had a leather apron or a shoulder pad which he carried the ice on. These ice boxes were made of wood, with a metal insert and a drain pipe which extended to a pan under the ice box, to catch the water as the ice melted.

I remember when the R.E.A. came through bringing electricity to the area around Bluff City and surrounding countryside. The poles were dropped around in the community and then the men came around putting the poles in the ground and stringing the electric wires. It was all everyone talked about. You would have thought the circus was in town. This took place about 1948. You had to wire your own house, which usually meant that one wire ran all through the house and the light bulbs hung down from that line.

I didn't intend to carry on so much, but your articles bring back memories of when I was a child.

Adrian Hunter

AGE

from the 1-23-1928 issue of *The Camden Evening News*

Age is a quality of mind
If you have left your dreams behind
If hope is sold;
If your ambition's fires are dead
Then you are old.

But if from life, you keep the jest,
If love you hold;
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

BIRTHS--

KYNLEE ANN CARMAN born March 14, 2006. Parents—Britt and Kelley Carman

DEATHS—

JAMES HANNA, JR. ; age 72; from Chidester; died April 4, 2006; burial at Bluff City Cemetery

EUGENE BURROUGHS; age 75; from Camden; died April 7, 2006; burial at Bluff City Cemetery

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Photo of Mrs. Ann Dunn exhibiting her handiwork. I zoomed in so you could better see the pattern. The Dunn family lived in the Rocky Hill community of Nevada County.

The 1920 census shows Ann Dunn, age 55, as the wife of John R. Dunn. Children listed in that census were: Victor, Thelma, Alvin, Velma, and Howard. Two or three large oak trees still mark the location of the Dunn home place on the south line of the Southeast Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of Section 18, Township 12 South, Range 20 West.

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ODD SUPERSTITIONS FOUND IN *THE COLUMBIA BANNER* IN 1891

If you cut your nails on Monday, you cut them for news
If you cut your nails on Tuesday, you will get a new pair of shoes
If you cut your nails on Wednesday, you cut them for health
If you cut your nails on Thursday, you cut them for wealth
If you cut your nails on Friday, you cut them for woe
If you cut your nails on Saturday, a journey you will go
If you cut your nails on Sunday, you cut them for the devil
All next week, you will be ruled by the devil.

Born on Monday, fair of face
Born on Tuesday, full of God's grace
Born on Wednesday, merry and glad
Born on Thursday, sour and sad
Born on Friday, Godly given
Born on Saturday, work for a living
Born on Sunday, never shall want

**NOTE: To find the day you were
born, go to this website:
<http://www.maxx.mktg.com/birthday.html>**

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger
Sneeze on Tuesday, you'll know a stranger
Sneeze on Wednesday, sneeze for a letter
Sneeze on Thursday, for something better
Sneeze on Friday, sneeze for sorrow
Sneeze on Saturday, see your sweetheart tomorrow
Sneeze on Sunday, your safety seek
The devil will have you the whole of the week.

DIRT ROADS **By Paul Harvey**

What's mainly wrong with society today is too many Dirt Roads have been paved. There's not a problem in America today--crime, drugs, education, divorce, and delinquency--that wouldn't be remedied if we just had more Dirt Roads, because Dirt Roads give character.

People that live at the end of Dirt Roads learn early on that life is a bumpy ride, that it can jar you right down to your teeth sometimes, but it's worth it, if at the end there is home, a loving spouse, happy kids, and a dog.

We wouldn't have near the trouble with our educational system if our kids got their exercise walking a Dirt Road with other kids, from whom they learn how to get along. There was less crime in our streets before they were paved.

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Criminals didn't walk two dusty miles to rob and rape, if they knew five barking dogs and a double barrel shotgun welcomed them. And there were no drive-by shootings. Our values were better when our roads were worse!

People did not worship their cars more than their kids, and motorists were courteous. They didn't tailgate by riding the bumper or the guy in front would choke you with dust and bust your windshield with rocks. Dirt Roads taught patience.

Dirt Roads were environmentally friendly. You didn't hop in your car for a quart of milk—you walked to the barn for your milk. For your mail, you walked to the mailbox.

What if it rained and the Dirt Road got washed out? That was the best part. Then you stayed home and had some family time, roasted marshmallows, popped popcorn, pony rode on Daddy's shoulders, and learned how to make prettier quilts than anybody. At the end of Dirt Roads, you soon learned that bad words tasted like soap. Most paved roads lead to trouble; Dirt Roads more likely lead to a fishing creek or a swimming hole.

At the end of a Dirt Road, the only time we even locked our car was in August, because if we didn't, some neighbor would fill it with too mush squash.

At the end of a Dirt Road, there was always extra springtime income from when city dudes would get stuck and you'd have to hitch up the team and pull them out. Usually you got a dollar...always you got a new friend...at the end of a Dirt Road!

The Camden News April 4, 1940

News—

Maud Crawford first woman elected to city council (picture in article);

War news from Europe;

Fred Stott, a blind man, operates a vending stand in courthouse lobby (picture in article)

Social—

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Furr celebrate 50th wedding anniversary (picture);

Swanee River Minstrel Show to appear in Camden

Obituaries.—

Mrs. Annie Tittle-age 86 of Bearden;

James L. Marks, 51—a well known farmer;

J. W. Warren-age 73—an attorney;

Mrs. Ola F. McKinnis—age 32—died following a court case involving her husband

Local News Columns—

Elliott; Fellowship; Maul; Buena Vista; Cullendale; Fairview; White City; Heckerville

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Comics—
The Doolittles

The Camden News June 5, 1940

News—
War news from Europe

Ads—
Mann Motor Co. located at 200 Madison St. advertises a new Pontiac six cylinder coupe for \$783;
Usrey Drug Store—DuBarry face powder;
Camden Business College on Jefferson St.-day and night classes; school established in 1928;
Snow Hardware—Phone 11;
Perfection Cleaners—advertises Jacques furs and fur storage;
Rialto Theater—World Famous Mystic-“Ask him your future”; “La Conga Nights”;
Ritz Theater—“Brother Ray and Baby”;
Strand Theater—“Girl in 313”

Camden News June 7, 1940

News—
Bluff City to get new nursery. The Arkansas Forestry Commission just bought a 43 acre tract near Bluff City. The nursery will produce 10 million pine seedlings.

Ads from Dishongh’s Store —
Spuds—10 pounds for 17 cents;
Cantaloupes—10 cents;
Home grown string beans—5 cents per pound;
Oranges—13 cents per dozen;
Bananas—5 cents per pound;
Bacon—25 cents per pound;
Beef roast—20 cents per pound;

Other grocery stores with ads—
Gillespie’s; Palmer’s; Safeway; Leysath’s; Cathey Grocery—“You ring-we bring”

Comics—
Scorchy Smith; Diana Dane; Li’l Abner; Tarzan

Movie Theater Ads—
The Rialto—“Johnny Apollo”;
The Strand—“Tumbleweeds” with Gene Autry and “Convicts At Large”;
The Ritz—“Renegade Trail” and “Spirit of Culver”;

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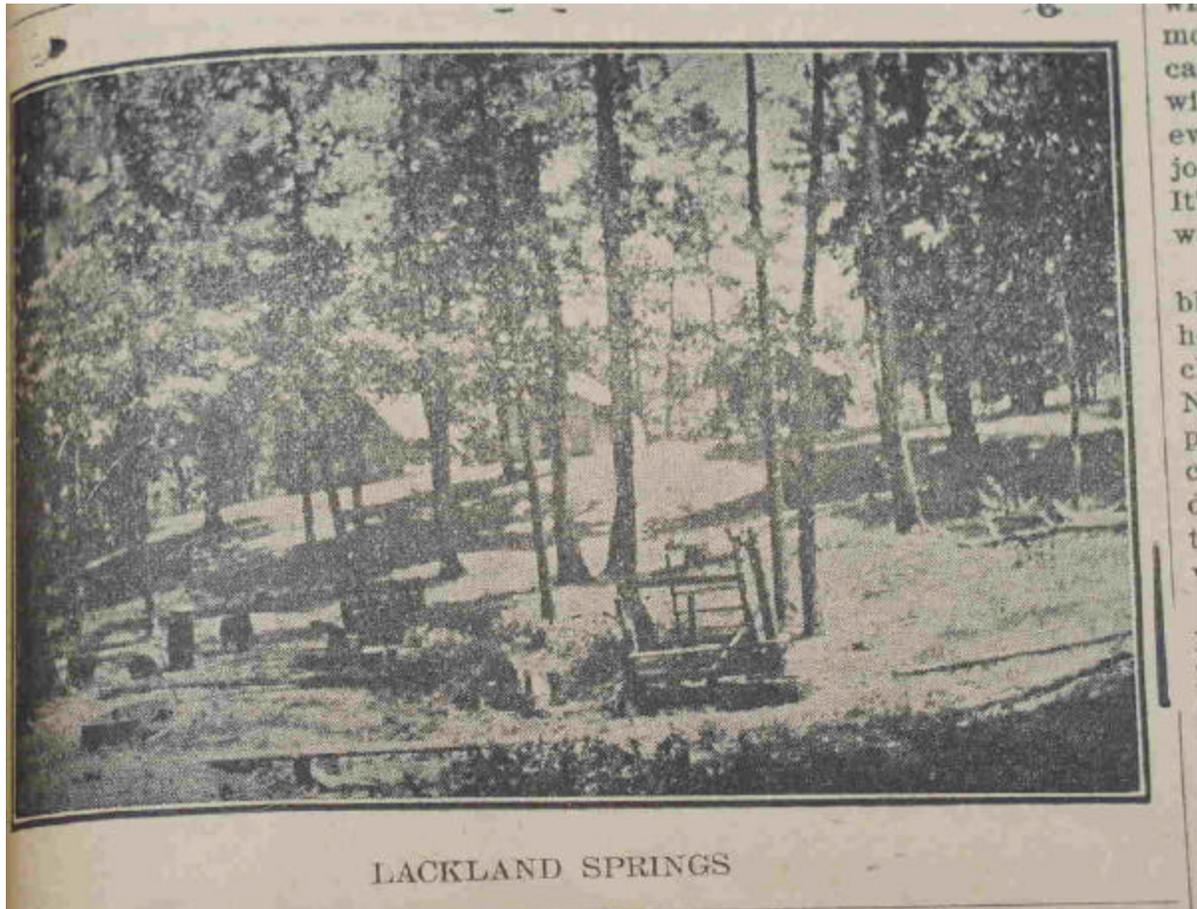
Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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June, 2006

*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

LACKLAND SPRINGS-- NEVADA COUNTY'S POPULAR HEALTH RESORT



The picture above, taken from the July 7, 1906 issue of *The Nevada News*, shows a view of Lackland Springs, a popular picnic spot and camping area for many years. The place dates back to the mid 1800's and was shown on an 1865 map of the area. Although popular for many years, for some reason it was neglected and soon was overtaken by the woods.

The actual community of Lackland was a short distance from the springs. Like most other communities of that time, there was a church, school, post office and maybe a store or two surrounded by scattered farm families. More than likely, the post office was in a corner of the general store and operated by the storekeeper or his wife.

I have found several references to Lackland while doing research for other things. In 1889, a new postal route was announced running from Prescott to Carouse, Lackland, Bluff City, Zama, Caney, Honeaville, and back to Prescott. Mail would be delivered twice each

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week. Another item that same year says that Lackland is getting to be quite a summer resort. A weary man can find comfort in using the chalybeate water.

Also in 1889, there was a twistification party to be held at Lackland. I have no idea what that was. A Sunday school was mentioned in 1914 at the Lackland school house each Sunday at 2:30 and the article said a number of tenters can still be seen on the hillside near the springs. A revival meeting was held at Lackland in 1925 and the place is called "one of the prettiest places in Nevada County". A committee was cleaning the springs and grounds for the meeting.

I know a school existed at Lackland as late as 1928 because I have a copy of a teacher's contract to teach a two month school there beginning in July. The teacher was to be paid fifty dollars per month and agreed to keep the school open eight hours per day. I expect some of that cold spring water would come in handy during those hot days of July and August. Most of these small schools consolidated soon after this. With the school gone, the community of Lackland soon disappeared.

I have heard some of the old-timers talk of the springs that were so popular. Most folks remember several springs, each with a different type of mineral water that was said to be of benefit to a person's health. In those days before antibiotics and modern medicine, people were searching for natural cures for diseases or something to prevent a disease. Whether these springs actually had any health benefits is a matter of debate. As far as I know, the water has never been analyzed.

I visited Lackland Springs about 10 years ago. I'm not sure of the actual location of the springs, but I did find some small well tiles along a small branch. Most appeared to have been washed out and were just lying in the branch. Springs like these soon fill in unless they are cleaned out regularly. I was not too impressed with the water. It was very dingy and looked to me like it might cause a disease rather than cure one. I'm sure it was a different story 100 years ago when hundreds of people came here to relax from their stressful lives and take advantage of the springs.

A few glimpses of what Lackland Springs was like can be found in old newspapers. P. K. Kellam, a prominent Camden businessman, kept a diary which was passed on to his relatives and has been preserved. This diary is one of the oldest records in existence which describe events in south Arkansas. He describes the events around Camden and also includes the news of the battles of the Civil War. The following entries were recorded in August of 1861, just as the Civil War was beginning:

Aug. 6, 1861

This a.m. at 31/2, we start to Lackland Springs. Awful hot and dry and heavy sandy road. Take us all day to get there safe. Several families there from our city.

Aug. 7, 1861

In company today with several of the Lackland visitors. We cut a bee tree.

Aug. 8, 1861

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Visit about today. Go a fishing in Little Caney. Fine fun catching jack fish.

Aug. 9, 1861

Go fishing again today. Good string of big jacks. Talk of a big battle to be fought in Mo. 20-30 thousand on each side.

Aug. 10, 1861

Having quite a pleasant visit at the Springs. Have an abundance of watermelons and peaches.

Aug. 11, 1861

Go home today. Leave family at the springs.

Aug. 18, 1861

Go to Lackland Springs after my family. News of big battle in Mo. near Springfield, in which our loss was heavy, killing many Arkansas men.

Aug. 20, 1861

Go fishing. Catch none. Lackland Springs is owned by Mr. Martin. Too poor to put them in good fix. With proper management, this watering place will some day be of considerable note.

The following article was printed in *Scenes In Nevada County*, a turn of the century guide book and was reprinted in the Jan. 1993 issue of the *Old Time Chronicle*. It also shows an old picture of the grounds around the springs.

“Nevada County possesses many points of interest. As a health resort, Lackland Springs probably leads. Here in a beautiful hollow is situated five or six large springs, the waters of which have a far-famed reputation for curing many diseases. The springs are in Redland Township about twelve miles east of Prescott. They are a quite popular pleasure resort during the summer months, the waters of Caney Creek abounding in fish and game. Boating, bathing, hunting, and fishing form the principal amusements of the crowds that visit each summer. They are on the property of J. L. Eagle. W. H. Parker is the postmaster, the office being served twice a week from Sayre. Jno. G. Benton operates a store that is liberally patronized and also runs a sawmill which give employment to a number of hands and does a considerable business. Agricultural pursuits are followed by the people to a successful extent, and the lands around Lackland are considered very productive. The range is fine and stock raising is a profitable pursuit.”

Another article appeared in the July 7, 1906 issue of *The Nevada News*:

“Nevada County has some of the largest farms, the finest orchards, best stock, and the biggest mills in South Arkansas. Sawmills are numerous. Many summer schools opened last Monday and most are in flourishing financial condition. Many schools are paying teachers \$60 per month. People are for the most part in very good humor.

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Lackland Springs is Nevada County's health and pleasure resort. A half dozen springs bubble out from a series of hills in Redland Township and form a cluster that is not only of rare natural beauty, but also contains properties proven beneficial in more than one disease.

For years, each summer has found scores of people camping on the hills above the springs and receiving wonderful benefit from the water and climate.

The springs have lost some of their attraction in the last few years. One scarcely mentions going there now. Yet the same water still flows from the same hillsides in the same way it did fifteen years ago. One even imagines the same spotted cow with the same bell, grazing in the same meadow, in the same lazy way as of yore. And there is the same barefoot boy, swinging the same tin bucket, whistling the same tune, but there is not the same jolly crowd every July and August that made matters merry in the late 1890's.

There is but one reason--accommodations lacking. Let someone build a few small cottages, rid the grounds of underbrush, burn up the ticks and redbugs, keep out the hogs, and clean up around the springs, and there will be a maddening rush for Nevada County's most beautiful resort.

There is an abundance of fish in Caney Creek and plenty of game in the bottoms. Boating, bathing, and other pleasures might be provided and Lackland made of more than local importance. Distance might be an objection of some, but for people who really want a change, who want to get away from cafes and the worry of business and enjoy a few weeks of quiet rest, twelve miles is all too short.

Prescott and Nevada County need such a resort. Nature has amply done her part. Will our citizens do theirs?" (the picture on page 1 was included in this article)

Still another article appeared in the July 16, 1908 issue of *The Nevada News* describing a Sunday spent at Lackland. It is reprinted below:

"Did you ever spend a Sunday at Lackland?"

Of course you have been there, but it has been on special occasions when you could hitch up "Old Baldy" and with the necessary tackle and bait, hie yourself off to the waters of Caney Creek, and while away the time pulling from the stream a good string of wary trout (?) or sneaking from the side of an old cypress tree a fine string of goggle-eyed perch. Or perhaps with a trusty rifle bring down from the heights of some fine old oak or hickory, a tempting mess of squirrels. Or perhaps you spent the time in an enchanting game of dominoes, or tripped the light fantastic on an improvised platform while an erratic orchestra attempted a mazy waltz.

But did you spend a day there? A day devoted to quiet rest?

Yesterday was the ideal occasion for such an experience. A day when bright sunshine cast

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

sufficient pools of light on seared leaves as to dispel the gloom, and southern breezes brought a happy relief from summer heat.

There was a most congenial crowd of Prescott people there and they enjoyed the day.

The portly Dr. Guthrie, comfortably garbed, stretched himself on an easy cot, and for once forsook the temptation of any heated conversation, but he talked some and was always awake when the lemonade was passed.

Sam White busied himself with anything necessary for comfort or pleasure of the crowd, and never hesitated, when called upon by his good wife, to go to the spring for water.

Dan Pittman was moving around in a general way, always ready to listen to an interesting anecdote or raise his head at the slightest neigh from "Old Prince".

Sam Logan seemed to be the special guardian of the commissary department and held more than one battle with the insistent hogs. In the absence of other weapons, he did some telling work on the enemy with a good-sized hatchet.

Dr. Hesterly didn't make much of a record in anything particular until he reached the dinner table, and then for thirty minutes he was the busiest man there.

Meanwhile, Adam Guthrie, Jr. slowly moved about the grounds in a manner calculated to keep down perspiration.

The good ladies, Mesdames Logan Pittman, Guthrie, and White, with an ease and grace that was surely admired, moved about the culinary department in a way that resulted in a most excellent dinner.

Nor were the little folks idle. Little Lula White seated on a camp stool made love to her Teddy bear, while her younger sister threatened to baptize her doll baby in the sparkling waters of the center spring.

Fred Guthrie lay stretched out before a late magazine and occasionally queried the crowd with such questions as "What is the longest word in the English language?", while Master Green wanted to know if a man had twenty sick sheep and one should die, how many were left?

And that's how you spend a Sunday at Lackland."

GRADING SCALE AT BLUFF CITY SCHOOL IN 1924-25

E—95 to 100
G—85 to 95
F—75 to 85
M—65 to 75
P—Below 65

Passing Grade—75

This scale is printed on a student's report card
from 1924-25

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This is a photo of three Barlow brothers, sons of William H. Barlow and Mary C. Weaver Barlow. Pictured left to right are: Albert B. Barlow, Jesse Elijah Barlow, and William Everett Barlow. I can't tell what Albert is holding in his hand, but Jesse Elijah has an ax slung over his left shoulder and William Everett has a fiddle. Here is a little more information on these men.

Albert B. Barlow was born Nov. 29, 1893 and was the sixth child in the family. He married Minnie Moore. They had one child, Annie Mae Barlow. Albert's life was cut short on July 12, 1938 when he was struck by lightning while plowing his field. According to the news story at the time, a watch he was wearing was thrown several feet from him and the mule pulling the plow was knocked unconscious for several hours. After Albert's death, his wife remarried to Douglas Greening and lived west of Camden in the Two Bayou community. Albert Barlow and Minnie Barlow Greening are both buried in the old section of Bluff City Cemetery.

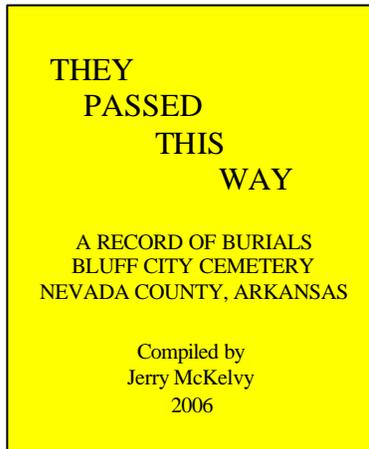
Jesse Elijah Barlow was born Oct. 12, 1889 and was the fourth child in the family. He was known as "Lige" Barlow and married Elvalina Williams, daughter of Mack and Nancy Ware Williams. The old home place was located on the Lackland Springs Rd, but in his later years the family lived in the old house which still stands across from the Arkansas Forestry Commission seed orchard near Bluff City. This house is probably the oldest house left in the area around Bluff City and was recently renovated by a grandson following damage by a severe wind storm. Children born to this marriage were Julia Barlow, Jesse Barlow, Oleta Barlow, and Donald Barlow. Mr. Barlow was an active member of the Gum Grove Church of Christ. He died July 6, 1976 and Mrs. Barlow died in 1980. Both are buried in the new section of Bluff City Cemetery.

William Everett Barlow was born August 11, 1899 and was the eighth child of the family. He married Bessie Griffith, daughter of John and Adella Griffith. Children born to this marriage were Elwanda Barlow and Pauline Barlow. In his later years Mr. and Mrs. Barlow lived about five miles north of Morris on the Cale Road. He was an active member

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of the Church of Christ and known for his song leading ability. He died September 30, 1990 and was buried beside his wife in the new section of Bluff City Cemetery.

NEW CEMETERY BOOK AVAILABLE



A new booklet containing cemetery records of Bluff City Cemetery has been compiled by Jerry McKelvy. The book is called *They Passed This Way* and contains an alphabetical listing of about 1370 people buried in Bluff City Cemetery. Additional information is given for about 900 of those listed including basic information from obituaries, family relationships from various sources, and other interesting information. The booklet contains 120 pages and is spiral bound. Cover is yellow or blue.

The booklet can be purchased from Jerry McKelvy for \$24.00 plus \$4.00 shipping. If you just want the pages containing a certain surname, the cost is 25 cents per page plus 75 cents for envelope and postage. These will be loose

pages.

The booklet will be revised as necessary as burials occur or when new information is discovered.

To order your copy, send check to Jerry McKelvy, 2680 Warren Ave., Camden, AR 71701 or contact him for the cost of printing up loose pages.

PLYLER STATION NEWS ITEMS FROM THE NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE

5-10-1934

- Health improving here.
- The condition of **E. L. Meador** is improved, we are indeed glad to report.
- A heavy rain fell here Friday night doing considerable damage to crops and land.
- Rather cool for the advent of the seersucker and Panama so far.
- It seems that the barn was the safer place for cotton planting seed until a few days ago.
- Garland Plyler** spent Friday night with home folks here.
- O. F. McKelvy** and wife and **Carl Greer** passed through our burg Saturday en route to Hope.
- Bernice Sarrett** of Gum Grove spent Friday night here with the **Plyler** boys.
- Charlie Pruitt** of Camden visited home folks here Sunday.
- S. J. Sarrett** and family visited **J. C. Barksdale** and family of Ebenezer community Saturday.
- W. E. Hirst** of Prescott passed through our burg Sunday.
- Mrs. Mary Patterson** spent Sunday with her son, **Clyde McNeely**.

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--**E. M. Harvey** of Bluff City was giving the girls a ride in his new car Sunday afternoon.

--There is some much needed work being done on our local phone line today (Monday).

--**Robert Ripley**, who is connected with the Hila Morgan show, was a brief visitor here Sunday afternoon.

--**J. R. Pruitt** was a Camden business visitor Monday.

--**V. B. Meador**, wife, and daughter spent Sunday in Prescott.

--**G. D. Patterson** was a visitor to Bierne Sunday.

--**Miss Adeline May**, who has spent the past few months with **S. J. Sarrett** and wife, left Friday to visit friends near Chidester.

--**Misses Mable Hackney and Emogene McNeely** spent Sunday with **Misses Mae and Eva Plyler**.

--**J. A. Gulley** and family of Hope were guests of **Mrs. Nannie Henry** Thursday.

--We were grieved to learn of the death of **Mrs. Mary Tunnell**, who died at Prescott May 2nd. The writer had known Mary all of her life. She was a good girl, of a kind and sunny disposition, and always had a smile for those she met. We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

--**J. R. Pruitt** and son Charlie attended the all day to-do at Rosston Sunday.

--**D. V. Meador** and daughter, **Miss Nettie Jewel**, returned to Booneville a few days ago after a weeks' visit with home folks.

--**Carl Greer** and **Alvin Dunn** were demonstrating their new Terraplane among their prospective customers on Sunday.

--**I. G. Meador** of west Texas returned home several days ago after spending a few days here with his father, **E. I. Meador**, who has been critically ill for some time.

--Some of the young people here attended the party given for 8th grade given by their teacher, **Mrs. Helen Robinson** at Bluff City Thursday night and reported quite an enjoyable time.

--Bro. Lem, I thank you very much for your invitation to your all-day to-do. Would certainly have enjoyed being there, as I am sure it afforded everyone a nice time. I'm sure I would have met many of my old friends, including Alex, but my conveyance consists only of a plowed down mule and a walking cane. However, I intend to visit your burg some time in the near future.

--I hear a call from Gen. Green, so I'll shoulder arms and go.

8-9-1934

--**Mrs. J. M. Plyler** and **S. J. Sarrett** attended the birthday dinner at the home of their mother, **Mrs. B. A. Sarrett**. Grandmother Sarrett was 79 years old and has lived a widow for the last 36 years. During that time, she has given up three sons. She was born in Whitfield Co., Georgia on August 7, 1855, moved to Nevada County in 1889 where she has spent the last 45 years. We have but few of the dear old fathers and mothers who have reached this age, and very often we do not appreciate them until they are gone.

10-25-1934

--**Tom Stanfield** (Negro) of Chidester was here Sunday in search of a mule that had strayed from his home. He is 97 years old and is making the trip on horseback. Pretty good for Uncle Tom.

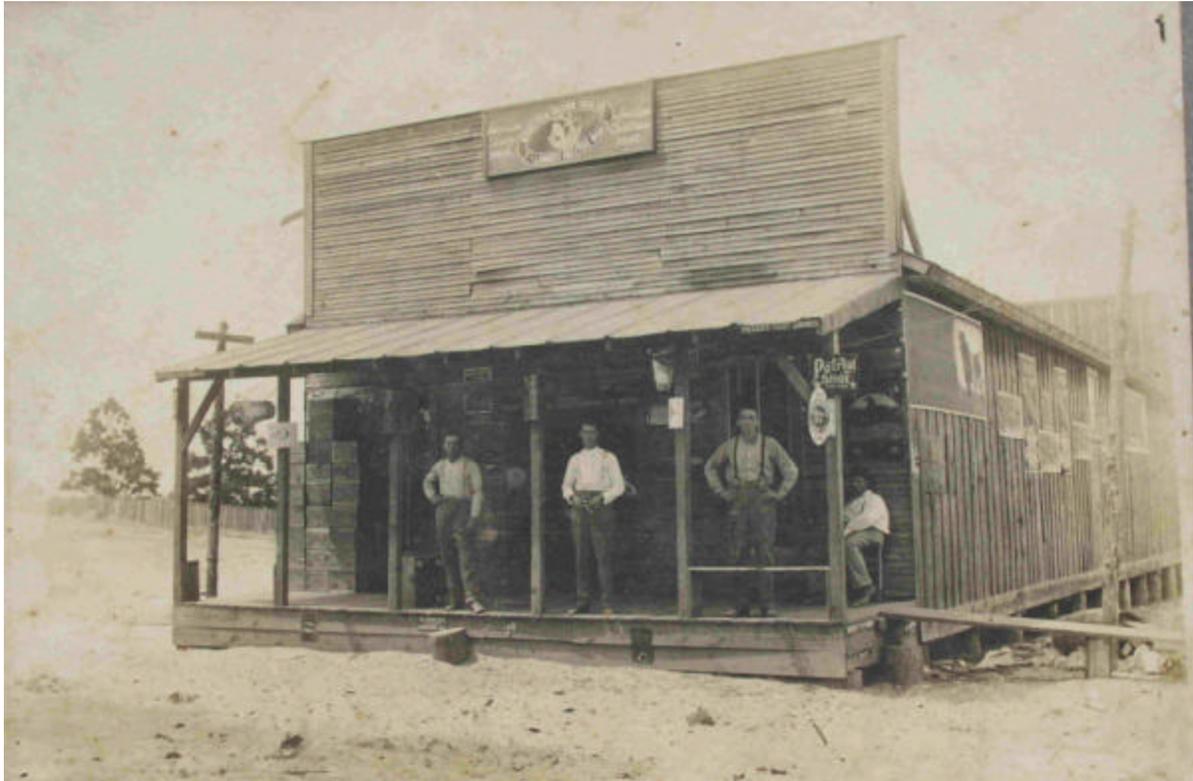
THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 6 – No. 7

July, 2006

*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



HENRY BROTHERS STORE AT BLUFF CITY

The Henry Brothers—Homer, John, and Anthem—had a store in Bluff City in 1910 and 1911 according to information I have found in old newspapers. This photo was in the collection of Mrs. Mollie Henry, wife of Anthem Henry. The three men standing on the porch are Homer Henry, John Henry, and Anthem Henry. The man in the chair is Neal Byrd, who also had a store at Bluff City at one time. Judging the ages of the men in the picture, I think this picture was taken sometime about 1910 to 1915. It had to be before 1931 because one of the brothers died that year. John L. Henry is listed in the 1910 census as age 29 with the occupation of merchant (dry goods and ?????). It seems that this store specialized in clothing and shoes. Thanks to Sandra Beaver for sharing this great photo. Anthem Henry was Sandra's grandfather and Homer and John were her great-uncles. I am also related to these men. All three brothers were my great-uncles.

By using a magnifying glass, I was able to read some of the signs on the store. The large sign at the top of the store front reads: "Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co.—the Largest in the World-- American Lady Shoe and American Gentleman Shoe." On the right porch post are two signs, one advertising American Lady Shoes and the other advertising Patriot shoes for men. A small sign under the roof advertises Peter's shoes. One sign on the wall advertises Groves Chill Tonic and another is for Dr. Robert's authentic healing oil. A sign on the wall

behind Mr. Byrd reads “Healing Oil—No cure—No pay”. The sign on the second post from the left advertises overalls. The wooden boxes stacked on the porch appear to be shipping boxes with writing on them, but I was unable to make out the words. They are possibly shipping boxes for shoes, but many products were shipped in wooden boxes in those days.

Notice the “handicapped access ramp” on the right. The pole to the left of the porch has a wire attached which was probably a telephone wire. The area had telephone service many years before electricity. Newspapers in 1909 mentioned a new telephone line from Bluff City to Chidester via Foss (an old town that no longer exists). Another thing I noticed about the picture was the total absence of grass around the store. There is an overturned trash barrel on the right side of the picture which should have been picked up before the picture was made.



Sandra also had another picture of the Henry brothers inside their store. They appear to be dressed the same, so the inside picture was probably made the same day. The quality of the picture is not too good, but I can see stacks of clothing and caps on a counter in the center of the store, more signs advertising overalls, and a stack of large round containers with a picture of a lady in a hat. I'm not sure what these are, but there are at least 20 of them and they are displayed in a prominent place. In this picture, John Henry (on left) has a pair of scissors in his right hand, which reinforces the idea that this was mainly a dry goods store. One prominent sign advertises Carhartt clothing, a company which still makes popular outdoor clothing. I see a large assortment of bottles on the wall behind John Henry which could be medicine bottles. A lantern can be seen hanging from the ceiling of the store.

I have been looking for pictures like these showing early buildings in Bluff City and other towns in this area and also pictures of the early settlers. If you have any stored away, please share them with us so we can all learn more about our ancestors and how they lived.

A STRANGE NEWS STORY FROM THE PAST
UPSIDE DOWN WOMAN CURED
(from the May 18, 1932 issue of The Camden News)

The extraordinary case of a woman who spelled backwards and read books and drew pictures upside down is recorded in the current *Lancet*, British medical journal by Dr. R. Eager and Dr. J. W. Fisher of the Devon Mental Hospital.

After a cure by hypnosis, the woman found that she was unable to read passages which she had written before her treatment.

The woman, a house servant in Devonshire, was subject to such trembling of the hands that she broke more than the usual number of cups and saucers. After an illness, she was committed to the hospital for examination. She had previously been classed as a congenital mental defective.

In the hospital, failure of speech necessitated her writing her wants on a slate, but the nurses could not understand the script. Each word was written backwards, though put down from left to right in the customary manner and with the right hand. The letters were correctly oriented, though in reverse sequence.

Thus, requested to write "policeman", she put down "namecilop". All words were similarly reversed.

In mathematics, she wrote all the figures upside down, and did the same thing in drawing elementary objects like dogs, cats, and houses. In cleaning up a room, she turned pictures and vases upside down.

After certain tests of vision based on the theory that the physic shock which had temporarily deprived her of speech had upset the coordination of other closely related centers of the brain, the physicians put the patient under light hypnosis.

The cure seems to have been complete, and the woman has spent a large part of her time lately writing normal letters to her friends, ridiculing her previous eccentricities.

<p>Be true to your teeth or they'll be false to you. (Bits of Wit and Wisdom- J. O. Wentzell)</p>
--

CAMDEN FIREMEN HAVE BIG CARS
(from the February 1, 1932 issue of The Camden News)

Camden has an unusual fire department as far as motor transportation is concerned. When the siren sounds, volunteer firemen hop into their automobiles and speed to the scene of the blaze.

Fire Chief Charlie Jones has to be content with a lowly Ford painted red while one member drives to the fire in his own Rolls Royce complete with chauffeur, another rushes to the fire in a Packard, another in a Buick, one in a Chrysler, another in a Plymouth, and the rest in Chevrolets and Fords.

There are 14 firemen in the city and each drives his own car whenever they miss the fire truck.

In all, about \$30,000 worth of automobiles follow the \$12,500 fire truck to the fires.

If more than one mouse is Mice, and more than one louse is Lice, you must agree, that obviously more than one spouse is Spice. (Bits of Wit and Wisdom-J. O. Wentzell)

SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR A. E. ADAMS OF BLUFF CITY
(from the 11-22-1934 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Editor's note: Albert Erasmus Adams was known as "Uncle Plug" and also known as "The Terrapin Man of Bluff City" (see the August, 2005 issue of The Sandyland Chronicle for that story). On the occasion of his 76th birthday, a surprise birthday party was given in his honor by the family of J. W. Adams, sponsored by his daughter, Mrs. N. B. Hall of Hot Springs. The following poem was written for that occasion:

Lines to Uncle Albert

by

Minnie Hall of Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas—Nov. 11, 1934

We are gathered here on this good day
To Uncle Albert a tribute pay.
Of years he's lived not quite four-score,
And we hope he'll live to see many more.

No place we go gives us more joy;
A trip down here is without alloy.
We always feel so welcome here,
He and Aunt Lucy are always so full of cheer.

When we were tiny tots at mother's knee
A trip down here filled us with glee.
For we knew with "Uncle Plug" on hand,
We'd receive the best in all the land.

To Uncle and Aunt and Miss Bettie too,
We pledge to you our hearts so true,
We love you dearly love sincere,

And hope to meet here again next year.

Dear Uncle, as you older grow,
May the Lord on you his riches bestow.
And with our hearts all full of love,
We hope to meet some day in the world above.

Editor's note: Albert E. Adams died on February 27, 1941. His wife, Lucy, died on the same day, a few hours after her husband's death. They are buried in the old section of Bluff City Cemetery.

The older generation thought nothing of getting up at five o'clock in the morning, and the younger generation doesn't think much of it either. (Bits of Wit and Wisdom-J. O. Wentzell)

A LETTER TO A FRIEND

This letter dates back to about 1932 and was found in a collection of old photos. Thanks to Sandra Beaver for sharing it.

Prescott, Arkansas

I dislike very much to write you this letter, but I consider you the one who is closest to me, so I come to you with all the confidence in the world in the most trying time of my life. The time has come when I must have some advice on a very important question. This has caused me many days of restlessness and long nights of agony, so I feel as if you could probably relieve me of this horrible feeling. When I tell you happiness of future life has been ruined over this terrible state of affairs, you will understand why I am writing to you, because you should know all about this in all sincerity. It means life and death to me. I dare not make known to anyone besides you, this sad affair.

So in my distress, I come to you of all my friends. I think there will be none more willing to help me in this matter. I realize I am asking a great deal of you, but because you are my dearest friend, I think you will realize that I am not asking too much of you.

I am asking you to lay aside everything and tell me from the bottom of your heart. Do

you think Jeff will ever be as tall as Mutt?

Words, like eggs, should be handled with care. For eggs, once broken and words once spoken, are hard to repair. (Bits of Wit and Wisdom- J. O. Wentzell)

STORIES OF FAITHFUL SLAVES
(article found on microfilm in Camden Public Library)

Old Aunt Mary was the black mammy in the family of Mr. Thomas Stone. In her young days in Alabama, she was a maid for Mrs. Stone, but by the time they reached Camden, she was promoted to the dignity of cook, to be the “chief cook and bottle washer” in the family of an early settler, where everybody took in boarders and “big dinners” occurred frequently which required a deft hand and much culinary skill. Aunt Mary had both, and was never so happy as when basting a pig roasted whole or rolling out the dough for a batch of apple dumplings. The fame of the eatables at John Stone’s “infair” is a part of the history of those days.

In addition to Aunt Mary’s service as cook, she was the “Mammy” of all the Stone children for two generations. “Miss Ora” was her favorite and during the dark days of the war in the long absences of Capt. Newton, she was unflinching in her devotion to the young mother and her babies. When freedom came, it brought unwanted burdens upon her, but in the care and attention which she had received from her beloved “Miss Ora”, she reaped an abundant reward for the faithfulness of her youth.

If I died and came back as a dog, my wife would come back as a flea. (Bits of Wit and Wisdom- J. O. Wentzell)

THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE
The Nevada News—January 28, 1925

There’s been a change in recent years
In almost everything;
The old time things our parents knew
Have surely had their fling.

Yes, progress since we all were young
Has set a record pace;
But for spanking, I believe they still use
The old familiar place.

A boy is pretty apt to tread
The path he starts at home;
It isn’t after he leaves
The narrow path to roam.

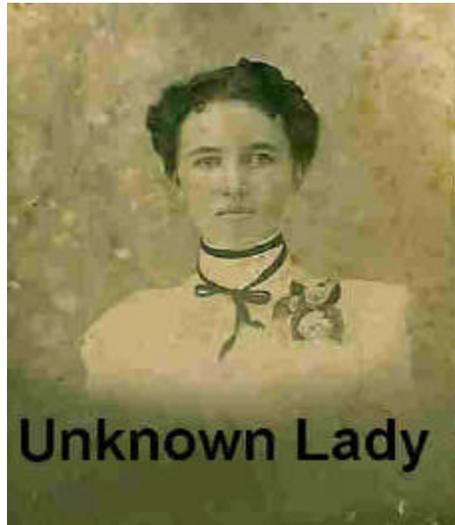
But no matter when he’s started—
It always is the case,
He’s started well if father spanked
The old familiar place.

Tom S. Elrod

THINGS A TRUE SOUTHERNER KNOWS: (from the Internet)

1. The difference between a hissie fit and a conniption fit.
2. Pretty much how many fish make up a mess.

3. What general direction kittywampus is.
 4. That “gimme sugar” don’t mean pass the sugar.
 5. When somebody’s “fixin” to do something, it won’t be long.
 6. Knows what “Well, I Swannie!!” means.
 7. When “by and by” is.
 8. The difference between “pert near” and “a right fer piece”.
 9. The difference between a redneck, a good ol’ boy, and trash.
 10. Never assume the other car with the flashing turn signal is actually going to make a turn.
 11. You may wear long sleeves, but you should always roll ‘em up past the elbows.
 12. You should never loan your tools, pick-up, or gun to nobody.
 13. Rocking chairs and swings are guaranteed stress relievers.
 14. Rocking chairs and swings with an old person in them are history lessons.
 15. A good dog is worth its weight in gold.
-



This picture was found in the Mollie and Blanche Henry photo collection, but was not identified. Let me know if you know who this person is.

Many of the photos in this collection were of members of the Henry, Robinson, and Epperson families. Could this be a member of one of those families????

REMEMBER THE WORD “LAD” WHICH STANDS FOR “LABEL” AND “DATE”

LABEL AND DATE ALL YOUR PICTURES

FEEDBACK FROM READERS

I enjoyed the article about Lackland Springs (*June, 2006*). I spent the first nine years of my life less than a mile from them.

I think there were three springs (could have been more). One spring has an awful odor (sulphur, I believe) and one spring was called the iron spring. Each one had a different taste.

I attended my first school at Lackland in 1925. My teacher was Ida Byrd and my second teacher was Elisa Nichols Cox (from Reader). They stayed at our house. My mother and dad gave them free room and board to walk me to school through the woods.

Not having brothers and sisters, I didn't know that children played games. The first game we played was called "stealing sticks".

My dad would take me fishing on Caney Creek. I remember one spot in the creek with some unusual fish—about six inches long with red, white, and blue bands around them. A few years ago, there was an article in the *Gazette* about a rare fish near Eureka Springs. It fit the description of the fish in Caney Creek. I could never get one to bite my hook. I wonder if they are still there? That was 78 years ago.

I plan to go back to that area and see if I can find anything familiar. I enjoy *The Sandyland Chronicle*.

Zettie Griffith Link

SOURCES FOR OLD TIME MERCHANDISE AND HARD TO FIND ITEMS

(For your information only—*The Sandyland Chronicle* does not endorse any of these stores)

The Vermont Country Store—Purveyors of the Practical & Hard to Find

<http://www.vermontcountrystore.com>

They have free catalogs you can request online. I know some folks who have used this store.

(*Editor's note*)

Their mailing address is Vermont Country Store, P. O. Box 6998, Rutland, VT 05702-6998

Cumberland General Store—"goods in endless variety for man and beast"

<http://cumberlandgeneral.com>

I once had one of their catalogs and found it very interesting to look at. (*Editor's note*)

They have a catalog, but it costs \$4.00. Their mailing address is: Cumberland General Store, P. O. Box 4468, Alpharette, GA 30023-4468

Jack and Friends

<http://www.jackandfriends.com>

No catalog. Strictly an online store

Mast General Store

<http://www.maststoreonline.com/index.htm>

An online store; no catalog

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 6 – No. 8

August, 2006

***** <http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/> *****

THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS!

Back in 1996, I interviewed some of our older citizens for a project I was working on. I asked them questions about what life was like back when they were growing up in the area around Bluff City, Arkansas during the 1920's and 1930's. Those interviewed were:

Mr. Harland McKelvy—son of Orland and Ollie Turner McKelvy. He grew up in the Rocky Hill community about four miles southwest of Bluff City. Most of his adult life was spent in Washington and Arizona, but he was living at Hope when I interviewed him. He was killed in an automobile accident in 1999 and is buried in Ebenezer Cemetery.

Mrs. Aline Claus—daughter of Orland and Ollie Turner McKelvy. She has spent all of her life in Nevada County. At the time of the interview, she was living near Bodcaw and is presently in a nursing home.

Mr. Hartwell Irvin—son of Willie and Minnie Ridling Irvin. He grew up about four miles from Bluff City. His adult life was spent in Camden. He passed away in 2001 and is buried in Ebenezer Cemetery.

Mr. Claudis Nelson—son of J. Frank and Verna Nelson. He also grew up about four miles from Bluff City and has spent his entire life in Nevada County except for time in military.

Mrs. Oleta Nelson—daughter of Elijah and Evalina Barlow and wife of Mr. Claudis Nelson. She grew up in the same area as Mr. Nelson.

Mrs. Elloene McBride—daughter of William and Katie Moore. She grew up in Bluff City, taught school for many years, and after retirement moved back to her old home place.

Mrs. Elsie Beaver—daughter of Walter and Julia Moore. She grew up in Bluff City and taught school at Gum Grove and Lackland until she was forced to quit to take care of her ailing mother. Most of her married life was spent in Chidester, but after her husband died, she moved back to Bluff City. She passed away in 1998 and is buried in Bluff City Cemetery.

Mrs. Goldie Meador—daughter of John C. and Edna Barksdale. She grew up a few miles south of Bluff City near Kirk's Chapel. After she married, she lived in Bluff City. She passed away in 1997 and is buried in Bluff City Cemetery.

On the next page is a map showing the location of the home places of each of these people. Each square on the map is one mile square, so you can see that only a few miles separated them when they were growing up even though they attended different schools. The map is a modern day map, but in the 1920's and 1930's, none of these roads were paved and the area was much more populated at that time than it is today. Farming was the main occupation in those days and most families had several children. These folks experienced first hand what living through The Great Depression was actually like.

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pole with a board on the bottom

---Mr. McKelvy--played ball

---Mrs. Meador—played hop-scotch; jumped rope, swung from a vine; played tag and “ring around the rosie”

---Mrs. McBride--made and played in play houses, played hide and seek, hop scotch, town ball, and “Ain’t Nobody Out Tonight”

2. Who was the doctor for your family?

---Mr. McKelvy-- Dr. E. E. Shell

---Mrs. Claus--Dr. Shell, Dr. Tompkins, and Dr. Whaley

---Mr. and Mrs. Nelson--Dr. Shell, Dr. Tompkins, and Dr. Whaley

---Mr. Irvin--Dr. Tompkins and Dr. Shell

---Mrs. McBride--Dr. Edgar Whaley

3. How far did you have to walk to school or did you ride a bus?

---Mr. Irvin--walked one and a half miles

---Mrs. Beaver--walked one mile

---Mrs. McBride--walked about one half mile

---Mrs. Claus--walked one and a half miles for first six grades and then rode bus to Bluff City

---Mrs. Meador—went to school at Ebenezer and Gum Grove

---Mr. McKelvy--walked one and a half miles to Gum Grove

4. What was your father’s occupation?

All said their fathers were farmers with cotton being the main cash crop.

5. Who were your closest neighbors?

---Mr. McKelvy--the Parkers

---Mrs. Claus--my grandmother, Betty McKelvy and girls, Esther, Mattie, and Beulah. Uncle Gee McKelvy was less than one half mile away.

---Mrs. Beaver--Walter Carter

---Mr. Nelson-- Henry Irvin

---Mrs. Meador-- Jeff Sarrett; the Kirks, the Haddox family

---Mrs. Nelson--Luke Meador

---Mrs. McBride--the Tom Walker family, Andy Meador family, Con Harvey family

6. Where was the nearest store when you were a kid?

---Mr. Irvin-- John Griffith’s and Henry Irvin’s

---Mrs. Meador--Byrd’s store; Harvey’s store; the barber shop

---Mr. Nelson-- the Irvin’s had a store in their house on the Griffith place

---Mrs. Beaver--Bluff City

---Mrs. Claus--The Hall store about 1/2 mile from home. Bluff City was five or six miles

---Mr. McKelvy--Henry Irvin’s about 1 1/2 miles from home

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7. Describe your first car.

- Mrs. McBride--Didn't have one. Earliest mode of transportation we had was a hack.
- Mr. McKelvy--a 34 Chevrolet Knee Action
- Mrs. Claus--Didn't have one until I married
- Mrs. Beaver--A truck without a cab
- Mr. Nelson-- A 32 Ford
- Mr. Irvin-- A 1929 Model A

8. How often did you go to town? Where?

- Mr. Irvin--About every two months, we went to Prescott by wagon. It was four hours each way. My father would put a rock in the fireplace at night and would put it on the wagon to keep our feet warm.
- Mrs. Nelson-- Went to Prescott once to the doctor
- Mrs. Claus--My dad went to town in the spring and fall. We were fortunate if we went once a year. I remember one trip, he brought home four yo-yos. They cost 25 cents each, but we were glad to get them.
- Mrs. Meador-- Not until I was grown
- Mrs. Beaver--We went to Prescott one or two times a year. We would usually catch a ride with someone else
- Mr. McKelvy-- Went to Prescott two or three times a year
- Mrs. McBride--Went to Prescott once every two or three months at the most

9. About what year did you get electricity?

- Mrs. McBride--Possibly in late 30's or early 40's
- Mr. McKelvy-- 1945
- Mrs. Claus--About 1946
- Mr. Nelson-- Late 1940's or early 1950's
- Mrs. Nelson--Late 1940's
- Mr. Irvin-- About 1950

10. What do you think was the greatest invention of your lifetime?

- Mr. Irvin--Automobile
- Mrs. Claus--Electricity, heating and cooling
- Mrs. McBride--Electric clothes washer and dish washer

11. Do you remember any fads (hairstyles and clothing styles) that your parents complained about?

- Mrs. McBride-- Mother objected to the older daughters getting their long hair cut. Some slipped off from school and got their hair cut. Dresses were too short if they were not as long as half way between the knee and ankle.
- Mrs. Claus--Dresses were about like now--long for a while, then up to the knee and above.
- Mr. Nelson--Skull caps (stockings worn on the head)

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---Mr. Irvin--Boys wore long hair combed straight back, slicked down with grease. They wore cut off knit stockings called skull caps to help train their hair.

12. What were some of the home remedies you remember your family using for various illnesses?

---Mr. Irvin-- Paste from wet baking soda for poison ivy; Clay or biscuit poultice with a little vinegar for splinters, etc.; Vick's salve on a hot cloth for colds. The worst illnesses were polio, flu, and pneumonia.

---Mrs. Nelson--Vick's salve and senna tea

---Mrs. Meador-- Coal oil or turpentine; cake of tallow on cloth; Black Draught; castor oil, senna tea, catnip

---Mrs. Claus--A bar of tallow (beef fat). Rub bottom of feet and bake before open fire; A flannel cloth with turpentine and Vick's salve put on your chest an night for colds; We grew senna. You used the leaves to make a tea to drink for a laxative. If you have never had Black Draught, you missed something. I hated it. If I had a headache, my dad went for the Black Draught, so I didn't complain if I could help it.

---Mrs. Beaver--The most serious illnesses were flu, pneumonia, malaria, and polio. I don't remember anyone with polio.

---Mr. McKelvy--Black Draught and turpentine

---Mrs. McBride--Vick's salve on hot cloth, heated, and put around the neck for sore throat; having to take Epsom salts

13. What do you remember most about the Depression days of the 1930's?

---Mrs. McBride--Men wearing shirts made by their wives or mothers. They were made from feed sacks. Having one "Sunday" dress and one "every day" dress.

---Mrs. Beaver-- Hard work

---Mrs. Claus--We didn't have much, but no one else did. We were never hungry. A glass or bowl of milk and cornbread was supper for most families.

---Mr. Irvin-- Few jobs. We worked for 50 cents a day. The only thing bought at the store was sugar, coffee, salt, flour, and hoop cheese.

14. Which of these did your family have when you were a teenager--car, truck, battery radio, sorghum mill, grist mill, ice box, well, electricity, indoor plumbing?

---Mrs. Nelson--a battery radio; an ice box later, but used well at first

---Mrs. McBride--battery radio, ice box. We got water from a spring.

---Mr. Nelson--battery radio; an ice box later. Hoyt and Hambric Cummings delivered the ice.

---Mr. McKelvy--a well

---Mrs. Meador--an ice box

---Mrs. Beaver--car, truck, battery radio, ice box, but not at first. We let stuff down in the well.

---Mrs. Claus--battery radio, a well

---Mr. Irvin--a car; we let stuff down in the well to keep it cold

15. Which of these activities do you remember doing as a teenager--churning butter,

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cutting firewood, picking peas/beans, plowing with horse or mule, chopping cotton, sewing, washing clothes, making hominy, quilting, feeding the animals, cutting hay? Anything else?

---Mr. Irvin--All of them. We also made lye soap

---Mrs. Claus--all except cutting hay. I remember baling hay. We punched wire through to be tied with hay wire.

---Mrs. Beaver--I did all but cutting firewood, feeding the animals, and cutting hay. We made soap. Monday was wash day. We washed at the spring with a wash pot and a rub-board.

---Mrs. Meador--churning butter, chopping cotton, making hominy, quilting, making lye soap. Thursday was our wash day.

---Mr. McKelvy--All except sewing, washing clothes, and quilting. We went to school six days a week from 8 a.m. to 4 p. m. five or six months of the year.

---Mr. Nelson-- Just about all of them. We also made lye soap. Thursday was our wash day.

15. Do you remember any old sayings or words of advice your parents or grandparents always used?

Mrs. Meador-- The Golden Rule

Mr. Irvin-- "A stitch in time saves nine."

Mrs. Claus--My dad always said when you go to a party or something, "Pretty is as pretty does. You are not pretty, but act pretty. Behave yourself."

16. Do you remember any bad crimes in those days?

---Mr. Irvin, Mr. Nelson, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Meador—all remembered the killing of Mildred Jobe near Morris as the worst thing they ever heard about. The girl was killed by a shotgun blast to her abdomen while trying to stop John Daniels from hurting her father. John Jobe, a deputy, had arrested John Daniels' son a few days before and had confiscated his gun. Daniels hitched a ride to Jobe's farm armed with the shotgun, found Jobe plowing in the field, and things got out of hand. Mildred stepped between them and was shot by Daniels.

--- Mrs. Meador remembered someone caught smoking on the Nazarene church grounds.

I also asked these folks about their recollections of these communities and landmarks in the eastern part of Nevada County around where they grew up. This is what they told me. Keep in mind that these people are not all the same age, so their memories of these places may be different.

BLUFF CITY

---Mrs. Meador--The cotton gin, Byrd's store, Upton's store, the barber shop, Harvey's gristmill, the post office (Mr. Black was postmaster), the drug store in front of Byrd's store, Dr. Whaley's office, the Masonic Lodge, the Methodist church near the lodge, the Baptist Church, the Church of Christ, the school burning in 1945.

---Mrs. Beaver--Harvey's store, Black's store on the corner, Byrd's store, the baptismal pool near the spring behind the church

---Mrs. Claus--where I went to school and graduated in 1935

---Mr. Irvin--Harvey's store on the corner facing Hwy. 299, Pat Carter's store, Byrd's store

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next to where Ellis Johnson lived, the cotton gin just past Jeff Purifoy's, a school house that burned, the post office in front of Luke Carter's house which was where Ellis Johnson lived (he had a live monkey the kids picked at), two doctors, Dr. Thompson or Tompkins where Millard Cummings lived and Dr. Whaley where Allen's store is now, the grist mill about where Jones station was. Hwy. 24 was gravel. A nine passenger bus ran from Prescott to Camden twice each day. A Greyhound bus came through once each week.

---Mrs. McBride-- There was a blacksmith shop located between where Laverne Green and Mary Ann Starnes homes are now. Mr. Monroe Harvey had a store near the intersection of what is now Hwy. 24 (a dirt road then) and Hwy. 387. He and his wife, Martha lived across the road from the store. Con and Olive Harvey lived across the road (now Hwy. 24). The two story schoolhouse had a bell tower. On Halloween, older boys would go there at midnight and ring the bell--and then turn over the outdoor toilets. At school a bucket of water with a dipper was in the back of the room. We made paper cups to drink from.

THEO

---Mr. Irvin--A post office in the store, a church and a school, Dr. Shell was the doctor there, but later moved to Cale

---Mrs. McBride-- The only time I saw Theo was when Clyde Moore, who drove the school bus, let me go on his route once. There I saw a store/post office in the same building, and I think there were two dwelling houses, one in which the Creech family lived; the other in which the Benton's lived. Mrs. Benton was the daughter or sister of Mr. Creech.

---Mrs. Claus--This was one of the schools that consolidated with Bluff City, where the Knights, Creech's, Moody's and others lived.

---Mrs. Meador--A church, post office, small store, school which consolidated with Bluff City in about 1925 or 1930.

GUM GROVE

---Mrs. Meador--A two room school with grades one through five in one room; a grist mill at the Marion Plyler place

---Mrs. Claus--where I went to school for the first six years--a two room school

---Mrs. McBride--I remember the old school house with two rooms. Later, the church met there.

---Mr. Irvin--A two room school where the deer camp is now. It consolidated with Bluff City in 1929. Marion Plyler had a store 1/4 mile west of Gum Grove. A hot item was prepared mustard. Kids would eat the mustard on biscuits. He also sold tobacco, baking powder, etc. Herman McKelvy remembers a gas pump there.

---Mr. Nelson--A two room school; Plyler's store and grist mill.

ROCKY HILL (GOOSE ANKLE)

---Mr. Irvin--The present church was the original, but the siding was added on later. The land for the church was given by A. F. McKelvy in 1907 (two acres). It was a Methodist church.

---Mrs. Claus--I was born about 1/4 mile southeast of the church. All the McKelvys lived in that area. My grandfather gave two acres for the Methodist church.

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DILL'S MILL

---Mrs. Claus-- A spoke mill that made wooden spokes for car wheels. I have one of the spokes. My aunts used it like a potato masher.

---Mr. Irvin--It was a spoke mill. The railroad was being built about 1923. I remember peddling watermelons to the workers. It was an old logging road. They used a steam operated loader on tracks to load the logs onto flat cars to haul to Johnson Lumber Co. in Reader. They moved the tracks in sections for the loader to move on the way the Egyptians built the pyramids.

LACKLAND SPRINGS

---Mr. Irvin--A school and post office. There were seven springs-each with a different type water. I remember a whiskey still there that they raided one night. Two or three people were killed. We could hear the shots from our place.

---Mrs. Claus--At one time it was said there were seven springs there. They tried to make it into a park. Each spring was to have a different mineral taste to the water. They tried to make a resort there. I knew of two springs. One was kept active for a while. I went there for a gathering-possibly a fox hunt. I don't think there are any signs of it there now.



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THIS COUPLE?

Here is another unidentified picture. The only thing written on the back was "Bluff City, Ark.", so I assume this is possibly a Bluff City couple. It could be a wedding picture. They are very well dressed and the frame around the picture is very decorative.

If you can identify this couple, let me know.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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+++++http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/+++++

SAYRE, ARKANSAS

BY KEITH WHITMAN OF TEXARKANA, TX

Concerning the little town of Sayre, AR, located in the northwest corner of Ouachita County, I first have to explain it is now a part of Reader, but at one time Sayre was larger than Reader. When I first visited my grandparents, Jesse and Elizabeth Hesterly back in the 1950's, I thought they lived in Reader, but they explained to me that they actually lived in Sayre. Sayre was located on the Missouri Pacific Railroad, where the road to Red Hill crossed the tracks, about a half mile west of White Oak Creek. Reader was a mile to the northwest, also on the Missouri Pacific RR, about a mile south of where the railroad crossed the Little Missouri River. Finally the area where most of the houses were located on Main St. and where 5 roads intersect in front of the Turner Store, right on the Ouachita and Nevada County line, was referred to as the "Reader Crossroads". The crossroads is a mile southwest of Reader, and a mile west of Sayre. Imagine a triangle, with each side measuring one mile, and Reader is the point on top, Sayre is at the point on the right, and Crossroads is the point on the left.

The area had been occupied by native Americans for centuries. There's a large Indian mound located just downstream from where White Oak Creek flows into the Little Missouri River. My grandfather also found numerous Indian arrowheads on the farm he cultivated near White Oak Creek, indicating the Indians had hunted game in the forests for quite some time. The Caddo Indians occupied Southwest Arkansas, and their Indian mounds can be seen at many points along the Ouachita and Little Missouri Rivers, as well as the Red River in Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana.

Hernando De Soto is believed to be the first European to explore Arkansas, as well as much of the Southeastern United States. His expedition probably crossed the Little Missouri River, but how close he came to White Oak Creek is not known. There's a historical marker along US 167 in Calion, AR that says this is where he spent the winter of 1541-1542, along the banks of the Ouachita River. Many scholars now disagree, saying he actually spent that winter up on the Arkansas River, near Redfield, AR. After his death, his expedition was led by Luis de Moscoso, and it's believed that he visited the salt springs on the Ouachita River near present day Arkadelphia, and then spent some time at a large Caddo Indian village on the Red River, near present day Lewisville, AR, and then headed west to Texas, before returning to Arkansas and heading down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico. Spain could have claimed what would become Arkansas due to De Soto's explorations, but since no gold was found, they didn't pursue it. The rich mines in Mexico were of much greater interest to the Spanish.

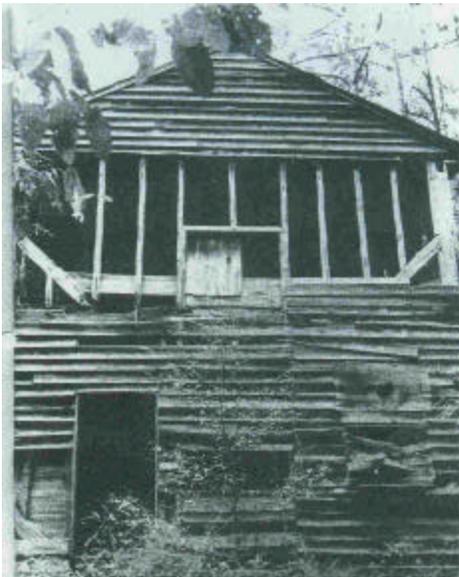
France laid claim to Arkansas as part of Louisiana, when the explorer La Salle went down the Mississippi River around 1685, and declared all the rivers draining into the river belonged to King Louis XIV. Natchitoches, LA was first settled by the

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French around 1717, and then New Orleans and Natchez, MS. Arkansas Post, on the lower Arkansas River was the first permanent settlement in what became Arkansas, and the French explorers in the 18th century became acquainted with the whole area along the Arkansas, Ouachita and Red Rivers. One of the main streams flowing into the Little Missouri River is Terre Rouge Creek, which means "Red Earth" in French. Arkansas was not greatly settled by the French. There was a small settlement at what was called "Ecore Fabre" on the Ouachita River, and there may have been some trappers who lived along the Little Missouri River, but this I haven't heard for sure.

Arkansas was part of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, and became US territory. In 1812 Louisiana became a state, and Arkansas and Missouri became a territory. The Missouri Territorial legislature, meeting in St. Charles, MO, created Hempstead and Clark Counties in 1819. Hempstead was named for the US Congressman from St. Louis, and Clark was named for the Clark of Lewis and Clark fame, with the Little Missouri River as the dividing line. Later Ouachita County was created out of Hempstead County, with Ecore Fabre, now known as Camden, as the county seat.

Some of the early settlers in the area included the Tate family, for which Tate's Bluff, where the Little Missouri River flows into the Ouachita River, was named, and Lewis Randolph, the grandson of Thomas Jefferson, whose grave is located a few miles north of the Little Missouri River, in Clark County, a few miles east of present day Whelen Springs.



Dr. Hawkins' house

One of the first settlers to what became Sayre was Dr. Isaac Hawkins. I had heard he and another family were living in Clark County, and moved to the south side of the Little Missouri River, sometime around 1840 or 1845. This would be just shortly after Arkansas became a state in the Union in 1836. He built a home near the top of the hill near White Oak Creek. His slaves cleared the trees from around the hill, and he could see for miles across the Little Missouri River valley to distant hills in the north in Clark County. His home was one of the most prominent in that part of Ouachita County and was two stories, with a detached kitchen to lessen the risk of fire. Since nails were hard to come by, it was said the house was fitted together with notched planks.

In 1849 gold was discovered in California and many settlers in Arkansas headed west to seek their fortune. One settler in the area that I know of, Robert Wilkerson Black, who was a relative of the Guley family, wrote letters about his progress west. He joined many adventurers who went up the Arkansas River by boat to Fort Smith, and then followed a military road across Indian Territory, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona

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and California, to the gold fields east of Sacramento, and then he was never heard from again.

The decade of the 1850's was a time of growth in Ouachita County with Camden becoming a prominent river port, with steamboats bringing supplies from New Orleans up the Ouachita River. From Camden primitive roads were built west to Washington, AR, the county seat of Hempstead County. One of these early roads was called the "Upper Washington Road", and it went by Dr. Hawkins' house. Eventually a stagecoach line was established along the road, and it was said that the Dr. Hawkins house became a stage coach stop. Even though Camden was just 24 miles away, the roads were so primitive that it took the stagecoach about a day to reach Dr. Hawkins' house, and travelers would spend the night there, before continuing on towards Washington the next day.

The Civil War began in 1861, and many young men in the area went off to fight. The Arkansas 33rd Infantry was organized in Camden, led by Colonel Hiram Grinstead, and many of the enlisted men came from farms in the area of White Oak Creek. The Arkansas 33rd fought at Prairie Grove, AR in 1862 and Pleasant Hill, LA in 1864, and at Jenkins Ferry, AR in 1864, where Colonel Grinstead was killed. April 1864 saw the war come to the valley of the Little Missouri River when General Frederick Steele was ordered to lead his army from Little Rock to meet General Bank's army that was coming up the Red River in Louisiana. The two armies were to meet at Shreveport and then invade Texas. General Banks was stopped at Mansfield, LA on April 9, 1864 and never made it to Shreveport. General Steele was in command of 13,000 troops and he made it to Prairie DeAnn, in the vicinity of present day Prescott, AR, before fighting a battle with southern troops, led by General Sterling Price, and deciding to head towards Camden for supplies, instead of continuing on to Shreveport. This meant a Union Army of 13,000 men, horses, mules and wagons went right through northwest Ouachita County. Steele's main route was on the Middle Washington Road, but a detachment of cavalry could have been on the Upper Washington Road and went by Dr. Hawkins House. There was another engagement at White Oak Creek before Steele's army made it to Camden, and occupied the town for much of April, 1864. It was said that Dr. Hawkins had heard the army was coming and he had one of his slaves bury gold near his house, to keep the Union army from stealing it. Some believed the gold was never recovered, and for years after the war was over, some gold seekers would dig around the property in the middle of the night, trying to find buried treasure. There was no doubt, though, that the Union troops stole food and clothing from the settlers in the area, and loaded them on a wagon train to take back to Camden. They were attacked by southern troops at Poison Springs, and the wagons of ill-gotten gain never made it to town. This major loss, along with another defeat at Marks Mills, led General Steele to retreat to Little Rock at the end of April, 1864, and Camden and the area returned to the Confederacy.

In the 1870's the first railroad line was built across Southwest Arkansas. This line was originally called the Cairo and Fulton, and later the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern Railroad. New towns sprang up along the line, including Gurdon in Clark County, Prescott in newly formed Nevada County, and Hope in Hempstead County.

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The stagecoach line linking Camden with the railroad at Prescott became more important than ever, and this was the time when Dr. Hawkin's house probably came into the most use as a stagecoach stop.

Camden needed a railroad link of its own, though, since steamboat traffic on the Ouachita River was rapidly being bypassed with the arrival of the railroads. In the mid 1880's the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern RR built a line south from Gurdon, which was on their main line linking St. Louis and Little Rock with Dallas, and the new line crossed the Little Missouri River close to where Clark, Ouachita, and Nevada Counties joined, and then turned southeast to Camden. The new line crossed the Upper Washington Road just down the hill from the Dr. Hawkins house, and a new station was built there, and it was named Sayre. How Sayre got its name is not known, since it would seem logical that the new station should have been named "Hawkins", since the Hawkins family had lived there for years. No family named Sayre is known to have lived in the area. What seems likely is that some official with influence with the Railroad named it. Prescott was named by the railroad for a prominent Harvard historian. Hope was named for the daughter of one of the officers of the railroad who lived in St. Louis. Sayre could have been named for a railroad official who was born in Sayre, Pa. or possibly a railroad official or major stockholder whose last name was Sayre. This is how Sayre, OK was named, when the railroad created that town in the early 1900's. It could have been the same gentlemen who Sayre, OK is named for. Nobody seems to know. However, the people in Arkansas always pronounced the town as "Say - ree", while Sayre, PA and Sayre, OK are known as "Say -er". Just 8 miles down the tracks towards Camden, the railroad created another station and named it Chidester, after Colonel Chidester of Camden, who was a major stagecoach operator, and whose home in Camden now houses the Ouachita Historical Society.

Once a railroad establishes a station a town rapidly grows around it, since rapid transportation to the rest of the United States is now available, and Sayre was no different. Families who had lived on farms in the area for decades now moved to the new town, and a post office was soon created. The forests in the area could now be cut down and lumber shipped to markets over the railroad, and a sawmill was soon operating in Sayre.

According to what I've heard, an influential man named Lee Reader now arrived on the scene. He apparently was wealthy and proposed to build a large lumber mill in Sayre, but only if the town was renamed "Reader" in his honor. He apparently was very persuasive because the records show the post office in Sayre was changed to Reader. However, something happened to change people's minds, and very quickly the post office was changed back to Sayre. What happened is not known, but the railroad station stayed in Sayre, as well as the post office. Mr. Reader, apparently decided to build his mill a mile down the tracks, and the houses that went up around the mill and close to the tracks became "Reader", but the railroad station and post office remained at Sayre.

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One of the early mayors of Sayre was James McEwing Douglas. He was born in 1834 in McMinn County, TN. He married Martha Jane Grayson at Ooltewah, TN in 1854, and then moved to Ouachita County, AR, along with his wife's father, John Grayson, and his brothers - in - law and their families. They went to the US Government land office in Champagnolle, near present day Calion, and purchased quite a bit of land in western Ouachita County, in the vicinity of White Oak Creek. During the Civil War J. M. Douglas was a 1st Lieutenant in the Ark. 33rd Infantry. He was wounded in the ankle at the battle of Pleasant Hill, LA on April 9, 1864. He was taken to a makeshift hospital in Mansfield, LA where his wife, months later, arrived by wagon to take him back home to Arkansas. He survived the war, but was crippled the rest of his life. During reconstruction he was a Ouachita County official, along with several of the Graysons (offices such as treasurer, surveyor, sheriff, etc) apparently due to their support of the Republican Party. Once the Democrats regained power, the Graysons were able to receive appointments as postmasters at various communities in northwest Ouachita County. J. M. Douglas and Martha Jane Grayson Douglas moved to Sayre soon after it was established, apparently deciding it was best to live in the new and growing town than to stay on their farm. It was also about this time (circa 1892) that he began to receive a pension from the state of Arkansas due to being a disabled veteran. After he was mayor, he was postmaster at Sayre for awhile, but it was said Martha Jane performed most of the duties. J. M. Douglas died in 1904 and is buried at Turner Cemetery in Reader. Martha Jane Grayson Douglas was visiting her son in Citra, OK in 1912 and fell ill and died, and is buried there.

Another early postmaster at Sayre was Samuel Hamilton Summers Hesterly. He was born in Coweta County, GA in 1850, and moved with the Hesterly and McKelvy families to Ouachita County around 1861. The families settled in what is now Nevada County, south of Bluff City, and many of the Hesterlys and McKelvys are buried at Ebenezer Cemetery. Samuel Hesterly moved his family to Sayre around 1900, and two of his sons, Junious Hesterly, and Jesse Hesterly, lived in Sayre most of their lives. Samuel and Dorthurlar Brown Hesterly are buried at Ebenezer Cemetery.

My mother, Marzelle Hesterly Whitman, was the daughter of Jesse and Elizabeth Evans Hesterly. She wasn't born in Sayre, but her older sister, Lois, was, in 1910. The family moved to Hempstead County briefly in 1911, where my mother was born, before my grandmother got homesick, and persuaded my grandfather to move back to Sayre, where her father, Joseph Edward Evans, was still living. My mother grew up in Sayre and attended school there, approximately from 1916 to 1924. The school was located on Campbell Hill Road, about a half mile south of the Sayre station. It was a two room building, and children from the 1st to 8th grades attended class together. To go on to High School she had to go to a larger town. She went first to Gurdon, then Benton for awhile, then Camden, and finally to Magnolia. The Sayre mill was just to the west of the railroad station, which was on the south side of the railroad tracks. A spur railroad track may have gone west from the mill for a distance in order to obtain lumber. The mill in Reader was larger, and the railroad line that went well south from the mill into Nevada County, along Caney Creek, became the Reader Railroad. The station remained in Sayre during this time, along with the post office. There's a picture of the store at Sayre, which was located north of the station and the railroad tracks. It was a

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long, wooden building, and one part was the store, one part was the post office, and one part was a Masonic lodge. Houses were said to line the road to the east and west of the station. My mother said there were several homes and a side street on the south side of the tracks, towards the school, with 3 churches at one time.

It's not known when the mill at Sayre closed, but it appears it was around 1920 or possibly before. With the major source of employment gone, people began to move away and Sayre went into decline. The mill at Reader was larger, and operated for a longer period, so the bulk of the population shifted in that direction, both around the junction of the tracks of the Reader RR and the Missouri Pacific RR (formerly the St. Louis and Iron Mountain RR), and the crossroads, where Main St. was located.

I first visited Sayre in the 1950's as a child. My sister and I and my parents lived in New York, but every other summer Mom would take us by train to visit my grandparents. There were about 150 people still living in the vicinity of Reader and Sayre at that time. Many of the buildings that once stood in Sayre, including the school, churches, post office and store had been torn down. Several houses, including the Hawkins house, were abandoned and falling into ruin. The station was still standing, but it had been moved to Reader. I remember visiting Sally Mosely in the Reader station, formerly the Sayre station. She was the local station master at that time. The Reader mill was gone, having been bought by the Mansfield Lumber Company years before, and moved to Zwolle, LA. Some of the workers who were employed in Reader chose to move to Zwolle. A few houses were still in Reader, including the Tunnel store. The bulk of the population in Reader seemed to be along Main St. at Crossroads, near the Turner store, which was situated just over on the Nevada side of the county line. All the roads leading into Reader were gravel, and the bridge over White Oak Creek was made of wood. My grandfather didn't understand why the highway from Camden to Chidester (Highway 24) was routed through Bluff City, and not Sayre and Reader, close to the railroad. Being bypassed by a paved highway seemed to contribute to the decline of population in Reader and Sayre.

In the 1960's the owner of the Reader Railroad, Mr. Long of Shreveport, decided to make the railroad a tourist attraction, and one could ride from the depot in Reader down to Waterloo in Nevada County, and back to Reader. That only went on for a few years before they tore up most of the track, and then the railroad only went about two miles to Highway 24. The Missouri Pacific RR continued to have freight trains go through Reader and Sayre often, and there was a passenger train that ran into the 1960's. Reader was a whistle stop at this point, and I remember one night my grandmother used her flashlight to flag the train to a stop so my mother, sister and I could get on board and travel up to Gurdon, Little Rock and St. Louis, where we changed to the New York Central RR for the trip back to New York. Passenger service on the Missouri Pacific ended around 1967.

I remember going into the woods on top of the hill and finding Dr. Hawkins old house, which was still standing. It was referred as the Stagecoach House, and some believed it was now haunted. Dr. Hawkins is buried about a fifth of a mile east of the old house, behind what we called the Spurlock house, on the other side of Locklar St. I

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remember the families that lived in the area. My grandparents lived on Hesterly St., to the north of where the Sayre station once stood. Uncle Junious Hesterly and Aunt Etta lived on Locklar St., to the east. His son, Carl Hesterly, and wife, Margie Creech Hesterly, lived just to the north of them. And the Locklars lived just north of them. The Spurlocks lived on Red Hill Road, just up the hill from White Oak Creek. Later Thee Morris lived across from the Spurlocks, and one of his ex -wives, Sarah Yarborough lived closest to the Sayre Station. I remember several empty houses along Hesterly St. close to Sarah Yarborough's, and was told the Wallace family lived there, and they had married into the Hawkins family. My mother said she visited Sybil Wallace, who had moved to North Carolina, I believe, and had married Robert Patrick. I was told their grandson, who would be a descendant of Dr. Isaac Hawkins, is the actor, Robert Patrick, who has appeared in many films, including Terminator 2.

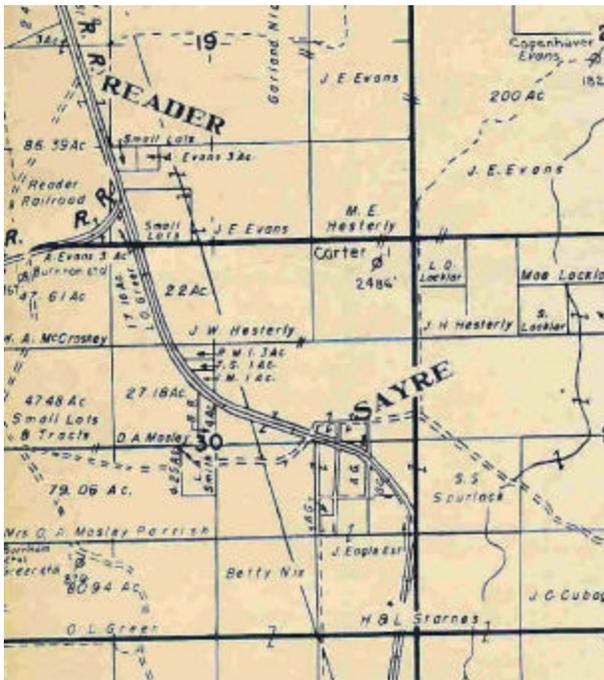
Allen Green, who was the president of the Bank of Chidester, was said to have proudly proclaimed to have been born in Sayre, not Reader. His wife, Dona Green, lived south of the railroad tracks, on a side street off of Campbell Hill Rd and Sayre Drive. Allen Green owned a lot of land in the area, including where Dr. Hawkins house stood. Around 1975 he sold all his land to Deltic Farm and Timber, which was a subsidiary of the Murphy Oil Company of El Dorado, AR.

Back in the 1950's a few of the roads in Reader and Sayre were paved with asphalt. The Arkansas Highway Department developed Arkansas highway 368 in the late 1960's to connect with highway 24, to the southeast, past the Turner Cemetery, and to the west, near the bridge over Caney Creek. One could finally reach Reader and Sayre over a paved road. Ouachita County also paved the road between Sayre and Red Hill, and built new concrete bridges over White Oak Creek. My grandparents said electricity didn't come to Sayre until around 1948. The water line connecting with Camden wasn't developed until the 1970's.

In the 1960's Ed Turner, the son of Hazel Turner, who operated the Turner store in Reader, had a small pole plant and sawmill in operation at Reader, and moved to have the town incorporated. The new city limits included what had been Sayre, so at this point one could say Reader had officially absorbed what was left of Sayre. Ed Turner was the first mayor. The Reader Railroad continued to attract tourists for awhile, and then the steam engine was used in several movies. One was "Boxcar Bertha", starring Barbara Hershey and directed by Martin Scorsese. Another was the TV series "North and South" starring Patrick Swayze and Kirstie Alley, and Johnny Cash. Thanks to the movie production, Reader was briefly on the map. Eventually the Reader Railroad ceased to operate and we heard the steam engine is now operating in Mt. Dora, FL. The Reader Station, which had been in Sayre was moved in the 1980's to Fair Park in Hope, AR, where it is now housing an art exhibit during the Watermelon Festival. Deltic Farm and Timber tore down the Dr. Hawkins house around 1993, saying they felt it was unsafe for people to try to venture inside. The Missouri Pacific RR merged with the Cotton Belt RR, and later the Union Pacific, and tore up the tracks through Reader and Sayre since they were no longer needed.

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Today, when you drive east from Crossroads in Reader on Sayre Drive, you go straight for about a mile, and then the road curves to the north, past the junction of Campbell Hill Rd and Green St, and then the road curves to the right, and goes up the hill past Hesterly St., the site of the Dr. Hawkins house, and Locklar St., before it descends the hill to cross White Oak Creek. Just a few houses still stand along this route, and where the railroad once ran can still be detected, but what was once the busy little railroad town of Sayre is no more. Even Reader is no longer a town, since it was decertified, and the nearest store is in Bluff City, about 3 miles away (also closed at the present time). I still pause to remember though, as I follow the curve on Sayre Drive, and cross where the railroad tracks once lay, that a little town called Sayre once stood here.



**MAP SHOWING SAYRE
1948
(land ownership map)**

MORE ON SAYRE

From a booklet called “Businesses, Manufacturers, Merchants, and Tradesmen for Ouachita County, Arkansas—1923”:

Sayre is listed with a population of 100. Businesses listed are:

Jay Benton—General Store and Saw Mill
W. R. DeWoody—Gin

From Ouachita County rootsweb page on the Internet—Early Businesses and Professionals. Listed at Sayre are:

J. G. Benton—General Store ca 1900
W. B. Howard—General Store ca 1900
Missouri Mill Co.—Sawmill ca 1903
Sayre Lumber Co.- General Store and Saw Mill ca 1900
A. Hesterly--Physician

Editor’s Note: If you have any old pictures of buildings at Sayre or any information to add about this lost town, please contact me. Thanks to Keith Whitman for contributing this article on Sayre. We need to preserve these bits of historical information on these old towns where our ancestors lived.

RECIPES WILL RETURN NEXT ISSUE!

Ivan Bright, age 92, of Hope passed away August 12, 2006. The Bright family is well known for growing huge watermelons that have made the Guinness Book of World Records. One recent melon weighed 268.8 pounds.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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October, 2006

*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR PRESCOTT SCHOOL IN 1911 (from the Sept. 21, 1911 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Teachers

1. Teachers must thoroughly acquaint themselves with the entire course of study, and shall in no case infringe on the work of a grade higher than their own, nor require any pupil to purchase, for use in school, any book or publication not contained in the series adopted by the board.
2. Teachers must endeavor to acquaint themselves with the cause of any dissatisfaction on the part of the parents, and so far as possible remove the cause thereof, making personal visits to the homes of their respective pupils as often as convenience will allow.
3. No teacher will be permitted to introduce into the school any sectarian views as regards religion, or partisan or sectional views as regards politics.
4. Teachers must cheerfully and promptly attend all appointments made by the Superintendent, and carry out his instructions fully.
5. Teachers shall take immediate steps to ascertain the cause of all absence or tardiness, and shall have jurisdiction over pupils other than their own when the immediate teacher of such pupils is not present. The Superintendent has jurisdiction over all pupils at all times during school session.
6. Teachers shall enjoin upon all pupils, by precept as well as by example, the necessity of cleanliness of person and dress, and the abstinence from the use of tobacco on the premises or the use of slang or any impure language whatsoever.
7. Teachers shall be responsible for the discipline and government of their rooms. They shall use kind and persuasive measures with their pupils, and should this fail, teachers may resort to punishment sufficient to suppress the evil, even to suspension, when approved by the principal.
8. Teachers shall have power to retain pupils who have failed on their work during the day, a reasonable length of time after school to prepare and recite such work as they have failed during the day.
9. If possible, teachers shall notify parents when their children are absent or tardy. Two cases of tardiness shall be equivalent to one-half day's absence.
10. At the end of each year, each teacher shall turn over all the belongings of the school entrusted to her, together with such reports as may be called for, and the warrant for the last month shall be withheld till the provisions of this rule have been complied with.

Pupils

1. All sane children between the ages of 6 and 21 who are bona fide residents in the district may attend the grammar school free of charge. Those attending the High School will be required to pay \$2.50 per month tuition. Any child becoming of school age shortly after the opening of the school year may be admitted at the beginning of the year.
2. Pupils shall render perfect and willing obedience to those having authority over them, and shall pursue their studies as directed, and keep such outside regulations as their teachers may impose, looking to the best interest of the pupil. They shall be required to have all books and

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materials necessary to the proper execution of their grade work within two weeks after the opening of school.

3. Pupils shall not in any way deface or injure the buildings, fencing, or furniture or other buildings of the school by writing, cutting, or otherwise, being subject to severe punishment or even suspension or prosecution for so doing.

4. Parents are liable under Rule 3 for all damages done to school property by pupils under 21 years of age. They are, therefore, expected to instruct their children in this particularly. Any parent objecting to the infliction of corporal punishment upon their children must notify the principal in writing at the beginning of each year. Upon the infraction of the rules by such pupils, they may be suspended and only reinstated by the principal.

5. Pupils shall study all the branches of the grade to which they belong, and shall remain in said grade until, by examination, they show themselves worthy of promotion. They shall be held responsible for the neatness and cleanliness of their desk and the immediate vicinity thereof. Teachers or anyone preparing to teach may take special work. This will be left to the Superintendent.

6. Pupils who absent themselves from any examination without good and sufficient cause, such absence will be construed to mean they were not prepared to pass, and before they can be promoted to a higher grade, they must take the examination necessary to entitle it.

7. Whenever the example of any pupil becomes injurious to the school, through indolence, neglect of rules, base character, or any other cause, and reformation shall appear hopeless, his parents or guardian shall be requested to withdraw him from the school. Should the parent refuse or fail to comply with this request, the pupil shall be suspended.

8. Regular and punctual attendance is enjoined upon all. Pupils are subject to suspension for two successive days' absence, three days in one week, six days in one month, and continuous tardiness, unless satisfactory excuse to the teacher is tendered in writing.

9. Pupils stopping school for any considerable length of time, thus throwing them behind in their classes, will be dropped to the next lower grade on reentering, except at the last part of the session, in which case they will be assigned the same grade for the next year, unless a satisfactory examination of such pupil justifies his promotion.

10. Pupils will not be allowed to bring to school any papers, periodicals, novels, or books other than those they study.

11. No pupil will be allowed to leave school for the purpose of taking music or other lessons elsewhere, when to do so would interfere with the pupil's regular course of instruction or the preparation of lessons, subject however to the discretion of the principal.

12. Pupils are not allowed to bring to school any firearms, fireworks, bows and arrows, or other objectionable instruments from which harm or danger could come.

13. In all cases of infectious or contagious diseases, the patient and all pupils coming from the house or very adjacent thereto must be excluded from the school till certificate is brought from a member of the Board of Health stating that all danger is past.

14. The pupil with the highest ranking in general average in attendance, deportment, and scholarship in the graduating grades shall be declared the valedictorian of the grade. The pupil next in rank in the above points shall be declared the salutatorian. Diplomas will be signed by the president and secretary of the board and by the superintendent and principal of the school.

15. Pupils will be required to make an average of not less than 75 per cent on each study in order to pass into the next higher grade. Diplomas for each will be granted upon completion of Grammar School and High School.

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16. These rules and regulations may be amended when in the judgment of the board and superintendent they require it. In fact, teachers may make other rules not embodied herein, and not in conflict herewith, based on good judgment and common sense.

WHY STORES ONCE CLOSED ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS (from the May 20, 1943 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Many cities across the United States began a policy of stores being closed on Wednesday afternoons. Prescott announced in May, 1943 that stores in that town would follow this policy for the months of June, July, and August. Stores would be closed promptly at 1:00 p.m. and remained closed until regular opening hours on Thursday morning. Drug stores and gasoline stations could be exempted from the policy. The paragraph below gives the reason behind this policy of stores being closed on Wednesday afternoons.

This half holiday each week during the summer months will give employers and employees an opportunity to further the war effort by devoting time to raising badly needed food crops, taking stock of the war situation, building morale through relaxation and personal attention to many details of daily life which contribute so much to a healthy viewpoint and improved citizenship. The moral obligation involved in the pledge to observe this closing is self imposed and will be carried out to the fullest extent. Pledging that a business house will close for all business purposes means just that—closed front door and back door, no leaks nor resort to subterfuge. Reports indicate that Prescott merchants are going to observe their individual pledges 100%.

WHAT IF YOUR MARRIAGE WAS RULED INVALID? (from the July 4, 1965 issue of *The Nevada News*)

What if you had been married 15 or 20 years ago and then found out your marriage was invalid? This happened to two Prescott couples in 1965 as well as many others in Arkansas.

According to a 1941 Arkansas statute, a marriage is invalid if the man was under 18 and the woman was under 16 when they were married. In April, 1965, the Social Security Administration announced it would not pay widow's and wives' benefits to persons who were not legally married.

One of the couples, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Braden announced that they would have a church wedding July 7, 1965 at the First Baptist Church. The Bradens were married fourteen years before by the late Judge Brad Bright. Mrs. Braden, the former Clemmie Russell of Okolona, was only 15 at the time and Mr. Braden was 20. The couple had three daughters, Laura Ann 7, Ruby Kaye 5, and Judy Ray 2. Attending the couple at the wedding would be Mr. and Mrs. Coy Braden. A reception would follow at the Davis' Café.

The other couple, Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Buie, were married April 8, 1945 at Boughton by Justice of the Peace John Brown. Mrs. Buie, the former Elizabeth Henry, was 17, but Mr. Buie

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was only 16. They had two children, Vickie 16, and Lonnie Jr. 11. This couple had not set a date for their wedding, but did announce that they would be married again.



This photo belonged to Mollie and Blanche Henry of Bluff City. It was not labeled. If you can identify this person, let me know.

THE PARABLE OF THE TWINS

Once upon a time, twin boys were conceived in the same womb. Weeks passed and the twins developed. As their awareness grew, they laughed for joy. “Isn’t it great that we were conceived? Isn’t it great to be alive!”

Together the twins explored their world. When they found their mother’s cord that gave them life, they sang for joy. “How great is our mother’s love, that she shares her own life with us!”

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As weeks stretched into months, the twins noticed how much each was changing. “What does it mean?” asked the one. “It means that our stay in this world is drawing to an end,” said the other. “But I don’t want to go,” said the one. “I want to stay here always”. “We have no choice,” said the other. “But maybe there’s life after birth!”

“But how can that be?” responded the one. “We will shed our life cord, and how is life possible without it? Besides, we have seen evidence that others have been here before us, and none of them have returned to tell us there is life after birth. No, this is the end.”

And so the one fell into deep despair, saying, “If conception ends in birth, what is the purpose of life in the womb? It’s meaningless. Maybe there is no mother after all.” “But there has to be, protested the other. How else did we get here? How do we remain alive?”

“Have you made up your mind?” said the one. “Maybe she lives only in our minds. Maybe we made her up, because the idea made us feel good”.

And so the last days in the womb were filled with questioning and fear. Finally, the moment of birth arrived.

When the twins passed from their world, they opened their eyes. They cried. For what they saw exceeded their fondest dreams. --*Author Unknown*

THE LIFE OF A DOG

(from *The Dynamo-Prescott High School newspaper*)
(printed in the Jan. 28, 1925 issue of *The Nevada News*)

You have heard the expression “a dog’s life,” or “that man is living a dog’s life.” I am of the opinion that the author of this expression had given little thought to the nature of a dog’s life. When he spoke these words as descriptive of a human career, evidently he had in mind the very pugnacious characteristics of the animal. But this instinct of the dog is only occasionally expressive, and affords but a very superficial interpretation of actual dog life...

According to psychology, life consists of sensations received from the external world and the responses to these sensations, together with other sensations and responses affected by former experiences. From this we must conclude that dog life depends primarily upon sensations and responses.

Rattler was the dog’s name. He was a very ordinary black dog, a cross between a shepherd and a cur. He was named Rattler for no certain reason that I recall, for he had the name before he had ever demonstrated any peculiar characteristic dog qualities.

This was in the days before dog houses, or this story might never have served the purposes of science nor have enlightened the general public in regard to the universe of dog-dom. Rattler slept or took his nocturnal repose at whatever spot about the farm-house or barn-yard

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premises that instinct directed in response to weather conditions. On the particular occasion in question, a temperate fall night, Rattler rested under one of the three majestic water oaks in the back yard. In the deep hours of the blackened stillness, for there was no moon, the hour when Morpheus with his magic spell induces the deepest oblivion by sleep, rendering by his homage humanity helpless beyond state, the world thus shut out from sense of man was typically Rattler's universe. The faintest odor borne upon the still night air was either instinctively ignored as harmless or, if sensed as dangerous, was responded to with most vicious activities of every known kind.

Rattler awoke me about one o'clock with such a complete repertoire. As I remember it now, I do not recall ever having heard such vicious and ominous agonizing by any living dog. It seemed like his barking, vicious chargings and retreats were fraught with the most dire forebodings of the imminent disaster about to overtake the members of the sleeping household. Yes, from the volubility and the audibility of Rattler's alarms, one might judge that he felt responsible for the safety of the entire community and was marshalling all his powers to sound the danger far and wide.

I can appreciate the responsibility felt by a lone sentinel who walks his post at night and stands between the enemy and his country. Rattler was such a sentinel, according to dog judgment, on this night. The darkened universe, all-enclosing was impregnated with myriad odors and sounds borne to his keen sense and often demanding instant responses.

From his position under the trees, he would bound forth with loud and vicious barking, racing at times to the edge of the nearby orchard, only to retreat with equal rapidity with suppressed barks and defiant growls. He would be quiet for a moment and then repeat the performance with aggravated vehemence. What an awful night for Rattler! What an awful world it must have been to such a sensitive creature! When I came to the door, either because of renewed courage or a feeling of increased responsibility to defend, he bounded forth into the darkness again soon to return with fright or disappointment and in apologetic whimpers, either sought forgiveness or comfort, I am unable to say which. How I wish I could wave a magic wand and dispel the darkness from Rattler's life, bring day and with it the utility of the visual sense, and restore his normal nerve condition. But nature has so designed him, with keen senses of smell and hearing, that he might protect himself as well as his master.

SURGEON REMOVES HIS OWN APPENDIX (from the Oct. 12, 1928 issue of *The Camden Evening News*)

Los Angeles—Dr. Robert Meals, young Hollywood surgeon, who three days ago removed his own appendix, today said he felt well enough to get up and walk, and "I would do so now instead of waiting the necessary ten days, if I thought it would be safe."

The operation, the doctor said, was an experiment to verify his conclusion that the "shock" which most patients suffer from operations was due largely to anesthetics rather than the operation. This theory, he said, has been corroborated.

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Dr. Meals was assisted by a friend, Dr. J. Norton Nichols, who helped locate the appendix, which was in an unusual position and to loosen it from adhesions to the back of the abdominal wall.

Dr. Meals took his place on the operating table with only nurses and Dr. Nichols present. His back and head were propped up and a surgeon's gown was slipped over his shoulders as though he were operating on a patient under anesthesia. During the operation, the surgeons carried on a conversation, Meals said.

A local anesthetic was applied, but the surgeon-patient was subject to considerable pain due to inability to anesthetize the internal organs.

PRESCOTT'S LARGEST FIRE

It happened on the night of December 28, 1882. A fire of unknown origin destroyed most of Block 20 and 21 of the city of Prescott. For those familiar with the city of Prescott today, this is the area between West Elm Street and West Walnut Street facing Hwy. 67 and the railroad tracks. It includes the block where Sterling's store and Buchanan's Drug Store were located and where the new library stands today. It also included the block across Hwy. 24 toward the Broadway Hotel.

Most of the buildings at that time were of wood construction. All were destroyed except for two that were of brick construction. Also destroyed was Prescott's tallest building, a three story frame building built by Capt. Wm. Norman and Robert Burns. The first floor was a general mercantile business, the second was a warehouse, and the third was rented out for offices.

At that time, Prescott had no waterworks system and no fire department and water used for fighting the fire was obtained from pumps in shallow wells in the street. Some buildings were dynamited in efforts to stop the fire.

The fire destroyed six groceries, four restaurants, three general stores, two hotels, two saloons, two millinery stores, a bakery, a law office, a tin shop, a watch repair shop, a toy and notions store, a barber shop, and a meat market.

This story was printed in the July 29, 1965 issue of *The Nevada News* and was written by R. P. Hamby, who was very diligent in recording events that affected the city of Prescott. Information for the article came from the Dec. 29, 1882 issue of the *Arkansas Gazette* newspaper, deed and tax records, and conversations Mr. Hamby had with Walter King whose father, Rufus King, died later of the effects of smoke inhalation while fighting the fire. Mr. Hamby's father, C. C. Hamby, had his first law office in the three story Norman-Burns building.

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FAVORITE RECIPES FROM READERS

I have received about 30 pages of recipes from readers from several states. Thanks to all who sent them. I will try to put a couple in each issue, so please be patient. It could be several months before your recipe appears. In the meantime, if you come across an exceptionally good recipe, send it in. Send to: 2680 Warren Ave., Camden, AR 71701 or email them to me at: jmckelvy@cei.net

FOOTBALL CASSEROLE

Keep one in your freezer

**1 pound lean ground beef
1 cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons shortening
1 medium onion, chopped
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 tablespoon catsup
1 tablespoon steak sauce
¼ cup chopped green peppers
2 tablespoons parsley, chopped
1 (5 ounce) package elbow
macaroni
1 can mushroom soup
Salt and pepper to taste**

**Brown beef in shortening. Add onion, tomatoes, catsup, steak sauce, green pepper, and parsley. Simmer 30 minutes. Cook macaroni according to directions on package. Drain. Combine macaroni and ground beef mixture in casserole. Season to taste. Gently spoon mushroom soup into mixture. Mix lightly. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until bubbling and brown.
Helen (Alabama)**

CORN BREAD SALAD

**1 9 inch pan corn bread (no sugar)
1 green bell pepper (seeded and chopped)
1 small sweet onion (chopped)
1 ripe tomato (cored and chopped)
1 cup whole kernel corn (drained)
3 hard boiled eggs (peeled and chopped)
12 oz. bacon (fried crisp and crumbled)
1 - 1½ cups Ranch style salad dressing**

**In a large salad bowl, break corn bread into coarsely crumbled pieces. Gently stir in green pepper, onion, tomato, corn, eggs, and bacon. Pour salad dressing over mixture and toss gently. Chill for 2 hours before serving.
L. G. (Arkansas)**

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us>*****

DOES DAVY CROCKETT'S SISTER LIE BURIED NEAR CAMDEN?

Just off Arkansas Hwy. 24 northwest of Camden a few miles is Hawkins Cemetery, formerly known as Parker Cemetery. The story goes that Davy Crockett's sister is buried in this cemetery. Is this story true or not? There have been attempts to prove it one way or the other, but as far as I know, it has never been resolved.

There is a Matilda Crockett buried there, but was she a sister of Davy Crockett? The grave of Larkin Downs, her husband, is next to her grave. For those readers of this paper who love genealogy, here is a project you can work on and maybe let us know the answer.

Ernie Deane, a reporter for *The Arkansas Gazette* known as "The Arkansas Traveler", wrote an article for the *Gazette* about this story. I have a copy of his article, but I don't have the date when it was printed. In his article, Mr. Deane is asking for descendants of Larkin Downs to contact him to help clear up the matter. According to information on his tombstone, Larkin Downs was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, May 9, 1805 and died January 17, 1871.

It would help if we could find the marriage record for Matilda Crockett and Larkin Downs. Her tombstone indicates that her birth date is the same as her husbands, but she died January 8, 1885.

We know that Davy Crockett passed through Arkansas on his way to fight and die at the Alamo in the Texas war of independence in 1836. But did he or members of his family have any connection to Camden? That is the question.

According to Mr. Deane's article, Davy Crockett had eight brothers and sisters, children of John and Rebeckah Hawkins Crockett. Mr. Deane searched at the Arkansas History Commission and found a book on the Crockett family. The book had names of Davy's brothers and sisters except that three of the sisters were not named. Could one of these have been Matilda Crockett who married Larkin Downs and is actually buried in Parker cemetery near Camden?

According to the Crockett family book, Davy Crockett had a daughter named Matilda, born August 2, 1821, who died July 6, 1890.

Mr. Deane, in his quest to find the answer, interviewed Mrs. Bella Means and Miss Annie Parker who lived near Camden. The ground for the cemetery was given by one of the Parker ancestors. The story goes that an acquaintance of Frank Parker, Annie Parker's brother, came through this part of Arkansas from Tennessee and told Parker that Matilda Crockett was a sister of Davy Crockett.

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About the time Mr. Deane's article was written, the "king of the wild frontier" craze was hitting the country and public interest in Matilda Crockett's grave was aroused. Many visitors came to see her marker.

So, this is your assignment, should you decide to accept it—trace the family history of Davy Crockett and determine if he had a sister named Matilda who married Larkin Downs. We are awaiting the results of your research.

FAMILY POISONED BY DRINKING WATER (from the 9-27-1934 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Arkadelphia--Mr. and Mrs. B. Burnette and a nine year old daughter, critically ill from supposed arsenic poisoning from drinking water from their well near Whelen Springs, were brought to the Ross hospital here in an automobile late this afternoon. Two children of the family, age 10 and 12, died Thursday.

For 40 hours after becoming ill, members of the family doctored themselves for supposed malaria. Physicians called in found they were suffering from poisoning, the symptoms of which were from arsenic. Samples of the water were taken from the well for analysis. The analysis had not been completed tonight. Neighbors who helped nurse the Burnettes also were poisoned, but drank less of the water and were not as severely affected.

There is an air of mystery about the affair in the community which is reported considerably upset with smoldering sentiments and there is danger of violence. For several years there have been well poisonings, killing cattle, horses, and hogs, tearing down of fences, and in one instance, the destruction of a United States mailbox.

The Burnettes are tenants on the I. W. Kibler farm, scene of another well poisoning two or three years ago, when several were made ill and some stock killed by drinking the water. Mr. Burnette is a brother of Mrs. Kibler.

Officials today said the culprit or culprits always have been able to cover up their tracks. Persons who have been molested are said to be afraid to talk for fear their barns will be burned or harm done to them.

Sheriff Tom Tolleson spent yesterday investigating the case. He said the inquiry was not closed, but that he would make no statement. He said there was danger of further trouble because the community had been aroused all the more because children and women are the ones who have felt the brunt of the vengeance.

A HISTORY OF PRESCOTT HARDWARE CO. (Their 44th Anniversary)—Reported in *The Nevada News* Oct. 17, 1934)

The life of the Prescott Hardware Company, practically 44 years, covers more than two thirds of the history of the city of Prescott—in that practically all the civic improvements of

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which our citizenship can boast were acquired since that day in December, 1890—to be exact, the thirtieth—when eight gentlemen with a vision and an unbounded faith in the future of this community met in the offices of two young lawyers, W. V. Thompkins and M. W. Greeson, in the old Nevada County Bank building on West Main Street and organized themselves into a corporation for the purpose of engaging in the retail hardware business.

On that day Prescott had no paved streets, no water works system, no electric lights, no telephone system, no concrete walks, no sanitary sewer system; there were no radios, no motion pictures, no airplanes, no wireless telegraphy, and no automobiles; in truth, those were the horse and buggy days—and only a few buggies.

Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States; James P. Eagle was governor of Arkansas; F. M. Thompson was state senator of this district, and Oliver Jones was our representative. W. N. Sutton was county judge, John E. Purtle was county clerk, Ed Hood was sheriff, S. S. Brooks was coroner, John Purifoy was assessor, C. E. Mitchell was circuit judge, and Jas. H. McCollum was prosecuting attorney. The city officials were John H. Arnold, mayor; Albert Milner, recorder; H. A. Sykes, treasurer; J. A. McCuller, marshal; P. C. Hamilton, J. C. Young, J. C. Hamilton, E. E. White, and W. L. Webb were aldermen. The board of health was composed of Doctors R. I. Hinton, W. E. Arnold, A. Harris, W. C. Wingfield, and E. R. Armstead. Thomas C. McRae was our congressman and our townsman, W. E. Atkinson was attorney-general of Arkansas.

Public wells were located in the streets—one of East First St. across from where Joe Boswill's store is, another on West First St. where the First State Bank stands, another on West Second St. just across from where is now located the Farmers Supply Company. Kerosene lamps lighted the business streets and in front of the many churches. The population of the town was 1250.

The year 1890 seems to have been the turning point in the history of Prescott. During that year Dr. R. L. Powers began the building of the Prescott & Northwestern railroad; Mr. James T. Brooks erected three store rooms on East Elm street where the Boswell stores are now located; the Parker House was established by Sid Parker; J. J. Thomason began the publication of *The Prescott Democrat*, and a number of corporations were organized to transfer varied businesses and more brick buildings were erected on the west side of town.

The men who organized and became the first stockholders in the Prescott Hardware Co. were John M. Milburn, President; A. M. Denman, Vice-President; John M. Pittman, secretary-treasurer; W. B. Waller, J. C. Young, W. J. Binley, W. H. Terry, and Sam Dunn. The new corporation purchased the stock of hardware of A. M. Denman & Bro., located on West First St. and removed it to the two brick store rooms on East Elm. St. erected by W. B. Waller in 1889 just southeast of the first Waller building on the corner which was erected in the first brick store houses erected east of the railroad. In the fall of 1891 the new corporation completed the erection of their new two-room building 57 feet wide on East Elm St. and extending back 90 feet and adjoining the Waller building. A second story was erected over the room next to the alley, being 31 x 90 feet. The back 30 feet of the second story was occupied by the local Masonic Lodge, and the front was cut up into offices which were occupied by W. V. Thompkins and M. W. Greeson, lawyers and Dr. J. M. Powell, dentist.

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When the corporation moved into its new quarters, a space in one of the new rooms was reserved for and occupied as a post office, Misses Marcia and Laura Grayson assisting their father, Z. T. Grayson, the postmaster in handling the mail. This building was finally extended the full width of the block and was destroyed by fire in April, 1899.

In addition to the building already mentioned in 1890, the only other buildings on the business block of East Elm St. were the law office of C. C. Hamby, the Presbyterian church, the old W.B. White residence, and possibly another small residence.

In 1899, after the fire in April, the front part of the building was rebuilt extending 60 feet on East Elm St. and 100 feet on the alley. The warehouse behind this building was not destroyed by the fire in 1899 and was continued in use by the firm.

In this year the two sons of J. M. Pittman, Dan and Charlie, came into the store as salesmen.

In 1901 J. M. Pittman having acquired all the stock of the other stockholders of the Prescott Hardware Co., sold to Dan and Charlie Pittman ten shares each of the stock and the officers and directors were then J. M. Pittman, President; Dan Pittman, Vice-President, and Charlie Pittman, secretary and treasurer.

Another fire in October, 1904 which started in a hay barn on the Missouri Pacific railroad about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, destroyed not only the warehouses of the Prescott Hardware Co, but all the residences in the block where now is the Ozan-Graysonia Lumber retail lumber yards. This was one of the most disastrous fires Prescott has ever had.

After this fire, property was purchased from W. B. Waller and the present warehouse 60 x 200 feet was built and joined the main store building. This warehouse was planned to be built only one story, but one day during the construction, Mr. Charlie Bemis said to J. M. Pittman—"Judge, why don't you build this house two stories—you will find some day that you will need it."

Judge Pittman answered, "Good suggestion, Charlie. I'll just do it." And so the building was erected. After this, the front part of the building was made two stories.

In July, 1909, the Prescott Hardware Co. surrendered its charter as a corporation under the state laws of Arkansas and a partnership was formed between J. M. Pittman, Dan Pittman, and Charlie Pittman, doing business in the name of The Prescott Hardware Company.

The partnership continued until the passing away of J. M. Pittman in August, 1919. Since that time, the partnership has been with Dan and Charlie Pittman who have been in business together continuously since 1899.

In 1927, Dan and Charlie Pittman bought from W. B. Waller property 25 x 100 feet and built the present two story building which houses the furniture department.

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The Prescott Hardware Co. is recognized as the largest hardware and furniture store in Arkansas and Prescott is proud to be called the home of such as large business.

If the floor space occupied by this firm were on one ground floor, it would cover the space from Guthrie Drug store to the alley of East Elm St. and the full length of the block and extend 110 feet into the next block.

We extend to this firm our congratulations in this, their Forty-Fourth Anniversary sale.

ADVICE TO NEWLYWEDS IN 1931

I recently purchased an old book at an estate sale. It was a complimentary book given to couples when they got married. This particular book contained personal papers from a couple who married in Alabama in 1931. Recorded in the book were the family trees of both husband and wife, newspaper clippings and old letters, pictures of the couple, and a baby book for their first child.

I was surprised that members of the family having the estate sale would not keep this valuable and personal information instead of putting it in the sale. Since the price was only a dollar and being somewhat of a packrat, I couldn't pass it up. I figured it would probably be thrown in the trash if nobody bought it. I have posted messages on the Internet in hopes that someone connected to the couple will contact me so that I can send them the personal and family information contained in this book. The groom was Edward Jackson Silcox and the bride was Rosie Lee Fortner. They were married August 5, 1931 in Mobile, Alabama.

The book, entitled *Compliments to the Bride and Groom*, contains all kinds of helpful information on home life in 1931—everything from how to remove stains, how to clean a corset, first aid for bee stings, and recipes such as sardine sandwiches, chocolate crullers, cabinet pudding, brown betty, and barbecued squirrels. I will be sharing some of this information with you in future issues of *The Sandyland Chronicle*. I think you will find some of it interesting and see how things have changed in the last 75 years.

Here is some advice for new husbands and wives taken from that book. Remember, this was in 1931.

DON'TS FOR HUSBANDS

HERE ARE A FEW THINGS THAT WILL HELP YOU ALL YOUR LIFE

- Don't forget that love is "woman's whole existence".
- Don't forget that she, too, can be tired out when you get home.
- Don't abuse the privilege of being the finest man in the world in her eyes.
- Don't promise her that you will do it and then put it off till you feel like it.
- Don't pass up your wife's hunches. Some women have second sight.
- Don't forget that headaches are a natural event and make allowances.
- Don't make her a suffragette because you do not do your part as a citizen.
- Don't forget she is to be the mother of your children, and respect her accordingly.

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- Don't forget that you took her for better or worse; and there may be no medals on you.
- Don't forget that there is no set day for a honeymoon to end. If there is, you make it.
- Don't keep your wife in ignorance of your business standing. She is your closest partner.
- Don't fail to play the lover. Women are never too long married to be told they look young.
- Don't be the first to break her ideals. Maybe she thinks you are a second Lord Chesterfield.
- Don't argue. Remember that a woman convinced against her will is on the same opinion still.
- Don't forget that she is a walking advertisement of your manhood and keep her dressed to equal the part.
- Don't forget that she is a very complex creature, and you have a great deal of studying to do yet before you can understand.
- Don't say that you would "horsewhip the man who would do a trick like that on your sister," and then do the same trick on your wife.

DON'TS THAT WILL PLEASE HIM WIVES, HERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU MUST REMEMBER

- Don't let him grow faster than you.
- Don't explain. It should not be necessary.
- Don't forget that wife means partner and pal, too.
- Don't repeat gossip, even if does interest the crowd.
- Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.
- Don't question his motives. Some men can't be understood.
- Don't forget it is the little things that start the big mischiefs.
- Don't fail to keep interested in the things your husband likes.
- Don't worry about his old girls. Remember why he chose you.
- Don't play favorites with his friends. The perfect hostess is neutral.
- Don't fail to always look your best. That is the way he learned to love you.
- Don't neglect to do the little things for your husband that his mother did for him.
- Don't think a man likes to go without buttons or that he can sew them on himself.
- Don't fail to show him how you can save on little things; maybe he is an efficiency graduate.
- Don't object to this lodge night. A good order makes a man think more of his family.
- Don't bother him with neighborhood tales. He is interested only in so far as they affect you.
- Don't fail to mother him when he is sick. Remember how easy a man is in the hands of trained nurse.
- Don't fail to help him along with his particular hobbies. Next to you, they are his heart's desire.
- Don't object too much to his smoking—maybe he has been at it since he was eight years old.
- Don't fail to learn his special dishes. Try to make them even better than mother did. She'll tell you how.
- Don't be negligent about a regular time for eating. For years he has been used to getting things when he ordered them.
- Don't forget that he thinks right now that you are the finest girl in the world, and only you can make him thinks otherwise.

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---Don't think that when a man marries he naturally dislikes all his old amusements. Let him have a night occasionally. He will appreciate the privilege.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE PEOPLE GONE?

POPULATION OF NEVADA AND OUACHITA COUNTIES

NEVADA COUNTY

Historical Population as per the U.S. Census:

1810	1820	1830	1840	1850	1860	1870	1880	1890	1900
-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12,959	14,832	16,609
1910	1920	1930	1940	1950	1960	1970	1980	1990	2000
19,344	21,934	20,407	19,869	14,781	10,700	10,111	11,097	10,101	9,955

Last Updated 5/16/2006

OUACHITA COUNTY

Historical Population as per the U.S. Census:

1810	1820	1830	1840	1850	1860	1870	1880	1890	1900
-	-	-	-	9,591	12,936	12,975	11,758	17,033	20,892
1910	1920	1930	1940	1950	1960	1970	1980	1990	2000
21,774	20,636	29,890	31,151	33,051	31,641	30,896	30,541	30,574	28,790

Last Updated 4/21/2006

ITALIAN SPAGHETTI SAUCE

From Julie in North Carolina-- My husband is part Italian. This recipe is an adaptation of his grandmother's spaghetti sauce. I make this at least once a month.

Ingredients:

- 3 large (28-oz) cans of whole tomatoes (NOT crushed)
- 1 10-oz can of Hunt's tomato sauce
- 1 6-oz can of tomato paste
- 1 small can of tomato puree (or I use 1/2 large can of puree).

Directions:

Chop up canned tomatoes and put them through a food mill to puree. Throw out seeds and pulp. To the puree add the other tomato products as well as:

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1 large onion, chopped & sautéed in olive oil and garlic
2 Tablespoons of freshly grated Parmesan cheese (or 3 T canned cheese)
3 Tablespoons fresh chopped parsley (or 3 teaspoons of dried parsley)
2 Tablespoons fresh chopped basil (or 2 teaspoons of dried basil)
1 Tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon black pepper.....or red pepper flakes (my preference)
½ bay leaf

Simmer on low for 2 ½ to 3 hours, stirring frequently (about every 10 minutes) to prevent sticking/burning. If it gets too thick before the time is up, you can add a little water. If the sauce inadvertently burns on the bottom of the pan while cooking (which happens to be every time because I get busy and forget to stir it), remove sauce from burner for 5 minutes and carefully lift out the burned sauce from the bottom with a spatula. Return sauce to burner to finish cooking.

About an hour into the cooking process, you may add a package of mild Italian sausage that has been browned in olive oil and garlic. Drain with paper towels before adding to sauce. Sometimes I cut the sausage up into 1½-inch slices before adding to the sauce.

To make meat sauce, add a pound of browned ground meat early in the process.

If you want to make meatballs instead, combine the following ingredients in a bowl:

1 pound of ground meat
3 Tablespoons fresh parsley (or 3 tsp. dried)
1 Tablespoon fresh basil (or 2 tsp. dried)
dash of black pepper (opt.)
1 egg
½ cup dry bread crumbs (I use the PLAIN canned crumbs...the Italian flavored make the sauce too salty)

Mix gently together and form into small balls. Brown on low heat in olive oil and garlic and add to the sauce during the last couple of hours.

You will note that I do not add salt in this recipe. The tomato products have salt in them, and the fresh Parmesan is also salty.

Note: Some people just buy canned tomato puree and use that as the basis for their sauce. I've never done that and do not know what it would taste like, but I know my husband's grandmother would turn over in her grave if I did that!! Also, I used to puree crushed tomatoes in the can, but did not like the results as well.

Serve with bread and olive tray or an antipasto.

Too many parents tie up their dogs and let their children run loose!

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

POISON SPRINGS RECREATIONAL PARK (NOW KNOWN AS BRAGG LAKE)

Most of the local residents of Ouachita and Nevada counties are familiar with Poison Springs State Park, a small park in Ouachita County located at the site of the Civil War battle. The park was developed back in the 1960's. In fact, one of my first public jobs was working for the Arkansas Forestry Commission during the summers while I was going to college. One of our jobs at that time was to clear the underbrush at the park site. We were cautioned to leave any ornamental trees such as dogwood, but I suspect that a few were accidentally cut down. Some of those working there didn't know a dogwood tree from a broom handle. We also developed a trail visitors could use to visit the springs. Later a display was built to explain the historical significance of the battle and a few picnic tables were provided for public use. It is the ideal place for a small family picnic, although there are no toilet facilities available. Those were removed years ago due to vandalism. Some folks just seem to get a thrill out of causing mischief.

Although the name implies that these springs are poisonous, this is not true. The story goes that a group of men were cutting a road through the forest in mid-summer and became over-heated. One of the men took a drink of cold water from one of the springs while he was too hot and died. The other men thought the water had poisoned him, and that's how the place became known as Poison Springs.

This small park today is maintained by the Arkansas Dept. of Parks and Tourism along with the larger White Oak Lake State Park which is nearby.

Plans were made back in 1936 for a park to be known as Poison Springs Recreational Park, but this park was to be located along Hwy. 24 between Camden and Chidester. The location was only two or three miles as the crow flies from the Poison Springs battle site. This park was to be 200 acres in size with a 140 acre lake to be constructed by building a dam on Bragg Creek. A flour mill once operated on this creek to provide flour for the Bragg family, a pioneer family in that area.

The plans also called for cabins to be constructed around the lake and a baseball diamond to be built. A large community building would be constructed for reunions, picnics, etc. The project had already been approved by the WPA in 1936 and construction would begin as soon as a few more deeds were signed. The cost of the park was estimated to be \$20,000. I don't know when the project was finally completed, but I am sure construction began soon after all the deeds were signed.

I have admired many beautiful sunsets over this lake as I have traveled on Hwy. 24 coming from Camden toward Chidester. You have to be there at just the right time on the right day for the best view. I remember once back in the mid-1970's when the dam broke

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due to heavy rains and the highway was temporarily closed with traffic diverted around by Poison Springs park to Upper White Oak Lake and on to Bluff City. When the dam broke, fishermen were allowed to catch the fish by dipping them up in nets. Hundreds of people joined in the fun. That was quite a sight to see.

I'm sure you have noticed the island in the middle of Bragg Lake, but you probably don't know the history concerning that island.

Some of the land for the park project was donated by T. J. Gaughan, a local attorney, but in the deed for the land, he included certain conditions for the two acre island in the middle of the lake. The island was to be a bird and game refuge. Trees were present on the island, but the attorney desired to plant mulberry and persimmon trees there also.

The land was conveyed with this stipulation: "This conveyance is made on the condition that the buyer will maintain this island in its present state, permitting only such timber to be removed as may from age or decay become dangerous. It is a condition of this conveyance that the county of Ouachita will not permit anyone to build a house or other similar structure or permit any bird or animal to be killed on this island during the next 50 years. The county court of said county may grant a temporary license to some certain person or persons, if in the opinion of the court, it shall become necessary and proper, to kill birds of prey or animals destructive of wildlife on this island."

"It is requested that the said county will make adequate provision for the care of such animals as squirrels, coons, etc. and swallows, etc. on this island. During the said period of 50 years, no one will be allowed to carry a gun or pistol of any kind on said island without a permit from the county court of said county, for the above named purpose." This deed concerns only the small island to be left in the center of the lake. It will add beauty to the lake and become a bird and game refuge for all time.

So, now you know the story behind the island in the middle of Bragg Lake. The 50 year time period specified in the deed has now expired, but as far as I know, the island is still pretty much off limits for hunting.

In the last few years a new animal has surfaced at Bragg Lake—alligators. Signs warn visitors to watch for alligators. Several houses have been built near the lake and fishermen can be seen in their boats or fishing from the bank along the dam or by the highway below the dam. The pavilion that had been constructed overlooking the lake was torn down a few years ago. There was recently some talk about building a new one, but as always, the lack of funds is the major obstacle. Some repairs were recently made to the dam to prevent another break in case of severe flooding.

CAUSES OF DEATH IN 1907 AND 1908

Some obituaries in the old days gave the cause of death. As I was doing some research one day, I made notes of some of these just out of curiosity. I thought it would be interesting to

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compare the causes of death almost a hundred years ago with the causes of death today. This information is from Nevada County newspapers.

1907—

Mrs. J. L. McGough- consumption
Jeremiah Cress—dropsy
John L. Eagle- typhoid fever and measles

1908—

Ernest Smith—murdered
Dr. Albert Hesterly—pneumonia
Buck Hawley—typhoid fever
John Johnson—acute attack of grippe
George Hathcoat—organic heart trouble
Henry Bowles—ran over by a train engine
Mattie Evans—pneumonia
May A. Moore—la grippe
P. C. Hamilton—la grippe
Lucille Fore—congestion of the stomach
Seth Williams—measles
W. H. Hill—shot during argument
Annie Carrigan—congestion of the lungs
Willie D. Gillespie—erysipelis
James T. Gossett—heart failure
Edna May Yancey—pneumonia and measles
J. W. Hornaday—cancer
Mrs. J. R. March—rhuematism
Mary Lee—heart failure

The following communities were once located in Nevada County south of Bluff City

SMASH-UP NEWS (from the Dec. 19, 1913 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

Hog killing is the order of the day.

Health in this community is very good.

Sunday school is progressing fine at this place.

J. H. Boswell will preach at this place the ensuing year every fourth Sunday.

Soon be time for old Santa Claus to come around, and how glad I will be.

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There was no prayer meeting here the past week on account of bad weather.

Building and moving is also the order of the day. We wish both movers and builders success.

We wish the new married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Aron Waters, a prosperous journey through life.

There will be a big Christmas tree at Ebenezer on the night of the 24th. Everybody is invited to come early and stay late.

COUNTY LINE NEWS

(from the Dec. 19, 1913 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

Health is fine in this community now.

Farmers are about through gathering their crops now.

Bennet Tally of Emerson is contemplating moving to this vicinity soon.

We have no school at County Line this year for causes known to most people.

Mrs. Leta Knight is staying at the home of her father-in-law while her husband is gone.

E. A. Beaver has just returned from Hot Springs where he has been for his health.

Mesdames Josie Beaver, Esther Mooty, and Lizzie Beaver spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Knight.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. W. A. McAteer severely scalded her foot by oversetting a pot of hot coffee on it Sunday.

Eddie and Oscar Knight and Bynum Holleman have gone to visit relatives in and around Lufkin and Huntington, Texas.

THEO NEWS

(from the April 24, 1914 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

As there is no one writing from Theo, I will write a few items.

Health is very good at this writing.

We are having some pleasant weather which is welcomed by the farmers.

Bro. Fincher preached a very interesting sermon at County Line last Sunday. He is a good man and a fine talker. Let everybody come out to hear him the third Sunday.

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Uncle Dick Knight of Lufkin, Texas is visiting his brother, Calvin Knight.

There will be a Sunday school organized at County Line next Sunday.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Laura Kirk has typhoid fever. Hope she will soon recover.

Eddy Harvey and Bennie Benton of Bluff City and Milton Knight of Chidester went to County Line last Sunday. Come again, boys. We are always glad to see people from other neighborhoods.

Ask Miss Gertrude if she likes two black mules better than one grey.

Mrs. Beulah Cline made an interesting talk on China at Ebenezer last Saturday. We learn that Mrs. Cline will return to China in July with the intention of never returning home any more.

Milton Knight of Chidester was a guest at Limus Gulley's last Sunday.

Mrs. Wadley is visiting her nephew, Eugene McAteer of McNeil.

Mrs Limus Gulley returned home after three days stay at her father's, B. C. Cross.

EDGAR ALLEN POE ONCE WORKED IN CAMDEN **(from *The Camden News*—June, 1936)**

Edgar Allen Poe, one of America's leading literary figures, once worked as a printer in Camden. He spent several weeks here at work on the old *Ouachita Herald*, according to J. H. Marable of Stephens, Arkansas, former editor of the *Homer (La.) Journal*, who tells the following story:

“My maternal grandfather, James A. Jones, familiarly known in Camden at that time as Jim Jones, was editor and publisher of the *Ouachita Herald* for some years prior to 1863. In that year, on account of many Union soldiers being in this section of the country, and the final issue of the Civil War being uncertain, he refuged to Smith County, Texas with his Negroes, and in a few months died there. It was from his wife, my grandmother, that I got the story in 1892 of Poe's sojourn in Camden.

“One day at lunch he said to grandmother, ‘Martha, guess who I have working for me in the office today.’ She guessed several of the journeyman printers that had worked and passed on. Grandfather smilingly shook his head and said, ‘You could not guess in thousand years. He is the poet, Edgar Allen Poe.’”

While attending a press meeting in New Orleans some time before, grandfather had met Poe. Whether it was because of an incipient friendship that the poet decided to drift into Camden, grandfather did not say. At any rate, he had been on a long spree in New Orleans when he came to Camden. He was broke and presented a very un-kept appearance. These sprees were

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common talk throughout the country 40 years ago. He was simply a genius with some of the weaknesses that occasionally are to be found in men of high intellect and delicately wrought nervous systems.

Poe spent three months in Camden working at the *Herald*. He was a good printer and industrious, trying to be worth his wages. While doing this mechanical work, he wrote several poems which he permitted my grandfather to publish in his paper. Whether any of these are in present collection, I do not know for the files of the *Herald* at that time were destroyed in 1879. He boarded with my grandparents. Grandmother said he was agreeable, but sometimes moody, almost melancholy-brilliant, but unassuming. His conversation was replete with knowledge of things discussed, yet being great, his respect of the views of others evidenced the polish of a true gentleman.

Being still a rattle-brained youth when grandmother died in 1897, I thought little of this incident, which if properly recorded would have been of great historical value. I wish I could give the exact date of Poe's sojourn in Camden, and a more intimate story of it. One thing it tells us and that is, that he was in some respects an ordinary mortal with ordinary failings.

During his sojourn in Camden, Edgar Allen Poe was not feasted nor feted. To most of the people of the town, he was merely a printer who edged up in his composing stick those little metallic messengers of thought that have revolutionized knowledge. This was also art with him. Whatever he did it was with an artistic frame of mind. It seems paradoxical that occasionally he would consort with old John Barleycorn.

Although when he was in Camden, he was looked upon as being only a journeyman printer by ordinary folk, many Camdenites now of course recognize that he was a great genius. Perhaps they will be proud to know that he was for three months one of their citizens.

THE EXECUTION OF CAPT. GUYNES IN CAMDEN **(from The Camden News—June, 1936)**

An interesting bit of Civil War history was the execution of Captain John T. Guynes, Co. F, 23rd Texas Infantry, as related by the late S. B. Lide, who was Captain of Co. B, 33rd Arkansas, who was an eye witness to the execution. Captain Guynes was a brilliant young lawyer and a leader in his section of Texas, where his family had been famous for many years. Guynes enlisted in the Southern army and was in a number of battles and skirmishes, all west of the Mississippi River, in Arkansas, when an order came directing the regiment to join General Hood's forces in Tennessee. Guynes immediately objected. He declared that his company had enlisted in defense of the state of Texas only; that it was unlawful to order the Texans across the Mississippi River.

Guynes was arrested while making a speech to his company, urging them to refuse to obey the order. A court martial was hastily organized which cited Guynes with insurrection. Trying his own case before the court, Guynes cited the Constitution of the Confederate states and the laws of Texas in support of his position. This speech is said to have been a masterpiece of logic

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and eloquence. The court found him guilty as charged and sentenced him to death. Believing himself right in principle, he preferred to face death rather than to submit to what he considered tyranny. His execution was delayed for many months and his friends sought executive clemency for him, but President Davis refused the pardon after thoroughly reviewing the case.

Guynes was brought to Camden for execution. Seated on a plank coffin in an open wagon, he was carried to the bank of the Ouachita River. The officer in charge offered to bind his eyes with a black handkerchief, but Guynes refused. He faced the 12 executioners without a tremor. Head erect, hands clasped behind him, ten bullets pierced his heart.

MORE FROM THE 1931 BOOK—*COMPLIMENTS TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM*

BARBECUED SQUIRRELS

Build a hardwood fire between two green logs lying about two feet apart. Drive four forked stakes about fifteen inches apart, so that the four stakes will form a rectangle like the legs of a table. The forks should all be about eighteen inches above the ground. Choose young, tender squirrels. Prepare spits by cutting stout switches of some wood that does not burn easily, peel them, and sharpen the points. Impale each squirrel by thrusting a spit through flank and shoulder, on one side, and another spit similarly on the other side, spreading out the sides. Lay two poles across the fire from crotch to crotch and across these lay your spitted squirrels. As soon as heated through, baste with a piece of pork on the end of a stick. Turn the squirrels as required. Cook slowly, tempering the heat, if needful, by scattering ashes thinly over the coals; remove the ashes for a final browning. When the squirrels are done, butter them and serve.

TO MAKE BEDS ROLL EASILY—Lift the iron bed with an automobile jack, knock the rollers out with a hammer. Grease thoroughly and put the rollers back. The bed will roll with one hand.

TO KEEP CELERY FRESH—Bury several bunches of celery at a time in a cool place, laying the bunches obliquely and covering lightly with dirt. It will keep fresh for two or three weeks.

CHOW-CHOW—When you don't have green tomatoes, try watermelon rinds. Use the same amount, grind it up, and season the same as you would tomatoes. You will find it quite as good.

TO KEEP LID ON A BOILING POT—If you will drop a teaspoonful of butter into the water in which you are boiling dry beans or other starchy vegetables, you will not be annoyed by having the lid of the pot jump off, as it will otherwise do. The butter acts "as oil on the troubled water" and keeps it calm and manageable.

EGG SHELLS—Broken egg shells, rubbed over cooking vessels to which food adheres, removes each sticky particle and cleans the vessels nicely.

If you want to forget all your troubles, wear a pair of shoes that are too tight for you.

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Texas Casserole

From "This Is A Favorite" Column of the *Houston Chronicle*

Contributed by Barbara W. Ray

Houston, Texas

This recipe can be made with low-fat soups, sour cream, and cream cheese, and ground turkey can be substituted for hamburger to make it much lower in fat without changing the flavor. We love it, even when I use the low-fat ingredients.

1 pound of ground beef
Garlic powder, salt, and pepper
3 to 4 coils of vermicelli, cooked
1 (11-ounce) can condensed tomato soup
1 (10 ³/₄-ounce) can condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 bunch of green onions, chopped (I use plenty)
1 (8-ounce) package of cream cheese
1 (8-ounce) carton of sour cream or plain yogurt
Grated Parmesan cheese or bread crumbs (use plenty)

Brown and season meat with garlic powder, salt, and pepper. Arrange ingredients in a 3-quart casserole dish in layers from bottom up as follows: vermicelli, ground meat, tomato soup, onions, cream cheese, sour cream, mushroom soup. Top with Parmesan cheese or bread crumbs. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees 30 to 40 minutes. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

From Barbara Helsel Woelzein of Phoenix, Arizona

CALICO BEANS

1 can B & M baked beans	1/2 cup Ketchup
1 can kidney beans	1/2 cup chopped onion
1 can lima beans	1 teaspoon dry mustard
1 can butter beans	2 Tablespoons white vinegar
1/2 jar Hormel real bacon bits	1/4 cup brown sugar

Combine the five ingredients on the right and mix as a sauce. Put beans in crock pot. I usually pour off about half of the liquid from the kidney, lima, and butter beans, leaving the rest with the beans. Use the baked beans straight out of the can. Pour sauce over beans and cook 2 hours on low or high. Lid of crock pot can be removed toward the end of the cooking time if beans are "too juicy". I usually double the amounts if making for a group and they are yummy as leftovers.

Editor's Note: I asked Barbara if some other brand of baked beans would work. She says B & M baked beans are the best for this recipe, but others would probably work. We could not find this brand in our local grocery stores.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



A BLUFF CITY SCHOOL GROUP

Can you identify any of these students? Photo taken about 1927-1928.

Those receiving this paper by regular mail or hand delivery will have a full page size picture in their paper. I made the picture smaller for the Internet subscribers so that it would open more quickly. Let me know if you would like the larger picture and I will send it to you direct by email.

This is the old school building at Bluff City. It was located at the end of what is now called Knight Street in Bluff City. I have another picture showing a different group of students posed with this old school bus.

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DeANN CEMETERY IN PRESCOTT

DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott, Arkansas is Nevada County's largest cemetery. Many of the old settlers and prominent businessmen of the early days of Prescott are buried there. The oldest part of the cemetery is south of Hwy. 371 and the newer sections are north of the highway. This highway was once known as the Prescott and Wallaceburg road.

The old section of DeAnn and Moscow Cemeteries were recently added to the list of historic places through the efforts of Peggy Lloyd, former curator of the Depot Museum. You can find short biographical sketches of many of those buried at DeAnn on the depot museum web site. The web address is: <http://depotmuseum.org/>. These sketches were prepared as part of the material presented to the board that was to consider the request to add the old section of DeAnn to the register of historic places.



Unusual Tree at DeAnn

There is a long article in the April 4, 1985 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* which tells some of the history of DeAnn Cemetery. The article mentions a large tree in the cemetery not far from the highway. This tree stands near the graves of Edward and Patrick Cassidy who were born in Ireland. These two brothers died in the 1880's. It is said the tree was brought from England and there have been different opinions as to the species. Some say it is a hemlock tree. It appears to me to be a member of the cypress family, even though cypress trees usually grow near water.

Close-up of tree branch



Almost all of the older cemeteries in Nevada County have several interesting tombstones. Some are very ornate and surely cost a great deal of money at the time they were erected. Some are huge and we can only imagine the amount of manual labor involved to erect these memorials. Many were ordered from distant cities such as St. Louis, transported to Prescott by train, and then hauled by wagons to the cemetery.

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One unique grave marker can be found in the new section north of the highway. It marks the graves of William Graham Hayes and Libbie Lucille Hayes. It is a large stone with the figure of a couple embracing on top. This is the only marker of this type in Nevada County.

The first road into the old section off Hwy. 371 as you leave town has the only sign which identifies the place. A wrought iron arch extends over the drive bears the name “DeAnn Cemetery”. According to the previously mentioned article, approximately three rows of unmarked graves to the left of this road was the part of the cemetery known as “the potter’s field”. This was used for people who died with no family.

An incident happened in Prescott in December, 1910 that was a bit unusual. A carnival was in the city for several days. The carnival claimed to have on display the world’s smallest horse. The horse was named Dixie and weighed only 19 pounds at birth. This small horse which weighed only fifty pounds died while the carnival was in Prescott supposedly from eating wheat which caused indigestion. This presented a problem. What do you do with the body of a world famous horse that was loved by so many people? By permission of city authorities, “Little Dixie” was allowed to be buried for the price of \$10 in the potter’s field at the city cemetery.

A crowd gathered at the carnival where last rites were paid to “Little Dixie”, and then the group went to the cemetery. The carcass was taken to the grave in a box covered with stars and stripes and lowered into the ground.

Plans were that a headstone would be erected to mark the grave so that visiting shows could pay their respects to “Little Dixie”. In our survey of DeAnn Cemetery we did not find a headstone for Dixie, so evidently the grave was never marked. Until I read the article in the *Picayune*, I didn’t know for sure just where the potter’s field was located. So, DeAnn may hold the distinction of being the only cemetery that contains the final resting place for a horse.

The area east of the potter’s field was the black cemetery before the newer sections were opened north of the highway. DeAnn Cemetery is owned and maintained by the city of Prescott.

One may say he would like to go back to the days when his wife’s meals were carefully thought out, instead of being carefully thawed out.

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LIFE IS A FUNNY PROPOSITION

(from the Nov. 20, 1914 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves against his will. During his stay on earth, his life is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy, he is an angel; in his boyhood, he is a devil; in his manhood, he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties, he is a fool. If he has no family, he is committing race suicide; if he raises a family, he's a chump; if he raises a check, he is a thief, and the law raises Cain with him. If he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich, he is dishonest, but considered smart. If he is in politics, he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics, you can't place him, as he is "an undesirable citizen". If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church, he is a sinner. If he donates to a foreign mission, he does it for show; if he doesn't, he's stingy and a "tightwad". When he first comes into the world, everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out, they want to kick him. If he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way, only living to save funeral expenses. "Life is a funny thing after all".

MODEL GOVERNMENT

(from the 3-7-1906 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

The situation of this model government is in a country of very irregular boundaries. It consists of a mainland with five peninsulas. Chief among these is the Capital Peninsula. There are two others called the Manual Peninsulas and the two known as the Pedal Extremities. The latter bear a close resemblance to the Italian Peninsula in southern Europe.

The monarch of the realm is King Mind I, whose home is in the strongly fortified palace of the brain, which occupies the greater part of the Capital Peninsula.

His majesty's royal council, which is something like our President's Cabinet, consists of five members. These noblemen might be called vassals or sub-lords, as they are pledged to give their allegiance to the king, and in this way resemble the Feudal Lords of the Middle Ages. They are the Lord of Sight, the Lord of Taste, the Lord of Smell, the Lord of Touch, and the Lord of Hearing.

The Lord of Sight lives in his majesty's castle, and is his favorite. It is his principal duty to keep a constant lookout for external troubles, and to notify the king in case of approaching danger.

The Lord of Taste lives in the castle of Tongue, and is the chief custom house officer at Port Mouth. He inspects all imported goods, and ships them over the Alimentary railroad to a large warehouse or factory, where they are refined and disseminated throughout the different provinces as they are needed.

The Lord of Smell occupies Nasal Hall, and is assistant inspector of imported articles. The Lord of Touch is chief investigator of foreign affairs, and the Lord of Hearing receives all foreign communications.

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The king has great power over these nobles, and they can influence him to a great extent. This serves to hold each other in check and prevents tyranny on the part of either the king or his council.

All goes on smoothly except an occasional revolt in the troublesome little province of Liverdale, or a strike on the part of the warehouse laborers, on account of overcrowding with work. These little uprisings are usually put down with very little trouble or expense.

The entire country is kept well watered by a convenient system of irrigation, much like that of ancient Babylonians in the basin of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. There are thousands of canals running even to the remotest provinces, which are kept full by the constant working of a large pump located near the center of the mainland. Millions of little red sailboats fly up and down these canals, transporting articles of food, and gathering up goods for export, which they carry to the principal stock exchange in the City of Lungs.

This country has the most complete telegraphic system ever constructed. Every part of the empire is in direct connection with the king's palace, and in the case of trouble, he is notified at once and sends his return message immediately.

All these modern conveniences are controlled by municipal authority, there not being a single private monopoly in the whole country. Everything works together for the common good. There is no written law, but still all crime is justly punished by the common law of nature.

This model government is not Plato's dream or a More's Utopia, but a real existing form of government, which lies within the bosom of every human being, and silently carries on its good work, while at least half of the world's populace go on their march through life without ever knowing that it exists.

Respectfully
Tenth Grade
Tom Allen High School
Prescott, Arkansas

CAMDEN CELEBRATES ARRIVAL OF NEW YEAR IN 1934

Infant 1934 arrived with much gusto in Camden today. Never before had such a welcome been extended to a new year---that is according to noise volume. From the way that vociferous glad hand was extended, Camden must have been down right glad to see the babe.

Many citizens dusted off their old family blunderbuss and let it go with both barrels. Then there was pistol fire of all kinds---little, big, and in between sizes. A machine gun must have been used also for there was something familiar about a loud rat-tat-tat we heard. Too, the auto boys had their back fires.

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Bells rang and whistles blew. There was one hitch in the plan for the semi-official welcome. Nobody's timepiece was exact. Some started shooting off the works before 12 a. m. and there was spasmodic firing on distant fronts a few minutes ahead of schedule. Then when some clocks tolled the new year, a loud outburst greeted this.

Then for five or more minutes, there was sporadic outbursts probably caused by some citizens who had planned to stay up and ring out the old and usher in the new with a bang, but fell asleep and awoke too late for the big show. He put in his nickel's worth, however, with the family six-shooter.

Blam, blam, blam!!! Pop, pop, pop!!! coupled with a few bells and some lively shouting was the way Camden saw the new year.

There was the usual number of watch parties at various places and everyone seemed mighty glad 1933 was leaving and 1934 had arrived. However, 1933 was a pretty good year after Franklin Delano Roosevelt took a hand at running the country.

Camden looked like a big city last night with the monstrous crowd at the Rialto's preview. The theatre was packed and jammed and the show was great. Long lines formed at the window and extended a block--something unheard of around here. But that crowd was in the right spirit and that preview was the greatest ever staged here. The show was plenty good.

But, talking about theatre crowds, the last week of ole 1933 saw one of best records set here since Trader Horn played Camden. Each day and night last week, the Rialto packed them in.

Anyway, today is the first for 1934 and this is the first story ye scribe has exhausted the adjectives over. That's the way to start off the year maybe. We hope you read this first today.

FIRST CLASS HACK LINE—1880

J. T. Chidester, Superintendent

Advertisement—*The Columbia Banner*—1880

First class hack line from Magnolia to Hope carrying U. S. mail and express matter of light weight. Passengers carried through without detention.

Magnolia to Hope--\$3.00

Magnolia to Falcon--\$2.00

Magnolia to Lamartine--\$1.00

Leaves Hope daily at 8 a.m. and arrives at Magnolia at 7 p.m.

Leaves Magnolia daily at 7 a.m. and arrives at Hope at 7 p.m.

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THE LITTLE HOUSE OUT BACK

By Jerry McKelvy

Some folks had fancy ones, with a moon in the door;
Ours was just a simple thing-just four walls, a roof, and a floor.

It was nothing fancy--some might even call it a shack.
We just called it "the little house out back".

Summer, winter, spring, or fall
It was always there for nature's call.

We didn't have Charmin or Angel Soft from the store
Just a page from the Sears catalog did the chore.

No running water or electric light
Just hope you didn't need to go at night.

Spiders, snakes, wasps and other pests
Sometimes were there to greet the guests.

Now we have houses with an inside bath,
In the old days, it was four rooms and a path.

The little house out back is now very rare
And I think most folks are glad it's not there.

I think our modern bathrooms would now be complete
If we could just invent an automatic toilet seat.



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PINEAPPLE SOUR CREAM PIE (from Sonya Ann in Kirbyville, Texas)

This recipe is one of my favorites. The original recipe calls for crushed pineapple, but I prefer chunk pineapple canned in its own juice.

1 9-inch baked pie shell
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 20 ounce can crushed pineapple (undrained) or chunk pineapple (undrained)
1 cup sour cream
1 tablespoon lemon juice (fresh squeezed is preferred)
2 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 to 3 tablespoons granulated sugar and pinch of salt for 2-egg meringue

In saucepan, mix together the sugar, flour, and salt. Stir in the pineapple and its packing liquids. Stir in sour cream and lemon juice. Stirring constantly, cook over medium heat until mixture has thickened. Beat egg yolks, temper them by stirring in a small amount of the hot mixture, then stir yolk-mixture into pie filling mixture in saucepan. Add vanilla extract. Cook over low heat an additional 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Prepare a 2-egg white meringue with the pinch of salt and the granulated sugar. Spread meringue over top of pie, being careful to seal the edges. Bake in preheated oven for 10 to 12 minutes or until meringue is nicely golden brown. Remove pie from oven. Cool. Serve.

CLARA'S OLD-FASHIONED TEA CAKES (from Joanne in Texas)

2 sticks margarine
2 cups sugar
4 eggs
2 tablespoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 ¼ cups flour
¼ cup milk

Cream margarine and sugar. Add slightly beaten eggs and mix with margarine and sugar.

Combine baking powder, soda, and salt with flour. Gradually add the dry ingredients with the milk. Add vanilla. Mix. The dough will be fairly stiff. Chill dough several hours or overnight. Drop dough on greased or lined baking sheet with a teaspoon, or pinch off pieces of dough and roll in hands (use flour on hands) into balls; flatten slightly. Bake at 375 degrees for about 12 or 13 minutes until cookies are lightly brown on bottom. While hot, sprinkle with sugar, if desired.

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



A FAMILY REUNION AT CALE, ARKANSAS (about 1927 or 1928)

Store building in background

Contributed by Harold Darby

THE SNOW TRAIN

I just finished watching an old re-run of *Gunsmoke* called ‘*The Snow Train*’. It was a two part show which was first shown on TV in October, 1970.

Gunsmoke was always one of my favorite TV programs and I still watch the re-runs. I think that series was the longest running television program. It ran for about twenty years or so. This particular episode had Marshal Dillon, Festus, and Doc and several other passengers on an old steam train. The Indians had cut trees across the railroad tracks which caused the train to stop. Then they cut trees behind the train so it couldn’t move.

I’m sure you are wondering why I’m telling you about this show. Well, it turns out this episode of *Gunsmoke* has a Nevada County connection. The steam engine used in filming the show is the same one which operated out of Prescott for 36 years on the Prescott and Northwestern Railroad. The engine was called “Old No. 7” at that time, hauling timber for the Ozan-Graysonia lumber mill and also peaches and other agricultural products to Prescott where they could be transported on the main railroad to markets in the big cities.

“Old No. 7” was retired from service in 1955 when diesel engines were being used. The railroad kept it around for awhile just in case they needed a spare, but finally in 1962, the

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engine left Prescott for the Black Hills of South Dakota. It was purchased by the Black Hills Central Railroad for use as a tourist train in the scenic hills around Mt. Rushmore and the Crazy Horse memorial.

The “*Snow Train*” episode was quite an experience for the cast of the show. James Arness, who played Marshal Matt Dillon, said it was the “most fun” show he could remember doing in years. The crew and cast members had to travel to South Dakota for the filming which was almost scrapped because of the lack of snow which was needed for this particular episode. Finally a 13 inch snow fell just before the filming was to begin.

The old engine was brought out of storage and a crew was rounded up. They changed the number of the engine from “7” to “8” which made it possible to reverse the film without the number appearing backwards. I’m not sure I understand why they had to do that, but that’s what the news release said. They shined the windows and painted the edges with egg whites to give the appearance of ice frost. The bright red cars were spray painted over with a dingy green to make it appear more authentic.

Going up the steep grade at Harney Peak, the highest point in South Dakota, the old steam train put on quite a show for the cameramen, none of whom had ever been on a steam engine before. More than once they were completely engulfed in dense black smoke, but they kept the cameras rolling.

It was the first time the cast of the show had traveled more than 1000 miles to shoot on location, the first time a real steam engine was used, the first time to film in real snow, and will be recorded as the most expensive show in the series.

This old steam engine saw many years of service with four railroads before it was purchased in 1962 and moved to South Dakota. It was used by the Columbus and Greenville, the Caddo and Choctaw, the Ozan-Graysonia Lumber Co., and the Prescott and Northwestern railroads.

So, next time you are watching re-runs of *Gunsmoke*, keep an eye out for “The Snow Train” episode and take pride in knowing that the engine used in that show once carried timber, peaches, cantaloupes, radishes, and passengers over its 31 mile track to intersect the main line at Prescott, Arkansas.

GEORGE WASHINGTON’S RULES OF CONDUCT (from a manuscript he kept as a boy)

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.
2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming voice, nor drum with your fingers or feet.
3. Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

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4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on anyone.
5. Be no flatterer; neither play with anyone than delights not to be played with.
6. Read no letters, book, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of anyone so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.
7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters, somewhat grave.
8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he be your enemy.
9. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any straight place, to give way for him to pass.
10. They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedence; but whilst they are young they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.
11. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort or we to begin.
12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.
13. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.
14. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.
15. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.
16. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogance.
17. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.
18. Being to advise, or reprehend anyone, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, and in what terms to do it; and in reproving, show not signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.
19. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them.
20. Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.
21. Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precepts.
22. Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curse nor revile.
23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.
24. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and places.
25. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked; if your shoes fit well, if your stockings fit neatly, and clothes handsomely.
26. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.
27. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.
28. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

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29. Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.
30. Speak not of doleful things in time or mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.
31. Break not a jest when none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not loud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seems to be some cause.
32. Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.
33. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to be contrite.
34. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commenting.
35. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.
36. If two contend together, take not the part of either of them unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent, but of the major side.
37. Reprehend not the imperfection of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.
38. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.
39. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.
40. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.
41. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech be ended.
42. Treat with men at fit times about business; and whisper not in the company of others.
43. Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.
44. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discovers not.
45. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.
46. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.
47. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion and with discretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.
48. When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.
49. In disputes be not so desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.
50. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.
51. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.
52. Make no show of taking delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

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53. Be not angry at the table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.
 54. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table, but if be your due, or that the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.
 55. When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously or in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.
 56. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.
 57. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.
-

A FRESH START **By James Hairston**

Times were tough for most Americans in 1948. World War II had been declared over for only three years and folks were doing their best to regain a footing in the quest for the simple, yet decent, American dream. Our (maternal) mother had felt compelled to “give up” to the Arkansas Department of Children Services her three remaining children (two older boys had been placed with our maternal father earlier) in late 1947. The three of us, Anna (now Nancy), Ramona Sue (now Ruth), and me, Jackie (now James) had survived, moving from relative to relative, bus depot to bus depot. Our mother had little skill in doing more than waiting tables, cleaning house, and washing dishes. Soon after the war, jobs were a premium, scarce and menial. She simply didn’t have the wherewithal to do what it took to maintain our lives, along with hers. Once she committed us to the state, we were housed in foster care, received primary health care and provided basic food sustenance for survival. My younger sister, Ruth, was two years old, while my older sister, Nancy, was five. I was three years old. Funny, I can still recall many occurrences of that “gray, overcast time” in my life. Anyway, the three of us were being kept together...until the time I was hospitalized for a hernia operation in Little Rock. While recuperating from the surgery, the State Agent, a Ms. Johnson (a very nice lady, as I recall), came to visit me and informed me of our older sister’s adoption. I can still recall the horror I experienced, being told our older sister would no longer be with us (Nancy had become, at a very young five years old, our only protector.) At any rate, I suffered through my confinement in the hospital and was returned to our foster home, where my younger sister, Ruth, was residing.

Both, Ruth and I, recall vividly some of the more traumatic times we shared while being housed at the foster home (somewhere around Little Rock). I was forced, at the ripe old age of three years, to hand-carry bricks from a stack to my foster-father’s work-site, at the front porch of the house. I am quite certain that is when I developed the abdominal hernia. Several of those darker moments occurred at the “well-house”. It seems, one of the preferred methods of discipline used by our foster parents was filling a metal bucket and holding a child’s head under the water until almost unconscious. I would have probably disregarded such memories as “bad dreams”, had the situation been such that it was only me who had such recollections; however, both my sisters have vivid recall of the same situations! In today’s time, such happenings would constitute absolute, heinous child abuse. Back then, the state was so relieved to have people come forward and accept the little orphans of Arkansas,

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over-looking such incidents (and other, more sinister ones) became common-place. Over the years, I have grown to realize the fact that, during those years, people were not happy, generally speaking. Violence in the home was fairly common, while over-drinking, child-abuse, and crime was very prevalent within our society. I bear no grudges. Knowledge breeds understanding.

Finally, the day came when Ruth and I were taken to a building (the State Department of Welfare) in Little Rock and were introduced to our parents, Glenn (Doctor) and Waver Hairston, of Prescott. I found out, years later, my dad had actually wanted to adopt only a little girl but, due to our having been previously separated from our older sister, the state insisted upon our being kept together. Our parents agreed to accept both of us and the rest, as they say, is history. The very first words (I know. This sounds a bit melodramatic!) I ever spoke to my new dad were, "Okay, Daddy. Let's go home!" My sister will happily document that, as she remembers it clearly. Our lives with the Hairstons began on a somewhat tumultuous note. We weren't far down Highway 67 when, due to arguing and fussing, Ruth and I were separated by one of mom's bed pillows in the back seat. That scenario played itself out numerous times afterwards!

The people of Prescott were fabulous! It was as if they, too, had adopted us, two little rag-tailed cookie grabbers from the ghetto! Another point of interest was the "hiding game" Ruth and I often played. Every time someone came to visit, unless we recognized them instantly, we would both run to our hiding places and cover there until our parents would finally lure us back out. We were afraid of being sent back to foster care!

Our first (literally) Christmas in 1948 came as a mystery to Ruth and me. Until that time, we had never heard of Jesus Christ, Santa Claus, angels, or any other Christmas-related figures! We questioned our mom about a tree being erected IN THE HOUSE! She was so patient with us, teaching us the joys of tree-decoration, Christmas carols, children's Christmas songs (Our first such song was "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town"), and gifts! The second story of our home was packed with presents from the loving people of Prescott, along with our new-found family of relatives! Ruth and I didn't have a clue as just what Christmas meant. One kind of sad, yet memorable occurrence was our first Christmas Day awakening. Our mother had to actually wake us and encourage us to go see what was under that strange tree in the master bedroom! The thought of some bearded old man sneaking into our house scared me! I was afraid he might still be in the other room! Once our mom had coaxed us into the room full of wrapped gifts, we soon (very soon!) got the hang of opening presents! I remember one really super nice gift, a beautiful matching set of red and white tricycles! We rode and rode those tricycles! Due to a record-setting snow storm that year, we were confined to the house. Needless to say, we were terrors on wheels all that Christmas Day!

It required many days, weeks, and months of patient, loving care for our parents to mold Ruth and me into kids who could cope socially. We were, crudely stated, "shell-shocked" little children, needing love and attention that would have been considered excessive in today's times. Nevertheless, our folks were always there for us, protecting, gently disciplining, and offering us safe haven! It took several years for those two wonderful people to finally mold us into somewhat acceptable citizens, capable of caring for ourselves! Were

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we spoiled? Absolutely! Did we learn from Dr. and Mrs. Hairston? You bet! I have to say, in closing, our parents, given the opportunity to “choose” us as their children, were two of God’s best angels! We simply could not have expected better role models, teachers, and loving parents!

* * * *

Note: As an after-thought, I want to let you in on some interesting information, Jerry: I have two brothers and one half-brother (now presumed deceased). One brother, Gene, resides in Tyler, TX and the other, Harold, lives in Stockton, CA. Our older sister, Nancy, lives in Hot Springs (Seventeen years after our adoption our parents allowed Ruth and me to become re-united with her!). Ruth lives at Chandler, TX, a community in the suburbs of Tyler. Ruth and I have both been re-united with our “birth parents”, after a twenty-five year lapse in time. They have each since passed away. While, at first, I was filled with anger and confusion concerning our parent’s decision to “give us up”, I have since accepted that decision as one made with much sorrow and absolute desperation. One simply had to live in those troublesome days in America to fully appreciate the social impact of poverty and despair that was rampant all over!

Today, I live in Hope, where I am surrounded by a loving, caring wife, Ruth Ann, and a family of four children, Angie and Anthony, Amanda & Wayne and five grandchildren, Alex, Wylie, Brady, Ramsey, and Garrison. I have a son, Chris, living in Hot Springs with his son, little Peyton. Chris also gave us little Haley, our granddaughter who also lives in Hot Springs with her half-sister, Serena.

Jerry, I have written this for you to read and to use at your will. I realize my story isn’t remarkable; however, it’s one with a modicum of human interest, in that not all children of our little Prescott were brought up the same way! All I request, should you decide to use the piece, is for you to advise me as to when I might be able to see it in print. In closing, may you and yours have a very Merry Christmas and the happiest of holidays!!!

Regards,
Your friend, James

INTERESTING NEW ITEMS FROM DAYS GONE BY

Prescott Daily News (3-25-1910)

Clint McCuller, RFD mail carrier on Route 4, today made his trip on a motorcycle, which he recently purchased. This is the first machine of the kind ever brought to Prescott, and has an accredited speed of 60 miles an hour.

Prescott Daily News (6-6-1910)

In Waterloo, Tenn., it is a \$5.00 fine for a baseball pitcher to throw a spit ball, and the council also inflicts a like penalty for a barber who eats onions within four hours of going on duty, or while on duty.

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Prescott Daily New (6-17-1910)

Duncan Brown left this morning for Chidester, where he went to bring back a fine pair of black horses purchased by the Prescott Hardware Co. to be used as a hearse team.

Prescott Daily News (6-16-1910)

The four legged chicken of Dale Wilson continues to attract attention. The fowl is in fine condition, and has two separate bodies midway of its back—four legs, two tails—and in fact is a chicken and a half in one.

Prescott Daily News (6-23-1910)

The four legged chicken of Dale Wilson was drowned yesterday by a heavy rain which was quite a blow to its owner. Great hopes had been entertained for the future had the marvelous fowl lived.

CARAMEL FUDGE CAKE (from P. F. in Arkansas)

1 pkg. chocolate cake mix
1- 14 oz. package caramels
½ cup margarine
1- 14 oz. can sweetened condensed milk
1 cup coarsely chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Prepare cake mix as package directs. Pour 2 cups batter into a greased 13 x 9 baking pan. Bake 15 minutes. Meanwhile, in microwave, melt caramels and margarine with sweetened condensed milk, stirring until smooth. Spread evenly on cake. Spread remaining cake batter over caramel mixture. Top with nuts. Return cake to oven. Bake 30- 35 minutes longer, or until cake springs back when lightly touched. Cool. Garnish with dollops of whipped cream.

APPLE DUMPLINGS (from L. G. in Arkansas)

2 Granny Smith apples
2 sticks margarine
2 cups sugar
cinnamon
12 oz. can Sprite (or Mountain Dew)
2 cans crescent rolls

Peel apples and cut into 8 sections for a total of 16 sections. Wrap apple in crescent roll, starting at biggest end of roll. Place in large baking dish. Melt 2 sticks margarine. Add sugar and sprinkle some cinnamon in. Pour over apples. Add Sprite. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

REMINISCENCES OF CIVIL WAR DAYS

By Cora Powell Bragg

Published in the Camden News—June, 1936

I was born six miles west of Camden, the town in which I now live. My father, Eber Bragg, and four brothers, Ira, Newport, Hosea, and Samuel, came to Arkansas in 1847 from Alabama, making the trip to New Orleans by boat and from there to Arkansas by covered wagon. They all settled and built homes a few miles west of Camden, which was then only a village consisting of three stores owned by Tyra Hill, Joe Reeves, and “Buddy” Smith’s father. My father later moved farther on up in the country; fifteen miles north. As soon as possible, he secured help and built a double log house (which stands today) with a wide hall between, a long front porch, and two shed rooms off the back. In the back yard, two other log houses were built, one for a kitchen and one for slaves. Some of the accessories soon acquired were horses, mules, chickens, pigs, sheep, and last but not least, an honest watchdog or two and some good hunting dogs.

Fish and game were abundant. It was not an uncommon sight to see deer leaping by the house. Once as Father had started to the river to fish, he saw five deer lying on a hillside sunning themselves. He was equipped with a gun and killed all five. Needless to say, the fishing trip was abandoned. He came home, got a Negro man and wagon and team to bring home the venison. Nothing like this was ever sold in those days. The surplus was divided among the neighbors or cured for future use. Among the fine meats that were quite often on our table were fish, squirrels, duck, quail, bear, and beaver. My father never in his life bought meat nor lard and never incurred a debt though he lived to be eighty-two, and had little money ahead. He raised enough wheat for home use until after the war. Only by crude methods could this wheat be threshed, ground, and made into flour. The final product, however, made the sweetest biscuits I have ever eaten. After the war, flour could be bought at the price of \$25 per barrel. Then we had to practice strictest economy in its use, and biscuits were by no means on each days menu. We grew some rye also which made good light bread and pancakes and when parched was a good substitute for coffee. All cooking was done in the log kitchen, apart from the big house about fifty yards by a Negro mammy—familarly and lovingly called “Mub” (the children’s attempt as saying mother). Dutch ovens and iron pots suspended by hooks in a huge fire place and iron boilers and skillets were the kitchen furnishings. Foods prepared in this kitchen were then carried to the white folk’s house to be served.

I remember quite well our dread of an invasion by the federal soldiers. Though they never came, all necessary precautions were taken and our treasures were hidden out. I have in my possession now a chest one hundred years old that was made by my father in his blacksmith shop. This chest was filled with valuable hand-woven bed covers and other things and a little money and buried in a field. I have a fifty-cent piece, coined in 1808, and some half-dimes, which were in the buried chest. Now this chest is dressed in cretonne and sits in my room serving as a place for my wearing apparel. I was about twelve years of

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age when the battle of Poison Springs (ten miles west of here) was fought and shall never forget the terror of being within hearing distance of the cannon's roar. The battle began late in the afternoon, near dark, and the night passed in dread and watching. My father who was too old for service as a soldier, visited the battle field a day or so later and he said that he had never beheld such a sight. Dead bodies, only half buried, feet protruding, were heaped all about and the stench was sickening. He brought home some cannon balls and a rifle that were found on the scene. Most of those killed were Negroes who had deserted their masters and joined the federals.

My father's house was always open to Confederate soldiers and many partook of his hospitality. I remember one time during a cold spell and snow storm, all furnishings were moved from one big room and pallets made all over the floor for soldiers. They were packed on these pallets like sardines in boxes. They were, with one exception, clean, gentlemanly and appreciative fellows. The exception was a man with long, stringy hair reaching to his shoulders. They called him "The Gai" and jestingly quarreled about whose sweetheart he should be. Of food there was plenty, but such an overflow of visitors made much hardships on the women who had to do the cooking and serving and trudge through the snow from the kitchen to the main house. Their work, however, was always done cheerfully.

One of the outstanding memories of my childhood days is when as children we spent many evenings in the slave quarters listening to "hant stories". After these sessions we would have to be accompanied back to our house and be permitted to walk in front. The feeling that something was going to grab us from the rear was very uncomfortable. My mother spun and wove all our clothing. The wool and cotton from which the thread was made was also home grown. I still have my mother's spinning wheel. One of Father's slaves was a shoemaker, and made our brogan shoes of rawhide. Later a tan yard was put in—then our shoes were of a better quality. We felt so well-dressed in a new homespun and a pair of tanned shoes, and hat braided from wheat straw. Even our sheets, pillow cases, and towels were home-spun and though rough, they were durable. Our dyes were obtained from nature's own supply. For black, we used the sumac, for brown, walnuts hulls or leaves, and for gray, sweet gum bark. Copperas made our orange, sweet bay leaves our yellow, but to our sorrow, we never had a red. Finally someone brought us some indigo seeds which we planted. From the leaves of these plants, by a certain process, we obtained the blue dye. Then how proud we were of our blue dresses and blue checked counterpanes. As a substitute for soda, the ashes from corn cobs were sometimes used. We had to send to Louisiana for salt and I have known people who, when out of salt, extracted it from the dirt in their smoke houses. Matches were very scarce and we kept fire by banking ashes over the coals. I remember occasions when neighbors came to "get a chunk of fire". Tallow candles and pine knot fires then afforded the only lights we had at night. Our papers were the *Arkadelphia Standard*, edited by Adam Clark, the *Atlanta Constitution*, and the *New York World*—all weeklies. Neighbors passing would bring each other's mail from Camden.

Our medicine consisted mostly of herb teas, such as boneset, sage, barks, penny-royal, catnip, etc. We had limited quantities of quinine, but no capsules--we had to take it in coffee or molasses. In serious cases a doctor would be called, but usually the limit of his knowledge was blister-plasters. As to schools—the teachers were like the doctors -

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knowledge was limited, too. The first school I attended was called “the one-horse meeting house”. It had split-log benches with legs so high our feet dangled in the air. The table was a long split log affair, too. The teacher was an old soldier of the war of 1812. We were kept in the blue backed spelling book until we mastered it thoroughly. It was the only text. Later on I was transferred to another district where facilities were some better and we had McGuffey’s readers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, and also a dictionary.

Those were the good old days
Those days of yore,
But I would not recall them
As they were before.
The modern times, though very fast,
Are better far than those of the past.



Students Identified: Mrs. Gracie Faye Cummings McCaskill was able to identify the students in the above picture of Bluff City students which appeared in the January, 2007 issue. Refer to that issue for a larger picture:

Front row (left to right)—(1) Thelma Greer, (2) Gladys Morgan, (3) Adell (or Idell) McGee, (4) Carlene Robinson, (5) Bertha Mae Tunnell, (6) Minnie Meador, (7) Travis McGee

Middle row (left to right)—(1) Dick Harvey, (2) Hershel Carter, (3) Edgar Pringle, (4) Ashley DeWoody, (5) Gerald Carter, (6) Woodrow Carter, (7) Paul Barlow, (8) Garland McWilliams, (9) Teacher—Helen Benton (not sure about this one)

Inside Bus (left to right)—(1) Marguerite Henry, (2) Grady Faye Cummings, (3) Pearl Moore, (4) Laverne Carter, (5) Edith Bever, (6) Gladys McWilliams, (7) Pauline Cummings, (8) Dawson Barlow, (9) G. P. Walker, (10) Dave Erwin

**At least a fat man knows where his cigar ashes will land.
Fewer marriages would skid if more people who said “I do” did.**

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AN AMAZING SPIRIT

Pike County, Arkansas is well known for being the home of singing star Glen Campbell and is the location of Crater of Diamonds State Park where visitors can search for real diamonds and keep what they find. It is also the home of Mr. Carleton Denny who celebrated his 103rd birthday on January 12, 2007.

Mr. Denny's birthday was recognized by the local newspaper at nearby Murfreesboro and was a cause of celebration for Mr. Denny and his many friends. Mr. Freeman Henderson, who writes a weekly column for the *Murfreesboro Diamond*, wrote an interesting article about Mr. Denny. He is well acquainted with him since he once preached at the small Methodist church where Mr. Denny worships. His son, Jim Henderson, has taken over the preaching there now.

According to Mr. Freeman's article, Mr. Denny was at home just before his 103rd birthday with a clipboard in his lap working the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* crossword puzzle. He had already finished the Cryptoquote. These puzzles help keep his mind sharp and anyone who has tried them knows that they are not easy.

Mr. Denny is fortunate because his children live nearby and take turns checking on him.

Mr. Denny was born near Lake Michigan January, 12, 1904. His family was involved in fruit growing there, but got interested in the timber and mineral resources of Arkansas. They built a saw mill in Arkansas and divided their time, spending the summers in Michigan and the winters in Arkansas. The Dennys found Pike County to be a pleasant place to live. He built a house there and in 1920 married Vahnita McKinney. They made their home there for 59 years, raising a family of two boys and two girls.

Mr. Denny credits his father Edgar with his interests and attitude about life. "He taught me a lot about mechanics, electricity, and science. I read a lot and concluded the Bible was not only a valuable spiritual guide to my soul, but was also a general history and scientific reference book that substantiated what I had learned."

Over the years Mr. Denny has been involved in many activities, including church work, Boy Scouts, the local water department, Ozan Lumber Co. as a millwright, gasoline distributor, timberland manager, radio and TV repair service, and author. His books include: "*The Diary*" in 1986; "*In the Slow Lane*" in 1996, and "*The First 100 Years*" in 2004.

He has always been interested in short wave radio and built much of the equipment himself. During World War II, he relayed messages to and from overseas so families could contact troops in the field. He sometimes relayed 40 or 50 messages a day and he continued this service until a few years ago.

In 2003, he was named Arkansas' Most Amazing Spirit at a meeting in Little Rock. There were eleven nominees from all over Arkansas including doctors, lawyers, body builders, school teachers, and others. The late Paul Eells was master of ceremony and TV

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star Linda Evans was the featured speaker. It was soon obvious that the 99 year-old gentleman from Pike County was the winner of the Most Amazing Spirit award.

His introduction at the awards dinner read verbatim:

“An accomplished organ player (beginning at age 65), photographer, and amateur radio operator, 99 year-old Carleton Denny has consistently led an active life with an upbeat outlook. His daily activities include reading, working crossword puzzles, playing the organ, researching and emailing others on his computer, riding his four-wheeler to check on his woodlands, and feeding the fish in his stock pond.

To maintain his active lifestyle, Denny eats healthy food, sleeps eight hours each night, and gets plenty of fresh air and exercise. He attends church regularly and engages in volunteer work with local charities. Some of Denny’s accomplishments include designing and building his house, supporting the Boy Scouts of America for more than 50 years, volunteer fire chief of the local fire department, and serving on the town council. As a volunteer military affairs radio system, Denny who built his own radio station, successfully passed thousands of messages between service members and their families over a span of 39 years.”

Congratulations to Mr. Denny on reaching this milestone in his life.



Photo from Murfreesboro Diamond

Mr. Carleton Denny at age 103

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A PET JUNE BUG (from the 9-9-1909 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Little Rock—For the past week the authorities at the Arkansas penitentiary have been having much trouble restraining Wade Beck, a white man serving 6 years from Miller Co. on a charge of forgery and it's all because some other convict has stolen Beck's June bug.

Like the convict who educated cockroaches, Beck has passed his time in his cell with a June bug. He acquired the bug last June and carried it with him to his cell. A cigar box became the home of the bug and every time he went to a meal, he would secure something for the bug. He kept salt and water in the box with the other edibles for his pet and when sick, if he was given a dose of medicine, the bug was given his share.

The attachment between the bug and the man became so strong that when the insect disappeared from its box during the past week, Beck went on the war path and has been at dagger's tip with the other convicts. Efforts are now being made to replace the missing bug in order that the weak-minded convict may become placated.

A FIGHT ON THE SCHOOL HOUSE ROOF (from the July 28, 1910 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*)

In an altercation yesterday between Walter Rogers and Roy Jobe at Cale, the former was struck in the head with a carpenter's square, and received wounds which are very serious. The two men are carpenters, and were at work on the school house at Cale, putting on a new roof, when the difficulty arose. The fight occurred near the roof, about fifteen feet from the ground, and Rogers, who was unconscious after the blow, was taken down by a half dozen or more men who were attracted to the scene. Jobe surrendered to the Justice of the Peace at Cale, and Rogers was taken home, where physicians removed a portion of his skull which was fractured by the blow administered by Mr. Jobe.

Update—August 2, 1910 issue

Walter Rogers is getting along as well as could be expected from his injuries when Roy Jobe struck him on the head with a carpenter's square during an altercation at Cale School. Doctors removed a piece of his skull about one and a half by two and a half inches. Mr. Jobe, who gave himself up to officers, was placed under a \$250 bond, and his trial is being deferred, to await the result of the blow.

The Trial—Sept. 30, 1910 issue

Trial of Roy Jobe took place at Cale yesterday before Justice J. L. Daniel, and the charge of assault with intent to kill was dismissed. The court found him guilty of aggravated assault and fined him \$50 and costs and five minutes in jail. Justice Daniels had Justice Hirst of Georgia Township and Justice Parker of Union Township as advisory counsel in the matter. The prosecution was represented by Prosecuting Attorney-elect Haynie, and the defense was represented by R. P. Hamby. **Correction in next days' paper:** R. P. Hamby was a

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stenographer and did not represent Mr. Jobe in the trial. Mr. Jobe was represented by R. O. Westmoreland.

INTERESTING NEW ITEMS FROM DAYS GONE BY

Prescott Daily News (5-2-1907)

Thirty trains a day come through Prescott (9 passenger trains and 21 freight trains).

Nevada News (2-4-1909)

Mrs. W. R. Barham of Boughton is mourning the loss of her pet parrot which had been a member of the household for 32 years. The bird was unusually bright in its conceptions and very clear in its talk. "Polly" was 34 years old having come into the possession of Mrs. Barham when it was two years old. The parrot died after a short illness.

Nevada News (March, 1909)

Severe storms across Arkansas. The city of Brinkley was practically destroyed. Nevada County was hard hit with damage in several places. Several dwellings were demolished at Bluff City with one Negro badly crippled. Three members of the A. T. Gaston family of Chidester were killed and four hurt seriously. Fifteen people in Chidester suffered broken limbs. Fifteen dwellings were destroyed and two churches and a school house were destroyed.

James Hairston has contributed this poem he wrote for his grandchildren to say at the start of each day. This would be good for adults also.

Just Like You

**Hear these words, oh Lord I pray,
And protect my life throughout this day.
I ask forgiveness, straight from Thee,
For things I've done that shouldn't be.
Through Your love alone, You still my fears,
Touch my cheek, and wipe my tears.
Take me now and mold me true,
To be more and more...just like You!**

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RAISIN BRAN MUFFINS (from Teresa in Arkansas)

Ingredients:

1 cup raisin bran cereal
1 cup all-purpose flour
1/4 cup sugar
1 Tablespoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 egg (or egg substitute)
1 cup skim milk
1/4 canola oil
1/4 chopped nuts (walnuts or pecans)
additional raisins if desired

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. In a large bowl, mix first 5 ingredients with fork. In small bowl, beat egg slightly with fork and stir in milk and oil. Add egg mixture all at once to flour mixture. Stir with spoon until flour is moistened. Batter will be lumpy. Spoon batter into paper lined muffin cups or pre-greased muffin tin. Bake for 25 minutes or until golden brown. Immediately remove muffins from pan. These are easily frozen and may be microwaved for breakfast on the run and are pretty healthy for you.

QUICK MASHED POTATOES (from "Simple and Delicious" in Arizona)

Prepare a 5# bag of potatoes...to include mashing with butter and seasoning. Spoon mashed potatoes into a large cupcake pan or individual loaf pans. You don't need to grease the pan. Place pan in freezer until potatoes are frozen through. Remove from pan and place into individual freezer bags. This freezes nicely for at least a month. When ready to serve, place individual serving in micro safe bowl, place a pat of butter on top, and microwave on high about 1-2 minutes. Once potato is heated through – serve. Tastes just like fresh prepared.

MEXICAN CASSEROLE (from Janie Franklin in Arkansas)

2 lb. Ground beef
1 small onion
2 cans cream of chicken soup
2 cans Rotel w/ chili peppers
2 cups grated cheese
Doritos

Mix soup, cheese and Rotel. Brown ground beef with onion. Layer: chips, ground beef, and cheese mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

TO THOSE WHO RECEIVE PRINTED COPIES

A few readers have problems with their eyesight and have trouble reading the smaller print. If you would like your copy to be printed with this size print, let me know. --Jerry

COMING TO AMERICA

This country is a nation of immigrants. Our ancestors at some point made the decision to leave the country where they resided for whatever reason and seek their fortunes in the New World. I'm sure they heard of the opportunities in America by word of mouth or maybe from some sort of advertisement urging people to relocate to America.

All Americans should have at least some interest in how their family managed to end up in America. Some don't have any idea where their ancestors came from and some are interested but not willing to put much effort into finding out the details. It does take a lot of time, money, and research, but the rewards are great and much satisfaction is gained by having a better idea of how it all happened.

I found the following paragraph on the Internet which has a good description of what a trip to America might have been like for our ancestors.

"Everyone that arrived on this continent from overseas had to come by ship. They had to endure five to six weeks on-board a sailing ship. These ships were not large and were primarily designed to fight wars or to transport goods from one place to another... When the migrations from Ireland started in 1714, vessels of all kinds were pressed into service for carrying passengers. Often times, 300 people were packed into a ship and assigned tiny cots lined up side by side to make maximum use of space. Extra floors were often installed so that more cots and hammocks could be set up to handle more people. The head room that resulted was barely enough to allow one to creep in a stooped position to an assigned cot. Men, women, and children were all crammed together. Exercise room was very limited. Food was eaten "in place" with no dining rooms available. Food after the first week was moldy and sour. Water became foul and undrinkable. Disease was all too often present with disastrous results. Death at sea was a common occurrence—as was childbirth. People dying at sea were just thrown overboard because there was no way to preserve bodies long enough to reach shore. One considering a sea journey had to look beyond just the comfort aspects of the trip – there was a very real chance that one would not arrive at all. Storms were an all too often occurrence as there was no way to predict the weather. Ships were often blown off course to arrive

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weeks late and to be forced into ports far from the original destination. Pirates were very common, operating without hindrance off the American coast.”

Source: http://www.doak.ws/the_voyage_to_america.htm

My Family's Story

The South Carolina Assembly had passed an act in 1761 to encourage settlers to come to the colony. The colonial government would pay four pounds sterling for the passage of every Protestant brought to South Carolina from Europe. The measure was a benefit to ship owners who received the bounty for the passengers they carried in their ships. This opportunity was evidently advertised in Europe and many people, for whatever reason, decided to take advantage of it. It was probably similar to the old saying “the grass is greener on the other side of the fence”.

Based on the research of others, I have discovered that my McKelvy ancestors first arrived in America in June, 1767. They had sailed from Belfast, Northern Ireland and landed in Charleston, South Carolina. I can only imagine their apprehension as they first boarded the ship *Nancy* for the long voyage across the Atlantic. Just the thought of being on the high seas with no glimpse of land for several weeks would be enough to make me think twice about undertaking such a trip. But these people were courageous, --or maybe they just didn't see any future staying in Ireland. The decision was made to go, the good-byes were said, the ship left the port, and there was no turning back.

There were eight members of the McKelvy family that survived that voyage to America—James and Margaret McKelvy and their six children—James (16), Alexander (15), William (14), Jane (8), John (5), and Hugh (2). The reason we know this is because the passenger records have been preserved which list the passengers and their ages. Not every family is lucky enough to find this information. Some passenger records were lost for one reason or the other.

It is said the ship *Nancy* was rated at 80 tons and therefore could reasonably expect to carry 80 adult passengers. However, the owners of the ship falsely reported it as 300 tons and then crammed 300 plus passengers onto the ship for the voyage. It was a sad sight when the ship arrived in Charleston in 1767. Even Henry Laurens of Charleston, who had engaged in the slave trade himself, wrote that he “never saw an instance of Cruelty in ten or twelve Years experience equal to the Cruelty exercised upon those poor Irish.”

The condition of these immigrants was so bad that the people of Charleston were asked to contribute to their relief. The following is part of an advertisement asking people to contribute to help relieve the suffering of those who had just landed in Charleston from the ship *Nancy*:

“On an information of the distress of many unhappy people, just landed out of a ship (the Nancy) from Ireland, we this morning made a visit to them at the Old Barracks, and found a dismal melancholy scene...which consists of 300, almost every one of them confin'd to their beds by a cruel Flux and Fever.”

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“We saw in several rooms two or three corps (corpses) at a time—many dying—some depriv’d of their senses—young children laying intirely naked, whose parents had expired a few days ago, and they themselves reduc’d by sickness, to a situation beyond any description.”

“Any person who would (con)descend to visit these poor people, in this their dreadful affliction, will find them to be such real objects as deserve immediately to have their sorrows sooth’d.”

Some of the passengers had signed a petition against Captain Hannah for his treatment of them on the voyage. They made it known that *“they had received very cruel usage from the said Captain Hannah during their passage and had also been pinched in their provisions.”*

The petition mentioned the *“unsufferable bad behavior of the said Hannah who after getting these poor souls on saltwater, not only nipped them of the provisions allowed them, but heaped them one upon the other to such degree in their berths that is must be absolutely impossible they could survive as appears by the mortality which rages amongst them to this day.”*

One particular incident mentioned involved a man named Peacock. *“This Peacock on some complaint being made on him which seems was of no consequence, was hauled upon deck by the mate and tyed up to the shrouds where he received a dozen lashes upon his bare back and the man was at the same time in a melancholy condition, having buried some of his children a little time before in the passage and not contented with the aforesaid cruelty, they afterwards made him ast to the ring bolts of the deck and there kept him till twelve at night it being about nine.”*

From the Council Journal—Page 204:

“Upon crossing the Tropic Line, it is customary to make strangers pay their Bottle and this Peacock being called upon was ordered to pay his, whereupon he answered and said he had not a penny, but they insisted on the matter, the poor man told them he had nothing to pay for the Bottle, and therefore brought his wife’s smock and offered it in pawn, which they refused and upon that footing, made a rope fast to him and let him drop from the yard arm into the sea three times a very melancholy spectacle to behold and the third time was almost intirely lost by reason of the tackles getting foul, that nobody expected his life being so long under water.”

After reading this description of how my ancestors were treated on the voyage to America, I have a greater appreciation of them. No doubt many other families suffered similar atrocities on their trip to America.

There is much more in the proceedings of the Council concerning the treatment of the passengers on Captain Hannah’s ship. Best I can tell from reading through it, it looks like the passengers were asking the owners of the ship *Nancy* to compensate them for the terrible treatment they received on the voyage. It was

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argued that other ships bringing in immigrants suffered even greater mortality than the *Nancy*, and therefore the owners were not required to pay damages to the passengers. In other words, they had contracted to bring the immigrants to America and had fulfilled their contract. After more discussion on the subject, the committee did deny payment to the ship owners, citing the expenses for the relief of the passengers and the expense of providing 76 coffins for those who died.

In the Belfast News-Letter of August 28, 1767 is this item: "*Charleston, June 2nd—A number of Irish settlers lately arrived here, being sickly, a subscription was opened for their relief, when nearly s200 sterling was almost immediately raised.*"

Although Captain Hannah was accused of mistreating his passengers on this voyage and even raping some of the women, he sailed again from Belfast on the *Nancy* for Philadelphia and Newcastle May 14, 1768, according to the newspaper.

All I can conclude from all this is that evidently many of the early settlers to America were subjected to all sorts of inhumane treatment. It was a money-making business for the ship owners. You can imagine what it would be like spending several weeks on a sailing ship with 300 or more men, women, and children on a ship designed to carry only about 80 adults and going to an unfamiliar land, knowing that they would probably never again see their homeland. Their only hope was that America would be a place to start anew and maybe have a more prosperous life for them and their children. I'm sure there were times when they wondered if they would ever make it to South Carolina. I wonder what would have happened to the children if James and Margaret McKelvy had died on the voyage?

Chances are your early ancestors had similar experiences on their trip to America. There may be no written record that tells of their hardships. You may not even be able to find what seaport your ancestors arrived at or what ship they sailed on. But who knows—one of these days someone may find some long lost record from which you may learn many interesting things. This is what makes it interesting.

The McKelvy family researchers are now faced with the challenge of tracing the different branches of the McKelvy family from that landing in South Carolina in 1767 as they migrated across this country. It gives some satisfaction in knowing that my branch went from Laurens Co., South Carolina, then to Coweta Co., Georgia for a few years, and then on to Ouachita Co., Arkansas in 1859. About 240 years have passed since that voyage to America. That means there are a lot of cousins still waiting to be discovered and lots of interesting facts to learn. The search goes on.

A KING RUNS FOR CONGRESS (from the June 24, 1932 issue of *The Camden News*)

When a congressman thinks he's King, it is not news, but when a real, honest-to-goodness "member of royalty—a monarch" runs for Congress—it's different.

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That is the situation here in the seventh district of Arkansas, for the king of the Bagos, a tribe in the Phillipines, is a candidate for that office.

The king candidate who has a “perpetual salary of \$1.25 a month” is none other than lawyer Wade Kitchens, an Arkansas lawyer from Magnolia, who tells many interesting tales.

Kitchens propped his feet on the desk in his office and began. “Yes sir,” he said, “I’m a dad-burned king. King of the Bagos is my title. I regret, however, they never gave me a crown. It would have been kind of sporty. I could have had my picture taken when I reigned in that bamboo palace.”

“It all began like this. I practiced law from 1903 to 1909 at Lingayan, Province of Pangasonan, Island of Luzon, Phillipines. I was sitting in my office when a troupe of dark-skinned natives filed in. I guess I said “How!” as they filled the room.

“The chief began by telling of how his tribe had worked 10 and a half years building a canal to irrigate their lands and how a group of Caciquea (land sharks in America) hired American and Filipino lawyers to enjoin them from diverting the water. An injunction was issued. It became final and there could be no appeal.

“The king said because of this they could raise no crops. He asked for help and the American commissioner said he could do nothing.

“Finally I went to the ‘Land of the Bagos’. They had a royal welcome—killed the fatted calf and such. I knew as far as the law went I could do nothing. So I took the tribe with me to where the water had been stopped.

“There we tore up the dam. Again water flowed through their fields. Well, the Caciques became angry. They went to court. We did too, but it was on a contempt charge.

“When the judge heard of the pitiful condition of the tribe and the real facts in the case, he dismissed us.

“Again I went back to the Bagos. They held another feast.” And, as Kitchens related, he was elected king. The Magnolia lawyer was given a bamboo palace (a grass covered hut), all the servants he needed, food, and above all, a perpetual salary of \$1.25 per month.

“In 1909 I got tired of being King,” the Arkansawyer said. “I left and returned home. If my Babos pals could write, I’m sure I’d hear from them.”

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MYSTERIOUS GRAVE FOUND NEAR HAMPTON (from the 2-24-1937 issue of *The Camden News*)

The remains of 21 people were discovered by J. R. Hall, a farmer who lives about 15 miles from Hampton, while plowing up an old orchard. He found 21 skulls, hands, feet, and arm and leg bones, but no ribs or backbones. The grave was 3 to 18 feet deep and about four feet square. It appeared that the bodies may have been cut up before burial. Some of the jaw bones were disconnected from the skull.

Historic authorities were notified about the grave in hopes that they might determine if the bones were from white people or Indians.

The area had been settled about 75 years earlier and nobody could recall a mass murder or any Civil War engagement in that area.

Indian bones had been discovered near Hampton several years earlier and a story had been written about that discovery. It appeared that the Indians buried there were from seven to eight feet tall.



One day as I was driving the rural roads of southern Ouachita County, I came upon a road blocked by a metal gate. On top of the gate was this artistic re-creation of a road runner made from railroad spikes. I had my camera with me and couldn't resist taking a picture.

A few months later, I decided to send the picture to *Country* magazine and was surprised when they published it in the April/May, 1995 issue. They even mailed me an extra copy of the magazine.

I don't know who created this interesting replica of a road runner, but if you know who it is, let him know that his work was seen and admired by thousands of subscribers to that magazine.

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CALHOUN COUNTY WOMAN DROWNS HER FIVE CHILDREN

(from the 4-21-1881 issue of *The Columbia Banner*)

Mrs. Nutt of Calhoun County threw her five children in a well and drowned them last Saturday. Her husband and oldest son plowed until noon, when Mr. Nutt went to town and told his son to rest the balance of the day. After he had gone, his wife took the five children and threw them in the well.

The boy who was 11 years old tried to get away, but his mother pursued and caught him. After throwing them all in, she went to drown herself, and found the boy was not dead having his head above the water. She shoved him down and held him under until he was dead and then came out of the well deciding the water was not deep enough to drown herself.

When Mr. Nutt returned from town, she met him at the gate, shook his hand, and told him what she had done, adding that in sending the souls of her children to Heaven, she had doomed her own to hell.

A more horrible tragedy than this cannot be imagined.

A TONGUE TWISTER FROM A 1922 NEWSPAPER

A tree toad loved a she toad
That lived up in a tree;
She was a three-toed tree toad,
But a two-toed tree toad was he.

The two-toed tree toad tried to win
The she-toad's friendly nod;
For the two-toed tree toad loved the ground
That the three-toed tree toad trod.

But vainly the two-toed tree toad tried,
He couldn't please her whim;
In the tree toad bower;
With her three-toed power,
The she-toad vetoed him.

The Nevada News (May, 1909)

A crowd of 800 gathered at Piney Grove Cemetery for the unveiling of the Woodmen of the World grave marker of G. W. House. An interesting program of speeches, songs, and other features was rendered.

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Mrs. Bernadine Walker Gillespie of Oklahoma sent me the following recipe. She says she was at a singing in Bluff City one time when a meal was served and she thought this was one of the best pies she had ever tasted. She found that Wilma Starnes Knight had made it and got the recipe from her. She asked that I publish it in honor of Wilma Knight who passed away in 1990.

MILLION DOLLAR PIE

2 Graham cracker pie crusts
1 can Eagle Brand milk
¼ cup lemon juice (fresh or bottled)
1 small can crushed pineapple (drained)
1 8 oz. tub whipped topping

Bake Graham cracker crusts as directed and let cool.

Mix thoroughly 1 can Eagle Brand milk with ¼ cup lemon juice. Stir in drained crushed pineapple. Fold in gently the tub of whipped topping. Be sure this is all mixed well. Pour into two crusts and refrigerate until ready to serve. They can be frozen.

FRUIT SALAD

1 can chunk pineapple (drained)
1 banana, sliced
1 1/2 cups halved green seedless grapes
1 can mandarin oranges (drained)
2 cups strawberries, halved
1 pkg. instant vanilla pudding

Drain pineapple and mandarin oranges. Reserve liquid in small bowl. In a large bowl combine fruits. Sprinkle pudding into reserved liquid and mix until combined and slightly thickened. Fold into fruit until well combined. Garnish with Granola or nuts if desired.

Sandra Helsel Crist Genrich of Arizona

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

MT. MORIAH

One of the oldest communities in Nevada County is Mt. Moriah located near the center of the county about five miles north of Rosston on Hwy. 371. This was the first county seat of Nevada County when the county was formed in 1871 from parts of Hempstead, Ouachita, and Columbia counties. The county seat at Mt. Moriah lasted from March to October of 1871. It was then decided to move the seat of government to Rosston. The county seat was later moved to Prescott after the railroad came through and Prescott became the most populated town in the county.

The first term of circuit court was held in the church building at Mt. Moriah in July, 1871. One case tried there was that of W. E. Atkinson for assault and battery upon a preacher. He was convicted and fined \$15. Atkinson would later serve as the Attorney-General of Arkansas.

A post office was established in 1852 at Mt. Moriah with James Munn as the first postmaster. The Munn family was a prominent family in the area at that time and an 1865 map of the area shows Munn's Saw and Grist mill. The post office was discontinued in 1916 with Edna Cofield Weaver as the last postmaster.

As with most old communities, the church was the center of the community. According to a 1933 newspaper article, the earliest church was made of logs and split boards and was built several years before Arkansas became a state. This building was located "in front of what is now the Wilbur Clark home" (in 1933). No written records of that Baptist congregation remain.

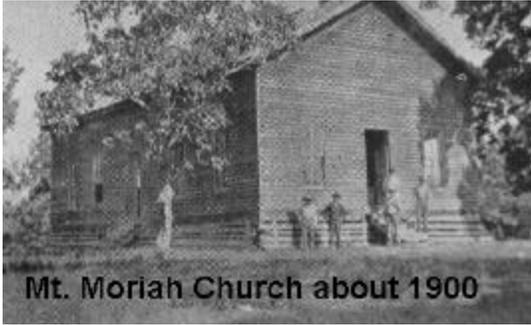
The present Mt. Moriah church was established in 1857 as the Mt. Moriah Cumberland Presbyterian Church. A Methodist Protestant Church was organized at Mt. Moriah in 1872. This church is unusual in that both groups use the same building, but have separate pastors and keep separate records, but cooperate in all other aspects of their worship. The Methodists were in charge the first and third Sundays of the month, and the Presbyterians on the second and fourth Sundays. Attendance in 2007 is usually 15-20 with Sunday Bible school and guest speakers since there is no full time preacher at this time.

The church has made many improvements over the years—adding classrooms, making necessary repairs to the building, purchasing new pews, building a fellowship hall, and recently completing a water hook-up from Rosston after the water well caved in and could not be repaired.

The original building at the present site was built three years before the Civil War and was made of lumber sawed at the James Munn mill, one of the first in this part of the country. The quality was such that when the house was torn down in 1928 and the present

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one erected, the massive sills and much of the ceiling were used again. It also served as a schoolhouse for the community.



Descendants of the early Mt. Moriah settlers say the elders of the church were assigned seats on either side of the pulpit in the “amen corners”. Ladies sat on the left side and the men on the right. They say that each man had a certain tree or hitching post where he tied his buggy horses to and that this practice was strictly respected. Mothers carried blankets for the small children to nap

on and switches for older ones who became fidgety during the long services. There was a great deal of formality. It was a solemn occasion and those attending were expected to conduct themselves accordingly.

Two family names that are found in the list of elders of the first Mt. Moriah church are Weaver and Munn. Wilson Weaver is the patriarch of the Weaver clan at Mt. Moriah. He gave the land upon which the church and cemetery stand. He was a native of North Carolina, was a veteran of the War of 1812 and took part in the Battle of New Orleans. He married Mary Jane Munn, came to Arkansas and settled near Serepta Springs near Mt. Moriah sometime in the late 1830's or early 1840's.



Duncan Munn was Wilson Weaver's father-in-law and the father of James Munn, the first postmaster and owner of a steam powered grist mill and saw mill on the Washington to Camden Road known as the Middle Road. Locally, it was known as the Munn's Mill Rd.

Some of the well known family names associated with Mt. Moriah are: Munn, Weaver, Kennedy, Dillard, Gentry, Alsobrook, Waddle, Loe, Edwards, Martindale, Hendrix, Stokes, Fincher, Fuller, Clark, East, and Nesbit.

The cemetery, one of the best kept rural cemeteries in the county, is older than the present organized church. Many interesting stories are told of its origin, but the most commonly accepted one is that the first grave was for a certain Jason Dillard, who was killed in a neighborhood feud. Some say he was killed in a bar at Mt. Moriah. Soon afterwards, another member of his family was placed there, and from this beginning as a family burial ground, the cemetery has become the final resting place of over 1100 people. Another acre of land was recently cleared to expand the cemetery.

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My wife and I recently did a complete survey of this cemetery. We did not find a grave marker for Jason Dillard mentioned as the first person buried there. We did find a flat concrete marker with the name F. Dillard. The grave of Wilson Weaver who gave land for the cemetery and church is well marked as are those of Duncan Munn and James Munn. The oldest marked grave is that of Duncan Munn who died August 1, 1860. (see photo)

This year (2007) marks the 150th anniversary of Mt. Moriah church. An old fashioned singing has been planned for the Saturday before Mother's Day in addition to the annual Mother's Day program on Sunday.



Mt. Moriah church as it appeared in 1993

Some information for this article was obtained from:

1. Article in *Old Time Chronicle* entitled "Mt. Moriah—An Old Community on the Munn's Mill Rd"—Vol. 4 – No. 12 (Dec., 1991)
2. Newspaper article published in *Prescott Daily News* May 10, 1933; written by Clyde Holloway Whitten
3. Interview with Charles Cross in 1984 by Phena Fincher (Depot Museum web site)
4. Cemetery survey by Jerry and Jeanie McKelvy in 2007

WEAVER FAMILY REUNION AT MT. MORIAH IN 1960 (from the 7-28-1960 issue of the *Nevada News*)

Eighty one members of the Wilson Weaver and Mary Jane Munn Weaver family met at Mt. Moriah church Sunday, July 24 to commemorate the annual reunion of the Weaver clan. The fore-parents of this group are early American stock. The mother was a native of Montgomery Co, North Carolina and Duncan Munn, a native of Scotland, was her father. From the best information available, Wilson Weaver was a native of North Carolina and of

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Scotch-Irish descent. The parents of Wilson and Mary Jane moved to Carroll Co., Tennessee about 1810 and were married soon after they moved to that section. Wilson Weaver enlisted in the Tennessee Volunteers. He took part in the Indian wars and was with General Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1814.

Wilson Weaver came west in 1835 to see what the future had in store for he and his family in Arkansas. When he passed through Camden in that year, only one log house stood on the bluff of the Ouachita to represent the thriving city of Camden today. He found vast areas of public lands covered with virgin pine, stately oaks, and the lowlands covered with wild cane. Nevada County at that time was a part of Ouachita, Hempstead, and Columbia counties. The country was a wilderness just like God and nature had made it. Vast areas were untouched by human hands except the Indian camps near water sources. This is a part of the conditions Wilson Weaver and Mary Jane Munn found when they came to Mt. Moriah to make their home about 1840.

The children were William, Isaac, John H., James W., Dr. Josh W., Andrew J., Eliza Jane, Green J, and Samuel W. The reunion was made up of descendants of this group of children of the Wilson Weaver family.

Wilson Weaver gave the land for the church and cemetery. The church, a Cumberland Presbyterian and Methodist faith, was erected about 1857 and the first burial in the cemetery was made about that time. Wilson Weaver and his wife, Mary Jane were charter members of the Presbyterian faith and remained in the church until their death. Wilson Weaver lived to the advanced age of over 90 years and was placed to rest in the ground he gave for that purpose.

The reunion was a fellowship meeting and the spirit of love existed throughout the day. A basket lunch was served in the shade of a large oak near the church at the noon hour. A mutual conversation was carried on during this period. It was a scene of renewed friendship and an exchange of love and greetings for all. The meeting was a spirit of true family relations and kindly feelings throughout.

Espie Weaver, son of Dr. Josh Weaver, was the master of ceremonies. He made a brief talk on the early history of the family and asked each of the descendants of the family group to stand together for their picture. After family farewell greetings, the meeting was adjourned until another year. The day had been a love feast for all. (written by W. E. Hirst)

EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST

“East is east and west is west, and never the twain shall meet”. This is the first line in a poem written by Rudyard Kipling. I thought of this recently when I was doing a survey of Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Nevada County.

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In this cemetery, I found the graves of Carry Mae West and A. C. East buried side by side. To be precise, you could say that Carry Mae West is buried south of A. C. East and A. C. East is buried north of Carry Mae West.

AD FOR MALARIA MEDICINE IN 1928 (from the September 14, 1928 issue of The Camden Evening News)

MALARIA IS ONE OF CHIEF CAUSES OF LAZINESS IN THE SOUTH

Statistics prove that there are more deaths caused by MALARIA than by automobiles and it is a fact that most of these deaths could be prevented if treatment had been given in time. There are thousands of people who have Malaria and do not recognize it until it has sapped their vitality and put their system in a weakened condition.

The South has a reputation for being lazy. It is not the climate so much as it is disease—the dreaded Malaria that gives that tired, worn out, achy feeling. Constipation and biliousness are caused by this disease and make one sluggish and without usual energy.

Recent years have given us a new discovery—in fact, the greatest discovery in the annals of medicine for malaria infested districts in our South. The new discovery, NASH'S CHILL AND LIVER TONIC, is the result of many years experience and experiments to correct the two main troubles of Southern people, malaria and biliousness. Chills and malaria can now be controlled and prevented if the right treatment is taken in time. NASH'S CHILL AND LIVER TONIC is pleasant to take, stimulates the glands of the liver, and evacuates the lower bowel. At the same time, it combats the malaria germ! It increases the appetite, aids digestion and puts red corpuscles in your blood, and best of all, gives you the pep and energy you are lacking.

This tonic is highly endorsed. Though just introduced in Camden, dozens of bottles have been sold with astonishing results. Numerous testimonials are being received by the manufacturers almost daily attesting to the wonderful merits of this discovery. Local druggists who are selling this preparation are surprised at the enormous sales and the satisfaction which it gives their customers.

And, this tonic is absolutely guaranteed. Take a few doses and if you are not satisfied with results, your druggist will gladly refund your money.

Look out for these symptoms : If you are tired all the time—hate to get up in the morning—feel lazy and no account—have headache or backache—floating specks before the eyes—are nervous—stomach out of order—If you have any of these symptoms, you are no doubt affected by malaria and biliousness, so don't wait. Order a bottle of NASH'S CHILL AND LIVER TONIC and note the improvement after a very few doses. Some people are so foolish as to wait until they have a chill to begin treatment. This is the wrong idea as it is better to prevent the chill than to have to cure.

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Warning to Mothers : Watch your children! Perhaps they need this tonic. Don't wait until they have chills to begin treatment. Watch the youngsters—if they seem cross and unruly, don't spank—they probably are not well. Watch for the coated tongue, yellow complexion, bad breath, restless at night. Give a few doses of this wonderful tonic and note how quick it will put roses in their cheeks. Absolutely harmless, and pleasant to take.

Ask doctor about this formula: NASH'S TONIC contains the most active Alkaloid of Cinehons called "Ouinidine"—tasteless quinine. This ingredient kills malaria germs. It also contains the extract of Podophyllum, commonly called May Apple, which produces a more frequent flow of bile, this stimulating the glands of the liver. It also contains Phenolphthelein, which evacuates the lower bowel, thereby eliminating all poisons and waste matter from the system.

Price: 50 cents per bottle. If not satisfied, purchase price will be refunded without question.

Reading this old advertisement brings back memories of my childhood in the mid-1940's when we were given doses of Groves Tasteless Chill Tonic whenever our parents thought our appetite was not as good as it should be. The tonic may have been "tasteless", but I remember it having a gritty texture. Best I remember, it did make our appetites better or maybe we just started eating more to keep from having to take it. I'm sure most of you who were born before 1950 can remember some of these old medicines, especially the ones that tasted bad. Remember Hadacol, 666, castor oil, Fletcher's castoria, Groves chill tonic, Geritol, and others. I remember an ad for Serutan—"Nature's spelled backward". It's a wonder we ever survived until adulthood.

If you remember an interesting experience with these or other old time remedies, send it in. I'm sure others would like to read your story.

THE STRANGE CASE OF ED KIMBROUGH (from the 6-23-1910 issue of the Prescott Daily News)

Ed Kimbrough, a laboring man, living just outside the corporate limits, is languishing in the city jail as a result of a 50 cent debt which he refuses to pay.

The case is a peculiar and stubborn one. Mr. Kimbrough's cow recently crossed the city line and was soon taken up by a boy and turned over to the City Marshal and placed in the pound pen. Mr. Kimbrough, learning of this, went to Marshal Johnson and demanded the cow on the grounds that he was not a citizen of the town, and that his stock was not amenable to the city stock law.

Marshal Johnson assured him that all stock found loose in the city looked alike under the law whether it was taken from the immediate vicinity, or Malvern, or London, or Egypt, the law covered the case just as though the owner was a citizen of Prescott. Mr. Johnson did agree to deduct his fee of 50 cents if Mr. Kimbrough would pay the boy 50 cents for putting

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the animal up. This he refused to do. Mr. Johnson even agreed to loan him the half dollar, but Kimbrough thought of another way, and proceeded to tear down the pen and secured his cow.

For this offense, he was arrested and fined \$5.00 and costs, amounting to \$10.50. He refused to pay the fine or to allow any of his friends to pay it, and was placed in jail. He has been assigned to work out the fine on the streets, but says he won't work.

A ball and chain was placed on Mr. Kimbrough this morning at 9 o'clock and he was assigned to street work at the corner of West Main and Third streets. Although a spade was stuck in the ground at his side, he refused to touch it, and took his seat on a convenient block, and is working out his time that way.

To friends who came to watch, Mr. Kimbrough stated: "I want you to understand that I don't have to wear these things. I can have them taken off any minute by paying my fine which I am able to do, but I am not going to do it."

Mr. Kimbrough was transferred to different portions of the city during the day. The officers are handling the case cautiously, and will punish Mr. Kimbrough to just what extent the law will permit, and is being advised in the matter conservatively.

In the next issue of the paper, we find this:

Ed Kimbrough, who was fined for tearing down the pound pen and placed with a ball and chain on the street, sent for the marshal last night and paid the fine, deducting the two dollars allowed for the two days time he had served.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS FROM DAYS GONE BY

Prescott Daily News (9-10-1910)

The team hitched to Guy N. Garner's milk wagon became frightened in front of Hesterly Drug Store while Mr. Garner had left them to make a delivery, and they started at a run out East Elm St. Mr. Garner started in close pursuit, and actually overtook the team before they had gone a block, climbed into the side door, and checked them in front of the Presbyterian church. The only thing broken was a sprinting record by Mr. Garner.

Prescott Daily News (9-12-1910)

Distinguished orator, William Jennings Bryan, made a 25 minute speech in Prescott. He arrived by train accompanied by Gov. Donaghey. The crowd in town was estimated anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000. At least 3,000 heard Mr. Bryan speak.

Prescott Daily News (10-6-1910)

Our town was thronged with people last night who had been attracted by the county fair. Every hotel and boarding house was taxed, and Sheriff Hood allowed a number to use the courthouse as a sleeping apartment.

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Prescott Daily News (7-3-1916)

Residents were warned to seek professional care for Fourth of July tetanus or lockjaw caused by accidents involving fireworks during the upcoming holiday.

FOUR BEAN SOUP

1 Lb. Hamburger	½ cup Ketchup
1 Can Ranch Beans	1 Tblsp. Mustard
1 Can Pinto Beans	¼ cup Brown Sugar
1 Can Great Northern Beans	1 Tblsp. Vinegar
1 Can Navy Beans	1 cup Water
1 Can Original Rotel Tomatoes	1 Onion (chopped)

Brown hamburger meat. Add meat along with other ingredients to crock pot and cook on Low overnight or all day.

Mary Ann
Arkansas

COLESLAW

1 head shredded green cabbage
1 shredded carrot
1 chopped green pepper
1 chopped onion
Salt to taste

Mix the above ingredients.

Sprinkle with 1 cup sugar.

Bring to boil:

1 cup white vinegar
¾ cup vegetable oil
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon celery seed

Pour over vegetables and stir. Cover and refrigerate 4 to 6 hours. Stir again. Drain to serve. Keeps well in the refrigerator.

*Joanne
Texas*

*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



A NEVADA COUNTY SCHOOL PICTURE

This old school picture was contributed by Mrs. Zettie Link. Her parents (Hildre Griffith and Stella Hardwick) are in the picture. Mrs. Link thinks the date of the picture is about 1906. We are not sure where the school was located. Could this be the school building at Ebenezer??? If you can identify it, let us know.

Partial identification of students:

- Back row (left to right): (3) Hildre Griffith; (4) Willie Griffith; (5) Stella Hardwick; (7) Gillie Hall; (8) Johnnie Hardwick
- Next row: (1) Leroy Martin; (2) Homer Hardwick
- In front of Johnnie Hardwick is Lucy Griffith
- Middle row--# 9 is Bessie Griffith

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We have read of the Dust Bowl days of the 1930's in our history books. Following is a news account of the first major dust storm to hit this area. On the same page of the newspaper was a story of how the government was aiding farmers by providing 15,000 lifting machines and directing them to furrow the soil to prevent wind erosion. Millions of acres were being lifted in this manner in Kansas alone, according to the article.

CAMDEN COVERED WITH A BLANKET OF DUST (from the April 11, 1925 issue of *The Camden News*)

Hanging low over Camden today was a pall of dust wafted here from the mid-western states that have experienced their worst dust storms in history. Winds of the past few days have blown this fine powder from the plains and fields of the middle-west as far south as Camden.

It was of a reddish tinge and filtered into every nook and cranny in the city. Little damage is expected from the strange atmospheric condition in this vicinity.

Camden has a new subject of conversation today.

In groups on street corners or at the corner drug store, in offices or stores throughout this city, the foremost subject of conversation is—dust! As you probably have noticed by now, unless you are blind, or something—Camden is being inflicted with its first dust storm. And it is hoped its last.

While the dust isn't as thick as it might be, it forms a misty haze over the territory and blots out the sun, and little by little, finds its way into every corner or crevice, regardless of how many or how thick the walls. For dust is one of the most penetrating objects known.

We are fortunate in that we live in a land that has plenty of hills and valleys, woods, and streams flowing with water the year round. Our neighboring states to the west are not so fortunate and little by little the forces of wind erosion are transforming their farms and home sites into desert wastes, where nothing but sand grass and cactus can exist.

Camden citizens upon awakening this morning, faced an unusual phenomena—a cloud of dust and fine sand particles. The papers tell us that the origin of our sand is western Texas and Oklahoma, many hundreds of miles away. From Dallas westward, Texas is facing one of the worst sandstorms in a season that has produced many of these "black blizzards". Government agencies and college experts are working frantically to find some method of stopping this catastrophe, and much money will be spent in trying to fight this evil.

It is on days like today that is brought forcibly to our attention the fact that we are extremely fortunate in our location.

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PROF. W. P. BETTS "THE DRUGLESS DOCTOR"

Editor's note: This ad appeared in several issues of The Nevada County Picayune in 1907. The ads were followed by testimonials from several Nevada County citizens who praised Prof. Betts and claimed much improvement following his treatments.

Prof. W. P. Betts, whose office is in the McKenzie building, is having wonderful success in curing many chronic cases which have baffled the skill of every other healing profession, by magnetic healing. Prof. Betts holds out hope to all those who have given up. He restores and renews ambition in the place of dark despair. From the wreckage of long years of suffering, he builds strong, healthy men, women, and children and restores them to their loved ones in active, vigorous health and strength. The greatness of any man depends on his ability to do things which others fail to do. Every day men are doing things which have been called impossible, and when Prof. Betts heals one chronic case that been given up, he is laying the foundation for world-wide fame as a benefactor to the human race. He does not care how many men have said you cannot be cured—all he demands is that you take his treatment and follow his instructions implicitly. Some of the afflicted ones that can't come to Prescott and remain for personal treatment are taking one month's treatment for \$5 and are being healed.

Your Obedient Servant for health and happiness,
Prof. W. P. Betts (Ex-Confederate Veteran)

One night a teenage girl brought her new boyfriend home to meet her parents, and they were appalled by his appearance-- leather jacket, motorcycle boots, tattoos and pierced nose.

Later, the parents pulled their daughter aside and confessed their concern. "Dear," said the mother diplomatically, "he doesn't seem very nice."

"Mom," replied the daughter, "if he wasn't nice, why would he be doing 5,000 hours of community service?"

CALE-BLUFF CITY VETS ANXIOUS TO LEARN (from the 8-12-1947 issue of the *Prescott Daily Mail*)

William T. Reyenga, G. I. instructor in cooperative agriculture, reports that his class is very alert and anxious to secure all information possible that will aid them in becoming better farmers/stockmen.

There are 24 G.I.'s taking training who own or lease their own farms in the Cale-Bluff City area. There veterans taking training are: Troy Byrd, Hambric Cummings, Ashley DeWoody, Grady Franklin, Adron Hicks, Arl Hildebrand, Harold Hildebrand,

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William Hulan, John Parvis, Earl Johnson, James Johnson, Garland Kirk, Ivy Kirk, William Kirk, Willie F. Knight, Clyde and Fed McDade, Herman McKelvy, Ruel McKelvy, Elmer Meador, James Nelson, William Pringle, Jay D. Sarrett, and Arthur Lee Wicker.

Instructor Reyenga reports that Ashley DeWoody is erecting a five room house, digging a well, building a barn, and has an excellent garden. Arthur Lee Wicker has built a new house and barn and dug a well. James C. Nelson has sunk a well and built a house. These three veterans have done practically all of their own work without hiring very much outside help.

FROM THE MAIL-BAG

While reading the May issue of the *Chronicle* about the old medicines, it brought back some memories. At our house it was coal oil (kerosene). If we had the croup we got a spoon of sugar with a few drops of coal oil. A cut of any kind was washed with the coal oil and bandaged with a white rag. Step on a rusty nail, out came the coal oil.

When I had the chicken pox, Mama and Grandma wrapped me in a quilt real early in the morning, laid me down in front of the chicken house, opened the door and let all the chickens fly out over me. To this day I have not figured out the purpose of that. When I asked, I was told it just had to be done.

Betty Lawrence

Editor's Note: I faintly remember my folks talking about letting chickens fly over you to cure the chicken pox. I don't think we actually did it, but I do remember them talking about it. According to some old folk remedies in West Virginia, the chicken should be a black one. FYI—According to the experts, chicken pox has nothing to do with chickens. It is so named because the rash is about the size of a vegetable called chick peas.

I am very excited to hear about the *Sandyland Chronicle*. Jimmy Bemis recently forwarded it to my sister, Irma. We did not know about it before. We grew up in Prescott; so some of the places and people we had known or had heard of. My questions to you are:

Are there hard copies of the previous issues? Can we subscribe? Can we get back copies?

Betty Rene Hamby Bell

Thank you for having the information about the "Snow Train" episodes of *Gunsmoke*. After seeing parts of the two episodes, I was very curious about where and how it was filmed. It was obviously filmed very differently than most of *Gunsmoke's* programs.

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The article answered many of my questions and I was doubtful if I would find the answers, even on the Internet. And it is interesting to note that it was on your web site just two months ago.

Brue Gettler, Bellbrook, Ohio

First of all, I wish to congratulate you on the interesting web site that you have going. I just found it this evening while I was looking for something else. Isn't that the way we usually find things? As I have the time, I look forward to reading more of your articles.

I really enjoyed the April, 2007 article about "Coming to America". I noticed that your McKelvys were on the same ship as my ancestor, Patrick Dickey.

Olivia Burden, Family Researcher

My name is Alex Thayer, and I am the great-great grandson of W.B. Waller (*a prominent Prescott businessman*). I am trying to find a photograph of W.B. Do you have, or know where I can find, a photograph of him? I've looked at several issues of your *Sandyland Chronicle*, but have not been able to find a photograph. Any help would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you,
Alex

I have read the *Sandyland Chronicle* for some time. My Aunt Mildred Munn subscribed to it for my birthday one year and now I just keep up with it on the internet. I enjoy it so much, especially when there are articles about people and places I am familiar with. I really enjoyed this months (May 2007) article about Mt. Moriah community and church.

I can remember as a child going to the Mother's Day meetings and dinner at Mt. Moriah in the back of Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Faye Garrett's truck. We didn't have a car so they would just load us and our basket of food (and anyone else who needed a ride) in the back of the truck. We also rode to the revivals at Serepta Shed this way many, many times. Just throw a quilt in the back and watch the moon and stars go by singing those good old gospel songs to the top of our lungs. Now those were "the good ole days."

Another memory that you brought back was about the Grove's Chill Tonic. My three bothers, my sister, and I each had our own personal bottle of that gritty, foul tasting mess each and every spring to purge us of any bugs that may have been left over from the cold winter months. There was a barn on the left on highway 19 (now 371) before you got to the Laneburg store. On the side of that barn was a big metal sign advertising that gosh-awful tasting Grove's Chill Tonic and if I happened to go by it, I would turn my head the other way or I could just taste that stuff. All in my head, I

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guess, but it seemed like I really could taste it. Anyway, thank goodness, the sign is gone now as well as the barn and has been for some time now.

Yvonne Munn

I read the *Chronicle* for April with a great deal of interest, particularly the article on your ancestors coming to America. Until reading this, I had always had a great deal of pride in my Scotch-Irish ancestors, the Hannahs, through my paternal grandmother. Incidentally, these Hannahs were from the Cale/Caney area. I had not previously heard of this Captain Hannah of the ship Nancy which brought your ancestors. The clan Hannah originated over on the southern coast of Scotland in Galloway, not more than 30 or 40 sea miles east of Belfast, Ireland. He very well could have been of our line. As I understand it, there is presently a large contingent of Hannahs in Belfast and the surrounding towns and villages. You have given me another area to search regarding my ancestors.

I look forward to each new segment of the "*Sandyland Chronicle*". It makes me wish that I had been old enough to ask my grandfather and father about life as they lived it in Nevada County. Your website helps fill in some of the blanks.

Don Honea

I was delighted to stumble across "The Sandyland Chronicle" this evening while surfing the internet.

I am the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dorman of Bodcaw, Arkansas, and a 1987 graduate of Bodcaw High School. As a young boy, I was enthralled by the stories Robert and his father, Olva Dorman ("Pa Paw") would share of their childhoods. Needless to say, your *Chronicle* has brought back many memories.

I hesitate to be so presumptuous, but I'm certain that no one who didn't grow up in Nevada County would recognize the significance of the title your labor of love carries. As a fellow Nevada County native, I'm certain you can relate to long, hot summer days spent toiling in the sands of the watermelon fields, "pulling" and loading "chunks" for delivery to market.

Hopefully, I've not missed the mark too terribly. I can't wait for the March, 2007 issue.

Larry Little

PARTY LINES

When my family first got a telephone, it was the typical solid black phone with the old-fashioned rotary dial instead of the push-button type phones of today. All the

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phone systems at that time used a word in the prefix of the phone number. Bluff City and Chidester used "Overbrook". Camden's was "Temple". So, your phone number would be something like OV7-1234 or TE8-1234.

In still earlier times, the phone number might be just two or three numbers. In 1948, the Taylor Drug Store in Chidester had Phone 53, Buchanan Drug Store in Prescott had Phone 67, and DeWoody's Gulf Station in Camden had Phone 3551. These numbers come from ads in the Bluff City High School yearbook in 1948.

Our first phone system was a four-party line and all four parties could hear the ring when someone called in. Each party had to recognize which ring was for their phone. It might be one long and two shorts or something similar. Anyone on the party line who wished to eavesdrop could just pick up their phone when their neighbor got a call and listen in. I remember one particular elderly lady whose bed squeaked when she sat on it and listened in on the phone. This let us know when she was listening in.

There were crude phone systems in the rural areas of Nevada County area as far back as the early 1900's. Usually it was just a wire strung through the woods and attached to trees. In 1909, the Bluff City local news reporter mentioned that they had a new phone line from Bluff City to Chidester via Foss (*an old community that no longer exists*).

The following poem appeared in the Nevada County Picayune in 1909. This gives a good description of what the phone systems were like in those early days.

THE "HELLO" GIRL

The telephone girl sits still in her chair and listens to voices from everywhere. She hears all the gossip; she hears all the news; she knows who is happy and who has the blues. She knows all our sorrows; she knows all our joys. She knows every girl who is chasing the boys. She knows of our troubles; she knows of our strife. She knows every man who talks mean to his wife. She knows every time we are out with "the boys"; she hears the excuses each fellow employs. She knows every woman who has a dark past; she knows every man who is inclined to be "fast". In fact, there's a secret beneath each saucy curl of that quiet, demure-looking telephone girl.

If the telephone girl told all that she knows, it would turn half our friends into bitterest foes. She could sow a small wind that would soon become a gale, engulf us in trouble and land us in jail. She could let go a story which, gaining in force, would cause half our wives to sue for divorce. She could get all our churches mixed up in a fight and turn all our days into sorrowing night. In fact, she could keep the whole town in a stew if she told a tenth part of the things she knew.

Oh, brother, now doesn't it make your head whirl, when you think what you owe to the telephone girl.

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PINEAPPLE COCONUT PIE (From "The Best of the Best, Alabama") Submitted by Helen Medlin

Yield: 2- 8 inch pies

1 stick butter, melted
1 ½ cups sugar
4 eggs
1 (8 ¼ ounce) can crushed pineapple
1 cup shredded coconut
1 tablespoon vanilla

Melt butter. Mix sugar and eggs together and blend with "cooled" butter. Mix In pineapple, coconut and vanilla. Pour into two 8-inch unbaked pie shells. Bake in 350 degrees oven 35 minutes or until done.

RECIPE FOR KINDNESS (Author Unknown)

**Fold two hands together
And express a dash of sorrow
Marinate it overnight
And work on it tomorrow.**

**Chop one grudge in tiny pieces
Add several cups of love
Dredge with a large sized smile
Mix with the ingredients above.**

**Dissolve the hate within you
By doing a good deed
Cut in and help your friend
If he should be in need.**

**Stir in laughter, love and kindness
From the heart it has to come,
Toss with genuine forgiveness
And give your neighbor some**

**The amount of people served
Will depend on you,
It can serve the whole wide world,
If you really want it to.**

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



THE BATTLE OF POISON SPRING

The Battle of Poison Spring occurred April 18, 1864 in Ouachita County. Those of us who live in the area have driven by the small roadside park many times, but do we really understand what happened here on that day in 1864?

This battle was small when compared to the major battles of the Civil War like Vicksburg and Gettysburg where thousands of brave men lost their lives, but this was the largest battle fought in our part of Arkansas. It was a victory for the Confederate army as they captured a large wagon train of supplies that had been confiscated from farms in the area by the Union soldiers to supply their soldiers stationed at Camden. Several hundred men lost their lives in the battle of Poison Spring, mostly Negroes from the Kansas Colored Infantry Volunteers. Some call it "The Massacre at Poison Spring".

A mixture of races was involved in the battle. There were Negro soldiers from Kansas on the Union side and Choctaw Indians on the Confederate side as well as white soldiers on both sides. The use of African-American soldiers by the Union army did not set well with many Southerners and this probably contributed to the large number of black soldiers killed at Poison Spring.

There were reports of the colored soldiers being shot with their own guns after they had surrendered and wagons being driven over wounded soldiers lying on the ground to finish them off. I have read that some Confederate generals did not take African-American prisoners of war. Those captured were either sold back into slavery or executed. There were also reports of the Choctaw Indians involved in the

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battle scalping some of the soldiers on the Union side. They blamed the Union army for an earlier raid on their villages and considered this a time for them to get even.

This is from an Internet web site regarding the Battle of Poison Spring: Pursuing Confederates, enraged as the Rebels usually were when the Federals used blacks as combat troops, showed no mercy. They continued to fire into the fleeing ranks, and many wounded blacks were murdered as they lay on the ground. Other black troops, hunted down and trapped in the surrounding swamps and woods, were executed when they attempted to surrender. One Rebel colonel admitted, "Away trotted the poor black men into the forest, clinging to their rifles, but not using them, while the pursuing Confederates cut them down right and left." A private in Cabell's brigade believed Choctaws perpetrated most of the butchery. "You ought to see Indians fight Negroes," he recalled, "kill and scalp them. Let me tell you, I never expected to see so many dead Negroes again. They were so thick you could walk on them." A few blacks, realizing the vengeance being reaped on their comrades, feigned death by lying motionless on the field. After dark, they crawled into the woods and made their way back to Camden. Kirby Smith, who arrived from Louisiana on April 19, admitted that of some two hundred captured Federals, he saw "but two Negro prisoners."

Even though this was a small battle that lasted only a few hours, it was a bloody battle. Cora Powell Bragg wrote that her father visited the battle-field the next day and said "he never beheld such a sight. Dead bodies, only half buried, feet protruding, were heaped all about and the stench was sickening."

It is hard to imagine that the peaceful countryside along present day Hwy. 76 was once the scene of a fierce battle complete with Rebel yells, the sounds of cannons and muskets being fired, and the horrific scenes of human suffering that followed. The area around Poison Springs is now a National Historic Landmark and is protected as an archaeological site.

Below are battle reports from a few of the commanding officers of the Federal troops involved in the battle. Next month, we will include some reports from the Confederate officers. These reports are from "The War of the Rebellion—Vol. 34". These books are in many libraries and also available on the Internet. I will be happy to tell you how to find them on the Internet which also has a search engine to search through all these books for a person's name or a place.

Excerpts from the report of Lieut. William C. Gibbons, First Kansas Colored Infantry, of the engagement at Poison Spring.

Camden, Ark., April 21, 1864

Col. J. M. Williams
Comdg. First Regiment Kansas Colored Volunteers

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...I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by Companies C and I, First Kansas Colored Volunteers, during an engagement with the enemy 14 miles west of this place, on the 18th instant....At this juncture, I knew by the heavy musketry discharges on my right that the eight companies under Major Ward were heavily engaged, but I could see nothing in that quarter owing to the density of the smoke. Accordingly, I kept a sharp lookout to the front to prevent a flank movement by the enemy which I anticipated. While the right was engaging the enemy with musketry, the six-gun battery of the enemy planted in our immediate front continued to throw shell to our left...I then ordered the two companies to fall back opposite the advance wagon of the train, which they did. Just then both horse and footmen to the number of 100 crossed my front dressed in blue. Captain Graton and myself supposed them to be our own men, the Second or Sixth Kansas Cavalry...but I was soon undeceived by the appearance of a large body of infantry dressed in gray, following directly after, and the appearance of 400 or 500 rebel cavalry crossing the road farther off on the right of their infantry. I immediately ordered the men to fire, which was kept up for a few minutes only, but with such effect as to check the enemy's advance. Being sorely pressed by an overwhelming number, and seeing the cavalry about to flank me on the left, I ordered a retreat and formed again about 60 yards to the rear. Again our men poured a deadly volley among the enemy, but it was impossible to hold the ground. However, I would not suffer the men to fall back farther, until I saw that the left of the right wing was broken and making their way across the road between the mules and wagons, then I ordered the men to fall back in as good order as possible.

During this maneuver, I was on foot leading my horse, and in the attempt to mount, my saber tripped me, my horse became scared, and dragged me about 5 yards. During this, the infantry had all passed me and the enemy was bearing down on us with a yell. I need not say I mounted quick and rode away quicker. At the distance of about 100 or 150 yards, I came to the southwest corner of a fence surrounding an open field. Here I found nearly all of Companies C and I who had escaped the fire of the enemy....I succeeded in forming a line of about 100 men to check the advance of rebel cavalry, who had by this time formed a line extending across the field. I ordered the men to fire and the effect was as I anticipated, but this line could not stand longer than to deliver one volley. I saw that the right was entirely broken and the men pouring past me, and the cavalry had but to charge across the field, leap the fence, and our retreat was cut off. Then, seeing the train was lost, my first idea was to save the men. So I ordered them to scatter and bear to the left, with the hope of being able to form on the left of the Eighteenth Iowa, in order to protect the guns which I saw were being driven through the timber a little in advance of me. I rode square off to the left and came up near the Eighteenth Iowa just as they were leaping a fence. Supposing that to be their final repulse, I bore to the right and came up with No. 1 gun, which had run against a tree and the rear wheel-horse fell. Lieut. Haines, commanding that section, then commanded the men to cut the horses loose and mount them, while one man, I think the lieutenant himself, spiked the piece. This was done in a ravine. Mounting the hill in front, I could distinctly see the rebels shooting down our brave but fatigued boys. In a few minutes you overtook me. I still rode slowly on (knowing my horse could easily take me out of danger), giving such

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directions to all of our men I met as I thought would insure their safety. When about 4 miles from the battle-field, in company with the adjutant of the Eighteenth Iowa, I rode as fast as the nature of the country would allow for Camden, where I arrived about 8 p.m.

Great credit is due both officers and men under my observation for the coolness, bravery, and promptness with which they obeyed and executed orders. I would especially mention First Sergeant Berry, Company I (supposed to be dead), whose efforts to keep his men in place, urging them by all the endearments of freedom to keep their ground, were unceasing. He was a brave soldier and a noble man.

I remain, Colonel, your obedient servant,
W. C. Gibbons
Adjutant First Regt. Kansas Colored Volunteers

Report of Lieut. Josephus Utt, Fourteenth Kansas Cavalry, of engagement at Poison Spring

Col. J. M. Williams
Commanding Detachment

...The conduct of the officers and men was good under the trying circumstances, being outnumbered eight or nine to one, and entirely surrounded, none being daunted, continued fighting with the most daring heroism, determined not to surrender, preferring death. After the right and left wings were broken and driven in and almost entirely surrounded, a galling cross-fire broke the columns and it was impossible to form another line at the rear of the train. Many heroic efforts were made by the officers and men, though the result was so evident to all. A line was partly formed where the charging columns of the enemy were so numerous and their fire so destructive, that it was again abandoned. The entire train being surrounded, and almost the entire command hemmed in, nothing but surrender or retreat was left. All preferring death to surrender, all was lost and retreat in the best possible manner was the only recourse left.

All of which is respectfully submitted by your very humble servant,
Josephus Utt
First Lieut. Co., K, 14th Kansas Vol. Cav.

Report of Col. J. M. Williams First Kansas Colored Vols., Commanding Escort of the engagement at Poison Spring

....Many wounded men belonging to the First Kansas Colored Volunteers fell into the hands of the enemy, and I have the most positive assurances from eye-witnesses that they were murdered on the spot. The action commenced at 10 a.m. and terminated at 2 p.m. I was forced to abandon everything to the enemy, and they

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thereby became possessed of this large train, two 6-pounder guns, and two 12-pounder mountain howitzers. With what force could be collected, I made my way to this post, where I arrived at 11 p.m. of the same day.

At no time during the engagement, such was the nature of the ground and the size of the train, was I able to employ more than 500 men and two guns to repel the assaults of the enemy, whose force I estimate at 10,000 men and twelve guns, from the statements of prisoners. The columns of assault which were thrown against my front and right flank consisted of five regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, supported by a strong force which moved upon my left flank and rear. I have named this engagement the action of Poison Spring, from a spring of that name in the vicinity.

My loss during the engagement is as follows: Killed, 92; wounded, 97; missing, 106. Many of those reported missing are supposed to be killed. Others are supposed to be wounded and prisoners. The loss of our enemy is not known, but in my opinion it will much exceed our own.

The conduct of all the troops under my command, officers and men, was characterized by true soldierly bearing, and in no case was a line broken except when assaulted by an overwhelming force, and then falling back only when so ordered. The gallant dead, officers and men, all evinced the most heroic spirit, and died the death of true soldiers.

Very respectfully,
J. M. Williams
Col., First Colored Vols., Comdg. Escort

FARMER PLAYS JOKE ON COW (from the 9-23-1909 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

Editor's Note: This story doesn't have anything to do with Nevada or Ouachita counties, but I thought it was a nice little story.

Columbus, Ind.—Aug. 28—

William Baker, a farmer who lives in Bartholomew County, has superceded his wife in the affection of the family cow, but the cow does not know it. Baker is playing a joke on the cow.

Mrs. Baker always milks the cow, but this week, she decided to go to Newman, Illinois on a visit. When the cow returned from the pasture, Baker took the milking pail and the little stool and started to milk.

The gentle bovine turned her head and stared in mild surprise to see a man at her side. Then she became genuinely aroused and started trouble. She kicked the bucket and the bucket-holder and tore up things generally. Baker was in a

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quandary. The cow had to be milked and his wife was on her way to Illinois. Then he had an idea and he put it to work.

He went to the house, donned a dress belonging to his wife and pulled a sunbonnet over his face. Returning to the barnyard, he approached the cow and she seemed glad to see him. He milked without any trouble, and now he has to wear his wife's clothes whenever milking time comes.

TRIVIA (answers on page 7)

1. Which president is pictured on the \$2 bill?
2. The faces of which four presidents are carved on Mt. Rushmore?
3. What was the name of George Washington's home?
4. Which president died one month after taking office?
5. Who killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel?

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS FROM DAYS GONE BY

Nevada County Picayune (3-11-1909)

A man by the name of Galloway found a R. R. torpedo (?) and not knowing what it was, split it open with an axe which caused it to explode and knock him senseless. A piece struck his wife in the temple and the doctor had to cut it out. It was quite dangerous, but the doctor said she might get over it. It cut a gash about three inches long above her ear. (from the Wallaceburg-Blevins local news column)

Nevada County Picayune (4-30-1908)

Prof. A. C. Evered left this morning for Bluff City where he will be located for several weeks taking photographs

Prescott Daily News (12-3-1910)

The Prescott Hardware Co. has secured the agency for the E. M. F. and Flanders automobiles for Prescott and vicinity. To secure this agency, the company had to purchase five cars. This they did and have disposed of three of them, two five passenger touring cars and one Flanders 20 roadster. Flanders cars have the reputation for being the best automobiles on the market.

The Camden News (8-7-1937)

Chidester men set record. The first bale of cotton was brought in by Harvey M. Livingston and Carleton Corbell from the Livingston farm near Chidester. The bale weighed 525 pounds. This is a record for Ouachita County for being the earliest that a bale of cotton was ever brought in.

Prescott Daily Mail (5-3-1948)

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Bluff City School hosts a softball tournament; Eleven games to be played. Schools represented were: Bluff City, Willisville, Bodcaw, Chidester, Laneburg, Rosston, and Reader. Winner was Bluff City (both boys and girls teams).

Prescott Daily News (9-13-1916)

Advertisement—If you are tired of wearing tan shoes, stop in at Daniel and Sons and have them dyed black.

Prescott Daily News (10-4-1916)

A new drink had been added to line of beverages bottled by the Prescott Ice and Milling Co. It is known as “Claro”. The manager says it is one of the best cola drinks on the market.

MEDICINE DROPPED BY PLANE AT WILLISVILLE (from the 8-14-1947 issue of *The Prescott Daily Mail*)

A new twist was added to Prescott’s delivery service recently when Orville Odom, manager of the Prescott Flying Service dropped a package containing badly needed medicine to a Willisville resident.

Mrs. M. A. Marlar, who lives near Willisville, became ill and the medicine was needed immediately. The roads were in no condition for travel by automobile, so Jane Russell of Falcon contacted the Prescott air field and arranged for the delivery by air. Odom circled the house and dropped the parachute to which was attached the medicine.

“All in a day’s work”, says Odom.

MARY’S JAM Prescott Daily News (10-17-1916)

Mary had a little jam
Upon a piece of bread,
And everywhere that Mary went
She left some, it is said.
They found it on the parlor rug,
And later her irate Dad
On his dress suit found traces of
The jam that Mary had.

Answers to trivia questions on page 6: 1. Thomas Jefferson; 2 George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln; 3. Mt. Vernon; 4. William Henry Harrison; 5. Aaron Burr

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AD FOR SCOTT'S EMULSION NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE—1906

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott's Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat that it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny, those nerves hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott's Emulsion. It is sweet and wholesome to them. Send for a free sample.

CHOCOLATE CHEESE PIE From P. F. in Arkansas

**1 cup sugar
3 packages (8 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
5 eggs
1 Tablespoon vanilla
1 package (4 oz.) Baker's German Sweet Chocolate, melted and cooled**

Add sugar to cheese in a bowl, blending well. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add vanilla. Measure 2 cups of the cheese mixture; fold in chocolate. Pour remaining cheese mixture into well-buttered 10 inch pie pan. Top with chocolate mixture. Zig-zag a spatula through batter to marble. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes. Cool; then chill. Garnish with Cool Whip and chocolate curls. Cut in wedges. Makes 12 servings.

EASY KING RANCH CASSEROLE (from Betty in Texas)

**1 bag dorito's
1 can cream of chicken soup
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 can nacho cheese soup (Campbell's makes it)
1 can rotel
1 lb. diced chicken
grated cheese**

**Mix all together except the grated cheese, put in a cake pan
Warm in oven for about 30 minutes (unless you do like I do with out the chips
warm in mircowave about 10 minutes then mix in the chips)
Top with grated cheese while it is warm. Let it melt and it's ready.**

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Watkins, Jones, Gossett, Peavy, White, Autrey, Mendenhall, and others. About 50 marked graves were found here and I'm sure there are many graves that are unmarked. The cemetery is close to one acre in size. The oldest marked grave I found was that of G. W. Parker who died in 1857. There were many burials in the 1880's and 1890's. The most recent was that of R. R. Hodnett, a Civil War veteran who died in 1939, but no other graves were found after 1915. Only six graves had death dates after 1900. An African-American cemetery (also called Seminary) is located nearby and is still in use.

Seminary was named for an academy for the advanced training of young women in religious studies that was once located there. The place is shown on an 1865 map of Ouachita County. (see page 3)

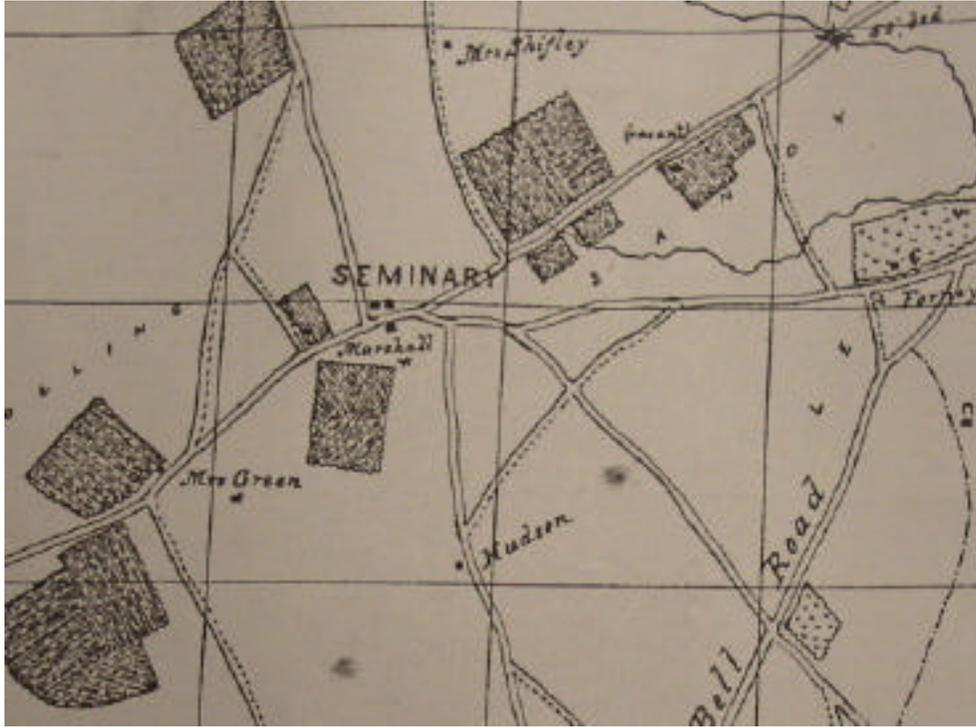
Grave marker of Margaret A. Watkins (1836-1854)
"Our Sister's Grave" engraved on marker



Grave marker of T. C. Meredith (1811-1880)

"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"

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**An 1865 map of Ouachita County showing Seminary
The nearby town of Stephens did not exist in 1865**

It is a shame that so many of these old cemeteries are being neglected. Actually, this one is in better shape than many others. Most of the markers are in good condition and the trees are now large enough to block the sunlight which keeps the undergrowth in check.

This is a lesson to us that we should take an interest in the final resting place of our ancestors and support efforts to maintain those cemeteries by making regular contributions to help with the upkeep and by being involved in the cemetery associations that care for them. I'm sure those folks buried at Old Seminary never thought that one day their graves would be overgrown with trees and brush and that few people would even know where the cemetery is located.

BATTLE REPORTS FROM CONFEDERATE GENERALS THE BATTLE AT POISON SPRING

Last month we focused on the Battle of Poison Spring and included some reports from the Union generals. This month I have included several reports from some of the Confederate generals. By reading these reports, you can get an idea of the events of April 18, 1864 at Poison Spring written by men who were actually there.

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Excerpts from the report of Brig. Gen. Samuel B. Maxey, Confederate States Army, commanding Cavalry Division, of engagement at Poison Spring.

....The fight was now general all along the line, our men pressing forward and the enemy giving back everywhere. Not a false step had been made; not a position attacked but was taken. The road was gained and the coveted train in our possession. Step by step the enemy had withdrawn his artillery, but his forces, being routed, abandoned it, and the battery of four pieces fell into our possession. Our troops, exultant with victory, pressed forward for more than 2 miles, when they were recalled by me to complete the task we came to perform. The brigades were reformed, details rapidly made, and the train put in motion on the road to Woodlawn, where the last of it arrived in safety, together with the battery, about midnight.....

....About thirty wagons, without teams and some broken, were burned on the field; about 170 with teams and everything complete, were saved; the artillery also. The enemy's force was about 2,500. At no time did we have that many engaged. His loss in killed and wounded will reach 650. The proportion of killed was variously estimated at from 300 to 500. I know they were thick....

....I beg leave to call special attention to the Choctaw brigade. These people came of their own volition. No law or treaty compelled them to do so. They were placed on the extreme left of the attacking division. Nobly, gallantly, gloriously they did their duty. They fought the very army (Thayer's, from Ft. Smith) that had destroyed their once happy homes, insulted their women, and driven them with their children destitute upon the world, and many an avenging blow was struck; many yet will be.....

Excerpts from the report of Col. Tandy Walker, commanding Second Indian Brigade, of engagement at Poison Spring

....The enemy formed next at his wagon train, drawn up on the road which ran along the brow of a wooded hill, but was pressed closely by this brigade that he soon fled across the road and in the direction up the road to the left, when the train fell into our hands, and soon a portion of his artillery which my troops found concealed in a wooded thicket near the train. I feared here that the train and its contents would prove a temptation too strong for these hungry, half-clothed Choctaws, but had no trouble in pressing them forward, for there was that in front and to the left more inviting to them than food or clothing—the blood of their despised enemy. They had met and routed the forces of General Thayer, the ravagers of their women and children; and on they went, driving immediately by a second charge the enemy from a strong position which he had taken behind the buildings to the left near the wagon train. The enemy retreating to the left threw my brigade in front, and being encouraged by the capture of the artillery, they pursued them madly.

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I deem it proper here to mention the name of Private Dickson Wallace, Captain Folsom's company, First Regiment, who in the pursuit was the first man to the artillery, and mounting astride one of the guns, gave a whoop, which was followed by such a succession of whoops from his comrades as made the woods reverberate for miles around.....

Excerpts from report of Col. Charles De Morse, commanding Texas Brigade, Maxey's Division of the engagement at Poison Spring

....The enemy's train of 200 wagons, laden with corn, bacon, stolen bed-quilts, women's and children's clothing, hogs, geese, and all the et ceteras of unscrupulous plunder, was found standing in the road, having only a few defenders remaining when my men got to it. These few were soon killed or scattered. In one of the wagons was a stand of colors, afterward removed by someone....

....The enemy we fought were General Thayer's command from Fort Smith and Roseville, including parts of 13 regiments, and comprising 500 or 600 Negroes—supposed to be 2,500 men. Probably 300 of these Negroes were killed and 75 white Federals....

Excerpt from report of Maj.- Gen. J. S. Marmaduke of the engagement at Poison Spring

...From 400 to 600 dead Federals were left on the field. About 100 wounded, 120 prisoners, 4 pieces of artillery, 195 wagons, and many hundred small arms were brought off and 30 wagons burned. Had I been allowed to pursue the enemy, I cannot but think that at least 1000 prisoners would have been added to the list. In fifteen minutes after the battle commenced, the enemy was retreating, and in half an hour no force of the enemy was ever more completely routed than this....

THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT HOME (from the 4-23-1908 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

B. M. Jones was in town yesterday and while here related a story on "hogology". He says that Will Jones raised a pet pig on his place ten miles from Bodcaw. He sold the hog and moved to Bodcaw. A month later the citizens of Bodcaw were attracted by the appearance of a strange hog walking down the street and up to the gate of the new home of Mr. Jones. When Mr. Jones came out, the hog acted in a manner as if he was highly delighted to see him. The strangeness of the thing was that the hog had never been to Bodcaw prior to this time, and entertaining some doubt as to whether the hog was his former pet, Mr. Jones went to the telephone and called up his brother ten miles away and made inquiry as to the whereabouts of the hog. They told him the hog had been absent since the day before. It is not surprising that a dog tracks his master, but we believe this is the first instance where a hog has been known to do so.

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THE SAGA OF THE SQUIRREL

By JM

This is the story of man versus squirrel. It all started a few weeks ago when I hung a bird feeder in the dogwood tree near our deck. The birds soon came from all directions to sample the assortment of seeds I provided. Soon after came the squirrel. He was especially fond of the sunflower seeds.

I soon decided I had to do something to keep Mr. Squirrel out of the feeder. I first tried putting some chicken wire on top of the feeder thinking that might make it too difficult for him to reach the seeds. A day or so later I looked out and there he was hanging upside down from the wire munching on the sunflower seeds. I made a few adjustments to my chicken wire, but he was always able to outsmart me and get to the seeds.

My next plan was to move the feeder to another location. I should have known better than to hang it from a tree branch. I had a piece of metal about six feet long, so I attached it to the hand rail on the step to the deck and fixed a bracket on top from which to hang the feeder. This location was good for me because I could still look out my window while I was working at the computer and see the feeder and enjoy the different species of birds that ate there.

Things worked well for about two days and then I happened to look up and see Mr. Squirrel sitting on top of the feeder. I didn't know if he jumped there or climbed the pole, so I did like the police and began a stake-out to see just how he managed to get to the feeder. I caught him trying to climb the metal pole so I decided to put a piece of PVC pipe about two inches in diameter over the metal pole, thinking a squirrel couldn't climb the slick plastic pipe. I soon learned that he could jump from the rail on the deck steps to the pole just below the feeder and somehow manage to hold on long enough to reach the feeder. My next plan was to grease the PVC pipe so that he couldn't hold on to it. I thought maybe Vaseline might work, but didn't have any on hand. The only thing I had available was some Vicks Vap-O-Rub. I coated the PVC pipe liberally with the greasy salve. I thought maybe the smell might deter Mr. Squirrel. I wondered if the birds would mind smelling the Vicks salve as they ate—or can a bird even smell? I'll have to check on that.

The birds soon returned to the feeder and paid no attention to the Vicks smell. About a day later when the squirrel noticed some nice sunflower seeds in the feeder, he couldn't resist the temptation. I watched out the window to see what maneuver he would try this time. He went to his usual jumping off place on the deck near the pole and made a flying leap to the PVC pipe. He was in for a surprise when he encountered the slick Vicks salve. I couldn't help but laugh when I saw Mr. Squirrel hanging on the PVC pipe with his front feet wrapped tightly around it as he slid down the slick pole to the bottom. He was not one to give up without another try, and a few minutes later, he made another attempt using the same method. Again he slid back down the pole. I thought I had the problem solved.

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It took Mr. Squirrel another day or two before he came up with Plan B. This time he decided to jump to the top of the feeder from the top rail around the deck, a distance of about four feet. He managed to hang on to the feeder and eat his fill of the delicious sunflower seeds. His leap also caused the feeder to swing and spill some of the seed to the ground which he could eat later.

Now it was my turn to devise a new plan. I decided that since the feeder was made from wood and he could easily hold on to it with his claws, I needed to cover the wood with something slick. I happened to have a couple of old license plates, so I nailed them to the top of the feeder. I figured when he jumped he wouldn't be able to hold on to the metal roof.

A couple of days later, I glanced out the window and there he was sitting on top of the feeder and then hanging by his back feet eating sunflower seeds. He was a regular trapeze artist. I did my stake-out again and saw that he was not jumping directly to the roof of the feeder. He was jumping to the bottom of the feeder where the birds perched. Then he would climb to the top, hang upside down by his back feet, and reach the seeds.

It was my turn again and I was about to run out of ideas. I hated to be outsmarted by a little squirrel. The only thing I could think of besides moving the feeder again was to cover more of the wood feeder with something slick. So I cut up a milk jug and tacked pieces of plastic on the end of the feeder next to the deck. My theory was that he would not be able to get a good grip on the feeder when he jumped. My wife complained that the bird feeder looked tacky.

Two days went by with no further attempt by Mr. Squirrel to reach the feeder. I was about to congratulate myself on being able to outsmart the squirrel when I saw him on the deck with his eye trained on the feeder full of sunflower seeds. He studied the situation for awhile and then decided to at least make an attempt. He made a flying leap and hit the feeder, but could not hold on and fell to the ground. That maneuver caused some of the seed to spill, so he was able to eat those from the ground.

A few minutes later, I saw him lying on the deck rail and generally relaxing. His eyes would occasionally focus on the bird feeder and I'm sure he was planning his next method of attack.

Three days went by with no further attempts by Mr. Squirrel to reach the bird feeder. I saw two squirrels on the deck yesterday. I guess he is calling in reinforcements or getting a second opinion. Another thought just occurred to me. Maybe this is Mrs. Squirrel instead of Mr. Squirrel.

The next day, there he (or she) was again on top of the feeder. I decided to make one last attempt to solve the problem before moving the feeder further from

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the deck. I turned the pole so that the pole is between the deck and the feeder, making it more difficult for the squirrel to jump.

Several days later, I saw the squirrel climbing up the pole to the feeder. I guess the pole was not as slick after a rain and he was able to hold on. I next tried baby oil on the PVC pipe. He (or she) tried again to climb the pole, but slid back down.

It has been several days now with no further attempts. Maybe his mate told him he better not come home again with that perfume smell on him. The squirrel is often seen near the feeder and still looks up at the sunflower seeds. I now see him (or her) on the ground under the feeder picking up seeds the birds drop. I have about decided he (or she) has worked out a deal with the birds so that they will scratch out a few seeds to save him (or her) the trouble of trying to reach the feeder. That will be fine with me. This way I get to enjoy both the birds and the squirrel from my window. I've got a feeling, though, that this war is not over.

SOME OBSERVATIONS:

- ☞☞ Working together on something usually benefits everyone involved.
- ☞☞ A bird feeder is similar to a welfare program—they get plenty to eat without having to work for it.
- ☞☞ Some birds are like some people—they try to be bullies.
- ☞☞ The squirrel at least works for its food and saves some for winter when food is scarce.
- ☞☞ If at first you don't succeed at something, try again.
- ☞☞ God gave his creatures instincts to help them survive. If I were a squirrel, I'd try to get those sunflower seeds too.
- ☞☞ Man should not get to thinking he's too smart. A beaver can build a dam that does a fine job and he doesn't have an engineering degree.
- ☞☞ Someone once said a squirrel is just a rat in a cuter outfit.

LUCIOUS LEMONADE PIE

Recipe from Sarah Wells of Hastings, OK—published in Texarkana Gazette

Ingredients:

1 6 oz. can frozen lemonade
1 14 oz can sweetened condensed milk
8 oz. whipped topping
2 drops yellow food coloring
juice from one lemon
9 inch graham cracker pie crust

Directions:

Mix together lemonade, milk, lemon juice, and food coloring. Fold in whipped topping and pour into crust. Refrigerate at least a few hours or overnight.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 7 – No. 9

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

NO PUBLIC FUNERALS ALLOWED

A global influenza epidemic (or pandemic) hit the United States in the fall of 1918 and continued for several months. More people lost their lives to this disease than in World War I which was just ending about that time.

It has been called “the most devastating epidemic in recorded world history”. It killed more people in one year than died in four years during the Black Death bubonic plague in the 1300’s. It was called the Spanish flu or La Grippe. Most deaths occurred in the 20-40 age group, which was unusual since most influenza outbreaks strike the elderly and very young. About 28 percent of Americans were infected and about 675,000 Americans died.

In December, 1918, it was reported that there were 300,000 cases of influenza in Arkansas alone. Physicians were powerless in their efforts to combat the disease. This major health crisis prompted the public health officials to issue the following order regarding funerals:

A recent order issued by Dr. Garrison, state health officer, prohibits public funerals while the influenza epidemic prevails over the state. No public funerals are to be held either at churches or at the home. The attendance of the immediate relatives and pall bearers are permitted, but no outsiders are allowed to attend. This order is in effect now and much embarrassment will be spared the undertakers if due notice is taken and the provisions of the order followed. The physicians everywhere are convinced that the spreading to the disease has been due largely to the congregation of people at funerals at the homes and in churches.

Mr. J. D. Cornish, funeral director at Prescott, Arkansas, received this order from R. B. Magee of the U. S. Public Health Service:

An order has been issued by the state and federal authorities that no public funerals over which you have charge shall be held either in the open or at churches or residences during the influenza epidemic.

You are hereby notified that all funerals of which you have charge shall be private and attended only by the immediate family, minister, and pall bearers.

Funeral directors will be held responsible for the enforcement of this order and will be prosecuted if the order is violated.

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We think of this as an extreme measure, but considering the circumstances in 1918, any gathering of people was an opportunity for the disease to be easily spread. Even today, we are being warned that a similar type influenza pandemic called the bird flu is very likely to happen in the near future. Let's hope and pray that it doesn't happen. With airplane travel between countries, a disease could spread very fast around the world. If such a thing were to happen, we would probably be faced with very strict public health orders concerning our activities.

I wonder if Americans these days would be willing to be quarantined in their homes for an extended period of time. Can you imagine the effects on our economy? We are accustomed to getting some antibiotics to help us when we get sick and they are wonderful medicines. But what if no antibiotic or medicine was available that would work? We would be in the same circumstances as those people back in 1918-1919. Hopefully scientists are busy working on new medicines because sooner or later, we could be faced with a health catastrophe even in these modern times.

FOUR THINGS TO AVOID

Those of us who are familiar with "The Sandyland" have learned about several things to avoid. Of course, there are a lot more than four. We have wasps, hornets, yellow jackets, ticks, scorpions, snakes, alligators, and other such creatures. We know that all dogs are not friendly and it's best to be cautious around a dog we are not familiar with. But these four things come to mind—three of them have been around for generations and the other one has more recently come on the scene to torment us.



1. SAND BURS—We always called them grass burrs, but no matter what you call them, this is something to avoid. They love to grow in sandy soil and they are sometimes hard to see when they are mixed in with the other grasses. This picture shows them when they are green, but as fall approaches, they will turn brown and will easily attach themselves to your clothes, and they are particularly fond of tennis shoes. We sometimes went barefoot when we were growing up and nothing hurt worse than having one of these burrs stuck in the bottom of your foot. It usually only took a quick pull to remove it, but the process was very traumatic for a young child and was usually accompanied by plenty of sound effects (crying and screaming) as the burr was removed. The fine specimen in the photo was found on top of a recently dug grave in Bluff City Cemetery.



2. BULL NETTLES—This interesting looking plant grows well in our sandy soil. If you accidentally touch it, you will instantly feel a stinging sensation and bumps will form quickly on your skin. The plant will sometimes get three feet tall, but it doesn't matter how tall it is. It stings just as bad

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when it is small. In the fall, the round seed pods will mature, but they are also covered with stickers. I can remember breaking a stick and using it like a pair of pliers to pull these seed pods off the plant, cleaning them, and eating the seed kernels. I guess we were just bored and had nothing better to do. I know we were not that hungry growing up.



3. PRICKLY PEAR – This cactus plant also likes our sandy soil. It sometimes will get started in your lawn and is hard to get rid of. It is covered with tiny stickers that are very hard to see. If you get these in your foot, it will keep you occupied for quite a while. You can feel them but getting them all removed is very difficult. Since most folks wear shoes these days, it's not too much of a problem, but it is still a plant to avoid. If they come up in your lawn, it's best to get them under control as soon as possible, because the mower will cut them and scatter the pieces all over the lawn and most of these will make new plants.

4. FIRE ANTS – These pests are the subject of much conversation in these parts. When we were growing up, we were concerned only with the tiny ants that sometimes got in our houses, especially the kitchen, and some large red ants that were found around the house. They made large flat mounds, but didn't cause much problem and were interesting to watch as they went about carrying things into their nest. My grandmother's remedy for these large red ants was to pour boiling water into their nest. She thought those ants were bad, but she didn't live to see the plague of fire ants that we have today. They affect most of the southern United States and are spreading rapidly. We spend much money each year trying to keep them under control, but nothing seems to work very well. The practice of going barefoot outside is now a thing of the past and you have to watch where you stand because you might be in one of these ant hills. Once they get to stinging, you will almost certainly stop what you are doing and start brushing, slapping, swatting, or whatever it takes to get some relief. These ants will build nests around just about anything left on the ground and especially like electric out-lets and air conditioners, sometimes causing them to short out. The sting causes a pustule to form on your skin that will take days or weeks to completely disappear. A nest of these ants could kill a new-born calf or a small child who happened to get in the nest. They get in our gardens and suck the life out of the garden plants. If I could eliminate just one of these four things, the fire ant would be my choice.

I wonder what new pestilence is headed our way. There is already talk of "killer bees" being found in some counties in southwest Arkansas.

If you are searching for a name for a new baby, you might want to check out the following list. These are names of people buried in the cemeteries of Nevada County, Arkansas. These are all from Caucasian cemeteries. Even more unusual names can be found in the African-American cemeteries.

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It seems people in the 1800's used a little more imagination in selecting a name than people do today. Of course there were the usual names like John, James, William, Edward, George, Mary, Elizabeth, and Sarah, but sprinkled in among the common names were these names which are a bit unusual.

MALE NAMES

Pirl	Dilmus	Septimus
Raybon	Ambers	Thorgan
Beaura	Zeno	Amzie
Basil	Augustinus	Ichabod
Minus	Romeo	Brilliant
Welcom	Spurgeon	Barcus
Fratrus	Ramson	

FEMALE NAMES

Tahlaulula	Musetta	Halcyone
Elchanor	Louisiana	Lameta
Soddie Mae	Zipporah	Letitia
Wilhelmina	Fannie Alabama	Zulabell
Permelia	Ammorilous	Winderleen
Penelope	Euanah	Idonia
Altamira	Dorthula Orphelia	Celestia
Artamessa	Tennessee	
Calista	Talitha	
Euphamie	Eugenia	
Verta Ressie	Deonna	
Isobelle	Cinderella Isabella	
Luvenia	Parazada	
Burldean	Columbia	
Mintie	Nevada	
Jeweldene	Cleffie	
Conella	Saphronia	
Layunea	Paralee	
Maridel	Zepa	
Cleopatra	Willella	
Valdine	Talula	
Jeanetta	Matilda Adlissa	
Necie	Prudy Jane	
Blance	Electa	
Margaretta	Tirzah	
Luvisa	Ozettie	
Arthurilla	Robiteen	
Demmie	Mozillia	

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These unusual names remind me of this story I heard recently. It seems that a fellow had been given the name "Odd" by his parents. All through his life, Odd had been teased about his name. He hated the name and you can understand why. Finally, when he was 58 years old he told his wife he had been called Odd all his life and he wanted to put a stop to it. He told his wife that when he died, he wanted her to put on his tombstone just his birth date and death date, but not to put his name on the stone. Otherwise people would still remember him as Odd.

About 15 years later Odd died and his wife remembered their conversation. She did exactly as he requested. She purchased a very nice tombstone, but had only his birth and death dates engraved and did not engrave his name.

You can guess what happened. Now everyone that visits the cemetery notices the stone and calls to their companions, "Come look at this stone. There's no name on it—just the dates. Isn't that odd?"

FROM THE MAIL-BAG--

Thank you for publishing the *Sandyland Chronicle*. My mom (Bernadine Walker Mathis Gillespie) and step-dad (General Gillespie, both from Bluff City) sometimes share back issues with me after they finish reading.

I was particularly interested in "The Battle of Poison Spring" in your July 2007 issue. It's been years since I visited Poison Spring State Park. The Civil War historical markers of decades ago revealed nothing of man's inhumanity to man as revealed in your article.

I first heard of the mutilation of Black troops in the book, "[All Cut to Pieces and Gone to Hell](#)," edited by [Mark Christ](#). A friend suggested that some Indians once believed a man's spirit could not enter the next world if his body was dismembered. Perhaps this explains the behavior of the Confederate's Choctaw soldiers.

War then, as it is now, is sometimes not the brave and glorious exhibition of honor and courage. But it should be remembered nonetheless.

My mother's friends from Bluff City did research on the Walker genealogy in recent years and said that my great-grandfather, David Walker, was a Second Lieutenant for the Confederates at the battle of Poison Springs. After it was all over, she said, Lieutenant Walker went back to his Bluff City family. His son, my grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Walker was born July 4, 1879.

Mom wonders if the stories of the springs are true. She's heard that the water was poisoned and some of the Union soldiers died of thirst because they were afraid to drink it. I thirst for more answers as well.

Thank you again for your fine publication.
Don Mathis

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WITHOUT A PURPOSE

(from the 4-8-1918 issue of the Nevada County Picayune)

On a bleak deserted hillside
With wild vines overgrown,
Far from the traveled roadside,
A cabin stands alone.
Above the hut a sheltered nook,
And a gnarled old apple tree;
Below the hut a murmuring brook,
That waters a sun-kissed lea.

Here nature's sounds are blended,
And the travelers rarely come;
And the human ties are ended,
That made this place a home.
Tis a scene of desolation,
'Twould fill one's soul with hush,
Be the poet's inspiration,
And speed the Artist's brush.

Yet a sadder scene is near us,
As we view the ways of life;
'Tis the man without a purpose,
On the broad highway of life.
He who fails to see the beauty
In the work of gath'ring sheaves;
'Tis the man who knows no duty,
But is idly gath'ring leaves.

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Editor's note: Did any of you recognize the cabin picture on the previous page? I took that photo in 1976. The old house is gone now, but it was located on Hwy. 299 about one mile out of Bluff City. I remember a black lady named Janie who lived there.

A POTATO EXPLODED **(from the 6-30-1911 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)**

A potato the size of a teacup caused extraordinary havoc in a home in Prescott the other day when it exploded in the oven of a range and shattered the cast iron grate, blew open the oven door, and caused such a loud report that the cook, thinking that someone had shot her, rushed from the house screaming for help. The explosion was due to the large amount of water in the potato and to the fact that it was a hot oven. The water was converted to steam and with the skin of the potato being baked hard, the pressure became tremendous until the potato exploded, causing a report similar to that of a shot-gun. No one was hurt.

CITY OF CAMDEN DEALS WITH A DIFFICULT ISSUE **(from the May 7, 1935 issue of *The Camden News*)**

Fish ponds came in for quite a discussion at the City Council meeting Monday night. The fish and frogs occupied the center of the oratorical stage when a letter of protest was read by Clerk Fred Benson regarding the Saxon fish pond in the ravine between Greening and Clifton streets. Property owners stated several reasons why the city should do something about the alleged "nuisance" and the property owners signed their names in bold type.

"Sweetest music I ever heard", Alderman Oscar Bird who resided in this neighborhood for years said. "I couldn't go to sleep at night without the croaking of the frogs." He urged these property owners to be patient and when they live on the street long enough and get used to the croaking, the frogs will not bother them. As for the time necessary, he didn't state.

Then City Attorney Robert Purifoy said he had talked with E. F. Saxon and that Mr. Saxon said he had killed 44 frogs already and was going to get rid of all of them. Alderman W. R. Smith brought up the best suggestion when he urged that a committee be named to write to the bureau in Washington that furnishes data on "The Life and Habits of Frogs" and find out how to operate on a frog to remove the croak. Dr. J. H. Jameson, a surgeon, then said it would be more painless to the frog to install mufflers, rather than operate.

The entire matter was left in status quo when Alderman D. J. Patrick, ardent spokesman, offered a motion to "preserve" the letter.

The Prescott Steam Laundry had this slogan in their advertisement in 1921:

"Put Your Duds In Our Suds"

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A BAD TWIST

from the Salem local news column of Nevada County Picayune (May, 1914)

Oscar Johnson came home one night from work slightly tired and went to bed with a somewhat hazy idea of things and dreaming his house was on fire, jumped up and in a hurry to get his clothes on, Johnson put his trousers on hind part before. He then started downstairs but slipped and rolled to the bottom. His wife rushed to him and exclaimed, "Are you hurt, Oscar?" Johnson got up and examined himself, seeing his trousers were hind part before, he said; "No, but I got a devil of a twist."

Moist Applesauce-Oat Muffins From Mrs. M. in Arizona

In a large bowl combine:

2 cups Cheerios cereal rolled into crumbs [makes about One cup]

1 ¼ cups all-purpose flour

1/3 cup packed brown sugar

1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1 teaspoon baking powder

¼ teaspoon baking soda

Mix together:

1 cup applesauce

1/3 cup skim milk

½ cup raisins

3 Tablespoons vegetable oil [I use olive oil]

1 egg white, beaten

Stir this into the dry ingredients...just until moist

Divide batter evenly [about ¼ cup] into 12 medium muffin cups that have been sprayed with nonstick spray. Bake 400 degrees for 18-22 minutes or until golden brown.

Remove from cups and serve warm or freeze for later. Pop individually into micro for 15-20 seconds and serve

SAUSAGE BALLS

From Janie Franklin in Arkansas

1 lb. Hot sausage

10-12 oz. Grated cheese

2 cups of Bisquik

1 T. Worcestershire sauce

¼ t. garlic salt

Mix all ingredients; make into small balls and bake at 400 degrees about 15 or 20 minutes.

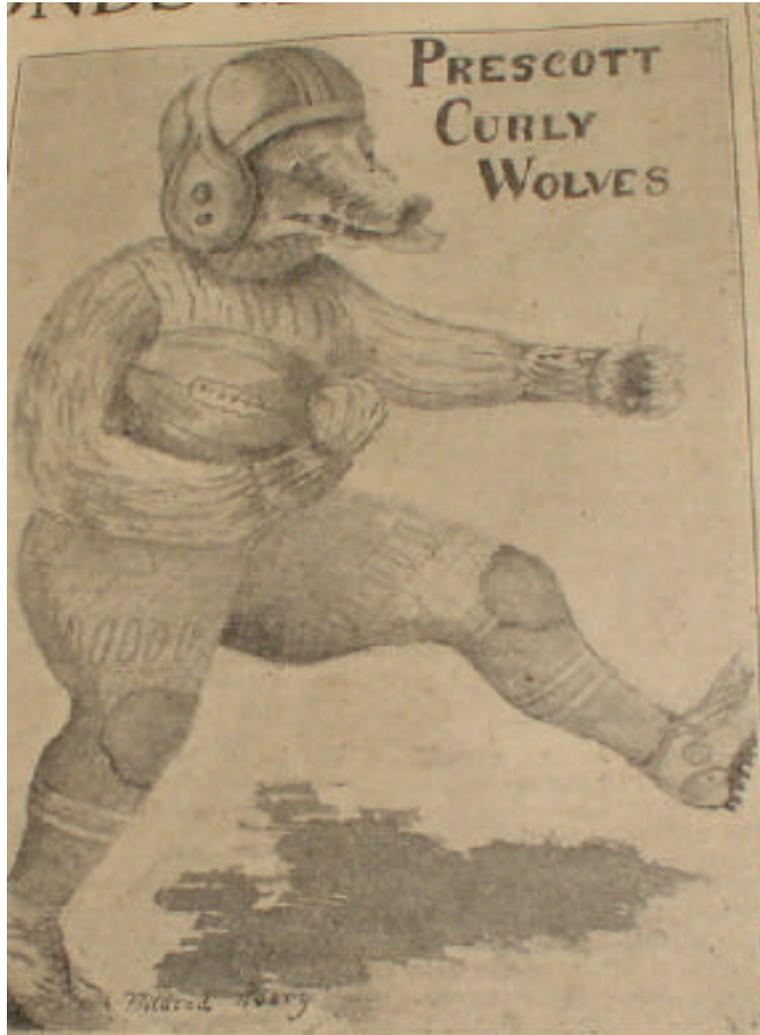
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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



If you have ever wondered what a Curly Wolf looked like, here is picture of one taken from the Prescott Daily News in 1926. The picture was drawn by Mildred Avery (you can see her signature on the bottom left).

The Prescott Curly Wolves coached by Tate McGill was a team to be feared if you were the opposing team in those days. The name "Curly Wolves" is attributed to a Little Rock sports writer who reported on some of the games. Over the years, the spelling has changed to "Curley Wolves". If you check the dictionary, you will find that "Curly" is correct. The school yearbook is called "The Wolf Trail".

Do you remember some of the names of Nevada County or Ouachita County ball teams from the old days? If so, let me know and I'll publish them in a future issue. I'm especially interested in names of teams, names of yearbooks, and school colors of schools that no longer exist.

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ROBERT RIDLEY HODNETT **OUACHITA COUNTY'S LAST CONFEDERATE VETERAN**

I included in the August, 2007 issue an article about Old Seminary Cemetery in Ouachita County near Stephens. This old cemetery has not been maintained in many years. About fifty marked graves were found there and many more unmarked graves are believed to be in this old cemetery as evidenced by rocks and ground depressions. The most recent marked grave is that of R. R. Hodnett who died March 20, 1939.

After I posted my survey of this cemetery on the Internet, I was contacted by a Hodnett family researcher in Florida who was delighted to finally find where Robert Hodnett was buried. She knew he was buried in Ouachita County, but didn't know exactly where.

Robert Ridley Hodnett was born in Georgia, the 11th of 14 children. According to the researcher, he watched six of his older brothers go off to fight in the Civil War and in April, 1864, at the age of 17, he also enlisted in the 1st Georgia Reserves for the duration of the war and later served as a guard at the infamous Andersonville Prison in Georgia where about 30,000 Union prisoners were kept in a prison which was only 26 acres in size. His military record shows that he was 5 feet 9 inches tall with dark hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion.

Robert came to Arkansas in 1867. He married Amanda Elizabeth Stockman Griggs and they had two children—Carrie and Mary Susan. After his wife passed away, he married Elizabeth McDonald in Columbia County in 1879, but they lived in Ouachita County near other members of the Hodnett family. There were two children from the second marriage—Eliza and Thomas Everett. Eliza died at age 19 and is also buried at Old Seminary Cemetery. Mary Susan Hodnett from his first marriage died at age 10 and is also buried there.

Robert lived in several places in Ouachita Co., but after the death of his second wife, he made his home with his daughter Carrie who had married J. W. Jones who lived in the Buena Vista-Stephens area of Ouachita Co.

Robert Hodnett's obituary states that he died at age 92 and was the last Confederate veteran in Ouachita County. His obituary states that he was "a well known Ouachita County man". He was active in church work and the affairs of the county. He was survived by one son, Everett Hodnett. The researchers have not found any trace of Thomas Everett Hodnett after the death of his father in 1939.

These researchers still have some unanswered questions such as where is Robert's first wife, Amanda Griggs Hodnett buried? Where is his second wife, Elizabeth McDonald Hodnett buried? What happened to Robert's son, Thomas Edward Hodnett after Robert's death? These are just some of the pieces of the puzzle these researchers are trying to put together.

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By finding Robert Hodnett's grave in Old Seminary Cemetery and then looking up his obituary in the Camden newspaper, we were able to discover from that obituary that he was Ouachita County's last Confederate veteran—a piece of historical information that more than likely had been lost due to the passage of time. His story is probably similar to many others who served in the Civil War. He will not be remembered for any great military accomplishment, but he, like thousands of others, did their part in the great conflict we call the Civil War. The fact that he outlived all the other veterans of that war who lived in Ouachita County is a bit of historical information that should be remembered. And now we know that his final resting place is in an almost forgotten cemetery called Old Seminary Cemetery near Stephens.



Robert Ridley Hodnett at age 86. This picture contributed by his great-great grandson, Jack McHone.

FIRST WHITE BOY

This story appeared in the 1-17-1918 issue of the *Nevada News*

Many phases of the life of Christopher Columbus offer mysteries that the historians have never been able to clear away, and one student of the life of the great explorer has come across an incidental mystery that has an appealing interest. It relates to a boy who accompanied the expedition of 1492—the only boy among its members, and consequently the first white boy to set foot in America.

The contemporary accounts of the first expedition of Columbus mention the boy in question only once and that briefly. They indicate that he was the only boy in the expedition and they place on his young shoulders the blame for the great

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catastrophe that befell when the *Santa Maria* was wrecked on the coast of Hayti. The story of the wreck shows the boy was less to blame than his elders, but it was easy enough to make him the scapegoat.

It was the night before Christmas in 1492, ten weeks after the discovery of the land, and Columbus was pushing his search for gold among the West Indies. The flagship, the *Santa Maria*, was skirting the coast of Hayti late at night and the wind was light and the ship was barely moving. Columbus went to his cabin for rest. He passed the helm over to the captain. He, too, soon felt the need for sleep and went below. His successor at the tiller was a sailor and he shortly followed the example of the admiral and the master. Before he went, he awakened the lad in question and told him to mind the helm.

The boy did not go to sleep. He was doubtless a live lad, and he felt the importance of being trusted to steer the ship. But he was in strange waters and the currents were treacherous near that coast. The ship struck a reef. The admiral and crew rushed on deck in terror. Of course, they blamed the boy. That was the way of the world before 1492 and the fashion has not changed.

That was the end of the *Santa Maria*. The crew reached the shore in safety and made a fort from the timbers of the wreck. In that fort, which they called La Navidad in honor of the day, about 40 of the crew remained while their companions went home to Spain on the *Nina* and the *Pinta*. One historian mentions a tradition that the boy remained with this number, but it is only a tradition. The fate of the forty is a mystery. When the second expedition of Columbus reached that island a year later, there were only a few charred timbers and bones to be found. Perhaps the boy perished there. His name has not even come down to us, but the brief glimpse we have of him is one of fascination. There is something to stimulate the imagination in that fleeting picture of the boy who stuck to his post while his superiors slept.

October 12, 1492

Editor's Note: Since Columbus Day is coming up, I thought I would include this 1929 article from the Nevada County Picayune. It had originally appeared in the Commercial Appeal.

"On the thirty-third day after I departed from Cadiz, I came to the Indian Sea, where I found many islands inhabited by men without number, of all which I took possession for our most fortunate king, with proclaiming heralds and flying standards, no one objecting. To the first of these I gave the name of our blessed Savior, on whose aid relying I had reached this as well as the other islands."

The writer is Christopher Columbus. The event described is the landing of the heroic little crew that set out on a September day in search for a western route to India.

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Columbus leaves untold the story of the murmurings and distrust among his men, the plots against his life, the anxious nights, the portents of birds, the mysterious flashes of light, and the many cries of "Land".

His son, Ferdinand, has preserved these narratives around which the world has built its conception of the great navigator.

Columbus lived and wrought and died without knowing that he had discovered a new world. In ignorance he called the strange natives Indians, and the name has endured. In ignorance and injustice his contemporaries called the new land America after the glib Amerigo Vespucci, a merchant without one-thousandth part of the courage and imagination of Columbus.

But neither the ignorance of Columbus nor the injustice of that early society can detract from the grandeur of the voyage of the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*.

Columbus was the first man to prove to Europe that land lay beyond the Atlantic. The Greeks had said so 1000 years before and Renaissance geographers had speculated on the possibilities. But Columbus alone established the fact. Nor does it matter whether Norse adventurers wandered from Greenland and Iceland to the shores of North America in the tenth century. The Norsemen did not make history.

Before the voyage of Columbus, less than one-fourth of the earth's surface was on the map and the theory of the earth being a sphere was regarded as inimical to faith and morals.

Eighteen years after his death, the general figure of the western hemisphere was known, the southern-most point rounded, the Pacific crossed, and the globe circum-navigated.

Enough for one man to inspire and enough for a holiday to keep his memory green.

CHIDESTER, ARKANSAS IN 1939

(this article appeared in the 1-3-1939 issue of The Camden News)

Seeing letters from different parts of the county and nothing from this "the oldest town in the county" except Camden, we thought it time somebody should advise that Chidester is still on the map.

The town was located on the railroad where the Iron Mountain was first built from Gurdon to Camden. Only one building is now standing where the town was first built—the Abela house on the corner of West Main and Adams St.

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Chidester has five general stores, one first class hardware, one bank, one barber shop, one beauty parlor where the fair sex can get any kink waved and finger nail tint from a pale pink to a blood red, two first class garages, five filling stations, one telephone exchange, three new churches—Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian with preaching every Sunday at one of these churches, and an up-to-date school building with Smith-Hughes Bldg. with Frank Pfeifer as Vocational Instructor. A new gymnasium is under construction 70 x 72 and will be a credit to any school when completed. Three large buses transport pupils to and from school. A fine sawmill and planer owned by Walker and hardwood mill operated by Taylor and Mosley furnish employment to a large number of men. Both mills have large stocks of air dried lumber on their yards. Hwy. 24 is blacktopped through the town which has eliminated the dust. Chidester has a 4-stand cotton gin under the management of Howard Bradford to take care of all cotton raised in the adjacent territory and an inexhaustible supply of pure soft water. The health of the town generally speaking is far above the average with only one doctor, Dr. J. C. Rushing—true, Chidester had several deaths in the last two years mostly among the older citizens. When we get the 8 mile gap between Chidester and Camden black-topped and the proposed new road to Gurdon finished, Chidester will be ready to annex Camden or be annexed.

Well, time does go by fast. The *Sandyland Chronicle* has been published now for almost six years. I hope you have enjoyed reading some of the stories from the past. I know I have learned a lot just by doing the research looking for things that might be of interest to you.

I think we probably need some new ideas so we don't get into a rut. If you have any suggestions on how to improve the paper or things you would like to see included, just let me know and I'll see what I can do.

I know many people all over the country read this paper. Some hear about it from relatives and many just stumble across it by accident on the Internet while searching for something else. I thought it would be nice to hear from some of you. How about writing a paragraph or two (or more) and let us know about your part of the country or maybe some connection you have to Nevada or Ouachita counties. Here's your chance to boost your part of the country—tourist attractions, festivals, crops grown, the weather, etc. Maybe you could tell us about some memory you have of a past time spent in this part of Arkansas or some unusual event or funny story you remember. Maybe you have an unusual old picture of a landmark or a photo of your ancestors you would like to share. I will return your pictures, but would suggest you make an extra copy in case it gets lost in the mail or you can send it by e-mail. If you don't want your name published, just let me know, but please tell us your city and state. Thanks to those who have already contributed.

The mailing address is 2680 Warren Ave, Camden, AR 71701 or send by email to jmckelvy@cei.net --- I look forward to hearing from you. ---- Jerry

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THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF CLARENCE PURTLE (from the 3-3-1911 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Friends in the county and in Prescott were very much shocked early Monday morning to learn of the death Saturday night of Clarence Purtle, son of Pad Purtle, well known farmer of the county. The Purples lived about five miles from the city.

The report of the sad and sudden death of Mr. Purtle is given out as being murder of the most repulsive methods. It seems that Clarence had been in town Sunday afternoon and returned home late that evening. After dark he decided he wanted some sardines, and saddling his mule, he went to one or two of the neighborhood stores but failed to get them. Returning home he met with a man about three or four hundred yards from his father's home. This man was an apparent stranger, Clarence stating that he had only met him once or twice in Prescott. The man engaged Clarence in conversation and finally prevailed on him to take a drink of what he claimed was whiskey. After swallowing the liquor, Clarence asked the stranger, name given by Clarence as Jamison, why he did not take a drink. The man replied that he did not care for any.

Clarence then stated to the stranger that he had poisoned him. The man replied that he had not. Clarence told the story as above related to his family after reaching home. The mule he had ridden showed that he had been ridden hard and Clarence stated that he rode hard to reach home before he died as he knew he would die unless medical assistance reached him speedily.

The sensation he suffered was that of pins sticking him and intense drawing pains. A physician was hastily summoned but just as he reached the threshold of the Purtle home, Clarence expired. Every outward symptom showed strychnine poisoning.

It was thought advisable to hold an autopsy and four physicians left here Monday afternoon for the Purtle home where they examined the corpse and all seem to be of about the same opinion as to the cause of death. To have been certain as to the cause, it would have been necessary to send the stomach away to have it analyzed. This was not done.

It is understood that the man whom Clarence named as Jamison is being looked for by members of the family. Unless he is found and some information obtained from that source, the death may remain shrouded in mystery.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. C. Felts, Tuesday at noon at New Home Cemetery. (*Note: New Home Cem. is a small cemetery on a county road southwest of the Pleasant Hill community north of Prescott.*)

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INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS FROM DAYS GONE BY

Prescott Daily News (March, 1894)

A town quarantine is in effect due to smallpox. Four whites and two Negroes will act as special police to guard the town.

Nevada County Picayune—1912

According to the Bluff City local news column, Bluff City had four doctors in 1912.

Nevada County Picayune—Oct., 1915

There was a great excitement to some of the Bluff City people last week when a balloon passed over this place. It looked to be about the size of the moon. The balloon turned toward the west and afterwards fell near the home of Walker Benton. There were two men in the balloon. They had started from Kansas and were on their way to Louisiana when the machine broke and they lost control of it.

Prescott Daily News—April 16, 1921

Tornado kills 19 people at Blevins; more at Hope and Miller Co. One of the freaks of this storm was the removal of every tombstone from old Macedonia Cemetery. This is one of the oldest cemeteries in this section of Arkansas. There are a great number of graves there and some of them had very heavy granite tombstones and the wind blew every one of them from the lot. The two churches in this neighborhood—Protestant Methodist and Nazarene -- were completely demolished. The cemetery is located about two miles from Wallaceburg.

Prescott Daily News—April, 1926

A man had the idea to write the entire Bible by hand with each person writing one verse. It will take 31,173 people to accomplish this task. He figures it will take three to four years to complete the project. President Calvin Coolidge wrote the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis.

SWEET POTATOES ON THE HALF SHELL (this recipe appeared in a newspaper in 1926)

6 baked sweet potatoes
¼ cup evaporated milk diluted with ¼ cup water
3 tablespoons butter
¼ cup almonds (blanched and chopped)
1 dozen marshmallows
½ teaspoon salt

Select even sized potatoes and bake at 400 degrees until soft. Cut in half lengthwise and scoop out the inside. Mash and add diluted milk, butter, salt, and almonds. Return to the shells. Top with two marshmallows on each and brown delicately in moderate oven.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****

The following article was submitted by a reader of *The Sandyland Chronicle* who witnessed first-hand the desegregation of Central High School in Little Rock in 1957. The writer has connections to Nevada County. Several members of his family are buried in DeAnn and Moscow cemeteries at Prescott.

A TIGER'S TALE

"One Former Student's Account of Life in the Bowels of the Fracas"

Duncan McKelvey
EMail: Dmactds@Bellsouth.net

My father, Charles Woodward McKelvey, was born in 1908 in a logging camp called Frostville, Arkansas; six years later, Daisy Lee Gaston Bates was born in Huttig, Arkansas, a few miles down the road. In 1957 their paths would near each other again in a sort of oblique, disjointed way during "The Little Rock Integration Crisis".

My father's sister's son asked me to write out a few remembrances of my time at Central during the so-called 'crisis' but I don't think he realized my involvement with that school and my feelings for that neighborhood; it could easily turn into a short book.

I'll do my best to keep this confined to the events of '57.

Within a day or so of school's opening on September 3, things began to get tense; several hundred people began taunting and heckling any black unlucky enough to find themselves in the neighborhood; as our area was bounded by black areas several blocks away there was a total disruption of the ebb and flow of the usual daily traffic patterns. All streets bordering Central were shut down. The Arkansas National Guard lined the two block length of the school's front and were stationed at various entrances around the six block perimeter of the building.

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CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

When the nine students arrived for registration on the 4th, they were turned away by the ANG and chased by the steadily growing mob. The next twenty days were a volleyball game between the courts, Faubus and Eisenhower. This was also the period when the 'News Corps' began arriving .

The actual 'street riots' started in earnest when the 'Nine' were finally able to enter the building on September 23; only the Little Rock Police were there to escort them inside. The ANG had been withdrawn by Faubus a few days earlier and that's when the trouble began. The crowd began surging toward the police and the nine students were escorted from the building and away from the school.

My first real, concrete memory is of the evening of Tuesday, September 24th. We'd heard on the local news that Eisenhower had called out elements of the 101st Airborne Division to 'assist' in the implementation of the entry of nine black students to Central. Much later that evening, we heard unfamiliar vehicle engines droning past; we filed out of our homes and stood on porches, lawns and sidewalks in various states of dress watching as the jeeps, small trucks and troop-carrying duce and a halves wound the twelve blocks around 'our' school. Soldiers jumped out every few feet and took their positions about four feet apart, with fixed bayonets at the ready. The troops were in position and the school 'secured' by 3 am the morning of the twenty-fifth.

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(I recently heard an interview with a guy who was a nineteen year old soldier during this tumult; he said, "We kept expecting mobs and trouble of some kind as we unloaded at the school, but there was none..., none at all that first night.")

We lived across the street in front of Central and next door to 'Buz' Sawyer's Mobil service station at the corner of (then) 14th and Park St.; at our home, television and the U.S. Army were mere distractions from other more serious problems.

My brother, Patrick, who graduated from Central only a few months before, had been in a car accident a few weeks earlier; he was in the back bedroom in traction with legs and an arm broken and glass working its way out of his skin almost daily. Various other abrasions, cuts and bruises were patched, salved and stitched. My grandmother (mother's mother), having just had a cataract operation, was in the middle bedroom with her head propped between two small sandbags. Sally, my sister, married a year or so earlier and was starting her own family. My mother (who worked as a secretary for the Little Rock Public School Administration offices) and father had divorced a few years earlier and the hospitalization/medicine cost was wreaking its havoc on our small, fragile, already stretched finances; the arrival that night of the 101st was just the icing on the cake; kind'a like the 'third' shoe dropping.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth, I went to the front door and the soldiers were still there.

A group of ne'r-do-wells had formed in the parking area of the Mobil station and reporters were everywhere. There was a large van in the Mobil lot next to the hedges that bordered my front yard. Lines of some sort ran from the telephone pole to the van and I discovered later it was a sort of slapped together reporter pool. Almost immediately, reporters began asking to use our phone and my mother immediately seized upon their 'want' as a money making proposition. This many years down the road, I've forgotten exactly how much she charged them per call but it added to our moth- eaten purse considerably.

On this first day, my mother and I stood at the front door watching the trailer trash crowd heckling and shouting their obscenities; suddenly, they surged toward this one black woman trying to make her way through their lunacy. Mother recognized her immediately as one of the custodians

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simply trying to get to work. She said, "Go get her and bring her back to the house"; ever the dutiful son, I made my way through the surging crowd and, just as I got to the woman, General Walker of the 101st appeared and warned, "Son, if you put one hand on that woman, you're going to jail". He'd obviously typecast me. I retreated and Walker, along with some of his troops, escorted the lady into the building.

Later, I had to scurry over at the checkpoint on the corner where various school staff waited along with their armed escorts to identify me and pass me through. Because I was in class all day, except for one or two instances which I'll get to a little further along, I never saw many of the confrontations that developed during those first days; there weren't that many inside the school.



FIRST DAY – 1957

Early on, there were catcalls and small scuffles but after a few assemblies and lectures from various teachers most of that stopped. There were even essays written in our school paper, *The Tiger*, on the need to maintain civility and decorum and concentrate on learning. Mrs. Huckabee, the 'Girls' Principal, led the charge in the hallways, in her office and at assemblies in making sure her students understood the necessity of not succumbing to 'baser instincts'; and, for the majority of the over 1,500 students at Central, we did concentrate on learning but, of course, there

were the idiots as well.

From "The Tiger" student newspaper 1957:

http://www.centralhigh57.org/the_tiger.htm

Can You Meet the Challenge?

By Jane Emery, Editor

"You are being watched! Today the world is watching you, the students of Central High. They want to know what your reactions, behavior, and impulses will be concerning a matter now before us. After all, as we see it, it settles now to a matter of interpretation of law and order.

Will you be stubborn, obstinate, or refuse to listen to both sides of the question? Will your knowledge of science help you determine your action or will you let customs, superstition, or tradition determine the decision for you?

This is the chance that the youth of America has been waiting for. Through an open mind, broad outlook, wise thinking, and a careful choice you can prove that America's youth has not "gone to the dogs"-- that their moral, spiritual, and educational standards are not being lowered."

The following link will take you to Minnijean Brown's account of her experiences:

<http://www.tinyurl.com/3xzb5s>

By this time, the entire Arkansas National Guard had been federalized by Eisenhower. This made well over ten thousand troops available to ensure the success of the integration effort:

<http://www.nps.gov/chsc/planyourvisit/upload/SitebulletinCrisis.pdf>

"Any time it takes 11,500 soldiers to assure nine Negro children their constitutional rights in a democratic society, I can't be happy." - Daisy Bates, President, State Chapter of the NAACP.

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Aside from my run-in with General Walker mentioned earlier, I had very little experience with any of the violence or tumult except as an observer. I was interviewed a couple of times; once by a reporter with a film crew during the '57 debacle (this can be seen in the PBS "Eyes on the Prize" series (I'm the guy you can barely make out behind the girls); it's a brief segment featuring me, Wanda Murphy and Sheila Kinney being asked our take on the whole situation. Sheila says at some point, "If parents would just go home and let us alone, we'll be all right...We just want them to leave us be. We can do it." This is quoted also on the Daisy Bates link as being from an anonymous 16 year old; she may have been 15 but not 16, as she was in my class (I was 14; always the youngest in whatever class I was enrolled.... And as the sparkling, dark skinned, half-Indian beauty she was, she certainly wasn't 'anonymous'.

The second interview was for one of the local papers (Democrat or Gazette) but I don't remember which. It took place on a neighbor's porch a couple of doors down. I used to have that clipping tucked away somewhere but have no idea where it is or if it even still exists.

Out of a school with a total attendance of around 2,000, the number of incidents throughout the rest of the year was miniscule. Ernest Green has been quoted as saying he had 'hundreds' of white students harassing him throughout the year; I can well imagine that for an eighteen year-old it might've seemed that way but it certainly wasn't 'that way'. In fact, many white students tried to be helpful toward the 'Nine' as much as it was possible to do so. It certainly wasn't an 'un-tense' situation, but neither was it a 'bloodbath' either. Members of the 101st and then the federalized National Guard squired the nine students around from class to class and into and out of the building every day.

It was, however, the first time in my life I was called a nigger lover.

When school closed at the end of the school year it was announced that all high schools in the Little Rock Public School System would be closed the following year. Many private schools had been funded during the year and some students had transferred, yet more were set up the summer of '58. Many in the student body were bussed to outlying public school districts in various counties around Little Rock. I spent the '58 year at Bryant High School near the bauxite pits; at first bussed and then small carpools formed as students got their licenses. It was about a twenty/thirty minute trip.

By the time the schools reopened in 1959, all of the court/Faubus hoopla and wrangling had been ironed out and the school integrated this time

uneventfully.

Two different versions of the life of Orval Faubus; illustrating the variations one can run into when researching anything on the net:

http://www.biographybase.com/biography/Faubus_Orval.html

<http://www.encyclopediaofarkansas.net/encyclopedia/entry-detail.aspx?entryID=102>

If I was writing this even a year or so after all of these 'happenings' I could've probably 'nuanced' it all a bit better and been a bit more specific; as it is, I've had to do with what memory I have left.

One day in 1981, I was waiting for a stoplight to change at the intersection of Louisiana and Third street in Little Rock; as the pedestrians passed in front of me, I noticed a wizened up old guy with a cane and a dead serious look on his face hobbling across the walkway. It was Orval!! For a brief second I considered gunning my car and later claiming my foot slipped but thought better of it.

LETTER TELLS OF DEATH OF BLUFF CITY MAN IN 1865

The following letter was written in May, 1865, and tells of the death of the father of A. E. Adams of Bluff City, which occurred at New Orleans during the Civil War. The letter was published in the 10-23-1930 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*. According to researchers, the father of A. E. Adams (“the Terrapin Man of Bluff City”) was Samuel Ebinezer Oliver Adams

At Home, Ouachita Co.,
May the 6th, 1865

Mrs. Adams,

Dear Madam, after my respects to you and family, it has become by painful duty to inform you of the death of your affectionate husband, who departed this life at New Orleans on the 15 of February, '65.

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The particulars of his death I am not able to give you as I was not permitted to be with him for some eight days previous to his death.

I can inform you that he was sick when we left the prison in Illinois and on our arrival at New Orleans, he was sent to the hospital and myself to the prison and I never saw him any more and was not able to get his pocket book nor anything that belonged to him, but it happened that I had his Testament with me when he was sent off, so I have kept [sic] it, and will send it by the bearer of this letter to you as that is all I am able to send you of his. I wish I could a got his knife and pocket book to send to you, but I could not get them or anything that belonged to him. When we parted he said he thought it doubtful whether he ever lived to see me again and told me if he never did, to write to you and let you know what had become of him and tell you that he was ready and willing to meet his Maker and if he never was permitted to meet you on this earth, that he expected to meet you in Heaven where sorrow and anguish were felt and feared no more.

So I will close by saying that myself and family is well and hope this finds you and your family the same.

I. H. Buchanan

This recipe from Mrs. Alice Lawrence of the Wildcat Rd. appeared in the *Picayune* in 1978.

SQUASH AND RICE CASSEROLE

**1 stick oleo or butter
1 cup uncooked rice
3 cups diced squash
½ cup diced onion
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup grated cheese
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 ½ cans water
½ cup toasted bread crumbs**

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Melt butter in baking dish. Spread in rice and stir. Add squash, onions, salt, pepper, and part of cheese. Mix mushroom soup and the water together. Mix all together. Spread the rest of cheese on top and bake covered about 1 hour. Remove from oven and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Serves six to eight people.

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Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



**Jerry McKelvy's
INTERVIEW WITH MARY KATE SAWYER MORGAN ROBERSON
at her home in Stephens, Arkansas October 18, 2007**

Editor's Note: I was invited down to Stephens to visit with Mrs. Roberson and her son Frank Morgan to ask her some questions about some families I had been researching. She is very alert and has a remarkable memory for someone her age. She is hard of hearing and has not been able to walk for some time. She enjoys reading the paper and working puzzles. While I was there, I asked her the following questions. We could have spent all day there listening to her stories, but after about 90 minutes, we decided to end the interview and let her

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rest. The answers to the questions are taken from the notes I took as I listened to her.

- 1. When were you born?** Feb. 3, 1911
- 2. What was your father's name and occupation?** Luther Sawyer. He was a farmer.
- 3. How many brothers and sisters did you have?** I had two brothers and two sisters.
- 4. Have you always lived at Stephens?** I grew up in the Mt. Prospect community and went to school there. We had to walk about two miles to school at first and later I had to walk five miles to school.
- 5. What was your husband's name?** I was first married to Marcus Morgan and my second husband was Jack Roberson. I was married over thirty years to each husband.
- 6. What were some of the things children did for amusement when you were growing up?** There wasn't much time for recreation. We all worked on the farm picking cotton. We only saw other kids at church and school. After we got older, there were dances to go to and ball games.
- 7. I guess you picked a lot of cotton in those days.** Yes, that was our main crop. My sister once picked a hundred pounds in one day, but I never got quite that much. I was the youngest kid.
- 8. What was your first paying job?** I guess you could say I was a housewife. I did work at the court house once and as a receptionist.
- 9. Did you ever fly in an airplane or ride a train?** Yes, but I wouldn't get on one now for any amount of money.
- 10. Do you remember your family's first automobile?** It was a Model T. My dad sold a bale of cotton to buy gasoline for it. Back then, you had to have the money set aside to buy things. People were scared of cars when they first came out.

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11. We were discussing Old Seminary Cemetery near Stephens. Have you ever been there? I attended several funerals there. It's all grown up now. I remember the Wesson family had the largest marker. The main thing I remember about it was the time we got stranded out there. The car wouldn't start and my husband had a heart condition. I had to leave him in the car and walk a long ways to a black man's house for help. It was very hot. On the way I encountered a large snake in the road. I never wanted to go back there after that experience.

12. Do you remember any church or building near the cemetery? There was a building—either a church or a school after you turned off the main road. I think it had a bell.

13. What was your favorite radio program growing up? We had a small radio, but it mostly got static. We listened to the Louisiana Hayride and other programs, but it was mostly static.

14. What about the first TV show you remember? I remember all the neighbors coming to visit to watch TV. I guess my favorite was "I Love Lucy".

15. What was the first movie you remember? I don't remember the name of it, but it was at Hope, Arkansas when I was visiting my aunt. I was probably five or six years old. All I remember about the movie was a scene in which some ducks were walking up some steps. That has stuck with me all these years.

16. What was the Great Depression like? No money and no jobs. Everybody was in the same boat. This was a period of hard times for just about everybody.

17. What home remedy did you dread the most? We always used castor oil, 666, some tablets called Calumel-? we bought from the Watkins man or the Raleigh man. When kids misbehaved, the threat of a dose of castor oil would usually get them back in line in a hurry.

18. What was the greatest invention in your lifetime? I don't know. I've seen a lot of changes in the last hundred years and wonder what will be next. The ice box was a big change for us. We always had to let things down in the well to keep them cool before we had an ice box.

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19. Did your parents ever complain about any fads—hairstyles or clothing styles—in those days? All the kids worked on the farm. I don't remember anything unusual. I remember one time my sister cut off her long hair. Mother almost cried about that, but a week or so later, my mother had her hair cut the same way.

20. Do you remember any old sayings your parents or grandparent's always said? No.

21. What was the most exciting thing to ever happen at Stephens? I guess it was the time Buck Turner drove the airplane up the street. He was Stephens' most colorful character. He made his money in the oil boom. He would sit around the hotel with his head down like he was asleep and all the while he was listening to the other oil men talking about the oil business. He was able to use the information he learned to make good deals which made him lots of money. He told someone one time about having an airplane, but nobody believed him, so one day he came into town in the plane escorted by four state troopers in uniform. He had landed his plane just out of town on the highway and was escorted up the street to where the Stephens Security Bank is now. He stopped the plane at the bank, got out with some news reporters, walked into the bank and ended up buying the bank that day.

Frank Morgan, her son, remembered the time Buck Turner rode a Palomino horse down the hall of the Stephens school carrying a flag celebrating the end of World War II. All the kids followed him like the Pied Piper from the school up town for a parade. He also told of the time Buck Turner called a taxi from Camden to come to Stephens to take him from the hotel to his home only two blocks away.

22. Have you done much traveling in your lifetime? I've been to almost every state in the United States and parts of Canada. I never made it to Hawaii or Alaska. After my second husband retired, we spent about fifteen years traveling all over the country.

23. What effect did the discovery of oil at Stephens have? Stephens was a very small town until they found oil and one or two days later, there were people coming from everywhere. The first oil boom was about 1924 and then a later one about 1950.

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24. What do you think about the way kids are raised today? The lack of discipline is the big thing. Parents just don't discipline their kids like they did in my day. I don't believe in harsh treatment of a child. Sometimes you can just talk to them and solve the problem.

25. General remarks about her life.-- Life has been good. There were some bad times, but it was mostly good. I've had my share of troubles. I survived cancer twice. I was run over by a semi truck in an accident in which I was the only survivor. They wired me back together which has affected my speech. I've had two broken legs—in 2001 and 2005. I fell in my kitchen in the same spot both times. Don't ever get a broken leg. That's the worst thing that ever happened to me besides the car accident.

Mrs. Roberson mentioned that she has had a birthday party every year for the last five years. We hope that she has many more. We enjoyed our visit with her and thank her for allowing us the opportunity to interview her.

BLUFF CITY SCHOOL DEDICATED September 30, 1929

According to an article in the *Camden Evening News*, the new \$12,000 Bluff City school building was dedicated September 30, 1929.

Several smaller schools in the vicinity had been consolidated into the Bluff City school. These included Gum Grove, Theo, and Terrapin Neck schools.

The featured speaker at the dedication was Governor Harvey Parnell. A delegation of Camden business people also took part with music provided by the Camden Boy's band.

The band had been scheduled to perform at Bluff City earlier but the truck carrying members of the band broke down. The Bluff City people had been promised a return engagement.

The program lasted an hour and a half. Bensburg Music shop in Camden sent a specially tuned piano to Bluff City to be used in the dedication ceremonies. A motorcade consisting of from 25 to 50 cars was expected to make the trip from Camden to Bluff City. At least five cars were required to transport the band.

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Each Camden business was encouraged to send one or more representatives. It was also requested that they bring souvenirs for the 250 students that would be at the dedication.

These were the days of "good will tours". Business people from the larger towns like Camden and Prescott would visit the smaller towns. Usually a program was presented by the visiting delegation followed by a nice meal provided by the host community.

The program for this occasion included music by the Camden boy's band, the singing of "America" by the audience led by Carter Haynes, a reading by Miss Miriam Phillips, an address by H. L. Berg, president of the First National Bank, a violin solo by Miss Marie Hardin, a piano solo by Mrs. W. E. McRae, an address by E. W. Copeland, manager of Copeland's department store, a vocal solo by Richard Broach, and more music by the band and singing led by Carter Haynes. Following the Camden program was the dedication address by Governor Parnell.

CAMDEN'S SHUTTLE TRAINS

Anyone who has lived in Camden, Arkansas knows that occasionally the Ouachita River goes on a rampage, flooding many of the roads in the flat lands northeast of the city.

The river had reached a flood stage of 41 feet in 1927 and it was predicted to reach 42 feet in 1930. This put many of the roads under water for days at a time.

One solution to the problems motorists faced was the use of a shuttle train operated by the Cotton Belt Railroad. It was started in 1929 and was continued during severe flooding in 1930. I think this was probably before the highway over the "river dump" was completed.

These special trains made five round trips per day between Camden and Van Duzer, a point on the railroad near Harmony Grove. The trains carried automobiles and their passengers, but did not carry large trucks. The charge was \$1.00 per auto and the standard charge of 22 cents for each passenger. The trains made five round trips per day and operated only in the daytime. The loading point in Camden was at the

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intersection of the railroad and Washington Street. There was no explanation in the newspaper article as to how the autos were loaded and unloaded at Van Duzer, but probably a special ramp of some kind was installed for this purpose.

The shuttle trains were kept busy during times of high water and allowed travelers a way to continue their trips to and from points northeast of Camden.

SMALL CHILD FOUND ON HIGHWAY **(from the 7-1-1948 issue of the *Prescott Daily Mail*)**

A three year old girl, Marilyn Joyce Hord, who was found in a badly bruised condition near Emmet last night by Beverly Johnson of Hope, was recovered by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hord of Ft. Worth, Texas at the Cora Donnell Hospital today at noon.

The child obviously fell from the bed of the truck in which she was sleeping with a 14 year old brother and two small sisters around midnight last night, and her disappearance was not discovered by her parents until they had reached Mt. Pleasant, Texas this morning.

Responding to a general alarm which was sent in Arkansas and adjacent states by the Arkansas State Police, the parents came back to Prescott around noon today and recovered the child, who was suffering from a badly bruised and swollen face, a possible leg fracture, and other minor injuries. Several of her teeth were missing.

She was lying beside the road at the Artesian well between Prescott and Emmet when Mr. Johnson found her, after which he immediately brought her to the hospital.

Mr. Hord, who is in the army, and his wife told hospital attendants that they would admit her to a Ft. Worth hospital immediately on arrival, since she was able to travel.

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NO OCCUPATION

Published in The Prescott Daily News—1925

She rises up at break of day
And through her tasks she races;
She cooks the meals as best she may
And scrubs the children's faces,
While schoolbooks, lunches,
ribbons, too,
All need consideration,
And yet the census man insists
She has "no occupation".

She irons for a little while
Then presses pants for daddy;
She welcomes with a cheery smile
Returning lass and laddy.
A hearty dinner then she cooks,
(No time for relaxation)
And yet the census man insists
She has "no occupation".

When breakfast dishes all are done,
She bakes a pudding maybe,
She cleans the rooms up one by one,
With one eye watching baby,
The mending pile she then attacks
By way of variation,
And yet, the census man insists
She has "no occupation".

For lessons that the children learn
The evening scarce is ample,
To mother dear they always turn
For help with each example.
In grammar and geography
She finds no relaxation,
And yet the census man insists
She has "no occupation".

SALISBURY STEAK AND GRAVY

1 lb. ground beef
1 small onion, finely chopped
½ cup bread or cracker crumbs
Dash of ground garlic
1 can cream of celery or cream of mushroom soup (I prefer mushroom)

Mix ground beef, onion, crumbs, and garlic together. Make into patties. Brown slightly on both sides. Place patties in baking dish. Mix soup and one can of water and pour over meat patties. Bake uncovered in 350 degree oven about 1 hour or until done.

As a rule, man is a fool
When it's hot, he wants it cool
When it's cool, he wants it hot
He's always wanting what it's not.

Nevada County Picayune--1933

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The mad stone was used for treatment by soaking or boiling it first in fresh, sweet milk and applying it to the wound while still warm or hot. It was applied as many times as it would actually adhere or stick to the wound. Every time it fell from the wound, it was soaked or boiled again, and the milk actually turned green from the stone's absorbed poison. In rural America, when doctors were not always available, I guess one can understand why a mad stone might be someone's only hope.

According to a newspaper article I found from 1899, a former Texas resident said the mad stone was considered an article of religious faith by early settlers of Texas. He said there were so many mad stones one need never go more than 75 or 100 miles to find one. The precise location of each was known to almost every family within its radius. If someone was bitten by an animal known to be or suspected of being hydrophobic, a messenger was dispatched for the nearest mad stone. If there was a railroad, the messenger was carried on a special engine and given the right of way over regular trains. If the journey was overland, the messenger rode at breakneck speed on the fastest horse he could find. When the horse became tired, a fresh horse was obtained and he continued by day and night until the mad stone had been brought to the sufferer. The universal faith in the mad stone and the terror of hydrophobia made all with whom the messenger came in contact contribute to his expedition.

This article says that there is no failure on record of the mad stone when applied to the wound before the later symptoms of rabies appear.

Another article states the mad stone must not be taken to the patient, but the patient must be brought to the mad stone. So, there must have been various procedures used depending on the part of the country in which a person lived.

Other articles I found mentioned that these stones came from a type of European deer and had never been found in this country. Some say a stone from an albino deer was the best, but one from a brown deer would work if that was the only one available. Others mentioned some of the early settlers of this country bringing mad stones with them on their journey across the Atlantic. I found references to mad stones being used in many different states—especially southern and mid-western states. Some say the practice dates back to the 1700's.

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One article says that if the stone was ever sold it would lose its curative powers. I found another reference of a man being offered \$5000 for his mad stone. He said he might sell it for \$10,000 if he was allowed to use it himself if he ever needed it. One article says that the owner of the stone could not charge anyone for the use of the stone

One article I read says what we call the “dog days” of summer (August through early September) were originally called “mad dog days” and that the owners of mad stones were kept busy that time of the year because that seemed to be the time when most cases of rabies occurred.

I would like to know if any of you readers have heard your parents or grandparents mention mad stones. Do you know of anyone who owned one or someone who was treated by one? We learn from our research that they were used in Nevada County as late as 1912 as documented in the news item found by Cathy Straley. It seems that in our area, the patients were brought to the mad stone instead of the mad stone being brought to the patients, but there may have been exceptions. I can see why the owner of the mad stone might not want to loan it out since they were considered so valuable.

We know that many herbs and plants have medicinal qualities. I wonder if some of these remedies actually worked and might have they been lost over the years. I can remember when tobacco juice was considered “first aid” for a bee sting. Even today when I get a burn, I usually break off a piece of our aloe vera plant and apply the juice to the burn. Who knows what cures might be found if more research was done with things readily available to us? We know that some plants are poisonous and are to be avoided, but who knows—other plants may hold cures to some of our most dreaded diseases. Many things are discovered completely by accident.

Thanks to Cathy Straley for sending me the item about mad stones being used in Nevada County. It is always interesting to learn of the folk remedies used by our ancestors. With all the folk remedies and patent medicines available in those days, it's a wonder people lived as long as they did.

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PHILLIP GATES DEWOODY
(commonly known as "Uncle Cool")
Buried at Bluff City Cemetery
(picture courtesy of Charlotte DeWoody Woody)

(See next page for a newspaper memorial printed after his death)

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MEMORIAM OF PHILLIP GATES DEWOODY (from the 5-14-1908 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

The subject of this memoriam was born in the state of Tennessee Dec. 26, 1833; moved with his parents to Arkansas in 1840; lived in Poinsett, Clark, Ouachita, and Nevada counties. Died near Bluff City, Nevada County, April 28, 1908. Age 74 years, 4 months, and 2 days. He leaves to mourn his death his wife, Mrs. Jane DeWoody; one son, Jas. L. DeWoody, and daughter, Mrs. Kate (DeWoody) Henry, besides a large number of other relatives and a host of friends and acquaintances.

He was an honest, upright citizen; a warm friend to the widows and orphans, visiting them in distress and time of need. He was one of the older Masons in this part of Arkansas; he had been active in furthering and advancing the principles of the noble fraternity for years; he took an interest in the welfare of his country; he was a Democrat in politics and in principle. He enlisted in Capt. Joe White's company in the Civil War; he was a Lieutenant in the 12th Arkansas Regiment infantry; made his escape from Island No. 10 when the Confederate army surrendered at that point; was in many battles and skirmishes. He remained in the service of the Confederacy until the close of the war; he came home to fight another battle of poverty and reconstruction.

He has fought his last battle and conquered the last enemy. He is now camping on the other shore with Lee, Albert Sidney Johnson, Jackson, Cleburne, and thousands of others who have gone before, who died to uphold constitutional rights, liberty, freedom, and individual rights. He will be missed by his neighbors and friends. We will all miss him. He passed peacefully away. Death had no terror to him.

Peace to his ashes and rest to his soul. (Written by C. M. Norwood)

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY WITH A DIFFERENT TWIST

(published in the 9-20-1912 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

The location was not given in the article, but it is said a local magistrate actually performed a wedding ceremony for Jim and Bet, a colored couple, using these words:

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“Jim, will you take Bet,
Without any regret.
To love and cherish,
‘Til one of you perish,
And is laid under the sod,
So help you God?”

After Jim answered in the affirmative, he then turned to Bet and said:

“Bet, will you take Jim,
And cling to him,
Both out and in,
Through thick and thin,
Holding him to your heart,
‘Til death do you part?”

The happy pair was dismissed as follows:

“Through life’s alternate joy and strife,
I now pronounce you man and wife,
Go up life’s hill ‘till you get to the level,
And salute your bride, you black, rusty devil.”

**from the 2-13-1936 issue of the Nevada County Picayune
(local news column written by Mr. Plyler)**

Again the wedding bells pealed forth their merry chimes when J. C. Bevill of Bluff City and Miss Alvenia Whitten of Rosston route 1 were quietly married at this place Sunday afternoon. Only a few friends witnessed the ceremony. Your humble scribe had the privilege of tying the nuptial knot, and as I chronicle this event, the following comes to mind:

As the law did authorize
I did my best to solemnize.
I hope you two will realize
That your home should harmonize;
Make all your faults a compromise,

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And keep the tears from both your eyes;
Secure a home of modern size
Work like thunder and Hooverize.

MAN DISCOVERS HIS LANDLADY IS LONG LOST SISTER

**Separated for More Than Fifty Years—Pair Have Much to Discuss
(published in the 9-18-1930 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)**

Topeka, Kansas—After having been separated more than fifty years, Mike Warren and Mrs. Sarah Green, brother and sister, now have much to discuss.

Mrs. Green is seventy nine; Warren, sixty-five, and until Mrs. Green came to Topeka to make her home with her brother some weeks ago, the two felt that while each existed, neither was certain.

Mike Warren, employee of the city water department for 20 years, through some twist of fate became separated from his brothers and sisters near Beatrice, Nebraska after his parents died.

Warren married and for years lived at Osage City before coming to Topeka 20 years ago. His brothers and sisters scattered, but from time to time he heard from them, all except the oldest sister, who had married before the death of his parents.

Warren worked for a construction company in Topeka for years and his work took him to different parts of the country. One of the construction jobs was in an Iowa town where he put up at a rooming and boarding house operated by a Mrs. Green.

Warren registered and stayed more than six weeks. He met the landlady, and like other workmen, thought her a very congenial sort and a good cook.

Later the crew went on and Warren forgot about the Iowa job. But all the time he was in correspondence with his brothers and sisters seeking some line on his older sister.

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Recently through a brother he learned his sister's first husband and died and that she married a man named Green. Last heard of, she was running a rooming and boarding house in Iowa.

Following up the trail, Warren found the rooming house operator, who proved to be the sister he had not known as such since he was seven years old. The rooming house business wasn't so good, the second husband had also died, and Warren induced her to sell out and live with him. Mrs. Green, although seventy-nine, is quite active and walks to town, twenty blocks or more.

So, Mike Warren and his sister, Sarah, have much to discuss, and during the winter evenings, they can take up, one by one, the events of their diverging lives of the last half century.

DEATHS IN 2007 (as of Dec. 27, 2007) (Bluff City and Ebenezer Cemeteries)

Edie Mae Wetherington Huffman Suitor (1-3-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Mable Marion Wood Watson (1-10-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Minnie Mae Heldebrand (1-29-2007)—Bluff City Cem. **(see article about her in the August, 2004 issue)**
Herman Orland McKelvy (2-11-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Cora Starnes Bolls (3-20-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Julia Faye Nelson (4-4-2007)—Ebenezer Cem.
Jack L. Stewart (5-6-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Garland Andrew Horton, Jr. (5-6-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Jewell Russell (5-25-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Leslie Ingram-Harbour (6-2-2007)—Ebenezer Cem.
Doris Sarrett (6-11-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Carol Sue Horton (6-11-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Jimmy Bean (8-4-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Peggy Jean Byrd Powers (8-20-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Verda Tunnell Delaney (9-11-2007)—Ebenezer Cem.
Billie C. Greer (10-17-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Bernell Johnson (11-24-2007)—Bluff City Cem.
Dorothy Jean Butler (12-21-2007)—Bluff City Cem.

I regret to report the death of Carlton E. Denny (age 103) on Christmas Day (see article about him in the October, 2004 issue)

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THE SEARCH

After many weary and toilsome hours of fruitless search through the dazzling burning rays of a merciless southern sun, through swamp and high-ways and by-ways, and with a full and determined resolve "to do or die", the officers learned in Louisiana that at the house of one Lewis, living in the confines of Arkansas, a man of bad character, a man who was known to harbor thieves, a man who had been known to operate in thieving and other disreputable transactions in the Pelican State, and a man whom the officers of Louisiana had tried in vain to bring to justice, living seven miles south of Lewisville, the missing Thomson might be found.

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY

Arriving at the house of Lewis, it was agreed by the trio that Milam and Sanders should demand admittance, and that White should keep watch outside. When hailed, Lewis refused to make a light or give admittance to the officers of the law, but after considerable parley and excuses that he had nothing with which to make a light, during such time the murderer of Parson Sanders was doubtless making preparations for the damnable deed, the old man Lewis finally consented to make use of a candle and matches furnished by the officers. After some hesitation upon his part, he then consented to conduct the officers to an inner room of the house. The house was a double frame one, with hall for entry-way extending through the center and containing a large room on either side.

THE BLOODY DEED

Taking the candle in his hand, old man Lewis, a man whose head had been frosted by some seventy winters, hesitatingly and tremblingly conducted Milam and Sanders to the right hand room where the supposed criminal Thomson was concealed. It would be well enough to state here that although the officers were not certain of securing their prey, the suspicious actions of Lewis confirmed them in the belief that Thomson was concealed there, after having heard what they did concerning the character of Lewis. This fact, probably taken into connection with their zeal and hopes of securing Thomson after more than three days' fruitless search, and emboldened to such an extent that they not only lost their discretion but became so unwary as to be almost entirely thrown off their guard. In the dim flickering light of the candle, they followed their conductor to the fatal chamber of death. Unsuspicious, true, but be-brave to rashness, the lamented Sanders entered the room. Almost hidden in a dark corner near the entry with shot-gun in hand, cocked and ready, and with murder in his heart, stood

THE MURDERER

Upon discovering him, poor Sanders, not being familiar with the face of Thomson, demanded a surrender without even attempting to raise his gun, whereupon, the supposed fugitive Thomson, without a word or note of warning, standing less than

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six feet from his victim, fired, the whole load passing entirely through Sanders' bowels. The murderer was not Thomson, but a son of the hoary-headed old villain, "Shrog" Lewis, aged about twenty-four years, and there can be no question but that he mistook our Sheriff's posse for officers from Texas or Louisiana come to call him to account for some of his many dark and damnable crimes, and it is thought that his father, upon entering the room, gave his son a sign to commit the fatal deed. This family of Lewis's are said to have been outlawed in Texas and in Louisiana, and for several years past have found a comparatively safe haven within the counties of our border.

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

To begin with, the Sheriff's posse had been warned of the general bad reputation of the Lewis's. A stranger who claimed to be from Texas had been seen skulking on the premises for several days previous, but had not ventured to make himself known to others than the family. A horse suiting the description of the one belonging to Thomson was seen on the premises. When old man Lewis was called up by our sheriff's posse on first making his appearance, he asked, "Is that you, Thomson?" These and other surroundings confirmed the suspicions of the officers that they were on the right trail.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE, A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH

Upon seeing what had befallen his comrade, true as steel, the brave and intrepid Milam rushed to the rescue, blinded by the smoke from the gun of the murderer, and fired. Simultaneously, Mr. W. B. White, who it will be remembered had placed himself upon guard at a window of the room, as soon as he could comprehend what had been done, also fired, and the lifeless body of young Lewis fell torn and bleeding to the floor.

THAT AWFUL NIGHT

Having every reason to believe they were surrounded by a gang of desperados and thieves, and in their very nest as it were, where the shot of a gun is the only necessary signal for their swarming like so many bees, most men would have fled in dread of overpowering numbers. Regardless of their own personal safety and with thoughts only of their wounded and dying friend, their first care was to administer to the wants of his death-bed. With such remedies as were to be had, with tearful eyes and pitying hearts, all through that dreadful night, Messrs. White and Milam did all in human power to sooth his dying pillow. After leaving him in good hands and with a consciousness of having done all they could, they set out for home about daylight that morning to impart the dreadful news to the widow, orphans, and friends of the unfortunate man, and reached here about sundown on the night of July 4th, after 72 hours without rest or sleep.

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THE FATE OF POOR SANDERS

Upon being shot Mr. Sanders exclaimed, "Boys, I am killed". He then sought the hall-way of the house where he lay upon the hard floor to yield up to its Giver the spirit of as brave, true, and Christian a man as ever lived or died. Knowing that the ruthless hand of death was upon him, separated from the wife of his bosom and the loved ones of his peaceful and quiet home far away, no reproachful or vengeful words did he utter against his murderers; no earthly considerations seemed to occupy his mind although rapidly he was approaching his dissolution which he was expecting at any moment, his thoughts seemed to dwell not upon earthly but upon heavenly subjects.

THE REV. FLEMON SANDERS

Was a native of Virginia, but had been a citizen of this part of Arkansas for several years. He served gallantly and faithfully in the Confederate army during the late civil war. At the time of his death he was engaged in farming and school teaching about four miles west of Prescott near Artesian church. He was a regular ordained minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian church. He was a Mason, a Christian, and a gentleman of taste and culture.

It was our pleasure to be personally acquainted with the deceased. He was a man upon whom nature had bestowed many of her richest and choicest gifts, a brave and true man, a man of education and refinement, a man of worth and talents, and a man whom Nevada County recognized as one of her chosen sons, and his loss to us is almost irreparable. His pen and voice can no longer be used in defense of those principles which should govern every Christian man for they are now hushed in death.

Tongue is powerless and pen incapable of describing the many Christian virtues and graces which characterized him as a man. He lived a life loved and respected by his friends and acquaintances, worshipped by his wife and children, and honored by all. – "None knew him but to love him—none heard him but to praise."

THE CORPSE

Esquire Daniel O'Leary, Mr. J. B. White, and Mr. Joe Treadway left Prescott on the night of July 4th for the scene of the tragedy, to bring back the remains of the deceased, and at this writing (Friday, 4 p. m.), are expected in a few hours, when further particulars will be made known.

Editor's note: Flemen Sanders is buried at Artesian Cemetery a few miles west of Prescott. He was born February. 28, 1831 and died July 4, 1877. His grave marker states that he was born in Patrick County, Virginia.

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Correction: Two names were left out of the list of burials in 2007 in the January issue.

L. H. "Poodle" Walthall (9-10-2007)—Bluff City Cem.

Pauline Pratt Walsh (11-22-2007)—Bluff City Cem.

Dear Editor,

I recently ran across "Arkansas: A Guide to the State," compiled by workers of the Writers' Program of the Works Projects Administration, Hastings House Publishers, 1941 - and it is a gem.

The chapter on 'Folklore and Folkways' has a description of the hoop snake which every Arkansan should know - "a reptile remarkable for its method of locomotion (rolls along with tail in mouth) and for the poisonous stinger in its tail." A man once dodged the rolling snake and its tail stuck in a tree. Fifteen years later, the man returned to the tree and chopped it down for saw logs. "Without thinking, he yanked a splinter from the stump and picked his teeth. The hoop snake's poison, which had long since penetrated every fiber of the tree, had never lost its strength. The woodcutter died before sundown."

The Arkansas joint snake is described too. One farmer found one in his barnyard and whacked it with a stick. "True to tradition, the serpent flew into several dozen pieces." The farmer hid one of the joints in his pocket; he must have been amused as the snake searched for the missing link. "At last, apparently deciding that the joint was forever lost, the snake coupled in a corncob instead, and glided away, darting out its tongue in high dudgeon." You'll have to read the book to learn about the whip snake, "which is accused of wrapping itself around a victim and fatally lashing the unfortunate person with its tail."

Arkansas mosquitoes? One hunter defended himself with a paddle, then with a shotgun. "Later, he went back to the swamp and caught one of the insects in a bear trap, intending to train it to bore wells. He shackled the mosquito in a mule's harness, but it broke away. Seizing a cow in its mouth, the mosquito flapped heavily away through the tree-tops." That, of course, is an exaggeration. "Generally it takes two of the swampland mosquitoes to fly off with a cow."

As I say, this book is "must reading."

Don Mathis

Stepson of General Gillespie and

Grandson of the Dumas, the Walker, the Hearnberger, and Mathis clans of Southern Arkansas

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Don also sent in his poem called *Ode to Bois D'Arc*. I'm sure some of you are familiar with this unusual tree, more commonly known in this area as "bo-dark".

Ode to Bois D'Arc

The Osage Orange is a lowly tree.
French explorers called this wood 'bo dark.'
Natives of the 16th century
used many parts of the wood and bark.

This 'wood of the bow' served well in war.
Bows and war clubs were used on the Plains.
Tannin from bark could help cure leather.
Ropes were twisted for use or exchange.

Dye from the roots yielded a yellow.
It's used to make uniforms khaki.
And it was a creative fellow
who used it for fence in the prairie.

'A hedgerow of bois d'arc was bull-strong,
horse-high, and pig-tight,' old experts said.
Horse Apple fence posts also last long.
The wood is even good for the dead.

Grave markers, gates, and parts for machines,
foundations, wheel rims, and rail-road ties,
were made from the hardest wood ere seen.
It's essence repels mildew and flies.

But like the tree of evil and good,
there's a shady side to the Hedge Ball.
If you try to burn it as fire wood,
wild sparks will fly to directions all!

A tougher, thornier, more tangled
specimen of cantankerousness,
odd grains that grow twisted and angled,
does not exist in the wilderness.

Try to prune bois d'arc limbs if you please,
the branches will bend with your chain saw.
Board Ark lumber splits and cracks with ease.
The toughest wood in old Arkansas.

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Thorns adorn this arboreal quirk.
Itchy inch-long spikes will shame barb-wire.
They tried paving streets but it didn't work.
It floats in flood and is fuel for fire.

But like the natives of the Blackland,
the versatile qualities shine through.
Bois d'arc roots grow in clay, loam or sand.
And we're bodacious in all we do!

Don Mathis
Sherman, Texas

I WAS JUST THINKING

By Jerry McKelvy

LIFE IS SHORT

The other day while I was shaving, I got to thinking about how much time I wasted every day on just this one activity. Assume that a man starts shaving at age 16 and that he lives to be 80 years old. That's 64 years or 23,360 days. At 10 minutes per day, that comes to 233,600 minutes--3,893 hours--162 days. That's over five months that a man spends shaving in his lifetime.

Then consider that a person sleeps about 8 hours a day. In other words, we spend one third of our lifetime asleep. If a person lives to be 80 years old, he spent 26.6 years of his life asleep. There is not much way around this. We have to sleep to rejuvenate our bodies. We can cut back on the time we spend sleeping, but by doing this we may shorten our lives.

If it takes an hour per day driving to and from our jobs, that amounts to about 10 days per year. Spread over a working career of 30 years, that amounts to 312 days--almost one year spent doing nothing but driving to and from work.

Well, I could go on about many other routine activities we do and how much time we spend doing them, such as bathing, tying your shoe laces, getting a haircut, sitting in your car waiting for a traffic light to change, etc. When you consider the time spent on all these activities, you might be surprised at the amount of time wasted in a lifetime.

I suppose there is not much to be done about this except to try and make the best possible use of whatever time we have. We must decide for ourselves how we choose to use each day, hour, or minute of our lives.

Just something for you to think about, but don't spend too much time thinking about it. I'm sure there is something more productive for you to be doing.

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After the article last month on mad stones, I received a phone call from Mr. Claudie White of Rosston who said he had one of these stones that was in his great grandmother's trunk when she came to Arkansas from Tennessee in the 1800's. Here is a picture of his stone. Even though it appears to be heavy like a rock, it is very light weight. What a conversation piece!

LITTLE SPICE COOKIES (A recipe from 1938)

3 ¼ cups sifted flour
3 ¼ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon ginger
¾ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon soda
1 egg, well beaten
1/3 cup melted butter or other shortening
1 cup molasses

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, sugar, spices, and soda and sift together three times. Combine egg, butter, and molasses in bowl. Add flour mixture and blend. Chill until firm enough to shape. Shape into balls about ¾ inch in diameter. Roll in sugar to tiny colored candies (?—*That's what the recipe said*). Bake on greased baking sheet in moderate oven 10 minutes or until done. Makes 5 dozen little spice cookies.

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**Henry Walter Ross and his wife, Martha Eleanor Warnock Ross
(Photo taken on their wedding day April 3, 1845)**

The city of Rosston in Nevada County, Arkansas is named in honor of Henry Ross who donated land to be used as the county seat of Nevada County.

Nevada County was formed in 1871 and a temporary county seat had been located at Mt. Moriah, a few miles north of Rosston while a search was made for a permanent county seat that would be centrally located. The commissioners chose a site near the center of the county on property donated by Henry Ross and his wife. In September, 1871, Henry and Martha Ross “for and in consideration of five dollars” executed a deed conveying the NW ¼ of the SW ¼ of Section 21, Township 13 South, Range 21 West to Nevada County “for the purpose of locating the county seat

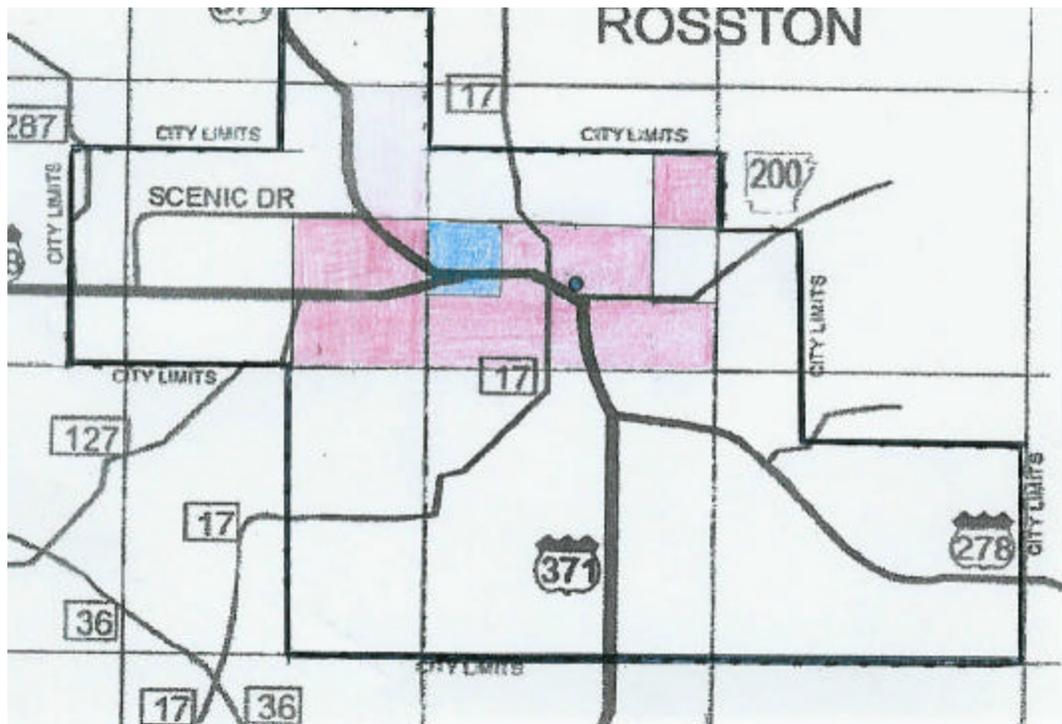
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thereon". This 40 acres of land was located about where Hwys. 371 and 278 intersect on a modern Nevada County map.

Two or three years later, the railroad was built through the northern part of Nevada County and the town of Prescott was laid out. Railroad towns tended to grow rapidly in those days and soon a movement was started to move the county seat from Rosston to Prescott which had quickly become the largest town in the county. After three elections, Prescott finally won out and the county seat was moved from Rosston to Prescott in 1877.

Had Rosston remained the county seat, it would have been a much larger city today. The town had even been laid out (on paper at least) and street names had been assigned. Streets running north and south were named after presidents—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler. Streets running east and west were named after species of trees—Pine, Olive, Beech, Spruce, Vine, and Oak. Plats showing the town layout are on file at the court house in Prescott. Since Henry Ross owned more land surrounding the 40 acres he donated, he was in a position to become quite wealthy as the town grew.

Two months after Henry donated the 40 acres of land, we find another deed in which Henry Ross and his partner, James Torrans, donated Block No. 28 of the town of Rosston to the county of Nevada. This was a city block near the center of town, so it is likely that this was the actual location of the court house and other county offices in Rosston. The 40 acre tract of land originally donated was later called "the Ross Addition" to the town of Rosston (see map).



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The dark lines on the map are the present day city limits of Rosston. The blue square is the 40 acres donated by Henry Ross to Nevada County in 1871 "for the purpose of building a county seat thereon". The small blue circle near the center is Block No. 28 donated by Henry Ross and James Torrans to Nevada County. This was probably the actual location of the county offices. The area shown in red is other land owned by Henry Ross (he had an undivided half interest in part of the red area near the main part of town).

What do we know about this man, Henry Ross and his family? Barbara Masterson, his great-great granddaughter and her husband, Peter have done research on Henry Ross and other members of the Ross family and shared this information with me.

Henry was born August 27, 1822, the sixth of twelve children born to John Wiley and Prudence Winfrey Ross. When Henry was in his mid-teens, his family moved to Union Co., Arkansas from Adair Co., Kentucky. In 1845, he married Martha Eleanor Warnock, not yet age 16. Henry and Martha brought nine children into the world, but two of them, James Wiley and Mary Emeline, died while very young.

Henry served as sheriff of Ouachita County from 1858 to July, 1865 and had business interests there. During this time, he enlisted for one year as a Confederate soldier. One of his deputies probably acted as sheriff in Henry's absence. His unit was among those which surrendered at the siege of Vicksburg in 1863.

Over the years, Henry had acquired some property in Ouachita County, some of which was later sold to his brother, Israel and to Martha's brothers. This property was a few miles southwest of Camden off Old Wire Rd. Many of the deed records of Ouachita County were lost in the court house fire in 1875, so the record of all of Henry's property transactions is incomplete. We do know that he had acquired 240 acres around the present town of Rosston from T. W. Abbott and Mary Abbott in 1869. That area was still a part of Ouachita County at that time.

When the new county of Nevada chose Rosston to be the county seat, a temporary court house, clerk's office, sheriff's office and jail were constructed at Rosston on the land Henry had donated. After the election in 1877, which approved Prescott to be the county seat, the county decided to sell the county property located at Rosston. The sheriff's office was sold for \$13 and the clerk's office for \$33.50. The county jail sold for \$50. A writing desk sold for \$2.50. The court house brought \$35 and the 40 acres of land Henry had donated brought \$80.25. The total amount for the county property at Rosston was \$214.25 (these figures from an article on early Nevada County history written by R. P. Hamby).

During the short time the county government was located at Rosston, one legal hanging was carried out there. A black man was hanged for killing his wife. There were 3,000 people who witnessed the hanging. Chances are this took place in Block No. 28 which was owned by the county (the small circle on the map).

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Henry Ross lived less than two years after donating the land for the county seat. On July 26, 1873, Henry was shot and killed. He was 50 years old. The *Arkansas Daily Gazette* in a reprint from *The Washington Telegraph* had this report of the incident:

"On Saturday evening last (July 26, 1873) a difficulty occurred between Dr. William Mixon and young Samuel Ross in which two men were killed. It appears, from the statement of our informant, that when Dr. Mixon and Ross were about to become engaged, Col. H[enry] Ross, father of young Ross came upon the scene and attempted to draw his pistol, which became entangled with his clothing. Upon this Dr. Mixon fired upon Col. Ross the ball entering the left breast, the wound proving fatal in about 6 hours afterwards. Several shots were fired in quick succession, one of which struck a young man Franklin Nance in the left ear entering his head and from which wound he has no doubt died. Dr. Mixon narrowly escaped as one shot passed through his under clothes and grazed the flesh. Col. Ross was much respected by his acquaintances and his death is seriously lamented. Young Nance had nothing to do with the difficulty and his wounding was purely accidental. This was truly a most unfortunate affair and very much regretted."

Henry Ross was a private in the Civil War, so the title of "Col." in the newspaper article was probably a term of endearment.

One source states that the above incident happened "on the streets of Rosston" and that Henry was shot "by a man named Fincher". There may have been some confusion of the facts of the case when it was reported to the newspaper. The complete story may never be known.

The burial place of Henry Ross has not been found. Family members think he may have been buried on his father's farm located six or seven miles southwest of Camden off Old Wire Rd.

Henry Ross was survived by his wife, Martha and seven children (*two of their children, James Wiley and Mary Emeline, had died young*). The oldest surviving son, John Robert Ross had already married and was on his own at the time of his father's death.

Their oldest surviving daughter, Louisa Jane Ross, age 21 when Henry died, had married William L. Webb who became the first mayor of Prescott.

The other surviving daughter, Alice Angeline Ross, was married about 17 months after Henry's death to Clarence McGill, a well-known early photographer in Prescott.

The other Ross children were named Samuel, Andrew Thomas, Leslie Price, and Walter Lee. These were all under 16 years of age when Henry Ross was killed.

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Little is known about what happened to Henry's wife, Martha, after Henry's sudden death. She was only 44 years old when Henry was shot and had several young children to raise. In the 1880 census, she is living with her daughter, Louisa and W. L. Webb in Prescott. By 1890, most of the family had moved from the Prescott area to the state of Oklahoma. Three of Henry's sons became productive citizens of Oklahoma in various occupations. We do not have any information on what happened to one son, Samuel Ross, nor do we know the death date or burial place of Martha Eleanor Ross, Henry's wife.

During the 1870's Rosston was home to a number of prominent lawyers and politicians and was quite a lively place. A future governor of Arkansas, Thomas C. McRae, was married at Rosston in 1874. He said that a Presbyterian minister rode from Camden to Rosston on a mule to perform the wedding because at that time, Rosston had no church, but did have four saloons.

A newspaper article printed in 1906 mentions that "probably no place in Nevada County outside Prescott is better known than Rosston". It developed like other surrounding towns. There were a few stores with the majority of the citizens being engaged in farming. It had a post office with mail routes branching out in all directions to smaller villages. In 1906, Rosston was still trying to secure a railroad to help the town grow. The 1906 article mentions stores operated by W. H. Hendrix and Bob Fairchild and a small stock of drugs and stationery in the post office building owned by Dr. T. J. Mendenhall.

This article mentions several of the prominent families living at Rosston at that time—Z. W. Bailey, Tom Whitehead, W. H. Hendrix, T. J. Mendenhall, the Fairchilds, the Haynies, the O'Keefes, the Worthams, the Lucks, the Holloways, the Dixons, the Almands, and the Easts.

At that time, Rosston had a large woodsmen camp "with a splendid hall". It also had a Masonic lodge, one of the oldest in the county. It had a good school "six to eight months of the year". A new post office and store building was in the works to be built by Dr. T. J. Mendenhall.

Today, Rosston is the third largest city in Nevada County behind Prescott and Emmet. The last census showed a population of 265 people. There are two stores operating at this time and a modern school is located on Hwy. 278 West. The town has a city hall and elected city officials, a fire department, a post office, and a city water system. The Rosston Baptist church is located at the center of town. All of the business section of Rosston including the post office, city hall, fire department, the church, and both stores are located on property once owned by Henry Ross.

The hopes for a railroad to Rosston never materialized. The closest was the Reader Railroad which once operated a few miles east of town. A spur logging tram had been built into the Rosston area from the Cotton Belt line to the south in the late

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1800's to harvest the virgin pine timber, but it was it was not the kind of railroad Rosston needed to bring industry and people into the town.

The town did not develop as planned in 1871. The streets shown on the original plat were never constructed, but it is interesting to see the proposed plans for the city of Rosston.

The descendants of Henry Ross are so proud that Henry and Martha Ross were willing to donate some of their land to the county back in 1871. It shows that they were the type people who cared about their community. The newspaper account of his death mentions that Henry Ross was "much respected by his acquaintances". I'm sure Henry's untimely death in 1873 was a shock to his family and to the community of Rosston, the town that bears his name.

CAMDEN PLANS TO LET WOMEN RUN THE TOWN (From the March 7, 1940 issue of The Camden News)

The Chamber of Commerce is considering a "Ladies' Day" in Camden as a way of stimulating retail trade. The idea has been used in a town in Mississippi with much success.

The idea is to entice women in Camden and surrounding towns to come to Camden on a particular day and shop. A headquarters will be established for the visiting women. Girl scouts and other girls will direct traffic for the day inside the city. A given number of local women will act as hostesses in the shopping district. Each merchant will offer special bargains and prizes. All visiting women will register for the prizes in each store they visit which will encourage them to visit all participating stores.

To create further interest, the women of the city will take charge of the city government for the day. The woman mayor and other women officials will announce their platform in the newspapers in advance.

The woman who is to act as mayor will doubtless be requested in advance to announce that "the waters of executive clemency will flow freely to all who misbehave" – provided they don't act too badly.

I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT.... by Jerry McKelvy

THE TRAIN RIDE

It was about forty years ago. I was single and teaching school in a small town in southeast Missouri. I came home every chance I got in those days, sometimes driving the eight hour trip and sometimes taking the train. The railroad passed through Bismarck, Missouri which was only a few miles from where I was teaching.

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Traveling by train was much less stressful than driving and the train schedule fit in well with my job.

I always rode the regular passenger trains, but at that time there was a faster train called the Texas Eagle. It only stopped at the larger towns and was given priority on the track whereas the regular passenger trains sometimes had to stop for fifteen minutes or more on a siding when meeting a freight train.

It was announced that a change was being made to the schedule. The Texas Eagle would be replacing the regular passenger trains and Bismarck would still be a scheduled stop which was convenient for me. I decided to give this Texas Eagle a try. I purchased my ticket from Bismarck, Missouri to Gurdon, Arkansas as usual, boarded the train, and admired the more luxurious surroundings on this upscale train. It even had Pullman cars or sleeping cars for those traveling long distances and had a dining car if you could afford the high prices for food.

We got into Union Station at Little Rock about 8 p. m. where we stopped for about twenty minutes. Many passengers got off there and new passengers boarded. I remained on the train since my ticket was for Gurdon, about 80 miles south of Little Rock. A new conductor also boarded at Little Rock.

We were soon underway again headed toward Texas and the conductor made his way down the aisle checking tickets. When he looked at my ticket, I could tell that something was wrong. He said, "Gurdon! This train hasn't stopped at Gurdon in fifteen years."

He explained that the Missouri ticket agent should not have sold me a ticket to Gurdon since that was not a stop for the Texas Eagle. That presented a problem. My folks were expecting to meet me at Gurdon and now I was being told the train did not stop there. The next stop was Texarkana.

A few minutes later, the conductor approached me and said they were making an exception to their schedule and would let me off at Gurdon since it was their fault I was sold a ticket to Gurdon. I immediately felt a sense of relief.

I soon found out that this unscheduled stop was going to be very brief. When the train passed Arkadelphia, the conductor told me to get my luggage and come to a seat near the door. He explained that they were going to make this special stop to let me off, but I must be ready to step off the train as soon as the train was stopped. So, for the last 10 minutes of my trip, I was standing with the conductor at the door with my suitcase in hand. I knew the answer before I asked, but I asked the conductor if they would stop on Sunday afternoon at Gurdon and pick me up for the return trip to Missouri. He immediately let me know that I must make other arrangements for the return trip.

That special stop in Gurdon was probably the shortest one ever made at that

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depot. I began to think I might have to jump off the train, but they did come to a complete stop and put out the little portable step for me to exit the train. As soon as my feet hit the ground, the whistle blew, and the train was on its way again.

The return trip on Sunday was quite an experience. I had to ride a Continental Trailways bus from Gurdon to Little Rock, get a taxi to take me to the train depot, and sit for several hours waiting for the northbound Texas Eagle. This was the first time I had ever ridden in a taxi, so that was another new experience for me. I felt better when I got to the train depot, but found I was the only person there except for a few workers since it would be hours before the train arrived. Those hours went by very slowly. I had to be sure and stay awake because I didn't want to miss the train. Finally I got settled in on the train sometime around 11 p.m. I was afraid I might go to sleep and miss my stop in Bismarck and end up in St. Louis, so I forced myself to stay awake and tried to keep up with each little town we passed. I got back to Bismarck in the wee hours of the morning with just a few hours until time to report to school for work.

That was one weekend I wished I had taken my car instead of the train. I think that may have been my last train ride.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

2 pounds potatoes (about 6 medium)
¼ cup finely chopped onion
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 ½ cups milk

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Wash potatoes; pare thinly, and remove eyes. Cut potatoes into thin slices to measure about 4 cups.

In a greased 2-quart casserole, arrange potatoes in 4 layers, sprinkling each of the first 3 layers with 1 tablespoon onion, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, and dotting each with 1 tablespoon butter. Sprinkle top with remaining onion, salt, pepper, and dot with remaining butter.

Heat milk just to scalding; pour over potatoes. Cover and bake 30 minutes. Uncover and bake 60 to 70 minutes longer or until potatoes are tender. Let stand 5 to 10 minutes before serving. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

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BURNING AT THE STAKE

The following article contains some material that will be unpleasant to read, but it is a part of our history.

We are familiar with the term lynching. The dictionary defines it as “to kill an accused person by mob action and without lawful trial, as by hanging”. There have been several public hangings recorded in our past in this area, most of them taking place on the court house square before large crowds of men, women, and children. These sentences were handed down by judges after a jury had reached a verdict. There have also been cases in Nevada and Ouachita counties of accused persons being taken by a mob of citizens and being hanged without a trial. In practically every case, those who perpetrated these acts were never arrested. Many people felt the criminal got what he deserved. I’m sure in some cases, innocent people were put to death by an unruly mob before all the facts of the case were determined.

I didn’t know until I did a bit of research that the practice of burning at the stake was used in many places especially from about 1890 until 1930. I had always heard of women accused of being witches being burned at the stake. The practice was fairly common in Europe in the old days as a punishment for witches, heretics, and “suspicious women”. We have all heard of the Salem witchcraft trials and Joan of Arc being burned at the stake.

Below are some cases I found of people being burned at the stake in this country. Practically all of these were young black men who had been accused of assaulting or murdering white women or children. Some of them had already been found guilty and sentenced to hang, but a mob took them from the law enforcement officers and carried out this brutal form of execution instead. I only found one case of a white person being burned at the stake. That was a Canadian who was burned by some Mexicans for refusing to tell them where some money was hidden.

I did not find any cases of burning at the stake being used in Nevada or Ouachita counties, but I found several in our neighboring states and a few here in Arkansas..

Texarkana, Arkansas, 1892—A Negro named Ed Coy was accused of assaulting Mrs. Henry Jewell who lived a few miles from town while her husband was in town getting supplies. The man was located and arrested. He was identified by the victim and was sentenced to be hanged. A crowd of some 6,000 people gathered for the hanging. He was taken up Broad St. and then on to State Line Ave. near the post office. The crowd began to shout, “Burn him! Burn him!” A leading business man persuaded the crowd to take him out of the city, so they moved to the suburbs of town near the Iron Mountain railroad. He was

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tied to a large tree stump about 10 feet high and kerosene was poured over him. Someone suggested that the victim be allowed to light the fire. Mrs. Jewell, supported by family members, came through the crowd and after further encouragement by the crowd, lit the match and set the fire. A newspaper reporter who witnessed the event wrote, "In a few minutes, the doomed Negro was a sheet of flame, writhing and groaning in terrible agony".

Paris, Texas, 1893—Henry Smith accused of murdering a four year old girl whose body was mangled beyond recognition, was finally captured about twenty miles south of Hope, Arkansas. He was taken by train to Paris, Texas. People came by train, wagons, horseback, and on foot to witness the execution of the criminal. The crowd was estimated to be 10,000 people. There were people from Dallas, Ft. Worth, Texarkana, Fort Smith, and even a 15 person delegation from Hempstead County where he had been captured. Every train was filled to capacity with people who came to witness the event. Smith was put on a float and escorted through the city so everyone could see "the most inhuman monster in current human history". He was put on a scaffold and tortured by red-hot branding irons starting at his feet and up his body toward his head. Kerosene was then poured on him, cottonseed hulls placed beneath his feet and he was set on fire. The crowd even took away mementoes of the occasion, even down to pieces of the charcoal from the fire.

Corinth, Mississippi, 1902—Tom Clark was accused of murdering Mrs. Whitfield. He was allowed to make a speech before he was burned at the stake. The family of the victim lit the fire. The flames were fanned by the crowd until his body was burned to a crisp.

Forrest City, Arkansas, 1902—Charles Young accused of murdering Mrs. Edward Lewis. The mob took him from his jail cell and burned him at the stake.

Sulphur Springs, Texas, 1905—Tom Williams, accused of assaulting a young girl was burned at the stake on the court house square.

Rusk, Texas—Leonardo Johnson was accused of killing Mrs. Maud Redding by cutting her throat "from ear to ear". About 100 men and boys took him from the sheriff and burned him at the stake.

Cochran, Georgia, 1909—John Harvard, a Negro preacher, had killed W. B. Booth after an argument. Harvard had accused Booth of scaring his mules with his automobile. He was burned at the stake.

Rockwell, Texas, 1903—Anderson Ellis was burned at the stake before a crowd of 1000. He was accused of attacking a white lady.

Temple, Texas, 1915—Will Stanley, accused of killing three children, was burned at the stake on the public square before thousands of spectators. Young boys and girls had climbed trees around the square to get a better look.

Dyersburg, Tennessee, 1917—Ligon Scott was burned at the stake on the public square after confessing to attacking a white woman.

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Nodena, Arkansas, 1921—Henry Lowry was accused of killing O. T. Craig and his daughter, Mrs. C. O. Williamson. He was taken to a levee on the Mississippi River just north of Memphis and burned to a crisp. He had been taken from officers in Sardis, Mississippi. A crowd of 300 people witnessed the event. He was asked if he had anything to say and he said he was hungry. He was allowed to eat a hearty meal. His wife and children were sent for and bade him goodbye. He confessed to the killing and said he was full of whiskey when he did it. He was chained to a log and covered with brush up to his shoulders. He was slowly burned and was being questioned at the same time with his answers being recorded in a notebook. It resembled a courtroom scene. Finally, after about 40 minutes of this slow torture, he was dead.

These are just a few of the many cases of accused persons being burned at the stake or put to death by hanging in this country. Even though our constitution forbids “cruel and unusual punishment”, some people with their emotions fueled by hate and anger, refused to allow the law to take its course and took matters into their own hands. Many people feel today that our courts have become too lenient with lawbreakers and that the criminals are not punished as harshly as they deserve, especially those who have brutally murdered innocent men, women and children. What is the appropriate punishment for taking a human life? As a civilized society, we can only leave that question to the courts and hope that the punishment will fit the crime. I know of families who have had to struggle with their emotional feelings after a family member was murdered. Nothing can bring back a life cut short by the actions of a criminal. To prevent complete lawlessness, we must have a system of laws and punishment for crimes against society. We may not agree completely with every outcome of a criminal trial, but we can take comfort that these criminals (and all of us) will someday face the ultimate Judge who will render a fair and final judgment.

All of the following statements or phrases are found in the Old Testament (King James Version) except for ten. Circle the numbers of the 10 not found in the Bible. Answers on page 8.

1. Buy the truth and sell it not.
2. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.
3. It is not good to eat much honey.
4. Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out.
5. All that glitters is not gold.
6. Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.
7. Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.
8. Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set.
9. Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.
10. The chameleon may change its color, but it is the chameleon still.
11. The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.

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12. It is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a contentious and angry woman.
13. The glory of young men is their strength: and the beauty of old men is the gray head.
14. Keep your face to the sunshine and you cannot see the shadow.
15. Love not sleep, lest thou come to poverty.
16. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.
17. Open rebuke is better than secret love.
18. A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.
19. The venom of the female viper is more poisonous than that of a male viper.
20. Surely the churning of milk bringeth forth butter.
21. There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise.
22. Iron sharpeneth iron.
23. Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing.
24. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.
25. Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.
26. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full.
27. For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not.
28. That which is crooked cannot be made straight.
29. So the eyes of man are never satisfied.
30. Cleanliness is next to godliness.
31. A man's pride shall bring him low.
32. He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread.
33. The sleep of a laboring man is sweet.
34. To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.
35. When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to pay it.
36. Two are better than one.
37. Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon the earth: therefore let thy words be few.
38. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.
39. There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.
40. The words of a talebearer are as wounds, and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly.
41. The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

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42. Spare not the rod and spoil the child.
 43. A wise son maketh a glad father.
 44. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
 45. Is there any taste in the white of an egg?
 46. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
 47. None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.
 48. A small leak will sink a great ship.
-

BALL TEAMS

A few months ago, I asked readers to submit names of ball teams from schools in Nevada and Ouachita counties. Here is a list of what I have received so far from readers and from newspaper items:

NEVADA COUNTY

Bluff City High School —Fiery Dragons
Bluff City—Idlers (baseball team in 1928)
Bluff City—Literary Societies (Hubs and Spartans-1929)
Bluff City—Yearbook called *The Dragon's Den*
Bluff City—each high school class had class colors and class flower

Bodcaw – Badgers

Cale—Red Devils

Glenville—Vikings (1934)

Hickory Grove—Lick-Skillets (1933)

Laneburg—Hornets

Nevada (at Rosston) —Blue Jays

New Hope—Terrapins (1924)--basketball team

Prescott—Curly Wolves

Redland—Rounders (1928); literary societies (Royals and Alpines-1929)

Redland—Winners (1924)—basketball team

Rosston—Shisters (1933)

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Shady Grove—Lions (1934); this was a Negro school near Willisville

Willisville—Lions

OUACHITA COUNTY

Chidester—Braves

Reader – Hornets (1929)

Red Hill – Hot Shots (baseball team in 1906)

DEMOGRAPHICS FROM 2000 CENSUS

Have you ever checked to see just what the government does with all the census information they collect every ten years? The following information is from the 2000 census. I have included a report for Nevada County as well as the city of Bluff City. These reports are available for any town or county in the United States.

NEVADA COUNTY

Population—9955

Race—66.9% White; 31.8% African-American; .38% Native American; .06% Asian, and .85% Other

Average Household Size—2.48

Average Family Size—3.02

Age—

Under 18—25.2 %

18-24--8.70 %

25-44—26.6 %

45-64—23.8 %

Over 65—16.6 %

Median Age—38

For every 100 females, there are 94.40 males

For every 100 females over age 18, there are 89.90 males

Percentage below Poverty Line—22.8%

BLUFF CITY

Population—158

Race—27.22% White; 71.52% African-American; 1.27% Native American

Average Household Size—2.39

Average Family Size—2.96

Age—

Under 18—19 %

18-24—6.32 %

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25-44—24.7 %

45-64—31 %

Over 65—19%

Median Age—45

For every 100 females, there are 129 males

For every 100 females over 18, there are 103.2 males

Percentage below Poverty Line—23.6 %



JOHN ALEXANDER GREER AND HATTIE MAE McKELVY GREER

John Greer was born in 1862 near Lackland Springs, AR and died in 1934. He was the son of Alexander P. Greer and Nancy Caroline Lee Greer. Hattie was born in 1883 and died in 1911 from swamp fever. She was the daughter of Alexander Fletcher McKelvy and Elizabeth Ann McLelland McKelvy. Their first child died as an infant in 1908. Carl Lee Greer, their second child, was less than one year old at the time of her death. He was raised by Hattie's sisters, Esther, Mattie, and Beulah McKelvy who lived in the Goose Ankle community. Hattie McKelvy Greer is buried at Ebenezer Cemetery. A rock marks a grave next to her. This may be the grave of her husband. I was told that John Greer was buried at Ebenezer next to Hattie. He remarried after Hattie's death. Carl Lee Greer is buried at Bluff City Cemetery with his wife, Annie Mae Barlow Greer.

HONOR ROLL AT BLUFF CITY HIGH SCHOOL (NOV., 1925)

The following pupils made an average of not less than 85 per cent in the test given at the close of the first month of the Bluff City High School: (none were listed for grades 11 and 12.

Tenth Grade

Veron Dewoody, Lera Barksdale, Marie Martin, Edna Hildebrand, Dale Askew, Troy Byrd

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Ninth Grade

Byar Tompkins, Shelton Lee, Lawrence Walker, Dillard Sarrett, Penny Black, Garland Moore, Minnie Mae Harvey, Elsie Moore, Cloe Lee, Lewis Carter, Homer Greer, Clyde Black

Eighth Grade

Myrtle Henry, Pink Merritt, Hazel Walker, William Dewoody, Ruby Carter, Gussie Byrd, Hudson Henry, Elsie Mae Moore, Hollis Walker, Lloyd Robinson, Bill Nichols, Mary Ellen Dewoody, Gladys Hildebrand, Dovie Black, Lucy Lee Byrd, Doyle Crowell

Seven Lower Grades

Myrtle Martin, Elmer Meador, Cora Starnes, Hassel Starnes, Blanche Henry, Maurine Henry, Helen Harvey, James Harvey, Selma Nichols, Herbert Moore, G. P. Walker, Hugh B. Hackney, Gerald Carter, Larnell Nichols, Marguerette Henry, Arlie Merritt, James Neal Byrd, Elwood Byrd, LaVerne Carter, Herschel Carter, Geneva Henry, Ruby Robinson, Pearl Moore, Gladys Morgan, Woodrow Carter, James Crowell, Dawson Barlow, Mabel Hackney, Imogene Morgan, Clinton Robinson, Howell Byrd, Ellis Harvey, Stell Meador.

Mrs. W. A. Barlow
Mrs. Tula Barlow
Teachers

Answers to Bible quiz: 1. (Proverbs 23:23); 2. (Proverbs 25:11); 3. (Proverbs 25:27); 4. (Proverbs 26:20); 5. (William Shakespeare); 6. (Proverbs 26:27); 7. (Proverbs 27:1); 8. (Proverbs 22:28); 9. (Proverbs 22:6); 10. (William Shakespeare); 11. (Proverbs 22:2); 12. (Proverbs 21:19); 13. (Proverbs 20:29); 14. (Helen Keller); 15. (Proverbs 20:13); 16. (Proverbs 20:1); 17. (Proverbs 27:5); 18. (Proverbs 27:15); 19. (Ben Butler); 20. (Proverbs 30:33); 21. (Proverbs 30:24); 22. (Proverbs 27:17); 23. (Proverbs 18:22); 24. (Proverbs 22:1); 25. Ecclesiastes 12:13); 26. (Ecclesiastes 1:7); 27. (Ecclesiastes 7:20); 28. (Ecclesiastes 1:15); 29. (Proverbs 27:20); 30. Unknown; 31. (Proverbs 29:23); 32. (Proverbs 28:19); 33. (Ecclesiastes 5:12); 34. (Ecclesiastes 3:1); 35. (Ecclesiastes 5:4); 36. (Ecclesiastes 4:9); 37. (Ecclesiastes 5:2); 38. (William Shakespeare); 39. (Proverbs 14:12); 40. (Proverbs 18:8); 41. (Proverbs 15:3); 42. (Unknown-see Proverbs 13:24 and Proverbs 23:13); 43. (Proverbs 10:1); 44. (Benjamin Franklin); 45. (Job 6:6); 46. (Psalms 121:1); 47. (Benjamin Franklin); 48. (Unknown)

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

Ouachita County deer hunters in 1943 were encouraged to save their deer skins and give them to the game warden. These were to be used to make gloves for the troops in World War II.

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This was the front-page headline in the February 25, 1921 issue of *The Daily Picayune*. The following news story accompanied the headline:

Messrs. Jno. L. and G. H. Henry of Bluff City, are in town today and bring the report the well at Bluff City is showing oil. John Moore, who is overseeing the drilling and testing of the well, declares, according to the Henry brothers, that the oil bailed out of the Bluff City well is apparently of the same grade found at El Dorado.

The Henry brothers declare they saw the oil as it came from the well, and that it is momentarily expected to strike a wonderful gusher.

The well is down to 2000 feet and will go deeper, the work being carried on rapidly and carefully.

From the showing at hand now, it is practically settled that Nevada county has oil, and the development of the well at Bluff City, at Sutton, and at Bodcaw, will be hurried by those in charge of the drilling.

It is believed by residents of Bluff City that the well there will prove the biggest surprise since the Bussey well first broke the stillness of El Dorado.

Again we say, "let her spout".

Well, we all know that an oil boom at Bluff City never happened. Several wells were drilled in the area with some promise of oil, but none were put into production. Everyone was interested in oil in 1921 after the big discovery at El Dorado. The Goose Ankle correspondent for *The Nevada News* reported in the paper that "Someone from our little burg went to Chidester. They found all of Chidester gone to El Dorado to see the oil boom except for the depot agent, two doctors, a few old ladies, and the city marshal".

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A PUZZLE FOR GENEALOGISTS

(from the 1-16-1969 issue of *The Nevada News*—reprint from 1-25-1945 issue)

This is a true story, set down here exactly as related to your snooper by Dr. A. S. Buchanan. Point is, peruse it carefully.

In the year of Our Lord 1821, two girls were born, Kathryn and Dosia Amytt, who married two brothers, Bolls J. and Kenneth W. Buchanan. Bolls J. Buchanan and wife moved to Clark County, Arkansas in 1836 and had one daughter, Helen Buchanan, who after growing up, married her first cousin, Presley Buchanan. They, Helen and Presley, had one son, Thaddeus, who married and had a son, Presley, who married and had a son named Donald Buchanan. Still Buchanan, please note.

All right, said Donald Buchanan married and had a son born on January 18, 1945 and delivered by our own esteemed physician and surgeon, Dr. Albert S. Buchanan (but he didn't tell me to say that).

All right, this Kenneth W. Buchanan, who married the other Amytt sister, born in 1821, had a son, Chesley Buchanan who married and had sons. Among them was Albert S. Buchanan, the same Albert who delivered Donald's son last Tuesday. This Albert Buchanan had two daughters, one of which married Carl Dalrymple, and had a son, Carl Dubose Dalrymple, Jr.

Now the story is virtually at an end. What Dr. Al (and your humble snooper) would like to know is—exactly what relation is Carl, Jr. to the infant boy as yet unnamed, born January 18, 1945? That's what I call a whopper of a question.

BOY KIDNAPS HIMSELF

This story appeared in the *Prescott Daily News* in 1940.

Detroit—Eleven-year old Raymond Diclare forgot when he planned his own “kidnapping” that boys of his age get hungry so now he won't get his pony after all.

Found staring hungrily into an ice cream store soon after daybreak, the boy who sent police on a frantic search for his captor Tuesday night admitted he had written his own ransom note in the hope of getting enough money to buy a pony.

The note, addressed to his foster parents, demanded \$500 by Saturday midnight and threatened that “your son will be killed” if the money was not forthcoming.

“I guess it wasn't such a good idea after all,” he grinned sheepishly as detectives fed him after his all-night vigil in an abandoned bunkhouse. “I hadn't counted on getting hungry.”

The “ransom” note was written on a sheet of paper and tossed into a flower box at the rear of his home.

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This interesting old picture was given to me recently. I was told it was found in an old house at Reader. Nobody has been able to tell me if this picture has some connection to the town of Reader. What is the huge building in the background? The men pictured are evidently the construction crew since several are holding hammers and other carpenter's tools. The carpenter's aprons worn by several of the men have these advertisements printed on them: Bracy Bros. Hardware Co. and Foster Lumber Co. The man standing next to the desk appears to be the man in charge of the project.

There was a large saw mill at Reader and a hotel and stage coach stop at Sayre. Could this be the hotel? If anyone has any information about this picture, please contact me.

It seems that during the 1930s, several Nevada County residents tried their hand at writing poems. Many of them were about recent events that had been reported in the newspapers. There were many poems about the Great Depression and some of the New Deal programs. One poem was about the kidnapping of Charles Lindbergh's baby and the following poem about the execution of Mark Shank in Arkansas.

I tried to find more information about this case. All I could find was that Mark Shank was an attorney from Ohio who was executed in March, 1935 for the murder of a family of four from Ohio by serving them poisoned grape juice at a picnic. The crime happened in Saline County, Arkansas which explains why the execution happened in Arkansas. This poem was written by Mrs. Alta Honea and was published in the March 21, 1935 issue of *The Nevada News*.

MARK SHANK'S EXECUTION

The prisoner was old and broken,
And trouble had bent his form.
His face was pale and haggard,
And his drooping head was shorn.

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Mark Shank was once a lawyer
Well dressed, respected, and straight,
But he bartered his soul with the devil
For this sad and gruesome fate.

The murmuring priest could not help him,
Or his absent, heart-broken wife.
Through the bars the sunlight had entered,
'Twas the signal to pay with his life.

Did he think of the four he had murdered,
And the lone little orphan lad
Who has lost his two little brothers,
And loving mother and dad?

He prepared the poison and gave it
To the five he knew so well.
He had broken the law, and he reasoned
That dead ones no tales can tell.

'Twas in '33 in the summer
That the poison grape juice they drank
And March the eighth two years later
Has witnessed the end of Mark Shank.

HISTORY OF NEVADA COUNTY JOURNALISM (PRIOR TO 1922)

(from the 6-15-1922 issue of *The Nevada News* and the souvenir edition of *The Prescott Daily Mail* in 1947)

The Banner appears to have been Prescott's first newspaper. It was started in 1875 by E. E. "Bunk" White and W. B. White. In 1876, they sold to W. D. Johnson, who changed the name of the paper to *The Prescott News*. In 1877, Mr. Bascom became the owner and the name was changed to *The Clipper*.

T. H. Bascom was also the publisher of a little paper called *The Fruit Grower* in the 1870s.

The Prescott Dispatch was started in 1876 by John P. Fagin with E. A. Warren as editor. In the 1870s and 1880s, Prescott was a stronghold of the Greenback Party and the Dispatch espoused that cause. Mr. Warren moved to Hope and then to Texarkana and publication of the Dispatch was suspended for awhile, but was revived by J. A. Ansley and continued to be published until the demise of the Greenback Party.

The Nevada County Picayune, a Democratic newspaper, is the longest lived of Prescott's newspapers. It was founded Feb. 14, 1878 by Eugene White. He retired in 1883 and moved to Hot Springs and his brother, W. B. White took charge of the Picayune. In 1884, it was

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bought by Dudley B. Madden, a lawyer just out of college, but in the same year, it reverted back to Mr. White. J. W. Gardner acquired a half interest in the paper in 1884 and in 1885, the remaining interest of Mr. White. He then sold it to J. J. Thompson. Other owners include W. F. Evans, F. J. Johnson, Charles Shankle, and C. B. Andrews in 1904. An evening edition of the *Picayune* was started in 1921. Mr. Andrews sold it to Geo. B. Munn and Harry F. Helton, the present publishers (in 1922). Others on the staff of the *Picayune* include Fred W. Allsopp, Andrew Ross, Walter Ross, Claude McCorkle, and Orto Finley.

The Prescott Democrat was started by J. J. Thomasson and was published until about 1902.

J. O. A. Bush started a paper in 1891 called *The People's Tribune* which was published until 1896.

The Weekly Times was started in 1897 by Dan Delahoyde. In 1899 it was sold to W. H. Mack and A. J. Hunter and afterwards was consolidated with the *Picayune*.

A paper called *The Prescott Paragraph* was started by Charles Shankle and was published in 1896 and 1897.

The Prescott Graphic, by Lon McCorkle and Lee Giles, made its appearance in 1900. In 1903 it was consolidated with the *Picayune-Times* under the management of C. B. Andrews.

The Nevada County News owned by H. B. McKenzie, was established in 1905 as a weekly and in 1906 began to publish a daily edition. F. Jack Johnson purchased it in 1910.

The Arkansas White Ribboner (monthly) was started at Prescott in 1907 by the W. C. T. U. with Mrs. Minnie U. Rutherford as editor.

Candid Opinion, "a monthly journal of comment for thinking people", was established in Prescott by H. B. McKenzie in 1920.

The Daily Dinner Horn was published for a short time by C. B. Andrews.

The Prescott Daily Mail was started in 1947.

The Arkansas Dispatch

The Commercial

The Nevada News (a weekly paper)

There were three school papers—*The Dynamo, Jr. Hi Charter*, and *The Nevada County School News*. Bluff City High School had a paper called *The Bluff City Flash*. There were also three feature publications—*The Methodist Messenger, Arkansas White Ribboner*, and *The National Guardsman*.

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These publications, many with romantic names, were born, flourished, and passed into oblivion. Yet each one left its effect on mankind and its impression in the lives of those who perused their columns.

Nevada County now has only one weekly paper, *The Nevada County Picayune*. If you happen to have a copy of any of these old newspapers that no longer exist, please consider donating it to the Nevada County Depot Museum so that it can be preserved or microfilmed. You can also contact me and I will take care of it for you.

THE COST OF LIVING AS OTHERS DO **(from the 6-6-1913 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

Every one agrees that it costs more to live than it did twenty years ago, but opinions differ as to the cause. There are many causes, but one of the most important is that our expenses have grown with our needs. Invention has supplied all sorts of new facilities for living that have become necessities to most of us, and they all cost money.

Moreover, in a democratic society, where all are supposed to be equal, we do not like to be outdone by our neighbors, and urged by this feeling, we all push up our expenditures so as to be sure that we have what others have.

The trouble begins at the bottom. The young man entering business, with his living to earn and his way to make, should save every penny, live narrowly and avoid display if he wishes to succeed. Yet the fashions of expenditure about him—in dress, in amusement, in social relations are such that it takes exceptional strength of character to refuse to comply with them.

The difficulty is even greater when a man marries and has a family. It is not always easy to deny yourself; but to deny those dear to you is almost impossible. A man does not like to see his wife dress less handsomely than the wives of his associates. He even tells himself that her good appearance help his business reputation. Still harder is it to refuse things that seem to be necessary for the welfare of your children. “Really”, says mother, “living the way we live, I cannot see why Jane should not have all the opportunities the Smith children have.” Thereupon, Jane gets them, and father wonders how he is to pay.

The pity of it is that usually not one of them—father or mother or child—really cares. They simply must do as others do. And so the dance goes on.

There is no general remedy. You must apply reason and common sense to each individual case. At least keep a little behind the rush instead of a little in front of it. Then when a bad day comes, others will wish they had done as you did. If your neighbor gets an automobile, and your children clamor for the like, get a runabout instead of a touring car. If your daughters have fewer frocks and cheaper music lessons than their friends round the corner, that is better than ending up with no frocks and no music lessons at all.

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Let us keep our heads in this matter. The man who does not is infallibly driven sooner or later to the terrible question that men are asking all over the country today: "With my income, how can I live as I am living?" To this question there can be only two final and fatal answers—live differently or steal.

Which shall it be?

INTERESTING NEW ITEMS FROM DAYS GONE BY

The school at Gum Grove is progressing nicely and is being taught by Miss Alma Johnson, Principal and Mrs. Ruth Barlow, Assistant, having an average attendance of about 70 students. (from the Goose Ankle local news column of the *Prescott Daily News* 1-11-1922)

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Thad Buchanan was the first child born in Prescott. He was the son of W. P. "Press" Buchanan who came here in 1873 to work on the railroad. The Buchanan house was the oldest residence in Prescott located on West Third Street between Hazel and Walnut Streets. (*Prescott Daily News*--2-11-1938)

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The Just Can and Hardly Able Oil Companies will hold their annual meeting at the Broadway Hotel. (*Prescott Daily News*--2-16-1938)

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March 9, 1938—Amarillo, Texas was the site of a Mother-in-law parade. The parade was 12 miles long and was attended by Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, who was presented with the world's largest bouquet consisting of 5,000 roses. A crowd of 125,000 attended the parade which featured a float shaped like a ship on which 600 mothers-in-law rode. (*Prescott Daily News*--3-10-1938)

=====

A new bus service announced. Arkansas Stages, Inc. will provide bus service of two round trips daily between Prescott to DeQueen via Dierks and Nashville. Another route will run from Prescott to Bluff City, Chidester, and on to Camden. (*Prescott Daily News*--3-14-1938)

=====

Bluff City is the first school in Nevada County to offer a hot lunch program. Hot lunches will be served to 225 students each day. The commodities are donated by the patrons of the school and labor is furnished by the WPA. (*Prescott Daily News*-- 1-10-1940)

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A course in Bible will be offered in the regular curriculum at Prescott High School. The classes will be conducted by various ministers in the city and will be open to juniors and seniors only. (*Prescott Daily News*--1-11-1940)

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The senior class of Bluff City High School has joined the national conservation movement by planting 2500 pine seedlings on two and one half acres of the school grounds as a demonstration pine forest. The class is led by Mrs. Denman. R. L. Cummings, Jr. is president of the class and Hazel Griffin is secretary. Other class members are: Mary Hildebrand, Georgia Hillery, Marie Andrews, Lewis Pruitt, Fred White, Elloene Moore, Mavis Nichols, Pauline Cummings, and Lorene Bevill. (*Prescott Daily News*--1-31-1940)

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Mr. C. C. Harvey has donated ten acres of land to be used in the gardening and canning project at Bluff City School. Bean, beets, mustard, spinach, cabbage, carrots, corn, lettuce, tomatoes, radishes, turnips, peas, onions, and potatoes will be grown. These will be used in the school's hot lunch program in late spring and the rest will be canned for use in the next school term. (*Prescott Daily News--2-14-1940*)

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The Bluff City Junior-Senior banquet was held at the Loda Hotel in Prescott. Covers for 38 were laid at the banquet table decorated with candles, ivy, and jonquils. At the speakers table were Mr. Basil Munn, Mr. Charles Henry, Mrs. C. C. Harvey, Miss Berthel Thompson, Mrs. Dale Denman, R. L. Cummings, Jr., president of the senior class, and Eva Dell Starnes, president of the junior class who also served as toastmaster for the evening.

During the evening, students of Mrs. Annie Lee Acker presented a floor show and Miss Jennie Lewis rendered several numbers on the accordion. After the banquet, the juniors and seniors enjoyed a theater party at the Nevada Theater where they saw "The Hunchback of Notre Dame". (*Prescott Daily News--3-6-1940*)

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Mrs. Zettie Griffith Jobe is the new recreational director at Bluff City. Softball teams have been organized for boys and girls in school and for the young married ladies. A croquet court has been built and table tennis and badminton courts have been laid off. Classes in Dramatics, Singing, Sewing, and Story Telling have been organized. Competitive games with the neighboring towns are being arranged. (*Prescott Daily News-- 3-7-1940*)

READER PARTICIPATION

Now is your chance. It's time for reader participation again. You may choose to answer any or all of the questions below. Send me your comments and I will publish them in the next couple of issues. Don't worry. I will only identify you with your initials and your state. Surely you have an opinion or an answer to some of these questions. You may send your answers by regular mail or e-mail. The addresses are at the top of page 1 of this issue.

1. If you could choose a time period in which to live, when would it be and why? If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be and why?,
2. Describe a job you once had that was unusual.
3. What do you think was the greatest invention up to the present time? Why?
4. If you could live your life over, what changes would you make?
5. Do you think the United States has already reached its peak, or do you think our best days lie ahead? Explain why you feel the way you do.
6. If you could spend 30 minutes with a famous person, living or dead, who would it be? What would you ask them?

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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THE NAMING OF NEVADA COUNTY

(from information collected by Mrs. Joe Hamilton and published in the 11-14-1947 issue of *The Prescott Daily Mail*)

A great many of Prescott's citizens will be surprised to learn that they dwell in a "snow-covered" county the year round. The word "Nevada" is a Spanish word which literally means "snow-covered". Although the area was created in March, 1871, and little snow could have been left from the winter, it is unlikely that the literal meaning of Nevada was intended when chosen for its name. The once accepted origin is a complex combination of the early U. S. history and the then "new" state of Nevada.

The eighteenth state legislature of Arkansas created three new counties, the first of which was Nevada County. The act which created it received the governor's approval March, 20, 1871. The county was formed from territory taken from Hempstead, Ouachita, and Columbia counties.

The original statutes stated the county seat would be located "at Mt. Moriah". Later, in 1871, the county seat was moved to Rosston, where it remained until 1877, when it was moved to Prescott.

Tom W. Campbell, in his series of articles dealing with the naming of Arkansas counties, has this to say about the selection of the name "Nevada".

"To a student of the geography of the United States, it probably seems strange that one of the 75 counties of Arkansas should have been named for the far-away state of Nevada, the sixth largest state in area and by far the smallest state in population of all the 48 states in the Union. But a glance into the history of the two states at that period will throw light on the reason why this Arkansas county was so named.

"Just at that time, Nevada was the most talked-of state in the Union. It had sprung up like a mushroom, having been formed as a territory in 1858. The following year, the Comstock Lode was uncovered--the richest deposit of precious minerals ever found in the world."

The current interest in and popularity of the new state had a great deal of influence upon the entire nation. The influence in Arkansas was evidenced by the prompt naming of Nevada County. And since she cradled Nevada in her southern boundaries, California adopted the name for one of her counties. These are the only two states having Nevada counties.

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**HESTERLY-McKELVY REUNION
ROCKY HILL METHODIST CHURCH – JUNE, 1967**



ROCKY HILL CHURCH – 1975



ROCKY HILL CHURCH –1993



ROCKY HILL CHURCH – 1996



**ROCKY HILL CHURCH – MAR., 2008
JUST AFTER TIMBER WAS CUT)**



ROCKY HILL CHURCH – APRIL, 2008 (ANOTHER LANDMARK GONE)

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ROCKY HILL METHODIST CHURCH

The little country church at Rocky Hill has been a landmark in Nevada County for about the last 100 years. My great grandfather, Alexander Fletcher McKelvy, donated two acres of land in 1907 for the site of the Rocky Hill Methodist church. The location was about four miles southwest of Bluff City. The deed was recorded in 1946 in Book 172, page 402 of the Nevada County records.

The community in which the church was located was known as Goose Ankle. The area was well populated at one time, probably reaching a peak in the 1930s. The church was located at a road intersection on top of a very rocky hill, hence the name Rocky Hill. My grandparents lived a half mile west of the church. Some family names associated with the Goose Ankle community are: McKelvy, Johnson, Irvin, Dunn, Parker, Nelson, Sarrett, Tunnell, Griffith, Green, Odell, and Plyler.

Over the years, the church building has been the location for many protracted meetings, funerals, reunions, and probably a few weddings. I can remember attending a large family reunion there in 1967 and also attending the funerals for some of my relatives. There was no cemetery associated with the church. Most of the families that lived there used the cemetery at Ebenezer, about two miles to the southeast.

The building was nothing fancy--just a typical frame building. It was made from rough un-planed lumber (called box planks) and constructed by the members. Improvements were made over the years. Electric lights were installed when electricity came to that area, probably in the 1940s. New outside siding was installed in the 1950s. Folding seats were added, but I'm sure the first seats were just wooden benches. A window air conditioner over the front door was probably the last improvement made to the building.

It served its purpose for many years as a place of worship for many residents of Goose Ankle. By the mid-1970s, most of the old members had passed on. The community was becoming less populated and finally the church closed its doors. Even though the building stood empty for many years, it was still a familiar landmark to me since I passed by it every time I checked on what we call "the old place".

The woods began to slowly creep toward the empty church building. Its floor began to sag and we wondered how long it would last. Finally, the Methodist organization sold it to a Prescott man who later re-sold it to Ronnie Johnson, who is a descendant of old Alexander Fletcher McKelvy who originally owned the land. The two acres also joined other property owned by the Johnsons.

In April, 2008, the Johnson family sold the timber on the land surrounding the church and had the loggers push down the old church building with their skidders. Even though the building was vacant and not being used, it's still sad to see the old church gone since it played such an important part in the lives of my ancestors.

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LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

by Jerry McKelvy

Have you ever been trapped in a high-rise building during a fire? Well, I haven't either, but I once had a first-hand experience of what it could be like.

It all started when the company I was working for informed me that I would be needed to work on a special project out of town. The work was located in several parts of south Arkansas, but we would be spending the nights at the downtown Holiday Inn in Little Rock.

I never cared much for these out-of-town trips since they interrupted my normal routine. The best part was the good food we enjoyed at some of the better restaurants. Since the company was paying for the meals, we ate much "higher on the hog" than we normally did.

Now back to my story. We were all settled in for the night on the fifth floor of the hotel. The company had reserved about ten rooms on the same floor. About 2 a.m., we were awakened by a fire alarm. When I realized what it was, my first thought was to get out of the hotel. I got dressed quickly and had the presence of mind to grab my billfold and my room key and to lock my door as I left the room.

Out in the hallway, I was met by my fellow employees in all stages of dress (or undress). I noticed our supervisor, an older man from our main office, running down the hallway in his bare feet carrying his shoes. Later I heard him explain that during a fire in a tall building, you should not wear your shoes so you can feel the heat from the floor below you and know where the hottest fire would be.

We rushed to the elevator and someone reminded us that we should use the stairs in case the elevator malfunctioned. Another good tip I learned from all this is that you should always locate the stairs before you retire for the night so that you can find them easily in an emergency. You should also count the number of doors between your room and the exit in case the smoke is too thick for you to see.

We went down five flights of stairs in record time since we thought the building was on fire. When we reached the bottom, we saw a sign on the door which read, "An Alarm Will Sound When Door Is Opened". We thought that was good since we needed help. Sure enough, when we opened the door, a loud alarm went off. We found ourselves in a dimly lit alley in downtown Little Rock. We still had not seen any smoke or evidence of a fire, but we felt safer now that we were out of the building. Normally, I wouldn't want to be in a dark alley in the wee hours of the morning, but at least there were several of us and under the circumstances, we didn't have much choice.

Our group of 10-15 people walked around to the front door of the hotel about the time some emergency vehicles arrived. Everything seemed normal--no fire or

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smoke. I don't know how to describe how we looked, but you can imagine what a group of people looked like after being awakened from sleep at 2 a.m. We walked into the lobby and learned what had happened.

Some young people staying at the hotel had purposely set off the fire alarm on our floor. In all the confusion, many guests had forgotten to lock the door to their rooms. When they returned to their rooms, they found some of their property had been stolen. One guy lost an expensive wrist watch and several lost some money. I was one of the lucky ones. I had locked my door and everything was secure.

Needless to say, I didn't sleep any more that night. It was after 3 a.m. by the time we got back to our rooms and with all the excitement, I just couldn't get back to sleep.

I did learn some valuable lessons from the experience including some good safety tips. I rarely stay in a high-rise hotel now. I prefer to not be any higher than the second floor. As the old farmer said, "I don't want to be any higher than picking corn, or any lower than digging taters".

I also check out a hotel now before I turn in for the night. I learn where the stairway is located and check out the little diagram posted in the room that shows where the room is in relation to the stairs. I learned that sometimes you have to leave quickly, so be prepared for such an emergency. Always have a plan for escape.

We laughed about our experience later, but had it been an actual fire, things might have turned out differently.



WHAT IS THIS?

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If you think you know what it is, let me know as soon as possible. The correct answer will appear in the next issue. If you don't know, just take a guess. Don't ask me to reveal the answer until the next issue.

A PARABLE

(from the 5-5-1926 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*)

The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou too, shouldst bow to thy knees
When daylight draws to a close,
And let the Master lift the load
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou tomorrow meet,
With all tomorrow's work to do
If thou thy burden all night
Must carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises again to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning dawn
That God may give thee daily care,
Assured that he no load too great
Will make thee bear.

INTERESTING ELECTION IN OUACHITA COUNTY

An unusual election took place in Liberty Township of Ouachita County in 1937. Two candidates (Bailey and Miller) were running for some office. There were 31 registered voters in the township. On Election Day, nobody showed up to vote except for the two candidates. They refused to cast a vote for themselves, so the election results reported to the court house were Bailey-0 and Miller-0.

In 1912, there were 6,338 schools in Arkansas—235 were brick, 5,592 were frame, and 111 were log structures (from an article in *The Prescott Daily News*)

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Below are some responses I received to my questions in the May issue. I was hoping for a better response, but thanks to those who voiced their opinions.

1. If you could choose a time period in which to live, when would it be and why?

---Today, because my grandsons are too precious to miss out on. --B.M.-Arizona

---Pre-Civil War days in Natchez, Mississippi--T.H.-Arkansas

---I like to read about earlier times, but I am happy with the present. Too much hard work in the old days, especially if you grew up on a farm.--J. R. - Arkansas

2. If you could live anywhere in the world, where would it be and why?

---Arizona--because the weather is just about as perfect as it is possible to be. We have underground sprinklers that keep plant/trees watered automatically. We have green year round--no snow to shovel or ice to slip on--no huge weather extremes--and our grands are here. B.M.-Arizona

---In the Smokey or Blue Ridge mountains of the US, probably near Asheville, North Carolina--T. H.-Arkansas

---I would like to travel around the country spending a few months in each state and then decide where to call home. Another option would be to move north when it's hot and south when it's cold. Even some of the birds have figured that out. - J. R.-Arkansas

3. Describe a job you once had that was unusual.

---A receptionist for a construction company in DC...On bid day--with a 14-line phone system and every call had to be transferred in order of receipt.--B.M.-Arizona

---Worked as a historical researcher for writers.--T.H.-Arkansas

4. What do you think was the greatest invention up to the present time? Why?

---The computer--because we can communicate with anyone in the world and google for an answer to most every question.--B.M.-Arizona

---The printing press because knowledge was able to be widely shared.--T. H.-Arkansas

---There are too many to choose just one--the automobile, television, telephone, antibiotics and vaccines that cure many of the worst diseases are some that have had a great impact on people's lives.--J. R.-Arkansas

5. If you could live your life over, what changes would you make?

---I don't think I could handle all this fun again!- B.M.-Arizona

---I would get a degree in history and I would ask my grandparents about their lineage and life experiences. I would also take more vacations and not take life so seriously. - T.H.-Arkansas

6. Do you think the United States has already reached its peak, or do you think our best days lie ahead? Explain why you feel the way you do.

---The best is yet to come. Every generation is better than the last. People live healthier and new inventions/discoveries are yet to be made.--B.M.-Arizona

---The US has peaked. We are lazy and greedy and often don't even vote. I hope I'm wrong!--T. H. --Arkansas

---Many of the things that have caused other great civilizations to fall are present today in

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America. Many people have no appreciation for the sacrifices our parents and grandparents made so that we could have the freedoms we enjoy. We face new and dangerous threats today. I am concerned about the future for our children and grandchildren. J. R.--Arkansas

7. If you could spend 30 minutes with a famous person, living or dead, who would it be? What would you ask him or her?

---Pope John Paul. I would ask if heaven is truly as wonderful as we are told --B.M.-Arizona

Dear Jerry,

I very much enjoy reading *The Sandyland Chronicle*. I was born (1944) and grew up in Waldo, Arkansas and my brother and I still own our old home there. My father's family was from Nevada County and I have always felt a strong attachment to the area. The Wallis homestead was located south of Waterloo, and I remember going there when the old house was still standing. My grandmother Leodocia Wallis' maiden name was Warmack, and I believe there are probably many relatives from that side of the family still living in the area.

My late aunt Helen Wallis Elmore and uncle George Elmore lived in the county for many years, operating a general store at the intersection of highways 371(old 19) and 76. Their home was located within walking distance of the store, separated by a garden and orchard. I spent a part of many summers and other times visiting them, on occasion riding the bus from Waldo. I have many fond memories of those days and can recall the many smells that permeated the store: uncle George's pipe, wood stove burning, cattle feed, hay, gasoline, candies, etc., and I especially remember the icebox that held all those cold, cold drinks and the freezer with all manner of ice cream treats.

My aunt Halcyone Wallis Marsh and uncle Jim Marsh also lived in Nevada County, way back in the country, near the Gale community as I remember. I believe one or both of them taught school. We had a lot of family reunions at their farm, usually at Thanksgiving. Aunt Halcyone and Uncle Jim were almost self sufficient, growing and raising all their vegetables, fruit, meat, eggs, milk, butter, even grinding their own corn meal and making their own syrup. My older brother's recollection of his summers with Aunt Halcyone and Uncle Jim is reminiscent of a labor camp, where he and other nephews and grand kids toiled to bring in and process all the home grown crops and products.

My great aunt Leona Warmack (I don't remember her married name) lived near Aunt Helen along highway 76 toward Waterloo. Her daughter and son-in-law, Mildred and George Gresham, lived nearby.

Many of my family members are buried at Mt. Olive Cemetery, including my grandparents, and numerous aunts, uncles, and cousins. I have attended a lot of funerals there but also many church services, reunions and dinners-on-the ground before it was closed. I usually go by the cemetery when I come to Waldo.

I worked at Berry Asphalt (Berry Petroleum) at Waterloo for several summers while I was in college. During a recent trip home, I tried to find the location of the old refinery and there was hardly any evidence that it had ever been there.

Just a few of my fond memories of Nevada County.....I may have some old pictures which I will try to find and share with you at a later date.

Phil Wallis
Casselberry, FL

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Valley Lumber Co. sold the mill and railroad to Mansfield Hardwood Co. about 1923. It was about this time that the railroad was classified as “a common carrier” and began to be used to haul oil from Waterloo and timber products back to Reader.

By this time another mill had opened about half way between Reader and Waterloo. This was known as Dill’s Mill named for J. W. Dill. It was to become a well-known landmark in that area for the next fifty years or so.

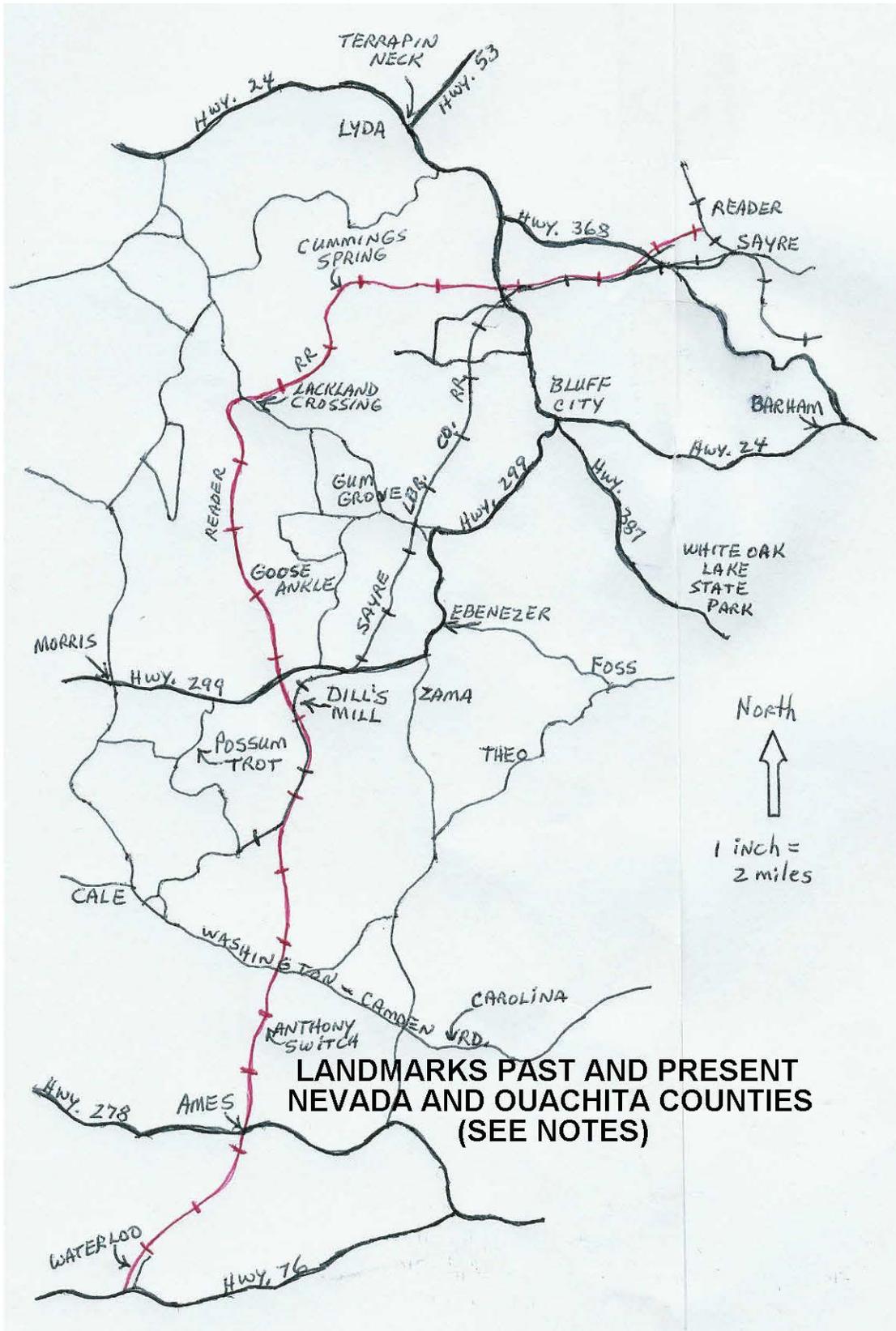
Dill’s Mill was located on what is now Hwy. 299 at the Caney Creek crossing. The mill was a large operation and employed many men over the years. I was told that it even generated its own power in the days before electricity and even provided power to nearby homes. There was a company store and several houses for some of the employees. The mill was converted to a spoke mill in 1918, manufacturing wooden spokes for wheels. According to a newspaper item, Mr. Dill had an order from the U. S. Government but was having trouble finding enough men to work. I don’t know how long the spoke mill lasted, but in 1928, Mr. Dill announced plans to open a hardwood mill at the old mill site. J. W. Dill died in 1935 and is buried in Woodville, Texas.



When I was growing up in that area, Dill’s Mill was going strong, employing several men. At that time it was usually called Caney Creek Mill although the official name was Acorn Lumber Co. It was operated by Charlie Green of Camden with the help of Gerald Johnson, a trusted employee who lived at the mill site. The public road was still gravel and passed through the mill yard south of the present highway location. After heavy rains, the mill site would be isolated by high water for a day or two until the water receded. The railroad tracks were also flooded at times since it was located near Caney Creek.

The steam train made regular runs back and forth from Reader to Waterloo about three days per week. The steam whistle could be heard for miles as it made its way slowly through the countryside. The railroad crossed six main roads on the route from Reader to Waterloo. First it crossed Hwy. 368 at the edge of Reader. The next crossing is about three miles from Reader on Hwy. 24. From there it entered the deep hardwood forests crossing many sloughs and creeks until it reached the Lackland Springs Rd. (a gravel road). Then it was back into the deep woods for the next several miles near the Goose Ankle community until it reached Dill’s Mill on what is now Hwy. 299. Further south, the railroad went through more dense woods, bypassing the Possom Trot community and then crossing the gravel road east of Cale. A small mill (a pole peeling plant) was located near this crossing called Anthony Switch. The next crossing was at a place called Ames on what is now Hwy. 278 (the Rosston-Camden highway). The final stop was at the oil refinery at Waterloo where the engine was turned around and made ready for the return trip to Reader with a payload of oil in tank cars from Waterloo and lumber and cross-ties from Dill’s Mill.

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Mr. Tom Long purchased the Reader Railroad in 1956. He had so many requests from people who wanted to ride the steam train that he decided in 1962 to begin hauling passengers along with the timber products and oil. Tourist brochures were printed up and thousands of people flocked to Reader to take a trip back into the past by riding a train pulled by a steam locomotive. The following people were listed in 1962 as employees: W. T. M. Long, owner; Sallye Mosely, agent; Nat Turner, Engineer; C. O. Sykes, Brakeman; Jesse Peterson, Shop Foreman; Vernie (Happy) Walker, Conductor; W. A. Adams, Regular Engineer, and W. A. Adams, Jr., Hostler.

I can remember one day when several of the young people of the Bluff City area (including myself) decided to make the trip on the Possum Trot Line. Best I remember, the trip took just about all day. The train made its way slowly over the old tracks through the beautiful hardwood forests. At that time the large hardwood trees almost formed a canopy overhead as the train chugged along. All kinds of wildlife could be spotted in the dense forests.

The train made a stop at Nelson's field near the Goose Ankle community. The field was about the only open land along the entire route. A step had been constructed over the fence so that passengers could step over into the field and take pictures of the engine as the dark smoke bellowed from the smokestack.

At Waterloo, we had a picnic lunch while the engine was being turned around for the return trip. That was my only time to actually ride on the Reader steam train, but I could hear the whistle from our home every time it made a run. I still have an old Super 8mm home movie I made of the train on its way from Reader to Waterloo.

About 1971, the railroad was used in a movie called *Boxcar Bertha* that was filmed in the area. This caused quite a bit of excitement. It was not every day that well known movie stars like Keith Carradine and Barbara Hershey were seen in this part of Arkansas. Many local folks also had small parts in the movie. One scene of the movie was filmed at Dill's Mill. Stacks of lumber can be seen in the background in that scene.

The last scheduled run for the Reader was on Dec. 2, 1972. It then ran once per month until May, 1973, when service was discontinued except for a few special runs. The Berry Asphalt plant at Waterloo closed in 1973 and the railroad was having trouble meeting new federal regulations for passenger service. A decision was made to start taking up the track beginning at Waterloo and working back toward Reader. A part of our history was rapidly coming to an end.

The good used cross-ties were bundled up and removed, but many were discarded and left scattered along the right-of-way. Many of these were salvaged by local residents for use as fence posts.

All that remains of the Possum Trot Line is a short line running from Reader to Hwy. 24. This was used to give tourists short rides, but eventually, this too was discontinued. Some of the structures can still be seen at the Hwy. 24 crossing, but have not been used since the train was discontinued.

About the time the track was taken up in the mid-1970s, International Paper Co. became interested in the old railroad bed for use as a logging road. The timber company had just purchased

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most of the land along the route and needed a way to access the timber. I was working for them at the time and was involved in converting the railroad into a logging road.

Just before the track was removed, my supervisor and I rode one of those little railroad work cars down the track counting the number of spans across creeks and sloughs. The company agreed to purchase these spans with the stringers still intact to be used as the support for bridges for the logging road. Each span was about 10 or 12 feet in length. Some bridges were only one or two spans, but one was 27 spans in length across a wide wet area in Caney Creek bottom. This was all pretty exciting for me since it was a diversion from our regular type work.

The timber company put treated bridge planks on these stringers and had a ready made logging road. This logging road went in both directions from the Lackland Springs crossing. Many of these bridges were later replaced with large culverts since many of the pole supports of the old railroad became rotten and were no longer safe. Most of the railroad right-of-way not used for the logging road has now grown up in brush. A few years ago, the main railroad line from Gurdon to Camden was also dismantled.

In 1985, the Reader Railroad was used in the filming of the television mini-series called *The North and the South*. This brought more famous stars to the town of Reader like Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings, and Patrick Swayze. Some buildings were constructed for use in the film. These still stand at the Hwy. 368 crossing in Reader.

The Reader Railroad is not completely dead. The current owners have just put up a new web site (<http://readerrailroad.com>) where you can view pictures of the train and even a video of the train in operation. The owners are still making the old steam engines available for use in movies when needed. According to the web site, the train has been used in 16 movies and television series including *3:10 to Yuma*, *O Brother, Where Art Thou*, *There Will Be Blood*, *The North and the South*, *Appaloosa*, and *Boxcar Bertha*. The engines and passenger cars are transported by truck to wherever they are needed.

There is something about a steam train that excites many people--both young and old. I am thankful for the memories I have of the Reader Railroad and the part it played in the history of Nevada County.

NOTES REGARDING PLACES SHOWN ON MAP

Terrapin Neck – Official name is New Hope, but is known locally as Terrapin Neck. The New Hope church still exists. There is some evidence of an old cemetery directly behind the church. There was also a school here until it was consolidated with Bluff City in 1929.

Lyda – An old community. A post office by this name existed there from 1902-1908. An old cemetery with one or two markers exists at the edge of the highway near this location.

Reader – small town where the Possum Trot Line intersected with the main railroad. A small part of the town is in Nevada County, but most is in Ouachita County.

Sayre – An old community on the main railroad line. The railroad has been dismantled. This community does not exist today as an official town.

Reader Railroad – Shown in red on the map. Known as the Possum Trot Line.

Bluff City – One of the oldest communities in Nevada County. Population today is less than 200.

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Barham – An old community that no longer exists. It was located near the intersection of Hwys. 24 and Hwy. 368. It had a post office at one time.

Cummings Spring – A water stop on the Possum Trot Line. Members of the Cummings family still live nearby.

Lackland Crossing – Point where the Possum Trot Line crossed the Lackland Springs Rd. Lackland Springs was a well known resort area for many years. Lackland had a post office from 1888-1907 as well as a school, church, and store.

Gum Grove – Originally a post office called Lone Grove from 1858-1866. A school was located here until about 1929. A Church of Christ was located here until 1980. Nothing remains.

Sayre Lumber Co. railroad – This railroad is even older than the Reader Railroad.

Goose Ankle – An old community known officially as Rocky Hill. See last month's issue for pictures of Rocky Hill Methodist Church.

Ebenezer – An old community that dates back to about 1850. A school and Methodist church were once located here. A large cemetery is all that remains.

Foss – An old community. It had a post office from 1896-1917. Nothing remains.

Theo – An old community named for Theodore Gulley. It had a post office from 1904-1935 as well as a small school and a couple of churches. Nothing remains.

Zama – Community with store and a post office (1887-1909). Nothing remains.

Dill's Mill – Location of large saw mill (see article). Some evidence of the saw mill remains if you know where to look.

Morris – Had a post office from 1893-1909. A Baptist church and cemetery is located there. It is known locally as Caney. Once had a school and a Nazarene church.

Possum Trot – An old community with a school. Nothing remains. The namesake for the Possum Trot Line

Cale – Small community (population less than 100) that still exists. Post office dates from 1901.

Washington-Camden Rd. – One of the main roads from Camden to Washington, Arkansas in the 1800s.

Carolina – Site of the Carolina Methodist church which still stands, but has not been used in many years. It is one of the oldest churches in this area and is on the list of historic places. It is located on the old Washington-Camden road. A community known as Caney was nearby (not to be confused with the Caney at Morris). It had a post office from 1850-1906.

Ames – A point where the Possum Trot Line crossed the Camden-Rosston highway. Named for George Ames, a prominent oil man when oil was discovered in the area

Waterloo – The southern terminus of the Possum Trot Line. The town developed almost overnight in the 1920s when oil was discovered there. Post office dates from 1927-1971.



Thanks to all who tried to identify this object from last month's issue. The original picture was taken horizontally. I didn't want to make it too easy for you. Answers I received included: sand castles on a beach, stalagmites on the floor of a cave, wood damaged by termites, high rises in an ant hill, sand formations built by a well sun-burned family, and a landscape made of sand castles. Three people had the correct answer.

Actually, it is a piece of split wood taken from a tree that was growing on my family's farm near Bluff City. Most folks in our part of the country call it a Tickle Tongue tree. Other names are Toothache Tree and Hercules Club. The "bumps" on this particular piece are more prominent than most.

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It is said the Indians used this tree for several medical problems. They chewed the bark which numbed the mouth and relieved tooth ache. They boiled the leaves and made a medicine for arthritis and rheumatism.

It is a rather unusual tree that does not get very tall. This particular one was about six inches in diameter near the ground and this piece was taken from the bottom portion of the tree. The bumps were much smaller a few feet from the ground.

Next assignment: This is from the label of a bottled soft drink that was popular when I was growing up. Can you put the correct name of this soft drink in the blank?

AMERICA'S FINEST KOLA

BIGGEST THIRST VALUE UNDER THE SUN

AN UNUSUAL OBITUARY (from the 10-25-1936 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*)

Magnolia, Oct. 25--Mrs. Margaret Dennis, age 91, who was pronounced dead by two physicians 52 years ago, and whose grave was dug, but who regained consciousness and lived to tell of "cheating the grave" succumbed today at her home 10 miles northwest of Magnolia. She was injured in a fall three weeks ago, and this is believed to have hastened her death.

On every Decoration Day since 1883, when Mrs. Dennis had been believed dead for several days, the grave that was dug for her has been decorated. She personally saw that this annual event was not neglected. After she had recovered from the illness that was believed to have caused her death, Mrs. Dennis assisted in refilling the grave.

During the past few years, Mrs. Dennis had occupied her time with knitting and crocheting. She made more than a dozen bedspreads the past two years.

Mrs. Dennis was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Frazier. Mr. Frazier built the old Colonial home on the spot where the first Columbia county seat was located, in the Frog Level community. The seat of government subsequently was moved to Magnolia. The old Frazier home, built in 1853, still stands.

Mrs. Dennis is survived by three sons, Clint, John, and Hammond Dennis; a daughter, Mrs. Sallie Thraikill; and a brother, Lee Frazier. All live at or near Waldo. Funeral services will be held at 11 a.m. at Shiloh.

A news item from *The Prescott Daily News* (9-3-1910)

A dusky damsel of the lewd order was taken in tow last night by Marshal Johnson and placed in the jail where she languished during the night. She was turned out this morning and given hours to leave town.

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Here is how Prescott celebrated the Fourth of July 100 years ago (as reported in *The Nevada News in 1908*)

The Fourth in Prescott was very quiet. During the early hours of the morning, there was considerable stir by parties getting off to the many points of attraction, and trade for a short while was active. But after 10 o'clock a quietness fell over the town that reminded one of Sunday and from that hour until the evening trains began to arrive, there was nothing doing in town. The principal points of interest were: Boughton, where the Masonic lodge gave a barbecue and picnic which was attended by several hundred of our people; the Sunday school picnic given by the Christian church at Providence, to which the entire membership was present beside a number of others; a picnic at McIntosh's Bluff attended by a dozen or more of Prescott's leading young ladies and gentlemen; Texarkana where fifty or more witnessed the grandest celebration ever given by a city of that size in the south.

Besides numerous fishing parties of from two to six, who dotted the river, bayous, lakes, and creek banks of this section, all through the day returning in the evening late with a fine showing for their efforts. It is said that the fish caught on Saturday was the greatest number ever caught in any one day in this vicinity.

And the few who remained at home either lounged about the house all day, enjoying a brief rest, or took the occasion for one in which to catch up with some delayed work that the activities of routine duty had previously prevented.

But throughout it all there was a spirit of saneness that made the day one of unusual enjoyment, entirely devoid of the mishaps and unpleasant incidents which have heretofore characterized our Fourths.

PEPPER RELISH (a canning recipe from 1927)

12 red peppers
12 onions
12 green peppers
1 pint vinegar
1 tablespoon salt
1 pint water
2 cups sugar

Remove seeds from peppers and run them through food chopper with coarse blade or cut with scissors. Peel onion and chop likewise. Cover with boiling water and let stand for 10 minutes. Mix together spices, sugar, vinegar, and water and cook for five minutes. Note: (recipe did not list any spices other than salt--??) Drain pepper and onions and add vinegar solution. Boil 10 minutes and pack in sterilized jars. Process for 15 minutes.

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---Somewhere in the hills of Arkansas - I love the scenery. *J. S. -- Arkansas*

---I would live in the USA. I have visited many places throughout the world several times and there is not a country on this earth, including Europe that is better than the USA. *D. B.--Texas*

---I grew up in a small north-Louisiana town called Minden, married and moved away. I've always loved Minden, with its quaint brick streets through the downtown area, and I recently bought an old home there (93 years old!) and have finally completed some extensive remodeling and updating. Right now, it's a second home where I spend time as often as I'm able, but I'll eventually make a permanent move back. *E. L. --Alabama*

---Western North Carolina in the summer and Eastern North Carolina in the winter -- I love the mountains and the seashore! *C. W. --Arkansas*

---Right here in the good ole United States of America . The “why” is obvious --- FREEDOM!

C. F.--Arkansas

---The USA. I enjoy the freedom, especially the freedom to worship. *J. H.—Arkansas*

---America is the only place I would want to live. *J. F. --Arkansas*

3. Describe a job you once had that was unusual.

---The job I held for the last 15 years that I was employed was a bit unusual in that I taught children with a medical reason for not being in school. I taught all ages that the school system served from infant stimulation through whatever students were studying in high school. Sometimes I had to study harder than the students! I taught them in their homes and in hospitals. Sometimes I had the help of younger siblings and the family pets. Since the students were constantly changing, life was never dull. *B. T. -- Texas*

---Teaching morals and ethics in what we would call middle school in Murmansk, Russia. Murmansk is the largest city in the world above the Arctic Circle. *D. B.-- Texas*

---Although I don't consider any of my jobs that unusual, I've had some exceptionally interesting ones. In my last job (which lasted over 30 years) as manager of a large utility, one of my major functions was in public relations. Much of my time was involved in keeping in close contact with elected officials, attending meetings and dinners, and escorting many of them to the annual Senior Bowl football game, as well as the huge outdoor dinner preceding it. *E. L. --Alabama*

---Cooking hamburgers in the back of a general store in rural Arkansas. *C. W. -- Arkansas*

---Being the chaperone to Sophia Loren in Dallas for a week back in 1984. *C. F. --Arkansas*

4. What do you think was the greatest invention up to the present time? Why?

---The greatest invention has to be the microwave oven! What a time-saver. I've owned at least one continuously since 1968. *B. T. -- Texas*

---Electricity - without it there are so many things that we wouldn't have now. *J. S. -- Arkansas*

---Running water **Why?** To answer this question all one has to do is think about what the situation would be is there were no running water. About every thing else we could manage, but in our society try getting through a day without running water. *D. B. -- Texas*

---There are too many inventions from which to choose, but I'd select the computer and internet since that invention has shrunk the world so that anyone with a computer can be talking to someone on the other side of the world at any time. *E. L. – Alabama*

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---Thank God for this man who discovered electricity! And, I'd ask him how he determined how he could harness that force and make it into light. Thank goodness, our eyesight was saved from having to read by candlelight. Oh, thank you, Mr. Edison, from a night owl who cannot STAND not having light for reading, electricity for that infernal television, and for helping connect me to friends all over this world simply by having an electric outlet (and a phone outlet) for this infernal computin' contraption! *E. L.—Alabama*

---The greatest invention up to the present time is the printed word – and what was entailed with making that possible, i.e., the development of language to be able to communicate ideas, the invention of symbols to represent sounds of words, the machine which could print multiple copies of ideas. With the printed word we can communicate with people near and far. Otherwise, we could only communicate with people on a one-to-one basis while being eyeball-to-eyeball. Because of the printed word, we can share ideas, emotions, stories, histories, etc., etc. with anyone who will read what has been printed. The internet could not have been conceived without first the printing press. Without the internet, you and I might never have met. *M. S -- Oklahoma*

---Television -- it has probably influenced more people from all walks of life than any other single invention. *C. W.--Arkansas*

---Probably the computer, however, air conditioning is the most comfortable. *C. F.—Arkansas*

---Television because it opened up the world to everyone. Don't get me wrong. I don't approve of all the programming, but I think the good material outweighs the bad. *J. F.--Arkansas*

5. If you could live your life over, what changes would you make?

---There were times in my past when if I could have done things differently, I would have, but as I look back on the whole picture, I don't think I would have changed anything for it has been a good life. I had wonderful, loving parents who wanted the best for me. I had the opportunity to obtain an excellent education and to work in a field that I enjoyed with people that I liked. I have children that I am proud of and some terrific grandchildren. I have a good retirement and am able to travel and see a lot of the world. No, I wouldn't change a thing--God knows what he's doing. *B. T. --Texas*

---Can't think of anything I would change. *J. S. -- Arkansas*

---That is a hard question for me, because I have been blessed beyond measure thus far in my life. I suppose I would have sought more formal education earlier in life than I did, but in view of what I have been able to do, I am not even sure of that. *D. B. -- Texas*

---Not a blessed thing! I keep the good, the bad, and the ugly! *E. L. --Alabama*

---I'd work harder at being healthy when I was younger. *C. W.--Arkansas*

---I would have asserted myself at a younger age so that I could have been more involved in the things that are important to me. *C. F.--Arkansas*

---I would be more understanding of people who have different views and be more patient with my siblings and parents. *J. F.--Arkansas*

6. Do you think the United States has already reached its peak, or do you think our best days are yet to come? Explain why you feel the way you do.

---I hope our country has not peaked. I do not agree with many of the government programs, but when you read of the problems of the past that the country has endured and overcome, I think it

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will continue to muddle along. Thanks to the fact that so many people have to get together on any single topic and they don't seem to be able to do that, not a great deal of damage gets done!
B. T. --Texas

---I feel we have already peaked. Until we get our country back to God I don't think we can continue.
J. S. -- Arkansas

---I think in what really matters it has reached its peak and is in a state of decline. When the morality of a nation breaks down, as has been happening in the USA for a long time; when the home begins to break down as has been happening for a long time, too; and when people become more materialistic, as has happened in the USA, before a country can continue to better itself, it must return to the basics of morality and the foundation of the home. The foundation for morals and the home is God and the Bible, no matter how backward that may sound to modern ears. With the development of pluralism, everything being relative, that truth is not objective and humanly attainable, along with the growth of agnosticism, atheism, materialism, secularism and a general attitude of "let me do my own thing", everything that made this country into what it was is in decay. The answer to all sorts of ills is going to be found in returning to God as it is set out in the Bible in general and the New Testament in particular.
D. B.--- Texas

---Our best days, I fear, are behind us. Look at our choices for president of this country now! That tells a sad tale! And, of all things, we must 'Press 1 for English'!!!
E. L.--Alabama

---The United States has a long way to go before she reaches her "peak". I am reminded of our studies in World History as I contemplate my answer. The Roman Empire was every bit as glorious and firmly established in "worldly prominence" as our beloved country is today. Our nation is, in its present state, "going strong"; however, I, along with countless others, have often heard/read about the way history *repeats itself*! Rome was destroyed, little by little as a result of political turmoil, greed "at the top", lack of concern for natural resources, moral decay, and many other factors. I can't help but witness, on a daily basis, many of the same, exact faults occurring every day in the U.S. as in the destruction of the Roman Empire! It didn't happen overnight! Rome was a forward-thinking, technologically-advanced, materially rich, militarily advanced nation and world power....a power that no other nation could even come close to defeating, in armed conflict or political strength! When Rome spoke, people all over the world listened and, in most cases, heeded what was said! Unfortunately, for the Roman Empire, and (my opinion) any other national power that found itself literally *too* big to cope with its own size and strength (ignoring history's past mistakes), it imploded upon itself, crumbling from within....vulnerable to the unavoidable total destruction by the remaining world super powers! I have a real fear concerning the future of our children and their children's children! I'm afraid we are headed toward one of the most destructive situations for any nation to survive: Anarchy! I pray for our beloved nation's deliverance from such a disaster but I fear too much has occurred already; ie, all-time high fuel prices, a failing economy, commodity price speculation/manipulation and subsequent profit-taking, un-fettered illegal immigration, continuing racial strife, an *obvious* decay of morals (movies, books, internet, crime rates, etc), failing churches of ALL denominations, and a real national apathy toward the well-being of fellow Americans. While the list could go on and on, I think I've pretty much hit upon the most sensitive and crucial points, upon which a successful country must build and maintain itself! We, as a nation of diverse and unique peoples, are at a crossroad. I recall reading about a warning put in place thousands of years ago: (I won't attempt to quote, as I don't dare add-to or take-away from the Holy Scriptures!) The promise that our Father in Heaven made to us upon His destruction of the world

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with a flood....The next time the world is totally destroyed, it will be accomplished by the use of FIRE. I don't fear for just the United States; rather, I fear for the entire world! My reasons for such fear are pretty obvious: The world has gotten itself in pretty much the same fix as it was when Noah was instructed to construct the ark! Look around. One can't rent a movie without checking the "filth level" first! One can't provide proper medical care for his/her family, due to having to make a choice between buying fuel or staying home, hoping for a home-cure! We must lock our possessions and ourselves away every day/night, for fear that someone will become desperate to the point of committing robbery and/or homicide in an attempt to obtain enough goods to sell for a drug fix! Our Congress (state & federal) can't seem to reach an agreement on anything, due to non-partisan/partisan politics! Our nation's elderly, veterans, women & children, and handicapped cannot obtain even a decent level of care...due to the cannibalization of one federal program in order to keep another afloat! Churches all over America are being forced to shut down, due to low congregation numbers. This, to me, is indicative of the moral decay mentioned earlier! Our young people, though not so much different than their predecessors, simply don't have a desire or ambition to learn the "where the rubber meets the road" information we were so matter-of-factly provided: Geography, History, English Grammar, etc. They want to spend much of their time playing their computer games, surfing the internet, texting on their phones, etc. There's not a whole lot wrong with their wanting to do those things but, when they take up the time that could be spent on learning the pitfalls of our ancestors....the mistakes *they* made, the location and social make-up of other countries, the mind-set of our world counterparts, the ambitions and goals of our enemies, our children will be at the mercy of what ever fiendish and merciless actions those enemies will most certainly take against them! Finally, I want to sound-off over the actions of our leaders in Washington. I spent twenty-plus years in the U.S. Army and during those years I saw and "rubbed shoulders" with a variety of people from other countries. I tried to empathize with most of them, looking at the world "through their eyes". I can honestly and sincerely say, I'd never for a moment consider leaving our wonderful, free country! I can say with equal passion, I am sorely disappointed with our elected officials, from the local, all the way to the presidency! We are a world power! We have resources with which to stave off the current fuel crisis! We are strong enough to call for and initiate the exploration and extraction of whatever amount of oil required to satisfy America's fuel needs! We can, and should put an end to illegal immigration. Our country has long been involved in the legal acceptance of those who desire a fresh new start in the "Land of the Free"! Remember Ellis Island? We are a powerful nation! We are, at this very moment, involved in the rebuilding of an oil-rich, terrorist-rich country in the same area where God created man! There is no rationale for our country to be in the current situation! We simply MUST fill the voids in our social structure: Put GOD/PRAYER back in the classroom! Put GOD/PRAYER back in Congress! Put GOD/PRAYER back in our country's welfare and social programs! And finally: Return GOD/PRAYER to our family-structure! With God's help, we'll pull out of this quagmire and move forward once again! My heart of heart tells me He is simply waiting for us to ask for His help! *J. H.--Arkansas*

---I am afraid we may be going downhill from here. It seems to me life is becoming quite difficult for a lot of people because of our current economy, lack of confidence in our government, and those characteristics I mentioned in my answer to Question 1 seem to be a thing of the past for many. Perhaps this is just a slump from which we will recover -- I hope so. *C. W. - Arkansas*

---I hope not, but it all depends on the political leaders we choose in the upcoming election. If we

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make the wrong choices as a nation, it could set us back 100 years. *C. F. --Arkansas*

---I feel that we have peaked. People, especially people in politics and corporations, have become so greedy for power and money that they have sold out our country. We are so quickly leaving God and the Bible, and without the Bible as a guide, anything goes. There is no moral standard by which to live; people make and live by their own rules. We have rapidly become a society dependent upon the government; too many people expect entitlements. We are losing our middle class that has been the backbone of our society. We are headed toward a two-class society---the rich and the poor like most other countries. We seem to be going backward while many other countries are booming and blooming at our expense. *J. H.—Arkansas*

---I think our best days are ahead if we choose to make them great. In my opinion, I think this is the best, most wonderful, and safest place and be able to express our opinions and views and worship as we please. *J. F.--Arkansas*

7. If you could spend 30 minutes with a famous person, living or dead, who would it be? What would you ask him or her?

---Dolly Madison would be the famous person I would choose to spend time with. I would like to know how she went about saving the contents of the White House when the British were going to burn it. How did she go about selecting which things were the most important and how she managed to transport those things to a safe place. *B. T. --Texas*

---Since I love genealogy it would be any of my ancestors so I could ask more genealogy questions. *J. S. -- Arkansas*

---President John Adams. I would like to know his opinion of what we have done with his country and his ideas. Are we doing a good job or have we distorted his ideas and values? *B. B. -Arkansas*

---Jesus Christ. I would ask Him what is there about me that is worth Him leaving heaven, coming to earth, living a sinless life, suffering and dying that terrible death on the cross? Then I would say to Him, "Lord, you can finish explaining my answer to me when we are under no time constraints." *D. B. -- Texas*

---Margaret Mitchell. I'd like to just talk with her about her inspiration for the novel *Gone With the Wind*. *C. W.--Arkansas*

---Ronald Reagan. I would ask him what we can do to bring this nation back together and why people can't see that it is only a matter of time before the Muslims will attack us again right here in the USA if we don't stop them abroad. *C. F.—Arkansas*

---Elvis Presley. I would ask him to sing "*In The Garden*". *J. F.—Arkansas*

Bits of Wit and Wisdom

Teacher: "What tense is 'I am beautiful.'?"

Student: "Past"

At home, Dad may be the Chief Executive,
but Mom is the Speaker of the House.

Next Assignment: In 1915, a company in Prescott, Arkansas produced a product called Parfay. If you would like to guess what it was, sent me your answer.

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In the last issue I asked you to identify the name of the soft drink with the slogan on the label—"America's Finest Kola—Biggest Thirst Value Under The Sun". Well, here is the answer—POP KOLA.

These were very popular when I was growing up. I remember them having lucky numbers under the cap. If you got one of those numbers—I think seven, and eleven,—you got another free drink.

I can remember getting them at George Henry's service station in Bluff City from the cold drink box. They were usually ice cold and sometimes even had a little frozen ice in them.

Do you remember having "Peanuts and Coke" when you were growing up? I mean the southern tradition of buying a Coke, Pop Kola, Pepsi, or RC and a bag of salted peanuts. You would drink a little from the bottle and then pour some peanuts into the bottle using your thumb and forefinger as a funnel. When you took a swig, you got peanuts and Coke—a real southern delicacy. The trick was to get all the peanuts out of the bottle with the last swallow. You need a real Coke in a bottle—not Diet Coke.

The drink and the peanuts probably cost you less than twenty cents in those days. And you could bring the bottle back for a two cent refund. Drinks such as these were called by various names—coke, pop, or soda pop. My Aunt Myrtie called it "belly washer".

Don Honea sent in this family story concerning an incident in the Bodcaw area of Nevada County about 1910-11.

CIRCUS LION ESCAPES

There was a report that a lion had escaped from a circus in the Camden area about a week earlier. Of course, this lion was purportedly seen in numerous locations in the surrounding area, including Bodcaw.

My grandfather had several horses and he wanted them moved from one pasture to another. They were initially located in a pasture some distance from the house and next to a peach orchard. My dad, being the young strapping lad that he was, was tasked with the job of moving the horses. He expressed his concern about the lion that might possibly be in the area but was assured that the reports were only rumors.

So, burdened with fear and trepidation and armed with a big stick and a pocket full of rocks, he started on the path to where the horses were pastured. He walked through the peach orchard to get to the fence enclosing the pasture. Of course, he envisioned that the lion could be lurking under every bush or tree in the vicinity. He got to the pasture fence and saw that the horses were gathered in a bunch over in a far corner. He went over the fence and started walking toward the horses. He had gone about 20 yards when the horses stopped grazing, threw up their heads, whirled towards him and came at a full gallop. In my dad's mind, nothing could make those horses stampede like that but the sight and scent of that escaped lion.

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Knowing that the lion was right behind the horses, dad turned and made a dash for the fence. Over the fence he went back into the orchard and speeded to the tallest peach tree at hand. He jumped into the lower branches and started climbing. And climb he did - right out the top of the peach tree and tumbled to the ground. Scratched and bleeding, he reached into his pocket for the rocks he had carried, aiming to defend himself as best he could from the vicious and ravenous lion.

About that time, the horses arrived at the fence and stopped. With pointed ears, they calmly looked over the fence at him as if wondering if he had brought some goodies for them to eat. Standing, disgusted, he brushed himself off. Then, with the horses quietly following, he walked over to the other pasture gate and completed the transfer. It was several weeks before he could bring himself to relate to the family the full story of the escaped lion in the horse pasture.

THE WISDOM OF A WOMAN (from the 7-29-1910 issue of the Nevada County Picayune)

A wise woman once said there were three follies of men which always amused her. The first was climbing a tree to shake the fruit down, when if they would wait long enough, the fruit would fall itself. The second was going to war to kill each other, when if they only waited, they would die naturally, and the third was that they should run after women, when if they did not do so, the women would be sure to run after them.

E. N. Daniell and Son shoe shop in Prescott had this ad in the paper for their business

SOLE DOCTOR

It's the soles of people I keep in view,
For I'm the doctor of boot and shoe;
And I serve the living and not the dead,
With the best of leather, wax, and thread.

I can sew on a sole or nail it fast,
There's nothing snide about what I can do
Doubt not my statement
For my work proves it true.

I can give you a lift, too, in this life—
Not only you, but your family and wife.
A great many patients come to my door,
Worn out and run down, besides feeling
sore.

Though I don't use poulice, plaster, or pill,
I cure all sick shoes, no matter how ill.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED UNTIL IT RIPS, BURSTS, OR TEARS E. N. DANIELL AND SON

They call him "Jigsaw". Every time there's a problem, he goes to pieces.

Correction: In the article about the Possum Trot Line in the last issue, I mentioned Keith Carradine as being in the movie "Boxcar Bertha". It should have been David Carradine.

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MURAL AT PRESCOTT, ARKANSAS

If you have traveled through Prescott, Arkansas recently, you have probably seen this mural painted on the side of a store building at one of the busiest intersections in town. It has become one of the most photographed spots in town.

Here's a little background information as reported in the county newspaper. The mural was painted by Jorge and Maria Villegas of El Dorado and was completed in August, 2000. The cost of the project was \$46,000.

I will have to say that the painters did an excellent job and it has greatly improved the image of the town. The painting portrays some of the historical past of Prescott and Nevada County as well as some of the modern day industry and recreation advantages of this area.

On the far left of the mural is the old iron bridge which I will discuss later. Next is a scene of some of the store buildings in Prescott. In the center is a steam train which could represent all the railroads in Nevada County. The main railroad line is just a few feet from this mural, although the trains these days are more modern than the steam train in the mural. The railroad has always played an important role in the history of Prescott. The steam train could also represent the old steam engines once used on the Prescott & Northwestern railroad or the steam train known as the Possum Trot Line which once operated between Reader and Waterloo (see the July issue for more information on that railroad).

Next is a scene showing piles of logs and standing timber which represents the timber industry. Even though the Potlatch sawmill in Prescott just closed a few months ago, Nevada County still has an abundance of good quality timber just waiting for better economic times. Also pictured are some deer which represent the good hunting opportunities in this part of the state. The county has an abundance of deer, turkey, squirrel, and other game animals.

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The little park next to the mural was once the location of a well known five and dime store called Sterling's which I'm sure most Nevada County residents remember. A sign on the store in a 1965 photo showed the prices as 5-10-25 cents. These variety stores are now a thing of the past, but almost every town of any size once had one. Probably the most famous was F. W. Woolworth stores which finally closed in 1994. If you are ever in Branson, Missouri, you should visit the old five and dime store there to get an idea of what one was like.

About the time the mural was being painted, a contest was held to name this little park. The winner was Meredith DeWoody who suggested the name Sterling Square Park. Wouldn't it be nice if the whole town of Prescott could be as neat as this little part of town?

THE IRON BRIDGE

Some of you who have admired the mural have probably wondered where the iron bridge is located. It crosses the Little Missouri River northeast of Prescott at a place once called McIntosh's Bluff, which was once a popular recreation spot. The bridge is still there, but it is not open to traffic. I can remember driving across it in the 1970s. Like everything man-made, it had deteriorated over the years until it became unsafe to use.



Here is a picture of the bridge I took in 1996 looking from the Nevada County side of the river. A large mound of dirt blocked the road to keep vehicles off the bridge. The land is flat on the Nevada County side, but hilly across the river in Clark County.

The bridge was built about 100 years ago. According to the newspapers at that time, a meeting was held at McIntosh's Bluff on the Little Missouri River to discuss building a bridge to connect Nevada and Clark counties. Other sites visited were Hayes Crossing and the Okolona Crossing. Those present were County Judge Denman and Commissioners Britt and Wallace for Nevada Co. and Judge Hardage and Commissioners Ross and Hughes for Clark Co.

After some discussion a vote was taken and the result was:

For the Bluff—4 (Denman, Britt, Hardage, and Hughes)

For Hayes Crossing—2 (McRae and Ross)

The bridge was projected to cost \$8,000 and would be put just above where the ferry was located at that time. The approach to the bridge on the Nevada County side would be

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raised about four feet and on the Clark Co. side; a cut of eight to ten feet would be needed. Nevada Co. would have about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile of bottom to grade and drain, but Clark Co. would not have any bottom land.

The iron for the bridge was shipped to Boughton by rail and transported to the bridge site. According to the newspaper, work was set to begin on the bridge in July, 1908 and should be completed within sixty days, so this is the 100th anniversary of the old iron bridge.

I told you in the last issue about a product made in Prescott called Parfay and asked you to take a guess as to what it was. Here is the answer. Sounds like it might have been a good drink on a hot day, but might not have been too popular in the wintertime.

Drink
Parfay

PRESCOTT'S OWN DRINK

We are not simply bottlers of **Parfay** in Prescott. We are wholesalers and distributors. Making Prescott the center of all the enormous **Parfay** business that is being built up in this section of the State.

So when you order **Parfay** you can do so with the feeling that it is very much Prescott's own drink.

And once you have tried **Parfay**, once you have found for yourself how delicious, how delightful, how refreshing and invigorating **Parfay** is, then you will continue to drink **Parfay** for the sake of the drink itself.

So try **PARFAY**. Try it, if you will, because it is new, because it is a local industry, try it for this that or the other reason but in any case **try it today**. Do this and you will drink **Parfay**, you will drink it tomorrow, the next day and each day thereafter simply because it represents the very utmost of soft drink goodness.

Prescott Ice & Milling Company
Prescott, Arkansas
Here. There. Everywhere.
At Founts **5¢** or Bottled

As Stimulating
Parfay As a
Cold Bath

Parfay's stimulation is very much like that of a cold plunge, or a brisk ten minute's walk in the keen morning air.

When you're hot and tired and all worn out from the day's hard work you can step across the street, or around the corner, and in a glass of **Parfay** find all the delightful and wholesome stimulation that you could obtain from a refreshing cold bath.

Try it To-day—

Prescott Ice & Milling Co.
Prescott, Arkansas
Here. There. Everywhere.
At Founts **5¢** or Bottled

Ads from Prescott Daily News

PRESCOTT ICE AND MILLING COMPANY

A well known business in the early days of Prescott was the Prescott Ice and Milling Co. It was a source for ice for the residents of Prescott and was also a well known beverage bottling plant. An advertisement in 1912 invited the public to come to the plant to observe how the bottles were cleansed and sterilized and how the beverages were made.

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The following list of flavors was given in the ad. All of them cost \$1.00 for a case of 24 half-pint bottles except for the Hop Ale which was \$1.15 per case.

Hop Ale	Jersey Cream	Pineapple	Chocolate
Plezol	Strawberry	Cherry	Sarsaparilla
Lemon Sweet	Peach	Blossoms	Hot Tom
Cream	Orange	Gay-Ola (Coke)	Grape
Root Beer	Vanilla	Afri-Cola	
Blackberry	Ginger Ale	(Coke)	

The company also sold mineral water and distilled water in half gallon and five gallon bottles. Customers could return the empty bottles for a refund. The telephone number for the company was 56.

LARGE FAMILY CONVICTED OF MURDER IN MAINE (from the 6-18-1921 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*)

In unmistakable terms the supreme court of Maine recently affirmed the action of the lower court in the conviction and sentence of death passed upon the Musca Domestica family.

This is the first instance where an entire family regardless of the age or sex of the members, received the death sentence by a court of the United States. The record of the trial shows one member of the family was only four days old. The members of the family were not permitted to introduce any evidence in their behalf.

They were placed on trial for murder. The family received the most scathing denunciation ever delivered by a court when the Supreme Court speaking through its chief justice said of the head of the family, which applies to all members:

“He is the meanest of all scavengers. He delights in reveling in all kinds of filth; the greater the putrescence, the more to his taste. Of every vermin, he, above all others, is least able to prove an alibi when charged with having been in touch with every kind of corruption, and with having become contaminated with the germs thereof. After free indulgence in the cesspools of disease and filth, he then possesses the further obnoxious attribute of being most agile, and persistent in ability to distribute the germs of almost every deadly form of contagion.”

This same family has relatives in every state in the Union and every member of that family is a murderer. Every citizen who enjoys life should be at all times armed to deal death and destruction to members of this family wherever he may meet them.

Who is this Musca Domestica? The ordinary house fly, which is ever busy transporting cholera, typhoid fever, and other deadly germs.

Swat him!

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I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT.... By Jerry McKelvy

MY FIRST AIRPLANE RIDE

I know that traveling by airplane is statistically one of the safest ways to travel. Thousands of planes are in the air on any given day, but occasionally we do hear about one that crashes. When you look at the numbers, you will see that many more people die each year in automobile crashes than airplane crashes.

I never liked wild rides of any kind. I have never ridden a roller coaster or any carnival rides any wilder than a Ferris wheel. I would never consider riding a bucking bull at a rodeo or participating in activities like bungee jumping. I don't even think I would like snow skiing. I would probably end up with a broken bone or plastered against a tree. I do remember some fun we had one day after an ice storm using an old refrigerator door for a sled on a steep hill behind our house.

I was 36 years old before I ever rode in an airplane and that was sort of forced upon me. A tornado had hit a part of Camden in April, 1979. I was working for International Paper Co. at the time helping to manage their forest lands in that area. It was decided that a survey was needed from the air to determine the extent of the storm damage to the company's timber.

I had been working with aerial photographs as part of my job and was familiar with the company's land as viewed from the air. I was asked to go along on the flight to survey the storm damage and help pinpoint the company's land from the air. I don't know how they talked me into doing it, but I reluctantly agreed to go along.

We chartered a small plane at the Camden airport. I think there were four of us on the trip including my boss and two more supervisors above his level. The pilot was a young fellow, but he seemed to know what he was doing. It was decided that I should ride in the front seat next to the pilot so I could see well. All I could think about was that if something happened to the pilot, I would have to be the one to try and land the airplane, and I didn't have the slightest idea how to do that. I couldn't help but notice how flimsy this small plane appeared to be. I hoped it had been checked out mechanically.

The plane was equipped with a radio and the pilot had to get special clearance to fly over the storm damaged area. We finally got up in the air and headed north following the Ouachita River to Tate's Bluff where the Little Missouri River merged with the Ouachita. We then followed the Little Missouri to near Prescott. The woods were flooded from all the recent rainfall, and I didn't much like flying over all that water. I felt a little better when we got around Prescott and could see open fields below us. I figured we might be able to land in a field in an emergency.

The weather was not cooperating very well for our flight. Strong winds caused the plane to hit air pockets and sometimes it felt like we would drop several feet. We finally got over the tornado path near White Oak Lake and followed the storm track back to Camden. The others were looking down at all the timber damage, and I was acting the part of the navigator telling them about where we were as I picked out different landmarks from the air.

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Despite it being a bumpy ride, I was beginning to enjoy or at least tolerate the experience. We were soon back near Camden and I was looking forward to the landing when the top supervisor decided we should fly over the tornado path one more time. We spent about an hour and a half in the air and then headed back to the airport. I felt better when I was back on the ground. That was my first airplane ride and it will probably be my last unless there is a good reason to do it again. I did have several chances in later years to ride in a helicopter, but declined the invitations, mainly because the company pilot was a former military pilot and had a reputation for doing some wild maneuvers to prove how skillful he was with a helicopter.

The excitement of that day was not over yet. Our plane ride was in the morning, but that afternoon, a very severe storm approached Camden. The residents of the city were a bit edgy due to the recent tornado and it was beginning to look like there would be a repeat performance.

Our supervisor made the decision that we should evacuate our office and find a more secure place to wait out the storm. We quickly made our way down the street to the post office parking deck and waited underneath in the concrete parking garage where many other folks had gathered. I was not too sure this was a safe place to be since the garage was open on the western and southern sides, but it was probably a safer place than our office.

After about thirty minutes of severe lightning, thunder, and rain we made our way back to the office to finish out our day. The bumpy airplane ride in the morning and the evacuation of our office in the afternoon was enough excitement for one day.

DO YOU REMEMBER THESE?

I was thinking about some of the things I enjoyed when I was growing up. Some are still around, but most of them are just memories. If you can think of some not listed, send them to me. **Next assignment: Tell us about something that existed when you were growing up that you wish you could still buy. If you remember something from your childhood days that you really enjoyed, tell us about it. I'm mainly talking about things from before 1965. I need your answers by September 15.**

Comic Books

Little Lulu, Casper the Friendly Ghost, Archie and Jughead, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Lash LaRue, Wyatt Earp, The Lone Ranger; Davy Crockett, Superman, Superboy, Batman, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, Donald Duck, Micky Mouse, Elmer Fudd, Bugs Bunny, Woody Woodpecker.

Candy/Ice Cream/Gum

Cherry Hut, Coconut Grove, Zagnut, Clark Bar, O'Henry, Tootsie Roll; Push-ups, Zero; Coconut Plank; Bit-O-Honey; Homemade snow ice cream; Double Bubble Gum;

Toys/Games

Erector Sets, Tinkertoys, Yo-Yo, Slinky, View Master; B-B gun; Etch-A-Sketch; Hula Hoop,

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Chinese Checkers, Wahoo, Sorry, Life, Monopoly, Twister, Croquet; Jacks; Yahtzee; Hop-Skotch

TV Game Shows

What's My Line; I've Got A Secret; Twenty One; The \$64,000 Question; The Match Game; Truth or Consequences; Let's Make a Deal; Beat The Clock

TV Westerns

Sugarfoot; Cheyenne; Gunsmoke; Bat Masterson, The Rifleman; The Lone Ranger; Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy; Roy Rogers; Bonanza; The Big Valley; Broken Arrow; Have Gun Will Travel; Wyatt Earp; Cisco Kid; Range Rider; Annie Oakley; Wild Bill Hickok; Wagon Train

Other TV Shows

Amos and Andy; Ed Sullivan Show; The Honeymooners; Dr. Kildare; Mannix; Barnaby Jones; Empire; Art Linkletter; Red Skelton Show; Ben Casey; Car 54, Where Are You?; Highway Patrol; Dobie Gillis; The Fugitive; Father Knows Best; Flipper; Gilligan's Island; I Dream of Jeanie; Leave It To Beaver; Mr. Ed; Ozzie and Harriett; 77 Sunset Strip; Topper, This Is Your Life, The Millionaire; The Three Stooges; The Little Rascals; American Bandstand; Lassie; Superman; Micky Mouse Club; Captain Kangaroo; Walt Disney

SOME FAMOUS VISITORS TO PRESCOTT

Oct., 1909

President William Howard Taft passed through Prescott on a special train. The train slowed as it came through town, but did not stop. A crowd of 1000 people lined the track to catch a glimpse of the president.

Dec., 1909

Cole Younger, the noted outlaw and member of the Younger Gang, gave a lecture at the opera house. The title of the lecture was "What My Life Has Taught Me".

Sept., 1910

William Jennings Bryan, the distinguished orator, spoke to a crowd of about 3,000 people in Prescott.

1911—He was not famous when he arrived in Prescott. He was found dead in the city park, but nobody knew his identity. He was embalmed and efforts were made to locate his next of kin, but none could be found. Weeks turned into months, and months into years. He was given the name "Old Mike" and became quite an attraction over the years. He was finally buried 64 years later in 1975 at DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott.

Feb., 1918—

Tommy Bryan; ex-world champion boxer from 1890-1898; gave lectures to students and boxing exhibitions in Prescott

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Jan., 1920—

O. B. Freeman and W. O. Beaty; pioneer aviators of the aerial mail service. They were flying to Dallas and spotted Prescott's air field (Thrasher Field) and decided to land

May, 1921—

Princess Nalda, a Persian dancer, to promote her feature films at the Gem Theater

Oct., 1925—

Mutt and Jeff, cartoon characters, appeared in a one-night show

April, 1928—

"Rip", the world famous horned toad, visited Prescott as part of the Broadway of America tour. He has lived in a corner of the Eastland, TX court house for the last 31 years. I suggest you do a Google search to find the rest of the story about "Rip", the world famous horned toad.

Oct., 1929—

Adolph Topperwein known as "the wizard of the rifle" gave a shooting exhibition. He was an expert with rifle, shot-gun, and pistol.

Dec., 1937—

The bullet-riddled car in which Bonnie and Clyde (Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow) were killed was on display at Delamar Chevrolet Co. in Prescott

Dec., 1938—

The "Red Heads" girls' basketball team. The girls averaged six feet in height and had never been defeated by another girls' team.

May, 1943—

Grand Ole Opry show at Prescott under a tent at the fair grounds. Appearing were Jam-up and Honey, Eddy Arnold and the Tennessee Plowboys, Uncle Dave Macon, Minnie Pearl, and others. Admission was 60 cents for adults and 30 cents for children.

March, 1953

"Aunt Jemima" appeared at Ward's Thriftway grocery store

April, 1979

Coach Lou Holtz was speaker at the Chamber of Commerce banquet

May, 1987--

Glen Campbell played golf at the Prescott country club.

Paul Eells, TV sports announcer, spoke at the Chamber of Commerce banquet

David Houston, country singer, appeared in Prescott. He lived in Prescott in 1987 and 1988.

July, 1989—

Comedian Jerry Clower appeared at the Chicken and Egg Festival

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The Doctor, The Disobedient Daughter, and The Preacher's Son-- The Rest of the Story about William Graham Hayes and Libbie Lucille Brownlee Hayes

Editor's Note: The grave marker of William Graham Hayes and Libbie Lucille Hayes at DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott is an unusual one. I had mentioned it in a previous article about DeAnn Cemetery in the January, 2007 issue and recently received some more information from Suzanne Hayes, great grand-daughter in law of Will and Libbie Hayes.



William Graham Hayes and Libbie Lucille Brownlee Hayes were married against the wishes of her father, Dr. John Samuel Brownlee. Dr. Brownlee was a prominent physician in the Burnet, Texas area in the late 1800s and early 1900s. He threatened to disown Libbie if she married William Graham Hayes as he found him to be an “unsuitable match” for his oldest daughter. Libbie Lucille Brownlee did marry William Graham Hayes, and accordingly, Dr. Brownlee *did* disinherit her. A granddaughter, Libbie Lu, who currently resides in Texas, purportedly has a copy of Dr. Brownlee’s Last Will & Testament. Libbie Lu reports that her grandmother Libbie Lucille Brownlee Hayes received only \$1.00 at Dr. Brownlee’s death in 1909; and, apparently, more than her fair share of grief from her father in his Last Will & Testament, for her poor choice in a mate. The Brownlee family was very prominent both in social and political circles in Burnet, Texas. The newspaper in Burnet reported that the entire town shut down for Dr. Brownlee’s funeral in February of 1909, including the US Post Office.

Libbie’s mother was Mary Olivia McDonald, and she died giving birth to Libbie on April 20, 1882, approximately one year after marrying Dr. Brownlee. Libby’s father remarried several years later, and Libbie had two half brothers and two half-sisters in Burnet, Texas. Her half brother Houghton became a state senator, as well as Attorney General of Texas. Her other half-brother, Hansford (Dr. “Happy” Brownlee) was a doctor. The later President Lyndon Baines Johnson and Houghton Brownlee were good friends, and interestingly enough, at LBJ’s insistence, Dr. Happy Brownlee assisted LBJ’s surgeon in performing his appendectomy.

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As to the relationship that formed between Will and Libbie Hayes, the simple fact of the matter was that Will Hayes absolutely adored Libbie Lucille and vice versa. By all family accounts they were very devoted to one another. Libbie and Will Hayes had four sons: William Marcellus Hayes (Bill) in 1900; John Harry Hayes, M. D., in 1904; James McDonald Hayes, M. D., in 1907; and finally, Candler Kilgo Hayes, M. D., in 1913. Ironically, just as Libbie's mother had died giving birth to her, she died just 8 days after giving birth to her youngest son, Candler. Libbie's obituary states that she had been afflicted with heart trouble for years. Her last pregnancy probably contributed to her early death at age 32. Baby Candler was initially sent to live with his aging grandparents, Elder William Marcellus Hayes and his wife Elizabeth Hebbard Hayes in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Elder Hayes was a one-armed, Southern Methodist Preacher who had fought in and lost his right arm in the Civil War. Over the years, however, little Candler was bounced around from grandparents to aunts and uncles, and then ultimately returned to his father. In a cruel twist of fate, all four of Libbie and Will's sons achieved adulthood and success, only to die of heart complications at relatively young ages: Harry died in 1963, Candler in 1965, Bill in 1967, and Donald in 1969.



LIBBIE BROWNLEE HAYES



WILLIAM GRAHAM HAYES

While three of Libbie's four sons became well-known doctors in the Little Rock, Arkansas area, the oldest son, Bill Hayes, was a hard-working man who moved to North Carolina to make his own way in the world and never looked back to Arkansas. Bill Hayes worked for a time for the railroad and then ultimately made a career in the insurance business, throwing newspapers for an additional income. Bill Hayes had two children and was a beloved father and grandfather to many. It is the wife of one of these grandsons, who

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discovered this information while researching genealogy for a Hayes Family Gift Book to be provided to the other grandsons of Bill Hayes for Christmas this year.

When Libbie died, Will Hayes was terribly distraught. In time, he sent a photograph of himself and Libbie, in an embrace, to a sculptor in Italy and he commissioned the headstone you see today in the DeAnn Cemetery. At the time of Libbie's death, Will owned and operated the Prescott Steam Laundry; however, it may be that the photograph Will Hayes sent to the sculptor was one which he, himself took as he is shown in census records to have also been a photographer by trade. The headstone is a lovely replica of their images, and it reportedly cost him a small fortune to have it made and imported back to Prescott from Italy in 1913.



Will Hayes later married Lela Waul Andrews. Lela was a teacher and Prescott native, and she loved and was a devoted mother to Will's three youngest boys who remained at home, raising them as her own. Family reports indicate that Lela was not well treated by Will Hayes during their marriage. The family suspects that Will's marriage to Lela was one of necessity in helping to rear his three young sons. It appeared to his family that even though Lela was a kind and precious soul, that Will had no genuine or deep affection for her. After Will's boys had graduated from medical school and had set up their practices in Little Rock, Lela finally divorced Will in 1935. Lela Andrews Hayes died in 1965, and was always beloved by her sons and her grandchildren. She is also buried at DeAnn Cemetery.

After the divorce, William Graham Hayes once again married -- a woman named "Emma" from a small town in Arkansas. All we know about this marriage is that he was still married to her in 1949, one of the last times his grandson, Billy, ever got to see him in Arkansas. Later in his life, it would seem that William Graham Hayes returned to his religious roots and had a much closer walk with the Lord. The last years of his life, he worked selling Bibles door to door in Arkansas. Will died in 1952 and is buried at DeAnn next to his first wife, Libbie Lucille Hayes.

FAMILY REUNIONS ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE

It seems as though families do not have family reunions nearly as often these days. I guess everyone is too busy or the families are so scattered. Almost every issue of the newspapers in the summer months mentioned various family get-togethers. They usually listed those who attended and some gave a short history of the pioneer ancestors of the family.

I came across the following account of the reunion of the T. B. Starnes family of Bluff City in 1940. Evidently, that family knew how to put on a good family reunion.

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The article mentions that this was the annual reunion of the Starnes family, so this family got together every year. It wasn't just a one day affair as most reunions are. On Monday, the family gathered at the Loyce Starnes home for the day; Tuesday they were at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Henry; on Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bradley at Prescott; on Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Robinson. On Friday, there was a fish fry at the Boiling Pot on the Ouachita River. Saturday, they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Starnes in Chidester and Saturday climaxed the week when the family gathered at the old home place on the Bluff City and Old Water Mill road.

Dinner consisted of fried chicken, summer vegetables, pickles, cakes, pies, ice cream, etc and was served picnic style under the shade trees in the yard planted by Mr. and Mrs. Starnes 62 years before.

In the afternoon those attending enjoyed various forms of amusement including a swim in the "ole swimming hole" on the Starnes farm. Late in the afternoon sandy land watermelons were served after which an old fashioned singing led by Garland Starnes was enjoyed. Several impromptu numbers were introduced including a duet by Mary Louise and Patsy Ruth Starnes; a solo by Martha Helen Robinson and several numbers by a mixed quartet composed of Mrs. C. C. Harvey, Mrs. Dale Denman, Cross Epperson, and Arthur Starnes.

A list of those attending was included in the newspaper article.



UNIDENTIFIED STORE IN NEVADA COUNTY

This picture of a store was sent to me by a reader. She thinks this picture belonged to the Warmack or McCargo families who lived in the Willisville-Mt. Olive area of Nevada County. She is wondering if anyone recognizes this store or the people in the picture. Let me know if you have any information and I will forward it on to her.

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A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

By Jerry McKelvy

Arkansas has been given the nick-name “The Natural State” and I can testify that I have seen part of it in its most natural state.

I worked for many years as a forest technician for a large timber company. It was a job that required a person to work in some of the most remote areas far off the beaten path where most folks never go. We worked in all kinds of areas ranging from beautiful mature forests to briar thickets and swamps. If you liked variety, it was the perfect job because each day brought new challenges. The good days outnumbered the bad and there was a mixture of field work, office work, and a lot of driving.

I guess the worst week of my career with the timber company was the time we had to cruise timber in the White Oak Creek bottom in Ouachita County between Chidester and Bluff City. For those who don't know, “cruising timber” means to estimate the amount of timber in an area by taken sample plots scattered over the area in a specified manner.

The area I'm talking about was several hundred acres located between Hwy. 24 and Hwy. 368 (the area from Gulley's liquor store on Hwy. 24 north to Hwy. 368). White Oak Creek flows right through the middle of this block of land.

It was August (I forget which year) when the company decided they needed this tract of land cruised. The water levels were at their lowest at this time which helped us since we would have to cross White Oak Creek many times. We had three two-man crews doing the work which took us about a week to complete.

This particular tract of land was covered with many different species of hardwood timber and unusual plants. There were some small elevated areas scattered about where some giant pine trees grew. The reason they were so large is that nobody could figure out how to harvest them due to the extremely wet conditions. They just grow larger and larger and many of them will finally die from disease or get hit by lightning.

There was no use wearing rubber boots to keep our feet dry, because we were wading water from one foot deep to chest deep in places. The creek had no definite banks, but was spread out all over the bottom. The water was running near the creek, but elsewhere it was just standing water and was a rusty brown color.

I have never seen as many water moccasins in my life. They were everywhere you looked. We carried long sticks to help us walk and also for defense against the snakes. Our company policy did not allow us to carry firearms. After the first day, I decided to carry along a cheap camera to take a few pictures, but keeping it and our papers dry was a major chore. About the only good thing about this work was that we stayed cool in the hottest part of the summer because we were wading water most of the time.

After the first day, we realized this was going to be a week we would remember. It was hard to go to work each day knowing that we would soon be back in the swamp battling

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snakes and mosquitoes.

The second day, we came upon a blue heron rookery. A rookery is a nesting area for a colony of herons. You will see many nests, usually in a tall dead tree surrounded by water. The large amount of acidic droppings from these rookeries will soon kill the tree containing the nests. I had never been this close to these birds before and knew very little about them. The birds catch small fish, frogs, etc. and fly back to their nests with their catch. They keep a close watch from their tree for predators such as raccoons. One of their defense mechanisms when they sense danger is to throw up or regurgitate food from the top of the tree. Our compass line took us within about 200 feet from the tree, so the birds considered us as predators. When we witnessed this phenomenon, we began to wonder if there wasn't a better way of making a living. Thank goodness we were far enough away to not be attacked. I have read that these birds will attack an invader if they feel threatened. We had no desire to get any closer to this rookery than necessary due to the unsanitary conditions.

In an area such as this, there could also be alligators although we didn't encounter one. Our hearts did beat faster one time when a deer jumped into the water from one of the elevated knolls very close to us. It's hard to run when you are waist deep in water. We just hoped it was a deer and not a wild hog or an alligator.

At the end of the day, our clothes and old leather work boots were soaked. When the boots dried, they became so hard it was almost impossible to get our feet in them the next day. I probably went through four or five pairs of old work boots that week. Our white work socks were completely brown at the end of the day. We just discarded them figuring they could never be made white again.

This was one project we were glad to see completed. I heard one of the guys say he would quit work before he ever cruised this timber again. We all figured the information we collected would never be used anyway because the land was 90 percent swamp and not valuable for logging purposes. The information might be useful if the company ever decided to sell the land, although we couldn't conceive of any rational person or company who would be interested in it. I doubt if our measurements were very accurate because it was hard to concentrate on measuring a tree while keeping an eye out for snakes and other creatures.

The timber company sold all their land in this area a few years ago. The last I heard, the White Oak swamp was to be sold or donated to the state of Arkansas as a wildlife refuge. I'm not sure if that ever happened. I'm just glad that I retired before someone decided to cruise this tract again.

If you ever want to see the Natural State first hand, get yourself a big stick or maybe a gun and a compass to keep from getting lost, and set off on an expedition into White Oak swamp. Don't go alone, because you will appreciate another human voice when you find yourself waist deep in water and surrounded by water moccasins and many other types of wildlife. This is one area I would definitely say belongs to the wildlife. It is a beautiful area in a strange sort of way. There are strange birds and interesting species of timber and plants. There may even be some endangered species living there, but I would say that man might be

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considered “an endangered species” if he decides to venture too far into this swamp. I have been there and once was enough.

TWO PRESCOTT BOYS BUILD A MOTORBOAT (from the 3-19-1928 issue of the Prescott Daily News)

The Pittman-Johnson Motorboat Co. (John Marshall Pittman and Archie Johnson) has completed its first boat and they are well satisfied with the way it “took to the water” on the first try-out. Several spectators watched the boat and the two boys as they raced up and down the lake. They have no way of determining the speed, but think that it reached speeds of at least 20 miles per hour. They expect it to do thirty when they get the engine tuned up right.

The boat is made of one-inch pine lumber and is equipped with a Ford motor. They have been working on it two or three nights a week for the last three months. They started out determined to build a boat, but had no idea of how to start. They worked out all the problems and have come up with a boat that any 22 year old boys would be proud to own.

The workshop was in the rear of the Prescott Hardware Co. Many who came by at first thought it was some sort of automobile or maybe an airplane. They expect to take the boat to the mouth of the Little Missouri River and go from there to Camden. If that is successful, they will go further down the Ouachita, and if everything goes right and they don't sink the boat and get drowned, they will try a trip to New Orleans.

MULE VERSUS AUTO (from the 9-7-1911 issue of *The Nevada News*)

An amusing incident in which a farmer and a mule were the principal performers occurred on East Elm St. yesterday. The farmer desired to ride past an automobile standing near W. T. Hart's store, but his mount, not being accustomed to motor cars, had other inclinations. No amount of persuasion, either vocal or applied vigorously with a whip, was sufficient to make Mr. Mule change his mind. As a last resort, the Hamby car which was standing in front of Hamby & Haynie's office was brought into service. It was run up behind the obstinate animal and brought the desired results immediately. The last seen of the mule and rider, they were disappearing at full speed down the street.

RECIPES

During the Depression days, people had to use substitutions and the fruit from naturally growing plants like blackberries, muscadines, and persimmons. The following persimmon recipes were published in the 10-1-1936 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*. The article states that these recipes should be tried by every Nevada county woman who could secure ripe persimmons. You are welcome to try these recipes, but I included them mainly for their historical value. There is a good chance many of our ancestors picked ripe persimmons in

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the fall of the year to use in such recipes as these. Be sure the persimmons are ripe. Most of us can remember eating a persimmon that was not quite ready to be picked. If you meet someone who never smiles, it may be that he or she once ate a green persimmon and it left a lasting impression.

PERSIMMON GRIDDLE CAKES

1 cup persimmon pulp
1 egg
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
Milk to make thin batter

Bake and serve with butter or syrup

PERSIMMON PEANUT MUFFINS

½ cup persimmon pulp
1 teaspoon peanut butter
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 cup flour

Press or cut into pats ½ inch thick and bake in a quick oven.

PERSIMMON CAKE

1 cup persimmon pulp
½ cup sugar
1 egg
Butter the size of a walnut
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda

Mix and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. For a soft pudding, leave out the flour and baking powder.

PERSIMMON LEATHER

Spread a thin layer of ripe persimmon pulp on a waxed paper or platter. Dry in the sun, in a fruit evaporator, or in a slow oven leaving the doors open. Remove the seeds. Add another layer of pulp and repeat until the leather is the thickness to handle easily. This may be diced or minced and used instead of raisins or citron in fruit cakes, cookies, or puddings.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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Cale is a small community located on Hwy. 200 near the center of Nevada County, Arkansas. The population count in the last census was 75 people, but it is believed to be at least 80 today. It was named after John Cale. The following article appeared in the July 14, 1906 issue of *The Nevada News* which gives some of the history of this small community.

In the northeast corner of Caney Township on the broad ridge between Little and Big Caney Creeks is situated the interesting post office of Cale. Surrounding this little burg live some of the best people in Nevada County and they are fast building up a most prosperous community. They are at present supporting two first class mercantile establishments--that of Jno. H. McDaniel and Westmoreland Bros. Both carry first-class stock and do a heavy business. Westmoreland Bros. also operate a saw mill with a capacity of 10,000 ft/day. The mill supplies all the local demand and considerable lumber is hauled to a point on the Lester and Ouachita Valley railroad and shipped to distant places. There is considerable timber in the community and besides owning quite a body themselves, the proprietors of the plant pay good prices for logs delivered to the mill.

Cale is the center of a rich agricultural district and like most all portions of the county, everything can be raised. The soil is a mixture of sand and dirt and produces well. Crops this year are especially fine. Cale rejoices with everyone over the prospects.

The school advantages are splendid. District No. 21 always votes a full tax and has from six to seven months of school each year. Miss Rosa Wicker of Willisville will teach the coming session.

Near Cale is Mt. Zion, one of the oldest church structures in the county. It is Missionary Baptist with services held at stated intervals by Eld. J. W. Dorman of Bodcaw.

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Cale is at the terminus of the east end of the Prescott and Cale mail route. Bailey Westmoreland has a contract for carrying the mail, which also supplies Weaver and Morris. An effort was made recently to have rural free delivery from Rosston to cover Cale and abolish the post office, but there were objections and the route failed.

One of the important enterprises of the community is the Prescott and Cale Telephone Co. owned and operated by local people. The system now has over thirty boxes and gets a number of supplied requests. Lines extend over four townships and have connections with Prescott, thus bringing in closer touch the two communities, for every citizen of Prescott who has a phone in his home can speak to the good people of Cale eighteen miles away.

Stock raising is engaging considerable attention among the farmers and the fine range in the bottoms makes it quite profitable. The natural conditions about the place render it very healthful and there is no physician at Cale. However, should one be needed, it is less than a six mile ride from either Rosston, Hatley's Store, Theo, or Morris, at all of which places splendid physicians reside.

The society around Cale is the very best. Probably one of the most prominent men in this section is R. O. Westmoreland, the popular postmaster, justice of the peace, sawmill man, merchant, and one of the proprietors of the telephone system. There are people who would like to see him as county judge and the interests of the county would not suffer should their hopes at some future date be realized.

Cale is also the home of W. S. McDaniel, father of our esteemed townsman, Owen R. McDaniel. "Uncle Billy", as he is familiarly known by closest friends, moved into the community in 1869, having previously located near Falcon in 1851. He was the first treasurer of Nevada County elected by the people after the county was formed in 1871. He held the position for four years and has never since aspired to office. "Uncle Billy", while somewhat feeble, still gets around remarkably well for someone his age and comes to the store every day for a few minutes to chat with any passing acquaintance that he might chance to meet there. He has been a useful and honorable citizen during his long residence in the community and everybody is his friend.

Among other prominent people living near Cale might be mentioned the Ridlings, the Steeds, the Mathis's, and the Honea's.

The greater majority of the people are white citizens, although a small sprinkling of Negroes lives south of Cale.

NEWS FROM CALE

(from the April 16, 1936 issue of The Nevada News)

---Well, as this is my first time to write to the News, I thought I would let ye readers here [sic] from this part of the state.

---Health is very good with the exception of colds.

---Very glad to know Miss Effie Allen is back in her school room after several days' absence on account of her sister's illness.

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---School is progressing fine, although Prof. Dale Gentry has the flu. Hope he will soon recover.

---My, it looks like we are going to have cold weather all the year. It is making the gardens look droopie [*sic*], especially the Irish potatoes, which the freeze we had last week killed most of them that were up.

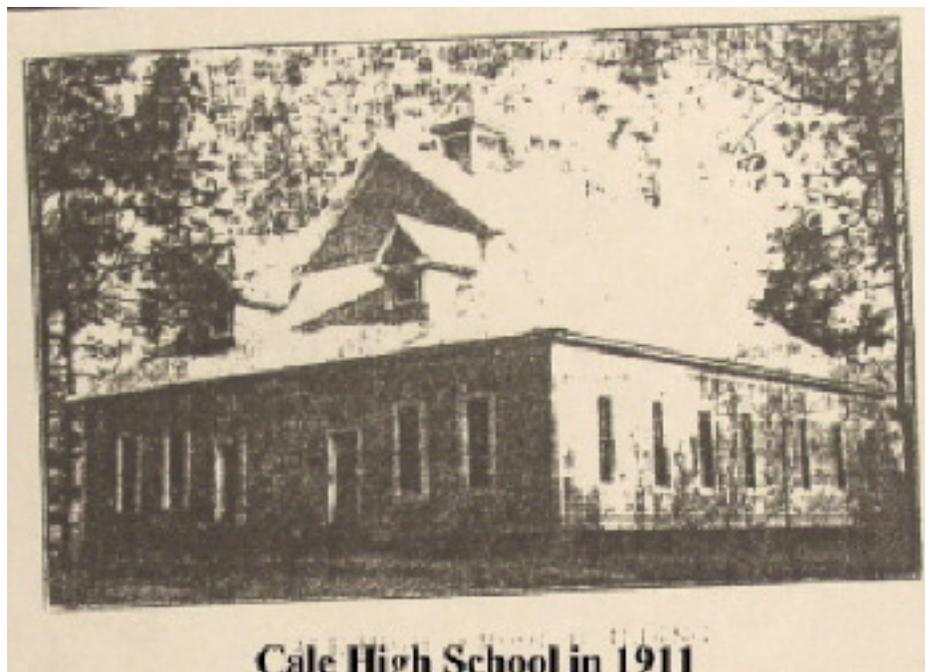
---The wedding bells are ringing in Cale as Mr. Alvin Fuller and Miss Elizabeth Smith were quietly married the 17th of March, announcing it the 12th of April. We wish them much joy and happiness.

---Well, I suppose times are getting better. Mr. G. W. Fuller has installed a new radio. Also Mr. Percy Blakely.

---I hear that Mr. E. L. Smith, our merchant of Cale, has put on his third truck. It is mighty nice to have groceries, etc. delivered at your door.

---I suppose Mr. A. C. Cummings really intends to farm, or have it done, as he is having all the Bermuda grass carried off his farm. If there is anyone in need of a bed, I suppose he has the hay to make it.

---Well, let's make the paper more interesting by having more correspondence. I will ring off for this time.



NEWS TIDBITS ABOUT CALE FROM NEVADA COUNTY NEWSPAPERS

June, 1907—The Cale Mill Co. will haul lumber to the Lester railroad.

1908-- We were informed yesterday by Uncle Perry Westmoreland that the bricks are on the ground for the erection of the canning factory. We suppose Uncle P. will be the president of same.

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Aug., 1911—The Cale School was established in 1908. Last year (1910), there were 64 non-resident pupils and 79 resident pupils.

March, 1915—Dr. Tompkins is mentioned as being a doctor at Cale.

1916—Westmoreland Bros. mill is located one and a half miles northeast of Cale and employs 25 men.

Jan., 1916—J. W. Ridling has a general mercantile business at Cale

Aug., 1916—J. W. Ridling is a Cale merchant. He has bought out the firm previously know as McDaniel and Ridling.

Mar., 1917—Cale basketball team is in Little Rock trying for the state championship

April, 1917—J. H. McDaniel is postmaster at Cale.

Oct., 1928—The Cale Consolidated School is starting its second week with good attendance. A pie supper will be held to raise funds to equip the Smith-Hughes, Home Ec. and other departments of the school.

Oct., 1928—E. L. Smith has installed an up-to-date grist mill which will be ready by the last of the week. We are glad someone is installing a mill. We needed it. We also need other things such as a good garage, another store or two, a barber shop, and other things to boost our little town.

Nov., 1929—We have six real good teachers and five buses.

April, 1936—E. L. Smith is the merchant at Cale.

1942—Cale and Bluff City schools established the first school-owned forests in the state with the children doing the planting, both boys and girls. Cale has a five-acre forest and Bluff City has a ten-acre forest.

Like so many other small towns in this area, Cale is without a store today (in 2008). One store building (Kirk's Grocery) still stands, but it has been closed several years. (see photo). The last owners were Shirley and Frances Kirk who moved to Cale from their farm a few miles away in 1972 and purchased the store from Vernon and Faye Garrett. The post office at that time was located in the store and Mrs. Faye Garrett was postmaster. Frances Kirk also served as postmaster after they purchased the store. Another small store owned by Erbert and Vada Glass Mathis was once located across the road from the school. It was later purchased by Dean Bradley who was the last owner/operator.

The school at Cale was consolidated in 1987 with other small schools to form the Nevada School at Rosston. Shortly thereafter, the main school building was torn down and part of the school site was converted into a community park. Some of the smaller school buildings

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were converted to other uses. The library building became the city hall and the agri./science building was added onto the Mt. Zion Baptist church for classrooms and a kitchen.

Cale still has a post office which is now in a separate building owned by the city and leased to the USPS. Betty Brown of Bodcaw is the current postmaster. This building was previously the city hall. The city hall is now in the old school library building nearby.

The Mt. Zion Baptist church mentioned in the 1906 article still exists at Cale. Dennis Cole is the pastor. The inside has been renovated except for the original pews and a new metal roof has been added.

The city has a fire department with Danny Martin (sheriff-elect) as fire chief and Richard Martin as Assistant Chief. They have two fire trucks.

Bill David Barham is the current mayor. Council members are: Janis Warlow, Wayne Barham, Richard Martin, Betty Barham, and Danny Martin. Janie Franklin is the recorder/treasurer. The first mayor when the city was incorporated in 1971 was Lester Davis followed by Ike Johnson, W. S. Kirk, and Davis Benton who served as mayor for 26 years.

Cale is located on the historic Washington Post Rd., an early road laid out about 1841 leading from Camden to Washington, Arkansas. Many of the early pioneers traveled this road past Poison Springs, Carolina, Friendship, Mt. Moriah, and Harmony. Streets in present-day Cale include Mt. Moriah Rd., Westmoreland Drive, Lake Rd. (leading to Barham's Lake), and the Honea Route (named after the Honea family who once lived there).

There are no major industries in the area today. Residents must drive to other places to find work unless they are retired. When a community loses its school, the stores soon close and a decline begins. The residents who still live at Cale are hopeful that their population can increase before the next census. Most of the houses are occupied at the present time.



**Kirk's Grocery at Cale (Photo taken in 1993)
(formerly Garrett's Store)**

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OLD SCHOOL BELL

This Bell Rang for Students at this site from 1928-1988

**U. S. POST OFFICE
CALE, ARKANSAS 71828**



**PAVILION AT CALE FUN PARK
ON
OLD SCHOOL PROPERTY**

**CALE CITY HALL AND
COMMUNITY CENTER
(formerly the school library)
This is frequently used for community
pot-luck dinners and other activities**



**MT. ZION
MISSIONARY BAPTIST
CHURCH
Cale, Arkansas
Est. 1876**

(Photo taken 1993)

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THE IRON MOUNTAIN BABY

Editor's Note:

I spent three years teaching school in Washington County, Missouri back in the 1960s. Washington County is located about 60 miles southwest of St. Louis. It's a rural area with pretty scenery. The county seat is Potosi, Missouri (population 2,662).

The Missouri Pacific railroad line passed through this county a few miles from where I was living. This is the main railroad line that connects St. Louis to Little Rock and on southwest to Texarkana. There is an interesting story familiar to those in Missouri concerning an incident that happened there in 1902 when the railroad was known as the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad.

According to the legend, a 72 year old farmer and Civil War veteran named William Helms was on an errand and had stopped by Big River at the railroad track near Irondale when a northbound train went by. Moments later he heard what he thought were field mice squeaking.

He investigated the noise and was surprised when he discovered an old fashioned valise containing a small infant which he believed had been tossed from the passing train. The valise was torn and the baby was badly bruised and had some other injuries. He rushed home with the infant and the valise. The Helms family cared for the infant who was believed to be no more than five days old and the child recovered from the injuries. The child was given the name of William Moses Gould Helms--William for his rescuer, Moses for being found by the river and Gould for the owner of the railroad.

The story of the rescued baby spread all across the nation thanks in part to a song that was written about the incident called "The Ballad of the Iron Mountain Baby". The publicity brought many women to Washington County who claimed to be the child's mother, but nothing could be proven. When the child was age 6, he was legally adopted by the Helms family.

When his adopted father died in 1917, William moved with his mother to Salem, Missouri where he graduated from high school. He then attended Braughton University and Southwest State Teachers College in Springfield, Missouri where he learned to be a printer, the profession he practiced most of his life. His schooling was financed by the Iron Mountain Railroad, which later became the Missouri-Pacific line. It is said that William did not like all the publicity his story brought him.

William married August 5, 1933 in St. Louis. He then moved with his wife, Sally to Texas. They had one son, also named William.

William Moses Gould Helms died January 31, 1953 at the age of 51. His body was brought back on the Iron Mountain Railroad for his burial at Hopewell Cemetery in Washington County, Missouri. It was only the second time in his life he had ridden a train. The small funeral service received no publicity.

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The story goes that his son died at age 14 and that his wife became ill and moved back to St. Louis. According to the story published in a railroad magazine, his wife and child were not buried beside him at Hopewell Cemetery, but his adoptive parents, William Helms (1835-1917) and Sarah Jane Knight Helms (1850-1925) are buried there.

The true identity of the Iron Mountain Baby remains a mystery.

A FISHING TRIP TO REMEMBER

By Jerry McKelvy

I grew up in an area that had several choices when it came to fishing. There was Caney Creek, several old gravel pits, the ponds on our farm, the Ouachita and Little Missouri rivers, and White Oak Lake within a few miles from our home. My father liked to fish the rivers occasionally, putting out trot lines across the river. It was not unusual to catch a great number of good size catfish and there was always the hope of catching a real whopper. We also enjoyed camping out and cooking outside.

I remember one occasion many years ago when my parents and I decided to fish the Little Missouri River near the mouth of Terre Rouge Creek. We had a 14 foot aluminum boat that was in pretty good shape, but the outboard motor was an old clunker. It was about a five horsepower motor and was very old. It had the gas tank on top of the motor and had a rope starter that had to be wound by hand. There was a small leak in the gas tank, but we didn't think it was too serious.

We got to the river and set up camp, loaded the equipment in the boat, and went upstream on the Little Missouri until we reached the mouth of Terre Rouge Creek about a mile or more from camp. We set out our trot lines as we normally did. We would check them later after dark.

The return trip to check the lines was slower because it was dark. We had to watch for logs or debris floating down the river and also watch for the spots where we had placed our trot lines.

My father had a carbide lamp at that time. I haven't seen one in years. It was just a small lamp that used calcium carbide and water to produce acetylene gas. This gas produced a small flame which was reflected to make a light. These lamps were once used in mines and are still used by cave explorers.

As I said before, there was a small leak in the gas tank of the motor and my father was using the carbide light while operating the motor. You can guess what happened. The fumes ignited from the carbide lamp and the outboard motor burst into flames. There we were in the Little Missouri River about a mile from camp with our boat on fire.

Under the circumstances, there was only one thing to do. We had to abandon ship quickly and I didn't know how to swim. Fortunately, we were close to the edge of the river and the water was not too deep. As soon as we could, we managed to get the motor under

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water to extinguish the flames which resulted in having a boat full of water. During this process, we lost all our fishing tackle and several good catfish we had already caught. None of this mattered at the moment. We had to hold on to the boat because that was our only way back to camp.

We retrieved a bucket we could use to dip the water out of the boat. We noticed that our boat paddles had floated away but were caught on some bushes and we were able to reach them. After salvaging all we could and dipping most of the water out of the boat, we climbed aboard for our return trip to camp. Since we were upstream from the camp, we could let the current bring us down river and mainly use the paddle to guide us. There were some swift rapids downstream from camp, so we had to be sure we could reach the shore at our camp or we would be swept downstream through the rapids. We didn't need any more excitement on this fishing trip.

It took a while to float back to camp. We had no light to guide us and everything looked the same in the dark. We were soaking wet and feeling miserable.

We made it back to camp with no major problems. Our enjoyable fishing trip had not ended as we had planned. When we reached camp, we decided that home was where we needed to be. We were thankful that nobody was injured or drowned in this incident. I don't remember my father ever using a carbide lamp after that experience.

MID-WIVES SUPERSTITIONS

(from the 5-7-1931 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*)

---Wild boar's teeth, fried rats, and hogs foot oil were sometimes used to chase away evil spirits.

---Running water, fire, and smoke had purifying powers against the demons that lie in wait.

---Three nails were sometimes driven into the door so evil spirits could not enter

---Mustard seed thrown on the threshold would keep out evil spirits.

---Gunpowder was sometimes given the laboring woman to help her along.

---Hanging a hornet's nest in the corner of the room would facilitate the birth.

ADVICE TO BOYS IN 1885

(from the Dec. 3, 1885 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell, or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest.

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Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. They do sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p.m. and don't get home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world does not even know their names; it simply knows them as "old so and so's boys". Nobody likes them; the great busy world does not know they are there. So find out what you want to do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter your sleep will be, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will be the world with you.

SHOT FROM BEHIND

(from the 2-26-1890 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Friday afternoon about 4 o'clock, Mr. Percy Upton, living on the old Joe White farm eight miles east of here, was shot down in cold blood by parties unknown. He was cleaning up a new ground, piling brush, etc., and his wife, who had brought him his dinner, was with him at the time. By means of brush heaps, a party had crept up to within twenty-five yards and while Mr. Upton's back was turned, fired a full load of buckshot, eight of which entered his back, two going through and lodging against the skin. He fell, and his wife, who was so excited that she could not think what had happened, rushed to his side, and the assassin escaped without being seen, in the same manner in which he had come.

Mr. Upton is a young man about 22 years old, and but recently married the daughter of a neighbor, Mr. John Crowell. Physicians were summoned, and it was thought the wound was fatal, but we learn from Dr. W. E. Arnold that it is possible he may recover. When last heard from, he was doing well with little bad indications of inflammation setting in.

Young Mr. Upton lives with his father, Mr. John Upton, an Englishman, who came to this county from Hempstead about a year ago, buying the farm from Rev. J. F. Lowdermilk. We learn a lawsuit about the place has engendered hard feelings, both Messrs. Upton, Sr. and Jr., having received threatening letters, telling them to leave the country. The Uptons are well regarded by neighbors generally, and forty or more men turned out Saturday to try and ferret out who did the shooting—all were indignant and shocked at the outrage. All our people deeply regret that so foul a crime has been committed, and will leave no stone unturned to catch and properly punish the criminal. Our efficient sheriff was on the ground Saturday morning, and hopes are entertained that he will follow all clues and soon jail the deep-dyed villain, who so wantonly shot the young man. For the present, we leave off rumors implicating anyone, awaiting further developments. As we go to press, Upton is getting along well, but his chances of recovery are slight.

Editor's Note: Evidently, Mr. Upton recovered from his wounds and lived another 37 years. The Uptons are buried at Bluff City Cemetery.

Percy C. Upton—born Aug. 6, 1870; died Apr. 22, 1927

Martha A. Upton—born Oct. 22, 1871; died Mar. 2, 1919

John Upton—born Nov. 27, 1834; died Feb. 4, 1908

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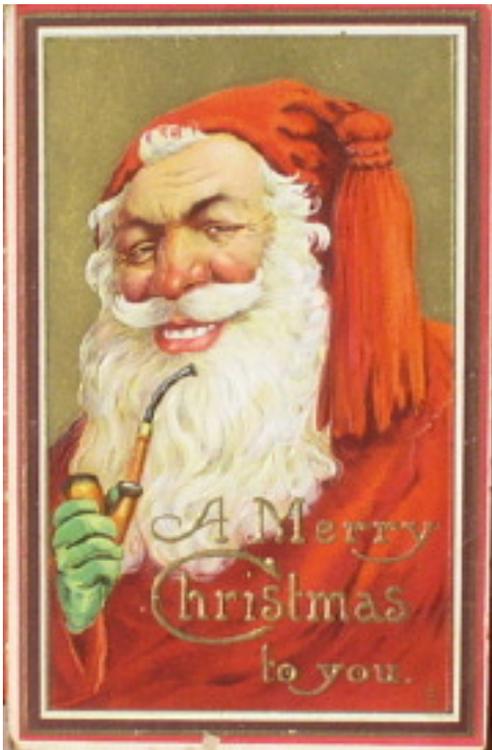
December, 2008

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Did you know that Santa Claus did not always look like he does today? These are the front covers of Christmas cards that are probably at least 100 years old. They are part of a collection belonging to Mr. Claudie White of Rosston. They were found in an old trunk along with other items. I think it is interesting to see how Santa was depicted so many years ago.

NEVADA COUNTY MORTALITY BEFORE 1940

ABOUT THE CHARTS THAT FOLLOW

I have been searching old Nevada County newspapers for several years and making an index of the obituaries found in those papers to help those who might be searching for an obituary of one of their family members. Many of the obituaries list a cause of death, but most do not. Some say the person died "after a lingering illness" or "died after a brief illness". We are left to guess the actual cause of death. Sometimes this information is useful to a family doing research especially if some inherited trait is present that could be passed down from

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one generation to the next.

This chart serves no useful purpose, but I thought it might give you an idea of what our ancestors had to deal with before 1940. I have divided the chart into two parts. Part 1 lists accidents, etc. and Part 2 lists medical causes. By looking at the medical chart, you can see what diseases were prevalent at a particular time even though they had different names for many diseases in the early days.

One thing I found interesting is the high number of deaths from people being struck by a train while walking along the railroad track. It seems to me that Prescott had an unusually high number of incidents involving trains. A person can see a long way in each direction, so you would think there would be few accidents. Most could probably be attributed to not paying attention.

Another common cause of death was ladies and children catching their clothes on fire while burning something or just warming by the fireplace. The long dresses women wore in those days could easily catch fire. The person probably took off running which only made matters worse.

Suicide was a problem also. As you can see by the chart, various methods were used from drinking poisons and acid to saturating oneself with kerosene and lighting a match--horrible ways to die.

Of course there were all kinds of accidents that caused death. Many involved farm animals kicking someone. I'm sure most of these could have been prevented. Some could be called "freak accidents" because they were so unusual like the farmer who became entangled in the harness while plowing and was dragged across the field.

You will see a large number of deaths from murder in the chart. This category includes all types of killing ranging from self defense to premeditated murder. Various weapons were used--guns, knives, and an axe. There were many accidental deaths involving firearms also.

There were some occasional deaths caused by drowning. The same goes for house fires and other types of burns like the lady who died from burns while making soap or the small children who fell into boiling water. You can imagine trying to keep an eye on several small children while doing all the work these women had to do in those days.

There were several storm related deaths such as from tornadoes, lightning, or someone trying to cross a flooded stream. Several farmers were hit by lightning while plowing. One was struck while picking beans and another while milking a cow. One young man was struck while playing baseball.

In the medical chart, you will notice that pneumonia was one of the big killers. Many of the deaths resulted from a disease like measles or typhoid fever turning into pneumonia which finally caused death. There were no antibiotics to help at this time. Deaths were also caused by such things as la grippe, an old name for the flu, or sometimes the cause was given as

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congestion or croup. Many small children were said to have died from congestion.

There were all types of fevers--slow fever, swamp fever, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, catarrhal fever, and several others.

You might notice the small number of deaths from cancer in those days. The number may have been much larger, but just wasn't mentioned in the obituaries. I wonder if there is something about our modern times or what we eat that causes so much cancer today. Maybe it's just because people live longer these days.

Several people died from complications following an operation. You would be amazed at some of the major surgeries performed in Prescott in those days. The doctors didn't seem to cull anything, but did what they could to save a life.

There is only one death in the chart from childbirth, but we know that many women died giving birth--it just wasn't mentioned in the obituaries. I didn't find any reference to a death from polio before 1940, but I suspect that some deaths reported as "paralysis" could have been polio. I have read that polio reached its peak in 1952.

There were some epidemics that caused many deaths including the flu epidemic about 1918. There was a meningitis outbreak in the early 1900s that caused several deaths and some small smallpox outbreaks in the late 1800s.

Heart disease was a common cause of death. There were many cases of a person being found dead in a field which was probably a heart attack. Sometimes they gave the cause as indigestion, but it was probably a heart attack. Strokes (or apoplexy) were also a major cause of death.

Deaths from appendicitis were also common, probably because they waited too long to get to a doctor. A few listed tonsillitis as a cause of death which is considered a minor operation today.

Then there were deaths caused by eating the wrong thing or too much of something. Some of the causes given were ptomaine poisoning from eating wild greens and eating canned blackberries. Two small children were said to have died from eating too many mulberries.

You can analyze the charts and draw your own conclusions. As I said, this is nothing to be taken as scientific research, but just something to give you an idea of some of the things our ancestors had to deal with before 1940.

SEE CHARTS ON PAGE 4 AND 5

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CAUSE OF DEATH	1887- 1892	1905- 1909	1910- 1919	1920- 1929	1930- 1940
Vehicle accident				15	20
Pedestrian hit by vehicle					5
Fell from truck					1
Motorcycle Accident					1
Jumped from truck after blow-out					1
Hit and Run					1
Vehicle hit by train			1	4	7
Wagon hit by train			2		
Pedestrian hit by train	2	4	10	8	2
Fell from train			1		3
Railroad trestle gave way					1
Railroad accident			5	2	2
Horse/vehicle accident			1		
Plane crash					1
Murder using gun	3	5	15	23	17
Murder using knife			4		2
Shot by police				5	2
Hanged by mob			1	1	
Killed by mob				1	
Accident involving gun		1	6	5	4
Hunting accident					1
Sawmill or gin accident	1		1	1	1
Farm accidents/farm animals			3	3	
Other accidents			1	5	
Drowning in water		3	6	8	7
Drowning in tank of oil					2
Diving into shallow water					1
Suicide using gun			5	6	7
Suicide using kerosene				2	1
Suicide by jumping off bridge					1
Suicide using strychnine					1
Suicide using carbolic acid			1	1	1
Suicide using Paris Green		1			
Suicide by hanging			1		
Struck by lightning		2	1	3	4
Storm/tornado		1		4	
Fell off oil derrick				1	2
Other falls			2	4	
Explosion	1			1	1
Logging accident	1	1	1	1	
Clothes caught fire		3	3	5	2
House fire				3	1
Other burns			2	3	
Buried alive in tunnel					2
Electrocuted		1	1	1	
Fell in boiling water			1		1
Fell out of tree					1
Hit by falling tree	1		3	1	1
Hit in head with baseball					1
Runaway/wagon accident		2	5		
Froze to death			1		
Killed in military service			2		
Drinking bad whiskey			2		

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CAUSE OF DEATH	1887- 1892	1905- 1909	1910- 1919	1920- 1929	1930- 1940
Medical--heart/circulatory	1	10	18	18	6
Medical--indigestion			2	4	1
Medical--stroke/apoplexy	1	7	19	13	3
Medical--meningitis			6	1	
Medical--brain tumor					1
Medical--brain abscess/congestion		1	4	1	
Medical--epilepsy			2		
Medical--Bright's disease/nephritis			5	4	
Medical--blood poisoning			4	2	2
Medical--pneumonia	6	10	50	18	7
Medical--la grippe	1	4	5		
Medical--congestion		7	15	3	
Medical--influenza			2	3	
Medical--pulmonary/lungs/asthma			2		
Medical--typhoid fever	1	3	8	3	1
Medical--slow fever	2	4	3	1	
Medical--catarrhal fever		1	1		
Medical--typhomalia fever	2				
Medical--swamp fever			5	1	
Medical--malaria	1		1	2	
Medical--scarlet fever			1		
Medical--diphtheria			2		
Medical--whooping cough				1	
Medical--consumption/TB/white plague		5	13	1	
Medical--cancer		3	6	4	
Medical--heat stroke				2	1
Medical--flux		1			
Medical--stomach congestion		1			
Medical--inflammation of bowel			1		
Medical--septic poison			1		
Medical--peritonitis			1	1	
Medical--ptomaine poisoning		2	2		
Medical--eating too many mulberries			2		
Medical--measles		3	7		
Medical--died following operation		1	6	4	
Medical--appendicitis		2	4	6	
Medical--tonsillitis			1		1
Medical--thrombosis		1			
Medical--abscess of liver			1		
Medical--erysipelas		1		1	
Medical--dropsy			1		
Medical--childbirth			1		
Medical--lumbago			1		
Medical--carbuncle	1		1		
Medical--rheumatism	1		1		
Medical--impure vaccine		1			
Medical--stung by bumble bee					1

A FORMER SOLDIER REMEMBERS CHRISTMAS WEEK OF 1863

(copied from an early Camden newspaper preserved on microfilm-date unknown)

A few days ago as I was passing up the Iron Mountain Railroad and near Sayre--like a

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flash, an event that occurred during the Civil War came to mind. I had passed along there perhaps a hundred times before since this event, but had never thought of it before. And all at once, while looking out through the car window, I noticed an old log house, the subject of my story.

At the time of which I speak, it was in 1863, just before Christmas. I belonged to Co. A., Morgan's Battalion of Texas Cavalry and we were camped about 30 miles west of Camden on the Washington road. Gen. Price's division of infantry was then camped for winter quarters at Camp Bragg near our camp. There came a report that Gen. Steele, who was then located in Little Rock, had sent out a detachment of cavalry in the direction of Arkadelphia, and that they would probably attempt to move to Camden. We got orders to go to a point on the Little Missouri River, known as Tate's Bluff or Tate's Ferry, or rather our commander Col. Morgan had orders to send a scout to that point to watch out for Steele's blue coats, and 15 of the company I belonged to were ordered there under command of Lieutenant Wheeler.

In going across the country in that direction, there were only a few dim settlement roads, and we did not know the country. We came to a farm house. I remember just how the house looked. It was a double log cabin with a hall and a long gallery in front. We went up to the gate and called and an elderly lady came out. The Lieutenant asked her for directions to our place of destination. She evidently was not used to seeing soldiers, and was somewhat excited and told him the best she could how to go. Then she asked Lieutenant if we came from Captain Price's company. He told her that we had come from Gen. Price's camp. Then she exclaimed, "Oh, you did! Did you see my son, Henry? They made him go to the war three weeks ago and I never have seen him since, and I know he can't stand this cold weather and sleep in a camp where they have no feather beds. Oh, poor boy, I do think they might let him come home." Then she was too full for further utterance and with her face covered with her apron, she turned weeping into the house and we rode on. I think every boy in our crowd thought of our mothers at home, for every one was very silent for a long time. Then Bill Lamont remarked, "Boys, our best friends are our mothers," and we all agreed.

We went on to the river and got there just at night. It was freezing cold and we had no tents nor anything for protection from the bitter cold, but we found an old empty log house with a wide fireplace, and appropriated it for our use. We soon had a roaring fire and our horses cared for. Then we huddled around the old fireplace and while we had nothing to eat, we enjoyed the shelter and the warm fire. We were used to missing our meals, so thought but little of it, but while we were discussing the prospects for provisions for the morrow, an old gentleman came in to see who his new neighbors were, and after some conversation with him about the roads and the crossing of the river, he gave us what information we asked him for. Then he told us he had several small hogs butchered that he had not cut up, and if we wanted one of them, we were welcome to it if some of us would go with him. When they came back, the old man had given them, in addition to the dressed hog which would have weighed about 100 pounds, about two bushels of sweet potatoes. Well, we surely had a feast that night. We roasted the potatoes in the fireplace and broiled the pork in the coals.

The next morning, the pork we had not eaten was frozen as hard as the North Pole. But we managed to thaw it up so we could use it. We stayed there several days and guarded the

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ford on the river and watched for Yankees, but I guess they heard we were there--anyway, they never came.

On Christmas Eve, we were ordered to rejoin our command at Camden. We came to Camden on Christmas Eve and found the battalion camped just on the south side of the river where the Cotton Belt Railroad bridge is now. There, in the rain, sleet, and snow, we spent Christmas week of December, 1863.

On the first day of January, 1864, we crossed the Ouachita River and camped in the bottom on the other side in the cane. The river was very high and everything frozen over except the middle of the river where the current was very swift. I remember this as the coldest day I have ever experienced in all my life. I came very near freezing on that day. We undertook to cross the river in a ferry boat, but when the rope would go down in the water and was lifted up again, there would be a shield of ice formed on it, and it continued getting thicker on the rope until it got so large and heavy that men could not handle it.

There was a large steamboat at the wharf in Camden and it was steamed up and sent up to the ferry and we crossed on it. It was the old May Flower. Many of the citizens of Camden now will remember this old boat, for it ran on the river for a long time.

What I expected to tell in this story was that I believe I have located the very old home where the poor old mother gave us directions, who was very distressed about her poor boy who had been away three long weeks, and she had not seen him and he had no feather bed to sleep on. But we did not criticize her for her little knowledge of the sufferings that soldiers had to go through. We felt sorry for her and for her dear boy too, for we had tasted the bitter cup. We had mothers at home who we knew felt for us like this good mother did for her Henry. But this is a memory of the past and we will let the curtain fall.

Respectfully,
J. W. Hollis



IS HE MAD OR SAD?

I thought this was an interesting picture. If we could only read his mind!

The name on the back of the picture is Hurshel Carter. At least someone took the trouble to label their pictures.

Thanks to Linda Carman for sharing this old picture.

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MESSAGE TO READERS

It's hard to believe, but it has been seven years since I started *The Sandyland Chronicle*. I hope you have enjoyed some of the articles, but the time has come for me to make some changes. It is getting harder to come up with new ideas for stories each month. It has also become increasingly expensive to print papers. The cost of ink, paper, envelopes, and postage keep going up.

So, I have come to a difficult decision. I will no longer be able to produce printed copies. This change will only affect those of you who receive the paper by mail and those who receive copies hand delivered by me. If you have some time remaining on your subscription, I will refund the unused portion of your subscription price.

This will be the last monthly issue of *The Sandyland Chronicle* in the present format. I still plan to do research because I enjoy it. I will still send out articles and other interesting things similar to what you have been reading to all of you who wish to receive it by e-mail, but I will no longer be able to produce printed copies. This will eliminate a lot of my headaches such as addressing envelopes, buying stamps, purchasing paper and ink not to mention the time it takes to print up copies and the bookkeeping required keeping up with subscription accounts. Maybe those of you who receive it by mail or in person will be able to get someone to print out the e-mail articles for you from their computer.

The only change for Internet readers is that I will send the paper directly to your email whenever I accumulate enough to make it worthwhile. The number of pages may vary. That way I don't have to carefully plan how to make the articles fit a certain number of pages. Hopefully, I will be able to send you something at least once per month.

Every so often I will pick out the best articles, especially those with historical or genealogical value, and send them in to be posted on the web site for those who just happen to be surfing the Internet. In the meantime, continue to send in any family stories, old pictures, etc. so I can pass them along for others to enjoy.

This decision requires me to bid farewell to some of you which I deeply regret. I hope you understand my reasons for doing this. If you want a name added or removed from my mailing list, just contact me. Also let me know if there is a change in your email address.

I might mention that the drawing on this page was not my work. Actually, it was drawn by a student in the American Government class at Lewisville High School and was given to me as I was ending my student teaching there in 1965. I have kept it all these years.



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GURDON MAN INVENTS FLYING MACHINE
(from the 11-18-1910 issue of The Prescott Daily News)

W. F. Morehead has spent several months working on a flying machine. It is now completed and has a 30 HP engine and a powerful propeller. This flying machine is of the monoplane type and is the first of its kind built in Arkansas. It is designed something like the French type of aircraft and has many features not found on other machines. The rear wheel of this machine is arranged so the aeroplane can be guided on the ground, and is controlled by the same lever that operates the rudder. This is the only aeroplane in the world, as far as we know, that has this feature. The machine measures 20 feet from tip to tip; the rudder runs 20 feet back; has an area of about 120 square feet of canvass and weighs 300 pounds.

The machine was built by Mr. Morehead himself and will be tried out in a few days. No attempt at flight will be made at first, but it will be run over the ground until he is thoroughly familiar with the controls. Then short jumps will be made, further each time. "I am confident the machine will fly", says Mr. Morehead.

THE TEST
(from the 11-21-1910 issue)

In speeding overland with his aeroplane, Frank Morehead broke the propeller of his machine which will cost him about \$40 and will delay the "try-out" until it is replaced. Frank is highly elated over the experience in spite of the accident.

Editor's Note:

No further reports were found regarding the testing of this flying machine. I found it interesting that someone in this area attempted to build an airplane. This was only seven years after the first airplane flight by the Wright brothers in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

ARMY FORBIDS SALE OF COCA-COLA
from the 7-1-1907 issue of The Prescott Daily News

The U. S. Army has issued orders forbidding the sale of "coca-cola" in post exchanges after reports concerning the effects of the drink and an analysis of the ingredients. In the majority of samples, Prof. Wiley, chief chemist, found traces of cocaine and caffeine. Officers reported to the War Dept. that enlisted men have discovered the effects the drink produces and, to get this effect, they drink six or seven glasses of the stuff and the result is injurious to health as well as destructive to morals.

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BOOKLET FOR SALE

I have just completed a booklet on the history of Bluff City, Arkansas. It is about 56 pages in length and has many pictures of stores, churches, schools, and some of the former residents along with much historical information about the town. I am offering the booklet for sale to anyone interested. You may receive the booklet on a CD for only \$5 plus \$1.50 postage. A printed copy with plastic spiral binding is \$20 plus \$2.50 postage.

Contact me by email for more information or to place an order.
sandman43@att.net

IN THE MAIL BAG

Dear Mr. McKelvy,

My sister, Mesilla Jean Miller (in Texarkana, Texas), and I, Warren Upton Ober (in Kitchener, Ontario, Canada), have long been faithful readers of the on-line edition of your delightful *Sandyland Chronicle*. As grandchildren of Percy C. Upton, we found especially poignant the story in your November 2008 issue, quoted from the February 26, 1890, issue of the *Nevada County Picayune*, about his being shot from behind while clearing new ground.

To the *Picayune* story I can provide an addendum handed down in our family. Certainly I have no reason to doubt its authenticity. My grandmother, it is said, after realizing what had happened, threw herself over my grandfather, who was lying helpless on the ground, and remained there to protect him. The would-be assassin, on horseback, rode closer and seemed to be debating what to do next. Since my grandmother refused to move, he finally turned away and rode off.

The Picayune ran a follow-up story on the shooting in its April 9, 1890, issue: "Mr. Presley [i.e., Percy] C. Upton, the young man who was so basely shot from behind on Feb. 22, near White's Ferry, is now about well. He was in town Saturday, shaking hands with friends. Eight buckshot hit him in the back, and his recovery is miraculous, but it is hard to kill a good solid Democrat like Mr. Upton. Drs. W. E. Arnold and N. Adams were the physicians who brought him through safely."

Percy C. Upton later opened a general store in Bluff City, prospered, and became one of the most respected and influential citizens in the area around "the Bluff." He and his first wife, Martha, had four children: Pearl, Jewelle, Percy, and Delilah. He and his second wife, Essie, had a daughter: Gwendolyn. Delilah was married to Andrew Clifton Ober, and the couple had three children: Warren Upton, Mesilla Jean, and Kenneth Harlan, who died in 2003. We three siblings attended the Bluff City Consolidated School until the school year 1939-40, when our family moved to Prescott, and it may be that some of your readers will remember us as schoolmates. Our grandfather suffered severe and constant pain from the buckshot that remained in his body throughout the rest of his life. At last his suffering became so intense that he insisted on an operation to remove the shot, even

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though the surgeon warned him beforehand that his chances of recovery from the operation were not good. He died shortly after the operation in 1927.

Best wishes for the continued success of the *Sandyland Chronicle*.

Warren U. Ober

CAN YOU HELP IDENTIFY THESE PEOPLE?

I have received several requests to include some of the old photos our ancestors had stored away in hopes that someone might recognize the people in the photo or possibly have the same photo with the people identified. The chances are slim that we will solve a puzzle, but it won't hurt to try. So, here is one of these old photos to consider. Shannon Edmonson says this photo belonged to James Neal and Mary Lee Walker Byrd, her grandparents, and could possibly be Byrds, Starnes, or Walkers in the picture. Let her know if you can help. Her e-mail is: shedmonson@peoplepc.com



WRESTLING IN PRESCOTT IN 1939 (from the 9-29-1939 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*)

Weekly wrestling matches are advertised in Prescott. The next match will be between “Silent” Rotan, the deaf and dumb Russian vs. Jim Nelson. Five local colored boxers will also compete. Each will be blindfolded and have one hand tied behind their back. This should prove to be an interesting feature. Admission—25 cents.

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THE FORGOTTEN ANIMAL

(Author Unknown)

(from the 3-31-1938 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

Oh, horse, you are a wonderful brute,
No button to push, no horn to toot.
You start yourself; no clutch to slip,
No sparks to miss, no gears to strip.
No license to buy for you every year,
No plates to screw on front and rear.
No gas bills climbing on you each day
To steal the joys of life away.
Your inner tubes are all o.k.
And thank the Lord, they stay that way.
Your spark plugs never miss or fuss,
Your motor never makes a cuss.
Your frame is good for many a mile,
Your body never changes style.
You carry the husband, children, and wife,
A very safe way to go through life.
All you need is corn and hay
To carry you from day to day.
A very slow way, each day of the year,
But safe and sound, don't ever fear.
Your wants are few and easy met,
You've something on the auto yet.

FORD CAR AD FROM 1927

---Car has unusual speed—able to reach 55 to 60 miles per hour with ease
---Car has three forward speeds and one reverse
---Has steel spoke wheels with only 30 spokes per wheel
---Comes in four colors—Niagara Blue, Arabian Sand, Dawn Gray, and Gun Metal Blue
---Standard equipment includes starter, five steel spoke wheels, windshield wiper, speedometer, gas gauge, door lock, mirror, rear stop light, oil gauge, ignition lock, and complete tool set
---Prices: Tudor Sedan-\$495; Fordor Sedan- \$570; Roadster-\$385; Coupe-\$495; Sport Coupe-\$550; Phaeton-\$395

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THE GEM CAFE



Here's another mystery. Does anyone know where the Gem Café was located? This picture had on the back—"This is our café.—Rilla". This could be Rilla Carter from Bluff City. The sign on the tall building next door appears to read "Roe Motor Co.—Chrysler-Plymouth". The car in the bottom right appears to be from the 1940s. Let me know if you have any information about this picture.

A message from Jerry McKelvy:

Some articles from the January issue were not included in this Internet edition. If you would like to receive the full issue including filler material such as recipes, quotations, poems, and a few articles I have written, just notify me by email and I will add you to the email list. My email address is at the top of page 1.

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PRESERVING THE HISTORY OF NEVADA COUNTY AND THE
SURROUNDING AREAS OF SOUTHWEST ARKANSAS

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Prescott Junior High School—Erected in 1950 (picture from the 1958 yearbook)

The seventh and eighth grades met at what was then called the junior high school close to the high school campus. Teachers I remember from those days include Mrs. Gann and Mrs. Guy Loe. One incident from those days comes to mind. It seems some boys had come across some dynamite caps left over from previous construction and had them in their possession. I remember everyone being called into the cafeteria to be searched. Those were the days boys wore their blue jeans too long and rolled up the legs to form a cuff. We all had to unroll the cuffs as they searched for any of the dynamite caps. I don't think I would have known what a dynamite cap looked like, but I know the school officials were just doing their job trying to keep us safe.

Every so often Mrs. Max Kitchen would visit the school. She was the county health nurse and we knew when we saw her coming that we would usually get some sort of shot in our arms. I can remember one time when we rode to the health office on the school bus to receive our shots.



This picture is from the 2-14-1941 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*. A remodeling project had just been completed as a WPA project. About 500 people were present at the dedication to hear speeches and inspect the building. The band played several numbers and 28 girls modeled dresses they had made in home-ec. class.

In the ninth grade, we moved to the high school building, even though the ninth grade was considered part of junior high at that time. The freshmen had to be initiated. Each freshman was assigned to a senior and had to dress according to the senior's instructions and pretty much be a slave to that senior for one day. I wrote about these initiations in an earlier issue several years ago.

Since we were now in high school, we were supposed to be acting a little more mature, and most of us did. However, there were a few who tried the teacher's patience. Some tried to challenge the teacher's authority and some just seemed to want attention. In every large group, there are extroverts and introverts and all stages in between. I was more of an

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introvert and I think my teachers would say I was a pretty good kid--not the smartest or the dumbest, but somewhere in between.

One of the big changes for us in high school was having a locker assigned to each student with our own combination lock. It was a small private space we could call our own for the whole school year.

I remember many of my high school teachers including Mrs. Robey, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Tippitt, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Craig, Mr. Scott, Mrs. Lynn, Mrs. Purtle, Mrs. Blackshare, our librarian, and Mr. Kenneth Ledbetter, our principal.

Corporal punishment was still used as I was going to school. Occasionally we would hear the sounds of the paddle being used--a good incentive to not get too far out of line. Most of this was done out in the hall out of sight of the other students, but I can remember a few cases when it was done in front of the class. Discipline of students has been around ever since schools began and is necessary to keep order in the classroom. I'm not sure the verdict is in yet on the modern methods of discipline. From what I hear from present-day teachers, the problems are worse these days. In my day it was minor offenses that caused the problems. As far as I know, there were no drugs in our schools and no problems with school shootings. There might be a fist-fight now and then, but nothing the teachers couldn't control. We didn't need a policeman assigned to our school like many schools these days.

I remember having quite a bit of homework in high school, but I usually got mine done during study hall so I would have free time at night to watch TV. In some courses we had special projects like our science fair projects. I remember one time I couldn't come up with an idea for a science fair project and Mrs. Purtle gave me the project of feeding birds different color food to see if they preferred one color over another. I took chops (ground-up corn used for chicken feed) and colored it with food coloring, placed it in jar lids, and waited for the birds to eat. I think my experiment proved that the birds would eat anything that resembled food if they were hungry--no matter what the color. We also had to do our insect collections, getting points for each order of insects we collected. I remember needing a flea for my collection. I checked all the dogs and cats and could find no fleas, so I took the stinger from an ant and put Scotch tape over it and called it a flea. Nobody ever knew the difference. I also remember at some point having to memorize the Gettysburg Address. I wonder if they still do that in school.

We also had student teachers from time to time. We always enjoyed getting them since they were closer to our age. I remember when several of the boys decided to take Mrs. Craig's typing class. Many of the boys culled typing back then thinking it was mainly a course for girls who planned on being secretaries. I never did learn to type at any great speed, but I'm thankful I took the course. Otherwise, you wouldn't be reading this paper. One time we got a real nice looking female student teacher for typing class. I can remember the boys raising their hands during the typing exercises just so Miss ____ (can't remember her name) would come over to help them. They didn't really need any help, but just wanted some special attention from the nice looking student teacher.

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I was shy in those days and still am to some extent. I never wanted to be the center of attention. I remember that we had to give book reports in English class. Some of these were written reports, but some were oral reports to be delivered in front of the class. Our teacher had a rule that we could give an oral or a written report, but we could not get a higher grade than a “C” if we did not give the oral book report, no matter what our grade average might be in our other work.

Everyone has their favorite subjects. Math was my poorest subject. I only took the basic math courses and avoided any of the exotic courses like geometry. I took algebra I in the ninth grade and algebra II in my senior year. By that time we had forgotten all we had learned and had to start over. I think we only covered about 100 pages in our algebra II textbook. I guess if a person wanted to be an engineer, he might need those courses, but I never figured out how algebra would help me in later life.

That reminds me of the story of the farmer’s son who went away to college. The farmer had always given his horse commands like “Whoa”, “Gee” and “Haw” while plowing which worked fine. The horse understood what the farmer wanted and acted accordingly. One day the farmer’s son returned from college and decided to help his father with the plowing. Everything went fine until he reached the end of the first row. Instead of using the old commands his father used, the boy said, “Halt, pivot, and proceed!” The horse was thoroughly confused.

I rode the school bus to school the whole twelve years. Some of the most interesting things happened on the school bus and the 25 mile ride to and from school was one of the highlights of our day. I left home at 7:10 a.m. and arrived back home about 4:15 p.m. I remember one time when our bus driver had so much trouble with the kids that he assigned seats on the bus. At that time the boys sat on one side of the bus and the girls on the other.

Since I lived so far from Prescott, I was not involved in any extra-curricular activities which would require another trip back to town. One trip per day was enough. Things like band practice, football practice, or rehearsal for school plays were not practical for students living in the rural areas. Most students did not have cars to drive in those days.

Most of the boys took agriculture in high school and the girls took home economics. Mr. Sidney Forester was our agri. teacher and Mrs. Haltom was the home-ec. teacher. One time they decided to let the boys and girls switch for about two weeks. The girls tried their hand at a wood-working project and the boys learned to cook. That was an interesting change of pace.

We learned in agri. class about various hand and power tools. One of our first projects was to cut a twelve inch wide board into a perfect square using a hand saw. We first tried a 12-inch square. If that didn’t work, we tried a 11-inch square and so on until we got it perfect (or ran out of wood). We then advanced to other small projects like towel racks, knife racks, and broom racks. We also had our FFA meetings since we were members of the Future Farmers of America. We learned parliamentary procedure in these meetings. I remember the Sentinel was always “stationed by the door”. I wonder sometimes how many

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of us actually became farmers in later life (very few, I'm sure).

One of the highlights of our FFA was the annual trip to the state fair at Little Rock on Saturday. We would leave very early and get back after dark. We would spend our money on the various carnival games and attend the rodeo which at that time featured such stars as Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, and Annie Oakley. For a country boy from Bluff City, a trip to Little Rock was like going to New York City and to actually see a well known TV star in person was something special.

The agriculture building had some ping-pong tables and on rainy days we could gather there during the lunch hour and play ping-pong. On sunny days, we stayed outside and usually divided into small groups to talk or kill time until time for the next class.

I remember one thing that seems strange these days. Sometimes during lunch hour, a group of boys would gather down behind the agriculture building and play stretch. Two guys would stand facing each other about five feet apart and take turns throwing a pocket knife next to the other boy's foot and he would have to move his foot to where the knife stuck in the ground. They kept stretching until they could stretch no further. If the knife stuck in the ground between your legs, you had to turn around with your feet in the same position and throw the knife backwards. I guess this game was considered off-limits even back then or we wouldn't have been down behind the agri. building. Seems like we may have had a rule against bringing knives to school with a blade over so many inches long, but I'm not sure of that. Nobody ever thought of actually hurting another student in those days.

I don't remember the lunches at school being all that bad. We paid fifteen or twenty cents a day for our lunch and could get extra milk for two cents. The milk came in small glass bottles before paper cartons were used. We also had the school store which sold candy and snacks along with school supplies. Sometimes we chose to buy something at the school store instead of eating in the cafeteria. I also remember several of us boys walking from the school all the way to the curve on Hwy. 24 to a store to get a coke and some junk food for lunch instead of eating in the cafeteria.

Many students who attended Prescott schools in those days will remember Miss Frances Thrasher, our guidance counselor who was always giving us those tests to evaluate our interests and abilities. I can still hear her as she always said, "Read the directions silently while I read them aloud."

Occasionally we would have a school assembly which we liked because we could miss one of our regular classes. We sometimes had special assemblies in which some person or group would talk to us or put on a program of some type. We also had assemblies in which one of the preachers from one of the churches in town would talk to us about spiritual things-not really trying to convert us to their religion, but just presenting good basic moral lessons. That type thing would be frowned upon these days.

Physical education class was enjoyed by most students, but I was never into sports. I wasn't very good at any of the games. When we chose sides for a team, I was usually one of

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the last chosen. I can remember when we went to PE class and changed into our tennis shoes. There was a big pile of tennis shoes and we just looked through the pile and found a pair that fit and when class was over, we piled them up for another day.

One of our coaches stands out in my memory--Coach Reginelli. When we had our touch football game or whatever we were playing in PE class, he would require the losing team to go through a belt line each day. I soon learned not to be the last one through the line.

Another coach, Coach Barnes, decided to have his PE class go through the same training as his football players. He had various types of exercises set up in the gym and we had to go through the whole set several times each day. It seems all we did was do exercises instead of play games. I guess it served the purpose of the course--physical exercise.

At the end of our high school career, our class went on a senior trip. Previous classes had gone on trips to the Gulf Coast or places like that, but our class was told we could go anywhere we wanted as long as it was in Arkansas. We ended up going on a three-day trip to Scott Valley Dude Ranch, just a few miles from the Missouri border.

Well, these are a few of my memories from my school days at Prescott. Somehow we managed to graduate (about 55 of us) and go our separate ways. Looking back, I am thankful for all our teachers at Prescott. They tried their best to educate us and if I had it to do over again, I would probably be a better student.

THE TRAGIC 1923 SCHOOL FIRE

I was searching through the May 19, 1923 issue of The Prescott Daily News and came across a news story of a terrible school fire near Camden, South Carolina. The name Camden caught my eye and at first I thought it was Camden, Arkansas. Here are the basic facts of this incident from 1923. I can only imagine how this incident affected the lives of people in that community.

Camden, SC (Charlotte Thompson community)-- About 300 people were attending a school play entitled *Topsy-Turvy* in an old two-story wooden frame school building known as Cleveland school about six miles south of Camden. A kerosene lantern was hung over the stage for light, but during the play, the lamp came loose and fell to the stage causing a fire. Some say that pine straw had been used on the stage for decoration for the play and this was easily ignited when the lamp fell. The fire spread very rapidly.

Everyone rushed to the only exit, but the stairway collapsed due to the excess weight and trapped the children, parents, and others inside the building. Some parents tossed their children from the windows and some people jumped to safety. Whole families were wiped out in this fire which is considered one of the worst school fires in history. Eleven members of the Dixon family died in the fire. A total of 76 people died in the fire, but only ten of the victims could be identified. The others were buried in a mass grave at the Beulah United Methodist church cemetery. Seventy names of victims are listed in the cemetery records of

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Beulah United Methodist Cemetery. New fire safety regulations were soon put into effect in public buildings where large numbers of people might congregate. One change is that exit doors should open to the outside instead of to the inside like those in this building.

A large solid white marker has been erected at the cemetery with the names of all the fire victims who were buried in the mass grave at Beulah United Methodist church cemetery in Kershaw Co., South Carolina. You can call up this cemetery on the Find-a-grave web site and view the names of those who died and see the large monument erected in their memory. You can also do a search for the Cleveland School fire and see pictures and interviews with descendants of victims of the fire.

BIDS TAKEN FOR REMOVAL OF GRAVES

This might be of interest to anyone who has relatives buried in Hempstead County, Arkansas. According to the 9-5-1941 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*, the government was advertising for bids for the removal of graves and tombstones from 13 cemeteries in the new Southwest Proving Grounds military installation north of Hope, Arkansas. All bodies were to be removed by October 15. This facility was three miles wide and fifteen miles long. About 400 families had to be relocated. If your family was affected by this, please write and tell us about it.



Can you identify this man? This picture was taken at the intersection in Bluff City. The sign in the upper left corner is for the Arkansas Forestry Commission nursery with an arrow pointing down what is now Hwy. 299. The house in the background belonged to the Harveys. I can remember the sycamore trees standing alongside the road, but so far nobody had been able to identify this person.

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THE OLD WASH POT

We are fortunate to live at a time when washing clothes is so easy even though it is still not a favorite thing to do. All we have to do is sort some clothes, throw them in an automatic clothes washer, add some detergent, punch a few buttons, and wait. Then we transfer them into an automatic clothes dryer and soon we have clean clothes ready to wear or hang in the closet.

For our ancestors it was a different story. The women usually had the job of keeping the clothes clean for the entire family and families were much larger in those days. Disposable diapers had not been invented, so all those cloth diapers had to be washed by hand. Aren't you glad you live in these modern times?

When talking about washing clothes, I guess you could go all the way back to the days when women gathered at a stream to take advantage of the naturally running water to wash the clothes. As the land was settled, everyone could not live by a stream. Wells had to be dug for water and those wells or a nearby spring furnished water for washing clothes, or maybe rain water was collected in barrels for that purpose.

The cast iron wash pot soon came into existence and the job could be done right outside in the yard. The first task was to fill the wash pot with water which had to be carried from a well or spring before electricity was available. Some people set up the wash pot near a

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spring to avoid having to carry water so far. Firewood had to be gathered for the fire under the wash pot. It must be added carefully during the washing process to keep from stirring up the ashes. A good stick or paddle was needed to move the clothes around in the hot soapy water. The soap in those days was usually homemade lye soap--a story in itself. After the dirty clothes had been in the hot water for awhile, they would be removed with the stick or an old broom handle and placed in a wash tub filled with clean water. They were then scrubbed by hand on a scrub board to remove all the stains. This was hard work and not easy on the hands. They would then be rinsed in another wash tub of cold water, the excess water wrung out, and then placed on the clothes line to dry. Some of the least important things might be draped on a flower bush or a nearby fence.

Most families had a certain day of the week they called "wash day". It usually took all day to get the job done, so a day was set aside for that purpose. I think Mondays was the usual wash day, but some families washed on other days. Clothes might be worn more than one day which didn't matter too much because some people only took a bath once or twice each week anyway. Saturday was the big day for taking baths. Many of the older folks can remember taking baths in a No. 2 wash tub or one of the oblong shaped galvanized tubs used for that purpose.

I may have left out a few steps in washing clothes because I didn't get in on too much of that as I was growing up. I do remember washing clothes in a wash pot, but by the time I came along, most farms had electricity and the electric wringer washer was popular. Electricity changed everything, so I consider it one of the greatest inventions.

The electric wringer washer made it necessary for it to be located near an electric outlet. That might be on a back porch or a separate "wash house". Ours was in the wash house which was connected to the smoke house.

We had a wringer washer long before we ever got an electric clothes dryer. Drying clothes outside was practical since all that sunshine and wind was free. The main problem was what to do in a period of rainy weather. In that case, the clothes might have to be draped around inside the house until they got dry.

The good clothes had to be ironed since permanent press had not yet been invented. I can remember doing a little ironing, especially things like handkerchiefs. If I scorched one of those it wasn't be too bad. I remember the old RC Cola bottle with a sprinkler on top that was used to sprinkle the clothes with water while ironing and the light hanging from the ceiling by a long cord with a place to plug in the iron.

The old iron smoothing irons our ancestors used before electricity was a whole different story, but that was before my time. Maybe some of you can tell us about using those type irons or describe wash days as you remember them.

With the coming of electricity to the farms, the old wash pot soon became a thing of the past. They had many uses in the old days. They could also be used for making soap or cooking hominy. Many of them are now used as planters for flowers or sold to antique

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dealers. If you have one, you had better hold on to it. They don't make them anymore. *Note: How about some of you readers telling us about some of your wash day memories in the old days? The picture of the wash pot on page 1 is not from washing clothes. It is actually a picture of my mother making hominy in our wash pot.*

I came across this poem which may bring back some memories of washing clothes in the old days.

CLOTHES LINES

A clothesline was a news forecast
To neighbors passing by.
There were no secrets you could keep
When clothes were hung to dry.

It also was a friendly link
For neighbors always knew
If company had stopped on by
To spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the fancy sheets
And towels upon the line;
You'd see the company table clothes
With intricate design.

The line announced a baby's birth
To folks who lived inside
As brand new infant clothes were hung
So carefully with pride.

The ages of the children could
So readily be known
By watching how the sizes changed
You'd know how much they'd grown.

It also told when illness struck,
As extra sheets were hung;
Then nightclothes, and a bathrobe, too,
Haphazardly were strung.

It said, "Gone on vacation now"
When lines hung limp and bare,
It told, "We're back!" when full lines
sagged
With not an inch to spare.

New folks in town were scorned upon
If wash was dingy gray,
As neighbors raised their brows,
And looked disgustedly away.

But clotheslines now are of the past
For dryers make work less.
Now what goes on inside a home
Is anybody's guess.

I really miss that way of life.
It was a friendly sign
When neighbors knew each other best
By what hung on the line!

Author unknown

ISLAND WITHOUT WOMEN IS FOUND (from the November 14, 1931 issue of *The Camden News*)

Four miles from the heart of the Memphis downtown business district, this island domain is a womanless paradise for no white women live here.

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The island sticks its muddy prow into the swift currents of the Mississippi river. It is only accessible by boat or packet. Regular passenger service between the island and the mainland is maintained by principal owner, Joe Sailors, who operates a plantation here.

Sailors employs upwards of 100 Negroes on his land. Much of the time he is here directing the work, though his residence is in Memphis.

Management of the plantation is entrusted to Brick Woods, who with the exception of one week spent in a Memphis hospital has lived on the island for the past nine years. During one period, he was on the island ten months without leaving.

Sailors has 31 Negro families on the plantation. The total population of the island is about 300.

“Men come over sometimes and bring their wives and sweethearts for an outing,” Sailors said, “but it usually is a womanless paradise of white men.”

The quiet of the island never has been broken by the automobile engine. Life on the island, except for modern improvements at the “big house”, is just about like it was 100 years ago.

Sailors, more commonly known as “Mr. Joe”, runs his place much the same as if it were an old time plantation. Life of the Negroes is simple and carefree.

There is a Negro Baptist church on the island and the old Negroes said when the services were held, members came out of the bushes. High and dry on the middle of the island on the big stretch of sand running its entire length is the former baptizing place.

The river played havoc with it as it has with other spots on the island. Once the cemetery was washed away and another time, the storage spot for liquor was sent downstream in the whirling, muddy waters.

On the Sailors plantation, there are 100 head of hogs, all kinds of chickens and turkeys, and 60 mules. Wild game and birds make the island much sought by hunters.



I asked in the January issue if anyone had any information about this photo. The Meador family says the lady on the right in the photo is indeed Rilla Carter from Bluff City. They say that at one time she worked at or was part owner of a café in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The note on the back of the photo said, “This is our café.” So, maybe we solved this puzzle.

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A SAD INCIDENT

(from the 6-15-1887 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

OK, ladies. Get out your handkerchiefs for this one.

During the tumult and excitement of the late war, one of the saddest incidents that occurred was the marriage and death of Annie, eldest daughter of Gov. Pickins of South Carolina. In the midst of the great events of the war, such tragedies were comparatively unnoticed, but now that time has calmed the troubled sea of strife and contention, a picture of that scene will be of general interest, and will awaken a cord of sympathy in the hearts of all who read it.

On April 22, 1863, in Charleston, SC, at the residence of Gov. Pickins, a party was assembled to witness the marriage ceremony of Annie Pickins to Lieut. LeRochelle. It was a time when terror and anguish was prevailing throughout the entire South, and the booming of the Union guns then roared in the harbors, but the little number who had collected together had determined to smile, even though their hearts were aching and they were trembling with terror.

Beneath the soft light of the chandelier, the clergyman stood with the habiliments of the church enshrouding his venerable form. Before him was the noble young Lieutenant in his official uniform, while before him leant the beautiful woman who was to become his wife. There she stood, regal and proud; possessing everything that prestige of birth, rank, and wealth could give.

“Are you ready?”, asked the minister, unclasping his book. “Yes,” said LeRochelle, taking the hand of his bride.

Hardly was the answer uttered than there was an awful crash. A shell from the enemy’s guns had penetrated the mansion, bursting in the midst of the marriage scene, and scattering its deadly missiles around; men trembled and women screamed, mirrors were slivered, and for a moment the walls seemed to rock to and fro. In a few moments quiet reigned, and it was ascertained that the only fatal wound received was in the left temple of the waiting bride, who lay like a beautiful crushed flower in the arms of her agonized lover. Laying her on a lounge, he bent over her and in a moan of despair, prayed that she would become his wife. Her quick-drawn breath melted in a sigh as the lips smiled assent. There she lay, pure and white as the cluster of camellias at her breast, while the crimson life-tide oozed in heavy drops from the death wound on her brow and coursed its stream over the lovely cheek, marring the snowy clouds of her bridal veil that enveloped her. The ceremony was of few words, and the “yes” was murmured in a dying whisper beneath the husband’s kiss. In a moment, it was all over, a little struggle and she was dead.

Beneath the cool deep shadows of the magnolia, Annie Pickens LeRochelle was laid to rest, where the sad wail of the waters sighed an eternal requiem, while the brave young soldier went his way in the fire and danger of battle to serve his country and his God. He little feared the sword or the bullets of war, for ever in his heart there was a wound more cruel than death and lasting as life.

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A FATHER'S GOOD ADVICE (from the 2-16-1887 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

Note: The following was written by the father of the Tennessee's new governor, Bob Taylor and received by him on the day of his inauguration. It's too bad most of our modern-day politicians do not seem to follow these principles.

Jan. 17, 1887
Hon. R. L. Taylor,

My dear son: As you enter today on your official career as governor of Tennessee, I want to say a few things by way of encouragement and warning.

As a public officer your success or failure will be in proportion to your observance of certain simple rules.

1. Learn all your duties.
2. Then promptly and fearlessly discharge them.
3. In every transaction, be governed by the (1) requirements of the law, (2) by the demands of an enlightened conscience, (3) sanctioned by the exactions of the supreme divine code.
4. Let no temptation, however fascinating and attractive, however plausible, induce you to ignore the requirements of your self-respect, or to forget that the eye of God is always upon you and that the recording angel unerringly journalizes our lives, and the record will meet us on judgment and determine our eternal fate.
5. Let your promises be few and strictly performed.
6. Don't forget that the eyes of jealous rivals, false friends, and open enemies are open to all you say and do--therefore think much and often and let your words be few and well chosen.
7. In all questionable cases, choose to say and do those things that are clearly right and never doubtful.
8. Remember and forget not that all the material treasures of this world cannot restore a bankrupt character or replace a ruined reputation.
9. Do right under all circumstances, even at the sacrifice of place, power, and the prospect of wealth, even if it keeps you poor to the end of life.
10. Place your hand in the hand of Jesus and beg His guidance and protection in every condition and contingency of life, and may the love and peace of God be with you always.

Affectionately your father, N. G. Taylor

KEEP AN EYE ON YOUR BILLFOLD (this story appeared in the 1-13-1939 issue of The Camden News)

Rector, Ark.—W. F. Waddell, farmer living near here, has workmen wiring his home for electricity this week, because he butchered a calf that had just eaten a billfold containing \$60 that had been laid aside to finance the work.

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Waddell, when called upon to post the money for the wiring, discovered that the billfold containing three twenty dollar bills had dropped from his shirt pocket.

Search of the farm home's yard failed to disclose any trace of the missing billfold or its contents, when a neighbor noticed a calf standing in the barn lot chewing something.

Examination disclosed part of the billfold in the calf's mouth. At the suggestion and with the help of neighbors, Waddell butchered the calf finding his three twenty dollar bills intact in the animal's stomach.

Mrs. Waddell preserved the calf meat by canning it, and the family will soon have electricity.

NICKNAMES OF SOME ARKANSAS CITIES

Match the city with its nickname (answers on page 8)

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| ___ 1. Alma | A. The Spa City |
| ___ 2. Berryville | B. Spinach Capital of the World |
| ___ 3. Brinkley | C. City of Roses |
| ___ 4. Camden | D. Crepe Myrtle City |
| ___ 5. Conway | E. Turkey Capital |
| ___ 6. El Dorado | F. Brick Capital of the World |
| ___ 7. Eureka Springs | G. Where History Lives |
| ___ 8. Emerson | H. City of Colleges |
| ___ 9. Hope | I. Town With a Past, City With a Future |
| ___ 10. Hot Springs | J. Quarz Crystal Capital of the World |
| ___ 11. Jonesboro | K. City of Fountains, Parks, and Bridges |
| ___ 12. Little Rock | L. The Biggest Little Town in Arkansas |
| ___ 13. Lowell | M. Home of the Ivory Billed Woodpecker |
| ___ 14. Malvern | N. Watermelon Capital of the World |
| ___ 15. Mt. Ida | O. Rice and Duck Capital of the World |
| ___ 16. Mountain View | P. Peach Capital |
| ___ 17. Nashville | Q. Folk Music Capital of the World |
| ___ 18. Stuttgart | R. Arkansas' Original Boomtown |
| ___ 19. Siloam Springs | S. Little Switzerland |

THE JASPERS SOCIAL CLUB

In the early 1890s, there was a social club in Prescott called "The Jaspers". The membership consisted of the best young people of Prescott and the purpose was to provide wholesome amusement and pleasure for the members. Weekly parties were planned at the homes of the members and in the spring and summer, there were all-day picnics at Gray's Lake and Chamblis Springs.

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The young men saw that each lady got to go to all the parties and picnics. An iron-clad custom was that each Sunday at 2 p.m., the young men would meet somewhere and go in a group to each girl's home. The girls were always at home since there were no cars in those days. The girls would be dressed up and a fine time was had by all.

Much romance was involved and marriages began to result between members of the club. Almost all of the members ended up marrying another member of the club. After most were married, they began to have annual reunions on Christmas night each year. This tradition was carried on for several years.

JELL-O BANANA PUDDING CAKE

1 small Jello instant banana cream sugar free pudding and pie filling
1 box banana or yellow cake mix
4 eggs
1 cup water
1/4 cup oil
1/2 cup mashed bananas (one half cup)

Combine all ingredients in large bowl. Blend, then beat with electric mixer for 2 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10" tube or bundt pan. Bake for 50-55 minutes or until cake springs back when lightly touched. Cool in pan for 15 minutes. Remove. When cool, drizzle with glaze made with 1 cup confectioner's sugar and one tablespoon milk.

MAPLE NUT PIE

(from Mrs. Ella Loe--Prescott, AR--published in *Nevada County Picayune*)

2 eggs
1 can sweetened condensed milk
3/4 cup maple flavored syrup
1 cup pecans
1 baked pie crust
Whipped cream
1/4 cup toasted coconut

Beat eggs slightly. Add to milk and syrup. Bring slowly to a boil and cook 5 minutes or until thick. Add pecans to filling. Cool. Pour into baked crust. Top with whipped cream and toasted coconut. Chill and serve.

Answers to quiz: 1-B; 2-E; 3-M; 4-G; 5-H; 6-R; 7-S; 8-L; 9-N; 10-A; 11-D; 12-C; 13-I; 14-F; 15-J; 16-Q; 17-P; 18-O; 19-K

“As seedlings of God, we barely blossom on Earth, we fully flower in Heaven.” *Russell M. Nelson*

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THE SAW MILL AT CANEY CREEK

Most of us older heads remember the large saw mill located at Caney Creek on what is now Hwy. 299 between Bluff City and Morris. It had various official names over the years, but we usually just called it the Caney Creek mill. The saw mill was located south of the present highway, but the previous gravel road went through the mill yard. The main road through this area (now Hwy. 299) was known as the Clark Road about 100 years ago.

I'm not sure exactly when the first saw mill operated at this location, but an early railroad known as the Sayre Lumber Co. railroad is shown on a 1901 map running from Sayre in northwest Ouachita County into Nevada County and ending at this location. This old railroad bed is still visible in places.

On early maps the mill location is labeled Dill's Mill although there is some question as to whether Dill's Mill was in exactly the same spot as the Caney Creek mill I remember. On some maps it is shown a mile further south.

Dill's Mill was named after James William Dill who was from Texas. There are references in old newspapers of Mr. Dill opening a spoke mill there in 1918. These were wooden spokes used in the manufacture of wheels. The paper stated that he had an order from the U. S. Government, but was having trouble finding enough men to work. This was about the time of World War I, so the spokes were probably used in some of the military equipment used in that war which would explain why the government was placing an order with the sawmill.

Another reference in 1928 mentions Mr. Dill opening a hardwood mill at the former location of his spoke mill. By this time, the Reader Railroad (the Possum Trot Line) had been built from Reader to the oil fields at Waterloo. The railroad line passed by Dill's Mill and provided a way to transport the lumber and railroad ties from the mill to other places.

Mr. Dill died in 1935 at age 67 and is buried in Woodville, Texas. Various lumber companies owned the mill site following his death. A map dated 1948 shows the mill site owned by Mansfield Hardware Lumber Co.

I recently received some additional information about the mill from Mrs. Margaret Munn. She sent me several old pictures taken at the mill at the time she operated a store there. She opened the store in 1941 and closed it in 1954 or 1955 after the mill had cut out of timber. The mill was owned by Ed Held of St. Louis at that time and her father owned a percentage of the mill at one time. When he sold, he reserved merchandising rights, and that was the reason for Mrs. Munn being there. Her father had a store at Cale at that time. Mrs. Munn states, "I certainly had not planned to run a store, but my father had other plans."

Mrs. Munn says the train came through four or five days a week and the men from the train would stop and come in the store for Cokes and snacks. She says she sold mostly on credit to

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anyone who wanted to buy. She carried a general line of groceries, a few clothes, and sold lots of feed and gas. Her store was open six days a week from 7:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. She mentions that she married while she was operating the store, but her husband went into military service and was gone for 38 months. Mrs. Munn says the mill was known as Caney Creek Lumber Co. at the time she operated the store and that several families lived at the mill site.

The mill generated its own electrical power in the days before electricity reached that part of Nevada County in 1947. Mrs. Munn says that when the mill shut down for the day, the electricity in her store would go off and she would have to light lamps to use until closing time.

I'm not sure what his title was, but my uncle, Lee Roy McKelvy, worked at the saw mill for a time before he moved to the Redland community in the early 1950s and started a saw mill there. In 1954, several of the former employees of the Caney Creek Lumber Co. met at Lee Roy McKelvy's home for a chicken barbecue and to talk over old times. After the barbecue, Imon Wilson showed a film he had taken several years before of the mill in action. Those present at this reunion were: Edd Held of St. Louis, owner of the mill; Charley Green of Camden; Imon Wilson of Smackover; Theron Bevill, Albert Rhodes and Buddy Gist of Cale; Leonard Hart, Rufus Formby and Leroy Martin of Prescott; and Peck Nichols and Joe Meador of Bluff City (*from an article in the Nevada County Picayune*).

My family had some timberland near the mill and I can remember my father hauling a few logs to the mill. When a tree was struck by lightning on our place, he would cut that tree and enough other trees to make a load, cut them into short logs, and haul them to the mill. This mill employed several local men and was a pretty big industry for that part of Nevada County for many years.

The saw mill continued to operate until about 1973. Just before it closed, Charley Green of Camden managed the mill with the help of Gerald Johnson who lived at the mill site. About the time the mill closed, the Reader Railroad went out of business and the railroad tracks were taken up. It was the end of the road for the Caney Creek Lumber Co. saw mill.

I was working in the area in September, 1996 and stopped at the old mill site to eat my lunch. Here are some observations I jotted down that day.

"I ate lunch at the old mill site today. It's a nice, cool fall day. I can almost hear the sounds of the saw mill and can almost smell the sawdust. A person who happened by here today would probably never suspect that a saw mill ever existed here. The place has really grown up. An old well is about forty feet north of the old road near a large gum tree. The Gerald Johnson house south of the road is gone now, but two large oak trees still stand. A gully along the old railroad bed is full of trash, mostly household stuff. North of the road are some old concrete pads and a few pieces of metal are scattered about. The old mill yard is growing up in pine trees. Things have really changed in twenty years or so."

Here are some of the photos Mrs. Munn sent of Caney Creek Mill that were taken when she operated the store there about sixty years ago. If anyone has other information or photos of the old saw mill, let me know.

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Photo taken at the mill

Can you identify these men? The man on the right is Gerald Johnson.



Clifton White—Notice the old cars and trucks parked at the mill.



Albert Rhodes—He cut a finger off with a saw and was showing someone how it happened and cut another finger off.



Mill Kids



The commissary store at Caney Creek Mill

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CANEY CEMETERY BOOK AVAILABLE

Caney Cemetery – Nevada Co., Arkansas---There are 563 identified graves at this cemetery and several unidentified graves. I have a file containing all 563 names and condensed obituary information for about 300 of those people. The complete record is 54 pages and is updated as new burials occur or new information is found. I would be happy to send you the information I have on any one surname free of charge. If you want the whole record, I can send it to you on a CD for \$6.50 which includes postage. My email address is on the top of page 1 of this issue.

CAN YOU HELP?

My name is Sandra Holmes. My brother William has been trying for years to find out about our Grandfather Willard Holmes. About a year ago I took over this challenge. We do not know much. Willard was born, we believe, May 7, 1896 in Nevada County Arkansas. We have heard many different towns including Bodcaw and Cale.

We find him on the 1910 census with Joseph Kelso Waddle and family. Joseph was already 65 years old at this time and Grandpa was but 14. In 1919 Willard married Mary Eskridge Gammage in Prescott, I believe. Grandma said in a letter written to my brother in 1968 that Willard had a brother who died in an accident and that his mother had died and that his father had left him with a family but she didn't know who that family was. She was quite irritated with my brother for asking. Through research I have found that there was another orphaned boy by the name of Willie Holmes who was killed in a farming accident on the farm of Lige Matthews. Lige's real name was Elijah, I believe. Willie was killed in 1912 and was 16 which means he was also born in 1896. Willie and Willard must have been twins.

Throughout my family there seems to be some mystery about my grandpa. It turns out that many of the Waddle family moved to the Coolidge, Arizona area along with my family of Gammage's and Holmes' in about 1925. We had a cousin named Rhetta Hitt that married Albert Howard Lambert and another cousin named Willis Honea who married Rhetta Lambert. Both Lamberts were Joseph's niece and nephew. My great grandparents Edward and Martha (Mattie) Hannah Gammage are buried one row over from the Waddle's in the Coolidge Cemetery.

The story has too many twists and turns to mention here but I am willing to bet that Grandpa may have been a relative of the Waddles. I do not come to this conclusion lightly. To any relatives of the Waddles reading this I want to say thank you.

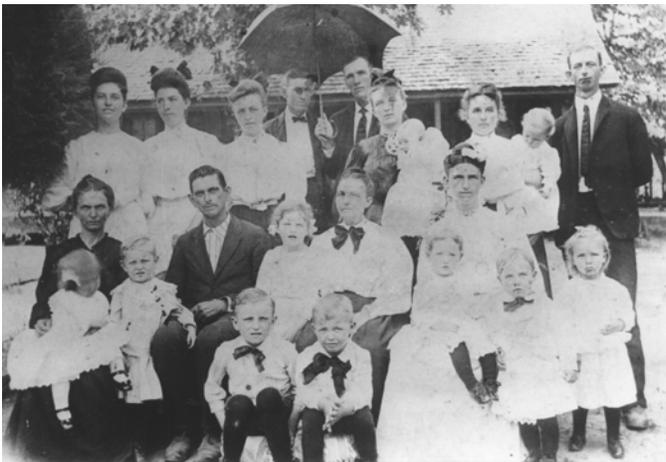
Grandpa died February 17, 1954 in Casa Grande, Arizona. Great Grandpa Gammage had a cattle ranch there and William Gordon Waddle's death certificate has his address listed as Great Grandpa's ranch. I do not see how Grandma could have forgotten (as her mind seemed fine to me before she died in 1971) that they had all moved together to Arizona. From speaking with a Waddle relative I have found out that Joseph Kelso Waddle, aka "Uncle Joe", moved to Arizona for a few years before he died. He was in his early 80's then.

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I am enclosing a photograph sent to me by Cathy Cox Straley of some of her relatives--the Jack Bolls Family. The Reverend George Edgar Waddle was there to perform the ceremony in 1907. He is on our right under the umbrella. His sister Carrie Waddle Galloway moved to Arizona with my family. The strange thing about this photo is that I showed it to everyone in my family without telling them why and EVERY person thought that the guy to his left looks like a couple of different men in our family. He looks a lot like my son, Justin but he also looks like my uncle Edward Roy Holmes and my brother William. He could be my Great Grandfather.

Can anyone identify him or provide any information about this? You can contact me at sandyhogan@cox.net. Please help us uncover our family. Out of our four grandparents we only recently discovered the Gammage side, or should I say the extent of it. I feel like an orphan myself. We know nothing about the other three grandparents. Some of our family names include Hitt, Hannah, Honea, Greer, Ridling and of course Gammage and Holmes.

My grandfather worked at Smithton Handle Works at Smithton in Clark Co. in 1924. My brother remembers that he was injured in an explosion. We think it could have been there. I am including a picture.



The Jack Bolls family. (see story above)



Sandy's grandpa in wheelchair

MORE WASH POT MEMORIES (from Betty Thomas)

The old wash pot at our house was a huge thing about 28 or 30-inches in diameter and Mother heated water in it for the wash tubs as well as for "boiling" the really dirty clothes. If I remember correctly there were two and sometimes three rinse tubs. During the summer after the clothes were washed, I gave my dogs a bath in the rinse tubs--a lot of good it did for they would jump out of the tubs and head for a sand bed to roll and coat themselves in sand and then shake it off all over me.

There was an order to the way you washed the clothes: the lingerie was washed first, followed by the "white" clothes--the sheets, towels, (in those days you could get sheets in any color you wanted as long as it was white! and a lot of towels were white, too), then the "good" clothes (the ones you wore to town and church), and then last, the dirty work clothes (after they

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had done a turn in the wash pot). If Mother thought the "white" things weren't white enough, they went into the wash pot first. After the last rinse came the starch. Mother would usually make it in a dish pan and would dip the things that she wanted to have "body" into the starch and then hang them to dry. If you didn't get the starch right, the things could stand alone when they got dry they would be so stiff.

Mother only made lye soap one time and it was in the wash pot. The batch was potent stuff and would take out most dirt and the hide right off your hands! It was put in the shed where she stored the canned goods and took years for her to use it up.

I don't know if it was common practice but Mother and Daddy rendered lard in the wash pot. It would be scrubbed out clean and the cut up fat from the hogs that they butchered would be put into it and cooked very slowly over a hickory fire until the "cracklings" would come to the top of the pot where they could be skimmed off and saved to be added to cornbread batter for "crackling bread" (good stuff!). Daddy would cut a fresh hickory stick about two inches in diameter to stir the fat to keep the temperature even all through the cooking process. When I got off the school bus the "hog killing" would have gotten to the point where the lard was being rendered and the meat for sausage would be ready to be ground up. The hams and shoulders would be hanging in the smoke house and I would have missed the bloody brutal part completely--my parents had learned long before that I couldn't feed the animals without petting them and then would be broken-hearted when they became food.

Daddy and I had a little secret that we thought we kept from Mother about the lard. I would go get the biggest, roundest sweet potato that I could find and Daddy would peel it and slip it into the bubbling fat. When it came to the top, he would get it out and we would feast on deep-fried sweet potato. We thought it was the best eating ever and I'm sure part of the taste was due to it being "forbidden fruit". Mother thought it would change the flavor of the lard and discolor it. During World War II the meat and lard sure stretched the ration coupons.

The ironing was usually done the next day after the washing. The night before Mother would sprinkle all the starched things, roll them up, and put them in an old pillow case or something like that so that the moisture would evenly dampen the articles to be ironed. The old irons were heated by setting them on the wood-burning cook stove top (a hot job in summer!) or by putting them by the fireplace with the soles of the irons turned toward the fire. Some folks could test the iron by moistening the tip of a finger and touching it to the iron--I just got a blister on the finger.

Needless to say, the day the REA line got turned on and brought electricity to our house was a red-letter day. It was in 1947. With electricity came a wringer washer and an electric iron along with a pump in the well and indoor plumbing.

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OLD GRAVE MARKERS RAISE INTERESTING QUESTIONS

The late radio commentator, Paul Harvey, was known for ending his broadcast with the phrase “Now, you know the rest of the story”. Many of us who do genealogy and historical research often wish we knew the rest of the story. We get excited when we discover some little tidbit of information that we didn’t know and it usually sends us off on another search, maybe in a totally different direction.

Some of our old cemeteries have hidden stories just waiting to be told if we only had more information or at least some factual piece of evidence to prove or disprove stories that have been passed down over the years.

Below are a couple of these type stories. We can’t prove the stories are true, but neither can we disprove them. Who knows? Maybe someone reading this has some information to share that will help us to learn the “rest of the story”.

SALLIE OLGLESBY WOOD AND THE TEN UNIDENTIFIED GRAVES



Old Union Cemetery is located just south of the city limits of Camden, Arkansas. It is very old with some grave markers dating back to 1841. In this small cemetery there is an unusual plot surrounded by an iron fence that contains the headstone of Sallie Oglesby Wood who was born Sept. 11, 1842 and died August 25, 1926. Next to her grave is a row of ten small identical grave markers with no names, all inside the iron fence. One of the markers is near Sallie's grave, but there is a skip between that marker and the other nine markers.

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The story I've heard about this is that Sallie's husband was killed in the Civil War in Mississippi. Sometime later she went to retrieve his body and found that he had been buried in a mass grave with several other soldiers, so she decided to bring all of those bodies back to Camden for burial which explains the row of identical grave markers in this cemetery plot.

When I visited the cemetery, I questioned why she had the nice iron fence installed around all these graves, but didn't put up a marker for her husband with his name and dates. Perhaps it was because she had no way of knowing exactly which one was her husband.

As I said, it's too bad we don't know the rest of the story. I'm sure at the time this all happened, many people knew the story and it probably would have been reported in the local newspaper. All those people are gone now and newspapers from that time are scarce, so I guess we will just have to continue wondering what really happened.

If the story is true, it causes us to admire a young lady who loved her husband enough that she would go to that much trouble and expense to bring his body back from that far away. There are thousands of Civil War soldiers (and those from other wars) buried far from their homes and family members, many in unmarked graves. I'm sure most families would want their loved one brought back home if at all possible.



I wondered if maybe she was from a wealthy family who had the money to accomplish such a task, but from her obituary, I learned that she was from a family of eighteen children and had one brother, Will Oglesby, who survived her. I doubt if a family that large would have accumulated much wealth, but at some time, the iron fence was installed around this plot and a nice marker was placed at Sallie's grave after her death. I don't know if these fences were expensive in those days, but I expect they were. Maybe the Wood family provided the money for the fence and the expenses of bringing the fallen soldier home. Notice the heart designs in the corner post of the fence pictured here.

Her obituary did not mention her husband or any children who survived. She lived the last 23 years of her life with Mr. and Mrs. Ed Reynolds south of Camden, according to the obituary. Mrs. Reynolds was her niece. It is believed that Sallie lived in Texas in the 1800s before moving back to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds. The Reynolds' had previously lost two small children who are also buried at Old Union.

I assume that she remained a widow until she died in 1926 which would be about sixty years after her husband's death. She was probably in her early 20s when he was killed in the war. We really need to find out her husband's first name. Then maybe we could find his military record and his date of death to prove this story. The Ouachita County marriage records from that time were destroyed in a court house fire. Assuming she was married about age 18, her marriage would have been about 1860. The war lasted from 1861 to 1865. If he was killed in the war, their marriage was very brief. I found other Oglesbys buried in the same cemetery and at Riddick Cemetery in Ouachita Co. I have

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tried to contact Oglesby family researchers, but have had no response so far.

If the story is true, what about the other nine soldiers and their families? Who were these other soldiers? Were they also from Camden? How would a person get permission to move bodies from a battlefield burial ground, especially if they were not family members? How were they transported back to Camden?

Maybe this story sparks some bit of interest that will cause someone to dig deeper into this story. It might be good to start with some research into the family of Sallie Oglesby Wood. Maybe someone in the Oglesby or the Wood family would have more information or at least tell us the name of her husband.

We may never know the full details, but until we find more information, the story of these ten unidentified graves at Old Union Cemetery will probably be passed on down to others as it was related to us. If anyone has any information about this, please contact me.

THE ROCK GRAVE AT EBENEZER



At Ebenezer Cemetery in Nevada County, located four miles from Bluff City, there is an unidentified grave surrounded by huge rocks. These type rocks are found in abundance a few miles from the cemetery in the area around Rocky Hill. Gathering these rocks and getting them to the cemetery was quite a job. I counted 56 rocks surrounding this grave and I would guess most of the rocks weigh somewhere around 80 pounds and the larger ones probably weigh over 100 pounds. Imagine the work involved in constructing this rock enclosure for this grave.

Many of us have wondered who might be buried in this grave. By the time I got interested in such things, all the older people had passed away and there was nobody left who knew anything about this grave. The earliest marked grave at this cemetery dates back to 1859, so this grave could be very old. I talked to people in their 80s and they said the grave was there as far back as they could remember.

I always figured it might be the grave of some well-to-do farmer or plantation owner who had slaves to do all the heavy work of getting these rocks to the cemetery, but a well-to-do farmer would probably have a store-bought tombstone. These rocks were probably hauled to the

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cemetery by wagon. How they got the rocks to the wagon is another question. I looked closely at the rocks hoping someone might have carved some initials in one of them, but I couldn't find anything like that. In some cemeteries, initials are chiseled into an appropriately shaped rock of this type and it is used as a headstone.

Then one day I received a message from a descendant of the Ammons family concerning this grave. Like the first story in this article, this cannot be proven, but is the story passed down in that family. According to that story, the grave is that of a young girl who was bitten by a rabid dog. The girl developed rabies and was kept locked in the smokehouse by her parents until she died. Maybe this was before the time of rabies shots which were first used in 1885.

The story goes that Guss and Amy Ammons lived near the sharp curve on Hwy. 299 about where James Nelson's farm is today and were acquainted with the family of the young girl. The family was very superstitious, and after the girl was buried, the family built the rock wall around her grave to keep the spirits from coming back to haunt them. The name of this family has been forgotten and there are no other graves very close to the rock grave to give us a clue.

From what I've heard this is a terrible way to die. In the final stages of rabies, the patient has throat spasms, convulsions, and delirium. It is usually fatal in about three to four weeks. The symptoms can appear anytime from a few days to several months after a bite by a rabid animal. The animal that bites someone is tested for rabies. If the test is positive or the animal cannot be found, it will probably be necessary to take rabies shots. Rabies shots have improved from what they used to be. The "twenty injections in the belly" are no longer used. Treatment today requires a series of about six injections in the arm and hip. Even with the modern medicine, rabies is still a serious disease. It's a good idea to get your pets vaccinated and avoid any strange acting animals.

There is no way to prove if this story is true. As far as I know, there were no written cemetery records for Ebenezer Cemetery until a survey was done about 1950 by Howard Foster and Edward Dunn which included some notes about some of the people buried there. They did not mention the rock grave in their survey, so they probably had no information about this grave.

If you have heard a story concerning this unusual grave, let me know. We will probably never know the complete story of the rock grave at Ebenezer, but so far this is the only explanation I have heard.

SAFETY ALERT

While researching these stories, I came across an incident that happened in 1934 at Stephens Cemetery in Stephens, Arkansas. A lady and her small children had gone to the cemetery to place some flowers at a grave. The children were playing among the tombstones when one of the large marble monuments fell on the nine year-old girl. Her back was crushed and she had several broken ribs. She was transported to a Shreveport hospital and it was reported that she was paralyzed from the waist down. Remember this incident if you are in a cemetery with small children. Many of the older grave markers are unstable and are very heavy. I can see where something like this could happen.

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EVIL EFFECTS OF CHEWING GUM (from the 12-22-1886 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

A popular craze that is daily growing is that of chewing gum.... The popularity of the gum-chewing habit is due to the fallacy that some health journal promulgated awhile ago that gum chewing preserves the teeth and develops the gums and should be encouraged.

The fact is that gum-chewing stimulates the salivary glands to a degree that is draining and exhaustive, and when the increased secretions of these glands are swallowed, it has an injurious effect on the stomach It excites the glands of the stomach, the liver, the pancreas--in fact the entire glandular system connected with alimentation. It wastes the products of these glands, or diverts them from their proper use, and by so doing injures the system. So you see gum-chewing is not only a ridiculous and a vulgar habit, but it is hurtful to health and should be stopped.

Dr. W. G. Priest in the *Globe-Democrat*



After the article in the last issue regarding Dill's Mill, I received this photo of Wallace Helsel at Dill's Spoke Mill.

Mr. Dill opened the spoke mill in 1918.

Mill Kids Photo in last issue: Adrian Hunter says he is the one on the left and thinks the other boy may be Jerry Tippitt.



Also in the last issue was a request from Sandy who was trying to find more information about her grandfather, Willard Holmes, who lived in Nevada Co. before moving to Arizona. She has found his death record which shows his father to be Oscar Holmes. His mother's name had "Unknown" typed in the death record, but someone had scratched through that and written Nora Ward in as his mother. Sandy also asks if anyone can identify any of the people in this photo dated April, 1944. Possible surnames are Holmes, Gammage, and Waddle. If you have any information, you can contact Sandy at sandyhogan@cox.net

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Old well house at the Irvin place in Nevada County, Arkansas

DRINKING FROM THE DIPPER

By Jerry McKelvy

I can remember stopping by the well on a hot day for a cool drink of water, drawing a bucket of water from the well, and drinking from a metal dipper hanging close to the well. Most every farm had a water well and some had more than one because sometimes a well might go dry in the summer time.

My grandparents had two wells--one close to the house and another across the road. At our house we had a well that was just a few steps from the house with an open shed built over it complete with well pulley, rope, and metal water bucket. The well usually furnished enough water, but in the summertime, we had to ration our water. I can remember taking a bath with only enough water to barely cover the bottom of the bath tub. Sometimes we would have to wait an hour or so to have enough water for someone else to bathe.

Sometime in the late 1960s, a well driller was working in the area and I contracted with him to drill a new well at our house. We chose a spot about thirty feet from the old well and put down a new 30-inch water well lined with concrete well tiles. The old well was only about 25 feet deep and didn't furnish enough water, so he drilled the new well 38 feet deep. He hit a good stream of water and the well usually had about 15 feet of water which was plenty for our use. I think this new well only cost about \$350 dollars at that time. We had electricity at that time, so a pump was used to pump the water from the well. The coming of electricity to the farms soon did away with the well buckets and water dippers.

Our well was on top of a high hill and the water had a very good taste unlike some wells which might have an iron taste or some other odd taste. Some people living nearby had much more trouble finding good water. In some places there is plenty of water at a depth of 25 or 30 feet and in other places, a well 100 feet deep might have only a small amount of water. Sometimes the driller would hit a dry hole. I have heard those old stories about using a forked stick or divining rod to find water, but we just picked out a convenient spot and hoped for the best. Well drillers usually charge a certain amount per foot even if they have a dry hole.

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Having to pay for a deep dry hole and still not have any water would be an expensive proposition, but that was a chance a person had to take when having a well drilled.

Sometimes a water well had to be cleaned out or dug deeper. Bennie Clanahan, an older black gentleman, was the one I remember that did that type work. A heavy wooden spool was set up over the well to lower a person into the well to dig the well deeper. Buckets of dirt or mud were pulled up by another person stationed above ground. Well digging is one job I have never done and I have no desire to learn that trade.

Some of these old water wells from long ago are especially dangerous. Old home places grow up with brush and sometimes the wells are hidden from view. A person could easily fall into one of them, so you must be very careful when walking around an old home place. I have found them covered with a piece of rusty tin covered with leaves. One time I poked a stick around on an old piece of tin and heard a hollow sound. When the tin was pulled back an open well about 60 feet deep was revealed. Working in the woods as I did for many years, I always had a fear of falling into an open well.

Most of the old wells had some sort of structure above ground about waist high to protect the well and most had some type of lid that could be raised to lower the water bucket. The lid kept unwanted things out of the well like blowing leaves or the family pet.

People in the old days didn't give too much thought to drinking from the water dipper. It was usually found hanging somewhere close to the well and everyone in the family and any strangers who happened by could drink from the dipper. I guess it was too much trouble to have a separate drinking glass for each member of the family. There might be a dozen or more family members. Most people today would not want to drink from the same glass or bottle that someone else used. We know diseases can be spread that way, but I guess our ancestors didn't know that or chose to ignore that possibility.

Drinking from a water well might not be as sanitary as our modern water systems, but a dipper of cool well water tasted mighty good on a hot summer day. I wonder what our grandparents would say if they could see us these days buying bottles of drinking water from the store.

Several years ago, the area around Bluff City got "city water" which was pumped from the Camden water system. Residents now have a good supply of treated drinking water even though it's not free like the old water wells. The old water wells are no longer needed, but it's nice to have a second water source just in case there is some problem with the city water system.

Just remember if you go exploring around an old home place to be on the lookout for the old water well and remember that many homes had more than one well. Many of them are just open holes in the ground and can be up to sixty feet deep. They can be dry or contain several feet of water. Exploring around old home places can be fun. You might find an antique bottle, an old plow, or maybe some sort of flowering plant, but you could also find an open water well. Better to be safe than sorry.

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NEWSPAPER TIDBITS FROM NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE

December, 1884

---A little five year old, who attends the Prescott Graded School, asked his mother the question, "What is nature?" After stammering over a reply, she finally told him that nature meant the woods, the trees, and the flowers. "I can give you a better answer than that" said the little one. "Nature is what God makes that man cannot make".

January, 1885

---Ice has been quite plentiful of late, and if harvesters have been industrious, there is no reason why this cooling article may not be very cheap next summer.

---A society for the eradication of profanity is the latest moral reform in New York. Such a society in these parts could find plenty material to work on.

---A sad accident occurred in the Artesian neighborhood late Monday evening. Dr. Milam's little son, Charley, was having the chills and Mrs. Milam went to give him a dose of quinine, but through a mistake gave him a heavy dose of morphine. The little fellow went to sleep, and after he had slept some time, his mother went to wake him up. She discovered the mistake she had made. A doctor was sent for, but Charley never awaked anymore.

May, 1886

---The Davis Quilting Frame was patented Jan. 19, 1886, and is now only four months old. The best citizens of Nevada County are buying it. A large comforter or quilt can be made on the sewing machine in from one to three hours by the use of the Davis Quilter, now being demonstrated at the post office in Prescott.

Ham Strada from John Turpin of Louisiana (age 81)

Loaf of sandwich bread - day old bread - with crust removed. Lay the slices out on a cookie sheet, put them in the oven and dry them out on warm. (Save the crust to put in your food processor for bread crumbs ... waste not, want not.)

Now butter the slices, both sides (most likely why the bread needs to be firmer). Lay bread slices in the buttered bottom of a large 9"x13" pan. Cover bread with slices of ham, trimmed of fat and cut to fit the bread. Cover that with sliced Swiss cheese - or shredded.

Cover with a layer of cooked, well drained spinach (Optional). [Or why not broccoli, asparagus, maybe low fat cottage cheese instead of spinach]? Top with a final layer of buttered bread. Beat six eggs together. Add three cups of milk. Pour this mixture over the bread, ham, spinach. Refrigerate overnight.

Bake at 350 - for one hour - or until neatly/nicely browned. Test for doneness the standard way. Sometimes I find that the end of the pan needs a few portions of sliced bread to fill it out. Good place for small pieces of ham and a snack for the cook.

This dish can be cut into serving sections and frozen. John says: "I use a spiral cut ham because they are almost 100% lean. Expensive, but you get a lot and ham freezes well for up to six months."

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LOOKING BACK

By Pearl Moore Henson

In recent years I have done a lot of looking back. I guess looking back began to mean a lot to me in 1969. You see, it was in 1969, that Lloyd and I were first approached about the possibility of moving to Zambia, Africa, to work in a mission field. To make a long story short, it was in 1969 that my life changed drastically, because this possibility became a reality. It was comforting when my sister, Elloene Moore McBride, wrote and reminded me that no matter where our paths might take us our lifetime or child-hood memories would always be in our mind to help us over the rough places. Added to those memories are the memories of our life in Bluff City, Arkansas, as we grew up together, and these will always be near. Recently, memories have been added to the above when I began reading *The Sandyland Chronicle*.

Can you imagine the thoughts and concerns that went through my mind as the decision was made? I had NO idea what lay ahead for us, and what could I say to family and friends when they learned we were going to a foreign field to do mission work? To say the least, I was scared and apprehensive. All summer I had been trying to answer the WHERE, WHEN, and WHY questions to my satisfaction. My knowledge of Africa at that time was confined to Tarzan's Africa—thanks for Mike and Bruce (our sons) who seemed to know him quite well!

As I look back now, I see the summer of preparation before we left as a most trying time. Work permits which would allow us to enter the country were a prerequisite. During this long waiting period—and it was a long, long, and very hot summer—we had time to take care of the many other details. Believe me, these details were many! For one thing, Lloyd returned to school (Harding College) and completed thirteen semester hours to complete his M. A. T. degree. And, yes, it was a very hot summer—about the hottest we could remember. We would find an air conditioned place on the campus during the day, stay in the library until closing time, then move to the Heritage Building until 11 p.m.—closing time there—then go to our little, hot apartment for the rest of the night. Those are some memories that I really do not care to retain!

During our waiting period, we had long and encouraging letters from John Kledzik, the headmaster at the Christian school where we would be teaching, and his wife Mary. Would you believe I needed this encouragement!? Also, Georgia Hobby, a long time missionary in Africa, also acted as a cheerleader to encourage and strengthen us. These letters reminded me of the people back home in Bluff City. Memories?? Yes, I still remember how the people there would welcome people into their homes: "Come in! Right proud ya'll came!" and "Ya'll come back again, hear?!" Those words ring in my ears even now!

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That last bridge had not been crossed, much less the Atlantic Ocean, on our way to Livingstone, Zambia, but one milestone had been reached. On September 21, 1969, we got the wonderful news that our work permits had arrived.

Lloyd ended one of his reports with these words, "We boarded the waiting Boeing 707 to begin our trip into an unknown area of the world that would take us back a hundred years into history. Will it change our lives forever?" I can truthfully say that day did change our lives up to the present time. I look forward to sharing some of my Nevada County memories and our life in Zambia with the *Chronicle* readers. But for now. . . .

"That's all, folks,"

Pearl Louise Henson

WHAT WOULD SOUTHERNERS DO WITHOUT PEAS?

By Jerry McKelvy

Along about the last week of June each year in this part of Arkansas, there is a mad scramble as folks try to find a place to purchase some homegrown purple hull peas. The town of Emerson, Arkansas even has a Purple Hull Pea festival each year about that time which brings many visitors to the small town for all the events associated with such a festival. You can usually find a farmer with peas to sell somewhere close by although the number of people farming seems to be declining more each year.

Of course, there are many other varieties of peas besides purple hulls. It's just that purple hull peas are the most common and are easy to pick because they turn purple when mature. There are white cream peas, lady peas, whippoorwill peas, black-eyed peas, several types of purple hulls, crowder peas, and probably several others. Lady peas are very small and were once considered a delicacy and only served on special occasions.

During the Great Depression, many rural Arkansas families survived the hard times by raising and eating peas. I heard one woman say they ate so many peas, they rattled when they walked. Peas are easy to grow and thrive even on the poorest soils. The worst problem when growing peas is damage caused by deer. We have plenty of deer and they absolutely love peas.

Peas are usually sold by the bushel. Some are picked by the farmer to sell or for his own use and some farmers plant large fields and offer them for sale on a "pick your own" basis. The price for a bushel of peas has increased along with everything else.

Shelling peas can be a family affair if you can get everyone involved. It makes the work go a lot quicker and can be done while watching TV or just talking and visiting with each other. You can usually tell when someone has been putting up peas. They have an affliction on their hand that causes purple thumbs (what I call the purple hull pea syndrome). Machines are available for shelling peas if you want to go that route.

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I remember one time when I was growing up I saw an ad in *The Progressive Farmer* magazine for a simple pea sheller. It only cost a dollar, so I ordered one. You held it in one hand and fed one pea at a time through it. It would make a small cut along the pea pod which made the peas easy to remove. It was soon discarded as being too slow and impractical.

When the peas are shelled, the next step is to “look” them. That means sorting through them to remove any bad peas or pieces of trash. This can be done in conjunction with washing the shelled peas. The peas can then be canned in jars, frozen in plastic bags, or cooked fresh.

It’s hard to beat a pot of fresh cooked purple hull peas served with your favorite condiment. They are good served with your favorite relish or chow-chow, a pod of hot cayenne pepper, a slice of cantaloupe, a piece of onion, or just whatever you like. You need some good cornbread to go with the peas and maybe some fried okra or a good ripe tomato and a big glass of iced tea. As my Aunt Myrtie always said, “That’s larrupin”.

It’s hard to convince Northerners that these type peas are human food. They call them cowpeas and think they are something you feed the cows. All I can say is don’t knock it until you’ve tried it.

FARMER JONES’ WISE SAYINGS (from the 1-26-1887 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

1. Every promise is a debt.
2. No rose without a thorn.
3. Every dog is a lion at home.
4. A sin confessed is half forgiven.
5. Every fool wants to give advice.
6. There is no love without jealousy.
7. Hatred renewed is worse than at first.
8. Hear the other side, and believe little.
9. All are not saints who go to church.
10. Never was a mewling cat a good mouser.
11. There’s no worse joke than a true one.
12. The sheep that bleats loses a mouthful.
13. There is no worse thief than a bad book.
14. Never do evil that good may come of it.
15. Think much, speak little, and write less.
16. Every fool is wise when he holds his tongue.
17. No one ever became poor through giving alms.
18. Nothing can come out of a sack but what is in it.
19. To make the cart go, you must grease the wheels.
20. It is no time to play chess when the house is on fire.
21. Don’t bite till you know whether it is bread or a stone.
22. Hear, see, and say nothing if you would live in peace.

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23. Never let the bottom of your purse or your mind be seen.
24. There never was a shoe however handsome that did not become an ugly slipper.
25. He is a fool who boasts of four things: that he has good wine, a good horse, a handsome wife, and plenty of money.

HE SURVIVED SINKING OF TWO SHIPS IN WORLD WAR II (reported in the 5-21-1942 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Camden, May 19--Having survived two bombings that sunk ships on which he was aboard, Machinist's Mate James Arnold Harvey is on furlough visiting his mother, Mrs. I. J. Harvey at Bluff City.

Mr. Harvey was aboard the *USS Langley* in World War II when it was sunk by Japanese bombers. After he had been in the water for some time, he was picked up by a destroyer and transferred to the tanker *Pecos*. Soon the *Pecos* was bombed and sunk and again Mr. Harvey was in the water and again was rescued. Of the 740 men on the *Langley* and *Pecos*, only 240 were rescued.

Mr. Harvey left his wife and 12 day-old baby in Manila December 6 and has received no word from them since. He believes they are prisoners of the Japanese.

Mr. Harvey attended school at Chidester, Ouachita county. He has been in the navy since 1934.

TEEN AGE COMMANDMENTS

- Stop and think before you drink
- Don't let your parents down—they brought you up.
- Be humble enough to obey—you will be giving orders yourself someday.
- At the first moment turn away from unclean thinking.
- Don't show off when driving—if you want to race, go to Indianapolis.
- Choose a date who would make a good mate.
- Go to church faithfully—the Creator gives us a week—give Him back one hour.
- Choose your companions carefully—you are what they are.
- Avoid following the crowd—be an engine, not a caboose.
- Recall the original Ten Commandments.

Found in the Redland local news column of *The Nevada News* 10-25-1962

“When a person has a pain after eating a big dinner, the trouble is more likely to be found in the table of contents rather than the appendix” (from 1907 newspaper)

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TRY TO STAY CALM

I'm sure most of you know what it's like to come upon a snake when you are not expecting it. Your heart beats a little faster (or almost stops beating) until you have a chance to calm down. I have had my share of encounters with snakes but never got bit by one despite working in the woods for 32 years and none of my co-workers was ever bitten. They say you should remain calm if you are bitten by a snake. I think that would be next to impossible. I did meet a beaver trapper one time who claimed he had been bitten 19 times by poisonous snakes. He claimed he had built up immunity to the poison and the bites rarely caused him any problem. I've seen him wade off into a beaver pond wearing tennis shoes and clean out beaver dams with his bare hands knowing that there could be a big cottonmouth moccasin lying among the sticks.

Here's something else that will give you a thrill. When I worked in the woods, I would sometimes come across a nesting turkey. They will stay on the nest until they think you are getting too close to them. I have been four or five feet from a turkey nest when the hen turkey decided it was time to vacate the nest. There is just no way to remain calm when this happens. I guess if I had a choice, I had rather be surprised by a hen turkey than a big rattlesnake, but both of them will give you a thrill. Here is a picture of a turkey nest I came across one time. I returned the next day to take the picture.



RAINBOW PARTIES

(from the 5-26-1886 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Have you ever wondered what young people did for amusement in the old days? I recently came across the following description of something called a Rainbow Party, which according to the article, was the latest novelty in parties in 1886. One of these parties took place at the home of Col. J. M. Montgomery in Prescott. Admission was 25 cents and the proceeds were to be for the benefit of the Presbyterian church.

The article gave a description of these parties clipped from the Chicago News. These parties had first appeared in Chicago only a few weeks past, but had reached the "proportions of an epidemic" across the nation.

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All the young ladies in attendance at these parties wore neat little aprons of whatever design and color they liked. The bottoms of the aprons were left un-hemmed. Every young lady had a number and duplicate numbers were placed in a box which was usually placed in the vicinity of the gentlemen's cloak room in charge of two young ladies. The gentlemen bought tickets which entitled them to draw a number from the box. The purchaser then set out to find the young lady wearing the duplicate number on her apron. The tickets were generally \$1.00 each.

After all the young men had found their aprons (or rather the young ladies wearing the apron), the master of ceremonies announced the conditions. The young men were to hem the aprons, and the one doing the neatest, quickest, and most careful piece of work received a prize. The young ladies supplied their escorts with needles and thread, and at a certain signal, the fun began with the men trying to thread their needles. The young ladies were strictly forbidden to thread the needles of their escort.

The young ladies enjoyed the contest immensely, and it was indeed a pretty sight to watch a score of smiling young misses leaning back in their chairs and watching the struggles of their clumsy-fingered escorts. After the needles were threaded, the young men began the work of hemming the aprons. When time was called, a committee judged the work and the winner received a valuable prize.

HERE'S A PUZZLE

(from *The Nevada County Picayune* in 1915—reprinted from *Ladies Home Journal*)

In Missouri, where they raise more mules and children than in any other place in the world, a certain resident died possessed of seventeen mules and three sons. In his will he disposed of the mules as follows: One-half to the eldest son, one-third to the next and one-ninth to the youngest. The administrator who went to divide the property drove a span of mules out to the farm, but when he went to divide the seventeen into halves, thirds, and ninths, he found it was impossible with live mules. Mules not being very valuable, he unhitched one of his own, putting it with the other seventeen, making eighteen, which he proceeded to divide as follows: One-half, or nine to the eldest; one third, or six to the next son, and one-ninth, or two, to the youngest. Adding up nine, six, and two, he found that it made seventeen, so he hitched up his mule and went home rejoicing.

CHIDESTER'S OLD CITIZENS IN 1926

According to an article in the *Camden Evening News* in 1926, the town of Chidester is described as "a prosperous and thriving little town" and "a farming center". The town had about 300 citizens in 1926 and out of this number there were 31 men over 70 years old. The article didn't mention how many women were over age 70. Some names and ages were hard to read.

The list included: J. McAtur, 87; T. J. Chingan, 85; ? V. Rhodes, 79; Ned Brooks, 79; ? ? Webb,

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79; J. L. Stott, 78; Ed Wesson, 82; W. S. Eubanks, ??, ? R. Burleson, 72; T. J. Epperson, 78; W. M. Roll, 71; J. H. Pickett, 72; W. M. Gillespie, 71; J. B. Gillespie, 73; Z. T. Grayson, 79; J. A. Stone, 79; John Adams, 73; W. H. Wheelington, 78; W. R. Cubage, 73; L. B. Webb, 73; L. Long, 72; F. D. Smith, 70; John Lee, 75; D. H. Goge, 72; and the following Negroes: Richard Forte, 82; Page Welch, 75; Wiley Goshen, 80; Lisha Henry, 70; D. B. Bailey, 72; John C. Clark, 80; P. P. Couch, 7?



HISTORIC GRANNY T'S GROCERY (60 YRS.) IN READER, ARKANSAS

Photo taken in 1997

Notice the single gas pump and the price of \$1.00 per gallon.

THE OLD JUNE APPLE TREE

By H. O. Almand (of Nevada County)

(published in the 11-7-1935 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

When I was a child in my old country home,
Through woodland and fields in play I would roam,
And I often think of those bygone days,
Of my father and mother and their kind-hearted ways.

And I doubt if ever the sun did shine
On a happier childhood than that of mine,
With my brothers and sisters and playmates, you see
And the kindest neighbors you ever did see.

One thing I know was a big inspiration,
The June apple tree on the Frank's plantation.
It was big and high and broad and green,
And bore the finest apples that ever I've seen.

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They were big and mellow and red and round,
And always in June they covered the ground.
Uncle Tip would send word inviting us all,
And he'd be at the tree to make June apples fall.

He would fill our sacks till it looked like sin,
He'd put one in our pockets and say come back again.
Now he never will know, although we're all grown,
How much we appreciated the kindness he had shown.

I want to be standing in the port of the soul
When the angel of record of time enroll,
When they pass Uncle Tip, the crown he has won,
And I want to hear that plaudit, "Well done!"

JELL-O BANANA PUDDING CAKE

1 small Jello instant banana cream sugar free pudding and pie filling
1 box banana or yellow cake mix
4 eggs
1 cup water
1/4 cup oil
1/2 cup mashed bananas (one half cup)

Combine all ingredients in large bowl. Blend, then beat with electric mixer for 2 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10" tube or bundt pan. Bake for 50-55 minutes or until cake springs back when lightly touched. Cool in pan for 15 minutes. Remove. When cool, drizzle with glaze made with 1 cup confectioner's sugar and one tablespoon milk.

FUDGE SQUARES (A recipe from 1924)

1 cup sugar
1 egg
3 tablespoons melted butter
1/3 cup sweet milk
2 squares melted chocolate
1 cup self rising flour (sifted)
1/2 cup walnuts
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg until thick. Add sugar slowly. Add melted butter, milk, melted chocolate, sifted flour, walnuts, and vanilla. Spread thin in shallow pan and bake about 20 minutes.

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ABANDON SHIP

In the last issue, I included a news story about James Arnold Harvey visiting his mother at Bluff City while on furlough from the military in May, 1942. He had recently survived the sinking of two ships in World War II. I did a little research on these incidents on the Internet and thought I would share with you some of the details I learned. It's good for us to be reminded occasionally of the sacrifices our military personnel make as they fight to preserve the freedoms we enjoy.

It all happened in 1942 in the Indian Ocean about 200 miles from Java. Four ships were involved in this story--the *USS Langley*, the *USS Edsall*, the *USS Pecos*, and the *USS Whipple*. Only one of them survived World War II.

The USS Langley

The *USS Langley* was the first of the nation's aircraft carriers. At the time of this incident, it was transporting 32 fighter planes which were badly needed in the war effort. This was only a few weeks after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor which had brought the United States into the conflict.

On February 27, 1942, The *Langley* was attacked by Japanese fighter planes and was soon reduced to a blazing wreck. The order was given to abandon ship. The *USS Edsall* was able to rescue 117 survivors and then the remains of the *Langley* was sunk by American ships to prevent it from falling into enemy hands. There were 16 men aboard the *Langley* who did not survive the attack.

The *Edsall* and a destroyer, the *USS Whipple*, were then ordered to proceed to Christmas Island and join up with the *USS Pecos*, a naval oil tanker, and transfer the survivors to the *Pecos*. After the transfer, the *Whipple* left to refuel and the other two ships continued on their assignment.

The USS Pecos

The *USS Pecos* was a naval oil tanker and now had on board its regular crew and the survivors from the sinking of the *USS Langley*. On March 1, 1942, The *USS Pecos* with 317 men on board came under attack by nine Japanese bombers and began to sink. A distress call was sent out and the men began to abandon the ship. The *USS Whipple* picked up their distress call and returned to help and was able to rescue 232 survivors. The death toll on the *Pecos* was 85. I found the following account of the incident in a book called *The Cruise of the Lanikai* by Kemp Talley:

"Darkness fell over the shivering, discouraged men, some hanging onto their providentially-carried bamboo poles, others in one of the ship's boats that had floated clear. Many lay awash in life rafts that offered no protection from the chilly sea that stung the eyes

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with its salt and thick scum of oil."

The men from the *Pecos* figured they might be able to survive 24 hours in the water. Then they saw the lights from an approaching ship, but didn't know if it was an American ship or a Japanese ship coming to finish them off. The *USS Whipple*, in answer to the distress call from the *Pecos*, came into view with ropes hanging over the sides and was able to rescue 232 men from the chilly waters who were dragged aboard in the darkness. There may have been more survivors too weak to cry out or too far away. Their fate was sealed when the *Whipple* picked up sounds from an enemy submarine very close to the scene. There was no choice but to leave quickly. Depth charges were dropped by the *Whipple* and any other survivors from the *Pecos* were "crushed like dynamited fish".

Admiral Abernathy described the survivors this way--"They were in bad shape indeed. Fuel oil was the worst culprit. Our throats and eyes burned like fire had struck. Our skins peeled as though we had been heavily sunburned from head to toe."

The USS Edsall

The *USS Edsall* had rescued the 117 survivors of the sinking of the *USS Langley* and had transferred the survivors to the *USS Pecos*. After the transfer, the ship continued on to its assigned destination with a crew of 185 men. The *Edsall* was last seen March 1, 1942, sailing over the horizon on the way to Java and was never heard from again. The *Edsall* was one of four American destroyers not accounted for during the war. She had simply disappeared.

It was later learned that she had been attacked by Japanese ships that fired over 1000 rounds. The crew of the *Edsall* managed to maneuver the ship in a zig-zag fashion and avoided many of the shells. Only two rounds hit the ship, but they were direct hits. The Japanese called in fighter planes and the *Edsall* was hit by several bombs, leaving the ship dead in the water. The *Edsall* was then sunk by the Japanese cruiser, the *Chukuma*.

This information about the attack on the *USS Edsall* did not surface until 1980 when naval historians examined videos and other information received from the Japanese government. The mystery surrounding what had happened to the *USS Edsall* had finally been solved.

The Fate of the Crew

Ten years after the attack in 1952, it was discovered that at least five crew members of the *Edsall* had been picked up by the Japanese and left at a prison camp on Celebes Island. Local natives led searchers to five graves covered by jungle vegetation. These graves were opened and five decapitated skeletons were found. Identification was made from the dog tags the sailors wore. All five were crew members from the *USS Edsall*.

These five sailors were identified as Sidney Armory, J. R. Cameron, Horace Andrus, Larry Vandiver, and Donald Waters. The bodies had been piled one on top of the other and had been executed by beheading with a sword. Why they were executed remains a mystery.

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In many cases the Japanese spared prisoners who had put up a valiant fight before capture. Some think in this case, the Japanese executed these men because of their frustration at not being able to hit the American ship but two times after firing over 1000 rounds.

James Arnold Harvey

As I mentioned earlier, James Arnold Harvey was one of the men who survived the sinking of both the *USS Langley* and the *USS Pecos*. He was a Machinist's Mate had been in the U. S. Navy since 1934. He had served in North Africa, Panama, Hawaii, China, Australia, the Philippines, France, England, and Ireland.

The article I found from May, 1942, mentioned that he had had left his wife and 12 day-old baby in Manila on December 6, 1941 and had received no word from them. He feared they had been taken prisoner by the Japanese. I found in the book of World War II servicemen from Ouachita Co. that he was married to the former Margaret Gardner. I learned that more than 5,000 American civilians were forced to surrender to the Japanese Imperial Army when they occupied the Philippines in late 1941. They were forced to live as civilian prisoners in internment camps for the next 37 months. The living conditions in these camps were very bad and many died.

I can only imagine the anxiety he probably felt with his wife and child missing and presumed to be prisoners of the Japanese while he was on duty in the Navy and then to be involved in the sinking of two ships in which many of his fellow sailors perished. The world was at war and terrible things happened to many people. It would be four more years before the war ended with an estimated 50 million people dead (about 22 million military and 28 million civilians). Some estimates are higher. The United States lost about 400,000 military personnel in World War II.

I then began a search to find when James Arnold Harvey died and maybe find where he is buried. I knew from his mother's obituary that he was living in Providence, Rhode Island in 1970 at the time of her death. Using that clue and after a lot of searching, my wife came across his obituary on the Internet. Here is a condensed version of that obituary. According to his obituary, he was married to Irene Lightfine in 1944--two years after surviving the sinking of the two ships.

Obituary

James A. Harvey of Portsmouth, RI, died July 26, 2006 at his home surrounded by his family. He was the husband of Irene (Lightfine) Harvey.

Born in Bluff City, Arkansas on August 24, 1916, he was the son of the late James Isaac and Lucy Lee (Barlow) Harvey.

*Mr. Harvey served in the U. S. Navy for 20 years. During World War II, he was a survivor of the sinking of both the *USS Langley* and the *USS Pecos*. He retired as Chief Warrant Officer in 1954. After his career in the Navy, he worked as an engineer for Westinghouse for 20*

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years, traveling throughout the United States and the world. He was a member of the Yangtze China Patrol, a collection of Pacific Theater veterans. After retirement, Mr. Harvey traveled with his wife to every state in the continental United States.

Besides his wife of 62 years, he is survived by his sons, James Harvey, Jr. of Portsmouth, RI, and Douglas Harvey of Long Lake, NJ; his daughters, Jean Fidyk of Clifton, VA, and Barbara Haeck of Eaton Rapids, MI; nine grandchildren; six great grandchildren. He was the father of the late Keith Harvey (born 1-31-1958 and died 5-17-1987--buried at Trinity Cemetery).

A graveside service with military honors was held July 31, 2006 at Trinity Cemetery in Portsmouth, Rhode Island. (Newport Daily News)

So, James Arnold Harvey, born at Bluff City, Arkansas and educated in the school at nearby Chidester, had the distinction of being a survivor of the sinking of two different ships in World War II. He traveled all over the United States and much of the world. I'm sure he could have written a book about his life experiences and I'm surprised that a movie has not been made about these incidents in World War II. Even after all the trauma of these experiences, he lived a long life, dying at almost 90 years old in Rhode Island which is a long, long way from Bluff City, Arkansas.

For More Information

If you want to read more about the sinking of these two ships, check out this book: [Pawns of War: The Loss of the USS Langley and the USS Pecos](#) by Dwight R. Messimer.

You can also read an account of the attack on the *USS Pecos* written by one of the Japanese pilots who attacked the ship.

The link is <http://www.geocities.com/dutcheastindies/pecos.html>

If you want to read about life in the Japanese internment camps, check out this book: [Captured: The Japanese Internment of American Citizens in the Philippines 1941-1945](#) by Frances Cogan.

If you want to read about the *USS Edsall*, check out this book:

[A Blue Sea of Blood—Deciphering the Mysterious Fate of the USS Edsall](#) by Donald M. Kehn



John McComsey, left his home in Tennessee April 1, 2009, with two mules and a wagon on a journey to Phoenix, Arizona. The last time I checked, he had just crossed the Arizona state line. You can check his progress on his website. I enjoy looking at his pictures and reading about his trip.

<http://twomulesandawagon.com/>

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A reunion was held at May 9, 2009, at White Oak Lake State Park for those who once rode the Bluff City school bus to the Bluff City School or to Prescott after consolidation. Even though the weather was not perfect, there was a good turn-out with good food and fellowship. Pictured below are some who “rode the bus”. Many of the spouses and other former students are not pictured. A total of 67 people attended.

We probably needed a professional photographer to arrange the group better for the picture. I had two pictures in my camera but accidentally lost them. We managed to find this one which shows most everybody except for one or two hidden from the camera. Let me know if you would like a larger picture that you can print out using the landscape option.



Front row (left to right)—standing on ground:

Peggy Greer Seiler; Ronnie Johnson; Kathy Johnson Williams; Marylyn Daniel Bussell; Jerry McKelvy

Back row (left to right):

Pam Lambert Greer; Kathy Barlow Thompson; Melvin Hildebrand; Jerry Norman; Nancy Cummmings Stockton; Bobby Loe; Charlotte DeWoody Woody; James Cottingham (?-hidden from view behind Charlotte); Aubrey Lee; Billy Joe Meador; Lyndell Knight; Ronnie McKelvy; Dennis Plyler; **Debbie Knight Phillips**; Linda Meador Carman; Shirley Franklin Singleton (partially hidden); David Hildebrand; Patricia Henry Farr; Loritta Meador Johnson; Barbara Plyler Bingham; Sandra Nichols Beaver; Bonita Meador Stinnett; Betty Knight Hunt; James Nelson; Lynell Franklin Henry; John DeWoody; Pete DeWoody; Joe Henry

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A NEW TWENTY-THIRD PSALM (found in an old newspaper)

The Ford is my auto, I shall not walk. It maketh me to lie down into muddy roads; It leadeth me into trouble; It draweth on my purse. I go into the paths of debt for its sake. Yea, though I understand my Ford perfectly, I fear much evil lest the radius rods of the axle might break or if it hath a blowout in the presence of mine enemies. I anoint the tire with a patch, the radiator boileth over. Surely this thing will not follow me all the days of my life, or I shall dwell in the house of poverty forever.

Moral: Equip your Ford with one of the new improved cuckoo clocks. When the car reaches a speed of 25 miles an hour, the birds will come out and sing "Nearer My God to Thee" and at 40 miles an hour, "Lord, I'm Coming Home"

MORE LOOKING BACK

Our arrival at the Livingstone Airport on October 17, 1969, was an event I'll remember for a long time. Mary Kledzik and Georgia Hobby met us, not "with bells on," as Mary had promised, but with open arms and big smiles. We certainly felt welcome! The feeling was very much like one feels when returning to loved ones after a long absence.

Georgia suggested we go into town, have tea, and visit before going on to Kalomo. Yes, we learned very quickly that ten o'clock is "tea time," and that it is an excellent time to rest and visit. Would it be needful to say this was something we adopted as part of our routine—and we have never regretted it. We talked and talked. They had many questions about America, and we had more than many about Zambia! We asked about the school, the missionaries, the Zambian people, the culture, and all the other things that came so readily to our minds. It was very evident from the very beginning that we had much to learn.

When we arrived at Kalomo after the long ride—most of the highways in Zambia that we used at that time, and even today, are not very much like those in America, so even a short distance seems much further! You have to allow time, because it takes a bit longer to get where you are going than we had been accustomed. From Kalomo, it did not take very long to get to the mission, but here we had a big surprise! Can you imagine driving up to your new house in a third world country, having no idea of what to expect? What a pleasant surprise to see that our house was "furnished" by those who had awaited our coming with great expectations. They wanted us to feel "at home." (But, oh, it was so far away from America!!)

I knew I would have to rely on many things and many people to help me. I believe that a person who has lived in the same country, the same town, the same village, gone to the same school and the same church building since childhood, has grown up with friends and classmates, can get some help from these experiences.

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At that stage of my life, I felt that I would always have people, places and things to help me over the rough places. My journey began! Did I let them help me? Memories? Maybe you can decide if you continue to read...

Common sense tells me I had not been in Zambia long enough in 1969 to know anything about the people and/or the countryside. I'm sure that a missionary who appears to know it all from the beginning would "turn one off" (a good old Southern expression). In 1969 I had had only a peep at the two. A glimpse of Africa for the first time left me with a feeling I cannot describe. I can say its culture has touched my heart—things like a woman carrying a baby on her back with a heavy load on her shoulder (or her head) and carrying a stick for protection. Or it might be a man plowing a field with oxen, or a man trying to prepare a field for planting with only a hoe. It could be a mother outside her hut, cooking the evening meal over a hot fire while her children play nearby—and perhaps she may even have a baby on her back.

As we traveled the seventy-five miles from Livingstone to Kalomo, I must admit I did not notice the countryside very much. I do remember I did not see any houses or billboards along the way—oh, there was one billboard which read, "Lay-by." Now the only time I remember hearing that word was when the folks back home would use it, "Next week we'll lay-by that field of cotton." This meant all the work had been done except for the harvesting—no more hoeing, chopping, or cultivating! But back to the Zambian lay-by—this was a place prepared for a picnic. The area had been cleared away, and a table had been placed for the convenience of passer-bys.

Maybe I was too sleepy to notice much that day, but I was trying to keep my eyes on the road and listen to Mary and Georgia tell us about people, places, and things we would encounter as we lived in Zambia. Also, I was very interested in keeping my eyes on the small road. There was a strip of tar down the center of it, and when meeting a vehicle, this strip was shared—two of our wheels and two of the other vehicle! I had visions of that road disappearing and our drifting off into a footpath. However, when we got to Kalomo, there was a dirt road which reminded me of the road from Camden to Prescott and which ran in front of our house in Bluff City when I was very young.

As we rode along that day and the days that followed, I often thought of a quote I'd read during the summer—that long, HOT, HOT summer before we left the States—"The men whom I have seen succeed in life have always been cheerful and happy and have gone about their business with a smile on their face."

I'll leave you with a smile and a promise to write again.
But for now.....

That's all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

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WATERMELONS

By Jerry McKelvy

Watermelon--"It is the chief of this world's luxuries, king by the grace of God over all the fruits of the earth. When one has tasted it, he knows what the angels eat." Mark Twain

I grew up in the sandy land around Bluff City in Nevada County, Arkansas. Sandy soil is well suited for many crops, but especially watermelons. I can't understand how something so juicy could grow in deep sand during dry weather, but it does. Usually the melons are sweeter during the driest seasons.

Watermelons can be planted as soon as all danger of frost has passed. If you are lucky, you might have a ripe melon by the Fourth of July, but usually, they get ripe about the middle of July and last about three weeks. A later crop can be planted to get ripe in the fall of the year. Every farmer has his own techniques for growing watermelons, most of which were learned by experience.

The farmers must battle the deer and crows while growing their watermelons. Deer like to eat the vines and crows know just when the melons are ready to eat. They peck a hole in the melon which ruins it. Over the years we have tried all types of things to keep these critters out of the melons. Some work and some don't. Just about anything will work for a day or two, but soon the pests will ignore it when they get accustomed to it.

Some of the things farmers have tried to keep deer out include: parking vehicles in the field, hanging work clothes along the fence and changing them every day, placing human hair from barber and beauty shops in the field, noise makers set on a timer, and electric fences. A deer-proof fence could be built, but it would have to be very tall. Such a fence would be very expensive and might be impractical since watermelons should not be grown in the same place the next year. Crop rotation cuts down on some of the diseases that cause the vines to wilt.

For crows, we have tried scarecrows, putting strings over the field with aluminum pie plates hanging from them, putting something on each melon, and scaring them off with the old shotgun. A bunch of crows can do a lot of damage in a few minutes.

Another problem for some farmers comes in human form. Teenagers seem to think a raid on a watermelon patch is something fun to do. Most farmers don't appreciate this type of amusement and someone who does this takes the risk of a confrontation with an angry farmer and his shotgun.

The advantage of growing your own melons is that you can eat one anytime you feel like it. It makes a good snack anytime during the day. When we had cows and hogs, we could always give them any leftovers--they were ready made garbage disposals.

Getting a bunch of big melons out of the field is not an easy job. They can weigh as much as 50 or 60 pounds, so you need a strong back. It's possible to raise a melon that weighs up to around 200 pounds if you give it tender loving care and leave only one melon on the vine.

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These are mainly raised for show--who could eat a 200 pound melon? Hope, Arkansas is known as the home of the world's largest watermelons, although many of the so-called "Hope melons" are actually raised in Nevada County.

How do you tell when a melon is ripe? Some folks like to thump them, some check the curl on the vine nearest the melon to see if it is dead, some look at the underside of the melon, and some use a broom straw placed on the melon to see how it turns. There may be other methods, but these are the most common.

How do you eat a melon? Some folks like to cut the melon and eat out of each half. Others like to slice the melon. It all depends on how many people will be eating. How it is served is a matter of personal preference. Most people like their melons chilled and some people put salt on them. You can also make preserves out of the watermelon rind. Ask some of the old folks for the recipe. You might even want to save the seeds for a future crop if it was a very good melon.

All watermelons are not red inside. Some are yellow-meat and some are orange-meat. There are many different varieties from which to choose. Some of the old-time melons are hard to find these days such as Tom Watson, Huffman, and Moon and Stars.

Don't complain too much about the price of a good watermelon. Consider that the farmer has to buy fertilizer which is very expensive these days. He also has to cultivate the melons and battle the fire ants, deer, and crows. Then he has to lug the heavy melons out of the field and maybe haul them to market. Even with the high prices these days, what could be a better way to spend five or six dollars than to purchase a watermelon and get the whole family together for a few minutes of overeating, spitting seeds, and having fun?



My nephews enjoying some watermelon

- Watermelons are 92 % water and 8 % sugar.
- Watermelons are ideal for the health as they contain no fat or cholesterol and are high in fiber content and vitamins A and C. They are also a good source of potassium.

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THE MOODY-GRIFFITH HOUSE

This old house was located on Hwy. 299 near Ebenezer Cemetery about four miles southwest of Bluff City, Arkansas. According to Mrs. Zettie Griffith Link, her father (Hildre Griffith) bought the house and farm from Asbury Moody in 1928. The house was built by Mr. Moody, but she is not sure what year.

The Moodys had a son named Harlis. She remembers Mr. Moody putting a chicken wire fence around the porch to keep young Harlis from crawling off the porch. The house was about four feet or more off the ground similar to many houses at that time. Mr. Moody's wife was the former Fannie Buchanan, a sister to Mrs. Beulah Kirk (Brodie Knight's mother).

Mrs. Link says they moved to this location from Lackland Springs when she was nine years old.

I took the picture of the house, but didn't write down the date. As you can see, the house was empty at the time and the bushes along the front needed trimming. Soon after the house was vacant, it was destroyed by fire. The Red A deer camp is located there today.

I can remember eating a meal at this house when I worked for Mr. Griffith. He had a small John Deere tractor at the time ("a popping Johnny". Mr. Griffith was married to the former Stella Hardwick. After her death in 1964, he married Ozell Chamlee. Mr. Griffith died in 1971.

"Your home in heaven may depend on what you are doing to make your home heavenly".
(from a 1907 newspaper)

"No person wants a shady family tree." (from a 1907 newspaper)

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Jerry McKelvy's
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HAULING BILLETS

By Jerry McKelvy

The area where I grew up is mostly covered with timber--both pine and hardwood. In earlier times, much of this land was cultivated. Farmers raised cotton, corn, sorghum, watermelons, and many other crops. During the years after the Great Depression, many of the farm fields were planted with pine trees or allowed to seed in naturally. Many of the small farms were purchased by timber companies or by the federal government and the families moved into towns.

My family held on to their land. My grandparents remained on their farm as long as they could until old age and failing health forced them to slow down and finally move in with their children.

There were many small sawmills scattered about in the old days. Many of the young men grew up working in some phase of the timber industry. They may have worked at the mill or in the woods harvesting the timber. I've heard the stories about working in the woods for fifty cents per day, cutting trees with a cross-cut saw, and making railroad ties with a broad-axe. Hard physical labor was the norm in those days.

The farm my father purchased in 1947 was a mixture of open land and timber land. The timber was always something to fall back on during the rough times when extra money was needed. My father always tried to harvest any trees that died from lightning strikes or disease if at all possible. He had the farm where we lived plus his part of my grandfather's place. He also purchased a couple of other tracts of land that joined his property, making a total of 266 acres.

About the time I was a teen-ager, my father decided to go into the pulpwood hauling business and combine that with raising cattle and growing crops. I guess he had learned the lesson about "not putting all your eggs in one basket."

He bought a Homelite chain saw and made arrangements to purchase a pulpwood truck. I remember one time he purchased a used ton and a half gravel truck and converted it into a pulpwood truck. I thought it was pretty neat to have a gravel truck parked at our house, but soon the gravel bed was removed and a pulpwood bed was installed. The last truck we had was one once used by Rufus Formby, the Esso gasoline distributor in Prescott. The sign on the door read "Esso—Humble Oil and Refining Co."

I guess maybe I should explain what pulpwood is in case someone reading this doesn't know. At that time there was a paper mill at Camden and pulpwood was used in the manufacture of paper. They mostly wanted pine pulpwood, but sometimes they used hardwood trees like sweet gum. This pulpwood usually came from smaller trees in the forest--those not suitable for making lumber. The size usually ranged from about a six inch diameter tree to a maximum size of about 24 inches. The tree was cut into sticks about five or six feet long. These sticks (which we called billets) were then loaded onto the truck and hauled to the mill. At the mill, the load

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was measured by the wood yard foreman and the truck was quickly unloaded with a huge lift machine. The driver then returned to the scale shack where he picked up his ticket showing how many cords of wood he had on that load. These tickets were turned in every week to the pulpwood dealer who paid him so much per cord for the wood he had hauled that week. A pulpwood truck was usually called "a billet truck".

My father did all of the timber cutting as I was growing up. I guess he was afraid to turn me loose with a dangerous chain saw. My job was to go along with him and use a measuring stick to mark off each billet so he could cut them the required length. Sometimes we hauled them to Gurdon where they were loaded onto rail cars. The sticks had to be a certain length to fit on the rail cars and they were very particular about the length of the sticks.

I also used an axe to trim any small limbs that the chain saw missed. My father could usually tell when he had a load cut by counting the number of tanks of gas the saw used. He would usually cut a load one day and we would haul it the next day.



Getting the sticks of wood on the truck was the main job. A stick of pulpwood of any size is very heavy. We soon learned to put the heaviest sticks on the bottom and top off the load with smaller sticks. When we first got into this business, we didn't have one of those pulpwood loaders on our truck. We had to load the sticks using manual labor.

We finally managed to get a hand-operated winch mounted on the truck which helped considerably. It was very slow and had to be cranked by hand, but it sure beat picking the sticks up the old way. Finally, we got one of the more modern loaders with levers using power from the truck engine. We thought that was the best thing that had ever been invented. We could pick up a whole bundle of small sticks at one time, and swing them around onto the truck. One man (usually me) would be on the truck to place the load and unhook the cable. The job was dangerous with a lot of potential for smashed fingers or worse. The person operating the levers had to be very careful and know just when to pull a lever to keep everyone safe.

It was hard work, but it was a peaceful way of making a living. We were out in the woods, usually on our own land. We could take a break whenever we needed one. Many times my mother would bring our lunch to the woods about noon and we would have a picnic lunch. I still remember the gallon jugs of iced tea she packed in a 10 pound Godchaux sugar sack wrapped with a towel to keep it cold. That iced tea sure hit the spot on a hot day. She sometimes packed some fried apple pies for dessert.

Usually, we would have the truck loaded by 2:00 p.m. and my part of the job was over--that is, if we could get out of the woods without getting stuck. I can remember several times when we ended up having to unload the truck after it had bogged down in a soft place. There is no fun at all in having to load the same load twice.

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Daddy usually drove the load to the mill in Camden or to the wood yard at Gurdon. The trip to Gurdon was especially challenging because of the steep hill just across the Little Missouri River. At that time there was a one lane bridge over the river. After crossing the bridge at a slow speed, it was hard to get a loaded truck up the steep hill going toward Gurdon.

Daddy continued to haul pulpwood for many years. Over the years he had three or four different pulpwood trucks (all were used trucks when purchased) and went through several chain saws. He hauled the first load into the new Bluff City wood yard on Hwy. 24 that was opened by International Paper Co. in 1978. He hauled his last load when he was close to 70 years old.

The pulpwood trucks like we used are now a thing of the past. Loggers now haul the wood to the mill as tree-length loads pulled by big transport trucks like Macks and Peterbilts. That left the small producers out. Trees are now cut by large cutting machines and very few loggers still use a chain saw except for trimming, etc. The paper mill at Camden was shut down in 2001, so pulpwood in this area now has to be hauled long distances to other mills.

Our last pulpwood truck now sits over in the field slowly rusting away.



A POP TEST

Here is a little quiz I put together to test your knowledge about civics and general American history. I think every American should be able to answer most of these questions. Write your answers on a piece of paper and then go to page 8 to check your answers. Don't peek!

1. According to the Declaration of Independence, we are endowed by our Creator with certain unalienable rights. Among these are _____, _____, and the _____.
2. What are the three branches of our government?
3. What are the first three words of the preamble to the U. S. Constitution?
4. Name one of the freedoms we are guaranteed under the first amendment to the constitution.
5. What are the first ten amendments to the U. S. constitution called?
6. Who is commander-in-chief of the U. S. military?
7. Name two of the four presidents whose faces are carved on Mt. Rushmore.

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8. What part of the government has the power to declare war?
 9. How many justices are on the U. S. Supreme Court?
 10. What is the term of a U. S. Supreme Court justice?
 11. What is the minimum age to be president?
 12. What is the term of a U. S. senator?
 13. What are the three colors on the American flag?
 14. How many stars are on the American flag?
 15. July 4 (Independence Day) celebrates our independence from what country?
 16. Who is the current vice president?
 17. Who is third in line to be president after the president and vice president?
 18. Each state has how many U. S. senators?
 19. The president is elected for a term of how many years?
 20. Which president is called “the father of our country”?
 21. Name the U. S. senators from your state.
 22. Who said “Give me liberty or give me death”?
 23. Which state was the last to be added to the Union?
 24. Who wrote the Star Spangled Banner?
 25. What do the stars on the American flag represent?
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MORE LOOKING BACK



At the end of the day Friday, October 24, 1969, we had been in Zambia for a week. We had seen the missionaries, the campus, the church building, the primary school site, and the homes of all the missionaries. We were welcomed, and treated like royalty! But now it was time for us to tackle some of our responsibilities. Housekeeping matters, transportation, and shopping were high on the list. I knew it would take planning, patience, perseverance, and WORK for all of it to come together.

The following day, Saturday, was an exciting day for Lloyd and me--we went into town with Mary. Our main interest was to find where to exchange our American dollars for the Zambian kwacha, how to post and receive our mail, and where to buy groceries. Mary took us to the post office, the bank, and to an Indian (Asian) shop where most of the staff did their grocery shopping. I guess the most unusual thing I saw that day was the butchery (meat market). The door was open leading to the back room, and there was a big cow hanging from the ceiling. I learned you ordered your meat, and the owner went into that room and cut it from the carcass.

This little town reminded me of home (Bluff City!). We never had a cow to hang, but I remember when I was small that our big brother would hang a pig or two in our o’smokehouse. I also remember that we had a store or two just

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beyond our house. There was a post office, but no butchery! There was a church building next door to our house where we would go to church every time the doors opened for worship or Bible study—Sundays and Wednesdays, for sure. I remember those days well because my sister and I were the janitors for that big building. There was a blacksmith shop, and just behind it was a place where people took “their grinding”—corn to be ground into cornmeal. But Mary told us that most of the women did their pounding at home—at least the ones she knew did. Kalomo has a railway, but Bluff City did not have that luxury when I lived there.

Shopping was difficult, to say the least. There were shortages—black pepper, cooking oil, bread, and even a fly swatter was not available. This is just a few of the items that may not be available at any one time, and this is true even today. Different things came in at different times, and it was a matter of being in the right place at the right time. I had not been in the shop very long when I realized my cooking would be “from scratch,” as my Mama and others used to say. There were no “ready-to-cook” mixes. I also learned that I would need a new vocabulary, because things were called by different names! Some of the things I encountered: gasoline is petrol; kerosene is paraffin; a spool of thread is a reel of cotton; a baby pacifier is a dummy; cookies are biscuits; diapers are napkins; table napkins are serviettes; a flashlight is a torch; a car hood is a bonnet, the horn is a hooter, the trunk is a boot; a flat is a puncture, and the indicator is a blinker; a movie is a flick; a refrigerator is a frig; vegetables are veggies; and a television is a telly. And the list grew.....

October is the hottest month of the year in Zambia, and we learned this quickly. It proved to be very hot for us. We had no fan, no air conditioner, and not even a breeze. We could not escape. Summer is from October to March, and winter from May to August. The rainy season is from November to March, but even then the sun shines an average of five hours each day. Just remember that Zambia is south of the equator, and the seasons are reversed from yours in America. When I write, “It’s a cold day in August,” you will know I have not lost my mind.

As I began the month of November, I tried not to rush things or to become impatient. As I went along, I was becoming very aware of life’s simplest blessings and learning a bit—or perhaps a lot—about values. I also knew it was going to take time to do what needed to be done before school started in January. I knew the Hensons were trying, and needed, to adjust!

We had many things to fight—language, weather, customs, and culture, just to mention a few. I tried to start by focusing on some of the things that were right under my nose—things too close for comfort. Sanitation was a big one. I knew I had to see that water and milk were boiled. We also had to be careful

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when eating fruit and vegetables grown locally—we needed to know what kind of fertilizer (human waste?) had been used. All fruits and vegetables had to be soaked, peeled, or boiled before eating. Dishes should be washed, rinsed, and disinfected. Since we did not (and still do not) have the modern conveniences you have in the States, we must do it the hard way. My sister and I learned and knew this way as we grew up in Bluff City. But my question at that time was, “Will I have time for all this when school starts in January?”

Early in January as I shopped in Kalomo, I bought an old-fashioned rub board. I thought this would be an improvement over the rub-them-by-hand method. One day Georgia came over and saw my rub board and said I should not give it to my house person. Georgia said he would rub the clothes to pieces. (At that time I did not have a house person.) When she said, “You are going to have to employ one, especially before you start teaching.” At this point, I got busy on her suggestion. Soon one of the missionaries told me he could get one whom he knew in the village. He recommended him because of his being a Christian and one of the most honest men he knew. By the end of November, we had a house person—JANUARY! He and I began our work together. He even learned how I wanted the sheets put on the beds! Yes, January worked for me a long time, but I always did my share of the work, and right now there is plenty waiting for me to do.

So for now.....

That’s all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

DOODLING FOR DOODLE-BUGS



One of the favorite pastimes I remember growing up was doodling for doodle-bugs. These cone-shaped depressions were found in dry sandy spots such as under an open shed.

We would get a broom straw or a small twig and gently stir these depressions while saying a verse to coax the doodle bug out of his hole. The verse I remember saying was “Doodle bug, doodle bug, come out and get a chew of tobacco.” It was considered quite an achievement if we were able to get the doodle bug out of his hole.

Does this bring back any memories? Maybe we just didn’t have enough toys to play with at our house. Do any of you remember saying a different verse to get the doodle bug out of his hole? Write and tell me about any other

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children's games or activities you remember from your childhood days.



THE BERRY MARTIN / McKELVY HOUSE

Maybe it's just me, but I like pictures of old houses. It's hard to find a photo that shows a whole house since people were more interested in pictures of people than wasting film on pictures of buildings.

This is the house I remember as a child. My father bought a farm from Berry Martin in 1947 which was located one and a half miles out of Bluff City on what is now Hwy. 299. This is the house the Martins lived in, situated on a high hill with several sycamore trees for shade. I don't know if Mr. Martin was the builder or exactly when the house was built. I only have a few pictures showing parts of the house, but you can get a general idea of what it looked like. There was a porch on three sides and the house was built a few feet off the ground as most houses were in those days. The top part of the roof was covered with tin and the lower part was covered with cypress shingles. It's hard to tell from the pictures, but there were two doors on the front of the house and some large windows about the same size as the doors. The rooms had high ceilings with the light bulbs hanging down from a long cord. I can see the porch swing in the picture which was a cool place to sit and get breezes from two directions. When I see these pictures it reminds me of the time I was running barefoot on the front porch and got a large splinter in my foot which had to be removed by a doctor.

At the time this picture was taken, we were probably more interested in getting a picture of our new 1949 GMC pickup than anything else.

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We lived in this house until 1955 when we tore it down and built a new house in the same location. We used lumber from the old house in the construction of our new house. .

Wouldn't it be interesting to be able to go back in time and see what the area around Bluff City looked like 50 or 100 years ago? If you have an old picture showing an old home, store, or church in the Bluff City area, let me know and I'll put it in a future issue.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness
2. legislative, executive, and judicial
3. We the people
4. freedom of religion; freedom of speech; freedom of the press; right to peaceably assemble; right to petition the government for redress of grievances.
5. Bill of Rights
6. president
7. George Washington; Abraham Lincoln; Thomas Jefferson; Theodore Roosevelt
8. Congress
9. 9
10. life
11. 35
12. 6 years
13. red, white, and blue
14. 50
15. Great Britain (England)
16. Joe Biden
17. Speaker of the House (currently Nancy Pelosi)
18. 2
19. 4
20. George Washington
21. Depends of where you live. Arkansas' senators are Mark Pryor and Blanche Lincoln.
22. Patrick Henry
23. Hawaii in 1959
24. Francis Scott Key
25. the states--one for each state

HOW DID YOU DO?

- 21-25 correct--Very Good--Maybe you should run for office
15-20 correct--Maybe you should drag out your old school textbooks
10-14 correct--This would get you an "F" in school
0-9 correct-- Are you sure you are an American citizen?
-

Did you know that in April, 1941, Arkansans were encouraged to turn in their old used aluminum car tags to be collected and sent to Great Britain? The metal was needed in the war effort there. Later that year, the U. S. found itself involved in the war.

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Public officials of Prescott and the Army officers complimented each other on the good relations between the soldiers and the civilians in Prescott. The mayor of Prescott praised the soldiers for the manner in which they conducted themselves while in the area. He stated, "The people of Prescott are thoroughly satisfied with the behavior and character of the Second Army soldiers. They have tried to treat the boys like they were their own sons, and the men have responded magnificently."

The town even organized entertainment for the soldiers. Many dinners, parties, and dances were held for their entertainment. The Army also provided motion pictures for the troops. Each regiment was equipped with projectors and screens which were set up outside with soldiers watching the movies while sitting on the ground. Showing movies in the field was recognized as a morale builder for the troops.

Sunday Services Attended by Soldiers

Hymns and sermons resounded through the southwest Arkansas woods and in towns in the maneuver area as 120,000 soldiers paused from their training one Sunday. More than 200 services were held. In every town and hamlet, churches were crowded with men dressed in khakis. Chaplains sought out clearings in the woods to set up their pulpits while soldiers sat on the ground. Catholic services included three masses on the courthouse lawn in Prescott, while the Protestant, Jewish and other services were held in churches and other buildings.

Band Concert at the Court House

Prescott citizens were treated to a rare band concert as the 35th Division band--the largest army band on earth--performed at the courthouse one Saturday night. The band consisted of 320 soldier musicians. An audience of about 15,000 persons--mostly soldiers--attended the concert. Applause was so loud at times it could be heard miles away. It was the largest assembly of musicians ever to play in southwest Arkansas. The program included popular as well as classical numbers and marches.

Army Takes Over the *Picayune*

For the first time in 64 years, the Nevada County *Picayune* fell into Army hands (with the consent of the owner) when the premises were invaded by the 35th Division's G-2 Press Section. They rolled up to the *Picayune* office and unloaded portable tables, chairs, and typewriters and proceeded to put out a special edition of the *Picayune*. (*August 21, 1941 edition*)

This activity was similar to what they would actually do if the Army occupied a friendly or hostile town in actual warfare. Guards were posted in the front and rear of the *Picayune* building.

A Local Farmer Has An Idea

One local farmer living near Prescott made big business out of providing baths for the soldiers. He rented a tub of water to soldiers for five cents and limited time in the tub to ten

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minutes per soldier. By early afternoon of the first day, he had brought in 55 cents.

Another young man near Prescott set up a snack stand selling candy bars and drinks to the soldiers, but it was soon shut down by the Army medics. Before he was shut down, he had earned over \$23 which he planned to use to buy a new bicycle.

Some residents even did laundry for the soldiers. One soldier had left his clothes at a farmhouse, but was ordered to move out at once. His laundry had just been hung on the clothesline to dry, so he had to gather it up and report for duty in wet clothes. Another soldier left his laundry with a local family. When he returned to pick them up, he found that the lady had been moved to a hospital for the insane and his clothes were missing. I expect he might have had a problem explaining that to his superiors.

Surviving August in Arkansas

Anyone who has lived in this area knows that the oppressive heat and humidity in August can be a problem. These soldiers were from many different states and many were not used to the heat and humidity. According to the newspapers, the army field hospitals treated fewer patients than expected during these maneuvers. At one time there were 750 soldiers in the hospitals. That sounds like a lot, but remember, there were over 120,000 men involved in these war games. Besides the normal injuries and illnesses, some were treated for such things as heat exhaustion, poison ivy and snakebites.

War Games Brought Prosperity to Prescott

Money spent in Prescott normally came from farmers and timber workers and the area had recently experienced the Great Depression. Now all at once there was an economic boom due to the war games. Most people remembered the boom caused by oil being discovered in the county, but said this boom far exceeded that. The four drug stores, numerous beer halls, two theaters, department stores, and hardware stores were doing record-breaking business. Grocery stores and filling stations were also getting their share of the business. The town's ice plant could not meet the demands coming from stores where soft drinks and beer were sold.

Everywhere cash registers were jingling. For the first time since 1921, the Bank of Prescott went on an emergency schedule. More bank tellers were hired to count the heavy inflow of change and bills of small denominations. Bank officials complained that money was being spent so fast by the soldiers encamped in and about Prescott that a serious problem presented itself in providing change for places of business.

Just before the army left for Louisiana for more training, one of the generals gave his men a day off. They had just been paid and they headed for the nearest towns. The newspaper reported, "Money flowed freely as the men in uniform jammed every cafe, restaurant, theater, and store in Prescott, Hope, Camden, and other places within a radius of 50 miles of their bivouac area. Restaurants and cafes could not stock enough food and drink to satisfy the troops, eager for a taste of 'civilization'. Residents responded hospitably to the great influx of fighting men, and front porches were filled with field troops. Many families invited soldiers for a home-

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cooked meal. Churches opened their doors, and after services, provided writing paper, ink, and refreshments for the visiting soldiers."

When the soldiers left September 1st for more training in Louisiana, things returned to normal, but people remembered for a long time the "boom of 1941".

Re: The Doodle Bug story in the last issue:

Linda in Arkansas remembers saying "Doodlebug, doodlebug, come out of your hole. Your house is on fire."

Bill in Arkansas remembers saying, "Doodlebug, doodlebug, come out and get a cup of coffee."



Duncan in Georgia sent me a picture of a doodlebug (ant lion) with these comments: "Though I didn't know what they were at the time, I grew up being called a doodlebug which I'd always assumed was a term of affection from my family....., now I'm not so sure....., Mmmmmmm....."

CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

By Monday, November 17, 1969, I had made at least one obvious observation—the Zambian people seem to walk everywhere—long or short distances. I am sure there was a very good reason for this since I noted they had very few bicycles and no cars or trucks. At least the people I noticed did not. I could identify with this situation. My family did not have these conveniences when I was growing up in Bluff City. I remember cousin Andy Meador had a big truck, and would take a group of us to a "protracted" (gospel) meeting. Sometimes we would even go to Prescott, the county seat! Our world extended about as far as we could walk. My sister and I knew about walking everywhere. Maybe running was more the style for my sister and me back then. When our mama would say, "Run to the store," or "Run to the post office," we usually would run—not just to be obedient children, but because the sand was too hot for our bare feet to walk! Yes, when I saw the Zambians run, I remembered! I understood!

We ended the month with a little excitement. One evening as Lloyd, Mike and I sat in our living room reading, we heard a loud noise in the hall—somebody or something was coming down the hall. Mike and Lloyd got up to investigate and found a big cobra. While they were trying to find something with which to kill it, the snake came into the living room where I was, but it paid little or no attention to me and went

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into the kitchen. It wrapped itself around the pipe blow the sink, and the battle began. It was no easy task to hit that cobra, but finally (it seemed a long time to me) they killed it. I was fearful the intruder may have come to stay!

That's not the only excitement we had that week. The following Wednesday evening I had stayed home from mid-week Bible study because I was sick. I was just before lying down when I heard footsteps in the hallway. On impulse, I called out, "What do you want?" What he apparently did not want was to find someone in the house, because he changed his direction in a hurry. I was too scared to think clearly, but I did get to the telephone and called the school. When the Master on Duty answered, I asked him to go nearby and tell Lloyd to come home. When he got home, he thought I had used my imagination and was just scared, but the next morning he found footprints around our house. When the story got around, the conclusion was that it was the herdman's son who was a known intruder (thief). He must have had a key and thinking everyone was at the mid-week service, he was about to make his strike.

Yes, I have just mentioned that I telephoned. You may have thought there were no telephones in Zambia, Africa. Well, I had seen the telephone, but thought it was not connected. However, a few days before, Lloyd had told me it was. I asked him the number of the school. Who else did I know to call anyway?

This reminds me of the "party-line" system I knew about when I was growing up in Bluff City. When it would ring three little shorts, our family would answer. Now there was an older lady, Aunt Net, who would grab the phone each time it rang and say, "Who you calling?" When no one would answer, she would say, "Oh, but a stump."

We have had a lot of good experiences since we arrived. We have a lot for which to be thankful, and I was ready to celebrate Thanksgiving. This American holiday, of course, means nothing to the Zambia people, so the missionaries got together, contributed to the dinner, and had a good time being together. But the big question was looming in my mind, "WHAT DO I DO WITH CHRISTMAS?"

I was also thinking about starting the new school term in a new country and with a new race of people. School would open on January 10, 1970, and I knew I must give that a lot of thought. After being out of a class room for over eight months (the longest time I can remember being away from teaching since I had started some years ago), I was rather reluctant to "begin again." However, it proved to be the most familiar situation I had found since arriving in Zambia. I could only conclude that students are pretty much the same the world over and that teaching methods are basically the same, regardless of where you are.

I cannot describe my feeling as I entered the classroom the first time. It was with a thankful heart I remembered what Georgia Hobby had told me, "As you open the door and enter, all will rise, and you will greet them. They will respond, and you should tell them to be seated." This worked for me—I was back in the classroom again! I well remember my first words: "We do not know each other now, but we will. We have one thing in common—we got our independence from the same country. We have another thing in common—we are here in a Christian school, and if we all let it, it can

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be a big influence on our life. I am here to work, and I hope you are as well." We all began, and we did work very hard. I found the students a bit more interested in learning than some I had taught in the States. There is a very good reason for this because only one out of four students get to attend secondary school in Zambia. Many students are seen wandering around, hunting a place, and there are no places to find! There is much to be said about teaching school in a foreign country.

So for now.....

That's all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

ADOLPH HITLER AND THE DEVIL

Hitler called the devil
On the telephone one day;
The girl at Central listened
To all they had to say.
"Hello," she heard Hitler say,
"Is old man Satan at home?
Jut tell him it's the dictator
Who wants him on the phone.

The devil said, "Howdy,"
And Hitler, "How are you?
I'm running hell here on earth,
So tell me what to do."
"What can I do?" the devil said,
"Dear old pal o' mine,
It seems you don't need any help
You're doing mighty fine."

"Yes, I was doing very well
Until a while ago
When a man named Roosevelt
Warned me to go slow.
He said to me, "Dear Hitler,
We don't want to be unkind,
But you have raised hell enough,
So better change your mind."

"I thought his land-lease bill
Was a bluff and he could
Never get it through,
But he soon put me on the spot
When he showed me what he
could do.
Now that is why I call you, Satan,
I need advice from you."

"My dear Hitler,
There is no more to tell,

For Uncle Sam will make it hotter
there
Than I can in hell.
I have been a mean old devil
But not as mean as you,
So the minute you get here,
The job is yours to do.

"I'll be ready for your coming
And I'll keep the fires all bright,
And I'll have your room ready
When Sam begins to fight,
For I see your days are numbered,
And there is nothing left to tell.
Hang up your phone, get your hat,
And meet me here in hell."

Sent in by Joe Plyler, US Army,
Med. Det., 180th Inf., Pine Camp,
NY

(published in the 12-24-1942 issue
of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Note: Joe Plyler was from Nevada
County.

THE RESIGNATION OF SATAN

Old Satan sat by a lake of fire
On a pile of sulphur kegs,
His head was bowed upon his
breast,
His tail between his legs.

A look of shame was on his face,
The sparks dripped from his eyes,
He had sent up his resignation
To the throne beyond the skies.

I'm down and out, ol' Satan said,
He said it with a sob,
For Herr Hitler outclasses me,
And I want to quit my job.

Hades isn't in it with the land
That lies along the Rhine.
Hitler has me skinned so bad
And therefore, I resign.

Hitler and his brutish gang
With his bloody shot and shell,
Know more about damnation
Than all the imps of hell.

So give my job to Hitler,
The author of this war,
He understands it better
A million times by far.

I hate to leave the old home,
The spot I love so well,
But Hitler is more up to date
In the art of running hell.

Written by J. M. Plyler -- Plyler
Station local news column-*Nevada
County Picayune*

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AN UNUSUAL CHURCH BUILDING

I came across this church building in a remote area of Union County near the Louisiana state line. It is the Macedonia Baptist church.

Photo taken in 1996.

HAY HAULING by Jerry McKelvy

I guess it shows my age, but I can remember helping haul hay the old-fashioned way using a horse drawn rake and pitchforks. Actually, we used a tractor to pull the old rake instead of horses, but I got the general idea of what it might have been like with horses.

I offer my sympathy to anyone who has ever hauled hay using a pitchfork. These days when I see one of those modern hay balers putting out those nice big round bales of hay or a farmer driving up to one of the bales in his air conditioned tractor and transporting it to his herd of cows, my mind goes back to the days of my youth when we actually *hailed* hay.

Hay hauling in those days was a job most farm boys knew well. During haying season, there was always a demand for someone to do the physical labor of getting the hay in the barn. It was a way to make a little spending money, but it was hard physical work.

By the time I was a teenager, most hay was being put up in small square bales (actually more like a rectangle). Tractors were used to cut and rake the hay and to pull the hay baler. The only other thing needed was a truck for hauling, two or three young men with strong backs, and plenty of cool water.

My uncle, Lee Roy McKelvy, lived in the Redland community at that time (*about 1960*) and usually baled hay for many of the farmers in that area. One of his neighbors, Sardis Greer, had the job of cutting the hay. The job of hauling the hay to the barns was entrusted to my Dad with his labor crew--my cousins and me. We used my uncle's old two-ton International truck for hauling. It was an old model--one that had the headlights mounted on the fenders. Two of us could sit on the headlights while riding to the barn and get a little cool breeze.

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A lot depended on the type barn where the hay was to be put. Some were just open sheds and others had a loft. Working in the loft of a barn on a hot day is not much fun. We learned to pace ourselves to avoid getting over-heated. We really earned our money those days, but as the old saying goes, we had to "make hay while the sun shines".

Hay hauling taught us teamwork. We took turns doing the various jobs in the field. One would drive the truck, one would throw the hay onto the truck, and the other one would stack the hay on the truck. The person stacking hay on the truck depended on the driver to give him a smooth ride. A sudden stop or acceleration could cause a spill or an accident. Most farm boys (and girls) got their first driving lessons in the hay field.

Another lesson we learned was to take time to stack the hay properly on the truck and also in the barn. We sure didn't want to spill a load of hay and have to re-load it. There was also a certain way of stacking hay in the barn to avoid problems later on.

The amount of money we made for hay hauling in those days seems so small now. On a very good day we might make \$15.00 per day, but remember, this was back when the average laborer made \$1.00 per hour or \$40 per week.

We all survived our hay hauling experiences. We got good tans and bigger muscles and enjoyed some good times working together. I always heard that hard work never hurt anyone and we did our share of it. Even with all the hard work, I have never regretted growing up on the farm.

My dad raised cattle in later years, so hay hauling continued to be a job we had to do several times each summer. By that time, my brothers and I had full time jobs, but we tried to help get the hay in when needed.

Just as the chain saw replaced the two-man crosscut saw for cutting timber, the modern hay baler has pretty much replaced the old type baler. I'm all for labor saving devices, but in the process, one of the common summertime jobs for country teenagers (hay hauling) has all but disappeared.

GRATED SWEET POTATO PUDDING (from the Nevada County Picayune (October 9, 1941))

1 lb. sweet potatoes, grated raw	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup honey or syrup	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
3 eggs, well beaten	1/2 teaspoon ginger or allspice
2 teaspoons butter	1/4 cup raisins
2 cups sweet milk	1/2 cup black walnut meats
1 teaspoon cinnamon	

Mix all ingredients and turn into a buttered dish. Bake in a slow oven 1 hour, stirring occasionally.

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According to the American Red Cross First Aid booklet (1993), about 8,000 snakebites occur annually in the U. S. with about 12 deaths. The Red Cross recommends washing the wound, immobilizing the injured area since movement will help spread the poison, and keeping the bitten part lower than the heart if possible. Remove any rings, etc. since swelling will occur. Do not apply ice to a snakebite. Do not cut the wound. Do not apply a tourniquet. Do not use electric shock. Take the victim to the nearest hospital. If over 30 minutes from the hospital, consider suctioning the wound using a snakebite kit if one is available.

I've never been bitten by a poisonous snake, but I have had some close encounters with them. When I started doing forestry work in 1974, the company I worked for required us to carry snake bite kits with us at all times. These kits included a sharp knife or scalpel to be used to make a cut over the bitten area and had a suction cup to be used to suck the poison out. I don't remember anyone who ever had an occasion to use this method. Later, we were told to discard the snake bite kits since some bad infections could be caused by our amateur attempts at surgery. We were told to stay calm and get to the nearest hospital. Our problem was that we were sometimes a half mile or more from our truck and might be working a long distance from a hospital. Trying to get back to our truck walking quickly through brush would only accelerate the spread of the poison, and I don't think it's possible to stay calm after being bitten by a snake.

We were required to wear snake leggings during the times when snakes might be out. There were several types of these. Some were made from plastic that reached above the knee with zippers in the back. Another type fastened to your belt and provided protection from the upper leg to the foot. They also served as good protection from briars and thorns.

Fortunately, in over thirty years of working in the woods, none of our workers was ever bitten by a snake. I take that back. I did see one of my co-workers get bit by a copperhead one time but he never knew it. I was following him through the woods and saw the snake bite the heel of his boot. When I told him he just got snake bit, he didn't believe it until I showed him the snake. I once stepped very close to a rattlesnake over five feet long. It began to rattle and was coiled up and ready to strike. We called it a day after that experience.

I did meet a beaver trapper one time who claimed to have been bitten by water moccasins 19 times. He showed me a sore thumb which he said was caused by a snake bite a few days before. He said he had been bitten so many times that he had built up some immunity to the poison. I'm not sure if he was telling me the truth, but I did see him wade off into a beaver pond wearing tennis shoes and tearing out beaver dams with his bare hands which are favorite places for cottonmouths.

I know of several people who were bitten by snakes around their homes which resulted in some very painful swelling. Be careful, especially late in the evening and keep an eye out where you are walking or get a flashlight. Snake bites are to be taken seriously, but remember that more people die from wasp stings each year than snake bites.

There are four types of poisonous snakes found in the United States--the rattlesnake, the water moccasin, the copperhead, and the coral snake. All four of these are found in our part of Arkansas, although the coral snake is rarely seen. There are several varieties of rattlesnakes. A

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common variety is the timber rattler which can grow very large and can climb trees. A few years ago, a tree service employee found a rattlesnake high up in a tree he was cutting. Rattlesnakes tend to leave you alone if you don't get too close to them. We also have what we call ground rattlers (or rattlesnake pilots). These do not get as large as the timber rattlers. Water moccasins, especially the cottonmouth, are another story. These snakes are very dangerous and will bite with little provocation. Look for them close to water or wet areas. Copperheads are often found in piles of discarded wood, piles of leaves, around stacks of firewood, around fallen trees in the forest, and in storage sheds. Coral snakes are usually found in dry, sandy areas. These snakes are very colorful with red, yellow, and black rings around their bodies. A non-poisonous snake has similar rings, so you need to know how to tell which one is poisonous. There is an old saying, "Red on black in good for Jack. Red on yellow will kill a fellow". If the snake's red rings touch the yellow rings, it is a coral snake.

MEMORIES

Bicycle--

Getting your own bicycle was something every boy looked forward to. Most of them appeared as a gift under the Christmas tree and was a major milestone for a young kid, similar to getting your first car or truck.

I remember my bicycle, but for some reason we didn't keep a picture of it. It was a fancy one and even had a horn, a headlight, and a fender over the back wheel. I used a bale of hay to help me get on the bicycle and after a few mishaps, I learned to ride it.

I even had a siren for my bike. It was mounted near the front wheel and had a wire or string that reached to the handle bar. When the string was pulled, part of the siren moved so that it rubbed on the front wheel which activated the siren. I would ride up to the top of the hill near our house and coast down the hill with my siren screaming.

I can't remember what happened to my old bike. I may have worn it out or it might have been passed on down to my younger brothers, but I do remember it being one of the greatest Christmas gifts I ever received as I was growing up.

Croquet--

We had a croquet set when I was a kid. I wonder whatever happened to that game. You never see anyone playing croquet today and I'm not sure if you could even buy a croquet set. It's a nice game for the girls or ladies or those who don't like rough games. In earlier times, it was a very popular game.

Citrons--

A citron was a type of watermelon that grew wild on our farm years ago, but I haven't seen one in years. They looked just like a regular watermelon, but they were hard as rocks. You could throw one up in the air and it would just bounce when it hit the ground. We could even run over one with our small tractor and it would not burst.

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I remember one time we took a good-sized citron to a roadside park and left it sitting on a picnic table as a joke. I wish I could have seen the reaction when someone found it.

Heroes--

Television was popular as I was growing up, especially the TV westerns. The good guys usually wore white hats and were our heroes. We looked up to The Lone Ranger, The Cisco Kid, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and Matt Dillon. I even had a double set of cap pistols and a cowboy hat when I was a kid. We practiced our quick draws and fancy twirling of our guns and were out to get all the bad guys.

Comic Books--

I enjoyed comic books as a kid, especially Superman and all the other super heroes. I also enjoyed Donald Duck, Bugs Bunny, Porky Pig, Archie and Jughead, and the western comic books like The Lone Ranger, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and Lash Larue. Those comic books only cost a dime or a quarter and would keep me occupied for hours. I wish I had kept some of them.

The Mickey Mouse Club--

This TV show was very popular as I was growing up. All the boys especially liked Annette.

Winky Dink--

This was a children's show that ran from 1953-1957. The main gimmick was the "magic drawing screen" which was a piece of plastic placed over the TV screen held in place by static electricity. Children used Winky Dink crayons to draw on the TV screen to connect the dots such as drawing a bridge to cross a river. It was the first interactive TV show. Parents sometimes complained about the children sitting too close to the TV set.

Coonskin caps--

The Wonderful World of Disney TV show brought about the Davy Crockett craze of the mid-1950s. Fess Parker played the part of Davy Crockett and "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" was very popular. Many coonskin caps were sold. The Disney show was a good family show at that time, but it always came on on Sunday nights when we were at church. Too bad we didn't have VCR's back then.

Black and White TVs--

We grew up with black and white TVs with no remote controls. The sets had 13 channels starting at channel 2. Out of the 13 channels, we might be able to get one or two stations depending on how the antenna was turned. The stations went off the air late at night.

We had a TV set before some of our neighbors. I can remember neighbors visiting mainly to watch TV. Before long, almost everyone had a TV set despite the old folks saying that watching them would ruin our eyes and how the shows were not fit to watch. I wonder what they would say about the shows on TV these days!

Transistor Radios--

These radios were very popular since they were portable. I remember when radio station KTPA

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in Prescott first came on the air. Everybody listened to it and they would dedicate songs to someone if you requested it. Hearing your name mentioned on the radio was something special. It was an AM station and usually went off the air about dark.

Fads--

Flat-top haircuts for boys were very popular in the mid-1950s. Judging from my old school yearbooks, it looks like about 50 percent of the boys had flat-tops. I broke down and got a flat-top in 1956. I remember having a jar of Butch wax to keep it standing up. Not every head of hair was meant to be a flat-top, but we thought we had to follow the crowd.

Buying jeans extra long and then rolling up the legs to make a cuff was also in style. I guess every generation has certain fads, if for no other reason than to irritate their parents. Don't they look silly now when you drag out the old pictures?

Free Prizes, etc.--

When I was a kid, it seemed that many cereal boxes had some sort of toy inside or something you could make by cutting it from the box and folding Tab A into Slot B, etc. The prizes offered played a big part in our decision on which cereal to buy. Kids were more interested in the prizes than the cereal. Cracker Jacks even had much better prizes back then compared to what they offer today.

Free gifts--

Many products, especially detergent, had some sort of free gift when you bought the product. It might be a dish towel or maybe a glass. Some brands of oatmeal had glasses packed inside the container. Some stores and gas stations gave stamps with each purchase, like S & H green stamps which could be redeemed for valuable prizes at stamp redemption stores in nearby towns.

Feed sack clothes--

I remember when sacks of chicken pellets had colorful sacks which were saved to make clothes. Ladies tried to get enough sacks with the same pattern to make whatever garment they wanted.

Catalpa worms--

These worms make very good fish bait. They appear each summer and feed on the leaves of catalpa trees. They can completely strip a tree in a few days. A mature worm is about three to four inches long and has to be picked by hand or shaken from the trees and then picked up. They can be used immediately or frozen for a future fishing trip. Just don't get them mixed up with the frozen vegetables.

Ferries--

Arkansas once had several ferries operated by the state highway department. Most, if not all, of these have now been replaced by bridges. I remember riding the ferry across Lake Norfolk in north Arkansas which was interesting. Another time a friend and I decided to ride the Toad Suck ferry across the Arkansas river while we were in school at the University of Central Arkansas at Conway. We got on the ferry late in the afternoon and while we were crossing the river, we asked the operator what time he closed for the day. He said, "This is our last trip." We ended up having to drive 70 miles back to Conway because we didn't read the sign when we got

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on the ferry.

Star Route--

Our postal route out of Bluff City was once called a "star route". I never learned exactly what that meant. I just remember we used to put that as part of our address in the old days. I think it referred to routes that were contracted out by the postal service. Tommy and Lucille Kirk carried the mail by our house back then. Another route out of Rosston served the folks living in the Rocky Hill area near Bluff City. The lady mail carrier on that route even checked on the old folks on her route to see if they were OK or needed anything from town.

Cornbread and milk--

Crumbling up cornbread in a glass or bowl of milk was common at our house. We also spread butter on cornbread and served it with syrup. Sometimes we did the same with our homemade biscuits. Johnnie Fair and Blackburn's syrup were our favorites. I think these dishes became popular in the Depression days of the 1930s when times were hard.

Wahoo--

This was a popular board game when I was a kid. It involved a player rolling a dice and moving one of his or her marbles that many spaces on the board. I believe up to four people could play and each player had four marbles of the same color. The first one to get all of their marbles to a certain place was the winner.

Picking pine cones--

Believe it or not, there once was a time when you could sell pine cones. The Forestry Commission nursery near Bluff City would buy these to get the seeds for growing a crop of pine seedlings. I believe they paid about \$1.50 per bushel, but I could be wrong about that. For those people who made their living hauling pulpwood, it was another way to get a little extra money from the trees they harvested.

Baptisms--

It was not uncommon in the old days for someone to be baptized in a farm pond, a gravel pit, or at the river. The congregation would gather at the designated spot to watch the baptism. I guess the last time I saw something similar to this was when I was staying at a motel in Starkville, Mississippi about 25 years ago. A nearby church used the motel swimming pool for a baptism.

Making sorghum--

Many of the farmers in this area once raised sugar cane and made their own sorghum syrup. My grandfather had a sorghum mill at his house, but I was too young to remember the process of how the syrup was made. I do remember chewing on some of the sugar cane to get the sweet juice. Some of the farmers sold their molasses, but government regulations soon forced them out of business.

Tom walkers--

Some people called them stilts, but we always called them tom walkers. They were simple to make and provided hours of fun for kids in the old days. I wonder who Tom was? Or was the inventor named Tom Walker?

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Hookworms--

This malady was common in the old days, especially when children went bare foot around the farm. The parasite lived in the soil and would enter the body through a cut or scratch and then attach itself to the walls of the intestines causing cramps and abdominal distress. I was afflicted with this malady when I was about 15 years old. One doctor had diagnosed the problem as appendicitis and had scheduled surgery, but a second opinion and some tests at the hospital confirmed that it was hookworms. The cure was to take five pills about the size of a peanut M & M at one time followed by drinking a large dose of castor oil. This was to be repeated in about two weeks.

Chicken for dinner--

One of the tasks for farm women long ago was to cook a chicken for Sunday dinner. This required a chicken, so a chicken was selected from the flock and had to be killed. Some women would wring the chicken's neck and others used a chopping block to cut off the chicken's head. Most people who grew up on a farm can remember seeing a chicken flopping around the yard after the head was removed and the unpleasant chore of removing the feathers. It's so much easier these days to buy a nicely packaged chicken at the grocery store and leave the preliminary steps to someone else.

Flying Jenny--

We had a homemade flying jenny. It was an axle and hub from a truck stuck in the ground at an angle with a board attached. It was similar to a see-saw, but the board went round and round instead of up and down. It was fun to ride, but was actually a very dangerous piece of equipment. We were lucky that none of us got hurt riding our flying jenny.

Swinging from the trees--

Almost every house where children lived had a rope swing attached to the limb of a large shade tree near the house. You rarely see a tree swing these days.

Party lines--

We were excited to finally get a telephone, but at first we had to put up with a party line. Our system had four houses on a line and each house had its own ring such as "two longs and a short". If it was not your ring, you just didn't answer unless you wanted to eavesdrop. How well the system worked depended on who was on your line. Some folks would talk for hours. If you needed the phone really bad, you might have to interrupt their conversation and ask them to please let you use the phone. Our phone numbers had a word prefix back then. Camden's prefix was Temple, so the number would be TE6-1234. The prefix for Bluff City and Chidester was Overbrook, so the number might be OV6-1234.

Salamanders--

We always referred to gophers as salamanders. I don't know how that got started, since it doesn't fit the dictionary definition of a salamander. I have read that it is derived from the term "sandy mounds". Trapping gophers was necessary because of the damage they could do to our growing crops. I can remember my father paying me 25 cents for each gopher I trapped.

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The Bookmobile--

The bookmobile once made a stop at Bluff City. This was a traveling library where patrons could check out books to read and check them back in the next time the bookmobile came.

Sleeping on the front porch--

On those hot summer nights when I was growing up, I would sometimes put up an old army cot and sleep on our front porch. I hung a mosquito net over the cot to keep the bugs away. The family dogs usually slept nearby to keep me company.

Write and tell me about some of your memories from the old days and I'll publish them in the next issue.

BEMIS & WHITAKER MILL AT PRESCOTT (from the 4-2-1891 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

The Bemis & Whitaker mill, located in the western suburbs of the city has begun active operations. We were present and witnessed the sawing of the first log which was successfully and quickly done. Manager G. W. Harrington had everything in good shape and a considerable amount of lumber was turned out during the afternoon. The lumber will be used in the erection of large buildings for the planers, etc. Carriage runner, S. J. Chester, handled the carriage and saw dexterously. Capacity of the mill is about 60 MBF per day. The mill will give employment to about 200 hands.

Dr. R. L. Powers has contracted to furnish timber for the mill for a year to come. As the new railroad, the Prescott & Northwestern, will reach thousands of acres of the best timber, Dr. P. will have no trouble in furnishing timber for the mill.

Excursion to Arcadia

Saturday at 2 o'clock, the first excursion on the Prescott and Northwestern railroad started from the foot of Front Street in charge of engineer L. W. Knight. There were about sixty or more in the crowd, composed of quite a number of our prettiest young ladies, young gentlemen, preachers, teachers, a lawyer, the editor and wife and a number of boys. It was a jolly crowd. Seats were improvised of boards arranged on a flat car.

First stop was made a Bemis & Whitaker's big mill where all alighted and inspected this new Prescott enterprise. As the first log was being cut, the ringing of the engine bell signaled all aboard and we were soon gliding along across the beautiful prairie DeAnn toward our destination, Arcadia which was soon reached. Enroute several laughable incidents occurred--a seat broke and several suddenly found themselves on the car floor; sparks from the engine burned holes in clothing of a number and passed through the hat of one young man, singeing his hair.

At Arcadia, most of the crowd took to the woods, picking wild flowers, violets, daisies, etc. Some went down to the post office and mill. We noticed Dr. Powers and several assistants

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superintending the laying of track across a deep cut just beyond Arcadia. We noticed a large number of pine logs piled up and ready for transport to the big mill at Prescott. Arcadia is over seven miles from town.

An hour or more was pleasantly spent ere the return trip was made getting back at five o'clock, having made the run in about 25 minutes. In some places the track is quite rough owing to the continued wet weather, but taken as a whole, was much better than expected.

CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

Yes, January 1970 found the Hensons beginning a new year, looking toward a new decade, living on a new continent, and beginning a school year with a different race of people.

To make a long story short, the students worked---and I worked. Fast forward to the conclusion of four years, and what a joy it was that all of the students I had taught for these four years (with the exception of one) passed the Cambridge test. This is THE BIG test a student is required to pass before he/she can receive a high school diploma. Do I need to say we all learned a lot during these years? And that I had a real sense of fulfillment and accomplishment in the job that I was once so very apprehensive about.

I was also with these young people outside the classroom as well. Once when it was my time to supervise the girls' work program, a waterline needed to be covered. Undaunted, the girls and I undertook the task, and surprised everyone (including ourselves) with the amount of work they did. One thing I found out during this period was that they are good at killing snakes—they killed two!!! Each day it seems I am learning not to take a lot of things for granted, and one of these was being safe from snakes.

I have learned, too, that I should never take for granted a student's ability to follow a simple direction or even to use a simple preposition correctly. The Tonga does not have this simple words in their language. If you think teaching about little words such as IN, ON, FOR, and OF is easy, you might be as surprised as I was! How would you answer a student's question such as, "Why do you ride ON a bus, but IN a car?" Or "Why do you say that you live ON a street, but the British say IN a street?" One Sunday morning one of the students was making a talk and relating the story of the prodigal son as recorded in Luke 15:11-32. When he came to the part where the father was welcoming the son home, the student said, ". . .and the father made a feast OF his son." So you can see what I task I had before me. There was no time to waste!!!!

One of our problems as I write this is with the power--no electricity coming into our house. The power is "cut off" two nights a week, and often through the day because of a "fault." They have announced that we will be cut off Friday and Monday nights. When a "fault" is the cause, we have no warning. Can you imagine how upsetting it is to be in the middle of preparing your family's meal when all of a sudden there is a "fault" to deal with??? One

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missionary used to say when this would happen, "Zambia wins again." But I don't believe anyone wins!

We have recently experienced some cooler weather, but one day in October 1969, I wrote to my sister telling her how hot I was. There was no fan, and certainly no air conditioner—not even a breeze! I reminisced with her about the fans we used during our protracted meetings (revivals)—and Bluff City was noted for these back in those days. These were furnished by Harvey and Upton Store, and how I wished for even one of these on that particular day. It is my understanding these are still furnished today by various companies—one being Proctor Funeral Home in Camden. They were cardboard with a pretty picture on the front, attached to a wooden handle. As I wrote her that day, I could see all those fans going back and forth as the preacher stood before us teaching and preaching from the word of God.

I remember a good bit about those gospel meetings. The week before they began our Mama would start getting everyone's clothes washed, starched (ouch!!), and ironed. We would certainly wear something other than our "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes" during that week. I remember one afternoon when my sister and I went down to Mama's Cousin Etta's house to play with Stell. When she saw us, she said, "You girls are cutting high waters today!" She laughed as only Cousin Etta could, so we knew we could stay and play with Stell. I'm sure my sister and I started the mini-skirt fad—a far cry from the way some Zambians dress.

The dress commonly worn by the Zambian women is called the chitenge—and it is a very practical piece of clothing. It is a long piece of cloth wrapped around the waist and extending to the ankle. These are outdoor people and do much of their work on the ground; hence the chitenge is practical and useful. It can be used for a skirt, a blanket to place the babies down for a nap, or a blanket to wrap them in and tie them to their back, leaving the hands and arms free to be used for other things. Yes, it is a far cry from the American mini-skirts and other things worn by females, but even in 1970 the modern Africans were catching on to the "western ways", and wearing their skirts very short.

Life seems to be filled with uncertainties, and we all have to stay busy and remain flexible. The run rises at 6 o'clock here, and Lloyd and I arise with it. It is not unusual, however, for Lloyd to be "out and about" before this time, because he and Mike are involved in many outside duties that require them to arise early. I requested morning classes, if it could be arranged, because this scheduling would help me with transportation. At that time I could still walk a mile to school if it were necessary. (My sister remembers those days of walking when we were younger!) I do most of my preparation at home, but there are times when I need to stay on campus and supervise the girls' work program. One example of this is mentioned earlier in this report, and in my next article, I want to tell you about "running water" in our house! But for now. . . .

That's all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

Jerry McKelvy's
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SOME FAVORITE OLD SAYINGS

- Poor as Job's turkey
- This thang is plum whomper-jawed!
- I'll slap you to the back side of nowhere.
- Jumpy as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs
- Madder than a wet hen
- He walks like he's got ants in his britches
- Slower than molasses in January
- I feel like I've been rode hard and put up wet
- I'll be there Lord willing and the creek don't rise
- That dog won't hunt (*I don't believe that*)
- I'm gonna jerk a knot in your tail
- I'm as happy as a pig in slop.
- It went out like Lottie's eye.
- Too many cooks spoil the broth.
- A stitch in time saves nine.
- Waiting till the cows come home
- Raining cats and dogs
- Hot as blue blazes
- Close as two peas in a pod
- Kitchen is spic and span clean
- Lightning never strikes twice in the same place
- It will all come out in the wash
- Nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof
- Dead as a door nail
- Enthusiastic as death warmed over
- He knows every Tom, Dick and Harry in town
- Full as a tick
- Happy as a dead pig in the sunshine
- Enough food for Coxey's army
- Scarce as hen's teeth
- If you put his brain in a peckerwood's head, it would fly backwards
- Thick as hops
- Ugly as sin
- Every rose has its thorns
- Speech is silver, but silence is gold
- Make hay while the sun shines
- Don't let the sun set on your anger
- As red as a jay-bird's behind in pokeberry season
- Don't it beat a goose a-gabbling
- He's no bigger than a washing of soap
- Soda pop called "belly washer"
- Lemons so sour they would make a pig squeal
- He could run like a spotted ape
- Slow as the seven year itch
- Lonesome as a dead soldier
- Pretty as a speckled pup
- Day as hot as a boiled owl
- Hot as a two-bit pistol
- The sun-tanned kid as brown as a ginger cake
- Wild as March hair
- Soil so poor it won't sprout peas
- Blind as a dog in a meat house
- Lonesome as a hound dog
- Pretty as a picture
- Quiet as a mouse
- Lazy as a dog
- Smart as a whip
- Mean as a snake
- Light on his feet
- Crooked as a dog's hind leg
- Crazy as a loon
- Walking in high cotton
- High as a kite
- Drunk as Cooter Brown
- Fast as a jack rabbit
- Pleased as punch
- You can't get blood out of a turnip

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- Eat what's set before you, asking no questions
- Sidewalk so hot you can fry eggs
- So thin he doesn't throw a shadow
- Skinny as a rail
- Practice what you preach
- Tough as nails
- His git up and go has got up and went
- White as a sheet
- Don't burn any bridges behind you
- Don't spill the beans
- He's just a little tadpole (meaning small child)
- Keep your shirt on
- Don't cry over spilled milk
- If you don't behave, I'm going to peel your head
- Finer than frog's hair
- The light's on, but nobody's home

If you can think of any other old sayings passed down in your family, send them in and we'll add them to the list.

A web site to check out—

<http://www.wiseoldsayings.com/>

SOME WEB SITES TO HELP YOU SAVE MONEY

Frugal living

<http://www.wisebread.com/topic/frugal-living>

<http://www.betterbudgeting.com/frugalliving.htm>

<http://zenhabits.net/2007/08/the-cheapskate-guide-50-tips-for-frugal-living/>

<http://notmadeofmoney.com/blog/2009/03/the-tightwad-gazette-things-I-learned-from.html>

THE PEST HOUSE AT PRESCOTT

I had never heard of the term “pest house” before, but I found the following item in the 6-4-1908 issue of *The Daily Picayune*. It was in an article about recommendations made by the board of health. This was during the time when Prescott experienced several cases of smallpox and meningitis--two serious diseases which were often fatal.

One of the recommendations was that a doctor should attend to Oliver Harrell who had been under quarantine and was now “in the pest house” in a pasture west of town.

This raises some questions. Was this “pest house” used mainly for housing people who were under quarantine? Did somebody take food to them? How long were they required to stay under quarantine? Who owned the property where this

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“pest house” was located?

Other recommendations mentioned in the article were that anyone who had symptoms of these diseases not be allowed to leave their homes, so evidently some folks were allowed to remain at home instead of being sent to the “pest house”. Another recommendation was that no standing water be allowed to accumulate in containers which would help with mosquito control.

I thought it might be interesting to include some pictures which show some of the old cars and trucks our ancestors had. If you have an old picture that shows any type of vehicle please send me a copy. Include the date of the picture if known, the identity of people in the picture, and make and model of the vehicle if known.

Here is the first picture. This is my great uncle Walter Moore driving his old truck. Mr. Moore lived about a half mile out of Bluff City on what is now Hwy. 299. I don't know the date of the picture or the model of the truck. I assume it is a Ford, but it must be a very early model. It appears to have wooden spoke wheels. If you know the make and model of this truck, let me know.



I wonder what he did on a rainy day. It looks like I can see the old crank hanging down in the front of the radiator, so this truck probably had to be hand-cranked. It looks like he has a good grip on the steering wheel.

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R. F. D. NOTICE in the 11-23-1906 issue of The Nevada County Picayune

Dear Patrons:

You will greatly oblige me by following these suggestions:

When you put money in your box, wrap it in a piece of paper and leave a note stating the amount and for what purpose it was left. Buy about 50 cents worth of stamps at a time and do not ask me to stamp your letters. You should do that yourself. Do not leave 5 cents for two stamped envelopes and ask me to put your letter in one of them and address it to _____.

Fix your box by fastening it to the post four feet from the ground, so the hind wheel of my buggy will pass under the box and the buggy hub will miss the post.

Work the road; do not wait until it gets impassable. There is a place over there by your field that needs it at once. Do not pile wood or anything near your box. If your children go for the mail, nail some cleats to the back of your post for a ladder and take away that old chuck you have for my buggy wheel to hit every day.

If you do not appreciate the service, take your box down. If you do appreciate it, keep your box and the road is as good a fix as your appreciation of the service is great.

Signed—Your Letter Carrier

29 INCHES IS TOO LONG

I have a complaint, so please allow me to vent my frustrations here even though I know that things will probably continue as they are.

My complaint concerns men's pants, specifically the length of the legs (or inseam) available for purchase in stores. I did a search on the Internet and found that the average height of men in the United States is 5 feet, 9.2 inches. That means that half of the men are shorter than that and half are taller. I know many men who are "vertically challenged" including myself. The last time I measured, I was about 5 feet 6 inches tall and I think as a man gets older, he tends to gradually get shorter.

When I purchase a pair of pants or jeans, the shortest inseam available is 29 inches which is a little too long for me. That means my wife has to altar each pair I buy which is an extra chore for her and in my opinion completely unnecessary. A man should be able to buy a pair of pants that are the correct length. I know there would be special circumstances where a special order might be required such as for a midget (or one of the little people) as they are now called.

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It is estimated that there are 226,000,000 people in the United States over the age of 18. Assuming half of those are men, that would be 113,000,000 men. Half of those (56,500,000) would be shorter than average. I would guess that almost half of those (maybe 20,000,000 men) would be short enough to need an inseam shorter than 29 inches and therefore would have to alter every pair of pants they buy. You would think the manufacturers could be persuaded to offer pants the correct length for that many customers. There are plenty of “big and tall men’s stores”, but I’ve yet to see a “little and short men’s store”.



I guess I could do as we did back in the 1950s and roll up my pants to make a cuff. We thought that was cool back then. Or I could go even further back in our history and wear pants like the colonial men wore, such as the picture shown here. All I would need is a pair of extra long socks. Maybe that would start a new fad and solve my problem. Or another option would be to wear my pants like the young kids of today with the waist about a foot or more south of their belly button with their underwear showing. That would only make the pants hang lower and I would have to cut off more material from the legs, not to mention the fact that my wife might divorce me.

I can take some comfort in the fact that President James Madison, our shortest president, was only 5 ft. 4 inches tall and that eleven of our presidents were shorter than 5 ft. 9 inches. I'm sure they all had a tailor to make sure their clothes fit properly. By the way, the tallest president was Abraham Lincoln at 6 ft. 4 inches.

While I'm at it, I might as well mention the fact that waist sizes for men usually increase in one- inch increments up to a size 34 waist, but then jump to 2-inch increments (34, 36, 38, 40, etc.). Why is that? I guess they assume that a man who reaches middle age and has developed a “pot belly” is not trying to impress anyone, so there is no need to provide pants for him that actually fit. He can always adjust his belt to accommodate his particular physique or start using suspenders.

I could also mention some of the categories of women’s clothes, but I’ve yet to figure them out. They have junior sizes, misses’ sizes, petite sizes, and women’s sizes. What is the definition for all these and when does a woman move from one category to another? At least all we males have to do is choose between the boy’s department and the men’s department.

And what about panty hose? Some of them are labeled as queen size, but I'm told those are for women who are larger than average. When I think of a queen, I think of a beauty queen like in a beauty pageant. Maybe they were thinking of the Queen of England when they chose that name.

The only advice I can offer to the shorter man is to marry someone who can sew or be prepared to pay a few extra dollars to have all your pants altered. Since most of the things we buy these days are made in some foreign country, maybe we could get the Chinese or Mexicans to send a few of their pants our way. The average height of Mexican and Chinese men is closer to 5 ft. 6 inches.

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CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

You may be interested in learning a bit more about the background of Zambia. This will give you a better picture of the place we have lived and worked for many years now.

It was formerly the British protectorate of Northern Rhodesia, but in 1964 when the country gained its independence, the name was changed to Zambia. The name is taken from the Zambezi River, and the Hensons have lived on the banks of this river since 1975. It is 290,323 square miles, and has a population in excess of four million. The capital is Lusaka, and Namwianga (where we lived when first coming to the country) is approximately 166 miles to the south, and Livingstone (where we have lived since 1975) is also south of Lusaka approximately 233 miles.

Livingstone is home to the famous Victoria Falls, the largest waterfall in the world. It is 350 feet high and one mile wide. Compare this to Niagara Falls—the Canadian Falls is 160 feet high, and the American Falls is 167 feet high. It is breathtaking to see, and you can imagine it is a world known tourist attraction. Because of this, Livingstone has many visitors.

Opportunities for education have increased some over the years. Improvement began with the gaining of independence, but there is still room for much improvement. The railroads and highways (or should I call them roads?) have also improved, but again there is room for improvement. Agriculture and the copper mines have helped the economy, but these areas deserve more attention.

I have written in a previous article about taking things for granted while living in the States, but let me specifically mention two things—a good hot bath and a drink of pure water. I have found these are precious and scarce “commodities” in this country. I promised to tell you about the “running water” we have in our house and how this is accomplished. We might entitle this portion “Namwianga’s Water Blues.” We arrived at Namwianga during the latter part of the dry season (this begins in May and remains until the rain comes in November), and found we would be living with two other missionary families at the old mission sight which is about one mile from the new mission and the secondary school. It was a nice place to live—beautiful flowering trees and shrubbery and an old, but beautiful, house with inside plumbing. To our sorrow we learned there was a “catch” to this beautiful place—the taps were dry, yes, no water in the place. We were told that our well would always run dry during the dry season (May through October-November!!) When I asked the other two missionaries how they got water, they laughed and said they had a system of bringing water from the school’s water tank by using the tractor and water cart. Furthermore, if I were to get water, I would have to join the “Water Brigade.” I learned quickly! Each day one person would get the farm’s tractor and water cart, go to the school's storage tank, fill the five gallon water cart,

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bring it to the dry well, and drain the water into the well. After all that, a gallon of petrol has to be put into the well pump's petrol tank, the engine started, and the water pumped from the well into the storage tank. From this the water is piped into the house by gravity. One gallon of petrol will pump the entire five hundred gallons of water into the storage tank. Every third day was my turn to haul the water, furnish the petrol, and pump the water into the storage tank. No problem at all when I got the "hang of it." Now you can see how simple it is to have running water in our house.

I can but agree with Margaret Thatcher—"You may have to fight a battle more than once to win." Recently I ventured out into our garden (yard) to watch (and supervise!) a young man whom Lloyd had hired to slash our grass—very few lawn mowers here! There was a beautiful bougainvillea that needed trimming. When I went back a bit later, that bush looked like I felt when Mr. Waltom cut my hair in Bluff City many years ago when Mama had told him how she wanted it cut. When my sister and I would tell him how short we wanted it cut, he would say, "But your Mama said to cut it half way between your ears."

Yes, even today all the work must be supervised! A missionary's life is certainly varied, and the demand for one's time and services covers a wide range.

So for now.....

That's all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

RED HAIR

(from the 1-7-1892 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

The prejudice against red hair is as widespread and deep-rooted as it is unaccountable. Tradition assigns red hair to both Absalom and Judas....but, Leonardo da Vinci, it may be noted in passing, in his great painting "The Last Supper" paints Judas with black hair.

All over Europe, red hair is associated with treachery and deceitfulness. In a collection of German proverbs by Henry Bebel as early as 1512, occurs the following: "The short in stature are naturally proud; the red haired are untrustworthy." In England, Thomas Hughes says, "I know learned men who will never admit a red-haired person into their service." An old French proverb says, "Salute no red-haired man nor bearded woman nearer than thirty feet off, with three stones in thy fist to defend thee in thy need." In Sweden, the prejudice against red hair is explained on the ground that the traitor, Jarl Ashjorn who betrayed King Canute to his death, was red-haired. But even the ancient Egyptians had the same horror of red-haired persons. One reason assigned for this prejudice was the fact that a red-haired man was most likely a foreigner, and it is a well known fact that the Egyptians naturally

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despise all other races of men. But, in addition to the above reason, red was symbolical of Typho, the evil spirit, therefore anyone with a ruddy complexion was suspected of being in league with the evil one.



This is McAteer Deer Camp located in eastern Nevada County just west of White Oak Lake. This was someone's old home place before being used as a deer camp (some folks call them hunting lodges). I thought it would make a nice picture when I was by there in 1996. If you know the history of this old house, let me know.

READER'S COMMENTS

Betty Thomas sent me this about one of her memories from her childhood days.

I thought of another thing from the past--my mother each spring would order 100 baby chickens by mail. That would be lots of Sunday dinners and replenish the flock for eggs. Can you imagine trying that today?? There would be a few dead ones who got crushed in the shipping but most would be alive. Daddy built a little house for them with a single light bulb hanging about two feet from the floor for warmth. There were waterers that consisted of a quart jar screwed into a metal trough that let the water out as the birds drank it. There were little feeders with holes that the chicks could peck the food from. I wanted to pet them, but my parents had long ago learned that they couldn't let me pet the food!

Jerry McKelvy's

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Vol. 9 – No. 12 sandman43@att.net December, 2009

WHAT TYPE WEATHER WOULD YOU LIKE?

I see that the mayor of Moscow, Yury Luzhkov, has promised that there will be no snow in Moscow this winter. He has hired the Russian air force to chemically spray the clouds so they will dump the snow outside the city limits. The city already hires the air force to prevent rain on Victory Day in May and City Day in September at a cost of two to three million dollars out of their budget. I did not see any report of how successful that has been in the past.

The air force uses cement powder, dry ice, and silver iodide to seed the clouds. In 2008, a plane accidentally dropped a 55 pound sack of cement which came through the roof of a house.

The city of Moscow has very harsh winters and citizens usually have to trudge through snow from November to March. The mayor's plan will cost the city \$6 million which is about half the cost of what they spend to keep the streets clean each winter.

I guess billionaire, Bill Gates, has become bored with the computer business. He is now involved in a plan to stop hurricanes from forming. A patent is pending for his plan to use a large fleet of specially equipped ships which would mix the warm waters on the surface of the Gulf with the cooler waters from deep in the ocean. It is hoped that this plan would prevent disastrous hurricanes like Katrina that caused great damage in New Orleans and along the Gulf Coast.

Good luck, Bill. I hope you are successful.

These attempts to manipulate the weather remind me of Arkansas' own celebrity rainmaker, Homer Berry. Do you remember him? He was from Faulkner County, Arkansas, a retired Air Force major, and was once a football coach at Little Rock. His rain-making attempts were in the news frequently in the 1960s and 1970s in Arkansas and surrounding states. Farmers would contract with him to make it rain during dry spells to save their crops. One time he was paid \$600 to bring a 2 inch rain to eastern Arkansas and they got a little more than two inches. Of course, most of the state also got rain, but Berry claimed credit for it. He was once paid \$500 when rain fell at Little Rock at the precise time he had predicted it. He also claimed he could prevent rain and was hired by the Arkansas Livestock Show to prevent rain during the week of the state fair.

He would shoot particles of silver iodide into the clouds on a column of gas. He had a brick-lined barrel mounted in the bed of his pickup truck with a fire inside the barrel. He would drop his compound into the barrel and shoot the particles into the clouds. He was not always successful, but he claimed there was no such thing as a failure--just a partial success.

In an article from *The Victoria Advocate*, a Texas newspaper, dated 9-2-1962, Berry says he was retiring from rain-making and had plans to air condition Chicago and drive smog out of Los

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Angeles. He claimed he could lower Chicago's temperatures six degrees in summer and raise the temperatures 20 degrees in winter, but didn't say how he would do it. Other projects he had in mind were to prevent early frosts in Arkansas, provide a white Christmas for the kids, and to prevent late frosts from damaging the peach crop.

Mr. Berry's fame lasted for several years, but it soon fizzled out after a series of failures. I'm sure he is probably deceased by now. He was 55 years old in 1962.

Wouldn't it be nice if we could manipulate the weather--figure out a way to prevent hurricanes and tornados, make rain when we needed it, and stop rain when we have too much. If we believe the "experts", we are already manipulating the weather in a bad way. We are constantly hearing about climate change and global warming supposedly caused by industrial pollution releasing gases into the atmosphere. Don't expect global warming to cause you not to have to cut firewood or buy heating fuel this winter.

I'll be watching to see if the mayor of Moscow is successful in keeping snow out of his city this winter. I believe that he may have taken on something that is "above his pay grade". I would suggest he read Genesis, chapter 8, verse 22.

RULES FOR WINTER (from the 1-15-1885 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

The following rules, published in *Farm and Fireside*, are worth heeding by those who believe that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure".

1. Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.
2. Never take warm drinks and then go out immediately into the cold air.
3. Keep the back--especially between the shoulder blades--well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.
4. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.
5. Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other disease.
6. After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open air carriage, or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.
7. When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

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8. Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to heat after it has become comfortably warm--to do otherwise is debilitating.
 9. When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.
 10. Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where a person is exposed to a cold wind.
-

CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

“Choose our changes for us.” Yes, when the old brother at Bluff City, Arkansas, prayed so earnestly for us way back when—when what?? When I did not fully understand his words. But I have remembered these words all these years, and they continue to be just as meaningful to me now as they were to this older man and to those of us who prayed along with him. We needed help then, and today we still need help! You see, we were thinking of making a big change, and even though each of us is aware that life is full of changes, there was still some anxiety attached.

We did, however, finally make that one big decision—we were going back to America. It was not an easy decision of make from many standpoints—one of these was a shortage of teachers at the school, and secondly there were many needs at both the school and on the farm. At this time, Lloyd had completed ten major construction projects, made many improvements for the farm, taught two classes at school, and had been involved in many other needs at the mission. One of the big needs was teaching Bible classes.

This was in 1974, and I had given a lot of thought to Lloyd’s and Mike’s situations. They had not set their feet on American soil since 1969. They needed a change of pace! The decision was made—WE WERE GOING TO AMERICA! And we did!

During our extended stay in the States, we did a lot of thinking, talking with others, and praying about our situation and about our commitment to spread the word of God in Zambia. We wanted to return, but our question at that time was “Where do we go from here?” We had seen a great need in many areas. Lloyd had seen a very great need for a Bible school where men could be taught and trained to go out and preach the gospel to lost souls—their friends and neighbors in their own country and in their own language.

To make a long story a bit shorter, we did not have a sponsor, we did not have a plan to present to the church, and yet we would need support! Prayers are answered, we knew, and one day we received a letter from a good friend, Mary Triplet, the widow of the late George Triplet. George had been killed in a motor bike accident in Zambia, and Mary was left with a house and farm. She needed someone to live in the house and take care of it until she could decide what to do with the big farm. After talking this over with friends and relatives and receiving enough money from them, another decision was made—WE WOULD RETURN TO ZAMBIA.

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Our first stop was in Kalomo where we picked up our furniture and car, and then to Livingstone where the house and farm are located. Lloyd knew this place very well, because we had visited George and Mary many times when we worked at Kalomo. Lloyd began making plans to rent the place and start a Bible school where he could train men to preach. Would his dream come true? The second phase of our work in Zambia began.

Early in December 1976, Lloyd wrote a letter to brethren in the States that might give you an idea of our early days in Livingstone. May I quote parts of his letter:

“The big news here is that we have started Zambia Bible Training Centre. I am sending a brief report of the Hensons’ early days. Not knowing the language of the people with whom we work, we are forced to use an interpreter. It is difficult to find someone who can tell the people what we are saying when we go to preach at most places.

“To improve my work, I first arranged for two young men to live here and work with me. I knew two young men from Namwianga who might fill the need I had. They would go out and preach every Sunday. They finished grade ten and could speak the English language very well. Then I got four more young men with the help of the Christians in other places. Now there were six students who were willing to train and live on a subsistence allowance for two years. They would have food and money for personal expense and could have a garden to help with their food. By the end of the month, we had started ZAMBIA BIBLE TRAINING CENTRE.”

More later, but for now.....

That’s all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

MATTRESS MAKING AT BLUFF CITY **(from the 6-19-1941 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

The Bluff City Home Demonstration club meeting on mattress making was held June 16. Three mattresses were ginned and a large percentage was finished during the day. The women met earlier to make the mattress ticks. Mattress making at Bluff City is being done at the church. It is the best place because of the size. Comfort making will be done later in the same place. Bluff City has already made 11 shirts and 4 slips and expects to make four more shirts and several pair of bloomers. The men of the community will be invited to the next meeting.

POPCORN CHRISTMAS TREES—A RECIPE FROM 1941

Pop 1 cup of raw popping corn. Remove as many un-popped kernels as possible and return to skillet. Mix together 16 marshmallows which have been cut into quarters and popcorn, replacing lid of skillet until marshmallows are partially melted. Remove lid and form marshmallows-popcorn mixture into shape of trees, first using a cardboard circle 3 inches across as base and shaping up from that. There should be a hole in the center of the cardboard so that when tree is finished it can be set atop a low candle holder. It will be necessary to push holder through hole in cardboard about one inch into popcorn tree. This will hold tree firmly. Stick a small candle in top of tree before popcorn becomes too firmly set. Small colored gumdrops stuck on tree represent candles.

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ADVICE TO HUSBANDS

By Chas. S. Kinnison

(published in the 6-6-1929 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

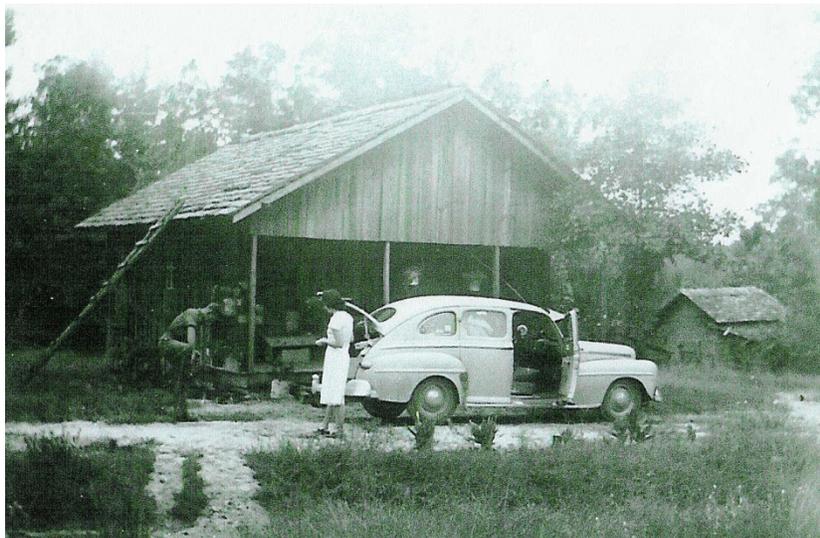
The key to happy married life
Is -- do your best to please your wife.
If she believes that white is black,
It doesn't pay to argue back
And if it's hard for you to see
Why two plus two should equal three,
So long as SHE believes it so,
You might as well admit it, Bo!

And if she cannot prove her claim,
That doesn't count. It's all the same.
You shouldn't ask your wife, my son,
To prove her case--it isn't done.
Her intuition stands supreme
However odd her claims may seem.
However wrong she may appear,
Just say to her -- "All right, my Dear."

Just smile at her, and don't be cross,
But let her think that she's the boss--
And let her run the domicile
To fit her own peculiar style.
And though you may not like her hat,
Don't ever, ever tell her that!
Although it may not suit your eyes,
Be sure to praise it to the skies.

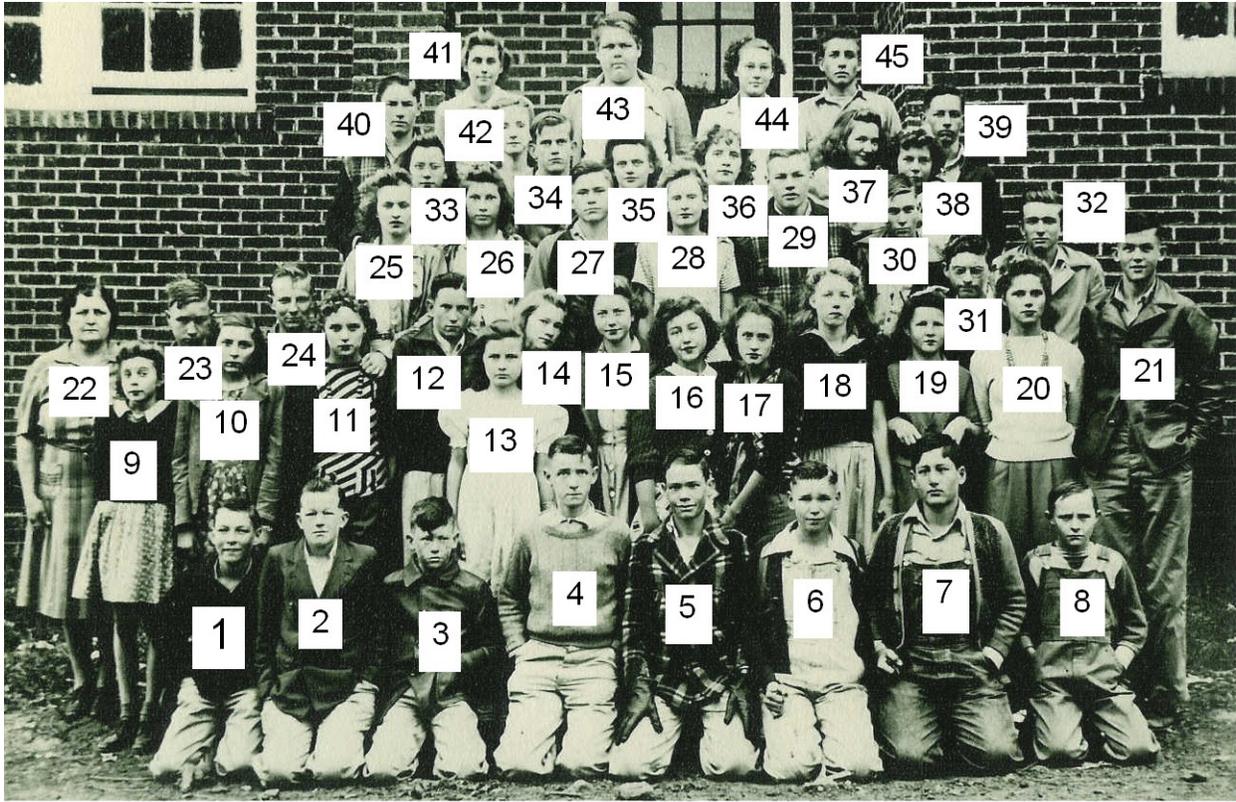
And when she gets a dress that's new
Admire it, lad--whate'er you do!
However bum the thing may fit,
Don't ever, ever speak of it.
Whatever tact you try to use,
To tell her that--you're bound to lose,
And if she claims that black is white--
Remember this--she's **LIKELY** right.

THIS MONTHS OLD CAR PHOTO



This is a picture of what was known as the Mattie McKelvy Clark house which was located in the Rocky Hill community (Goose Ankle) of Nevada County. Obie and Lillie Mae Odell are pictured here. They may have been renting the house at the time this picture was taken. Several families lived in this house over the years. I'm not sure of the date of the picture or what model car this is. It looks like something from the 1940s. The house is no longer standing.

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CALE SCHOOL PICTURE -- 1944

1. Jake Glass; 2. James Glass; 3. Cleotha Ingram; 4. Henry Blakely; 5. J. B. Kirk; 6. Billy Joe McBride; 7. Glenn Morrow; 8. Billy Haddox; 9. Zelda Jetton; 10. Lavern Glass; 11. Julene Curtis; 12. Clinton Mitchell; 13. Phena Glass; 14. Jeanie Loe; 15. Adalene McDade; 16. Virginia Biddle; 17. Elsie Dee Kirk; 18. Hazel Crouse; 19. Helen Godwin; 20. Catherine Kirk; 21. William Ingram; 22. Mrs. Ethel Almand (teacher); 23. Junior Delaney; 24. Leon Ridling; 25. Pauline Hicks; 26. Virginia Benton; 27. Billy Ray Story; 28. Ruth Brown; 29. Olen E. Loe; 30. Billy Hugh Delaney; 31. Bennie Martin; 32. Charles Huskey; 33. Faye Glass; 34. Adron Hicks; 35. ___ Mitchell; 36. ___ Carpenter; 37. ___ Story(?); 38. Daisy Lee Dillard; 39. Joel Green; 40. J. W. Glass; 41. Myrtie Green; 42. Ila Rae Garrett; 43. Charles Willingham; 44. Vernell Green; 45. Robert Carpenter

Identified by William Ingram and Vernell Loe: Let me know if you have any corrections to this list or if you know the names of those not identified.

The following poem was written by Fred W. Smith of Waco while stationed at Camp McArthur when the great flu pandemic was raging about 1918-1919. Now that we have another flu pandemic going, many can identify with his description of the misery associated with the flu.

The 1918 flu was most deadly for ages 20 to 40. It came on quickly and rapidly developed into a very serious type pneumonia. Many died within a few hours of coming down with the disease. It is estimated that 20 to 40 million people died worldwide from the Spanish flu (also known as La Grippe). You might want to consider getting a flu shot if you can find one.

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THE FLU

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred,
And your shin bones knock and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,
And you're doggoned sure that you're going to die,
But you are scared you won't and afraid you will,
Just drag to bed and have your chill,
And pray the Lord to see you through,
For you've got the flu, boy, you've got the flu.

When your toes curl up and your belt goes flat,
And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat,
And life is a long and dismal curse,
And your feed all tastes like a hard-boiled hearse;
When your lattice aches and your head's a-buzz,
And nothing is as it ever was,
Here are my sad regrets to you--
You've got the flu, boy, you've got the flu.

What is it like, this Spanish flu?
Ask me, brother, for I've been thru,
It is by misery out of despair;
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair;
It thins your blood and breaks your bones,
And fills your craw with moans and groans,
And sometimes, maybe, you get well--
Some call it flu; I call it Hell.

CHIDESTER SCHOOL IN 1931

Chidester High School will open for work on Monday, September 21 at 9:30. All patrons are asked to attend the opening of the school and encourage the teachers as much as possible.

The faculty is as follows: H. R. Nichols, Superintendent, Buster E. Gean; Principal and coach of all boys athletics; Miss Mary McDonald, foreign languages and English; while Mr. Nabors will teach social science, and Mr. Gean mathematics and science.

Grammar School: Miss Sarah McGill, principal, fifth and sixth grades; Miss Bessie Benton, third and fourth grades; Miss Eva Goodwin, second grade; Miss Helen Millen, first grade and coach of all girl's athletics; Miss Hazel Guffey, music.

We are expecting the best school we have ever had in the history of Chidester and there is no reason why we should not have it. We want all patrons to stand behind the school at all times.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Our school is out of debt and should have no trouble in carrying our school program out to the fullest extent in every way.

Mrs. Sarah McGill will furnish a car and deliver the children from old districts 4 and 6 each day. Mr. Bruce Adams will drive the bus from old districts 65 and 7; Mr. Hubert Harvey will drive the bus on the old Center Point district route and Miss Dessie Lampkin will drive the Lester route bus and deliver the children from old districts 60 and 8. She will also be the librarian for school each school day.

OLD KENTUCKY NUT CAKE (a Betty Crocker recipe from 1938)

1/2 cup shortening (part butter for flavor)	1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/4 cups sugar	3/4 cup milk (see note below)
2 eggs	1 cup coarsely chopped nuts
2 cups flour	1 tsp. vanilla
2 tsps. baking powder	

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream thoroughly. Blend in well beaten eggs. Sift flour once before measuring. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt together and add to creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Add the nuts with the last addition of flour. Blend in the vanilla. Pour into well greased and floured cake pans. Bake 35 minutes for layers in a 350 degree oven. When cool, spread Creamy Caramel Icing between layers and over top and sides of cake.

Creamy Caramel Icing

1 tablespoon sugar	6 tablespoons melted butter
1/4 cup top milk or cream	3 cups confectioners' sugar

Melt (caramelize) sugar in a heavy saucepan over low heat until it is medium brown, stirring constantly to keep it from burning. Scald top milk or cream with butter and blend slowly into the caramelized sugar. Cook until the lumps are dissolved--stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Gradually add confectioners' sugar, beating all the time until all is added. Continue beating until icing is smooth and creamy and of the right consistency to spread smoothly on cake. Note: If icing stiffens up too much, blend in a little cream to make it spread easily.

Question: Would it make any difference if I used water or milk in my cakes?

Answer: Water is inclined to make a little more fluffy cake than one made with milk, and I often like to use half milk and half water as the liquid for my white cakes. The chief reason for using milk when you make cakes is to add the food value which is contained in the milk, but if you feel your family is getting plenty of food value in other foods and that cake is more or less an extra in the diet, you can economize by using part water or all water in place of the milk.