

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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## THE JUDGE'S DECISION

The following is from a newspaper article published in the *Nevada County Picayune* in 1910. Newspapers often used "filler material" in their papers along with the local, state, and national news. Some of these articles are interesting to read and this one caught my eye. It is likely to cause some discussion, especially with married couples, so I hope no major arguments result from reading this article. Remember that these cases happened 100 years ago in certain states. The same cases might result in a different decision these days depending on the state and the particular judge who was deciding them. Sounds like good material for "Judge Judy" or "The People's Court".

### **A case in New York (Loudes vs. Loudes) Is a wife entitled to her husband's pay?**

Mrs. Loudes asked the court to direct her husband to give her a certain amount weekly out of his \$15 pay envelope. She said he only gave her 50 cents a day for herself and their two children and she wanted more. Mr. Loudes stated, "My wife wants me to turn my pay envelope over to her every Saturday night, sealed. She wants me to give her every cent I earn and make me beg her to hand me a nickel every time I want a cigar or a glass of beer or car fare. That's not a respectable position for a husband and father to occupy".

The court agreed with Mr. Loudes. "To require your husband to turn his unopened pay envelope over to you every week would amount to tyranny of the sort most dangerous to the perpetuation of the home as the sacred institution it is today. A wife has no right to make such demands upon her husband. The husband is the sole owner of the funds".

### **The court went even further and considered the following-- Does the wife have the right to go through her husband's pockets?**

On this question, the judge decided in favor of the wife. "If a man has the right sort of wife, I see not the slightest objection to his allowing her full freedom in going into his pockets while he sleeps or under any other circumstances. The trouble with my wife is that she doesn't get enough when she goes into my pockets."

But the pocket question was not part of the case, so that question was left up in the air. A husband could always bring up the judge's phrase "the right sort of wife" to say that the right sort of wife wouldn't go through his pockets. However, in other cases similar to this, the judges all ruled that the wife can go through her husband's pockets.

In one case in New York, Mrs. Adolph Schwartz sued her husband because she had

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searched her husband's pockets and found letters from "that other woman". The court decided it was perfectly legal for the wife to go through her husband's pockets.

In Omaha, the case was more serious. Henry Mills sued for divorce and alleged cruelty mainly because she systematically searched his pockets for his wages, leaving him only 15 cents a day. If Mills wanted more money, he had to tell his wife what he intended spending it for, which was the cruelest kind of cruelty, according to Mills. The court dismissed the case, saying that it was the wife's privilege. "Man and his wife are one, and the property that belongs to one is also the property of the other; so, if a wife takes money from the pocket of her husband without first putting him in fear, it would be impossible to make a charge of robbery from the person, pocket-picking, or even common larceny. Case dismissed."

In Washington, D. C., George Ridgeway was arrested on his wife's complaint because she feared bodily injury when he discovered she had been ransacking his pockets for the last nickel. The judge stated, "It shows the interest the woman has in the man. It shows that the woman loves the man. A woman who does not go through her husband's pockets does not love him. They all do it."

The situation is different when a third person is involved. Miss Anna Chapman gave her gold watch to John White to take to be repaired. In the search of her husband's pockets, Mrs. White found the watch and confiscated it. Miss Chapman had her arrested. The judge gave the watch back to Miss Chapman and released Mrs. White from custody. Mr. White got angry words from both of them.

### **Another question:**

#### **How much money should a husband give his wife from his earnings?**

In Missouri, the rule is 20 percent. A woman charged her husband with disturbing the peace. She said he didn't give her enough money from his \$60 per month pay. After both sides were heard, the court ruled, "After the rent and the household expenses have been paid, you ought to give your wife three dollars a week. She's entitled to that much. She takes care of the children and she never goes out of the house. She'll save more money than you will out of that three dollars a week." The husband complained that his wife took money from under his pillow while he slept. The judge answered, "Your wife must give her 20 percent regularly".

#### **Do you have to pay back money you borrow from your wife?**

There is no other side to this question. The wife can't borrow from her husband; he always gives it to her. The courts ruled that a husband must pay back money he borrows from his wife and that the statute of limitations does not apply in such cases.

In an Indiana case, a woman sued her husband for \$2200 he had borrowed from her. They quarreled and separated. He refused to return the money, and after many years, she sued him and won.

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### **The mother-in-law question--Can the husband's mother come and stay as long as she pleases just because her daughter is lonesome?**

The courts were unanimous on this question. Mother must go, no matter on which side of the house she comes from.

A New Jersey farmer married a trained nurse and took her home. His mother, who also lived on the farm with them, told the new bride to "feed the hogs and put in your spare time working on the farm". The young wife rebelled. The husband sided with his mother and his new wife left him. She then sued for separate maintenance. He stated that he was perfectly willing to provide her a home, but that his mother would continue to live with them.

The judge ruled that the mother-in-law could not be boss and would have to go, or else the man would have to provide another home for his wife.

### **How much work should a wife be required to do?**

In Ohio, she can get off with little or none. A housewife may sleep late, let the dishes go unwashed, refuse to mend her husband's clothes, neglect to sweep, and still be considered a true and loving helpmate. James Young sued for a divorce on these grounds, and the judge dismissed the case and rejected his request for a divorce. "A man's wife is not his servant" was the gist of his decision.

In New Jersey, a woman charged her husband with choking her. The husband claimed she was never at home. "Many times I've come home from work only to be told to get my own supper. I've often washed the dishes and made the beds for fear my friends might drop in and see everything upset".

The judge stated, "A married woman has a perfect right to go out when she pleases, and should not be expected to spend all her time in drudgery." And to rub it in on the husband, he had to pay a \$10 fine.

### **Can the wife take money from a husband's bank account?**

New Jersey protects the husband's bank account from the wife. She can go through his pockets and can work or not as she pleases, but his savings are off limits. This was decided in a case in which a wife withdrew \$600 from her husband's account and placed it in her own name. The husband got an injunction restraining his wife from spending a cent of his money.

### **Some other decisions--**

You may slap your wife, but you can't pinch her--at least in Chicago. A husband may swear at his wife was the decision in one case in which a wife wanted her husband put in jail for swearing at her and threatening all sorts of things which he didn't do. The judge refused to issue a warrant on such charges.

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In Massachusetts, a woman had her husband arrested for assault and battery because he tickled her in the ribs. The court dismissed the case without prejudice.

In a New York case, a man came home and found his wife “cutting up”, as he put it, and decided to discipline her. He laid her across his knee and administered a good spanking. Then he sued for separation on the grounds that his wife was addicted to the use of liquor. The judge ordered the wife to live with the husband and the husband to pay his wife \$15 a week. In other words, the spanking didn’t count.

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### “TAR HEEL” DUNN

Almost everyone has heard the older folks tell of some person they knew growing up that might be called “a character”. I often heard my dad and uncle talk of one such person they grew up with -- a fellow known as “Tar Heel” Dunn.

I always thought the name was interesting and wondered how someone might get such a nickname. Back in those days just about everyone seemed to have a nickname for some reason.

The Dunns lived about a half mile from my Dad’s home in the small community known locally as Goose Ankle located about four miles southwest of Bluff City in Nevada County. Families were large in those days. The children usually walked to Gum Grove School as a group--a distance of almost two miles. The boys of the community played, hunted, and fished together in their spare time. As I was growing up, I heard my dad and uncle tell of some of their experiences growing up and figured there were probably a lot more stories left untold. It seems kids had more fun in those days even though times were hard.

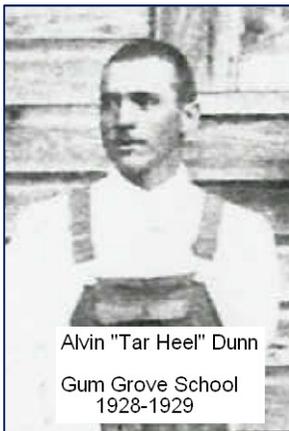
The years passed and the old stories began to fade. My father had passed away in 1986 and I could no longer ask him about his early days in Goose Ankle. Then in 1989, my younger brother for some reason took a tape recorder down to our Aunt Myrtie Irvin’s house in Camden and recorded an interview with her and her husband, Hartwell Irvin. I am so glad that he did this because they are both gone now, but we still have their voices on tape telling stories of growing up during the days of the Great Depression. Nothing beats hearing the stories from folks who actually lived through those hard times.

My brother asked them lots of questions which they seemed happy to talk about. I think they really enjoyed the memories his questions brought back to them. I knew he would probably ask them about “Tar Heel” Dunn because we had heard my dad mention him as we were growing up. I recently replayed the taped interview and decided to transcribe this part word for word. To get the full effect, you would have to listen to the tape to hear the laughter as they told the story. Here is the explanation my Uncle Hartwell Irvin gave of how “Tar Heel” Dunn got his nickname. His real name was Alvin Carlos Dunn.

*Question: The real reason I'm doing this is to hear the story of "Tar Heel" Dunn. What's the real story on that and how did he get that name?*

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*Answer: Well, he was the same age as my younger brother, and of course, they came on during the Depression and they used to do a lot of hunting at night. They would hunt possum, coon, or anything the dog would tree. They worked hard during the summer and would cut wood or something like that in the winter. They would sometimes go bird thrashing. People would clear up new ground and pile the brush up in brush heaps. When the weather got cold, the birds would go in the brush heaps to roost to get out of the wind. So we would split up some long rich pine splinters and tie four or five in a bundle and tie a string around them so we could hold them. The splinters would be sticking up sort of spread out, and we would light them and they would just get to burning bigger and bigger and after awhile, the resin would start cooking out and dripping on you. Old "Tar" happened to have on a pair of shoes (it was about zero that night), and some of that pine resin dropped into his shoe and it was still blazing and they gave him the name "Tar Heel". He wore that name, and still does, around people who know him. Of course, he's an old man now. I haven't seen him in years. But anyway, that's the kind of thing we would do for entertainment.*



Alvin "Tar Heel" Dunn  
Gum Grove School  
1928-1929

*In the spring, we would go to the creek and set out fish hooks, but we still used those pine torches so we could run our hooks at night. We would stay all night at the creek. I remember one night, one of the guys by the name of "Hack" Norman--I don't know how he got that name. His real name was Haskell Norman, but they called him "Hack". Somebody in the community--I think it was "Tar Heel"--had worked off a churn of home brew. He would work it off in the wintertime and set his jug in a sawdust pile. It would be hot down there, you know, and that beer was worked off and "Tar" and Haskell were the two worst ones to drink. A bunch of us went to the creek that night. "Hack" and "Tar" were the ones doing the drinking--drinking "Tar Heel's" home brew, but "Hack"--he got pretty well loaded. All of us carried biscuits with butter or sausage or something like that to eat for supper. Some of them thought "Hack" was putting on more than he was really drunk, but supertime come, and one of the boys caught a toad frog and pulled open one of the biscuits and put that frog in that biscuit and told old "Hack"--says, "Hack, here a biscuit sandwich for you." and he bit into that frog. And that was the kind of thing that went on every time we would get together.*

*"Tar" had a natural talent for electricity. Electricity was pretty simple in those days. There were generators on cars and T-models had magnetos..... He would take those magnetos and build him a generator. He would put a little pulley on the generator and use an old car wheel (without the tire) for the big pulley and use a leather strap between the pulleys which would run in the groove in the car wheel. He put a crank on the car wheel and would turn the crank to get the generator revved up. He would use this to electrocute his mama's chickens. He could kill a chicken with it. One time he tried to electrocute a big chicken snake, but it didn't work. Maybe it was because of the scales, but it wouldn't work on the snake. That's how he entertained himself--doing things like that. He was pretty good at building stuff like that. That would have been Greek to the other boys up there because they never fooled around with electricity. But old "Tar"--I guess he could have electrocuted a man if he could have turned the crank fast enough.*

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Well, that's just a few of the stories from this taped interview. I would recommend that you take the time to do a taped interview with your older relatives while they are still around. You will be glad you did in later years. I just wish I had done something like this fifty years ago. We didn't have a tape recorder back then, but I could have written some things down if I had just taken the trouble to do it.

Maybe I'll share a few more stories from this taped interview with you in a later issue.

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### CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

#### “Life in Zambia, Africa”

A look back at village life tells me that life is changing some, but some things never seem to change that much. Perhaps I should define a village for you as we see it. Very often a village begins when an extended family wants to live together. The search for a good location begins, and when this is found, the grounds are cleared, and their huts are erected. A fence of poles and grass is usually built around the place. They keep the yards around their huts very neat and clean, using brooms like my sister and I used when we cleaned our yard at Bluff City. My thought is they want to keep the yards clean and clear so they might see the snakes or other unwanted guests. Their cooking is done outside, and for the most part the women and girls carry the wood from the forest on their heads. It is not uncommon to see clay or iron pots scattered about on the ground.

I mentioned snakes or other unwanted guests. Snakes are something we have to take for granted—they will be with us always! Unfortunately we do not know their hiding places, so we have to watch our steps very carefully. One morning when I went into the living room, Lloyd was holding up a snake and told me it was

in the chair where I had been sitting the night before! Is it hard for you to imagine we certainly tried to cover up all the cracks and crevices??

I recall vividly our first visits to one of these villages to attend worship services. I noticed as we traveled along the way that cornfields were being plowed in preparation for planting, and small piles of manure had been hauled to the field and dumped to be used as fertilizer. I could see that improvements were taking place in rural Zambia at that time.

Upon arriving at the church building, we noticed that it was well made—by village standards. The walls were of sun dried brick, and the roof was thatched with grass. Almost

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immediately we were met by a group of well dressed people, and it was obvious to us there was sincerity in their welcome and greeting. When visiting a village, the residents always give the first greeting, and this must be exchanged before any conversation is begun. There are rules, and one is that a woman must take the initiative and offer her hand first. We really enjoyed the food and fellowship, and as we left, they sobbed a chant of farewell which to us was very touching. I am confident the chicken population was greatly decreased due to our visit that particular day!

I have always been interested in the lives of children, and I think you will be interested in some insight into the lives of village children. Bear in mind—this is rural Africa! When not in school, the children have very little to do with the exception of chores they are given. Young girls help their mothers, and this begins at a very early age. They learn to carry water, firewood and others things on their head—and in most cases these are carried a long way! Boys are not required to do much at home, but they do sometimes herd cattle or fish if they live near water. Some boys become very proficient at hunting with a catapult (sling shot).

Children will create their own recreation. They are constantly in search of “things” that they might use to make a toy. A few strands of wire will make a nice car. They like to play ball if they can find a ball or something to use as a ball. Other toys are made from clay or wood. A pile of cans can be used for a bowling match. They also like tug-of-war and other games of skill. Girls carry dolls (sticks or stones!) on their backs like their mothers carry babies. Boys will create villages using sticks and grass.

Village children are a happy lot, and usually they stay very active. They make a lot of noise, have fun, and get dirty just like children everywhere!

The adults are, of necessity, very active with all the work they have to do without the help of the many conveniences we enjoy in our day-to-day activities.

Today I must say goodbye for now, but I did not adopt the village way, so.....

That’s all, folks,

Pearl Louise Henson

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Dear Mr. McKelvy,

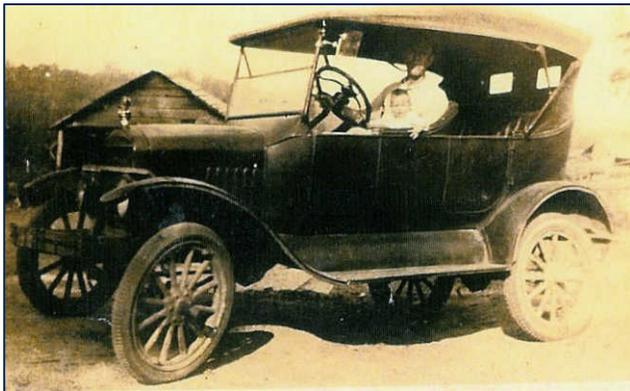
I am sending a copy of a picture of my Daddy’s 1925 Model T Ford car. The picture was taken by my mother, Rose Dumas Walker’s new box Kodak camera.

Daddy also had a Model T truck that he used on our farm which was located in the big curve between Andy Meador’s and Katie Moore’s homes in Bluff City.

Daddy made frequent trips to El Dorado taking fruit, vegetables, eggs, chickens, hogs, and whatever was available to the oil field workers during the oil boom.

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In 1927, he bought the Dr. Tompkins home in the curve of the road to White Oak Lake State Park and the road to Gum Grove. He soon built a service station--selling gas, oil, tires, fan belts, spark plugs, groceries, candy, and soda pop. He even had a barber chair--haircuts 25 cents or less for men, women, and children. On the same property, he built a "shop" to repair cars, "shoe"



horses, and grind corn. Next he built an ice house insulated with sawdust near Upton's store.

Note the wooden spokes on the car wheel. I learned recently that wire spokes were used in 1927.

Thanks for letting me tell my story. Pictured in the car is my father, Thomas Jefferson Walker (1879-1968) holding me. (I was born in 1925). *Bernadine Walker Gillespie*

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### ANOTHER SKELETON FOR THE FUTURE

**Written by the Boughton correspondent for the 3-28-1935 issue of *The Nevada News***

We see an article in the papers about a skeleton of a prehistoric monster being dug from the hills near Okolona, estimated to be many millions of years old. Perhaps we do not realize it, but probably one of the greatest of all monsters is in the making now.

We refer to the spot where the government buried twelve hundred head of cattle not long ago. A few hundred years from now some back-woodser will discover a gigantic monster. This monster will be unearthed. Its grave will have covered a space of more than an acre. Its back will have been covered with 2400 horns. During its life the monster walked on 4800 hoofs, and probably died of hunger, after having eaten the earth bare of all vegetation. It will be estimated to be millions of years old and lived before primitive man inhabited the earth. Its neck will be lined for about a mile with teeth. All this is supposition, but it may be fact then.

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**Answer to What Is It? on page 6-----**This is a cream separator once used on farms. Milk was put in the container and allowed to sit for awhile until the cream rose to the top. You could look through the little window on the side and see how it was doing. You then opened the valve at the bottom and drained the milk leaving the cream. The cream was usually put in metal cream cans and taken to market. I was told that Garrett's store in Prescott was a buyer for cream. You could also use the cream to make butter for home use. More sophisticated cream separators came along later. This particular model could be purchased from Sears-Roebuck for a few dollars.



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songs on this album are "I Wore Elvis' Ring" and "I Forgot To Remember To Forget".

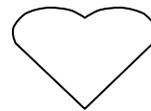
R. P. Burnham, who owned a service station in downtown Camden in 1955, remembered Elvis visiting his station while in Camden and him stopping by the station again in December, 1956 on his way to a performance in Shreveport. Elvis and four or five others arrived at the station around midnight in Elvis' Cadillac and stopped for gas and a bite to eat. While there Elvis noticed some rear view mirrors on display that he liked and had the attendants install some on his car. When the attendants tried to adjust the mirrors, he told them not to bother with that--he just wanted to look at them. Since it was late at night, this visit by Elvis to Camden went unnoticed except for the employees of Burnham's station. The attendants reported that Elvis was "cooperative and nice to wait on".

I would love to hear from anyone who might have attended one of these music shows in Camden in 1955.

Here's a question for you. Have you ever met a famous person or attended an event where a famous person was present? It could be a famous singer, a movie star, an actor, a governor or president, an author, or any well known person. Write and tell me about your experience (a short paragraph or just a sentence or two. Do you have an autograph signed by a celebrity? Which famous person would you most like to meet? Please send me your responses in the next two weeks so I can get them in the next issue. Tell me how you want to be identified—first name, initials, full name, or name withheld.

The following was written by a Prescott, Arkansas man and printed in the 2-26-1885 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*. Remember Valentine's Day is Feb. 14.

## A LOVE LETTER



My dearest darling,

I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thrifty housewife pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondence in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits and my soul is pierced with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skippers. When the awakening pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth forth for his morning refreshments, I think of thee; and like a gum elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrell horse, powdered with gold. Your laugh rings in my ears like the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my bootstraps to the top of the church steeple and pull the bell-rope for singing school. Well, I must draw my letter to a close. Goodbye.

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## LIFE IN SIMPLER TIMES

If you are bored with television or can't find anything worth watching, why not take an hour or so and let your mind wander back to simpler times. I'm referring to a web site I came across that offers radio programs from years gone by -- some dating back to the 1940s. There is no charge to listen to these. There are many other sites that offer these programs. Here is the link to the one I used.

<http://www.otr.net/>

You will find an alphabetical listing of the shows they offer. Some may sound a little corny for this day and time, but these are the shows your parents or grandparents probably listened to in the days before television became popular. It would be a good teaching experience if you talk your kids or grandkids to set aside their cell phones and i-pods, etc. and spend an hour or so with you listening to a few of these old shows. Explain to them that this was the type entertainment Grandpa and Grandma might have enjoyed in the days after electricity came to the small towns and farming areas and before the days of television. Some may have even listened to battery-operated radios before they had electricity (you would have to explain these to the young children).

You might even pop some popcorn, but it would mean more to them if you did it the old-fashioned way--popping it in a skillet or a pan on the stove. Grandpa and Grandma didn't have a microwave. If you have a wood heater or fireplace, that would make it seem even more like a typical winter night on the farm.

Saturday nights were probably devoted to listening to the Grand Ole Opry, but many folks liked the other radio shows. This site has plenty of westerns, mysteries, dramas, comedies, and variety shows to listen to. It might even be fun for you to see the reaction of the young kids as they listen to some of these shows. I figure you will be lucky if you can keep them interested for more than a few minutes. They will probably be more interested in their modern "toys". I expect kids in the 1940s would have been more interested in computers, cell phones, etc. if they had existed back then, but the radio was better than no entertainment at all in those days.

The radio helped break the monotony of live in the old days. Can't you just imagine a farm family gathered around in the living room of an old farm house waiting for their favorite show to come on and hoping that their radio would have good reception so they wouldn't miss anything? Probably about 9:00, the parents would tell the children it was time for them to go to bed. The radio would be turned off and the children would say good night, say their prayers, and crawl into bed. The parents might stay up a while longer talking or maybe reading the Bible. Finally, they would fix the heater or fireplace where it would be safe for the night and retire for the night. Then all would be quiet around the old farm house except for the sounds of someone snoring or maybe a dog barking in the distance.

I'm sure some of you who read this remember what winter nights were like in the old days before electricity came to the rural areas. Most of the bedrooms were unheated and there were usually so many heavy quilts on the bed you could hardly move after getting into bed. Once you

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got warm, you had no desire to get out of bed unless it was absolutely necessary. Most farm houses in this part of the country were just wooden frame structures with no insulation. They usually had high ceilings to help keep the house cooler in summer and many were built several feet off the ground. Wind would blow under the house and through cracks in the walls. It was somewhat like sleeping in a barn.

The only source of heat would be the fireplace or a wood heater. There was no electricity, natural gas, or butane. Cooking was done on a wooden cook stove. Coal oil lamps were used for lights. The light was still very dim for reading at night or doing school work. There was no running water in the house. Water was drawn from a well or carried from a spring. The bathroom was an outdoor toilet.

We are so used to our modern conveniences that it is hard to imagine what life was like for our grandparents and great grandparents. I am amazed that they accomplished as much as they did in those days. The farm work was hard, the days were long, and families were large. Medical care was primitive compared to what we have today. We should be thankful every day that we live in time of relative ease compared to the period seventy or eighty years ago. I don't know what advances are in the future, but there has been much progress since electricity came to most farms in the 1940s. I think that alone has had a greater impact on life in America than anything else. We know how it is when our power goes off for a few hours and how relieved we are when it finally comes back on.

So, if you want to make your old-time radio listening experience seem more realistic, you might want to cut out the lights and light a coal oil lamp if you have one or use some other type of dim light similar to what your ancestors had. You might have to hide the computer screen from view and make believe you are actually listening to an old-time radio program about 1946.

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## CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

Recently I received a delightful letter from a very dear friend of mine that made me do a lot of "Looking Back." I have known this person—Zettie Griffith Link—since our high school days. We went to school together, went to church together, and visited in each other's home a lot. Yes, we go back a long way!

Zettie sent me some of her memories—you can understand that many of our memories are much the same, but let me share hers with you:

"Dear Pearl, I am enjoying the articles about your missionary work and your memories of long ago which are published in *The Sandyland Chronicle*. As I read these, my mind goes back to our days when we were such good friends in Bluff City, in the thirties. One of the things I remember is our summer singing school classes. This was something to look forward to with great anticipation. There were always new faces to see—some from Prescott, some from Reader, and some from Chidester. New faces were a rarity in those days! We also had famous music teachers, and ones which come to mind readily are Virgil O. Stamps, Otis Deaton, and M. L.

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Yandell. Do you remember how handsome Mr. Yandell was? I do, and I had such a crush on him. ☺

“I also have pleasant memories of attending church on Sundays. Mr. Aubrey Barlow always led the singing. Mrs. Lelia Barlow, Minnie Henry, and your mother, “Miss Katy”, sat together, and it was such a joy to hear their singing. They had such beautiful voices.

“As my mind wanders down memory lane, I thought of the old *Glory Books* my mother had saved. I still have some of these, and I am sending you one. I thought it might bring back fond memories.

“Do you recall the times when the Lindsey Brothers Quartet came and put on a concert at the Bluff City Auditorium? I remember that Pat Lindsey was the comedian for the quartet—he had his front teeth blackened out, wore ragged trousers and a torn hat. And was he full of funny jokes?!?! I remember Pat Carter laughed so hard he lost his breath and could not stand up. He had to crawl up the aisle and out the door. I can still hear him saying, “Get me out of here; his jokes are killing me.”

“Vivid still in my mind is the time you were queen of our senior class. Pearl Carter took you under her wing and dressed you in a beautiful dress. Your eye makeup was the first I had seen. You had blue eye shadow, eye mascara, and face make-up. I was so jealous—I wanted to look like that, but those things cost money, and that was something most of us did not have a lot of back then. I thought you were so pretty with your big black eyes.

“I remember thinking Pearl Carter was a movie star, with all her jewelry and beautiful clothes. Do you remember the pet monkey her mother (a postmistress) and her dad, Luke Carter, had in a large cage in their back yard?

“I know you remember when Mrs. Neely Gulley shot her elephant ear plant. She had a large one growing by her bedroom window. Some plants would grow up to five feet in size. The leaves would bob up and down as the wind blew, and one night Mrs. Neely saw some movement outside the window. She yelled, “If you don’t get away from my window, I am going to shoot you.” Well, no one moved, so she shot with a shot gun. The next morning, her plant was lying in the yard with holes blown all through the leaves. Mrs. Neely could always take care of herself! I remember she was the first woman in Bluff City to drive a car.”

I hope you have enjoyed the walk down memory lane with Zettie as much as I did! Life was simple in those days, and there are times here in Zambia when I feel a bit like I might be back in those days. We do, however, have some things that we did not have at that time. Memories are something to treasure and to keep. I have made many here that I hope to share with you in the future.

But for now I must say goodbye. So.....

That’s all, folks,  
Pearl Louise Henson

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Take a look at these two Thanksgiving Day proclamations by two of our presidents--one in 1887 and the other in 2009. It seems in our modern times with the emphasis of "separation of church and state" that to even mention God or anything connected to religion is taboo. I don't think that is what our founding fathers intended. Their idea of freedom of religion was to protect the people from a government mandated form of religion. In fact, the first amendment to the constitution states, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof". This is what we commonly call "freedom of religion". It seems now that some of our judges interpret this to mean we should have "freedom *from* religion". And it is true that those who don't believe in God have the right to believe that if they wish. When Christmas approaches each year we see efforts to have nativity displays removed from public buildings and some stores instruct their employees to not say "Merry Christmas" as that might offend some people. We have seen the courts order the Ten Commandments to be removed from public buildings under this idea of "separation of church and state", a phrase not to be found in our constitution.

The old historic documents of this country prove that the founding fathers had no desire to completely remove religious teachings and principles from our way of life. Some of our judges have interpreted our constitution in such a way that we have seen a serious decline in the teaching of the basic moral and spiritual lessons to our young people and in my opinion, we are seeing the results of this lack of training.

I think we have started on a downward spiral in this country brought on by a combination of things beyond our control. We need to make our opinions known to our lawmakers and seriously consider who we vote for at election time. Ask them some tough questions and see how they stand on the major issues that concern you. We need to remember that the judges who hand down these rulings we don't like were appointed by presidents and confirmed by senators and they serve for life. That's why we need to carefully consider who we elect to these offices. In most elections, only about 40 to 50 percent of eligible voters even bother to vote. If you don't vote, you can't really complain about the way things are going.

I have underlined words in these two proclamations that refer to God or religion. I think you can see from this that we are gradually getting away from anything considered religious. There is nothing wrong with the latest proclamation, but I do notice the absence of references to God, the source of all the blessings we enjoy. We still have "In God We Trust" on our money even though some want that phrase removed. The presidents still end most of their major addresses with the phrase, "and God bless America". I wonder how much longer they will say that and I also wonder how much longer God *will* bless America if we continue on the present course.

### GROVER CLEVELAND'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION IN 1887

The goodness and the mercy of God, which have followed the American people during all the days of the past year, claim their grateful recognition and humble acknowledgement. By His Omnipotent power, He has protected us from war, pestilence, and from every national calamity

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

by His gracious favor, and the earth has yielded a generous return to the labor of the husbandman and every path of honest toil has led to comfort, by His loving kindness the hearts of our people have been replenished with fraternal sentiment and patriotic endeavor, and by His unerring guidance, we have been directed in the way of national prosperity. To the end that we may with one accord testify our gratitude for all these blessings, I Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 24<sup>th</sup> day of November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all the people of the land. On that day let all the secular work and employment be suspended, and let our people assemble in their accustomed places of worship, and with prayer and songs of praise, give thanks to our heavenly Father for all that He has done for us, while we humbly implore forgiveness of our sins and a continuance of His mercy. Let families and kindred be reunited on that day and let their hearts be filled with kindly cheer, and affectionate reminiscences bring thankfulness to the source of all pleasures and the Giver of all that makes the day glad and joyous. And in the midst of our worship and our happiness, let us remember the poor, the needy, and the unfortunate, and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence, let us increase the number of those who with grateful hearts shall join us in our thanksgiving. What began as a harvest celebration between European settlers and indigenous communities nearly four centuries ago has become our cherished tradition of Thanksgiving. This day's roots are intertwined with those of our nation, and its history traces the American narrative.

## **Barak Obama's Thanksgiving Proclamation Nov. 25, 2009**

Today, we recall President George Washington, who proclaimed our first national day of public thanksgiving to be observed "by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God," and President Abraham Lincoln, who established our annual Thanksgiving Day to help mend a fractured nation in the midst of civil war. We also recognize the contributions of Native Americans, who helped the early colonists survive their first harsh winter and continue to strengthen our nation. From our earliest days of independence, and in times of tragedy and triumph, Americans have come together to celebrate Thanksgiving.

As Americans, we hail from every part of the world. While we observe traditions from every culture, Thanksgiving Day is a unique national tradition we all share. Its spirit binds us together as one people, each of us thankful for our common blessings.

As we gather once again among loved ones, let us also reach out to our neighbors and fellow citizens in need of a helping hand. This is a time for us to renew our bonds with one another, and we can fulfill that commitment by serving our communities and our nation throughout the year. In doing so, we pay tribute to our country's men and women in uniform who set an example of service that inspires us all. Let us be guided by the legacy of those who have fought for the freedoms for which we give thanks, and be worthy heirs to the noble tradition of goodwill shown on this day.

Now, therefore, I, Barack Obama, president of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and the laws of the United States, do hereby proclaim Thursday, Nov. 26, 2009, as a National Day of Thanksgiving. I encourage all the people of the United States to come together, whether in our homes, places of worship, community centers, or

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any place where family, friends and neighbors may gather, with gratitude for all we have received in the past year, to express appreciation to those whose lives enrich our own and to share our bounty with others.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this 20th day of November, in the year of our Lord 2009, and of the independence of the United States of America the 234th (year).

\_ Barack Obama

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## OLD CAR PHOTO



This is a picture of my grandfather (center) and his first automobile.

Left to right are: Lee Roy McKelvy (his oldest son—1909-1978), James Columbus “Gee” McKelvy (1882-1959), and Ruel Monroe McKelvy (my father—1911-1986). Inside the vehicle is his youngest child, Myrtie Belle McKelvy (1917-1994).

They lived in the Goose Ankle community in Nevada County about a half mile west of Rocky Hill Methodist church.

I wonder who took the picture. Getting them dressed up in “fancy duds” was probably no easy chore. This photo was probably taken about 1925. I have another picture taken the same day showing them without hats.

Jerry McKeivy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**THE POISON SPRINGS MONUMENT**



It was in 1938 that a monument was unveiled marking the Poison Springs battlefield in Ouachita County. This marker was erected by the Arkansas Centennial Commission. Several hundred people showed up for the ceremony even though it was a rainy day.

Adolph Felsenthal played a big part in securing this monument and was in charge of the unveiling ceremony. John Stinson, Jr. was the master of ceremonies. Congressman Wade Kitchens delivered the keynote address.

As part of the ceremonies, a quartet composed of R. H. Little, Hugh Hogg, S. K. Clark, and Ralph Bell sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Grounds". A detachment of the National Guard fired a salute during the program and Felix Laney played taps at the end of the ceremony.

This monument was placed at the intersection of Hwy. 24 and the road leading to the battlefield (now Hwy. 76). A few years ago, the monument was removed from that location for some reason. Have you ever wondered what happened to it or had you even missed it?

It has now been installed at the Poison Springs State Park on the side of the highway along with an earlier marker installed in 1929 by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It could be a little confusing though, since the inscription on the marker states that the battle was "less than three miles westward" and now the marker is actually at the battle site.

The original location at the intersection of Hwy. 24 and 76 was not a good location for the marker. It is a dangerous intersection and there was no room to park a vehicle while people viewed the marker. You have to remember that in 1938 when the marker was placed, Hwy. 24

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had just been paved and probably the traffic was very light. Hwy. 76 was probably nothing more than a gravel or dirt road at that time. I suppose they thought this was the best location since it was on the main highway and only three miles from the battlefield. It is hard to imagine a crowd of several hundred people gathered at that location in the rain listening to speeches, prayers, and music but that's how it was reported in the newspaper in July, 1938.

Here is the inscription on the five foot tall marker which is now at Poison Spring State Park.

*The Poison Springs battle ground, less than three miles westward, was the scene of an important action contributing to the retreat of the Federal army under General Steele from Camden and south Arkansas to Little Rock. A surprise attack by the Confederates April 18, 1864, caused serious loss to the Northern forces in men, needed food supplies, and livestock with only slight loss to the Southern forces. It immediately preceded the very bloody battle at Jenkins Ferry on the Saline River.*

*1836 Arkansas Centennial Commission  
Arkansas History Commission 1936*



At the top of the centennial marker is this inscription. If anyone knows what this means, let me know.



The 1929 marker installed by the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

I am sorry to report that Mrs. Mary Kate Sawyer Morgan Roberson, age 99, of Stephens passed away Feb. 14, 2010. I interviewed Mrs. Roberson in 2007. The interview is in the December, 2007 issue of *The Sandyland Chronicle*.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## WHEN DOCTORS MADE HOUSE CALLS

Back in the old days most communities of any size had a country doctor who traveled by buggy or horseback to wherever his services were needed. The doctor was not usually summoned until the old home remedies were tried first unless it was a real emergency like an accident, a gunshot, or a serious illness.

According to old newspapers, the little town of Bluff City had four doctors in 1912. Doctors were located at places like Theo, Cale, Rosston, Willisville, Bodcaw, Glenville, and other small towns in Nevada County as well as in Prescott, the county seat. With that many doctors scattered about, medical help was available within a few miles for those who could afford it. I've heard stories about how doctors were sometimes paid with farm produce if the patient couldn't afford to pay cash. Maybe I should ask my doctor if he would accept a bushel of peas or a couple of watermelons for payment.

I've heard some of the older folks in my family talk about using Dr. Everett Shell for a doctor. Dr. Shell lived from 1871 to 1938 and practiced medicine at Theo, a small community south of Bluff City. One of the earliest country doctors I remember was Dr. Rushing at Chidester. A trip to the doctor in the 1950s usually meant a shot of penicillin. Penicillin was a relatively new drug at that time and doctors would give a penicillin shot for just about any ailment from an ear infection to a bad cold. Another favorite were the sulfa drugs. These powerful drugs gave those early doctors another option in the treatment of many diseases and saved countless lives.

I was growing up just about the time doctors quit making house calls. I can remember Dr. Charles Hesterly making a call to our home when one of my grandparents was sick. The early Hesterlys and the McKelvys were related by marriage, so my family used Dr. Jake Hesterly and his son, Dr. Charles Hesterly most of the time. They had an office at Prescott across the street from the Cora Donnell Hospital at the time, but would come out to the home if needed and we lived twenty miles from town.

Dr. Charles Hesterly drove a Chevrolet Corvaire (remember those??). It had the engine in the rear and I can remember him opening the hood of the car and getting his medical bag out one time when he came to our house about 1960. The strangest thing I remember was the time he came in the kitchen where supper was cooking and lifted the lids on the pots to see what was cooking and checked our stock of medicine we had in the kitchen cabinet. My mother had a few words to say about that after he had left.

One day some neighbors stopped at our house. The lady was very sick and it was decided she needed a doctor. Dr. Charles Avery from Prescott was called. My job was to go to the store in Bluff City and lead him out to our house. Those were the only house calls by doctors that I remember. I can see why doctors stopped making house calls. They might spend all day going in several different directions and still not see very many patients.

One of the major traumatic experiences of my childhood was the time I was running and sliding barefoot on our long front porch which had wooden flooring. A huge splinter became

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

lodged in the bottom of my foot. Since it was too deep to easily remove, an old home remedy was tried first. A biscuit poultice was prepared. I'm not sure what ingredients were used, but the main ingredient was biscuit dough. It was wrapped around my foot and was supposed to draw out the splinter. I guess it was too deep for this home remedy to work, because after a few days, I ended up having to go to the doctor in Prescott to get the splinter removed. I remember the doctor giving me a small plastic box which contained the splinter so I could show it to my friends.

If an accident happened in the 1950s and 1960s which required medical help, most people just loaded the patient in the family car or truck and headed for town. I remember us making a few flying trips to Prescott like the time my brother got snake bit, the time he swallowed a penny, and the time when my mother got shot by a young boy while she was picking cucumbers. Another time we had to rush a young girl to the doctor because she had almost severed a finger in a car door. We didn't have a telephone in those days or a 911 emergency system and I don't remember anybody ever calling for an ambulance back then. I'm not sure if Prescott even had an ambulance at that time. Although we were about the same distance from Prescott and Camden, we usually went to Prescott, probably because that's where our doctor practiced.

The most serious incident I remember was in 1953 when we had just concluded a family get-together in the Goose Ankle community. The family of Bennie Green had just left for home and some of the children were riding behind the cab of his log truck. His seven year-old son, Michael, fell off and was run over by the rear wheels of the truck. They rushed back to where we were gathered and we knew from their screaming that something terrible had happened. My father drove Mr. Green and the injured boy to Prescott, but it was no use. The young boy died on the way to Prescott. It was a tragic ending to an otherwise enjoyable day. It also happened to be my birthday.

Sometime about 1960, I remember going to see Dr. Charles Hesterly in his office at Prescott. Unlike today, he would sometimes spend thirty minutes with a patient. A patient these days is lucky to get five minutes with a doctor. He even typed up the prescription himself in the exam room while I waited. I remember him using the "hunt and peck" system when typing and I remember thinking that I could type better than he could. I got my prescription and headed up to Hesterly Drug Store, operated by Berry Hesterly, to get the medicine.

If any of you have some memories you would like to share about country doctors or unusual home remedies your family used, let me know and I'll include them in a future issue.

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*James Hairston sent me this story from his childhood which fits in with the above article on doctors making house calls.*

My sister Ruth and I were adopted by our beloved parents, Dr. Glenn and Mrs Wava Hairston, back in November, 1948. Ruth and I were not infants by any means; rather, we were 4 3/4 years and 3 3/4 years old, respectively, me being the elder.

It didn't take Dad very long to invite us to accompany him on various house calls (yeah!

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The "good old days"!), both within Prescott and relatively far from home, i.e., Bluff City, Cale, Delight, Blevins, Rosston, Gurdon, Chidester, Camden, and other exotic places I fail to recall. We loved those trips, until we arrived at our destination, that is. If there weren't any children with whom to play, we were ordered to remain in the car, with NO excuses for exiting same!

Anyway, I said all that to say this: Once, our parents decided to take a long-deserved trip to Hot Springs for a day (horse races). While they were gone, our nanny, Opal Hamilton, a loving, rather tall, large black lady whom we both loved dearly, was to care for us. Opal got wrapped up in her household chores and I decided to take Ruth and make a *house call*! I proceeded to wrap her up in one of her warmest coats, while I decided it was too hot for a coat and went bare shirted! Off we drove on our tricycles toward the railroad tracks in the center of town. Somehow, we managed to cross the tracks, go across Highway 67, and proceed on down the street, right past the City Police station and past the Prescott Grammar School and gym. We continued on, to a point almost to DeAnne Cemetery, when a very excited black lady appeared on her front porch and began to inquire as to just who we "belonged to" (I later found out, she knew!)! I tried to ignore her, as we still had such a long way to go! With the assistance of a couple other folks over there, we were convinced that we really had no business riding our trikes down the middle of the street, no matter where we intended to go! We turned around and headed back, going exactly the way we came, with a rather long break in our adventure...to ride across a wooden bridge (sidewalk) time and time again!

We eventually arrived back at the main intersection of Highway 67 and a main street (runs past the old Nevada Theater and I can't recall its name). To our pleasant surprise, we were met there by Opal, BOTH city policemen, and a few other well-wishers! Our happiness to see Opal soon turned to surprise and confusion, especially when she administered a long willow branch she had procured along her panic-stricken search to find us...to MY feet and legs! I learned years later, Ruth was deemed too young to understand her miss-doings, while I, on the other hand, was the "ring-leader" and knew the errors of my ways! We were exiled to our rooms and were denied radio (TV wasn't affordable quite yet) or any toys we wanted until bed time.

In those days, our parents' bedroom was located in the what-later-became our den, with a door to the garage. I decided, with Opal in such a foul and menacing mood, I'd be well-advised to at least feign sleep until Mom and Dad got home. Well, once they arrived, Opal told them of my dastardly deed...right there in that room! I continued to pretend being asleep...right up to the point of being administered the *first* spanking by our Dad, the first of many thereafter, admittedly ALL of which I thoroughly deserved! I decided right there and then not to make any more plans to go on a house call without my Daddy being with me!

Hope this brought a chuckle! Of course, times were very different back then. Folks didn't fear much mischief. Robberies, assaults, and/or murders were almost non-existent in Prescott and the surrounding towns. We would be mortified if any of our kids tried that deed in today's environment! I often imagine the Good Lord, or one of His appointed angels hovering over my little sister and me throughout our little adventure! I still feel a little guilt over causing so many folks so much grief back on that fateful day in March, 1949!

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## SINGING SCHOOL

By Betty Thomas

In the middle of the summer when it got really hot, it was time for “ Singing School ”. In our community it occurred after Mr. Aubrey Barlow “laid by” his crops and had time to teach it. His wife “Miss” Leila was an equal partner in the effort to teach the youth of the surrounding area the basics of music. I recall my legs sticking to the seats of the school auditorium while I was learning one shaped note from another and trying to make sense of sharps and flats. **Even though it was hot it was a chance to see friends during the summer and a chance for me to visit my grandparents and aunt and uncle who lived in Bluff City .**

**The** latest Stamps Baxter song book was our “textbook” and my copy of A. J. Showwalter’s *Practical Rudiments and Music Reader* is in my piano bench even today. Mr. Aubrey led the class in singing the new songs while Miss Leila played the piano and we thought we all sounded great. Mr. Aubrey was strong on pronouncing all the syllables in the song words and I cringe when I hear pop singers slurring their words.

The group was divided during one part of the day. The older students were taught music theory by Mr. Aubrey and the younger were taught scales and simple chords. I remember being “promoted” and enjoying learning the “advanced” techniques.

I recall the “ear” training we had in the afternoons. Miss Leila would play notes on the piano and we were to write down what we heard. I always heard “do, mi, sol” regardless of what was played. Fortunately, we did not receive report cards or my grades would have been dismal. Mr. Aubrey would encourage us to listen to the differences in the notes; they all sounded alike to me. We all had to take turns “leading” the singing and I dreaded my turn for I have about as much natural rhythm as a rock. Some of the teenagers did really well and I can remember admiring their grace as they beat the time with their arms.

During the school year the following year, the schoolhouse burned and the next singing school I recall was held in the old Church of Christ building. Because there is no instrumental music used in the services of the Church of Christ, Miss Leila’s piano was transported to the building. It was memorable to me because I remember going down the hill behind the church to the spring for water to drink and being as thirsty when I got back up the hill as I was when I started. I also remember that someone from the community died and singing school was halted for the funeral services. The piano was rolled to the side of the pulpit and decked with the funeral floral arrangements. The singing school class sang for the funeral and after the casket was rolled from the building, the classes were resumed.

The culmination of the singing school was a program presented to the community on a Friday night. There were quartets, trios, and duets formed from the classes along with the whole group’s singing. Everyone had something to do that presented his or her musical knowledge. I cannot remember having been embarrassed by whatever I had to do for I did enjoy trying to sing and I remember really liking to participate.

I owe my love and knowledge of music to those two people, Mr. Aubrey and Miss Leila

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Barlow. (She gave me piano lessons during seventh grade—I can read music, count time, and find the notes on the piano, just not all at the same time.) They did their best to teach us how to sing and for most of those involved it worked. You can't do much with someone who has a tin ear and no sense of rhythm, though.

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

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This is the grave marker for “Old Mike” at DeAnn Cem. at Prescott. It's a little hard to read, but the name on the marker is “Mike” with the death date of 1911. There is no birth date because it is unknown.

The unidentified man known as “Mike” was found dead in the city park in Prescott in 1911. He was embalmed by Cornish Funeral Home and his body was kept at the mortuary in hopes that his identity could be determined. After 64 years with nobody claiming his body, the state ordered the funeral home to bury the body. In 1975, Mike was laid to rest in a cemetery plot purchased by the funeral home. I assume the funeral home also provided this simple grave marker.

I have previously written about “Old Mike”. See the March, 2003 and the May, 2004 issues for more information on this story.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## BLUFF CITY IN 1913

*This article appeared in the January, 1913 issue of The Nevada News.*

Bluff City is situated in the southwestern part of Arkansas in the northeastern part of Nevada County about four miles southwest of Sayre, the nearest railroad point.

The people are of a high class of citizenship. They are refined, intelligent, moral, and law abiding. They are noted for their sociability and hospitality to strangers. All who have visited our town have expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the genial treatment accorded them while here.

The educational advantages of Bluff City are excellent. In the school at this place, scores of young people are preparing for the duties of life. Prof. Dawson, with those assisting him, is striving to prepare pupils to be good, loyal, and intelligent citizens and consistent Christians. The practical and wholesome lessons in morality and in true manliness and politeness which are instilled in the minds of the pupils of Bluff City High School are such as will appeal to many noble instincts of boys and girls, and will inspire them to higher and more worthy plains of living.

With good cause, Bluff City might be called a town of homes. It contains more houses worthy to be called "homes" than any town its size in the state.

This, too, is a healthful place, and that is a fact worthy of consideration. The location of the town, where cooling breezes sweep the country throughout the summer, insures good health to the people within its limits. As a matter of fact, a glance at the mortuary report of the U.S. census will prove by figures that our death rate is as small as in any community its size anywhere. A good natural drainage adds to the sanitary and hygienic advantage that nature has bestowed upon our lucky town, while the water is of the very best--pure, sparkling, sweet, cool--something not found in every community.

The pulpits of our churches are always filled by men of piety and talent.

It can be said there are no very rich or very poor men here--the wealth is fairly evenly divided, and there is not that insane fight for position in social matters that makes associations unpleasant and success so uncertain, but all meet upon the broad plain of humanity.

For a man with a family there are few places superior to this, either as a home or an investment, and the man who is looking for a favorable location will do well to come and investigate our advantages.

There is a cordial welcome here for worthy persons and a home life above average can be enjoyed. All will find room for a home, and a chance to make profitable investments with their money.

Jerry McKeivy's

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**IRON SPRINGS VS. LACKLAND SPRINGS**

An article by C. E. Shankle published in the May 18, 1934 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*

Sometime along in August, 1894, there was organized in Prescott the Iron Springs Community Club, which sought to secure a more convenient summer resort for the people than Lackland Springs. The latter was twelve miles away, while the new resort was only about five. These springs were discovered accidentally, and the discoverers thought they had found the fountain of youth. Several acres of ground surrounding the springs were purchased by Col. C. C. Hamby from Mrs. Mary E. Janes and lots resold, the grounds were then fenced, the wilderness cleaned, and roads built.

I don't remember the names of all the citizens who took stock in the new enterprise at that time, but among them were J. T. Brooks, C. C. Hamby, W. B. Waller, W. V. Tompkins, Jno. M. Pittman and others. They erected cottages on the site and everything looked favorable for a real resort. I was an invited guest at many of these places. Especially nice to me was Col. C. C. Hamby, who invited me out often especially during the hunting season. At his invitations I would drive out to the springs very early reaching there before daylight, had breakfast with the family, and we would be in the woods by daylight and enough squirrels would be killed for the dinner meal, which Col. Hamby's good wife knew exactly how to prepare for a hungry man.

There were many diversions besides hunting--there were parties and other amusements and it began to look like Iron Springs had solved the problem of a real summer resort for Prescott.

During the stay the men would drive to their places of business in the morning and back to the springs at night. There were very few nights when a party of some kind was not given by the many "campers" there. As the drive was short and the weather hot, ice refreshments of all kinds were available. I usually was selected to freeze the cream.

But the springs were short lived. A drought soon dried them up. By late 1895, not a spring was flowing and the promoters abandoned the place, and the next year Lackland Springs, whose waters will flow on forever, had a revival of business.

When the Iron Springs were first discovered, there were no automobiles and a two hour or more drive to Lackland was out of the question, but now 20 minutes is all that is necessary and why the people of Prescott who used to be so concerned about an ideal summer resort, don't acquire those springs and make a real summer resort there, we can't understand. There is real health in those numerous springs that are said to cure everything from chills and fever to mange on a dog.

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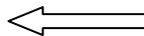
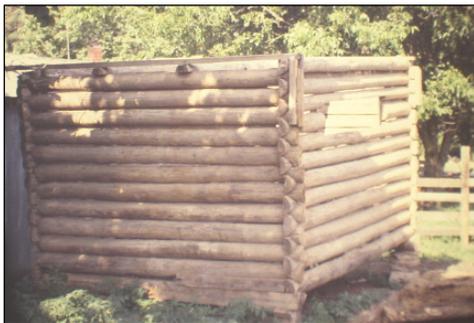
I have spent many pleasant days at Lackland and fishing on Caney creek. One time, with my family, I spent a whole month there and during the entire time we had fish for dinner and squirrel for supper--we imported the ham and eggs we had for breakfast.

But seriously, Lackland Springs could be made a most ideal summer resort for Nevada County and southern Arkansas. It has many advantages over Armstrong Springs near Searcy and Baker Springs near Horatio. They are the most dependable springs in south Arkansas.

## THE OLD BARN

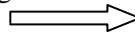


This old barn was on the property my father purchased in 1947. We used it for several years, but soon realized its usefulness was quickly coming to an end-- a casualty to the passing of time. It was sagging and leaning in all directions. We didn't know how old it was, but I guess it served its purpose for many years. I remember sitting in the log portion in the winter and picking peanuts off the vines. We also used that part for storing potatoes. The side shed on the left had stalls for cows and the shed on the right once served as a chicken house. I can remember gathering eggs from that shed. We finally tore the old barn down and built another one to replace it.



Log portion was the last to go (view from rear)

Close-up showing notched logs



# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I look at the hand-hewn logs in this old barn and consider how much work went into constructing that part of this barn. Imagine going out on your farm and finding trees of just the right size, peeling the bark, skidding them to the construction site, and notching them so they would fit well enough to make a wall. It had to be a time-consuming project. They used the same process in constructing the old log houses our ancestors lived in. The log portion of this old barn was the main part with the sheds added on to the sides. It appears that a more suitable foundation was needed under the log crib--something that would better stand the test of time. Large rocks were usually used for the foundation stones. Someone would have to search for suitable foundation stones and haul them to the construction site. Constructing a large barn in the old days was quite an undertaking.

When I look at this picture, I think of how we are like that old barn. In our younger days, most of us look pretty good. We are strong and healthy and full of energy. But as time passes, we soon see wrinkles and began to slow down. Our hair begins to turn gray. Some people lose hair they would like to keep and begin to grow hair in places where it shouldn't be. Most of us put on extra weight. Our energy is not like it once was. We require more rest as we get older and our eyesight and hearing are not what they used to be.

I can tell from the picture of this barn that many repairs had been made over the years. Holes were patched and attempts were made to prop up the parts that sagged. In much the same way, we try to repair and patch our bodies as they begin to fall apart. We buy anti-wrinkle creams and lotions. We cover up the blemishes and try to look our best. We try to exercise to keep our bodies in good shape for as long as possible. These things may postpone the inevitable, but despite our best efforts, the time comes when our bodies look somewhat like this old barn.

Maybe we can learn some lessons from this old barn. To start with, we need a good strong foundation. We need to eat healthy foods so that our bodies can function properly. We need to maintain our bodies and fix problems as they occur. We need to avoid things like smoking and drinking alcohol that we know do harm to our bodies. We need to avoid baking our skins in the sunshine which may bring on skins cancers and leather-like skin in old age.

But despite all we may do, if we live long enough, we will probably look something like this old barn in our old age. Some say a barn like this has "character". Maybe when we get old people will not think of us as "an old fossil", but someone who has character.

Another thing to remember is that older people are still worth something just like some of these old barns are worth something. Many people will buy the old weathered lumber from old barns for various projects. Even this old barn in the picture was not without value. One day a man came by our farm and wanted to buy the logs. My dad thought that was a deal he couldn't pass up, so the logs from this old barn were numbered and torn down to be reconstructed somewhere else. Perhaps that portion of our old barn still stands somewhere after all these years. I wish now that I had reconstructed the old crib someplace on our farm just for sentimental reasons.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## ADS FROM PRESCOTT HARDWARE IN 1934

Winchester .22 rifle model 67 for \$4.98  
Eight piece dinette suite for \$49.50  
Double cane chair for 79 cents  
Solid oak rocker for \$3.95

Roll barb wire for \$3.15  
Steel bed with slats for \$4.45  
Card table for 69 cents



Bernadine Walker Mathis Gillespie, age 85, passed away February 18, 2010. She was born January 24, 1925, in Bluff City, AR to Thomas Jefferson Walker and Rose Dumas Walker who precede her in death along with her brothers, G. P. Walker, Hollis Walker, Dennis Walker and her sister, Marjorie Hendriks. She is also preceded in death by her first husband, Daniel H. Mathis to whom she was married from August 30, 1947, until his death on February 22, 1991.

She is survived by her husband, General F. Gillespie and his children, Allen (Carla) Gillespie, Linda Bushyhead, and numerous step-grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

She is also survived by her sons and their families: Jeff Mathis, Don Mathis, Ben Mathis, Ted (Pattie) Mathis, Matthew Mathis and her grandchildren, Adam, Nicole, Maggie Rose, Charlie and Chloe. Also mourning her passing are many nieces, nephews, family members and friends.

Bernadine's greatest joys in life were her faith and her family. She served as a church secretary for 12 years at the MacArthur Park Church of Christ in San Antonio and remained a faithful child of God her entire life.

In 1999, she attended a high school reunion and became re-acquainted again with General Gillespie who had asked Bernadine to marry him many years ago while she was in high school, but she said no as she wanted to finish school. She later went on to marry Daniel and General later married Louise Skelton and they both had happy marriages until Daniel died in 1991 and Louise died in 1998. When General asked again for her to marry him; she said yes and they were married October 30, 1999.

Rather, beauty is something internal that can't be destroyed. Beauty expresses itself in a gentle and quiet attitude which God considers precious. (1 Peter 3:4)

Funeral services will be held Saturday, February 20, 2010, at 11 AM, at the Memorial Drive Church of Christ, Tulsa, OK and Wednesday, February 24, 2010, at 11:30 AM, at the MacArthur Park Church of Christ, San Antonio, TX with burial to follow at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery.

*Mrs. Gillespie has previously contributed information for The Sandyland Chronicle. She just recently had shared some of her memories about Bluff City and sent me a picture of her father's old 1925 Ford car which I used in the January issue.*

*Don Mathis remembers his mother in these poems he wrote for her funeral service:*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## A Mother's Legacy

My Mother lived to be eighty-five.  
Her memory in me will always survive.

I am mortal, I realize, and it is humbling.  
As I watch this passing, my youth is crumbling.

I respect her and the path she's trod;  
Her awareness, good; her experience, hard.

I know I will follow, may I be wise enough to know  
Her example, my company, wherever I go.

I will remember how she cared for me,  
Happily, joyfully, ungrudgingly.

Thank you for life, trust, love, and all that;  
When you held me, when you held me back.

So strong and brave and true, you have lived your  
life.  
The world is blessed by your light.

You have seen the cycles of birth, life, death, and  
spirits reborn.  
You have endured and rejoiced. And you have  
mourned.

Thus you gained knowledge, power to teach.  
You gained compassion, power to reach.

Now your journey's over; now you have arrived.  
May we honor and revere you the rest of our lives.

You have traveled so far. May you now have rest.  
And you worked so hard. You deserve the best.

As a new cycle begins for you, it begins for us.  
For you are now the actualized example of fullness.

In the Book of Life, you are one chapter ahead.  
It has always been so. Of this I have read.

So it is now. Continue in praise.  
Continue in peace, until the end of days.

Don Mathis

## Poem for Mother

I think that I shall never see another  
Poem as lovely as my mother.

A woman who went hungry if pressed,  
To ensure her children were fed and blessed;

A woman who looked to God each day,  
And, by example, taught us how to pray;

A woman, in our Spring so fair,  
Flowered us with love and care;

And in the Summer time of childhood,  
Shined on us peace, illuminated good;

As leaves fall down in the Autumn of life,  
Still she strived to protect us from strife;

And as the Winter arrived, cold and drear,  
She held us in her heart, warm and dear.

Poems are made by folks like me,  
But only God can make a Mommy.

*by Don Mathis, inspired by Alfred Joyce Kilmer's  
"Trees"*

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*Note: General Foy Gillespie, husband of Bernadine Walker Gillespie, passed away March 10, 2010. He was born Aug. 25, 1918 in Camden to General and Bessie Gillespie. Burial was at Black Oak Cem. at Winslow, AR.*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## Some Comments From Readers:

*Irma Hamby Evans writes:*

Another interesting issue. I remember the doctors making house calls. I think it was Dr. Gill who would come to our house when needed. My sister, brother and I were born in the Cora Donnell Hospital. Looking back and reading your article, I see that we were so fortunate to have the medical talent available to all our communities.

I enjoyed James Hairston's story.

I'm curious, too, about the Poison Springs marker with the strange inscriptions. Could that have been something Masonic? Surely someone will let you know.

Thanks so much for your continued good work.

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*Jeanette Young Beaver writes:*

Just read the *Sandyland Chronicle*. The kids from Reader came to the singing schools. We loved the Barlows-- in fact Ms. Lelia taught school there for a few years. I remember the sadness we felt when the Nichols were in a terrible wreck and several lost their lives. We were in singing school and sang for the funeral. Our families were very close, so it was very sad for us to sing.

Mr. Aubrey drove a very OLD bus. It had two wooden benches back to back down the middle of it, without a single window in it. He came to Reader every day to pick up the kids at the corner store which was operated by my Great Uncle Carl Tunnell. What a wonderful time to be with all of the B C kids. I remember going down the hill to the spring to get a drink of cold water.

We were younger than Wilma Starnes & Glenn Morrow, so we thought they were "in love", while they were just good friends.

I really enjoy your reminiscing as our families were related to so many up there and good friends as well. It brings back good memories.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

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*Earlene Lyle writes:*

I always enjoy this publication and read multiple issues whenever I finally am reminded to check it out. So many of your articles remind me of stories my daddy told me, some of which I really thought were untrue because they sounded so far-fetched.

I don't know how many times Daddy took me to the funeral home to see 'Old Mike', but I remember seeing him several times when I was quite young.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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*June Hines Moore writes:*

I always enjoy your chronicle - keeps my childhood memories alive.

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*Mary Ann Sanford writes:*

My mother used Dr. Avery who you mentioned in your March Chronicle. In fact, I went to him I think once for a shoulder problem when I was around 18.

Also, how well I remember the singing schools in the hot summer time. How I hated to get up in front of the class to lead too. The ones I attended were held at Bells Chapel Church just out of Blevins on the Prescott highway. The original Bells Chapel Nazarene Church was founded by my great-grandfather, James Wilburn Honea. It was located down a little gravel road that goes beside where it is located today.

Did your folks attend all the "dinners on the ground and singing in the afternoon" that were held at all the churches during the summertime? My dad was very much a part of this and was well known among the people that attended.

Up here in northwest Arkansas there is a large group of people that get together once a month called the Sacred Harp singers using the old song books with shape notes. I went a couple of times just to hear them and to see if I remembered anything from all those singing school classes. Not much!

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*Barbara Masterson writes:*

Wonderful! Makes me remember when I was young. I was born between two brothers. At age 3, 5, and 7, we crossed the street and walked a short distance to the train tracks to investigate the steam engine. Mother came storming after us with switch in hand. My older brother ran like a streak and my little brother was too small to know better (personally I never thought there was any wrong committed)--however I was spanked all the way home. By the time we got there my older brother was well hidden so I got a few more licks. Haven't likes trains since :-)

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*Teresa Harris writes:*

You do a fantastic job, I'm not even a Nevada Co. native or researcher but I enjoy reading what you share. I suppose county lines make little difference when it comes to life in south Arkansas.

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

**DON'T GET THE CRAMPS**  
*Eat at Sid's Cafe and you will enjoy what you eat.*

Sid's Kitchen is the Cleanest in the State. We serve the best coffee on earth with pure cream.

**SID'S CAFE**  
*Prscott, Arkansas*

Something about this old ad caught my eye.



Believed to be Woodmen of the World members from Cale, Arkansas about 1903. Can anyone identify any of these men?



Photo of James, Mary Ledochia, and Lillard Billingsley ca 1900 (photo from Betty Lawrence)

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 10 – No. 5

sandman43@att.net

May, 2010

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**IT COULD BE WORSE!  
HEADLINES FROM THE GREAT DEPRESSION**

We are all concerned about the current economic crisis. It is a serious world-wide recession and some people say it could even get as bad as the Great Depression of the 1930s. Recessions are nothing new. We have always had periods of economic downturns, but this is one of worst in a long time. Hopefully, this recession will soon end and we can get back to more normal times.

Most of us do not remember the days of The Great Depression, but have heard stories passed down in our families about the hard times of the 1930s. Below are some newspaper headlines taken from Nevada Co. newspapers during that time. Reading these headlines will give you an idea of some of the problems in those days—the stock market collapse, extreme weather conditions, high unemployment, bank failures, etc. There was not much good news to report during those years. Unemployment in 1933 was 24.9% compared to the present 9.7%. The stock market lost 80% of its value in 1932 and 10,000 banks failed. Bank deposits were not insured at that time and many people lost all their savings. It was truly a period of hard times for many Americans.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt introduced many new programs which he called “The New Deal”. Many of these programs were very controversial and some accused him of being a dictator. Some of these programs worked and some didn’t. The government became much more involved in the daily lives of the people because everyone was affected by these new laws that were put into effect. The majority of the American people had great faith in President Roosevelt and he was elected for four terms with big landslides. He talked to the people by radio in what became known as “fireside chats”. Some say FDR’s programs only delayed the recovery and say that our involvement in World War II was what really brought the country out of the depression. An amendment was added to the constitution in 1951 which limited the president to two terms in office.

This item appeared in the Boughton local news column in January, 1935:

*This depression is my master. I'll never be at peace again. It maketh me to lie down in both spirit and purse. It leadeth me into the presence of the relief office. It restoreth my taxes. It leadeth me in the paths trodden by all broke men, for its name sake. Yea, tho I walk through the valley of the shadows of the living dead, I will fear all kinds of evil, for thou art with me. Thy NRA and abbreviations doth make me sick. Thou preparest a sheet for me to sign in the presence of my creditors. Thou annointest my head with gray. My pride hath flown. Surely, if this is allowed to follow all the days of my life, I will dwell in the “nut ward” down to old age.*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## HEADLINES FROM NEVADA COUNTY NEWSPAPERS

October, 1929

STOCK MARKET CRASH

1930

COTTON PRICES CRASH TO 1926 LEVELS

3,700,000 MEN OUT OF WORK IN U.S.

DROUTH COVERS WIDE AREA OF THE ENTIRE COUNTRY

JULY HOTTEST MONTH COUNTRY HAS EVER SEEN

U.S. BUSINESS IN FURTHER DECLINE

DROUTH RELIEF PLANS MADE FOR NEVADA COUNTY

NEVADA COUNTY COTTON CROP IS ONLY 25 PERCENT

HOOVER URGES CONGRESS TO GIVE MILLIONS IN AID

TWO ARKANSAS BANKS SUSPEND BUSINESS FOR FIVE DAYS

1931

A FIVE DAY WORK WEEK MAY BE NECESSARY FOR RELIEF AS UNEMPLOYMENT INCREASES

143 BANKS IN ARKANSAS HAVE FAILED

\$500,000,000 INCREASE SEEN IN U. S. DEBT

DEATHS REACH 600 FROM HEAT WAVE

GRASSHOPPERS DESTROY CROPS IN MID-WEST

MILLER COUNTY BROKE—CAN'T PAY EMPLOYEES

BILLIONS SPENT FOR RELIEF OF UNEMPLOYMENT

1932

725 ARKANSAS SCHOOLS CLOSE DUE TO NO FUNDS

CITY OF PRESCOTT PLANTS TURNIP GREENS TO FEED DESTITUTE

TWO DEPARTMENTS IN PRESCOTT SCHOOLS ELIMINATED—TEACHERS WILL TAKE SECOND PAY CUT

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## 1933

ADOLPH HITLER ELECTED CHANCELLOR OF GERMANY

BANKS IN ARKANSAS LIMIT WITHDRAWALS TO 5% OF DEPOSIT OR \$15.00--  
WHICHEVER IS GREATER

GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE CALLS BANK HOLIDAY

FORESTRY CAMPS OF 100 MEN EACH TO OPEN IN ARKANSAS FOR UNEMPLOYMENT  
RELIEF

NEVADA COUNTY FARMERS AGREE TO SLASH COTTON BY 7,813 ACRES

16,000 ACRES OF COTTON IN NEVADA COUNTY TO BE PLOWED UP

CWA PROJECTS EMPLOY 510 MEN IN NEVADA COUNTY

STORES CHANGE BUSINESS HOURS TO COMPLY WITH NRA CODE

## 1934

**DROUTH CAUSES CATTLE LOSSES IN MID-WEST**

**DROUTH CATTLE SHIPPED TO ARKANSAS TO TRY TO SAVE ANIMALS**

EMERGENCY CATTLE BUYING TO BE STARTED IN NEVADA COUNTY

SURVEY SHOWS NEVADA COUNTY BUSINESS HAS IMPROVED 20-30% OVER LAST  
YEAR

BANK OF PRESCOTT MEMBER OF NEW FDIC PLAN—WILL INSURE DEPOSITS UP TO  
\$10,000

## 1935

DEATH TOLL FROM DUST REACHES 12—20 MORE IN HOSPITAL

NO RELIEF IN SIGHT FROM INTENSE HEAT

GERMAN NAZIS REVEAL STERILIZATION PLANS—WILL RID OUR PEOPLE OF UNRACIAL  
ELEMENTS

CONSTRUCTION OF NEVADA COUNTY CCC CAMP STARTED NEAR ROSSTON

## 1936

FDR AND MRS. ROOSEVELT VISIT HOT SPRINGS AND MALVERN

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

BIG OIL STRIKE IN CENTRAL PART OF NEVADA COUNTY

## 1937

WAR DEPT. PLANS TO EVACUATE 5,000,000 PEOPLE FROM MISSISSIPPI RIVER DUE TO FLOODING—50 MILES EACH SIDE OF RIVER FROM CAIRO, ILLINOIS TO NEW ORLEANS

GOVERNOR BAILEY DECLARES MARTIAL LAW IN ARKANSAS DUE TO FLOODING—REFUGEE CAMPS SET UP ON HIGH RIDGES

PRESIDENT SAYS CROP CONTROL IN U. S. IS NECESSARY

## 1938

WAR CLOUDS APPEAR TO BE BREWING IN EUROPE

## 1939

NAZI PLANES BEGIN RAIDS ON ENGLAND

## 1940

HITLER SAYS HE WILL DESTROY HIS ENEMIES

MANY KILLED IN GERMAN RAIDS ON ENGLAND—DESTRUCTION OF FRENCH ARMY NEXT NAZI MOVE

DRAFT BOARD TO RELEASE NAMES OF DRAFT AGE MEN AGE 21-35

4000 NURSES CALLED TO ACTIVE DUTY

WE CAN DEFEAT THE WORLD, HITLER DECLARES

## DECEMBER 7, 1941

THE JAPANESE ATTACK PEARL HARBOR—THE U. S. IS AT WAR IN EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS.



## ANNOUNCEMENTS

**The Bluff City School Bus Reunion will be Saturday, May 22, at the White Oak Lake State Park pavilion. It starts at 10:00 a.m. and there will be a pot luck at noon. Anyone interested is invited to come and visit with old friends.**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The Bluff City Cemetery Association and the Ebenezer Cemetery Association will hold their annual meetings on Sunday, May 2, 2010. Bluff City Cemetery Assoc. will meet at the Bluff City Church of Christ at 2:00 p.m. Ebenezer Cemetery Assoc. will meet at the Bluff City Baptist Church at 3:30 p.m. Anyone who has an interest in these cemeteries is invited to attend.

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## TOM WALKER'S SERVICE STATION AT BLUFF CITY



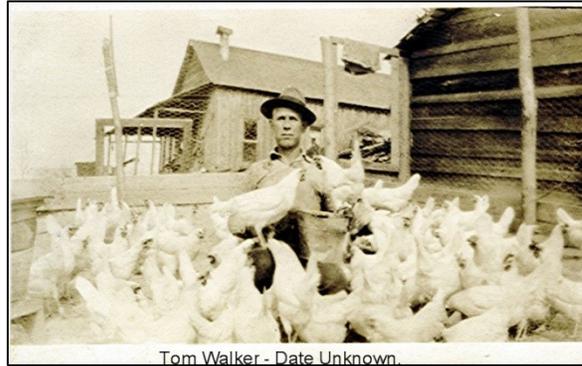
Just when I thought I had uncovered about all the old photos of Bluff City, I was surprised to receive this photo of Tom Walker's service station at Bluff City from David Hendriks of Decatur, Alabama. David has scanned hundreds of old family photos to his computer and recently sent me a DVD containing all these photos.

Thomas Jefferson Walker was the father of Bernadine Walker Gillespie who had sent me information about this service station just a few weeks before she passed away. Here is how she described this station in her letter:

*"In 1927, he (Tom Walker) bought the Dr. Thompkins' home in the curve of the road to White Oak park and the road to Gum Grove. He soon built a service station selling soda pop, tires, fan belts, spark plugs, groceries, and candy. He even had a barber chair with haircuts 25 cents or less for men, women, or children. On the same property he built a "shop" to repair car, shoe horses, and grind corn. Next he built an ice house insulated with sawdust near Upton's store."*

She also mentioned about her father taking fruit, vegetables, eggs, chickens, hogs, or whatever was available to the oil field workers at El Dorado during the oil boom. David Hendriks also had this picture of Tom Walker in his onion patch at Bluff City and one of him posing with his flock of chickens.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Look at the size of those onions. Why can't I grow onions like these?

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## FISHING

A man's fishing equipment is personal--sort of like his toothbrush. He doesn't want anyone messing around with it.

It's been a long time since I did any fishing. I would love to live next to a body of water or maybe just a farm pond where I could walk down to the fishing hole late in the evening and try my luck. A real fishing trip away from home takes too much preparation. You have to take along just about everything you own and you usually forget something you really need. But a few days away from the normal routine may be just what a person needs every once in a while.

I recently got my lifetime fishing license, so one of these days when the weather is just right, I think I'll go fishing. I thought maybe I should check out my fishing equipment first. I opened my old tackle box and saw some fishing lures I had completely forgotten I had.

Every fisherman has his favorite lure--that's usually the one that catches the most fish. I noticed I have two or three lures called a devil's horse. They are wicked looking lures with lots of sharp hooks and I usually have good luck with them. They float on top of the water and will attract the attention of any bass in the vicinity. It seems that the lures I think the fish might like just don't work. I guess you have to think like a fish.

I wonder who names these lures. I can imagine a group of people sitting around a

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

conference table at the factory coming up with names for a particular lure. I think they are fishing for customers instead of fish and the name of the lure might make a big difference in how many lures are sold. I recently checked out the fish lures at Walmart and found some with these names: Rooster Tail, Torpedo, Bomber, Super Spook, Wiggle Wart, Hula Popper, Crick Hopper, Foxy Shad, and Jitterbug. I don't usually pay much attention to the name. I look for one that looks like it might catch a fish, but again, I guess you have to think like a fish. Or it could all depend on how the fisherman works the lure that attracts the fish. I remember the old stand-by lure called the Lucky 13. I think the last one I had ended up in a tree limb too high to reach. Many people collect old fishing lures and some of them are worth a lot of money.

There are so many ways to fish. You can use a rod and reel with all types of lures, both floaters and those that run deep. There are spinner baits and lures that are designed to look like a crawfish or whatever. There are plastic worms of all sizes. Some lures are designed for a particular species of fish like crappie jigs, etc.

Or you can go the natural route. Just get a cane pole and some worms, minnows, or crickets and fish the old fashioned way. You can fish from a boat or from the bank. You can set out hooks along a creek or put out a trot line.

I can remember some enjoyable fishing trips down on Caney Creek. We would cut small trees for poles, put a good sized line and hook on them, and set them out along the bank. We had a camping spot and a campfire to keep the mosquitoes away. Every so often we would take lights and make our way down the creek bank to check our hooks. It was a little spooky walking through the creek bottoms after dark and hearing all kinds of strange noises, but it was always exciting to see one of the poles shaking because we knew we had a fish. It could be a nice one or just a little old polly-wog catfish. We would usually check our hooks a few times until about 10:00 p.m. and then go home, get some sleep, and return early the next morning since this was only a short distance from our house.

I think the biggest bass I ever caught weighed about five and one half pounds and was caught out of an old gravel pit near Reader. I was a little disappointed when it swam almost to the boat instead of putting up much of a fight. It was almost like it wanted to be caught and was doing its best to get in the boat. It doesn't really matter to me what type fish I catch. I can have just as much fun catching a nice-sized bream or crappie as a much larger fish. I also enjoy fishing with a trot line because of the possibility of catching a very large fish. Of course, you could catch something else--like a turtle or a water moccasin.

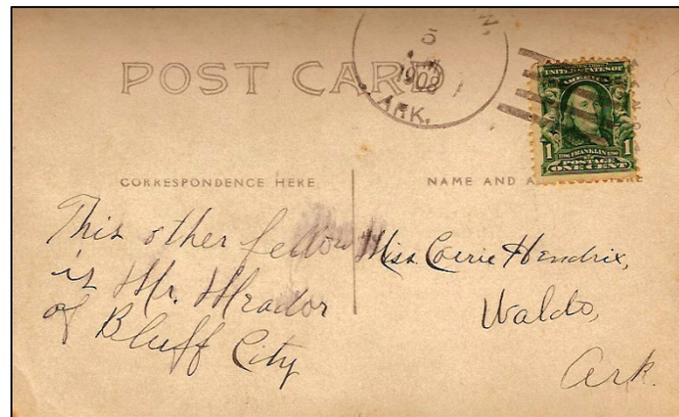
I don't own a fancy fishing boat with a motor as big as my car engine and I never cared too much about fishing on the very large lakes. I remember one time we spent a day fishing on Millwood Lake. We motored for about thirty minutes to a spot so far from the landing we couldn't even see the shoreline. We caught lots of fish, but I didn't see why a spot closer to shore wouldn't have been just as good. I also don't want to be caught too far from shore when those afternoon thunderstorms develop. I had one bad experience on Lake Ouachita one night during a bad thunderstorm.

Well, it looks like I might need to buy a few more items for my tackle box before I go

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

fishing. Maybe there's some new type lure available that the fish might find irresistible. The only thing I dread about fishing is having to clean the fish (if I catch any). If all else fails, I can always get a fish dinner at the restaurant. At least maybe I won't be bothered by mosquitoes.

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Sara Orr Jones of Wichita, Kansas found this old postcard from 1908 in her father's belongings. His grandparents were Solon Bradford and Ruhamah Harriet Mauk ORR who moved from Georgia to Mr. Moriah in Nevada Co. about 1890. They lived there until about 1910 when they moved to Lafayette Co. Solon and Ruhamah had 11 children. Sara thinks one of the young men is likely an ORR. The card was sent to Corrie Hendrix who was a cousin of the Orr children. The other man is referenced as "Mr. Meador" of Bluff City. Sara would like to know more about these men. Notice the one cent stamp on this old postcard.

When I received this card from Sara, I thought I recognized the man on the right. I had published photos of the Union High School faculty at Bodcaw in the January, 2005 issue which included M. G. Orr and J. E. Meador. After comparing the postcard photo and the old newspaper photos, Sara and I believe the two men are M. G. Orr on the left and J. E. Meador on the right. We think they are Marvin Grady Orr and Joseph Erastus Meador. If anyone has more information on these two men, contact me at [sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net) or Sara at [gjones63@cox.net](mailto:gjones63@cox.net)

Jerry McKeivly's  
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 10 – No. 6

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

June, 2010

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**THE DAVIS MEMORIAL IN HIAWATHA, KANSAS**

If you are ever traveling through the state of Kansas, you might make a stop at the little town of Hiawatha in the northeast corner of the state. Here you will find one of the most unusual cemetery plots in America.

The story goes that John Wilburn Davis moved to Kansas about 1879 from Kentucky. He fell in love with the daughter of his boss and they were married even though her family did not approve of the marriage. They moved to Hiawatha in 1915. They were a childless couple and accumulated quite a sum of money. It is said that John secretly gave thousands of dollars to the needy people a little at a time. Sarah, his wife died in 1930 at the age of 92 years. He was a wealthy man at that time during the Great Depression when money was scarce. The town hoped that he would donate some of his money to help build a hospital for the town or maybe a library or something like that as a memorial to his wife. He had no desire to donate money to the town since he felt the townspeople did not like him and he also blamed the doctors for losing one of his hands to a bad infection years before. It is said he did not get along with his wife's family and didn't want them to get any of his money either.

After Sarah's death, he began to spend his money and decided to build a memorial to his wife at her gravesite in Mount Hope Cemetery. Over the next few years, he commissioned sculptors in Italy to make eleven life-size statues of him and his wife at various stages of their lives. He had a large stone chair installed labeled "The Vacant Chair" where Sarah would normally have been seated next to him in one scene. He had a 50 ton marble canopy installed over the plot supported by large columns. The entire project took seven years to complete. It is said he spent about \$200,000 on this memorial to his wife which would be about a million dollars in today's money. You can see why the townspeople thought the money should be put to a better use. He once told a reporter that it was his money and he would spend it as he pleased.

He started off using very expensive Italian marble for the statues, but as his money dwindled, he used granite in some of the later statues. Some vandalism occurred at the plot, so he installed a stone wall around the plot in an effort to keep the vandals out and keep people from walking among the statues.

About seven years after Sarah's death, he was diagnosed with cancer and was told he only had a few months to live. He tried to get rid of all his money in the next few months, but the doctors were wrong. He lived for ten more years and spent the last years of his life in the poor house. The town even had to pay for his funeral in 1947 which was attended by only a few people.

Despite the hard feelings the town had for John Wilburn Davis, the people soon discovered that they had a tourist attraction on their hands. It is said that 20 to 30 thousand people visit this

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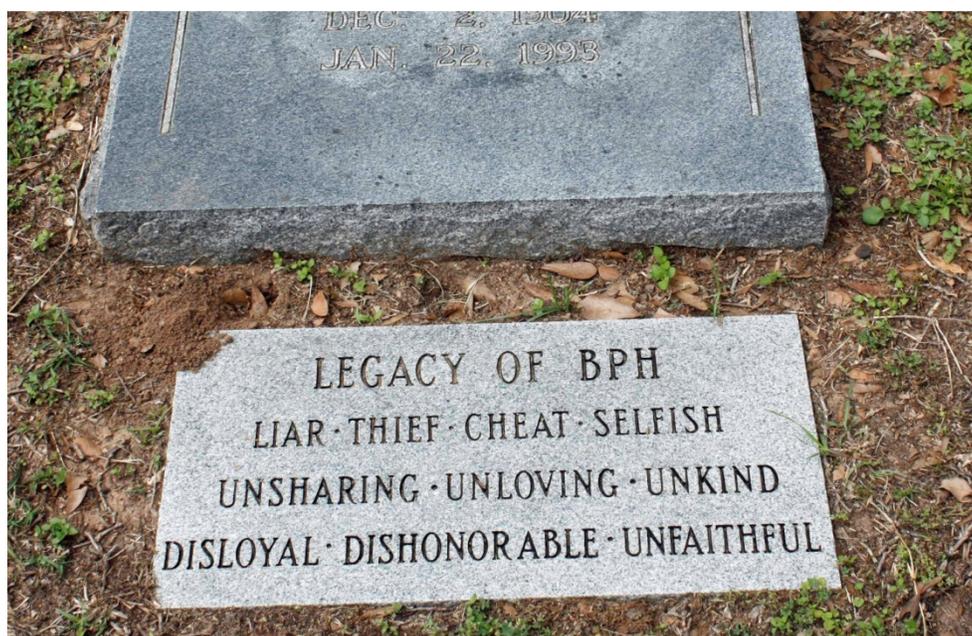
memorial each year, bringing in tourist dollars which continue to benefit the city of Hiawatha, Kansas. It is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

There is still some mystery concerning why Mr. Davis built this memorial. Some say he honored his wife much more after her death than when she was living. Some think he did this to spite his wife's family since they didn't want him to marry her. Some think he was just eccentric.

If I'm ever in that area, I plan to stop by and see this for myself. You can check out the pictures on the Internet. Just do a search for "Davis Memorial in Hiawatha, Kansas" and you should find many stories and pictures of this unusual gravesite.

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### AN UNUSUAL GRAVE MARKER



Barbara Ray sent me this photo she took of an unusual grave marker at Morton Cemetery in Richmond Co., Texas near Houston. How would you like to have this marker placed at your grave? I'm reminded of a Bible verse (Proverbs 22:1)—“A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor more than silver or gold.”

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### ISABELLA PLEASANT ROBINSON CLARK She Planned Her Own Funeral

Some people made detailed plans for their own funeral before they died and had the plans published in the newspaper. Such was the case with Isabella Clark. Her funeral plans were published in the November 2, 1940 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*. We do not know if these plans were followed to the letter or not, but I suspect they were if at all possible. We do know that she is buried at Mt. Moriah Cemetery, but her marker does not have a date of death. I

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could not find an obituary for Mrs. Clark, but one of the local news columns mentions the death of "Grandmother" Clark August 24th or 25th, 1940. This article about her funeral plans was published a few months after her death even though it had been written in February, 1939. This article has a lot of good information for genealogists who might be researching Isabella Clark. Here are some excerpts from that article.

Isabella Pleasant Robinson Clark was born in Union Parish, LA July 28, 1861. She moved with her parents to Nevada County, AR in 1872 and professed religion in 1876. She joined the Methodist Protestant church at Mt. Moriah and Bro. Nesbit was her pastor. She lived a devoted Christian life and in 1884 was married to W. H. Clark and to this union was born nine children. Six of them died in infancy. Three lived to be grown--Oliver, Floyd, and Lucy.

Mrs. Clark wrote, "...and I reared three of Mr. Clark's children. I did my best to rear them right and good, so up to this day all are gone but Lucy, William, and Emma. Lucy is the only one of my children left. Floyd died at Broken Bow, OK June 19, 1929, and Oliver was killed in a car accident August 22, 1937 at Texarkana." *Note: Oliver Clark was actually killed in Aug., 1936. The date in this article is not correct. Oliver Clark was married to my great-aunt, Mattie Farah McKelvy.*

....."So when I am laid in my casket, I want to be taken to old Mt. Moriah church and if it is possible, I want Bro. John White and Bro. Thurman White both to be there, and of course I would like for Bro. Erwin to be there. He conducted my father's funeral. I want them to read a part of the 14<sup>th</sup> chapter of St. John and also the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm. I also would like a testimony service. I really do think it not best for a long service, for this is for the living, not for me.

....."My favorite songs are: "How Firm a Foundation", "Amazing Grace", "When I Can Read My Title Clear", and "I Am a Soldier of the Cross". Brother Thurman White can lead the singing and I want him to sing right out of his heart.....I want Bro. Thurman White and his wife to stand close to my casket and sing "Zion's Hill". I always feel so good when she sings that part.....".

Composed and written February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1939. I do hope this will be carried out if possible---  
Isabella Pleasant Robinson Clark

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### OLD JACK IN THE WELL

(author unknown)

(from the 9-4-1890 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

For twenty years an old man of our county, whom we call Jack Baldwin, has cultivated the soil and drawn therefrom support for himself and wife-- he is childless. Not long since, Jack left his home in search for a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out piece of land of about six acres in the center of which was a well about thirty feet deep that at some time had probably furnished the inmates of the dilapidated house nearby with water. In passing the spot an ill-wind drifted Jack's hat from his head and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and it tumbled in. Now, Jack had always practiced the virtue of economy, and immediately sat about

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to recover his hat. He ran to the well and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the cow, and after several attempts to capture the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself. To accomplish this he made fast one end of the rope to a stump, and was soon on his way down into the well.

It was a fact of which Jack was less oblivious than the reader hereof, that a mischievous fellow whom we will call Neal Willis, was in the old building and saw Jack go down into the well; and it so happened that Jack's old blind horse was nearby with a bell on his neck. The devil himself, or some other wicked spirit, put it into Neal's head to have a little fun; so he unbuckled the snap and approached the well with the bell in his hand. Ting-a-ling. Jack thought the old horse was coming and said in an audible tone: "Hang that old blind horse; he's coming this way, and he ain't got no more sense than to fall in here on me--Whoa, Ball!" But the sound of the bell came closer, and Jack was resting at the bottom of the well. "Great Jerusalem!" said Jack, "the old blind fool will be right on top of me in minute--Whoa, Ball! Whoa, Ball!" Just then Neal got close to the mouth of the well and kicked a little dirt down on Jack's head. Jack thought Ball was about to come, so he got close to the side of the well and began to pray: "Oh Lord, have mercy on me--Whoa, Ball! Our Father who art in --Whoa, Ball! Hallowed be Thy--gee, Ball, gee, what'll I do--name. Now I lay me down to sl--gee, Ball! (just then, more dirt fell on his head). Back, Ball! Oh Lord, if you ever intend to do anything for me--back, Ball, whoa! Thy kingdom come--gee, Ball! Oh Lord, you know how I was baptized in Smith's mill dam--whoa, Ball! Hold up! Farewell, world."

Neal could hold it no longer and showed himself at the top of the well, with a big horse laugh which might have been heard two miles. This was more than Jack could stand, and he climbed up the rope like a monkey. "Blast your pictures. I'll make your ears ring worse than that bell." Neal took to his heels and ran like a quarter horse, and the last that was seen of him, he was half a mile from the well with two big dogs grabbing at his coat tails, and Jack close behind him.

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## **STONEWALL JACKSON AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN** (from the May 28, 1885 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Gen. John D. Imboden, whose battery bore the brunt of the artillery charge at Bull Run, relates some of the incidents of the battle in the *May Century*, from which we take the following: "Several other batteries soon came into line so that by the time Griffin and Ricketts were in position near the Henry House, we had, as I now remember, twenty-six fresh guns ready for them.

'The fighting was renewed and was terrific. Jackson ordered me to go from battery to battery and see that the guns were properly aimed and the fuses cut the right length. This was the work of but a few moments. On returning to the left of the line of the guns, I stopped to ask Gen. Jackson's permission to rejoin my battery. The fight was just then hot enough to make him feel well. His eyes fairly blazed. He had a way of throwing up his left hand with the open palm toward the person he was addressing. He threw up his hand as he told me to go. The air was full

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of flying missiles, and as he spoke he jerked down his hand, and I saw the blood was streaming from it. I exclaimed, 'General, you are wounded.' He replied as he drew a handkerchief from his breast pocket and began to bind it up, 'Only a scratch- a mere scratch.' and he galloped away along the line.

'General Jackson's wound, received under the circumstances I have described, became very serious when inflammation set in. On hearing three days after the fight that he was suffering with it, I rode to his quarters in a little farm house near Centreville. Although it was barely sunrise, he was out under the trees, bathing his hand in the spring water. It was much swollen and very painful, but he bore himself stoically. His wife and baby had arrived the night before. His little daughter, Julia, was still in long dresses, and I remember tossing her, to her great delight while breakfast was being made ready on a rude table under the trees. Of course, the battle was the only topic discussed at breakfast. I remarked in Mrs. Jackson's hearing, 'General, how is it that you can keep so cool and appear so utterly insensible to danger in such a storm of shell and bullets as rained about you when your hand was hit?' He instantly became grave and reverential in his manner, and answered in a low tone of great earnestness; 'Captain, my religious belief teaches me to feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me.' He added after a pause, looking me full in the face; 'Captain, that is the way all men should live, and then all men would be equally brave.'

*Note: The first battle of Bull Run was the first major battle of the Civil War in 1861. Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson was given the nickname "Stonewall" because it was said his brigade stood up to the assault "like a stone wall".*

Stonewall Jackson is one of my favorite generals of the Civil War. His life story is very interesting. He lost his parents and most of his siblings when he was very young. He was very strong in his religious beliefs. His men were very devoted to him even though he pushed them to the limits in their training and in battle. He and General Robert E. Lee fought many battles when they were heavily outnumbered, but they had the military genius to plan how to win these battles. Stonewall Jackson was a man General Lee could depend on to carry out whatever task he was assigned. Jackson participated in some of the bloodiest battles of the war in Virginia. His reputation was known throughout the South as well as the North.

At the battle of Chancellorsville in Virginia in 1863, Gen. Stonewall Jackson was out checking the lines during a lull in the battle at night with the air full of smoke and fog. As he approached his army, he was shot three times by his own men who thought it was northern soldiers approaching. An artery in his left arm had been severed and the only treatment at that time was to amputate the limb. One of his men took the severed arm and gave it a proper burial. There is a monument there today with the inscription "The Arm of Stonewall Jackson". He developed pneumonia and died eight days later. He was buried in Lexington, Virginia. His last words, according to historians, were "Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

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milk and into the parlor, ruining a brand new \$20 carpet. During the excitement, the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up 11 setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.

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**GARLAND HARDWICK**  
July 5, 1898-Dec. 23, 1918

**On his grave marker:---Son of J. M. and G. A. Hardwick; U. S. Navy; “He gave his life for liberty”—“A brave spirit lies buried here who died a glorious death in his country’s cause”**

Garland Hardwick, aged 21 years, a member of the United States Navy, died in the naval hospital at Brooklyn, N. Y. December 22nd of bronchial pneumonia, and the remains arrived here last Monday and were carried to his home near Cale where funeral services were held. Interment was had at Macedonia Cemetery. (*Note: The obituary had Macedonia Cemetery, but his marker is at Ebenezer Cem.*) The deceased volunteered his services in the navy some time ago and had made a number of trips across on convoys accompanying troop transports. While he was enroute back to the United States a couple of weeks ago, he wrote his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. M. Hardwick, that he expected to be home shortly on furlough, but upon arriving in port at New York, he became ill with pneumonia and was taken to the hospital at Brooklyn, where he lived only a few days. (From the 1-2-1919 issue of *The Nevada News*)

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## **GONE TO THE BLUFF**

My grandpa “Gee” McKelvy lived in the Goose Ankle community of Nevada County about four miles southwest of Bluff City. I never did learn how he got his nickname since his real name was James Columbus. I always figured it probably had something to do with the commands farmers gave to their horses like “gee” and “haw”. That's one of the many things I forgot to ask him while he was alive. I'm sure there is a good story behind how he got the nickname.

Grandpa drove an old green International pickup when I was growing up. These were known as pretty tough trucks, more suited for farm use than for pleasure driving. He parked it in a shed across the road from the house which my grandmother always called the “car shed”, even though it was a truck--not a car.

The shed was open on each end. Actually, it was more like a barn and the truck was parked in the hallway. That was convenient for Grandpa since he could drive in one end and drive out the other. I've learned over the years that it's always best to drive forward instead of backing up. There's less chance of a mishap.

Grandpa's truck (I forget what year model it was) had the starter in the floor next to the foot-feed. When was the last time you heard of a foot-feed? You had to sort of turn your foot sideways so you could mash the starter while giving it a little gas with the foot-feed while adjusting the choke to get the thing started. When it finally started, there was usually a big puff of black smoke from the tailpipe. I don't remember ever having a mosquito problem around Grandpa's house.

I don't remember Grandpa ever going on a long trip in his old pickup truck. He probably drove the truck to Prescott in his younger days, but as he got older, he avoided big cities like Prescott. Bluff City had the closest store in those days. I've heard him say “I've got to go to the Bluff and get some nails” or something similar to that.

Grandpa died in 1959 when I was fifteen years old. I can't remember what happened to his old International truck.

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## **HOG TIGHT FENCE** **(a news item)**

Plans are to build a hog-tight fence along the railroads tracks from St. Louis to Texarkana. The fence will be woven wire 47 inches in height with a strand of barb wire on top, making a total height of 52 inches. The fence posts will be of red and white cedar (264 per mile). The company figures the fence will save thousands of animals for which they now have to pay.

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**THE FAMOUS LIPSTICK CASE**  
**(reported in the 4-12-1923 issue of *The Nevada News*)**

Pearl Pugsley was an 18 year-old high school student at Knobel in Clay County, Arkansas in 1923. The local school board had a policy which prohibited the wearing of transparent hosiery, low-necked dresses, and any style of clothing tending to immodesty, or the use of face powder or cosmetics.

Miss Pugsley and two other students came to school with lipstick and talcum powder on their faces. The principal told them to wash their faces or go home. One girl did wash her face, but the other two refused and were expelled. Miss Pugsley and her father contacted an attorney and began legal action to have her readmitted to school, claiming the rule was unreasonable and unwarranted.

The Clay Co. circuit court ruled in favor of the school board saying the local board had the authority to enforce the rule. Miss Pugsley's father became seriously ill about this time and told his daughter on his death-bed to continue to fight the ruling even "if it takes every cent I leave you." The case was appealed to the Arkansas Supreme Court and Miss Pugsley said she would move to another county to attend school where there were no lipstick rules while waiting for the case to be heard

The Arkansas Supreme Court also ruled in favor of the school board. One of the dissenting judges stated: "Miss Pugsley was 18 years old on August 15, 1922. I think a rule forbidding a girl pupil of her age from putting talcum powder on her face is so unreasonable and beyond the exercise of discretion that this court should say that the board of directors acted without authority in making and enforcing it. Useless laws diminish the authority of necessary ones."

The majority opinion supported the refusal of the Clay County circuit judge to compel the school to admit Miss Pugsley with talcum powder on her face stating the local school board was "presumed to know the temper of the people and the exigencies of the local situation".

The case received much national attention in 1923 and was one of the earliest court cases involving dress codes for schools. The case has been referred to as "the famous lipstick case".

Dress codes in schools and the requirements to wear school uniforms are touchy subjects. I haven't worked in the public schools for many years. I would probably be surprised at what is allowed these days. I know the Camden schools are starting to require school uniforms in some grades. This has caused some difference of opinions among the parents and students.

I have seen many old school pictures from the 1930s and 1940s in which some students were without shoes, probably because the parents couldn't afford them. I wonder what would happen if students went to school without shoes today. I have seen signs in restaurants which say "No shoes-No Service". There has to be a limit on what is allowed in various situations. As

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far as I know, the U. S. Supreme Court has not heard any cases involving school dress codes. They refused to hear a case from Texas in which a student was not allowed to wear a John Edwards campaign T-shirt to school. The school had banned all "message T-shirts".

Do you think schools need to have dress codes? What about school uniforms? If you would like to voice your opinion or have a story to tell on this subject, let me know.

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Can you identify this lady? I'm sure most of you will recognize the name. I have hidden the answer somewhere on page 6 of this issue.

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## GROWING UP IN THE FIFTIES

I was born in 1943, so I was seven years old when the decade known as the Fabulous Fifties began. I don't know about being fabulous, but I guess it was a fun time to be a teenager.

The decade was not without its problems. The country was involved in the Korean War from 1950-1953 resulting in the deaths of over 30,000 Americans. The threatened spread of communism was a major concern. After the end of that conflict, people seemed to be more optimistic about the future. Factories were turning out new products that made life easier. Television was the new form of entertainment. Automobiles had fins, rock and roll music was popular, and we were exposed to new clothing and hair styles. It was an interesting decade to be an American, but my life in Bluff City, Arkansas was quite a bit different from those teenagers who lived in the big cities.

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We lived on a farm near Bluff City, a community with a population of about 200 people. The town had four stores and two churches. There was a school, but it had just been announced that the school was closing and we would be consolidated with Prescott which was 19 miles from Bluff City. I attended school at Bluff City my first two years, so I do have some fond memories of attending a small country school. I had the same teacher (Mrs. Maude Loe) for the first three grades--two years at Bluff City and in the third grade at Prescott.

Since we lived so far from Prescott, I was not involved in many after-school activities in high school like ball games or band practice. One trip a day to Prescott was enough, but besides that, I was not too interested in sports and had no musical talent to speak of. The bus picked me up at 7:15 in the morning and I got home at 4:15 in the afternoon. I rode the bus all through high school. Only a few students drove a vehicle to school in those days.

I did most of my homework in study hall during the school day so I could watch a TV show or two at night. Before I could watch TV, I had to tend to my farm chores like feeding the chickens or hogs or rounding up the cows. We milked our own cows in those days. I guess you could say our milk was pasteurized since the cows had just come in from the pasture. We did strain the milk through a clean cloth before putting it in the refrigerator.

My father spent most of his life farming, but managed to get a job working at the Naval Ammunition Depot near Camden in the 1950s. I think he worked there for about seven years. Many men car-pooled fifty miles or more to work at this defense plant because the pay was good. Camden was a booming place in those days with this large government facility and other industries like the International Paper Co. paper mill. When the ordnance plant closed, my father decided to go into the pulpwood business, cutting and hauling pulpwood to the paper mill. It was hard physical work, but he seemed to enjoy it and at least he was his own boss. So, I spent a large part of my teenage years helping him haul pulpwood or raising vegetables and watermelons for market.

We usually loaded our pickup truck with watermelons, cantaloupes, and any vegetables we had and headed to Camden on our "peddling route" about one day per week. It usually took most of the day to sell everything. Sometimes we went from house to house knocking on doors. Some people were happy to get fresh farm produce and others did not want to be bothered. Sometimes we drove the streets and offered our melons to people sitting on their porches and could sometimes get rid of several melons at one stop. Other times we found a good shade tree and just waited for the customers to come to us. Later in the day when our load of melons was almost gone, we would stop at some of the stores and offer the rest of the load for a very cheap price just to get rid of them. A large watermelon might sell for fifty cents at that time. Sometimes we sold melons three for a dollar. My father would have a pocket full of cash money at the end of the day--maybe forty or fifty dollars. You must remember that the usual pay in those days was forty dollars a week, so it was big money to us.

That's how I spent my teenage years--mostly going to school and working around the farm. We had church services on Sundays and usually rested on Sunday afternoons. Practically all the stores were closed on Sundays in those days. The farm animals had to be fed on Sundays, but

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other type work on Sundays was frowned upon. We would sometimes buy the *Arkansas Democrat* newspaper on Sundays and read every word of it after the noon meal.

We got a television as soon as we could afford one. Of course, it was a black and white model with no remote control. It had channels 2 through 13 and we were lucky to get two or three channels if our antenna was turned just right. I can remember neighbors visiting us just to watch television. We had our favorite shows and spent much of our free time watching them. I don't remember the year, but finally my father made the decision to purchase a color television with a remote control--a Curtis-Mathes television which was considered one of the best at that time. They advertised it as "the most expensive television set in America and darn well worth it". That was probably in the late 1960s. The first color televisions introduced in the 1950s were very expensive, so we had to wait until the prices came down.

In the early 1950s we lived in an old house that was there when my father bought the place in 1947. It had high ceilings, a porch on three sides, and no indoor bathroom. I think we may have added a bathtub and sink to the house, but we still had an outdoor toilet. Since my father had made pretty good money working at the defense plant, he was able to build us a new home about 1955. We tore down the old house and used the good lumber to build the new house. We were really moving up in the world. We had a new house with an indoor bathroom.

I don't think we had a telephone in the 1950s, but our first phone was on a four-party line. Other people's calls would ring in at our house and we had to recognize our particular ring. If we wanted to use the phone, we had to check to see if anyone was using it and either wait until they finished talking or ask them to let us use the phone if it was an emergency. Those early phones were all black and had rotary dials. Touch-tone phones had not yet been invented.

Our house was not air conditioned in the 1950s. The old house had high ceilings which helped keep the rooms cool. We had a large window fan in our new house to cool the house in the summer months so we could sleep and we could always sit outside under the sycamore trees or in the porch swing in the daytime. I sometimes slept on the front porch on a cot covered with a mosquito net when it was extremely hot and humid—sort of like camping out.

Our vehicles in those days consisted of my father's old Ford pulpwood truck and his Ford pickup truck. He was partial to Fords but did have one or two Chevrolets. When I was very young, he had a GMC truck. We had several cars during the 1950s. I can remember a 1946 Buick, a 1950 DeSoto, and a 1952 Studebaker. All of these were purchased as used cars. My father usually wanted a truck that was practical and wasn't too much interested in the extra options, but I do remember him buying a new white Ford pickup with a red interior. It was a fancy truck and I remember how excited I was that he had bought such a nice truck. He finally decided to buy a Chevrolet truck with air conditioning and an automatic transmission in the 1970s. We also had a Farmall Cub tractor which we used on the farm. I spent many hours on that little tractor breaking up large fields getting them ready for planting. Finally, we were able to move up to a Ford diesel tractor which was much more powerful than the little Farmall Cub. That Ford tractor is still running fifty years later.

These were the days when most vehicles had standard transmissions. It took us awhile to

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adjust to driving automatic transmissions, and I can remember many folks insisting on the standard transmission because they wanted something they could push to get started if the battery was dead. I got my driver's license in Prescott about 1957 and drove a standard transmission for the test. I was fourteen years old and could barely see over the steering wheel. The driving part of the test took at least fifteen minutes and covered a route on both sides of the railroad track. I remember the trooper telling me to pull over and park and make believe I was parking in a very hilly town, making sure my wheels were turned properly. Prescott is basically a flat town, so we had to imagine parking on a hill.

The teenagers around Bluff City sometimes had parties. It was just a chance for us to get together, play games, and have snacks. The parties were usually held in the living room of one of the girl's homes. One of the big things back then was playing a game in which a boy and girl would be selected to go outside and walk around the house together in the dark. Entertainment options were somewhat limited. Our lives were mostly filled with school, church, chores, and television.

It was not all work and no play. Occasionally, we would go fishing and sometimes camp out overnight. We went hunting when the seasons were open, but when you think about it, there was not much for teenagers to do in the 1950s unless they were lucky enough to have a vehicle of some kind. About the only diversion was hunting, fishing, listening to the radio, reading a book, watching television, or some type of ball game.

The Arkansas Forestry Commission operated a pine seedling nursery near our home. It was started in 1940 and employed several local people during the time when the pine seedlings were being lifted and packaged for shipping. That was the only local employer except for the saw mill at Caney Creek which employed a few men.

Most people in that area traded at the stores in Bluff City. We had no Walmarts back then and these small stores carried just about everything a person needed except for clothing, shoes, furniture, and appliances. During the 1950s, Ed and Gladys Harvey had a large general store on Hwy. 24 and sold groceries, gasoline, feed, and some plumbing supplies. Mr. Con Harvey also had a general store and a service station was connected to the same building operated by George Henry. That was "on the corner" in the middle of town. Henry Jones had a garage and store on the north side of Hwy. 24. Bob and Brodie Knight had a store on Hwy. 24 near the school which is the only one of these left standing today. Dick Harvey later opened a dairy bar on the corner which was a welcomed business for Bluff City. That was probably in the 1960s.

Just to show you how rural we were, I can remember our school bus driver, Mr. Sam Chamlee, stopping at Bluff City on the way home from school and buying a sack of chicken pellets and loading it in the back door of the school bus. He would then finish his route and arrive home with his chicken feed.

By the time 1960 arrived, I was a junior in high school and things were getting more modern. There had been lot of changes during the 1950s. It was a time of prosperity without many of the social problems we face today like rampant drug use. We did have the desegregation of the schools to deal with in the late 1950s, but that was at Little Rock which seemed far away

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from Nevada County. There was talk of missiles, etc. and the cold war with Russia seemed to be heating up.

We were exposed to many new things during the 1950s--rock and roll music, cars with fins, and new fads and clothing styles. Television changed our way of life, but it was still a time when most people practiced common decency and respect for others.

Here are some things that happened during the 1950s:

1950--Korean War began

1951--Credit cards introduced in America; color TVs invented

1952--Salk polio vaccine introduced; seat belts on cars introduced; Korean War ends

1953--Polyester clothing introduced; DNA discovered

1954--Study shows cigarettes cause cancer; segregation ruled unconstitutional

1955--Disneyland opens; McDonalds Corp. founded

1956--Velcro fastener introduced; TV remote control invented; Elvis appeared on Ed Sullivan show

1957--Russia launches Sputnik--the space race begins

1958--Stereo LP records first sold; hula hoops are popular

1959--Barbie dolls introduced; Castro becomes dictator in Cuba; Alaska and Hawaii become states

In 1950, a gallon of gas cost 18 cents; in 1959 it cost 25 cents

In 1950, the average new car cost \$1510; in 1959, it cost \$2200

-----b-----e----t----t----y----c-----r-----o-----c-----k-----e-----r-----

## **THE BLUFF CITY RECREATIONAL PROJECT (from the 5-29-1941 issue of *THE NEVADA NEWS*)**

All recreational projects are now a definite and vital part in the defense program--that of building morale and to develop resources within the individual that will enable him to deal with his personal leisure time problems. In a rural community like ours, where we have no commercial recreation, these projects are of unlimited value both to adults and children.

Each day when the project opens, the Flag is raised with a ceremonial and lowered with a ceremonial. The children are taught the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag and how to respect it. The National Anthem and other patriotic songs are taught by this project.

Another important phase of this project is to encourage long hikes without undue fatigue. We feel that this is an important step toward developing physical strength and endurance. Our hike last week was well attended by adults and quite a bit of enthusiasm was manifested. The hike last week was about two miles in distance to the White Oak overflowing well. After we reached our destination, a delicious picnic supper was enjoyed and old fashioned games were played before the trek home.

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



## A BIG CATCH

Bill Sellers of Bluff City (pictured on right) assisted by his brother, Mike Sellers, show off this 50 lb. flathead catfish he caught May 7, 2010 somewhere in the vicinity of Millwood Lake.

A fisherman is never satisfied. Bill, and his wife, Kay have already made another trip to the same area looking for this fish's big brother.

Congratulations on a fine catch.

## IF GOD WENT ON STRIKE (author unknown)

It is a good thing that God above  
Has never gone on strike,  
Because He wasn't treated fair  
On things He didn't like.

If He had ever once sat down  
And said, "That's it, I'm through,  
I've had enough of those on earth  
So this is what I'll do:

I'll give my orders to the sun  
To cut off your heat supply,  
And to the moon to give no more light,  
And run those oceans dry.

Then, just to make things really tough  
And put the pressure on,  
Turn off the air and oxygen  
Till every breath is gone.

You know that He'd be justified  
If fairness was the game,  
For no one has been more abused  
Or treated with disdain.

Than God, and yet He carries on,  
Supplying you and me  
With all the favors of His grace,  
And everything for free!

Men say they want a better deal,  
And so, on strike they go.  
But what a deal we've given God  
To whom all things we owe!

We don't care whom we hurt or harm  
To gain the things we like.  
But what a mess we'd all be in  
If God should go on strike.

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## NEVADA COUNTY 100 YEARS AGO (items from *The Nevada News* in July, 1910)

---A party of six from Helena, Arkansas passed through Prescott today, enroute to Galveston, Texas on a pleasure jaunt in an automobile. They were driving in an Overland.

---The Prescott Ice and Milling Co. is turning out daily about eleven tons of ice and keep constantly on hand a large quantity of ice for emergency cases.

---Will Mitchell, carrier on Route 1 out of Prescott, today made his trip in two hours and twenty-five minutes on his motorcycle, which represents a mile every seven minutes, including his stops and workings of his mail. Mr. Mitchell has 74 boxes on his route which covers a distance of over twenty-one miles.

---A radish weighing nine and one half pounds was brought to town today by W. P. Dye.

---An organization called Prescott Pushers was being organized.

---The P & NW passenger train left two hours late today caused by having to wait on a lot of fruit cars being iced by the Prescott Ice and Milling Co. It takes four tons to the car and takes about an hour to the car. Four cars were iced this morning, using 32,000 pounds of ice.

---A hardwood mill is planned ten miles northwest of Prescott in the Little Missouri bottoms. They expect to manufacture hardwood lumber and railroad ties.

---Several families from Prescott are expecting to go to Lackland Springs next week to enjoy the pleasures and benefits from that popular resort.

---One of the longest trains ever pulled by a single engine passed through Prescott yesterday and contained 101 box cars. The Prescott passing track is the longest side track south of Little Rock with the exception of the one at Benton. The train was too long to go into this switch and was forced to "saw" in order to permit passenger train No. 36 to pass it.

---The Prescott Hardware advertised a "Moon" buggy with second growth hickory wheels and wrought iron gears. It was said to be the classiest vehicle ever shown here. Prices were \$65-\$125.

---The East and West Side barber shops advertised hot and cold baths with clean towels. The proprietor was J. W. McKelvey.

---*The Ladies Home Journal* was advertised for 10 cents per copy.

---A dance was held at the city park pavilion in Prescott. Probably 90 couples or more engaged in the pleasures of the waltz and two-step until midnight.

Jerry McKeiv's  
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**THE OLD DeWOODY SCHOOL HOUSE**

At one time Nevada County had as many as 89 school districts. Small one or two room school houses dotted the landscape situated only a few miles from each other. This was necessary in the days before bus transportation of students. Most students walked to school each day and the distance walked depended on the distance from the home to the school. It was not unusual for some students to walk two or three miles to school each day.

The county was much more populated in 1920 than it is today. In fact, Nevada County had about 4,000 more people in 1920 than it has today. Most of the land was being cultivated at that time and farm families lived close to each other. Families were larger back then with as many as ten or twelve children in some families. Several families who lived near each other usually had enough children to support a small school.

These early schools sometimes had split terms. School was not in session when children were needed at home during the planting and harvesting seasons. The school term sometimes had to be shortened due to money problems. Efforts were made to pass tax increases to support the schools. Some of these passed and others failed, forcing some schools to shut down early.

These small country schools usually had less than 80 students with only two or three teachers and maybe a principal who also taught classes. The pay for teachers was low and their duties included such things as janitor work and other non-teaching activities. I have a couple of old teacher contracts from the Lackland and Gum Grove schools in 1928. The pay at that time was \$55 per month. A clause in the contract reads: "The teacher agrees to keep said school open eight hours each school day; keep carefully the register required by law; preserve from injury to the utmost of his/her power the District property; give said school his/her entire time and best efforts during the school hours; use his/her utmost influence with parents to secure a full attendance of scholars, and generally comply with all requirements of the laws of this state in relation to teachers, to the best of his/her ability."

Bluff City was the largest town in the northeastern part of Nevada County about 1928. Residents were especially proud of their high school which had been constructed in 1910. This school was a wooden structure located at the end of what is now Knight Street.

Other schools close by included Gum Grove, Theo, DeWoody, and Terrapin Neck. A large consolidation effort was made about 1928 to consolidate many of the smaller schools in Nevada County with nearby larger schools. By this time, bus transportation was available. The argument was that it would be more practical to consolidate some of these schools. Schools would have better equipment and more books. The result would be that students would receive a better education.

Consolidation of schools is always a hot topic when it happens. Many of these smaller

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communities did not want to lose their school. Gum Grove even filed a law suit trying to prevent their consolidation with Bluff City. The case went all the way up to the Arkansas Supreme Court, but in the end the consolidation was accomplished. Bluff City greatly benefited from the consolidation. The newspaper reported that a new \$100,000 school building was being constructed at Bluff City in August, 1929 to accommodate these new students. This school was a brick structure located across the road from the Bluff City Baptist church. Evidently, that location was a cotton farm at that time because a newspaper item mentioned students having blisters on their hands from pulling up cotton stalks from the school grounds.

After consolidation in 1929, the Bluff City School boasted 170 students and eight teachers. The school colors were purple and gold. The ball team was called "The Fiery Dragons". A newspaper item stated that the basketball teams had new suits and two new balls. The school library had 800 volumes according to the newspaper in 1930.

The enrollment at Bluff City School continued to increase in the 1930s. A PTA was organized, a hot lunch program was started which served at the model for the state, and a school forest was started with the students doing the planting. Literary societies were organized and school plays were presented. Subjects taught in the tenth grade included Plane Geometry, Ratios, Sine, Co-sine, and Tangent, Latin, Algebra, and Human Conduct along with the basic subjects like American History and English Literature. There was a chapter of the Future Farmers of America and the girls studied Home Economics.

The school was the center of community activities. The public turned out to watch ball games and to see music shows performed by well-known groups such as the Stamps-Baxter Quartet and The Sunshine Boys. Also popular were debates on controversial subjects such as this one in 1928: "Be it resolved: The U. S. Constitution should be amended to read: No Catholic, atheist, or evolutionist should hold any elected or appointed office in the United States."

This school existed in Bluff City until 1941 when it was completely destroyed by fire. It was soon rebuilt in the same location, but another consolidation forced the school to close in 1950 and the school was merged with the Prescott district. The almost-new brick building was later sold to the Church of Christ which continues to meet in the same building today.

One of the small schools consolidated with Bluff City in 1928 was called the DeWoody School House. Several schools in Nevada County were named after a well-known family which probably owned the land where the school was located. Here is an excerpt from a speech given by Mr. Basil Munn about the history of Nevada County schools published in the January 13, 1949 issue of *The Nevada News*:

*"From 1876 to 1908, Nevada County has 89 school districts. The districts usually covered a radius of about three miles from the school. They usually used creeks for district boundaries because when the creeks flooded, the students could not get across. Unusual names: Nobody knows where the name Zama came from (pronounced Zamer by local people). Another was called Lone Star. There are two Ebenezers, three Pleasant Hills, two Rocky Colleges, three Antiochs, Rock Springs, Bluff Springs, Pine Springs, Holly Springs, Siloam Springs, Cornelius*

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*Springs, and Lackland Springs. Forest Hill, Hickory Grove, Pine Grove, Gum Grove; family names such as Sneed's District, Waldrep, DeWoody, Mendenhall, Buchanan, Ward's Chapel, Westmoreland, Brown, Cecil, Lane Mill, Harrison, Water's Chapel, Barksdale; animal names such as Terrapin Neck and Goose Hill. By 1941, there were 41 districts after consolidation using these schools as the main schools of the county: Bodcaw, Willisville, Cale, Bluff City, Laneburg, and Prescott."*



This school picture previously published in *The Nevada County Picayune* is the only picture I have found of the DeWoody School. The caption states the date was 1924. The students in the back appear to be older than those on the front row.

I recently received an email from Mr. Warren Ober, a former resident of Bluff City, who now lives in Canada. He shared some information about the DeWoody School that few people know. He gives the exact location of the school and some first-hand information on what happened to the building after the consolidation with Bluff City.

Mr. Ober writes:

*"Approaching Bluff City on Highway 24 from Prescott, after the old Reader Railroad Crossing and just after you've rounded the curve, you should see on the left, roughly halfway up the hill, a still visible small clearing. This is the site of the old one-room DeWoody Schoolhouse.*

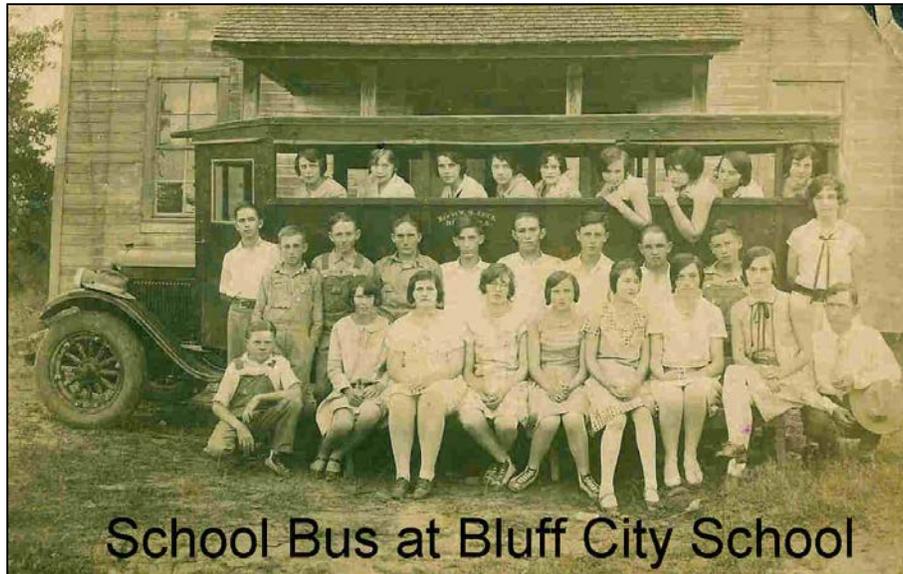
*I remember spending several very enjoyable hours visiting the school during late 1928 or early 1929 in the care of a student, a very kind distant cousin of mine whose name,*

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*as I recall, was Nettie Jewel Meador. (If I've remembered her name incorrectly, I do apologize to her and to all concerned.) I have vivid memories of that brief visit. I can't have been more than three or four years old at the time. The patient and thoughtful teacher generously spent time with me, and I do regret that I can't remember her name.*

*After consolidation with the Bluff City School occurred shortly thereafter, my father, Andrew C. Ober (whose mother was Conia Meador Ober), and my mother, Delilah Upton Ober, purchased the disused Dewoody School building, had it partitioned, and, with my sister, Mesilla Jean, and me, moved there to live in 1929. My father farmed a few of the Meador acres some distance across the highway, then drove a Bluff City school bus, and finally opened a Gulf service station at the front of the old schoolhouse. My late brother, Kenneth H. (9 February 1930-29 April 2003), was, I'm reasonably sure, the first child to be born in the Dewoody Schoolhouse—and perhaps the last.”*

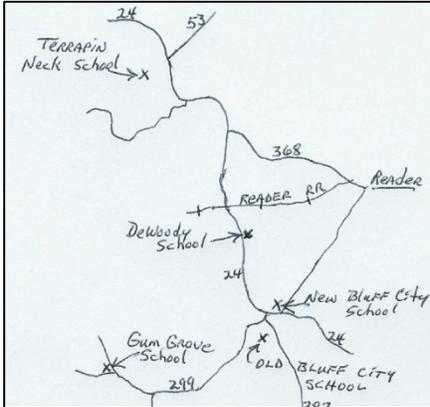
If anyone has another photo of students from the DeWoody School or a picture that shows the building, please let me know.



This is the type school bus used about the time these small schools were consolidated with Bluff City. This is the old wooden school building used until about 1930.

A newspaper item in 1928: “Three districts (# 40, #30, and # 38) have combined. A bus runs regularly from Terrapin Neck and DeWoody to Bluff City”. I’m not sure which districts these were, but I assume that two of them were Terrapin Neck and DeWoody. According to the teacher contract I have, Gum Grove was District # 60. Consolidation of the Gum Grove district with Bluff City was probably delayed a year due to the court case mentioned above.

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Here is a crude map showing the location of the schools mentioned in this article.

This distance from Terrapin Neck to Bluff City is about six miles. As you can see, there were five schools within six miles of Bluff City—six if you count Theo not shown on the map. Reader also had a school but it was mostly in Ouachita County, so that school was not involved in the consolidation with the Nevada County school.

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## AN INTERESTING FAMILY (from the 8-5-1908 issue of *The Daily Picayune*)

James W. Duke, the subject of this sketch, is now 71 years old. He now lives near Cale in this county, but will move to Prescott within the next few weeks. Mr. Duke came to Arkansas with his wife, Martha J., from near Atlanta, Georgia in 1871 and settled near old Mt. Moriah, Nevada Co. (then Hempstead Co.) and has never moved but once since.

They had born to them 14 children, 12 of whom are now living, 5 boys and 7 girls, as follows: Thomas H. Duke of Laneburg, Mary Shaw Buckner of Texas, J. M. Duke of Prescott, Sarah Mandy Hart of Hope, Jno. W. Duke of Prescott, Bettie and Addie Westmoreland of Cale, Geo. W. Duke of Laneburg, Minnie Rhodes of Waldo, P. Duke of Little Rock, and Lucinda Bolls of Laneburg.

Mr. Duke served 3 years in the Confederate army and was a prisoner 2 years, making 5 years of his life given to the cause. He is a rugged farmer and was always a successful one. He and his good wife are in splendid health and enjoying life.

They have 66 grandchildren and 4 great grandchildren, making 84 in number, counting the two old people.

Mr. Duke contemplates coming to town and spending the rest of his life.

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## A PREACHER'S FAREWELL (from the 7-9-1931 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*)

A preacher had become discouraged with his work with his congregation. He was a friend of the governor, and got a political job. In taking leave of his congregation he said,

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“Brothers and sisters, I must say good-bye. I don’t think God loves you, because none of you ever die. I don’t think you love each other, because none of you ever get married. I don’t think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples—and by their fruits, you shall know them. I am going to a better place. I will be a chaplain at the penitentiary—where I go, ye cannot yet come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and the good Lord have mercy on you. Good-bye.”

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## OUR NEW PET

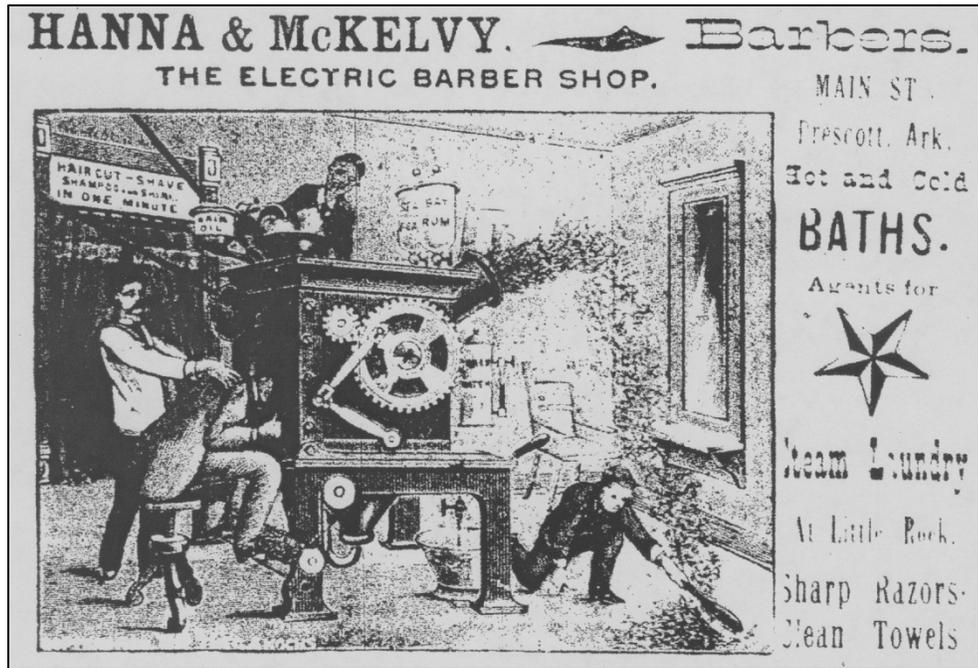


One morning a few weeks ago, I went out to get the newspaper and put out our trash. I noticed a young deer standing by our storage shed. That’s not unusual in our neighborhood since we have plenty of deer which like to eat our garden, fruit trees, and flowers. I just ignored the deer, rolled the trash buggy to the curb, and picked up the newspaper. When I came back around the house, I noticed the deer was still there. I decided to just see how close I could get to it before it ran so I slowly walked down the hill toward the deer. It just looked at me and went back to grazing. I was surprised that it didn’t run. When I got pretty close to it, I held out the newspaper in my hand and the deer slowly walked up and sniffed the paper. I had never seen a deer act like this before. After a few minutes, I started back to the house and was even more surprised when the deer followed me to our back door. We decided the deer wanted something to eat. All we had was some bird seed that had some chopped corn in it. The deer seemed to enjoy this. While my wife was busy feeding it, I went to get my camera and took a few pictures. The deer even let my wife rub its head while it ate from the bowl. Finally, the deer wandered off toward our garden and disappeared into the woods.

I don’t know if someone had been feeding this deer or if it had become so accustomed to being around people, it was not afraid. I’m glad I got the picture because it will probably never happen again. We figured the deer might come back later for more feed, but it has not been back. I noticed a few days later that a deer about that size had been hit by a car a short distance from our house. I suspect that it might have been this little deer, but we have so many around here, there’s no way of knowing for sure.

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## HANNA & McKELVY'S ELECTRIC BARBER SHOP



I thought this Nevada County newspaper ad from 1910 was unusual. The man on the left with his head in the machine is getting a haircut. The man on top is pouring in hair oil. The cut hair comes out the chute on the upper right and is being swept into a pile. The sign says "hair cut, shave, and shampoo in one minute." The Hanna & McKelvy barber shop was evidently the main barber shop in Prescott at that time. I've also seen a reference that mentions the McKelvy Hotel in Prescott, probably operated by the same man.

I wondered if this McKelvy might be some of my relatives, but after some research, I can find no close connections. This was John W. McKelvey, known as "Jack", who came to Prescott with his family from southeast Missouri. He and his family are frequently mentioned in the newspapers in the early 1900s and he was one of Prescott's prominent merchants. One article refers to him as "a wealthy merchant of Prescott". I don't know who the Hanna is, but I did find that Mr. McKelvey's mother was named Hannah B. McKelvey. He is buried in the Huffman-McKelvey Cemetery in Buckhorn, Missouri.

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### NEVADA COUNTY 100 YEARS AGO (items from *The Nevada News* in August, 1910)

---A charter was granted to the Prescott and Reader Railway Co. for the construction of a link of railway from Prescott in Nevada Co. to Reader in Ouachita Co., a distance of 20 miles.

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---A new drug company to be known as the Red Cross Drug Store has been organized in Prescott with Ralph Moncrief, president, Arthur Westmoreland, vice-president, and Pomeroy Whitten, secretary and treasurer.

---There will be a big picnic at Lackland Springs to which everyone is invited. This picnic is for the purpose of starting a movement to build a union church at that place and to put in a Woodmen hall.

---Eggs in the local market are getting quite scarce, although the price remains firm at 15 cents per dozen.

---Mayor Andrews will accompany Marshal Johnson on a tour of inspection of the premises of the citizens of Prescott in the next few days. All places found to be foul with weeds or trash, or in any way in an unsanitary condition, will be condemned and the owner or occupant will be notified to clean up the place at once. A refusal to do so will subject the party to the penalties of law. The mayor expects to visit, without exception, every home in Prescott, as well as the business houses in the uptown district.

---A telephone has been put in at the home of Mr. Garner at Piney Grove in Boughton township for the accommodation of the people in that section.

---The present spell of dry weather is the longest Prescott has suffered in several years. The last rain fell twenty-five days ago and then only .44 of an inch fell. Less than half an inch of rain has fallen during the entire month.

---The new school house at Boughton is nearing completion.

---

## DID YOU KNOW THIS?

Prescott High School in 1911 placed much emphasis on agriculture and domestic science. Here is a brief listing of what was taught in addition to academic subjects:

### Agriculture

Freshman—Common Grains; Garden Vegetables; Livestock and Poultry.

Sophomore—Soil Physics; Swine; Dairy Cattle

Junior—Horticulture; Fruit Growing; Diseases, Spraying; Grafting

Senior—Soil Fertility; Crop Rotation

### Domestic Science

Freshman—Cooking

Sophomore—Sewing

Junior—Dress making; Needlework

Senior—Advanced Cooking; House Decoration, Household Management

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**ARL HILDEBRAND'S STORE**  
**(original photo belongs to Jerry Don Hildebrand)**

Some of you may remember this store. It was located six miles east of Prescott on Hwy. 24 in the Redland community. The store was constructed in 1938. The sign on the building identifies it as "Arl and Jimmie's Place". Arl and James T. (Jimmie or J. T.) Hildebrand were brothers. Jimmie was a silent partner in the business, but he was away from home during World War II serving with the U. S. Navy. While patrolling the waters near the Aleutian Islands in 1942, his plane went down and was never found. The sign was then changed to "Arl's Place", but most people remember it as Hildebrand's Store.

Cathy Straley, who researches anything and everything about the Redland community, wrote the following about this store:

*Hildebrand's Store was where you could buy a spark plug, have an inner-tube patched, put air in your bicycle tire or buy ESSO gasoline for 17 to 39 cents a gallon in the early 1940s. There were also groceries of all sorts, as well as custom-sliced baloney and liver-loaf and big rounds of tasty cheeses. Many Redland youngsters have fond, indulgent memories of Moon Pies, RC Colas, Big Red cinnamon-flavored chewing gum, and Snicker bars. Hildebrand's was the farmer's wife's convenient place to pick up Mason canning jar-lids or a loaf of Wonder Bread, while some farmers selected little cans of Vienna sausages to eat with saltine crackers or perhaps a tiny drawstring*

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*muslin bag of Bull Durham smoking tobacco to use for 'rolling their own'. And customers at Arl's Place seemed to always find it easiest to just say, "Charge it to my account."*

*After buying a hunting license or proudly registering a deer kill, Redlanders strolled across the store's worn, squeaky wooden-slatted floors to flip open the top of the big red 'soda pop' cooler and fish out glass bottles of Nehi Grape, Lemon Sundrop, Chocolate Soldier or Coca Cola. A package of Planter's Peanuts was often poured slowly down the neck of the bottle while the pop's ice-cold refreshment was enjoyed.*

*Most everyone from the community came to 'The Store' to find out the latest news and to 'sit for a spell' out front on the wide concrete bench slabs positioned on either side of the front door. When a car passed over the little rubber hose stretched across the gas-pump drive-through, a loud 'DING-DING' announced to the attendant that service was requested. In its earliest days, Hildebrand's Store was also a stopover for the county tax collector on a designated day in order to make payment of taxes a community convenience. Many local bookworm kiddies also recall the beloved bookmobile, which stopped at 'The Store' several times during summer months in the 1960s.*

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## **Prescott Sixty Years Ago**

**by W. T. Hart**

**(published in 6-14-1951 issue of *The Nevada News*)**

**This poem describes Prescott in 1891.**

The day I first saw Prescott  
Was in a cold and bleak December,  
I was only nineteen then  
How well do I remember.

It seemed a dreary town to me,  
The worst I had ever found,  
Store porches--some were four feet high,  
Others were right on the ground.

The store fronts were all cluttered  
With harrows and plows galore,  
One couldn't walk the streets at night  
For these plow handles your side would gore.

There was a well in the middle of town  
Where people and stock would drink,  
And the hogs made a wallow there  
That had a tendency to stink.

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The dust in the street ankle deep  
In winter it turned to mud,  
A cow lay in the middle of the street  
Calmly chewing her cud.

They used green boards for walks  
Which covered only part of the town,  
And Uncle John Sweeney spent all his time  
Keeping those boards nailed down.

The worst pest was an old Billy goat  
That roamed the streets all day,  
He ate the cabbages from the crates  
And nibbled at the bales of hay.

He just wouldn't stay out of the stores  
Merchants wanted to cut his throat.  
They looked everywhere, but no one knew  
How to de-con-tam-in-ate a goat.

So they hung him to a tree one night,  
It was pitiful to hear him bleat,  
But the way of the transgressor is hard,  
And Billy had met his fate.

When I saw all this I heaved a sigh  
I didn't see how I could stay,  
But about that time a girl came to town  
And my outlook changed right away.

She was the prettiest girl I have seen,  
And in course of time we met,  
We went to parties and picnics too,  
And the lunches that girl could get.

She always brought good lemon pie,  
They were my favorite dish,  
I, of course, thought she baked them,  
What more could a young fellow wish?

Soon we were happily married  
She never realized she had faked,  
But that girl sure hooked me good  
On lemon pies her mother baked.

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When I come home now I am glad to say  
I am presented with a different view,  
A pretty park by the side of the road,  
Streets paved and well-lighted, too.

Pretty homes along the street  
Lawns where pretty shrubs and flowers grow,  
But it's my family and the friends I love  
That makes me love Prescott so.

---

Beginning with this issue, I thought I would include a series of articles concerning some of the great men in American history. I came across these articles while researching other things and noticed they contained some things about these men that I didn't learn in school. This first article is about the "Father of Our Country"--George Washington.

**George Washington, the Christian Soldier and Statesman**  
**by Dr. John G. Williams**  
**(published in *The Nevada County Picayune* in 1945)**

George Washington, "the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was a son of the church and his devout parents gave him religious training and when he was six weeks of age, took him to church and dedicated him to God in baptism. The father died when George was 11 years of age, and he took his father's place and conducted family worship from the prayer book. They lived six miles from the church, but were regular attendants, and when there was no preaching, George would read a sermon to the family and the slaves.

His first teacher was an ex-convict and his outlook was not good, but a change was made and he was sent to a school conducted by Dr. Marye, a Huguenot preacher, and was in his school three years and received his main education from him. At that time, the preachers were the main teachers; there was no public school system then, and the minister would preach on Sunday and then teach the day school. The youth were thus under the influence of the ministers, but these teachers were educated above the average and in addition to the regular school and college courses, they were versed in Greek, Hebrew, theology, church history, and philosophy, and the large majority of the young people of that era were educated by these men of higher learning and the product is very noticeable as we have a Washington, Adams, Thos. Jefferson, Jas. Madison, Alexander Hamilton--the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

The ministers were fresh from Europe where they had undergone religious persecution and impressed the matter of liberty and freedom on their distinguished students and so we have these immortal documents written by men taught by these ministers. One of the doctrines stressed that God was looking down upon His people and was a hearer of prayer, and Washington became a man of prayer and a believer in special Providence and this was often illustrated in his life. In the French and Indian War, he joined the army of Gen. Braddock and undertook to advise him as to the best methods of Indian warfare, but the haughty general scorned to take the advice of an

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

American youth and fell into a deadly ambush of the Indians and was mortally wounded. There was an Indian sharpshooter who with deadly aim was killing all the English officers and he aimed at Washington, who was in an exposed condition rallying his troops. One bullet went through his hat and others through his coat and sleeves, when the Indian threw down his gun and said, "That officer is under the protection of the Great Spirit and I dare not shoot at him anymore," and Washington remained unharmed and in writing to his brother about his narrow escape said that he was saved by the "direct intervention of Divine Providence."

All during the dark days of the Revolutionary War, he was undismayed and looked for divine guidance, especially at Valley Forge, when the American cause seemed to be lost, he was constant in prayer to the God of Battles and in a few months, the tide turned and the British abandoned Philadelphia and victory continued with him until Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown and the fight for independence was won.

He was the first to introduce the office of chaplain in the army and would often attend services in the field with his men. There is a painting showing him taking the Holy Communion with his soldiers in an apple orchard and that illustrates his broad religious views, for when there was no preaching in his own denomination, he would attend services in another--the great thing was to be found with those who worshiped God.

When he became president and about to take the oath of office, he called for a Bible to take the oath upon, and that act committed this nation to God and His care over us, and that custom continues to this day and now instead of the oath being administered upon a modern book as Darwin's Origin of Species, our presidents still take the oath on the imperishable Word of God as did "the Father of His Country". After taking the oath he went to St. Paul's Episcopal church and engaged in special services there and continued a regular worshiper there while president. It is said that when he had company on Sunday, he would invite them to accompany him to church and if they declined he would give them a book to read while he was gone and never did let company keep him away from church and worshiping the God that had so signally led and blessed him all his life. While president he composed a prayer which he fervently offered for God's blessing on his country and this has been preserved and is well worthy of imitation now.

Washington's Prayer: "Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy Holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens for the United States at large. And finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen."

Gen. Washington was a regular contributor to the cause of the Gospel and also aided in building a number of houses of worship in his community, among them Pohick (?) in the country and Christ's church, Alexandria, where he took a pew and which is still held in his name in that church. From infancy he was regular in attendance in the house of God and remained so till the

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day of his death--a very busy man, but never too busy so that he could not attend the church services. The United States is happy in having such a distinguished, staunch friend of the church and the Christian religion and one who is a living example of what a godly family and the lessons learned from the church will do for one. Scarcely a prominent man of great national influence but what he was brought up in a religious home and was a son of the church. No president of the U. S. has been an infidel or an unbeliever of the Christian religion. Now that the faith of many is waxing cold and the cause of God is neglected, it is needful that we turn to men of faith and devotion who have led the nation through the days of darkness and uncertainty.

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## Look in Your Genes

By Larry Jameson

How many times have you heard something like, "Clothes Make the Man," or "You Are What You Eat," or some other bit of modern wisdom? And, like so many other things associated with modern wisdom, you can pretty much toss it out with the bath water.

Certainly there are many circumstances that result in you being you, but it pretty much doesn't have anything to do with what you wear or eat. What you wear might make a prettier you. What you eat might make a, uh, healthier you. Or, as in my case, a well-rounded you. I moved away from Nevada County in 1970 to follow my new wife to Pulaski County and we've pretty much been here since then. But a strong part of Nevada County lives deep within, I mean, other than my love for fried catfish.

Which brings a point of digression: someone asked me not too long ago if catfish could be cooked with a method other than frying. I told 'em straight up, "Sure, if you want to ruin it."

Back to the discussion at hand: something happened back about 1805 in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, that led to me being me and the Sandyland Chronicle editor, Jerry McKelvy being him. John Marion "Jack" Greer was born. A few years later he married Amelia C. Wood and they had a boy named Alexander Pringle Greer. They began moving toward Missouri Township in Ouachita County, Arkansas, stopping along the way in Mississippi to have a daughter, Martha Isabelle Greer.

A.P. Greer married a woman from Georgia and had a boy named John. Martha married a man from Georgia, Captain W. C. Thompson, and they had a daughter named Fannie Belle. Sure enough, John Alexander Greer married Hattie Mae McKelvy. Fannie Belle Thompson married William Seaborn Martin, and this couple gave birth to my mother, Floise Martin Jameson.

That all sounds pretty simple, until you think of all the circumstances that could have resulted in me not being me. W. C. Thompson enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 as a private. In May of 1865 he was a Captain with the Trans-Mississippi forces down in Texas. In other words, he was in the war from start to finish. He was in the Battle of Wilson's Creek in Missouri when the Arkansas troops were trying to help out the ragtag Missouri militia, most of whom did not even have a gun. There was one Missouri fellow at Wilson's Creek that you might know: Jesse James – yep, the same one you've heard about all your life.

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It goes without saying that hundreds of thousands of soldiers did not return home from the war. I was fortunate because my grandmother wasn't born until 29 years afterward. The man she would marry has his own story. His grandfather, Seaborn Jones Martin, led a wagon train from Georgia to Arkansas in 1854. That was ninety years before my mother was born in Waterloo, Arkansas, and how she ended up marrying a fellow who was born in Banks, Idaho, is still a mystery.

Each of us has a story. I am so thankful that Jerry has done the work he has recording information in the Nevada County cemeteries. For years my genealogy work was at a standstill because the old family Bible listed W. C. Thompson's wife as Martha Elizabeth Greer, as did an old 1950 record. Yet there was that marker in Ebenezer Cemetery showing Martha I. Thompson right next to W. C. Thompson. And, from studying Jerry's listing for the cemetery I found other Greers. There had to be a connection, and there was.

Millions of decisions and millions of circumstances over many, many years developed the gene pool that is mine, my ancestry. It belongs to no one else; it is mine alone. My children, God bless 'em, have my decisions and circumstances to deal with. Their successes will be because of me or in spite of me, but I'm in there, either way.

Wanna see history come alive? Look in your genes.

*Larry Jameson, 1967 graduate of Prescott High School, is webmaster for Online Little Rock and is constantly building its Arkansas history section.*

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## **PRESCOTT 100 YEARS AGO** **(Items from *The Nevada News* in September, 1910)**

---A dusky damsel of the lewd order was taken in tow last night by Marshal Johnson and placed in jail where she languished during the night. She was turned out this morning, and given hours to leave town.

---A crowd estimated at from 3,000 to 10,000 heard the famous orator, William Jennings Bryan speak at the city park in Prescott

---One of the features of the day was the automobile ride taken by Uncle Haley Kershaw, through the kindness of J. B. Stone. It was the first ride in an auto car for Mr. Kershaw, and although he is nearly 80 years old, and has been doing business in Prescott for 36 years, it has been 20 or more years since Uncle Haley has taken a buggy ride. But he enjoyed the experience very much, and looked, and we believe felt, ten years younger after he had finished the trip.

---Moore and Martin are this afternoon unloading their third automobile which was received by freight this morning from St. Louis. It is a 25 horsepower, five-passenger Mormon.

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---The family of J. B. Stone accompanied him yesterday to Hope in his new Mitchell car, and a quick run was made, a record of 55 minutes being made on the going trip.

---The necessary excavations for the new high school building have been made, the basement finished, the foundation laid, and tomorrow morning eight brick masons will start to work laying brick on the walls of the structure.

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**I recently asked my Internet subscribers to tell me what teachers required them to memorize when they were in school or to send me one of their favorite jokes. Thanks to all those who responded. Here are the results:**

Mr. McKelvy,

This doesn't actually answer your email request, but I thought of you several times this summer as this incident occurred! I am a proud graduate of *THE* Texas A&M University of College Station, Texas. Yes, I am an Aggie...Class of 1979, whoop! Since we Aggies are the recipients of many a joke, I thought I would share my summer time story. (Alas, the joke was on me...☺)

Most of my family history is from Nevada County and its surrounding counties in Arkansas, so I try to make a visit to explore and investigate during each summer. I knew that I had family buried in a cemetery called White Church Cemetery, so I decided I wanted to locate and visit their final resting place. I quickly entered the cemetery name onto the Internet to get directions before heading out my first day in Arkansas. I spent most of my first day at the library in Hope, Arkansas since I had spent the night there. While it was a wonderful place to visit, I didn't obtain any new information. After eating supper, I decided to head out looking for this cemetery. But first, I had to prepare....

I went to the local Wal-Mart and purchased all the necessary items for cemetery hunts. I bought a map...a bottle of water...bug spray...a towel (for sweating)...and a visor (forgot mine at home!) And so, I set out...looking for Highway 4 between Rosston and Camden. And I looked....and drove...and looked...and turned around and drove...until it was too dark to see anymore. Hmm. No big deal, I would go back to my hotel and try again tomorrow. But where on earth was Highway 4? I couldn't find it anywhere on the map. Where does this McKelvy guy live? I bet he could find this place...

The next day I went to Prescott to resume family research at the courthouse and the Nevada County Library. Again, I didn't discover anything I didn't already know or have, but I did get information on where to find the cemetery from a wonderful lady at the courthouse. It seems that Highway 4 is now 278. You guys changed the numbers! Not fair...seriously! ☺

I found the cemetery. Did I mention it was 150 gazillion degrees? Despite the heat and humidity, it was really beautiful. Surrounded by all those trees, I couldn't help but

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wonder how our ancestors settled out there. How would you even know you had a neighbor when you can't see past all those trees? I assumed most of my ancestors were farmers, but how could one possibly live long enough to clear that land? I can see that I have more investigating to do during this next year.

And yes, Mr. McKelvy, your cemetery list has the updated instructions to the White Church Cemetery. Unfortunately, I ran across an older version of someone else's on the Internet first.

I would love to meet you and any of your readers next time I am in Nevada County! Thank you for all of the history that you research and present. Your gift is priceless.

You are welcome to post my name and those I am descended from! (John D. and Margaret (Miller) Davis, John P. and Christena (Barger) Steele, B. F. and Lucinda (Davis) Steele, Charles and Viola (Steele) Reed, James W. and Mary (Ferrand) Regan, Joe and Lilly (Marsh) Regan, William and Rebecca (Young) Marsh, John R and Helen (Gladden) Marsh, Samuel Abbott, William Marion and Sallie (May) Abbott, William Roy and Helen (Regan) Abbott....the list goes on!)

Anne Berry  
Canadian, Texas  
[ma.berry79@yahoo.com](mailto:ma.berry79@yahoo.com)

Donna—capitals of the fifty states

Neva—capitals of the states in third grade; chemical symbols for elements in ninth grade.

Jerry—Gettysburg Address; preamble to the Constitution; Pledge of Allegiance

Kimberly—"The Village Smithy" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the fifth grade. Forty-one years later, I still remember most of it.

Kay—The Gettysburg Address. I was terrified when I got up before the class to speak. The last line which states "and the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth", had meaning back then, but sadly, that is not the case now.

Irma—Other than the multiplication table, there were no memorable moments of memorization in grammar or junior high schools. But in Prescott High School we were privileged to have an excellent Latin teacher. I know now that two years of Latin in a small town in Arkansas was quite unusual. We did scenes from Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" (in Latin) at an assembly in high school. I'm sure everyone was completely mystified. I was the Soothsayer. In fact, I was so taken by Mark Antony's "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears" speech, that I memorized more than the required first few lines and learned the whole two pages. As I recall, no one ever asked me to recite it, not even the teacher.

Teresa—Preamble to the Constitution; first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence; members of President Kennedy's cabinet; Pledge of Allegiance; state capitals; multiplication tables; president's names in order of service; and for fun from Odgen Nash, "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker".

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Barbara—times tables and historical dates. Every Friday we had a spelling test.

Theodoris—“i” before “e” spelling rule; parts of speech; multiplication tables; abbreviations on the periodic table; poetry

Cathy—Gettysburg Address—I thought that it was a very long and difficult assignment, but it became so engrained in my head that I still remember the majority of it today and am proud that I do. So, the teacher was wise in instilling in us such a significant historical and patriotic piece. Also in English literature, the last stanza of John Keats poem, “Ode On a Grecian Urn” which drew many groans from the class when assigned, and I honestly don’t remember anything about it except the line, “Beauty is truth, truth beauty”, so it apparently didn’t make much of an impression. In college, I joined a sorority and we pledges had to memorize a strange little ditty about how “small” we were and be ready to recite it very quickly and perfectly to any upper-classmen who requested it. Although it was almost 40 years ago, I still remember it well—“I am so low, so small, that the smallest, most infinitesimal particle of a whale’s excretion looms upon the horizon like a vertebral thunder-cloud.”

Brenda—Pledge of Allegiance and we placed our hand over our heart when we recited it.

Yvonne—In the ninth grade at Cale, one of my friends and I caught a ride to Okolona when our senior boys were playing in a tournament. When the game was over, our ride was gone, so we sneaked on the school bus and hid under the seats until we were well on the way back to Cale. The next morning our coach called us in to his office and told us we had to memorize the Gettysburg Address. I still remember part of it. I don’t think we ever sneaked a ride on the bus again.

Helen—“Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening” by Robert Frost

Barbara—Psalm 121

Sandy—All the presidents. That is still a very fond memory for me. I was so proud when I was able to do it.

Hody--The Gettysburg Address-- Prescott High School 1950 in Mrs. Thomas's history class. I could not believe the length of this assignment. We were given two weeks and a classmate to practice with. My partner was a good friend of mine, but as I think about it, all my classmates were my good friends. He had an unusual habit of closing his eyes and talking from the side of his mouth when reciting this memory assignment. I told him he looked weird doing this but he said with his eyes closed he could better see and remember the document. We sat on the front row side by side and were among the first to be called on.

I took a deep breath and with great courage and dwindling confidence I began. Maybe because we had practiced with each other I spent most of my time looking at my reassuring friend. I could tell he was pulling for me and even lip-synced help when I paused. I made it through with a passing grade and to this day remember a good part of this famous speech of President Lincoln.

Next it was my friend's turn. Now he was better prepared than I and bounced up showing a lot of poise. Now I was totally relaxed and feeling great and felt little concern for my friend. The moment he looked at me, closed his eyes, curled his lip and began I chuckled under my breath. He made it a few more lines until I lost it again. Hearing me

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got him started and soon we were both openly cackling. Mrs. Thomas stopped us and gave us a tongue-lashing with most of her wrath coming at me. After a brief pause he started over and didn't make it through the line of introduction. We were sent to sit in the hall until we could get over our immature giggling. I did notice a slight smile on Mrs. Thomas's lips as we left the room. We sat in the hall and suddenly nothing was funny. After about five minutes she came and asked if we had composed ourselves. We agreed that all was well and marched back into the room. Now I tell you we didn't even reach our seats until we were both in a big boy laugh. My side was starting to hurt, the class joined in with a roar and tears were now flowing. No one said a word; we just turned around and went back to the hall. Later the teacher sent someone to get us with instructions not to return unless we could control ourselves. We looked at each and agreed it was not funny at all so back we go. He makes it through the first line when we, the class, and the teacher totally melted down. Without saying a word we leave again and as we exit the door I hear the teacher yelling "You young men go straight to the principal's office". The principal made us clean the erasers. The teacher never said another word about it and my friend got an A.

Peggy—Pledge of Allegiance

Barb—Pledge of Allegiance

Annette—alphabet in both Spanish and English; state capitals; multiplication tables; elements chart (12<sup>th</sup> grade); Gettysburg Address (7<sup>th</sup> grade); poem "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer; parts of "Hiawatha" by Longfellow; Psalm 23 in Sunday school; the 75 counties of Arkansas in alphabetical order in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. In grade 12 in high school, one of my "hobbies" was copying down and memorizing favorite quotes of mine from Bartlett's Quotations. I had a little spiral notebook (Blue Horse) I squirreled them in, and would read it over and over in study hall when I was bored, (the last class of the long day), or resurrect it on the 16 mi. bus route home from school. Little did I realize at that time that great words from giants of prose and poetry come again to us at moments in our lives when our own inadequate words fail us. Great Words taken to memory sustain us, fortify us, and clothe us for naked situations when we have nothing to say at curious times, standing bare of thought and ignorant. (I remember whispering words of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" at the coffin of a dear loved one, when I truly had nothing of my own grief to share.) Most of all, is the strength from the Living Word that is embedded in our souls because of sweet, sweet, Sunday "SCHOOL" teachers of long, long ago who knew what we would most likely someday need in our own lives. There is no need to curse, be foul-mouthed, nor race with the world for vulgarity when one takes to memory great prose, literature, and the Living Word of the Master.

Betty--Memorization has never been my strong point so I always dreaded when the teacher would say, "You are assigned to memorize -----by tomorrow." It didn't matter what it was, it was not my favorite thing to do. I do remember being assigned to learn The Lord's Prayer, The Twenty-Third Psalm, and different verses from the Bible. I recall the boys' favorite verse as being "Jesus wept." I suppose that there would be someone protesting those today. I recall being assigned The Preamble to the Constitution and, of course, The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag before "under God" was added to it. There were many many poems which were easier because they usually rhymed. Because I made good grades and was usually conscientious about studying and my grades, I was given the female leading roles in both the Junior and Senior class plays

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(different sponsors!) and the sponsors practically tearing their hair because I was still toting my playbook on stage until almost time to present the play. I remember the threats by everyone if (cast and all) if I didn't learn my part and then suddenly, not only did I know my part, but everyone else's. Maybe they should have threatened me earlier! I seemed to have a normal ability to remember whatever I needed to know for tests in school without doing much more than reading the material but didn't easily feed it back word for word.

Wanda--The alphabet was the hardest thing that I had to memorize during my first year of school in 1938 at Greyland School in Lamar County, Texas. My mother was teaching them to me and I would get to "P" and that was all that I could remember, my little sister, Bobbie, who was four would say "P" and then I could go with the rest of the alphabet. My teacher was Ms. Texas Lowry who has gone on to glory. That was one of the happiest times of my life.

Julie--In 3rd grade we were required to memorize the answers to catechism questions. In other elementary grades, we had to memorize dates for history lessons. I did a miserable job with both.

Sandra—Gettysburg Address. TOO LONG!!!

Louise--Gettysburg Address at end of Battle of Gettysburg--Four score and seven years ago-- Was that in a history class? It was short and had a lot of meaning in so few words.

June—I remember memorizing the Gettysburg address in eighth (?) grade.

Adam—I had to memorize the Gettysburg Address.

Don—My part in the class play "Invictus".

Lois—I remember having to memorize the presidents in order.....to this day I can still do all the last names and that was back in the 50's. We also memorized the multiplication tables and the preamble to the constitution.

-----  
**"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."—Proverbs 17:22**

**I also asked for a favorite joke. Here are those I received:**

Irma—One fellow tells another, "I killed five mosquitoes last night—three males and two females." The other fellow asks, "How in the world did you know which was which?" Reply—"Three of them were on a beer can, and the other two were on the telephone."

Barbara—A saleslady was driving through an Indian reservation in northern Arizona when she saw an Indian woman walking along the road. The lady stopped and asked if she would like a ride. She said, "Yes" and got into the car. The Indian lady did not say a word. She eyed the car from top to bottom. When she spotted a sack between the seats, she asked, "What is that?" The saleslady responded, "That is a bottle of wine that I got for my husband." The Indian responded, "Good trade!"

James—An older gentleman was preaching at a revival in the country one evening. He's been preaching for at least a couple of hours and was heading into the third! He really got fired up,

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perspiring and wiping his face like the preachers we used to see in those tent revivals! Finally a young man stood up, made his way to the center aisle, and began to head for the entrance. “Hold on there! Sir? Sir? Where are you going? I’m almost half way through the sermon”, yelled the preacher. The young man replied, “I’m going to get a haircut, Reverend.” “A haircut?”, asked the preacher. “Couldn’t you have gotten a haircut before the revival?” Not losing a step, the young man answered, “I didn’t need one then!”

Thomas—Grandpa was celebrating his 100<sup>th</sup> birthday and everyone complimented him on how athletic and well-preserved he appeared. “Gentlemen, I’ll tell you the secret of my success”, he cackled. “I have been in the open air day after day for some 75 years now.” The celebrants were impressed and asked how he managed to keep up such a fitness regime. “Well, you see, my wife and I were married 75 years ago. On our wedding night, we made a solemn pledge. Whenever we had a fight, the one who was proved wrong would go outside and take a walk.”

Duncan—A wealthy investor walked into a bank and said to the bank manager, “I would like to speak with Mr. Reginald Jones, who I understand is a tried and trusted employee of yours.” The banker said, “Yes, he certainly was trusted. And he will be tried as soon as we catch him.”

Adam--How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb?  
It only takes one..... but it takes a really long time, and the light bulb has to WANT to change!

Don--The old gentleman, now widowed, lived in one of those co-ed assisted living facilities. His children, concerned about his health, had been bugging him to get a physical. He felt fine but did have a hearing problem. He had a check up with the on-site doctor at the assisted living facility and as far as he knew, was in pretty good shape - except for his hearing. A couple of weeks later, the on-site doctor was taking a little stroll around the facility when he met up with the old gentleman and his attractive female companion. They were off to a matinee movie and then an early-bird dinner. "Hello Doctor and how are you today?" said the old gentleman in a cheerful voice. "I am fine, thank you and you seem very cheerful" said the doctor. "Just doing what you told me to do." said the old gentleman. "What was that?" queried the doctor. The old gentleman replied, "As I was leaving your office you said, "Be Cheerful. Get a hot momma." The doctor shook his head sadly and replied. "That is not what I said. I said, Be careful. You have a heart murmur."

Moral - What you heard may not be what was said. Especially, when talking to your wife.

Bobby—A Sad Passing -- It is with the saddest heart that I must pass on the following news. Please join me in remembering a great icon of the entertainment community.

The Pillsbury Doughboy (a.k.a., Poppin' Fresh ) died yesterday of complications from repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71.

Doughboy was buried in a lightly greased coffin. Dozens of celebrities turned out to pay their respects, including Mrs. Butterworth, Hungry Jack, The California Raisins, Betty Crocker, The Hostess Twinkies, and Captain Crunch.

The grave site was piled high with flours.

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Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy and lovingly described Doughboy as a man who never knew how much he was kneaded.

Doughboy rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Despite being a little flaky at times he was still a crusty old man and was considered a roll model for millions.

Doughboy is survived by his wife, Pillsbury Doughgirl (a.k.a., Mrs. Poppin' Fresh) two children, John Dough and Jane Dough, plus they had one in the oven.

The funeral was held at 3:50 for about 20 minutes.

Margaret—A man was walking with his friend who was a psychologist. He tells him, "I'm a walking economy." "How so?", his friend asks: He answers, "My hairline is in recession, my stomach is a victim of inflation, and both of these together are putting me into a deep depression."

Bobby—An out-of-towner drove his car into a ditch in a desolated area. Luckily, a local farmer came to help with his big strong mule named Buddy. He hitched Buddy up to the car and yelled, "Pull, Nellie, pull." Buddy didn't move. Then the farmer hollered, "Pull, Buster, pull." Buddy didn't respond. Once more the farmer commanded, "Pull, Jennie, pull." Nothing! Then the farmer heedlessly said, "Pull, Buddy, pull." And the mule easily dragged the car out of the ditch. The motorist was most appreciative and very curious. He asked the farmer why he called his mule by three other names. The farmer said, "Ole Buddy is blind, and if he thought he was the only one pulling, He wouldn't even try!"

Don Mathis sent this original poem---

## **Dental-Phobia**

Big John, he was a Buddhist.  
And he hated to go to the dentist.  
He once cried for Novocain.  
He didn't want any pain.  
Because the fear, he couldn't resist.

Now John was cold with perspiration,  
but he muttered with some hesitation,  
"No Novocain this time.  
It's matter over mind.  
I'm trying to Transcend Dental Medication."

I have this sad news to report. Mrs. Margaret Gist Munn, age 88, died Friday, August 6, in Springdale, AR. Mrs. Munn was born at Cale, Arkansas in 1922. She contributed several old photos and other information about Dill's Mill for the April, 2009 issue. She operated the store at the saw mill for many years. Burial was in the Magnolia City Cemetery. We extend our sympathy to her family.

Clyde Dwayne "Cotton" Hildebrand, 72, of Shelby Co., TX passed away Aug. 8, 2010. He was born in Bluff City, AR Sept. 30, 1937, and was the son of Clyde Henry and Doris Jane Gillespie Hildebrand. Burial was at Ramah Cemetery in Tenaha, TX.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**Prescott, Arkansas Street Scene (ca1926)**

I asked readers to tell us their memories of the five and dime stores so popular when we were growing up. Those from Nevada County will remember the Sterling store in Prescott. You may not remember it looking like this photo unless you were around about 1926.

Sterling stores were founded by Sam Grundfest and Dave Grundfest, Sr. in 1922 in El Dorado and they soon had stores in small towns in Arkansas and surrounding states. The company changed with the times in the 1970s and started the Magic Mart Discount Department Stores competing with stores like Wal-Mart and K-Mart until a plane crash in 1979 took the lives of several top company executives. That event helped pave the way for Wal-Mart to take the lead among discount stores. Sterling's announced in February, 1982 that all Sterling's stores in Arkansas would be sold except for one in Little Rock. The company wanted to devote all their resources to their Magic Mart Discount Department stores, but Magic Mart began to lose money and soon faded from the scene after the plane crash and the loss of their top executives. Sterling stores had annual sales of \$130 million according to an article in the *Nevada County Picayune* in 1982. The article mentioned that the Prescott store had been operating in the same location in Prescott for over fifty years.

Evidently, many of you have fond memories of these type stores as evidenced by the mail I received. These memories from other readers across the country will probably jog a few memories loose that you had forgotten about. I guess we can just call this the "Five and Dime Store Issue" of *The Sandyland Chronicle*.

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## The Most Marvelous Store in the World

By Cathy Cox Straley

Sterling's Five and Dime in Prescott —The Most Marvelous Store in the World—was a special wonderland for me as a child. I fondly remember perusing the 'millions' of merchandise items at Sterling's so I could make out my "want" list for Christmas or I needed an exchange gift for school, or I had a dime or two from an uncle to spend. Sterling's was the place to go. But it was such a difficult choice to pick something because of all the magical treasures there. Should I buy a box of chocolate-covered cherries, or a neat whistle that sounded like a train, or a tiny jewelry box decorated with ballerinas, or a tiny bottle of kiddie perfume? There were slingshots and BB guns and marbles (which I liked because I was kind of a tom-boy), plus board games like "Sorry" and "Clue" and "Monopoly" and those great paint-by-number sets. I loved those little hand-held games where you tried to roll the BBs into the holes, like a miniature pinball machine. I recall a popcorn machine that made the whole store smell of delectable popcorn, and seems like I recall a taffy machine that pulled and folded the taffy right in front of our eyes. There was all sorts of candy and bubblegum. I remember aisle after aisle of toys, with one whole aisle dedicated just to model cars and airplanes—that's where my brother could usually be found, intently studying which one he wanted to build next, or what color of tiny bottle of model paint or tube of model glue he needed to complete some plastic model he was working on at home at the time.

It seems like our Sterling's had wooden floors and two different entry doors at the front. Being located on a corner, there was also a side entry door near the back. There was a dark and mysterious staircase behind a curtain at the back of the store, which was "off-limits", and therefore more intriguing—we wondered what marvels were hidden there that they hadn't brought out yet? Lots of things hung from the ceiling, dangling very high and out of reach above my youngster-size height, such as hobby horses. Sometimes I just wanted to go in there to "ooh and awe" and handle the rubber snake and touch as many of the treasures as possible and to dream of someday when some of these things might be mine. There were school supplies too, such as 'Big Red' tablets with the Indian in full head-dress on the front, erasers, Elmer's glue, poster paper, fat pencils, Magic Markers, plastic scissors, and ruled Blue and Gold notebook paper (we saved the labels for prizes). Sterling's Five and Dime had it all!

My brother and I played ping pong a great deal as kids, so we got new paddles at Sterling's or sometimes a new badminton set, a new softball or some Sparklers. And puzzles—we loved puzzles of all sorts! We always wanted more jigsaw puzzles, and Sterling's had so many to pick from! I also remember getting Lincoln Logs at Sterling's, plus bags of little plastic Indians and Cowboys, china figurines of horses (which I loved), little cars and trucks, and my brother got an erector set and a magnifying glass from The Most Marvelous Store in the World.

Once when I was only about 6 years old, my mother and I were in Sterling's, but she was in a hurry. I remember (very, very distinctly) coveting a little pink and white make-up kit that had a tiny 'lipstick' and a mirror and a nail file in it. It cost a quarter—only 25 cents—and I begged and pleaded for my mother to buy it, but she refused. I kept exclaiming, "Please, please, it's only 25 cents!" She didn't understand that it was practically a 'life and death' issue to me! And well

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over 50 years later, it's so amazing how clear that episode still is in my memory. Sterling's was The Most Marvelous Store in the World, and it was so very important to be able to partake of its wonders! I swore (but not out loud) that I'd never forgive her, but of course I did. My mother seldom indulged my little tantrums, but I wish I could have gotten it over to her somehow back then of how IMMENSE this particular purchase was to me that day. It brings a tear to my eye even today, because every once in a while, we need to be indulged and to get to have something we hold dear, even at 6 years old. And as silly as it may seem to others at the time! Besides, it was from Sterling's—the Most Marvelous Store in the World (at least in my world, which was pretty limited at the time). It was such a special place!

Donna Woodral (Arkansas)--I was raised in Cullendale around the paper mill and there were stores all around there. I remember a five and dime store but can't remember the name of it. I loved going in there and the feel of that little shopping center. Right down the road was the best hamburger stand in the world, not far from that was Dixon furniture and up from that was Topper Hill and a little restaurant called The Corral and right across from it was Pat's Kat and Kow. On down the road from the five and dime was the Tastee Freeze where you could get the best vanilla dr. peppers you have ever tasted. What memories that brings back to me. It was such a wonderful little community and now it's like a ghost town.

Billy McKelvy (Arkansas)—I remember the Sterling store at the corner of Hwy. 67 and Main Street in Prescott, Ark. They had lots of items for five and 10 cents, plus others that cost more. When I was a kid, I remember my parents would give me a few dollars for Christmas shopping and I could spend several hours and get a lot of goodies for just a little money. At Christmas time the store was packed with merchandise and stores were loaded with brightly-colored items. To a kid, New York City could not have been any more attractive.

At the heart of the store was a nut counter where they sold all kind of roasted nuts and mixed nut assortments. The display case had a round disc in the middle where the best nuts were displayed on a carousel. A heat lamp warmed the nuts and spread the aroma throughout the store. A little change would buy a bag of rich, buttery nuts that were warm to the touch.

The Sterling store burned many years ago and was never rebuilt. The world is different now. If you sell items for a nickel or dime, there's not much profit to be made. The ashes of the store were hauled away and a downtown park sits on that location today. An attractive mural depicting Nevada County life is painted on the side of the adjacent building.

Teresa Harris (Arkansas)--Morgan & Lindsey, 120 Adams Ave SW, located where Kristen's is today. The first thing I think of was the big glass candy cases and how all the kids we knew always stopped by there on their way to the Malco. We weren't stupid, you got more for your money if you bought your own candy before you got to the Malco. I also remember my mother allowing me to pick out which doll I wanted for Christmas one year (since I was almost too big for dolls this was to be my last doll as a Christmas gift), and I can still see that doll on the big Christmas display at Morgan & Lindsey's, she was the most beautiful doll I had ever seen! I still have the doll today, by some strange of twist of fate my little sister kept her long after I left home, and gave her back to me several years ago. Needless to say the doll had a bad haircut and no clothing, but nothing that a doll expert couldn't fix.

Ben Franklin Variety Discount Store, 109 Washington St. SW, located about where Stinson's is today and was destroyed in the Christmas Eve fire of 1966. What I remember most of all is the cosmetics counter. All the merchandise was placed on big flat display tables. I remember

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Tangee lipstick and Evening in Paris cologne, and thought those were very exotic things that real ladies used... A friend of mine, Veda Beaver was the manager of Ben Franklin's for a time and I especially enjoyed going in there because Mrs. Beaver was so nice and friendly. This store was formerly F. W. Woolworth's (as shown in the 1961 telephone book, don't know exactly when it changed hands).

I have an old phone book, but didn't find any ads for these stores.

Dick's Five & Dime in Branson, MO is a wonderful place, it reminds me very much of the old stores I grew up with here in Camden. At my last visit I managed to spend \$100+ at Dick's Five & Dime. Do shop there and soak in the memories in you are ever in downtown.

Paulette Weaver (Texas)--One of the first jobs I had while in college was to work part time at a Ben Franklin's Five and Dime in Texarkana, Texas. I remember having to count all the penny candies during inventory. PENNY CANDIES--can you remember them? I remember the little kids coming in with a dime and buying a sack full of candy. They would spend a long time deciding just how they would spend that dime to get everything they liked.

Neva Grauberger (Colorado)--The "five and dime" I most remember was Sprouse Reitz in Grants Pass, OR. The memory that stands out most when I think about it is watching the pneumatic tubes that sped through tubes across the ceiling throughout the store and were whisked to the second level of the store. The second level was not enclosed, but one where you could see the office area from the main floor. There was a large open set of stairs to get to the upper level. I also remember a wood floor and many glass cases under which were all sorts of treasures, but I can't remember any specific item that I took home after someone in my family paid for it.

Lois Evans (Arkansas)--There were two in Arkadelphia (Clark Co Arkansas) where I grew up....Ben Franklins and Sterlings. They were both variety stores and you could get most anything there. They were still around when my oldest son almost 40 was little...he would usually get a little car (hot wheel or matchbox). I remember as a child and young woman getting toys and later perfume...Evening in Paris and make up. I also remember getting fabric to sew a home ec. dress in high school. Interesting little stores. We went in a 5 and 10 store in I think it was Jefferson, Texas last year and they had the old candies, black jack gum and cloves gum and paper dolls and many of the cheaper little things I remember from my childhood. (they were not 5 or 10 cents though). Thanks for bringing back some pleasant memories.

Don Honea (Arkansas)--My memory of a five & dime store was Wackers(?), located over in Kilgore, TX. Mileage wise, not that far from Prescott. If my memory serves me well, it was the great selection of toys. Little lead soldiers - painted of course. Airplanes, cars. Probably made in Japan.

This was in the late 1930s. Christmas time was always great with the decorations and the smell of the Christmas trees. Kilgore was a booming oil town and my dad had a real paying job with Shell Oil. Times were pretty good. As a kid, the threat of war over in Europe was on the horizon but was of no real threat to me. Made for great viewing on the news segment at the Saturday afternoon movies. Nothing that ol' Gene Autry, Buck Jones, the Lone Ranger and the others couldn't handle.

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Sandy Knops (Arizona)--The TG&Y and it was right around the corner from my house in National City, Calif. Oh they had EVERYTHING ( or so it seemed back in those days). I especially remember going and buying the candies for just pennies. And just being able to walk there by myself was such a thrill too.

Earlene Mendenhall Lyle (Alabama)--In Minden, LA, where I grew up, there were 3 "five and dimes" == Ellis's, Tullos's and Morgan & Lindsey. Downtown Minden, which was the ONLY place to shop in the 1950s, consists of what was then known as front street and back street even though the streets were named North and South Broadway.

Those stores were absolutely filled with all types of "goodies" that were affordable for adolescents and teens who got any type of allowance at all. I could have spent HOURS in them just rummaging around. Today, I probably couldn't handle the "clutter" very well.

Betty Hamby Bell (Texas)--The five and dime I remember is Sterling's in Prescott. Every Christmas Eve my mother and Irma and I would inevitably be there to purchase that last Christmas present...usually a pair of socks or stocking stuffer. In 1942 when I turned 16, my first job was as a clerk at that Sterling Five and Dime. It made me feel so grown up.

One of the clearest memories of Sterling's is a mother hunting for her little girl there, and her calling out "Maybelline, Maybelline". I had never heard the cosmetic name as a name for a child, but I thought it was such a pretty name for that little girl.

James Hairston (Arkansas)--I have fond memories of the Sterling Five & Dime store, located at Main and Hwy 67 in Prescott. Every so often, my Mom would allow me to pick out some *little* something from the store (mostly toys!). I have guilty feelings to this day about the time I shop-lifted a small pocket knife from Sterling. I became so guilt-laden; I took it back (before I'd even gotten to the street corner!). The memorable thing is, I was almost caught putting it *back*! I've NEVER stolen anything else since then! So....I suppose you could say, Sterling Five & Dime taught me a valuable lesson: Never, NEVER steal anything! The guilt is unbearable :)

Barbara Dyson (Arkansas)--The first thing that comes to mind is the smell of popcorn and the ceiling fans blowing. I think the store was Sterling's and it was in Magnolia, although we also went to Prescott's (Sterlings?) and Hope -- I think it was Morgan & Lindsey. I'm not really sure of the names. I know in Texarkana, there was a Woolworth's and they served sandwiches, etc.

Dr. A. B. L. (Arkansas)--Malvern, AR (Main St.) Ben Franklin and Sterling's 5 & 10  
When I was a young girl, I earned my "spending" money by picking blackberries in a Mrs. Tucker's lard can and sold them for \$1.00 per gallon to my Aunt Eva. I saved and saved all summer, and a "big deal" for me was to "go to town" on Saturdays (we lived 16 mi. in the country), to Ben Franklin and Sterling's and buy a bag of jelly beans and saunter down both sides of Main St.- window shopping, planning how I would invest (reluctantly) in a new sweater or skirt before school started. At the dime stores, I remember the wide, open, flat BINS, separated by short, glass dividers, in both stores, displaying all merchandise and the pop corn machine ever steaming, and how LONG the red and white striped popcorn sacks were. I have something yet that my Auntie bought me at Sterling's the year I married in 1966. It was one of the sweetest gifts I received. I treasure it in my cedar chest forever. STILL!!!

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Also in Hope, AR- MORGAN & LINDSEY'S 5 &10

At the end of summer every year I went to visit my cousin LBG in Hope, AR. before the school year would start. Sometimes her mom would drop us off at MORGAN & LINDSEY'S to day dream at the perfume counter. We both had the same favorite fragrance: Evening in Paris, of course, in the glorious heart shaped, cobalt blue, exquisite bottle. There were no sampler bottles in those days, and we thought NOTHING of popping the lid, DOUSING the wrists and back-ears, only to leave the store while REEKING of Paris fumes, rhinestone earrings, and chomping Clove chewing gum.(oh, the MAGIC of the 1950's). Those old, oak hardwood floors creaked our every step toward the exit, in great relief, I am sure.

Helen Medlin (Alabama)--Oh me! Jerry, I worked in Woolworths store in Huntsville, Al, it was located in the middle of town at that time and later moved to a Mall on the west side of town. I never worked at the Mall store, I was married at that time.

The first address was on Washington Street, I worked there during my high school days but I also met my husband John, while working there. I worked every department of the store and at Easter, I was one of the girls who filled Easter baskets. Back then when there was a holiday, we had to fill all the counters with the holiday specials. I guess the best area I worked in the store, was at the candy counter, at one end of a long, long counter that specialized in candy on one end and hardware (electrical) on the other, in- between, were socks and gloves for girls and ladies, underwear for boys and men, handkerchiefs for men, and the electrical end had sockets for lamps and electrical wire we sold by the foot.

Times have really changed. Every section in the store was divided into departments such as dishes, pots and pans to cosmetics for ladies, candy, and clothing. There were 3 lines of counters in the store and the middle one was divided with breaks so the people could have access to everything. The office was elevated in the back so the manager could view all the employees at work. I made all of 65 cents an hour. That was pretty good for a school girl in those days, (1940's)

The first thing that comes to mind is how we got paid, in an envelope with a form telling us how much we had earned and the tax taken out. We did not have Social Security tax taken out until later in my working life. The store hours was 12 hours a day, with 2 hours off for lunch and dinner, we did get 20 minutes break after the government made a law saying all workers that worked over 8 hours a day had to have 20 minute breaks per 12 hour shifts plus lunch and dinner hour. Some say those were the "good" old days, I don't think so.

Mary Anna (Oklahoma)--When I was a little kid I thought that the most important stores for shopping were the 5 & Dime and Sears. (I remember the name of the 5 & Dime. but I cannot recall how it was spelled. The store was in Little Rock, Ark., with the same name as a guy who was a senator for the State of Arkansas for many long years. Perhaps you know who I am talking about. I still have jewelry bought at that 5 & Dime. I still wear those pieces of jewelry.

Wanda Carter (Texas)--I remember riding in the rumble seat of a Model A with my dad, mother, little sister, Bobbie and little brother, William and going to Paris, Texas to the SS Kressee store and we would have fifty cents and would walk the aisles looking at all of the pretty things to buy for one cent, five cents and ten cents. The store was so clean and a lady would follow us around to help with our selections. I usually would buy a stick of candy, jewelry,

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handkerchief, comb and hair clasp and then would have ten cents left over for the next time we were able to come. When I think of that type of store I think of my mother who was so pretty and my handsome daddy. They were so happy and had their health, now both are gone on to glory.

Peggy Lloyd (Arkansas)--My first job was at Scott's Five and Ten in Hope, Arkansas, in 1960. The store was located near the corner of Main and Second in downtown Hope. After taxes, my take-home pay was \$3.10 per day. I just worked on Saturday and a few days around Christmas. I had the toy department and surrounding areas. I got down lampshades for people and measured and cut oil cloth. The manager was Mr. Emil Kaddin, a native of Missouri. I learned one amazing thing about mankind when I worked there. The poor folks who were working for \$15.00 or \$20.00 per week bought the fanciest, biggest Easter baskets for their children (\$3.98, \$4.98 and even (holy-moly) \$5.98!). The better-off folks bought the \$.98 basket. I also remember how my legs felt after standing for 8 hours. Even leaning on a counter was frowned upon. I quickly struck "Retail Sales" from the list of things I wanted to do.

My grandfather called ten-cent stores "racket stores". He is the only person I have ever heard use that expression, but I have seen the term in newspapers from the 1890s. He grew up in Columbia County around College Hill, Lamartine and Waldo.

Darenda (Ingersoll) Stringfellow--The wonderful "Sterling's 5 & 10" store that was in Prescott. As a child we would go to town on Saturday's with our grandparents to grocery shop, Saturday's was town day...Papaw would give us each a \$1 bill to go to Sterling's while him and granny took care of the grocery shopping...What seemed like hours of looking at all the fun toys and deciding which one we could get for a dollar was actually only a few minutes..The toy section was in the back of the store. We always would find a yoyo, plastic snake, or coloring book and always had change left over. We would sometimes go to the "front" section of the store, that's where the candy in the bins was located, we could get "some" but not a whole dollars worth cause that was too much candy to eat before the grownups got back to get us. Was really sad when Sterling's closed...It was a wonderful childhood memory to cherish...as those days are long gone, and you would never let a kid loose in a store now "unsupervised" (back then all the cashiers in their red aprons would keep an eye on us while in the store, we just didn't know it till years later)..

Betty Thomas (Texas)--I remember going through my dad's pocket change, picking out all the pennies and saving them by putting them in my mother's sewing machine middle tilt-out drawer. On Saturdays when we would go to town I had my money to spend at the five and ten cents store. Most of the time I bought candy since you could get violently ill on five cents worth if you picked wisely--those pieces that were two or three for a penny. As a very young child I remember "furnishing" a very tiny doll house with the pieces of very tiny ceramic furniture (made in Japan) that I could buy for less than a dime. As time marched on my allowance got larger and I can remember buying my first tube of Tangee lipstick at the Ben Franklin store in Prescott. I also remember my Grandpa buying his eyeglasses there. Since he was a carpenter he was rather hard on glasses, especially the earpieces. When they broke off he tied a piece of cord on the frame and a nail to the other end of the cord and draped the cord over his ear. I recall that he always had a pocket watch that he bought at the five and dime and he would break the crystal and then just buy another watch. He gave me one that still kept good time and as a seven-year old the watch went wherever I did. I just hung it on a tree branch or laid it on a rock and knew what time I had to be back home. As a young bride I remember buying utensils for my kitchen there: measuring cups and spoons and, of course, Pyrex pie plates. Lace and eyelet trimmings, thread, and buttons were available to make our feed sack dresses pretty. You

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could buy crochet hooks and knitting needles, yarn, and books of directions for whatever you wanted to make. Embroidery scarves and pillowcases were pre-stamped with a design and the embroidery floss and hoops were available, too. I sure do miss those stores!

Brenda Barham (Arkansas)--I can remember Ben Franklin and Sterling stores in my hometown of Stuttgart. They were both downtown like all the other stores we shopped at back then. I had a quarter a week allowance and it went a long way in them. Ben Franklin was dark and lots of wood, crowded aisles, tall shelves, kinda scary. Ben Franklin had lots of embroidery thread and Barbie dolls and all her clothes. I can remember buying Barbie clothes and dolls there. I tried to embroidery at an early age and bought lots of thread.

Sterling's was my favorite store. It was more modern and open. Sterling's had fingernail polish, which I loved and Evening in Paris cologne in that tiny blue bottle with the silver cap. They had Shadowline lingerie, which was so pretty. My mom got lots of it for birthdays and Mothers Day.

I miss them and have lots of memories of them. There is or was a store in downtown Texarkana that reminds me of both of them.

Ann Wylie (Arkansas)--A five and dime store brings to mind a place where one can find all kinds of items that a child or an adult could ever want. There would be toys, dolls, candy, jewelry, cowboy boots, hats, cowboy pistols and all kinds of games in the store.

Our dime store in Prescott when I was growing up was of course, STERLINGS on the corner of Main Street and Highway 67. I probably never had more than a dime to spend at once, but a kid could get a sack full of goodies for that price. Today's version of the Five and Dime would be the DOLLAR STORE. Things cost more these days.

One year around Christmas time, my mother got a job working at Sterling's for the Christmas rush. Times were different then. She was instructed to wear dresses, heels and stockings to work. She stood up all day, walked around the store waiting on customers and wrapped presents for \$3.00 a day. Yes, I said \$3.00 a day was the salary in 1948. She was very glad to get that job, even for the short time of three weeks of work. That job allowed her children to have presents for Christmas. I remember getting a new pair of red shiny cowboy boots and a few clothes. Sterling's Five and Dime Store gave our family a big happy Christmas that year.

Ed Bryson (Arkansas)—Sterling's in Prescott was located on the corner of west main and Hwy 67. This was a large store with two entrances facing Hwy 67 and a third door on Main Street. The store manager in the '40s and '50s was Mr. Hanning, who had a son David. As you entered the corner entrance, there was a huge candy counter with great deals on "double bubble" (5 for a nickel). Also I loved the jelly beans and corn candy. This store had a large department of small toys and was a prime supplier of "caps" for your cap pistol and BBs for the Red Ryder BB gun.

Across the RR tracks at the corner of East Elm and East 1st was another five and dime, B.F. Franklins. They also had a big candy counter and seemed to handle more dry goods.

Sallie Purifoy Graham (Arkansas)--My maternal grandmother, Bertha Westmoreland, lived about a block off Highway 24 near the turn to go to Blevins. When my sister and I would visit her, we always walked to the Sterling Store in Prescott. It was a short walk. The store had a fairly large toy section, but I was usually looking for doll bottles. They had small glass replicas of the large Evenflow baby bottles. I used them to raise orphan kittens. Coming from a large farm with a lot of barns where different types of feed was stored, we always had a number of cats for

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mice control. Sometimes the mother cat would get killed or simply disappear and I would raise the kittens using a doll bottle. I also remember the Woolworth store that was in Camden. A fire near Christmas one year burned that store, Stinson's Jewelers, and the old West's Department.

## **MY BEST MOST FUN JOB EVER**

### **(The luckiest boy in town—Hody Butler)**

Open note to reader. I cannot guarantee ever name and event detail but this is not fiction. Comments and corrections are welcome. This is just the way I remember it some many years later. The lucky boy's final word and I stand by it.

Growing up, starting in 1933 following the great depression, in the late 40's early 50's was a thing of wonder and such a blessing. Growing up in a small community where things, I will just call old morals and values, abound was truly fortunate. To be blessed with the loving parents I had was a start in life that was more than one could ask for. To all you mother's and father's out there, what you do is such a challenge and so important. You hang in there.

The first earned income I remember was at the age of 4. A grand total of 50 cents for 50 pounds of cotton picked. My mother made me a small sack, which I pulled alongside of her row and I saw on several occasions she tried to slip some cotton she had picked into my sack. This was a weeks worth of picking and I was super proud of it. Since it was our patch and others were picking I got to get into the wagon for all weigh-ins and my father wrote the weight by each name. I would check and ask each day how much I picked. My top day was 15 pounds. My cotton fortune was spent with the local peddler man who came to our home on a periodical basis. When all cotton was picked my father went to the bank and got a sack full of new shinny coins. All the pickers gather around a stump in our back yard and one by one stepped up when their name was called. He poured out all of the new coins, shinning and sparkling in the sun, while I am thinking we must be the richest people in the world. I was first and he gave me 50 cents. The part I did not like or understand--he kept giving away our money until it was all gone. Don't think I ever forgave him for this. Lucky boy.

At the age of 6 we had moved from the sandy land of Union near Bodcaw to the town of Prescott. Here I started to receive a 25-cent weekly allowance paid at noon on Saturday. Now I did not call it an allowance as I had chores like yard maintenance to perform to earn this money. I learned money management from this fund. The price of the movie at the Gem Theater in Prescott was 12 cents, a coke for 5 cents, popcorn 5 cents and 3 cents left over for 3 orange colored marshmallow candy peanuts at Sterling's 5 and 10 store on the way home. Yes if you do the math all my money is gone and I did say money management not money responsibility. As this day comes to a close I just don't see how it could be any better and I now look forward to next Saturday and the next chapter in the good guys vs. the bad guys at the Gem Theater. Lucky boy.

I became an expert at yard work keeping our lawn and the widow lady's next door. She paid cash plus all the muscadines I could eat. This seemed like an easy way to make money so I went looking. As luck would have it another widow woman hired me to mow her lawn. Her name was Mrs. Rice and her husband had been a Medical Doctor while she ran Rice Drug Store, which she still had. This drug store was to prove to be a treasure source for me during the war years. It was old and musty and few shopped there anymore. Her husband had died a few years before. Here I found items like play pistol caps, BB's, firecrackers and chewing gum. All my supplies worked except the Juicy Fruit gum was brittle and broke apart like a cracker. If you

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stayed with it you could get it soft and chewy. These things you could not find during the war years. I never told anyone about this place. One day she asked me to clean out her garage. I found two like new Dodge cars. One had less than 500 miles on it. She said she never learned to drive and her husband bought two new cars just a few years before he died. Have always wondered what happened to those cars.

Soon another widow woman, Mrs. King, the county librarian, hired me to mow her lawn and my business was growing. I could tie my push mower and sling blade on to my bicycle seat and off to work I go. It was now time to buy a billfold and find a good hiding place. Don't know whom I was hiding from as we slept with doors unlocked and windows wide open. Yes, the car keys were in the car. I became a regular customer at the local Western Auto store upgrading my bike with accessories. The playing card with a clothes pen had been my only addition to this point. Now I added reflector lights, bike handle grips with streamers, a tube patching kit and a horn. Now it was an old bike and a girl's bike at that, but I was sure proud of it. Mrs. King introduced me to the wonders of the library and such treasures as *Tom Sawyer*, *Ivanhoe*, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Call of the Wild*. My father once told me that on a church night during a winter snow he helped her up the steps at the First Baptist Church. The moon shinning on the snowflakes in her gray hair sparkled like diamonds and she looked like an angel. I do think that sometime in the 50's I heard that she had been struck and killed by an automobile in Prescott.

By the age of 12 a friend told me about the Prescott *Picayune* starting a daily paper. I ask and now I have a year round income. At 10 cents per week per customer, 50 of them, I am hitting the big time. Factor in tips for porch and behind the screen delivery, an occasional cookie or glass of lemonade the good times and money is rolling. I keep my mow jobs while giving up my weekly allowance, but parents feel I should continue my home chores. Well there are things like food, housing, birthdays, clothes etc to consider so this seemed reasonable to me. Bet some are starting to wonder if I am spending it all. Not on your life. Mr. Yarbrough at the Bank of Prescott has me set up with a checking account and World War II stamp and bond saving program. I still have one of my bonds. Lucky boy.

All is well until the *Picayune* gives up this daily paper. I add storefront window washing starting with Joe Boswell's and soon other employers are calling. Think I washed every window storefront in Prescott at one time or the other.

When summer rolls around I spend a month visiting and working on my uncle's farm. Now I had picked cotton once but never clearing ground, working in the hay, pulling and loading watermelons, slopping the hogs, building fences, and the toughest of all, chopping cotton. We chopped my uncle's cotton and then the neighbor farms around. Long hot days but the pay was good. Not sure but it was two or three dollars a day.

Fall and back to school plus a Saturday job at the grocery store. One of my favorite jobs there was cutting a 5-cent slice of bologna and cheese. With a little practice you learn to judge the thickness to weigh ¼ pound. A lot more fun than the stocking, sacking and delivering of groceries plus I got a free slice of bologna, cheese, small sack of crackers and a Nehi Grape soda. This is living. Lucky boy.

The next summer I got to run The John Eagle feed and grocery store for 5 days while Mr. Eagle took a short vacation. I was the only employee so this was a great big boy experience for a now 10<sup>th</sup> grader. I was given the key and a list of instructions. The hardest part of this job was the loading of feed sacks and the responsibility of hiding the money each day. Such a relief each

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morning to make sure no one was around looking and then to locate the money sack and put out the daily cash amount into the cash register.

Lot of summer left so got to find work. You never know until you ask. The local hotel owner agreed to let me sand and paint all his chairs in the hotel. Man what a job and was I glad when it was over. I dug a ton of chewing gun off the bottom of those chairs and a super job or sanding the paint off. Got a free lunch each day and good pay but I earned it. Stopped by to visit my past employer at the *Picayune* and he gave me a job delivering sale circulars--one cent each and I had 300. Took most of the day but easy \$3.00 if you don't count the pesky dogs along the way. In the future when he needed a delivery boy he called me. Lucky boy.

One day while washing the windows at Joe Boswell's Dept. Store the manager came out to inspect my work. I ask him if he would hire me to work as a janitor and part time sales clerk. We worked out a deal for Saturdays and Christmas holidays at \$3.00 per day. Soon I was sweeping up, cleaning bathrooms, taking out trash, unloading freight, stocking, and the hardest of all, working the lay-a-way section. This was kept in an upstairs attic-like place and was it a mess. When payments were made on this merchandise I had to go record it on the ledger attached to the item. Finding it was a big problem but I worked out a procedure that made it easy for me. The manager noticed and finally began to give me store sales work and \$4.00 per day. I loved this store, easy work, good pay and it was one of the first to have a/c. They installed a 5-ton York a/c and was it cool. This also led to one day of work at the end of the year doing inventory. I soon added the Ford Motor Co. to my year-end inventory jobs. We are talking tons of parts but the pay is good.

Interstate 30 is coming and I land a job with a surveyor team for the summer. Good work and good pay but lots of chiggers and ticks. Think the snake threat and the poison ivy was just as bad. My pay was now a whopping \$5.00 per day. We finished the county part of the survey just in time to start a new school year.

Before I know it school is out and I got to find a summer job. I still had money in my jeans as my Saturday and holiday job at Boswell's was still good. I don't want any more hay field or cotton chopping. To my surprise and pleasure I find a job for the entire summer at the local pickle shed. At one time Prescott had a pickle shed located just off U.S. 67 town side of Wildcat Road near Pittman's Garage. This was a place where the local growers would bring in their cucumbers by the truckload. We graded the cucumbers by size and stored them in large wood vats packed in salt water. On schedule a refrigerated train car would be set nearby and loaders would transfer them to the Brown and Miller processing plant in Texarkana. Here they became your Bread and Butter wonders that went great with your meals. The hours were long, around 10 each day, 6 days a week. The pay was seventy-five cents per hour. Notice I am now being paid by the hour. Big money. Lucky Boy.

Maybe my most unusual job occurred at Christmas in 1951. I had a full time job selling shoes and work clothes. One day during the holidays a boy in his late teens came in for a pair of dress shoes. He, as most people did, called them Sunday shoes. He worked in the log woods down near Cale and had a big foot. I found the shoe he loved in a size 12 triple E width. This was the biggest shoe we stocked in this French toe bronze colored Johnnie Walker dress shoe. With or without socks we could not get it on his foot even after I put it on the shoe stretcher. He bought it against my recommendations. A week later he came to show me he could wear it. He had cut a two-inch strip down each side from the French toe to the tongue and was happy with it.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

It was now Christmas time and the local funeral home, Cornish Funeral Home, had a rash of funerals. They got a call to go to Dallas, Texas and pick up a deceased male that was to be buried in Prescott. Now they had an ambulance available but no drivers and were required to have two on out-of-state transports. Once a mature married adult male driver was located he suggested me for his helper. He had known me all my life and felt comfortable making this trip with me along. As I was to find out I would end up doing all the driving which was about a 10 hour round trip on the roads of the time. My employer released me early afternoon so I could earn \$25.00 for my effort. I agreed to be back at opening time the next morning. This was more than I would make all week selling shoes. The drive to Dallas went well and we located the funeral home without trouble. I felt a little uncomfortable and was glad I was not doing this alone. Dairy Queen's were getting real popular by now and we stopped for a late supper. This establishment was located somewhere in Texas near Hwy. 67 and offered car hops on skates. Soon all the young high school girls on skates and in cars were gathered around wondering what we had in the back. I told them and it was an open door for more conversation. My driver partner insisted we get a move on so ended my opportunity to visit with all these beautiful Texas girls. I guess the funeral home knew what they were doing sending along this mature male married driver. By the way he would not allow me to use the flashing lights or sound the siren. Still a Lucky boy.

## **NOW FOR MY BEST JOB EVER THEN AND NOW. ABOUT TIME, RIGHT.**

### **Five and Dime stores.**

The first thing I remember is the great smell and counters loaded with many wonders. If they didn't have it you didn't need it. The decorations, at the holiday seasons, were a sight to behold. Having spent most of my adult life in Dallas and enjoying the decorated shopping malls seems to be an expanded version of our five and dime during the 40's, 50's. Prescott was lucky to have two of them. The largest and oldest was Sterling's and there was Ben Franklin near the movie house. The toy department, comic book section and the candy counter were my favorites.

I was lucky enough to work at The Ben Franklin store for about a year while in high school. I landed this job with my storefront window washing. One day the owner paid me for my window washing and asked if I needed Saturday work. This was before I started working on a regular basis for Boswell's. On day one I was assigned to the candy section, as it's only clerk. In fact no other employee was allowed to come behind the counter. I had my own cash register, candy scales and necessary supplies. We sold all types of candy from one cent to bulk candy by weight. My favorite was chocolate covered peanuts. The owner instructed me that employees paid full price for candy but that I could eat all of any and every type of candy free. This blew me away. I was a growing, always hungry, teenager and he must be out of his mind. Can't explain it, but I limited the volume I ate. I did try all types but ate very little. I made a special effort to give him my best effort and made sure all candy and money was accounted for.

A few months later I go in one Saturday and he has installed a donut-making machine. All sorts of decorations and toppings with chocolate coating, nuts, coconut and the like. Yep, this is added to me and with his blessing I can eat all I want. Easy to cook them as we had a prepared batter that went into the hopper. Electric fryer that the donut shaped batter dropped into and flipped over half way through the cooking. I then coated some of them based on sales results. I ate all mistakes and a few extra.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Summer comes and he puts in a Dairy Queen soft mix type ice cream machine next to candy and donut counter. No way, yes I get this also and like the candy and donuts I can eat all I want. The restocking my candy, cooking and decorating my donuts and keeping my ice cream condiments stocked keeps me busy. I made a special effort that no customer waited for service at any of my stations. The owner installed a bell I could ring if I got backed up and he would come and help. This was not so difficult as our customers required a lot of think time as they decided how they would spend their hard earned money. Think it would have been a bit easier if I had worked on skates. Going to the icehouse to get milk cans filled with mix for the ice cream machine is a treat as I went inside where it was so cool. The clean up at the end of a busy day was not. I kept waiting for him to assign the comic book counter to me but he did the next best thing. I was allowed to take any book home as long as I returned it the next day. At the end of work on Saturday I would often drive to Hill Top, a local truck stop, and get us a foot long chilidog. My boss loved them as much as I did. Lot of beautiful memories. Mr. Pete Escarre, owner of Ben Franklin five and dime, you were special. I remember, appreciate and think of you to this day 60 plus years later. THANK YOU MY FRIEND. Lucky boy.

Now tell me, was this a great job or what?

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## ANOTHER MYSTERY PHOTO



One of my readers sent this picture to me. She said it was in her mother's photo album, but was not identified. She thinks it might be someone from the Nevada County area and was wondering if anyone might recognize this person. If you can help, let me know and I'll pass the information on to her.

## NEWS ITEMS FROM 1910

Bodcaw—Next Saturday we will have a debate at the school hall. The subject will be whether man has done more for the advancement of civilization than has woman, with Mr. Ray Tompkins representing the mere man standpoint and Mr. Johnson Camp defending the woman's cause.

Prescott--A. E. McGuire, rural mail carrier on route 2, has one of the largest owls ever taken alive. Its wings measure five feet across. Its eyes look as large as silver dollars do to a man in the morning when he wakes up broke.

Bluff City—The school term will open Sept. 12 under the leadership of Prof. Garland Starnes, one of the best young teachers in the county. The school is located in the eastern part of the county in one of the healthiest sections.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**“DIAMOND JOHN” HUDDLESTON**

We in southwest Arkansas are blessed to have the only known diamond mine in North America. It is now a state park where visitors can search for and keep any diamonds they find.

It all started back in 1906 when John Wesley Huddleston, a local farmer who had an interest in minerals, purchased 243 acres of land for \$100 near Murfreesboro in Pike County, Arkansas. This land was not very suitable for farming and contained some unusual rock formations. Mr. Huddleston, a man with very little education, had an interest in minerals and prospecting. One day he was walking over his land and noticed a couple of shiny crystals which he picked up and later showed to a local jeweler. They were sent to a jeweler in Little Rock for further analysis and were found to be gem quality diamonds. When the word leaked out, a rush of people flocked to the small Arkansas town and land values sky-rocketed. Mr. Huddleston got \$36,000 for his property only a month after his discovery. He could have probably gotten more money, but that was all he asked for the property. One story says he asked for the money to be paid in ten dollar bills.

Several attempts were made for commercial mining at the site, but for one reason or another, these operations had ceased by about 1952. The area was operated as a tourist attraction starting about 1952. The area became a state park in 1972 and it attracts thousands of visitors each year. Some very valuable diamonds have been discovered over the years. According to park records, 23,809 diamonds were found at the park from 1972 to 2001. The largest diamond found was the "Uncle Sam" found in 1924 which weighed 40.23 carats. The largest found since the park opened was the "Amarillo Starlight" in 1975 which weighed 16.37 carats. Park officials say on average about two diamonds per day are found and the average size is about the size of a match head. A one-carat diamond would be about the size of a green pea.

It is interesting to see the different methods people use in their search for diamonds. Some people visit the park on a regular basis and have learned the best way to find diamonds. Other visitors are just tourists who want to try their luck, hoping to get rich. Actually, some of the largest diamonds have been discovered by people just walking around who see something that catches their eye the same way Mr. Huddleston did back in 1906. Visitors can bring their own tools or rent or purchase tools at the park. Some say it's best to search the area after a heavy rain. The field is plowed regularly to turn over new dirt. The field where visitors are allowed to search is almost forty acres in size.

Have you ever wondered what happened to John Wesley Huddleston, the man who first discovered diamonds in Pike County? There are many stories about this man—some true and some that may have been embellished over the years. I recently found an article on the Internet entitled [John Huddleston \(1862-1941\): The Man Behind the Myth of “Diamond John”](http://www.pcahs.org/JohnHuddleston/fr1.htm) by Dean Banks (<http://www.pcahs.org/JohnHuddleston/fr1.htm>). It is evident from this article that Mr. Banks has done extensive research into the life of John Wesley Huddleston.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

John Huddleston's grandfather had settled in the Pike County area about the time Arkansas became a state. The Huddleston family was very large. It is said the grandfather had at least twenty-one offspring. There is some question about the correct birth date of John Wesley Huddleston. Most evidence suggests that he was born in 1862 even though his grave marker has his birth year as 1860. His death date on his grave marker is 1936, but he actually died in 1941.

Mr. Huddleston married in 1887 to Sarah Keyes, an older woman who had two children. They soon purchased a small farm near the present diamond mine. Mr. Huddleston was especially interested in a 243 acre tract of land, the site of the present diamond mine. He had noticed some unusual mineral deposits in that area and thought the land might contain lead, iron, or maybe even gold. He was always interested in prospecting and had a keen eye for unusual rock formations. He was able to purchase the land in 1905 for \$100 and found the first diamonds in 1906.

Mr. Huddleston sold his interest in the diamond-bearing land only a month after discovering the diamonds. He received \$36,000 which is not bad considering he only paid \$100 for the land a year earlier. It seems that Mr. Huddleston invested his money in real estate in and around the city of Murfreesboro and in Arkadelphia. He made money on some of these investments, but lost money on others. He was also involved in several law suits over the years. There are many public records on file to prove these real estate deals and court cases, all of which are documented in the article I mentioned above.

The discovery of diamonds caused a boom for the city of Murfreesboro as people flocked to the city hoping to get rich. A new city called Kimberly existed for a short time near the diamond mine.

Mr. Huddleston and his family moved to Arkadelphia in 1908 where he lived for about ten years. He still had property in Murfreesboro, so he traveled back and forth between the two cities often. He was considered a fairly wealthy man at that time compared to the average person in that area and seemed happy to be called "Diamond John".

Sarah died in 1917 and Mr. Huddleston moved back to Murfreesboro. In 1921, he remarried to a woman named Lizzie Curtis, who some say was a "carnival girl" he met in Arkadelphia. She was much younger than John. After eleven days of marriage, she left him and was gone for eleven months. She returned and stayed another eight months before leaving him again for good. It was determined that she had committed adultery during the time of their marriage and a judge ruled that the marriage be annulled. This second marriage was one of Mr. Huddleston's greatest mistakes. Evidently, Lizzie liked to spend money and by the time the marriage was annulled, Mr. Huddleston's assets had dwindled considerably.

The Great Depression of the 1930s caused hard times for almost everyone. Mr. Huddleston continued to dabble in real estate around Murfreesboro, did some farming, and opened a junkyard where he bought and sold items. The man who had discovered the only diamonds in North America ended up as a farmer and part-time junkyard dealer and died almost a pauper. When he died November 11, 1941, his family buried him at a little cemetery called Japany Cemetery which is only two or three miles from the diamond mine. The only marker at his grave

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

for many years was a river rock, In 1995, some of his relatives and other local citizens unveiled a more suitable marker for his grave which represents the love John Wesley Huddleston had for the land and for prospecting. It is said that the local historical society will try to get the dates corrected on his headstone. The Crater of Diamonds State Park celebrates John Huddleston Day in June of each year.

Much more detailed information on this man can be found at the web site I mentioned above, including several pictures of the Huddleston family.



**GRAVE OF "DIAMOND JOHN" HUDDLESTON**

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## **SANITARY REQUIREMENTS FOR SCHOOL IN 1913 (NEVADA COUNTY)**

It shall be the duty of school teachers to flood the school room with fresh air by opening windows and doors at recess and at noontime and at least once during each session of school and at other times whenever the air becomes close or foul. During cold weather the pupils shall be given calisthenics exercises during the times the windows are open.

Dry sweeping and dusting is condemned and prohibited. Dampened or oiled sawdust should be used when sweeping. Feather dusters shall not be used.

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## **JACK GULLEY—FIRST TO BE SENTENCED TO ELECTRIC CHAIR FROM NEVADA COUNTY**

### THE CRIME

Arval Cox, a 21 year-old merchant from Falcon, was driving his peddling truck making his rounds on August 22, 1940 when he was flagged down by Jack Gulley, a Negro, who pretended to want to buy something from the peddler. Gulley struck Arval Cox on the head with an iron bar and stole several dollars in cash. He then placed Mr. Cox in one of the compartments of his peddling truck and drove away, but soon wrecked the truck. He then took Mr. Cox's billfold, left him by the truck, and fled the scene. After an all night search with bloodhounds, he was arrested. A mob had already formed, so Gulley was taken to a Texarkana jail for his own safety. Mr. Cox was taken to the hospital, but was pronounced dead.

### THE TRIAL

The trial was held in Prescott on September 26, 1940 with a courtroom packed with spectators. Gulley pled guilty of murdering Mr. Cox. A few witnesses were called including two who said they witnessed the wreck and Gulley taking the billfold from Mr. Cox. When Gulley was arrested he had some of the money that was stolen. The trial lasted one hour. The jury of twelve men reached a verdict in less than 10 minutes. Gulley was sentenced to die in the electric chair at sunrise on November 1, 1940. This was the first person from Nevada County to be sentenced to the electric chair since it replaced hanging as the method of execution in 1913.

### A REPRIEVE GRANTED

Several members of the Cox family left Prescott at 1:00 a.m. to be present at the execution of Jack Gulley. When they arrived at the prison, they were informed that Gov. Bailey had granted a two week reprieve so the case could be investigated further.

### THE EXECUTION

On November 15, 1940, Jack Gulley was executed at sunrise for the murder of Arval Cox.

The whole process from the time the crime was committed until the execution took less than three months. Compare that to today when it sometimes takes many years for the judicial process to work. Arval T. Cox is buried at Falcon Cemetery. I could find no information on what happened to the body of Jack Gulley.

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## THREE MILES TO CAMP

Imagine you are serving in the military during the Civil War. Your days are filled with long marches through the countryside always on guard for any surprise attack. Riding a horse all day or driving a wagon full of supplies is hard on the body, but if you were a foot soldier, it was especially hard. You would be required to carry several pounds of equipment on your back plus your rifle, canteen, and knapsack as you marched on dusty roads in dry weather and muddy roads in wet weather. If you were a Union soldier, you probably had better equipment than the Confederates and better shoes and clothing. About the only advantage the Confederates had was a better knowledge of the land. The marches were halted about every two hours to allow the men to rest, search for water, and allow the stragglers to catch up.

Camp sites were usually selected because there was some sort of water supply for the horses as well as the men. You might just camp overnight and resume your march the next day, or in some cases, you might be given a few days to rest.

Besides getting some much needed rest at these camps, you might have a little free time to write a letter to your family or a girlfriend back home, hoping that the letter will reach the intended recipient without a great delay. Mail service was probably not too dependable during wartime for an army on the move.

It was not all rest at these camp sites. There were chores to do like cleaning your rifle, washing your clothes, or taking a much needed bath. The main thing was probably catching up on lost sleep as best you could under the circumstances. It might be that better food was served while camped. Sometimes armies on the move got farm produce or maybe some pigs, chickens, or fruit from people who lived along the route. Sometimes this was given freely and in some cases it was just confiscated by the soldiers. Any type of fresh food was preferable to the usual rations they were served.

When camped for several days, there was time for other things. In a large group of men, there would probably be a few who played some sort of musical instrument such as a harmonica who could provide a little entertainment during these respites from war. I'm sure there were card games or maybe a game of pitching horse shoes. There were also some men who enjoyed writing. They might write about their experiences during the war, sort of like keeping a diary. Some were gifted with the ability to write good poems or stories. All they needed was something to inspire them or give them an idea.

I came across one example of this that happened in our neck of the woods in 1864 during Gen. Steele's expedition from Little Rock to Camden. A Union soldier who participated in this march later wrote of his experiences, giving a brief account of this expedition to Camden.

It is important to know that the entire army (said to be about 12,000 men) did not always move as a group. Some regiments or brigades might move ahead of the main army for a specific purpose. Some units were charged with building or repairing bridges across creeks so the main army, artillery, and supply wagons could cross. Others were skirmishing with the enemy who was constantly trying to attack the soldiers as they moved. Therefore, groups of soldiers

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

camped at different places along the route. How many miles per day could they cover? That depended on many things--resistance from the enemy, the terrain, condition of the roads, etc. One general reported that his regiment had marched 20 miles that day plus having fought a battle along the way. Another mentioned having marched 24 miles one day.

Gen. Steele's route took him southwest out of Little Rock to Benton and Arkadelphia. His army later crossed the Little Missouri River at a place called Elkin's Ferry in the northern part of what is now Nevada County. A battle occurred there as the army tried to cross the river with the Union army pushing back the Rebels. The writer stated his unit rested a few days after crossing the river and then proceeded on to a place known as Prairie de Anne near what is now Prescott, arriving there in late afternoon on April 10. His brigade camped on the prairie two or three nights and had several engagements with the enemy, who had built fortifications there. The Rebels again were forced to abandon their fortifications at Prairie de Anne. There are reports of another camp in the area of Moscow on the southern edge of the prairie. This was the site of another small skirmish as the army proceeded on toward Camden, the most fortified city in southwestern Arkansas.

A few miles from Moscow, the army had to cross the Terre Rouge Creek bottom which was not easy. You can imagine thousands of men on foot, others on horses, and many loaded wagons trying to cross some of the creek bottoms in our part of the state. There were roads back then, but nothing like we have today. This was in April, a time of the year when heavy spring rains were common. One account of the crossing of the Little Missouri River a few days earlier mentioned that a heavy rain had fallen with the river rising three feet overnight. This soldier writes of the men having to wade across the Terre Rouge Creek bottom and described it as "a dismal swamp". During my working career with International Paper Co., I worked in these woods at various times and can attest that his description of this area is accurate.

The Union army proceeded on through what is now Nevada County. Brig.-Gen. Carr's report mentions camping at Dr. Rook's plantation on April 13. From looking at an old map, I believe this camping spot would be near Ebenezer, about three miles south of Bluff City. From this point the army pressed on toward Camden making another camp near White Oak creek in what is now Ouachita County.

One brigade of the Union army under the command of Gen. Rice had been ordered on April 14 to march ahead of the main army to reach a certain road junction ahead of the Rebels. To do this they had to move very fast. The men were very tired, but they pressed on to their goal. They even ate crackers as they marched, not taking time to stop to eat a regular meal.

A. V. Kendrick, the Union soldier who later wrote of his experiences during this expedition to Camden, was in this brigade. He mentioned that during this fast march, the question the men most often asked was: "How much farther is it to camp?" The men were dog-tired and badly needed time to rest. They had endured two or three battles in the last few days besides having to be on the move when not fighting.

Finally someone rode by and said it was only three more miles to camp. This was all the soldier/poet needed to come up with a poem to fit the occasion. I can just imagine this soldier

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

leaning up against a tree resting and scribbling out this poem which he entitled "Three Miles to Camp". The poem was longer, but Mr. Kendrick only recorded the first few lines for us.

## THREE MILES TO CAMP

"Onward marching, ever onward,  
Through the forest lone and drear,  
Now fatigue almost o'ercomes us,  
Scarce our limbs their burdens bear;  
Still the evening shadows deepen,  
Yet no sign of rest appears.  
But a horseman comes to greet us,  
And his glad shouts greet our ears:  
'Three miles to camp. Three miles to camp!'  
Pass the word along the column.  
Cheer the weary, cheer the solemn,  
Soon now rest will come.  
It's only three miles to camp."

Their rest was short-lived. Early the next morning, they were attacked by the Rebels in what the writer described as "the first battle of Poison Springs". This skirmish lasted about two hours and the brigade had to continue in battle mode all the way into Camden, a distance of about 12 miles. The Rebels had set the woods on fire hoping to destroy the ammunition wagon and to hinder the advance of this Union brigade. The brigade finally made it to Camden on April 15.

A large number of wagons with an escort were sent west out from Camden to forage for corn and other supplies. This wagon train was attacked at Poison Springs on April 18. This was the main battle which lasted for several hours with several hundred men killed. This Confederate victory deprived the Union army of much needed supplies as they occupied Camden.

The poem means more to us when we know the story behind it. This was probably the camp near White Oak Creek mentioned in the official reports and would be only a few miles from Poison Springs. The next time you travel by Upper White Oak Lake and Poison Springs, you might think of this soldier's poem and remember the historic events that happened there in April, 1864.

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## GENEALOGY 101

For those of you who are interested in doing some family research, I thought I would give you a few ideas. I'm no expert at it, but I've found these helpful in my research.

Caution: You can easily become addicted to genealogy research if you use these. It's like putting a jig-saw puzzle together. You are rewarded when you find a missing link or piece of the puzzle plus you learn things about your family that you didn't know. The main thing is to keep good records, write down where you got the information, and organize your materials so you can

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

find something easily. You can store your information on your computer or on paper--whichever works best for you. Just remember, if you keep everything on a computer, back up your files or you could lose everything if your computer crashes. If you decide to keep everything on paper, you will soon find that you may need to add a room to your house because this stuff can really accumulate and take up space.

The information below may help you in your research, but probably the first thing you should do is talk to the older members of your family. Take notes or take a tape recorder with you. Check out the old family Bibles for family information recorded there. Try to identify people in old family photographs and label them. Start with what you know and work backwards until you hit the proverbial "brick wall" and even then don't give up. Something may turn up eventually that will get you going again. You may find you are distantly related to some famous person or you may find a few "black sheep" in your family. That's what makes it interesting.

## USEFUL WEB SITES

<http://www.findagrave.com/>

This site lets you search for burial places. You can search for a person or search for a cemetery. Many graves have pictures of grave markers. Click on the little tombstone by the name to see the photos. Click on the photos to enlarge them. Remember that not every grave or cemetery will be listed on this site.

<http://www.familysearch.org/>

This site is operated by the Mormons. You can access information researched by others, but remember to verify the information for yourself since it is not always correct.

<http://www.depotmuseum.org/>

Nevada County Depot Museum site. The McKelvy Cemetery Surveys of Nevada County are located here along with much historical information and old photos concerning Nevada County

<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~arnevada/>

Nevada County genweb site

Several categories of materials useful in your research. A partial index of obituaries from Nevada County papers can be found here. I have a more complete list, so contact me if you are looking for someone. You can search in other states and counties by changing the state abbreviation and county name in the link above.

<http://www.glorerecords.blm.gov.PatentSearch/>

Bureau of Land Management web site

Use this site to search for land patents. If one comes up, you can get the legal description of the land so you can know exactly where your ancestors owned land. You will need some knowledge of how to read land descriptions to do this. I can help you with that.

Heritage Quest

Good for looking at census records. Usually accessed through the libraries or by entering a code provided by a library

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<http://www.ancestry.com/>

Lot of information, most of which requires a payment. Occasionally, they offer a few days of access to some material at no charge. I have never subscribed to this, so I can't help you much on this.

<http://genforum.genealogy.com/>

Read messages and queries posted by others. Just type in your surname to read messages or post one of your own. You can also type in a county name to get messages relating to that county.

## LIBRARIES

### **Nevada County Library**

Almost new facility. Has a genealogy room with two microfilm machines, one of which can make copies. Has newspaper microfilm from *The Nevada County Picayune* from 1884 and *The Nevada News from 1906*. Some family histories, obituary collections, and school yearbooks.

### **Ouachita County Library**

Good genealogy room. Microfilm of Camden newspapers in separate room. Family histories. Books. Local history. (Part of Nevada County was in Ouachita Co. prior to 1871)

### **Columbia County Library**

Just moved into a larger facility. Has a genealogy room with microfilm of Columbia County papers dating back to about 1878. (part of Nevada County was in Columbia Co. prior to 1871)

### **Hempstead County Library**

Has microfilm of Hope newspapers and other genealogy materials. (part of Nevada County was in Hempstead Co. prior to 1871)

## ARCHIVES

<http://www.southwestarchives.dreamhosters.com/>

### **Southwest Arkansas Regional Archives Legacy Site**

Menus at bottom of home page. Description of materials available. Located at Washington, AR. Large collection of family histories, books, maps, microfilm, etc. for twelve counties in southwest Arkansas. A part of the Arkansas History Commission.

### **Arkansas History Commission**

Located in Little Rock near the capitol. See their web site for more information.

## COURT HOUSE OFFICES

### **County Clerk**

Has wills, probate records, and marriage records. Index books will help you quickly locate the records. You are on your own when looking up records. Office staff will show you where to look.

### **Circuit Clerk**

Has deeds, court records, soldier's discharge records, divorce records. You are pretty much on your own in looking up records. Deeds can be searched by "grantor" or "grantee". When you

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

find a record in the large index books, get the book and page number and then look up the actual record. It takes some time for this type research, so leave plenty of time.

Remember that Nevada County was created in 1871, so anything before that might be in Hempstead, Ouachita, or Columbia counties (provided the court house didn't burn)

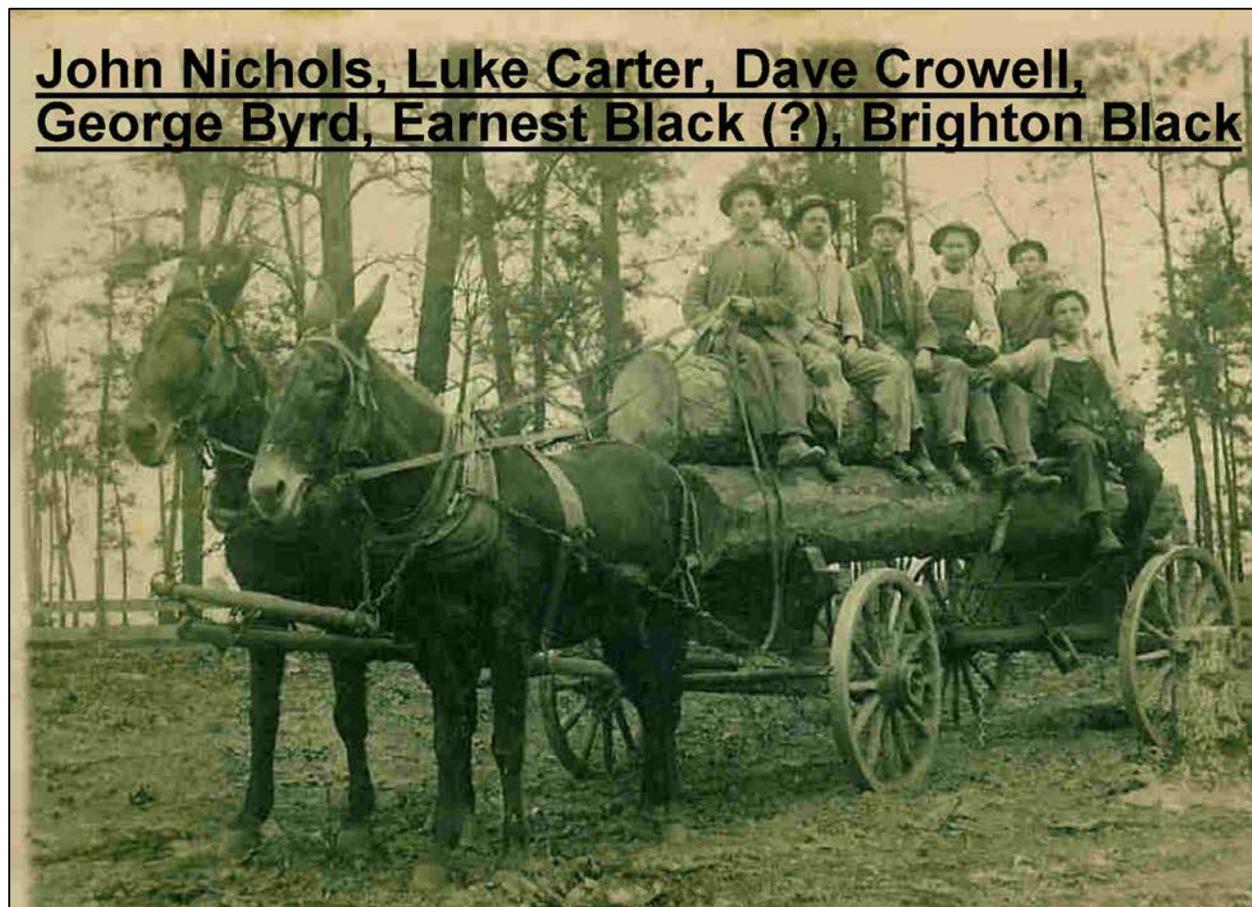
## LOCAL RESEARCHERS/VOLUNTEERS

If you live far off, you may want to contact a local researcher to find records for you. They usually charge for their services and time. See the GenWeb site for list of volunteers.

You may contact me with any questions. I might be able to help or point you in the right direction. I will do look-ups on microfilm or courthouse research for a reasonable charge. My email address is at the top of page 1.

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## A PICTURE FROM THE PAST



**Bluff City men posing with log wagon**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

*Nevada County Picayune*—Dec., 1915 (Bluff City local news column)

A debate will be held at the school. Resolved, That the dish rag is more important than the broom.

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The man getting his hair cut noticed that the barber's dog, which was lying on the floor beside the chair, had his eyes fixed on his master at work.

"Nice dog," said the customer.

"He is, sir,"

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber. "You see, sometimes I make a mistake and snip off a bit of a customer's ear."

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## NO NEWS

(from the 8-4-1910 issue of *The Prescott Daily News*)

Local news is very scarce today. Nobody has got married. Nobody died. There were no new babies, no runaways, nobody caught any fish (that we know of), nobody brought in any vegetables, and nobody has been drunk except (well, that's none of your business and we cannot tell). There were no dog fights; in fact, there has been little or nothing doing that the local man could gather news from. How would you like to be the news man?

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## REMEMBER TO VOTE NOVEMBER 2

"Bad officials are elected by good citizens who do not vote."—*George Jean Nathan*

"The future of this republic is in the hands of the American voter."—*Dwight Eisenhower*

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 10 – No. 12

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

December, 2010

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**THE CORA DONNELL HOSPITAL IN PRESCOTT**  
(from the Jan. 24, 1924 issue of *The Nevada News*)  
(photo from Depot Museum web site)

The new Cora Donnell Hospital was thrown open to the inspection of guests and the care of patients yesterday afternoon. A very large number of people availed themselves of the opportunity to see the building and equipment and the staff of attendants were kept busy from three o'clock in the afternoon to half past eight o'clock last night receiving guests and showing them through the building. The completion of this beautiful and commodious structure which was designed and built especially for a hospital marks a distinct era in the progress of our little city.

The buildings and furnishings cost in round numbers forty thousand dollars. It is so constructed that every room in the house has an outside exposure with an abundance of fresh air and sunshine. All of the rooms are beautifully furnished with new furniture which was especially designed for hospital service. The operating room, which is on the second floor, is lighted by continuous windows on two sides of the room and a skylight overhead. The equipment throughout is entirely new and of the best quality. The house is beautifully finished both in the interior and exterior. The buildings contain 25 bedrooms for patients, reception rooms, electric rooms, kitchen and dining rooms, operating room, and all necessary toilet and bathrooms, conveniently arranged. Each patient will have a separate room except in cases where it may be necessary for a mother and child to occupy the same room. There are no rooms for groups of patients.

The name, Cora Donnell, was given in honor of the maiden name of the mother of Doctors A. S. and G. S. Buchanan.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The following staff of helpers has been engaged: Matron, Mrs. Lelia McCain; Head Nurse, Miss Grace Miller of El Dorado, who has not yet arrived; Senior Nurse, Miss Edith Foster; Junior Nurses, Miss Effie Long, Miss Vera Perry; Freshman Nurses, Miss Victoria Camp, Miss Carl Posey, and Miss Jacks.

The first patients to be received were Mrs. Mack Garland and her little daughter, Elizabeth of Emmet. They were closely followed by Mrs. E. T. Miller of Gurdon and Miss Zettie Huskey of Prescott. Those entering today were Mr. Atkins of Gurdon, Miss Glanton of Emmet, Mrs. L. E. Holmes of Okolona, Owen May of Prescott, and Will Purifoy of Bluff City.

An article in the June 7, 1928 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* featured the Cora Donnell Hospital. According to that article, the hospital owned and operated a model truck and dairy farm consisting of 200 acres located about three miles south of Prescott on the Rosston highway. A herd of twelve selected Jersey cows furnished an abundance of fresh milk and a flock of 200 White Leghorn and Rhode Island Red hens furnished an ample supply of eggs year round for the hospital. A gardener was employed to furnish fresh fruits and vegetables to the hospital.

The hospital also had a training school for nurses offering a three year course. The student nurses were housed in the nurse's home adjacent to and connected to the hospital by an open corridor and had a large sleeping porch, six private dressing rooms, living room, lecture hall, and private room for the head nurse.

The hospital was well equipped for that day and already had plans for expansion just four years after it opened. The hospital had a diathermy machine in 1928 for treatment of rheumatism and for the surgical removal of warts and moles.

The medical staff in 1928 included Dr. A. S. Buchanan, head surgeon; Dr. G. A. Buchanan, children's specialty; Dr. Ottis G. Hirst, internal medicine; Dr. A. B. Dickey; Dr. Thomas McDaniel; Dr. William W. Rice, and Dr. M. H. Kennedy, DDS.

The Cora Donnell Hospital served Prescott and the surrounding area for 42 years, closing in 1966 when the new Nevada County hospital opened. The sign over the entrance to the hospital read: "A hospital for the sick, regardless of nationality or creed".

This was where I was born late one night in the fall of 1943.

The new Nevada County Hospital opened for business in 1966 and remained open until 1996. The building which was located on Hwy. 67 North has now been demolished after being vacant for several years. Nevada County does not have a hospital at this time.

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## FILLING IN THE GAPS

Much information on local history can be found in old newspapers, but sometimes there are gaps of several years in which no papers are available. Very few papers are available for Nevada County before 1906, but thanks to the Internet, I was able to find the following tidbits of

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

information about Prescott and Nevada County printed in various newspapers around the country. News stories were sometimes telegraphed across the country and were used by newspapers as “fillers” or because they thought they might be of interest to their readers. These items below will help to fill the gap in local news coverage for Prescott and Nevada County.

## **The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Jan. 27, 1877**

The business portion of Prescott, Ark. was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 19<sup>th</sup>.

## **The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Aug. 4, 1877**

Albert Trammal, a Negro preacher, was hanged at Rosston, Nevada County, Ark. on the 27th for murder of his wife five years ago. Trammal confessed his guilt.

## **The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Sep. 9, 1881**

The stage-coach running between Camden and Prescott was stopped three miles from Prescott by two masked gunmen. The mail pouches were cut open and the contents taken out. No registered letters were in the pouches and it is believed the robbery was fruitless. There was but one passenger besides the driver and he was penniless.

## **The Daily Globe (St. Paul, MN)--Dec. 20, 1882**

The body of J. H. Kelly, a farmer, was found near Prescott, Ark. with a wound penetrating his heart. Robbery was not the object since \$45 was found on his person. Suspicion rests on a neighbor, whom officers are now pursuing.

## **The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Jan. 5, 1883**

A fire at Prescott, Ark. lately destroyed two entire blocks of business houses. Loss was \$100,000.

## **The Highland Recorder (Monterey, VA)--March 1, 1885**

An entire block in the business portion of Prescott, Ark. was destroyed by fire which originated in the Picayune office about 4:00 a. m. The entire plant of the Picayune, including the subscription books, was lost. Howell's Drug store and stock worth \$9,000 was destroyed as well as the stores of Hamilton, Sharp, and McMillan and Johnson. Total loss was about \$45,000

## **The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Dec. 24, 1886**

Rufus K. Garland, brother of the Attorney-General of the United States, died at his home near Prescott, Ark. recently.

## **The Brooklyn Eagle (Brooklyn, NY)--Sep. 1, 1894**

The largest and most dangerous gang of counterfeiters ever organized in this country has been broken up by United States secret service detectives. The headquarters of the gang was at Bodcaw in Nevada County, Ark. and was composed of twenty men, ten of whom have been arrested (*names given*). The counterfeits consist of dollars, halves, and quarters and are the best that ever was made. Several thousand dollars of the spurious coins have been circulated in southwest Arkansas.

## **The Brooklyn Eagle (Brooklyn, NY)--July 9, 1897**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

R. F. Fuller has been assassinated at Boughton, Ark. The killing occurred near his home. The assassin is supposed to be a notorious moonshiner against whom Fuller informed.

## **Houston Daily Post (Houston, TX)--Aug. 16, 1900**

Information reached here today from Prescott, Ark. to the effect that Mrs. J. H. Kershaw who fell sick a few days ago upon the conviction of her young son, died today from effects of a broken heart. The boy was sent up for five years for incendiary about three weeks ago.

## **St. Paul Globe (St. Paul, MN)--May 22, 1901**

Oil has been discovered in large quantities in the corporate limits of Prescott, Ark. at a depth of 170 feet.

## **Daily Public Ledger (Maysville, KY)--Nov. 2, 1901**

H. C. Cox, city marshal of Prescott, Ark., was shot and killed by Charles Levy, colored. Cox attempted to arrest Levy on a trivial charge. Levy escaped. Citizens have generally closed their stores and offices and are arming themselves.

## **Ohio Democrat (Logan, OH)--Nov. 14, 1901**

A train wreck one mile south of Prescott, Ark. killed three and injured eighteen. This was a work train with 40 men on board. The train was going backward at a high rate of speed when it hit a crooked track, left the rails, and threw men in all directions.

## **The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal (Norfolk, NB)--Jan. 3, 1902**

A boiler exploded Tuesday at Prescott, Ark. killing instantly Tim Moore, James Hogue, and A. T. Calhoun. Several others were injured.

## **The Hartford Herald (Hartford, KY)--Jan. 15, 1902**

Physicians in Prescott, Ark. are puzzled over a case which will be sent to Memphis for further treatment. Henry Boston Burnett, living in Prescott is 16 years old and weighs 318 pounds. His height is five feet and six inches. The circumference of his thigh midway between the hip and knee measures 35 inches. He is 60 inches around the hips and has gained 150 pounds in the last year.

*Note: Henry Burnett later found work with a carnival. He died in 1930 and according to his obituary, weighed between 500 and 600 pounds at the time of his death. He is buried in an unmarked grave at Pleasant Hill Cemetery four miles south of Prescott.*

## **The St. Louis Republic (St. Louis, MO)--Aug. 2, 1902**

Miss Mabel Staunton, 20 years old, of Prescott, Ark., died in her mother's arms at the Union Depot in Dallas, TX. She was the victim of consumption and about three months ago had been taken to the Quitman Mountains near El Paso, TX in hope of getting relief. About two weeks ago, realizing death was near, she begged to be taken back to her home in Prescott. Heavy floods delayed the train at several points in Texas. The scene in the Pullman car was pathetic. An undertaker prepared the body for shipment and it was sent to the old home. The girl's father, Homer Stanton, is a prominent citizen of Prescott.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## **St. Louis Republic (St. Louis, MO)--Nov. 28, 1902**

The northbound passenger train No. 4 wrecked near Prescott, Ark. The engineer was killed and the fireman escaped by jumping from the train. Heavy rains had caused the rails to spread and the engine rolled down a six-foot embankment and overturned, pinning the engineer underneath the wreckage. No passengers were injured.

## **The Paducah Sun (Paducah, KY)--June 11, 1903**

Near Emmet, about eight miles from Prescott, AR, Will Sutton was instantly killed by a man named Johnson, whereupon Sutton's son, age 17, took the smoking gun of his dead father and shot Johnson, wounding him so severely it is thought he cannot survive. Both of the antagonists were occupying the same house and fell out over a trivial family affair.

## **The Times Dispatch (Richmond, VA)--Sep. 22, 1904**

Thomas F. Watson of Georgia, Populist candidate for president, addressed a large crowd at Prescott, Ark. Suffering from a severe cold, he sat in a chair while addressing the audience.

## **The Hayti Herald (Hayti, MO)--May 4, 1911**

A case of insurance fraud at Willisville in Nevada County involved the insurance agent, the local doctor at Willisville, the postmaster, and the postmaster's wife. These four had prepared an insurance policy for a fictitious man, aged 29, with the occupation of farmer and teacher. They took out a \$5000 policy and then the fictitious man died. The insurance company paid off, but the fraud was later discovered. The money was refunded to the insurance company, but it appears the four would be prosecuted.

## **The Washington Times (Washington, D. C.)--May 6, 1919**

A marriage license was issued to Mr. David E. Cummins, age 24, of Prescott, Ark. and Miss Dorothy A. Hasbrouck, age 26 of this city.

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## **THE CAMEL HILL CURRICULUM By Charles Walthall (2-22-1994)**

When my grandfather went to school all that was offered was classes through the 5th grade. At that time, graduating from the eighth grade was considered a high school education, so he went to the 5th grade for 4 years. After he graduated, he went to work and got married. Soon he had children. When these children reached school age, you still had to pay for your children to go to school. Because of poor roads and few automobiles, most rural Arkansans walked to school. The horses and mules were hard at work in the fields. So the children walked to school every morning and walked home every afternoon. The eighth grade was available to the next generation. Up to the fifth grade was offered at Bluff City and six through eighth at Sayre. These communities were in opposite directions. So every morning after my grandmother sent my grandfather off to work, she herded the children out to the road, and marched them off to school. The money to pay for their education was still hard to come by and in those days you didn't waste money.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I had an uncle who didn't like school. He started finding better things to do on the way and soon stopped making it the whole 3 miles to school. Word soon made it back to my grandmother that my uncle was ditching. He was literally lagging behind and hiding in a ditch until the other children were out of sight. He would then go off to play until time to go home. He would hide in the ditch and fall back in with the other children as they passed and show back up at home as if he had spent all day at school. My grandmother let it go on for about a week. My grandmother was a crafty woman. She followed her same routine one morning and watched the kids head for school. After they disappeared around the corner, she cut her a good green switch, and then she followed the road behind the children. She stayed just out of sight and listened as they noisily made their way to school.

The children soon called out to my wayward uncle. My grandmother waited until the children had quit calling. She then quickly walked up the road. She found my uncle hiding in the ditch. When he opened his eyes, my grandmother was standing over him with that green switch. She switched him all the way up to and into the school house. She switched him all the way to his chair and sat down in the corner. She waited until school was over and she switched him out the door and all the way back to the ditch. She then let him walk the rest of the way undisturbed.

The next morning, my uncle refused to go to school. So she switched him all the way to school. And so began a daily routine. Every morning my grandmother had to get everyone off to school and switch my uncle into the school house. She then walked home in time to do her chores and get my grandfather's lunch ready. She never spoke a word to my grandfather and diligently made sure her children were where they were supposed to be every day.

When my uncle graduated to the 6th grade, he was promoted to the Sayre school. Sayre was further away. It was 5 miles to Sayre. The road ran along the branch around the base of twin-peaked Camel Hill. My grandmother would get everyone ready and send them off to their daily destination. She fell in behind my uncle and followed him all the way to school. He had learned that if he kept walking she didn't switch him. But if she stopped, he stopped. When she got him to the school door, he would go in and do his work. He stayed at school all day and would come home with all his brothers and sisters.

My grandmother would return home and start her chores. She would start fixing my grandfather's lunch but the additional distance had caused her to fall behind schedule. My grandfather became concerned that my grandmother was ill and finally confronted her. She had to finally tell him of the daily routine and the problem my uncle was causing her.

My grandfather pondered the situation. After careful thought, he went and visited his brothers, asked their advice, and arrived at a decision. A date was set. The morning came and the children were all sent to school. My grandmother followed my uncle the same as every day previous. After all the kids were well out of sight my grandfather's family showed up. The women had picnic baskets filled with food. Fresh water was drawn

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

from the well. The men had come with axes and saws. The whole family loaded onto the wagon and rode off to the base of Camel Hill.

My grandfather climbed to top of the hill and selected a straight path back to the base. The men then set about clearing a narrow path straight to the top. The women set about cutting switches. My grandfather continued over the top and down the other side. He marked a trail up the lower peaked second hill over the top, and down the back slope of the second hump. He continued on with his straight path down the back of the second hill and stepped from the underbrush directly in front of the door of the school house.

He retraced his path and rejoined the men cutting the path. The women followed and soon had the wagon filled with switches of all description. Noon came and they all had lunch together in the sun at the base between the two peaks. After a hearty lunch, the men went back to work and completed the straight and narrow path to the front steps of the school house. The path over Camel Hill had cut at least two miles off the road to school. They had cut a path which provided a clear view of the school house door from the top of the first peak. My grandfather sent my grandmother to wait on that peak. School would soon let out. He parked the wagon at the beginning of the new road over Camel Hill. He had all his family gather around the front door of the school. He then selected a choice switch and knocked on the door. The school teacher came out and my grandfather explained the situation. The teacher went back in and sent my uncle out.

On the front steps of the school, my grandfather spoke to my uncle. This is what he said. "I have worked hard to take care of you and pay for your education. Your mother has worked hard to keep you clean and fed. You have seen fit to torment her for far too long. You have succeeded in bringing nothing but shame to yourself, to your brothers and sister, to your mother and me, to all you aunts and uncles, and to your entire family. Your mother is standing, there, on the far peak of Camel Hill on a narrow path your family has provided for her, so that she can be free of your ignorance. Your family has cut for you a wagon full of switches. Your mother will follow you to school for one more week. She will go to the peak of that hill, where she is now standing, and if she once has to raise her hand to get you to school, I will wear out every switch in that wagon on you. I will switch you as far away from here as possible. I will drive you so far away that you will never be able to find your way back. And in the event that you do, you will find the door locked. You will not be welcome. Your family will not know you and you will be a stranger to everyone you have ever known. Now, I want you to go get in that wagon and drive it home. I want you to stop and help your mother into the wagon and apologize for the pain you have caused. The rest of us will walk home together as a family."

My grandmother followed my uncle to the peak of Camel Hill for one week. She watched him all the way to the door of the school. As soon as he went in, my grandmother went home. My grandfather never had to use one switch. My uncle finished school and is still a member of our family. Of his brothers and sisters, 3 were valedictorians, two were salutatorians, and one died before he ever got to go to school. All went to college. Three became teachers. One married a teacher. Of those seven children, there are five bachelor degrees, three master's degrees, and one doctorate.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The road over Camel Hill is now a county road. The school is long gone and the town of Sayre has long since faded into history. The children who now ride the bus over Camel Hill have never heard the story of why the road was built. The parents of these kids don't have to pay anymore to send their kids to school. The parents don't have to feed them before they are sent to school. Breakfast is waiting at school. And so is lunch. The books are free. The rooms are air conditioned. The teachers are better educated.

Of these children who ride the bus, 75% won't finish. Twenty-five percent of the boys will go to prison before they are forty and over half of the girls will have children before they reach 18 years of age. Most are on and will remain on welfare their entire lives. Now tell me the school system is better.



**The Old Walthall Home Place  
Near Reader off Hwy. 368**



**Clayt and Blanche Walthall (1974)**



**Walthall Family Photo from 1928: Bennie, Clayt, Woodie, Mabelle, Blanche, and Joe  
(held by his mother and the subject of the Camel Hill story)**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## CLASSIC TV SHOWS

Match the clues in the left column with the television show in the right column. Answers are on page 10.

- |                                    |                                |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ___ 1. "Good Evening"              | A. The Honeymooners            |
| ___ 2. Ma Smalley's Boarding House | B. Bonanza                     |
| ___ 3. S. S. Minnow                | C. The Waltons                 |
| ___ 4. Larry, Darryl, and Darryl   | D. Alfred Hitchcock Presents   |
| ___ 5. Meathead                    | E. The Munsters                |
| ___ 6. Floyd, the barber           | F. Petticoat Junction          |
| ___ 7. the cement pond             | G. All in the Family           |
| ___ 8. Little Joe                  | H. Little House on the Prairie |
| ___ 9. Pancho                      | I. Superman                    |
| ___ 10. 1313 Mockingbird Lane      | J. Have Gun Will Travel        |
| ___ 11. Kemo Sabe                  | K. Newhart                     |
| ___ 12. the mercantile             | L. I Dream of Jeannie          |
| ___ 13. Sparta, Mississippi        | M. Gunsmoke                    |
| ___ 14. in a bottle                | N. Gilligan's Island           |
| ___ 15. bus driver                 | O. Beverly Hillbillies         |
| ___ 16. a man called Paladin       | P. Green Acres                 |
| ___ 17. The Shady Rest             | Q. The Cisco Kid               |
| ___ 18. North Fork                 | R. The Andy Griffith Show      |
| ___ 19. The Great Depression       | S. The Rifleman                |
| ___ 20. Mild-mannered reporter     | T. The Lone Ranger             |
| ___ 21. Hooterville                | U. In the Heat of the Night    |

Did you know that---

Hoggard Funeral Home is located in Piggott, Arkansas?

There is a cemetery in Izard County, Arkansas called No Bottom Cemetery.

Terrapin Neck is six miles north of Goose Ankle as the crow flies.

Many readers of the *Sandyland Chronicle* are interested in genealogy. I'm starting a new section of the paper called "SEARCHING". This is a place where you can post the names of families you are researching or ask for help breaking through some of your genealogy "brick walls". If you have a question concerning genealogy or local history, sent it to me. Who knows? Maybe someone will have the answer you are looking for. I'll start it off with a local history question.

Local History-- Re: the community of Morris (Caney) in Nevada County. Does anyone know which Morris the community was named after? Most local folks refer to the place as "Caney", probably because of its close proximity to Caney Creek. The oldest person with the surname Morris buried at Caney Cemetery is W. Ephraim Morris (1846-1916). He was a Confederate soldier serving with Co. H- 24<sup>th</sup> Georgia Infantry. Could the community be named for him?

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Answers to Classic TV Shows:

- |        |         |         |         |         |
|--------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. - D | 6. - R  | 11. - T | 16. - J | 21. - P |
| 2. - M | 7. - O  | 12. - H | 17. - F |         |
| 3. - N | 8. - B  | 13. - U | 18. - S |         |
| 4. - K | 9. - Q  | 14. - L | 19. - C |         |
| 5. - G | 10. - E | 15. - A | 20. - I |         |
- 

## Parable of the Carrot, Egg, and Coffee

You may never look at a CUP OF COFFEE the same way again.

A young woman went to her mother and told her about her life and how things were so hard for her. She did not know how she was going to make it and wanted to give up. She was tired of fighting and struggling. It seemed as one problem was solved a new one arose. Her mother took her to the kitchen. She filled three pots with water and placed each on a high fire. Soon the pots came to a boil. In the first, she placed carrots, in the second she placed eggs and the last she placed ground coffee beans. She let them sit and boil, without saying a word. In about twenty minutes she turned off the burners. She fished the carrots out and placed them in a bowl. She pulled the eggs out and placed them in a bowl. Then she ladled the coffee out and placed it in a bowl. Turning to her daughter, she asked, "Tell me, what do you see?" "Carrots, eggs, and coffee," she replied. She brought her closer and asked her to feel the carrots. She did and noted that they were soft. She then asked her to take an egg and break it. After pulling off the shell, she observed the hard-boiled egg. Finally, she asked her to sip the coffee. The daughter smiled as she tasted its rich aroma.

The daughter then asked, "What does it mean, mother?" Her mother explained that each of these objects had faced the same adversity--boiling water--but each reacted differently. The carrot went in strong, hard and unrelenting. However after being subjected to the boiling water, it softened and became weak. The egg had been fragile. Its thin outer shell had protected its liquid interior. But, after sitting through the boiling water, its inside became hardened. The ground coffee beans were unique, however. After they were in the boiling water they had changed the water.

"Which are you?" she asked her daughter. "When adversity knocks on your door, how do you respond? Are you a carrot, an egg, or a coffee bean?" Think of this: Which am I? Am I the carrot that seems strong, but with pain and adversity, do I wilt and become soft and lose my strength? Am I the egg that starts with a malleable heart, but changes with the heat? Did I have a fluid spirit, but after death, a breakup, a financial hardship or some other trial, have I become hardened and stiff? Does my shell look the same, but on the inside am I bitter and tough with a stiff spirit and a hardened heart? Or am I like the coffee bean? The bean actually changes the hot water, the very circumstance that brings the pain. When the water gets hot, it releases the fragrance and flavor. If you are like the bean, when things are at their worst, you can get better and change the situation around you with God's help.

How do you handle adversity? When adversity strikes, ask yourself...ARE YOU A CARROT, AN EGG, OR A COFFEE BEAN?

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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**WHY DIDN'T THEY SMILE IN OLD PHOTOS?**

If you have ever looked at old family black and white photos from the late 1800s or early 1900s, or even old school photos, you may have noticed that the people didn't smile when their picture was taken. Why is this? I've heard several explanations which may or may not be true.

The most common explanation is that the exposure time required for the cameras at that time was very long. People couldn't hold a smile for that length of time. Having a photo made in those days was a serious thing. It required dressing up in the best clothes and, in some cases, it may have been the only photo taken in a person's lifetime. It did require posing for a long period of time. Try smiling and holding your smile for one minute and you will see that it is hard to do.

Some think that before the days of modern dentistry, most people had bad teeth (or no teeth) and therefore kept their mouth closed when having their photos taken. One would think that there would be someone with good teeth, especially young people, but you rarely see students smiling in early school photos. It's as if the teacher warned the kids to "be sure and don't smile".

Others think that at that time, smiling for photos was considered undignified or frivolous. Showing emotion was not considered to be proper.

Some say that times were hard in the old days and people didn't have a reason to smile. Could it have something to do with the economic situation at the time? I have seen some sad looking pictures from the Great Depression. But as far as I know, people are still smiling in photos taken today even though we are in the worst recession since the Great Depression. Even though this recession is bad and many people are out of work, it has not yet reached the stage of despair witnessed by those who lived through the 1930s. Some think that people first began to smile in photographs during "the Roaring Twenties".

What about our presidents? I called up a web site which has pictures of all the American presidents. I was curious to see if any of them were smiling. I was surprised to find that the first president who was smiling was John F. Kennedy and all the presidents who followed him were smiling, although Lyndon B. Johnson only had a slight grin. All the presidents before Kennedy had a very solemn expression on their faces.

Would you have a different opinion of Abraham Lincoln or George Washington if they had been smiling in their photos on the five dollar bill and one dollar bill? From what I've read about Abraham Lincoln, he had a wonderful sense of humor and was always telling funny stories, but he is never pictured with a smile. Of course, there was not much to smile about during the Civil War and I'm sure President Lincoln had a lot on his mind. Did you ever see a picture of a Civil War general smiling?

The painting *Mona Lisa* by Leonardo da Vinci shows a girl with a slight smile. For five

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

hundred years, people have wondered about this mysterious smile. That is the exception rather than the rule, since smiles in photographs didn't really appear until more modern times. If you have some free time on your hands, you might check your old family photos and try to determine when the first smile appeared in a photo.

Could it be a fashion thing? An item in the April 23, 1885 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* states:

“An exchange says large mouths in sweet women are the present fashion, and the maidens who are up to snuff no longer purse up their lips in the purse and prism style. The wide, natural style of wearing the mouth is supposed to have originated with the popular belles who have pretty teeth.”

An article from 1902 concerning actresses stated, "Actresses who are always smiling and looking frivolous in their pictures are almost invariably of minor importance. Even Lillian Russell, who has for years posed as a professional beauty, is seldom photographed smiling."

In another newspaper article from 1906, a photographer is quoted as saying, "It's the smile that ruins a photograph. Women don't use their smile any more. It ruins their beauty."

Evidently, there was a period of time when smiling was not considered appropriate when having a picture taken. Maybe it was just a "fashion trend" of the times. These days we want people to be smiling in their photographs. We even get them to "say cheese" to force a smile.

These are just some random thoughts of this subject. If you have another thought or wish to express your opinion, let me know. In the meantime, check your driver's license and see if you smiled when your picture was taken. Does your driver's license photo capture your true personality or does it look more like something found on a wanted poster?

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Nevada County Picayune (May 28, 1885)

Emmet Etchings local news column: City Marshal W. G. Burton arrested four white boys for robbing a wild bird's nest. They were fined \$3.00 by the mayor.

Prescott Daily News (April 20, 1907)

Little Prescott Laws: It shall be unlawful for any person under the age of eighteen to remain on the streets, alleys, or commons of the town later than 7:30 o'clock p.m. during the months of November, December, January, February, and March and later than 8:30 o'clock p.m. during the months of April, May, June, July, August, September, and October without the written permission or in the company of a parent or guardian. Fine not to exceed \$10.00

Prescott Daily News (June 6, 1907)

The quarantine finally ends after 36 days for Fred Powell who had contracted smallpox. The disease only left one or two small scars.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

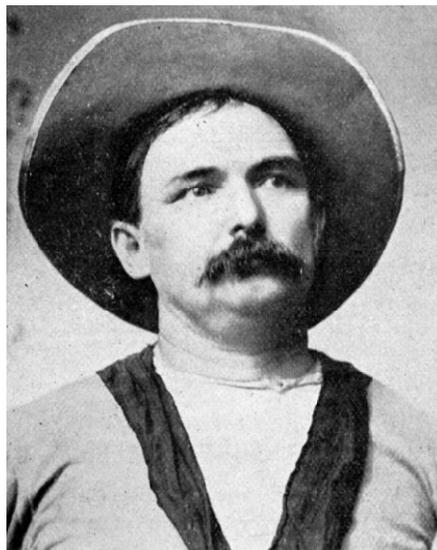
## HAPPY HOLLOW

### provided amusing photos of Hot Springs tourists for over 50 years

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*Researched by Cathy Straley*  
*Abstracted from the website <http://encyclopediaofarkansas.net>*

McLeod's Amusement Park, more commonly known as Happy Hollow, served as one of Hot Springs's most popular tourist attractions from the late 1800s until the 1940s. It was located at the head of Fountain Street, just off Central Avenue (behind the Arlington Hotel), and north of Hot Springs Mountain.

Photographer Norman McLeod owned and operated Happy Hollow from the time of its founding through 1908. McLeod, who was born in Georgia, became a wanderer after his college days, when he came to Hot Springs (Garland County) in 1888 and established his business. Happy Hollow began as a picture studio. The amusement park complex gradually developed from McLeod's vision. After selling Happy Hollow to Dave Anselberg in 1908, there were several other proprietors—T. E. Davis in 1921 and Benjamin Unsell in 1940, as listed in the city directory as owners. Today, all that remains to preserve the name are the Happy Hollow Motel, located at 230 / 231 Fountain Street, and Happy Hollow Springs on the southeast slope of North Mountain.



*Norman McLeod in a Buffalo Bill pose*

Sometimes called a tourist trap, Happy Hollow's park contained a shooting gallery, a zoo, and a souvenir shop. The shooting gallery was located on the side of the mountain, where a shelf held targets made of bottles. The park's zoo held fifty animals, while additional uncaged animals, such as burros, ponies, and horses, roamed the park for adults and children to ride.

The park was best known for its humorous photographs. Happy Hollow's visitors could have their pictures made in an old bathtub, riding on the back of a burro or a bull, or taking a drink at the 'saloon' (especially popular during Prohibition years)—and all of which contributed to Arkansas's hillbilly image. Misspelled, hand-printed signage often appeared in the photos, with such announcements as "Travelin Thru Arkansaw—Will Be Home Soon", "Mune Shine Stil" or "Home Sweet Home". Painted scenery served as backdrops for additional images, including a hot air balloon, a jailhouse, and a gigantic angry bear. There were also humorous photography vignettes where tourists posed with their heads placed in cut-outs where the models' heads should have been. Other amusing pictures could be taken with live costumed clowns, Indians or cowboys, or as mighty gun-toting hunters positioned next to slain taxidermy deer, bear or elk.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

As tourists approached McLeod's business, signage proclaimed that the photography studio specialized in "Wild West Combination Rustic and Comic Photos". These newly-taken images could be quickly printed onto postcard stock so that they could be sent to friends and family or saved as keepsakes. And nearly everyone who has family that lived near Hot Springs in the early 1900s has one or more photographs taken here! Most of these photos were so interesting that family members kept them even if they threw the rest of the family photos away.

Below is a photo of Nevada County's 1940 graduation class from Bluff City, which was made at Happy Hollow during their Senior Trip to Hot Springs in March of that year. It was reprinted 50 years later in the *Nevada County Picayune*, just prior to a scheduled Bluff City Reunion. The photo was sent in by Mary Hildebrand Cox—she's in the photo sitting on the bull holding the reins (*she's also the mother of Cathy Straley*).

10—Nevada County Picayune, Thursday, May 3, 1990



**OLD PHOTO:** Shows the Bluff City High School graduating class of 1940 on their senior trip to Hot Springs. They are left to right: Mary Hildebrand (Cox), R.L. Cummings, Pauline Cummings (Towers), Lewis Pruitt, Marie Andrews (McCormick), Lorene Beville (Wicker), Frederick J. White Sr., Mavis Nichols (Pruitt), Elloene Moore (McBride), standing in back: Georgia Hillery (Kulaga), Herbert Knight, and Mrs. Alvearne Denman, teacher and school superintendent. Pauline, Mavis, Elloene and Herbert were post-graduate students, who came back that year to take more courses of study. Picture was taken at Happy Hollow, Hot Springs National Park, March 27, 1940. This class group will be commemorating their graduation of 50 years ago at the annual Bluff City School Reunion get-together Saturday night, May 5, at the Housing Authority recreation room on Hale Avenue in Prescott.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Photographs were not the only fun attraction at Happy Hollow. At one time, a burro-drawn streetcar carried visitors down Central Avenue to Happy Hollow, but a slight grade made it a difficult pull for the burro. One day, when the burro became tired, and he was unhitched from one end of the car and waited to be re-hitched to the other end, he jumped aboard the rear platform and refused to move. This amusing addition became an instant attraction. And from that day forward, the donkey made return trips in style.

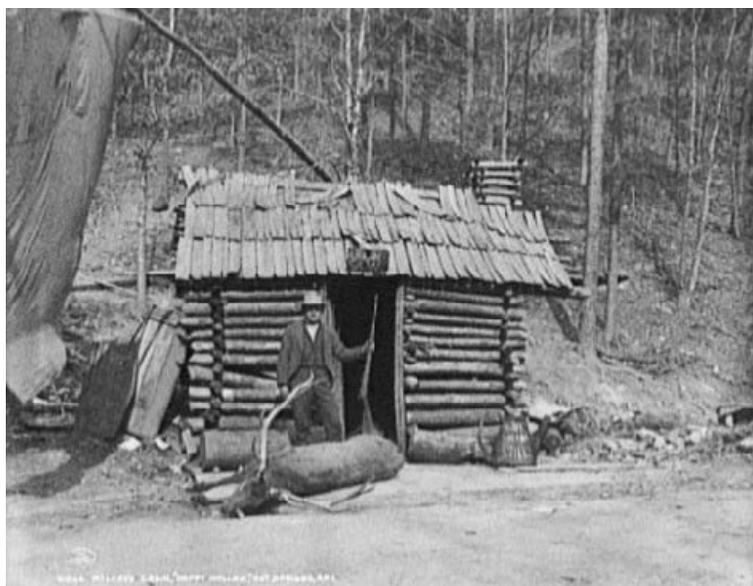


As a regular stop for tourists for over 50 years, Happy Hollow and McLeod were both nationally known. A few famous visitors included Billy Sunday, Carry Nation, Al Capone and many professional baseball players while in Hot Springs for training camp.



# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Found on the back of one Happy Hollow photograph was an explanation advertisement of the business—*"McLeod, The Wild West Photographer. The man who made Happy Hollow famous the world over, and who has for the past ten years provided, free of charge, the most Popular Resort for out-door and innocent amusement in the south. McLeod originates, his neighbors only make an effort to imitate. A picture from Happy Hollow that does not bear the name of McLeod, would be a disappointment to the friend to whom it is sent. Come see the animals, ride the donkeys and ponies and get your photo taken. Choice saddle ponies and rigs at half the regular rates.*



Long before McLeod arrived or the amusement park was created, the site was already known in the 1870s by locals as Happy Hollow.

But the Happy Hollow of yesteryear is now long gone, to be remembered only through the fanciful photographs left behind as keepsakes by some of Hot Springs' early tourists.



# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

*A Happy Hollow photo from turn of the century.*



**For additional information:**

...House, Boyce. "Arkansas Boyhood, Long Ago." *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 20 (Spring 1961): 172-181.

...Hudgins, Mary D. "Norman McLeod and His Happy Hollow." *The Record* 10 (1969): 27-30.

...Scully, Francis J. *Hot Springs, Arkansas and Hot Springs National Park*. Little Rock: Hanson Co., 1966.

...Terry, Jessie Gantt. "Happy Hollow." *The Record* 22 (1981): 81-84.

...<http://encyclopediaofarkansas.net>

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Do you have any Happy Hollow photographs in your family pictures? If you would like to share them, send me a copy.

Thanks to Cathy for researching and submitting this story about Happy Hollow.

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*There has been much discussion in recent years about the Bible being removed from the school rooms and prayer not being allowed in public schools based on decisions handed down by our federal courts regarding the separation of church and state. For your consideration, I thought I would include this article from the June 7, 1926 issue of The Nevada County Picayune on the subject.*

## THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS

A movement is underfoot to restore the Bible to the schools of Arkansas and to require the daily reading of a passage of Scripture in every public school in the state. Petitions are now in circulation in many sections to secure the necessary number of signers to

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

put the question on the ballot at the regular election this fall. The W. C. T. U. is back of the effort and they are receiving encouraging support from many strong elements and signatures are rapidly being received.

The movement is thoroughly in harmony with the fundamental principles of our government. In the early days, education was held to be fundamentally religious, and the Bible was read daily in all the schools. This was true over the nation till about 50 years ago, when the Bible was quietly pushed out of the school room. The change was not brought about by law. Organized minorities, usually recent arrivals from foreign shores, misinterpreted the underlying principles of our government, quietly pushed the Bible out while real Americans did not observe what was going on.

For the last half century, our secularized schools have been developing the minds of our children, but they have not adequately strengthened their character, and great numbers of thinking people are beginning to believe that this is, more than anything else, the direct cause of the appalling lawlessness and immorality of our day.

At any rate, the Bible is going back into the schools and the children of our nation are beginning to receive its great moral and religious truths in the school rooms of the land as part of their preparation for the duties of citizenship. Prior to 1913, only one state--Massachusetts--used the Bible daily in all schools by mandate of law, she having had the law since 1855. In 1913, Pennsylvania passed a law requiring that at least ten verses be read every morning in every school. In 1915, New Jersey put the Bible into all her schools. Alabama did the same in 1919. Georgia followed in 1921. Maine and Delaware did it in 1923. Kentucky in 1924. Florida and Idaho in 1925. It looks like a sensible move, and there seems to be no reason why the great state of Arkansas should not this fall be the twelfth state to put the Bible back into daily use in every school room.

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## SEARCHING

Does anyone know who the "Elizabeth" stone is buried directly beside Joseph Cornelius in the Mt. Moriah Cemetery near [Rosston, AR](#)? (Joseph was also a grandson of the Weaver family, via his mother Sarah Weaver.) His other grandmother was Elizabeth Cornelius, but no last name exists on the stone.) Does anyone out there know of anyone who can help me? Please call collect: Dr. Annette B. Lemons (Cornelius) [870-426-2989](#)

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## SEARCHING

I am very pleased that you are adding a genealogy component to your great newsletter. I love your newsletter...and do hope that someday all of the issues will be turned into a great book that will become part of my genealogy library.

I have much history in [Nevada County](#). My father was born in Nevada County. My grandmother was born, Tommie Carrie Gammage, daughter of Thomas Gammage and Mary Amelia Greer. I am a bit confused about the [Greer](#) connection but I do believe that [Pringle](#) Greer was the father of Mary Amelia. I so very much would like to know more about the Greers. I know that Mary Amelia died young and that Henry Grady went to live with my grandmother after she married, and their father, Thomas passed away. Grady and other Gammages migrated to [Arizona](#) and when my father's brothers contacted TB, my grandparents moved to AZ as well. Luther Hitt, my grandfather, also contacted TB and for reasons that I do not know, left AZ and moved back home to Nevada County, where he died shortly after my father's 12th birthday. My Grandmother, Carrie Gammage Hitt, lost 2 of her 4 sons to TB after the move to AZ. I have a fairly good paper trail for the Gammages and Hitts. I am trying to figure out the Greer and White piece of this puzzle. My father passed away in 2001 and it was his wish that his family history would be passed down to the generations to come and he left me with the task...I was working at the time and had little time, but in the past few years, I have attempted to complete the research as best I can. My wish would be to have a picture of my grandfather, Luther E Hitt. My father last saw him when he was 11 years old and he always hoped to find a picture of him. I have been unable to locate any photos of the Hitt family, including Luther. Do you have any ideas where I might look? I would love to know more about Grandfather Luther Hitt and any information would be so much appreciated.

I look forward to your next Sandyland issue...thank you so much for giving us all this bit of history each month!

Betty Hitt Southard, [Port Townsend, WA](#)  
[southard@olympus.net](mailto:southard@olympus.net)

[Nevada County surnames](#) of interest: Hitt, [Gammage](#), Greer, McDaniel, Stone, McGraw, Burton

Comments from Jerry--

I received a reply from my query last month asking if anyone knew who the community of Morris in Nevada County was named after. Linda Franks reported that Morris was named for her great grandfather, W. Ephram Morris. His grave is the oldest marked grave with the surname Morris in Caney Cemetery. Hopefully, we can find more information about this man. About all we know about him is that he was a Confederate soldier. I am hoping that his family can provide more information about him.

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Please continue to submit your family stories, old photos, or questions about genealogy or local history.

I wish each of you a healthy and prosperous new year.

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## PRALINE YAMS

29 oz. can Sugary Sam Cut Yams, drained  
1/3 cup chopped pecans  
1/3 cup coconut  
1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
3 tablespoons flour  
3 tablespoons margarine or butter, melted

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Place drained yams in ungreased 1 1/2 quart casserole or baking dish. In small bowl, combine remaining ingredients. Blend well. Sprinkle over yams. Bake at 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes or until bubbly. Makes 7 servings.

*(Recipe from Sugary Sam sweet potato can)*

## CHERRY NUT BARS

2 cups all purpose flour	1/2 cup chopped pecans
2 cups uncooked quick-cooking oats	1 tsp. baking soda
1 1/2 cups sugar	1 21 oz. can cherry pie filling
1 1/4 cup butter, melted	1 cup miniature marshmallows

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Combine all ingredients except pie filling and marshmallows in large bowl. Beat at low speed, scraping bowl often, until mixture resembles coarse bread crumbs. Reserve 1 1/2 cups crumb mixture for topping. Press remaining crumb mixture into ungreased 13 x 9 inch baking pan. Bake for 12-15 minutes or until lightly browned on edges. Gently spoon pie filling evenly over hot, partially baked crust. Sprinkle with marshmallows. Sprinkle with reserved crumb mixture. Continue baking for 25-35 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool completely. Cut into 36 bars.

IF YOU COME ACROSS A GOOD RECIPE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE,  
SEND IT TO ME.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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### **TOKIO, ARKANSAS**

The Prescott and Northwestern Railroad ran northwest from the main line at Prescott into Hempstead and Pike counties. This map from the Internet (not to scale) shows some of the communities along the route, most of which no longer exist. The railroad was known locally as the “Pea-vine Railroad” and was not as straight as it appears on the map. In fact, a local news writer from Drab, an old community southeast of Blevins, said “the railroad is so crooked if you miss the train at the station, all you have to do is run through the woods to the next curve and wait for the train to come by”.

As you can see from the map, it connected to the main line at Prescott and provided access to the peach orchards around Nashville and Highland, the diamond mine at Murfreesboro, and various lumber mills in the area. This was once an important vegetable growing region for such crops as radishes, cantaloupes, strawberries, melons, and other crops. Packing sheds developed all along the railroad and train-car loads of produce were shipped to the main line at Prescott and then to market in the larger cities.

One community shown on the map is Tokio which was located in northern Hempstead County just south of the Hempstead-Pike county line. Since this place is shown on the map in larger print, it must have been a more prominent place than many of the other communities shown. An ad in the 1910 newspaper encourages the traveling public to use the P & NW railroad. Trains left Prescott at 10:55 and arrived at Nashville at 2:30, or one could leave Nashville at 12:30 and arrive in Prescott at 3:35. The ad mentions good connections at Tokio.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I found in the May 7, 1910 issue of the *Nevada County Picayune* the following poem written by someone from Tokio. It was signed "Tokioite".

## TOKIO, ARKANSAS

The town of Tokio is a beautiful place,  
Where the women cook grub that is good to your taste.

The air is fine and the water is good.  
You can keep your house warm for there is plenty of wood.

The Tokio people all wear a smile on their face,  
For everyone there is running at his own pace.

Nobody is kicking and nobody is mad,  
Everybody looks just like they are glad.

Tokio is coming and she isn't a bit slow,  
Everybody who comes is bringing the dough.

The trains all stop here as they come and go,  
You can ride anywhere if you've got enough dough.

Tokio is strictly a cash place,  
Everybody has a smile on their face.

We would like to have you join the band,  
If you can't stay, remain as long as you can.

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## THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN (from *The Prescott Daily News* –1937)

Imagine the excitement in Prescott, Arkansas in 1937 when the Tom Mix Circus came to town.

According to the newspaper, the circus consisted of herds of elephants, hundreds of horses, yaks, camels, zebras, and cage after cage of wild animals. There were over 200 acts. Erma Ward did 100 one-arm plunges from the dome of the canvas. Other acts were the Hanneford family of riders, Frank Shepard, the daring young man of the flying trapeze performed without a net, the Great May Goode performing on the Silver Wire, the Flying Arbaughs, the Flying Wards, the Dazzling Cliffords, the Arley Troupe, ten European clowns, Max Grube, the famous animal trainer, and of course, Tom Mix and his famous horse, Warrior.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## THE PRESCOTT HOMECOMING IN 1936 A Part of the Arkansas Centennial Celebration

The newspaper reported perfect weather and a crowd of 12,000 people attending the Prescott Homecoming, a part of the Arkansas Centennial.

Senator Hattie Caraway was the principal speaker of the morning, reminding the audience that the parents of her secretary, Garrett Whiteside, were early citizens of Nevada County. Many other prominent people also spoke.

Edmond Leake, a Negro, age 115, spoke briefly and Miss Mattie Cantley, Prescott's oldest citizen, was introduced to the audience by the centennial chairman.

Dwight Blake of Minden, Louisiana led the Prescott High School band. Mr. Blake, a Nevada County native, directed his first band at Prescott 53 years before when he was only 14.

Store windows displayed photographs of early business and professional men and women of the city and county, as well as articles of historical value from needlework 100 years old to cannon balls left on Prairie de Anne during the Civil War.

The largest crowd in Prescott's history witnessed the parade that afternoon which included five bands and 150 floats. Many depicted the early days of the county and city. One was a replica of the Garland Hotel erected in 1874 and destroyed by fire in 1882. Cake walks and dances on the pavement were held that night.

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## GERMAN PRISONERS CUT WOOD NEAR PRESCOTT (from the 6-21-1945 issue of *The Nevada News*)

Fifty-three German prisoners from a prisoner of war camp near Murfreesboro started work near here Monday cutting gum timber on the W. F. Denman place. The timber was bought by Olen Hendrix of Delight for the Bastrop Paper Company at Bastrop, LA. The prisoners, brought here daily from the POW camp by truck, eat their noon meal at work. Their favorite beverage being tea, they are allowed to bring a keg of unsweetened, undiluted tea.

The fifty three men, all of whom were captured in North Africa by one of the two guards who come here each day with them, average about 20 years of age. One boy is only 15. They are paired off as partners, and each two are supposed to cut a cord and a half a day. If a pair finishes at two o'clock, or earlier or later, they can knock off for the day. If a prisoner fails to cut his quota of wood, he is put in the brig and kept on bread and water for fourteen days. Their pay, amounting to 80 cents a day, can either be taken in tobacco, paper, etc. or can be put back for them to be accumulated. They are paid 10 cents every Sunday.

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The prisoners, tanned and muscular from their work in the sun and woods, look for the most part like our own American boys. Some are tall and lanky, some are short and stocky. Most of them have learned to speak broken English. One of the guards stated that the boys say they're "not Nazis now". They talk of going home, just as our boys who are prisoners must do. Their worst trait seems to be gold-bricking, or trying to shirk work. In the camp at Murfreesboro, a German doctor treats the sick, but at the work here near Prescott, a young boy with a red cross painted on his arm attends to their medical needs. All of the men have the letters PW printed in huge letters on the backs of their shirts.

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## **WORLD WAR II ENDS Reaction to News in Prescott (from the 8-16-1945 issue of The Nevada News)**

Tears, prayer, laughter, and hysteria intermingled Tuesday and for a long while Tuesday night, after the most momentous announcement in history came by radio to citizens of Prescott. Immediately after the announcement at 6 p.m., a look of either awe or inability to grasp the news was seen on faces downtown. Then--pandemonium. People cried, people laughed, 'twas said that stranger kissed stranger. Employees, for the most part high school students, of the Nevada and Gem theaters ran out and unofficially directed traffic in front of the Nevada Theater. The city siren and fire truck sirens, as well as all the mill whistles blew for quite a long while. Automobile horns shrieked. Every man, woman, and child felt the intense relief and excitement that was felt over the nation

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## **WASHINGTON AND HOPE IN NEAR-WAR (Prescott Daily News—January 9, 1917)**

*Background: An election had been held in 1914 in which voters approved moving the Hempstead Co. seat from Washington to Hope. Some thought the election was unfair.*

The county records, furniture, books, and other county items had been stored in the warehouse of Hope Hardware Co., but on January 8, 1917 the items were loaded into wagons and automobiles and carried back to Washington. This was after County Judge Robert Byers declared that the county seat should be at Washington and not Hope and ordered the sheriff, Robert Keel to take them there. The order was quickly carried out. Perhaps 100 or more people from Washington were in the courtroom and outside wagons and automobiles were waiting. The books were removed from the warehouse and hurriedly loaded and started on their way. There was no resistance since the Hope people were taken by surprise.

But then the people of Hope moved rapidly and sought legal aid. There was no court to which they could appeal, so officers were rushed to Prescott for Circuit Judge Geo. R. Haynie who returned with them and heard the case. The matter was argued by

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

attorneys on both sides and at the conclusion Judge Haynie handed down a decision that the county seat should be Hope. He issued an injunction restraining Judge Byers from holding either county or probate court in Washington and decided that Judge Byers didn't have jurisdiction to order the records moved back to Washington.

The injunction was obtained from Judge Haynie at 3 p.m., but the records had long been in the courthouse at Washington and were being guarded by a force of men against a possible attempt by Hope to recover them by force or otherwise. Attorneys representing Washington will go to Little Rock tomorrow to carry the matter to the Supreme Court, and until that body decides which is the county seat, Washington will resist any attempt to take the books back to Hope.

Judge Byers announced that he would ignore the order by Judge Haynie and would hold his county court at Washington tomorrow. The sum of \$135 was collected at a mass meeting in Washington to help defray the expense of hiring attorneys.

Excitement runs high in both towns. Following the meeting the guards took their place around the court house. The city of Hope was quiet on the surface, but there were many rumors afloat and threats of reprisal were freely uttered.



**An old Bluff City photo.**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

*Sometimes newspapers used humorous stories to convince people to subscribe to the local paper. Here is one such story.*

Here is the latest story of the man who is too stingy to take his home paper:

A man who was too economical to take this paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice the barbed wire fence, ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a \$4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap and got into the corn field and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four gallon churn full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry, she dropped a \$7 set of false teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the spilled milk and into the parlor, ruining a brand new \$20 carpet. During the excitement, the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up 11 setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.

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## THE PAPER FROM THE OLD HOME TOWN (author unknown)

Talk about the literature  
And papers up to date,  
All about the legislature  
And doings through the state;  
To me they ain't comparin'  
Though look the world around,  
To the little newsy paper  
From the old home town.

There's something brewing in the air  
The day the paper comes;  
Ma, she goes about her work  
And either sings or hums.  
But I jest get so restless  
Till the postman brings it down,  
And I'm the first to grab the paper  
From the old home town.

Ma comes into the settin' room  
And lets the dishes go,  
And listens while I read about  
The folks we usta know.  
For births and deaths and land deals  
And weddin's too abound;  
All are mighty interesting  
From the old home town.

I know it ain't so classical  
As the big dailies are  
That tell about the prize fights  
And the latest movie star.  
But jest for my enjoyment  
There's nothing I have found,  
Like the little newsy paper  
From the old home town.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## SEARCHING

Does anyone recognize this man or can you tell me what type uniform he is wearing? This picture was in a photo collection I scanned. Other photos in the collection included members of the Epperson and Robinson families of Bluff City.

It helps to try and figure out the approximate date of an old photo. Look at the clothes being worn, the furniture, or anything else that might give a clue. If this is a military uniform, it would help to know when this type uniform was used by the military.

Respond to Jerry if you have any information about this photo.



## TV TRIVIA (answers on page 8)

1. On *Green Acres*, what brand of tractor did Oliver own?
2. Glenn Strange played Sam, the bartender, on *Gunsmoke*. He was also known for what other famous role in the movies?
3. The names of the pets on *The Waltons* were \_\_\_ the mule, \_\_\_ the cow, \_\_\_ the dog, \_\_\_ the peacock, \_\_\_ the deer, and \_\_\_ the goat.
4. A line in the opening song on *All in the Family* was "Gee, our old \_\_\_\_\_ ran great."

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## WHAT IS A BOY?

Between the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors, but all boys have the same creed: To enjoy every second of every hour of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed at night.

Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on its face, and Beauty with a cut on its finger, Wisdom with bubble gum in its hair, and the Hope of the future with a frog in its pocket.

When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding bundle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

A boy is a composite—he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a firecracker, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, 3 feet of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, 2 gum drops, 6 cents, a sling shot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine supersonic code ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature—you can lock him out of your workshop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up—he's your captor, your jailor, your boss, and your master—a freckle-faced, pint-size, cat chasing bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with the two magic words—"Hi Dad!"

*This article appeared in the January 25, 1951 issue of The Nevada News in a column called "Snoopin' Around". The author is unknown, but was said to be "contributed by a Prescott "Dad".*

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### Answers to Trivia:

1. Hoyt-Clagwell
2. Frankenstein's monster
3. Blue the mule, Chance the cow, Reckless the dog, Rover the peacock, Lance, the deer, and Myrtle, the goat.
4. LaSalle (an automobile)

Jerry McKeivy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 11 – No. 3

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

March, 2011

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David Hendriks shares this story written by his mother. David found a three-ring binder which contained a handwritten copy of this story. He transcribed it and added many family pictures to it. Only a few of the pictures are included here. I would suggest that you might consider doing something like this for your family. It would be something to be treasured for future generations. If you have a story such as this you would like to share about your family, send it to me and I'll include it in a future issue.

-----  
Marjorie Maude Walker Hendriks ("Pete" Walker Hendriks)  
In a writing not dated. Estimated it was written in 1993 and 1994.  
Born - October 7, 1928 Died – January 23, 1995

### The Years Past

After my Mother died on January 15, 1986, I remembered all the stories she told me over the years of her life as a young girl, her marriage to Dad, a lot of things that had happened to her in life because I "knew" her. Now that she and Dad are both gone, I realize how much I did not know of them. The same is true of my children and grandchildren, they do not know a lot of my life – so I will hopefully try to write down some of my memories for them.



May 16, 1923 Rose Dumas (19) and  
Mother Ida Emma Harlev Dumas



Thomas Jefferson Walker - Born July 4, 1879 Died  
Feb. 1, 1968 at 88 years of age. Picture made in  
Oklahoma City at Age 25 in 1904 the year Rose was  
born. He married Rose on Oct. 14, 1922.

D. H. Gore, TRAVELING  
PHOTOGRAPHER

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I, Marjorie Maude Walker was born on October 7, 1928 to Thomas Jefferson and Rose Myrtle Dumas Walker in Bluff City, Arkansas. Daddy was born July 4, 1879, Mother April 12, 1904. Dad had been married to Gillie Robinson and they had three sons, Dennis 1907, Hollis 1908, G.P. 1918. Gillie died soon after the birth of G.P. so he and the brothers were raised or helped to raise by Grandmother and Aunts. When Mother and Dad married, October 14, 1922, they lived in a big farm house and had a farm. Dad always loved to grow vegetables and up to just before his death at age 88 – in 1968 – he always had a pretty big garden.

Ruby Bernadine Walker was born on January 24, 1924, while living in the farm house which was off the main road in Bluff City. The main road went from Prescott to Chidester. Dad had a service station where he sold Texaco gas, oil and also car parts as he could repair cars – what few there were around. Daddy was a “Jack of all trades.” I don’t know of anything he couldn’t and did not do. The big house we lived in had a porch all the way around it and was right across the road from the station. Mother told me I was breeched birthed, so while she was in terrible pain giving birth, Dad and the Dr. Whaley sat on the front steps and talked. I was a big baby and weighed 9 pounds. Pretty too, just look at my baby pictures!

It had been discovered that Bernadine couldn’t walk, so the doctors sent her, Mother and Dad to St. Louis, where the doctors operated on her hip to make a hip socket. She was in a cast for a long time but the hip turned out to be a sufferful (?) operation and until now as the years are catching up with us, she’s having discomfort with it.

I can remember a few things living in the Thompson house. We had a fire place in the living room. Sara the colored girl, stayed with us one night while Mother and Dad went out, so Mother and Sara put the curling (wave) iron in the coals to get hot and then waved Mother’s hair. Mother was always a very attractive person with her face, hair and clothes looking ever so nice on her.

Sara worked for us for years, that day they were glad to get left over food or out grown clothes and maybe 50 cents a week. Sara had a son named Marvin and a daughter Q.T. They used to come to stay and we would play together. We didn’t know there was color difference, they were people we knew, though they didn’t go to school or church with us. Sara has made several trips to Prescott or Camden with us to shop.

It was on one of these shopping trips to Camden that Mother blew up. We were in Woolworths and a sales clerk wanted to know if Sara was Bernadine’s Mother, as Dean was sort of a dark-complected girl. Mother had a quick, hot temper and it was heard that day!

Santa Claus came to see us at the Thompson house and brought Dean and I kerosene lamps. I have my little blue one still, it is in the china cabinet in my kitchen now. He also gave me a doll one year and I got mad at Dean, hit her over the head and my doll’s head broke apart right at the seam from ear to ear. Dad got his drill and put two holes on each side of her head about where the ears would have been, wired it together so I

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

had to play with a doll whose head was held together by wire. One year Dean got a big doll, 25" to 30" long and it had hair. We put toothpicks in her mouth to "look at her sore throats" and had mercurochrome on her belly.

The Christmas we got our kerosene lamps, I remember we lit them and walked in the dark cold early morning down the hill to see Mary Lee Walker, our cousin, daughter of Lee – Daddy's brother. It was while we lived in this house that Mother always told the story of me wanting more syrup for my pancakes. Dad said I wouldn't eat it. I said I would, so he gets it and pours it on my plate. I of course would not eat so Dad got his belt and with a lick on my back side said "Eat that syrup." Later that morning when Sara came to work, I got the belt and began hitting her back side said "Eat that syrup" as Dad had said to me. Mother had to explain to Sara what was going on.

When I was 3 months old I had pneumonia and almost died. My grandmother (Mama) Ida Dumas came up to help care for me. She boiled prickly pear cactus with a lot of sugar to make a syrup and gave to me. Mother always felt that the syrup was what cured me.

Dad started building a service station over on the Main Road in Bluff City Arkansas. Not sure what year that was. It looked like it was a big one though. After he had that finished, he added on to the back of it, our home. You walked out the station door into the living room. Mother always worked in the station part and Dad had a big garage where he did everything.



1927 - WALKER SERVICE STATION "General Repair" Ford Parts- Texaco

In the winter time we never had heat in the house except to cook with and as we still had colored help, the main meal was at noon time. So after that the fire went out of the stove and oh it was cold. We had a wood heater in the living room and one in the service station but to save on wood and since we stayed in the station all the time - that

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

was the one warm room. After dark, with the lights turned off, we would get into our night clothes in the station. Mother put the old cast irons on stove to get hot and then into our beds. Dean and I slept together, I had the best part for she always slept at my back and hugged up to me and kept me so warm. But by morning time, oh how cold it had gotten, the iron had lost its heat and we had to get dressed in the cold room to be ready for school.

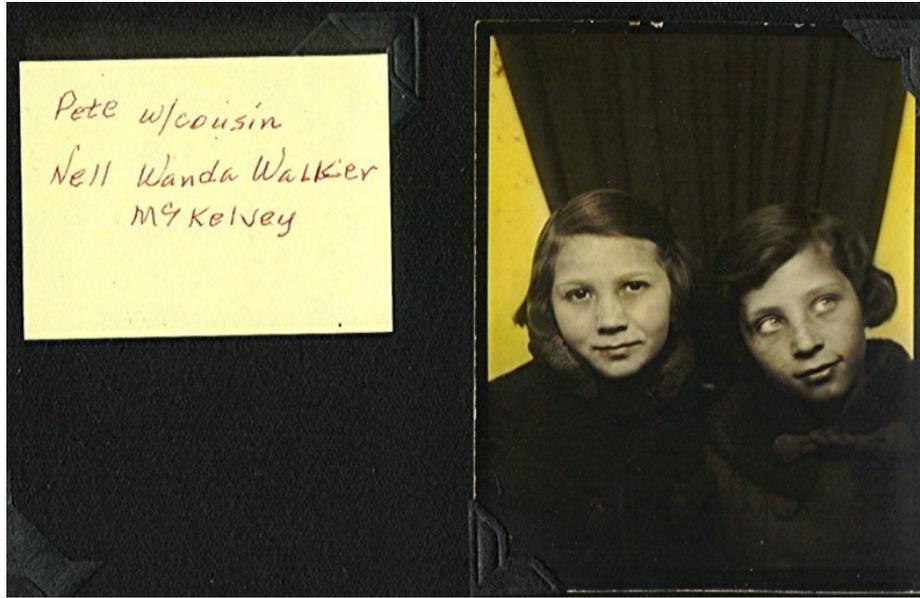


Pete Walker - 1931 - Bluff City Ark.

We sold Texaco gas, oil, etc, so Dean and I would mostly have to pump the 10 gallons of gas up into the glass tank on top of the pump. Then when you sold gas the tank would empty down to the gallon that was sold. At night we would take the hose and put it into the tank in the ground to empty the glass tank.

Across the road from us lived Uncle Pat and Aunt Pearl Carter. Uncle Pat was Dad's nephew, but we always said Aunt and Uncle. Uncle Pat had a big grocery store where he also sold shoes, dresses, material, a General Store. I used to go over and wander all over looking at all the things he had for sale. In later years he hired his cousin and a nephew of Dad's to drive a truck that had been fixed up to carry groceries, supplies, thread material and a bit of everything, out in the county to the people who had no way to shop. So on the nights they would be loading the truck, Nell Wanda Walker came over to our station and played. Nell Wanda was one of my best play mates. She still lives in Bluff City Arkansas. *(Nell Wanda McKelvy died April 27, 2006).*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



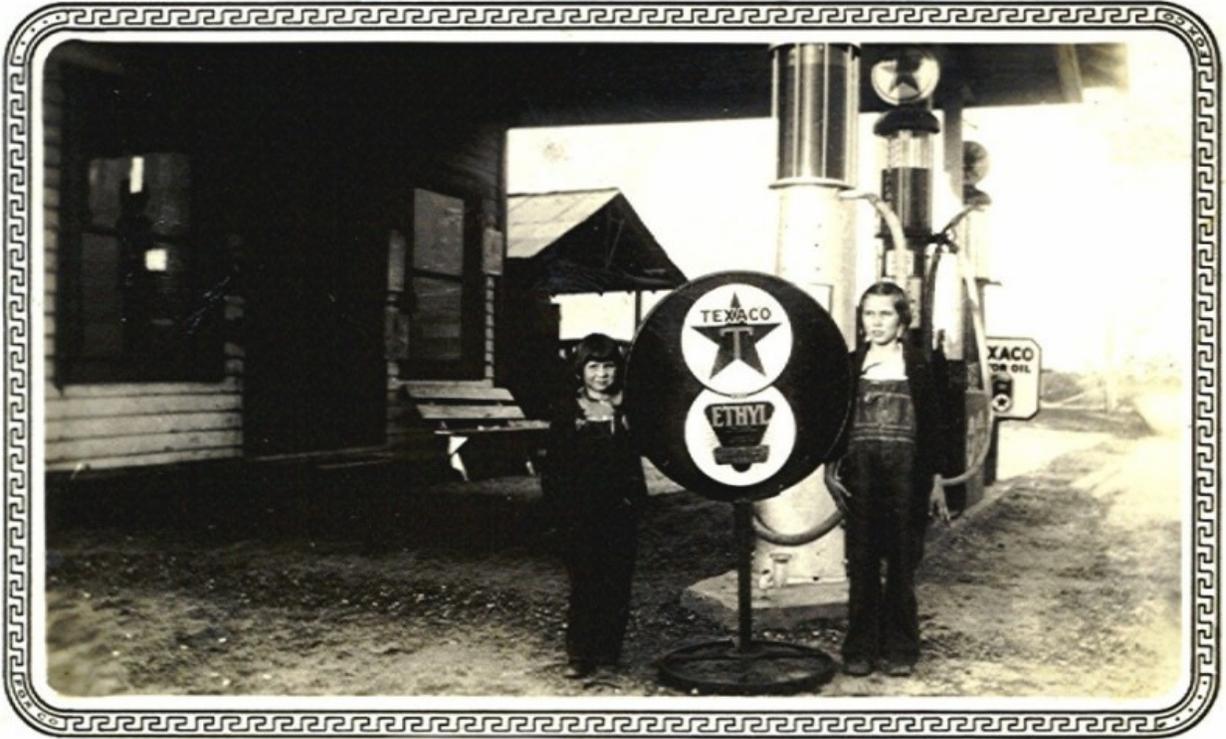
I used to walk over to play with Nell Wanda, Catherine Neal and Mary Cummings. To get to their home I had to go through a trail of deep sand. It was a pretty white sand but in the summer it was so hot you could not walk on it hardly. Of course I never wore shoes and to go play with my friends, I remembered I would run from one clump of grass to another and stand to let my "hot" feet cool. We played paper dolls. These were dolls we cut from Sears or Wards catalogs though Mother used to buy me very pretty cut out dolls at Woolworths. We girls would get under the pine trees and rake all the needles into little hills and make our rooms to our house. Then we would rake a larger pile of needles to make a seat and bed. So we would have rooms and so and play all afternoon. I can't remember that we paid any attention to the heat though - we only had a small fan. I do remember waking up in the night and had trouble breathing so Dad would go outside into the night air and stand with me till I felt better.

It was always mine and Dean's job to bring in the fire wood, all year for cook stove in winter for all the wood stoves. We also worked in the station as we got older, selling candy, ice cream, cigars, cigarettes, gas and oil. In one corner Dad had a barber chair and he used to cut everyone's hair. Dean and I wore Buster Brown cuts. We also had in the station a pool table, juke box and 2 tables that we played dominoes and cards and checkers. Every Saturday and Sunday our place was filled with the young people to "Come to town." All kinds of games would be played and sometime we would go out into the yard for more active games. Mother and Dad were the best all around parents we could have had. (Continued on page 6)

## FEATURED WEB SITE OF THE MONTH

<http://newseum.org/todaysfrontpages/default.asp> You can view front pages of 868 newspapers from 85 countries. See what's happening around the world each day.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Pete & Bernadine Walker - Bluff City - Around 1934-35

A lot of times in the night we'd have a knock on our door – people traveling through had car trouble and we'd take them in and put them in the extra room and feed them till Dad got their car fixed. I remember a man, wife and two children stayed two nights. Sometimes people would have no money to pay for gas and they would give Dad a watch or something in return, sometimes nothing.

Every summer we had a "singing school for two weeks. Everyone around Bluff City went to their school. We all sang gospel songs and each one had a turn to get in front to direct. It was more fun than work and of course in the country, it gave us all something to look forward too. Every Sunday night for as long as I can remember, everyone would go to the high school auditorium and we would have a singing. Mr. and Mrs. Barlow, some very wonderful and special people, were mostly in charge. He directed and she played the piano. We always had a good turn-out. It seems after all Sunday afternoon at our station playing games and visiting, we'd all go to the singing. Everyone was called upon to select a song and direct it. One time there was a quartet of four girls and I sang alto.

Christmas Day Dean and I got up to find a doll bed each, a little dresser with a mirror and a stool each. Dad had worked and kept hidden these pieces of furniture for us to play with. I do not know what become of them, but I do know Dean and I enjoyed them so much. He put a big tree trunk on the ground, then laid a board across it. Dean got on one end of the board and I got on the other end and we would push ourselves back and forth and had the best merry go round anywhere.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

When the poor colored people passed away they would bring the pine wood and Dad would make the coffin and lined it with back material – I have no idea the number he made. He made wagons too.



1943 - Tom Walker, Dean (18) & Pete (16) "On wagon Daddy made. Bluff City School in back ground.



1949 Thomas Jefferson Walker - 70, Rose Dumas Walker - 45

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

### SEARCHING

"My grandfather, Ira Ellis McMillion, lived in Prescott from about 1883 until his death there in 1914. I am looking for a good photo of his face because neither of the pictures I have really show what he looked like. In one, he and his business partners, J. A. Brigam, Perry C. Hamilton , W. A. McMillion (clothing), and W. R. White (bookkeeper), are standing in front of "Hamilton McMillion and Company Wholesale and Retail". Ira's face is scratched out in that one. In another picture, Ira is standing with a group of men from the Knights of the Orient Social Club, but his face is too dark to see in that one. If anyone has a picture with Ira McMillion in it, please contact me at [quiltgirl62000@yahoo.com](mailto:quiltgirl62000@yahoo.com)" Julie McMillian Lofurno

### SEARCHING

I am thinking of doing a series of articles about some of the early rural doctors in Nevada County. When I think of these country doctors, I'm reminded of Dr. Adams on "Gunsmoke" or Dr. Baker on "Little House on the Prairie". I've often wondered why Dr. Adams on "Gunsmoke" had his office upstairs since so many wounded men had to be carried up those steps to his office. A downstairs office would have made more sense, but that's TV for you.

Most communities of any size in Nevada County in the early 1900s had at least one doctor. They had a tough job trying to practice medicine without the benefit of modern antibiotics and other medicines we have today. These early doctors made house calls in the surrounding area by horse or a buggy before automobiles came on the scene. They worked long hours for little pay and sometimes were paid with farm produce or whatever the family might have on hand.

If you have some good information on any rural doctor in Nevada County, please send it to me--such things as where they practiced, where they received their training, any unusual stories about them, etc. I would especially like to include any pictures of these men if any are available. These are the doctors many of our ancestors depended on for medical care for their families.

### SALLY RAGS AND POULTICES

When I was growing up in a rural area of Nevada County, Arkansas we were accustomed to trying various home remedies for most ailments before we even considered seeing a doctor. Some of these old remedies probably helped to some degree, especially since we thought they actually worked and had no reason to question their use.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

At the first sign of a bad cold, we were subjected to the "Sally" cloth. I don't know who Sally was, but she must have been lived somewhere in the South. It seems that name was more common in this part of the country. The "Sally" cloth consisted of a piece of cloth approximately eight or ten inches square coated with coal oil, turpentine, Vicks salve, camphor or a mixture of these ingredients. The rag was heated to a very warm temperature and then pinned with safety pins to our undershirts or pajamas over the chest area. This helped loosen chest congestion and the vapors (or fumes) from the cloth helped keep the nasal passages open during the night.

I think that Vicks salve was most often used on the Sally cloth when I was a child. It was readily available since everyone had this old and trusted salve in their homes in those days. I have seen full page ads for Vicks Vap-o-Rub in old newspapers during the 1918 flu epidemic. It was considered a wonder drug at that time. My family would not have considered going through the winter months without a supply of Vicks salve in the medicine cabinet.

The warm rag did feel good until it cooled off. Most bedrooms in those days were not heated so anything warm felt good on those cold winter nights. Back during the 1918 flu epidemic, it was recommended by most health departments that windows should not be completely closed. Even rules for some early schools specified that windows should be opened slightly to provide good ventilation and students should do exercises to keep warm. I think we would be better off in most cases today if we kept a little outside air circulating in our homes instead of living in an air-tight house. It could even save your life if you happened to have carbon monoxide in your home. Or you could just buy a carbon monoxide detector.

Poultices were also commonly used for various medical problems. I can remember only one time when I was subjected to a biscuit poultice. I had been running barefoot on our long front porch which had a wooden floor. I ended up with a long splinter lodged in the bottom of one foot. Needless to say it caused quite a bit of pain. It was so deep that it could not be removed by pulling it out.

I don't remember all the details of the incident, but it was decided that I needed a biscuit poultice to "draw the splinter out". Biscuit dough was put on a cloth wrapped around my foot. Supposedly in a few days the splinter would be drawn out so that it could be removed. I can't remember if the poultice was changed regularly or just left in place, but it was not too pleasant to be wearing a rag filled with soft biscuit dough.

This case proved too difficult for the biscuit poultice. When it was apparent that it was not working, I was taken to the doctor at Prescott who had to cut the splinter out. I remember that it was well over an inch long and the doctor put the splinter in a small plastic box so that I could show it to my friends.

Another common ailment in the days of my childhood was something we called a "risen" which was a shortened form of a "rising". It was just a bad sore or boil that came up with blood and pus. Think of it as a super pimple sometimes up to a half inch wide. I

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

don't think I ever had a bad one, but I remember my brother having a bad risen on his leg. It was a very painful condition. Poultices were also sometimes used for these. Another remedy was to put the thin membrane of a boiled egg over the sore to "draw it to a head". When it reached that stage, it would soon heal up and quit being sore. Sometimes they would have to be lanced by a doctor so they could drain.

I don't know what caused these sores to develop. Maybe it was due to playing outside in the dirt or because we went barefoot. The older folks said it was caused by bad blood. It has been years since I've heard of anyone having a rising, so it must have been something we did in those days that caused them or maybe we just have better medicines now. A bad one would leave a scar after it healed.

There were so many home remedies in the old days. Thankfully, most of them had disappeared by the time I came along. If you remember a home remedy from your childhood, let me know about it and I'll include them in the next issue.

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David Cummins sent me this photo of an 8<sup>th</sup> grade class as Prescott. His father is in the picture (front row, second from right) and based on his birth year, the picture was probably made in 1908.

An article in the 1912 newspaper states that all the schools in Prescott had been fumigated after the recent smallpox outbreak and were now safe for students to attend.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



### **CIVIL WAR MARKER DEDICATION AT PLEASANT HILL CEMETERY**

**Barbara Ray (on right) and friend, Karen Roberston standing by the graves of Nathaniel and Nancy Malone. The marker being dedicated is barely visible behind Barbara.**

Pleasant Hill Cemetery near Willisville (yes, there are two Pleasant Hill cemeteries in Nevada County) was the scene recently for the dedication of a Civil War grave marker which included all the pageantry, speeches, flags, and costumes associated with such ceremonies.

Barbara Walker Ray, originally from Chidester and who now lives in Texas, had the marker installed at Pleasant Hill to honor a great-great uncle, Edward Malone, a Confederate soldier who served with the 11<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> Arkansas Infantry. Edward's parents were Nathaniel and Nancy Malone who are buried at Pleasant Hill.

Edward Malone's service in the war leaves some unanswered questions. He disappeared from the company roster when the unit was camped near Clinton,

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Louisiana in 1863. He was listed as “sick and in hospital” and was not listed on the roster again. There is a Confederate cemetery near Clinton, Louisiana with about 400 unmarked Confederate graves. Barbara thinks that Edward probably died from his sickness and may have been buried in one of those unmarked graves.

Barbara wanted Edward to have a marker, but since his burial place was unknown, the logical thing to do was to put a marker at Pleasant Hill where his parents are buried. It would have been nice if it could have been placed by his mother’s marker since it is said she waited for years for him to come home from the war and died without ever knowing what happened to her son. However, there was not enough room to place the marker by his mother’s grave, so it was placed in the next row as close as possible.

Barbara and several of her friends are members of the Order of the Confederate Rose--the Prairie Rose chapter. This is a statewide organization in Texas which helps the Sons of Confederate Veterans with marker dedications. They wear black veils and widow’s dresses such as would have been worn back in Civil War days. They don’t speak at the ceremonies, but after the speeches, they step forward and place a red rose on the marker being dedicated. They represent all the women--the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters who grieve for their fallen soldiers.

The Columbia Memorial Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Magnolia (which recently celebrated its 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary) made arrangements for the dedication at Pleasant Hill and many showed up in period dress for the occasion. Several members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans were present and did a 21-gun salute. They even brought along their cannon and fired off a round or two.

Do you notice anything unusual about the photograph? After the dedication and the pictures were printed, Barbara noticed the two “orbs” along the fence in the center of the photo. What were these? There are many theories. Some say they are caused by dust or moisture. Others say they are ghosts or angels. Barbara says she was never one to believe in ghosts, but after seeing the pictures taken that day, she wonders about it. The orbs did not appear in pictures taken by others at the dedication and only appeared in photos which included Barbara.

The orbs in this photo are interesting. Could they be explained as dust, moisture, or sunlight reflecting off the chain link fence? Or could they be angels or ghosts from the Malone family attending the marker dedication for Edward Malone, a Civil War soldier who never made it back home?

Whatever the explanation, it makes for an interesting picture. Barbara says the orbs were more vivid after she converted the color photo to black and white. I suggested that she frame this photograph and put it in a prominent place in her home.

Have any of you ever noticed anything in a photo you’ve taken that was unusual? If so, write and tell me about it.

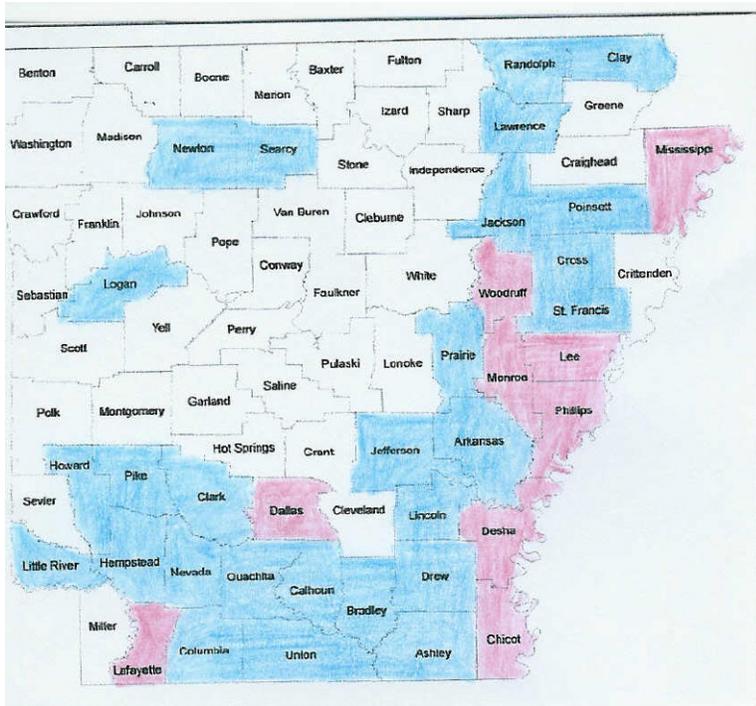
Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

April, 2011

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**2010 CENSUS**

**ARKANSAS COUNTIES THAT  
LOST POPULATION**

**Counties in Red lost from 10.1 to  
20.5 % population**

**Counties in Blue lost from 0.1 to  
10.1 % population**

**THOUGHTS ON THE 2010 CENSUS REPORT**

The U. S. Census Bureau released the results from the 2010 census in February. Just in case you didn't see the report, here is a brief summary of what it shows.

The states with the most growth were Texas and Nevada. Texas has over four million more people today than it had ten years ago. Most growth was in the South and West while most of the northeastern states showed a decline. The population increase for the country was 9.7% which is the lowest for any decade since the Great Depression.

The Census Bureau also reported that one out of every four counties in the United States is "dying". That means more deaths are recorded than births. These counties are in all parts of the country mostly counties with an aging white population, counties with a poor economy, and those with few Hispanics.

The population of Arkansas increased 9.1% in the last ten years and is now 2,919,918 people. Benton County in the extreme northwestern part of the state showed a 44% increase in population. Thirty-nine counties had an increase while thirty-six showed a decrease. The southern and eastern parts of the state lost population.

Closer to home, the results are not so good. All the counties in our part of the state lost population. The city of Camden now has 12,162 people compared to 13,154 ten years ago.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Prescott now has 3,296 compared to 3,686 ten years ago. Bluff City now has 124 compared to 158 ten years ago. El Dorado population is down 12 percent. The story is pretty much the same over the whole southern half of Arkansas (see map on page 1).

The question is why are we losing population in south Arkansas when other areas are gaining? Here are some of my thoughts.

1. People of working age are going to move to where the jobs are located. Many places have lost major employers in the last ten years (e.g. International Paper in Camden and Potlatch in Prescott). It takes a city a long time to recover from the loss of hundreds of jobs when a plant shuts down and the loss of all the associated jobs connected with that industry.

2. The effects of the recession on the timber industry have been severe. Many sawmills have shut down and many loggers went out of business. The housing market has been hit hard by the recession. Less lumber is needed which means less sawmills and less jobs. We need a recovery in the housing market to stimulate the timber industry in our area.

3. Practically all the larger cities in Arkansas increased in population except for Pine Bluff. It seems most young people today want to live in a city where they have more things to do and that's also where most of the jobs are found. There are advantages to living in large towns, but one has to weigh the pros and cons and consider what is best for the family. Many people like to live just outside a good size town and try to have the best of both worlds.

4. Is there something wrong with south Arkansas that causes people to leave the area? I don't think so.

---On the plus side, we have nice rolling hills covered with forests, nice lakes for fishing and recreation, a good climate (most of the time), and small towns with lower crime rates than the big cities. We still have some good small-town hospitals, no major pollution problems, and there are Walmart stores within driving distance of just about everybody. We have good areas for hunting and fishing.

--- On the minus side, we don't have a major hospital for serious illnesses. We must travel to Little Rock, Shreveport, Texarkana, Pine Bluff, or Hot Springs to find the larger hospitals.

I must admit that we have a litter problem in south Arkansas. Some people are just downright messy. They think nothing of throwing their trash out the windows as they travel the highways. That is the first thing a visitor notices when they travel to our part of the state. A trashy roadside turns people off. There is no easy solution to this problem. We can pay folks to clean it up, but it doesn't stay clean. Some folks need an attitude adjustment, and that's not easy to accomplish. I could go on and on about this. I have been to other states and notice how much cleaner their roads are than ours. Maybe they just do a better job of cleaning up the litter. I remember seeing a group of prisoners in Indiana picking up trash. I think that's a good idea and one that could be used more often.

5. Families are not as large now as they were in the past. That may be true, but why are most areas increasing in population and we are decreasing? I notice from the census data that the Hispanic population is increasing. That may account for some of the population growth.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

6. Very few people are going into farming these days. Even the counties in the Arkansas delta along the Mississippi River which has some of the best farmland in the state showed a major decline in population.

7. I think it mostly boils down to jobs (or the lack thereof). We need more industries to locate in our area, but one of the things industries consider when choosing a place to locate is the available labor force. With our declining population, there is a shortage of people to work at a plant that might employ 600 plus workers. Many workers have moved elsewhere to find work and of those who are left, many cannot pass a drug test. Employers are not interested in employing a bunch of drug addicts. Some people had rather sit on the sidelines and draw a check from our government rather than work for a living. That's why I think anyone drawing public assistance checks from our government (paid for out of our tax money) should be required to pass periodic drug tests in order to get that money. In my opinion, those on public assistance that are able to work should be required to do community service such as picking up litter, etc. And we need to crack down hard on the drug problem. That's the source of many of our country's problems and there is no easy solution.

8. Most of the small industries we once had are now gone. Those products are being manufactured in China, Mexico, or some other far away country, and even though the prices are lower, the quality is not what it once was. Camden now has a nice large Walmart store that is standing vacant since they opened a new Supercenter. Why doesn't Walmart lease this empty store building to a small company which could manufacture some product that could be sold at their Walmart Supercenters? Walmart would still get the profit from the sale since the products would be manufactured especially for sale at their stores. It might provide 25 or 30 people a job and the empty building would be back in use instead of becoming an eyesore.

This declining population in our area is nothing new. Nevada County had a population of 19,786 in 1940 compared to a little over 8,800 today. Think about that--over twice as many people lived in Nevada County 70 years ago. Prescott's population was 3,177 in 1940 compared to 3,296 today--not much difference. That means most of the people in 1940 were living in rural areas and were mostly engaged in farming. All those farm fields where they once grew cotton are now pine forests. Small family farms are almost a thing of the past. Even a home garden is hard to find these days.

What does the future hold? Will south Arkansas continue to decline? We will have to wait until early 2021 to get the next official census report. Unless something drastic happens, I expect it will show another decline ten years from now. We could use more people and more industries. Efforts are underway to determine if lignite mining is feasible in this area. We have an abundance of lignite in south Arkansas. Maybe that will bring some needed jobs, but I'm not sure we are ready for the type of open-pit mining used in that industry even though the experts say the land will be restored to the condition it was in before mining and trees will be replanted after the mining is completed.

If you would like to sound off on this subject, send me your comments for the next issue. Tell us what you think. Is there a solution for our population decline or should we join the rest of the folks and leave for greener pastures?

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## MORE ON THE WILEY BRIGHAM STORY (first reported in the October, 2003 issue)

Round Oak Cemetery is a very small cemetery near the Nevada-Ouachita county line in the Troy community. One unusual thing about this cemetery is that one grave is not actually in the maintained portion of the cemetery, but is in the woods about fifty feet from the northeast corner of the cemetery. This is the grave of Wiley Brigham and his marker states that he was "murdered by a bushwhacker".



I took this photo of his grave marker several years ago, but when I last visited this cemetery, I noticed that it had been broken by a falling tree or by logging equipment.

When I saw "murdered by a bushwhacker" on his grave marker, it made me curious to know more about this man. I talked to a man who lives nearby and he told me the story that had been passed down through the years. The story he had heard was that Wiley Brigham was involved with a local girl and that someone laid in wait for him and murdered him. 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. The man I talked to said he always heard that the grave marker was made by a black man who lived nearby who 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".

I tried to verify this story that has been passed down through the years, but could not find any information about it. Recently, as I was searching the Internet, I was surprised to find a news story published in the *Waco Evening News* in Waco, Texas that provides a little more information.

*Waco Evening News, Waco, Texas (January 8, 1892)*

*Prospects for a Lynching Bee*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

*Texarkana, Ark., Jan. 8 -- Wiley Brigham, the young man mentioned as having eloped on Sunday night from Stephens, Ark. with Miss Martha Drake, the 15 year old sister of his wife, whom he married three months ago, was located in Anonna, Red River county, Texas by his pursuer, Deputy Sheriff Frank Strange, who caused his arrest by Texas officers. The prisoner, together with the girl, were brought here this afternoon and the girl taken to a hotel, while Brigham was given quarters in the county jail. When arrested the pair were making preparations to quietly settle down at Anonna, having already purchased their necessary furniture, and was passing as husband and wife. The girl is deeply infatuated with Brigham and says that he was made especially for her, and vows she will go with him again as soon as he is a free man. The people living in the vicinity of Brigham's home are reported as being wrought to a high pitch, and the chance for a lynching bee when the prisoner is taken there is regarded as quite promising.*

Evidently, the story passed down through the years that he was involved with a local girl was accurate. This news story provides more details and mentions that Wiley Brigham would not face a friendly crowd when he was returned to Stephens, Arkansas. The newspaper reporter warned that Wiley Brigham might face a lynch mob, but the actual cause of his death is still a mystery.

I would like to know "the rest of the story". Was Wiley Brigham hanged when he was returned to Stephens, Arkansas? Did someone shoot him from ambush as suggested by the phrase "murdered by a bushwhacker"? Was there any official report concerning Wiley Brigham's death? What happened to Martha Drake?

Maybe someday I'll come across more of this story and find the answers to the circumstances regarding Wiley Brigham's death.

It was not uncommon in the old days for a community to forbid unsavory characters from being buried in the local cemetery. A clause in the deed to Artesian Cemetery near Prescott specifies that "in no case shall any person be entitled to be buried here who is a murderer or a thief". Since Wiley Brigham's grave is not in the maintained portion of Round Oak Cemetery, it is likely that his grave will soon be lost. As stated before, the marker is now broken and only a few people know of this grave of a man not considered worthy to be buried with the rest of the folks in Round Oak Cemetery.

*Note: Wiley Brigham's tombstone has a death date of Feb., 1891. Based on this news story, the death date may be incorrect. It probably should have been Feb., 1892.*

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## JUST FOR FUN

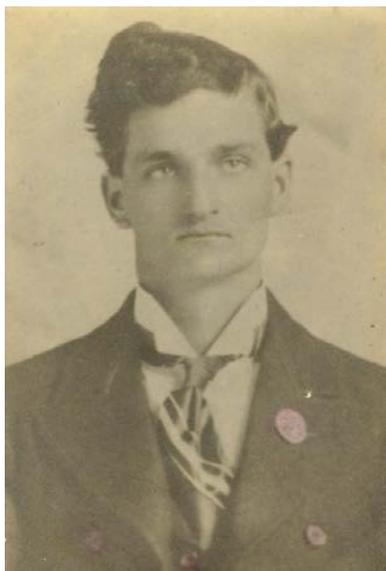
Did you have a nickname? If you don't mind sharing it, write and tell us what it is and how you got stuck with it. If you don't have one, tell us the most unusual nickname you remember hearing. Did you have a nickname for one of your teachers? Tell us why. *I hope my former students don't read this.* Don't give the teacher's name—just the nickname. I don't think nicknames are as common today as they were in the old days. Send in your comments by April 15, please. Don't worry; I'll just put your first name unless you tell me otherwise.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## DR. J. L. RUSHING

The town of Chidester in Ouachita County, Arkansas is only seven miles from Bluff City where I grew up. Although we did most of our business in Prescott back about 1950, we occasionally went to Chidester mainly for hardware supplies, to get our old black white television repaired, or to see the doctor.

Dr. J. L. Rushing had an office in Chidester. I can remember my parents taking me to him as a child and many of the older folks around Bluff City used him for their physician many years ago. I recently made contact with Barbara Rushing Lyerly who is a granddaughter of Dr. Rushing. She provided me with more information about this well known physician.



Dr. Jeter Lafferty Rushing was born near what is now White Oak Lake in 1879. His mother was Nannie Stone Rushing from Bluff City. He went to school at the Memphis Medical College for four years and then went to New Orleans and did a residency at Tulane Hospital. He began his practice at Felsenthal in Union County, and then went to El Dorado. After a short time there, he came home to Chidester. He practiced medicine for 57 years. His office was in the building that housed the Purifoy/Taylor/Rushing drug store on Main St. in Chidester. He delivered over 5,000 babies and was, at one time, the only doctor from Camden to Prescott and from Sparkman to Stephens. He died in April of 1957.

Photo: Dr. Rushing as a young man

Barbara has provided the Chidester Museum with some "Dr. Rushing" material for display. The museum is open each fifth Sunday afternoon from 2:00 to 4:00 p.m.

One item there is a tablet that people who have visited the museum have signed if Dr. Rushing delivered them when they were born. There is a home-made walking stick Dr. Rushing made from a limb. He was going out to deliver a baby one very bad night with ice and snow everywhere when he skidded off the road into a ditch. He couldn't seem to stand well, so he cut this limb and walked on to the home to tend to the delivery. The next day he carved his initials and the date on the stick and varnished it. Barbara says it is one of her prized possessions. She has loaned it to the museum but plans to pass it down to her children some day.

Barbara says anyone you talk to would probably have a funny story about her grandfather. One is about him being called out to a black lady's home to deliver a baby several times and each was a false labor. He finally just moved in and took the second bed in the lady's room and stayed until she had the child.

One of the older residents of Chidester told Barbara about the time a Chidester resident who had a little too much to drink lost his balance while walking down the sidewalk and fell on his

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

face into the gravel street. Some of the locals picked him up, took him to Dr. Rushing's office, cleaned him up and put iodine on the cuts. The doctor's office was not open for business since it was about midnight, but the doors were unlocked. Can you imagine a doctor's office being open at midnight in this day and time--not open for business, just unlocked?

One of Barbara's special memories was how her grandfather taught her so many life lessons. When she was about eight years old, Dr. Rushing had a patient who had what was then called "dropsy". Today we would call it congestive heart failure. Over a few weeks he took Barbara with him on house calls to see this patient. He told her in detail what was wrong and that she would die. When she did pass away, he took Barbara to the home where people used to "sit up with the dead" and showed her the body. They then rode around for a long time and he explained to Barbara that dying is a part of living and not to be feared. God knows when you will die and He will be there for you; you should remember that all through your life, you should live so that you will know that you will go to live with Him when your time comes. That was a heavy lesson for an eight year old, but Barbara says she has never forgotten that day or what her grandfather told her.

The town of Chidester had a big reception in 1953 to honor Dr. Rushing for fifty years of service to the community. He continued to practice another seven years after that, but didn't charge anyone. During the fifty years, he never charged ministers, old people, or those he felt couldn't pay. He never sent out a bill and if someone didn't pay, he just "forgot" about it.



Dr. J. L. Rushing on left; William Garland Rushing on right who established and ran the Bank of Chidester; standing is their brother, Warner Eugene Rushing who taught school at several schools in the area including Steele's Chapel and established a retail store that evolved into the Chidester Mercantile.

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## FEATURED WEB SITE OF THE MONTH

<http://timeticker.com/> Tells you the correct time anywhere in the world by clicking on a country on the map. Good for those who have someone in military service or those who have friends living in or visiting foreign countries.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## WILD CAT SKINS

County Court Record, *April* Term, 1889  
Day's Proceedings.  
Geo. D. Bernard & Co., Blank Book Manufacturers

*A. F. McKelvey* }  
*vs.* } *\$4.50* allowed  
*Nevada County* }

Now on this day *comes* the claim herein & heretofore filed is presented & submitted to the Court & upon examination the Court finds that said claim is for three wild cat skins and is of opinion that said claim should be allowed.

It is therefore considered ordered & adjudged by the Court that said *A. F. McKelvey* do recover of & from the County the sum of *\$4.50* & that he have a warrant therefor issued, & that the County pay all costs herein.

I came across this old record concerning my great grandfather, Alexander Fletcher McKelvy, at the Nevada County court house. Evidently, he had filed a claim for \$4.50 for three wild cat skins and the court said the claim should be allowed. This is the type of interesting stuff you can find searching these old records. Now I wonder what type of wild cat was roaming the woods of Nevada County in 1889. There must have been a bounty offered for their skins. As you know, we do have a "Wildcat Rd." near Prescott.

### Re: Old Time Remedies, Mary Ann Sanford writes:

I thought I would tell you about an old time remedy that my mother used on me probably around 1966. I sprained my ankle one morning. That night mother spread red clay that had been mixed with cider vinegar and wrapped my ankle up with some cloth. Next morning the swelling and pain was gone, so I was able to go to work. Probably just being off my foot all night is what helped, but you would not have been able to convince my mother of that.

There was another remedy that was used on me when I was a child. I would have a lot of pain in the calves of my legs. Daddy would rub my legs with turpentine and the pain would go away. I know this worked because he tried rubbing alcohol one night when we were out of turpentine. Still had the pain and kept crying.

Sometimes I wonder if we wouldn't be better off if we used some of these "Old Time Remedies" instead of running to a doctor with everything.

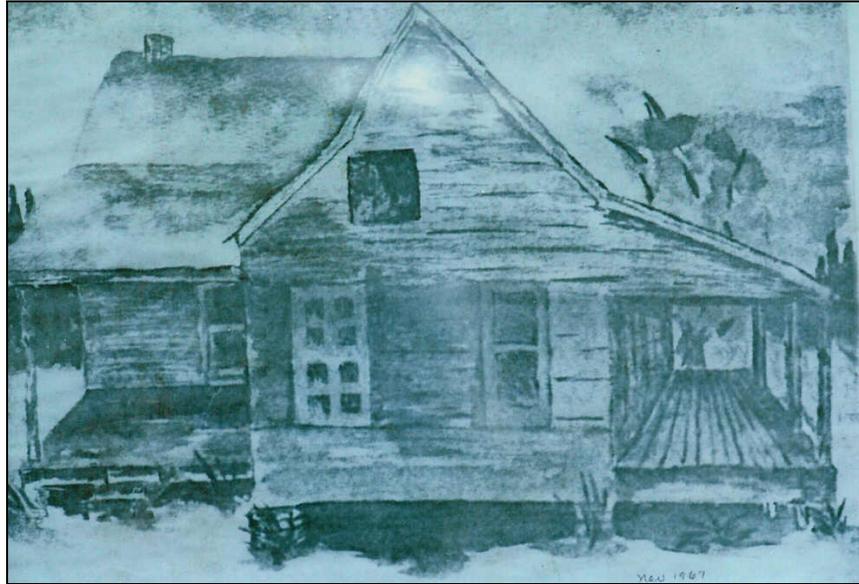
Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

May, 2011

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### **THE OLD PLACE**

This is a sketch of my grandparent's house in the Goose Ankle community near Bluff City. We have several pictures which show a portion of the house, but this sketch is the only photo we have that shows the whole house. It was drawn in 1967 by a friend of my first cousin who happened to have some artistic talent.

I don't know when the house was constructed, but I assume it was built about the time my grandparents married which was in 1908.

I have many memories from my visits with my grandparents when I was growing up. There was a porch swing on the front porch which was common in those days. There was an open hallway through the center of the house sometimes called a "dog-trot". This was usually a cool place in the summertime. A large front room to the left of the hallway was more or less a "guest bedroom" and was rarely used after the kids were grown. There was an old Victrola record player in this room which I enjoyed playing with as a kid. It was a tall cabinet model with storage space underneath for the records. A crank on the side was used to make the turntable spin the old 78 rpm records. The needles were about an inch long and were placed in the head of the arm which could be gently folded down to the spinning record. The record collection included such titles as "Birmingham Jail", "The Roving Gambler", "The Death of Floyd Collins", and "Little Mary Phagan".

Children sometimes do destructive things for fun. We soon discovered that we could make a substitute needle by holding a broom straw in our mouth with the other end against the spinning record while at the same time plugging our ears with our fingers and we could hear the music. I'm sure this wasn't very good for the records, but we figured the old record player was not being used much anymore and nobody would care. Of course, we didn't get permission to

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

do this.

Another small room on the same side of the hallway was used to store seeds for planting, canning jars, and other assorted objects.

The front living room was on the right side of the hallway. In this room was the fireplace, chairs and couch. I don't think my grandparents ever had a television set in this house, but did have a radio in the living room. In later years a bed was also put in the living room probably to be closer to the heat on cold winter nights. The walls were covered with wallpaper and the rooms had high ceilings like many old houses which helped keep the rooms cool in the summertime. Light bulbs hung from long cords from the ceiling. An old time clock that chimed on the hour was located in a prominent place in the living room.

In his later years, my grandfather liked to lie on the living room floor using a straight-back wooden chair turned over with the back of the chair used as a back rest. He smoked a pipe with a crooked stem and carried his tobacco in small tobacco sacks with a draw string which he kept in a pocket in the bib of his overalls.

Further back was another large bedroom with a door opening to the hallway. My grandmother grew up during hard times and kept just about everything such as balls of string, jars of buttons, and anything else she thought might come in handy someday. The closet in this room was full of all sorts of useful things besides clothing.

At the back of the house was the kitchen with a door opening to the hallway. There was a wood cook stove in the kitchen, a large dining table, a pie safe, and wall cabinets. My grandmother had perfected her cooking techniques on the old wood cook stove, knowing just how to keep the fire going just like she wanted. Many good country meals were prepared the old fashioned way on this old wood cook stove. A refrigerator was added after the area got electricity in the late 1940s. Soon a butane cook stove replaced the old wood cook stove. Things were gradually getting more modern. Grandma didn't live long enough to see a microwave oven, but I think she would have been a bit suspicious of something that cooked with no visible flame.

Although it is not shown in the picture, there was a water well near the back of the house. Another well was across the road in front of the house mainly used for washing clothes and as a back-up well in case the main well went dry.

There were the usual out-buildings found on a farm. A smoke house was at the rear of the house where meat was smoked in the early days and was later used more for storage. An outdoor toilet was out back a good distance from the house. Across the road and a short distance down the road in front of the house was a barn with a loft for hay. Another building closer to the road had small cribs, stalls, etc. and also had a hallway where my grandfather parked his old pickup truck. A workshop nearby contained a forge used for heating metal to make things and tools to repair farm equipment.

Another building on the same side of the road as the main house was used for storing

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

potatoes. My grandfather at one time grew sweet potatoes and these were cured and stored in this building. An orchard was in the same area with several peach and apple trees which furnished fresh fruit for the family as well as for canning.

My grandfather also had a sorghum mill near the main house where he made homemade sorghum syrup. Sorghum was a major crop grown in this area before about 1945. I never got involved in the sorghum growing business very much, but I know it involved a lot of hard work to cut the cane, transport it to the mill, and cook it into syrup. I do remember chewing on some of the sweet sorghum stalks brought in to be cooked into syrup.

The yard around the main house was pretty much bare of any grass. The soil had a lot of clay and with chickens running loose; grass didn't have much chance of getting a start. I can remember my grandmother sweeping leaves from her yard with a home-made yard broom which was just a bunch of small bushes of just the right size tied together.

A row of large sand rocks was used as a border along the gravel road in front of the house. Scattered flowers were found in the yard along with a pomegranate bush. We still have some of these bushes which were rooted from Grandma's old pomegranate bush.

I faintly remember Mr. Cross, the peddler from Rosston, coming by my grandparent's house on his rounds. It was always a thrill to see him coming with his truck loaded with basic things needed by farm families. There was always a chance I might get some candy if I had been good.



Down the road about a quarter mile from the main house was a smaller house on my grandparent's property that we always called "the little house". It was also nick-named "the weaning house" because it served as the first home to some of the kids after they married. Over the years several different families lived in this small house. Some families in those days moved around a lot, renting a place wherever they could find an empty house. The weaning house was on my father's part of the place when it was divided up. He finally tore the house down and used the lumber to build a barn.

The county road that passed by my grandparent's place is still passable, although it is only graded about once per year. It is mainly used these days by hunters and as a way to access timber land.

I have tried the last few years to learn as much as I can about this part of Nevada County since it was my family's home. The Goose Ankle community was a close-knit community of good people who first settled there sometime around 1850. The formal name of the place was Rocky Hill, but all the local folks called it Goose Ankle. How that name was chosen remains a mystery. I did find an item in the county newspaper written in 1908 in which the writer said he

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

had always heard it called by that name during his lifetime.

Many families who lived in this community had already moved away or passed on before I was born. The names I am most familiar with are the McKelvys, the Irvins, the Johnsons, the Dunns, the Nelsons, the Odells, the Plylers, the Parkers, and the Sarretts. It all depends on where you draw the line between the Goose Ankle community and the neighboring community of Gum Grove.

The school was located at Gum Grove until 1929 when it was consolidated with Bluff City. It was the typical wooden school house for that time with an enrollment of about 70 students. The children from the surrounding countryside all walked to school. Gum Grove was a little over one mile from my grandparent's house. The school term was arranged into summer and winter terms so the kids would be available to help with the farm work at certain times. The length of the term also depended on how much money was available to support the school.

The church that served the community was the Rocky Hill Methodist church, appropriately named because of the large rocks in that area. The land for the church was donated by my great grandfather, Alexander Fletcher McKelvy in 1907. This church served the community for many years, but by the 1970s, the population had declined so much that it could no longer support the church. The building stood vacant for several years, finally being demolished in 2009.

The main activities in the early days involved farming or working with timber. Small saw mills called "ground-hog mills" were used to harvest the good logs growing in that area. I recently found a reference from 1917 about the Smoky Valley Milling Co. located at Goose Ankle, a name I had never heard before. It was probably one of those small saw mills that existed for only a short time. The newspaper reported that J. B. Parker was to be the "sawdust monkey" and my grandfather was to be a "general flunkey". The Reader Railroad was constructed through the area about 1920 which provided a way to transport the timber products to larger markets. I'm sure the sound of the whistle from the steam train made the residents of Goose Ankle feel they were more connected with the outside world. Many of the local men helped with the construction of the railroad through the Caney Creek bottoms.

The women mostly worked at home in the old days while the men usually worked in the fields or at a saw mill. The community had a church, a school, and a few small country stores at various times. I have found references about small stores at Goose Ankle operated by the Irvins, the Halls, and the Plylers. These little stores only carried basic necessities or maybe sold gasoline after the automobile came on the scene. People still had to make occasional trips to larger towns like Prescott or Bluff City, but these trips were only made when necessary to get supplies not available locally. Prescott was about 18 miles from my grandparent's house and a trip by wagon to Prescott and back was an all day affair.

I can only imagine what it was like living at Goose Ankle about a hundred years ago when my grandparents married. I wish I had asked my grandparents a lot more questions when they were living, but I was busy at that time being a kid. I am thankful for the memories I do have and have learned to appreciate the hard work my family and others did to raise their families in such a rural area. I think they did a good job considering the hardships they faced.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



**Photo of  
The McKelvy Family**

**James Columbus “Gee” McKelvy and Katie May Kirk McKelvy with their three children —Myrtie, Lee Roy, and Ruel (my father)**

**Date of Photo—About 1917**

My grandparents were already in their sixties when I was about eight years old. They had slowed down some from the hard work of their earlier days, so I don't remember too much about seeing them at work. I know they worked hard raising their family. They didn't have all the modern labor saving devices. Grandpa plowed with horses for long hours and used a horse-drawn corn stalk cutter and a horse-drawn mowing machine and hay rake. Hay was hauled in loose using pitchforks. Grandma put up vegetables for the family, cooked the meals, made quilts and clothes, milked the cows, helped butcher the hogs, and anything else she could do to help.

When the children all married and had families of their own, my grandparents continued to live in the old home. Grandpa had an old truck, so they could get out when necessary. They continued to raise a garden. They still had a few neighbors around in the 1950s. The mail carrier brought their mail each day and the country peddler stopped by about once per week. They had no telephone or television, but did have a radio, electricity, and butane gas. The church was still active at that time, although the number of members was declining.



Christmas each year was a time when the family all gathered at my grandparent's house and enjoyed exchanging gifts, eating some good country cooking, and visiting. I got to visit more often than my cousins since we lived only a few miles away.

Because of illness, my grandparents spent some of their later years with their children. The old house which had been the center of their lives for so many years was now empty much of the time. Grandpa died in 1959 shortly after this picture was made and Grandma in 1963. The place was divided after their deaths with my uncle getting the old house with his part of the land. He later sold his part of the place to H. W. Ward who used the old house as a hunting camp. The house was destroyed by fire in the mid-1970s which was believed to have been caused by arson. The deer club has constructed another building in the same location and is still active today.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The Goose Ankle community has taken its place in history now. Most of the farm fields are now forests. All that identifies the old home places now are a few old shade trees, some annual flowers that have survived, or maybe an old water well. The Rocky Hill Methodist church is now gone. The few buildings that still stand are used mainly for hunting camps and only a few people still live in the area known as Goose Ankle, a community that once had its own local news column in the county newspapers.

I now own part of the original home place where my grandparents lived. I am part of the fourth generation of McKelvys to own this land which has been in our family for 140 years. We just call it “the old place”.

When I drive down the narrow county road past the hunting camp located at the former location of my grandparent’s home, I recall the memories of those days about sixty years ago when the old house was still standing. My grandmother might be resting in the porch swing or maybe practicing a new song she found in her hymn book. Grandpa might be taking an afternoon nap or be busy with some small chore that needed doing around the place. Time marches on, but sometimes leaves pleasant memories



**Baseball Team from Prescott**

The initials on the shirts (T. A. H. S.) stands for Tom Allen High School. The date of the picture would be sometime around 1908-1912. Thanks to David Cummins for the photo. Let me know if you can identify any of these people. David says his father is in the top row, second from the left.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## SEARCHING

Since 1997, my wife and I have canvassed 102 cemeteries in Nevada County. Some of these are old family plots and some are just a single grave found deep in the woods. Our goal is to locate and document all known burial places in Nevada County. Our cemetery surveys are all online at the depot museum web site. You can do a search for a particular name or call up the complete record for a particular cemetery. The web site address is:  
<http://depotmuseum.org/>

If you know of a grave marker or burial place off the beaten path, please let me know so that we can try and get it included in our records. I'm sure there are some we haven't found. If you own land containing a burial place, please see that it is protected and documented. If you sell the land, make sure the next owner knows that a cemetery is located on the property. Many of these type graves are forever lost due to logging activities. I don't think any reputable logger would intentionally destroy a grave marker, but it sometimes happens if they are not aware of the existence of a burial place.

Here is our latest find. This child's grave was found in the woods off Cale Rd. near Prescott. Thanks to Ronnie Vandiver for showing me this grave marker. There was no evidence of any other graves near this marker.



MARTIN A.  
Son of  
J. & L. J. BSHEARS  
Died  
Jan. 3, 1860  
Aged  
7 Ms & 29 Ds

“Suffer little children to  
Come unto me”

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## DR. T. W. McDANIEL

Duane McDaniel contributed this story about his grandfather, Dr. T. W. McDaniel of Boughton in Nevada County. Boughton is located about four or five miles north of Prescott on the railroad. The photo below is on file at the Nevada County Depot and Museum.



Dr. Thomas William McDaniel, Sr., my grandfather, was a brilliant man of few words. When he spoke, though, one listened. Never did I hear him raise his voice.

He was invited to practice at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, which was and is the premier hospital in the United States, if not the world. This did not transpire inasmuch as Lizzie, his wife did not want to leave Boughton and home.

He treated most of the folks in and around Nevada County and delivered hundreds of babies, both black and white, for it made no difference to him. Doctor lived a modest life and was often never paid for his services. Sometimes an occasional chicken or a mess of beans, greens or some other garden vegetables, but he never complained, rather, he made as if those gifts were more than ample payment.

Doctor Mac, as he was generally called by his patients, was a devout Christian and a deacon of the Boughton church, where he always sang in the choir. He had a deep bass voice that was quite melodious. Each day after lunch he would read for about an hour from the Bible and his Bible was underscored and frazzled with constant use.

To help make ends meet, he was postmaster of the village and one of my favorite memories was when I could go with him to hang the out-going mail and collect the in-coming mail that they threw off the mail train as it went whizzing by.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

He planted and tended a large garden, which was fertilized by the manure from the cows that Lizzie, his wife, always milked. Those were the best beans, peas, corn, and tomatoes I ever ate, and I ate plenty. He also grew some of the hottest peppers I ever tried to eat, but he loved them.

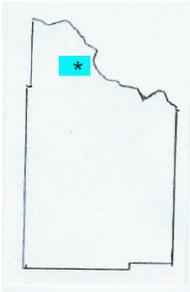
One night he was awakened by a knock on the screen door. Thinking some lady he was tending was about to deliver, he answered the knock. To his great surprise, a large caliber "hog-leg" was stuck in his belly and the man holding it said "Come with me!" Doctor said he would have to saddle his horse, but the man told him it was already saddled. After getting his black medical bag, they left. He was blind-folded and they went deep into the Little Missouri bottoms. Upon arrival, he noticed three other men, one of which was fairly shot up. He ministered to the wounded man and saved his life. Evidently their exploits had not been very fruitful, for they had little or no money. In gratitude, they gave him a stiff-back knife which had a small deer foot handle. Some said it was a remnant of the Dalton Gang. Unfortunately the knife was subsequently lost by a grandson playing in the woods.

Doctor and Lizzie had two sons: Thomas W. McDaniel, Jr. and Richard Elijah "Ted" McDaniel and four grandchildren--India Elizabeth, Duane M., Ted and Margie.

Doctor contracted cancer and after a valiant fight, went to meet Christ in 1949.

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## LOCAL NEWS ITEMS FROM BOUGHTON



Sept., 1885—Messers. J. M. Price and company have increased the size of their storehouse.

Dec., 1885—Barham Bros. have put in a shingle machine in connection with their gin which is running at full capacity.

June, 1886—Messrs. Barham and Brainerd have greatly improved their mill facilities and are doing good work in the lumber business.

March, 1887—Boughton has a new store, a new saw mill, and a new doctor and is smoothly gliding over the rugged hills of hard times with the express purpose in view of landing safely on the shore of prosperity in the near future.

1907---E. DeLaughter is the postmaster. The school is one of the best in the county and the two churches in the immediate vicinity afford ample places of worship. Drs. T. W. McDaniel and Dr. J. E. Cox look after the health of the community.

July, 1910—The new school at Boughton is nearing completion. Miss Hattie May Blake is one of the teachers

Jan., 1918—The Boughton school burns

March, 1919—DeLaughter Mercantile Co. of Boughton was burglarized

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jan., 1932—The Boughton Colored School is mentioned with E. D. Douglas as principal and L. N. Lancaster, assistant.

## Comments from readers:

### Re: Nicknames

I have a dear, dear male cousin who grew up in Hempstead Cty, Hope, AR all his life. (Our folks are from Nevada, Cty.) He now resides in Old Washington, AR in a lovely log house. We would come to visit to [Guernsey](#) in the summers from Hot Spring Cty, Malvern always on the 4th of July. My cousin Bill G. is my precious "Y.D." I have called him "Y.D." for YEARS. The story goes that I had asked him to do some favor for me, (we were about 5 and 10 years old). I promised him a YANKEE DIME if he would do whatever the favor was. (I don't remember.) Being the younger, less experienced of the band of cousins running barefoot through the summer, all he could see was an ice cream cone or Sugar Daddy purchased with that Yankee DIME. When the jig was up and time for payment, I gave him a big ole' watermelon-wet, juicy kiss right on the cheek. I'll never forget the look on his little face. "Where's my dime, he squalled." That's the kind that Yankees give, I assured him. "Yeah, but we're not Yankees!!!!" Don't know the origin of that term, but as a child I had heard some adult conversation somewhere, for sure. Used it to my advantage, but Cousin Bill was never "taken in" by me again!!! My "Y. D." (Y.-ankee D.-ime) is one of my most revered relatives and we faithfully share homemade bread and deer jerky through the winter. I still laugh about it. He never did think it was funny!

Dr. Annette B. Lemons (Cornelius)  
Branson, MO

*It's been a long time since I heard the term "Yankee Dime". One definition I found on the Internet is: A quick, innocent kiss. A peck. A child-like term used by/for children in the Southern United States. (More common in countryside-raised, 'older' southern families)*

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L. K. writes--My husband had a classmate with the nickname of Gink. Don't know where that came from but she still is called that to this day.

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*The 1948 yearbook for Bluff City School printed the nicknames of the students next to their school pictures—Coot, Hen, Buckie, Stroke, Shorty, Doodle, Slim, Sugar, Pill, Teen, Bully, Duck, Boone, Red, Midget, Bett, Robin, Jaybird, Goat, Collard, Rabbit, Pee Wee, Skunk, Cotton, Squirt, Turkey, Jesse James, Biscuit, Trout, Boots, Bozy, Buster, Chip, and Mud.*

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### Re: Article about the 2010 census in last issue

C. W. writes--Too many people have had it too good for too long and are spoiled, reference trash. We need to decrease the population more. Do you have any land? If so, start some co-op farms. The only problem with the world is PEOPLE !!!

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN ARKANSAS  
SAVAGE MURDER OF A YOUNG LADY BY HER LOVER  
CONFESSION AND EXECUTION OF THE MURDERER**

*Reported in The Ouachita Telegraph, Monroe, Louisiana—January 20, 1872*

We find in the Washington, Ark. *Telegraph* a communication giving the details of a most barbarous tragedy near that place, it being no less than the murder of a young lady by the man to whom she was engaged.

The correspondent thus explains the means by which the murderer was discovered, the young lady's remains having been found in the woods terribly mutilated, without any proof to identify the criminal.

The jury of inquest continued to sit until the matter was thoroughly investigated. A main spring of a pistol was found where the murder was committed, and this was the clue that led to the detection of the fiend. The pistol that spring belonged to had to be found. It was proposed that every man that had that kind of pistol in the neighborhood should produce it. Norwood, having broken his pistol, conceived it to be necessary to produce another one--as it was known that he had one on the day of the murder. He therefore went to Murfreesboro and borrowed one from a friend, and, when called upon produced it instead of the one with which he committed the murder. But unfortunately for him, that same pistol had been in the neighborhood before, and at once was identified as belonging to a Mr. Davis at Murfreesboro, although he alleged he had traded for it from a traveler. Mr. Davis was at once sent for and he disclosed the whole secret. After this was discovered to Norwood, he made a full confession which I give in his own words. He says:

Myself and Miss Holt were in the room together at Mrs. Nelsons (13<sup>th</sup>). She promised to send me a note. She had wrote me a note before that stated she would send me another one in a few days and tell me what she would do. I asked her to tell me then what her reasons were for putting it off. She told me she would send me an answer the next morning. She told me there had been a great deal said about it--more than I knew. I asked her to tell me what it was, but she would not tell me. I asked her if she intended to marry me. She told me she would do it if she could do it in peace. I came home and put up my mule and staid [sic] at home a little while and then went down to the corner of Mrs. Nelson's field. Stayed there until she came. I walked to the road and spoke to her--I told her I wanted her to tell me that evening what she had promised. She told me she could not tell me then. I, at that time, was walking along side of her horse holding the bridle rein. I saw she was frightened. I told her not to be scared as I did not intend to hurt her (several times). She told me that she would tell on me. I told her I did not want her to do that, as I did not intend to hurt her at all. She hallowed [sic] a time or two. I saw that I had gone so far that I would have to kill her, or do something else, *i.e.* get out of the way. I drew my pistol out and she screamed. I told her I did not want to hurt her. She screamed and I walked around on the left hand side of the horse. She screamed at that time. I then shot her on the horse four times. She then fell off the horse. I think I caught her as she went to fall. She was not dead then. She said the Lord save me. Not being dead and lying on the ground, I cut her

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throat with my knife (I think 3 cuts). I struck her several blows over the head with the barrel of the pistol. In striking her over the head, I broke my pistol. I did not bite her hand. I then left and went through the woods close to the 16<sup>th</sup> section and crossed the road half way between our house and Mr. Nelson's field, and went to the creek and washed my hands, then came on home up the creek. I threw [sic] the pistol in the woods near the 16<sup>th</sup> section field. Early on Dec. 14<sup>th</sup>, I went and got the pistol and brought it home and put it in the corn-crib in the yard on the left hand side.

The victim of this foul deed is thus described:

Mary Teresa Holt was fifteen years old on the last anniversary of her natal day. She was beautiful in form, in figure, and in grace; possessed of inestimable virtues and devoted piety. Kind and gentle as a dove. She was idolized by her relations, beloved by her friends, and admired by all with whom she became acquainted. Captivating in manners and disposition, loving and magnanimous, she was indeed the star of the social circle, and the flower of the family. She was the daughter of Mrs. Harriet C. Holt and the youngest of them all.

The lover and murderer of Miss Holt had a common-place history which is thus noticed:

Robert W. Norwood was a young man of some 21 or 22 years of age, light complexion, heavy built, some 5 feet, three or four inches high and would weigh about 140 or 145 pounds. He was rather prepossessing in appearance and had a high reputation in the community. He was of good parentage and the host of friends he had were loth [sic] to believe him guilty of so foul a crime.

Norwood's execution was summary as may be seen from the following:

After this confession was made, an infuriated populace were fully determined to lynch the fiend, but some influential citizens dissuaded them. He was placed under a strong guard of some twelve men, who were compelled to keep themselves secreted during the whole of Saturday night in order to save the prisoner from the hands of the citizens. On Sunday morning, about 11 o'clock, he was taken from the guard by some 100 armed men, and hung to a tree, about a mile and a half from where he committed the deed. He was drawn up about fifteen feet and choked to death.



Mary Teresa Holt Grave Marker  
Ozan Cemetery –Hempstead County

Sentiment on bottom of stone:

Daughter, thou wert mild and lovely  
Gentle as the summer breeze  
Pleasant as the air of evening  
When it floats among the trees

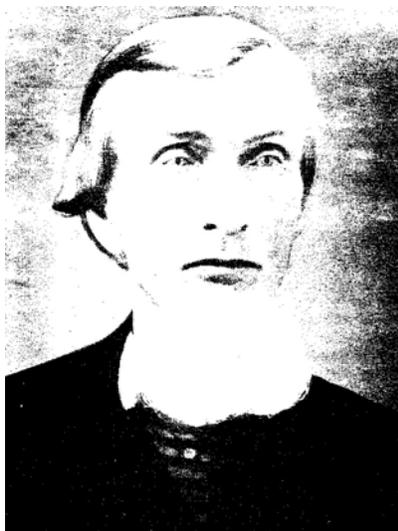
# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## DR. SIMEON JABEZ HESTERLY

First a little background information (from the book *Hesterly & McKelvy Genealogy* by Frederick P. Looney)

The Summers, Hesterly, and McKelvy families once lived as neighbors in Coweta Co., Georgia. About 1859, the three families, along with other families, migrated to Arkansas. Francis Berry Hesterly had married Elizabeth Ann Summers in 1847 in Georgia and the couple had several small children. She became ill on the trip to Arkansas, died, and was buried near Monticello, Arkansas. Francis Berry Hesterly was left a widower with six small children on his way to a new home in Arkansas.

Jabez McKelvy was along on the trip with his wife and 11 children. His oldest daughter, Mary Ann, was unmarried and took care of the small Hesterly children after the death of Mrs. Hesterly. The Hesterly and McKelvy families settled in Ouachita County about 20 miles west of Camden. The Hesterlys settled on the left side of the road between White Oak Creek and Bluff City and the McKelvys settled a few miles southwest of Bluff City.



Francis Berry Hesterly (*pictured at left*) married Mary Ann McKelvy, the oldest daughter of Jabez McKelvy, in 1862. Three sons were born to this marriage--Simeon Jabez (Jabe) Hesterly, William Starling (Dutch) Hesterly, and James Ezra, called "Little G" who only lived four days. Mary Ann died in 1870, four days after James Ezra's death. Mary Ann and James Ezra were buried at Ebenezer Cemetery near the center of the cemetery. Francis Berry Hesterly was again left with several small children. His oldest daughter, Delila Mildred, had married Isaac Pinkney McKelvy, a son of Jabez McKelvy. All the other Hesterly children were still at home, the oldest girl being 16 years old.

In 1871, Francis Berry Hesterly married Rebecca Frances McKelvy, another daughter of Jabez McKelvy and sister of Mary Ann, his second wife. One son, Albert Pinkney Whitfield Hesterly, was born from this marriage. He was the last child of Francis Berry Hesterly.

Francis Berry Hesterly moved to the Rocky Hill community near Bluff City. He died in 1898 and was buried at Ebenezer near the center of the cemetery where his second wife and son were buried along with other early members of the Hesterly and McKelvy families. His son, Dr. Simeon Jabez Hesterly later placed a large monument at his grave.

For some reason, the graves of his two wives also buried at Ebenezer and the child, James Ezra, were only marked with rocks. Family records show the location of their graves, so I thought it would be nice if their graves could be marked with monuments showing their names and dates. I contacted Thomas F. "Mack" McLarty III, great-great grandson of Francis Berry Hesterly and Mary Ann McKelvy. You may remember that name. He served as President Bill

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Clinton's Chief of Staff during the Clinton presidency. Mr. McLarty agreed to purchase monuments for the three graves mentioned and they were installed this month. There are other unmarked graves from both the Hesterly and McKelvy families at Ebenezer Cem., but these are the only ones we are able to identify from family records. A fence once surrounded the Hesterly and McKelvy graves in the center of the cemetery under the tall cedar trees, but it had fallen down and was removed.

At least three of the six sons of Francis Berry Hesterly became doctors. Dr. Francis Pennington Hesterly is buried at Moscow Cemetery, Dr. Simeon Jabez Hesterly is buried at DeAnn Cem., and Dr. Albert Pinkney Whitfield Hesterly is buried in an unmarked grave at Ebenezer.

Francis Berry Hesterly never talked much about his family or things of the past. He would always say, "When I left Georgia, I burned all my bridges behind me and I don't want to talk about the past."

## **Now, to the subject of this sketch--Dr. Simeon Jabez Hesterly**



Simeon Jabez Hesterly was born in 1863, the son of Francis Berry and MaryAnn McKelvy Hesterly. He studied medicine at night in the offices of Dr. Harris in Prescott and attended medical school in Memphis. He began his medical practice at Bluff City in 1895, practicing there about five years before moving to Prescott. He did further studies at Chicago and New York.

He married Sarah Gibson and had five children--Berry Francis Hesterly (a druggist), Bertha Ann Hesterly, Jacob Bradley "Jake" Hesterly (a doctor), Beulah Hesterly, and Ernest Hesterly (a jeweler).

He served as a physician for over fifty years and was very active in church and civic affairs. He was chairman of the board of deacons at the First Baptist church, was on the Prescott city council from 1912 to 1916, was vice-president of the Bank of Prescott when it was founded, vice-president of the State Medical Society and member of the examining board, board member of Ouachita College, city and county health officer, and the local physician and surgeon for the MoPac Railroad and Prescott and Northwestern Railroad.

He died in 1941 at the age of 77. He was survived by three sons, Berry Hesterly, Dr. J. B. Hesterly, and Ernest Hesterly and two daughters, Mrs. Wren Scott and Mrs. Otho Stephenson. He had always said he wanted to be buried at Ebenezer with his "kith and kin", but his wife died first and the family decided that DeAnn Cemetery would be their final resting place.

Dr. Hesterly's name was mentioned frequently in the early newspapers of Nevada County since he was involved in so many civic affairs. In connection with his position as county health officer, Dr. Hesterly submitted this article for the 8-23-1912 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*.

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## DR. S. J. HESTERLY ON THE GENERAL HEALTH OF NEVADA COUNTY

Arkansas, taking all in all, is one of the healthiest states in the union, and Nevada is one of the very healthiest counties of the state. I base this study upon twenty years study and practical experience in the county and a general knowledge of the healthfulness of other states. The health of Arkansas, at one time, it is true, was very poor, because of the lack of hygiene and unsanitary conditions, but that was years ago, and is a thing of the past. The general health of Arkansas has wonderfully improved in the last ten years, on account of better sanitary conditions, better living, and a better understanding of the facts. Add to this a general improvement of the river banks, the draining of low lands, and the adoption of modern methods of preventing disease, together with better dwelling houses, we have eliminated all unhealthy conditions to a great extent, and placed Arkansas on a par with any section of the United States.

For years malaria, chills, fever, and kindred troubles frightened the stranger long before he ever came south. Today, in Prescott, or in Nevada County, we have but very, very little malaria, and rarely in malignant form, owing to the improved sanitation.

Pneumonia is a condition which we have occasionally, but this is not at all prevalent on account of the genial climate and the fact we have no sudden changes from warm to cold weather, etc.

Typhoid fever is not prevalent at all, but we occasionally have a few cases in autumn. In this particular locality, we now seldom have typhoid, since the installation of our artesian wells and water system.

We have a low mortality rate which does not exceed that of any other section of the country, and I do not believe Nevada County has a peer anywhere in this respect. The very finest of water, climate, and rational living make for the best of health among our people.

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Charlie and Minnie Starnes Henry

### The Charlie Henry House

This was the home of Charlie and Minnie Henry and was located on Hwy. 299 out of Bluff City next door to our place. The house was torn down for the lumber in 1988. Charlie Henry was my grandfather.

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Here are two bottles from my bottle collection. Can you tell me anything about these? The one on the left has no other markings except on the back states that it is a product of the Seven-Up Bottling Co. The Milde's soda bottle has the slogan 'Has No Equal' under the name and was a product of the Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of Jackson, Missouri. Do you remember drinking these sodas?



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## THE GOOD OL' DAYS

Sometimes I think of what my life might have been like if I had been born fifty years earlier.

Oh, I know life was hard in those days. I'm sure I would miss all the modern conveniences we have today and I know life is easier now for most people as far as work is concerned. It's hard to imagine working all day for fifty cents or walking several miles to school each day like our ancestors did.

I can remember when \$1.00 per hour or \$40 dollars a week was the usual pay for general labor. I even worked part time when I was in college for fifty cents an hour writing parking tickets on campus, but I remember the old folks talking about making railroad ties and using a cross-cut saw for fifty cents a day.

Imagine living in the late 1800s when there were no televisions or radios, no electricity, and no computers. Probably 90 percent of your neighbors would be farmers if you lived in a rural area. There were no automobiles, so horses, buggies, or wagons were the main forms of transportation. Those living in the rural areas had to make occasional trips to the nearest town to get needed supplies, and that trip might take all day. I can remember my uncle talking about heating a rock in the fireplace to put on the wagon to keep their feet warm on the trip to town in the winter. If you were a kid, you didn't mind trips to town. In fact, you looked forward to them because you would see new things and a different lifestyle from what you were accustomed to on the farm. You might even be allowed to buy a few treats or maybe a toy if the crops had been

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good that year.

Families were large in those days. Sometimes there were as many as a dozen or more kids. I don't see how families managed, but somehow they did. The older kids helped watch after the younger ones and the whole family pitched in to see that all the chores were done. All this helped to bind the family together.

Most women did not work outside the home. They had plenty to do watching after all the children and keeping everyone fed and clothed. I wonder sometimes how this country would survive these days if we had another "Great Depression" like in the 1930s. The old ways of doing things have all but disappeared. Those folks knew how to skimp and save. They knew how to substitute when they didn't have exactly what they needed and no way to get it. I'm afraid most folks living today in this country are spoiled and think there could never be another time like the Great Depression of the 1930s. There is an old saying that history repeats itself, and very few people these days are happy with our current economic situation. Our country is deeply in debt, gas prices are high, food prices are rising, unemployment is high, and more and more people are expecting the government to take care of them.

Just think how it was in the 1930s. There was no Social Security program for the elderly. When Grandma and Grandpa got old and unable to work, the family had to take care of them. Going to a nursing home was not an option in those days. Many of the modern antibiotics had not yet been discovered, so a serious illness like pneumonia was likely to result in death. Anyone over 70 years old was considered "an aged person". One advantage of having large families back then was that usually some of the children lived nearby on their own farms and could help care for their parents. These days the children are scattered to the four winds and may only see their parents a few times a year.

It seems to me that there was more interaction between families in those days, especially those who lived on the farms. Neighbors visited each other when they could and maybe even helped each other with jobs such as cutting hay or canning vegetables. Church services and school functions were well attended even with all the work that had to be done.

Many farmers would take a break on Saturday afternoons and sort of wind down from a week of hard work. The older boys might be given the afternoon off to enjoy a ball game with other boys in the community or maybe go fishing or swimming. It all depended on how much work there was to do. Work always came before pleasure in those days because so much depended on it. As the saying goes--"if you don't work, you don't eat".

Work came to a halt on Sundays except for taking care of the farm animals. It was a day of rest for the farmer and his horses. The day was devoted to church services and resting from a week of hard work. School and revival meetings were both planned around the farm work. When the kids were needed to help with planting and harvesting the crops, the schools were closed and reopened when the busy season was over. Revival meetings were planned for a time when the crops had been "laid by".

I wonder what those old-timers would say today if they could see the younger generation

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and some of us older ones spending hours playing video games, computer games or watching television. Their idea of a game in those days was a ball game or a good game of checkers. Ball games provided bodily exercise and checkers exercised the mind. Hunting and fishing required skill and provided food for the table.

I'm pretty sure that our ancestors would have something to say about the way some of the young folks dress these days. I think every generation tries to push the limits with their fads, etc., but I'm afraid Grandma might have fainted if she had seen kids in public with their pants down to their knees and their underwear showing. If kids had tried that in the old days, there would probably be a trip to the woodshed and some Bible verses to memorize.

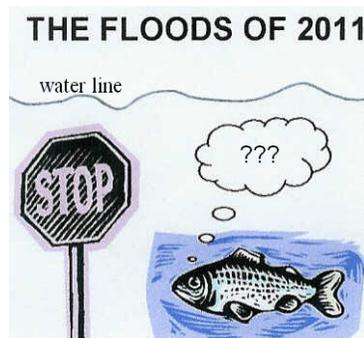
I identify more with rural people since I grew up on a farm. We were not rich by any means, but we always had plenty to eat. I think if I had to go through a great depression that lasted for several years, I would rather be living on a farm than in the city. As long as a family had a few cows, some chickens, and a place to grow a garden, they could probably survive if the house and vehicle were paid for.

New inventions have greatly changed our way of life. They just come too fast these days. That brings up another huge problem for some people today. Many people are too eager to use their credit cards, buying things they don't really need, and paying just the minimum payment each month. They don't realize they will never get out of debt and many don't seem to care. Credit cards are nice to have, especially when traveling, but it's best to always try to pay the balance due and not let a debt accumulate.

Well, we don't get to choose the time period in which we live, so we just have to make the best of it. I wonder if fifty years from now, folks will be calling these the "good ol' days". If the prices keep rising, those still around may call these "the good ol' days" and tell the young folks about the days when gasoline only cost \$4.00 per gallon.

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## AND THE WINNER IS



Thanks to everyone who sent in an entry in the contest to come up with a caption for this little cartoon. I'm not an artist, so I had to use clip art instead of drawing a real cartoon. A few years ago, we were traveling through some flooded farm land in northeastern Arkansas and spotted a stop sign almost submerged by the flood waters. I joked at the time about what the fish might think if they came across a stop sign underwater.

It was a tough decision to pick just one winner, so I decided to choose five captions that I liked best and there were others almost as good. Here are the ones I chose:

“Now the government even wants to tell us fishes where and when to swim.”—Cathy Sraley

“No way—fishes gotta swim; birds gotta fly!”—Irma Evans

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“I thought Noah was just kidding.”—Yvonne Munn

“Well, it’s about time they did something to slow down those upstart young minnows.”—James Hairston

“Man, I must have had a bad dream!”—Shannon Edmunson

There were some duplicate captions submitted also, and it would be hard to choose between two entries which were almost alike. So, I decided to give everyone another chance to win based purely on luck. I counted the total number of people who submitted entries and used a random number generator I found on the Internet to pick the winner. I just put in the range of numbers and it gave me a random number. I then counted down my list to that number and the winner is Ginger Patterson. These six winners will receive a copy of my booklet called “*Hard Times*”. I will be contacting you for your mailing address.

Send me an email if you can draw cartoons and would like to contribute some for the Sandyland Chronicle. I’m sorry I can’t pay you for your work. All I can do is give you credit for your work and some free exposure. Who knows? Maybe somebody will see your work and decide to employ you full time as a cartoonist.

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## THEY LOOK SO LONELY

By Jerry McKelvy

They look so lonely, those graves marked by rocks  
No names, no dates, no flowers to be found,  
Nobody ever visits these forgotten graves  
Scattered over the cemetery ground.

Perhaps the family was too poor to afford a stone  
Or planned to mark the grave at a later time  
Grave markers cost a lot of money  
And maybe they couldn’t spare a dime.

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One thing on which we all agree  
Whatever the reason, it's a shame,  
To see so many unmarked graves  
With just a rock--not even a name.

Somebody's father, mother, daughter, or son  
Early settlers of this land we call home,  
What stories they could have told  
But alas, they now are gone.

We will never know whose body lies there,  
They no more this earth will roam.  
We can only take care of their graves  
As if they were marked with expensive marble stones.

Of all these rocks, one might catch your eye  
You might see a letter or part of a date  
A little clue as to who this might be  
If only you had not waited so late.

Why not adopt one of these graves  
And pretend it was someone you knew,  
Cut the grass or pull a weed,  
Maybe even leave a flower or two?

We only pass this way but once  
But little things like this we can do.  
Just think--the person buried there  
Might have done the same for you.

Next time you visit an old cemetery  
With beautiful grave markers so old,  
Think about the lonely rocks,  
Those early settlers, and stories never told.

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## QUESTION FOR NEXT ISSUE

Here's a question for the next issue. How far back have you traced your ancestors? How, why, and when did they migrate to Arkansas? Where did they first settle? What connection do you have to Nevada County or surrounding counties? How did you end up living where you do? If you don't know much about your ancestors, just go back as far as you can. Try to condense it all into one or two short paragraphs and get it to me by June 15 for the July issue.

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## **OLD CISTERN AT GUM GROVE**

A source for water was one of the most important things our ancestors considered when they settled the sandy land in Nevada County. Most of the people who didn't have a water well at their home used nearby springs for drinking water. Natural springs are easy to find in this part of Nevada County. Almost every hollow has a small branch fed by springs. A good spring can be developed to provide a ready supply of sparkling, clear water. The only problem for our ancestors was that it had to be carried in buckets to the home which could be quite a chore depending on the distance from the house. This was a good job for the children to do. Most rural areas of Nevada County now have rural water systems which make things much easier these days compared to what our ancestors had.

I think the vast majority of rural homes in the old days had dug wells for a water supply. In most cases, water could be found by digging from 25 to 50 feet deep, but there are some areas where it is almost impossible to find a good water supply. Some people believed water could be found by using a divining rod and usually there was someone in the community who claimed to have the ability to find water using a forked stick to locate the spot where the well should be dug.

Some homes had two or three wells in case one went dry. Any time you are checking out an old home place, be sure to watch for open wells. I have found many covered with old boards or pieces of tin. Leaves accumulate over time and make these old wells very hard to see. I always

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carry a stick to poke around in front of me just in case. It also comes in handy for snakes, etc.

Water wells sometimes needed to be cleaned out or dug deeper. Bennie Clanahan, a black man, was the local expert on water wells back when I grew up. Going down into a well is one job I never wanted to do.

Some people placed barrels or other containers under the edge of their houses to collect rainwater. This was a simple system that required little effort. Nobody considered that these containers of standing water made good places for mosquitoes to hatch. Other people constructed cisterns so they would have plenty of water for washing clothes and other domestic chores. These were mainly used to store rainwater since most were not deep enough to reach an underground water supply. Usually some type of gutter system channeled rainwater from the roof of the house and collected it in the cistern.

The old cistern pictured on the previous page is located across the road from where the Gum Grove church once stood (*about four miles southwest of Bluff City*). Before 1929, the Gum Grove School was located at the same location as the church. It was a typical small country school with about 70-80 students. This location was an important landmark even back in the days of the Civil War. It was in Ouachita County at that time and was called Lone Grove on an 1865 map of Ouachita County. It was one of the earliest settlements in this area and was mentioned in the official military reports as troops moved through the area during the Civil War. A post office existed at Lone Grove from 1858 to 1866.

I would like to know who constructed this cistern and the date, but I doubt if anyone is still living who might know. Adrian Hunter says he lived at this location when he was a small child, but said they didn't use water from the cistern. They used water collected in barrels to wash clothes and got their drinking water from a nearby spring--the same spring that provided drinking water for the students at Gum Grove School in earlier times. The Bob Johnson family also lived at this location at one time.

Mrs. Oleta Nelson says the land once belonged to Bryce Barham. I checked an old ownership map and it shows A. B. Barham (Andrew Brycen Barham) owning 80 acres at that location. A. B. Barham was a preacher who was married to Ethel Hardwick. She also assisted him in preaching at various communities in the area. I have been in contact with their granddaughter who says she remembers hearing the name Gum Grove mentioned. She says they kept their farm while they were away preaching in other communities, the house probably being rented out at various times. Ethel died in 1933 and is buried at Ebenezer Cemetery. Brycen remarried a woman from near Heber Springs. He died in 1963 in Chicago and is buried in a cemetery near Heber Springs. It is possible that the Barhams had this cistern constructed since they owned the land.

The reason the land around the cistern looks so desolate in the picture is that the timber was recently cut. Herbicides were applied to control the brush and the area was replanted this last winter. A new pine forest will soon be seen here.

This old home place is situated in an area of very deep sand. The land is productive if

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

plenty of water is available, but I can see where a farmer might have had some tough times trying to farm this land during a dry season. I noticed several prickly pear cactus plants scattered around that survived the chemical treatment. The old foundation rocks from the home can still be found near the cistern along with small pieces of glass and a couple of old medicine bottles.

This cistern is about nine or ten feet in diameter and contained about six feet of water when I measured it. It appears the water level might have been near the top at one time, but it has been extremely dry in this area until recently. If you look closely at the picture, you will notice some objects in the water. These were bull-frogs about four inches long.

I wonder if these type cisterns were covered in the old days. A small child could easily fall into one of these and drown if they were not covered. How did they draw the water from the cistern?

If any of you have any information about this cistern or who might have constructed it, let me know. I am sure this cistern was constructed before 1940.

## QUESTIONS FOR THE NEXT ISSUE

Did anyone in your family have a cistern? How was it used? Did you ever have to carry water from a spring? Did you have plenty of "good" water when you were growing up? Get your answers to me by July 15.

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## DR. E. E. SHELL

Dr. Edward Everett Shell was frequently mentioned by some of the older folks when I was growing up. He was the nearest doctor available in that part of Nevada County back in the 1920s. I was unable to find a picture of him and have not made contact with any of his descendants. If anyone has a picture of him, please let me know.

Dr. Shell was born in 1871 on a farm in the southern part of Nevada County and was the ninth child of John Wylie Shell and Nancy America Battle Shell. His parents had moved to Arkansas from Mississippi in 1855.

Edward Everett Shell was a self-made man; his father died when Edward was five years old. He worked on the farm, helping support his mother. He studied medicine at night in Dr. G. O. Marsh's office and attended Tulane Medical School in New Orleans in 1890. The next year he attended the University of Tennessee and graduated in 1893. He practiced medicine in the vicinity of Cale, Arkansas for 36 years before moving to Prescott in 1929.

He did much for the up-building of each community in which he lived. He was a useful citizen, a faithful friend, and spent a great part of his life's earnings in charity. He married Emily Ella Gulley in 1894 and they had three children: Sarah America, Minos Duncan, and Ruby

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Eleanor. His wife died in 1924 and he remarried to Ellie Adams Dewoody in 1930. There were no children from this marriage. (*this information was written by his daughter, Ruby Eleanor Shell, wife of Roy Duke*)

Dr. Shell also practiced medicine at Theo. I have an old land ownership map dated 1950 that shows a large tract of land as the Dr. E. E. Shell estate. This land was located just north of Theo and is now part of the Fred C. Gragg Supertree nursery.

Dr. Shell died unexpectedly on Nov. 18, 1938 on a trip to Memphis when he was hit by a bus. He and his first wife are buried at DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott. His second wife is buried at Bluff City Cemetery.

The Men's Bible Class of the Methodist church in Prescott had this to say about Dr. Shell after his death: "Dr. Shell was a useful citizen, a faithful friend, a devoted husband and father, a consecrated Christian, and a loyal member of this class and of the Methodist church"

A tribute to Dr. Shell written by Menna Lea Trexler was published in the 11-24-1938 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*.

## **Tribute to Dr. Shell**

A useful man has passed away into a better life.  
No longer does he have to view this world of human strife.  
A friend in need, a friend indeed, truly, so, was Dr. Shell.  
He did his duty here on earth and he did his duty well.

Those patient hands that now are stilled have quelled many a pain.  
Those hands that had become so skilled will never work again.  
He has gone to his eternal rest; his life here came to an end.  
Now that he has passed away, this county's lost a friend.

He lived his life unselfish, a man of kindly deeds,  
With the people's own welfare at heart and their many needs.  
He will be missed, both near and far, by his many friends.  
We hope he finds a rich reward as his journey ends.

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## **COL. MONCRIEF MAKES GOOD ON A BET He Wheels J. B. Stone Through the Streets of Prescott in a Wheelbarrow (from the 4-6-1908 issue of *The Daily Picayune*)**

Last Saturday afternoon, a large crowd of Nevada County citizens witnessed a spectacle of patriotism seldom to be witnessed. It was the wheeling of J. B. Stone through the streets of Prescott by Col. Otis Moncrief in payment of an election bet.

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At three o'clock, Messrs. Moncrief and Stone met at the McDaniel Hardware store, and before the wheeling began, Col. Moncrief made a speech. He referred to the fact that he was an ex-Confederate veteran, a man who had stood up before bullets and had been in many hard fought battles for four long years because of the conviction that the cause for which he stood was right, and that inasmuch as he had made the bet to wheel Mr. Stone through the streets of Prescott in case Mr. Donaghey was nominated by the Democrats as their choice for governor, he was there to make his bet good. He called attention to the fact that so long as he had been a resident of this county, no one could say that he had ever failed to make his word good. He laid particular stress upon the fact that it made no difference how trivial or how great was the consequence, that it was always the best policy to make good. He said that he had supported Mr. Kirby in his race for governor, but now he was as good a Donaghey man as was the man whom he has to wheel, and with that he proceeded to his task. Mr. Stone, who weights two hundred or more, carried a large banner with "Hurrah for Donaghey" painted on it.

Mr. Moncrief wheeled Mr. Stone from McDaniel Harware store to the corner of the Bank of Prescott. Many witnessed the wheeling, and taking the day and the deed as a whole, Col. Moncrief was the lion of the occasion.

## **SOME MORE THINGS CONCERNING POLITICS**

Political candidates usually make it a point to show up at any large gathering of people so they can make a good impression which might translate into more votes at election time. One of the most famous political events in Arkansas is the annual Coon Supper at Gillett, an event that started over fifty years ago. Major candidates usually show up in Gillett to meet the people and sample at least a little of the barbequed raccoon. Former United States senator Dale Bumpers once said on the floor of the U. S. Senate that one misses the Gillett coon supper at his own peril. Some say it's a bit greasy, but others seem to like it. Plenty of ketchup is always available.

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All it takes to get votes is to do something to get people's attention. Even an unknown candidate can sometimes do better than expected. Remember Monroe Schwarzlose? He was a 78 year old turkey farmer from near Kingsland, Arkansas who was able to get 31 percent of the vote against Bill Clinton in the race for governor of Arkansas in 1980. Mr. Schwarzlose only spent \$4,000 of his own money in the campaign. He was known for passing out home canning recipes as part of his campaign literature.

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## **CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR PARACHUTES AT GURDON**

Dr. Walter Scott McNutt, an Arkadelphia history professor and minister, was an independent candidate for governor back in 1940. He had been an instructor in parachute jumping for the Army and used this skill in his campaign. He spoke to a crowd of 2,000 people at the Gurdon airport in June, 1940. It had been advertised that he would make a parachute jump while at Gurdon, but it was discovered somebody had forgotten the parachute. Two men were sent to Hope and soon returned with two parachutes. Dr. McNutt strapped on both of them and took off

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

from the airport and jumped from a height of 2,000 feet. He had planned to descend to the airport, but instead made a bumpy landing in Fred Wright's cow pasture a mile away. He only used one of the parachutes.

The news story of Dr. McNutt's parachute jump was even reported in the *St. Petersburg Times*.

*Note: Dr. McNutt was the grandfather of Barbara Ray, one of my readers who now lives in Texas. She says he was a bit eccentric. After the election, he and his wife moved to Jefferson, Texas. By the way, the winner of the election for governor in 1940 was the Democratic candidate Homer Adkins who received 91.36% of the vote. The Republican candidate, H. C. Stump, received 8.22%. Dr. McNutt only received 866 votes, less than one percent. Arkansas was a one-party state at that time. Whoever was nominated by the Democratic Party was pretty much assured to win the election.*

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## PRESCOTT 100 YEARS AGO

### Items from *The Nevada News* in July, 1911

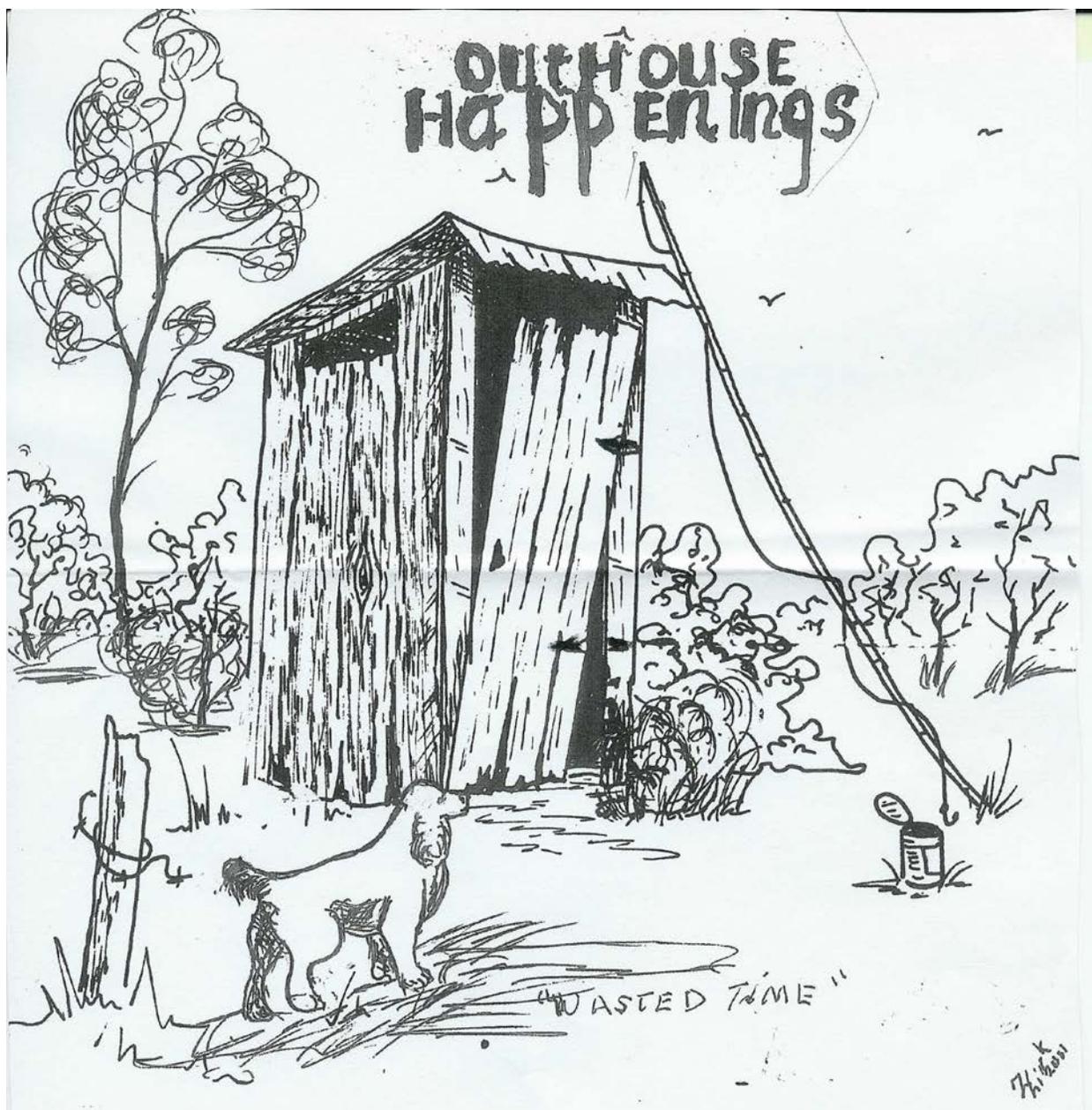
- Hundreds of people died from the extreme heat in the central and western states.
- The Fourth of July was quiet in Prescott. The afternoon temperature was 104 degrees.
- Prescott Hardware advertised a New Process "non-explosive oven".
- Prescott was a growing town with dozens of new dwellings, new business houses, a new gin, a sewer system, and work was about to begin on constructing a new court house.
- The first Elberta peaches from the Highland orchards passed through Prescott on the way to Pittsburg, PA. Over 500 train car-loads of peaches and canteloupes were expected to be shipped this season.
- J. W. McKelvey advertised hot and cold baths at both the east and west side barber shops.
- A rural comedy sketch called "Troubles of a School Teacher" was playing at the Air Dome on West Main Street.
- Ozan Mercantile Co. advertised barefoot sandals for the little folks for 50 cents to \$1.00 per pair.
- Prescott Hardware advertised a plow for every type of soil.



I found this tiny blue bottle a few days ago. As you can see, it is only a little over one inch tall and the diameter is a little larger than a nickel. I figured it must be some kind of medicine bottle and that the product it contained must have been very potent. I found a bottle like this for sale on the Internet, but it had the cap and label. The label said it was quinine sulfate, a medicine for malaria in children under one year of age.

That's my guess. If you know for sure what it is, let me know. I've added it to my bottle collection.

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I knew some of the readers of *The Sandyland Chronicle* had some artistic talent. Mrs. Zettie Griffith Link sent me a few of her sketches. If you don't know what an outhouse is, you are probably too young to be reading *The Sandyland Chronicle*. Mrs. Link grew up in "the Sandy Land" near Bluff City not far from where I was raised. Thank you, Mrs. Link, for a job well done.

Check back next month for more "Outhouse Happenings".

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## READER'S COMMENTS

*I asked in the last issue if anyone had learned how their ancestors migrated to the United States, where they lived in this country, your connections to Nevada County and why you ended up living where you do. Only a few readers tried to tackle this.*

David Cummins of Sarasota, FL writes:

Charles Cummins, Scotch-Irish, married Rebecca McNickle in County Down, Ireland; had some kids and came to America. Settled in Shippenburg, PA and had some more kids. Charles got a bit ticked with the Quakers and trekked to Mecklenburg, NC. There the tribe split and my side went to Surry Co., NC, then to Nashville, TN and then to Hickman Co., TN. One brother, John Overton Cummins saw it better in AL and trekked to Tuscaloosa, Northport and Reform, AL, buying land. It was better and other brothers followed to Reform. One brother, TN David married up with Sarah Lowdermilk, whose family had trekked to Reform from NC. Had David. Sarah's father was Elliott Lowdermilk and was familiar with a Johnson report about the land around Washington, Hempstead, CO, AR. Elliott thought his land at Reform was lousy (I visited it, and agree). In 1858 Elliott gathered up the several families, slaves and material and trekked to Washington. Sarah kept it together during but soon after the Civil War the Tennessee David died and Sarah held it more together. The Reform David met and married Martha Anna Laughlin from Columbia Co. Elliott gave Sarah a large piece of land in Prescott so the Reform David and others (including Sarah) lived there. The Prescott David was born on that land in Prescott. If Prescott David had not gone to the USN, I too would be a Prescott David.

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Wanda Carter of Garland, TX writes:

I have been able to go back three generations on the McKelvey, Steele, Weaver, McLemore, and Larkin. I was able to accomplish this on the McKelvey's with the the help of Dave McKelvey sending me information on the McKelvey. Robert Steele was married to Jane McKelvey Steele. They came from Tennessee and settled in Batesville, Arkansas. That is where Robert Steele and his wife Jane are buried. William Henry Weaver married Agnes Eleanor Steele and moved to Lamar County, Texas in the early nineteen hundreds. I was born 1932 in Grayland, Texas to Noble Henry Weaver and Gertrude (Larkin) Weaver. I married Albert M. Carter, Jr., September 3, 1955 and have lived in Garland every since.

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Fred Hawkins of Garland, TX writes:

### Ancestors of Rachel Alayna Hawkins

Rachel Alayna Hawkins born 09/19/1979 at Presbyterian Hospital of Dallas. She is a teacher at Cooper Ele. School in Garland Tx. Rachel's mom and dad are Lana S. Irvin Hawkins and Frederick Arthur Hawkins. They are living in Garland Tx. Fred's mom and dad were Margaret Tyson Stott Hawkins and Glen E. Hawkins. They lived in Camden, Arkansas. Glen's mom and dad were Vadis Wage Hawkins and Arthur S. Hawkins. They lived in Camden, Arkansas. Arthur's mom and dad were Sallie Turner Hawkins and John Gaston Hawkins. They lived in Sayre Arkansas. John's mom and dad were Marth Ann Gill Hawkins and Dr. Isaac Hawkins. Isaac got his Doctor's degree from Medical University of South Carolina. Both Isaac and Martha Ann lived in York Co. South Carolina and moved to Ouachita Co. in 1850 and got married. Isaac's mom and dad were Letty Hawkins and Johathon Hawkins. They lived in Union County South Carolina. Johathon's mom and dad were Margaret Hawkins and Isaac Hawkins. They lived in Union Co., South Carolina. Isaac's mom and dad were Martha Hollowell Hawkins and James Hawkins II. They lived in Union Co., South Carolina. James II's mom and dad were Mary Elliot

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Hawkins and James Hawkins. They lived in Philadelphia Co. Pa. James's mom and dad were Dorothy Mattock Hawkins and Jeffrey Hawkins. They lived in Wiltshire, England and emigrated to Pa. in 1682.

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Jerry McKelvy writes:

My McKelvy family came to America from Northern Ireland in 1767, landing at Charleston, SC. John McKelvy married Mary Stuart and lived in Laurens Co, SC. They had 16 children. From there, they spread out in all directions—some going to TN, some to GA and AL, and some stayed put. Some added an extra “e” in the name (McKelvey). My gg grandfather, Jabez McKelvy went to Coweta Co., GA for a few years and then to AR about 1859, settling near Bluff City. I still live within 25 miles of where they first settled in Arkansas. I continue to find distant cousins scattered all over the United States who are descendants of the original couple that landed at Charleston in 1767. I also have good information on the Henrys, Kirks, Moores, and others to whom I am related in some way. It’s amazing how many people you can be related to and not even know it until you do some research.

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Jeanie McKelvy (my wife) writes:

I have had good luck tracing my mother’s side of the family (the Hardestys). Many of them migrated from Maryland to Ohio, Indiana, and later to southeast Missouri where I was born. My father’s family (the Gribblers) is a different story. I can trace them back to 1860 in Missouri, but how they got there and how they got to this country from Austria is a mystery. I ended up in Arkansas due to marriage. Through research, I have found that one branch of my husband’s family once lived only 15 miles from where I was born. They had migrated from SC to TN and then to MO. You never know who you might be related to until you start researching. While researching my Hardesty line, I discovered that I am a third cousin to actor Richard Chamberlain (*Dr. Kildare, the Thornbirds, and others*). I wrote to him and was surprised to receive an autographed picture of him.

Betty Kirk Thomas of Arlington, TX writes:

Climbing the family tree can be addictive! I always claimed that I really wasn't interested and when my Grandpa Morgan died, my cousin Charlotte Woody said she would like to do some research but really didn't have any idea where to begin beyond the Bluff City Cemetery. I remembered my dad Horace Kirk mentioning that when he and my mother Nellie Mae Morgan got engaged he told his great aunt Amanda about it. Aunt Amanda Wadley said, "Oh, that's Dol Morgan's granddaughter--he was a baby on the wagon train when we came from the East. (EAST WHERE??) My dad got out some old family records that had been handed to him when he bought his Grandpa Kirk's property in 1942 (the Kirks do NOT throw out anything--I have tax receipts going back to the Civil War.) That was when we discovered land patents. One of them was granted to Wiley Kirk for serving in the War of 1812. I wrote to the General Services Administration and was sent all the military records of Wiley Kirk, including his application for a pension. On that application was information about his marriage to Precious Sharps in 1814 at Montecello, Georgia, so we finally had a "jumping off" point. Charlotte has been a lot more diligent than I. She put together the Morgan side of the family and traced it back to James Morgan born in Glamorgan, Wales, U.K. in 1643. We have not found when the Kirks came from Scotland and have traced them back to Jessie Kirk, born in 1762 in North Carolina.

My ancestors evidently were farmers. Not much was known about crop rotation and preservation of the soil in olden times and land was farmed until it was "wore out" and folks moved on to new land. One book that I saw showed a lottery for Georgia Indian Lands and Jessie was one of those who won a tract.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

One hundred sixty acres were granted to Wiley Kirk for his service in the War of 1812 and his son James Marion acquired the land patent and purchased more land to go with it in Arkansas (our property in Nevada County).

Aunt Amanda Wadley told my dad about the wagon train coming from "back east" and stopping over in Mississippi to "make a crop" before coming on to Arkansas so the trip took two years. That was the first time I had ever heard of stopping over to raise food for themselves and their livestock before continuing on the journey.

Earlene Mendenhall Lyle writes--

The Mendenhall family has been traced back to the 13th century, with the name in earlier times being Mildenhall -- the name of a village in England. The family is both Prussian and Norman in origin, having arrived in England at the time of the Norman conquest. One of the most notable accounts of this family occurred with Queen Elizabeth I appointed Sir John Mildenhall as her ambassador for trade to the empire at New Delhi. In 1771, when Guilford Co, NC was created, the village of Jamestown was named for James Mendenhall, a Quaker who had located there after first migrating to Pennsylvania. George, his son, laid out the town of Jamestown. James' sister, Lydia, was the gr-gr-gr-gr-grandmother of Richard Milhous Nixon. While she remained in Pennsylvania, several of her siblings moved south to North Carolina near Jamestown. During the American Revolution, British troops camped nearby and confiscated, among other things, the one remaining milk cow. With a houseful of children to be fed, the mother marched after the troops and, after an argument, walked back down with her milk cow.

Thomas Marmaduke Mendenhall, my ancestor, moved on down from NC to Alabama where he married Mary Ann Caldwell. Their first few children were born in mid-Alabama before the family migrated westward around 1835, settling in a place called Caney in Nevada Co., AR. Thomas' 10th child, Andrew Jackson Mendenhall, was my great-grandfather who married 1) Celestia Marsh and, after her death, 2) Elvira Ledora Shultz, my great-grandmother. Andrew was discharged from the Confederate Army in May 1865 when Elvira was just 5 years old! Their son, Harrison, was my grandfather who gave me my precious 'daddy', Homer. All of us, including me, were born in Prescott, AR; however, after marriage (and my birth), my parents moved to Minden, LA, which is where I was raised.

Marriage into a heavy-construction family took me all over the country until we moved to Alabama in 1970 where moved into careers and, now, retirement! Life has been, and still is, good -- not anticipating the next phase!

Charlotte Woody writes:

I always enjoy the *Chronicle*, however, I found the last issue particularly enjoyable. I remember Mr. Charlie and Mrs. Minnie well. I have tried several times while driving that way to determine where their old home stood.

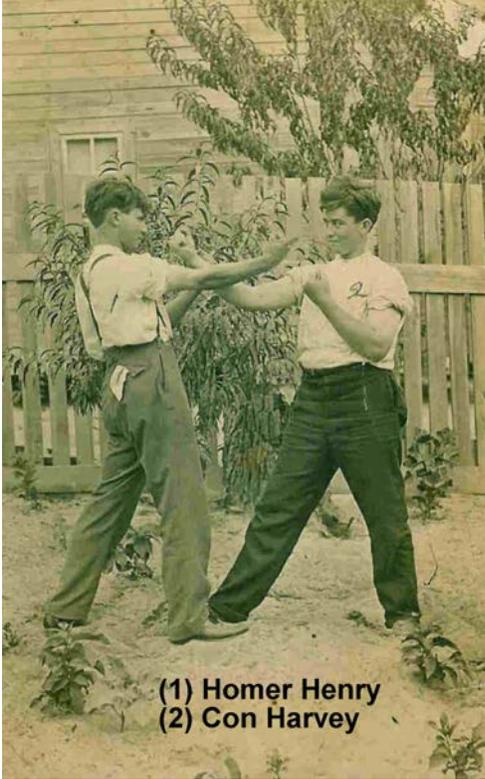
Recently I have done some work on my *Cottingham Family* files. I knew that "Dutch" Hesterly married the sister (Willie Cottingham Pruitt) of my grandmother (Barbara Cottingham DeWoody) so it was quite interesting to read his family history. Somewhere during my research, I believe I saw that he was a school teacher at Bluff City. I am assuming he was related to you because of the McKelvy connection.

I also remember Dr. Jake Hesterly, who was our family doctor in Prescott for a lot of years. I remember Hesterly's drug store. Thinking back to the times when I grew up in this area, it is amazing and sad how the town has declined.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

What is also amazing is to realize how very much I am now a part of the "older" generation. Many of my memories of growing up in rural southern Arkansas seem comical (and unimaginable) to my younger nieces and nephews. As you said in your article, times were hard because everyone had to work hard to earn a living and provide for their families; but we were mostly happy, living what many would consider a simple life. Many times during my working years I have been proud that I was taught the work ethic of the people in the area where I lived. The ability and determination to pull my weight and do my best has served me well. One of my father's favorite sayings to us was "A job worth doing at all is worth doing right." I also learned that not doing it right the first time meant you had to "hoe your row over."

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(1) Homer Henry  
(2) Con Harvey

## AN INTERESTING OLD PICTURE

These young men were from Bluff City. Con Harvey operated a general merchandise store for many years in Bluff City. Photo date is about 1907.

I wonder what the plants are. It looks like they might be standing in the flower bed or garden. That could spell trouble!

## DEATH

I am sorry to report that Mrs. Pearl Henson passed away in Zambia, Africa May 31, 2011 at the age of 93. She and her husband, Lloyd have been missionaries in Africa for 42 years. Mrs. Henson contributed several articles for *The Sandyland Chronicle* in 2009 regarding her experiences in Zambia. Our sympathy is extended to the Henson family. Their dedication to the spread of the gospel is to be admired.

Don't forget to send in your answers to the questions on page 3 for the next issue.

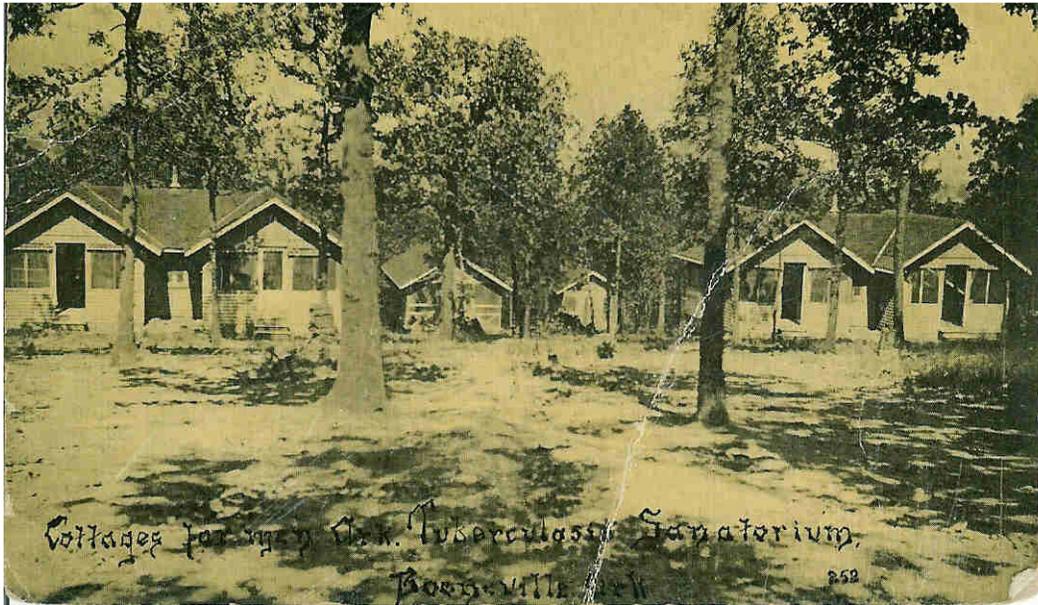
Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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## **COTTAGES FOR THE ARKANSAS TUBERCULOSIS SANATORIUM BOONEVILLE, ARKANSAS**

*Source for some information in this article: Encyclopedia of Arkansas and the Arkansas Historic Preservation Program web sites*

Tuberculosis was widespread throughout the country in the late 1800s and early 1900s and caused many deaths. The Arkansas state legislature chose a group of men to find a suitable place for the construction of a sanatorium so those affected could be isolated from the general population and treated. The requirements were: ***the Sanatorium should be located south of the mountains and will need a large tract of land, at least 1000 acres. The site should be a section free of malaria, where the drainage is good and the streams fresh and wholesome; the soil should be sandy or rocky in order for there to be as little dampness as possible. Pine lands where the timber has been cut off is preferable, and it must be where the transportation facilities are adequate for patients to come from all parts of the state.***

The city of Booneville won out over other cities because they donated a large amount of land for the project. The Arkansas Tuberculosis Sanatorium was established in 1909 and closed in 1973. During that time, about 70,000 patients were treated. The facility was known world-wide as one of the best for treatment of tuberculosis and was one of the most modern in the country. The usual treatment time was from ten months to two years. The mortality rate from the disease when the facility opened was 80 percent, but with proper treatment, the rate was greatly reduced.

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The hospital at the facility was 528 feet long, five stories tall, and housed 511 patients. It contained doctor's offices, x-ray facilities, kitchen, and a morgue. Other buildings included dormitories, a chapel, laundry, water treatment plant, and a fire department. There were about 300 staff members. At one time the population of the Booneville Sanatorium exceeded the population of the town of Booneville in the valley below.

The old name for tuberculosis was consumption so named because it caused the body to waste away or be consumed. Since it was highly contagious, all who were diagnosed with the disease were sent to the TB sanatorium. In the early days, it was considered a death sentence for a family member to be sent to the TB sanatorium. White patients were sent to Booneville and black patients to a sanatorium at Alexander in Saline County constructed in the 1920s.

I recently came across an article in *The Nevada News* which stated that the treatment for tuberculosis at the sanatorium consisted of plenty of fresh air, rest, and drinking lots of milk containing raw eggs. Eggs were always in great demand since the sanatorium used 1200 dozen eggs per month. At one time it was thought the aromatic scent of pine trees was of benefit to the patients.

Here is what a typical day for a patient at the Booneville sanatorium was like (taken from a 1925 brochure):

7 to 7:30 – Awake; a glass of hot water and a cold sponge above the waist.

7:30 to 8:00 – Breakfast.

8:30 – Out of doors, sitting or reclining.

10:30 – Lunch, milk and eggs.

11:00 – Exercise if permissible.

11:30 – Rest until dinner.

12:00 – Dinner.

1:00 – Out of doors, sitting or reclining.

3:30 – Lunch, milk and eggs.

4:00 – Exercise if permissible.

5:00 – Rest out of doors, lying down.

6:00 – Supper.

7:00 – Out of doors, sitting or reclining.

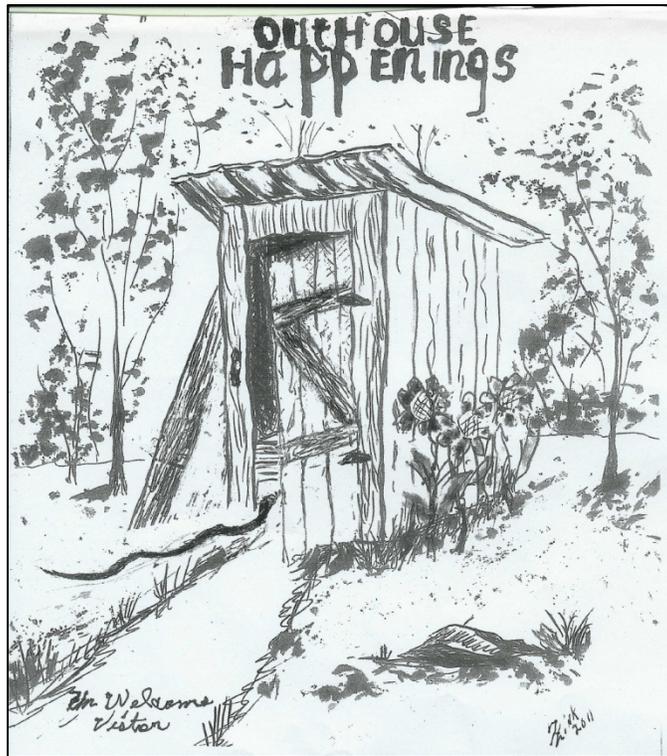
# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

9:00 – Lunch and bed."

The use of milk and eggs for the diet was a treatment that many doctors used in order to combat the emaciation that often accompanied tuberculosis. The treatment was an old one, having been used at least since the eleventh century at the medical school in Salerno, Italy.

Additional buildings were constructed at the facility by the WPA in the 1930s. There were separate cottages for men and women and a separate dormitory for children. Advanced cases were housed in separate dormitories. The cost to the patient for medical treatment, food, and lodging was \$10.00 per week in 1925 with provisions made for those who couldn't afford to pay. Methods of treatment were changed as new drugs and treatments became available. Occupational therapy was also used in which patients were encouraged to make things while in bed or do embroidery or crocheting to help pass the time. There were special meals and programs for the patients on holidays such as Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Modern drugs have helped considerably in the treatment of tuberculosis and the disease was thought to be a thing of the past, but new drug-resistant strains of the disease have been reported in recent years. I know that when I was teaching school back in the 1960s, all teachers, lunchroom workers, etc. were required to have a skin test for TB each year. I don't know if that is still required or not in Arkansas.



**“Unwelcome Visitor”  
Another Outhouse Cartoon from Mrs. Zettie Link**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

### AUNT "IDER'S" KITCHEN

When I was a girl of 13, an elderly couple named Ida ("Ider") and Charlie Fite lived a few miles down the road from us. Aunt "Ider" got mostly bed fast and the community pitched in to keep her household going, so to speak. It fell my lot one summer to keep Aunt "Ider's" kitchen clean. The hardest part was cleaning the kitchen floor. She had a certain way that she wanted it done. (She was about eighty). That ole' planked, wooden floor had cracks in it as wide as a pencil. I could see the chickens under the house searching for bugs, crickets, etc. She wanted buckets of soapy water all mixed up and the bare, wooden floors SCRUBBED WITH A BROOM. No sir-eee, no mopping. The brooms got right down in those cracks for a cleaner scrub. I guessed mop strings would have dragged and caught on the splinters of that ole' floor. ( I was glad I didn't grow up in that house, I thought: there would have been NO PLACE to play "jacks" without splinters up the finger nails.) Mr. Clean had nothing on me. No problem with the scrub-a-dub-dub, but how did Aunt "Ider" want me to rinse that floor? It had begun to foam at the cracks by now. "Why, child, with buckets and buckets of clear, rinse water. The well is right outside the back door." (She must have thought me an idiot, for sure.) Whew, I was grateful for that well digger and his consideration for the backs of future generations. I hauled my fanny to that old wooden bucket and rope and commenced the rinsing vigil, thinking all along why Aunt "Ider" could have possibly been bed fast after many years of this. She wanted me to just "pitch the buckets of clear water on the wooden planks, and "it'll run down to the ground, sudz and all!!" I didn't have to worry about flooding the rest of the house: water takes the path of least resistance, and there definitely was no resistance straight through those cracks.

"Ider" watched every move I made propped up in her feather bed, peering from her bedroom doorway. I wanted so much to please her, but I had NEVER scrubbed a wooden floor with a broom and drawn well water and thrown it through the cracks for a clear rinse job. I knew with good reason that my mom wasn't going to believe ANY of this, and the chickens under the house would be in full mutiny by lunch time. But I continued my vigil until the entire room was soused and had begun to dry. I moved all the kitchen furniture back in place and Aunt "Ider" was peacefully napping.

Guess my inexperience had worn her out, and I tip-toed out to the ole' back porch, all crestfallen, because I had not received a proverbial nod or at least the twinkle of approval from her eyes. I sat on the back porch steps for just a spell, quenching myself from the water dipper that I had found hanging near the side of the wooden bucket. I was so grateful that I didn't have to walk a mile for that drink: my back hurt, my feet were wet, and I had worked up quite a sweat. That cool thirst quencher and a few moments of repose would have to suffice for my reward. (Pepsi NEVER entered my mind: I wouldn't have had the DIME to buy it anyway!) I will always hold dear the memory of helping an elderly country lady who was, quite frankly, flat of her back and depending on those around her to support her in her time of need. Isn't that what neighbors are for? Well, they used to be...

*Dr. A. B. Lemons (Cornelius)*

P.S. I am so glad I grew up in Dixie.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

When I was growing up, we had a well just a few feet from the house. Our house was on the top of a big hill and the well was only about 25 feet deep. The water was clear and tasted good. The only problem was there just wasn't enough of it. In the hot, dry summer-time, we had to conserve our water to get by. Our laundry was done outside in those days. We had graduated from the wash pot to having a wringer-type electric washer out in the "wash-house" which was connected to the smoke house. Since washing clothes was only done about one day per week, it didn't put too much strain on our water supply except for that one day.

Taking baths was a different story. We did take baths more often than once per week. Dirty farm work and kids playing outside in the dirt called for frequent baths. Our well was so weak that we could only draw enough water to barely cover the bottom of the tub. The next person would need to wait a while before taking a bath to allow the well to replenish itself.

Finally, when I was grown and working, I contracted with a well driller to drill us another well. We didn't use any special procedure to find the right spot. We just told him to drill where we wanted it which was about thirty feet from the old well. Both wells were the 36" diameter wells lined with concrete well tiles. He drilled the new well 38 feet deep and found a good stream of water. I'm sure it is the same water source as the old well, but the extra depth allowed for more storage capacity. This new well usually had about 15 feet of water most of the time which was plenty for our use.

The two wells are no longer used since the new water system came in. I suppose we could rig up an irrigation system and use them for watering the gardens if we could get the old Ruth-Berry water pump to work. One thing about a well—when it's no longer needed, there's no way to move it. I guess you could fill it up with something, but there might come a time when we would need that water again.

*Jerry McKelvy*

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Samuel Clyde Cummins b 20 April 1887 Prescott d 28 Jan 1897 Prescott. My cousin Ruth Piercy said he drowned in a rain barrel. Research has proven that some stories told to me were not true, but I tend to believe this story as my grandmother never stopped grieving about his unfortunate death.

*David Cummins*

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We did not have a Cistern (Well) but our neighbor down the road, by the name of John Lowe did and we carried our drinking and cooking water from their well. It was not a half mile, but seemed farther to us when we started carrying those buckets. We would carry our wash water from the creek and our bath water came from the creek and we would set it out in the hot sun to get it warm for us to take a bath at night. I was nine years old at the time and times were very hard for our family at that time. Later we moved to a house with a well and we praised the Lord every day for that good old well water.

*Wanda Carter*

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Both my grandparents had good wells on their farms. When I was a small child my McBrayers loved to go fish on the river. This was near McCaskill, Pike Co. There was the frame of an old house, no windows or doors and an over-flowing spring with strong flow and good clear water, better tasting than our city water for sure. The family quit fishing there and the spring dried up years ago. My grandfather, Johnny Avery's farm was in the Midway community. The road in front of his house was the Hempstead/Nevada Co. line. He could find water and was called on by friends in the early days when they had a well go dry. I thought he called it dowsing. I have seen him cut a branched limb from a peach tree, which was his choice of wood. As a child it was amazing to watch that limb turn down. They also made good switches as they were so limber. Just the threat of getting a peach switch was all you needed to think twice about your deeds.

*Linda Kucera*

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We lived with my grandmother in Boughton 1943-'45. She had a dug well in the back yard and a big barrel that functioned as a cistern. I remember all the "wobble-tails" in the cistern water. I seem to remember cistern water being used for washing clothes, house cleaning, flushing toilets (early indoor types), and at hog killing, they would boil a wash pot of water to scald the hog before scraping the hair off; also for boiling chittlings.

You recently did an article on Dr. McDaniel at Boughton; during the same period, Dr. and Lizzie McDaniel had an indoor hand pump at the end of the kitchen sink. I recently visited the old McDaniel house place and there is still water oozing from old rusty well plumbing. The house was falling in and was burned a few years ago.

*Ed Bryson*

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The well was already on our place when my folks built the first part of the house in 1943. It was a "board well" meaning that it had boards used for the casing for the well. There was a large pulley with a rope to get the good cool fresh water. Until the electric service came to our part of the country the well frequently served as the refrigerator when the ice melted away in the ice box. One of my worst memories is of the time I was sent to get a bucket of water and didn't want to do it. In a fit of temper, I threw the bucket into the well forgetting about the jug of milk that had been let down into the water to keep it cool. Of course, the bucket hit the jug, breaking it, and letting the milk ruin the water. When my dad came home from working a long hot dusty day, I had to tell him what I did. He didn't say a word. He just got two five gallon buckets and put one on each end of the rope and started "drawing the well dry". When he got all the water out that he could, he descended into the well to get the broken glass out. He never scolded me or fussed at me--seeing him work so hard and the fear I had when he went down into that well was worse than any punishment that could have been doled out.

We were blessed with plentiful good water and really appreciated it for we had neighbors who were never able to get good water no matter how deeply they dug. There were at least three other wells that I know about on our property and my dad filled them in when they were no longer used. The well on top of the hill where my great grandparent's house was had "hard" water and the women folks went to springs to do their laundry. When I think about that, I really appreciate that washing machine and dryer sitting in my utility room.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Before the electric service came, my dad obtained a pitcher pump and built a summer shower. He built a platform at the well and installed a fifty-gallon barrel. He ran pipe from it to a small building that looked much like an out-house except he put a slat floor in it and didn't put a roof on it. He topped off the "shower" with an evaporated milk can that he had hammered many tiny holes in the bottom. He cut the top off and hung it on the open end of the pipe. There was a valve to turn the water on and off flowing down from the barrel. My job was to pump the barrel half full of water in the morning so that it would have all day to get warm and we could all treat ourselves to a "hot" shower each evening.

*Betty Thomas*

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Regarding your question, we lived on Moore St. near the high school, so I have never seen a cistern that I know of, but I would like to. I did know they existed, and enjoyed your piece about the one you showed.

*June Hines Moore*

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It was reported last month that an underground cistern from pre-Civil War days has been discovered at Old Washington. This was found during an excavation done by Dr. Jamie Brandon of Southern Arkansas University along with a group of volunteers. They have found many other artifacts including a Spanish coin dated 1736 and a half dollar dated 1827. For the full story and pictures, go to <http://www.hopeprescott.com/>. Just type "cistern" in the search box in the upper right part of the page and it should take you there.

*Jerry McKelvy*

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Growing up in the 30s and 40s was nothing like today. My father was a sharecropper, so we moved very often. We never knew where we would have a well of water or a spring close by. Most of the time, we used a spring.

My sister, Helen, and I had the chore of washing the clothes on Saturdays because of school. We got up early and put all the soiled clothing on two sheets. Then we walked about 1/4 mile to the spring. There was a wash pot already set up and a bench for the wash tubs. We filled the tubs with water from the spring. Then we filled the iron pot with water and built a fire under it to boil the clothes. We had to boil the clothes to get them clean. We used a rub-board to scrub the clothes and then rinsed them in water to remove the soap. Then we had to hang them on a long wire line to dry. We made our own soap.

We went back to the spring in the evening to get the clothes when they were dry. We cleaned up everything so it would be ready for the next Saturday.

We also carried water from the spring to use in our home every morning and evening. We had a great life and didn't know it.

*Vernell (Green) Loe*

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The main water supply for Bluff City in the early days was a good spring located in the hollow below “the bluff”. Early residents brought their laundry to the spring. I can remember when water was pumped from the spring to the stores and some of the houses.

The spring was also used for baptisms. Here is an old photo of a baptism taking place at the old spring which was just down the hill from the old Bluff City Church of Christ. I'm not sure of the date of the photo. The preacher is Warren E. Starnes and the person being baptized is Della Ledbetter Tatum. This picture was included in the genealogy book on the Meador and related families by Elloene Moore McBride. A lady I knew who is now deceased was also baptized in this spring and she told me that “the water in that spring was really cold”.

*Jerry McKelvy*



### QUESTIONS FOR NEXT ISSUE

Many people like to collect things for a hobby. I like to collect old bottles, arrowheads, old hymn books, newspaper clippings (obituaries, historical events, unusual stories, etc.), old coins, or anything old. I like to watch “American Pickers” on TV. I like to go to garage sales, but try to avoid buying worthless junk. What kind of things do you collect? What is the most unusual thing you ever bought at a garage sale or auction? Let me know by August 15th for the next issue.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Paulette Weaver saw Mrs. Zettie Link's outhouse cartoon in the last issue and sent me several outhouse drawings by Woodrow "Woody" Black. She also sent some information about him. Did you know that Bluff City had produced so many talented people?

## Woodrow Wilson "Woody" Black



Woody Black was the son of Verdith and Brighten Black, born in 1918, and raised at Bluff City. He lived in Little Rock most of his life where he was a plumber for many years. He grew up in Bluff City as did my Dad, (Paul Dayton Weaver), and they remained close friends for all their lives. He was an honorary uncle to my brothers and me.

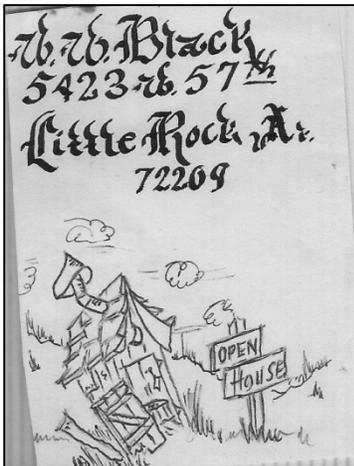
He was always drawing cartoons of outhouses and old trucks. When we received mail from him, I am sure the mailman enjoyed the envelopes as much as we did. A small outhouse usually was drawn in the return address. Often other things were drawn on the envelopes as well. When we visited or they visited us, Dad and Uncle Woody always stayed up late and got up early so they could talk. Mother says that there was nearly always a cartoon of some kind by the breakfast plate that he had drawn. Mother has saved many of these and we all enjoy looking at them.

Uncle Woody also loved to work with wood and carved lots of character figurines, some of political figures, which won many state fair awards. Some of my favorite things that he carved were worn, run-down shoes and boots.

The *Arkansas Democrat* wrote an article about Woody Black a number of years ago and this is a quote from that article:

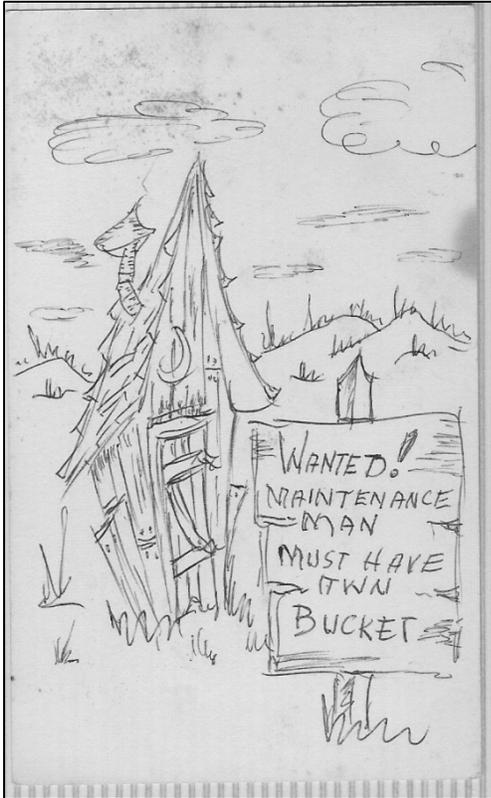
"Black also sketches outhouses as a hobby and they have become his trademark. Looking at some of his sketches, Black said, "I guess I could have been a cartoonist."

"He doesn't even sign his name on birthday cards," Mrs. Black said. "All of our friends and relatives see that outhouse and know it's from Woodrow."



**A Woody Black drawing as part of the return address on an envelope**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



## A Woody Black Outhouse Cartoon

Check back next month for more!

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## PRESCOTT 100 YEARS AGO

### Items from *The Nevada News* in August, 1911

- Prescott Hardware was giving away a Banner buggy which had an easy ride with 36 inch springs.
- Boll weevils were expected to destroy about half of the cotton crop.
- Dr. J. E. Cox advertised his medical office located at Hesterly Drug Store.
- Robinson and Renfro advertised hot and cold baths on Front Street.
- Hesterly Drug Store advertised a Cyclone repeating alarm clock for \$2.50.
- Five or six doses of "666" was said to cure any case of chills and fever. Cost 25 cents.
- Prescott was to have an exhibit on a special advertising train called "Arkansas on Wheels". The train trip was to last 12 days and visit Tennessee, Ohio, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri.
- An unidentified man was found dead in the city park. His body was taken to the funeral parlor and embalmed with hopes that relatives might identify him. *Note: His identity was never determined and he was kept at the funeral home. He was finally given the name "Old Mike" and became a local "celebrity". Many Nevada County residents can remember visiting "Mike" at the funeral home. He was finally buried 64 years later in 1975. (For more on this story, see the March, 2003 issue)*

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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**HE KEPT HIS PROMISE TO GOD**

Have you ever heard of Harrison Mayes? Maybe you have seen signs along the highways with such messages as “Get Right With God”, “Jesus Saves”, "Jesus Is Coming Soon", or “Prepare To Meet God”.

I can remember one of those signs along Interstate 30 south of Little Rock that read “Prepare To Meet God”. Some friends of ours were once traveling to Little Rock to visit a relative in the hospital. A major hurricane had just come ashore and Arkansas was in the path of the storm. There was heavy rain, winds, and the possibility of tornadoes. People were being warned about driving through standing water. They were already nervous about being out in such bad weather. One said later that she made it pretty good until she saw the sign "Prepare To Meet God". I'm sure the driver held on to the steering wheel a little more carefully after seeing that sign.

I recently learned that these signs were the work on one man--Harrison Mayes. He was a Kentucky coal miner with only a fifth grade education. One day while working in the mine at age 18, he was badly injured in an accident. A runaway coal car loaded with coal crushed him against the wall of the mine and it was thought he might not live. He made a promise to God that if He allowed him to live; he would dedicate his life to working for the Lord.

Harrison Mayes did survive the accident and did not forget his promise to God. When he recovered from his accident, he tried preaching and singing gospel songs, but that didn't work out for him. He was a man who liked to work with his hands. He then came up with the idea of constructing signs with simple religious messages and placing them along the highways where many people could see them. His first signs were made from wood, but he soon converted to concrete signs, some weighing as much as 1400 pounds. Some signs were in the shape of a cross and some were shaped like hearts. He continued this work throughout his life, erecting signs along highways in 44 states.

He never asked for donations for materials for his signs, but churches and some of his fellow miners sometimes made contributions to help him buy materials. He often worked double shifts at the mine to make more money for his signs. Any extra money left over after supporting his family was put into the sign projects. He usually placed the signs on fence rows so that they would be off the highway right-of-way and not be in the way of a farmer's equipment. He never asked permission to place the signs and would leave a message on the signs saying that if someone decided to take the sign down, it would be between that person and God. He never had a driver's license. Once or twice each year, he would hire a truck and driver to transport the signs to the desired locations.

He even built his house in the shape of a cross and even had a large sign on the roof of the house that read “Jesus Saves” so it could be seen from the air.

He continued his sign projects throughout his life until he was slowed down by old age. He

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

died in 1986. He had spent almost 70 years of his life making and erecting signs throughout the country and had plans to place signs in other countries and even on the moon and other planets. He never forgot his promise he made to God back in 1916 when he survived the accident in the coal mine. Some of his signs are still standing, but many have been moved or destroyed.

He also collected bottles of all descriptions. He would put religious messages inside these bottles and place them in streams wherever he went. It is estimated that he set adrift about 50,000 bottles during his lifetime.

A book about Harrison Mayes called “A Coal Miner’s Simple Message” is available from the Bell County Historical Society in Middlesboro, KY.

Have you ever seen one of these signs in your travels? Do you know of any still standing?

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## SOUVENIR SPOON FROM 1933 WORLD’S FAIR

A few years ago while checking out an old home place, I found this souvenir spoon from the World’s Fair in Chicago in 1933. It was very tarnished—almost completely black like it might have been in a house fire. The other day I got it out and did a little scrubbing. I couldn’t remove all the old stains, but I did improve the looks of it considerably.



This exposition in 1933 was in the middle of the Great Depression. The theme of the fair was “A Century of Progress”. There were all kinds of souvenirs including about five different silver-plated spoons with different designs.

This spoon has a picture of the Administration Building in the bowl of the spoon and the name Chicago on the handle. On the front side of the handle was the name “Century of Progress” and the year of 1933. On the back side was the Hall of Science.

Some people still collect these old spoons and other souvenirs from world fairs. I have seen spoons from the 1933 fair for sale on the Internet priced from \$5.00 to \$35.00, depending on the

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

condition. I have decided that there are people out there who collect just about anything you can name. As they say, "one man's junk is another man's treasure".

It makes me wonder who in Arkansas might have had the money to spare during the Great Depression to make a trip to the Chicago World's Fair in 1933. I guess someone could have sent the spoon to a family member as a gift. I can't even remember now exactly where I found the spoon, but evidently it got tossed out with other things being discarded or maybe someone lost it. Oh well, it's just something else to add to my collection.

In case you are wondering, the next world's fair will be in South Korea in 2012. The last one in the United States was the 1984 fair in New Orleans. They are held about every two years.

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I asked readers in the last issue what they collected. I received these replies:

I collect-ED USN ship Zippo lighters with good identification, usually name, number and crest and USN ship Japanese hizara (cigarette ash trays) with ship insignia or crests in the bottom and name and number on the rim. I always had a pile of Zippos from my ship and there was always swapping when nested, alongside underway and of course in the clubs. In those days, the Japanese made a lighter that you could not tell from a Zippo and their decoration talent was very good. (*David Cummins*)

I have collected miniature, ornamental shoes since I was a child. I don't even know how many I have, but my granddaughter wants to take them and keep the collection going. (*June Hines Moore*)

Since my ancestors never seemed to be able to throw away anything and I still have most of it I could claim "collections" to a lot of "stuff". I used to try to bring home something from each place we visited on trips: a pressed glass rose bowl from Tombstone, hot pads from Creed, bear figures from Glacier National Park and Yellowstone, a small rock from Loch Ness (washed my hands in the water there hoping it would cause me to go back--didn't work), lots and lots of photo slides from everywhere. I figured out fairly early that all that had to be dusted except the slides and dusting isn't my favorite activity, so I started collecting Christmas tree ornaments. Since both my husband and I are pilots and love the activity the collection leans heavily to aviation themed items. I have no idea how many I've collected but after we get all the ornaments on the tree each year, you don't see much greenery. The most precious ornament is one that the grandchildren gave me. We had stopped to fuel the motor home at a truck stop when we had taken all three of them and a cousin to Tucson for Spring Break. They found a little stained glass airplane, pooled their money, and bought it for me. My husband drags all that down from the attic; we talk about where the ornaments came from and hang them on the tree. There are ornaments that were given to me by my students through the years and one that I especially like of the old Nevada County Courthouse that my cousin gave me. Everyone enjoys them over the holidays then we take them off the tree and tuck them away until next Christmas. The grandchildren are all grown up now but they still look for ornaments that they remember our selecting and buying when they were on trips with us. (*Betty Kirk Thomas*)

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## MAN'S FOOD SUPPLY FOR SEVENTY YEARS OF LIFE (published in *The Nevada County Picayune* in 1927)

If a man of seventy years were starving, it would probably be of little comfort to him to reflect that he had consumed in the course of his life 53  $\frac{3}{4}$  tons of solid food and 42  $\frac{3}{4}$  tons of liquid, or about 1280 times his own weight in both solids and liquids, but it would be quite true.

Being a man of average appetite, he would have eaten 15 tons of bread, which would have made a single loaf containing 1200 cubic feet and appearing about as large as the average suburban home, and on the bread, he would have spread one ton of butter. If his bacon had been cut in single slices, the strip would have been four miles long, and his chops, placed end to end, would have extended two miles. Twenty ordinary-sized bullocks have supplied him with beef, some 18 tons of which he has eaten, along with 5 tons of fish and 10,000 eggs and 350 pounds of cheese. If he elected to have all his vegetables served at once, they would have come to him on a train of cars, the pod containing all his peas being over three miles long. He has had 9,000 pounds of sugar, 1,500 pounds of salt, 8 pounds of pepper, and 100 cans of mustard. Three pints of liquid a day would have amounted to 76, 800 pints or a little over 42 tons.



### Another Woody Black outhouse cartoon and one of his wood carvings of an old shoe

**Correction:** In the last issue on page 9, I incorrectly named Woody Black's friend as Paul Wilson Weaver. It should have been Paul Dayton Weaver. I apologize for the mistake.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## PRESCOTT 100 YEARS AGO--SEPTEMBER, 1911

---John Hale and Bert Stovall caught three fish in Terre Rouge Creek that weighted 76 pounds. The largest one weighed 48 pounds.

---N. H. Dye who lives seven miles from Prescott, brought in two nice specimens of apples from his orchard. He has 150 apple trees of the York Imperial variety.

---A telegraph class is offered at the high school. The demand for telegraph operators has never been so great.

---Work has started on the foundation of the new court house.

---Prescott is enjoying a steady growth. Many new people are coming in and it is difficult to furnish the necessary dwellings for them.

---Work on the new Presbyterian church has been started.

---Advertisement for a big railroad show in Prescott. The world's most curious creatures will be displayed. Male and female riders, aerial artists, tumblers, leapers, death-defying feats of skill and daring, trained elephants, man-killing lions, and Mary, the largest living animal in the world. There will be seats for 5,000 people. There will be a street parade each day at noon.

---The highest temperature in September was 99 degrees and the lowest was 55 degrees. Total rainfall for the month was .52 inch.

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### **THINGS COULD BE WORSE**

This has been a year of extreme weather in our nation. Back in April, we had record flooding and the bad tornadoes that devastated many places in the Southeast. Joplin, MO was hit by a super tornado in May destroying a large part of that city. We missed the really bad storms here in the Sandy Land, and for that we are thankful, but then the dry, hot weather set in. Day after day of temperatures hovering around 100 degrees and night-time lows over 75 degrees. Our lawns turned brown. Our gardens wouldn't set fruit under those conditions. Tomatoes bloomed but had very little fruit. Tender young squash would dry up and fall off. Even peas didn't produce as well as they should.

I can't even remember the last time we had a good soaking rain that lasted two or three days in our part of Arkansas. Many stock ponds have dried up and cattle farmers already have to buy hay for their cattle. The little pond on our old home place is lower than it has ever been. It was stocked with some nice sized catfish, but one day we found them all dead and floating on top.

Our air conditioners are constantly running trying to cool our homes. We dread seeing the next electric bill. Many people tried watering their gardens and flowers until they finally just gave it up as a lost cause. The family dogs are digging deeper holes trying to find some cool dirt.

Some may think this is the global warming we always hear about. I tend to think it is just the normal cycles the weather goes through--some years are dry and hot, some are cool and wet, and most are what could be considered "normal".

It could be worse. Just to make you feel better, here is something you might not know. The

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

highest temperature ever recorded in Arkansas was 120 degrees on August 10, 1936 at Ozark, Arkansas. And they didn't have air conditioning back then! I'm hoping that record has not been broken by the time you read this.

We hear the stories of the hard times during the Great Depression. I can only imagine what those people had to endure. Many more people were farming in those days. They experienced year after year of extremely dry weather. Poor farming practices resulted in what was known as the Dust Bowl. Clouds of dust covered everything. It was much worse in the center part of the country, but the dust even made to Arkansas. It must have been very discouraging to a farmer back then, wondering how he was going to feed his family with no income. They did all the hard work of planting their crops just to see them wither up. There was not enough grass and hay for the cattle. Many wells went dry. Many families gave up, sold their farms at a loss, and tried to move somewhere else where conditions were better.

The weather was not the only problem back then. Unemployment was at record levels. A headline from 1930 stated that 3,700,000 men were out of work in the United States. The drought covered much of the nation in 1930 and temperatures over 100 degrees was the rule. The Prescott water department turned off the city water from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. with a city employee patrolling the streets at night in case of a fire. The newspaper reported that July was the hottest month the country had ever seen. The state of Arkansas recorded only .01 of an inch of rain in July.

By September of 1930, plans were being made for drought relief in Nevada County. Men from each township were chosen as contact persons for anyone needing relief. The cotton crop in Nevada County was only 25 percent of normal that year. From June 19 to September 1, there were 57 days with temps over 100 degrees in Nevada County. The highest temperature was on July 29 at 112 degrees.

To help get men back to work, President Hoover asked Congress for millions of dollars to spend on construction of highways, public buildings, parks, etc. (*a stimulus package--sound familiar??*)

There was a financial crisis back then also. The stock market had crashed in 1929. Many banks were forced to close. There was no FDIC, so a person could lose their bank accounts if the banks failed. Two Arkansas banks (Gurdon and Foreman) suspended business for five days in 1930.

Unemployment was even worse by 1931. It was suggested that a five day work week might be necessary as unemployment increased. The national debt was increased by 500 million dollars. The summer of 1931 brought more high temperatures. Over 600 people died from the heat in July and grasshoppers destroyed crops in the Mid-West. The Prescott schools started charging \$2.00 per month tuition due to the economy. Miller County in Arkansas went broke with only \$125 left in their general fund. The courts closed and the grand jury adjourned. Billions were spent for relief of unemployment. The president called for a tax hike to prevent a four billion dollar deficit. A four billion dollar deficit sounds good compared to the 14.5 trillion dollar deficit we have today.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

There was more of the same in 1932. Over 700 Arkansas schools closed due to lack of funds to operate. Some school departments were eliminated. Teachers were forced to take a second pay cut. The city of Prescott planted turnip green patches to help feed the destitute.

The country elected a new president in 1933 and conditions were no better. The governor of Tennessee called a bank holiday. If you had money in an Arkansas bank, you were limited to withdrawing only 5% of your money or \$15.00, whichever was greater. Forestry camps of 100 men each were opened in Arkansas as part of the unemployment relief program. This was the CCC--Civilian Conservation Corps. So many government programs were being started that many accused President Roosevelt of being a dictator.

One of the programs that caused much controversy was the one in which the government paid farmers to plow up their cotton crops in an effort to raise the prices for cotton. Imagine being a farmer in Nevada County and being told to plow up your crop you had worked so hard to plant. Nevada County farmers plowed up 16,000 acres of cotton in July of 1933. The farmers were paid about \$12 per acre to plow up their crops.

One good bit of news in 1933 was the opening of Ozan Lumber Co. in Prescott which would employ 75 men. Over 500 Nevada County men were hired by the CWA to work on the county roads. Wildcat Rd. was the first project. Women were involved in sewing projects. There were 32 CWA projects going on in Nevada County in 1933.

The new Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation allowed the Bank of Prescott to insure bank deposits up to \$10,000 in 1934. The CWA distributed items to Nevada County residents such as potatoes, blankets, sorghum, peanuts, clothing, garden seeds, cheese, eggs, lard, flour, cabbage plants, and onion plants.

Many of the cattle farmers in the Mid-West were hit hard by the extremely dry weather. Animals were dying from lack of food and the heat. The government bought many of these animals from the ranchers. Many animals had to be immediately slaughtered and buried. The rest were shipped to other parts of the county in an effort to save them. Some were shipped to Arkansas with about 1600 cows shipped to Whelen Springs in our area. The farmers were paid from \$4 to \$20 per animal depending on the age of the animal.

The year 1935 brought the Dust Bowl. Some people died or were hospitalized with breathing problems. The summer of 1935 brought more intense heat. Dry weather continued especially in the summers. One resident in Nevada County said the creeks were lower than ever before for that time of the year (June, 1936).

The weather changed in 1937 at least for part of the country. There was a great flood on the Mississippi River. The government came up with a plan to evacuate five million people from a 50 mile wide strip of land on each side of the river from Cairo, Illinois to New Orleans. The governor of Arkansas declared martial law in Arkansas due to the flooding.

As you can see, the 1930s was a difficult decade for everybody. The combination of extreme weather patterns, high unemployment, financial problems, and rising debt caught the

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country by surprise. Even with all the government programs, the depression lasted for about ten years with much suffering by the American people.

You can see some similarities in the problems we face today and those from the 1930s. We have high unemployment today although not nearly as bad as in 1933 when it was 25%. We have had a financial crisis and bail-outs. We have had extreme weather recently and much of the country is now in a severe drought. They say history repeats itself. Let us hope we have programs in place to prevent another great depression like in the 1930s. Many countries in the world are almost bankrupt and we have seen the problems in Europe. Our country is deeply in debt and programs like Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid are almost bankrupt. I heard the other day that 7,000 people were reaching age 65 each month and being added to the Medicare program. Health care costs, fuel prices, and grocery prices continue to rise. If we were to have ten years of extreme weather like in the 1930s along with all our other problems, we could be in serious trouble.

Most people don't give these things much thought as long as they have money to buy what they need. There could come a time when the stores might not have the groceries you normally buy due to shortages, or perhaps your town's water supply might go dry and there would be no water when you turned on the faucet. I'm just suggesting that we might need to be a little more thankful for the things we take for granted and maybe have an emergency plan in case things get really bad. Who knows what might be in store for us? Our economy is in bad shape, we have been experiencing extreme weather recently, and there is always the threat these days of more terrorist attacks from people who have stated they plan to destroy America.

We could just put our trust in the government to take care of us no matter what might happen like many people do. They say 46 million Americans (one out of six) are now receiving food stamps. That number has doubled since the recession began. From what I can tell, some of these people on government assistance are eating pretty "high on the hog" judging from what I see in their shopping carts. Something tells me they wouldn't be happy with a chunk of government cheese and a big jar of peanut butter, although they probably get those also.

In a time of great national emergency, we can expect such things as rationing of some items and laws to regulate just about everything we do like it was in the 1930s. We won't like it, but we might not have a choice. Some of you remember the days during World War II when things like sugar, coffee, tires, and gasoline were rationed. History could repeat itself.

The presidents always end their speeches by asking God to bless America. We need to do that also, but we need to pray like we really mean it because I'm afraid He might be our only hope. Many of us have been reminded this summer how much we depend on Him for things we take for granted like rainfall.

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## MORE BAD NEWS

As if things are not bad enough, I learned this week about a new ant that is invading the state of Texas. It is called the Rasberry crazy ant, named for Tom Rasberry, an exterminator who first

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noticed this ant in 2002. They are called crazy ants because of the way they move around. They just seem to dart every which way and there are not just a few of these ants. There can be millions or billions of them running around on top of the ground. They are very small and do not sting like fire ants. They even feed on fire ants, but also attack lady bugs and other beneficial insects and can suck juices from plants. They will eat or run off any living thing. It is said dogs will not go into a yard infested with these ants. They prefer to stay outside but sometimes millions of them can invade a home searching for food which causes serious problems for the occupants. Some people sweep them up in dustpans like mounds of dirt or even try to collect them in vacuum cleaners. One man said to imagine sitting on the commode with thousands of ants crawling all over you. One of the main complaints about these ants is that they like to get into electronics or electrical equipment causing it to short out. They have already infested at least 18 counties in Texas, mainly around Houston. They are spreading at the rate of about five miles per year, but can be transplanted to other areas accidentally causing new infestations. Tom Rasberry says he expects them to eventually cover the entire southern part of the country. They are very hard to control. They do not make mounds like fire ants and the common ant baits on the market have no effect on these ants. Some say these are the most dangerous and devastating insects to reach our shores. Even though these ants can eliminate the fire ants, most people say they had rather have the fire ants than these crazy ants.

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## TEN YEARS AGO

September 11 will mark the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the attack on the World Trade Center, the Pentagon, and the attempted attack on another target which was aborted by some heroic passengers. I'm sure you remember exactly where you were when you first heard the news. I was in my office at work that day when I heard the news. I remember that there was a run on the gas stations in Camden as people scrambled to fill their tanks in case there was a gasoline shortage. Flags were soon prominently displayed just about everywhere and many people turned to prayer for our country.

I went to an estate sale about two years ago and noticed a bundle of magazines for sale. These magazines were all about the attack on Sept. 11. I purchased the whole bundle for about \$5.00. It's a part of our history and needs to be remembered. The front covers are chilling with headlines like "America Under Seige", "America at War", "America Unites", "America Under Attack", and "God Bless America". The cover of Time magazine had no headline. There was only the picture of the huge fireball when the planes hit the towers with the date, September 11, 2001. The pictures inside these magazines are hard to look at.

Ten years have passed and we can reflect back on what has changed in our world since September 11, 2001. We have been involved in wars in Iraq and Afghanistan resulting in the loss of many lives. The word "terrorist" has become a part of our vocabulary and we wonder when the next attack will come. This war on terrorism is unlike any war fought in the past. We have seen and maybe experienced the security precautions taken at airports which greatly inconvenience passengers. Security is heightened for any large gathering of people and several planned attacks have been thwarted by these improved security practices.

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The open show of patriotism has dimmed somewhat since 2001. Not as many flags are flying these days, but we still see stickers on cars in support of our troops. Many in our military have served in Iraq or Afghanistan. A large number have given their lives in service to their country and to protect the freedoms we enjoy in this country. Recently, thirty of our best trained men lost their lives in Afghanistan when their helicopter was hit.

It would be nice if we could just erase these last ten years from our history and go back to the peaceful times before the terrorist attack. We see what has happened to our country in the last ten years and can see how much this one event in history changed our country, our world view, and our personal lives. We must realize this war will not end with a treaty of peace like former wars. It will go on for a long time. There may be a period of time of relative calm, but we must be prepared for other attacks. These people who want to do us harm are very patient people. We must be careful and report any suspicious thing we see. We don't need to be like the proverbial ostrich that sticks its head in the sand. We live in a violent world with people who have ideas very different from ours. I suppose as long as this world lasts, there will be wars. Wars require weapons and people are killed. About all we can do is to pray for peace on earth and good will toward men, pray for our country, our leaders, and even for our enemies.

I expect there will be many observances marking the tenth anniversary of the attack on Sept. 11, 2001. It is good to take time to remember these things and to honor those who have been most affected—the families who lost loved ones during the attacks ten years ago, those who happened to be close by and were injured or suffered medical problems as a result of the attack, those in the military serving in these far-off places, the troops that have suffered injuries, and the families of those troops who have been lost in the last ten years.

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## MYSTERY OBJECT

Dr. Annette Leamons has an unusual object she purchased at an estate sale auction several years ago in Washington County, AR. She is offering a small prize (a package of her heritage seeds she collects) to anyone who can guess what it is.

So put your thinking caps on and send me your guess as to what this contraption is. I'll tell you what it is and print the name of the winner (or winners) in the next issue. I'll also print all the other answers I receive without your names, so go ahead and take a guess even if you don't know what it is.

The quilt in the picture belonged to Dr. Leamons' grandmother and is almost 100 years old. The pattern is called "Garden of Eden". The white church pew is from Old Zion church on Ridge Rd. near Malvern, AR. Dr. Leamons has had it for about 50 years.

Check out the object on the next page and send me your answer by September 15. If you have an unusual object, send me a picture of it and we'll put it in a future issue.

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DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?



## THE SOUTHERN TRANSLATION OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

- (1) Just one God.
- (2) Put nothin' before God.
- (3) Watch yer mouth....
- (4) Git yourself to Sunday meetin'.
- (5) Honor yer Ma & Pa.
- (6) No killin'.
- (7) No foolin' around with another feller's gal (or 'nother gal's feller).
- (8) Don't take what ain't yorn.
- (9) No tellin' tales or gossipin'.
- (10) Don't be hankerin' for yer buddy's stuff.

Now that's plain an' simple.

Submitted by: Bobby Newman  
Altus, AR.

### QUESTION FOR NEXT ISSUE

This is the time of the year for county fairs. Send me your memories of going to the county fair when you were young. What did you like the most? What did you not like? How do the fairs today compare with those in the past?

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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**THE NEVADA COUNTY FAIR--THEN AND NOW**

The Nevada County fair this year was in late August. In earlier times, the fairs were in September or October. At least the heat wave of 2011 had broken somewhat just before the fair began which helped considerably.

I must confess that I haven't attended a county fair in a long time. I always enjoyed them but it seems to me that they are not nearly as big or exciting as in the old days. This year I was in Prescott on the day of the fair parade and decided to stay and watch. I like parades even though they only last a few minutes. A lot of work goes into decorating floats, getting everyone in the proper places, and blocking traffic along the route. I can remember the old days when there were many floats in the parade. Each school in the county and many organizations usually entered a float trying to out-do each other to win the title of "best float". Since schools have been consolidated, we have lost that aspect of the fair parades. Maybe some of the various organizations or businesses in the county need to get involved in future parades. The small towns around the county might enter something in the parade to boost their communities.

It was announced that there would be no midway at the fair this year. That was one of the main attractions in past years. I never cared much for the wild rides, but most of the young folks seemed to enjoy being turned every which way and bounced about at high speeds. Back about 1970 the county schools would take a day off from classes and bring the students to town on school buses for the fair. The parade was a much larger event in those days.

The parade this year had the usual emergency vehicles with their flashing lights and sirens followed by contestants for the fair queen contests. A couple of large fire trucks filled with young children passed by. Candy was thrown to the small kids along the sidewalks. Two or three nice floats went by. The Bypass Diesel and Wrecker Service had a heavy-duty wrecker decorated with moving parts which was very interesting. Every parade needs a band and the Prescott High School band filled that duty for this parade. One vehicle I noticed was a four-wheeler pulling a very young girl held by a lady I assumed to be her mother. The little trailer was filled with gourds and the sign on the front read "75 Years of Growing 'Gourd'eous Girls". I only saw two horses in the parade.

People were scattered along the sidewalks where I was located, but nothing like the crowds I remembered from years ago. Some people plugged their ears as the police cars passed by with their high-pitched sirens blaring. Young children scrambled to pick up candy being tossed to them. I noticed one young boy watching the parade from an antique barber's chair in the back of a pickup truck. I don't know if they planned it that way or maybe his parents had just purchased the chair at an antique shop. He had one of the best views of the parade. Someone commented it would make a nice deer stand.

Mrs. Zettie Griffith Link was the Grand Marshal of the parade this year. She was the very first Nevada County fair queen back in 1937. She rode in a nice little convertible just behind the emergency vehicles at the front of the parade. Mrs. Link grew up in the Gum Grove community

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**Mrs. Zettie Griffith Link—1937 Nevada County Fair Queen**

near Bluff City. Her parents lived just down the road from us. I know this honor of being the Grand Marshal of the parade this year meant a lot to her and brought back many memories of those days in 1937 when she was chosen to be queen. She told me she was so glad they didn't have a swimsuit competition back in 1937.

While I was waiting for the parade to begin, I went to the library and read the newspaper accounts of the fair in 1937. A large headline on the front page of *The Nevada News* proclaimed "6,000 Attend First Day of Fair". Can you imagine 6,000 people in Prescott to attend the fair? The fair was an important event in those days. The people had been through several years of hard times and needed something to refresh their spirits. There were many farmers in the county at that time and it was always exciting to see the exhibits of things produced on the farms and who had won ribbons for the best of whatever was being judged. There was also a three day rodeo in town in connection with the fair in 1937. The queen contest was one of the most popular events of that fair and has remained so all these years.

Mrs. Link was also pictured on the front page of *The Nevada News* with the headline "2,500 See Zettie Griffith Crowned Nevada County Fair Queen". The event was held in the gymnasium and she was crowned by county judge John Bradley. She was one of eleven entrants in the contest back in 1937. The paper reported that she was a blond with blue eyes, about five feet tall, soft-spoken and quiet. Her dress was pale pink organdy and she had a corsage of pink and white rosebuds.

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The Fair Association in 1937 asked each community to sponsor a beauty contest and to send the winner to the county contest. This was done in various ways. Some communities had cake walks or similar events to choose their representative. The contestants in 1937 were: Mildred Park representing Pleasant Hill, Mildred Davis (Laneburg), Maurine Lambert (Sutton), Rosabelle Jackson (Mt. Moriah), Hazel Haynie and Amelia Atkins (Rosston), Gladys Oglesby (Waterloo), Virginia Herring (Willisville), Mary Lou Cadenhead, Fris McGuire, and Rebecca Daniel (Prescott), Zettie Griffith (Bluff City), Dorothy Ingram (Cale), and Mary Alice Buie (Boughton).

The fair queen contest was held in the new gymnasium which was packed with people. Each contestant was presented alone to be judged by men from outside the county. After each contestant walked across the stage, the group was summoned back where the decision was announced by Mr. George Holland, secretary of the Camden Chamber of Commerce. Zettie Griffith was the winner and Dorothy Ingram of Cale was the runner-up. County judge John Bradley placed the crown on Zettie Griffith's head and she was seated on her throne.

There was also a talent contest in the 1937 fair with fourteen entries from six towns. The winner was Mary Lou Cadenhead. She won a trip to Dallas for a screen test sponsored by MGM Search for Talent (sort of an early version of America's Got Talent).

The gymnasium also served as the exhibit building back in 1937 and was filled with exhibits of things made and produced in Nevada County. Folks once said a wall could be built around Nevada County and it could thrive without aid from elsewhere. A whole room was devoted to needlecraft. A 100 year old spinning wheel was shown with quilts, bedspreads, dresses, suits, and shirts, all made in Nevada County. Even the burlap carpet which covered the entire floor of the gymnasium was made in the county. The oil industry at Waterloo had exhibits showing the road asphalt and roofing asphalt manufactured at the plant in Waterloo.

There was no fair parade in 1937, but on the last day of the fair, the three day rodeo began with a big parade uptown. The rodeo was especially interested in female riders riding side-saddle dressed in costumes of "the gay nineties". Any participant in the parade who was properly outfitted with saddle, blanket, riding bridle, hat, and bandana was eligible to attend the rodeo free of charge. The paper stated, "Your horse or pony will be your ticket. You can sit on your ticket and see the rodeo free of charge from horseback in a reserved spot".

The fair this year was billed as the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Nevada County fair. However, the county did have fairs as far back as 1910. Back then it was called the Nevada County Farmer's Free Fair. There were no fairs from 1929 to 1937. So the fair in 2011 marks the 75<sup>th</sup> year of continuous annual fairs in Nevada County.

The Nevada County fair is still enjoyed by many people, but given a choice, I would have rather attended the fair in 1937. I guess people are too busy these days or maybe the hot August weather may have kept some people from attending. I think somewhere around the middle of September would be a better time, but I guess it's hard to schedule a fair in every county in that time period.

While I was at the library, I glanced over and read about the 1938 fair and the headlines said

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between eight and twelve thousand attended in 1938. A picture in the newspaper showed the streets in the business section of Prescott packed with people. I have learned from reading old newspapers that those days of long ago were exciting in many ways. There might not have been much entertainment at people's homes in the rural areas other than the radio and occasional community get-togethers, but the larger towns like Prescott, especially those located on a main railroad, often had things like Wild West shows, the circus, the opera house, and that type entertainment. Evidently, the county fairs of that day brought in huge crowds of people. I think I would have enjoyed attending the Nevada County fair of 1937.

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## READER'S MEMORIES OF FAIRS

Each time I have told the story of my favorite county fair memory, I've gotten the distinct impression that people didn't quite believe it. I hesitated about submitting it for the *Chronicle*, but today I decided to write it down.

I don't know the exact year this happened, but it was probably 1945 or 1946. My favorite part of the fair was (big surprise) the carnival. However, my parents always insisted we had to walk through the exhibit buildings before we could go to the midway. That year in what was then called the Women's Building, someone was giving away a set of dishes. (I think it may have been Prescott Hardware, but cannot verify that.) My mother really wanted that set of dishes, so she filled out an entry form.

The day drug on as we walked from building to building seeing all the exhibits and the animals. **Finally**, we got to the midway. I was afraid to ride anything wilder than the carousel, so my parents bought tickets and put my little brother, John, and me on the "merry-go-round," as we called it. That was very exciting, but then we had to get back to the main exhibit building where the drawing for the dishes was to be held.

We got as close to the front as possible. The man in charge selected me to draw and held me up so I could easily pick from the large box of entries. I was reaching for one of the slips on top when the man told me I'd better reach way down if I wanted to draw my mother's name because she signed up early.

Well, I reached way down, and I did draw my mother's name. A lot of people thought it was rigged somehow, but it really was just what happened. My mother was so proud of that set of dishes. We used them daily over the years until gradually all of the pieces were broken or chipped except the large platter, which I still have.

Charlotte (DeWoody) Woody

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My memories of the fair are: If I remember correctly it was in 1945 that we had Fair Day at the Schools in Lamar County Texas, which was in October. At that time I was a freshman at Roxton High School. The school bus took us to the fair in Dallas and we were there by the time the fair opened. Oh, how that cotton candy, hot dogs and a cold drink tasted to us. We walked the fair ground and saw everything there was to see, not costing an arm and leg like today. We rode rides, the merry go round every though it was for the young ones, however they never could get

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me to ride the Ferris wheel; that was scary to a little country girl from the community of Harmon, Texas. We did not have to worry about being kidnapped and we had to behave for, Mr. Mason, our Superintendent of Roxton High, would have punished us. He and the teachers made sure we behaved as we were taught at home as well as in school. Oh, I wish we had some of that in our schools today. We were told when to be back to where the buses were parked to return to Roxton and all of us obeyed. This is my story of Fair Day in 1945.

Wanda Weaver Carter

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The worst sunburn of my life was due to the Nevada County fair. I rode my school's float (Cale High School) and I remember sitting on that float in the hot sun waiting for the parade to begin. It was before effective sun screens came along and there was no shade. Of course, I didn't hide from the sun after the parade so I was well-cooked before the day was over. After the parade I checked out the exhibits and the carnival rides. I remember eating a foot-long hotdog with all the "fixins" and then getting on the Caterpillar, a contraption that went in a circle faster and faster and had a cover that went over the riders and then off and all the while the platform tilted in different directions. I regretted that hotdog the rest of the day.

I attended the fair almost every year and the years sort of meld together. I do remember entering a rug that I had made and winning a blue ribbon for it one year. I was so proud of the check I received with the blue ribbon. My dad took me to the Bank of Prescott to cash my check and I remember Mr. Gillis Lee helping me. I think the check was for \$5.00. I still have the blue ribbon.

For several years after I retired I was asked to serve as a judge for Youth Fairs in Glen Rose, Granbury, and Decatur, Texas. I tried to keep in mind how thrilled I was to get a blue ribbon and tried to be a good judge.

Betty Kirk Thomas

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## **FIESTA TIME WITH DR.T. (A True Story)**

In 1966, I taught my first year of school about 30 minutes south of Little Rock, Ar. in a small rural pocket in a fine community. It was the custom of that district to "turn out" the whole school at STATE FAIR time. We would load up ALL the students from grades 7-12 on school buses and caravan to the STATE FAIR in Little Rock for an all day excursion. (Mind you, in those days no cell phones, no sophisticated electronics at all.) I required ALL of my students to personally sign in on a list when they boarded our bus, as an accountability measure for myself and the bus driver. When we arrived back at school, I personally checked off their names on my list as they exited the bus. About one hour after arriving back at school, I was still in my school room preparing for the next day, grading papers, etc. The buses had already made their routes and delivered kiddos back home for the day. My SUPERINTENDENT entered my room in a full panic, "Mrs. Lemons, you have left G.M. and R.B. in Little Rock at the STATE FAIR!!!" (EVERY teacher's horror.) Checking my list, I assured him that those two students NEVER entered my bus, nor did they exit it. He was adamant that something was awry because the

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parents were in a panic when the two 8th grade boys did NOT return home from school for the day, but had "gone to school to go to the fair." I assured him that we had not transported those guys on OUR bus. Alerts were made, County Sheriff contacted, and community helpers were set in place. Now there was a small country store directly across the highway from the school. Many of the students would drop in early in the a.m. before classes started to purchase snacks, etc. The store owner thought it a bit strange when G.M and R.B. entered that morning very early and purchased a "goodly" supply of Dr. Tichenor's mouthwash. (They had "fair money" in their pockets!!)

The guys exited, and the store tender thought how curious for these two guys to be in possession of so much Tichenor's and on their way to the STATE FAIR. Well, to make a long story longer, they NEVER embarked on the journey to the STATE FAIR, but hid out behind the store and drank Dr. Tichenor's to their hearts content. Obviously, no one had ever mentioned to those eighth grade guys that Dr. Tichenor's was sold, in those days, in CONCENTRATED form, normally diluted for home use and MOST OF ALL, that it was 70% ALCOHOL. They KNEW it had alcohol, hence the motivation for their purchase, but didn't expect such a bang for their buck. They had both PASSED OUT behind that building and were still in place, fully enjoying a long day's "nap." (Rip Van Winkle couldn't have slept more soundly himself.) Life is hard; life is painful. Guess they just fell out, dealing with the agony of FULL STRENGTH Dr. Tichenor's, and the jalapeno-laced fiesta in their mouths. Pain teaches us lessons, and I am sure those guys were better equipped to cope with the ups and downs of life after those parents took hold of the seat of their pants. Or perhaps they were just trying to numb the pain of dealing with me as a pretty tough teacher who expected her students to BE what they were CAPABLE of becoming. Have you ever had a mouthful of old time, FULL STRENGTH Dr. Tichenor's mouthwash? It will rip the hide right out of the top of your mouth!!!!!!!!!!!!

Dr. A. Brosius Lemons (Cornelius)

P.S. I love you R.B. and G.M., wherever you are. (They are now 57 years old.)

## CONTEST

Back in 1951, the Chamber of Commerce had a contest for students to come up with a slogan for Nevada County. The slogan had to be four words or less and must concern pine timber or trees. They offered a prize of \$50 to the student who came up with the winning entry. There were over 800 entries and six students came up with the same winning slogan. The six winners had to split the prize money which was donated by Ozan Lumber Co.

Just for fun, let's do this contest again. Those of you who are not familiar with Nevada County will be at a disadvantage. Send me your idea of a good slogan for Nevada County. If your entry is the same as the winning entry in 1951, I will give you a prize. I can't afford a \$50 prize, so let's just say the winner will receive a small prize yet to be determined. Deadline—Oct. 15, 2011

Check back next month for the results of the contest and to find out the winning entry from 1951.

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**Mrs. Vernell Loe**

I don't know of anyone who has more fair ribbons than Mrs. Vernell Loe of Bluff City. Most of them are pictured here—enough to cover a full size bed. These were won for things she has entered in the Nevada County fair over the last 25 years or so. She was a member of a 4-H club in her younger days and was always active in the Home Demonstration clubs. Each year, she usually entered some craft she had made, produce she had grown, or jars of home canned food.



A crocheted item Mrs. Loe made that won First Place and Best of Show a few years ago.

Mrs. Loe has made and sold many of these tin men made from vegetable cans of various sizes with a couple of sardine cans for the feet and a funnel for a hat.



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**Bench at Liberty Cemetery in the Troy community of Nevada County  
Only in Arkansas---Razorback Country!!**

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## **PRESCOTT 100 YEARS AGO—OCTOBER, 1911**

---A large county fair was held at the city park. Governor Donaghey was present the first day.

---A team of mules fell into an abandoned well and drowned while plowing on the E. DeLaughter farm at Boughton. The value of the team was \$350.

---There was a meeting of farmers to discuss the possibility of raising strawberries in the Prescott area.

---R. P. Arnold of Arnold's Café advertised all kinds of fruit, a lunch counter, ice cold drinks, oysters (any style), and a ladies parlor.

---An item in the Cale local news column stated "Mr. Waters, the tonsorialist, was very sick last week and during this time, Mr. Sawyer converted the barber shop into a butcher shop".

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## **4-H CAMPS**

Whatever happened to the 4-H camps like we had in the 1950s? These were attended by 4-H club members from all over the county. And whatever happened to 4-H clubs? There may still be a few around, but nothing like fifty or sixty years ago. Could it just be a lack of interest in such things? Maybe it's because of the decline in the number of families living on farms or the lack of adult volunteers. Many people like to live "in the country" these days, but not very many seem to be interested in farming, gardening, or caring for a farm animal or a flock of chickens.

About sixty years ago the annual 4-H conservation camps were big events. The Arkansas Forestry Commission nursery at Bluff City was the site for many of these camps. These camps were sponsored by the Agricultural Extension Service, the Forestry Commission, the Game and Fish Commission, the Chamber of Commerce, and various timber companies in the area. The Bluff City nursery had what they called "a visiting day" in 1947 with over 300 4-H club members attending. Paul Adams was the nursery superintendent at that time. This was the first event of this type at the new Bluff City nursery, but they continued annually for several years.

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Some of the early camps involved an overnight stay. The 4-H camp at the Bluff City nursery in 1955 was open to boys between the ages of 10 and 16. Each boy was instructed to bring his lunch for the noon meal the first day plus three eggs, two pounds of potatoes, knife, fork, spoon, plate, cup, toothbrush and toothpaste, towel, soap, and bathing trunks. The afternoon was spent studying soils and timber followed by a good swim and supper. A movie was shown that night and a religious service was held before turning in for the night. After breakfast the next morning, there was nature study and a program on gun and driving safety given by the state police. This was followed by a forestry quiz with an awards program. A nice bow and arrow set was given to the one chosen as the best camper.

Here is the program for the camp at Bluff City in May, 1958. The students were divided into four groups, each in charge of two sergeants and four corporals. The groups toured the nursery under the supervision of R. P. Plyler who explained how pine seedlings were grown at the nursery. Various programs were presented to the young people on such topics as water safety, forest conservation, selecting a camp site, building a camp fire, the rescue of a drowning person, artificial respiration, types of swimming strokes, soil judging, using a compass to find your way in the woods, and how to use various types of fishing equipment. Each person brought his own lunch, but drinks were provided. The day was filled with many activities and contests were held in tree identification and identifying species of birds.

The prizes for some of the contests were silver dollars. The evening program consisted of a talk by an exchange student from Ireland followed by a wildlife motion picture. A short devotional was given by a minister from Prescott.

One of the meals provided to the group that day consisted of 500 hot dogs with chili and onions with jelly rolls for dessert.

I think it would be good if these type events had been continued. They provided a little practical experience for many young people. I can remember attending one of these camps. I lived just one mile from the nursery, so it was not too much of a trip for me, but it was educational. I remember being part of a team that won a prize using a compass to locate a buried treasure.

The 4-H club is still a good organization, but it seems to me that it was much more popular fifty years ago than it is today. I guess the young people today are more interested in cell phones and computers. Does your area still have an active 4-H club? How many of you know what the four H's stand for? The answer is at the bottom of page 10.

## DEATH

Mrs. Elloene Moore McBride, age 90, passed away September 14, 2011. She taught in public schools for over 40 years in Bluff City, Chidester, Norphlet, McNeil, and Camden Fairview. She also researched and compiled a genealogy of the Meador and related families. She was one of the few remaining offspring of Civil War veterans. Funeral services were held at Bluff City with burial in Bluff City cemetery.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



## A MORNING VISITOR TO MY HOME

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**Re: Contest:** Only four readers made a guess as to what the mystery object was in the last issue. Several others wrote to say they had no idea what it could be. Dr. Annette Lemons said if anyone even got close to the correct answer, she would give them a prize. The correct answer is a nail sorter. Don't ask me to explain how it works, although there are pictures on the Internet that show it. The answers I received were: (1) a letter holder; (2) a sorter for peas and beans; (3) some sort of sifter and (4) a seed sifter. So, readers #2, #3 and #4 at least narrowed it down to a sorter or sifter. We decided to give a package of heirloom seeds to these three readers. The winners are: Billy Joe Meador, Duncan McKelvey, and James Nelson. Thanks to all those who participated and thanks to Dr. Lemons for providing the prizes. We may try this again sometime.

---

## QUESTION FOR NEXT ISSUE!

A reader gave me a poem printed in the *Newton County Times* entitled "Remembering the Flour Sack". It told of all the uses for cloth flour sacks. I'm sure many of you remember those days. I also remember when our family bought 100 pounds sacks of chicken pellets in cloth sacks of all colors and patterns. The trick was getting enough of the same pattern for the sewing project you had planned.

For the next issue, tell us what your family used cloth flour sacks for or what they made from cloth feed sacks. Did you ever wear clothes made from feed sacks? Did your mother have a favorite brand of flour? Tell us your memories of cloth flour sacks, sugar sacks, or feed sacks.

---

***I pledge my head to clearer thinking,  
my heart to greater loyalty,  
my hands to larger service  
and my health to better living,  
for my club, my community, my country, and my world."***

**HEAD, HEART, HANDS, HEALTH**

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 11 – No. 11

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

November, 2011

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**FAIRVIEW--A PRESCOTT LANDMARK**

One of Prescott's most beautiful old homes is located near the intersection of Hwy. 24 and Cale Road. It's a little hard to see since it sits well off the road, but you will have no trouble picking it out. You don't see houses like this much anymore.

Betty Meeks wrote an excellent article about this home for *The Nevada County Picayune* back in 1976. She visited with the owner, Mr. Wells Hamby, and was given a tour of the home and some of the history of this elegant old home.



The home was designed in 1900 by a Little Rock architect for Mr. Hamby's father, Mr. C. C. Hamby who was a prominent Prescott lawyer. The Hambys had six children-- Randolph, Irma, Leonard, Helen, Wells, and Elizabeth. The house was designed to accommodate a growing family. It has fourteen rooms with four over-sized bedrooms, two halls (one upstairs and one downstairs), eight huge walk-in closets, 44 windows and six outside doors. The rooms have 14 foot ceilings which helped keep the house cool on hot summer days. It had four fireplaces

and two staircases. Many of these old homes had names and this one was called Fairview.

After Mr. C. C. Hamby's death in 1921, the house became the home of his son, Wells Hamby and his wife, Myra. It would be their home for the next fifty six years. Mr. Wells Hamby, you may remember, was one of the players on Prescott's first football team in 1911. He was a planter and the spacious grounds surrounding the house provided plenty of room for growing tomatoes for which Mr. Hamby was well-known. He constructed greenhouses and an irrigation system to water the plants.



The porch which almost surrounded the house was removed in 1952 because it had become unsafe and would cost too much to repair. After Mr. Wells Hamby's death in 1977, Mrs. Hamby sold the home to Bill Taylor of Prescott who renovated it and added central heat and air. Mrs. Hamby moved to her family's old home at Blevins. That house, the Stephens house, was donated after her

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

death to the park at Old Washington and is now used as the park's headquarters.

The top picture on the previous page is the way the house looks now and after the Taylor's restored it. There is a widow's walk on the top by the chimney. The little space just above the front porch peak is a small balcony. The Hambys always put a Christmas tree there during the Christmas season.

There have been stories about this home being haunted, although the Hambys never saw any ghosts while living there. The story comes from an incident back in 1864 during the Civil War when soldiers were moving through the area. After the battle of Prairie De' Anne, the troops were moving toward old Moscow on their way to Camden. This was several years before the town of Prescott was incorporated.

According to the story, four Yankee soldiers were killed during a skirmish and were buried about where the house now stands. After the war, the government removed the bodies for burial in a federal cemetery. This story caused many to imagine the house might be haunted by the ghosts of these Civil War soldiers. Any old home that large might be a little spooky to small children and some adults. I recently watched a show about country singer Loretta Lynn talking about her home in Hurricane Mills, Tennessee. Her home has a similar story about Civil War soldiers associated with it and many unexplained things have happened there. Such stories are interesting to contemplate and large old homes like the Hamby house are the ideal setting for such stories.

Mrs. Irma Hamby Evans, a reader of *The Sandyland Chronicle* who now lives in Texas, grew up in this old home. I asked her to tell us what it was like living in such a large home. She writes:

*I grew up in this house with my parents, my grandmother, my brother and sister. All four of the bedrooms were upstairs. My sister and I shared a large front corner room wall-papered with big red and pink roses, and we called it the "Rose Room". All the rooms in the house had high ceilings. There was no central heating, so each room in the house had a gas stove. Our "family room" was known as the "library" because it had a large built-in bookcase with glass doors. In the winter, a fire was built in that fireplace where we made popcorn in an old-fashioned long-handled popper and listened to the radio to 'Lum and Abner'. Our dad would read to us sometimes, and mother would sit with her sewing and fall asleep with the needle in mid-air. A TV came much later.*

*We had two staircases, each with a landing in the middle. The one in the front of the house was polished wood with an ornate railing. The back one was the one we used for everyday passage. It was just plain wood with no railing at all. I could run up and down it in the dark without looking.*

*I walked to grammar school up East Elm Street, through town and across the tracks. I walked to the Junior High School, now McRae and later to the high school around the corner from the house. Only on very rainy or cold days did our parents take us in the car.*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

*We had a large screened-in back porch with a seat swing, and a sink with cold water from a well. On hot days, we would set up a table and chairs to eat lunch there to escape the heat of the kitchen. The icebox sat out there, and the iceman would bring ice from the Cale Road which ran along one side of the house. We had a little square sign with numbers to show how many pounds to bring. It was a red letter day when we finally got a refrigerator that would make ice and ice cream in a big tray in the freezer part.*

*The long sidewalk from the front of the house all the way to the street was a favorite play area for us. We had roller skates with the clamps to hold them on, and we'd skate up and down the long slope. The main accomplishment was when we could do it backwards without falling off the side.*

*The huge wooden sliding doors connecting the parlor and dining room to the hall were a special feature. They were room high and would recess into the wall. The parlor was only used occasionally, and the dining room only for Christmas and Thanksgiving. We had a separate "breakfast room" off the kitchen; but when the family was smaller, we just ate around the kitchen table.*

*There were happy times in the parlor when we'd set up a Monopoly game and leave it for days or practice the piano. There was a sad time when my grandmother passed and they had her funeral in the parlor. I was in college by that time. I remember friends staying up all night for a wake and the room's being filled with friends and flowers at the funeral.*

I would like to thank Mrs. Evans for sharing information about this old home. Anyone who would like to contact her may do so by emailing her at [ievans@hal-pc.org](mailto:ievans@hal-pc.org)

I like these old homes. They have "character" that is missing from most modern homes. They add charm to small towns and even in some places have become tourist attractions in some places. The city of Camden is well known for its historic homes, some dating back to pre-Civil War days.

It would cost a small fortune to build such a home these days. We need to enjoy them as long as we can, because they don't build houses like the Hamby home any more.



## WHAT IS IT?

Some of you already know the answer. This picture was in a collection of old photos and I couldn't figure out what it was. The date on the picture was 1948. I showed it to several people and got all sorts of answers. Patricia Farr was pretty sure what it was and after some research on the Internet, I confirmed that she was right. Make your guess and then check page 7 for the correct answer.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

In 1951, the Chamber of Commerce had a slogan contest to come up with a slogan for Nevada County. The contest was open to all school students in the county. The slogan had to be four words or less and have something to do with trees. There were over 800 entries. Six students came up with the same winning slogan and had to split the \$50 prize money. The winning entry in the 1951 contest was –PINE TREE COUNTY.

---

This little clipping from an old newspaper was tucked inside my grandmother's old family Bible.

“Dear Teacher,” wrote an indignant mother, “you must not whack my Tommy. He is a delicate child and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self defense.”

---

## COMMENTS FROM READERS

I think I've been sitting here over an hour now, going through some of your old Sandyland issues. One was of particular interest to me, and that one was about "Old Mike" who I remember as "standing up" in the Prescott funeral home. I GUESS that's where he was standing. Several times, when I was very small and out around Prescott with my dad, he would take me by to see 'old Mike'. Since we moved to Louisiana before I was 4 years old, I was quite young when we made these visits, but I'll never forget them. I guess, at such a young age, I didn't know enough about death to question why this man - though dead - was still standing and in public view. I just enjoyed those outings with my dad and hated the tongue-lashing he got from Mother about taking me to see Old Mike.--- *Earlene Lyle*

---

Another great issue! Sorry I can't reply to the flour sack query. I've heard of them and my parent's generation used them. Guess I was fortunate I didn't wear flour sack dresses. Although I've seen some and they weren't bad...---*Teresa Harris*

---

Thanks for another good Chronicle. I really liked the memories of the fairs and parades. I remember riding on the DAR float one year in the '40's dressed as a colonial girl. And I actually won a ribbon for a doily I crocheted at the tender age of 10. My grandmother had taught me to knit and crochet and entered it for me. It's amazing now to remember what a big deal it was back then with so many people participating and the crowds gathered. You're right--I'm thinking that the lack of all the electronic entertainment we have now made us enjoy getting together and making our own fun and excitement.

I really liked the pictures, too. You are so creative to gather all this for us, and we readers are very appreciative.---*Irma Hamby Evans*

---

Had it not been for flour sacks and feed sacks my wardrobe would have been a lot sparser during my childhood. The fabric mills were making fabric for the military and stores were unable to get the material their customers needed for sewing. My mother made most of our clothes and she always checked all the stores when she went to [Prescott](#) to see if there was anything available. I remember her looking at bolts of material and saying that "you could throw broom straws" through some of it because it was so loosely woven. That also meant that it would probably shrink a lot when it was washed.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Flour, corn meal, and sugar sacks were finely woven and many were turned into nice blouses and slips for me. They also made excellent kitchen towels because they were absorbent. Of course, they were all white and that didn't lend much variety to the wardrobe. The sugar sacks were small and the pattern had to be made up of a lot of little pieces but a twenty-five pound sack of flour made a decent piece of material. There are lots of quilts that have white sugar sack pieces in them.

I remember that if my dad were going to town to buy cow-feed, he was told to check for snag holes and he was to buy at least three sacks alike of feed--that meant a new dress for me--Mother needed four for hers. The cow-feed sacks were very good quality fabric or the feed would have sifted out during shipping. The sacks of feed were dumped into barrels and covered at our barn so that the barn rats wouldn't get a chance to chew through the material. The chain-stitching was unraveled and the sacks were washed, starched, and ironed "on the grain" so that they would be ready to cut as soon as Mother had the time to sew them.

Many women would carry their "odd" sacks when they went visiting to trade to get enough together for garments, curtains, quilts, pillowcases, men's underwear or some other creative endeavors.

My Grandma Morgan made me two stuffed dolls when I was a very little girl from sacks that had the doll printed on them. I do not know if they were flour, corn meal, or sugar sacks but suspect they were sugar since the dolls were only about twelve inches tall. The time period would have been the mid 1930's.

Many cartoonists portrayed the country bumpkin wearing the underwear with triple X's on the rump and I suppose that many people may have not liked wearing the clothing made of sacks, but since almost everyone I knew wore it, too, there was no stigma involved and the fabric in the bags was many times better than could be bought at the department store. Since so little fabric was coming to the stores, you frequently met others wearing the same fabric as your garment was made of whether it was from feed sacks or off the bolt.

Sometime along the way everything started being packaged in paper. Those were easy to dispose of and probably cost a lot less than cotton bags. Sure can't use them for anything else though!—*Betty Thomas*

---

Finding the picture of me back in the 1940s in a feed sack dress took a bit of looking. The design of the Indian chief on horseback was imprinted on a flour sack and embroidered by my mother, Myrtis Barham Jones. It was done at an earlier date than the dress.

I had two or three dresses out of feed sack (or flour sacks, I'm not sure which). One of the "rich" ladies at church asked my mother where she had gotten the nice linen dress for me.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I really liked the dresses I had made from the feed sacks (or flour sacks). The one in the picture was with a white background with yellow flowers. I had another which I liked a lot which had a pink'ish' background with pink flowers and green leaves. It was two-piece.—*Mary Anna Scheie*



---

Here are some uses for cloth flour sacks taken from the poem “Remembering the Flour Sack” by Colleen Hauberk. You can read the poem on the Internet by searching for it by title.

The flour sack could be filled with feathers to make a pillow or made into a sleeping gown. It could be used to carry things, made into diapers, skirts, blouses, or slippers. It could be made into curtains to cover a window, used to strain milk, or as a signal to get someone’s attention. It could be used as a sling for a sprained wrist, to stuff a crack to keep out the cold air, or to dry the dishes. It could be made into a ghost for Halloween decorations or placed over a bowl of yeast dough during the rising process.

These are just a few uses for the cloth flour sacks. I’m sure there were many others. Feed sacks with colorful patterns could be made into quilts or clothing. Many of our ancestors even saved the twine from these sacks. I can remember my grandmother having balls of twine stored away in case she ever needed some string. People who lived in the country had to improvise. The option of running to the store for something you needed usually wasn’t an option for most folks.

Several years ago when I was doing research for my book about Goose Ankle, my neighbor told me a story she remembered from her school days at Bluff City. She said a young girl had got choked on something while at school. This was before the days of the Heimlich maneuver for treating choking victims. Back then they usually just turned a kid upside down and patted them on the back until the object was dislodged. This was back in the days when people made their own clothes, including their underwear, from feed or flour sacks.

The object was dislodged satisfactorily in this case, but my neighbor said what made the situation funny was the writing visible for all to see on the girl’s underwear—100% Pure.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The cloth flour sack has taken its place in history along with S & H green stamps and so many other things from the past.

---

## Answer to What Is It?

This is a cowboy liquor decanter with four nip cups. It is about ten inches tall. The four cups were of different colors. Underneath the cowboy's hat is a cork stopper for the decanter. The item is listed on e-bay for \$105.

Some of the answers I received were: thimble holder, toothpick holder, holder for individual cream containers, a night light, and salt and pepper shakers.

---

## PRESCOTT 100 YEARS AGO—NOVEMBER, 1911

---An article mentioned pilots dropping mail bags to the Ft. Smith post office from a height of 2000 feet. This was only the third time it had been attempted. The pilots held the bags in their laps and dropped them when over the intended target. One drop narrowly missed a group of men working nearby. (*Is this what they mean by "air mail"?*)

---Prescott had a club called the Self Culture Club

---A group of 32 men organized a club called the Prescott Club open to all males in the city limits.

---Prescott Hardware announced it had an air compressor in their garage which would eliminate the old hand pump.

---

## WELL-KNOWN INDUSTRY IN SOUTHWEST ARKANSAS

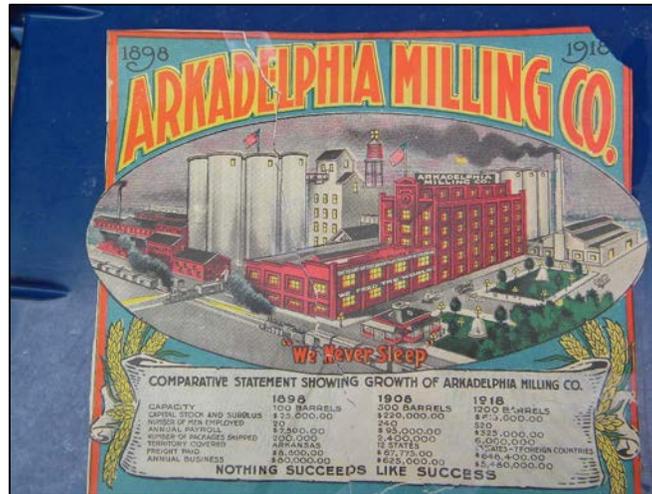
The Arkadelphia Milling Co. was an important industry in southwest Arkansas producing flour, corn meal, livestock feed, and barrel staves. The company began in 1898 with 20 employees and its sales territory covered the state of Arkansas. By 1918, the company had grown substantially, employing 520 workers with its products being sold in 25 states and seven foreign countries. It was one of the major customers of the Missouri-Pacific Railroad. The company went out of business in 1932, a victim of the Great Depression.

The company slogan was "The Heart of the Grain Plus the Art of the Brain". The company operated around the clock. Below is a drawing of the plant from an advertisement in 1918. On the side of the building is the company slogan along with the phrase "We Feed the World".

The Arkadelphia Milling Co. even did business in Bluff City. An item in the newspaper in 1910 states: "The Arkadelphia Milling Co. is doing a good bolt business in Bluff City, putting a lot of money into circulation. Bluff City looks like a regular bolt yard".

Stave bolts is a term that refers to short cuts of hardwood timber used in the manufacture of barrel staves. Staves are narrow strips of wood used to make wooden barrels. From the above description in 1910, we can conclude that there was some sort of wood yard in Bluff City at that time where these short logs were stored or maybe even made into barrel staves.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



One of the most popular products of the Arkadelphia Milling Co. was Dolly Dimple flour which was packaged in cloth sacks with instructions on how to make a doll from the flour sack. Here is a picture of what the sacks looked like. The self-rising flour came in a red stitch cambric sack while the regular flour came in a blue stitch sack.



Other brands sold by the company included Robin Redbreast Cream Meal, Butterfly flour, White Dove flour, and Jack and Jill flour. I'm sure that many of our ancestors were very familiar with the products of the Arkadelphia Milling Co. and many of the young girls prior to 1930 had Dolly Dimple dolls. These dolls are now collector's items.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

*The Sandyland Chronicle* strives to educate as well as inform. Just for fun, see how you do answering these 20 questions. Each question is worth five points. Grading scale is: A = 90-100; B = 80-90; C = 70-80; D = 60-70; Below 60 = not good (Answers on page 12)---Don't Peek



1. This is a picture of
  - a. the governor's mansion in Little Rock
  - b. The White House in Washington D. C.
  - c. Mt. Vernon—George Washington's home
  - d. the plantation house in the movie "Gone with the Wind"
2. Where is the Eiffel Tower located?
  - a. New York City
  - b. Paris
  - c. Chicago
  - d. San Francisco
3. The year 2011 in Roman numerals would be
  - a. XXCI
  - b. MMXI
  - c. DDXI
  - d. LLXI
4. Kale is
  - a. an animal
  - b. a mineral
  - c. a vegetable
  - d. there is no such thing
5. Which of the following is not an animal?
  - a. badger
  - b. ferret
  - c. cello
  - d. ermine
6. How many acres are in a section of land?
  - a. 1000
  - b. 5,280
  - c. 10
  - d. 640
7. Which of these president's faces is not carved on Mt. Rushmore?
  - a. Zachery Taylor
  - b. George Washington
  - c. Theodore Roosevelt
  - d. Abraham Lincoln
8. It is said that Alexander the Great wept after conquering a large empire. Why?
  - a. his favorite horse was killed in the battle
  - b. he had accidentally killed the woman he intended to marry
  - c. he had spent all of his money to finance the battle
  - d. there were no more worlds to conquer
9. The preamble to the United States constitution begins with this phrase
  - a. Oh, beautiful for spacious skies

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

- b. Fourscore and seven years ago
- c. We have nothing to fear but fear itself
- d. We, the people of the United States

10. Which of these is not a reason for writing the U. S. constitution as given in the preamble?

- a. to give every citizen over the age of 18 the right to vote
- b. to provide for the common defense
- c. promote the general welfare
- d. insure domestic tranquility

11. According to the Declaration of Independence, all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights. Which of these is not one of these rights?

- a. life
- b. pursuit of happiness
- c. the right to own property
- d. liberty

12. Which of these countries is north of the equator?

- a. Chile
- b. Argentina
- c. Australia
- d. United States

13. The longest river in the world is the

- a. Mississippi
- b. Nile
- c. Amazon
- d. Ganges

14. Which of these wars happened first?

- a. War of 1812
- b. Civil War
- c. Revolutionary War
- d. Mexican War

15. The inventor of the cotton gin was

- a. Eli Whitney
- b. Robert Fulton
- c. Thomas Edison
- d. Benjamin Franklin

16. The patriot who said "Give me liberty or give me death" was

- a. Paul Revere
- b. Thomas Paine
- c. Davy Crockett
- d. Patrick Henry

17. Which of these would hold the most shelled corn?

- a. bushel
- b. peck
- c. quart
- d. gallon

18. A distance of 5,280 feet would equal a

- a. fathom
- b. mile
- c. furlong
- d. yard

19. A large group of crows would be called a

- a. covey
- b. colony
- c. murder
- d. herd

20. The largest state in the United States is

- a. Wyoming
  - b. Alaska
  - c. Texas
  - d. Colorado
-

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Can you identify this?

This is from a chinquapin tree (sometimes spelled chinkapin) growing on our old home place at Bluff City. These trees were once common in this area, but most were killed by the blight back during the 1950s. The chinquapin is a distant cousin of the chestnut tree. The nut is smaller than chestnuts--about the size of a penny when ripe. The nuts can be eaten directly from the tree once the burr opens in late September or early October. The nuts are a favorite food for wildlife, especially squirrels.

Our chinquapin tree is about twenty feet high and maybe six inches in diameter. They rarely get above thirty feet tall. Most of the trees killed by the blight re-sprout from the stump, grow into small saplings, produce a few nuts, and then die from the blight once again. Most people who grew up after the 1950s have never seen a chinquapin tree and have never eaten this nut. I prefer pecans to eat, but chinquapins are another option if you are lucky enough to find one of these rare nut trees still producing these days.

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## QUESTION FOR NEXT ISSUE

Suppose you were given one wish in which you could bring back one thing from the old days that is no longer available. What would it be? I need your answers by Nov. 15<sup>th</sup>.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Due to the extreme drought, the fall colors may not be too good this year in southwest Arkansas. The leaves of many trees, especially oaks, turned brown early this year. Just in case we miss out this year, I am including this picture I snapped last fall on a bright sunny day. This is a sugar maple tree that I planted a few years ago from a seedling I dug up in Missouri.

Sugar maple trees are not found in this area growing naturally, but can be purchased from nurseries (*and they are not cheap*). This is one of my favorite trees. Each tree seems to have its own personality. The color of the leaves in the fall depends on the soil in which it is planted. Most of them that I have transplanted here have golden leaves, but once in a while, one has vivid reddish-orange leaves like this one. I planted

this one on a hill overlooking the highway. Many people passing by have said how much they enjoy this tree every year. The only problem is the beautiful leaves only last a few days and then the show is over. We will not get to see the beautiful leaves on this tree this year. It is stressed from the drought and most of the leaves fell early. Maybe it will survive and give us a good show in the fall of 2012.

---

Answers to the test:

1. = C; 2. = B; 3. = B; 4. = C; 5. = C;  
6. = D; 7. = A; 8. = D; 9. = D; 10. = A;  
11. = C; 12. = D; 13. = B; 14. = C; 15. = A;  
16. = D; 17. = A; 18. = B; 19. = C; 20. = B



See what you can do with those empty milk jugs!

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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## **PRESCOTT, ARKANSAS (THE EARLY DAYS)**

The largest town and county seat of Nevada County is Prescott. Here are a few things about Prescott that you might interest you.

### **How did Prescott get its name?**

I have a county map that says it was named for one of the surveyors, W. H. Prescott, in 1873.

A newspaper article dated 1883 states that Prescott was laid out and named for ex-county judge, W. H. Prescott in 1873. This agrees with a list of Nevada County officials which lists W. H. Prescott as being county judge from 1875 to 1880. He possibly could have been a surveyor before serving as county judge.

An interesting coincidence—Prescott, Arizona was also named for W. H. Prescott, but not the same man. The Arizona town's namesake was William Hickling Prescott, the famous historian who lived from 1796 to 1859, his death occurring long before Prescott, Arkansas was started.

Some think that Prescott, Arkansas was also named after this William Hickling Prescott, the historian, who was a friend of some of the railroad officials. I am willing to accept the version given in the 1883 newspaper article that it was named for the ex-surveyor/county judge. The article even mentions that "our fellow citizens, Robert Burns and Judge William Frazier, had the honor of naming it, the circumstances of which were detailed in the *St. Louis Republican* of March 10<sup>th</sup>". If we could find a copy of that paper, we would know more concerning the naming of the town of Prescott.

### **What was the population of Prescott when it was incorporated?**

Again, I go to the 1883 newspaper article. It states that in 1877, Prescott's population was "less than 400 souls". The population was estimated to be 2450 when the article was written in 1883 and "was rapidly growing". This was in spite of two destructive fires in the city in 1877 and in December, 1882.

### **Who was the first mayor of Prescott?**

The first mayor was William L. Webb. He also served at a city alderman. There is a Webb Street in Prescott, presumably named for Mayor Webb. William L. Webb is buried in the old section of DeAnn Cemetery.

### **What is the population of Prescott today?**

According to the 2010 census, 3296 people live in Prescott.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## **Did Prescott have a school in the early days?**

In 1883, Prescott had a nice high school named for Tom Allen, a railroad man. The newspaper article says the school cost \$10,000 and was fully paid for. The article gave an account of “the electric bell” which signaled the call to classes, recess, and dismissal. The bell was located in the main hall and connected to a battery in the principal’s office. Besides the principal, Prof. G. A. Hayes, the teaching staff was composed of “six young ladies”.

## **Was there a court house in Prescott in 1883?**

The article states that construction of a new \$20,000 court house was to begin in the spring of 1883. County business was conducted in a temporary court house until the new one was completed. Nevada County was formed in 1871, and the first county seat was at Mt. Moriah, and later moved to Rosston. No court house was ever constructed at Rosston, even though the town had been laid out on paper showing the street names and a block reserved for the future court house.

## **Who were these first settlers of Prescott?**

The construction of the railroad through northern Nevada County was the main factor in the rapid growth of the town. Trains brought settlers from various places. Many came to get a fresh start or maybe to take advantage of plenty of low-cost land available for farming. The 1883 article states that “our citizenship is composed principally of southern people, although England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Prussia are represented”.

## **What did these early settlers do to make a living?**

The 1883 newspaper article states “Several of our Irish and English fellow-citizens are engaged in business in town, but a majority of the foreign elements are tillers of the soil. Grape growing, vegetable gardening, and fruit culture are among the industries contiguous to Prescott”.

With all the farming in the surrounding country-side, there was a need for stores to supply all their farming needs—tools, plows, buggies, clothing, shoes, groceries, and all the other things a family might need. Being situated on the railroad, it was easy to get supplies delivered to stores in Prescott. There was a need for doctors, dentists, preachers, undertakers, blacksmiths, bankers, and others. These businesses were also represented in the early days of Prescott.

## **What was Prescott like in 1883?**

According to the newspaper article “we have five druggists, eight physicians, two artists, three bakers, one bank, two barbers, four blacksmiths, four shoemakers, nine carpenters, one dentist, one jeweler, twenty-seven grocers, one gunsmith, five saloons, twelve general merchandise establishments, two hardware stores, two hotels, three restaurants, eight real estate agents, ten lawyers, four milliners, four undertakers and dealers in furniture, one planing mill, seven churches, a temperance council, Knights of Honor, American Legion of Honor, American Knights of Freedom and Masonic lodges, consisting of chapter and lodge with a prospect of an

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

organization of Knights Templar. Our educational facilities are complete in every particular and second to none in the state. The colored people have a large and flourishing free school in operation ten months of the year”.

The writer of the newspaper article from 1883 entitled his article “A Live Arkansas Town”.

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## ANDERS MONSON

One of the well-known early business men of Prescott was Anders Monson. Mr. Monson was born in Sweden in 1841. In 1860, at the age of 19, he and a friend started out for America to start a new life. During the trip, the friend died and was buried at sea. Anders landed in the United States speaking no English and all alone in an unfamiliar country at a time when the country was divided and on the verge of a civil war. Anders first settled in Ludington, Michigan. A few years later he was in Alabama where he met Mattie F. Griffith and the two fell in love. It is said the courtship was carried on through an interpreter.

Mattie's mother did not want her to marry the foreigner and soon the Griffith family moved across the Mississippi into Arkansas. Anders soon followed, settling first in the tiny village of Moscow in Nevada County. This was in 1871, the same year that Nevada County was formed. While at Moscow, he operated a tan yard, taught violin lessons, and sold books.



Love finds a way of conquering all, and in November, 1871, Anders and Mattie were married when he was 30 and she 28. Her widowed mother moved in with them although she never quite forgave Anders for marrying her daughter.

It was about this time that the railroad was being constructed through the area and Anders Monson boarded some of the railroad workers when they were constructing the railroad. The few store owners at Moscow saw that being close to the railroad would be to their advantage and soon moved their places of business closer to the railroad. Soon the town of Prescott began to take shape and more and more people came to the area on the trains to take advantage of the available land for farming. Anders Monson moved to the new town in 1873 and built the city's first two-story business on First and Elm Street. He was one of the signers of the petition to incorporate Prescott as a city.

It is said that his mother-in-law drove her buggy around collecting eggs, chickens, and pigs to sell to raise money for the First Presbyterian church, the first church organized in Prescott. She was one of the eleven charter members when the church was organized in 1874. Mattie was also a charter member, but Anders remained a Lutheran to the end.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Anders Monson operated his store in Prescott for many years, selling musical instruments and sewing machines. He must have been a sharp business man because he soon owned several business houses in town. He saw the new town of Prescott in its earliest days and watched it develop. He had the only music store in town and according to a newspaper article in 1900, "his honest dealings have won for him the confidence of the people and a liberal patronage".

Mr. and Mrs. Monson were blessed with five children--Bettie Crestina (born in 1872), Anna Helena (born in 1874, a daughter who died as an infant (born in 1877), Alice Modena (born in 1879), and a son, Anders Monson, Jr. (born in 1882).

In the early part of 1882 things were going well for the Monsons. His business was doing well and the town of Prescott was growing rapidly. But two years later, things changed drastically. Their two-year old son, Anders Monson, Jr. died. This was a terrible blow for the family, especially Mrs. Monson. She was grief-stricken and went every day and sat by his grave even during rainy weather. She took pneumonia from which she never recovered. She died in 1885, leaving Anders to raise the three small girls alone. Her mother died soon after.

I'm sure the next few years were difficult, but Anders persevered. He devoted the next 35 years to his business. He finally retired from business in 1921. In his later years, Anders Monson became blind and had severe arthritis in his hands which affected his violin playing. He told his family, "I'll play the violin again in the spring when my hands are better", but of course, he never did. He lived the last few years with his daughter, Bettie. He lived to the ripe old age of 95. On his 94<sup>th</sup> birthday, he sang a touching Swedish song called "The Spring Song" to his family in the Swedish language.



Near the end of his long life, the Prescott city council named a street in his honor. Monson Street intersects with West First Street just past the Sonic drive-in across the highway from Wildcat Rd.

Anders Monson died in February, 1936 at the age of 95. At that time he was Prescott's oldest resident.

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Kay Reynolds Whitehead, who is a great-great granddaughter of Anders Monson, has Mr. Monson's old violin, his Swedish Bible, and many letters from his family written in the Swedish language. Thanks to Kay for sharing the family information and pictures for this article.

Wouldn't it be nice to have some type of recording of Anders Monson playing his violin? At least the family still has this beautiful violin to treasure.



Anders Monson is the story of success in America--a man who came to this country all alone in 1860, turning his love of music into a thriving business in Prescott, Arkansas, respected by the people of the town, and honored by the city council for his contributions.

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## READER'S COMMENTS

The question for this issue was—If you could bring back something from the old days that is not available today, what would it be. Here are some answers I received:

The one thing I think would do the most good is to have the population of...., say, the year 1260 but with the knowledge and progress we have now; kinda like the old, "If I knew what I know now back when I was 24" saying.... *Duncan McKelvey*

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One of the things I miss the most about the past is Saturday night GUNSMOKE on TV with Matt Dillon, Miss Kitty, Doc, and Chester!!! My cousins, brothers, and I would all be on the floor circled around a DISHPAN full of home grown popcorn with melted cow butter swimming on the top, and a steaming hot pan of parched peanuts from the barn loft. Life can't get any better than that for a 10 year old!!! I've said it before, and I'll say it again: SO GLAD I GREW UP IN DIXIE!!!!—*Dr. Annette Lemons*

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The old Palestine and thus no Israel, the root cause of lots of our current problems due to blind support of Israel and generated hate for the United States.—*David Cummins*

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

If I could bring back one thing from my childhood it would be that people would travel by train as they did prior to 1960. It would be safe and clean, comfortable and efficient.

My husband's father and grandfather were with the railroad, so he and his brother grew up traveling by train all over the U.S.A. My grandmother took me on many train trips. I was 10 the last time I rode as a child.

In 2003 while living in Florida, my husband and I drove a car to CN from Florida for an elderly couple who were our friends and neighbors. The husband was in ill health and could not drive their car back north. We took the opportunity to see the East coast along the way and visit many Civil War battlegrounds. We spent three days in Gettysburg!

The best part of the trip: on the way back to Florida, we left New Haven, CN via a commuter train to New York City's Penn Station. From there, we got a passenger train (compartment) to Tampa. You get VIP treatment when you travel by train and have a compartment.

It was wonderful to see things from the window of the train such as the Washington Monument and the U.S. Capitol all lighted up after dark. The porter came to our room and made our beds while we had dinner. The dining room had white cloth table covers and napkins. It was elegant! The food was great and we slept like babies.

It is still possible to use passenger service, but it is limited. The routes and schedules are not easily adapted for a vacation or every day travel. Therefore, I would like to see passenger train travel updated and expanded so that we can go where we want when we want.

It would break my heart to see train travel die. —*Ginger Porterfield Patterson*

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The safety and freedom we had to run all over “anywhere” without a thought that we might be harmed.—*Larry Jameson*

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## **MA FERGUSON TAKES OFFICE AS GOVERNOR OF TEXAS (from the January 22, 1925 issue of *The Nevada News*)**

Her hand resting on the worn Bible used in the early days when Texas was a republic, Miriam Amanda Ferguson today took the oath of office as governor.

The administration of the oath by the chief justice of the State Supreme Court to Mrs. Ferguson took place in the hall of the House of Representatives at 12:30 o'clock this afternoon.

The solemnity of the occasion was such that it cast a spell on the 6,000 persons who thronged the hall to witness the taking over of the reins of state by a woman.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The crowd strained to hear the voice of its new chief executive, speaking with a slight tremor and so low that it was scarcely heard beyond the first row of seats before the speaker's platform. As a seal of fidelity to the trust imposed upon her, Governor Ferguson kissed the time-worn Bible at Psalm 119:105, which reads, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and light unto my path."

After taking the oath of office, Governor Ferguson was seated amid the outbursts of applause that rocked the capital. Governor Neff, in a voice shaking with emotion, introduced his successor. Turning to Mrs. Ferguson at the conclusion of his own farewell address, the retiring executive said:

"Mrs. Ferguson, I have removed everything from the office I am vacating except for three things. Hanging on the walls you will find a picture of our lamented former president, Woodrow Wilson, which I trust, will serve you as an inspiration. In a vase on your desk you will find a white flower, which will remind you of the virtues of the office to which you have been entrusted. On the table you will find a Holy Bible, which should be your guide and comforter throughout the next two years."

*Note: Ma Ferguson was the first woman governor of Texas and the second woman governor in American history. The governor of Wyoming was the first. Mrs. Ferguson had previously been first lady of Texas when her husband served as governor. He was impeached during his second term and was not able to get his name on the ballot for the next election. This is when his wife decided to run and said if elected she would consult her husband on making decisions and therefore, the citizens of Texas would "have two governors for the price of one". She became known as "Ma" because she was a devout mother and also because of the first two initials of her name. During her time as governor, she and her husband were referred to as "Ma and Pa Ferguson". She served two terms as governor and ran several more times. Her administration was controversial because she supported limiting the power of the Ku Klux Klan and she also pardoned an unusual number of criminals during her time as governor—an average of 100 per month.*

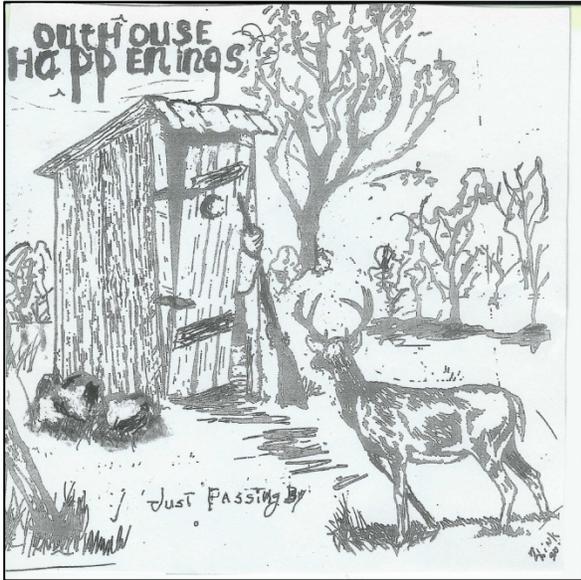
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## **WIDOWER LOST HIS TEETH (from the 10-13-1911 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

A widower from Missouri was engaged to be married to a lady in Hugo, and the wedding took place a few days ago. He left his Missouri home in time to arrive at Hugo a day in advance of the time that the wedding was to take place. Just before reaching his destination, while looking out of the window, his artificial teeth fell out of his mouth. Being too vain for the prospective bride to see him without teeth and fearing that it might possibly have the effect of breaking up the match, he wouldn't stop at Hugo, but came to Paris and rushed up to a dentist's office to have a new set of teeth made on short order. The dentist protested that he could not make a set in the short time required, but the widower told him that the wedding was set for the next day and that he was bound to have them. The dentist went to work and by working all the evening and all night, he

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

succeeded in making the set of teeth, and the wedding was pulled off on time. (reprinted from *The Paris News*)



Deer hunters can appreciate this. (cartoon by Zettie Link)



Over 40 years ago when I was teaching American history at a small country school in Missouri, Earl Rennie, one of my students, drew this portrait of John F. Kennedy from a picture in his text book. I've kept his work all these years.

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I was looking through my files the other day and came across this poem I wrote back in 1994. It was about the dispute at that time on whether Jennings Osborne would be allowed to proceed with his extravagant Christmas light display at his home in Little Rock. Each year the display seemed to get larger until it had become quite an attraction. Jennings Osborne never did anything in a small way. When it outgrew his property, he purchased two adjoining properties next to his home to make more room for the display. About three million lights were used in his decorations and they were turned on for 35 days during the Christmas season from sunset to midnight. Some of his neighbors complained about the display saying that a trip to the grocery store took two hours due to the traffic congestion, that their lawns were being trampled, and that

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

an ambulance couldn't get to their homes in an emergency. They took Osborne to court and the judge ruled that Osborne could only display his light show for fifteen days and said the lights could only be turned on from 7 p.m. until 10:30 p.m. Osborne appealed to the state supreme court which upheld the lower court's ruling. After his loss in court, Osborne received several offers from other cities to host his light display and the lights were eventually moved to other cities and such places as Disney World and Graceland.

I never saw his light display in person, but it looked spectacular on television. Even though it was enjoyed by many people, I can understand the neighbor's concerns about the display. Jennings Osborne was also well known for the barbecue meals he served and for many other acts of kindness he showed to people he didn't know personally. Many of his good deeds were not publicized. He was blessed with riches and shared his good fortune with others. He was a man with a big heart, but his heart finally gave out on July 27, 2011. Jennings Osborne died at age 67 from complications from heart surgery, but he will long be remembered in Arkansas.

You can get an idea of what the display was like by searching for “osborne light display” on YouTube. It shows his lights being displayed at Disney World in Orlando, Florida.

**Question for the next issue--What is your opinion about this case? Should there be rules regarding how big a Christmas display can be on private property? Consider both sides of the question. Could there have been a better solution?**

## THE FIFTEEN DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

‘Twas the month before Christmas,  
And all through the state,  
The light display was questioned.  
What would be its fate?

The lights were all hung  
On the Osborne’s grounds with care,  
Jennings hoped that his neighbors  
His Christmas spirit would share.

His neighbors were all home,  
All snug in their beds,  
While visions of traffic jams  
Danced in their heads.

A nuisance, they claimed,  
So they took Osborne to court.  
The judge somewhat agreed  
But tried to be a good sport.

She said, “Only fifteen nights  
The lights are to shine.

The neighbors also have rights  
And even I have mine.”

So the lights came on  
And since the display was free,  
Down Cantrall Road they came  
Thousands of people, the lights to see.

From out on the street  
There arose such a clatter,  
The neighbors rushed out  
To see what was the matter.

“Osborne’s at it again!”  
They began to lament,  
“Let’s just leave town.  
We’ll live in a tent”.

But the crowd all exclaimed,  
“O, what a marvelous sight.  
A merry Christmas to all  
And to all a good night”.

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Remember when people would gather on the court house lawn in Prescott on election night to watch the vote count come in? I'm not sure of the date of this photo except that it had to be before 1967. The only two people I can identify are Mr. Charlie Henry and Mr. Con Harvey from Bluff City (far left side of photo). Perhaps you can identify some of the others.

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I am looking for pictures of the old Ebenezer church building and the store building at Terrapin Neck. If you have one, please contact me. I am always interested in old pictures of people, places, and events in Nevada or Ouachita counties.

Why not honor your ancestors by contributing a story about them for the *Sandyland Chronicle*. I can help you write the story if you provide the details and pictures to go with it. I'm sure there are many interesting stories about our local folks that could be written.

Thanks to all who have contributed material in the past. Your comments and suggestions are welcome.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



This is a leaf from a sycamore tree. The tree was trimmed back last winter and I guess it is trying its best to recuperate from the trauma it suffered. Sycamore leaves are large, but this tree produced some of the largest leaves I've ever seen. This one measures 20 inches across.

Sycamore trees are fast growing and produce plenty of shade. However, they are somewhat messy. Small dead limbs and twigs fall almost every time a hard wind blows. Pieces of bark also fall from the trunk of the trees. These trees can get over 100 feet tall, so think twice before planting one of them for a shade tree. Also consider the job of raking all these huge leaves each year.

I think someone (maybe Sydney Sycamore) must have come through the country years ago selling or giving away sycamore seedlings like the story of Johnny Appleseed going around the country planting apple trees. Several home places around Bluff City have them. We once had five large sycamore trees at our house, but all except the tree that produced this leaf have been cut.

According to news reports, the Bluff City school campus (formerly treeless) was planted with 63 sycamore trees in 1940. Several sycamore trees are still found at that location.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**POST OFFICES**

Americans in many communities have recently learned that their local post office is on the list to be closed. The United States Postal Service is losing money for several reasons. People are just not writing letters like they once did and many people pay their bills online. The price of postage stamps keeps increasing, but still they are losing money.

Our local post office closed in October. It was just a small building located at a very convenient spot for our part of town and only a half mile from my house. I mainly used this branch office to purchase stamps and to mail an occasional package. I probably only stopped there about twice per month, but many people rented post office boxes and stopped there every day to get their mail.

Once each month I mail a few copies of this paper to some readers who don't have computers. Since our post office had closed, I had to go the main post office last month which was about four miles from my house. A round trip would be about eight miles. Parking at our main post office is sometimes a problem. Once parked, a customer has to walk at least 250 feet to the front door. Most of us need the exercise, but it could be a real problem for a handicapped person. When I got inside, I had to stand in line for approximately 20 minutes to mail my papers. Needless to say, I'm not too happy about losing our little branch post office. It costs me more money for gas and more of my time waiting in line, not counting the stress and aggravation of it all. Efforts were made to save our post office. Petitions were signed, meetings were held, our congressman was contacted, but it still closed with not much advance notice.

Rural communities are also affected. The post office at Bluff City where I grew up is also on the chopping block and is scheduled to be closed in the next few months. There has been a post office there since 1876. I know the population has decreased, but many of the people who live in that area are elderly. The post office representative who met with the people told those who rented post office boxes they could rent a box at the Chidester post office which is seven miles away. That sounds good, but would require them to drive fourteen miles per day to get their mail. My advice to them is to get a mailbox at their home. Many of them pay their bills with money orders. They may have to come up with another way of paying their bills.

Towns all over south Arkansas are drying up. Stores are closing, schools have been consolidated, population is decreasing, and now many are losing their post offices. They plan to close about 3600 post offices nationwide and possibly stop mail delivery on Saturdays. I predict that all these measures will not solve the problem. The post office will still be losing money, more and more people will pay their bills online, and the price of stamps will continue to increase. Thousands of postal employees will lose their jobs. Many people will be inconvenienced and complain, but most will eventually adjust to the changes.

This might be a good time to refresh our memory of some of the history concerning mail delivery in America, especially RFD--Rural Free Delivery. People living in rural areas were pretty much isolated from the rest of the country in the early days. Someone would usually ride

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

on horseback to the nearest post office to get the mail perhaps once per week. The idea of delivering mail to each house was at first considered too costly due to the poor roads especially in bad weather. RFD was first tried in a few places as an experiment to see if it was feasible. It didn't really get started in a big way until 1896. Rural mail service started at Prescott in 1903 with six rural routes served from the Prescott post office. Several methods of travel were used from horseback, buggy, mail cart, motorcycle, and automobile. The coming of RFD played a big part in improvements being made to country roads to make it easier for the mail carriers to make their rounds.

Farm families really appreciated the service. RFD and a Sears-Roebuck catalog made it possible for them to feel more in touch with the civilized world. They could send and receive letters, order what they needed from the catalog, and even receive newspapers and magazines to learn what was going on in the world.

With the coming of RFD, there were rules and regulations such as what type of mailbox, how high it should be from the ground, and what could and could not be sent by mail. One of the early rules stated a piece of red cloth should be placed in the mailbox. If you had mail to be picked up, you let part of the red cloth hang outside the mailbox as a signal for the carrier to stop.

The service improved as the roads and means of transportation improved. The highlight of the day for many farm families was the coming of the mail carrier. I have letters and postcards from 1910 which have one cent stamps on them. By 1958, stamps had increased to four cents. They have steadily increased since then, but a lot more rapidly in recent years. We are at 44 cents now with another increase on the way. No wonder more people are using e-mail these days.

Almost any community of any size had a post office in the old days. Sometimes it was just a little nook in one corner of a country store, but at least it was there. The postmaster was someone in the community that everyone knew. I think that was better than today's practice of assigning postmasters.

When I was a kid, we lived on what was known as a "star route". The term refers to a route in thinly populated areas where the mail delivery is contracted out. Tommy and Lucille Kirk delivered our mail. Neighbors living about two miles from our house were on the Rosston route. I'm sure much thought went into establishing the different mail routes, but the result is that sometimes houses within sight of each other might be on different mail routes. Since 1970, some of these "star routes" are called HCRs--highway contract routes.

Postmasters sometimes have to deal with unusual mail in rural communities. I can remember when we ordered baby chickens through the mail. We would get a note in our mailbox to come to the post office and pick up a package. My mother always felt sorry for the baby chicks since they had no food or water. Usually, these were shipped so they would reach their destination within two days. Honeybees can also be shipped by mail, but I don't remember anyone ever ordering any.

I always thought being a rural mail carrier was a pretty good job. The carrier could see quite a lot of the country as he or she made their rounds, but seeing the same scenery every day might

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

get boring. It also required working six days per week and racked up a lot of miles on your vehicle. A mail carrier in the city might drive his mail truck around town, but there is a lot of walking involved. I asked my mail man one day how many miles per day he walked and he said about ten miles. That's a lot of walking! He also has to contend with vicious dogs along his route and carries a can of spray in case he encounters a bad dog.

The most remote mail route in America is the Supai route in Arizona. About 525 Indians live on a reservation deep below the south rim of the Grand Canyon. The only way out is by foot, mule, or horseback over an eight mile trail which is very treacherous. A mule train delivers mail and supplies to the community making the three to five hour trip five days per week in all kinds of weather. Each animal carries about 200 pounds of cargo.

I'm glad we have good mail service in this country even though sometimes I get aggravated when the wrong mail gets left in my box. That has happened a lot lately. Every profession has some employees who are better than others and the same is true of mail carriers.

I think we are in for some major changes in the way we receive our mail. It's going to cost more for less service. I expect Saturday mail delivery will soon be eliminated and I don't see much problem with that. That just means we won't get a box full of junk mail or bills to pay until Monday. Computers have changed the way we do things and e-mail is probably the biggest reason why the postal service is in trouble today. E-mail is so much quicker than "snail mail" and so far it is free if you don't count your monthly Internet charge. Times are changing and we must change with them or get left behind.

We live in a time of great technological changes. Just think how nice it is these days for families of those serving in the military to be able to communicate with each other while serving in places like Iraq and Afghanistan by using the Internet and even be able to see each other on video. Back in World War II days, it took many days or sometimes weeks for a serviceman to hear from the home folks or vice versa.

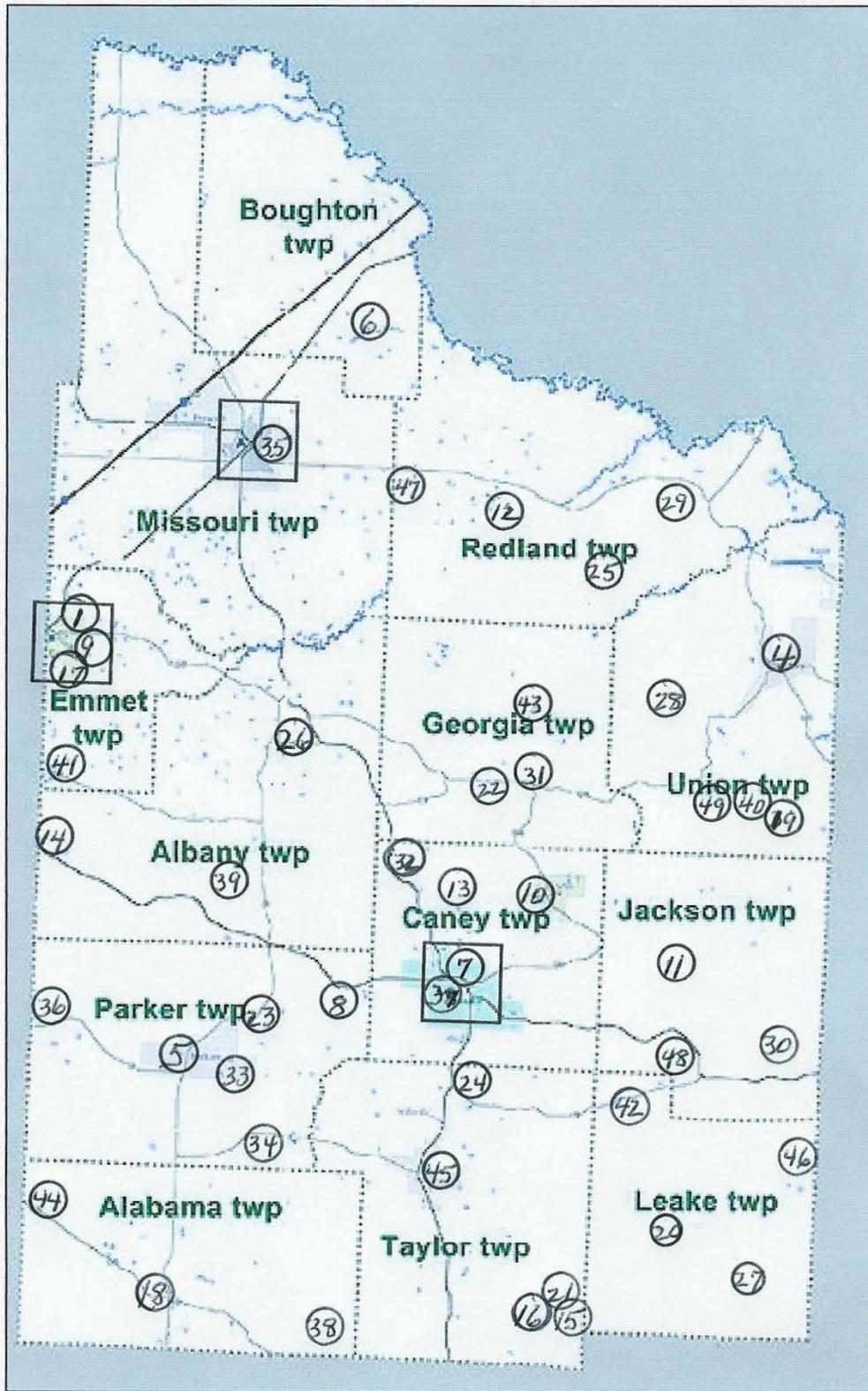
How about you? When was the last time you wrote someone a letter? Do you use the postal service to ship packages or do you use UPS or Fedex? Is your local post office on the list to be closed? What can the postal service do to become profitable once again?

On the next page is a map of Nevada County showing the location of post offices both past and present. As you can see, post offices were once scattered all over the county. If all the targeted post offices are actually closed, Nevada County will be left with only three post offices--Prescott, Emmet, and Rosston.

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*A minister asked a little boy how to get to the post office. After the boy told him, the minister said, "Why don't you come to church tonight? I'm giving instructions on how to get to heaven." After thinking a minute, the boy replied, "I don't think so. You don't even know how to get to the post office."*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## POST OFFICES IN NEVADA COUNTY (PAST AND PRESENT)

Numbers correspond to the numbers on the map. Names and dates of post offices from *Historical Directory of Arkansas Post Offices* by Russell Pierce Baker.

The three squares on the map show the location of the three post offices that will remain in Nevada County if the proposed closing plans are implemented. That will mean a population of almost 10,000 people will be served by only three post offices—Prescott, Emmet, and Rosston. Some people will live 25 or 30 miles from a post office. At the present time, there are six post offices in the county—Bluff City, Cale, Emmet, Prescott, Rosston, and Willisville.

How many post offices do we need? How far apart should they be? In my opinion, our government wastes millions of dollars on projects that are far less important to the people than having a post office within a reasonable distance from where they live. The main expense for a post office is the postmaster's salary and the lease/rental/utilities for a small building. It may not "make money", but it would provide a needed service to the people of a community. The post office representative said the rural mail carriers will be like a "mobile post office". You can leave money in your box for stamps or you can stock up on stamps when you go to town. From what I hear, the postal representatives did not offer much encouragement to local citizens who met with them about the closing of their local post offices.

1. Arkla Village Rural Station (1964-1972)
2. Azor (1892-1914)
3. Bell's Store (1867-1885)
4. Bluff City (1876-present)
5. Bodcaw (1878-1959)
6. Boughton (1874-1954)
7. Bourland's Store (1877-1886)
8. Brisbane (1889-1906)
9. Burkville (1871-1874)
10. Cale (1901- present)
11. **Caney (1850-1906)**
12. Carouse (1859-1890)
13. Cedar Hill (1877-1880)
14. Clayton (1869-1906)
15. Davidson (1900-1909)
16. Delta (1882-1912)
17. Emmet (1874-present)
18. Falcon (1852-1866)
19. Foss (1896-1917)
20. Glenville (1885-1936)
21. Godbold (1848-1852)
22. Honeaville (1885-1891)
23. Huts (1900-1906)
24. Irma (1896-1906)
25. Lackland (1888-1907)
26. Laneburg (1885-????)
27. Leake (1900-1909)
28. Lone Grove (1858-1866)
29. Lyda (1902-1908)
30. Mendenhall (1891-1901)
31. Morris (1893-1909)
32. Mount Moriah (1844-1918)
33. Parker (1902-1906)
34. Pink (1896-1898)
35. Prescott (1873-present)
36. Register (1895-1907)
37. Rosston (1872-present)
38. Stockton (1894-1903)
39. Sutton (1892-1907)
40. Theo (1904-1935)
41. Verde (1901-1906)
42. Waterloo (1927-1971)
43. Weaver (1902-1912)
44. Wildcat (1896-1907)
45. Willisville (1883-present)
46. Woodlawn (1846-1909)
47. Wyre (1902-1903)
48. Young (1892-1906)
49. Zama (1887-1909)

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## POSTMARKS FROM OLD POST OFFICES



Blevins—1916



Bluff City—1930



Camden--1915



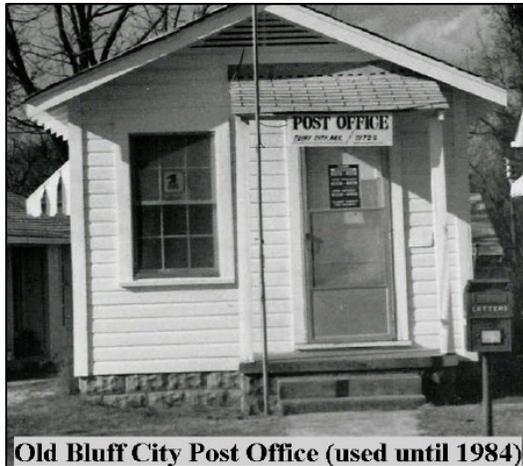
Gurdon—1915



Sayre—1910



Theo--1911



Old Bluff City Post Office (used until 1984)



Zama—ca 1908



Prescott--1958

If you have a postmark from an old post office in Nevada or Ouachita counties, please send me a copy of it to add to my collection.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## DOWN ON THE FARM

Our farm consisted of cultivated fields where we grew all types of crops, but we also had cattle and timber. In this issue, I'm going to focus on the cattle part of the operation.

We sometimes named our cows, but I don't remember many of the names. One I remember was called Hi-Lo, because she had one horn that stuck up and the other pointed down. We raised our own hay and corn. My dad bought a hammer mill and then we could grind up feed for the cows using whatever was available such as a mixture of hay, corn, and peanut vines with maybe a little store-bought grain mixed in.

Raising cattle has its problems. Fences have to be maintained, the cattle have to be fed during the winter, and sometimes one gets sick and needs a professional veterinarian, although most farmers are pretty good at doctoring their own cows and assisting in calving when needed. Money can be made raising cattle, but the farmer has to keep up with the markets and know when to sell. An extreme drought like we have had recently can spell disaster for a cattle farmer. Ponds dry up and too many cattle are placed on the market which drives the prices down. Raising cattle also ties a person down. Someone has to be close by in case of a problem and to make sure the cows are fed during the winter months.

I can remember three different barns on our place. It seems we always needed to enlarge the barn to store more hay or else the barn just needed replacing. Our herd of cattle usually consisted on about 25 to 30 cows and calves and a bull. We would have to move most of the herd to our old place in the summer because the pasture had better grass during the dry summer months. Most of the time we loaded the cows in the back of our pickup fitted with a cattle frame and hauled them two at a time. The older cows soon became accustomed to this, but sometimes it was quite a chore to load a cow. We didn't have a fancy loading chute or a cattle trailer at the time.

I do remember once or twice when we had our version of a cattle drive. This was before Hwy. 299 was paved. We drove the whole herd down the road from one farm to the other, a distance of about four miles. It was not an easy chore to keep the cows together and going in the right direction. We had someone drive ahead in the truck with someone in the back throwing out ears of corn, etc. to lure the cows on down the road. It worked pretty well until we met a vehicle which tended to spook the cows. We also had to pass a few houses and of course their dogs came out to see what was going on which didn't help any.

I think we were one of the last families in our part of Nevada County that still milked a cow instead of buying store-bought milk. I never did much of it because it was not one of my assigned chores. Most of the time it was my job to go find the cows and drive them to the barn in the evenings after school. They were usually over in the back pasture almost a half mile from the house. The closest thing to a dairy farm in Bluff City

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belonged to Clyde and Doris Hildebrand. We just had one or two milk cows for our own family use.

I can remember the bucket we used for milking. There was a short stool to sit on while the chore was being done and the cow was given something good to eat to make her more contented. It was not unusual to get a swipe of the cow's tail across your face while milking.

When the job was completed, the milk was brought to the house and strained through a clean cloth into a large gallon jug. The milk was not pasteurized, homogenized, or sterilized, but it was utilized. Straining the milk would remove any trash or other impurities that might happen to get in the bucket while milking. It's a wonder we didn't get sick from drinking raw milk, but I never heard of anyone getting sick from it or maybe they just blamed it on something else. Sometimes the cows would graze on bitter weeds in the pasture which made the milk taste bad, but we knew the reason for that and tried to keep the bitter weeds under control.

After straining, the milk was put in the refrigerator. Before electricity, there were different methods of keeping the milk cold such as letting it down in the well or a spring. That was a little before my time. Electricity had just come to our part of the world when I was a kid and it was welcomed by just about everyone.

I can remember the gallon jugs of milk in the refrigerator with about two inches of heavy cream on top. It definitely was not 2% milk. We usually had milk with our supper meal as a beverage or used it in the southern delicacy, cornbread and milk.

Most farms had some sort of cream separator which separated the cream from the skimmed milk. Some of the cream was used to make butter or transported in metal milk cans to buyers such as the Odell Garrett store in Prescott.

Sometimes milk would spoil, and we sometimes said it was "blinky". I guess that phrase came from the facial expression when it was first tasted. There was buttermilk and sweet milk. I never cared for buttermilk to drink, but it is good in some recipes. If you want to confuse a young waitress these days, ask for a glass of sweet milk in a restaurant and see the reaction.

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## COW CHIP TEA

This is the time of year when people have colds, congestion, and flu. One of the old home remedies used by some folks was cow chip tea. I had never heard of this until a fellow I worked with told me about it being used in his family when he was a child. In fact, he says his brother and aunt still believe in it.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Cow manure is boiled with other ingredients such as pine needles, sugar, and lemon juice and then strained several times and put in a jar. Supposedly, this will loosen up congestion.

I did a search for cow chip tea on the Internet and found it is mentioned frequently as a home remedy. I found several different "recipes" in case you want to try it. Personally, I think I'll stick with what I find in the drug store.

I read one article in which a fellow stated that we might need to learn about some of the old time home remedies since there may come a time when that's all the medicine we will be able to get. I recently heard that many medicines people need are in short supply because drug manufacturers have quit making them due to not enough profit from the sales.

If you remember an unusual home remedy from your childhood, write and tell me about it and I'll share it with others in the next issue.

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## PICA

I know pica refers to the size of type on a typewriter, but it also has another definition. Pica is a medical disorder characterized by an appetite for non-food items such as metal, clay, coal, sand, dirt, chalk, pens, pencils, batteries, spoons, toothbrushes, soap, lip balm, contact lenses, tacks, and other office supplies. The name originates from the Latin word for magpie, a bird which is reputed to eat almost anything. (*source: Wickepedia*)

I probably ate my share of sand growing up, but most of it was accidental and caused by not washing my hands as often as I should. Most small children will put anything in their mouths, but this is normal. Parents just have to watch them closely. I don't remember having any desire to eat the other things mentioned above.

Evidently, this condition is more common than one would think. It affects mostly children, but also some adults and pregnant women are afflicted.

I do remember one experience I had with this. When I was teaching at a small Nevada County school, I was surprised one day when several of the African-American students appeared to be eating clay. One of them had a paper sack with chunks of clay and he was sharing it with the other students. I questioned them about it and was told that they always ate it. I asked where it came from and they said a certain spot in a roadside bank on Hwy. 278 east of Rosston. They said this was the only spot you could find this particular good tasting clay. I assume they were telling me the truth, but whether true or not, I did witness these children eating clay like candy.

Perhaps the clay had a salty taste or maybe these kids had some type of vitamin deficiency. They say that could be one reason some people eat non-food items. To

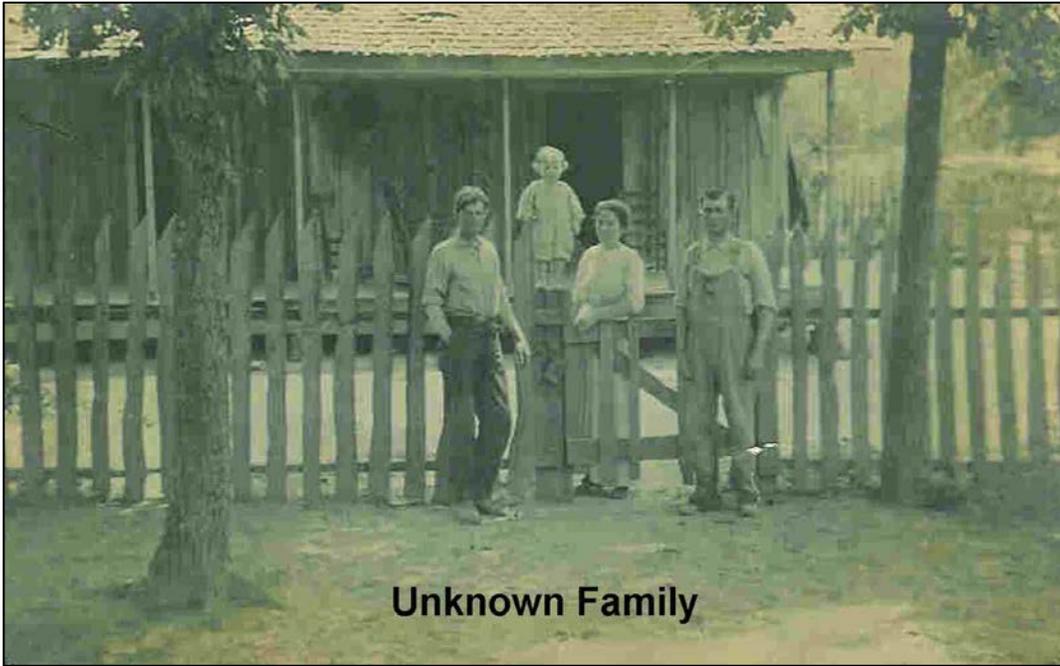
# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

learn more about pica, do a search for it on the Internet and read about the causes, symptoms, and treatment for this unusual disorder.

A comment from James Daniels--

In late Dec. 1939, my friend, Sen. John Drummond, his dad, and three brothers attended the Cotton Bowl game on Jan. 1, 1940. The temperature was in the single digits. They drove from their home in Ninety Six, SC to Dallas in a '34 Ford. It had no heater. The night before, they heated bricks in the fireplace, wrapped them in tow sacks, put them in the floor of the car. They took a big sack of sausage biscuits and baked sweet potatoes. They saw Clemson beat Boston College 6 to 3. Attendance was just under 15,000. Times have changed.

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Here's another old photo with no identification. The photo belonged to Miss Mollie Henry of Bluff City. Let me know if you can identify these people.

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I would like to wish all the readers of *The Sandyland Chronicle* a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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*“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.*

*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths”.*

**Proverbs 3: 5-6**

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

February, 2012

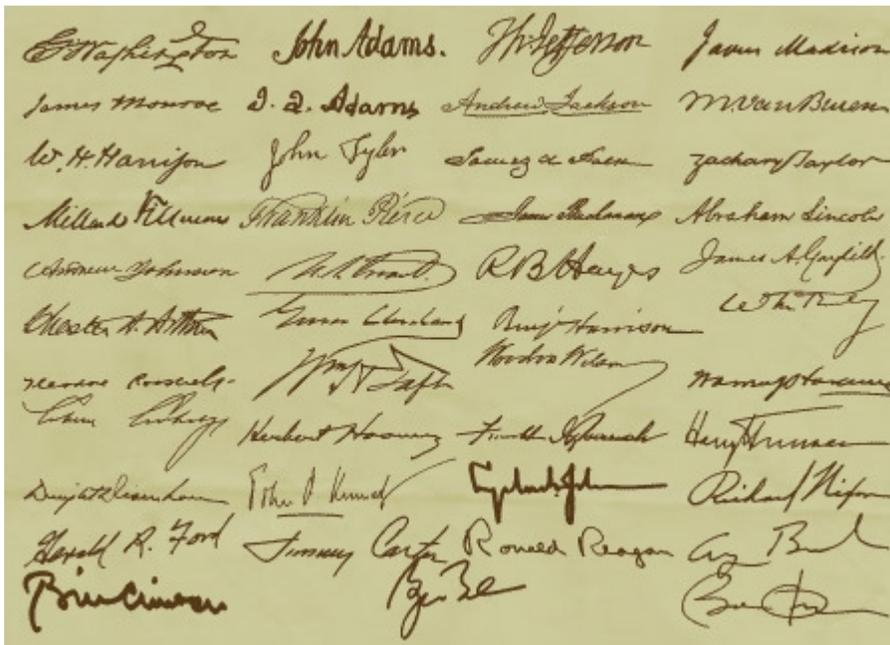
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**SHOULD CURSIVE WRITING CONTINUE TO BE TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS?**

There is a big debate going on in the country right now about whether schools should continue to teach kids cursive writing like we all learned when we were in school. Some say that it is not needed these days and is a waste of time. Others say it should be part of a child's education to help them connect with past history and help them understand legal documents, etc.

Penmanship varies widely. Some of the most intelligent people have very poor penmanship. Just try reading a prescription written by a doctor. Even the pharmacists sometimes complain that they can't read them. The days of written prescriptions are just about a thing of the past. Most doctors these days just send the prescription to the pharmacy by computer.

Even some of our presidents have signatures almost impossible to read. Just check the list below. I would have to give the best penmanship award to John Adams and it would be hard to choose which one would win the award for worst penmanship. It looks like some of our more recent presidents have some of the worst penmanship.



I wonder if left-handed people write better than right-handed people. There have been eight presidents who were left-handed—James Garfield, Herbert Hoover, Harry Truman, Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, George H. W. Bush, Bill Clinton, and Barak Obama. You can check the chart and make your own judgment. The fact that presidents are required to sign their names so often may account for some of the sloppiness.

A signature is not always needed these days. There is such a thing as an electronic signature. People are writing fewer checks these days to pay their bills. Since fewer documents need a

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cursive signature, some say there is no need to waste time teaching it in school. Some say it will not be long until signatures are no longer needed. We could be identified in the future by a thumbprint or a scan of our eyeballs.

News reports say that Hawaii and Indiana have already dropped cursive writing from school lesson plans and it is optional in forty-six other states, including Arkansas. Schools are using the time to concentrate on teaching more math, science, and computer skills.

I've always admired good penmanship. The writing of some people seems more like a work of art. I think females usually have better penmanship than males, but I don't have any evidence to back that up. Some people have really bad penmanship. Some try to write too fast and the results show it. Some people say printing is faster and neater than cursive writing. I think we should be able to do both. I also think it is very important to have good teachers in the early grades when basic skills are taught and parents need to work with the teachers and encourage their children to learn. A good basic education in the early grades will be of great benefit to the student in later life.

I think cursive writing is usually taught when the student reaches the third grade. Some students get an earlier start with help from their parents at home. Others do only the minimum required and get most of their practice by having to write "I will not chew gum in class" or something similar several hundred times on the blackboard or on a piece of paper. I doubt if that punishment is still used in schools these days and gum chewing may now be allowed. It's been some time since I have been involved with the schools.

If cursive writing is not taught, many people will be completely lost if they try to do genealogical research on their families. They won't be able to read old court house records or census records. Many of those people who lived long ago could have used a little more practice on their cursive writing. Many of the documents are very difficult to read, especially census records. The style of writing changes over the years, but good penmanship is always appreciated by people like me who do historical research.

Text messaging also brings up the same questions. Some children these days have a cell phone before they even learn to write and learn the abbreviations used in text messaging before even learning how to spell the actual words. Adults also use this new way of communicating and before long they may forget how to spell words they once knew.

There is a long list of abbreviations used by kids these days in their text messages. Parents have to learn this new "language" just to know how to communicate with their children. Some are simple like "u = you", "2 = to, too, two", or "2moro" = tomorrow, "WRU = where are you?", "CUS" = see you soon". I even learned there is now a text messaging version of the Bible called the SMS Bible. How about this? U, Lord, r my shepherd. I will neva be in need. U let me rest in fields of green grass. U lead me 2 streams of peaceful water. (Psalm 23, verses 1-2).

There are times when we need things such as this. Police and others use the "ten codes" when communicating on their radios. Truckers have used the CB radio lingo for years. Text messaging is just another system of abbreviating words. I guess it's a form of shorthand like

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girls once learned in schools. I even use my own version of shorthand sometimes and nobody but me can understand it.

WDYT? (What do you think?) Is this idea of doing away with teaching cursive writing just more lowering of the standards in our schools? Do text messaging abbreviations interfere with children learning correct spelling and grammar? One poll conducted in 2009 showed that 80 percent said cursive writing should be taught in schools. Ten percent said it was a waste of time and ten percent didn't know. (How could you not have an opinion on this simple question?)

Another poll of over 28,000 students had these results. Thirty-five percent said cursive writing should be taught and 65% said no. The results for the eighth graders showed 4% yes and 96% no. I think the poll results would probably depend on the age of the people polled.

I look at it this way. If you learn to drive using a standard transmission, it's easy to convert to an automatic transmission later. Since you learned the basics, you could always use a standard transmission if needed. If you learn to drive using an automatic transmission, you will have some difficulty driving a vehicle with a standard transmission. Those of us who learned our basic spelling and grammar rules can easily adapt to the text messaging abbreviations, but we can still use the basics we learned in school when needed. If kids do not learn the basics of writing and spelling, they will never be able to write a sentence that makes much sense except to others who "know the codes".

I guess I'm old-fashioned, but I think cursive writing should still be taught in our public schools. If not, we may soon find people having to sign their names with an "X" on legal documents. Correct spelling should also be taught. Many people say that spelling should also be eliminated since we have spell checkers on our computers. I see many examples of incorrect spelling these days, especially on Facebook posts and even on advertisements and billboards. I think the dictionary is one of the least used books these days. We all make an occasional mistake in spelling, so if you find a mistake in my writings please overlook it or bring it to my attention. I promise I won't get mad at you.

I would like to hear from some of you on this subject. You can express your opinion or tell us some story you remember from school. Did your elementary school teachers put much emphasis on cursive writing? Do you consider your penmanship to be good, fair, or poor? Did you ever have to write sentences on the blackboard or on a piece of paper as punishment for something you did in school?

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## SEARCHING

Shannon Edmonson needs some help with her research. If anyone has any information on these people or any pictures, please contact her at:  
[shedmonson@peoplepc.com](mailto:shedmonson@peoplepc.com)

Nealy Byrd, her mother's grandfather  
McDuffy Burd, his father who married Sarah Ray

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## WORD PUZZLE

### A E N E R M

See if you can make 22 words using these letters. Blanks indicate number of letters in each word. Answers on page 7.

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### Why would anyone want to be President?

There never seems to be a shortage of people who desire to be elected president of the United States. Every four years we go through the ritual of choosing our leader for the next four years. It is an awesome responsibility to be the leader of over 300 million people and having the responsibility of making life and death decisions such as sending our military off to war and having the final word on the use of nuclear weapons against an enemy.

There are many perks that go along with the office and the pay is good. Modern presidents have Air Force One available to them and most all of them seem to enjoy using it flying all around the world for one reason or another.

Most Americans have an opinion about the president whether they voted for him or not, although I expect there might be a few who don't even know who the president is. When things go wrong, we always look for somebody to blame. I think it was Abraham Lincoln who said, "You can please all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't please all the people all the time." The same thing goes for governors of states, mayors of cities, and CEO's of corporations. Being the chief executive is a difficult job and will likely result in more gray hairs to go along with the power and prestige of the office.

Here is what some of our former presidents have had to say on the subject:

"I had rather be in my grave than in my present situation".-- George Washington. He also made the statement, "I'd rather be on my farm than to be emperor of the world".

"Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power."—Thomas Jefferson

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“If you are as happy, my dear sir, on entering this house as I am on leaving it and returning home, you are the happiest man on earth.”—James Buchanan to Abraham Lincoln

“What is there in this place that a man should ever want to get into it?”—James Garfield

“I am sick at heart and perplexed in brain. It makes me feel like resigning.”—Grover Cleveland.

Harry Truman called the White House “my big white jail”.

“This is the loneliest place in the world”—William Howard Taft to Woodrow Wilson

“I don’t want to be president. It’s an awful thing to be president of the United States... It means giving up nearly everything that one holds dear.”—Woodrow Wilson

Wilson said upon leaving office, the president’s job is “too great a burden for any one man to bear”.

Thomas Jefferson described the presidency as “a splendid misery”.

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## FROM HEAD TO TOE

No one wanted to even vaguely sniffle in front of Momma in the winter months. We know what would be in store for us, and it was pronounced upon us by those squatty, Vick's salve and Mentholateum jars, one cobalt blue and the other distinctly bottle green.

There was no source of heat in our farmhouse save the kitchen stove and the fireplace in the living room. My brothers went to bed with sock caps on their heads in the winter, pulled down over their ears all night. I doubt that the lack of heat during the night made any of us ill, but to this day I cannot sleep under "central heating" systems and I HATE THE SMELL OF VICKS!!!!

Mom would swab the squirming victim's chest THICKLY with Vick's Vapor Rub gummy salve much like one would grease a sweet potato before baking it. Then, with great precision she would fold a piece of scrap flannel and pin it from side to side of our chest to our pajamas to cover the area. We were coated, to say the least. Then she would "swab" our throats internally on both sides with a glob of the Vick's. (We also gargled with salt water if the throat was REALLY red.) And why wouldn't it be at this point?

Ready for bed now? Not quite!!!! She would COAT the bottom of our feet (both of them) with that sticky goo-Vick's and then pull on long wool socks over the feet up to the knees. You could feel the fumes rising up through your every leg muscle. I felt like there

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

was a vapor fog trailing me all the way to my bed. Oh, my goodness, from head to toe we were "vaporized" and then tucked under so many homemade quilts that we couldn't turn over during the night. What a tormentation!!!!

She heated bricks on the fireplace hearth and wrapped them in towels to put at the foot of our beds for warmth all night (whether we had the flu or not.) No decent flu virus would bed down there very long. No flu shots, no injections, we NEVER went to the doctor. There was absolutely no way to pay. It was not even a consideration. We knew that Momma had her remedies and they ALWAYS worked.

I don't even like to READ the word VICK'S on a package of cough drops to this day!!!!!!!!!!!! My mom passed on May 12, 2008. She used to laugh at me as an adult when I would purchase Luden's cherry cough drops instead. ----*Dr. A. Lemons*

*Related article in Feb., 2003 issue (The Little Blue Jar)*

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### WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

Back in 1978, my wife and I decided to take a little vacation trip combined with a visit to her parents in southeastern Missouri. Our car at that time was a 1977 Chevrolet Monte Carlo. Everything went according to plan the first day, but somewhere along the way, we noticed an unusual knocking sound coming from our car. It would sound really loud at certain times and then we wouldn't hear it for a while. As we got into the crooked mountain roads of northwest Arkansas, the sound got worse. We decided it was coming from somewhere around the right front wheel. I stopped and checked the wheel, but didn't see anything wrong.

We spent the first night in Branson, Missouri. It was our first visit to that town and there were many things to see. We left Branson about noon the next day headed for the Lake of the Ozarks where we had planned to spend the second night. The knocking sound didn't seem quite as bad the second day since we were driving mostly on the interstate highway. I figured the problem would only get worse and I just hoped it was nothing serious. It was in August and the last thing we wanted was to be stranded somewhere on the side of the road far from home on a hot summer day.

We saw most of the sights around the Lake of the Ozarks, found a good place to eat, and settled in at our motel for the night. We had one more day of driving to reach my wife's parent's place. That trip would take us off the Interstate and through a pretty remote section of Missouri. There were no large towns and our route would take us through a national forest with very few houses--not a good place to have car trouble. This was before cell phones and Onstar. If we had car trouble, we would have to depend on getting help from another motorist. We just hoped the car problem would not get worse until we got closer to people we knew.

No such luck! The knocking sound got worse and more frequent. It sounded like

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

something was about to fall off the car. We still thought it was coming from somewhere around the right front wheel. The car seemed to be running fine and we did not notice any unusual smell--just that almost constant knocking sound.

Finally, we made it to Flat River, Missouri. I was familiar with that town since I once taught school in that area. Since the noise seemed to be getting worse, I decided I had better have it checked out. The car was still under warranty, so I found the local Chevrolet dealer and explained that we were on a trip and had been bothered by this awful knocking sound most of the way. They were very nice and told us they would be glad to check it out.

The mechanic assigned to work on our car took it for a test drive to locate the problem. He heard the noise, but thought it was coming from around the right rear wheel instead of the right front. His diagnosis was that it was a loose bracket on the muffler which was causing the muffler to hit another piece of metal. He made some adjustments to the bracket and took it for another spin. The noise was still there. When he came back he said there must be something in the trunk causing the noise. We opened the trunk and found the source of the knocking sound. I believed in being prepared for any emergency and had placed an empty plastic anti-freeze jug in the trunk in case I needed something to use for carrying water. The empty jug was hitting the side of the car every time we hit a bump or a rough spot on the road. It was not a mechanical problem at all.

That empty anti-freeze jug almost ruined our vacation that year. I'm sure the mechanics got a big laugh out of it after we left, but they were very nice to us and didn't charge us anything for finding the problem. I learned a valuable lesson. Next time I hear an unusual noise, I'm going to check the trunk first.

My brother, who is also a mechanic, told me later that things like this happen all the time. He told me about an elderly man who brought his car in complaining of hearing a beeping sound. It turned out to be his hearing aid he had left in the console between the front seats.

I heard about another fellow who complained about hearing a noise around the door of his pickup truck. They took the door apart and found a soda bottle left inside the door by one of the workers when the truck was being assembled at the factory.

I guess I would have to put this incident in my list of the most embarrassing things to happen to me. If you have had an embarrassing incident in your life and are willing to share it with others, send it to me.

---

## Answers to word puzzle on page 4

RAN, RAM, NEE, MEN, MAR, MAN, ERE, ERA, ARM, ARE,  
REAM, NEAR, NAME, MERE, MEAN, MARE, MANE, EARN, AMEN  
ENEMA, MEANER, RENAME

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## WILLOW OAK ACRES



Photo of barn from souvenir edition of the *Prescott Daily Mail* in 1947

Anyone traveling from Prescott toward Blevins on Hwy. 24 is bound to notice the large barn on the left a couple of miles past the Interstate. This 240 acre ranch owned by Misses Jimmie Nicholas and Addys Brown began active operations in 1945 and was known as Willow Oak Acres.

The farm (or ranch) raised and trained Tennessee walking horses and attracted wide attention as a result of excellent showings by various horses raised and trained at the ranch.

The ranch was featured in an article in the souvenir edition of the *Prescott Daily Mail* in 1947. At that time there were 42 horses at the ranch including brood mares, colts, and two stallions. Some of the most famous of these were *Marrie Walker*, *Anna Bee*, and the prize stallion, *Another Chance*.

The large barn had 82 windows. The barn accommodated fourteen horses in stalls arranged in the center of the building and circling the stalls was the training track where the horses were put through their paces.

Perhaps the most famous horse trained here was *White Star* born at the ranch in 1949. The horse was originally named *Strange Gal*, but as it got older, its coat turned solid white and the horse was re-named *White Star*. *White Star* showed exceptional qualities and performed well at various horse shows. In 1953, *White Star* was sold to Dr. Garnier of Bastrop, Louisiana who bought the horse at a horse show in Shreveport as a gift for his family. Along with the horse came Percy Moss, the horse's trainer.

The next year, *White Star* was named the Grand Champion Walking Horse of the World. This was only the second time that a horse trained outside the state of Tennessee won the title. *White Star* was shown all around the country and won every available award for walking horses at that time. You can find the pedigree of *White Star* on the Internet diagrammed like a family tree.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

*White Star* never officially retired and was still active until late in 1961 when she died suddenly from volvulus, an intestinal obstruction. All efforts to save her failed. The death of *White Star* made the front page of *The Bastop Daily Enterprise* on Dec. 29, 1961, in what is believed to be the only published obituary for a horse.

The main barn at Willow Oak Acres is showing signs of age now. It appears that the windows are gone. One can only imagine how the place looked sixty years ago with all the activity involved in training some of the best horses in the country. The farm is now owned by Steve and Janis Wren.

Miss Addys Brown, one of the original owners, was born at Stamps, Arkansas. She died in 2004 at the age of 92 and is buried at Lakeside Cemetery in Stamps. Also buried there is Jimmie Nicholas who died in 1982. I think this may be the other owner of Willow Oak Acres, but I'm not sure about that.

Willow Oak Acres was a scenic attraction for Prescott back in the 1940s and 1950s and the ranch was well known among those interested in well-bred Tennessee walking horses.

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## SLEEP TWICE AROUND THE CLOCK

*This advice from an English physician appeared in the 10-21-1911 issue of The Nevada News.*

If you are just about at the end of your tether, if your nerves jangle so that even your best friends can hear them, and if each day feels like a fiery torture almost not to be borne, it is a sign that you are worn out and in need of rest and recuperation. If your vacation is already past or still in the distant future, try taking a vacation in minimum, that is sleep the clock around twice, choosing Sunday if you can spare no other day, and see how fit you will feel afterward. This is the advice of a well-known English physician and it is well worth taking.

“To pass 24 hours in bed,” he said to a friend, instead of rushing away for a few hours’ change of scene when you are run down physically and mentally, is worth a week’s holiday. The night before going to a theater, to take the mind off worries, and having supped wisely and well, instructions should be given that the morning calling shall be omitted.

“Then sleep. On waking again, ring for some hot milk. Drink it and sleep again and keep on sleeping. Have nothing in the intervals more substantial than soup. Do not read. Keep the eyes closed constantly. Have a warm bath in the evening and sleep again.

“When you are tired of sleeping, sleep again for the night. Nothing calms the nerves more than resting the eyes.”

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## TIPPLING HOUSES

Town Ordinance--

Be it ordained by the Mayor and Town Council of the town of Prescott, Arkansas:

Sec. 1 - That all houses or places of business wherein shall be sold or given away any vinous or ardent spirits of any kind, and in quantities of one quart or more, or in sealed bottles, and the purchaser or purchasers, or person or persons to whom the same may be given, shall be permitted to drink the same in such house or place of business, or on the premises, are hereby declared to be tippling houses.

Sec. 2 - That all houses of places of business wherein there shall be sold or given away, within the boundaries of said incorporated town, any wines, manufactured from grapes, berries, or other fruits, in quantities less than one quart, be and the same are hereby declared to be tippling houses.

Sec. 3. - That the keeping of tippling houses as expressed and defined in the two preceding sections, be and the same are hereby expressly prohibited, within the limit of said incorporated town, and any person or persons who shall be guilty of keeping such houses or houses, either in his own name or as the agent or clerk for another, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not less than ten nor more than twenty-five dollars for the first offence, and the sum of fifteen dollars for each subsequent offence, and each day that such tippling house shall be kept open shall be and is hereby declared a separate offence and punishable as such.

Sec. 4 - That this ordinance shall take effect and be in force on and after the 1<sup>st</sup> day of January, 1887.

Passed Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1886—T. S. Bryan, Mayor—C. W. Leake, Recorder

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### WISE MAXIMS

(from the 9-15-1886 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

- Learn to think and act for yourself.
- Respect gray hairs, especially your own.
- Waste nothing--neither money, time, or talent.
- If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted.
- Spare when you are young that you may spend when you are old.
- Bear little trials patiently that you may learn how to bear great ones.
- Be self-reliant and not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.
- Keep alive in your breast that little spark called conscience.
- Learn to say no; it will be of more service to you than to be able to read Latin.
- Do all the good you can in the world and make as little noise about it as possible.
- Stick to your own opinion if you have one, allowing others of course, the same liberty to stick to theirs.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Mrs. Zettie Link sent me a copy of a page from the *Rawleigh's Good Health Guide and Year Book* published in 1932. This booklet belonged to her mother, Mrs. Stella Hardwick Griffith. One page had some cookie recipes said to "surprise your family and friends". These recipes used products manufactured by the W. T. Raleigh Co. Farm women in the old days would buy these type products from the "Rawleigh man" or the "Watkins man" who would stop by their farms selling these products. Try this first recipe at your own risk.

## Milk of Magnesia Cookies for Children

These cookies have been tried out in the Rawleigh's Good Health Diet Kitchen and proven very successful. They contain many minerals which are needed by the body and produce alkalinity. A very slight laxative quality would result when the magnesium oxide comes in contact with the moisture in the intestines. These cookies are very acceptable for children's lunches and especially the lunch basket.

1/2 cup shortening	1/2 cup Rawleigh's Milk of Magnesia
1 cup sugar	1 tsp. Rawleigh's Vanilla
1 egg	3 to 4 cups flour
3 tsps. Rawleigh's Phosphate Baking Powder	1 cup raisins or dates
1/2 cup milk	

Cream shortening and sugar; add well-beaten egg and mix well. Sift baking powder and flour together, then add to the creamed mixture alternately with the milk. Add vanilla and fruit and roll out thin. Bake in a quick oven. This makes 4 dozen cookies.

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Another recipe from the same book--

## Chocolate Crispies

2 squares chocolate, melted or 5 tbsp. Rawleigh's Cocoa  
1/2 cup butter or other shortening  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs unbeaten  
1/2 cup sifted flour  
1/2 tsp. Rawleigh's Vanilla  
1/2 cup nut meats, finely chopped

To melted chocolate, add butter, sugar, eggs, flour, and vanilla, beating well. Spread mixture on baking sheet. Sprinkle with nuts. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees) for 15 minutes. While warm, cut with cookie cutter or mark in squares. Makes 48 crispies. Ground or finely chopped peanuts are delicious in these.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**STEPS TO NOWHERE**



**If only these steps could talk!**

These concrete steps are all that remain of the old Harvey's store located near the intersection of Hwy. 24 and Hwy. 299 in Bluff City, Arkansas. E. M. Harvey and his sons, C. C. Harvey and Ed Harvey, operated a general store in Bluff City for many years. I don't remember the store building at this location. By the time I came along, Mr. Con Harvey and his brother, Ed Harvey had separate stores within sight of each other not far from this location.

I'm sure most all people living in the Bluff City area eighty or ninety years ago walked up these steps to enter the general store. Children probably sat on these steps eating some penny candy or some other treat purchased at the store. Old-timers probably sat on these steps or somewhere around the front of the old store telling some tall tale or discussing farming techniques, the weather, or politics.

About the only source of information about this old store comes from the old newspapers since many of the older people who shopped there are now gone. A news item from 1910 mentions that the Henry Brothers had sold their business in Bluff City to Upton and Harvey. Another item in 1913 states that Upton and Harvey were enlarging their warehouse.

There were several stores at Bluff City during the 1920s to 1940s. A news item in 1936 mentions that Harvey and Sons had three peddling trucks on the road and L. M. Carter had two. The news reporter wrote, "If you want to buy anything, just stop a peddler. They are as thick as fleas."

An item in 1936 states that C. C. Harvey, a prominent Bluff City merchant for many years, was ready to open the C. C. Harvey and Co. cash grocery and feed store. It stated that Mr. Harvey and his brother, Ed had been operating the E. M. Harvey and Sons store in Bluff City for many years and would continue to operate the Bluff City store. The store was in the building formerly occupied by Ozan Mercantile Co. grocery and feed store. This name change came about due to the death of their father, Edward M. Harvey in May of 1936.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Mr. Con Harvey's obituary stated that he had been a merchant at Bluff City for 47 years. He died in 1967, so that means he was a merchant there about 1920. Mr. Ed Harvey's obituary stated that he had been a merchant in Bluff City since 1927.

That's about all the information I could find about this old store. As I said before, the two Harvey brothers had their own stores by the mid to late 1940s.

I would love to see a picture of the store building that was located where these concrete steps are today. I'm sure there are some people around who may remember the old store. If you ever shopped at this store, have a picture of it, or can describe what it looked like, please send it to me.

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## PINE KNOTS

Anyone who grew up in this part of Arkansas is probably familiar with the term "pine knot". If you cut a live pine tree, you will find inside a very sticky resin. Most pine trees that die will decay, but others will become "rich" and are very resistant to rot. Several things cause this including the time of the year the tree dies, atmospheric conditions, etc. The very heart of these trees will remain after the rest of the tree decomposes if the area is undisturbed and not burned over by a wildfire. Since this wood is very resistant to rot, it can be used for a variety of things.

Most of the "rich pine" is found just lying on the ground in the woods although some places have more of it than others. Sometimes the rich stump of a large pine tree will be found. These are not of much use since they can't be uprooted without heavy equipment and are too heavy to move. If a wildfire happens to burn through an area where there is rich pine, it will catch on fire and continue to burn long after the other wood is burned up.

Early settlers in this area used this "rich pine", sometimes called "lighter pine" or "fatwood" to help get their fires started in their wood stoves. Before winter each year a supply of rich pine would be collected from the woods and kept somewhere out by the wood pile. The rich pine would be split with an axe into small strips or splinters and stored inside the house near the wood stove, probably in the wood box or in a container of some type. One of my favorite smells is that of rich pine being split. Only a small amount of rich pine kindling is needed to get the fire going.

The resin from the rich pine catches fire easily just from striking a match. A few of these small pieces of rich pine would be placed in the wood stove with the firewood, lighted with a match, and soon there would be a nice fire going to keep the family warm.

This rich pine also has other uses. Sometimes a piece is found large enough and long enough to make a fence post. A rich pine fence post will last for decades. I can remember when we had several rich pine fence posts, but I guess we finally split them up for kindling.

Another use is to mark property corners. A piece of rich pine is put in the ground like a very short post. Usually when the boundary lines are painted, the rich pine is also painted. This is a good cheap way of marking a property corner that will last for years unless a fire burns through

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

the area. In that case, the marker would be destroyed. Sometimes a rock or two would be placed there along with the rich pine. The only thing better would be a metal post.

Rich pine was also used in some of the old cemeteries as grave markers. Store-bought grave markers were expensive in the old days just as they are today and people looked for something that would last a long time. Some used native stones to mark graves, some used petrified wood, and some used pieces of rich pine, probably as a temporary marker until they could afford something better. Rocks were preferred over the rich pine, but in some places there was a shortage of suitable rocks. The main disadvantage of using rich pine for grave markers is that if the cemetery ever burns over, every rich pine grave marker will be burned up.

I've heard stories from long ago about young boys and men using pieces of rich pine as torches when they roamed through the woods at night on night hunting expeditions.

The knots of the old dead pine tree are the last part to decay. These pine knots have various shapes and are popular for decorating and wood carving. Sometimes a wood carver will carve faces on these pine knots, although it takes talent, a lot of time, and a sharp knife.

My mother likes to collect odd-shaped pine knots. She sometimes uses them to decorate her flower beds. She once used a thin piece of rich pine for a wind chime with old spoons hanging down to make a tinkling sound when the wind blew. There are many things in nature that can be used for decorative purposes if one has a good imagination and a little creative talent.



Rich pine fence post



Pine knots of various shapes (good for decorating flower beds)



Small piece of rich pine used to make a wind chime

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A rich pine knot (painted orange) placed many years ago to mark a property corner. A piece of pipe was recently added to make it easier to find

A barbed wire fence was nailed to a large pine tree many years ago. The pine tree died and slowly decomposed, leaving this piece of rich pine still clinging to the barbed wire.



Scrape away the gray outside and you will find rich pine inside



All it takes is a match to light a rich pine splinter

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## LITERARY SOCIETIES

David Cummins sent me a hand-written history of the Garland literary society at Prescott High School that was written by his father, D. E. Cummins. This appears to be a copy of a speech given at some school function and it gives us a glimpse of what went on in the schools in Prescott about 100 years ago.

Literary societies were very popular in the early 1900s. Students involved in these societies participated in debates with other schools and learned many skills that would be of value to them in future life. The members chose names for their societies and drew up constitutions and by-laws which governed them. Even many of the small rural schools formed literary societies.

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In searching through my files, I see that literary societies were around from 1906 to 1929. Bluff City had one in 1906, 1916, 1928 and 1929. Sutton had three societies in 1916. Gum Grove had one in 1908 and 1926. Ebenezer had one in 1927, and Holly Springs had one in 1916. I expect most all the schools had them during that time period. It seemed to be a time when many students exhibited a love for learning, and by competing with others groups, strived to excel at whatever project was at hand.

## **The Garland Literary Society at Prescott By D. E. Cummins**

In attempting to start at the beginning to write a history of the Garland Literary Society, it naturally carries me back to the time of the beginning of the literary societies in the Prescott schools.

In 1905, Mr. O. L. Dunaway, our former superintendent, saw the great need of a literary society at Prescott, so under his direction, the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades organized one society and gave it the name of Zenith. At this time it was thought unnecessary to have more than one society because of the small number of students in these upper grades.

After the society was organized, committees were appointed who drew up a constitution and gave the society by-laws which govern them at the present time. One program committee gave numbers for the weekly programs that the succeeding program committees varied from only slightly.

This one Zenith society went on without a change until the beginning of the 1909-10 term of school. At this time another grade had been added to the high school department, and it was decided the number of students had grown too large to be enrolled in one society. It was thought that the tenth and eleventh grades should compose one society and the eighth and ninth grades another. So the upper classmen drew off from the others and organized under the same rules that governed the Zenith society, and gave themselves the name that we have today--Garlands. But there is very little connection between the Garland society that was and the Garland society that is. In 1910, there was a complete change in the school. Two boys were appointed by the superintendent to choose from the rest of the school, and so many who had been in one society now had to go to the other.

One of the sides selected the name Zenith, as the name was very popular at that time, and our side, after much debate, chose the name Garland, but in our first meeting every member voted that he or she would try to win back for the name Garland the honors she had lost in her former conflicts with the Zeniths. Acting upon this resolution we did not rest until the old gold and red of the Garlands flew high over the black and yellow of the Zeniths and the silver Bemis loving cup was ours.

It is true that in the two years of the society's existence, the Zeniths have won over us once, but it is by defeats that anyone learns to love victory. And so perhaps it is best

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that we do not win every time.

We shall not boast here tonight of what we are going to do in the coming contest between the societies, for it is impossible to say now which shall be the winner.

But our hopes grow brighter when we think of the stable work the Garlands are doing. Some of the most efficient and strongest pupils in the school have worked in the Garland society and have passed out of her ranks into the work of life, or into higher institutions. Our members have acquitted themselves nobly in the oratorical contests at Little Rock. And at the Camden contest, they have made high marks and won honors. Two of our young men won the debate over the Hope High School in 1910, and it was Garland debaters who won for Prescott over Texarkana Texas High School last year. It is not my purpose to boast, but to give solemn facts in regard to our past. The Zeniths have had some strong stalwart workers, debaters, declaimers, extemporaneous speakers, and it is a friendly rivalry that prompts us to excel. Though fewer in number, we mean to be known by the character of our work. At present we have a membership of loyal workers. Some inexperienced ones, it is true, but ones who are ready to learn, and that is the one great purpose of our society work. We have worked under difficulties this year greater than we ever thought of meeting, yet we have come out more than victors. Victors, because in debate, we have never given up, in loyalty we find joy, in work we find pleasure.

Since Xmas, we have come to feel toward the Zenith society as we have never felt before, that in her ranks we have school mates and class mates who are broad-minded and large-hearted enough to watch with satisfaction our success, and befriend and encourage us in this undertaking tonight. To them we extend our most appreciative thanks, and we hope to meet some of them in the great world arena of life to compete with them and befriend them.

And for the members of our own society, we look into the future, and encouraged by the past, we see Garlands going out from this institution into all the world, reaching the higher places in every line of life and shedding around them the influence that makes for all that is good and great.

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## CHURCH SERVICES IN LAPLAND

The other day I was scanning through an issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* from 1887 when an article caught my attention. It was about Laplanders and their church services. I'm not too familiar with Lapland, but I know it's somewhere in the far northern parts of Finland and Sweden. The area has snow on the ground about six to eight months of the year and is sparsely populated.

According to the article, the Laplanders were very religious and rarely missed a church service in 1887 despite having to travel by sleigh pulled by reindeer. Some traveled as far as fifteen miles by this method to reach the church.

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While their dedication is to be admired, what really interested me was what happened after they got to church. It seems they didn't want the preacher's message interrupted by crying babies. Instead of having some sort of nursery like many churches do these days, these Laplanders had another solution.

When they reached the church and had their reindeer secured, the father would scoop out a little bed in the snow. The children, of course, were all wrapped in warm clothes and then usually covered in a bear skin. The father then placed the child in the bed of snow. The article said it was not unusual to find twenty or thirty babies left in snow beds around the church building. The snow acted as insulation and the bear skins kept the moisture away from the child. The babies soon went to sleep in their beds of snow. When the service was over, the fathers would go out and get their babies from their beds, get in their sleighs, and travel home. The article stated that no babies ever caught colds from this practice. Most of the babies slept peacefully and the church services were not disturbed by crying children.

I thought this was an interesting little story. You must remember that this was written over a hundred years ago. I'm sure things may be different in Lapland these days.

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## RED EYE GRAVY

Here are the responses I received from readers regarding red eye gravy. I remember this growing up when my father would cure his own hams after we butchered a hog. It might not have been too healthy, but food sure tasted good back in those days.

I did a little checking to try and find out how it came to be known as red eye gravy. The most common explanation according to legend is that Andrew Jackson and his men were once camped out in the woods. He told one of his men who had been drinking too much to fix him some gravy that was as red as the fellow's blood-shot eyes. From then on, it was known as red eye gravy.

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After my mother fried ham slices in the skillet, she would remove the meat and pour in boiling hot water and let it simmer while stirring until the residue of cooking the ham was dissolved into the hot water. We ate it on biscuits and baked sweet potatoes--I guess on other things, too. That may have been "depression" gravy, but it was called Red-eye Gravy at our house.—*Betty Thomas (Texas)*

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The only thing I remember about red-eye gravy was from my mother and she used ham grease and poured coffee in it, I do not know the amount etc., so sure hope you have some great cooks out there to tell you so that I can have it.—*Wanda Carter (Texas)*

---

Don't use much grease or oil when you cook the ham, (I like using my cast iron skillet). After the ham is done pour coffee into the pan, bring it to a boil, just to mix the coffee and grease, then remove from the heat. Put on hot homemade biscuits, and serve with the ham and fried eggs.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

That is the way my Mama and Grandma made it and the way I was taught to make it.--*Betty Lawrence (Arkansas)*

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Just use the cooked off oil of the ham or whatever meat I am cooking and use flour /season with salt and pepper and chili powder. When it browns pour water in and cook to consistency you want..... if I want the white gravy I use milk....instead of water.... That may not be right...--*Donna Dixon (Arkansas)*

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My husband made it for New Years.....had coffee and brown sugar in it. Fry ham in a skillet to use drippings. Remove ham. Finely chop small piece of ham and return to skillet. 1/2 c water to 1/2 coffee with a teaspoon of brown sugar. simmer --*Karen Moon*

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Well...I put a little bacon grease in a black iron skillet and get it pretty hot....throw the ham in there...brown it pretty brown then take it out and set aside. Turn the fire down a little then take a cup of black coffee put in there and stir...scrapping up all the goodies off the bottom ..... "Red Eye Gravy"!! And maybe a little salt and pepper...but you won't need much salt because that kind of ham is pretty salty!—*Bill Barham (Arkansas)*

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You keep the grease in the pan. add some coffee grounds from the bottom of the sauce pan you boiled the coffee in, some black and or red pepper, a splash of coffee—left over...and a little flour if you want thickening. That's it—*Dan Westmoreland (Texas)*

---

## RED EYE GRAVY

(This will serve 12 people or so.)

- 4 Tablespoons of fat or drippings from cooked ham
- 1 cup black coffee
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 Tablespoons butter (margarine)

Add fat from cooked ham to a black iron skillet. Add coffee, water, and stir with wooden spoon. Add two tablespoons of butter to melt. Let simmer. Serve gravy over ham, potatoes, etc. This is a thin, thin, gravy traditionally. (Thicken with corn starch if you want it to be thicker.)

SORRY about the iron skillet and wooden spoon. Just can't cook without my momma's traditions!!!!—*Dr. A. Lemons (Arkansas)*

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To make red eye gravy, you need a slice of real cured ham. Fry, save the drippings, add a little flour, as to how much drippings you have, let the flour brown then add water as needed, careful about salt, as ham is salty. This is like cream gravy. Some will just add water to drippings. We always preferred the cream style--not as greasy.—*Jeanette Beaver (Arkansas)*

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The way I make it is like my parents made it. Fry you ham in an iron skillet. Remove the ham. Add a small amount of water to the skillet which will have its own drippings and stir until it comes back to a boil and turns reddish brown. Let it boil or simmer until it cooks down to the amount of gravy you want and pour into a bowl. Serve it over biscuits and scrambled eggs. Delicious! PS: No need to salt as the ham will have enough salt in it.—*Clara Freeland (Arkansas)*

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Several readers mentioned various web sites where you can find the recipe:

*David Cummins (Florida)* suggested these:

<http://www.cooks.com/>

<http://www.southernfood.about.com/cs/gravyrecipes/>

<http://www.homecooking.about.com/condimentrecipes/>

<http://www.foodnetwork.com/>

<http://www.myrecipes.com/>

<http://www.visualrecipes.com/>

*Charlie Weaver* says this site has more recipes than you could hope to use:

<http://www.cooks.com/>

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*Duncan McKelvey (Georgia)* says "Here's a site where I've found many a fine recipe for practically everything, including red eye gravy"

<http://www.cooks.com/>

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Thanks to all who those who responded to my request.

## A DOG NAMED SLIM



I know Slim is not a very dignified name for a dog, but he got stuck with it. Slim just showed up at my mother's place a few years ago and decided to stay. Sometimes people dump dogs out in the rural areas and they find their way to the nearest house in search of food. It's hard to turn away a hungry animal that shows up at your door.

He was full grown when we first saw him, so I'm not sure about his age or his background. He is just a long-legged dog with a slender build--a mixture of breeds, maybe part hound and part something else.

Slim is a peculiar dog. He is very particular about what he eats. If a scrap of food falls on the ground, he refuses to eat it. He loves to be petted like most dogs. Every time I drive up, he runs to meet me and before I can get out of my truck, he puts his front feet on the door frame when I open the door which means his face is about even with my face. After I pet him a little, he goes on about his business.

Slim has very good eyesight and a nose like a bloodhound. I've seen him stick his nose up in the air getting a good sniff of something off in the woods. He then takes off and soon I hear him barking. This happens several times a day. If someone worked with him, he might make a good hunting dog. He needs a few lessons on what to hunt because I've seen him barking at all kinds of creatures--armadillos, squirrels, rats, birds, lizards, and even once I caught him barking at a buzzard that was flying overhead.

One of his bad traits is that he sometimes likes to run cars, but only certain ones. All the dogs seem to think the mail carrier is fair game. They don't seem to bother cars passing by, but if one happens to stop or slow down, the dogs think it is part of their job to descend on the vehicle like it is some sort of trespasser on their turf.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Slim likes to go with me when I'm working on the place. He sees me get in the truck and watches my front wheels. If I start toward the woods, he takes off ahead of me like a bullet and will usually stay nearby while I work except for his usual hunting expeditions.

Slim absolutely refuses to ride in the back of a pickup. Most dogs love to ride in the back with their noses turned to the wind, but not Slim. Once each year, we take the dogs to Bluff City to meet the veterinarian to get their rabies shots. I have to ride in the bed of the pickup holding Slim to keep him from jumping out and he shakes like a leaf when the truck starts moving. He had much rather walk than ride. Maybe he had a bad experience with trucks when he was young.

I usually pack a lunch when I'm working about the farm and Slim and the other dogs usually join me for lunch. I usually end up giving about half my lunch to the three dogs that are sitting there making me feel guilty for not feeding them. As I said, Slim is pretty particular about what he eats. He gives all the food a good sniff before he eats it and sometimes just refuses it altogether. He loves those peanut butter and cheese crackers and his eyes light up when he sees me bring out a package. He is not too fond of barbecue potato chips. Maybe they are a little too spicy for him.

Slim may not have the intelligence of many breeds of dogs, but he is not dumb. He had no problem learning to sit on command when I am feeding him a snack and he has learned to "shake hands" (if he is in the mood). If he has something else he wants to do, he just ignores me. A bite of food works wonders in getting a dog to do some little trick. I think he has learned not to perform any tricks unless he is rewarded with food. As I said, he is not dumb.

I sometimes wish we had given him a better name, but it might be hard to change now. He knows his name is Slim and might even be proud of it since one of the other dogs is named Goober.

Slim is a good dog. He's good-natured and rarely gets into any scrapes with the other dogs. He keeps me company when I'm working and it always makes me feel good when he comes running to meet me when I drive up. Slim is definitely a country dog and wouldn't be happy penned up or tied to a chain. I think he knows the location of every armadillo hole on the farm and the surrounding countryside. He gets plenty of exercise because he is always on the go and when he gets tired, he does like most dogs--curls up in his favorite spot and enjoys a good snooze.



Slim doing what he does best!

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## READER PARTICIPATION QUESTION FOR NEXT MONTH

It's time for another reader participation question. I'm giving you a choice of two questions to consider. Choose one or both and send me your comments by March 15 so I can get them in the next issue.

1. Grapette—What memories do you have about this well-known Arkansas product?
2. Do you have a "bucket list"? What is something you would really like to do before you get too old to do it? Or, what is the most exciting thing you have ever done?

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### Grandmother's Cookies (an old recipe)

1 cup soft water	1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup sugar	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 egg	5 Tablespoons sweet milk
4 cups flour	1 teaspoon baking soda

Mix all ingredients together and work into small balls. Place on cookie sheet and press flat with a fork. Bake at 400 degrees until brown.

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### Recipe for a Happy Family

1 husband	1 portion of understanding
1 wife	1 portion of forgiveness
children	generous portions of prayer
1 Bible (for each)	3 cups of love, firmly packed
1 pkg. work	1 cup of kisses
1 pkg. play	1 small paddle

Mix thoroughly and sprinkle with awareness. Bake in moderate oven of everyday life, using as fuel all the grudges and past unpleasantness. Cool. Turn out onto a platter of cheerfulness. Garnish with tears and laughter in large helpings. Serve God, country, and community.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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**THE STORY OF THREE SHIPS**

***THE RMS TITANIC***

We are approaching the one hundredth anniversary of the sinking of the *RMS Titanic*, the luxury passenger liner sailing on its maiden voyage from England to the United States in April, 1912. The ship had been advertised as being unsinkable. It was almost 900 feet in length and almost 100 feet in width. It weighed 66,000 tons and each of its three engines was as tall as a three story building. There were over 2200 passengers on board who were enjoying the voyage aboard this elegant ship. Four days into the voyage on the night of April 15, 1912, the ship hit a large iceberg and began taking on water. An evacuation was finally ordered when it was determined the ship could not stay afloat. Women and children were evacuated first since there were not enough lifeboats to accommodate all the passengers. Over 1500 passengers lost their lives in this disaster and 771 survived. It took two hours and forty minutes for the ship to sink.

There have been television shows and movies about the sinking of the *Titanic*. It was the greatest maritime disaster involving a passenger ship. Some think the sinking of the *Titanic* had been predicted. At the time of the disaster, a magazine was on sale at the newsstands containing a short story called "The White Ghost of Disaster". It was the story of the collision of an ocean liner with an iceberg in the Atlantic Ocean and the sinking of the vessel. There was also a book named "The Wreck of the *Titan*, or Futility" by Morgan Robertson about an enormous British passenger ship called the *Titan*, thought to be unsinkable, and carrying insufficient lifeboats. On a voyage in the month of April, the fictional *Titan* hit an iceberg and sank in the North Atlantic with the loss of almost everyone on board. This sounds very much like the sinking of the *Titanic*, but this book was written in 1898, fourteen years before the *Titanic* disaster.

Some interesting facts about the disaster: The captain of the *Titanic* had plans to retire after this maiden voyage. There were 13 couples on board celebrating their honeymoons. Two dogs were among the survivors. The ship had four smokestacks, but only three engines. The fourth stack was added for looks. It took 3,000 men two years to build the ship at a cost of 7.5 million dollars. There were enough life jackets for everyone, but most died from the cold ocean waters before they could be rescued. Very few actually went down with the ship. The world's richest man, John Jacob Astor, was among the dead.

We remember the name *Titanic*, but did you know the *Titanic* had two sister ships--the *Britannic* and the *Olympic*? The following is a condensed story of these two ships. In case you are wondering the initials RMS stand for Royal Mail Ship or Royal Mail Steamer.

***THE RMS OLYMPIC***

The *Olympic* was the first of the three large passenger ships of the White Star line, beginning its service in 1911. The *Olympic* also had its share of mishaps. The first happened in 1911 when it collided with another British ship, the *RMS Hawke*. It was damaged, but was able to return to

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port under its own power for repairs. Then in 1912, it lost a propeller blade and had to go back for repairs. After the sinking of the *Titanic*, the ship was checked closely. More lifeboats were added, but many of these were collapsible boats. Some of the workers on board went on strike, claiming the collapsible lifeboats would not work. Four of these were tested and only one worked as it should. After this labor dispute was resolved, the ship was refitted to incorporate lessons learned from the sinking of the *Titanic* and it was put back into service as a passenger liner.

World War I broke out in 1914 and Germany announced that it would sink these passenger liners on sight. This resulted in a great decline in the number of passengers. The ship was then put into service as a troop transport ship and it made several rescues after other ships were hit. It was repainted with something called "dazzled camouflage" to make it harder for the enemy to estimate its speed. The *Olympic* transported over 200,000 troops during the war, including many American troops after the United States entered the war in 1917. In one incident during the war, the *Olympic* rammed a German U-boat, the only known record of a merchant ship sinking a warship. The ship was given the nickname "Old Reliable".

After the war the *Olympic* was put back into passenger service with many improvements. Many people booked passage on the *Olympic* because they wanted the experience of sailing on a ship almost identical to the *Titanic*.

Another incident involving this ship happened in 1929 when it was sailing very near the last known position of the *Titanic*. The ship started shaking which lasted about two minutes. It was later determined that this was an underwater earthquake. No damage was done to the ship.

Then in 1934, as the ship was entering New York harbor on a foggy night, it accidentally hit a smaller ship causing the smaller ship to sink with a loss of several lives.

The *Olympic* continued in service until 1935 when it was retired and sold for scrap. Many people wish that it has been preserved as a tourist attraction since it was similar to the *Titanic*.

## ***THE HMHS BRITANNIC***

The *HMHS Britannic* was the third and largest of the White Star line's large passenger ships. It was launched as a passenger ship, but when World War I broke out, it was converted into a hospital ship. The initials HMHS stand for Her Majesty's Hospital Ship. It was repainted white with a green horizontal stripe and red crosses on the side.

This ship suffered a fate similar to the *Titanic*. It struck a mine in the Aegean Sea with a loss of 30 lives. The ship had no patients on board at the time. Since it was only three miles off the coast, the captain tried desperately to make it to shore. Even with all the improvements after the sinking of the *Titanic*, the ship could not stay afloat. One of the problems was the open portholes on the sides that had been left open to provide ventilation. Water entered through these portholes as the ship began to sink. Lifeboats were quickly deployed, but as it turned out, most of those killed were aboard the lifeboats. Two of the lifeboats were sucked into the propellers of the ship which were almost out of the water killing all those aboard. When the captain saw what was

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happening, he stopped the engines. The ship turned on its side and sank 55 minutes after the explosion.

This was the largest ship lost in World War I. Over 1,000 people were rescued. Thirty lives were lost. Only five of the bodies were recovered. The rest were buried at sea. There have been several diving expeditions to the ruins of the *Britannic* to try to determine exactly what caused the ship to sink so fast.

Two of the three largest passenger ships of the White Star line--the *Titanic* and the *Britannic*--were lost at sea and the other one--the *Olympic* had several mishaps during its service. The White Star line did not christen their ships when launched. Some people believe that this caused bad luck for all three of these great ships.

## VIOLET JESSOP

Violet Jessop was a stewardess and nurse for the White Star line and had the distinction of being a survivor of both the sinking of the *Titanic* and the *Britannic* and also was on board *Olympic* when it collided with the *Hawke*.

She was in a lifeboat as the *Titanic* was being evacuated trying to comfort some of the passengers who were being put into the lifeboats. An officer handed her a baby to look after. Later after she and the baby had been rescued and were on board another ship, a woman grabbed the baby from her arms and ran off without saying a word. After her retirement many years later, she received a call one night from a woman claiming to be the baby she had rescued from the *Titanic*. The person then hung up the phone. The name of the baby she saved has never been identified.

When the *Britannic* was sinking, Violet Jessop again found herself in a lifeboat. When she saw the lifeboat being pulled toward the ship's propellers, she jumped out of the lifeboat, and was rescued by another lifeboat. If she had not jumped, she would have been shredded in the propellers.

She survived the sinking of two great ocean liners and was on board when the *Olympic* collided with another ship. Despite these narrow escapes, she continued to work on ships until her retirement. She died in 1971.

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## THE WORLD'S POPULATION

From the 1-23-1889 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* (reprinted from *The Chicago Journal*)

Here are some interesting facts about the people who compose the population of the world.

There are 3,064 languages in the world and its inhabitants profess more than 1,000 religions.

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The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average life is about 33 years. One quarter die previous to the age of 17. To every 1,000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life. To every 100, only six reach the age of 65, and not more than one in 500 live to 80 years of age.

There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants; of these 93,033,033 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3,700 every hour and 60 every minute or one per second.

The married are longer lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.

The number of marriages is the proportion of 75 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after equinoxes--that is during the months of June and December.

Those born in spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also deaths.

The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated as one-fourth of the population.

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It makes me wonder how they managed to accumulate all these statistics in 1889 and I suspect these figures may not be exactly correct. There's no way of knowing for sure about these things even today when we are talking about the population of the whole world.

Assuming their figure of one billion people in the world in 1889 is correct, how does that compare with today. Best estimates today say there are 6.8 billion people in the world. That's a big increase in just 123 years!

They reported in 1889 that the average life was 33 years. The average life of the world's population today is about 68.4 years. This could be explained by improvements in the medical treatments and better standards of living. Remember, we are talking about averaging together people from the well developed countries where life expectancy is high with the many people living in under-developed parts of the world. It just make sense that people who are fed well and who receive good medical care will enjoy a longer life, even though some people continue to shorten their lives by doing damage to their own bodies through bad habits of their own choosing.

If one person died every second in 1889, you would think that figure would rise in proportion to the population increase. However, the estimate is that about three people die every second in the world today.

It was reported that married people lived longer than single people in 1889. I think that is still true today. I don't know about taller men living longer than shorter men. How did they arrive at that conclusion? Must have been some sort of government funded study by some organization to think that we really needed to know that information. The same goes for some of the other

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figures like more births at night than during the day. I think there are probably more marriages in June than other months, at least in the United States. Part of the reason may be that a couple is waiting for the school term to end.

I was surprised to see that one quarter of the world's population died before the age of 17 back in 1889. Just think about that statistic! I wonder if that's still true today. Maybe we need another study.

I'm sure more than one person per 1000 lives to be 100 these days, probably due to better medicine. Current estimates say there are 450,000 people in the world over 100 years of age with 72,000 of those in the United States. The second highest country is Japan. I'm afraid the number of people in the United States over 100 may begin to decrease with the implementation of the new health care law (*my opinion*).

I can report that based on my cemetery surveys of Nevada County, Arkansas that only a small number of people lived past 100 in that county. The number seems to be increasing in recent years, but I can report that out of a database of over 25,000 burials in Nevada County, less than 20 people lived to be 100 or more years of age. According to a study in 2006, the state of Hawaii has the highest life expectancy (80 years). Arkansas ranks No. 43 in the list with a life expectancy of 75.2 years. The average for the United States is 78.49 years.

Well, that's enough statistics and analysis for this issue.

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## **ED HARVEY'S STORE AT BLUFF CITY, AR.**

Mr. Ed Harvey (David Edward) and his wife, Gladys, had a large store in Bluff City when I was growing up. It was a typical general store selling groceries, Gulf gasoline, plumbing supplies, feed, etc.

These are the only two pictures I have of the store. The first one, given to me by Mrs. Bernell Johnson, shows damage done to the store in the 1950s when a car failed to negotiate the curve on Hwy. 24 and crashed into the side of the store, killing the driver. I was told the driver had just

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

purchased the car in Camden. The other picture is blurry, but I guess it's better than nothing. I have an old Super 8mm movie my brother and I took about 1972 while driving along the highway. We only got a quick shot of the store with a bread delivery truck parked out front as we passed by. I decided to do an experiment. I played the movie which I had already converted to a VHS tape and played it in my old VCR which still works. As the tape played, I tried to snap a picture of the store with my camera. It took several attempts and this is the result--not a good picture, but at least you can get an idea of what the front of the store looked like in 1972. The front of the store looks different in these two pictures. It was probably changed when the damages were repaired following the accident.

The checkout counter and cash register were located in the center of the store just inside the door. Mr. Ed sold things on credit and we had an account there. When I was sent to the store for something, I could just tell him to put it on our ticket. He would fill out a ticket for me to sign and my father would settle up with him later.

Best I remember, the groceries were to the left after you entered the store. He carried all the basic things people needed and had a pretty good selection of such things as sacks of flour in cloth bags, ten pound sacks of Godshaux sugar, lids for canning jars, boxes of laundry detergent with free drinking glasses or dish towels inside like Oxydol and Duz, jars of Johnnie Fair or Blackburn's syrup, coffee, Ivory soap, and just about anything else you might need. The plumbing supplies were toward the back of the store--not the plastic PVC pipe, but real honest to goodness metal pipe fittings. I think I remember a very large safe on the west wall near the back. I can't remember much about that side of the store, but I think this was where he kept things like shoes, rubber boots, gloves, and maybe some pots and pans. I seem to remember several chairs with fold-up seats near the front close to the checkout counter. The name Peters Shoes comes to my mind. Maybe he once sold that brand or perhaps I am remembering a sign advertising that brand of shoes. All the sacks of feed and fertilizer were in the very back of the store in another room with a loading dock on the east side of the store. I think the refrigerated meat case was near the center of the store.

We had a tradition at our house that on Saturday nights, we could go to the store and get something special to eat like a package of cookies, some ice cream, or something that was not home-made. This is not to say our food at home was bad. It just seemed that something store-bought was special--something we didn't get every day.

In those days a salesman from Logan Grocery Co. in Prescott would come by about once each week to all these country stores and take orders for goods to be delivered by truck to the stores.

The Harveys lived next door to the store in a white frame house which is still standing. I remember one incident that happened at this store, probably in the early 1960s. My father and my younger brother, who was about ten years old, had stopped there to get some gasoline (which at that time sold for about 27 cents per gallon). My little brother stayed in the truck and while my father was inside paying for the gas, he somehow knocked the truck out of gear and it began to roll down the slight slope toward Mrs. Harvey's house. Thank goodness he didn't steer it out into the highway. Mrs. Harvey had a short hedge planted between the house and store. The truck rolled completely through her hedge and stopped in her yard. Nobody was injured, but for

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a long time after that, there were two gaps in her hedge where the tires had destroyed the hedge. This is a good safety lesson--never leave unattended small children in a vehicle.

Mr. Harvey at one time raised hogs in a shed behind the store. My father and I tore that shed down for the lumber. We still have the old concrete dipping vat where he dipped the pigs. Pigs were dipped in those days to control worms, lice, and mange.

Mr. Ed Harvey passed away in 1962 and was the first person buried in the new section of Bluff City cemetery. His obituary stated that he had been a merchant in Bluff City since 1927. I don't have a picture of him, but I remember him as a fairly heavy-set man who sometimes wore a white apron while working in the store. Mrs. Gladys Harvey continued to run the store alone until 1973 when it was sold (?) to Eddie and Barbara Allen from Gurdon. Mrs. Harvey moved to Camden in 1979 where she lived until her death in 1986.

The Allens operated the store until 1979 when it was sold to the Buchanans. They named it "The Country Store" and in 1983, it was the only store still operating in Bluff City.

Soon after this in 1984, Eddie Allen began to operate the new store which had just been constructed just around the curve on the left toward Camden in the same building as the new post office. Bluff City once again had two stores operating until November, 1989, when Buchanan's store (the old Harvey's store) was destroyed by a fire.

The Ed Harvey store (and its successors) served the people in and around Bluff City for many years and was one my family frequently shopped at when I was a kid. The store location is now vacant and grown up in weeds and brush--now just a memory to those who once shopped there.



The founder of the Grapette Co. was Benjamin Fooks of Camden, Arkansas. He purchased a small bottling company in Camden in 1926, another plant in Arkadelphia in 1927, and a plant in Hope which he used as a warehouse.

Business was terrible during the Great Depression of the 1930s, so he sold the Arkadelphia plant and closed the warehouse at Hope. He then started selling what he called "Fook's Flavors" out of his car in the Ark-La-Tex area. He discovered that grape was the most popular flavor and he kept trying to improve the flavor until he had it just right. He then copyrighted the name "Grapette" in 1939 and concentrated on producing Grapette at his Camden plant. Sales increased rapidly and the drink was popular in all parts of the United States during the 40s, 50s, and 60s. He introduced "Oranette" in 1947 and his syrup concentrate in 1948.

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The Grapette syrup came in bottles shaped like a cat, elephant, and a clown. The concentrated syrup could be mixed with water to make an economical drink for the family. The lid on the syrup bottles had a slot and the bottle could be used as a coin bank when empty. These syrup bottles are very collectible now. I have the clown and the elephant, but the cat, which is more expensive, is harder to find. The Grapette sign above came off a large aluminum drink box like stores used. The box was out behind our house for some reason. I found the clown bottle and drink bottles at old house places in the woods and I purchased the elephant bottle at a flea market.

There are many collectible Grapette items—drink bottles, cases for bottles, toy delivery trucks, syrup bottles, thermometers, signs, golf tees, ice chests, marbles, and others. Wood’s Place, a popular fish restaurant in Camden, has a large selection of Grapette items displayed in their business. The slogan for Grapette was “Thirsty or Not”. They also had a popular bumper sticker that said “If You Must Drink and Drive, Drink Grapette and Stay Alive”.

Sales of Grapette expanded to other countries in the 1960s. The company also introduced a cola drink called “Mr. Cola” in 1962 to compete with Coca-Cola. It was advertised as “The Aristocrat of Colas” and was the first cola drink to come in 16 ounce bottles. They soon introduced Mr. Cola Jr., a 12 ounce bottle like the one pictured above.

The Fooks family sold their business in 1970 and people who loved the Grapette sodas were going through withdrawal symptoms. Finally in 2005, a deal was negotiated with Walmart to return Grapette with the original flavor to the store shelves and Grapette began to be exclusively sold at Walmart stores nationwide as part of their “Sam’s Choice” line of drinks.

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## COMMENTS FROM READERS

### Grapette:

My grandpa William Morgan used to let me go to the store with him when I was a little girl. He would tell me I could have a cola and candy bar. I always selected a Grapette and a Peanut Pattie. I can't imagine a worse combination now, but I thought it was great when I was about five years old. I really liked going to the store with Grandpa too!

### Harvey's Store

I'm really dating myself here, but I remember the big old Harvey's store that belonged to those steps that now lead to nowhere. I thought it was an amazing place. The one thing that stuck in my mind was the JP Coats thread case that sat on the counter. It was wooden and had several drawers. You pulled out a drawer to select the spool or spools of thread you wanted to buy. I'm not sure why that made such an impression on a young girl, but I've wondered what happened to it. When I saw your article in the *Sandyland Chronicle*, I was really hoping you had a picture of the store.

I'm not sure if I remember this, or just heard the grownups talking about it, but gypsies would come through the area from time to time. They would crowd into the store and the owners and clerks would try to watch them carefully because they would steal things from the store.

### Pine Knots

While I was still working in Tennessee, my boss came in one day upset because his wife was talking about ordering some quite pricey pine kindling for their fireplace from L. L. Bean. When I mentioned this to my husband, he went out to his shop where he kept some pine knots (found in Arkansas) and cut a nice, large bundle of fire starters, which I took to my boss the next morning. He took it home and put it near the fireplace without telling his wife. She grew up on a farm in south Georgia. When she came in she said "You brought me fat pine"! We kept them supplied as long as we lived there. It is always good when you can make the boss happy!

The *Chronicle* stirred up some good memories for me today! ---Charlotte Woody



Jackie Harvey sent this old photo of the old Harvey's store at Bluff City. His father, Dick Harvey is shown behind the counter. The other men are unknown.

Date of photo: Probably mid-1930s.

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## THE STEPS TO NOWHERE

Warren U. Ober

Those concrete steps at the “E. M. Harvey & Sons General Mdse.” store on the corner of Highway 24 and Highway 299 are indelibly etched in my memory. I remember well also Mr. E. Monroe “Mun” Harvey and his sons Messrs. Con and Ed Harvey. My family—my father, Andrew C. [Andy] Ober; my mother, Delilah Hannah Upton Ober; my sister, Mesilla Jean Ober Miller; my late brother, Kenneth H. Ober; and I—lived across Highway 24 from the store in the “Olive and Con Harvey house” for a time during the later 1930s. Mrs. Olive Harvey was one of the most prominent Bluff City personalities during the thirties, and Con and Olive were the parents of one of my excellent teachers at the Bluff City Consolidated School, Mrs. Helen Robinson. (Perhaps I’ll be forgiven for straying from the subject for a moment to pay tribute to the superb teachers I was blessed to have at that little depression-era rural school: e.g., Loreen Meador Lee, Vivian Moore, Blanche Martin, and Belle Morgan, as well as Helen Robinson. These gifted women helped provide a solid foundation for my eventual Ph.D. studies in English, and I’ll always be grateful to them.)

In those days E. M. Harvey & Sons was a remarkably harmonious and prosperous family enterprise. The Harvey store was a sort of super-sized shotgun house. (Folk etymology at the time had it that a shotgun house got its name because one could fire a shotgun through the front door and kill a man standing outside the open back door.) The building had a generously wide front porch (with benches) reachable from the dirt road/footpath up those steps (originally wooden steps, as I recall), placed at the very end of the porch. My sister reminds me that the porch floor sloped somewhat alarmingly (for a child) toward the road.

There was, during my time, a separate “filling” station between Harvey’s main store and Highway 24. I recall that the gravel-floored gallery into which vehicles were driven to gas up was inadvertently built too low to accommodate the pumps, with the result that the circular “Standard Esso” tops were affixed separately to the underside of the ceiling next to the respective pumps. Mesilla and I recall that for a time beer was sold at the station, and it was always something of an occasion to observe the scene from across the highway on a summer Saturday. More than one tipsy customer would happily weave his way on foot down the road in the late afternoon.

When the partners of Upton & Harvey went their separate ways, my grandfather (my mother’s father), Percy Charles Upton, established his general store down the present Highway 299 from the site of the (later) E. M. Harvey & Sons General Mdse. The Upton store was situated on the same side of 299 as Harvey’s store, on the curve heading toward Gum Grove just after the present Highway 387 branches off from 299. My grandfather’s residence, fronted by two magnificent magnolia trees, was across the road from his store. My impression, subject to correction, is that the P. C. Upton store was established on the site of the original Upton & Harvey store. My grandfather’s store was closed not long after his death in 1927. L. M. (“Old Stand Pat”) Carter—whose “Gen. Mdse.” store was a short city block from Harvey’s store down 24 heading toward Chidester—was my uncle, husband of my mother’s sister, Pearl.

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On occasion, my son Henry (a Director, Department of Justice, Canada) and I (a Distinguished Professor Emeritus, University of Waterloo, Ontario) have made trips down by car to visit my sister, Mesilla, in Texarkana, Texas. On the way each time, we have paid our respects at “The Old Place,” the now grown-over farmstead of my father’s maternal grandfather and grandmother, Andrew Giles Meador and Jennie Meador, along the banks of the “Big Branch,” or, as Henry discovered in an official map, the “Meadows Branch,” obviously named after the Meadors. We have also never missed a visit to Bluff City (“The Bluff” to real old-timers), always paying our respects at its well-kept cemetery, and we have made sure to stop by the Reader Railroad works and to spend time in Prescott, where my family later lived and where I enjoyed attending its excellent high school.

On one visit a few years ago, Henry and I had stopped in front of Bluff City’s steps to nowhere and were taking turns photographing each other on the steps when suddenly a voice called out from somewhere behind us: “What’s going on there! What are you two doing?” When we turned open-mouthed in surprise, we saw, standing in the road beside our car, a somewhat formidable-looking lady dressed in gray denim jumper and trousers who identified herself as Mayor of Bluff City. (We never learned her name.) Later we realized she must have wondered what in the world we were up to when she saw the Ontario license plates on our vehicle, and her alarm was probably intensified when she saw us photographing ourselves in turn standing on the concrete steps. After what must have seemed to her our weird explanation of our weird actions, we decided it might be prudent to be on our way without further delay. I imagine she was greatly relieved when she saw our VW Passat disappearing down the highway toward Prescott. Still, each of us took pictures of ourselves on the steps to nowhere that we continue to enjoy to this day.



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Grapette-- started in Camden, AR (don’t know year). We found enough of the small bottles for our 45 class (58) reunion. They were GOOD. After that I kept emailing Grapette and they said something would happen soon. Well it finally did. They sold it to Walmart. Walmart is NOT using the small bottles, but regular size cans. The cans are pretty much what I remember . My 15 yr old grandson loves it. Also a side note-- We do not have peanut patties in my part of country (Fayetteville, GA). RC Cola was started in Columbus , GA, about 80 miles south of where I live. --*Charlie Weaver*

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Ahh!! "Grapette"! Good memories! Growing up in Cale in the early 50's...believe it or not we had 3 stores here at that time! "Mathis" "Garret's" and "Gist's"....I lived right across the road from Erbert Mathis' store. I would walk over there and get a "Grapette" for a nickel or maybe it was a dime by that time..start out the door..and ol' Erbert would holler "You takin' that bottle with you"? "You be surein' brang that bottle back! You here"? You see, there was a nickel deposit on every bottle and ol' "Ub" we called him.. wern't NEVER gonna lose no nickel!! I also liked the "Orange Crush" in that brown odd bottle...but my very favorite was "Pop Kola" !.....with peanuts poured in it!! UMMM!!! "You come back and spend a nickel with me! You here"?--*Bill Barham*

Or, what is one of the most exciting things you have ever done?

=====

Almost started a flap with Israel. I was CO of *USS John Willis* (DE 1027); time was summer of 1958 and the exercise was the Lebanon crisis. *John Willis* was assigned a patrol station about 50 miles off Lebanon, under the command of a DD at another station about 20 miles to the south. It was kind of a back and forth bit. I had the ammunition up and ship at condition three. (a gun manned). In the middle of the day, something was approaching at high speed from the southeast. What? Helo, PT boat, speed boat? Called the DD and cut him in as to what was going. Then, at about nine +/- miles we saw what appeared to be a PT boat. Called the DD and cut him in as to what was going and he said he was closing me. The stranger was closing us, still at high speed. I called the DD and told him if the stranger came closer than 5,000 yards, I was going to open fire. The stranger turned away at 6,000 yards and we could see it was an Israeli PT boat. Guess he was listening to our radio conversations. Good for him, as we were loaded and finger on the trigger. 5,000 yards and shoot. --*David Cummins*

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I've decided to keep an unofficial rainfall record at my house this year. I'm hoping we are not in for a repeat of the hot, dry weather we experienced in 2011. Here are my rainfall totals so far this year measured by my little plastic Walmart rain gauge. I'll try to keep this record all through the year and report the totals each month. Normal rainfall varies for Arkansas depending on where you live, but the statewide average is about 50 inches per year.

**January – 3.3 inches**

**February – 4.1 inches**

**March—10.0 inches (through March 25<sup>th</sup>)**

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## PET SHOW

**I thought it might be interesting to have a pet show for the next issue. Send me a photo of your pet (dog, cat, bird, snake, turtle, or whatever). You might even consider sending a photo of a pet that has passed on (sort of a way of keeping its memory alive). Be sure and include the pet's name. Include a sentence or two about the pet if you wish.**

Jerry McKelvy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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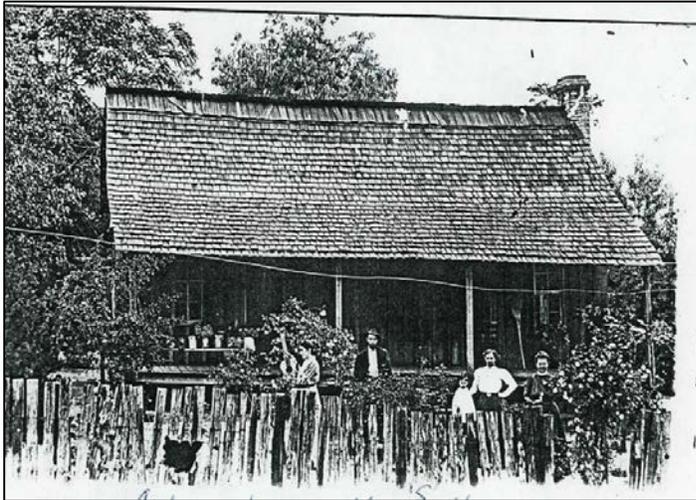
May, 2012

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**THE MAVIS GRIFFITH BELISLE STORY**

**Edited by Jerry McKelvy from information supplied by Mrs. Belisle**

My parents, sister, and I lived on a farm near my grandparent's. My Grandfather Hall, mother's father, passed away when I was about four years old—my first remembrance of death. He had flu and probably pneumonia when it was raging during World War I and my Grandmother Hall died a few months before I was born.



**The John Henry Hall home  
at Goose Ankle**

Mrs. Mavis Griffith Belisle was born here February 8, 1915.

The place was later sold to the Stone family.

Grandpa Griffith was a farmer who had come to Arkansas from Texas after losing his first wife in childbirth leaving him with four children. The oldest was William A. Griffith, my father, who was eight years old. My grandfather married after advertising for a wife or housekeeper to help him—a girl from Arkansas who went to Texas to get to know him and talked him into coming back to Arkansas so she could help out with her mother who had quite a large farm. There they bought quite an acreage and had four more children.

He had a sugar cane mill to make sorghum molasses, fruit trees (apple, peach, plum), berries, cotton, corn, etc. Times were rough with eight children to feed. He had breeding stock for

others to use. He had a blacksmith shop and a country store. He had turkeys, chickens, goats, sheep and a large stock pond. He fenced his place so he could upgrade the quality of his cattle, etc. The other farmers didn't do this since Arkansas was open range at that time. Pictured at left are Luke Meador, John Griffith, and Willie Griffith cutting ribbon cane on the farm of J.H. Griffith.



## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

When I was just past four years and three months, my parents gave me permission to spend my first night away from home alone with some very dear neighbors who lived a short distance from us. I was so thrilled and really thought I was grown as this family had teenage girls. As I was washing my feet getting ready for bed, I saw my Dad coming across the field. He said, "I'll bet you will want to go home when I tell you about a little sister that you have at home". I could hardly wait. When we walked in one of the women (Mrs. Moore) was holding her giving her sweetened buttermilk. This was supposed to keep her from having thrush, I was told later.

She seemed so small and I knew I couldn't play with her anytime soon. But I began looking after her quite young. One day Mother said, "You watch your little sister while I go milk the cows. If she starts crying, just shake the bed, and she will go back to sleep." When she came in I had climbed into the bed holding on to the side and jumping as hard and as high as I could. Sis was being sent pretty high in the air. My dad laughed and said, "Well, she stopped her crying—she couldn't cry for trying to catch her breath." I supposed Mom explained and showed me how to shake the bed more gently.

My school began at Gum Grove near Bluff City, Arkansas. We walked one and one-half miles to school through rain and snow or whatever the weather with our lunch pail and book satchel, primer, striped lined tablet, and a penny pencil. The tablet had pictures on the back of Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford.

My uncle bought me my first tube of toothpaste (Colgate), a little tooth brush, and a tiny vial of perfume. Before this we made a mixture of salt and baking soda and made a mop from the tiny limb of the black gum tree or the root from a herb that my dad would dig for us to use for our teeth cleaning. I really was living it up having a real tooth brush and paste.

For our lunch we usually carried a baked sweet potato, slice of ham in a biscuit, and sometimes cake or pie—mostly fried dried apple or dried peach pie. Apples and fruits from our orchard lasted part of the school season.

That first year, I passed the primer, first grade and second grade and was ready for the third with my playmates and neighbors. My second year they were a year older, but their first year, I had to stay at home. They would show me their books and I had learned to print my ABC's and numbers with my mother helping me. So I could either read or know from memory all the primer stories—"Jack and Jill", "Little Miss Muffet", "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep", "Little Jack Horner", and "Jack and the Beanstalk", etc.

The school house had two large rooms with a stage in one end for plays, reading poetry, singing, etc. A pot-belly stove in each room for heat and we took turns with each of us staying by the stove for a few minutes and then return to our seat. Each school desk had a space to put our books, tablet, and pencil. It had an ink well on top. I used to slip jonquils in my ink and watch them change to blue.

Our neighbors were the Moores, Nelsons, Irvins, Plylers, Otswells, Henrys, Walters, and Meadors (Lucy Griffith married Luke Meador). I walked one and a half mile to school with these folks

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and we had lots of fun, but sometimes we got to school with our feet wet and our mittens frozen and had to thaw out by the pot-bellied stove.

I 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 seeing my first automobile when Dad would have to jump out of the wagon and throw a blindfold over the team to keep them from running away with us. I also remember my mother making kraut, lye soap, hominy, and all the fruits and vegetables she canned and pickles and relish she made. Our first radio had a set of earphones, and we could only get two or three stations. If company came, the earphones were divided so each party could hold one piece to the ear.

*Note: Mrs. Belisle sent me a detailed description of the old Griffith place including a floor plan of the house and who resided in each room. She described the out-buildings and the house where a black couple (Dennis and Bertha) lived. On the same road was the house where Everett and Bessie (Griffith) Barlow lived when they married about 1919 or 1920.*

A black couple (Dennis and Bertha) helped us a lot. Dennis helped Grandpa with the stock and Bertha helped Grandma with cooking, washing, and ironing. She also helped with Grandma Irvin who lived there. We always had enough leftovers for Bertha to take home for their meals. They were great help and I loved them, but some of the neighbors didn't want a black family living there and threatened to burn them out, so they had to move. (Ku Klux Klan)

I remember one funny incident that happened while we lived there. There was a large branch or creek with a foot log crossing to the Foster place. The Fosters were of a different religion. The women wore long black dresses with white collars and they would come up to visit Grandma Irvin and try to sell her their religion making supper late for my Dad and other members of the family (who were Methodists). My Dad took care of the problem. He went down the road and climbed a tree near the creek which had cross vines hanging from it. He waited until nearly dark when Mrs. Foster was on her way home. He let out a panther scream and dropped from the tree using the vines. She missed the foot log and stepped in the creek. I remember him telling the tale many times about her feet going spat, spat, spat, then chug, chug, chug and her black dress whipping around her legs as she hit the other side running for home. Word got around pretty soon and most of the neighbors were out with their dogs, but Dad had made it back to the house and no one was the wiser. They hunted and hunted, but never found the big black panther that she had seen. If she visited after that, she left early and the men folks who had been working in the fields got their supper on time. Later on in a place alone, his dad got a confession out of him and he got a few licks with the belt, but he could see his dad was trying very hard to keep from laughing. No one else in the family knew about it for many years.

Then when I was nine years old, my parents sold our place and went to a community called Caney (Morris, now). It had a larger school, two churches (Baptist and Nazarene). It was probably 10-15 miles from where we had lived, but it was a long way to move by wagon. I remember it taking us most of the day. My sister (four years younger) held a little Bantam chicken (a pet) and I held Patsy, the black cat. The cows were herded behind and of course, the team was hitched to the wagon.

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We passed the school (must have been recess or lunchtime) that we were to attend and many of the kids came down to wave hello to us. It was a very exciting time missing my friends and looking forward to meeting new ones. I didn't know whether to be happy or sad.

I attended school at Caney until the schools were consolidated and finished high school at Cale. I left there in 1934 for Memphis, Tennessee where I received my RN nursing degree.

## **How I Met My Husband**

When I moved from Knoxville, Tennessee to Dallas, I moved in with one of the RN's one year ahead of me who had married a very close friend of mine that I went to high school with (Jack Munn).

He kept telling me he'd like for me to meet a friend of his who worked at the same place making Blue Bonnet salad dressing. They made loads of it and took it to Army stations. One night he got in from delivering a load. Storms were coming into Dallas, so he called for his wife and me to come pick him up. Just as we got to the plant, the storm hit. He grabbed me and pitched me into a box car and ran back to the car to get his wife. By that time lights were out, wind was blowing, and torrents of rain were coming down. The box car door closed and I couldn't see anything. Then I heard a noise—a very nice voice saying “It will be OK. I'm over here. I'm Jimmie”. So we waited out the storm. You couldn't say it was love at first sight, because neither of us could see each other.

I was already signed up for the Army in Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. We were engaged a few months later and set our wedding date for Labor Day weekend in 1942. That would give us an extra day.

So, I set out from Ft. Sill to Dallas by bus and what do you think? The bus broke down in Bowie, Texas. I tried to get the bus driver to let me go make a telephone call to let them know at the church that I would be late, but he said, “No, it will only be a few minutes and I'll have to leave you if you are not here”. The few minutes turned into two hours. Jimmie said he met every bus from any direction and wore his shoes out walking and looking. The pastor, a friend of mine from Arkansas, said he had work to do at the church anyway and our witnesses and friends stood by.

With our stormy beginning and me almost missing my wedding, we made it together over 40 years before he passed away in 1982 and we had two precious children who I still enjoy plus grandchildren.

I have had so many happy times in my life. My love and being loved by Jimmie, the birth of our children and enjoying their first smiles, first words, first steps, first days of school, graduation from high school and college, etc. We had so much to share together.

We lived in Dallas from 1946-1973. After we retired and planned and built our new home in Pueblo, Colorado, we had such a challenge. I felt like we were in the pioneer days that I had read about. We did have water, gas, and electricity, but mail service was miles away. We had no telephone and no neighbors close by. We were grateful for the CB radios in our cars and

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home. Jimmie sold and installed them in other homes and cars including doctors and policemen. This was a great help, but it was a great change from living in the big city of Dallas.

We had a Scout and traveled the old mining trails, got books and learned the history of the ghost towns and loved being in the mountains 35 miles from Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak. We were 28 miles from Royal Gorge. We would pack a lunch and take out to see what we could find—beautiful rocks, flowers, birds, and just enjoying looking at the mountains on some national forest road. Somehow it made me feel the words of the song “How Great Thou Art” and then look down and be reminded of “Peace in the Valley”.

But we were very active in getting Pueblo West to become a city. New neighbors were moving in and building homes and since we were the second home built on the north side of Hwy. 60, we started having coffee at different houses and greeting the newcomers as they moved in. We became involved in getting telephones, mail service, new churches, community center, etc.

Who said this was retirement? Jimmie was much busier than when we had regular hours at the post office, but what fun we had doing these things together and going and coming as we wanted with no time clock to punch.

We, with other members of Pueblo West, interviewed some of the old ranchers who had lived there before the property was bought for a community and city. We taped some of their tales of the Indians, first schools, got old photos and put it all together as the “Decade of Progress” showing and telling how the ten years had changed things.

Jimmie's health began to fail in 1979. He had aortic bypass surgery and continued to have health problems until his death in 1982 from a ruptured aneurysm. Even when he was having these problems, he continued to make the meetings and get the *Pueblo West Bulletin* out until he passed away. He won many citizens' awards during his years there.

I continued on with the *Bulletin*, telephone directory, etc and lived there until 1991. Then I retired here in Austin, Texas. My son, his wife, and grandchildren were here and my daughter lived in Amarillo, Texas.



Mrs. Belisle at Reader, Arkansas in 1988 with the steam train and at a building in Reader constructed for the filming of *The North and the South* television mini-series.



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*Note: Mrs. Belisle sent me other family pictures and information about growing up in rural Nevada County. She seemed to enjoy sharing her memories of that time in her life. After I got this issue ready, I learned that Mrs. Belisle had passed away on March 8, 2012 at the age of 97. We offer our sympathy to her family.*

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## 500 LASHES FOR LYING

We have plenty of crime these days. News reports are filled with stories of murders, robberies, rapes, and other assorted crimes. These type news stories about crimes, fires, etc. seem to always make the headlines.

After spending many hours reading old newspapers, I have concluded that people might act a little more civilized these days than they did over a hundred years ago (with some exceptions). The old newspapers didn't mince words in their description of evil deeds. A headline might read "Farmer Knocks His Wife's Brains Out" or something similar. I am amazed at the number of crimes involving someone hitting someone over the head with an axe, splitting their skull. A gunshot seems much more humane than being hit over the head with an axe.

The newspapers in Nevada County tell of gunfights in the streets in Prescott in the late 1800s. Whiskey was sold freely and the town had several saloons. The railroad brought in people from all parts of the country--some good and some bad. There was a city marshal and a county sheriff to keep order. I'm sure they did their best, but things were pretty wild in Prescott in the late 1800s. Finally in 1908, about 400 of the leading citizens of Prescott met and voted to form a Law and Order Committee to help enforce the laws and things began to improve.

Sometimes people took the law into their own hands. There were several cases reported in surrounding counties of prisoners being taken from law officers by a mob and hanged. These mobs were made up of "up-standing citizens" of the community who felt that a trial was a waste of time and that justice should be carried out quickly. It seems that most of the people hanged by this vigilante justice were black men, especially those accused of assaults on white women.

Hanging seemed to be the choice method of execution in the late 1800s up until about 1910. A legal hanging was more like a spectator sport with large crowds of people gathered to watch the execution. The condemned man was usually given a chance to speak to the crowd. Sometimes prayers were said and hymns were sung. Sometimes the condemned man even thanked the sheriff for the good treatment he received while in jail. The illegal hangings--those done by mobs of citizens--were usually done at night with no crowds. No scaffold was needed. A good tree limb would serve the purpose. The condemned man might be left hanging until the next day to serve as a reminder to others. Little or no effort was made to prosecute the men who took the law into their own hands.

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One unusual incident I read about happened in Camden, Arkansas in 1901. A man named Tom Watson and his wife swore that Will Bussey, a Negro, had assaulted Mrs. Watson. Bussey was sentenced to be hanged for the crime. Before the sentence was carried out, Mrs. Watson admitted that she had sworn falsely against Bussey. She said her husband had compelled her to give the false testimony. After her confession, the governor suspended Bussey's sentence for sixty days.

The citizens of Camden were so incensed about the false testimony that a committee of citizens decided to punish Watson. They gave him 500 lashes, placed him on a train headed south, and told him not to stop in Arkansas.

This news story was passed around to newspapers all over the country. It was quite unusual for someone to be given 500 lashes. I don't know what type of instrument was used, but it's hard to imagine someone being whipped that many times. There was no mention of any punishment of the citizens who carried out this whipping. Evidently, the citizens of Camden did not look kindly on someone who gave false testimony against another person.

After reading this story, I did a little research on whipping as a method of punishment. I learned that public whipping, also called flagellation, is still used in many countries, especially Islamic countries. Indonesia calls it caning, the subject being struck a certain number of times with a rattan cane about four feet long and a half inch thick that has been soaked in water to make it flexible. In that country, men age 18-50 are subject to caning and the maximum number of strokes is 24. A milder version of caning is used in the schools of Singapore as punishment for misbehavior and by parents is the discipline of their children. Indonesia has a list of 30 crimes for which caning may be used as punishment and it is administered under medical supervision. It is said that Singapore has one of the lowest crime rates in the world.

In the days of the Roman Empire, it was called scourging and was sometimes used as a prelude to crucifixion. We read in the Bible of Jesus being scourged before his crucifixion (Matt. 27-26). Paul, the apostle, mentions that five times he received forty stripes save one (2 Cor. 11-24).

I have a book called *Old Time Punishments* originally published in England in 1890. The book has a whole chapter on whipping. The crimes punished by whipping in England in earlier times included vagrancy, blasphemy, obtaining goods under false pretences, stealing, and mothers of illegitimate children along with the suspected fathers. The victim was tied to a whipping post or to a cart and usually whipped until the blood flowed. During the reign of King Henry VIII in 1530, the Whipping Act was passed which stated that vagrants were "to be tied to the end of a cart naked, and beaten with whips till the body shall be bloody by reason of such whipping". This book states that in some cases insane people were whipped along with people who had diseases such as smallpox.

I found several references in old newspapers of 500 lashes being given. It seems that

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this was the maximum number of lashes given, and in some cases, this was done in installments instead of all at once. In all the cases I read about, the whipping was done by a group of citizens and not as punishment directed by a court.

A cat o' nine tails was often used to give these lashes. This was made with nine cords, sometimes knotted, attached to a handle. The cords were about two or three feet long. Each time the victim was struck was the same as receiving nine lashes at one time. The whipping usually resulted in broken skin on the person's back which took a long time to heal and sometimes left scars. Sometimes small pieces of metal were placed in the cords to do more damage. Some slave owners used whipping as punishment for slaves who tried to escape or for some other serious misbehavior.

Whipping was evidently a common thing in the late 1800s and was usually carried out by a mob, vigilantes, or committee of citizens, depending on what name you prefer. It was mentioned frequently in the old newspapers. I'm sure anyone who witnessed this or saw a person after he had received 500 lashes would think twice about doing something that might cause him to receive such punishment.

Parents, especially in the South, often used a limited version of this to keep their children in line. I'm sure some of you can remember being punished with a small peach tree switch when you did something wrong, and usually the parents made the child go to the peach tree and bring them the switch to be used for the punishment. I think most of the kids who endured such punishment turned out all right. I think a little correction now and then is a good thing as long as it is not carried to the extreme.

Corporal punishment is not used much these days in our schools and it has been the subject of much debate. It is still legal in 21 states, including Arkansas. Some of you who read this may have memories of being paddled when you were in school. The paddle was commonly used when I was in school, and I even paddled a few kids myself when I was teaching many years ago. It was not something I enjoyed doing and was used only after all other methods failed. There was a time when children who received a paddling at school were liable to get another paddling from their parents when they got home. I also remember the days when children who misbehaved during church services were taken out by their parents and spanked. I've seen kids in stores being completely disrespectful to their parents and badly in need of some sort of correction, but many parents are afraid to discipline their children in public these days lest some well-meaning person reports them to the police for brutality.

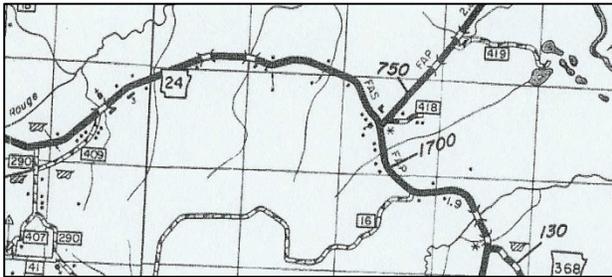
I didn't mean to get off on the subject of discipline of children at home and at school. It could all be connected, though. It's quite possible that children who have serious misbehavior problems as youngsters could very well have serious misbehavior problems as adults if not corrected. There has to be some form of punishment for misbehavior for both children and adults. Sometimes, just the threat of punishment is enough to keep most people in line. The possibility of getting a speeding ticket is enough to make most of us drive somewhere close to the speed limit.

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Back to our story. I'm not sure how the story of Tom Watson and Will Bussey ended. The last account I could find was that Tom Watson was put on a train headed south after being given 500 lashes with instructions not to stop in Arkansas. Maybe he ended up in Louisiana. Nothing was said about Mrs. Watson. Maybe she accompanied him on the trip. Will Bussey's execution had been suspended by the governor for sixty days. A later news report stated that the judge decided the witnesses in the case were completely unreliable, but he went ahead and set August 3, 1901 as the execution date for Will Bussey. It was stated that the case would be appealed to the Supreme Court. Now I'm curious about the outcome. Was Will Bussey hanged or not? That is the question.

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## HOW TERRAPIN NECK GOT ITS NAME



Terrapin Neck is a community in Nevada County at the intersection of Hwy. 24 and Hwy. 53. The community has been called Terrapin Neck for at least 100 years. I can't prove how it got the name, but my theory is that the name came from how the highway on a map resembles the shape of a terrapin. Can you see the similarity from comparing the map above with the shape of the terrapin? I've wanted to get a good picture of a terrapin for a long time, and I found this fellow recently on my driveway when I went out to get the newspaper.

The official name of the community is New Hope, but most all the local folks know it as Terrapin Neck. If anyone knows a better story of how the community was named, please let me know. By the way, Terrapin Neck is not the only community in Nevada County with a colorful name. A few miles further south were the old communities of Goose Ankle and Possum Trot. I've also heard of Smash-Up and Lick Skillet.

<b>RAINFALL RECORD</b>		
January—3.3 in.	February—4.1 in.	March—10.0 in.

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## POKE SALAD



My mother is fond of poke salad (*or poke salet*). In the springtime, she is always on the lookout for the young tender sprouts growing wild near her home. She is the only one in our family who cares for this Southern delicacy. I had always heard that the plant was poisonous and it should be harvested at just the right time and cooked in a certain way to avoid an upset stomach or worse. Most recipes call for bringing it to a boil three times, discarding the water each time. When the plant matures, it produces some dark berries which we called pokeberries. These berries are supposed to be poisonous, but birds eat them without harm. All parts of the pokeweed are poisonous, especially the roots, according to one web site. The plant should never be eaten raw and only the young sprouts used as food since the leaves become poisonous as the plant grows tall. Some say not to pick any leaves from the plant if any part of the stem is pink or red. You need to know what you are doing when harvesting and cooking poke salad greens.

Sometimes when I buy an expensive ink cartridge for my printer, I think about using some pokeberries for ink to save money. I have read that many letters written home by Civil War soldiers were written using poke berry "ink" and that the color turned brown with age.

According to some articles I've read, the plant is being studied for its medicinal qualities and could possibly be beneficial in the treatment of many diseases. Maybe the old folks knew something about this. One web site says the plant has been used in the treatment of bronchitis, swollen glands, rheumatoid arthritis, mumps, tonsillitis, and has the potential to be used as an anti-AIDs drug. New research has revealed that a possible cure for childhood leukemia may be found in the common poke weed. Folklore says Indians used pokeweed as a witchcraft medicine to purge the body by diarrhea and vomiting and would also expel evil spirits. The Indians also used the berries to make a dye used to decorate their horses and some of their possessions.

There was one food company (Allen's) that produced canned poke salad (or poke salet) for sale in the grocery stores, but I don't think it is still available.

Do you remember the song "*Poke Salad Annie*" from 1968? It reached No. 8 on Billboard's Top 100 hits that year. I think I've heard Elvis Presley sing it. I'm sure you can listen to it on YouTube.

Blanchard, Louisiana will celebrate their 38th annual Poke Salad Festival on May 7- May 12 this year. The festival includes a Ms. Blanchard Poke Salad Pageant for "girls of all ages" and also a Pokey Pet Parade where pet owners dress themselves and their pets for the parade. The festival includes many other activities. Sounds like fun!

What about you? Have you ever eaten poke salad?

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**THE U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE COMES TO PRESCOTT**

Most of the people living in Nevada County or anywhere in this part of Arkansas in the 1880s were farmers. I'm sure the weather was always on their minds since their crops needed favorable weather to produce well. Many of them probably believed in planting by the signs and had learned much about weather patterns by observing nature year after year.

These days we might check the weather forecast before planning any outdoor activity or before making a long trip in the winter. We can check weather radar to see the storms approaching. We have plenty of advance warning about hurricanes headed toward our shores. Having advance warning of a tornado approaching has saved countless numbers of lives. The weather forecasts are not always correct, but most of the time, they are pretty close with their predictions. We are fortunate to live in a high-tech world and probably don't appreciate some of these things as much as we should.

Those living in the days before radios and television were at the mercy of the weather. They didn't know if the storm approaching contained a tornado. They didn't know about a cold front headed their way that might bring a killing frost that would kill their crops. They studied Mother Nature closely, learning the signs of what the weather might be like for that season and relied on some of the weather folklore has been handed down from generation to generation.

Weather reports were pretty much unheard of until the telegraph became operational in 1845 and messages could be sent from one town to another to pass along weather information. The telegraph lines generally followed the railroads, so it took a long time for many cities to get railroad and telegraph service.

The U. S. Signal Service was first used by the military, but around 1870, it was assigned the duty of collecting weather reports from different places around the country. Weather observers were trained for the job and assigned to various reporting stations across the country. There were 24 observers at first, but the number soon was increased to over 200. These observers had to be unmarried men between the ages of 21 and 40 and since they were a part of the Army, they had to abide by strict Army regulations. They were required to go to their assigned posts three times per day (7:35 a.m., 4:35 p.m. and 11:35 p.m.) and take weather readings such as temperature, wind direction, barometric pressure, relative humidity, precipitation, etc. and transmit this information by telegraph to Washington, DC. The information was then transmitted to various locations around the country which had been selected to receive the reports. By collecting all this weather information over the years, the experts were able to better predict weather patterns across the nation.

These daily weather reports first came to Prescott in 1891. The U. S. Signal Service announced that Prescott had been chosen to receive these daily reports and it is interesting how this worked. It was based on displaying different flags depending on the type weather to be expected. The weather information was received by the local telegraph operator and I suppose he or someone

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else would put up a flag based on what weather report he received. Prescott had a flag pole for this purpose, probably located close to the telegraph office which I assume was located in a prominent place near the railroad or the depot.

Here are the flags used in Prescott in September, 1891, according to the local newspaper:

A white flag meant clear or fair weather.

A blue flag meant rain or snow.

A white and blue flag meant local rains.

A black triangular flag displayed above or below another flag meant higher or lower temperatures expected.

A white flag with a black square in the center meant a cold wave approaching.

I'm sure people in Prescott checked the flag pole each day to see what type weather was expected. These were large flags, about the size of the U. S. flags flying at public buildings today. It was a crude weather forecasting system, but better than nothing.

Hardly anything works perfectly all the time. I noticed in the newspaper in late 1891 that Prescott was experiencing a problem with this weather reporting system. Someone had taken the hoisting rope down from the flagpole and for several days no flags were flown. The flagpole was taken down and a new rope installed. Then there was some mix-up about the flags and a white flag which meant fair weather was flown for two days while it was raining. I can imagine the talk around town about the false weather reports.

The meteorological duties of the U. S. Signal Service began in 1870 and ended in 1891. The weather reporting duties were turned over to other government agencies after 1891. Prescott got in on the very end of this weather reporting system from the U. S. Signal Service using different flags to forecast the weather. I'm not sure if the flag system was continued on after 1891. It may have been of benefit to the people of Prescott, but those living in the rural areas of the county were still out of the loop as far as weather reports were concerned. They went about their work as usual, keeping one eye to the sky and wondering what type weather might be headed their way.

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## GOING BAREFOOT

The first day of May was when we were allowed to go barefoot when I was a kid. Some families had other dates, such as Easter. I can see why going barefoot was a common thing in the old days. Some families had eight or ten kids and buying that many shoes could be a big expense for a family, especially when the weather was warm and shoes weren't really needed.

Our feet became toughened by going barefoot until it was almost like wearing a pair of shoes. We could feel the cool dirt between our toes in the newly plowed ground. Later on when the days got hot, it was not all that pleasant. We had to run from one shady spot to another because of the burning sand on our bare feet.

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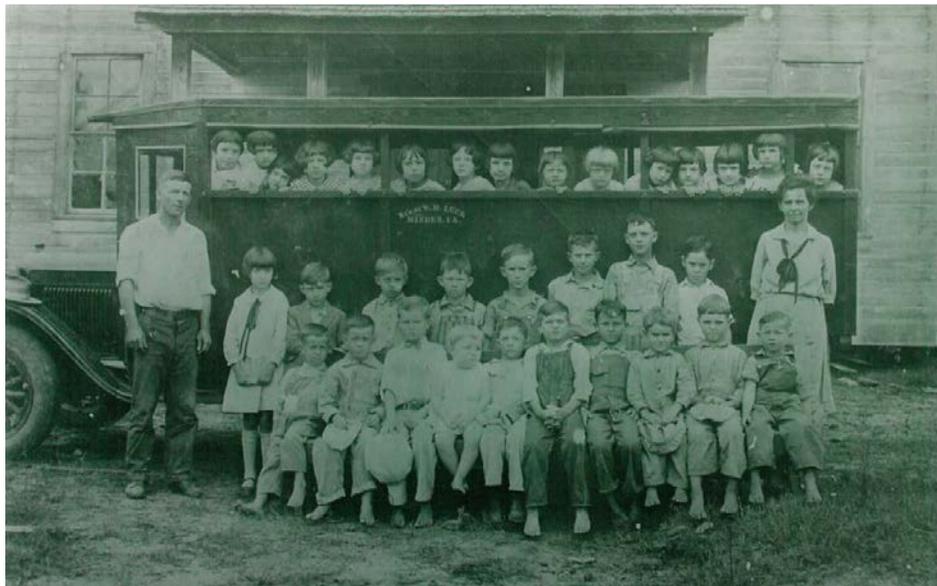
I've seen several pictures of school groups from the early days in which many of the students were pictured with bare feet. Their families probably couldn't afford to buy shoes or else it was just the custom to go barefoot.

Going barefoot pretty much ended at our house sometime in the 1950s when several in our family contracted hookworms. Hookworms are worse in sandy soil which we had plenty of, and especially around farms. They can get into a scratch or cut and spread throughout your body ending up in the intestines causing all manner of problems. The treatment for hookworms back in the 1950s was taking five very large pills followed by a large dose of castor oil with the treatment to be repeated a few days later.

I haven't heard of a case of hookworms in many years, but they say 740 million people in the world are infected with them especially in under-developed countries and in the southern part of the United States. Evidently, they were a problem in 1922 because the news reporter from Goose Ankle wrote, "The main problems here are hookworm, hog cholera, and H. C. L. (high cost of living)."

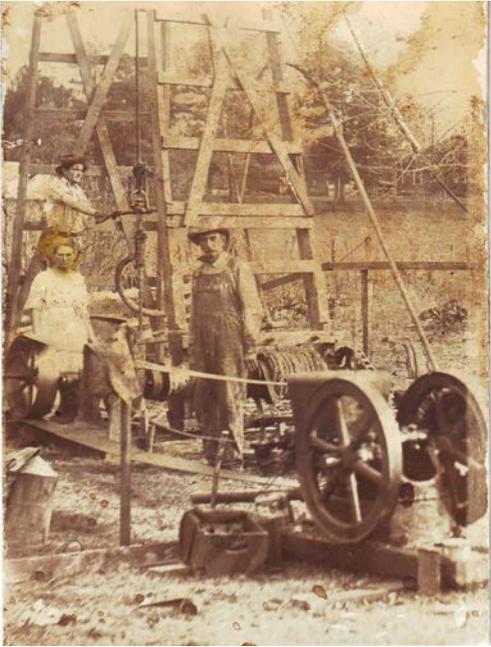
I don't see many kids these days going barefoot. Kids don't play outside as much as we did and are probably more interested in showing off the latest style of tennis shoes. Going barefoot these days is also limited due to the invasion of fire ants in our part of Arkansas plus all the sticker weeds we have. Anyone who has lived in the Sandy Land has memories of having a grass burr (or sand burr) stuck in your bare foot or maybe a stone bruise from going barefoot.

Did you go barefoot when you were a kid? Was there a certain date when you were allowed to go barefoot? Send me your comments for the next issue.



Bluff City school group about 1928-29. Notice all the young kids with bare feet. See bottom of page 10 for identification. This was the first bus used to bring students to Bluff City School. Some in this group were from Terrapin Neck.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



David E. Cornelius

A well digger and farmer in the Laneburg area of Nevada County

Photo from Dr. Annette Lemons

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## PET PICS



This is Nevada, Yellow Lab, 12 years old, companion of Jim and Charlotte Woody.



This is Kit, one of my favorite dogs. He died in 1996 after being hit by a car.

I still need more pet pics. Send me a picture of your pet, whatever it is, with just a sentence about it. Be sure and include the pet's name.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## MY, HOW THINGS HAVE CHANGED!



I'm glad I didn't grow up back in the days when plowing was done with a horse or mule. It's no wonder many of our ancestors died young. They worked themselves to death.

Imagine following a horse and plow all day like the fellow in this picture. Actually, this is a picture of my wife's grandfather, John Gribler, plowing a field on a farm in southeast Missouri. This looks like a pretty good field. I'm not sure if it was his farm or if he was working for someone else. Much of the land in that area is rocky. At least the plowing might have been a little easier here in the sandy land of Nevada County. I was always told that hard work never hurt anybody and maybe that's true. This man lived to be 88 years old. I suppose plowing like this was good exercise. Think of how many miles per day he probably walked following these mules. He was one of the first of his generation born in America and had five children, although one died as a young child.

My grandfather, James Columbus McKelvy, was also a farmer. He had a couple of horses named George and Lou. By the time I came along, my grandfather had reached the age where he was forced to quit farming and I don't have any pictures of him doing farm work. I can remember my father using a horse to skid logs out of the woods and help load them on the truck by rolling them up poles onto the truck. I was just a kid at the time and can't remember much about the horse. It was probably one of my grandfather's horses that he used.

We never had horses on our farm except for the time we kept Carl Greer's horse for a while in our pasture. I always liked horses. There is something peaceful about seeing them grazing in the pasture. Riding horses was one experience I missed out on growing up and now I'm afraid my body couldn't take much horseback riding.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

My father bought 86 acres of land near Bluff City in 1947. It was mostly hills and "hollers" with about 25 acres suitable for cultivation. The rest was timber land or land that was too badly eroded for row crops. The soil was mostly sand or sandy loam--good for growing most anything as long as it had plenty of water and fertilizer. The crops suffered during the long dry spells, but farming is a gamble anyway. Some years are good and some are bad, depending mainly on the weather.

Our first tractor was a Farmall Cub. These little tractors were made for small farms or large gardens and were very popular. They were sold from 1949 to 1964 and they say over 200,000 of these tractors were sold. They had several implements available including a breaking plow, disk, a sickle bar mower, a belly pan mower, and cultivators.

I spent many hours plowing with our little Cub tractor. We had two of them before my father finally decided to get a larger diesel tractor about 1968. The Farmall Cub tractors sold new for about \$1,000 back when we bought ours. They were built for work with no frills--just a basic tractor with simple controls.



I found this old picture of me on our Farmall Cub back in 1955. Most farm kids got their first driving lessons driving tractors on the farm or driving the truck while hauling hay.

After we got our new Ford diesel tractor, we wondered how we ever made it all those years with the little Cub tractor. The Ford was so much more powerful and was even equipped with a front-end loader. That tractor is still running over 40 years later although it could probably use a good tune up.

A tractor is a necessary piece of equipment to a farmer. Just as the farmers of the old days depended on a good horse or mule, modern-day farmers depend on a good tractor to get their work done.

Even though most folks had tractors when I was growing up, we still had some old horse-drawn farm equipment around which we sometimes still used. We just hooked it behind the tractor instead of a horse. We sometimes cultivated our watermelons by using a horse-drawn cultivator hitched to our tractor. My job was to drive the tractor very slowly while my father followed along behind the plow. We also sometimes used a horse-drawn planter pulled with the tractor to plant such things as peas, corn, and peanuts. After we got more implements for the tractor, these horse-drawn farm implements were retired from service.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



We also had cattle on our farm which called for growing hay. I even got in on hauling hay in loose with a pitchfork--a hard job if there ever was one. Again, we used the horse-drawn hay rake pulled behind the tractor to rake the hay into piles which we picked up with our pitchforks and loaded on our trailer and then unloaded by pitchforks at the barn. This is a picture of my mother and father hauling loose hay in 1974 on a small trailer pulled by our Ford tractor. The job was not completed until the loose hay had been unloaded into the

barn.

Sometimes we hired Hambric Cummings to bale our hay. He lived several miles away and usually lined up two or three farmers in the area who wanted their hay baled so he could do it all in one trip. Hauling hay that had been baled was so much easier than hauling it in loose, but it was still hard work.



Finally, my father decided to buy his own hay baler. The whole family pitched in to cut, rake, bale, and haul the hay into the barn. We sometimes hired someone to help, but mostly it was a family affair. Our hay baler was not one of the modern balers that turn out those nice round bales. This was one that made rectangular bales that we hauled to the barn by truck or trailer. This photo shows my younger brother loading these type bales from Mrs. Bernell Johnson's field at Goose Ankle in 1973.

As time passed, my brothers and I had other jobs but we always tried to help our father get the hay in the barn. We worked sometimes into the night after working at our regular jobs all day. It helped if the hay was to be hauled on the weekends, but as the saying goes, you have to make hay while the sun shines. Many times we had to work extra fast trying to get done before one of those afternoon heating showers got the hay wet. We always felt good when the hay was safely stored in the barn knowing that the cows would have something to eat during the winter months.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Hay hauling was a job that gave teenagers a little spending money, and in the old days it was not too hard to find kids willing to work. I think it would be quite a bit harder these days to round up a crew willing to do this type work. Kids were paid by the bale in those days. The more you hauled the more money you made. When I was a kid the going rate for my cousins and me was a penny and a half per bale. If we hauled 1000 bales in a day, we were paid fifteen dollars. That was back in the 1960s when general laborers were paid a dollar an hour or forty dollars per week.

Farming has advanced like everything else over the years. The tractor is a necessary piece of equipment to a farmer and the type of tractor needed depends on what type farming is done and how large the farm is. The tractors changed the way farming was done and the old horse-drawn farm implements are now antiques. Even the old Farmall Cub tractors like the one we first used are now mostly seen in parades driven by people who like to restore old tractors. One in working condition these days might sell for as much as \$3500, over three times what it cost brand new. The horse and mule for plowing have gone the way of the cross-cut saw which was replaced by the chain saw.

I'm all for labor-saving devices and doing things the easiest way possible. I do sometimes wish I could have experienced (for a very short time) plowing with a horse-- just long enough to see how it was done. I am glad though, that I didn't grow up when I would have had to harness up old George and Lou and follow them all day plowing up a large field. I don't think my grandfather would have believed it if someone had told him that one day farmers would ride around in air-conditioned tractors equipped with radios, GPS, and computers to help them plow their fields. We should be thankful we live in these modern times with all the easier ways of doing things. I wonder what things will be like in another fifty to seventy-five years. What's next—robot farmers??

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## **116 YEAR OLD MAN INTERVIEWED** **(from the 10-27-1886 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

A reporter for the *Nevada County Picayune* interviewed Uncle Primus Miliner, a colored man from Ouachita County who was visiting in Prescott.

Reporter-- "Well, Uncle, we want to know your name, age, and history, if you have no objections to give the same for publication."

Uncle Primus-- "All right, I don't object. My name is Dr. Primus Miliner; as to my age, I don't exactly know, but I can tell you what I know of myself."

Reporter-- "Where were you born, and what are your first recollections?"

Uncle Primus-- "I was born at Charleston, SC on Beanfair St. I was first owned by Dr. Sedgewick Louis Simmons. I was 13 years old when Gen. Francis Marion fought the British around Charleston and over S. C., and was with my young master at the fight he made between

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

and on the islands of Cumbee and Acabee. I remember having seen many of the old Revolutionary War heroes, among them General Lafayette and John Adams. One of my young masters was under Gen. Washington and knew him well and I often heard of the General through him.”

(After consulting our Appleton’s Cyclopedia on Marion, and finding he fought in S. C. from 1760 to 1780, we said: )

Reporter-- “This would make you about 116 years old, taking into account the average of Marion’s warfare. Well, tell us of your journeying, masters, marriages, and general experiences.”

Uncle Primus-- “I lived in South Carolina the first forty or fifty years, then moved to Alabama, where I remained quite a long time, and then came to Camden, Arkansas, and have lived in Ouachita County ever since. When I came to Camden, there was only one store there, kept by Israel Hill and Mr. John Hawkins, now of Prescott, was the only carpenter there. About 30 years ago Mr. J. T. Ferguson, also of Prescott, was postmaster at Camden. I was owned by about five different men; don’t know how many times I’ve been married, but a great many. I have enjoyed very good health in the main, but had a spell of rheumatism some years since that hurt me terribly, and crooked up my limbs.”

Reporter-- “What do you do, Uncle Primus, and is life still a pleasure?”

Uncle Primus-- “Oh yes. I do little odd jobs, knock around, and read much of my time. Am here now for the first time, visiting my young mistresses, Mrs. Dr. Hinton, Mrs. John Merrell, and Miss Kate Clifton. I used to belong to their father.”

This ended the interview, and after thanking the old Negro, and promising him a paper, he left. We had him to read some from a paper, which he did without the use of glasses. Uncle Primus is quite intelligent and quite a curiosity. He is assuredly over a hundred years of age, no one knowing his exact age. Mr. J. T. Ferguson, who has known him for near 45 years, says he was a very old man when he first saw him, and is satisfied he is over a hundred, though he may not be 116 years of age.

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Another article about Primus Miliner appeared in a Camden paper (date is unknown). In this article, entitled "Stories of Faithful Slaves", he is called "our late distinguished colored citizen, Dr. Primus Mininer". It stated that he claimed to be 116 years old for at least ten years before his death. He claimed to have been a body servant to Gen. Francis Marion. He was owned by Mr. Nathan Clifton, the first architect and builder who came to settle in Camden. For many years after the war, Primus lived in his own little home in South Camden, only emerging from his dignified seclusion on election days or when a circus or barbecue was on hand. When visitors from the North were in town, we always took them to call upon Uncle Primus as one of our historical landmarks, and it was quite worthwhile to hear him tell of the glories of Camden "before de war".

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Remember back in the December, 2011 issue when I included a picture of a very large sycamore leaf? Denise Link, a local artist and friend, asked me if I would get her some of those large leaves to use in her art class. So I got a ladder and gathered about 30 or 40 of the best leaves I could find and gave them to her. The other day she presented me with this painting she had done using one of the leaves. To give you an idea of the size of the leaf, this painting is in a 16 x 20 inch frame. It just goes to show that many common things in nature can be made into something even more beautiful if you have the talent to do it.

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## OL' COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

This is a true story about my neighbor Darrel's rooster.

I think that "Ol' Cock-A-Doodle-Doo" may be the last remaining rooster in the city limits. I awake every morning around 5:00 am. I have myself a cup of coffee and off to store down the street for a little breakfast and a visit with friends. After my breakfast I drive back home to wake the neighbor's rooster; he's been need of a little help lately. When I pull into the driveway I honk my horn twice. I tell you, "Ol', Cock-A-Doodle-Doo" could wake the dead then. I think maybe sometime in the past he might have fell off of his roost and broken his clock. Or maybe he's a little blind because he crows when the train blows its whistle while passing during the night. Darrel, my neighbor, says he is ready for the pot. So I do my best to help "Ol', Cock-A- Doodle-Doo" out as much as I can. It has been a little over a year now that I have been helping this old friend. -----Submitted by Bobby Newman—Altus, AR.

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Bus driver—Lloyd Cummings; Back row standing: Mary Lee Walker; Glen Greer; ??; Hambric Cummings; Larnell Nichols; Loyce Hildebrand; Edward Beaver; Stell Meador; Teacher—Mrs. Erwin---Seated: Harley Cummings; R. L. Cummings, Jr.; Chester ??; Helen ??(sister to Chester); Hoyt Cummings; Howell Byrd; George Henry; Odell Starnes; Verdell Starnes; Jack Starnes  
In the bus: Mollie McGee; Elloene Moore; Helois Morrow; Christine Barlow; Doris Steed (?); Edrie McGee; Mavis Nichols; Geneva Henry; Myra Sue Byrd; Eva Dell Neal; Joyce Dale Byrd; Emma Lee Byrd; Evelyn Henry; Imogene Morgan

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## COMMENTS FROM READERS

Among my earliest of memories after my family moved back to Arkansas is a very dim remembrance of going out as a group and hunting Poke Salad; mother being very cautious about little small me even touching the plant lest I fall over dead on the spot.

I don't recall the cooking process back then (..in the late '40s and very early '50s..) but there was usually a lotta steam coming from the kitchen stove in general and Poke Salad would be only one item among many being "biled up": mustard and collard greens along with other veggies of every description as well as canning were all fairly regular activities.

Nearly every neighbor on our block had vegetable gardens and chickens even though we were in the middle of Little Rock, so we never lacked for eggs or chicken or even fish since one of the fellows who rented a room a few doors down was out on one of the nearby lakes nearly every weekend.

Talk about a cornucopia....!!!  
Duncan McKelvey (Georgia)

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Yes I have eaten poke salad. Used to scramble eggs with it. Seems I remember Mom par boiling, but she could have boiled 3 times, and yes it had to be young. I now open a can of spinach, dump it in a skillet, cook until liquid is gone, put in a little butter or olive oil, break a couple eggs into it, cook till done, and eat it with toast. It is good-very similar to poke salad and scrambled eggs

Charlie Weaver (Georgia)



**Can you identify this plant? Many of our ancestors used it as an herbal remedy by making a tea from the dried leaves. Send me your guess.**

## RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2012 (at my house)

January----	3.3 inches	February--	4.1 inches	Total-----	21.2 inches
March-----	10.0 inches	April-----	3.8 inches		

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



I found this nice looking bottle the other day. It is clear glass with no markings. I was wondering what product came in a bottle such as this. Send me an email if you think you know.

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I now have my first booklet *Have You Ever Been to Goose Ankle?* and the second booklet called *Diggin' Deeper* in PDF format and available on a CD if anyone is interested. Sorry, printed copies are no longer available. You can have a copy of one book on a CD for \$7.00 or both books for \$10.00. This price includes postage.

*Have You Ever Been to Goose Ankle?* is 120 pages of text and pictures about the area around Bluff City, Gum Grove, Goose Ankle, Dill's Mill, Theo, Foss, and Zama.

*Diggin' Deeper* is 65 pages and is sort of a follow-up to the first booklet with text and pictures (more information about the same area).

I also have three cemetery books available which contain the names of people buried in each cemetery with condensed obituary and other information about many of the people buried there. These are active cemeteries and I add information to the files as burials take place or when I get new information about someone buried there. You will receive the latest updated copy.

THEY PASSED THIS WAY--(Bluff City Cemetery)--142 pages (\$7.00)

SILENT VOICES --(Ebenezer Cemetery) ---130 pages (\$7.00)

CANEY CEMETERY--A RECORD OF BURIALS--- 58 pages (\$7.00)

Two cemeteries on one CD for \$10.00 or all three cemeteries on one CD for \$12.00  
Send check to Jerry McKelvy, 2680 Warren Ave., Camden, AR 71701

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**THE OLDEST MARKED GRAVE IN NEVADA COUNTY**

It's hard to say who was the first person buried in Nevada County because so many of the early settlers did not purchase a grave marker. They sometimes used a rock to mark the graves, probably intending to purchase a grave marker later on. And of course, some large mounds in certain locations may have been burial grounds for the Indians who lived here first.

Since my wife and I surveyed all the known cemeteries in Nevada County a few years ago, I thought it might be interesting to try and figure out which is the oldest marked grave in the county. Surprisingly, there are less than 25 marked graves in the county with death dates prior to 1860 and many of those are children. Most of the area we know as Nevada County was settled in the 1850s. The early settlers were busy getting their homes established, clearing land, etc., but soon established churches and cemeteries. Some of the earliest burials probably took place on the family farms and many of those graves are now lost.

Listed below are the Nevada County cemeteries which have marked graves with death dates before 1860.

**Christopher Cemetery** is a small abandoned cemetery on County Rd. 157 just off Hwy. 278 near the Ouachita County line.

Edward B. Christopher (died 9-9-1856)—age 22

**Corinth Cemetery** is located between Willisville and Bodcaw.

Isaac E. Sandifer (died 4-7-1854)—age 6

**Ebenezer Cemetery** is located about four miles southwest of Bluff City on Hwy. 299.

William M. Hackette (died 11-1-1859)—age 2

**Lebanon Cemetery** is located off Hwy. 76 near Waterloo.

John M. Young (died 9-10-1859)—age 4

**Mt. Olive Cemetery** is located on Hwy. 76 near Waterloo.

Basden Infant (died 10-10-1856)

Catherine Satterwhite (died 4-9-1855)—age 13

**Pleasant Hill Cemetery (South)** is located south of Willisville.

W. H. Lollar (died 7-1-1851)—age 16

Isaac Lollar (died 1-31-1859)—age 51

**Tick Hill Cemetery** is in the extreme southeast part of the county.

Emma Askew (died 3-26-1857)—age 4 months

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**Watts Cemetery** is on County Rd. 8 southeast of Willisville. It has several graves dating back to the 1850s. Some of the graves are surrounded by ornamental iron fences and it has some interesting old grave markers.

Susan Q. A. J. Crank (died 7-7-1851)—wife of J. W. Crank  
Lucy Fitzgerald (died 3-26-1857)—age 64  
Mathew H. Edwards (died 9-29-1856)—age 59  
William H. H. Haynes (died 1-21-1857)—age 15  
Mary Johnson Thompson (died 11-21-1856)  
Mary Alice Walker (died 12-23-1856)—age 3 months  
William O. Walker (died 12-4-1858)—age 5 months  
May Watts (died 8-12-1854)—age 2  
Rachel A. Watts (died 8-17-1854)—age 4  
Estelle Robinson Williams (died Aug., 1857)—age 2  
William A. Dean (died 3-18-1851)—age 39

**White Church Cemetery** is in a remote area on County Rd. 46 on eastern edge of Nevada County.

Elizabeth M. Blake (died 7-24-1859)—wife of Jones Blake  
Jones Blake (died 7-24-1859)—age 48  
Mary Royston (died 1-11-1859)—age 80

All of the cemeteries mentioned above are located in the eastern or southeastern part of the county, so I think we can conclude those areas of Nevada County were probably the first areas to be settled. That area was in Ouachita County until 1871 when Nevada County was formed.

Well, after my attempt to discover the earliest marked grave in the county, there is still some question as to which grave is the oldest. One of the markers is broken and barely readable.



This is the marker for Mary Thompson, relict of James Thompson in Watts Cemetery. As you can see, the year of death is hard to read. The early cemetery records done in 1970 showed the date as Nov. 21, 1856. That is also what we recorded in our survey of 1997. Later surveyors have recorded it as Nov. 21, 1850.

If the 1850 date is correct, this would be the oldest marked grave in Nevada County, but I tend to dispute that since the earlier records had 1856.

This marker is a bit unusual. It is the only marker in the county that has the word “relict” on it. It states that she was the relict of James Thompson. I looked that word up in the dictionary and found it means “widow”. We are never too old to learn something new, so if anyone ever asks you what the word means, you will have an answer for them. You can also see in the lower left corner of the stone that it was made by Mr. Jennings of Camden, Ark.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



This is the grave marker for William A. Dean, also at Watts Cemetery. His death date is clearly marked March 18, 1851. The stone is old but still in good shape.

So, until proven otherwise, I think this is the oldest store-bought grave marker in Nevada County that can still be read. There could be others already too far gone to be read.

We found a total of 23 markers dated before 1860. I know of several others who died before 1860 according to information supplied by families, but those graves do not have markers.

I think it would be worth your time to visit Watts Cemetery if you are in the area. It is about six miles from Willisville on County Rd. 8 which is paved. This small cemetery contains more of the early settlers than any other in the county. Some of the markers have been overturned and many could use some repair work. The cemetery is only mowed once or twice each year. An African-American section

joins the white section separated by a fence and it is still frequently used for burials.



While visiting these cemeteries, I couldn't resist taking a picture of this grave marker. It is at the foot of a new grave in Pleasant Hill Cemetery near Willisville. Evidently, the person buried there was an avid deer hunter and also a Razorback fan since there was a red Razorback flag at the head of the grave.

## WHY DO WE KISS?

I like reading old newspapers because I can learn a lot about the local history of the area. These old papers are full of interesting articles used mostly as "fillers" to fill up space in the paper. The very old papers have very small print as if they were trying to get as much information as possible in each paper. They are very difficult to read unless your eyesight is very good.

The Nevada County newspapers from the late 1800s usually had one page devoted to local news and the rest of the paper was filled with national news, advertisements, and articles on all kinds of subjects which were passed along from other newspapers or magazines from all over the country. Some of these articles are interesting to read and some are pretty boring.

Sometimes a headline catches my eye such as an article in the *Nevada County Picayune* about

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

women wearing trousers written in 1887. Somehow, I don't visualize very many women wearing trousers in those days, but I can see where women back then who wore long dresses and petticoats might think wearing trousers might not be such a bad idea. I have read several stories about women who died as a result of their long dresses catching fire while doing their household chores. By the time the fire was noticed, it was usually too late.

Another article that caught my eye recently was one entitled "Why Do We Kiss?" I had never given it much thought, but after reading the article, I got to thinking that it was an interesting question. When did humans first start kissing each other? Is it a learned behavior or is it something we do by instinct?

The writer of the article quoted an unnamed famous philosopher who said, "Kissing is a very stupid act, and sensible people ought to be ashamed to indulge in it". Then the writer says "we must remember that a philosopher, as a general thing, is bald headed and as sour as a pickled persimmon and a poor authority in such matters".

The writer states that in ancient Rome, if a man kissed his sweetheart before marriage, and died before the wedding, one half of his property would go to his intended bride and if she died, it went to her heirs. Customs do change over time and are different in other parts of the world.

Well, the article didn't really answer the question of why people kiss, so I decided to do a little research on the subject and see what the modern-day "experts" have to say about it. I'm not going to bore you with all the details, but I learned that there are different opinions on why people kiss each other and that there are different types of kisses. The following information comes from one particular web site.

Kissing is a way of expressing love, passion, affection, respect, greeting, and friendship depending on the situation and the culture. The experts say kissing was unknown in ancient Egypt, but was well established in ancient Greece, Assyria, and India. They say it was unknown in Japan before the twentieth century and that about 10% of the world's population today does not practice kissing. Some "experts" think kissing is part of the evolutionary process and might have started because at one time mothers would chew up food and then pass it by mouth to their offspring. They also mention that some animals seem to practice a form of kissing, especially dogs, cats, and bears.

Types of kisses (according to one web site):

1. Adolescent kissing--part of growing up; the next stage after holding hands; involves kissing games at parties such as Spin the Bottle, Post Office, etc. They say 85% of 15 and 16 year-olds have kissed.
2. Romantic or sexual kisses--the kind we see in movies and on television
3. Kiss of affection--used in grave and solemn situations as a comforting gesture, like a mother kissing a child on the forehead after an injury.
4. Ritual kisses--sign of devotion, respect, or greeting. Greeting takes many forms depending on the culture. Some shake hands, some hug, some bow, and some rub noses. Some practice cheek kissing. In some places, people kiss three times on each cheek, some two times, and some once on each cheek. In Oman, men kiss on the nose after a handshake.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

5. Kissing in a religious context--the first kiss mentioned in the Bible is in Gen. 27: 26 where Jacob kissed his father. Kissing is only mentioned about 20 times in the Bible. Jesus was betrayed by a kiss from Judas Iscariot.
6. Kiss of peace-- Paul told the early Christians to "Greet one another with a holy kiss".
7. Kiss of respect--such as kissing the feet of a king or maybe an astronaut kissing the earth after returning safely from a space trip
8. Kiss of friendship--such as a brief kiss between friends when first meeting after a period of absence.

Kissing varies depending on the culture. In some countries, any public display of affection is considered a crime. In 2007, two people were fined and jailed for a month for kissing and hugging in Dublai. In India, any public display of affection is a criminal offence.

Kissing has been known to spread diseases, especially mononucleosis often called "the kissing disease" and even more serious diseases, especially if someone has a mouth sore where one might be exposed to blood. There has been one confirmed case of AIDS being transmitted by kissing, but one of the partners in that case had a gum disease.

There are some health benefits of kissing according to the experts. It reduces stress and has been shown to reduce cholesterol in studies. It can cause an adrenaline rush which helps the cardiovascular system and makes the heart pump faster. It can even burn up two to three calories per minute according to studies.

Another thing I learned is that July 6 is National Kissing Day. I didn't know there was such a thing. The Guinness Book of World Records reports that the longest continuous kiss on record was 32 hours, 7 minutes, and 14 seconds set in 2009 by a couple in Germany.

This is probably more than you ever wanted to know on the subject of kissing. Even after all my research, I don't really have a good answer as to why humans kiss, but I don't expect kissing to cease anytime soon.

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## A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

I live in Cypress, Texas, just west of Houston. One day last fall I noticed an ad in the paper about the availability of arranging to take a ride on a B-17 Flying Fortress, one of the famous bombers of World War II. For a price, anyone could sign up for such a flight from The Lone Star Flight Museum in Galveston.

I showed the ad to my daughter and mentioned that I thought it would be exciting to actually fly in one of these old war planes. It was just a wish-I-could-do it, and then I forgot about it. On Christmas Day 2011, you guessed it, I unwrapped a blue folder with a certificate entitling me to "serve as a crewman aboard the Lone Star Flight Museum's Award Winning Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress."

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Surprised and a bit shocked, I realized my wish was about to come true. I contacted all my friends who had shared the war years with me (I was a freshman in Prescott High School, Prescott, Arkansas, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor) to exult a bit and to see if any of them wanted to go with me. There were no takers, and I expect there was a bit of pity for an 84-year-old woman who was crazy enough to embark on such a trip, however brief (35 minutes). My family knew my aversion to flying and that I had not taken any sort of flight since 9/11. I would always say: "Only in an emergency."

The date was set for April 28, 2012, and my family drove me to Galveston. We toured the Flight Museum which has an outstanding collection of flight memorabilia, books, models, slides, etc. as well as hangars holding real planes of all types. We had toured it before, but never on such an important occasion as this, to my way of thinking.

About 10 of us potential crewmen were gathered in the huge flight hangar for a final briefing about the plane and what was expected. Naturally, we were assured that this ancient craft was completely and lovingly restored and very flight-worthy. Someone asked about parachutes. No, there wouldn't be any of those. The instructor told us that this four-engine plane could fly a long way with only one of its engines. Since we were going out over the ocean, I suppose they could have rescued us quickly if we had had to ditch. We were told that this plane had been flown by 10 twenty-year-olds, so it wasn't all that roomy.

A few facts from the Museum's brochure: This particular plane rolled off Lockheed's Vega assembly line in Burbank, CA on 8 May 1945, the day the European war ended. It was declared surplus by the Army in 1947 and sold to a French company with whom she flew as a high-altitude mapping platform until 1984. The Museum purchased the bomber in June 1987 and began a 4-year in-house restoration culminating in top honors at the EAA Airshow in Oshkosh, WI in 1992 and 1993. The aircraft is in the colors of Thunderbird, a B-17 that flew 112 missions with the 303rd Bomb Group of the 8th Air Force. The B-17 was the first Boeing military aircraft with a flight deck instead of an open cockpit and was armed with bombs and five .30-caliber machine guns mounted in clear "blisters." Boeing built a total of 6,981 B-17s in various models, and another 5,745 were built under a collaborative effort by Douglas and Lockheed (Vega). Only a few B-17s survive today; most were scrapped at the end of the war. Wing Span: 103'9"; Length: 74'4"; Height: 19'2"; Max Speed: 287 mph; Gross Weight 65,500 lbs. Fuel capacity: 3,630 gallons. Normal bomb load 6,000 lbs.

We walked outside the hangar and watched the plane taxi up. We were given earplugs, a bottle of water, and ushered into the entrance (actually an exit on this plane) with a high step-up. We had to crouch down a bit to get into the cabin. Inside it was quite warm, but became drafty and cool when we were in flight. It was also very noisy.

The ceiling of the plane was low and we were cautioned not to stand up in some areas and not to touch any overhead wires or cables. I found a seat in what had been the radio room - four seats with two desks. We were strapped in with some old-type seatbelts made of heavy metal with big iron latches.

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We taxied off slowly, and gradually took to the air. I was only able to see the back of the right wing on my side. Later the gentleman in front of me swapped seats so that I could see out a small window. The City of Galveston quickly appeared below as we made several turns over it. Then it disappeared, and then it was all waves. The Gulf was rather turbulent that day and it made for some interesting white caps.

While in flight, we were allowed to stand up and explore the front part of the cabin. To get to the front bubble, one had to crawl on hands and knees. That was an experience I decided to skip. The others roamed around to see the bomb bay and take pictures. We only went up 1200' and the trip lasted only 35 minutes. On our return, the landing was so smooth I hardly realized we were on the ground. Our pilot, Skip, was an expert!

It was a short flight but long enough to enjoy the motion and also to think about those brave young men who had actually flown missions from over Germany and to the South Pacific on bombing raids. It was a sobering thought to remember those who did not come back. It was a peaceful joy ride for me, but a life-ending trip for some of them, of course.

Growing up during World War II, I had so many memories of that period in our history. We were permitted to knit in math class to make squares for blankets for soldiers. There was rationing of sugar, tires, rubber, and metals. We participated in War Bond drives. We wrote letters to all our friends in service. I was working after school and on Saturday in Guthrie's Drug Store, so I had access to cartons of cigarettes which I purchased and sent to my friends in the service. That was another luxury in short supply. In those days, the movies were always preceded by newsreels of the current battles and stories and commentary about bombings in Britain and then Germany and Italy. Later the war in The Pacific was prevalent in the news. Certainly, it was a bonding time for our little town and all the little towns and cities across the U.S. The War Effort was on everyone's mind and a uniting force for our country.



My ride in that old plane was an exciting adventure for me and, in some small way, connected me to those troubling years. I am grateful that my family understood what it would mean to me and gave me this gift. I would recommend it to any of my *Sandyland Chronicle* friends.--  
Irma Hamby Evans (you can email Irma at [ievans@hal-pc.org](mailto:ievans@hal-pc.org))

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## SANTA, PLEASE BRING ME AN IRISH MAIL

I was looking through a Nevada County newspaper from 1906 when I came to the Letters to Santa section. It's always interesting to read some of the letters from kids written over a hundred years ago and see what kinds of toys, etc they ask Santa to bring them.

I noticed that some of the kids asked Santa to bring them an Irish Mail. I wondered what that might be. When I got home I did a little research and discovered an Irish Mail was a four wheel toy vehicle with a stick-like handlebar. The rider placed his feet on the front axle and used his feet to steer while moving the handlebar back and forth to make the machine go. It was a popular children's toy in the early 1900s.

Here is a picture of what an Irish Mail might have looked like at that time.



Photo from <http://www.mth.msu.edu~drachman/cycle/irishmail.html>



Advertisement from 1908

<http://vintagepedalcars.blogspot.com>

One web site made an attempt to explain how the term Irish Mail came about. Railroads sometimes used a similar vehicle to inspect the rails--sort of like a hand car. The idea for the Irish Mail may have come from these railroad hand cars. Many of the Irish immigrants took jobs working on the railroads. The web site mentioned that early mail men sometimes used these vehicles to deliver the mail. Maybe all this had something to do with why these pedal cars were called Irish Mails.

A more modern wooden version from <http://www.metalwebnews.com/>



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You can find many examples of Irish Mails on the Internet. Many people still use them for exercise. They are excellent for an upper body workout. This might be an option if gas prices continue to rise.

All of the kids mentioned in their letters about their stockings they would hang to be filled with apples, oranges, candy, and nuts. One thing I found a bit unusual was that several kids asked for raisins to be placed in their stockings. Maybe raisins were not as common in 1906 as they are today.

Another thing I noticed was that many of the boys asked for things like drums and bugles. That could be explained by the fact that many of the small communities in Nevada County had formed local bands at that time. Most of the girls seemed to want dolls, story books, and miniature household things like sets of dishes, tables, etc.

Fireworks seemed to be a big thing in 1906. Both boys and girls asked for firecrackers and Roman candles.

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## **TOWNSHIP OFFICERS-ELECT** **From the 9-22-1886 issue of The Nevada County Picayune**

The following is a list of Justices of the Peace and Constables for each township in Nevada County, elected on the 6<sup>th</sup> inst:

Albany--Justices: E. Bullock, J. W. Jones; Constable: Bryant Stokes  
Boughton--Justices: Len Wilson, J. C. Kelly; Constable: W. G. Cornelius  
Caney--Justices: W. P. Thompson, J. W. Duke; Constable: E. T. Haynie  
Emmet--Justices: J. W. Neill, W. A. Snell; Constable: Joe Hood  
Georgia--Justices: J. J. Hirst, H. C. Kennedy; Constable: A. H. Hicks  
Jackson--Justices: W. C. Thompson, Ed Hartsfield; Constable: B. C. Purifoy  
Leake--Justices: B. G. Bryant, A. L. Lindsey; Constable: W. Bolen  
Missouri--Justices: D. J. Montgomery, J. B'Shers, B. F. Amonette; Constable: A. T. Ross  
Parker--Justices: L. G. Parker, J. W. Lightsey; Constable: J. T. C. Butler  
Redland--Justices: H. G. Barham, B. B. Moores; Constable: L. D. Cox  
Taylor--Justices: J. G. Alder, L. M. Cook; Constable: R. W. Johnson  
Union--Justices: E. S. Carter, J. W. Moores; Constable: N. J. T. Carter

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## **PET PICS**



This is Lexi, the Wonder Cat—  
Duncan McKelvey, Georgia

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Enjoyed your June issue of SLC. My father owned and operated Bryson Truck and Tractor Co. in Prescott from about 1944 to 1951 when he passed suddenly at age 43. He sold International trucks and International Harvester (IH) farm equipment, including Farmall Tractors. The recognizable color of IH farm equipment was red, however, the promotional first "Cub" provided to dealers was white. This little white tractor was popular and Daddy enjoyed driving it through Prescott, home for lunch with me sitting in his lap steering and eventually learning to work the clutch and shift gears. Within a few months, I was proudly driving the white Cub myself. This is how I learned to drive. Don't know, but your family's Farmall Cub may have been purchased from my father.

Ed Bryson



*Thanks, Ed. I didn't know about the white demonstrator model. Our first Cub was red and the later one was yellow and white, similar to these photos. I think they started*

*painting them yellow in 1960. I wish I still had one of them. They are the perfect tractor for small gardens. Check out this web site for more information—<http://www.farmallcub.com/>*

In the last issue, I asked if anyone knew what this plant was. Only two people came up with the correct answer. The dried leaves of the mullein plant were used to make a tea that was good for bronchitis, cough, and other respiratory ailments. I understand it can be purchased today in health food stores. When the plant is mature, it has a long stem with yellow flowers.



*I think the plant you showed is a mullen plant. When we were kids and the plants had that long tall stem we would turn them down and the old wives tale was if they made a crook and turned back up and kept growing it meant our boyfriend loved us. If they just died and eventually fell off it meant he didn't. Funny how you remember such silly stuff.—Yvonne Munn—Arkansas*

*Is it a Mullen plant? Looks like some that I have growing at my house. I got the seeds from my aunts at White Oak Lake.—Paulette Weaver—*

*Texarkana*

The dictionary spells the word mullein, but we always called it "mullen".



Sandy says we need more rain!

RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2012 (at my house)	
Jan.-----3.3	Apr. -----3.8
Feb.-----4.1	May -----Not enough to register
Mar.-----10.0	

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## THE MAIL ORDER BRIDE

By Jerry McKelvy

*Note: All characters in this work are fictional. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.*

Preacher Jones always read every page of the weekly newspaper. It was the only way to learn what was going on in other parts of the country. He especially enjoyed the articles about the happenings in the larger cities. Nothing much ever happened here in the little town of Brightview, Arkansas.

He had been born in 1876 in a little town in northern Louisiana. He had been preaching for the last ten years in various small towns in northeast Louisiana and southwest Arkansas. He came to Brightview two years ago. The congregation was very small and most of those who attended were over the age of fifty. One member, Mrs. Johnson, would be celebrating her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday next week.

Preacher Jones was thirty years old and a single man. He never stayed in one place long enough to find a suitable mate. Almost all the young ladies in Brightview over the age of twenty-five were already married and there were none in his congregation anywhere near his age.

As he read the latest newspaper, he noticed on the last page some ads from women who were advertising for husbands. He had heard about some men using this method to get a wife. Mail order brides were a common thing in the old West, but this was the first time he had seen an ad from a woman advertising for a husband.

Preacher Jones gave some consideration to answering one of the ads. One particular ad caught his eye. It was from a lady in Boston who wanted a loving husband. She was willing to relocate if a marriage took place.

The house he rented was large enough for a family and Lord knows, it could use a woman's touch. He was not much of a housekeeper or a cook.

So, without giving it much more thought, Preacher Jones answered the ad. Maybe the lady would write back and they could learn more about each other. He doubted if a lady from Boston would want to come live in Arkansas, but at least it would be nice to correspond with her even if it did not result in marriage.

About two weeks later, he received his first letter from Maria Donovan. Her letter was very cordial and thanked him for responding to her ad. She suggested they continue to write to each other for a time. She said she had never been anywhere south of Pennsylvania, but was interested in learning more about life in the South. She hated the cold winters in Boston.

Thus began a letter exchange that lasted for several months. Maria said she was 24 years old, about five feet four inches tall, and had dark hair and was eager to get married to the right man. She agreed to come to Arkansas to meet Preacher Jones if he would send her the train fare which

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was \$30. If all went well, they could be married soon.

Preacher Jones immediately sent the \$30 to Maria by return mail. He was excited that finally he might have a wife. He set about trying to clean up his house to make it more presentable. He even went to the store and bought a new suit of clothes and anxiously waited for the arrival of his bride-to-be.

Days passed with no answer from Maria. The mail service was slow sometimes. He thought maybe she might just show up at the train station and surprise him. Days turned into weeks and finally it dawned on Preacher Jones that he had been tricked.

He contacted the authorities in Boston and learned that Maria Donovan had been arrested for fraudulent use of the mails. She had corresponded with many men from several states and had received railroad fare from them all.

Thirty dollars was a cheap lesson for this lonely Arkansas preacher. It made him wonder how many other ads in that newspaper were similar tricks to get money out of the men who responded. The more he thought about it, he doubted the marriage would have worked anyway. Why should he have to go all the way to Boston to find a wife? There were many beautiful southern women who would make a suitable wife. He decided to not give up on the idea of marriage, but never again would he answer an ad in the newspaper from a woman wanting a husband.

As far as he was concerned, she was guilty of fraudulent use of both the mails and the males.



Lower White Oak Lake as it looked in June, 2012. The lake has been drained so that repairs can be made. It is scheduled to be back to normal in 2014. The photo on the left shows a solid mass of tree stumps that were under water when the lake was full.

The Upper White Oak Lake is not affected by the draw-down.

White Oak Lake was dedicated June 17, 1961 by Gov. Orval Faubus. White Oak Lake State Park was dedicated by Gov. Faubus on Dec. 7, 1966. The park is still open for business despite the lake draw-down. The park is popular with campers especially since gas prices are so high and many people are vacationing closer to home.

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## HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!

I try to steer clear of controversial subjects in this paper, but a presidential election is one of the most important freedoms we have. People in many parts of the world do have this freedom to choose their leaders. This will be an important election this year which will determine the future course of our country. We have two opposing political parties with very different views. I encourage everyone to become familiar with the platforms of both parties and decide which party platform more closely agrees with your ideas.

I have decided to take a poll at this time in the process to see how readers of *The Sandyland Chronicle* feel. We pretty much know who the major candidates will be even though they will not be formally nominated until their conventions later this summer. A lot could happen between now and November and many people have not made up their minds.

Here are your choices for this poll:

Barak Obama (Democrat)  
Mitt Romney (Republican)  
Undecided at this time

All you need to do is let me know your choice and I will let you know the results in the next issue. There is no way to make this a secret ballot. I guess you could mail me your choice without your name or address on the envelope or you could even mail it from some place other than where you live so I couldn't identify you. All I will do is total up the votes I get and report the results. This will not be a scientific poll since the number responding will be very small and I'm sure most of my readers are over the age of fifty. I know I have readers from several different states. I know many readers will not bother with this, but I would like to have as many participate as possible. We might even do this again just before the election to see if the results have changed by that time.

I will need your vote by July 15, 2012. If you send your vote by email, put VOTE in the subject line. My mailing address is 2680 Warren Ave., Camden, AR 71701 if you prefer to use the regular mail, but be sure and mail it so I will receive it by July 15.

One other thing—All members of your household over the age of 18 who read *The Sandyland Chronicle* are eligible to vote. I trust you to be honest about this and not send in “extra votes” just to influence the results.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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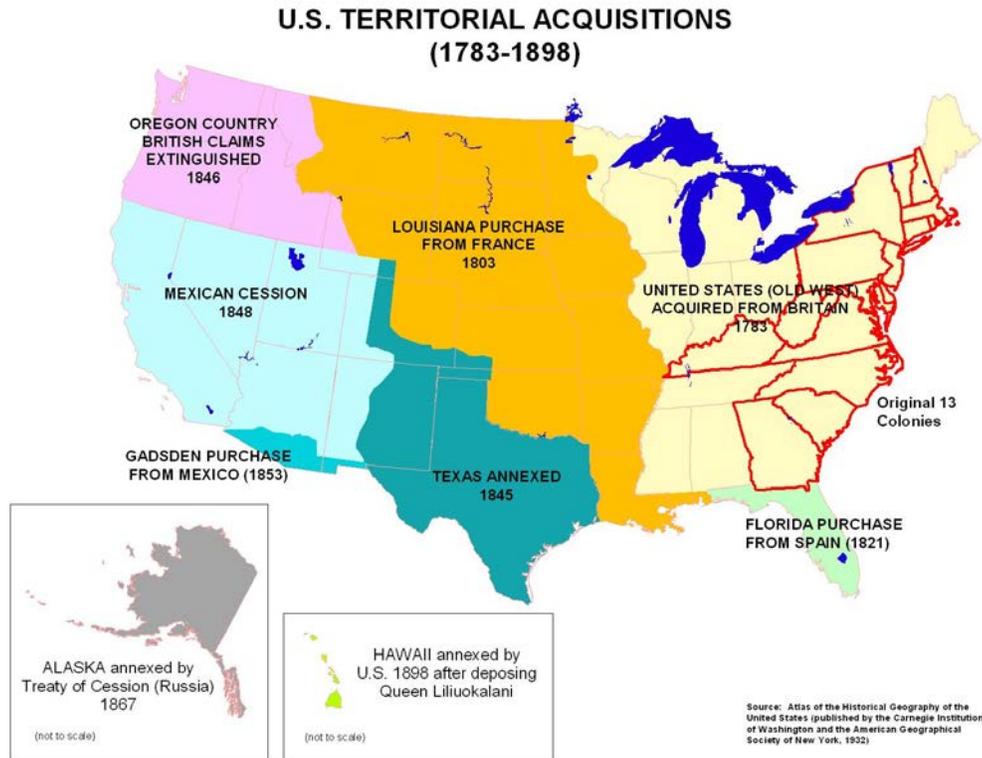
[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

August, 2012

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**HOW OUR COUNTRY DEVELOPED**

I thought in this issue I would discuss how this country was settled or the westward migration of settlers. This is a very condensed version (just a refresher of some of the American history lessons we may have forgotten).



As you know, our country started with 13 colonies along the eastern seaboard stretching from Georgia on the south all the way to the present state of Maine. These were colonies belonging to Great Britain. Our Revolutionary War began in 1775 and the colonies declared their independence from Great Britain on July 4, 1776.

A treaty was signed with Great Britain in 1783 formally recognizing the independence of the colonies. A constitution was drawn up for the new country. Delaware became the first state in 1787, soon followed by the other twelve of the original thirteen colonies. George Washington took the oath of office in 1789 as the first president of the United States to serve under the Constitution. The western boundary of these 13 states at that time extended all the way to the Mississippi River. Later other states were carved out of this large territory. The area west of the Mississippi River was claimed by Spain, France, and Great Britain in 1800.

In 1803, an attempt was made to purchase New Orleans from France to give the U. S. control of

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the mouth of the Mississippi River and access to the Gulf of Mexico. Napoleon, the ruler of France at the time, needed money so he offered to sell the whole Louisiana Territory, a large area stretching all the way to Canada (see map). A deal was reached by which the United States purchased the whole territory for \$15 million dollars or about three cents per acre. This was known as the Louisiana Purchase and included what is now the state of Arkansas. This purchase just about doubled the size of the United States. The explorers, Lewis and Clark, were sent out in 1804 to explore this new territory. This exploration took about two years. They went all the way to the Pacific Ocean and returned, keeping good records of what they found.

The next land deal was the Florida Purchase in 1821 from Spain as a cost of \$5 million dollars. Texas was annexed in 1845 following the war for Texas Independence (Battle of the Alamo, etc.). Texas was admitted to the union as a state in 1845.

Soon after this, Britain gave up her claims to the Oregon Territory (shown in pink on the map). The United States territory now extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A large area in the southwest was still controlled by Mexico (colored light blue on the map).

This area to the southwest included California. Following the Mexican War (1846-1848), this area was ceded to the United States under terms of the treaty. In 1853, the U. S. purchased a small strip of land from Mexico which included parts of the present states of Arizona and New Mexico. This was known as the Gadsden Purchase.

The U. S. purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867 at a cost of \$7 million dollars and the Hawaiian Islands were added in 1898.

This is a very simplified timeline of how this country developed from the original thirteen colonies to the country we know today. This westward expansion involved huge land deals with other countries and even fighting wars. Some thought that it was the “manifest destiny” of the United States to acquire all this land from the Atlantic to the Pacific--in other words, they believed God had ordained that the United States should possess this land.

## Settlers Moving West

As more and more land was added, the government encouraged settlers to move into this new land and develop it. People went west for many reasons--some in search of better farming land, some hoping to get rich after gold was discovered in California in 1848, and others just for the adventure of it. At the same time some people were moving west, others were arriving from Europe. Some of these immigrants also moved west after arriving in this country. **Laws such as the Homestead Act of 1862 allowed settlers to claim up to 160 acres of land at a cheap price if they agreed to live on the land for five years and improve it. Some land was granted to veterans of the War of 1812.**

**Roads were gradually developed in the new land. They were really just wagon trails at first and usually followed the easiest routes.** One of the most famous early roads was the Wilderness Road developed by Daniel Boone in the area of the Appalachian Mountains taking folks into places like Tennessee and Kentucky. Another famous road was the Natchez Trace from

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Nashville, Tennessee southwest to Natchez, Mississippi. Other roads or trails were developed as people began to move west.

The Mississippi River presented quite a problem for these early settlers. Steamboats were in operation on the river as early as 1820 and some of the settlers may have come to the area aboard the steamboats to settlements along the river where they then purchased wagons and supplies for their journey further west. Many traveled west by wagons and had to figure out how to cross the rivers. If a river happened to be very shallow, the wagons might cross by fording. Sometimes they constructed a flat boat called a scow which carried the wagons across. In some places, ferries were in operation to carry the wagons across the rivers. The animals had to swim across the smaller rivers. Whichever method was used, the rivers were major obstacles to these early settlers. The largest river to cross was the Mississippi.

I did a little research about bridges across the Mississippi River. The first bridge was built in 1855 in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The Eads Bridge in St. Louis was the first railroad bridge opened in 1874. Some thought the bridge would not hold up under the weight of a locomotive, so an elephant was led across at first. It was thought that elephants instinctively would not set foot on an unsafe structure. The elephant crossed with no problem and the locomotives soon followed.

The river gets wider the further south you go, so most of the early bridges were in the northern states. The first bridge on the lower Mississippi was the Great Bridge (a railroad bridge) at Memphis which opened in 1892. Many of the highway bridges across the Mississippi were constructed in the 1920s and 1930s. Today there are 221 bridges across the Mississippi. I assume this includes both highway bridges and railroad bridges.

By the time of the Civil War (1861-1865), several states had been added west of the Mississippi and there were many small settlements in that area with a primitive road system connecting these settlements. Arkansas became a state in 1836. Civil War soldiers had crude maps to help them find their way around the countryside. Some of these maps still exist and many of the early roads are identified by name on these maps.

I've often wondered how my ancestors came to Arkansas from Georgia and the Carolinas. I wish I knew the exact route they took and where they crossed the Mississippi River. Many settlers came to Arkansas sometime around 1850. There were only a few towns in south Arkansas at that time. Camden (first called Ecore Fabre) was a trading center for a large area. Another old settlement was at Washington, Arkansas on the trail leading to Texas. The Camden-Washington road which passed through what is now Nevada County was one of the major travel routes.

## Wagon Trains

When I think of wagon trains, I think of the old western TV shows. These were about the wagon trains going west across the uncivilized Great Plains. They usually assembled at places like St. Louis or St. Joseph, Missouri and headed west to California. It was a long, hard trip and much planning was needed. They had to consider the time of the year, the supply of water along the route, and what type weather they might encounter.

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Many of our ancestors who settled in Arkansas also traveled in wagons. The area they traveled across was a little more civilized with better roads than the western wagon trains encountered and the trip was not quite as long. It still took lot of courage for a family to decide to move a long distance across the country to settle a new land. I'm sure many of them questioned their decision when things got rough and maybe wished they had not started the trip.

The wagons used by the early settlers were sometimes called Conestoga wagons. That name comes from an area in Pennsylvania where they were first used. The wagons were usually pulled by a team of four horses, mules, or oxen. They moved about two miles per hour and usually covered ten to fifteen miles per day. Each wagon could carry about 2,000 pounds, so families usually only carried the basic necessities with maybe a few very small sentimental objects. The wagons were covered by canvas supported by wooden hoops. This protected the occupants from the elements and provided a little privacy. Pots and pans were sometimes hung from the wooden hoops making noise when the wagon was moving. Every bit of space in the wagon was utilized with water barrels attached to the sides.

Most large wagon trains had a wagon master who was the "boss" during the trip. His main goal was getting the wagons to their destination safely. Some had scouts who rode ahead to check for any type of problems. The wagon masters and scouts knew where there was fresh water and also knew the best places to cross streams. Most of the people who were able walked alongside the wagons as they moved. A cow or two might be tied to the rear of the wagon. At night, the wagons usually formed a circle for protection in case of an Indian attack. Sometimes the men would go hunting for some type of wild game to use for food. After eating the evening meal, the people would visit, play music and dance, tell stories, or try to get some rest, knowing the next day would be another hard day of traveling.

The wagon masters had to deal with any type of problem that might come up during the trip. There might be some sort of dispute between two members of the wagon train. There might be some sort of sickness to deal with. Babies were born during the trip and some people died and had to be buried along the way. The 2,000 mile trip from Missouri to California would take about five or six months.

There were many dangers--fierce animals, Indians, storms, disease, robbers, coyotes killing the stock, grass fires on the prairie, runaway oxen, a broken wheel or axle, and sometimes lightning would hit a wagon as they crossed the open areas.

The first transcontinental railroad was completed in 1869. This provided another way for settlers to travel to the western part of the country.

## The Indians

Indians, also called Native Americans, were scattered all over the United States. Even some of the early settlers in the East had to deal with them. We've all heard the stories about the Indians teaching the early settlers how to grow crops, etc.

Many of the Indians did not like the white settlers moving into their lands and who could blame

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them? Some tribes were friendlier than others. Some Indians traded with the settlers and even assisted them at times. As more and more white settlers moved west, efforts were made to move the Indians to reservations just to get them "out of the way". In 1830, Congress passed the Indian Removal Act which called for the relocation of Indians in the southeastern part of the United States to areas further west. Oklahoma was designated as Indian Territory, and many of the eastern tribes were moved there on what is known as "The Trail of Tears". It is a sad chapter in our nation's history with many deaths along the way. The government provided Indian agents to oversee the reservations. Some were good and some were bad.

The western Indian tribes such as the Apache and the Sioux depended on the buffalo for their existence. The white men began to kill off the buffalo herd and this resulted in Indian attacks on the wagon trains moving west. Forts were built and the U. S. Cavalry tried to bring the Indians under control and protect the settlers as they moved west. We are all familiar with Gen. Custer and the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876 and the Massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890. One of the last hold-outs was the Apache chief, Geronimo, who finally surrendered in 1886. He was told that after a period of imprisonment in Florida, he would be allowed to return to his homeland in Arizona, but this never happened.

I think one of the main concerns of the early settlers moving west across the Great Plains was being attacked by Indians. A slow-moving wagon train offered little protection against an Indian attack. Each man was concerned about protecting his family. Many lives were lost on both sides during these Indian attacks. After many years, treaties were made with the Indian tribes by which they agreed to give up their lands and agreed to be moved to reservations where they would be fed and clothed by the U. S. government. I am not acquainted with any Native Americans, so I don't know if they still hold any type of grudge against the white men who invaded the country of their ancestors. Oklahoma, known in earlier times as "the Nation", did not become a state until 1912. The Indian Citizenship Act was passed in 1924 which granted citizenship to any Indians living in the United States.

Here are some interesting facts regarding Indians. According to the 2010 census, there are 5.2 million Native Americans and Alaska Natives in the U. S. making up 1.7% of the population. The states with the most Native Americans are California, Oklahoma, and Arizona. There are 324 Indian reservations and 565 different Indian tribes recognized by the federal government.

## What to Take on a Wagon Train

This list was extracted from pages 499-500 of the Wayne Co., Kentucky Marriage and Vital Records, Vol. 2. This is what each person was allowed to take in the early wagon train migrations (c. 1845).

### Per Person:

150 lbs. flour or hard bread	25 lbs. sugar
25 lbs. bacon	1/2 bushel dried peas
10 lbs. rice	1/2 bushel dried fruit
15 lbs. coffee	2 lbs. soleratus (baking soda)
2 lbs. tea	10 lbs. salt

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1/2 bushel corn  
small keg of vinegar  
pepper

## Miscellaneous per family

rifle, ball, powder  
8 to 10 gallon keg for water  
1 axe  
1 hatchet  
1 spade  
2 or 3 augers  
1 hand saw  
1 whip or crosscut saw  
1 plow mold  
at least two ropes  
mallet for driving picket pins  
matches carried in corked bottle

## Clothing per person

Men--2 wool shirts, 2 wool undershirts  
Women--2 wool dresses  
Both--2 pr. drawers, 4 pr. wool socks, 2 pr. cotton socks, 4 colored handkerchiefs, 1 pr. boots and shoes, poncho, brimmed hat

## Sewing supplies placed in buckskin or stout coth bag

Stout lines thread, large needles, thimble, bit of bee's wax, a few buttons, buckskin for patching, paper of pins

## Personal Items

1 comb and brush, 2 toothbrushes, 1 lb. castile soap, 1 belt knife, 1 flint stone per man

## Cooking

baking pan used for baking and roasting coffee, mess pan (wrought iron or tin), 2 churns (one for sweet, one for sour milk), 1 coffee pot, tin cup with handle, 1 tin plate, knives, 1 coffee mill, forks, spoons, 1 camp kettle, fry pan, wooden bucket for water

## Bedding per person

1 canvas, 2 blankets, 1 pillow, 1 tent per family

## Medical Supplies

iron rust, rum and cognac (both for dysentery), calomel, quinine for ague, Epsom salts for fever, castor oil capsules

I could not find what iron rust was used for medically. Possibly it was thought to build up the blood. I have seen ads for early medicines called iron bitters. Rum and cognac were types of liquor and dysentery is an intestinal disorder sometimes called the flux. Calomel

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was a medical powder used as a laxative and ague was a malarial fever with chills. Castor oil was a laxative, but I didn't know it came in capsule form. The early settlers made use of many medicinal herbs and home remedies. They pretty much had to doctor themselves and hope and pray they stayed healthy for the trip. Many died from diseases due to the primitive medical care and lack of doctors.

This is just a brief history of how our country developed and how the early settlers migrated westward. If you are interested in knowing how your ancestors migrated across the country, you must do a lot of research. You may not find all the answers, but you might be able to at least learn where they were living when the census was taken every ten years or from other documents recorded at the various court houses. It's like a giant puzzle. You just have to find the missing pieces to get a better understanding of your family history.

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## SNAKES

I suppose there are some people who like snakes, but I'm not one of them. I don't get hysterical when I see one, but I do respect them, especially the poisonous varieties. Here in Arkansas we have six species of poisonous snakes—cottonmouth moccasins, copperheads, timber rattlesnakes, western diamondback rattlesnake, pygmy rattlesnake (ground rattler), and coral snakes.

In my opinion, the cottonmouth water moccasin is the most aggressive snake. I think they would go out of their way to bite someone. They especially like wet areas, so it pays to be very careful anytime you are near water. Copperheads are usually found around trash piles, wood piles, under old lumber, or in old sheds. At one time we called them rattlesnake pilots. Rattlesnakes are usually found in the wooded areas especially in river bottoms and on the edges of creek bottoms. They can be anywhere, but usually don't bother anyone unless you get too close and then they usually sound a warning before striking. I was on a field trip one time in Mississippi with a group of about 30 people. The whole group walked within three feet of a rattlesnake before someone saw it and it never rattled. The western diamondback rattlesnake is usually found in the extreme west or northwest parts of Arkansas. The ones we see in our part of the state are timber rattlers and ground rattlers.

Coral snakes are pretty rare, usually found in sandy land. They are very colorful with red, yellow, and black bands. There is a non-poisonous snake that resembles the coral snake, but the bands are in a different position. An old saying is: "Red on black in good for Jack, but red on yellow will kill a fellow". The trouble is I sometimes forget how the rhyme goes. I don't think I've ever encountered a coral snake, but I would be suspicious of any I saw that had red, black, and yellow bands.

Rattlesnakes can get very large, so they can be intimidating. I worked in the forestry business for thirty one and a half years and I only came across five or six rattlesnakes in that time. I almost stepped on one of them and it was five and a half feet long and had just swallowed a squirrel. It did sound its rattle and was ready to strike. I was very lucky I didn't get bit, and needless to say, I didn't get much work accomplished the rest of the day. From

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

then on, that tract of land became known as “the rattlesnake tract”. We soon learned which areas were more likely to be inhabited by rattlesnakes and tried to be more careful when working in those areas. My favorite way to encounter a rattlesnake is to see it on the road while I’m driving.

We were given snake leggings to wear while working in the woods. They gave us a little feeling of security, sort of like a policeman wearing a bulletproof vest. You might get bit by a snake, but supposedly the leggings would keep the snake from injecting the venom. In my 31 plus years of forestry work, I don’t remember any employee being bitten by a snake. When I first started to work, we were given snake bite kits to carry with us. It included a sharp scalpel-like instrument with the instructions that we should cut an X over the bite and suck out the poison with the plastic suction cup included in the kit. A year or two later, we were told to throw those snake bite kits away. The experts said cutting on the bite was likely to result in a severe infection that would be worse than the snake bite. They recommended to immediately go to a hospital for treatment and to stay calm. Yea, right! Try to stay calm after being bitten by a poisonous snake when you are maybe a half mile or more from your truck and maybe an hour away from the nearest hospital. The faster your heart beats, the faster the poison spreads throughout your body. I think it would be impossible to keep your heart from beating fast after being bitten, especially if you had to walk a long distance to your truck, and much of the time we were working alone with no way to call for help especially in the early days of my career. Before I retired, we had portable radios and even cell phones to carry with us but sometimes they didn’t work due to weak signals.

I know of several people who have been bitten by copperheads. My brother was once bitten on his toe while walking in one of our sheds barefoot. He thought he had stepped on a piece of glass. There was one small cut on his toe. He showed us where he was standing which was in front of an old cabinet. We moved the cabinet and there was a big copperhead. We rushed him to the hospital in Prescott. They kept him overnight, but he never got sick. Evidently, the snake didn’t inject any venom.

A cousin once got bit by a copperhead and his leg swelled up almost twice as big as his other leg. A good snake bite (if there is such a thing) can cause a lot of pain and swelling and I had rather not experience it.

The most common snakes we usually encounter are so-called “black snakes” which includes the chicken snake and coach whip. These can also get quite large. Chicken snakes like to get in hen’s nests to swallow the eggs. We learned to check a nest carefully before sticking our hands in to gather the eggs. They also sometimes climb up bushes to get to the bird nests.

One experience I remember involved a large chicken snake in our smoke house. It tried to get away by crawling in a hole next to the floor of the shed. Someone grabbed hold of the snake with a tow sack and tried to pull it out of the hole. We learned that it is almost impossible to do that. That episode ended when someone got the 22 rifle and fired a shot into the snake and we were able to pull it out of the hole. Best I remember, it was five or six feet long.

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We have a species of poisonous snake we call a ground rattler, sometimes called a pygmy rattlesnake. These don't get too large and look pretty cute as far as snakes go. They can be found in grassy areas or maybe in flower beds. Occasionally, one gets into a house if it can find an opening large enough. I remember one time one of these got into our office at work and caused quite a commotion especially among the secretaries.

There are other species of non-poisonous snakes like the garter snake, the spreading adder (hog-nose snake), and the king snake. We always tried to protect the king snakes because they sometimes kill poisonous snakes.

Well, of all God's creatures, I would have to say that snakes are one of my least favorites, mainly because of the fact some are poisonous. I think skunks would be a close second on my list of least favorite creatures.

Statistically speaking, there are very few deaths from snake bites. They say more people die from wasp stings than snake bites, but it pays to be careful and respect them. I did read in the paper last week about a person in Missouri who died from a copperhead bite. One web site says only about one in 500 poisonous bites will cause death and deaths in the United States from snake bite rarely exceeds 10 per year.

Have you ever been bitten by a snake? I would love to hear your story.

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## **CONFEDERATE VETERANS OF NEVADA COUNTY IN 1925** **(from the 7-16-1925 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

The Bank of Prescott has agreed to present as a token of its appreciation of the sacrifices, suffering, and service of each of the survivors of the Confederate Soldiers who now reside in Nevada County, one of the Stone Mountain Half Dollar Coins minted by the United States Government under a special act of Congress as a memorial to the valour of the soldiers of the South. As far as we are able to determine, the names of the veterans of this county are as follows:

C. M. Andrews	D. P. Hazzard	H. C. Sampson
P. E. Bryson	W. A. Hatley	B. F. Steele
W. P. Buchanan	J. M. Holland	O. R. Sayles
C. M. Buchanan	H. S. McMillian	W. A. Thomasson
Sam Cantley	J. K. Munn	J. K. Waddle
W. M. Carruthers	A. Norman	J. G. Westmoreland
T. P. Callicott	J. F. Odom	J. W. Ward
M. H. Caudle	J. H. Pinkerton	George Ware
James M. Gage	James K. Prescott	Jas. M. Wells
John W. Gann	L. S. Snead	H. W. White
J. A. Gleghorn	G. A. Sudsbury	W. T. Williamson
G. M. Franks	Hon. W. N. Sutton	J. T. Young

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Sandy says some places still need more rain

## RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2012

Jan. ---- 3.3	Apr. --- 3.8
Feb.---- 4.1	May --- none
Mar.--- 10.0	June--- 2.0

Total first half of 2012 ---- 23.2 inches  
Normal yearly rainfall in AR --- 49.19 inches  
Driest year on record in AR – 1963 (32.45 inches)

## RESULTS OF ELECTION POLL

I was hoping for more participation in my little election poll. I hope this doesn't mean that some of you are thinking about not voting. Maybe you are just waiting until closer to the election to start thinking about it. Maybe we'll have another poll in late October after we know the vice presidential candidates, have heard some of the debates, and been subjected to the endless campaign ads.

I received a total of 53 votes and here are the results.

Barak Obama-- 4 votes  
Mitt Romney-- 49 votes  
Undecided -- none

These votes came from several states (Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, and maybe others). I sense a great feeling of dissatisfaction and frustration among the readers of *The Sandyland Chronicle* about the way the country is heading. Some of you expressed strong feelings about the current president and his policies. Some were not too pleased with Mitt Romney, but felt he was the better choice of the two.

For your information, Arkansas held a Democratic primary in May. There were two candidates on the ballot for president—Barak Obama and John Wolfe, an unknown attorney from Tennessee. In Nevada County, John Wolfe received 64% of the vote and Obama got 36%.

This election is predicted to be another close one. Please stay informed and cast your vote in November.

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From *The Nevada News* – April 22, 1909

A little girl from Hope whose grandfather was a Methodist minister recently attended church and at the close of service, the grandfather was called on to pray. During the prayer, a devout member of the congregation would occasionally offer a fervent “Amen”. The little girl looked worried and finally said in a voice loud enough to be heard over the congregation said, “Mama, why don't that man quit butting in when Grandpa's praying?”

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## “THE WEDDIN’ DRESS” and Maureen Henry

### Some Reflections by Warren U. Ober

I was fascinated to read, in Jerry McKelvy’s note accompanying Demma Rae Oldham’s “The Weddin’ Dress,” that Maureen Henry of Bluff City had copied the story into her school composition book in 1932. It seems that Maureen, for whatever reason, did not finish transcribing the story, which as it stands appears to be without a conclusion. I doubt that the author, Demma Rae Oldham, would have cut off her readers so abruptly. Her story as published, I think, must have concluded with a wedding—with all problems solved for newlyweds, parents, relatives, and everybody else—and a classic happy ending. Jerry speculates that Maureen might have copied down the story because the character “Jim Henry” would have reminded Maureen of her uncle Jim, and I think Jerry is on the right track. I suspect a further reason why it seemed worth copying to her was that the author makes it clear on the next to the last page of Maureen’s transcript that the story takes place in Arkansas, even though I’m not aware of a “Mount Lebanon” or a “Rock Hill” in Arkansas. Unfortunately, Demma Rae Oldham couldn’t resist turning Arkansas speech into something like the Dogpatch dialect of Al Capp’s soon-to-be-popular “funny paper” strip “Li’l Abner.” I’m guessing that the story would not have appeared in a mainstream magazine like *Saturday Evening Post* or *Ladies’ Home Journal* but in a publication like *Grit: America’s Family Newspaper*, a weekly with a separate fiction section, which was a popular read in Bluff City at the time. I know because a few years later I delivered *Grit* every week to my faithful Bluff City subscribers.

“The Weddin’ Dress,” largely because of Maureen herself, has brought back nostalgic memories associated with my boyhood in Bluff City. I came to know Maureen a few years after she copied the story into her notebook, when my parents, A. C. (Andy) Ober and Delilah Upton Ober, my two siblings, Mesilla Jean (Miller) and Kenneth, and I became neighbors of the Henrys: Mr. Anthem, Mrs. (“Miz”) Mollie, and their daughters Blanche and Maureen. Maureen’s name appears in the Bluff City cemetery records, where, as the wife of my cousin “Bill” Nichols, she is listed as “Margarett Maurine H. Nichols.” According to those records she was born July 10, 1913, and died September 8, 1951. Maureen Henry’s life, it always seemed to me, was far too short.

I really did appreciate the fact that Maureen Henry was one of the few “big girls” who always seemed to have time for the “little kids,” and she and Bill Nichols would once in a while, before they were married, take me along when they went in search of blackberries, somewhere (as I vaguely recall) along the road from the Bluff out toward Gum Grove. They always seemed to know where the blackberries hadn’t already been picked over. To this day blackberry jelly, when I’m fortunate enough to find it, is my favorite breakfast treat. I always looked forward to the times when my mother would go for a visit to Mrs. Mollie’s and take along Mesilla, Kenneth, and me. I could count on Mrs. Mollie to say to Maureen or Blanche, “Get Warren Upton a biscuit and butter and some blackberry jelly.”

My father and Mr. Anthem Henry were close friends and hunting companions. They both had fine coon-and-possum dogs and often enjoyed (of all things!) hunting at night, sometimes accompanied by Bill Nichols. Mesilla loved to visit at Mrs. Mollie’s for hours and

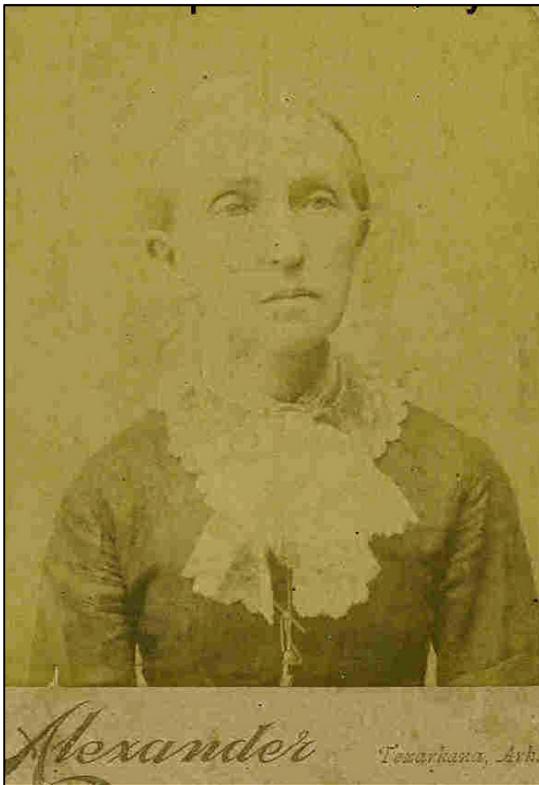
# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

observe her at work as the telephone operator facilitating contact with the outside world for the 25 or so (?) local party-line subscribers in the Bluff City vicinity. I can remember Mesilla coming home afterward to “play like” being a phone operator and repeating over and over again Mrs. Mollie’s directions and comments to the local party-line subscribers and telephone operators and customers elsewhere.

Mesilla reminds me that Mrs. Mollie had the cleanest yard in all of Bluff City--nothing but white sand, with not one weed or sprig of grass. (I’ve heard it said that the custom of keeping the yard clear of grass and weeds resulted from the necessity in pioneer days to be on the lookout for poisonous snakes.) Mesilla further recalls that Blanche and Maureen regularly swept the yard with 4- or 5-foot-long brush brooms consisting of small dried tree limbs tied together with rag strips. I’m sorry to say I have no idea what sort of trees or bushes supplied these yard brooms. Mrs. Mollie’s spotless front yard was graced with two magnificent cape jessamine shrubs with large, fragrant blossoms.

Thanks to Jerry’s sharing it with us, Maureen Henry’s curious partial transcription of this little short story has conjured up for me and Mesilla treasured memories of old Bluff City.

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We had a pretty good tomato crop this year. This one weighed almost two pounds.

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Unidentified lady--photo taken at a studio in Texarkana. Remember to label your pictures. This person may be connected in some way to Nevada County since the picture was found with other family pictures belonging to Mrs. Mollie Henry of Bluff City.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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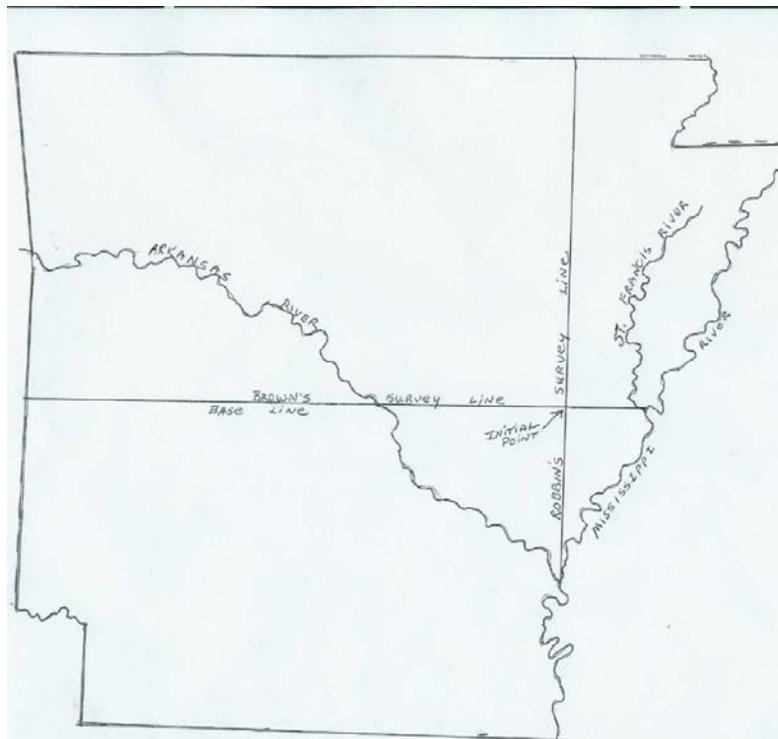
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**SURVEYING THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE**

In the last issue, we saw how this country developed from the original thirteen colonies to the country as we know it today. Arkansas was in the portion known as the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and became a state in 1836.

The government decided after the Louisiana Purchase that a survey of the new land was needed. The government gave land grants to veterans of the War of 1812 and settlers were moving into the area. It was decided to use a rectangular survey system to identify the tracts of land. In order to do a survey like this, there had to be a starting point.

President James Madison ordered the survey shortly after the War of 1812. Two surveyors, Prospect Robbins and Joseph Brown, were chosen to begin this survey. Robbins started his survey at the mouth of the Arkansas River and surveyed north. Brown started at the mouth of the St. Francis River and surveyed due west (see map below).



These surveyors only had a compass and chain (used to measure distance). It was a difficult job because the lines had to be surveyed straight through wilderness areas, swamps, hills, and valleys. They had to carry all their supplies with them on a job which lasted for months at a time. They took field notes as they went and every half mile, they would mark that spot by blazing trees called "witness trees" and maybe setting some kind of marker which they would identify in their field notes.

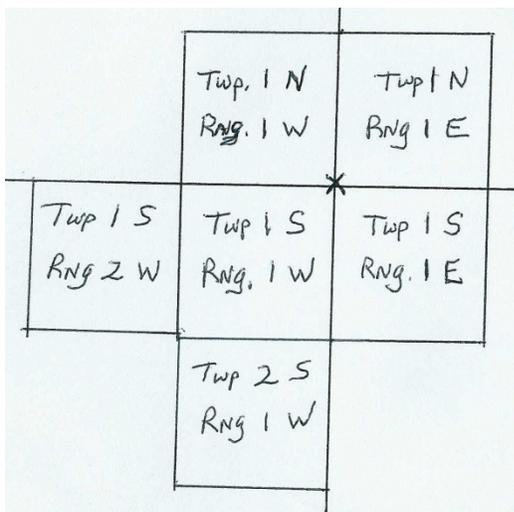
# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The lines of the two surveyors crossed on November 10, 1815 in a swampy area in what is now Phillips County, Arkansas. The intersection of the two lines is known as the **Initial Point and that particular place is now the Louisiana Purchase State Park. A granite monument was installed there in 1926.** Visitors today can reach the monument by an elevated boardwalk about 950 feet long (about three football fields). The marker is surrounded by water and cypress knees. It is the perfect place if you want to experience “The Natural State” as the two original surveyors did in 1815. It was from this initial point that the lands in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, North Dakota, and parts of Minnesota and South Dakota were surveyed. (see map on page 1 for the location of the Initial Point)

The line extending west from the initial point was called the base line. This line extends into the Little Rock area and I'm sure you have seen the signs for Baseline Road as you travel the interstate into Little Rock. That road was so named because it is part of the original base line established by surveyor Joseph Brown in 1815.

**All the property in Arkansas and the other states mentioned is still identified from this original survey done about 1815. After these first two lines were established, other surveyors worked on establishing more lines resulting in the land descriptions we have today for property you might own. I'll attempt to explain this a little further in the next issue. Land descriptions can get quite complicated, so I'll just stick to the basics. I think everyone who owns property should have a little knowledge about this. It will help you if you ever have to deal with the tax assessor's office, if you buy or sell property, or if you are doing genealogical research.**

The next step was to establish townships using these first two lines established by the surveyors. The word township has two different meanings. Counties today are divided into townships and these are given names such as Union Township, Liberty Township, etc. It just means a sub-division of a county and there might be justices of the peace or constables elected for each township. They can be irregular in shape. **The other type of township is what we are discussing here. It is a block of land six miles square used in legal land descriptions on deeds, etc.**



Look back at the map and find the Initial Point where the two survey lines crossed. Now imagine blocks of land six miles square like this close-up. The Initial Point is marked with an “X”. Each square is identified by a township number and a range number. The number assigned depends on whether the township is north or south of the base line and east or west of the range line. So, if you had land in Township 2 South, Range 1 West, you would know where your land was located in Arkansas. At least you would have it narrowed down to block of land six miles square. You would need a more detailed description to actually pin-point your land. We will get into that in the next issue. Just as an example, the

city of Rosston in Nevada County is located in Township 13 South, Range 21 West and that was determined by surveying from the initial point established by the surveyors in 1815. In other

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words, the area around Rosston is 13 townships south and 21 townships west of the Initial Point.

Next Issue: How the townships are divided into sections and how they are numbered.

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## **Daphne's Story** **(Youngest child of Roland Franklin and Rosa Maud Barner)** **Written 2004**

At age seventy-five, I have just learned the name of my paternal great grandfather, John Barner IV (1770-1840), and my grandfather and grandmother, Benjamin Franklin and Musadora Nicholson Barner. And this was only through the efforts of a distant cousin in Dallas, Texas—Robert Joseph (Joe) Barner. You see, it was he who introduced himself to us earlier this year as the son of R. K. (Robert Kay) Barner and the grandson of Bob (Robert Parham) Barner in Dallas County (Arkansas). It was a bit strange to us to hear from a Joe Barner whom we had never heard of, because we had a brother, Joseph Franklin (Joe) Barner, who has been dead since November 17, 1987! But our ears were opened to the story that we heard from this Texas “cuddin.” (We referred to Bob Barner and his brothers and sisters in Dallas County all these many years ago, not as “Cousin Bob,” but it sounded more like “cuddin.”) Somehow I had always thought only my father and his brother came to Arkansas from Virginia as young men. However, now I know that both my grandparents came to Arkansas. My grandfather is buried at Temperance Hill Cemetery in Dallas County, and my grandmother is buried somewhere in the vicinity of Princeton. The story as told to me was that she was visiting there, became ill, and because of high water, her body could not be transported for burial near her husband. This was long before the days of embalming, and certainly transportation was not good—hence, they are buried in different locations. As a result of the work Joe has done, you are receiving a story about the Ouachita County (Arkansas) Roland Franklin Barner family. (The Joe that will be referred to most of the time in this narrative is my brother Joseph Franklin Barner, and not the Joe Barner from Dallas.)

My father, Roland Franklin Barner, was born November 15, 1873, and died January 17, 1931, (a young age now of 58 years) shortly after my second birthday, so I have no remembrance of him—only those things that my eleven brothers and sisters have shared with me from their memory bank. As we grow up, most of us are not too interested in who we are or where we came from—only that we are here! But as we grow older, an interest is sparked, and we wish we had delved more into things that seem more important to us now. This is one reason I wish to put down on paper some thoughts that might be of interest to my children and to your children when they are seventy-five.

As I have indicated, my father came from Virginia with his parents, Benjamin Franklin and Musadora Nicholson Barner. A gravestone in Temperance Hill Cemetery lists “Franklin and Mucie Barner”—her name was shortened at some time. (Now we know where my sister, Mucie Imo, got a part of her name and my brother, Non Nicholson, got a part of his name!) My father’s brothers, Oscar Harrison and Algie Barner, apparently accompanied them. My father had first cousins in Dallas County, who ascended from Ulysses Barner, a brother to Benjamin

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Franklin Barner. At some time, my grandfather's family must have lived in Dallas County, and after their death, the three brothers lived with Robert Harrison Barner and his wife, Nannie, who were the great grandparents of Robert Joseph (Joe) Barner from Dallas. At some time during his early years, my father came through Ouachita County and roomed and boarded with my maternal grandparents, Joseph Jeffers (Joe) and Caroline Cooper Gammill. It is my understanding that at this time my mother, Rosa Maud Gammill, was just a very young girl. Whether my father looked upon her as a future bride, one never will know, but several years later, after he had served in the 1898 Spanish-American War, and possibly made a crop in Texas, he came back to Ouachita County, and Rosa had grown up into a beautiful young lady. She became his bride and the mother of their fourteen children—two of whom died in infancy. My father was a little more than ten years older than my mother. I am the youngest of the twelve who grew to adulthood. I do not know the date of their marriage, but their first child was born on November 23, 1904, when my father was thirty-one and my mother twenty.

I am not sure just where my parents began their life together, but possibly in Millville (about two miles south of Bearden), because there was a large sawmill there, and my father was a logger. Times were probably very hard for the Barner family, but still the family increased. At some time they moved to the place where the younger ones of us were born—a farm of 160 acres about three miles south of Bearden on what is now known as the Salem Cemetery Road. This was a house with two large bedrooms, a kitchen, and an enclosed hallway that served at one time as a living/dining area and later as a bedroom with a bath added. As the family grew, the need for more room grew, and a two-room building which had housed the office of Dr. E. J. Byrd at Millville was moved and added to the back of the existing structure. A back porch was added, and it was later “screened in.”

Several of my older brothers and sisters attended school in Millville, but when that school closed, they attended classes in a two-story building located about three miles from the mill and about two miles from where my family lived the greater part of our lives. Grades one through four were taught on the second floor by Mrs. Orland C. (Mabel) Harris, and grades five through eight were on the ground floor taught by Mr. Orland C. (Ocie) Harris. (Perhaps you have known Cliff Harris who played for the Dallas Cowboys. Ocie and Mabel were his grandparents. Ocie and my mother were first cousins. They lived “in town,” and their son, Buddy—Cliff's dad—would spend time with my family on the farm during the summers, because he said we had a lot of food to eat!! One interesting fact about Buddy—during World War II his plane was shot down in the Pacific, and he spent at least two harrowing days on a raft. Thank-fully, he was rescued.) Yes, Ocie and Mabel Harris taught some my older siblings in that little school building, and in later years taught several of us younger ones in grades 6 through 8 in Bearden. Ocie taught math and Mabel taught English. I give her credit for the background that I have in English grammar. She was very proficient and was able to instill some of this knowledge in at least some of her students. Now back to the school— the school building was also used by the Woodmen of the World for their meetings and was located very near the Salem Cemetery, where my father and mother and six of my brothers and sisters are buried. One sister is buried in Lakeside Cemetery near Locust Bayou in adjoining Calhoun County. After that school closed, we all attended school in Bearden.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

An interesting article entitled "Farmers and Merchants Club of Bearden, Arkansas" was printed in the Spring 2004 issue of *The Quarterly*, a publication of the Ouachita County Historical Society. The article stated that in 1911 this club published a small, hardcover booklet entitled "Bearden, The Eden of Arkansas, Bearden on the Ridge." The object of this club "was to induce good men with their families to locate in the BEARDEN COUNTRY and, by helping to secure the settler, to prevent these rich agricultural lands from falling into the hands of speculators, who have come to appreciate their value." This booklet contained articles telling about crop production on the land there—"For example, wheat produced at 25 bushels per acre, rice at 68 bushels per acre, and shelled corn at 110 bushels per acre!" I do not know when my father and my brothers began farming (Bernice, my oldest sibling, was born in 1904 and would have been 7 in 1911), but I can assure you the Barner farm on the Salem Road never produced like that! I do not know of any wheat or rice that was grown in Ouachita County during my lifetime, but there was a field on the highway south of Millville known as the "rice field." Our main money crop was cotton, but we did grow corn, hay, and soybeans to feed the livestock during the winter. That corn was also good cut from the cob when it first ripened. We eat "sweet corn" today, but when I was young, we ate "field corn." We looked forward to summertime when we would have field corn, whippoorwill or purple hull peas, and tomatoes! We also had string (green) beans, English peas, butter beans, okra, squash, cucumbers, Irish (white) potatoes, sweet potatoes, green (bell) and hot pepper. I might mention there was always a row of beautiful zinnias in our garden, and these provided bouquets for our tables!! My mother and "the girls" spent much time during the summer canning vegetables to be eaten during the cold winter months. We had no fruit trees, but did have a persimmon and a mulberry tree. Blackberries, huckleberries (blue berries?), and plums were gathered from the nearby woods, and we would have fresh berry cobblers, and again my mother and sisters made jams, jellies and preserves to be enjoyed with hot biscuits during the year! When we would come in from picking the berries, we had to "check ourselves over real good" to see that we did not have chiggers (redbugs) or ticks—there were seed ticks, yearling ticks, and bigger ticks with spots on their backs! If you got one seed tick, you got many, many, and they would scatter quickly and begin biting. Of course, we had to watch for snakes, as well. We also raised chickens and had eggs—our mother would save some eggs and "set" an "old hen." Yes, she set her, and then she sat on the eggs! In the summertime we would have fried chicken, but in the winter, the roosters that could be spared, and any "old hens" that were too old to be good layers were killed, and we would enjoy chicken and dressing or chicken and dumplings. During the summer my mother would usually kill and dress two chickens on Saturday afternoon for fried chicken for Sunday dinner. Being the youngest of the family, I did not have to work nearly as hard as my older siblings.

When my father died in January 1931, he left my mother with ten children at home, ages twenty-one down to two. What a responsibility. The oldest still at home (Mucie) married in December of 1931, and Orland married in 1933. This still left eight to be fed, clothed, and cared for in the years not too long after the depression. It is doubtful that my family realized there was a great depression, as we had never been used to very much at the best. We apparently had food, because of what I related about Buddy Harris, and also a friend of Nick's told him in later years that he had liked coming to our house because we had "food on the

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table.” I guess we did not realize just how rich we were! I am told Joe borrowed money to buy seed and fertilizer to make a crop—perhaps the year of our father’s death. I do not know if this had to be repeated or not, but we did have a “living” from the cotton, corn, soy beans, and hay that “we” raised. I use the word “we” cautiously, because I had little to do with keeping our heads above water. Yes, I was the youngest and was pampered. I have no hesitancy in stating this—I know it is true—and to a great extent I am still the pampered one. However, I try to help pull the load now, if by no more than giving moral support. I do remember what a treat it was for us to get a new pair of shoes, because many times the soles would wear through, and we would cut cardboard and put in the bottoms of our shoes to try to keep our feet a little drier and our socks cleaner. We usually got two pairs of shoes during the year—I remember one year having enough Weatherbird Stamps from Bearden Dry Goods that I got a pair of “little red sandals” which I wanted so badly! I also know that our mother would make dresses for us girls, and she made good use of sacks that flour and animal feed came in. Some would be used for dish towels, some for dresses, some for bed sheets, and some for making our underwear. I can remember the Monday washdays when the No. 3 washtubs and the black pot would be filled, and a fire made around the pot to boil the clothes after they had been scrubbed on a rub board. After boiling, the clothes were carefully lifted from the boiling water with the “stirring stick” and transferred to the rinse water. Sometime before 1946 we bought a wringer type washing machine from Sears Roebuck. (I remember hearing that the family paid cash for this machine—it was just not a practice for the family to buy anything on credit.) We did have lines for our clothes, but sometimes there were some hanging across a fence because there was not enough line. The rinse water was often used to scrub the front and back porches, and I have a faint remembrance when a mop made from corn shucks was used for this scrubbing. The rinse water was also used to water the few flower beds in the yard. We had a beautiful “ghost plant” which opened its large white blossoms at twilight and closed before sun-up. Our elephant ear plants were not nearly as pretty and large as Uncle Oscar’s and Aunt Eula’s (up the hill from us)—she must have poured a lot of water on hers. We did not have grass in the yard, and the chickens had full run of the yard. We did have weeds, however. Bitter weeds and iron weeds at that. What a chore to have to pull weeds after every rain in the summer time. The bitter weeds “stunk” so badly, and the iron weeds were so hard to pull! We had screens on our windows for as long as I can remember, but this was not always the case, I am told. Another chore during the summer was trying to keep the flies killed that got into the house. Like a lot of young folk even today, I did not like being disciplined to work, I guess, so I did not enjoy swatting flies. When Bernice was home, she was bad about keeping me busy with that fly swatter. I recall hitting something a lot of the time just to make her think I was killing a fly! School was always a joy and pleasure for me, and how embarrassed I was to have to miss the first two weeks each September to pick cotton. Needless to say, I was glad when the family quit raising cotton!

I have already mentioned some of the good food we had to eat, but my family would kill at least one cow and perhaps two or three hogs during the winter. This was a busy time for my brothers, and it was always good to have fresh meat to eat, but we also had a smokehouse, and the pork sides and hams were smoked and salted away where they kept pretty well for several months. My mother and older sisters would can beef, and it was like the roast beef you might

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buy in a can today—only MUCH better. How good a meal was when Mamma would open a jar of beef, heat it well and make gravy. No roast beef from a can today could ever taste as good as that. We always had a boiled ham at Christmas time, and no ham has ever tasted any better than this!! Our mother was very proficient at making hot rolls, and one niece told me recently she could still smell Grandma Barner's rolls, and wondered why it took her daddy so long to make the trip from their house to Grandma's on Sundays! I do not remember ever eating potato dump-lings, but I am told our mamma would make them—she would boil potatoes and drop rolled dumplings into the broth! One of my sisters said, "Now that was po' folks eating."

I do not remember the exact year, but it was sometime in the early 40's that we were able to have natural gas piped into the farmhouse. The Arkansas-Louisiana gas line came across a small corner of the Barner property, and permission was granted for us to "tap" the line and lay lines to our house. So we enjoyed "cooking on gas," before our house was lighted with electricity. I do not remember the exact year we were added to rural electric power, but Rosemary remembers it was during the World War II while our brothers were in service. She remembers our brother Joe instructing us to go ahead with the wiring, and it cost \$80.00 to have a "drop" in each room and a few outlets!! What a joy to now have better lighting, even though the Aladdin lamp had been such an improvement over the "coal oil lamps." I can well remember when we got our first Aladdin lamp! The mantles were so delicate, and we were always careful when having to handle these. But the light was far superior to what we had used previously.

I also remember our first radio. It was a battery set, and most of the time had so much static that we could not hear very well, but we faithfully gathered around it to listen to "Lum & Abner" from the Jot 'Em Down store in Pine Ridge, Arkansas. We listened to Amos and Andy, One Man's Family, and there was a program featuring an all-girls' orchestra. Before we got a radio, we would sometimes go to a neighbor's house and listen to Lum & Abner. I do not recall when we got our first electrically powered radio, but it must have been a big improvement over the battery set.

Some of the things that kept us and our neighbor friends occupied during those early years were hopscotch, jump rope, Red Rover, AnteOver, jumping board, and pop the whip. Hopscotch was played after drawing a design in the sand, using a piece of glass to toss into one of the squares, and hopping on one foot! Rules have escaped my memory, but we spent hours with this. We jumped the rope—sometimes with one person holding one end of the rope. Hot pepper was when the rope was turned fast and faster, making the player jump faster and faster. Red Rover was played with two sets of players holding hands some distance from each other. One player in one line would call, "Red Rover, Red Rover, let Daphne (or any player in the other line) come over." That person would run and try to break the hold of two players in the opposite line. AnteOver was played with a ball, one or more players in the front and back of the house. One group would call out, "AnteOver, Anteover, let the ball come over," at which time the ball would be thrown over the house and the opposite players were to catch the ball. We jumped the board by having a long piece of lumber approximately 8" – 10" wide. It was

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balanced over a stationary article, one person would be on each end, and alternate jumping up as the other jumped down. This could be dangerous, as sometimes you would fall. But somehow no one was ever sued over an injury! Pop the whip was played by holding hands in a line, running, and attempting to “pop” the last player off the line! Other games were jacks, marbles, pick-up sticks, dominoes, jumping rope, jumping board, Old Maid, a bag swing tied to a rope fastened to a tree, washers, and hop-scotch. We would also make balls by winding string into a tight ball. And where did we get the string—it was carefully saved after unraveling the flour and feed sacks! We also walked on stilts—but to us they were Tom Walkers!! The lumber used for these, the “Wheel ‘n Guide,” and the push toy that Ernest, Nick, Pearl, and our cousin Leslie Earle pushed for miles in our yard was scraps from a nearby sawmill. Strips of lumber about two inches wide and six feet long were used for the Tom Walkers. These had blocks of wood nailed to the pole, just as high from the ground as we thought we could manage. I recall I started out with them just a few inches from the ground. A piece of old inner tube was used to put our feet through on the blocks. The Wheel ‘n Guide was made from a piece of wood about three feet long and two inches wide. A piece of a tobacco can (Prince Albert) was nailed near the bottom of this, forming a “T”. This was used to guide a steel ring about 8 inches in diameter that we got from an old wagon wheel. The object was to see who could guide it the greatest distance without the steel ring falling over! The push toy was made with a piece of stove wood about eighteen inches in length with two wheels cut from a pine tree fastened at each end. The wheels had holes through the center, and were fastened to the axle. The guide stick was six to seven feet in length, and fastened to the center of the “stove wood axle.” A bucket lid was nailed to the top as a “steering” mechanism! Crude these toys were, but we did not realize it! Nick says he can see that toy today and recall the many happy hours spent with it!! There was even a pair of roller skates at one time, but no concrete to skate on! To my knowledge, none of us ever owned a bicycle. One game we played was called ‘washers.’ Six cup-size holes were dug into the ground—three on each end—with several feet separating these. We had metal washers that were used on farm equipment—they were about 2 ½ to 3 inches in diameter with a hole in the center. These would be pitched from one end to the other with the hope of landing them in one of the holes. Each hole was worth so many points, and the one with the most points at the end of the game was the winner. My friend and I would walk into the woods to the gravel pit, and take turns running down one inclined side of it. It’s a wonder we did not keep “skinned up” legs and arms or even a broken bone, but I guess we were pretty skillful at keeping our balance. We were forbidden to play marbles for “keeps”, and Orland got himself into trouble with Daddy because he played with a little black boy who lived between the Millville school and home. He had won, and this game was against the rules set up for the Barner boys and girls. Another game I remember was dropping marbles into a cigar box that had a hole cut in the top just big enough for a marble to go through. Before dropping the marble, the hand had to be no lower than waist high. I guess we counted to see who could get the most marbles in the box! It was a real treat for me to get a “Hit Parade” songbook! If I remember correctly these cost approximately twenty-five cents, but that was a lot of money to be used for such trivial things in those days. This book contained the words to the songs that were popular at that time—the Big Band sounds. I would read them over and over, and to this day, I still remember a lot of the words from songs of that era. Our young folk of today could not under-stand that this would be a treat—after all, they have radios, cassettes, CDs, TVs, and

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all those games that are a part of this technological age. Another treat was when we would get a Big, Little Book. These were about two inches wide, two inches high and the depth depended upon the story. They usually featured comic strip characters of that day—there would be pictures on one side of the page, and the narrative on the other. I have one of these, but not from my childhood days—I paid for it from an antique dealer!! Another thing I remember doing for pastime was poring over Pearl's yearbooks from Magnolia A & M (now Southern State). I could almost tell you what page a certain person's picture was on! Inside on cold days we would play dominoes, pick-up sticks, jacks, Authors and Old Maid.

One of the "things" on our farm was a mill for making sorghum molasses. This is almost a thing of the past, but it lives very vividly in my and my living siblings' memories. We did not grow the sorghum cane, but others who lived in the nearby communities would grow and "haul" the cane to the mill by horses or mules and wagons. An appointment would be made for the cooking day, and usually the cane was hauled into the "yard" the day before. The mill consisted of two huge steel rollers through which the cane was placed. The rollers were turned by mules that were hitched to a long timber, which was fastened to the mill at its center, and two mules would walk around in a circle of approximately 25 feet pulling the timber and, in turn, turning the rollers. The juice from the cane would be extracted, and the flattened cane would be piled into a place several feet from where the mules made their circle. We called this the "pummy pile" (rhyming with rummy), and we younger ones spent time playing on the pummy pile. I wonder what children of today would think of such play!!! The juice was carried to a pan, approximately 12 feet long and 5 feet wide, divided into sections. A hot fire was built under the pan, and the juice would be poured into one end, and as it began to cook, it would be slowly moved through the sections until it was ready to be put into containers and sealed. Metal buckets were used, and the buckets were sealed tightly so that the syrup would keep for a long period of time. It was usually a full day's work to grind the cane and cook the syrup for one "customer." Joe was the molasses cooker in those days. We always had plenty of molasses syrup to eat, because we were "paid" in molasses for the use of the mill.

One of the memories I have of living on the farm is that we always had cows, and most of the time at least one of these would 'have a calf', and we would have milk. I never liked milk until I moved to Little Rock in late 1946 and drank my first homogenized milk. When I moved to Little Rock I 'roomed and boarded' with a nice family who had three children. I was more or less a 'nanny' to them, I guess. Anyway, I thought I should set the right example before them and drink milk, and to my surprise it tasted so different from the raw milk on the farm, I decided I might like it!) But back to the cows—I learned to milk the cows, but was not very proficient, and being the youngest, they really did not push me! (I am the first to admit I had many advantages my older siblings did not enjoy—spoiled I guess you could call me!) Most of the time the cows would be milked both morning and night. During the night, the cows would make their beds in front of our farmhouse and near the pasture. You might know what this meant each morning—yes, fresh piles of cow manure and a very unsightly sight! For some reason we referred to that portion of our 'road' as the 'lane,' so each morning some of us would have to get out the shovels and go clean up the lane!! Bet you have never heard of a tumblebug! I have not in years, but these were rather small insects—probably about an inch in

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length. They would work the cow piles and make little round balls. I do not remember, if I ever knew, what they did with these, but to this day I can see them rolling them along to wherever they took them! (My *Webster's New World Dictionary* gives this definition of a tumblebug: "Any of several dung beetles that roll and bury in soil balls of dung, upon which the females deposit their eggs and in which the larvae develop." So now I know!)

The first car I can remember was a Model A, but I do not know the year. I remember hearing Mucie tell of driving my dad around in a Model T, so the "A" came later! It was a great day when a better car was driven over from Hot Springs—a Chevrolet, but again I do not know the year. During World War II when all my brothers were either living away from home or were in the armed services, we had a Model A coupe with the trunk removed and a little wooden bed built on the back. This was what Rosemary drove to get us to church and back and for the groceries we had to buy from "town." When Joe came back from the army, he bought a new Plymouth.

Did you ever have a Parker fountain pen? Well, Pearl found one on the way home from Millville school many, many years ago. Those pens had a "bladder" that was filled from a bottle of ink, but the one in her pen developed a leak. She returned it to the company for repair, but was told parts were not available for it. They stated if she would return it they would send her a new Parker! She decided she wanted to keep the old one, and she still has it to this day! We thought it was a great day when ballpoint pens came out to replace those that needed to be filled from a bottle of ink.

I am the youngest member of a large family--we had a lot of activity, and yet nothing that has left a real impact to be written in the books of history. Hopefully, each of us has left some legacy that will influence others for good. I have not mentioned religion, but this has had an important part in the lives of each of us. For the most part, all of us have been faithful members of the church of Christ—my mother was a faithful Christian and set the example for us as long as she lived. We thank God for the influence of godly mothers.

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Cathy Straley writes--

In response to Warren Ober's mention in your Sandyland Chronicle about sweeping yards with a brush broom, I looked up what my mother wrote once about how they used to keep their yard swept...

*"We always had shade trees in our yard, and the grass didn't grow much under the trees. To keep the yard around the house clean and neat (which my mother insisted), we swept it with a brush broom made from branches of dogwood. Since dogwood trees do not replace limbs cut away, the dogwood is a protected species today; consequently, there are no more dogwood brush brooms [that you can buy]. But they made great sweepers back in the early days. The small branches were just flexible enough and stiff enough to make a good broom. I guess if you were to go out to the woods on our own property and gather some small dogwood branches, you could still make your own wonderful yard broom today."* – Written about 1992 by Mary Hildebrand Cox.

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Mavin Hildebrand Home - 1976

## THE OLD HOME PLACE

by Jerry McKelvy

The old house is quiet now  
And the yard is covered with weeds.  
The large shade trees still stand tall  
Providing shade and a cooling breeze.

A lone flower still blooms  
Out near the old storage shed.  
One lone flower left from what was once  
Mother's favorite flower bed.

The old barn fell some time ago  
It served us well for many years.  
The memories come flooding back  
And my eyes begin to fill with tears.

We once had a rope swing  
Hanging from a limb on the old oak tree  
We spent many hours there  
Swinging high and free.

The old garden spot out back  
Is now covered with bushes and weeds  
A few old fruit trees remain  
Which once supplied our needs.

My mind wanders back  
To those happy days of long ago  
How I wish we could return  
To those days when life was slow.

Time marches on, we know  
And things never stay the same  
But our memories we can cherish  
As we remember from whence we came.

And many years from now  
When all the buildings are gone,  
Someone might discover this spot  
And realize it was once somebody's home.

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This article appeared in the 9-15-1886 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*. This is printed solely for educational purposes. I'm sure some of these treatments would not be recommended by modern physicians.

## WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF ACCIDENT

Professor Wildor of Cornell University, gives these short rules for action in case of accident:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing. Dash water into them. Remove cinders etc. with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water. Never put a hard instrument in the ear.

If an artery is cut compress above the wound; in a vein in cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough.

For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish.

Smother a fire with carpets, etc. Water will often spread burning oil and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, walk erect.

Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm water and mustard. For acid poisons, give acids. White of an egg is good in most cases. In case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water, float on the back with the nose and mouth projecting.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.



Sandy says it's been a long hot summer. Rainfall record for 2012 (at my house) — Jan. (3.3 in.); Feb. (4.1 in.); Mar. (10.0 in.); Apr. (3.8 in.); May (none); June (2.0 in.); July (6.9 in.)  
Total—30.1 inches

The Sandy Land of Nevada Co. has not received this much. Much of Arkansas is in extreme drought.

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 11 – No. 10

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

October, 2012

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I'm not sure which school this is, but I thought it was an interesting picture. Notice that the boys and girls are segregated in this photo. Also notice the two boys on the left side with their tongues hanging out. I'm sure they had it all made up to do this when the picture was taken. I remember an episode of "Leave It to Beaver" in which Beaver and some other boys had planned to make a funny face when a class picture was taken, but it turned out that Beaver was the only one who actually did it and it ruined the group picture. I would imagine the teacher in this photo had a few words with these two boys later on and I suspect the student with the big grin behind them was probably in on this prank.

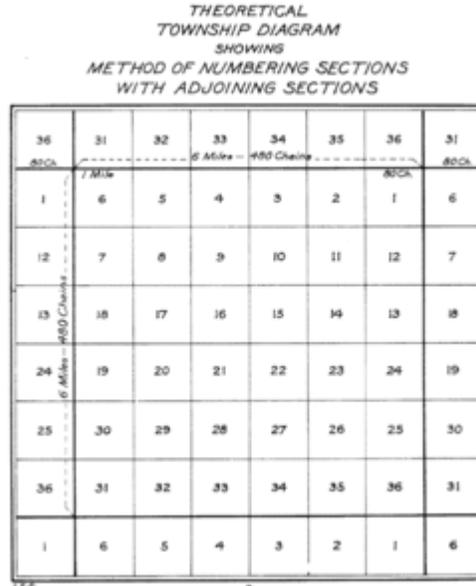
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**SURVEYING-PART TWO**

In the last issue, we discussed how the townships were formed and numbered beginning at the Initial Point established by surveyors in 1815. Remember, a township was a block of land six miles square.

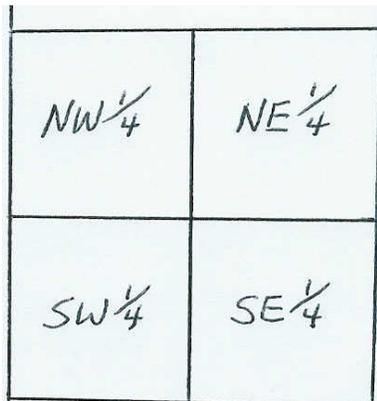
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Now we need to see how those blocks of land called townships were subdivided into smaller parcels. We will now learn a new term (sections). Each township was divided into 36 sections. Each of these sections was one mile square and contained 640 acres. These sections were then numbered as shown below. I don't know why they started in the upper right corner and numbered backwards, but that's the way it was done. You need to know this numbering scheme since many county maps only show section numbers in each corner of the township. If you know the numbering scheme, you can fill in the section numbers for the whole township.



Now imagine you own some land and your deed says it is located in Section 10, Township 12 South, Range 20 West. This puts the land in Nevada County, Arkansas. By looking at a good county map, you will be able to find your land on the map. The only problem is that you still are talking about Section 10 which is one mile square and contains 640 acres. Suppose you only own 80 acres in that section. You still can't exactly pin-point your land unless you have a more detailed description.

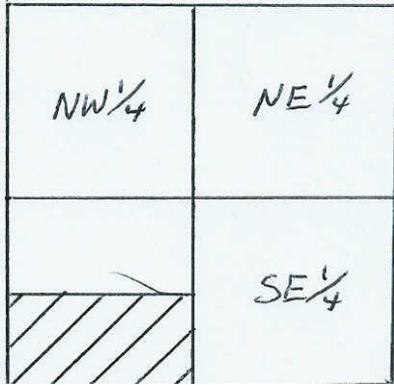
This is where many people get confused. It helps if you know your directions--north, south, east, and west. Most people know that north is normally at the top of a map and south is at the bottom. West would be on the left side and east on the right side. Just remember it spells the word "WE". That's the way it is on most maps. If the directions are different, it should be noted on the map.



Now, let's look at a close-up map of section 10 where your land is located. Remember, that in most cases, a section of land contains 640 acres. There are a few exceptions to this rule also. As you can see from the section map to the left, I have divided the section into quarters. All these interior lines would have to be surveyed to make sure they are in the correct place. We can then assign a legal description to each of the four quarters of the section (SW<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>, NW<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>, NE<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>, and SE<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>). Here is your first problem. How many acres would be in each of these quarters? *The answer is 160 acres (640 divided by 4).*

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Now, remember that you own 80 acres in this section. You look at your deed and it has this for the legal description--South half of the Southwest Quarter of Section 10, Township 12 South, Range 20 West, containing 80 acres, more or less. Using that information, go to the section map and figure out the location of your land. It will be the area cross-hatched on the map. As you



can see, it is the south half of the southwest quarter of the section. Here is problem number two. What is the distance of the north side of your property and what is the distance of the west side of your property? *The answer is: Your north boundary is a half mile long and your west boundary is a quarter mile long. Remember, a section is one mile square.*

Now, let's say you had an opportunity to buy 40 acres in the extreme northwest corner of Section 10. You need to go look at the property. Of course, the seller or real estate agent would usually take you to the property, but for our lesson, we will assume that you are going to try to find it on your own.

First, you will need a good map that shows Section 10. There are some maps available that show the sections. You need one like that so you can pick out Section 10. You will have to use the numbering scheme I discussed earlier to find Section 10. You know the land for sale is 40 acres in the extreme northwest corner of the section. That will get you in the neighborhood of the land for sale. If the land is located on a road, you might be able to find it easily, but an aerial photo would really help you find it. Aerial photos are now available on the Internet and are used by foresters and others to help them be sure they are on the right property. They also check marked property corners to help them locate a particular piece of property.

Well, let's assume you made it to the land that was for sale in Section 10 and think it is suitable for your use. You would like to walk over it because who would buy land without first checking it out? Let's say there is a highway on the west side of the 40 acres which means the property has good access. That would increase the value of the land. Now your problem is how far do you walk off the road until you get off the land that is for sale? Usually, the boundaries would be fenced or painted, but let's assume there are no fences and no painted lines around the property. First you have to determine if the 40 acres is in the form of a square or is it a rectangle or some other shape. You get that from the land description. You look at the paper you have and it describes the property as the Northwest Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of Section 10, Township 12 South, Range 20 West. From this description, you know that it is in the form of a square. Problem number three--how far off the highway would you walk going east until you get off the property for sale? *The answer is a quarter of a mile. A square forty acres would be one-fourth mile on each side.*

**Now, your next problem. You are not too familiar with walking in the woods, so how do you know how far you have walked? There are several ways. You would need a compass to keep you going in a straight line and to keep you from getting lost. I learned long ago to always carry a good compass and never argue with it. You can easily get turned around in the woods especially on cloudy days.** Someone once asked Daniel Boone if he had ever been lost in the woods. He replied, "I can't say that I've ever been lost, but I was bewildered once for three

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days".

You would also need some way to keep up with how far you have walked. Foresters use something called "pacing" to measure how far they walk. A taller person would probably need fewer paces than a short person to cover a certain distance simply because their legs are longer. An experienced pacer knows how many paces they would need to walk to reach the quarter mile point. They have to allow for heavy brush or other obstacles as they count. With experience a person can get pretty close by using pacing to keep up with how far they have walked. Most just count the paces silently as they walk along. Problem number four--how many feet is in a quarter mile? Hint: There are 5,280 feet in a mile. *The answer is 1,320 feet.*

Another way to measure the distance would be using some type of measuring device. Surveyors and foresters measure distances in "chains". A "chain" is a distance of 66 feet. They make a metal tape 100 feet long that can be dragged through the woods. You would need two people to use this. Surveyors use this method to measure distances in the woods. Another method is something called a "hip-chain". This fits on your belt and contains a spool of thread. The thread passes through a counter which will show how many feet you have walked. You just tie the thread to a bush, set the counter to zero, and take off walking. When you reach 1320 feet, you know you have walked a quarter mile, give or take a few feet. They also make a wheel that can be rolled to measure distances, but those are not practical for use in the woods. You could also look for timber changes when you get close to the boundary line. You might have hardwood timber on one side and a pine plantation or a field on the other.

This is probably enough for this issue. Next issue we will have a few more survey problems and discuss boundary lines, property corners, witness trees, and posting land.

Let me know if you think this is helpful information or if you are now hopelessly lost.

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## **COST OF THE WHITE HOUSE** **(from the 8-25-1886 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

Most people believe that the \$50,000 a year which the presidents gets as his salary is the sum total. This is a mistake. The estimate of the amount which Congress is to apportion this year lies before us open at the page relating to the president. We see that \$36,061 is asked for him, in addition to his salary of \$50,000, to pay the salaries of his subordinates and clerks. His private secretary is paid \$3,250; his assistant private secretary \$2,250; his stenographer \$1,800; five messengers each \$1,200; a steward \$1,800; two door keepers who each get \$1,200; four other clerks at good salaries; one telegraph operator; two ushers getting \$1,200 and \$1,400; a night usher getting \$1,200; a watchman who gets \$900; a man to take care of fires who receives \$864 a year. In addition to this, there is set down \$8,000 for incidental expenses such as stationery, carpets, and the care of the president's stables. And further on, under another heading, there is a demand for nearly \$40,000 more. Of this, \$12,000 is for repairs and furnishing the White House, \$2,500 for fuel, \$3,000 for the green house, and \$15,000

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for gas, matches, and the stables. The White House, all told, costs the country, in connection with the president, considerably over \$125,000 a year.

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## OLD WIVES' TALES

We have all heard about old wives' tales on just about every subject imaginable. I wonder why the old wives got stuck with this and not the old husbands. Is it because old women tend to gossip more than old men? Maybe it could be that the old women are wiser than the old men and therefore able to come up with all those bits of advice or superstitions about certain things.

In the old days many of the older women got together in homes and spent hours making quilts. This was a good time for them to catch up on all the latest gossip. Maybe that's where some of these old wives' tales originated. But we all know that the old men tended to congregate at the local general store and "shoot the breeze" on just about any subject. Surely the old men came up with a few good bits of advice that needed to be passed on down to those that came after them, but we never hear of "old husband's tales" unless they involved hunting or fishing. Some say that the old husbands were the ones responsible for spreading the old wives' tales.

Many of the old wives' tales have proven to be myths. I think some were designed to discourage improper behavior by children such as telling them if they swallowed their gum, it would stick to their ribs and take seven years to digest or if they swallowed a watermelon seed, a melon vine would grow out of their ears. I have to admit that when I see a black cat cross the road in front of me, I am reminded of the superstition that this means bad luck. I also try to avoid walking under ladders and try to be extra careful on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>.

I was told recently about an old cure for thrush in a baby's mouth. To be cured you had to find someone who had never seen their father and this person would blow into the mouth of the baby and this supposedly would cure the thrush. Mrs. Ibra Plyler was the person in our part of Nevada County that met the qualifications to perform this procedure. Everyone in the community who had a baby with the thrush would make a visit to Mrs. Plyler to have her blow into the baby's mouth and sometimes these visits were in the middle of the night.

I did a search for "old wives tales" and found one web site that listed the top ten old wives' tales that are true. Included in this list is the old saying "an apple a day keeps the doctor away". I'm sure we would all be better off if we ate more fruits and vegetables. I did a quick calculation on this. If an apple cost fifty cents and you ate one every day, you would spend \$182.50 per year on apples. That's a lot of money, but might still be cheaper than a visit to the doctor's office.

Another one on the list is "don't drink the water from the hot water tap". It has something to do with hot water dissolving contaminants from the water pipes. Wouldn't boiling a pot of cold water on the stove do the same thing?

One I had never heard about was "Drano drain cleaner can help determine the sex of an unborn baby". It seems that up until the company changed their formula, a woman could do an

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experiment using Drano and a urine sample to determine whether she would have a boy or girl baby. Since the company changed their product, the experiment no longer works.

Also on the list of true old wives' tales was "eat the crust on bread because it is good for you". The experts say the crust has eight times more antioxidants than the other part of the bread, so it should be better for you. Some people may not know this because at one of our church pot luck dinners, I noticed a platter of little sandwiches with all the crust removed. I guess it depends on which old wives' tale you listen to because another one says the crust on bread will make your hair curly.

Another supposedly true old wives' tale is that a bar of soap placed in your bed near your legs will prevent leg cramps at night. I guess it wouldn't hurt to try this, but for some reason it just doesn't seem reasonable to me.

If you want to see the rest of the list of true old wives' tales, go to this web site—

<http://www.marksdailyapple.com/old-wives-tales/>

The following web site has a long list of old wives' tales, folklore, superstitions, etc. on just about every subject---

<http://www.corsinet.com/trivia/scary.html>

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## LACKLAND SPRINGS—FOX HUNTER'S PARADISE

The Arkansas State Fox Hunters Association met at Lackland Springs in November, 1940 for a four day hunt. There were about 300 men with 500 hounds from Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Georgia, Kentucky, South Carolina, and other states. The Prescott Band provided music for the opening festivities. The featured speaker was governor-elect Homer Atkins. Prizes were awarded for the best dogs in several categories. The visitors were well pleased with the location and called Lackland Springs a Fox Hunter's Paradise.

*Note: Lackland Springs in Nevada County was a well-known resort in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Many people from Prescott camped there for several days at a time, fished in Caney Creek, went squirrel hunting, or just relaxed and enjoyed themselves. The waters of the springs were said to cure certain diseases. The area was not maintained properly and many felt that Lackland Springs would become famous if someone would just take an interest in the area and keep it properly maintained. Today, the springs have filled in and the area has gone back to nature. It is mostly used by deer hunters who camp there during hunting season.*



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### RAINFALL REPORT--

Sandy is glad summer is over. Rainfall record for 2012 (at my house)—Jan. (3.3 in.); Feb. (4.1 in.); Mar. (10.0 in.); Apr. (3.8 in.); May (none); June (2.0 in.); July (6.9 in.); Aug. (7.2 in.) Total – **(37.3 inches)**

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## HENS ATE DEADLY DYNAMITE

*The Nevada County Picayune*

10-15-1910

### **Now Their Owner Does Not Dare Go Near Them and is Afraid to Eat Their Eggs**

Winsted, Conn.--A man who has a small farm a few miles from this town does not dare to trample on a small portion of it, and is afraid to eat his own hen eggs. Heavy fowls he had been fattening for Thanksgiving are immune from death for the present, so far as killing them is concerned.

Dynamite is the cause of his trouble. He opened two one-pound sticks of the explosive, into which a little frost had found its way, and after breaking the cylinders into pieces spread them on a flat stone in the sun to dry. He meant to use the dynamite in a lot he is clearing.

When he went to get the explosive after he had drilled holes in a big boulder, he saw a flock of his hens scratching in the dynamite and eating it as they would eat small gravel. That's why the farmer does not dare to eat his own hens' eggs, for he fears particles of the dynamite may lurk in the shells.

"Who knows where that dynamite they ate is now?" he said sadly. "Suppose it's got into the shell? Think I'd run the risk of cracking one of those egg shells? Yet how are you going to eat eggs without breaking the shells?"

And there's the story in an egg shell. The puzzled farmer cannot tell by the looks of his hens which ate the dynamite; therefore he doesn't dare to eat any of them at Thanksgiving. As for swinging heavily on their heads with an axe, he shudders at the thought.

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*This news story reminded me about the episode on The Andy Griffith Show in which a farmer's goat ate some dynamite and everyone was afraid he might explode. I remember Sheriff Andy's statement that "somewhere in Mayberry is a loaded goat". It pays to be careful when dealing with explosives. Here is another news story concerning dynamite involving a Bluff City man:*

### **J. L. Purifoy Accident**

**Feb., 1920**

J. L. Purifoy, a farmer of near Bluff City, suffered the painful misfortune of having the ball of his left eye practically blown out when a stick of dynamite exploded unexpectedly. He was brought to Prescott where an operation was performed to remove the remaining portions of his eye.

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Mr. Purifoy was clearing some land and was using dynamite to blow out the stumps. He placed a charge under a stump and waited for a reasonable amount of time. When the charge did not explode, he got down on his knees to blow on the fuse thinking it might have gone out. The fuse being in the ground did not burn as fast, and the charge exploded unexpectedly causing the injury. He has suffered continuously since the accident, but after the operation, was reported to be doing well.

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## **GETTING OLD** **(from the 12-14-1914 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

You are floating down the current, you are drifting with the tide,  
You are getting nearer every day to that great ocean wide.

All your joints are getting rusty, age creeps on you unawares,  
And no more you feel upon your brow youth's soft and balmy air.

But what's the use to worry when the storm is raging wild?  
A little farther on, perhaps, the weather may get mild.

And there's still a hope to cheer you as your boatlet speeds along,  
And there's still a daily reason for a bit of cheerful song.

You are drifting down the stream of time, the days are going by,  
But it doesn't do a bit of good to weep and pine and sigh.

You are gliding down the river, and it's hard to keep afloat,  
But you needn't wheeze and chug and snort like some old motor boat.

With your hand upon the rudder and your eye upon a star,  
Keep the singing heart within you till you drift across the bar.

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## **Local News From the Sandy Land** **July and August**

Arkansas endured another unusually dry and hot summer in 2012. Most of the gardens burned up unless they were irrigated. Despite the dry and hot weather, we still had more produce than we could use, especially tomatoes and cucumbers. Those who purchased purple hull peas or other produce discovered that prices were much higher this year.

Lower White Oak Lake was completely drained so that some repairs could be made. It is strange to drive by the lake and see nothing but bare land and tree stumps. The water level in our farm ponds is still low, but not quite as bad as last year. It takes a lot of rain to fill up a pond after it goes dry.

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Finally in late August, we received a good soaking rain thanks to Hurricane Isaac. Ouachita County and areas further to the east got three inches or more. Bluff City only got about two inches but every drop counts in the Sandy Land. Although some people had damages from flooding and tornadoes in Louisiana and Mississippi, our rain was on the gentle side with very little wind damage. These type storms can be both destructive and beneficial, depending on where you live.

White Oak Lake State Park is still open for business despite the lake draw-down. That park has become quite popular with campers in recent years. The park has been an asset for both Nevada and Ouachita counties. A pavilion under the tall pine trees can be rented for reunions, company picnics, or other activities.

Gas prices have been high for some time now and as Labor Day approached, they got even higher--up to \$3.65 per gallon in some places. The hurricane may have had some effect on the gas prices. I think most people are now accustomed to the higher prices. Even if it dropped to \$3.00 per gallon, we would think that was cheap these days. Four years ago, the national average was \$1.83 per gallon. Most of us have had to make some adjustments in our lifestyle due to the high gas prices.

Deaths reported in July and August were:

Helen Kathleen Smith--July 2; burial at Bluff City Cem.

Hazel Plyler--July 6; burial at Ebenezer Cem.

David Sims--July 7; burial at St. John Cem.

Raymond Hicks--July 17; burial at Caney Cem.

Clifford Lemons Jr.--July 19; burial at Bluff City Cem.

Ted Edison Starnes--August 21; burial at Bluff City Cem.

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## DEALING WITH ADVERSITY



Several years ago when I was working near Willisville, I came across this tree out in the woods. It was a pine tree about eight inches in diameter and as you can see, it did not look like a normal tree. About fifteen feet from the ground the trunk made a sharp turn toward the ground for about eight feet and then made another sharp turn and grew straight like a normal tree. Some sort of trauma happened to this tree, but even after this, the tree recovered and grew into a straight tree approximately fifty feet tall. It didn't give up.

This reminds me of a story I came across in an old newspaper about a young woman who faced a terrible situation in her life and overcame her handicap in a most remarkable way.

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Her name was Katherine M. Smith, known as Klittie. She was born in Chicago on October 29, 1882. She had two older brothers and a younger sister. At age nine, her mother passed away and she found herself living with an abusive and alcoholic father—not the ideal situation for a young girl.

One day her father told her to cook the Thanksgiving dinner, but she did not obey him. Her father then beat her and held her arms against the hot stove until they were so badly burned they could not be saved. Both arms were amputated three inches from her shoulders. I can only imagine what life would be like not having any arms.

Her father was prosecuted, but was not convicted due to lack of evidence. Kittie was placed in a children's home for destitute and crippled children. A doctor began to teach her how to use her feet in place of her hands. After much practice she was able to write, draw pictures, play the piano, type, and embroider silk using only her feet.

At age 21, she lost all support from the state and had to provide for herself. Her two brothers had low-paying jobs and were not able to help her and her younger sister had been adopted. Her father had died.

Kittie began to sell some of her drawings and wrote her autobiography (with her feet). She put this information in a pamphlet which had a slot for a quarter. She would mail these pamphlets out asking people to purchase her story for a quarter. By 1906, she had collected \$35,000 in quarters. In her pamphlet, she wrote that she forgave her father and falsely claimed she had fallen into the fire which caused her to lose her arms. She used the money to form a company called the Kittie Smith Co. which employed a bookkeeper, a stenographer, and a dozen envelope stuffers.

Kittie also got work with the Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey circus where she demonstrated her ability to work with her feet. She could saw wood, drive nails, mow the lawn, thread a needle, sweep, dust, mop, scrub, comb her hair, brush her teeth, eat at the table, and do many other things just by using her feet.

She had the distinction in 1913 of being the first woman in Chicago to cast a ballot—with her feet.

Kittie Smith was faced with a situation that would depress most of us, but she overcame the adversity and did what she could to provide for herself. I could not find anything about her later life or her death, but her story is one which should inspire others in similar situations. In fact, she spent much of her time working with other children who had serious handicaps.

You can see an example of her writing at this web site:

<http://www.todayifoundout.com/index.php/2011/the-first-woman-to-cast-a-vote-in-chicago-did-so-with-her-feet/>

Jerry McKelvy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**ONE FAMILY'S STORY**

*Note: Most of this story is factual. However, I have added a few things to the early part of the story which may or may not be true. It is my vision of what may have transpired in the life of my great-great grandfather.*

It was the spring of 1860. Jabez McKelvy took a break from his work and thought about his family's recent move to Arkansas from Georgia. It has been a long trip and Jabez wondered if he had made the right decision coming here. It was "new land" not previously cultivated and should produce much better than the worn out land of Georgia.



Rebecca and Jabez McKelvy

Jabez, his wife Rebecca, their eleven children, and a small group of slaves had made the long trip by wagon from Coweta Co. Georgia. The worst part of the whole trip was crossing the large rivers, especially the Mississippi. Ferry boats took the wagons across, but it was not easy keeping the horses under control during the crossing.

On a good day, they were able to travel fifteen miles. Some days they did not travel at all, but rested during bad weather or maybe on a Sunday. Jabez believed in working six days and resting on Sundays if at all possible.

He had purchased a large tract of land in Arkansas and was in the process of securing a land patent from the U. S. government for 40 more acres that joined it. Farming was all he knew, but getting a new farm started was going to be a tough job and he was almost 58 years old and slowing down a bit. His oldest son, William who was 26 years old, was trying to get a land patent on 120 acres a little over a mile from his claim.

Jabez often thought of his namesake--the Jabez of the Bible. He remembered reading about the prayer of Jabez in I Chronicles 4, verse 10. "And Jabez called on the God of Israel saying: Oh that You would bless me indeed, and enlarge my territory, that Your hand would be with me and that You would keep me from evil, that I may not cause pain. And God granted him what he requested."

He hoped and prayed that God would be with him and his family as they started their new home in Arkansas.

Jabez had grown up in Laurens County, South Carolina where his father and mother

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had settled long ago after arriving in this country. John and Mary McKelvy had raised 16 children there. When the children were grown, they scattered in all directions. Some went to Tennessee, some stayed in South Carolina, but Jabez had decided to try Georgia. He moved there in 1846 with his family and settled in Coweta County, accumulating about 2000 acres of land.

Maybe he should have stayed in Georgia, but the prospect of finding new land in a new part of the country kept calling him. He wanted the best for his family and felt they would be better off farming land that was not already worn out. He probably wouldn't have made the trip to Arkansas if some of his friends and neighbors had not also decided to go. Traveling in a group offered more protection and company than traveling alone.

The last town of any size they had seen was Camden on the Washita (Ouachita) River. He had picked up supplies there and on the second day after leaving Camden, he had reached his property. His land was about two miles south of a place called Ebenezer. A few settlers had moved to this part of Arkansas in the last few years, but much of the area was still unpopulated.

The first order of business after arriving at their new land was constructing a house. That took some time, but with everyone working together, they had it completed before winter. They also built a barn at the same time.

The soil was very sandy which was quite a bit different from the clay soils of Coweta County. The area was covered with timber, mostly pine on the hills and some hardwood along the creeks. The soil should be easily cultivated once the trees were removed. There were plenty of level spots suitable for small fields where cotton could be grown. Jabez thought other crops might do well here like watermelons, corn, peas, and other vegetables. A nice spring-fed creek on the property should furnish plenty of water.

He had to depend on his oldest sons, William and James, to help with the hardest work. They were grown men now. The rest of the children were girls except for the two youngest sons, Isaac Pinkney, age 11, and Alexander Fletcher, who was only nine years old.

Jabez found life here in Arkansas pleasant for the most part. The area where he had settled was elevated, well-drained land relatively free of mosquitoes. It should be a healthy place to live.

The first few months following his arrival were filled with hard work clearing land and constructing the house and barn. Work progressed quickly with the help of the family members and slaves brought from Georgia along with J. A. McGooch, the overseer.

By 1861, Jabez had accumulated 480 acres. His neighbors to the south were the Kirks who had also emigrated from Georgia. His oldest son, William, had accumulated 240

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acres about a mile southwest and his second oldest son, James Wesley, had 160 acres about a mile to the northwest. Neither of these two young men was married. The family as a whole had accumulated 880 acres of land in Arkansas by September, 1860.

The nearest post office was at Lone Grove about three miles away. Occasionally, someone would ride there to get the mail or to mail letters to family members in other states. Jabez knew his brother, William McKelvy, had settled in Franklin County, Tennessee and some of his descendants had later moved west into Missouri. Jabez doubted he would ever see these relatives again.

The early settlers had established a cemetery at Ebenezer and some families met there for worship. One Sunday in the fall of 1861, Jabez walked through the small cemetery. Only three graves had grave markers. William Hackette, the two year old son of Dr. M. B. and E. A Hackette had died in 1859 and Dr. Hackette had died a few months ago. E. J. Otwell, the 23 year old son of G. R. and S. E. Otwell had died in April of last year. It was a shame that some had to die so young. Jabez stopped in a shady spot under the cedar trees near the Hackette graves and thought it was a peaceful place.

A small hamlet called Bluff City was about four miles to the north. Some basic supplies could be purchased there, but most supplies had to come from Camden. It was a long day's ride to Camden by wagon. The nearest route was to hit the Camden-Washington road that ran by Lone Grove and Ebenezer, crossed White Oak Creek, and on into Camden.

Word was received in April, 1861, that war had broken out in South Carolina at Ft. Sumter. Jabez was glad now that he had left Georgia. He figured most of the fighting would be in the eastern states and he doubted it would ever reach Arkansas.

-----  
In the winter of 1862, only about two years after the family arrived in Arkansas, the unexpected happened. Jabez died on January 14, 1862 at the age of 59. He had once told Rebecca that if something should happen to him, he wanted to be buried at the Ebenezer Cemetery, so on a cold January day, Jabez was laid to rest in the center of the cemetery near the large cedar trees.

Rebecca was now left with the task of raising the younger children still at home and continuing on with managing the farm. Her oldest son, William, was away fighting in the war. Two months after Jabez' death, Rebecca got word that William had died in the war. This news added to the family's grief. James Wesley, the second oldest son, enlisted in the 33<sup>rd</sup> Arkansas Infantry at Camden in June of 1862. The war Jabez and Rebecca thought would never reach Arkansas had now claimed one of their sons and another was in the service.

It was ironic that these sons of Jabez were fighting for the Confederacy while some of the sons of William McKelvy, his brother who had settled in Franklin County, Tennessee and had now ended up in Missouri were fighting for the Union. This was truly a "civil war" in that family members sometimes ended up fighting on opposite sides. Major

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

battles were being fought with thousands of men being killed or injured. Word was received of huge battles at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and about General Sherman's march through Georgia destroying almost everything in his path. Battles were even being fought here in Arkansas. **Soldiers passed near the McKelvy farm in 1864 on their way to Camden and had camped at Dr. Rook's plantation less than a mile from the McKelvy farm. A few days later, these soldiers were involved in the Battle of Poison Springs a few miles further east resulting in hundreds being killed.**

The Hesterlys had been neighbors and close friends of the McKelvys back in Georgia. Francis Berry Hesterly and his family also moved to Arkansas in 1861 and settled near White Oak Creek near Bluff City a few miles from where Jabez settled. Mrs. Hesterly (age 44) became ill on the trip and died as they passed through Drew County, Arkansas leaving Mr. Hesterly with six small children. Mary Ann McKelvy, the oldest daughter of Jabez who was 23 years old, took it upon herself to take care of the Hesterly children when they arrived at their home near Bluff City. Francis Berry Hesterly (age 41) and Mary Ann McKelvy (age 24) were married in September, 1862.

Rachel Cerene, the second oldest daughter of Jabez and Rebecca, had married in February, 1862, to Andrew Jackson Arnold. As the year 1863 opened, the four oldest children of Jabez and Rebecca were now gone from home. The two oldest girls had married, James was away at war, and William had lost his life while serving in the war. Seven children were still at home.

Finally, in 1865, the war ended after four long years. Soldiers who survived gradually made their way back home, many suffering from the scars of war, both physically and mentally. James Wesley McKelvy was one of the survivors and returned to his home and became the head of the family since he was the oldest male. He did all he could to help his mother manage the farm while getting on with his life following the war.

Isaac, one of the younger sons, married Delila Hesterly in 1866 when he was only 17 years old. Children left at home now were Rebecca Frances, Sarah Emaline, Martha Elizabeth, Alexander Fletcher, Nancy Parram, and Alice Elvira.

Death once again visited the McKelvy family only four years after the war ended. Rebecca died on April 20, 1869 at the age of 55. Ten days later, James Wesley, who had served in the war, also died at the age of 33. Both of them were laid to rest in Ebenezer Cemetery next to Jabez.

The only male still at home was Alexander Fletcher, now age eighteen. He had to assume the duties as the head of the household. He had five sisters to look after, but they were all grown except for the youngest, Alice Elvira, who was 12 years old. For the next few years, he managed the farm and his sisters still living at home looked after the household chores.

In August, 1870, Mary Ann McKelvy Hesterly died and was also buried at Ebenezer. About nine months later her husband, Francis Berry Hesterly, married Rebecca Frances

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McKelvy, Mary Ann's younger sister. In 1872, Nancy Parram, age 18, married Andrew Jackson Moore who was 17. That left four of the children still unmarried—Sarah Emaline, Martha Elizabeth, Alexander Fletcher, and Alice Elvira.

Soon Martha Elizabeth married a man named Young. They had a couple of children when they said goodbye to the family and moved to Texas in 1882.

Alexander Fletcher and his older brother, Isaac Pinkney, purchased 400 acres of land in 1871 for one dollar an acre. This land was located a few miles west of the original homestead in an area which later came to be known as Rocky Hill or Goose Ankle. The two brothers, known as "Fletch" and "Pink", worked this land for the next ten years. Pink died in 1881 when he was only 32 years old. Fletch had married the same year and continued to work the land. Several years later, he purchased from Pink's heirs their interest in the land. He paid them \$200 for their 200 acres, the same price he and Pink had paid for the land.

Alice Elvira, the youngest child of Jabez and Rebecca, married Andrew Jackson Moore in 1883 after his wife and Alice's sister, Nancy Parram, had died. Alice was 26 years old when she married. The only child to remain unmarried was Sarah Emaline.

Alexander Fletcher had built a home on his new land soon after he married in 1881 and purchased additional land that joined it. He was involved in several land transactions over the next several years and in one newspaper article, he was called a "well-to-do and successful farmer". In 1907, he and his wife donated two acres near his home to the Protestant Methodist Church of Rocky Hill. Several more families were living nearby by that time and they thought they needed a church closer than Ebenezer. He and his neighbors worked to build a wood frame church. The church was appropriately named since it was located on top of a hill and there were many large rocks close by.

Alexander Fletcher "Fletch" McKelvy's family consisted of his wife, Elizabeth (called Bettie) and eleven children, but three of the children had died young. His unmarried sister, Sarah Emaline, also lived with his family. Farming was a hard life at that time, but that was all he knew and just like his father, Jabez, he carried on the best way he knew to provide a good life for his children. His oldest son, James Columbus McKelvy, had married Katie May Kirk in 1908. She was a daughter of Jasper Newton Kirk. The Kirks lived on land that joined his father's homestead when he first came to Arkansas.

Alexander Fletcher thought about his family history. It was now 1910, fifty years since his father, Jabez, had settled in Arkansas. His parents and many of his brothers and sisters were now gone. It was hard to believe that there was now a store and post office on the land originally settled by Jabez McKelvy and his family. The name of the post office was Zama and Fletch often wondered why that name was chosen. Many people had moved into the area in the last fifty years. There was even talk about building a new high school at Bluff City. Small country stores could now be found close to home and there were many saw mills which produced plenty of lumber for constructing houses. Fletch could now get needed supplies at Bluff City with an

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

occasional trip to Prescott which was a little closer than Camden, but it still took all day to make the trip by wagon. Even the county name had changed. His property was now in Nevada County which had been created in 1871.

There had been several deaths in the family during the last few years. Nancy Parram McKelvy Moore died in 1882 at age 28 and Rachel Cerene McKelvy Arnold died in 1883 at the age of 43, Sarah Emaline who had remained unmarried, died in 1901 at the age of 56. Martha Elizabeth McKelvy Young had moved to Texas about 1882 and the family lost track of them. Rebecca Frances McKelvy Hesterly died in 1910 at the age of 67.

Fletch's oldest son, James Columbus (known as "Gee"), had married in 1908 and Fletch had deeded him some property a short distance from the new church at Rocky Hill. He and his wife built a home there and started raising their family. Their first son, Lee Roy, was born in 1909 and another son, Ruel Monroe, in 1911, followed by a daughter, Myrtie Belle, in 1917. The cycle continued as each generation established their own homes and tried to make a living in this part of Arkansas.

Alexander Fletcher McKelvy died in 1914 at the age of 63 and was buried at Ebenezer Cemetery. His wife lived another 33 years and died in 1947 at the age of 84. The only child of Jabez and Rebecca still living after 1914 was Alice Elvira McKelvy Moore. She died in 1932 at the age of 75. The family never learned the fate of Martha Elizabeth McKelvy Young after she left for Texas.



**Alexander Fletcher McKelvy home (ca. 1906)  
(1/4 mile south of Rocky Hill Methodist Church)**

(left to right): Alice McKelvy Moore, his sister; Alexander Fletcher McKelvy; Elizabeth "Bettie" McKelvy, his wife; with children--Mattie Farah McKelvy, Nona Esther McKelvy, Orland McKelvy, Beulah McKelvy, and Oscar Lee McKelvy. Other children not pictured are James Columbus, Hattie Mae Greer McKelvy, and Ada Ira Johnson McKelvy

*Note: Jabez was my great-great grandfather, Alexander Fletcher was my great grandfather, James Columbus was my grandfather, and Ruel Monroe was my father. I*

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*still own part of the property my great grandfather owned 141 years ago. The area around Rocky Hill, once populated by several families, has now gone back to nature. Fields that were once cleared for growing cotton, corn, or sorghum are now covered in forests once again. The cycle continues.*

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***Note: Don Mathis sent this article about a 2007 visit to a Sherman, TX museum by quilt expert, Lisa Erlandson.***

## **Quilts have many myths and superstitions by Don Mathis**

The 'Wandering Foot' quilt design is not for children, Lisa Erlandson, nationally known quilt expert said. It will encourage them to wander at an early age. Such is the nature of old wives' tales.

Ms Erlandson spoke of this superstition - and others - at her talk at the Red River Historical Museum August 24. She also spoke of quilting myths in her lecture at the brown bag luncheon, held the last Friday of the month at the Sherman museum.

Begin a quilt on a Friday, she said, and you will never live to finish it. And, never quilt on a Sunday. It's also bad luck to sew after sunset. These superstitions may have begun as an excuse to not work on a quilt, she said.

It's bad luck to patch an old quilt top, Ms Erlandson said. Patches on patches is always considered bad form. But there is prevention for this, she said. Break a needle when making a quilt and it won't wear out.

Start a Lone Star quilt, she said, and you'll never finish. It's not that you will have a short time to live – it's probably because the detail involved takes a long time to finish.

Little babies are cute so their parents will want to take care of them. And perhaps teen-agers are so awkward, gangly, and obstinate so their folks will want to let them go. The presentation of a Freedom Quilt when a man turns 21 may help him leave the nest.

Modern quilts, Ms Erlandson said, will have a label of the maker. This is a new tradition in the ancient art of quilting. Other traditions, and superstitions, survive. Bounce a cat on a new quilt, and the cat will walk to the woman who will marry next. And if a quilt has too many hearts, it can break a marriage. White is still the color of a Bridal Quilt, she said. On a Whole Cloth Quilt, the needle and thread make a design on a solid color.

A Charm Quilt, she said, does not actually have 1,000 pieces of cloth but it has a lot. Perhaps folks in the late 1800s had their own version of Millennium Fever. Political statements by women, discouraged by society in olden days, were made in code by quilters. One patch of gold cloth in a quilt would show support of the Gold Standard, Ms Erlandson said.

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Other tales of quilts are simply myths, she said. Spinning and weaving were bigger pastimes in colonial days than quilting, she said. And quilting is not solely an American phenomenon. Examples of this craft are found in Egyptian tombs to Renaissance Europe.

Many people believe the Double Wedding Ring design is Early American, she said. It is not. "It was begun in 1910," she said. And not all quilts were made from scraps. Ms Erlandson had many examples of quilts to illustrate her points.

Contrary to some stories, there is no evidence that quilt designs were used as markers in the Underground Railroad. "There were quilts made afterwards to commemorate the flight to freedom," she said. The Railroad Crossing design is one such example.

Some quilting myths provide insight to human nature. Ms Erlandson said some people claim, "Mistakes on quilts are made on purpose to show humility." "Only God is perfect," shuts up critics – but it is more than likely a reluctance to admit an error, she said.

Ms Erlandson spoke of the care of quilts as well. "If you get the urge to wash a quilt," she said, "lay down until the urge goes away." Quilts should not be stored on wood shelves or cedar chests. "The oils in the wood may stain the fabric." And bagging quilts in plastic promotes mold and mildew. "Old sheets provide good protection," she said. The best place to store a quilt is on a bed.

Quilting Bees and Fiber Nuts can enjoy more than words during the Sherman Arts Festival. The Red River Historical Museum will host a Fiber Art Show on September 14 and 15, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. The museum is located at 301 S. Walnut Street near downtown Sherman.

The public is invited to view quilts, knitting, weaving, crochet, needlepoint, garments, decorative items, mixed media and more at this free event. There will be demonstrations at 11 a.m. on both days. Organizers urge the public, "Get your daily dose of fiber at the Sherman Arts Festival!"

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## LETTER FROM CHRIST

Did you ever get a chain letter? Chain letters usually try to convince the recipient that money or good luck will come their way if they make copies and pass the letter along. If they break the chain, they will supposedly have bad luck. These days they are more likely to come by email. I get many emails asking me to forward messages on to ten more people, but I don't think I've gotten any that promised bad luck if I didn't forward it. Chain letters that solicit money are illegal in the United States.

Back in 1909, a different type of chain letter made its way into Nevada County via the local newspaper. An article about this was published in *The Nevada News* at the request of many of the subscribers, according to the editor.

The claim was that it was a letter written by Jesus Christ that was found under a rock at the foot

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of the cross following his crucifixion. According to the stories and testimonials from people in Georgia, Tennessee, and Indiana, the letter had been kept by various people and passed down through their families for many hundreds of years. According to the letter, if you had a copy of it and failed to publish it to others, you would not prosper and if you did pass it along to others, you would be blessed. A lady in Tennessee claimed she had the letter for three years and that bad luck had followed her continually until she decided to have it published. A lady in Georgia had the letter published in her local newspaper in 1891 and claimed that misfortune had followed her since she had been keeping the letter. The story claimed the letter from Jesus had been signed by the angel Gabriel 99 years after the crucifixion.

*The Nevada News* published the entire letter in their issue of May 20, 1909. Among the things in the letter is the command to attend church on Sunday and not do any form of work on that day. All work must be finished by 6 o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday. It also commanded that a person should fast on five Fridays in the year. The letter stated if a person had a copy of the letter and failed to publish it to others, they would not prosper. If they failed to believe what was written in the letter, plagues would be sent upon them and they would be "consumed with all their children, goods, cattle, and worldly enjoyments".

If a person had a copy of the letter in their house nothing would hurt them, neither pestilence, lightning, nor thunder and if a woman of the house was with child, she would have no problems in childbirth. The letter promised that if a person published the letter to others, they would be blessed and their sins would be forgiven. The letter stated that they would hear no more news from Jesus except through the Holy Scriptures.

I can imagine how some of our ancestors might have reacted to this letter being published in the local newspaper. Every subscriber received a copy of the letter in their newspaper and then had to make the decision of what to do with it. I'm sure many of them believed it to be true and passed the letter along to others in hopes of avoiding any back luck. If a family experienced some misfortune such as sickness, crop failure, a fire, or something like that, I'm sure they probably thought it was the result of them not passing the letter along.

The letter was published in many newspapers, mostly in the South and Southwest, from about 1898 until 1921.

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## LAND PATENTS

I know many of you probably found the articles in the last two issues about surveying boring and that's OK. It's a lot of technical stuff that most people would not understand. If you need surveying work done, I would recommend hiring a professional to do the job because they have the knowledge and equipment for the job. I do think everyone who owns property needs a little basic knowledge on the subject.

We have discussed how land is divided up into sections, townships, and ranges in our part of the country. Some other areas like Texas use a different system which to me is more complicated and I won't try to explain it here. The main difference is that instead of sections, townships, and

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ranges they use metes and bounds. In other words, the land may be described on deeds as following creeks, fences, roads, or other landmarks.

Would you like to know what property one of your ancestors owned? You can research deeds at the court house, but that can be time consuming. One of the easiest ways to get started is to use the internet from the comfort of your home and do a search for land patents at the Bureau of Land Management website. This is especially helpful for those interested in genealogy. Many of our ancestors acquired land from the government using the land patent program.

A land patent is a government document granting a certain tract of land belonging to the government to an individual. By researching these land patents, you can determine exactly where your ancestors owned land and when they acquired it. It makes it much more interesting if you know how to read the land descriptions on these land patents so you can plot the land on a modern map or even visit the land where your ancestors once owned.

You may want to bookmark this website if you are the least bit interested in doing this because you will probably want to use it again someday. <http://www.gloreCORDS.blm.gov/>

Here is a guide on how to use the web site. Land patents are available online for most states including Arkansas. First, go the web site and click on "search documents". Choose the state and then choose a county. Then type in the person's last name. I usually leave the first and middle name blank. Then skip down and click on "search patents".

When the list comes up, you can get the information you need. It shows the name, the date, township, range, aliquots, and section number. Don't be confused by the term **aliquots**. That just means the detailed land description we discussed in the last issue. You need this information if you want to pinpoint the exact location of the land patent. Write down all this information in your notebook so you will have it when you look at a county map.

You can click on "accession" to bring up more information. If you want to see what the land patent actually looked like, click on "see image" and it will bring up a copy of the land patent with all that fancy handwriting. You can even order a copy from the Bureau of Land Management if you wish.

**Remember that your ancestor might have owned more land than is shown on this website. This just covers land patents (government lands) and not every settler had a land patent. Your ancestor could have purchased other land from individuals in the same area.**

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## RAINFALL RECORD



Sandy is enjoying the fall weather. Rainfall record for 2012 (at my house)—Jan. (3.3 in.); Feb. (4.1 in.); Mar. (10.0 in.); Apr. (3.8 in.); May (none); June (2.0 in.); July (6.9 in.); Aug. (7.2 in.); Sep. (7.3 in.) Total --- 44.6 inches

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Mrs. Vernell Loe of Bluff City shares this photo of an unusual flower that recently bloomed at her house. This was the first time the plant had bloomed and she was quite surprised when it first opened. This plant has various names—starfish flower, starfish cactus, and carrion plant. It is a native of South Africa. The plant takes at least two years to bloom and will usually only bloom once each year. The flower can measure 10 to 13 inches across and will only last a few days. The flower has a foul smell something like rotting meat which is why it is sometimes

called the carrion plant. Flies are attracted to it because of the smell and that is how the plant is pollinated. Even though the plant looks like a cactus, it is not related to cacti at all and has no thorns. It is easy to grow, is quite attractive, and is a great curiosity to all who see it.

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## STRANGE BELIEFS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

An article in the September 20, 1912 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* discussed some of the various superstitions common in foreign countries.

1. In Spain, a wedding is considered ruined if a guest shows up dressed entirely in black or if the bride looks into a mirror after her veil is fastened to her headdress.
2. When a person's hair ends split, it is a sign that she is either a witch or has been bewitched. Blond hair splits more readily than dark hair, so all witches have blond hair.
3. In the Slavic countries, the groom and the bride must consider that whoever blows out the candle will be the first to die. They also believe that to insure the life and health of the children, the woman must occupy the right side of the bed. She also must not smoke until she is 45 years old.
4. There is also a superstition about burning a broom. The bud of the birch broom in Germany is considered a preventive for erysipelas. These buds, a piece of yellow wax, and some other articles are enclosed in a pink silk bag secured with red silk, and worn on the back of the neck. The person must change his shirt every Friday.

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## CONSTABLE CUMMINS DESTROYS BOOZE (from the 11-22-1912 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Last Saturday morning the mayor's court was a scene of much anxiety with a few of the colored

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population of the town. Kirk Cummins, constable of this township, captured 18 pints of the liquid fire water and his Honor, Mayor Hamby gave said 18 pints of o' be joyful a fair and impartial trial. After hearing the evidence, Mr. Whiskey was wholly unable to show to the court satisfaction why it had been brought into our peaceful and sober little city, and it had no one to take its part and claim it, so it met the fate of all evildoers. The constable, in the presence of quite a crowd of citizens, broke the bottles and let it run down the gutter in front of the city hall. Oh, how some of the onlookers mouths did water.

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## EYE DON'TS

The following advice was given to readers in the September 27, 1912 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* in regard to their eyesight:

1. Don't rub your eyes.
  2. Don't read while lying down.
  3. Don't sit facing a light while reading or writing.
  4. Don't strain your eyes by overworking.
  5. Don't paper your living room with red paper.
  6. Don't use red lamp shades.
  7. Don't write on red paper.
  8. Don't use your eyes at twilight for reading or writing.
  9. Don't try to sew on black goods by lamplight.
- 

## WHAT IS IT?

Can you guess what this tool is used for and what it is called? Hint: It has six letters. Send me your answers by Nov. 10. Names of those who guess correctly will be in the next issue.



Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**THE MILDRED JOBE STORY**

Several years ago I interviewed some of the older people who grew up in northeastern Nevada County, Arkansas. These folks had grown up during the Great Depression and I wanted to hear some of their stories about growing up in that difficult time in our history. One of the questions I asked them was if they remembered any serious crimes or tragic events that happened in the area. Almost all of them remembered an incident that happened in June, 1930 which resulted in the death of a fifteen year old girl named Mildred Jobe.

Mildred and her family lived on a farm somewhere in the vicinity of Morris which is usually called Caney by local folks. I'm pretty sure their farm was on what is now Hwy. 299 between Morris and Caney Creek. Mildred's father was John Jobe, a deputy sheriff of Nevada County. The family consisted of the parents, John and Minnie Jobe, three daughters (Velma, Mildred, and Iris), and three sons (George, Leroy, and Werner).

Deputy John Jobe had arrested Roy Daniels the day before on a charge of public drunkenness and possession of a concealed weapon and had taken his rifle from him. Roy's father, John L. Daniels, hitched a ride to Deputy Jobe's house armed with a shotgun and found Jobe plowing in his field. Daniels, who witnesses testified was drunk at the time, demanded that Jobe return the gun he had confiscated from his son and a quarrel began. Young Mildred Jobe saw the men quarreling and fearing for her father's safety, stepped between the two men

During this altercation, Daniel's supposedly pressed the gun barrel against Jobe and said, "I'll jab this gun slam through you". Jobe reached for the barrel of the gun and pointed it away from him when it discharged and hit Mildred who had come between the two men. The bullet struck Mildred in the abdomen and she died a few minutes later.

Feelings were very strong against Daniels and the sheriff decided he should be held in Texarkana to prevent possible mob violence. Daniels was about 60 years old at the time, a farmer, and had once served as justice of the peace in the county. He had previously been charged with poisoning two elderly Negroes in order to get their land. One died and the other died before the trial date. That case was never tried.

Daniels was held without bond and was later indicted by a grand jury. During the trial, Daniels testified in his own defense, claiming that someone had hit him over the head from behind while he was struggling with Jobe. He claimed Jobe caused the girl's death by grabbing the gun barrel. Daniels stated, "I was not mad at Jobe. I can barely remember hearing the gun fire".

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Deputy Jobe's wife and another daughter testified that Mildred had been returning from a neighbor's house when she saw the two men struggling and grabbed the gun barrel while Daniels was holding it, trying to protect her father. Mrs. Jobe testified that Daniels held the gun against the girl's side and pulled the trigger.

The trial brought one of the largest crowds of people ever to attend a murder trial in Nevada County. The courtroom was full and many stood outside the doors. The trial moved very fast with the defense resting its case at noon. Very few witnesses were called. The defense asked for a change of venue, claiming Daniels could not receive a fair trial in Nevada County, but Judge Dexter Bush ruled against the motion.

The case went to the jury at 4 p.m. the same day and the jury reached a verdict at 5:30 p.m. Daniels was sentenced to 21 years in the penitentiary which was the maximum sentence for second degree murder. Daniels appealed his conviction to the Arkansas Supreme Court on grounds that there was no change of venue, but the appeal was denied.

Mildred Jobe was buried in Caney Cemetery at Morris, a short distance from her home. Some say John L. Daniels died while in prison, but I have not been able to determine if that is true. It is very possible considering his age—one paper stated he was 60 years old and another report gave his age as 70. He probably only served a few years of his 21 year sentence.



Soon after the death of Mildred Jobe, a poem was printed in the June 19, 1930 issue of *The Nevada News*. This poem was entitled "In Memory of Mildred Jobe" and was written by her cousin, Howard Munn.

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## IN MEMORY OF MILDRED JOBE

They were a Christian family,  
All happy and gay.  
They never knew what sorrow was  
Until death came their way.

We sympathize with father and mother  
Sisters and brothers, too.  
But all of our sympathy  
Is not half what God can do.

God took their Little Mildred  
To that home beyond the shore  
Where death, pain, and sorrow  
Will never come no more.

God help her people  
To weep for her no more.  
For some glad day they will meet her  
On heaven's golden shore

Mildred was a brave girl,  
The bravest one they had.  
She gladly gave her life  
To save that of her dad.

Boys, let this be a warning  
To one and all.  
For we know that whiskey  
Is the cause of it all.

She was a sweet girl,  
Honest, brave, and true.  
To see her father murdered  
This she could not do.

Written by her cousin  
Howard Munn

She stepped in between them.  
He shot her in the breast.  
So God took her home,  
There ever more to rest.

The Nevada News  
June 19, 1930

Mildred had paid her debt  
She paid it with a smile  
And we had better all get right  
For we all have to pay ours after awhile.

She was shot by John Daniels,  
A man with a heart of stone.  
And the streets of heaven  
John Daniels will never roam.

We will all miss her  
In work, in school, and play.  
Let us all get right with God  
And meet her on that Glad Day.

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A week later, the following song was published in *The Nevada County Picayune*. It was written and composed by Willa Yarberry, a friend of Mildred Jobe.

## **The Story of Mildred** (Sung to the tune of "Drunkard's Daughter") (Published in the June 26, 1930 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Come all you dear young people,  
And listen to what I say,  
Poor Mildred had to leave her home,  
For she was called away.  
The pearly gates swung open,  
And she went walking in,  
She's gone to live with Jesus,  
And those who are free from sin.

Her father was a Christian,  
Her mother was the same,  
Her brother and sister, too,  
I shall not call their name.  
Although they are broken-hearted,  
The Savior gave them grace,  
To overcome their sorrow,  
She died in her father's place.

They were a happy family,  
Although it's broken now,  
Dear ones, just look to Jesus,  
And before Him humbly bow.  
He'll always give you comfort,  
And lend a helping hand,  
Until you all shall join Him,  
O'er in the promised land.

The man who shot poor Mildred,  
Was getting old and gray,  
The sheriff came and carried him,  
And locked him in jail that day.  
The poor old wretched sinner,  
He sinned his life away,  
And at the Final Judgment,  
He'll surely have to pay.

Young people do take warning,  
For it's just a little while,  
Oh, will you be ready then,  
To meet Him with a smile.  
As did poor little Mildred  
Upon that fatal day,  
She looked up at her loved ones,  
Then smiled and passed away.

She was carried to the church,  
And placed beneath the sod,  
Although we miss her presence here,  
She's gone to live with God.  
Oh, dear ones, look to Jesus,  
He wears a shining robe,  
One day we all shall join Him,  
And little Mildred Jobe.

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## **FOR THE NEXT ISSUE**

Here are a couple of things you might remember from the past or at least heard someone mention them. Write and tell me if you remember these or have some story to tell about them:

- Asphidity bags
- Winky Dink

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## DIBBLES AND HOEDADS



Nelson, and Bill Meador.

Readers who identified this tool from the last issue correctly were: Adrian Hunter, Yvonne Munn, Jeanie McKelvy, Bill Barham, Norval Poe, George Robinson, Charles Farr, James

It is used to plant pine seedlings and is called a dibble or dibble bar. You hold it by the handle and use your foot to help make a hole for planting the seedling. It can be difficult to use on rocky soils or heavy clay soils. Once the seedling is placed in the hole (green end up), you have to make sure it is packed well so air won't get to the roots. Professional tree planters carry their seedlings in bags around their waists as they work. The bags hold several hundred seedlings depending on the size. Planting pine trees is not easy work. Tree planting crews usually have about 12 to 14 workers. An experienced crew working on a good, clean tract can easily plant 40 or more acres per day which means each worker plants about 2,000 or more seedlings each day. That's a lot of bending over while carrying a heavy bag of seedlings. Most tree planting companies employ Mexican workers since most Americans will not do this type work.



Another tool used for planting pine seedlings is called a "hoedad". It is similar to a pick-axe but has a long blade and the hole is made by swinging the hoedad. Some planters prefer to use the dibble and others like the hoedad. Back when I was working checking planting operations, most of the crews which used the hoedad were Americans and many belonged to the Seventh Day Adventist religious group.



Tree Planters Using Hoedads



Pine seedlings can also be planted by machines pulled by small dozers. A man rides in the planter and plants the seedlings in a furrow made by the machine. One disadvantage of this method is that some areas might be too wet for the equipment and the missed places would still have to be planted by hand. A large hand planting crew can plant more acres in a day than a two-man crew operating the dozer and planter. Other disadvantages are the cost of fuel, the possibility of breakdowns,

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

and the cost of the equipment. The person riding in the tree planter has a very rough ride and must develop a certain rhythm so that the trees are planted with the right spacing in the row.

This is the time of year for planting pine seedlings. Millions of seedlings are grown each year at the large nursery near Bluff City. This nursery was started by International Paper Co. back about 1980. It is now owned by a company called Arbor-Gen. The Arkansas Forestry Commission operated a nursery at Bluff City for many years, but it is now used as a seed orchard and no longer produces pine seedlings.

The seedlings grown today are genetically superior to those grown in the old days. The trees grow much faster which means they can be harvested sooner. Many people object to clear-cutting of land, a method of timber harvesting used mainly by large timber companies. These timber companies plant more trees than they harvest and soon a new forest is growing on the land again. The timber is thinned at least two times before the final harvest. Reputable companies leave buffer strips of mature timber along streams to protect water quality and limit the size of their clear-cuts. You just have to think of it as growing a crop. It just takes a lot longer than growing a crop like corn or soybeans. A pine tree is considered to be mature and ready for harvest after about thirty years. The good thing about it is that timber is a renewable resource and is very important to the economy of our part of Arkansas.

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## PRESCOTT'S FIRST MOVING PICTURE SHOWS

It was the year 1908. A man by the name of Dick Baird opened what he called "an electric theater" in the Denman building on West Main Street. He also established these theaters in surrounding towns including Arkadelphia, Camden, and El Dorado.

In June, 1908, he contracted with Dr. S. J. Hesterly to construct an air dome east of the court house on a lot adjoining Dr. Hesterly's house to show moving picture shows during the summer months.

A company composed of Dr. J. W. Baker, R. P. Arnold, P. S. Harrell, and Lynn Harrell then rented the Denman building on West Main Street formerly occupied by Dick Baird and his "electric theater" and opened what they called a theatorium to show moving picture shows. They remodeled the building with nice seats, electric fans, and a section at the rear reserved for the colored people. Another feature was to be afternoon matinees as soon as the electric light plant supplied "day current" to the city. Evidently, at that time electricity was reserved for only nighttime use. Admission was ten cents. Some of the first shows advertised were "Artist In a Frenzy", "Beware the Ruffled Turkey", and "The Music Master".

A. O. Wyrill operated the Gem Theater in Prescott in 1912 that seated 300 people and was cooled by electric fans. It advertised good music and features which changed daily.

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## THE ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA

(from the 3-30-1887 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

There is no fairy tale that is better known or more loved by young readers than the story of the poor little cinder wench, who was so ill treated by her cruel sisters, had such a delightful godmother with a magic wand, and was so lucky as to lose her pretty glass slipper only to gain a prince, and become a princess thereby.

Looking over an old book, we came upon an anecdote that is said to have been the origin of this favorite tale. Cinderella's real name, it seems, was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden who lived 670 years before the birth of Christ, and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird unwittingly played the part of the fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty, and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cumming a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became queen of King Psammeticus, and the foundation of the fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls 2,400 years later.

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## PITTMAN FAMILY REUNION IN 1906

(from the 5-26-1906 issue of *The Nevada News*)

On Tuesday the family of Fortunatus Pittman, numbering seventy six living descendants, had the first reunion in the history of the family. The reunion dinner was given at the home of Judge and Mrs. Jno. Pittman of this city and it was the first time in the family history that the entire family of brothers and sisters were seated at the same time at one table. Ten children were present, but a number of the grandchildren and great grandchildren were absent. There were originally twelve children, two sisters being now deceased.

Fortuantus Pittman, the father, was 84 years old in March. He came to Arkansas from Georgia in 1844 at the age of 22 with his belongings in a red bandana. He became a traveler and farmer, accumulating much Arkansas real estate and rearing a large and estimable family who are now met to honor him in his votage. He was a valiant Confederate soldier and his long life is very typical of old South. Among the children are Thomas Pittman, Stephenville, Tex., Judge J. M. Pittman, Prescott, Ark., J. L. Pittman, DeLeon, Tex., B. J. Pittman, DeLeon, Tex., E. L. Pittman, Kansas City, Mo., F.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

D. Pittman, South McAlester, I. T., O. H. Pittman, Mena, Ark., Mrs. E. M. Powell, Prescott, Ark., Mrs. Lydia Powell, DeLeon, Tex., and Julia C. Johnson, Ashland, La.

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## TV TRIVIA (answers on page 10)

1. Who was the founder of Hooterville on Green Acres?
  2. What were the occupations of Ralph Kramden and Ed Norton on The Honeymooners?
  3. On The Fugitive, what crime was Dr. Richard Kimble accused of?
  4. What was Beaver's real first name on Leave It To Beaver?
  5. What was Doc Adams' first name on Gunsmoke?
  6. What was the name of the bed and breakfast inn used as the setting for the Newhart show?
  7. Dan Blocker played "Hoss" on Bonanza. What was Hoss's real first name?
  8. What planet did Superman come from?
  9. What was the name of the town on Little House on the Prairie?
  10. The town of Mayberry in The Andy Griffith Show was in what state?
  11. Miss Kitty's saloon on Gunsmoke was called The Long Branch. What was the name of the restaurant where the characters usually ate?
- 

## DON'T BE A DINOSAUR (from a 1922 newspaper article)

The horned dinosaurs, giant animals that once roamed parts of America, in old age sometimes had a skull eight feet long. The brain inside was never larger than a man's fist.

Scientist G. W. Gilmore of Smithsonian Institute says the prehistoric animals perished because they were unable to adapt themselves to changes in their environment.

A good many people now living are going the dinosaur route. They are able, but unwilling, to adapt themselves to a changed world. Elasticity of viewpoint and convictions is one secret of prolonging youth and reaching success.

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## RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2012



Sandy is enjoying the fall weather. Rainfall record for 2012 (at my house)—Jan. (3.3 in.); Feb. (4.1 in.); Mar. (10.0 in.); Apr. (3.8 in.); May (none); June (2.0 in.); July (6.9 in.); Aug. (7.2 in.); Sep. (7.3 in.); Oct. (1.7 in.) Total --- 46.3 inches

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## NEVADA NEWS EDITOR AND TAX ASSESSOR TRAVEL TO WIRE ROAD, LACKLAND SPRINGS, LYDA, AND BLUFF CITY IN 1906

Bluff City, Ark.--June 6, 1906

Monday morning in company with G. R. Blake, I left Prescott on a trip around the county in the interest of the "News". My object will be to solicit subscriptions, take views of all objects of interest for reproduction in the "News", and to write up the county.

The first stop was at Wire Road School House where a crowd was awaiting our belated appearance. To our hearty "good morning", we were answered "good evening", but it was good-natured criticism and everybody was soon busy. After Mr. Blake had ascertained the wealth of each, I picked out the richest ones and induced seven that it was in their interest as well as my own for them to subscribe for "The Nevada County News".

After dinner we moved on to Lackland Springs where another crowd was ready for us. Lackland went Wire Road one better in the matter of subscriptions, and we added eight names to the paper list. The Springs are the central point of interest in the community, but they are sadly in need of attention. The place might be wonderfully improved in appearance by new gums in the springs, a cleaning up of the hillsides, and a general sanitary operation. W. H. Carter is postmaster there and Jno. G. Benton carries a small stock of goods. Mr. Benton is also in the saw mill business and gives the latter the most of his attention.

Monday night was spent at the hospitable home of Cicero Purifoy who keeps the post office and store at Lyda. Mr. Purifoy is an enemy of race suicide, having been the father of 13 children, 11 of whom are still living. At Lyda during Tuesday morning, I secured six new names for the News and immediately after dinner, we left for Bluff City where we will remain until today at noon.

The section of country through which we have passed since crossing Carouse was visited on Saturday by a heavy rain, in some places assuming the proportions of a water spout, and doing some damage by washing land. However crops are clean and of good color, though small for the time of year. The prospects are considered bright.

One of the pleasing features we have noticed in the abundance of mule colts. Scarcely a farm that hasn't from one to two playing in the barn-yard. The people have begun raising instead of buying their mules. I am told by those interested in stock raising that stock improvement in this section has increased 100 percent in the past five years. The people here are bitterly opposed to the stock law.

The flies are troublesome in the bottoms. Stock are unable to range and seek the hills, and some farmers are plowing with difficulty on account of the pests.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Everybody is hard at work, and there is every indication of a good crop. Fruit, especially apples, are plentiful and peaches in many orchards are ripening. This is a good fruit section, and many fine orchards are to be seen from the roadside.

We have secured a good list of subscribers at Bluff City, and a correspondent will tell the world through the columns of the News each week what they are doing. The trip will be written up at greater length and illustrated in a future issue.

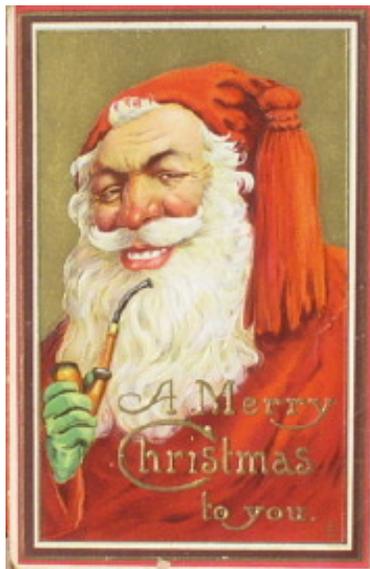
We leave here for Foss.

C. E. Shankle

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## Answers to trivia questions on page 8:

1. Horace Hooter
2. Ralph drove a bus and Ed worked in the sewer
3. Murdering his wife
4. Theodore
5. Galen
6. Stratford Inn
7. Eric (only mentioned one time on the show)
8. Krypton
9. Walnut Grove
10. North Carolina
11. Delmonico's



Santa did not always look like the modern-day Santas. These Santas were from some very old Christmas cards belonging to Mr. Claudie White of Rosston. I hope all of you have a joyous holiday season.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## 'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE JESUS CAME

'Twas the night before Jesus came and all through the house  
Not a creature was praying, not one in the house.  
Their Bibles were laid on the shelf without care  
In hopes that Jesus would not come there.

The children were dressing to crawl into bed.  
Not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.  
And Mom in her rocker with baby on her lap  
Was watching the Late Show while I took a nap.

When out of the East there arose such a clatter.  
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash!

When what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.  
With a light like the sun sending forth a bright ray  
I knew in a moment this must be THE DAY!

The light of His face made me cover my head  
It was Jesus! Returning just like He had said.  
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,  
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.

In the Book of Life which He held in His hand  
Was written the name of every saved man.  
He spoke not a word as He searched for my name;  
When He said "it's not here" my head hung in shame.

The people whose names had been written with love  
He gathered to take to His Father above.  
With those who were ready He rose without a sound.  
While all the rest were left standing around.

I fell to my knees, but it was too late;  
I had waited too long and thus sealed my fate.  
I stood and I cried as they rose out of sight;  
Oh, if only I had been ready tonight.

In the words of this poem the meaning is clear;  
The coming of Jesus is drawing near.  
There's only one life and when comes the last call  
We'll find that the Bible was true after all!

Written by: Unknown Author  
Submitted by Bobby Newman—Altus, AR.

## POMEGRANATES



The pomegranate is an unusual fruit which is native to Persia (now Iran), but has spread over much of the world. It has a long and colorful history and is mentioned several times in the Bible. There is much folklore associated with this fruit which may or may not be true. It has become a symbol of health, fertility, and eternal life. Some people believe it was the fruit in the Garden of Eden from which Eve ate, although there is no proof of that. Most people think Eve ate an apple, but the Bible does not give the name of the fruit.

Experts say the pomegranate is one of the world's healthiest fruits. It has been shown to lower blood pressure, is good for the circulatory system, and may have anti-cancer properties. A study was done with over 200 people who had blockages in their arteries. Half of the group was given one ounce of pomegranate juice each day. The results showed those who took the juice had lowered their blood pressure by 12% and had a 30% reduction in plaque. The ones who did not take the juice showed an increase of 9% in blockage. One word of caution on this—pomegranate juice may interfere with some medicines like grapefruit juice does so you might check with your doctor before mixing it with certain medicines.

I never cared much for them, mainly because eating them took too much effort. All you get is a little juice and then have to spit out the seed. The seeds may be eaten—some say they help cleanse the system.

The number of seeds in a pomegranate can vary. The Jews claim there are 613 seeds which represent the 613 commandments of the Torah. A college professor once collected 206 pomegranates from all over the world and counted the seeds. The number of seeds ranged from 165 to 1370, but when he averaged them, it came out to 613.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The seed casings are called arils and they have a beautiful color. The pomegranate is beautiful growing on a bush and when you open it, the seeds look like precious jewels. It is said that ancient Arab women dropped a pomegranate on a hard surface where a circle had been drawn. The pomegranate would break open and the number of seeds that fell outside the circle is the number of children she would have.

In researching pomegranates, I came across an article on the Armenian Genocide. This happened in the days of World War I in which the Turkish government tried to exterminate the Armenians much like Hitler tried to exterminate the Jews in World War II. About a million and a half Armenians died as a result of this. They were brutally treated and many were placed in concentration camps in the desert. Many were forced to eat the fruit from trees since they were not given enough regular food. The Armenians think pomegranates have a special place in their history of survival. They believe that there are 365 seeds in a pomegranate and stories passed down say some of these people survived their imprisonment by eating one seed per day from a pomegranate.

My grandmother McKelvy had a small pomegranate bush in her yard about sixty years ago. Several members of the family now have bushes that were rooted from that original pomegranate bush. Mine has not yet produced any fruit, but some of the others have been very prolific in recent years.

Pomegranates and pomegranate juice can be purchased in the grocery stores if you wish to try it.

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## **WHEN BOYS WORE DRESSES**

If you have ever looked at old family photos from the early 1900s, you may have noticed that the young children, both boys and girls, were wearing dresses. This makes it difficult sometimes to determine whether the child in the photo is a boy or girl.

This practice dates back to the mid-1500s and continued until the early 1900s. The trend stopped when clothing manufacturers began to make more clothing choices for young children. By the 1920s, most children wore a romper (a jumper pantsuit). Perhaps the main reason for the dresses was the ease of changing diapers. The dresses also allowed for the growth of the child and eliminated having to come up with so many different sizes of children's clothes

In the 1700s, less than 50% of infants reached the age of five. Efforts were made to get the children to "adulthood" as soon as possible. Later this changed and people wanted the children to remain as children as long as possible. The time when a male child got his first pair of pants was called "breeching" and was considered a rite of passage. This time was anywhere from age 2 to about age 6 or when the child started to school. At the time of breeching the father began to take a more active role in teaching the boy and preparing him for work.

Sometimes mothers allowed the boy's hair to grow long and some had naturally curly hair. That combined with the dresses makes it very difficult sometimes to determine if a child in an old

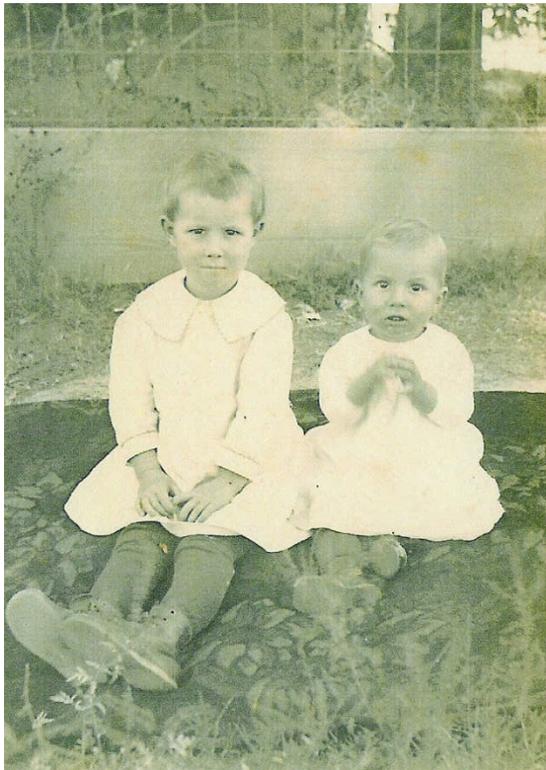
# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

photo is a boy or girl. So just because a child in your old family photos is wearing a dress, don't just assume it's a girl.

I also learned that at one time the color blue was for girls and the color pink was for boys. Over a period of about thirty years the colors got reversed. Since the old family photos are black and white, we can't tell what color the dresses are that the children are wearing. Here are some examples from the time when boys wore dresses:



This is my grandparents, James C. McKelvy and Katie May Kirk McKelvy with their first child, Lee Roy McKelvy. The date of this photo is about 1909.



I don't know the identity of these children whom I assume to be boys.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



This photo belonged to Mrs. Mollie Henry of Bluff City and the caption was written on the back. From the caption, I assume this is a boy.

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## SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT NAMES

I'm sure most expectant parents spend a lot of time thinking about the name they will give their baby. In some cases, the parents may know the sex of the child before it is born which eliminates them having to come up with two names. Many name their children after a family member and some just choose a name they like. Some choose a Biblical name. I know one lady who saw a name she liked in the credits of a movie she was watching on TV and gave her son that name. Every year they come up with a list of the most popular names for boys and girls for that year. In 2010, the most popular names were Jacob for boys and Isabella for girls.

Most people have a first name, a middle name, and a last name. I've seen a few cases in which a person has four names such as President George Herbert Walker Bush. And there are some cases where a person does not have a middle name.

What if you get stuck with a name you don't like? I suppose a person could go through the process of making a legal name change once he or she reached adulthood, but most people just accept the name they were given by their parents. Sometimes I think it would be better if a child was only given a first name and last name at birth. When they reached a certain age like twelve or thirteen, they could choose another name to complete their full name. They could either pick a middle name or choose a new first name and use their old first name as a middle name. I guess that would be too confusing and would probably mean they would have to have a second birth certificate.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I never understood how some names get changed by custom. I'm thinking about names like Bill for William, Dick for Richard, Chuck for Charles, Jack for John, Bob for Robert, and Jim for James. I don't see the reasoning behind those changes. I can understand why Edward might be shortened to Ed, Will for William, John for Johnny, Jim for Jimmy, Don for Donald, etc. Some men shorten their name which they become adults such as Jimmy becoming Jim, Joey becoming Joe, Billy becoming Bill, etc.

I've also noticed that some people, especially lawyers, use their first initial and their middle name such as J. William Fulbright and J. Edgar Hoover. Maybe they think it makes their name seem more distinguished or maybe they just don't like their first name.

Many people also have nicknames, probably due to something that happened to them in childhood. Somebody probably came up with a nickname and it just sort of caught on. It seems that some areas were more prone to using nicknames than others, especially in the rural areas. I have a 1948 school yearbook from Bluff City High School that has the nicknames of all the students. I suppose if someone didn't have a nickname, the editors came up with one.

It is interesting to see in genealogical research how many people were given the name of a state as a first name. I've heard of women named Alabama, Tennessee, Nevada, Florida, Virginia, and Carolina. Some are named after cities. People who had just migrated to states like Arkansas from the eastern states might give their children the name of the state or city from which they came. Families were usually quite large in the old days and coming up with a new name might be a little difficult.

There are many cases of people being named for famous people in history such as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, or Christopher Columbus. They just tacked on the family name and they were in business.

Sometimes males get stuck with a name that is usually reserved for females. I can't help but think of Johnny Cash's song about "A Boy Named Sue". I know of men named Shirley, Ruby, and Francis (spelled that way for males and Frances for females). The same is true for the name Jesse (male)—Jessie (female), Johnny (male)—Johnnie (female), and Carroll (male)—Carol (female).

Some people get creative in choosing names and there is nothing wrong with that. Why name a girl Sue or Mary when you can choose a name like Dorthular Orphelia or Ammorilious? By the way, those are real names of people who once lived in Nevada County.

Whatever name we are given, we are usually stuck with it for the rest of our lives. Are you happy with the name you were given? Just for fun, you might think about what name you would have given yourself if you could have picked your own name.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## ASPHIDITY BAGS---

I didn't get much response from readers about asphidity bags or Winky Dink. Mrs. Vernell Loe says she remembers kids having to wear asphidity bags around their necks. This was a small sack filled with secret ingredients that had a terrible smell. It was thought to protect a person from catching colds or flu. It may have worked because people would try to avoid getting too close to someone wearing one of these smelly bags.

## WINKY DINK---

Winky Dink was a cartoon character on television in the 1950s. The Winky Dink and You show is considered to be the first interactive television program in which viewers could participate. Kids could order a Winky Dink kit which contained a sheet of plastic and some Winky Dink crayons. The sheet of plastic was placed over the television screen. Sometime during the show, kids were given the opportunity to help complete a drawing such as a bridge over a creek or something like that. Kids would use their crayons and draw on the television screen covered with the plastic sheet. Parents began to be concerned about the kids sitting too close to the television set. Some thought children might be getting too much radiation from the television picture tube especially when color televisions became available. Also, some parents found their kids drawing directly on the screen.

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### WINKY DINK AND ME By Duncan McKelvey

In 1953 my family got our first television set; it was an RCA as I recall and was contained in an expensive looking stained mahogany plywood cabinet. It was "MAGNIFICENT" .....

Soon after it was plugged in, I staked out Saturday mornings as my viewing time and quickly became a fan of the "Winky Dink and You"

show: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=endscreen&v=wolnhfwwr9I&NR=1> .

All the neighborhood kids had already ordered their Winky Dink kits containing their very own "Magic Window" and were joining in the fun as they supplied roses, eyebrows, rope bridges and whatever else Jack Barry and Winky Dink requested be 'drawn' on the screen to help in their 'plot development'....., I soon had my "window" as well.

The first two Saturday mornings with Winky Dink came and went with me helping Jack and his buddy in whatever adventure they'd gotten themselves into; the third Saturday we were saving another of Winky's animated buddies escape by drawing first some kind of ladder and then another rope bridge ( as I recall, there were many, many rope bridges and ladders to be drawn during these 'adventures'...) and I was intently watching the screen when all of a sudden I heard my father bellow, "What th' Hell?....., What're you doing, boy?", from behind me on the other side of the room. He'd seen the crayon markings and was going bazookas because he thought I was marking on the screen itself and then got even hotter when he saw that green "magic window" affixed to the television by static electricity.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

That was the last time I got to join Winky Dink and Jack in one of their 'on-screen' adventures; however, about thirty years later I became one of the start-up crew for The Weather Channel and helped in its early development. One of my jobs the first couple of years I was there was formatting and illustrating the weather maps for on air presentation by the On Camera Meteorologists using what was then (early '80s) state of the art computer graphics for broadcast television. Eventually, I also developed animation techniques for infomercials and other on air products using those same computers.

It occurred to me one day while in the middle of some project that I was continuing on and finishing up where Winky Dink, Jack and I had been made to stop all those years before. I was 'drawing' on TV screens once again.

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I watched Winky Dink & my mother ordered the "magic drawing screen" for me. To my horror, when it came our TV was not working, but our elderly neighbor, Mr. Durham, came to the rescue. He let me come to his house & watch Winky Dink & use the screen. It's a good childhood memory.-----Linda Wood Howell

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## RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2012



Rainfall record for 2012 (at my house)—Jan. (3.3 in.); Feb. (4.1 in.); Mar. (10.0 in.); Apr. (3.8 in.); May (none); June (2.0 in.); July (6.9 in.); Aug. (7.2 in.); Sep. (7.3 in.); Oct. (1.7 in.); Nov. (2.1 in.) Total --- 48.4 inches

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This begins the 13<sup>th</sup> volume of *The Sandyland Chronicle*. The years seem to be passing by very fast. I have reached the point where I am running out of ideas and don't have time to do the research needed to dig up interesting stories to write about. I will try to continue for a while longer, but there may not be as many pages in each issue as in the past and at some point, I will probably have to call it quits. We have covered a lot of different topics in the last twelve years and hopefully, preserved a bit of our local history. I know that many people do not care about things of the past, but there are plenty of interesting stories out there just waiting to be told.

Please continue to submit family stories, old pictures, or articles you have written. I'm especially interested in old pictures from Nevada County that show old buildings, old stores, early settlers, or anything you think might be of interest. If you live out of state but have some connection to Nevada County, write and tell us about it. If you have a funny story concerning a member of your family, send it to me. With your help, maybe we can keep this going a little while longer.

Send me your suggestions of what you would like to see in this paper. Some of you say you enjoyed the recipes, so if you have a good one, send it to me. Thank you for your support over the last twelve years.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## CONSUMER CORNER



I would like to use this space each month to spotlight a product which readers would recommend to others. If you have found a very good product—a grocery item, cleaning product, etc. that you believe others would like, send me the details and I will pass the information on to others.

I will start if off with an air freshener called Pure Citrus-Orange which we like. It is sometimes hard to find. Recently, we have found it at some of the larger Walmart stores. It is more expensive than regular air fresheners (about \$3.90 for a 7 oz. can), but it only takes a little to do the job. It has a very pleasant smell like fresh oranges and is a good alternative for those who are bothered by the heavy perfume smells in some air fresheners.

Try a can and see if you like it.

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## READERS TELL OF THEIR MOST MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS

My most memorable Christmas was one year in the mid to late fifties when it looked like that we weren't going to get any gifts for Christmas but the day before Christmas some lady gave us some puzzles. I think they were 30-100 peace puzzles and weren't new but that didn't make any difference because we got something to play with. Someone else gave us some fruit.

My dad was a logger and the winter weather probably had them shut down and they didn't have the money to buy things for us. That act of kindness turned our sadness into happiness.—*George Robinson*

Well, this one was my most memorable Christmas! Not only was it my most memorable, it was my *FIRST* Christmas! Now, that may not be remarkable as stated alone; however, the unusual issue is the fact that I was nearly five (5) years old (January 18) and I had never even *heard* of Christmas, Santa, or anything remotely connected to this wonderful season! My little sister and I were curious and asked lots of questions each time we would see decorations, pictures of the nativity scenes, Santa walking around Prescott after the Christmas parade, handing out peppermint sticks! I, for one was terrified of that guy! I immediately took refuge behind my mom's skirt if the "jolly old guy" approached me. You see, we had just been adopted and previous to that time we were "wards of the state", little family-less munchkins who had obviously been shielded from such annual goings on (would've caused the foster folks to spend a quarter or two!). Christmas morning, December 25, 1948, found my sister and me sleeping peacefully....that is, until our mom woke us up and asked us to go to the den and see what Santa had brought us! Bear in mind, Mom & Dad hadn't put a Christmas Tree up until after we two kids had gone to bed (Mom explained to me later that she and our dad didn't want to cause undue confusion for us). Anyway, we got out of bed and timidly walked down the hall behind Mom, coming to an abrupt halt when we reached the den's opened door. We were spell-bound! We were in awe! I have to tell you, I've never seen so many presents packed under a Christmas tree

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

(remember, we had never been exposed to Christmas or to any of its side-attractions)! My mom and dad's friends had graciously provided gifts, along with every one of our newly-gained relatives! One could not have gotten another present into that room! We stood at the door, not knowing what we should do. Finally, our dad coaxed us into the room and invited us to open every one of those presents... 'cause they *were ours to keep!* We "got into the moment" very quickly! Soon, every present had been ripped open and the loot divided between us! Just as we thought the end of the celebration was at hand, here came Mom with two brand new, beautiful tricycles! We jumped on those wonderful modes of transportation and pedaled for the rest of the day! I can honestly say, that was my most memorable Christmas ever!!!—*James Hairston*

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We actually recall two Christmases that were memorable. The first was Christmas 1958. Peter proposed and gave me an engagement ring. The next Christmas He gave me a rolling pin and a pizza pie pan. ;-).

The other was Christmas Eve 1988. We were moving from Oklahoma to Arizona. We arrived in Flagstaff, Arizona in the midst of a huge snow storm. I was driving with the grandsons, age 3 and 5, who could sense my fear as we are slipping and sliding down the mountain. Peter, in another car, and I were communicating via CB. All at once another male voice came on with a "HO HO HO Barbie Doll you pull over into the left lane and stay behind that Giant Fuel Truck, I'll get you safely down this mountain. Now, you chillen (children) start counting the number of presents I am going to bring you in just a few hours; and be very quiet so you can listen for my reindeer's bells. Isn't it amazing how God always sends his angels in our time of need!—*Barbara and Peter Masterson*

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I do not have a most memorable Christmas, but I do know that this Christmas bit coming around every six weeks in an exercise that I can do without. Every six months I could live with. That fake Christmas tree is getting worn out, putting it up and taking it down to put away.—*Dave Cummins*

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Our most memorable Christmas was putting our son, Mike, who is now 50 years of age in a little seat and taking his picture under the Christmas tree in 1962 for our present. We had purchased presents for his older brother and others and our funds were limited for we did not charge Christmas presents and still do not.—*Wanda Carter*

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Looking all over the woods for the perfect Christmas tree—*Charlie Weaver*

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## THE LONG JOURNEY BACK

Jordan Laughard of Hope, AR, age 17, was involved in a terrible auto accident May 26, 2012 near Mt. Ida. He has spent the last several months in various hospitals and in rehab learning how to walk, talk, and eat once again. His progress has been slow but steady and he is now able to come home from rehab on weekends to be with his family. His dad, Darin Laughard, keeps everyone updated on his progress on Facebook. Back in September, Darin posted the following on his Facebook page and I think it is worth reading and has a good message for all

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

of us. If you are on Facebook, you can follow Jordan's progress and see pictures and videos. Just search for Darin Laughard—Hope, Arkansas.

To all the young adults and maybe to some of the older ones too:

My heart is heavy today for some reason and I'm going to have to write this. LIFE is something we take for granted; it is not ours to decide when we will be here and when we are not. To all who really know Jordan he was full of LIFE for the most part and he lived like there was no tomorrow. He is fighting hard to regain that and it truly breaks my heart to see him go through the pain that he has to go through to do the most simple things that all of you take for granted. He can't brush his teeth or comb his hair. He can't decide to wear the blue shirt or the pink shirt. He can't play the video games anymore that he once played. He can't drive his car that he once did. He can't walk to class. He can't drink a soda or eat his favorite meal. He can't even twitter or Facebook with any of his friends. He is learning to do all these things again and I feel one day he will be doing it all again. We will never know what caused him to wreck. Looking at the car you can make a determination that he was going fast. Was it too fast, I don't know? There have been many wrecks at that same location. The wrecker operator has made that comment and when I was at the scene looking for items, there were many different car parts there and the tree has no bark on that side of the tree from all the many vehicles that have hit it. In the matter of only seconds Jordan's went from full of LIFE to having to work hard to save his LIFE. I see the advertisement on TV stressing the point of texting while driving and look at the young man trying to put on his shirt because he wrecked his car while texting and know that Jordan will be doing that one day and I don't want to see any of you there because of something as stupid as that. I made it through my teen years never texting or talking on the phone while driving, and you know I bet you can too. His accident wasn't caused by texting or talking on the phone. I just want you to know that. One of the men at the scene said that when he got to him that he was not breathing and thought he was dead. They thought that they saw someone with him and started looking for the other person and didn't find anyone else with him and then he started breathing and moaning. I personally feel that there was a very special Guardian Angel with my son that day, one that kept Gillian (*his sister*) from being with him. One that allowed my best friend to be there for me and one that looked after him since we have been here on this journey. God has placed me in different places all my life and I wouldn't be here right now if it wasn't for him. I hope all of you know God and believe in Him. His words will help you make it through times that are tough and it will make it easier when times are going good. LIFE is not like the video games that you play. You cannot hit the restart button. You cannot pause LIFE to go get something from the refrigerator. LIFE has no pause button and it for sure doesn't have a restart button. We all have to make decisions. I always told Jordan before leaving to make good decisions. I'm asking you all to LIVE life to its fullest and always, always, always make good decisions. If GOD is in your life, making good decisions will come easier. I see way too many people here that have had 4 wheeler wrecks, motorcycle wrecks and car accidents that could have been avoided. Others here could have probably lived differently and ate differently and not gotten bitten by mosquitoes that have the West Nile virus, but things do happen even when you don't want them too. I'm finished crying for now and hope and pray that all of you will listen to your parents. We are not always wrong. We might know things because we have been there. We have a way of knowing things because other parents do care and will tell us when they see our kids doing wrong. No one has to reply to this, but if you read it I do expect you to like it so that I will know that you have been told the message. I love LIFE and I want you all to have this.—*In Christian Love, Darin*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Something to think about----

Dear Editor:

I was exasperated last year when some atheists and agnostics wanted to take Christ out of Christmas or Christmas out of the Holiday Season. Don't they realize that the word 'Holiday' derives from the word 'Holy Day'?

Now they want to take A.D., meaning Anno Domini (or more completely, Anno Domini Nostri Iesu Christi, "in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ") and replace it with C.E., Common Era.

Has anybody considered that various items on our calendar are directly attributed to pagan worship?

For example Sunday comes from the Greek practice of worshipping the Sun. Even its Roman name, dies solis, is a holdover from the ancient deification of the sun.

Monday is from the Greek Moon Goddess, "the most visible symbol of feminine energy in the solar system." How pagan is that? In Spanish, Monday is known as Lunes; you know, the derivative of lunar and lunatic.

Tuesday is from the Nordic god, Tyr. The mean old wolf Fenir had his hand for lunch (sort of a ranch-hand platter). Tyr is known as the Germanic god of war (as opposed to a God of peace).

Wednesday, as you may remember, is from the Germanic god Woden, Odin in Norse mythology. He is the god of Death. In the good old days, people were sacrificed in his honor.

Thursday is from Thor, Odin's son. Thor became a cross-dresser so he could deceive the thief who stole his hammer. It is remarkable how our forefathers chose these guys to be days of the week.

Friday is from Frigga, from whence we get our modern word, "friggin." No, actually, she was Thor's mom, the only 'legal' wife of Odin. And for only \$20 annual dues, you can join a sect that worships her.

The Roman god of the harvest, Saturn, is the root of many words - saturnine (sullen, gloomy), the planet, the car, and Saturday. The festival of Saturnalia began on Dec. 17; many people believe our celebration of Christmas supplanted this party. Saturn was famous for killing and devouring his children. Nice guy.

So the next 'holier than thou' agnostic that wants to remove this country's Christian influences, I want to ask him what he's doing to remove references to these pagan gods.

Next time, we will discuss all those deities and despots from January to July, from Janus to Julius.

Don Mathis, San Antonio, TX

Jerry McKelvy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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sandman43@att.net

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**THE BUTTON JAR**

Most of us remember our mother's or grandmother's collection of buttons. She probably kept them in a jar or in a button box. There were buttons of every size, color, and shape.

Our ancestors who grew up in the Great Depression learned to save just about everything in case it would be needed later. My grandmother was like that and when I was a kid, I enjoyed looking through all the things she had stored away. When a garment became too old to be worn, all the buttons were removed and put in the button jar. The cloth was kept also if it wasn't completely worn out. It could be used for rags or maybe pieces could be used for patches or made into a quilt. Women made a lot of the clothes for the family in those days and the buttons could be used again on a new garment.

These days in our throw-away society, most people just toss clothing when they get tired of it or maybe put it in a garage sale. I don't know how much sewing women do these days. Maybe they still do a little repair work or sew on a missing button, but most women of working age are too busy these days with their careers and other chores to bother with making clothes.

Grandma's life was different. Many of them lived in the rural areas far from a town and sewing, quilting, canning, and cooking were just part of a woman's life in those days. Many of these ladies became experts at making beautiful quilts, dresses, etc. out of scrap material or even cloth feed sacks or flour sacks. They learned to do crocheting and embroidery work and they did all this with poor lighting in their homes. They took pride in their work and much of their work has been passed down to the younger generations in their family.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Many of us may have used a button or two from Grandma's button jar to put on a string to make a spinning toy sometimes called a buzz-saw or a whizzer. They were simple to make and could keep a child occupied for hours. Maybe some of these old-time simple toys should be introduced to the children of today who think a toy must have a battery or be hi-tech.

Some people still collect buttons and look for button collections at garage sales. Button collections are a part of our history and even if the buttons are never used, they are a good conversation piece and bring back many pleasant memories.

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## AUNT RUTH CLARK

profiled in 8-3-1939 issue of *The Nevada News*



When a reporter went to interview her, she was sitting on the "gallery" as she called it. In answer to some of the reporter's questions, she said, "I never kep' no 'membrance of sech".

She was born 107 years ago in Ouachita Co. about 15 miles west of Camden. There were six children in her family. She spent her childhood in slavery, belonging to a family from Hempstead Co. named Adams. Each darkie was assigned a white child to care for. She was assigned Nancy Jane Adams, but the child died. She was then sold to a man named McCracken for a short time and then to Colonel Garland where she was married to Joe Garland and was owned by the Garland family. He died and she was then married to Ben Clark until his death. All six of her children were Garlands. She said she "didn't wan' no mo chilluns--they too bad, and can' do nuttin' wid um."

Her oldest daughter is Charlotte Nora, age 78, who lives nearby. Her son, Willie Jackson is age 59 and the next is Belle, age 45. The other three children are not living.

She lives alone aided by the WPA. She says she rarely gets sick, but her eyesight is beginning to fail. Her hair is snow white and she walks with a cane. Her hands are still steady with no trembling as many her age.

Near her home is an old frame church called "Aunt Ruth's church". The Baptists have Sunday school there and have preaching one Sunday each month. Her home is located near the Delight Road.

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Below are some quotations made by famous people. See if you can guess who said them. Answers are on page 6.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

1. "And so, my fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."
2. "But we have to pass the bill so you can find out what is in it."
3. "I regret that I have only one life to give for my country".
4. "Give me liberty, or give me death".
5. "A government big enough to give you everything you want is big enough to take from you everything you have."
6. "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time".
7. "Mr. Gorbechev, tear down this wall".
8. "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself".
9. "Speak softly but carry a big stick".
10. "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".
11. "From the time I was a kid, I always knew something was going to happen to me. Didn't know exactly what".
12. "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat".
13. "Be sure you are right and then go ahead".
14. "The education of a man is never completed until he dies".
15. "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen".
16. "That's one small step for man; one giant leap for mankind".
17. "It is impossible to rightly govern a nation without God and the Bible".
18. "I have not yet begun to fight".
19. "Old soldiers never die. They just fade away".
20. "Today they are making pictures I wouldn't want Trigger to see".

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Have you ever been to Nevark? Most people living today have never heard of it, but back when the oil fields were booming in Nevada County, a town was created called Nevark. Here's a little history about Nevark.

Some old maps show the town of Nevark. The location is at the intersection of Hwy. 278 and Hwy. 76 about eight miles east of Rosston. I can remember a store building at this location in the late 1960s although it was closed. The town of Nevark has now passed into history. There is no evidence today that a town ever existed at this location.

## NEVARK IS NEW OIL TOWN

*Nevada County Picayune--Feb. 18, 1937*

With ideal weather, activities in the Nevada oil field have continued unabated. Large crews have been busy digging pits to hold production of new wells and erecting houses for employees of Benedum & Trees Company and warehouses for supplies. Roads in the field are in good condition and hauling of oil from storage to Berry Asphalt Company's plant at Waterloo has been constant. Pumps are being installed to force the heavy oil through the new eight inch pipeline to Waterloo, and the line should be in use this week.

Claude Garner and associates have begun erection of their store and hotel building on the lands bought recently by them near the field, and they are offering 150 lots for sale in their new town site which bears the name Nevark, a contraction of Nevada County, Arkansas.

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### **Giving Her Whole Life With A Song**

**By Barbara Lyerly**

**(previously published in the Chidester Museum newsletter)**

Attending the Chidester School was such a privilege for those of us who spent our years of learning there. There were so many people who influenced us to be good students, good citizens and good Christians. They did this by teaching, modeling and through the example of their lives. Many had gone before I was old enough to know them, but so many come to mind. I remember Mrs. Gladys Sanders, Miss Bessie Benton, Mrs. Mary G. Wylie, Mrs. Eloene McBride, Mrs. Nettie McGill, Mr. Calvin Oliver, Mr. Frank Pfeifer, Mr. Billy McGill, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Jennings, Mr. Ben Birchfield, Mrs. Amolee Kizzia, Mrs. Mattie L. Walker, Mr. T.E.D. Jackson and maybe most of all **Mrs. Lula Jewell Tribble.**

**My early memories of grade school included music with "Miss Lula Jewell" and how happy we all were to sing the holiday, patriotic, and church songs each week. I remember being in the choir at high school even though I couldn't sing a note and everyone made fun of me for it! Mrs. Lula Jewell tried, but she couldn't help me a bit. But, did she send me to study hall? No, she told everyone that I would sing tenor and made me feel like I was a contributing part of the group! She taught several**

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

classes other than music and went on to become certified as a guidance counselor. I'm sure those who were lucky enough to have a counselor to help them with problems and planning are as grateful as I am to have known her.

She was an integral part of all my school years, but even more important, she was an integral part of my Christian upbringing. I can't ever remember entering Rushing Memorial Methodist Church that she wasn't there. She literally "shared her life with a song" by providing great music, by being a leader of our youth group for years and by always "being there" for us if we needed her. She even accompanied my class on our senior trip to Galveston and Houston! She never raised her voice to a student, but oh that look she could give you if you were misbehaving! Many of my fondest memories are of those Sunday evenings when a gang of teenagers would swarm into the Methodist Church and always find Mrs. Lula Jewell and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Bussell there with lessons planned, food to share, and music, music, music.

She, like so many more, have gone to their very just rewards and I feel sure that Mrs. Lula Jewell is leading a choir of cherubs in Heaven right now!

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### SGT. STUBBY THE MOST DECORATED DOG OF WORLD WAR I



Our military uses highly trained dogs for various duties such as guard duty, to sniff out bombs, rescue work, etc. Most police departments also have a dog assigned to a particular policeman which is used to sniff out illegal drugs during traffic stops.

A reader sent me a story about a famous dog used in World War I—a dog named Sgt. Stubby. This dog was a stray which happened upon a group of soldiers of the 102<sup>nd</sup> Infantry which were training to be shipped out for duty in France. One of the soldiers, Cpl. Robert Conroy, made friends with

the dog and named him Stubby because of his short legs. When the unit shipped out, Cpl. Conroy smuggled the dog on board the ship.

Stubby was involved in the trench fighting in France for eighteen months and was involved in four offensives and eighteen battles. The noise of the guns didn't seem to bother Stubby. During the heavy fighting, Stubby would search for wounded soldiers. During one of these battles, he was wounded in the leg by a grenade. When he recovered from his wounds, he returned to duty. Due to his keen sense of smell, Stubby was able to warn soldiers of poison gas in time for them to put on their gas masks and he was also able to hear artillery shells coming in time to warn the men. It is thought that countless lives were saved by Stubby's heroic actions in battle.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Stubby even once caught a German spy. The German had made the mistake of speaking to Stubby in German and Stubby realized he was not an American and grabbed the German by the seat of his pants and held him until he could be detained by the Americans. Stubby received many medals for his actions in the war and was the only dog to be promoted to sergeant during military action.

When the war ended, Cpl. Conroy smuggled Stubby home to the United States. He appeared in many parades and even met three presidents—Wilson, Coolidge, and Harding. He became a life member of the American Legion, the Red Cross, and the YMCA. When Conroy later enrolled in college, Stubby went with him and became the team mascot.

Stubby died in 1926 at the age of ten. He was given a brick in the Wall of Honor at the World War I monument. The brick reads—Sergeant Stubby—Hero Dog of World War I—A Brave Stray.

Stubby's remains were preserved by taxidermy and are displayed at the Smithsonian Institute of Military History.

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## Answers to Quotations Trivia on page 3:

1. President John F. Kennedy
2. Nancy Pelosi
3. Nathan Hale
4. Patrick Henry
5. Presidents Thomas Jefferson and Gerald Ford
6. President Abraham Lincoln
7. President Ronald Reagan
8. President Franklin Roosevelt
9. President Theodore Roosevelt
10. President George H. W. Bush
11. Elvis Presley
12. Winston Churchill
13. Davy Crockett
14. Robert E. Lee
15. President Harry S. Truman
16. Neil Armstrong
17. President George Washington
18. John Paul Jones
19. Gen. Douglas MacArthur
20. Roy Rogers

**Correction: The two children on page 3 of the last issue have been identified. They are Julia Barlow Nelson on the left and Jesse Barlow, her younger brother on the right.**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## CONSUMER CORNER



Here's another product we like—Vidalia Onion Hot Chow-Chow. The only problem is I can't find it anymore in our local stores. Walmart once carried it, and when I found it I would sometimes buy ten jars at a time. It can be ordered on the Internet, but by the time you pay shipping, it is too expensive. It is made by a company in Georgia where the Vidalia onions grow. If any of you know of a store in the southwest Arkansas area that carries it, please let me know. It is very good with purple hull peas or beans. It comes in pint size jars in both hot and mild versions, but we like the hot. It reminds me of the chow-chow my

grandmother used to make many years ago.

If you have a product you really like, let me know so I can tell others about it.

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## A GOOD WEB SITE

<http://blindpigandtheacorn.com>

I mentioned this web site to you a couple of years ago, but I'm mentioning it again in case you have forgotten about it. I think many of you might enjoy it. Tipper Pressley runs the site and posts daily on a variety of subjects, mostly pertaining to the Appalachian region. The Pressley family is involved in music and many of their songs are featured on the site. You never know what subject will be discussed each day. She posts on such subjects as old cemeteries, bottle collecting, old recipes, gardening, local history, Appalachian grammar lessons, or anything unusual discovered by Tipper and her daughters, Chitter and Chatter, as they explore the area where they live. This site has been on the web for several years with many subjects being discussed. There is a search box on the home page where you can type in a word and do a search to see if it has been discussed in previous posts. There are also links to other interesting web sites. I have been following this web site for a long time and highly recommend it. It's a good way to learn about another part of our country.

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## RAINFALL FOR 2012

It was another dry year for the Sandy Land around Bluff City, but at my house in Camden, I received six inches of rain in December making the total for the year 54.4 inches. That is about normal rainfall for this part of Arkansas. Scattered showers can sometimes dump large amounts of rain in a small area. It all depends on where you live.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## BURIALS AT BLUFF CITY AREA CEMETERIES IN 2012

### BLUFF CITY CEMETERY

Vernie Smith  
Marguerite Towery Starnes  
Ruby Inzer Black  
Judy Annette Martin Cooper  
Helen V. Wilson  
Joe Jackson Gulley  
Brandon Kade Cartwright  
Alta Jewell Neuberger  
Helen Kathleen Smith  
Clifford H. Lemons Jr.  
Ted Edison Starnes  
Marion Estelle Billingsley Meador  
Ronnie Dale Cox  
Doris Pauline Cummings Powers  
Jessie Faye Orr

### EBENEZER CEMETERY

Betty Carolyn Cook Harrison  
Mavis Velta Belisle  
Sarah Elizabeth Pearson  
Hazel Plyler

### ST. JOHN CEMETERY

Donnie Sims Jr.  
David Sims

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## THIS AND THAT

A bill was introduced in Illinois to increase matrimony and reduce race suicide. Each mother would be paid \$100 each for children born within the first two years of marriage. They would be paid \$200 for twins and \$300 for triplets. To pay for these rewards, a tax of \$10 per year would be levied on each bachelor over the age of 35. (*Prescott Daily News—March 21, 1911*)

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Residents of Prescott were warned in 1911 about riding bicycles, velocipedes, and tricycles on the sidewalks (*Prescott Daily News*)

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According to a study, an oak tree is the most dangerous tree to stand under in a thunderstorm. A beech tree is least likely to get hit by lightning. Of course, it is advisable to not stand under any tree during a thunderstorm.

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Three of our presidents died on July 4<sup>th</sup>.—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and James Monroe



Jerry McKeivly's

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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March, 2013

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## THE OLD PARKER PECAN ORCHARD

I think every home place ought to have two or three pecan trees. Pecans are one of my favorite nuts to eat and are used in many recipes. There's nothing much better than a perfectly baked pecan pie. The problem with pecan trees is they take a long time to grow. You need to plant one when you are young so you can be assured of having pecans to pick up during your retirement years.

I'm sure you could probably buy pecans cheaper than trying to grow your own, but it is nice to be able to harvest pecans from your own trees. Of course, most of the time, you have to share them with the squirrels or crows.

My parents purchased forty acres of land in 1970 from J. D. and Mae Parker Norman. This tract of land joined my dad's portion of my grandpa's old place in the Goose Ankle community in Nevada County. The land once belonged to Mrs. Norman's parents, James and Mary Parker. Anyway, on these forty acres is the old Parker pecan orchard. I suppose Mr. Parker planted this pecan orchard and I'm sure it was an enjoyment to them for many years.

When we purchased the land, the orchard had been neglected for years and was overgrown with timber and brush. My dad raised cattle and wanted the nice bottom land for pasture land for the cows, so one of our first jobs was clearing the brush from the flat land he wanted to convert to a pasture. Many hours were spent by the whole family piling and burning brush using our tractor equipped with a front-end loader. We decided to leave the old pecan trees since the cows could graze under them. The photo above shows what it looked like when we were finished.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I don't know how old these pecan trees are but they have to be pretty old. Mr. Parker died in 1936 and the trees were mature when we got the land in 1970. I would guess they are close to 100 years old but I could be wrong. There were 47 pecan trees when we first cleared the land, but some have died since then. These trees produce what are called "native pecans". That means they are small and very hard to crack, but they taste better than most of the newer varieties of pecans.

Our trees didn't produce well every year. Some years there were no pecans at all, but sometimes there would be plenty for our use and enough to feed all the critters that lived near the orchard. We spent many enjoyable hours there picking up pecans. We even purchased one of those handy pecan picker-uppers to keep from having to bend over.

My father passed away in 1986 and soon afterwards we sold the cows and you guessed it--the pecan orchard was allowed to grow up in brush once again. I've wished many times that I had kept it bush-hogged. Now you can hardly find the pecan trees among the younger pine and hardwood trees that have overgrown the orchard. And of course, the pecan trees quit bearing because they do better in open areas. Some of the smaller ones have died from being choked out by the encroaching forest.

The farm at Goose Ankle was divided up again and my portion includes the old Parker pecan orchard. I had no interest in raising cattle, so the orchard went back to nature in a hurry. In just a few years, the pecan orchard was completely overgrown once again.

A few weeks ago, I drove through the old orchard; mentally kicking myself for letting it go back to forest after all the hard work we did in the old days to clear the land. I decided to clear the brush once again from under some of the best looking pecan trees, so I got my chain saw and went to work. I even cut down many small pine trees almost big enough to make pulpwood. I used the tractor to pile the trees I had cut so that I could keep the area under the trees bush-hogged. I don't expect the trees to bear many pecans, but I mainly did it for sentimental reasons. Anyway, I now have reclaimed seventeen of Mr. Parker's old pecan trees and if the Lord sees fit, maybe someday I'll be able to harvest a few pecans from them.

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## SLEEPING IN CHURCH

*The Nevada News*

May 21, 1914

Those who have a habit of sleeping through the minister's sermon should thank their stars that they were not living in England 300 years ago, for they would have been rapped over the head every time they dozed by men especially appointed to the task of keeping the congregation awake.

For instance, in one parish in Shropshire, 25 shillings a year was paid to a poor man to go about the church during the sermon and keep the people awake. He carried a thin, long wand in his hand, which he could conveniently stretch out over considerable space and rap offenders on the head or about the shoulders.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

With women he was always instructed to be gentler, to tap softly, but persistently until the slumber was broken. For women, it was learned, were not so amiable as men on being aroused from a comfortable nap, and, if gentle means were not employed were likely to get up and leave, causing no little commotion about them.

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## INDIA W. JOHNSON (from the 9-1-1921 issue of *The Nevada News*)

The families of the before-the-war Southern aristocracy are fast passing away. India W. Johnson was one of those noble women who when the need came rose to the aid of their country. She was born in Columbia, Fluvanna County, Virginia, Nov. 18, 1840, in the old stone house which is occupied today by her youngest brother and his family, and died Saturday morning, Sept. 27, 1921.

Raised in the luxury which the times afforded, with slaves to answer every call, considered the most beautiful girl of her county and the neighboring county of Albemarle, many stories have been told the writer of the dashing figure she made as she rode about the neighborhood on a very fine coal black horse, dressed in the beautiful riding habit of the period. This same black horse carried her brother through the war, and on Mrs. Johnson's last visit to her old home 33 years ago, was still living, almost blind, and past any use, but to be a pet for the children. In the third year of the war, she was married to her soldier lover, Daniel W. Johnson, of Albemarle County, Virginia. The next year their oldest daughter, Fannie, was born in the old home. By this time the war had reduced their fortune very much. When the war was over, they left their home with a wagon train of other Virginians and settled in Iowa. They lived there two years. During their residence there, C. V. Johnson was born. The cold of Iowa was too much for the Virginians, so the colony moved by wagon to Arkansas, and settled in Ouachita County, where they made their home until 1882, when they moved to Prescott, where Mr. Johnson engaged in the mercantile business. During their residence in Ouachita County, Hesterly, Phillip, Jack and Ben were born to them. In 1905, they moved to their farm, seven miles east of Prescott on Route 2 where she lived an active and useful life until her fatal illness struck her three weeks ago. After a short but touching funeral service by Dr. John C. Williams, at the home of her son, F. J. Johnson, Sunday afternoon, she was laid to rest at DeAnn Cemetery borne by her grandsons, Watson, White, Bill White, Jack, Cecil, William, and Archie Johnson.

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We always called this a "case knife". I don't hear that term much anymore. I would be interested in your thoughts about how it came to be known as a "case knife". Send me your comments for the next issue.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



This appears to be a very old school photo, but I'm not sure which school it was. I was wondering if the hat in the foreground has any significance. It would seem that a professional photographer would have noticed the hat before he took the picture unless there was a reason for it being in the photo. It is right in the center of the photo like it was left there on purpose. One of the young boys in the front row is holding a hat and several of the older boys are wearing hats. Any ideas???

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***The Saint Paul Globe***  
**St. Paul, MN**  
**July 19, 1903**

## **CAME BACK AFTER 19 YEARS ABSENCE**

## **THE STRANGE FLIGHT OF AN ARKANSAS ENOCH ARDEN**

Stephens, Ark., July 18--Nineteen years ago Jesse Dixon lived with his family, a wife and seven children, on his little farm, just three miles south of where Stephens, Ark. now stands, and about a mile from old Smackover Creek. He was well-to-do, had plenty of this world's goods, and a happy family. He was a prominent member of the Methodist church, and the old church house

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

is standing yet where he led the choir in singing 1,000 times. Honored and respected, he was a good husband, a loving father, and apparently a good Christian. One bright Sunday morning a little over nineteen years ago, he got up as usual, attended to all the little things necessary about a well-regulated farm, ate breakfast, saddled his mule, and putting four or five ears of corn in his saddle pockets, laid them across his mule, told his wife, who was milking, that he was going down in the creek bottom to feed his hogs (hogs were wild then in the woods), and rode away while the happy wife and children were preparing for the enjoyment of Sunday's rest.

That was the last seen of Dixon for all these long years by any of his family. Night came on, but with it came no husband or father. The neighbors were notified, and a long but vain search began. His brother, Dave Dixon, a very prominent man in this part of the state, having been clerk of Columbia County for 22 years, was appealed to. He left his business and searched for days, but in vain. Had the earth swallowed him up, or had he evaporated in the air, the disappearance of Jesse Dixon would not have been more complete.

The heartbroken wife, worse than widowed, and innocent little children, worse than orphaned, were forced to carry on the battle of life without husband or father. All the children were small and the struggle for bread was begun, to last for many long years, but Mrs. Dixon was comparatively a young woman and full of energy and plenty of brain. She toiled as only a good woman with seven little children to feed and clothe can toil.

Sympathizing neighbors would occasionally lend a helping hand. The children began to grow healthy and strong and soon were able to work. Before long prosperity dawned and the old house was rebuilt and enlarged, acres were added to the farm, new barns were constructed, the sheep and cattle increased, and when the old man, feeble and broken in health, approached the old home he hardly recognized the stately residence that stands in front of the old, but he found the same good wife, who, through all these dark, dreary years has proved faithful to her first love. The little prattling children are now grown to womanhood and manhood.

A curious but interested crowd of old friends were at the depot when Dixon arrived. They were expecting him, as Willie, his favorite son when a child, had gone after him. He recognized many old friends and shook their hands cordially. He has been out in the Western country and has prospered, being worth many thousands of dollars. Why he went away, why he remained so silent, are questions that will probably never be answered. He was taken sick in his Western home, and asked for his son, Willie, and some man out there wrote here to him. While in doubt about it being his father, he went. Dixon was very much surprised at the changes. Where Stephens now stands, he used to hunt wild hogs, deer, and turkey. When he arrived at his old home, the family, one by one, came out to greet him. The names of his children, he had forgotten.

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### THE BIG FIRE AT HOT SPRINGS IN 1913

Almost every town has had a destructive fire sometime in the past, but in September, 1913, it looked for a time like the whole city of Hot Springs, Arkansas would be consumed by fire. The fire started in a small cabin in the eastern part of the city and spread rapidly due to 40 mile per

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hour winds. Many of the buildings at that time were made from wood and everything was dry from a recent period of dry weather. When it was all over, about sixty blocks of the city had been burned leaving 2500 people homeless.

The local fire department soon realized they needed help to fight the fire and sent an urgent message to Little Rock asking for assistance. Firemen from Little Rock boarded a special train and left for Hot Springs. The wind kept changing directions which made the situation worse. The fire was headed for the famous Bath House Row, a popular spot for tourists. Buildings in the path of the fire were dynamited and this is believed to be all that saved the bath houses and the famous Arlington Hotel.

About 250 citizens were sworn in as guards to assist in keeping order and helping those whose homes had been destroyed. A camp for the homeless was set up in the vicinity of the Oaklawn race track. Residents in the path of the fire lost all their belongings, barely escaping the flames with their lives.

The fire destroyed the Park Hotel, the Princess Hotel, the Moody Hotel, the water and light plant, Ozark Sanitarium, the new high school, Central Methodist church, the Garland Co. court house, and many smaller businesses and homes. The fire played no favorites, destroying the fine homes of the rich as well as the modest shacks of the poor. Since the water and light plant had been destroyed, the entire city was plunged into darkness. People had to drink water from the many cold water springs in the area. Officials predicted it would be thirty days before electricity could be restored to the city.

Governor Hays visited the city soon after the fire and was prepared to declare martial law if needed to keep order. Troops were sent to assist in keeping order. Despite the nature of the fire, there were no deaths reported although some people were injured. Many animals burned to death in the fire. One newspaper headline called it a modern day Sodom and Gomorrah referring to the Bible story of fire and brimstone destroying those cities.

The monetary loss from the fire was estimated to be about \$12 million dollars which was a lot of money in 1913. The area burned was about one and a half miles long and seven to ten blocks wide in the vicinity of Grand Ave., Malvern Ave., and Prospect Ave. Despite the great loss, city officials were happy that the main business district along Central Avenue was spared since this was the location of many of the bath houses and popular with tourists. Conditions slowly returned to normal in the months following the great fire and city officials sent out the word across the country that the city was still in business and invited tourists to visit Hot Springs.

*Note: The thermal waters around Hot Springs were first protected by the federal government in 1832 when it was designated the Hot Springs Reservation. It became a national park in 1921 and is the nation's smallest national park. Over 1.2 million people visit the park each year.*

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## RAINFALL RECORD

We received 4.3 inches of rainfall in January at my house. We got a light dusting of snow and a little ice but nothing serious. Rainfall so far in February--2.0 inches

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## MORE ABOUT NAMES

In a recent article about names, I mentioned that some people were named for states, counties, or cities. Do a search for “baby names inspired by places” and you will find a long list of such names for both boys and girls. There is a person buried at Ebenezer Cemetery named Tennessee Tunnell and one at Bluff City Cemetery named Nevada Evelyn Grayson Hildebrand. My great grandfather, Jasper Newton Kirk was named that because he was born in a house that sat astride the Jasper-Newton county line in Georgia. Here are two more you may not have heard about.

### **Camden Marie Theriot**

We all remember back in 2005 when Hurricane Katrina hit New Orleans and the Gulf Coast area. Many residents were forced to evacuate. Some went to Texas and others headed north looking for a place to stay. Misty and Patrick Theriot and daughter Skylar from Louisiana made their way to Camden, Arkansas and stayed at the Umsted House. While in Camden, they participated in activities at the Methodist Church and said the love from the church and community gave them hope and strength during a difficult time in their lives.

About a year later *The Camden News*, the local newspaper, received a letter from the Theriot family announcing the birth of their daughter born in June, 2006. The letter stated that the family was so touched by the love in the community that they vowed to name their next child after the town. They kept that promise and named the child Camden Marie Theriot. The newspaper printed a portion of their letter in their August 29, 2006 edition.

### **Blevins William Samuel Stephens Westmoreland**

That's quite a name. Blevins was born July 21, 2007 in Cypress, Texas and was named in honor of his maternal great-great-great-great grandfather, Hugh Armstrong Blevins, a native of Kentucky, who fought in the War of 1812 before coming to Hempstead County and settling the town of Blevins about 1835.

Young Blevins has many historical ties to Hempstead and Nevada counties. His paternal great-great grandparents, Jeremiah and Josephine Westmoreland settled along the Cale Rd. in Nevada County shortly after the Civil War and the Westmoreland family is well known in the area. Blevins' great-great-great grandfather, John H. Stephens, survived numerous battles in the Civil War and returned home, married, and raised twelve children. The old Stephens home is now part of the historic homes collection at Old Washington. Blevins' great-great grandmother, the late Irene Stephens Nesbitt, taught school at Blevins for 50 years. His maternal great-great grandfather, Christopher C. Hamby, was a state senator, lieutenant governor, and attorney in Prescott for many years. One of Christopher Hamby's sons was Rudolph P. Hamby who served as mayor of Prescott from 1912-1948.

An article in the August 15, 2007 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* gives all the details.

Some of you might like this web site about country living on Sunrise Ridge in southwest Missouri-- <http://oldentimes.wordpress.com/>

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It's interesting to learn how towns got their names. Many towns are named after the person who first settled there. Some small communities were named after the storekeeper or the postmaster. Here is what I know about some of the towns in Nevada County (past and present):

**Prescott**--named for a county surveyor, W. H. Prescott or William Hickling Prescott, a friend of railroad officials

**Cale**--named for John Cale

**Laneburg**--named for Anna C. Lane; B. T. Lane had store there

**Rosston**--named for Henry Ross

**Willisville**--named for Willis Herring

**Emmet**--named for a railroad surveyor, an Irishman whose last name was Emmet

**Morris**--possibly named for W. Ephram Morris but I have no evidence to support this

**Theo**--named for Theodore Gulley

**Irma**--named for postmaster's daughter or storekeeper's daughter

**Sutton**--named for \_\_\_\_ Sutton????

**Bluff City**--named for its location on a high bluff

**Zama**--????--I wish I knew

**Bodcaw**--named for Bodcaw Creek

**Falcon**--????

**Reader**--named for Lee Reader who had a sawmill there

**Lyda**--????

**Foss**--????--was first called Byrd; James Neal Byrd Sr. had a store there

**Boughton**--????

**Lackland**--named for Allen B. Lackland

**Glenville**--????

**Honeville**--named after one of the Honeas

**Mendenhall**--named after Thomas J. Mendenhall

**Weaver**--Weavers lived there; not sure which one it was named after

**Young**--named for J. T. Young who had store there

**Waterloo**--named for T. P. Waters

**Dill's Mill**--named for J. W. Dill who owned the mill

**Serepta Spring**--named for a village in Phoenicia in Palestine; spelled Sarepta in the Bible

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## CONSUMER CORNER



According to many people, this tart cherry juice concentrate is really good for arthritis. Some people take one tablespoon per day straight from the bottle, but it can be mixed with water if you don't like it that strong.

If you can't find the juice, you can buy fresh cherries when they are in season and eat a few each day. The only store I know of that carries this is Kroger and it is found in the refrigerated case.

It is expensive. This quart bottle sells at Kroger for \$16.99. A 78 year-old man was working in the store when I bought this bottle. He said they have trouble keeping it in stock. He said he takes it and gets around like a teen-ager. It is called Fruit Fast Tart Cherry Juice Concentrate.



Jerry McKeivy's

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## THE NIGHT THE STARS FELL

It has been called the greatest astronomical spectacle in recorded history. It happened November 10, 1833, starting about two o'clock in the morning and lasted until daylight. Thousands of stars fell to the earth lighting up the skies and being so bright people were awakened from their sleep. The falling stars were seen for three consecutive nights.

It was not like an ordinary falling star people occasionally see. This show was so intense that many people thought the world was ending and fell to their knees confessing their sins and praying that God would have mercy on them. One witness said it was like watching showers of fiery rain falling to the ground. A man in Natchez, Mississippi was awakened from sleep and thought the city was on fire. It was estimated that 10,000 meteors per hour fell to the earth. This very intense meteor shower was seen over much of North America. Meteors were not well understood at that time and many people remembered the Bible verses in Matthew 24: 29-31:

*Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken:*

*And then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven: and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds.*

*And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.*

It was without a doubt the greatest fireworks show man has ever seen and from reading the stories of those who witnessed it, we can easily understand how frightened the people were. When things returned to normal, the event became known as "the night the stars fell".

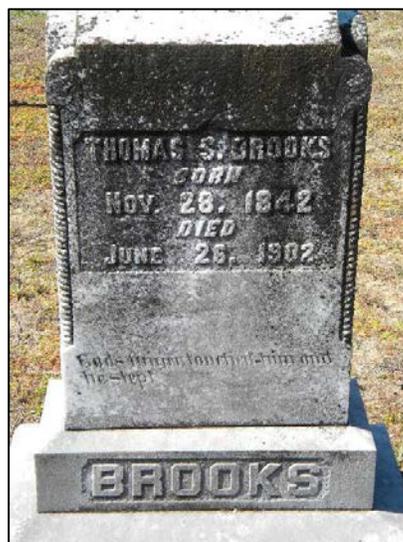
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Ebenezer Cemetery in Nevada County is the final resting place for many in my family. The cemetery dates back to before the Civil War days when the area was first settled. I have collected information on the people buried in this cemetery over the years. Many of the graves have no marker except for a rock or a piece of petrified wood and some have no markers at all. Most of the family names are familiar to me since I grew up in the area, but a few names are somewhat puzzling such as several graves with the surname BROOKS. I had never heard of anyone living in the area named Brooks and could find no information about them. All I had was the grave markers with their names and dates.

Through the miracle of the Internet, we are now able to communicate easily with people in far-

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off places and share information. A few weeks ago, I was contacted by a lady who had come across *The Sandyland Chronicle* on the Internet. She had read a story about the Tunnell family who once lived in the area around Ebenezer and had made a connection between the Brooks family and the Tunnell family. I put her in touch with some of the Tunnell family descendants and soon we learned more about the Brooks family buried at Ebenezer, especially Elizabeth Brooks and her husband, Thomas S. Brooks whose stones are pictured here.



Debbie Delgado, a descendant of this couple, mentioned that her grandmother, Ila Brooks Watkins, had written a true story about Elizabeth and Thomas Brooks that was told to her when she was a child. I thought you might enjoy the story and Debbie has graciously agreed to share it. Mrs. Ila Brooks Watkins lived in Douglas, Texas. She contributed this story for a project done by the Douglas High School many years ago in which students went out into the community and interviewed older people and published their stories in a magazine called *Chinaquapin—A Folklore and History Magazine*.

The story of Elizabeth and Thomas Brooks is a love story set in the Civil War days. Thomas was a Union soldier who met and fell in love with Elizabeth, a Southern girl, during the Civil War. Thanks to Debbie for sharing this story with us and helping to solve the mystery of the Brookses buried at Ebenezer Cemetery. I will think of this story now when I walk by the grave markers of Thomas and Elizabeth Brooks.

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### GOLDEN MEMORIES

#### A true story written by Ida Lee Brooks Watkins

“My father was almost 21 years of age when grandmother insisted on moving back south, and my grandfather, Thomas Brooks, moved near Prescott, Arkansas, and homesteaded a large amount of land. (You) could do that in those days—build a rail fence around it and go to paying

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taxes, get a deed, and it was yours. My grandparents on my mother's side were Paton and Tennie Tunnell, and they lived just across the river from the Brookses. Soon, my father, Edwin Brooks, met Laura Tunnell, my sweet mother. They got married. In just over a year, I was born, and then later, my brother Arthur, and then the baby boy Garland Paton Brooks.

“When I was a child, my grandmother Brooks told me this story that has become a golden memory to me, and it has remained with me to this day. I want to share this memory with you.”

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Pictured here are Edd Brooks, his mother, Bettie Elizabeth Amos Brooks, and Lewis Brooks. Elizabeth and Lewis from Arkansas were visiting Edd and his family at Wildhurst in Cherokee County, Texas.

*The following story was told by Elizabeth Brooks to her granddaughter, Ila Lee Brooks Watkins, when she was a child.*

*Elizabeth Brooks and her husband, Thomas S. Brooks are buried at Ebenezer Cemetery in Nevada County.*

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“Seated around an open fireplace in a little farmhouse near Little Rock, Arkansas, my grandmother told how they spun thread and made cloth by the use of a loom. All the clothing for the family was done by hand with a needle and thread.

“They owned in those days a very large number of colored people. Everyone knew his duty in the house and also in the field. My grandmother told us how they were working in the fields when ‘the stars fell’. One colored man was so excited when they all ran to the house with the news that he found he had knocked off his big toe.

“They certainly thought the world was coming to an end. It was a fear-filled night. Earlier in the afternoon, the colored man’s foot was treated, and the war was ended before he was able to be on his foot again.

“One day when my grandmother was strolling down the road with her sister, all of a sudden, thieves jumped from behind a large tree. The thieves had drifted there from other places and camped near my grandmother’s farm. Grandmother said they ran faster than lightning, back to the house.

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“The farmhouse in which they lived was built of logs, chimneys were made of old dirt or rock, and boards to cover the houses were made by hand. They had an open fireplace where the cooking was done. My grandmother did not cook as there were two colored women to take care of all that.

“That wasn’t the last heard of the thieves. That night the thieves came to the farmhouse and stole all the bacon, sausage, and lard that had been put away in the smokehouse. Well, my grandmother’s stepmother did a brave thing. She went to the thieves the next morning with tears in her eyes as she told them the food they had taken was all that her husband had left them while he was away at war. They did return part of the bacon—but in a rude way; they threw it under the house in the dirt, and it took all the hands and cooks to wash it and put it back in the smokehouse again.

“It wasn’t too long before my great-great grandfather became very ill while at war and he was allowed to come home alone on horseback. Thieves way-laid him near his homestead, killed him, and took his horse, his shoes, and overcoat, leaving his bare body in the road. The desperate thieves came on to the farmhouse and searched through everything, taking all they wanted. They left only an overcoat of checked material which was hanging on the wall. The overcoat was used to bury him in. The servants took old hewn planks from the ceiling of the house to make a casket and laid him to rest. With troubles such as this, the old colored man working at the homestead gave him a decent burial.

“Not long after this sad day, the women were out under the tall shade trees in the yard weaving cloth. Hearing a noise, they looked up to see an army of Northern soldiers dressed in blue. Scared pink and afraid to run, as there was no place to go, they fearfully awaited their arrival. The soldiers were nice to them and asked if they might camp near their house so that they could use water from the spring. So the Yankees remained on; my future grandfather was in “that army”. Grandmother said he was the “cutest Yankee” she had ever seen. My grandmother Elizabeth was 13 when she met her future husband. The servants had started to the spring for water. Elizabeth and her sister, Mary, asked if they might go along just for a stroll. When they arrived at the spring, some of the Yankees were there. The very one that Elizabeth had thought was so cute when she had seen him before was at the spring. He was Thomas Brooks from Springfield, Illinois.

“The young gentleman asked Elizabeth if he might carry her small water pail back to the house, and of course, she was willing to accept his offer. On arriving at her house atop a high hill, Elizabeth invited him in. He also made a date to call by and to call on her when he could.

“Late one evening not long afterwards, Elizabeth recognized his voice calling her, and she invited him in. During his visit, he took her slate from the bookshelf and wrote: ‘I love you, Elizabeth’ as they sat by the candlelight. She smiled and felt herself in love with him also.

“Thomas came to see her as often as he could, but soon the Yankees received orders to move out. The night before his army marched off to battle, the old colored woman who had cared for Elizabeth all her life, prepared a nice dinner for her and her boyfriend. It was on this night that

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Thomas asked Elizabeth to be his wife. As she was only 13 and going to school, marriage was unthinkable. (School was only held three months out of each year).

“The Yankees marched on, and Elizabeth was very lonely, thinking that she would never see or hear of Thomas again. School soon started, and she tried to keep busy.

“Elizabeth described the school as a ‘one-teacher school’, a crude log building held together with pegs as there were no nails to be had then. Nor were there any desks, only the rough benches. She had to walk about four miles to school each day, sometimes in sleet, snow, or rain. Children had to be well-clothed for the weather in those days—long knit stockings, mittens, and shawls especially for the girls.

“Elizabeth told of a school boy who leaned back against the wall of the school and went to sleep. Well, his hair was just a bit long, and the teacher pounded on the stand, and the boy awoke, but he found that his hair was stuck in the pine resin which had oozed from the logs and hardened. Elizabeth tried to keep her mind on her schooling, not altogether successfully, but did try to get all the education an orphan girl could in those days.

“One afternoon on the way home from school, she was frightened by a wild bull. Elizabeth would jump behind bushes along the path, and the bull would tear them up right behind her. It was a close call for Elizabeth, but she managed to outrun the bull and arrive home safely, but scared. From then on, some of the servants went with her to school in case other wild animals besides the bulls, such as panthers or bears, tried to attack her.

“One day when Elizabeth and her sister, Mary, were down at the spring with the black mothers watching them wash, the scream of a panther cut the air. They quickly gathered up the clothing and run up the hill to the house, which was half a mile away. They threw down some of the garments when the panther sounded so near, and then it would stop screaming for a while. The men at the house heard the panther though, and they began to load their guns (which took thirty minutes) and soon came to the rescue, killing the panther.

“The war was coming to an end, and Elizabeth still had hopes of hearing some day from her Yank. Thomas was at his home in Illinois, working hard and looking forward to coming back South to see the only girl who had won his heart and to see if she would only say ‘yes’.

“As the war ended, the old colored folks were free to go if they wished. Only one left Elizabeth, her sister, and stepmother. He left to marry a woman in another town. The family had always been good to their servants, and the servants had no desire to leave them.

“The girls were grown up now, and they had begun to think about being taught to cook and keep house. Elizabeth soon became quite expert at baking decorated cakes and at just about anything. She was more anxious every day to learn how to do all the housework as she had never done it before.

“Elizabeth began to make all of her clothes, knit, and make lace, stockings, and even straw shuck

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hats. She braided the shucks and sewed them together to fit her head and made a brim as wide as she wished. They wore wide skirts in those days; they also wore four or five petticoats, bustles, and hoop skirts. A stylish hair-do in those days was to wear 'bangs'.

Elizabeth and her sister, Mary, along with several others, got ready to attend church one particular Easter. They rode in an ox wagon to the church some five miles away. Elizabeth felt very dressed up on that Easter morn. The wagon rolled up and all were getting seated. It was her first time to wear a hoop skirt and she sat down on it the wrong way, and it flew up, almost toppling her over. She remembered to be very careful when she sat down the next time.

"They were all decked out in Easter garb and shuck straw hats and it started to rain before they arrived at the church. Their hats were a little floppy and wilted, and the carefully pressed frocks were now damp. Luckily, the sun began to shine forth and helped to dry them out a bit before they got to the church.

"All had fun on the last day of school, and Elizabeth's boyfriend, with whom she had been going for a long time, seemed to be more interested in her, but she still had hopes of hearing from her 'Yankee Boy', as she called him. She had her heart set on him and no one else. On a Monday morning, an old colored man went to the small place about then miles away to get the mail. (Mail came only once a week). When he returned, he brought the letter for which Elizabeth had waited so long—a letter from her 'Yankee beau'.

"How happy she was to know that Thomas was alive and that he still had his heart set on her being his wife. Elizabeth's sister, Mary, was soon to be married also. Her boyfriend had returned from the war, and he was visiting her often. Mary would tell Elizabeth every day, 'You don't want to marry that boy so far away. You don't know his family or maybe him as well as you think'. But Elizabeth could not love anyone else, so she answered his letter. She made the trip to the station and got her message mailed. She related to him that she would let him know when to come for her.

"The war was over, the wedding day of Mary, Elizabeth's sister, was set, and they had a great wedding. They began cooking two days before and all the folks came from miles around for the wedding.

"Edward Sorrells came from several hundred miles away in a covered wagon, the best method of traveling in those days. Mary was dressed in a fancy wedding gown with bustles and bows, with her hair piled high on her head, and she wore high top shoes. Mary and Edward Sorrells were married in the afternoon, and a square dance followed the ceremony. A little string band played, using home-made fiddles and other instruments.

"Elizabeth could not enjoy herself as she was thinking of having to leave with her sister and Edward without her Yankee beau knowing where she had gone. But the estate had been sold. The girls were heirs, but they stayed by their stepmother and abided by her decision to sell.

"Before Mary's wedding, Elizabeth and her stepmother were so scared of thieves stealing their

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gold money that they buried it in an iron pot under the house. It was safe while they lived there, and they dug it up before leaving the homestead. All the time Elizabeth was worrying about her lover—he was building a home for her—but this she didn't know. She had no way to let him know where they were moving.

“The morning on which they were to leave the old home where Elizabeth had spent her life was a beautiful autumn one. Those childhood days romping and playing came fresh in her memory. She could not help but cry. The old colored people who had cared for her were just as sad, for they had to find another place to live. The first thing Elizabeth did was to go under the old house and dig up the pot of gold money.

“Elizabeth rushed in the house afraid that the thieves would slip up and get all their money. She pulled out a handful of the gold coins and gave them to her old colored mothers, and then began to pack coins away in different containers, so if they were attacked by thieves, maybe they would not get it all.

“Edward, her brother-in-law, got the oxen to the wagon, and it rolled up near the house so that they could load on the bedding and camping outfit. The food had been prepared for several days since they would have only campfire cooking on the journey. Edward was taking his bride, Mary, to Mississippi where he lived. Elizabeth and her stepmother slept in the wagon many nights as there was no other place to sleep. Elizabeth was tired, weary, and heartbroken. She just knew that she would never see her Yankee boy again.

“They traveled on, doing well if they traveled ten miles per day. One night they stopped near a large stream of water, and while there, a mad dog bit one of the oxen. This delayed them a few days as another ox had to be secured before they could continue on the journey. The dog and the ox were killed, and soon they were on their way again. Elizabeth had no telephone, radio, or TV and could not even send a letter to her beau to let him know she had gone away. Some of the people the group met as they traveled thought that they were Gypsy fortune tellers, and Elizabeth only related to them that she wished she was. Maybe then she would know about her future.

“They traveled on very slowly in the ox wagon, stopping when they had an opportunity at night to stay at some family home or in town at a place which could be compared to our modern motels. Instead of garages for cars, there were nice stalls and stables in which oxen and horses could be cared for. During the stop, good home-baked food would be served; there were nice beds to rest on and then they would be ready for another ten miles' journey. Elizabeth was taking care of the gold coins, careful to display only a few at a time, for they were afraid of being robbed but no one ever thought of these folks having more gold than they knew what to do with.

“They stopped at one ‘road side inn’. One night Elizabeth seemed to be uneasy about something and related to Mary, Edward, and her stepmother that she did not like the folk's attitude at the place. After they ate supper (it's called dinner now, you know) at the wagon, they were disturbed by some noise, and Elizabeth insisted they all sleep in the same room that night. Some would sleep while some stayed awake to watch and listen. They would leave the candle light burning all night. Believing that something was going wrong, Elizabeth was made wide awake.

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She always prayed. Sure enough, before dawn, a voice called to them, 'Here is a better light; won't you accept it please?' She quickly replied that they didn't need any more light than they had, and those who were calling went away.

"The next morning as Edward went to the stable after the oxen and the wagon so that they could get away from that place, there were two men who were hidden in the stable with chloroform shawls to throw over his head to kill him or put him to sleep while they robbed him. They jumped at him with the shawls, but he jumped back and ran to the room where Elizabeth, Mary, and their stepmother were. They ran out of the room screaming, getting more roomers up and out of their rooms. Elizabeth and her daddy's old gun came out right along. After an hour or more, a number of the roomers went after the oxen with her brother-in-law. They were soon on their way again.

"They soon stopped for breakfast at another house. They told what had happened the night before while they were stopped, about how scared they were, and how Elizabeth had prayed. It was reported to officers, and this place where they had stayed turned out to be a place where people killed and robbed everyone they thought had money. The main building was a two-story building and in the dining room was a trap door underneath a fine carpet. The trap door let down and a person could fall into a pit underneath the house where killers would kill a person and steal his money. This was an awful place. The thieves had received what was coming to them, but she was thankful to God that they were saved from being killed that night.

"Thomas Brooks, Elizabeth's lover, was not far behind them.

"It was a very cold day in November with the autumn leaves falling and snow on the ground. The four had traveled since September in the ox wagon and were tired and worn from the long, weary journey.

"When it got too cold, they would stop and heat the large rocks which they carried in rags to keep their feet warm as nowadays we used heating pads.

"Elizabeth began to let her mind reflect back to the only one she ever loved and prayed that she would soon see him again. How she could picture in her mind what a lovely little house they might someday have in the north—her life to spend with Thomas Brooks, if they ever met again!

"When the morning came, they were to cross the Mississippi River on a ferry boat. Now, this was almost more than Elizabeth could undertake. The oxen rolled the wagon on the old flat platform. They pulled chains to steer across to the other side where the chains were fastened to a large structure. It was an exciting event for all of them.

"They were all holding their breath and were so frightened! Elizabeth could picture the contents of her future home in the water. When they were almost across, the old oxen began to get restless and lunged back and forth. About the time they were to land, off went the oxen into the shallow water. Oh, Elizabeth prayed aloud, and the wagon bed began to float out into deep water. She related that they were getting all wet and were about to sink when men in boats came

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

to get them. They rescued everything.

“Elizabeth was as wet as a duck with her box of gold held closely, and with her sweet dimpled cheeks, she had a smile for everyone—in spite of being scared to death. She was chatting with the boatman when they heard a loud voice calling for the raft to be brought back to the other side. Elizabeth thought she recognized the voice. The man had to wait several hours before a raft could be taken because of some trouble.

“Elizabeth, her stepmother, Mary, and Edward were all wet and went to a camp house nearby to change clothes. They needed food and coffee to warm them up. Elizabeth seemed very cheerful as she thought she recognized the voice she had heard from the other side of the river.

“It was Thomas, Elizabeth’s fiancé. He was so happy to learn that he had at last found her. Elizabeth finished eating and ran to put on her best dress which was tucked away in her fine luggage in the home-made wooden box. She fixed her hair high on her head, powdered her face with starch tied up in a rag, and she put on her high top shoes. She strolled down where the boat was coming nearer and nearer.

“Thomas was holding his horse and waving to her at the same time. When she could tell for sure it was he, she felt as if she could swim the river. She was the happiest girl in the world.

“When he stepped on land, she was in his arms, and they lost no time in heading on their way to get a marriage license.

“They all had to stay where they were as the ox wagon was broken from the fall in the river. It had been a long weary trip, but Thomas had finally overtaken the ox wagon and now had Elizabeth as his own.”

### THE STORY OF ELIZABETH AND THOMAS WILL CONTINUE IN NEXT ISSUE

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#### **John R. Brinkley – Millionaire, Mountebank, Medicine Man by Don Mathis**

My dad used to tell me stories about a doctor in the Great Depression who would broadcast his services on the radio. Folks from the Rockies to the Appalachians could pick up his advertisements for live baby chicks – and for goat glands. Thousands of men were swayed by the idea that a gonad graft would improve sexual performance.

Years later, I listened to the song by ZZ Top, “Heard it on the X.” Their tune was about XER, the radio transmitter in Acuña, Mexico, that used to broadcast early rock from disc jockeys like Wolfman Jack and others. The beat of rock and roll could be said to improve sexual performance as well.

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Then I learned of the connection between the powerful radio station that pushed airwaves from Arkansas to Alberta in the 1930s and laid the Big Beat across America in the 1960s. Laws in Mexico were more lenient than in the U.S in the early days of radio. More wattage could be broadcast. Less content was censored.

The Playhouse in San Antonio presents the world premier of “Roads Courageous” (February 22 – March 17), a musical about the implanter of goat glands and the implementer of electronic media manipulation. John R. Brinkley (born in 1885 in Jackson County, North Carolina, died in 1942 in San Antonio) may be an unusual subject for a song and dance or a comedy/drama, but he was an unusual man.

Dr. Brinkley took advantage of the nebulous distinctions in professional medicine and the advent of electronic technology in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. He made his cash registers ring. At a time when distrust in big government was at its highest and faith in corporate power was at its lowest, disapproval from the American Medical Association only strengthened his appeal.

Two reasons the AMA (or, the Amateur Meat-cutter’s Association, as he liked to call them) considered Dr. Brinkley a quack was for his propensity to prescribe pills over the radio and his collection of kickbacks from participating pharmacies. He had a showmanship that stretched the boundaries of professional decorum. And then there was that goat gland business.

Dr. Brinkley was an astute observer of the human psyche and he knew what people wanted to hear. He perfected the art of stroking the ego of men who had been kicked to the curb by the Great Depression. He offered better health, more energy, and increased libido. His sheer enthusiasm and promises for a better life may have helped many with a placebo effect.

But he did so much more than promote sexual vitality. Dr. Brinkley owned one of the first commercial radio stations in the country. KFKB in Milford, Kansas, broadcast regional weather reports and news of Chicago stocks – and farmers and ranchers turned in. The careers of Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, and Hank Williams were also enhanced from Dr. Brinkley’s broadcasts. The doctor even offered college courses over the air. Listeners could get a degree from the Kansas State Agricultural College which was every bit as valid as Dr. Brinkley’s own credentials.

When State authorities finally revoked Dr. Brinkley’s medical and broadcasting licenses, he ran for governor of Kansas in an effort to restore them. He pioneered the use of radio and aviation to further his political ends. Dr. Brinkley championed a message of the common man. He rejected elitism and embraced rustic values. His political rallies were a mixture of religious revival with a touch of state fair flamboyance. The crowds were huge.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

We see a lot of the same attractions in today's political and health-care fields. Some candidates take pride in covert racism and anti-intellectualism. And who hasn't seen the draw for 'alternative health' zealots? A campaign for education reform, assistance to the elderly, a fair tax system, and free health care still holds appeal to a lot of voters.

Although he gathered 240,000 votes, Dr. Brinkley failed in his 1932 election attempt and his attempt to maintain his accreditation in Kansas. By the mid-30s, he was broadcasting again, this time from the powerful XER in Acuña and running a very successful hospital on this side of the river in Del Rio, Texas.

Armed with an assortment of eclectic degrees and foreign diplomas from a variety of quasi-medical schools, he attained a level of authenticity. The cost of his goat gland operation increased from \$750 to \$1,500. The signal from his radio station reached all 48 states with enough power left over (as the *Chicago Daily News* reported) "to light the street lights in Calgary." Whether or not South Texas ranchers could listen to XER on their barbwire fence or screen door, on a clear night the signal could be received in Europe and China.

Times were good. About 4,000 patients a year visited his facility in Del Rio for dysfunction. More visited his hospital for rectal diseases in San Juan, Texas. Dr. Brinkley's goat farm in Oklahoma was doing extremely well. He bought 6,500 acres in North Carolina, a ranch in Texas and opened up two more hospitals in Little Rock, Arkansas. At one time he owned three yachts, a Lockheed Electra airplane, and a dozen Cadillac cars.

It all came crashing down rather quickly. He claimed he was libeled by the editor of an AMA publication but the jury decided in 1939 he had been accurately identified as a charlatan. A 'cut-rate' competitor appeared in Del Rio, siphoning off his customers, some right from his waiting room. Dr. Brinkley filed for bankruptcy after getting hit with several malpractice suits and a government claim for \$200,000 in back taxes.

Then, in 1941, Mexico had to reallocate the wavelength assigned to his radio and the voice of the people's physician was silenced forever. The next year, on a spring day in San Antonio, Dr. Brinkley died from heart disease and complications of a leg amputation brought on by a blood clot.

His mansion in Del Rio still stands. Where he lived in San Antonio is a mystery. But for a generation, Dr. Brinkley riveted the imagination with the symbolism of the billy goat and the prowess of Pan.

XXX

*(Don Mathis of San Antonio is the son of Bernadine Walker Mathis Gillespie, born 1925 in Bluff City, and Daniel Hearnberger Mathis, born 1921 in Fordyce)*

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## WHAT IS IT?

Do you know what this tool is used for or what it is called? Hint: The answer has two words with four letters each.

Send me your answer by April 15<sup>th</sup>.

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## Comments about the last issue:

---About the case knife.....my parents always called them case knives and I wonder if it is because they were made by the Case company? Don has some Case pocket knives.

---About the picture with the hat in front of the students...do you suppose one of the students had died and that was their way of showing respect for him? Just a thought. (Yvonne Munn)

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[This is what Wikipedia says about case knives:](#)

A **case knife** is a name used throughout the American South to refer to a table knife, i.e. a knife intended for use at the dining table. The origin of this usage comes from a time when inns did not customarily provide eating utensils with meals. The table fork was relatively new, and was often sold in combination with a knife and, sometimes, a spoon. Thus the term refers to a knife that was sold in a case, as part of a set of utensils intended for use in dining. Case knife is also used to refer to a pocketknife made by W. R. Case & Sons Cutlery Co.. (Susan Bell)

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I think people once kept their best knives and other silverware in a nice case. This may be why they became known as case knives. (Billy Joe Meador)

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*Editor's note: Thanks for your comments. I had not thought about the hat in the picture might be for a student who had died. That is a possibility. Even today we sometimes see a soldier's helmet and boots in a photo to honor one who had been killed in the line of duty.*

*I did a little research of the case knives. I found that the W. R. Case & Sons Cutlery Co. was founded in 1883. They are most known for their high quality pocket knives, but they did make some knives for the kitchen like paring and slicing knives. What we call a case knife is properly called a table knife or a butter knife. I did not find any mention of W. R. Case Co. making these type knives. Also, I found case knives mentioned in old newspapers as far back as 1836—long before the W. R. Case Co. was started..... We once had a nice set of silverware that was kept in a nice case. I tend to think that may be why they became known as case knives, or the explanation from Wikipedia above may be correct.*



Jerry McKeivy's

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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## A Mystery That Still Haunts

By

Barbara Rushing Lyerly

It was one of those halcyon days near the end of summer around the year 1955. The sun was hot and the atmosphere was lazy with dust motes floating through the air. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon and my ZeeZee Girl (Mrs. Zannie Marks) was just finishing her daily clean up from lunch. That particular year my Mother had decided that we needed a garden in order to have fresh vegetables every day and it was therefore plowed and planted. We delighted in those vegetables but no one had the time or inclination to do the hoeing and weeding and the garden became a jungle of vines, weeds and grass burrs.

My grandfather, Dr. J. L. Rushing, had a fence put around this garden and the fence posts were old railroad ties. The vegetation had grown deep around these ties and vines of honeysuckle and morning glory had settled in for the duration. Most of the garden was bone dry as is wont to happen in South Arkansas in August. ZeeZee Girl had taken the trash out to put it in the burning barrel which was occupying a place of honor against the cross tie that held the gate to the garden secure. She unceremoniously dumped the trash into the barrel then struck a big kitchen match and set the whole concoction ablaze.

As the flames began to lick out of the top of the barrel, ZeeZee went back to finish her never-ending kitchen chores. As she passed the window at the back of the kitchen she saw flames eating their way up the gateposts, the garden was aflame and the smoke was beginning to come into the house. Out she went running, which was a chore for her due to both age and weight, and she proceeded to beat the fire with a broom she picked up on the porch. At that time there was no Chidester Fire Dept., and no one came to help.

The fire quickly became a raging inferno and ZeeZee ran to get the water hose. As she approached the garden with the hose, one of the crosstie fence posts fell, fully aflame, and hit her lower leg and she fell. By the time she had gotten away from the burning attacker her lower leg was burned completely to the bone. My grandfather came as fast as he could. He cleaned the burn and treated it with sulfur powder and dressed it. He gave ZeeZee a painkiller and after she was calm and settled, he took her home.

He told ZeeZee to stay at home until he pronounced her well and that he would be back later that evening and early the next morning. My sister and I could not go to sleep that night for worrying about our Zannie Girl. You see, she was a part of our family. We were never raised to be prejudiced toward anyone and it was just an accepted fact that she would be with us always. In that world, rightly or wrongly, there were certain culturally accepted practices between black people and white people. We didn't know anything

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about all that, we just loved Zanny Girl. In today's world Zanny Marks' granddaughter is my good friend Carolyn McKenzie. I have visited Carolyn's classroom many times. We always tell the children that we are cousins since we shared the same grandmother! Ah, but I digress from my story.

My grandfather called at Zanny's house twice a day for several days. I overheard him telling my parents that her leg was very bad and that he didn't know that it would heal correctly and he was very worried about infection. Our days were so very different without her. She had been there for us all the time. She taught us to cook. She sang to us. She stayed at our house when it stormed and made us feel safe from the thunder and lightning. We had no one to run to, and no one to fuss us out and threaten to "tear our rears up" while she was gone. Mother and Daddy and Papa were always working. I soon learned to practice the cooking skills I had learned from ZeeZee!

Less than a week from the terrible accident, lo and behold, at six o'clock in the morning there was Zanny Girl in the kitchen cooking my grandfather's breakfast! He came into the room fuming. He had told her to stay off the leg and he would tell her when she could come back. He insisted on seeing the burn and she sat quietly down and pulled up her long skirt and there was a big, big pink scar! The wound had healed completely. My grandfather was flabbergasted. How...how...he mumbled and questioned and mumbled and questioned. She would not tell him anything.

For days on end he would catch her unawares and ask what had she done to cause the burn to heal. What had she put on it, taken, and on and on. Finally in desperation and probably a wish to have some peace and quiet, she sat down with him at the kitchen table and told him what had happened. Her story began when someone drove her to a house that was across the road from the monument at what is commonly called the "Monument Curve" on Highway 24. This was a "shot gun house" that was the home of a little black lady that I have since forgotten her name. Zanny Girl told Papa that this lady had mumbled some words, spit on her hand and touched the burn. She had then gone into another room and when she came back she told Zanny Girl to go home. That is all that happened. The next morning her leg was healed and the scar was there!

This story occupied my grandfather's mind for days. He pored over the story, repeated questions, mumbled and fretted, and then he went down to the lady's house to see for himself. I went with him. The lady told him that she didn't do anything. She said she prayed a prayer and left the room. That is all he ever found out and we do not know to this day how Zanny Girl was miraculously healed.

I believe it was the prayer.

*Zanny Marks worked for us for many years. She came to work at six o'clock and stayed until supper was cooked. Many times she stayed, when the weather was bad, all night. She literally "took care of our house, our clothes, our meals, and my sister and me. My sister, Sydney, could not say her name when she was little and there is the source of the "ZeeZee Girl". Later*

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*we called her Zanny Girl, also. We should have called her “Granny” because that’s really what she was.*

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## TRIVIA (answers on page 10)

1. It contains 43,560 square feet.
2. What does a person do who suffers from somnambulism?
3. Whose picture is on the two dollar bill?
4. What was the name of the hotel on the TV show Petticoat Junction?
5. What was a "tin Lizzie"?
6. Who was the only president who was never elected to the office of president or vice-president?
7. What was the first name of President Ulysses S. Grant?
8. What was the first name of the wife of President Andrew Jackson?
9. It is 5,280 feet long
10. What are the first three words in the preamble to the United States Constitution?

## WHAT IS IT?



In the last issue, I asked you to identify this tool. The correct answer is a cant hook. A cant is a squared-off log at a saw mill. The first step in sawing a round log into lumber is to make it square by slicing off one side of the log, turning it over and repeating the cut on the other sides. What is left is called a “cant” which can then be cut into lumber. This tool was used to turn the log for the next cut. It can be used to turn any log for whatever reason.

Those who answered correctly were: Don Rubarts; Blake Fairchild; Larry McNatt; Charlie Weaver; Perry Westmoreland; Bill Carman; Charles Farr; Norval Poe; Yvonne Munn; Donald Munn; James Nelson; Billy Joe Meador; Vernell Loe; Lois Evans; Don Bennett; Bill Barham

### Rainfall Record for 2013

January—4.3 inches

February— 2.8 inches

March— 4.1 inches

April (so far)—

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## ELIZABETH AND THOMAS WED

### Part 2 of Mrs. Ila Watkins' 'Golden Memories'

*In this conclusion of her story, Mrs. Ila Watkins relates more of the life of her grandmother, Betty Elizabeth Amos Brooks and grandfather, Thomas Brooks. The first installment of this story told how Elizabeth met Thomas when he was a "Yankee" soldier in the War Between the States, how they were separated by time and circumstances; how the Amos family had to move away without notifying the young man; and how he followed the family and was reunited with them. The story continues:*

**"Elizabeth and Thomas were married.**

**"Elizabeth and Thomas Brooks started on their journey to Springfield, Illinois, to their little home for which he had worked for two years to 'make a love nest for his little Southern girl' he had met during the Civil War.**

**"They traveled along stopping for food, and for rest at night.**

**"After several weeks of riding horseback, they arrived at the little four-room house in Springfield. They put the horses in the barn, and Elizabeth looked over all the nice furniture and complete housekeeping outfit, which was modern for those days.**

**"The bedroom suite was a three-piece walnut suite with marble-top dresser, chest, and high porter bedstead. I must add that today I have the chest of drawers, and my brother has the dresser which belonged to my grandmother Elizabeth when she was first married.**

**"Elizabeth went with Thomas to be introduced to and to visit with his parents. The family was overcome with happiness to have such a beautiful sweet Southern girl such as Elizabeth in the family. They spent the night with Thomas' family, and the next morning went back to their home where Elizabeth had hidden away her box of gold money. The following day Thomas went back to work at his regular job in the mine.**

**"Elizabeth was terribly happy preparing food and trying to make Thomas happy. They attended church, and Elizabeth was soon no stranger, for all the folks in town fell in love with the new Mrs. Brooks.**

**"She wrote to her sister, Mary, and the old colored woman who had reared her up; to tell them of their safe journey. When spring came on, Elizabeth and Thomas were happy on their little farm—with the planting, raising chickens, and caring for their little son. Thomas bought a cow, but it was his job to milk her, after Elizabeth was kicked over on her first attempt.**

**Thomas also bought a pair of horses and a red wagon for trips to town, to church, and for visiting their families.**

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

“Elizabeth made many friends and was soon teaching some to sew, knit, and to make fine lace. She made little Thomas long dresses with long petticoats all trimmed with home-made lace. All the women wanted to make their children the same kind of clothes.

“These were the days when Jesse James, Cole Younger, and the great desperados were robbing, stealing, and taking the law into their own hands.

“One Saturday afternoon, Thomas hitched the horses to the wagon to go into town and buy groceries. Elizabeth was busy with her Sunday baking, so didn’t care to go. Late in the afternoon much to her surprise, two well-dressed men stepped up on the porch. Elizabeth went to the door, very frightened, but determined not to let them know it. They demanded supper at once, and they wanted plenty of good food. Since Elizabeth had been baking, she had plenty of food, and she quickly placed it on a snow white linen table cloth and invited them in to eat. The two men came in and began eating. She wondered why they had ordered food for four. She went to care for her crying baby, and she saw two more men standing watch by the front gate. She was thoroughly frightened, for she was afraid Thomas would be coming home, and they would shoot him, for they wore their guns like officers.

“When the first two finished eating, they went to watch while the others ate. Not a word was spoken until the last finished eating all the fried chicken and other food she had prepared for Sunday, and then they complimented her on her cooking. They left the house then, and Elizabeth closed the door, putting the inside latch on all doors, for by that time, it was a little after dark.

“Elizabeth could hear the men talking outside and she was very much afraid that Thomas would come home. She prayed fervently as she lay near her little son, asking God to watch over all her family.

“The men waited a long time before leaving, but Thomas had not arrived home at that time; he only arrived some time later. Later, when the men were captured, they confessed that they had planned to steal Thomas’ horses.

“Time rolled on, and Thomas and Elizabeth were the happiest little couple in the world. They harvested their crops, cut all the corn tops and bundled them to dry for storing in the barns, as they would make good hay for cows and horses.

“Harvest time was great that year, and all the folks got to celebrate Thanksgiving.

“Folks were all in fear that Jesse James and his men would steal their horses or do something which they could not; and sure enough, they appeared at a widow’s house one day at noon for food. Her husband had died recently and left her with five small children.

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She was terribly frightened and cried and told them that she didn't even have enough food for her children—that the note was due on her farm, and she was going to lose the farm, as she did not have enough money to pay the mortgage.

“After they ate lunch, they told her they would give her the money to pay off the mortgage if she wouldn't tell where she got it. So the next day when the two men from the bank came to foreclose the mortgage, they were surprised to find that the widow had the money to pay them. When the lady's title to the property was clear, and the two men started to town with the money, James' men were waiting for them beside the road with guns and took back the money.

“The men were dangerous, sinful, and guilty of murder, but as Elizabeth observed, no matter how mean a person is, there is some good in him.

“Time rolled on, and it was planting and farming time again. Another little son was added to the family of Thomas and Elizabeth. With two little sons and a home to care for, Elizabeth could not help Thomas in the field as she once had.

“There had been little rain during the year, and drouth had set it. It appeared that Thomas might have to go back to work in the mines.

“When time came for the revival meeting, Elizabeth planned to go. She had not been able to attend services regularly and had no clothes she could wear to the revival. So when Thomas started after groceries one Saturday afternoon, Elizabeth told him to buy her some dress material and some clothes for himself and the boys. Thomas was very unhappy and told her he was afraid to spend any of the money, as it looked as if there would not be a crop to harvest because of the burning sun scorching the fields.

“Elizabeth was washing and sunning clothes, and she went on about her work, being the busy housewife she was, until she had kissed Thomas good-bye. Only then did she cry a little. She went into her little house where her little sons were sleeping and stole away into a corner; there, lifting her voice to God, she asked that He make a way possible to go to the revival. She also prayed that the rains would come so that they could fill their barns and have plenty of everything that is promised in the Good Book. She prayed for thirty minutes or more, and then went on about her work.

“As she finished gathering the last of her clothes, she saw a black cloud almost over their house. It thundered several times and Elizabeth ran to cover her many little chickens. Before she could get back into the house, rain was pouring down. Elizabeth cried for joy and thanksgiving that God had heard and answered her prayers.

“When Thomas returned from town and got nearer and nearer home, he began to notice signs of rain until finally, before reaching home, he was driving through mud, and water standing in the mud. He met Elizabeth with a big hug and kiss and apologized for not

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getting the clothes she wanted. And he also told her the rain had extended only half a mile beyond their house. No one else got rain.

“Elizabeth told Thomas about the prayer and how she had asked God to send the rain so they could have a harvest, and could afford clothes to wear to the revival. When Monday morning came, Thomas took Elizabeth and the boys to town and she bought the clothes they needed to attend the revival.

“They attended every meeting, and many souls were saved because of Elizabeth’s faith in God. She always said, ‘Have faith in God’.

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## COLLECTING THINGS

People collect all sorts of things as a hobby. Some of the things people collect can be valuable, but a person needs to learn about whatever it is he or she is collecting to be good at it. One of the newest and fastest growing hobbies is that of collecting marbles.

Patricia Farr is one person I know who is into this hobby. She knows a whole lot more about it than I do. Most marbles I am familiar with are those used in various games like Chinese checkers or some other board game. Kids once played with marbles, collected them, and traded them with each other. Those marbles are still around somewhere and those are the ones collectors like to find. Like everything else people collect, some are valuable and some are pretty much worthless.

I recently found several old marbles at Dill’s Mill. I was there checking out the old mill site for old bottles or anything else from the days when this large saw mill was in operation. It doesn’t look like the same place I remember from years ago when I drove through by the mill on the old road before the new highway was constructed--back when the Reader Railroad was in operation. This was the same spot where one scene in the movie *Boxcar Bertha* was filmed--the scene that showed a prison chain gang digging a ditch and one of the old cars had a flat tire. Large stacks of lumber from the saw mill were filmed in that scene. There I was standing in the same spot where all this was filmed about forty years ago.

A small area at the old Jerald Johnson house place at the mill site had recently been cleaned off as a spot for a deer feeder. As I was walking around I noticed several old marbles just lying on the ground. I picked them up and later gave them to Patricia because I knew she collected marbles. I asked her to write up something about this hobby for this paper. Here is what she says on the subject of marble collecting. If you are interested in this hobby or have a message for her, just send it to me and I’ll see that she gets it.

### **MARBLES**

**By Patricia Farr**

Welcome to the fun and excitement of collecting marbles. Other than being beautiful and easy to

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display, they have a sense of history and bring back childhood memories of a less complicated time.

Are you thinking about that sack of marbles you won in marble games at school? What happened to it? Maybe it is a forgotten treasure left in an attic or in an old trunk where your mother or grandmother placed it.

There are many different kinds of marbles. Many collectors today played with machine-made marbles as children. To name a few of the marbles, there are cats-eyes, slags, corkscrews, swirls, patches, agates, etc. There are many books and articles about marbles and the value of them now.

Collectors can find marbles at flea markets, antique stores, auctions, marble shows, and yard sales. If you like to treasure hunt you can dig for them rather than purchase them. Sometimes you can find them around old school buildings, home places, or park areas.

As a marble collector, I could go on and on, but maybe I've said enough to bring back happy memories that you would want to share with everyone. Just maybe you will want to start collecting marbles too.

Check out all the interesting information out there about this fascinating hobby. Happy hunting!

---

Speaking of marbles, here is an email I received several years ago. I thought it was worth keeping since it has a good message.

### COUNT YOUR MARBLES

**The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings.**

**Perhaps it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable**

**A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the basement shack with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning, turned into one of those lessons that life seems to hand you from time to time. Let me tell you about it**

**I turned the dial up into the phone portion of the band on my ham radio in order to listen to a Saturday morning swap net. Along the way, came across an older sounding chap, with a tremendous signal and a golden voice. You know the kind, he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business. He was telling whomever he was talking with something about "a thousand marbles." I was intrigued and stopped to listen to what he had to say.**

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“Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you’re busy with your job. I’m sure they pay you well, but it’s a shame you have to be away from home and your family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work sixty or seventy hours a week to make ends meet.” he said. “Too bad you missed your daughter’s dance recital. Let me tell you something, Tom,” he continued. “Something that has helped me keep a good perspective on my own priorities.” And that’s when he began to explain his theory of “A Thousand Marbles”.

“You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. Now then, I multiplied 75 times 52 and came up with 3,900 which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their lifetime! Now stick with me, Tom. I’m getting to the important part.”

“It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail”, he went on, “and by that time I had lived through over 2,800 Saturdays. I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy.”

“So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to round up 1000 marbles. I took them home and put them inside of a large, clear plastic container. Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away.”

“I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focused more on the really important things in life. There is nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight.”

“Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure if I make it until next Saturday, then I have been given a little extra time. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time.”

“It was nice to meet you, Tom. I hope you spend more time with your family.”

I had planned to go fishing with some of my buddies this morning and then I was going to work on the antenna, so I could listen to the game. Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. “C’mon, honey. I’m taking you and the kids to breakfast.”

“What brought this on?” she asked with a smile.

“Oh, nothing special, it’s just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at the toy store while we’re out? I need to buy some more marbles...”

---

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## Answers to trivia quiz on page 3:

1. An acre
  2. Sleepwalk
  3. Thomas Jefferson
  4. Shady Rest
  5. A name given to cars such as the Ford Model T
  6. Gerald Ford
  7. Hiram
  8. Rachel
  9. A mile
  10. We the people
- 

## SOME OF MY FAVORITE QUOTATIONS

"The main thing is to keep the main thing the main thing." *Stephen Covey*

"I think we consider too much the good luck of the early bird, and not enough the bad luck of the early worm." *Franklin D. Roosevelt*

"Don't ever take a fence down until you know why it was put up." *Robert Frost*

"As seedlings of God, we barely blossom on Earth, we fully flower in Heaven." *Russell M. Nelson*

"Whatever you are, be a good one." *Abraham Lincoln*

"Decide what a beautiful day it's going to be for you before checking the weather." *Mary Ellen Edmunds*

"The best remedy for those who are afraid, lonely, or unhappy is to go outside, somewhere they can be quite alone with the heavens, nature, and God." *Anne Frank*

"The future lies before you, like paths of pure white snow. Be careful how you tread it, for every step will show." *Author unknown*

"One sees great things from the valley; only small things from the peak." *C. K. Chesterton*

"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)*

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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### **THE OLD PORCH SWING**

The front porch swing is just about a thing of the past. In fact, the front porch itself has almost disappeared in many home designs. It seems most people these days prefer a backyard deck or a garden area with maybe a free-standing swing. Swings are still popular but we don't see too many front porch swings these days.

In the old days before electricity came to the rural areas, almost everyone had a big front porch with a porch swing and maybe a rocking chair or two. The front porch was a special place for relaxing after a meal or to visit with neighbors. The house was usually very hot in the summer months with no air conditioning and as soon as the inside chores were done, it was common to retire to the front porch swing hoping to catch a nice gentle breeze. The porch was a good place to sit following a nice rain shower when everything was refreshed and the air was cool.

Sometimes the whole family would sit on the porch late in the evening after supper. The kids might play in the yard while the grown-ups relaxed and discussed important things. They watched as the cars went by and in most cases knew who the people were and where they were going. If the house was close enough to the road, the driver and the people on the porch would exchange a friendly wave. The family dog would usually be playing with the young kids or maybe just lying on the porch with the family. Sometimes the family stayed on the porch until

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darkness came and the mosquitoes forced them to go inside. Sometimes they sat on the porch after dark and watched the fire-flies until it was time to go to bed.

Many good memories were made on the old front porch swing. I can remember sitting with my grandmother in her porch swing and listening to her singing or humming some of the old church hymns.

I think the radio and television played a big part in the demise of the front porch swing. People could then stay inside and listen to a radio program or watch TV with the fans blowing to keep them cool. The quality family time once enjoyed on the front porch was now relegated to the living room, but it was not the same type of quality time spent on the front porch. The sounds of gunfire from a western TV show or the laughter from a comedy show took the place of the peace and quiet of the late afternoons and evenings on the front porch.

Eddy Arnold once had a song entitled “The Old Porch Swing”. It’s been a long time since I heard it, but here are the lyrics from that song:

## OLD PORCH SWING Writers Joe Allen, Charlie Williams

It's hung there on the front porch  
Since this old house was built  
It's where the old men whittle  
And the women fleece their quilts  
It's held four generations  
Through whatever life could bring  
That ol' swing  
That ol' porch swing

It held a grieving widow  
When my daddy's daddy died  
And now it rocks my children  
When they close their sleepy eyes  
It's where I popped the question  
With a quarter karat ring  
That ol' swing  
That ol' porch swing

Chorus:  
It's been there through the sunshine  
It's had its share of rain  
Been a witness to some good times  
And a like amount of pain  
If it could tell its story

What a ballad it could sing  
That ol' swing  
That ol' porch swing

It's where brother read the letter  
That sent him off to war  
We knew he had to go and fight  
But we didn't know what for  
When he came home he just sat there  
And never said a thing  
In that swing  
That ol' porch swing

Chorus:  
It's been there through the sunshine  
It's had its share of rain  
Been a witness to some good times  
And a like amount of pain  
If it could tell its story  
What a ballad it could sing  
That ol' swing  
That ol' porch swing  
That ol' swing  
That ol' porch swing...

You can listen to Eddy Arnold sing “The Old Porch Swing” on You Tube. I would love to hear your memories of the front porch swing or times spent on the front porch as you were growing up.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



## WHAT IS IT?

This piece of equipment was found around the farm in the old days. The wooden part is about three feet high and two feet wide. It is operated by turning the handle on the side. Send me your answers by June 15<sup>th</sup>.

---

## ARKANSAS QUIZ

1. The nickname for Arkansas is “The Natural State” which was adopted in 1995. The previous nickname was \_\_\_\_\_ adopted in 1947.
2. The state motto which is on the Great Seal is “Regnant Populus” which means \_\_\_\_\_.
3. The state gem is A. quartz B. ruby C. diamond D. emerald
4. The state tree is A. oak B. pine C. holly D. maple
5. The state bird is A. cardinal B. hawk C. eagle D. mockingbird
6. The state flower is A. rose B. daffodil C. apple blossom D. tulip
7. The state insect is A. honey bee B. grasshopper C. lady bug D. butterfly
8. The state fruit and vegetable is A. purple hull pea B. cucumber C. eggplant C. pink tomato

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

9. The state instrument is A. piano B. fiddle C. drum D. bugle
10. The state beverage is A. tea B. milk C. coffee D. Coca-Cola
11. The state mammal is A. white-tail deer B. black bear C. beaver D. armadillo
12. The state rock is A. bauxite B. quartz C. gravel D. diamond
13. The state mineral is A. iron ore B. coal C. lignite D. quartz crystal
14. The state American folk dance is A. polka B. the twist C. square dance D. fox trot
15. How many counties are in the state? A. 50 B. 75 C. 82 D. 100
16. Arkansas is bounded on the north by \_\_\_\_\_ and on the south by \_\_\_\_\_.
17. The highest mountain in Arkansas is A. Mt. Nebo B. Mt. Magazine C. Pinnacle Mountain D. Rich Mountain

The following questions are about the Arkansas state flag



18. The area outside the diamond is A. red B. blue C. white D. green
19. The 25 stars in the diamond border are A. red B. blue C. white D. yellow
20. Why does the flag have 25 stars? \_\_\_\_\_
21. The four stars in the center are A. red B. blue C. black D. white
22. The word Arkansas is A. blue B. black C. red D. green
23. The inside of the diamond is A. white B. blue C. yellow D. green

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24. The large star above ARKANSAS symbolizes \_\_\_\_\_.

25. The three stars below ARKANSAS stand for \_\_\_\_\_.

If you were back in school taking this test, each question would be worth four points. I hope you made a passing grade. *Answers are on page 11.*

---

## DEFINITIONS

Arbitrator (ar'-bi-tray-ter): A cook that leaves Arby's to work at McDonalds

Avoidable (uh-voy'duh-buhl): What a bullfighter tries to do

Baloney (buh-lo'-nee): Where some hemlines fall

Bernadette (burn'-a-det): The act of torching a mortgage

Burglarize (bur'-gler-ize): What a crook sees with

Control (kon-trol'): A short, ugly inmate

Counterfeiters (kown-ter-fit-ers): Workers who put together kitchen cabinets

Eclipse (i-klips'): What an English barber does for a living

Eyedropper (i'drop-ur): A clumsy ophthalmologist

Heroes (hee'-rhos): What a guy in a boat does

Left Bank (left' bangk): What the robber did when his bag was full of loot

Paradox (par'-u-doks): Two physicians

Parasites (par'-uh-sites): What you see from the top of the Eiffel Tower

Pharmacist (farm'-uh-sist): A helper on the farm

Polarize (po'-lur-ize): What penguins see with

Primate (pri'-mat): Removing your spouse from in front of the TV

Relief (ree-leef'): What trees do in the spring

Rubberneck (rub'-er-nek): What you do to relax your wife

Seamstress (seem'-stres): Describes 250 pounds in a size six

Selfish (sel'-fish): What the owner of a seafood store does

Subdued (sub-dood'): Like, a guy, like, works on one of those, like, submarines, man

Sudafed (sood'-a-fed): Bringing litigation against a government official

---

## TOYS AND GAMES

I asked readers to list toys and games they played as children. Instead of trying to compile a list from your emails, I decided to just include what was sent to me. I had forgotten about some of those mentioned and there are some that I never heard of. Thanks to all who responded to my request. I have too many for this issue so look for the rest of them in the next issue.

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From Barbara Woelzlein---

Jacks

Hop Scotch

Jump Rope (single and double ropes)

"Cowboys and Indians"---complete with outfits---I got cowgirl outfit for Christmas gift but I really wanted to be the Indian

Marbles---had some really beautiful ones

Swings, teeter totters, and Merry-go-rounds at school

Parcheesi

Sorry

Old Maid

Go Fish

War (Card game)

Monopoly

Red Rover

Tag

Chinese Checkers

Canasta

Solitaire

Ginny Doll and clothes my Mom made for her

Storybook doll collections

Lots of outdoor activities with other neighborhood children and when at school during recess time---lots of exercise

Collecting "Movie Star" trading cards

Autograph books and "Autograph Hound" too

Being a girl there came the inevitable Diary with a lock and key---the "secrets" the Diary became guardian of were many

Reading all the Nancy Drew books along with books about horses and dogs. Loved to read, period.

Then there was the Hula Hoop rage at which I failed miserably but my Mom would "embarrass" us in front of friends as she was really pretty good at it

Don't think there were as many actual "toys" but rather activities---even if it was just getting out Mom's button box and going through all the beautiful buttons she had collected over the years and then-n-n-n the real fun came when we would get out the photo album and she would tell us who everyone was and stories about when picture was taken---remember this was in the days of black and white photos, some of which were from the late 1800's and early 1900's---all this info came in handy later when I got into Genealogy.

Then Mom taught us to knit and crochet and then came the day I was allowed to use her electric sewing machine---I think I was about 12 or 13---previously I could only sew doll clothes on an old treadle machine she had.

Ice skating and sledding in the winter, and roller skating, swimming and bike riding in the summer.

My list of "toys and games" from when I was growing up may have strayed from what you wanted but I think what hit me as I was remembering all that I did to occupy my time when growing up was that we had such a variety of activities and much of it took place outdoors (only

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

when our chores were done though) and I think that it was a good thing but some of the children today don't know how to make their own entertainment but rely on it being done for them either with "unending" TV exposure and/or electronic games. How sad!!!

---

From Yvonne Munn---

This is a list of some of the games we played when I was a kid. Most of them didn't require much to play. Sometimes a rock, piece of glass or a crumpled can.

Red Rover  
Hop Scotch  
Jumping Rope  
Flying Jenny  
Kick the Can  
Mother, May I?  
Hide and Go Seek  
Jumping Boards  
Annie Over  
Little White House over the Hill  
Tag  
Leap Frog  
Ring Around the Rosie  
Drop the Handkerchief  
Blind Man's Bluff  
Marbles  
Jacks  
Mumbly Peg  
Red light-Green Light  
Hide the Thimble  
Piggie in the Pen Needs a Motion

There were many more we played but this list is probably long enough. If we tired of games or didn't have enough kids together, we rode over saplings or rode home-made wagons down the wagon hills where we had cleared us a path. Sometimes we would dam up a stream in the pasture and make us a little swimming hole. This was our only swimming place until we got old enough for our parents to let us go across the woods to Barham's Lake . What great times we had growing up

Now you can see why the word BORED was not in our vocabulary.

I feel sorry for the kids growing up now that have to be entertained with video games,etc.

---

From Paulette Weaver---

Jacks, Jump Rope, Imaginary games, such as Fort with Pioneers and Indians, Castles with princesses and knights, and Tea parties. Jigsaw puzzle, Go Fish and Old Maid Cards. My Tony

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Doll (which I still have). Board games such as Checkers, Life, Clue, Chinese Checkers and another marble game, but I cannot remember what it was called.

-----

From Peter and Barbara Masterson---

Stick ball, marbles, kick the can, roller skates, snow sledding, touch football, cowboys and Indians from Peter. I remember, jacks, red rover come over, mother may I? Hide and seek, catching lightening bugs. Will be fun to learn what others remember. How come I can remember all these, but forget to transfer the wash to the dryer?????

-----

From Teresa Harris---

An outdoor game called "Red Rover, Red Rover", "Mother May I", "Pin the Tail on the Donkey" was played at most birthday parties, "Blind Man's Bluff", "Hide and Seek", girls like to jump rope, we also played checkers, dominos, Chinese checkers, and Monopoly. We played baseball in the lot down the street. I played with dolls, doll furniture and kid's ironing board, brooms and other small sized household tools. Girl's toys were most often miniatures of what our mothers used. Craft items like pot holder looms taught us how to make more kitchen items. Toy cars and trucks and cap guns were my brother's toys of the day. My brother had a wood burning set that I particularly wanted to play with but never got the chance. After he burned the family name into my grandmother's front door the wood burning set went missing. Both boys & girls in our neighborhood played war by digging into the banks of hillsides and throwing dirt clods at each other. Like real wars, there were never any winners. We all often played in the wooded area near our home, the boys often caught crawdads and we all enjoyed jumping across the creek, from bank to bank. We all built lean-to shelters from pine boughs as a cool place to escape the summer heat. Sometimes we would break down big cardboard boxes flat and slide down the big pine straw covered hill in the woods and we used the same kind of cardboard box sled when it snowed to do the same thing.

-----

From Barbara Ray---

I am having trouble remembering games we played as children, maybe we were teenagers by then, but I do remember Clue (the box was worn out we played it so much), Monopoly, Scrabble and the card game Battle. My sister and I spent a whole summer playing Battle. We had many dolls, including Barbie dolls, and also cowboy gear such as plastic pistols, cowboy hats and boots. I was a great admirer of Davy Crockett and had a coonskin cap. We had bicycles that we rode all over Chidester and out to Red Hill. We roller skated on the sidewalks and streets, and we played softball after school in the big side yard of our house in Chidester.

This may not be the type of game you are asking about, but we used to play "cow poker" on car trips, mostly to Jefferson, Texas, where my mother's parents lived. My

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sister got one side of the road and I got the other. You counted all the cows on your side of the road, if you saw a gray horse you got fifty extra points, and if you passed a graveyard you lost everything. My dad taught us that game to cut down on the "Are we there yet?" questions.

-----

## **Favorite Games & Toys, etc. from my early years – Cathy Straley**

---

### **Toys...**

Cooty-Bug

Mr. Potato Head

Lionel train

Paint-by-Number

Yo-Yo

Wooden stick with bigger head on one end and an attached wooden chunk on a string

*(objective was to flip chunk into a hole in the end of the wooden head)*

Paddle with rubber ball attached

### **Homemade toys...**

Notched Wooden Spool with wind-up string

Spinning Top

Hand Shadows – goat, man, elephant, bird in flight,

String figures – cup & saucer, basket, hand-catch, star, moth, sawing wood, etc. *(see diagrams online at <http://www.alyson.org/figures/introkids1.htm>)*

### **Dolls...**

Chatty Cathy

Barbie, Midge & Ken

GI Joe

Paper dolls, either store-bought or “people” cut from the Sears-Roebuck catalog *(we would also fold the paper “people” dolls at the waist and drive them around sitting in shoebox-top “cars”)*

### **Board & Card Games...**

Monopoly

Sorry

Clue

Ouija

Battleship

Trivia

Scrabble

Chess

Checkers

Rook

Old Main

Crazy 8's

Slap Jack

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Hearts

Poker

**Playing Outdoors...**

Red Rover

Annie Over

Tag

Marbles

Badminton

Ping Pong

Stretch (*pocket-knife thrown to stick in ground next to your opponent's stretched-out legs*)

Softball

Stilts

Frog-houses (*pat garden dirt over your foot & smooth it tightly until it is a complete enclosure, then delicately pull your foot out to leave a little dirt house/cave, which we called a frog-house*)

Trucks & cars (*we played with our little metal trucks & cars among tree roots that were above ground around a big tree and create towns there; our imaginations would keep us busy all day!!*)

Hopscotch

Bicycle riding

-----  
From Julie Lafurno---

Baby dolls (no name brands)

Bicycle

Board games: Battleship, Candy Land, Careers, Life, Mouse Trap, Monopoly, Risk

Carrom board

Coloring books and crayons (new ones every Christmas)

Colorforms (esp. Rockie & Bullwinkle)

Cootie

Croquet

Etch a Sketch

Frisbee

Halsam Play Tiles

Hoola hoop

Hopscotch

Jacks & ball

Jump rope

Lincoln Logs

Magic 8 Ball

Mr. Potato Head (with a real potato)

Old Maid card game

Password

Play doh

Playing cards

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Pick-up sticks  
Record player and 45rpms  
Roller skates  
Scrabble  
Silly Putty  
Slinky  
Spirograph  
Tinker Toys  
Troll dolls  
View Master  
Wiffle ball  
Wooly Willy magnetic drawing toy  
Yo-Yo

---

From Mary Anna Scheie--

With so many brothers it was nice to have something I could play with that didn't interest them. I spent quite a bit of time with paper dolls. One of the fun things about paper dolls was the freedom to let ones imagination be as whimsical as a young country girl might wish to aspire to.

---

## **Answers to Arkansas quiz—**

1. Land of Opportunity; 2. The People Rule; 3. diamond; 4. pine; 5. mockingbird; 6. apple blossom; 7. honey bee; 8. pink tomato; 9. fiddle; 10. milk; 11. white-tail deer; 12. bauxite; 13. quartz crystal; 14. square dance; 15. 75; 16. Missouri/Lousiana; 17. Mt. Magazine; 18. red; 19. white; 20. 25<sup>th</sup> state to be admitted to Union; 21. blue; 22. blue; 23. white; 24. Arkansas' membership in the Confederacy; 25. The three stars have four meanings—(a) Arkansas belonged to three countries (France, Spain, and the United States before being made a state. (b) 1803 was the year of the Louisiana Purchase when the land that is now Arkansas was acquired by the United States, (c) Arkansas was the third state created from the Louisiana Purchase, (d) within the three stars, the two stars just below the word Arkansas signify that Arkansas and Michigan are “twin states”. Both were admitted to the Union about the same time.

Miss Willie Hocker's design for the flag was selected from 65 designs submitted in a contest to come up with a state flag with some minor changes made by the state legislature.

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## **RAINFALL IN 2013**

**January—4.3 inches; February—2.8 inches; March—4.1 inches; April—3.7 inches; May---4.2 inches so far**

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 13 – No. 7

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

July, 2013

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**THOMAS C. McRAE**  
**FAMOUS LOCAL CITIZEN**



One of Nevada County's most famous citizens was Thomas Chipman McRae, a lawyer, banker, and politician who served as governor of Arkansas from 1921 to 1925.

Thomas McRae was born December 31, 1851 in Union County to Duncan and Mary Ann (Chipman) McRae and spent his early boyhood days at Mount Holly. In 1861, the ten year old McRae boy was old enough to see the awfulness of war. One day on the farm he asked his father the big question: "Why do men go to war, shoot each other, kill the stock, put poison in the wells, burn houses, and leave women and children to suffer?" He lived to be seventy-eight years old, but never did he find a satisfactory answer to that question.

He never went to public school in his life. What little schooling he received was in short private schools. His father died in 1863 leaving his widow and five children. Thomas, at age twelve, was the oldest and it became his responsibility to take care of his mother and siblings.

His mother remarried in 1868, relieving Thomas of the responsibilities of caring for the family and he was able to further his education. He attended the academies at Mt. Holly and Falcon and one year at Soule Business College in New Orleans where he completed the two-year course in one year. McRae decided to go to college in 1871, and in June, 1872, Washington and Lee University conferred upon him the degree of LL. B.

In 1872, as Thomas McRae was getting his degree, the new county of Nevada had selected Rosston as the county seat. The idea of a brand new county seat in a brand new county appealed to the young man. He opened his law office in Rosston in January, 1873. He had already secured a boarding place, had moved all his books into his office, arranged his small amount of office furniture in the most effective way, hung out his shingle, and was ready to receive clients.

He took part in the election campaign of 1872 and was later made election supervisor. His law practice soon began to return an income. He was married Dec. 17, 1874 in Rosston to Amelia Ann White, daughter of W. R. and Mary Jane Clark White. Amelia had moved to Arkansas from Alabama with her family at age 4. Nine children were born to this union--six girls and three boys.

The county seat was removed to Prescott in 1877 and the McRaes decided to follow, moving

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

there in 1877. They lived in a rented house for one year, just long enough to build their Prescott residence. For many years their home, "The Oaks", was a place of interest to visitors to that city.

McRae was elected to the Arkansas legislature in 1877, where he demonstrated his ability as a statesman. It is said of him that he was studious and sedate. When many of the representatives were out trading their daily allowance of postage stamps for grape juice, young McRae was bending over his desk trying to solve some of the big problems confronting Arkansas. He was active in politics, became a member of the Prescott town council, later was elected recorder and city attorney, and during his long law practice, he was known as "the honest lawyer". In January, 1876, he was admitted to practice law before the supreme court of Arkansas, and was engaged in banking.

Thomas McRae was made presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in 1880. In 1884, at the age of thirty-three, he was elected chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Arkansas. In the latter part of 1884, he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention and took part in nominating Grover Cleveland. He represented Arkansas in Congress from 1885 to 1903, where he took his work seriously and accomplished a great good. He retired to private life voluntarily in 1903. He purchased the Bank of Prescott and was president of the bank from the time it was organized in 1905 until his death. He became president of the Arkansas Bankers Association in 1909.

In 1921, McRae was called from private law practice to serve as governor of Arkansas. He agreed to enter the race in 1920 with the understanding that he would not have to make a strenuous campaign. He was elected on his four-plank platform over eight opponents. The four planks were (1) better schools for all children, (2) better ways of paying for good roads, (3) a fairer system of taxation, and (4) more economy in state government. He was sometimes called "The War Horse of Democracy".

C. P. Newton, McRae's private secretary said of him, "Thomas C. McRae is the most truly Christian character I have intimately known in public life."

One of McRae's private stenographers was Mrs. John V. Tedford. She worked for him many years before he became governor. She has the following to say of her great employer: "The state of Arkansas was fortunate in having a man with such high ideals for governor. Of his honesty, sincerity, and love for the common people, there could be no doubt. He bought and personally paid for all the stamps that he used in his own private business. He was very strict to keep his own private business absolutely separate from that of the state. He never infringed on the state's time or money in the conduct of his personal affairs."

Thomas McRae was known for his charitable contributions. He donated two city blocks in Prescott to the black people for a park. He also donated the site of the Prescott post office to the government and the site of the Masonic temple in Prescott.

Thomas Chipman McRae died June 2, 1929 at the age of seventy-eight from complications of influenza. All stores in Prescott and even the offices in the state capitol were closed for his funeral. The Presbyterian church was overflowing with flowers with some wreaths suspended

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from the balcony and the chandeliers. Boy Scouts in uniform were stationed at every intersection on the route to the cemetery. He was buried in the family plot in the old section of DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott. His wife died in 1947 at the age of 92.

Some information for this article came from the souvenir edition of *The Prescott Daily Mail*, *The Nevada County Picayune*, and from *The Encyclopedia of Arkansas* web site.

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## WHAT IS IT?



Norval Poe was the only reader who correctly identified this item pictured in the last issue. It is a corn sheller. Some corn shellers are not as fancy as this one. An ear of shucked dried field corn was fed into the chute on top of the machine. A bucket was placed underneath to catch the shelled corn when the wheel was turned. The cob was ejected through an opening on the side. This machine does an excellent job of shelling corn and is fun to use.

Field corn is the type you see in large fields while driving along the highways. It is allowed to dry on the stalk before harvesting and is used for animal feed, making corn meal, and other uses. Sweet corn is the type raised in gardens or found in the produce section of the grocery store. It is harvested when it reaches the proper stage of development and is much sweeter than field corn.

---

Irma Hamby Evans sent me this “What Is It?” picture for this issue. She says the object is 13 ½” inches long and 1 ½” high. The metal piece goes up and down. If you think you know what it is or would like to take a guess, let me know by July 15<sup>th</sup>. See next issue for the answer.

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What Is It?

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## READERS REMEMBER TOYS AND GAMES FROM THEIR CHILDHOOD

From Earlene Lyle---

You'll probably get this answer from every female who answers your message. Back in my childhood, all girls got a doll -- not the Barbie dolls of today, but BABY dolls. Most of them had a head, feet, and hands made of some type of rubberized material and were hard. The body, arms, and legs were made of cotton and stuffed with some sort of soft filling. Features were painted on the head, including the hair, but there were really no moving parts. Way back then, in the dark ages, we had very little "store-bought" candy so one of our BEST gifts was the candy and small items (like jacks) we found in our stockings.

-----  
From Irma Evans---

Good topic, Jerry. It's fun to think back to how we played.

Inside it was Parcheesi, Monopoly, Rook, Battleship cards, checkers. Paper dolls and real dolls. Our brother had Lincoln logs and marbles.

Outside it was roller skating up and down our long sidewalk in front, and even all over the downtown of Prescott on our side of the railroad tracks. I remember how bumpy the sidewalk was at the Bank of Prescott. Bicycle riding all over town. Hopscotch. Jump the rope. Croquet and softball in the front yard. Hide-and-Seek. Tree houses and tree swings. Sandbox. Climbing set our Dad made out of pipe. Treasure hunts with clues devised by our Dad (inside and outside).

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

We didn't have so many toys as such, but we were always busy and having fun (after chores and schoolwork, of course).

---

From Dave Cummins---

Doctor

---

From Barbara Lyerly---

jacks  
hop scotch on the sidewalks and in dirt  
marbles (I beat the boys on keepers)  
red rover  
hide and seek (especially after dark)  
baseball  
paper dolls  
"funny books" from the drug store  
ollie, ollie oxen free  
tag (you're it)  
mother, may I?  
simon says  
cowboys and Indians (I wouldn't play unless I had the only gun we had!)  
walking the railroad tracks  
fishing with a bent pin at the branch  
climbing trees  
making "telephones" with tin cans  
bag swings  
tire swings  
bb guns  
cap pistols (for cowboys and Indians)  
slingshots (for bird shooting)  
big shots had little rubber wading pools!

Does it sound like I was a tomboy? Yeah!

---

From Annette Lemons---

I grew up in a LARGE family of lots and lots of cousins, aunts, uncles. We all played, and laughed, and learned to amuse ourselves early on and not ask the proverbial, "What can we do now?" We ALWAYS ended up in the garden or fields when projecting ourselves so dull, learned quickly!! We played OUTSIDE incessantly, cold, hot, raining, or snow!!! I NEVER EVEN SAW A t.v. until I was in the 3rd grade, at a neighbor's house. (My

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

grandchildren roll their eyes when they hear this one.) I still am not attached to DULL activities like Wii, electronic JUNK, etc. When grand babes come to visit for the summer or holidays, they are, I am sure, diving into a time zone, via time machine transposing!!! BUT, BUT, they are always happy, busy, smiling, and laughing with me. It's great to play jacks and paper dollies again. Cap pistols have given way to "nerf-gun" wars, and I am sure my neighbors think I am over the edge, running around my house screaming, "Got you last," before they get in their cars to leave, windows rolled down, chanting, "We love you, Neenie!!!" (Both of them usually crying.) Simply because they lost at some of my favorite childhood games, I AM SURE!!!

---

From Betty Thomas---

Games: Many were accompanied by verses to be sung. Also, as teenagers we played some of these games at parties.

Drop the Handkerchief  
Red Rover, Red Rover  
Flying Dutchman  
Mother May I  
Ring-around-the-Rosie  
London Bridge  
Annie (Ante?) Over  
Statues  
Pop-the-Whip (I learned not to be the kid on the end!)  
Three Deep  
Tag

Toys: There is a rather odd mix of "boy" and "girl" toys but being a only child in my family I wanted and asked for both. I played with both and had the "correct" toys to bring out when I had company. Also I was something of a tomboy.

Dolls (of course) one special present I had the year I was seven at Christmas was a "Lady Doll" and my mother had made a complete wardrobe for it and put it in a doll trunk. At 78--I still have the doll and the clothes in the trunk.

Tinkertoys

A wind-up train that ran on a track

A little cast iron stove with a skillet

Chinese Checkers

Regular Checkers

Old Maid Cards

Wagon that I could use to haul wood

Bicycle (December 25, 1941-my folks had bought it right before Pearl Harbor)

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## Puzzles

A set of small pots and pans--got irritated because my mother would let me cook in them because they had mud from numerous mud pies/cakes

A one octave piano

A gyrocopter/airplane--right out of the future

An ice delivery truck complete with ice tongs and two glass cubes of "ice"

A rubber sedan car

Paper Dolls (I remember having a book of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, especially)

Jump Rope

Yo-Yo

Coloring books and crayons

I didn't regard them as toys but I loved to get books as gifts and I would read them over and over.

-----

From Ginger Patterson---

My favorite childhood toys: BOOKS (I loved to read and still do) Heidi, Black Beauty, The Bobsey Twins, The Sugar Creek Gang, Tom Sawyer, etc;

My other memorable toys: Toni "perm" doll; Toy trumpet; Tricycle; Loom and loops to make pot holders; Paint by numbers set; Hula hoop; Tiny Tears doll with layette; Record player & Roy Rogers records; Bicycle with a basket; Bride doll w/lots of clothes; Mini-sewing machine; Shoe skates w/carrying case; Poor Pitiful Pearl Doll; Various baby dolls; Transistor radio; Record player with Elvis & Buddy Holly records; Slinky; Monopoly game; Checkers with Grandpa; Mr. Potato Head; Chutes & Ladders; Jacks; Marbles; Bubble stuff; Paddle ball (w/rubber band); Bow & arrow set with rubber suction cups on the arrows; Indian costume; Ballerina costume; Cowboy suit w/gun & holster set; Doctor or Nurse kit; Baking set with real usable miniature cookware. (I learned to cook with them at Grandma's house); Embroidery; Knitting & crochet;

My brother liked: BB Gun; Fort Apache set; Plastic cowboys & Indians; Plastic army men; Peddle car; "Gas station" w/cars & trucks; Baseball & bat, football, basketball; Plastic models to assemble and paint (I helped); Tonka trucks; Kid sized tools; Cowboy outfit; football outfit; Wood burning set; Tinker Toys; Erector Set; Cap guns; Firecrackers; Kites; Toy boats; Magnets; Slingshots that Grandpa made from a china berry branch; Checkers with Grandpa; Fishing with Grandpa; Following Grandpa around all day "helping";

I and my siblings loved the sand box that grandpa built and replenished with clean sand at the beginning of every summer. Many summer days were spent in that sandbox under the china berry tree with old soup cans and kitchen spoons for "tools". Lots of the best toys were free: Rope swings and buttons from Grandma's button box to string and make whizzers.

-----

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

From Barbara Dyson---

I'm sure this is not a complete list, and I may have forgotten a really important one!

Board games:        Scrabble  
                         Concentration  
                         Stony Burke  
                         ESP  
                         Monopoly  
                         Tammy  
                         Bingo, Chinese checkers, checkers

Playing with baby dolls, Barbie-type dolls, pretending to be a nurse or doctor  
                         Pretending to be a teacher; pretending to go to church with the  
                         "babies"  
                         Pretending to be a movie star or singer  
                         Having tea parties

Outside Games: house – using pine straw to build the walls of the house  
                         Chase; Red Rover; Simon Says; Red Light-Green Light; and  
                         others  
                         Riding bicycles  
                         Restaurant (Mud pies & cakes made for the restaurant and coffee  
made from dirty water)  
                         Playing with pets: dogs and cats  
                         Marbles  
                         Softball or baseball (mostly at school, because it was just my sister  
and me)

-----  
From Mary Ann Sanford---

Here is my very long list of toys and games: TOYS – Dolls, doll bed and dresser, small metal cooking stove, toy dishes, story books (my mother read to me), toy cars and trucks (I played with my older brother), tricycle, Roy Rogers toy pistols, "pine saplings" my cousin and I pulled over and rode for horses, paper cut-out dolls, crayons and coloring books, jacks, a yo-yo, skates, ball and paddle, bicycle

GAMES – Played pretend house a lot, Cowboys and Indians with a cousin, Fishing with same cousin using a "cane pole" and worms, Hop Scotch, Jump Rope, Hide and Go Seek, Musical Chairs and Gossip with groups of kids

P.S. Jerry, under toys I started to list Mud as I made a lot of "Mud Pies" and "Red Clay" I used to make all sorts of dishes for my mud pies when I played house. Ha!

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



## **ROCKY HILL COMMUNITY**

There is not much community left to the old Rocky Hill community located about four miles southwest of Bluff City. The area was once pretty well populated with most families being involved in farming. Families living here included the McKelvys, the Irvins, the Dunns, the Parkers, the Nelsons, the Sarretts, the Johnsons, the Griffiths, the Greens, the Odells, the Stones, the McMurrays, and the Plylers.

The community was named Rocky Hill because of the huge rocks such as those in this picture. These rocks (or boulders) are a few hundred yards from where the Rocky Hill Methodist Church once stood. My great grandfather, Alexander Fletcher McKelvy, gave two acres of land for the church in 1907. The church finally closed its doors in the early 1980s after the population had dwindled. I have several pictures of the vacant building which show its gradual decline until it was finally demolished in 2008.

Children from these families attended school at Gum Grove which meant some had to walk about three miles twice a day carrying their lunch pails with them. The school had 70 students and two teachers in 1922. It was consolidated with Bluff City in 1929.

Rocky Hill was the official name for the community, but all the local people called it Goose Ankle. Nobody knows where that name originated, but I found an item in the newspaper written in 1909 in which the writer stated that it had been called Goose Ankle for as long as he or she could remember. Gordon Irvin, who wrote about his childhood in this community, said that if you were in the church you were from Rocky Hill, but if you were outside the church, you were from Goose Ankle.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## OTHER COMMENTS RECEIVED

I loved this issue probably more than most. Especially liked the toys article.—Teresa H.

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Enjoyed this issue. What an amazing array of fun and games! Others' memories helped jog my memory about some of the games I played. Thanks.—Irma E.

-----  
The June issue is a great read, indeed. Didn't realize Eddy Arnold sang the "Ole' Porch Swing." He is one of my ABSOLUTE favorites, and I MEAN IT NOW!!! Of course, his "Cattle Call" is a permanent ear worm in my head!!! However, I did NOT remember that Slim Whitman recorded it first. Pulled up both these guys and reminisced, oh, yes!!!—Annette L.

-----  
A Great Happenstance !!



I received the Chronicle today and your article on front porch swings (FPS) and am attaching a pic of not a swing but a glider that I'm building for a client.

The blurry photo is of one I built a bit over 20 years ago and a fellow I do some work with now and again saw this pic and decided he needed a new glider to go along with his new (?) house of 7 years.

Anyway, I guess this is my most relevant story about swings except for a much beloved aunt I had in Little Rock who along with her mother had a magnificent FPS that often subbed as a stage coach or covered wagon during my play time after humongous family meals when all the adults would lay around on couches and beds and even the floor, with one arm over their eyes trying to catch forty winks whilst we kids fought off the Indians—Duncan M.

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**RAINFALL IN 2013**

January (4.3 in.); February (2.8 in.); March (4.1 in.); April (3.7 in.); May (4.2 in.)

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**DEVELOPMENT OF NEVADA COUNTY SCHOOLS**

Mr. Basil Munn gave a speech to the Prescott Rotary Club in 1948 in which he told of the development of schools in Nevada County. Many of the facts in this article came from his speech.

Nevada County was created in 1871 and consists of 620 square miles. The county was first divided into eight political townships with one school district in each township. Later five more townships were created--Leake, Boughton, Georgia, Parker, and Emmet making 13 school districts in the county. The population of the county in those early days was low and not every community had a school.

Between the years 1876 and 1908, 76 more school districts were added making a total of 89 districts in the county. Population was increasing rapidly reaching a peak about 1920. The county had over twice as many people in 1920 as it does today.

Creeks were used as boundaries for many of these early districts which eliminated students having to cross swollen streams in the days before school buses. The average size of these districts was about a three mile radius from the school. Depending on where a student lived, he or she might be required to walk up to three miles to school each day. Most of these early rural school buildings were one or two room wooden structures heated by wood stoves. School sessions were planned to not interfere with the planting and harvest seasons since students were needed at home during those times. Most people living in the rural parts of the county were farmers. Some families had several kids and some of these school districts had as many as 200 students. Some of these early districts only existed for a year or two and were then absorbed by an adjoining district. Some districts could not raise enough money to continue to operate.

Mr. Munn mentioned the names of some of these early schools in his speech. He says there were two Ebenezers, three Pleasant Hills, two Rocky Colleges, and three Antiochs. One school was called Lone Star and one was called Zama which the local people pronounced as "Zamer". Some were named for springs--Mineral Springs, Rock Springs, Bluff Springs, Pine Spring, Holly Springs, Siloam Spring, Cornelius Spring, and Lackland Springs. Some were named for timber such as Forest Hill, Hickory Grove, Pine Grove, and Gum Grove. Others were named for a prominent family such as Sneed's, Waldrep, DeWoody, Mendenhall, Buchanan, Ward's Chapel, Westmoreland, Brown, Cecil, Lane Mill, Harrison, Water's Chapel, and Barksdale. Some were named for animals like Terrapin Neck and Goose Hill.

The county had an official whose duties included examining teachers, conducting teacher institutes, making annual reports, etc. This office has had various titles

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including County School Officer in 1874, County Examiner in 1920, and then County Superintendent of Schools.

Mr. Munn included in his presentation some facts taken from the annual report of George Gatlin for the 1888-89 school year such as:

White males (1902); white females (1111)  
Percent attendance for whites (67%)  
Colored males (426); colored females (437)  
Number of districts (65)  
Number of male teachers (66)  
Number of female teachers (21)

It is interesting to note that male teachers seemed to be preferred over female teachers in the late 1800s and most of them were called "Professor" at that time.

Teacher's licenses at that time were called First Grade, Second Grade, and Third Grade. A First Grade male teacher made \$45/month. A female First Grade teacher made \$35/month. A male teacher having a Second Grade license made \$37.50 per month and a female with a Second Grade license made \$30 per month. Male Third Grade teachers made \$27.50 per month and female Third Grade teachers made \$25 per month. The type license (First, Second, or Third) was based on how much college work the teacher had completed.

In 1929, many of these smaller schools were consolidated. School buses were available to take students to school so the districts could cover a greater area. The number of districts went from 89 down to 41 with five major schools in the county besides Prescott (Bodcaw, Willisville, Laneburg, Bluff City, and Cale). New brick school buildings were constructed in some communities about that time to accommodate the larger number of students after consolidation.

No community likes to lose its school as a result of consolidation and the process takes time. The Gum Grove school district near Bluff City filed a law suit against the Bluff City district over consolidation. The circuit court ruled against Gum Grove and the case was appealed to the Arkansas State Supreme Court which upheld the circuit court's decision. I have tried to find details about this case but have been unsuccessful. A new brick school was constructed at Bluff City and students were brought in from Gum Grove, Theo, DeWoody School, and Terrapin Neck. Other communities over the county went through the same process of consolidation about that time.

Schools became more modern as the years went by with better equipment. School lunch programs were started so that students could get hot meals at school instead of having to bring lunches from home. Schools competed with other schools in sports, mainly basketball and baseball. Some schools planted gardens to provide vegetables for use in the school cafeteria. Parents and teachers joined together (the PTA) in various projects to help raise money for the schools. The length of the school term

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

gradually became longer with schools in session from September until May. Compulsory attendance laws were passed by the state which required students of certain ages to attend school.

As population decreased in the county in the years following World War II, more schools were consolidated. One of the five major rural districts (Bluff City) consolidated with Prescott in 1951. Several small rural districts in the southern part of the county continued to operate until the mid-1980s when it became clear that they could not meet the standards set by the state. After many studies and public meetings, it was decided to build a new school at Rosston which would include the districts of Cale, Willisville, Bodcaw, Laneburg, and Oak Grove. The new district opened in 1988 and was called the Nevada School District.

Today there are only three school districts in Nevada County (Prescott, Emmet, and the Nevada district at Rosston). Over a period of about 100 years, the number of school districts in the county was reduced from 89 to three.

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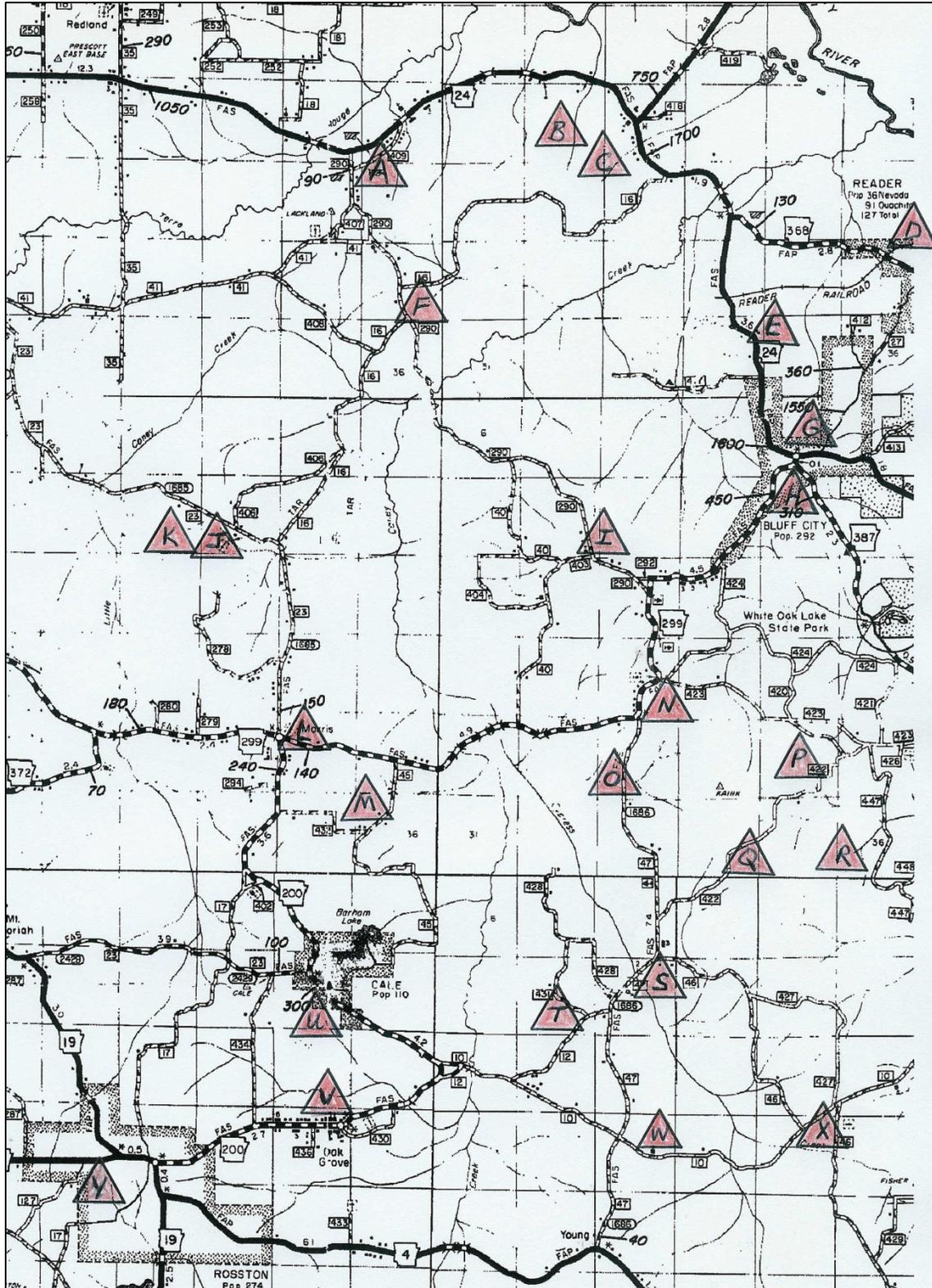
## NEVADA COUNTY POPULATION FROM CENSUS RECORDS

1880	----	12,959
1890	----	14,832
1900	----	16,609
1910	----	19,344
1920	----	21,934
1930	----	20,407
1940	----	19,869
1950	----	14,781
1960	----	10,700
1970	----	10,111
1980	----	11,097
1990	----	10,101
2000	----	9,955
2010	----	8,997

As you can see, the period from 1910 to 1940 was a time of growth in Nevada County. In the days after World War II, many people left the farms to take jobs in larger cities. The size of families also declined. Most young people were forced to leave the area in order to find work. Most counties in south Arkansas have a similar record of population decline.

The map on the next page shows the location of schools in northeast Nevada County at various times. I may have missed some of the very early schools. There are no schools operating in this area today. Students are now transported to schools at Prescott or Rosston.

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**SCHOOLS IN NORTHEAST NEVADA COUNTY**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## Legend for School Map on Page 4

- A—Upchurch School —(African-American)
- B---Lyda School—(possible school here in early 1900s)
- C---New Hope School (also called Terrapin Neck; consolidated with Bluff City in 1929)
- D---Reader School (consolidated with Chidester)
- E---DeWoody School (consolidated with Bluff City in 1929)
- F---Lackland School (was active in 1928)
- G—Bluff City School (new location of school in 1930)
- H---Bluff City School (location of school from 1910 to 1930)
- I --- Gum Grove School (consolidated with Bluff City in 1929)
- J--- Westmoreland School
- K---Weaver School (served the community of Weaver)
- L---Caney Creek School (located at Morris; consolidated with Cale)
- M—Possum Trot School (consolidated with Cale)
- N---Ebenezer School (operated in early 1900s)
- O---Zama School (served Zama community in early 1900s)
- P---Harmony School (active in early 1900s; served the Foss community)
- Q—Theo School (small school consolidated with Bluff City in 1929)
- R---County Line School (active in early 1900s)
- S---??? School—found reference in a deed about a school at this location; name unknown
- T---Hopewell School—(shown on 1925 map)**
- U---Cale School—(consolidated into Nevada School District in 1988)
- V---Oak Grove School (African-American); consolidated with Cale School
- W---Carolina School—(shown on 1925 map)
- X---Water's Chapel School (African-American)
- Y---Rosston School (school here in early days before consolidation with Prescott; location of new Nevada School District in 1988)

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## PEDDLING IN CAMDEN

As a farm boy growing up in the country, any opportunity to visit a larger town was welcome. We lived near Bluff City about 23 miles from Camden which to me seemed like a very large city in the late 1950s. There were no big discount stores at that time and the downtown area was bustling with activity.

Each summer I usually got to go to Camden on our peddling trips. We raised all types of crops on our farm besides having cattle and chickens. One of the main crops was watermelons which we sold wherever we could. We also had purple hull peas, butterbeans, squash, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc. We sold our produce to our neighbors and people passing through, but about once each week in the peak season, my dad and I would load up our pickup truck and make a peddling trip to Camden. Our truck would be piled high with melons, cantaloupes, and any vegetables that were in season.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Our usual method of peddling our produce was to drive down the streets looking for people sitting on their porches. We would holler out to them asking if they needed a watermelon. Some people find it hard to resist a nice watermelon on a hot summer day. Soon somebody would act interested and we would stop our truck. Nearby neighbors might also venture out to check out the produce. We soon learned that if we could get a small crowd of people out by the truck, we could usually sell several melons at one stop.

Our prices in those days were probably cheaper than the stores charged and the produce was much fresher. A good-sized watermelon in those days could be purchased for fifty cents or maybe seventy-five cents for a really large melon. A large cantaloupe might sell for a quarter.

We met some interesting people on our peddling routes. Many of the people had been raised on farms and told us stories of their experiences on the farm before moving to the city. Some people tried to haggle about the price of a melon and usually an amount was agreed to that would satisfy both parties.

I remember one older lady who wanted to be sure the melon was ripe before she bought it. She insisted that it be "plugged". That means a small plug was cut out of the melon and pulled out so she could inspect it to make sure it was ripe. Another lady wanted a melon really bad, but all she had was a silver dollar that she had been saving. She wanted to know if my dad would keep the silver dollar and return it to her on the next trip in exchange for paper money. My dad agreed to do that and she went ahead and purchased the melon.

We never had any thoughts of being robbed while peddling even though we sometimes peddled in some of the least desirable parts of the city. By the end of the day, my dad would have a pocket full of cash money--as much as most people made in a week. It would have been easy for someone to pull a gun and take the money, but nothing like that ever happened and we never even thought about it at the time.

We also hit the better sections of town, driving down nice residential streets like Sharp St. knocking on doors asking the ladies if they needed any farm produce. Most people were very friendly and were happy to get fresh vegetables. Sometimes the door would be slammed in our face. Some people worked at night and slept during the day and did not take kindly to being awakened from their sleep.

My job was to carry a melon or whatever the person purchased into the house for them. It was nice to be able to get inside an air-conditioned home for a few minutes on those hot summer days. I remember one house in particular that was kept cooler than most. We did not have air conditioning in our home, so I guess that's why those cool homes made such an impression on me.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

When it came time for lunch, we usually drove to some drive-in eating place like The Cowbell on California St. near the hospital. Sometimes we picked up something at Snappy Service, a small eating establishment near the Malco Theater. We usually ordered a hamburger and a milk shake--something else I didn't get at home. Lunch was one of the highlights of the day for me.

Around mid-afternoon, we would be getting tired and ready to go home. The vegetables had usually been sold, but we would have fifteen or twenty watermelons left to sell. We would then hit some of the smaller stores in town and offer the whole lot at a reduced price so the store could resell them and make a profit. I was always glad when someone agreed to take all the melons on our truck and we could call it a day. Some merchants in town bought produce from local farmers, so we usually stopped by those sometime during the day--stores like Hagy's on Washington St., Mae Coan's, and Palmers on South Adams St. They couldn't pay as much because they had to make a profit, but they usually bought quite a bit at once.

We made these peddling trips to Camden about once each week during the peak of the season. My mother also had a peddling route in Camden selling eggs, butter, and milk. Her customers would tell their friends and soon she had a list of several good customers including doctors and lawyers in some of the better sections of town. Some of them would even leave the doors open for her so she could put the eggs, butter, or milk in the refrigerator if they happened to be gone that day. I don't think that would be advisable these days and if I were a peddler now, I wouldn't want to go in someone's house without them being there.

I sometimes went along with her on her peddling route. I remember one house on a street behind some of the historic homes on Washington St. It was a two story house and the lady had a maid who answered the door and took care of the items the lady of the house wanted. When it came time to pay, the lady came out from a room on the second floor and dropped a check down to the maid who paid us. I remember the check swirling around as it fell to the floor and that also made an impression on me at the time.

I'm sure there are laws today that would prevent peddling like we did in those days due to government regulations or laws against peddling on the streets. Camden does still have farmer's markets in town where people can buy fresh farm produce. Given a choice, I would rather buy produce from these local farmers than purchase that grown in far off places and brought to the grocery stores.

It's been almost sixty years since our peddling days in Camden. Things have changed a lot during that period of time--some for the better and some for the worse.

---

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



The answer to last month's "What Is It?" is a loom shuttle bobbin holder used in weaving. Don't ask me how it works. Betty Thomas was the only person to correctly identify this item. If you have an unusual item, send it to me and I'll include it in a future issue.



## WHO IS IT?

This face was very familiar to our mothers and grandmothers. If you know who it is or would like to take a guess, let me know your answer by August 15<sup>th</sup>.

## RAINFALL RECORD

Jan.—4.3 inches; Feb.—2.8 inches; Mar.—4.1 inches; Apr.—3.7 inches; May—4.2 inches; Jun.—4.2 inches; July— 1.4 inches as of July 24

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

A fourth grade teacher collected old, well known proverbs. She gave each kid in her class the first half of a proverb, and asked 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 fifth grader.

A miss is as good as a.....mr.

Strike while the.....bug is close.

It's always darkest 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 is smoke, there is.....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?

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## A LOOK BACK TO AUGUST, 1934

*(Nevada County Picayune)*

Nevada County, along with the rest of the country, was in the midst of The Great Depression. Times were very hard and the weather was not cooperating at all to help the farmers. All but 17 counties in Arkansas had been added to the drought relief list in August, 1934.

Twenty-six carloads of cattle arrived in Prescott from the drought-stricken northwestern states. They were temporarily pastured in a field near DeAnn Cemetery. An ERA project was almost completed with 4000 acres being fenced in the Little Missouri River bottoms north of Prescott. When the fencing was completed the cattle were moved there. Five "range riders" were selected to care for the cattle being pastured there.

It is always interesting to look at the advertisements in the papers from long ago. Ozan Mercantile Co. advertised 10 pounds of sugar for 52 cents. Joe Boswell, Clothier advertised a pair of men's black wing-tip high heel oxford dress shoes for \$1.98.

Any form of entertainment was popular in the summer of 1934. The Daring Aces Flying Circus presented an air show in Prescott at the old airport on the Washington Road including a parachute jump. Admission to the show was 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for children. A car, truck, or wagon containing any number of people could enter the grounds for \$1.00. The National Guard patrolled the Washington Road to keep people from parking along the road to watch the show.

Community activities went on as usual during the hot month of August. Rosston and Bluff Springs had announcements about meetings of their ladies' clubs. The 37<sup>th</sup> annual camp meeting was held at the Main Spring Campground near Prescott. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin celebrated their 60<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.

Several interesting memorials and life sketches were published for people who had recently passed away. A sketch of the life of W. E. "Ed" Fairchild was found in the August 16<sup>th</sup> edition. There was also an article about Mrs. J. H. Ridling (maiden name was Martha Jobe) who is buried at Friendship Cemetery. A touching memorial tribute was found for Frank Sandifer, a 13 year old boy who is buried at Falcon Cemetery. These articles give a lot of detailed family information for those doing genealogy research.

Many communities had local news columns in the county paper in 1934, including New Hope, Plyler's Station, Friendship, Weaver, Goose Ankle, and Laneburg. I even found a couple of tidbits concerning my own family. Herman McKelvy (a first cousin once removed) was recovering from a snake bite and "Grandmother" McKelvy (my great grandmother) was recovering from a fractured arm. You never know what kind of information you might find by reading old newspapers.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## LOCAL NEWS

It's typical summertime weather for Arkansas—hot, dry, and lots of humidity. The sandy land around Bluff City needs a good rain badly. There have been some scattered showers in the last week or so. After six weeks of no rain, every drop we get is appreciated. Two of the three ponds on our family land are still very low from the drought last summer and have not yet recovered.

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David Barlow and Eddy McKelvy had good luck fishing on the Ouachita River in early July. They caught two large catfish—one weighing 36 pounds and another weighing 26 pounds. Then a day or two later they caught one that was even larger. They got the fish in the boat and on a stringer, but somehow the stringer malfunctioned and the fish fell back into the river as they were carrying it. They estimate it would have weighed from 40 to 50 pounds--another one of those “the big one got away” stories which left some very disappointed fishermen.

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Mrs. Mary Laverne Carter Rippey, age 94, passed away July 3, 2013 in Fairfield, California. She was born in Bluff City in 1919 to Walter and Vera Gulley Carter. She taught school at Bluff City in 1939. She was married to William W. Rippey. She was my second cousin and other relatives and friends still live in Nevada and Ouachita counties. Our sympathy is extended to her family.

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The annual revival meeting was held the second week in July at the old Serepta Spring camp shed. This is an annual affair and a tradition in Nevada County for over a hundred years.

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I bought a watermelon to celebrate the Fourth of July and paid \$6.00 for it which is the most I ever paid for a watermelon. At least it was a good one. I can't get used to the prices these days. Some locally grown melons are being sold for \$8.00 or more and purple hull peas for over \$20 per bushel. Fertilizer and seeds are expensive not counting the labor involved in growing fresh produce. All I can say is if you don't like the prices, try raising your own.

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My watermelon patch looks pitiful this year. I've tried to keep a few hills watered, but it looks like most of mine will be small and deformed. I blame it on the drought, but my farming techniques may be partly to blame.

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I made a trip the other day over part of my old school bus route which I had back about 1970 when I taught school at Cale. It brought back a lot of memories, but I was amazed at how many of the old homes where I once picked up school kids that are now completely gone and all grown up with weeds. There is a large area of eastern Nevada County from just south of Bluff City to Hwy. 278 that has gone back to timberland. Only a few scattered deer camps remain and you can count the population on one hand.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**  
*August 22, 2013*

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**CHANGES TO  
PAPER**

Almost thirteen years ago, I started *The Sandyland Chronicle*. I never thought it would last this long. If you have ever tried to produce a monthly newsletter or magazine, you know that it takes a lot of work. I have learned a lot about our local history along the way and I know there are many more stories to tell if I just had the time to do the research. I have approximately 130 people in my contact list who have asked to be notified when a new issue is posted. I have no idea how many people come across it online while

doing research or just accidentally stumble upon it. I know there are many because I have heard from many of them. I have made many friends while doing this who are interested in local history or genealogy and some who just enjoy reading about the old days. Where else can you get all this good information to read at absolutely no cost to you?

I have decided to try something a little different just to see how it works. Instead of a monthly issue of ten or more pages, I will try to put out a smaller issue (about four pages) every two weeks. I will try to post these smaller issues

on the web site every other Thursday. This will give me an opportunity to include more local news from this area. Some who now live in other states have requested this.

I don't know how this will work out. This is just a trial. I still need your articles, old pictures, or anything you think might be of interest to readers--especially things related to Nevada County or surrounding counties. Let me know if you have something you would like to see included. I welcome your suggestions or criticisms.

---

**ROUGH RIDING SAVES LIFE OF HOPE CHILD**

*(from the 3-5-1927 issue of The Prescott Daily News)*

Roads between Hope and Texarkana, which are very rough in places, are declared responsible for saving the life of Juanita Collins, eight-year-old daughter of Ray Collins of Hope.

Last night while dressing one of her dollies, Juanita swallowed a safety pin. Frantic efforts of Hope physicians to dislodge the pin were futile and the child was rushed to Texarkana in an automobile.

The automobile was driven as fast as the driver dared, and as the roads were rough, occupants of the car were jolted a great deal.

Juanita, whose condition was growing worse steadily, often was seized with coughing spells as the car bounced about.

## *THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Upon arrival, an X-ray picture was taken, and failed to reveal the pin in the child's throat or stomach. Within a short time, Juanita, whose life a few minutes before was despaired of was chatting with members of her family.

A search of the car revealed the safety pin. Juanita had coughed it up enroute to Texarkana.

It will not be necessary for local safety pin swallows to start for a hospital. Just take a joy ride on the streets of Prescott.



### **WORLD'S LARGEST TIRE ON DISPLAY IN CAMDEN**

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. had a promotional tour about 1930 showing off the world's largest tire at that time. The photo above (courtesy of David Hendriks) shows the tire displayed at Camden at the 59 Service Station. The tire was pulled by a specially built 1929 Flexible bodied Buick. The tire was 12 feet high, 4 feet wide, and weighed 1800 pounds. It took 45 minutes to inflate the tire to three pounds of air pressure. The huge tire visited about 25 states from 1929 to 1933 often appearing in parades and at county fairs, attracting much attention from the public.

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### **A LOOK BACK TO SEPTEMBER, 1953**

Ward's Foodland in Prescott advertised sirloin and T-bone steaks for 39 cents per pound and hamburger meat for 19 cents per pound. A quart of Miracle Whip was 49 cents and lettuce was two heads for a quarter.

The Nevada Theater was showing a movie called "The Woman They Almost Lynched" and the Gem Theater was showing a Roy Rogers movie.

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## THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



The answer to "Who Is It?" in the last issue is Mrs. Tucker who was pictured on buckets of shortening. The buckets I remember were mostly white with a blue lid. This is a very old bucket my grandmother had (the label has the date 1914 on it). Mrs. Tucker's shortening was first made in Sherman, Texas in 1913. I tried to find out if Mrs. Tucker was a real person or why that name was selected for the product, but could not find an answer.

Readers who came up with the right answer were Yvonne Munn, Bill Carman, Charles Middlebrooks, Warren Ober, Barbara Lyerly, Dan Westmoreland, Brenda Barham, Melba and Don Hall, Ginger Patterson, Don Bennett, Annette Lemons, Vernell Loe, Thomas Knight, and Ann Wylie.

Other answers received were: Betty Crocker, Mrs. Clabber, Mrs. Stewart, Lydia Pinkham, Mrs. Something (?) (on a lard can), and FDR.

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### RAINFALL RECORD

Jan. – 4.3 in.; Feb. – 2.8 in.; Mar. – 4.1 in.; Apr. – 3.7 in. ; May – 4.2 in.; June – 4.2 in.; July – 5.2 in.

July had the most rainfall of any month this year so far due to the heavy rain received near the end of the month ending a six week dry spell.

We have had no rain in August so far even though other parts of the state have had plenty. We had a few very hot days followed by a nice cool spell around the middle of the month.

*THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

**Fight or Flight from a Sting or Bite – Don Mathis, San Antonio, TX**

They call 'em bugs for a good reason.  
They all bug you, even the no-see-em.

That little gnat will choke you to death  
if he gets in your mouth while drawing a  
breath.

The flying palmettos give me the jitters.  
Nasty cockroaches - what good are those  
critters?

Horse flies and house flies make me ill at  
ease.  
If they don't bite, they may carry disease.

What's worse than a wasp? Maybe a dozen!  
I don't want to see a bee or hear one buzzin'.

Same goes for yellow jackets or daubers of  
mud,  
or any flying varmint out to suck my blood.

I don't want a mosquito to ever come near.  
I hate it when one gets in my ear.

Even a June bug may cause you grief  
if you're on a Harley and it hits your teeth.

Allergies to insects may cause you to swell.  
And I could do without that stink bug smell.

Farmers consider grasshoppers as evil  
and cotton deplores the little boll weevil.

Termites may eat you out of house and home.  
I wish all those bugs would leave me alone.

Swarming insects give me cause for alarm.  
I always get fearful I may be harmed

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Reminder: You might want to consider stocking up on 60 watt incandescent light bulbs pretty soon since they will no longer be available after January 1, 2014. Stores will be able to sell them after that date until their supply is gone.

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Lower White Oak Lake is gradually filling up after being drained to make repairs. All it needs is a lot of rainfall. There will be some restrictions on fishing the first year or so, but most folks are glad to see some water in the lake once again.

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The Presbyterian Church in Prescott closed its doors August 4 after serving the city of Prescott for 140 years.

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The city of Prescott is trying to figure out what to do with the old Prescott Hardware building on Elm St. The Prescott Hardware was started in 1893 and was probably the largest store in town. I can even remember when they had an undertaking department connected to the hardware where people went to pay their burial insurance premiums. The store was last open in 1996 when a flea market was located in the building. A lot of work and money would be required to bring the building back to a usable condition. Tearing the building down would also be expensive. Every town faces such problems as this—what to do with very old large vacant buildings. Unless they are maintained, they soon become an eyesore and become hazardous to the public. It will be interesting to see what is decided regarding this old historic building.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**  
*September 5, 2013*

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**GOLDEN CROWN LODGE NO. 411**

For many years I have noticed the old two-story Masonic lodge just off County Rd. 47 in Nevada County. I think it has probably been at least 40 years since it was last used. The bushes began to grow up around it many years ago and soon the glass in the windows was broken. Any building will soon deteriorate if not maintained properly.



I didn't know much about this old building except that it was a lodge. Cana AME church (African-American) is located just across the road. This area is very sparsely populated these days. The nearest residence is about one mile away.

I took this picture (*top left*) of this old building in 1996 and even went inside and looked around back then. Now the building is almost completely surrounded with young trees so that it is almost invisible from the road unless you know where to look. (*see photo bottom left*)



A few weeks ago I visited the lodge again and took more pictures of both the inside and outside. At first I thought the building must have been torn down or moved, but it was just hidden by the trees growing up around it.

It was a hot summer day and I expected to find some wasp nests inside. I didn't see any wasps, but did hear what sounded like a swarm of bees somewhere nearby—possibly inside the walls.

There were also some boards with nails in them lying around so one has to be very careful. The front door or porch has completely collapsed, so I entered by the rear door. Just inside this door is the staircase leading up to the second floor. It was a little creepy walking up the dimly lit stairs. I didn't walk very far into the upper room because I was afraid some of the flooring was rotten and I might fall through. I took a couple of pictures and soon made my way back down the stairs.

I like doing research, so I decided to visit the tax assessor's office in Prescott to see if they had a name for this old lodge. I was lucky because they had the name and also

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

the book and page number of the deed transferring the land to the lodge. I learned that this was the Golden Crown Lodge No. 411. A half acre of land had been deed to the trustees of the lodge in 1948 by W. E. and Faye Bevill (*Book 180, page 597*). The trustees of the lodge at that time were Lumus Gulley, Charlie Tidwell, and B. T. Trammel. When I checked the cemetery records, I learned that these were African-American men.

So now I know more about this old lodge in case anyone ever asks and have some pictures of it. In a few more years, the building will be gone or at least too dangerous to go inside.

### **More pictures of the lodge**



This is the rear of the building with the rear door. The staircase is just inside this door.



Inside view of the first floor looking toward the front door. A small stage is in the corner just inside the front door. There are support posts in the middle of the room and some old lumber scattered about.



This is inside the second floor. A stage is in the center of the room toward the front of the building. A white cross had been painted on the wall on both floors. Some of the flooring was rotten. A long, narrow room is at the rear of the building at the top of the stairs.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



Masonic symbols outside front near the roof

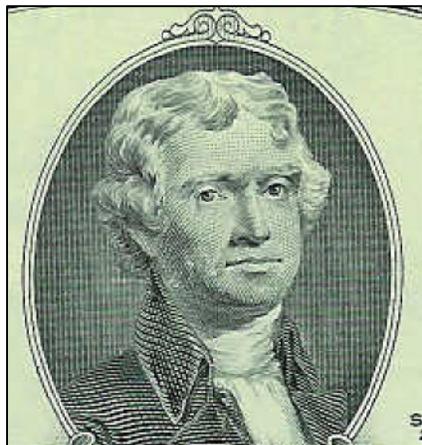
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### **A LOOK BACK TO SEPTEMBER, 1939**

Forty boys were employed doing landscaping and building a five-room teacher's house at the Bluff City school. The school had six teachers: Mrs. Dale Denman, principal, W. J. Walthall, coach, Laverne Carter, Miss Oliver, Miss Bertha Thompson, and Mrs. Bradberry.

The deadline for paying the poll tax was Oct. 1 to be qualified to vote in the next election.

Nash's Tonic was advertised for kids returning to school. It was a remedy for malaria and biliousness.



### **WHO IS IT?**

You might have seen this gentleman's picture somewhere before. If you think you know who it is or want like to make a guess, send me your answer within the next few days.

---

### **RAINFALL**

No measurable rainfall was received at my house in August. It is getting very dry.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT**

### **Special Hymns for Those Who Speed on the Highway**

45 mph – God Will Take Care of You

55 mph – Guide Me, O Thou Great

Jehovah

65 mph – Nearer My God to Thee

75 mph – Nearer, Still Nearer

85 mph – This World Is Not My Home

95 mph – Lord, I'm Coming Home

Over 100 mph – Precious Memories

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### **Found in *The Nevada News* (January, 1953)**

Holding one's tongue  
So opinions stay put  
Is easier by far  
Than extracting one's foot.

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### **LOCAL NEWS**

Funeral services were held Friday, August 30, for Geraldine Robinson Odell, age 90. Burial was in Bluff City Cemetery.

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Our sympathy is extended to the family of Sgt. 1<sup>st</sup> Class Ricardo D. Young, age 34 of Rosston, who was killed during an insurgent attack in Afghanistan August 28th.

---

Funeral services for Mr. Pershing Cox, age 95, were held Sunday, Sept. 1, 2013. Mr. Cox lived in the Redland community. Burial was at Liberty Cemetery.

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The Bluff City Church of Christ will have a lectureship Saturday, Sept. 7<sup>th</sup> beginning at 9:00 a.m. An instructor from the Memphis School of Preaching and three students will be the speakers. The theme of the lectureship is "Timeless Truths". You are invited to any or all of these lectures. Speakers and times are:

9:00 a.m.--The Truth About Sin—Luke Quinn

10:00 a.m.—The Truth About Salvation—Brock Kendall

11:00 a.m.—Does Truth Exist?—Bobby Lidell (instructor)

12:00 p.m.---Lunch (provided by members of the congregation)

1:30 p.m.—The Truth About Heaven and Hell—Timothy Glasshof

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**  
*September 19, 2013*

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**“LITTLE GRANNY”**

Elizabeth Ann McLelland married Alexander Fletcher McKelvy in 1881. She was 18 years old and Alexander, known as Fletch, was 29. They made their home in the Rocky Hill community of Nevada County and made their living by farming. Fletch accumulated a fairly large amount of land during his lifetime (approximately 1100 acres).

They had 11 children (six daughters and five sons), but three of them died in infancy. Their life at Rocky Hill, known locally as Goose Ankle, was similar to that of many of their neighbors. Their time was spent doing all the chores associated with farm work--plowing, planting, and harvesting crops with some timber related activities thrown in for good measure.

Elizabeth, known as Bettie, was my great grandmother. I know very little about her since I was only three years old when she passed away in 1947. I'm pretty sure she spent much of her time taking care of her children and doing all kinds of work women usually did in those days such as cooking, gardening, milking cows, sewing, quilting, and many other chores.

I was told by those who knew her that she was a small woman, maybe a little over five feet tall. In her later life, family members called her “Little Granny”. Her husband died in 1914 when she was 51 years old. "Little Granny" lived 33 years after her husband's death, living to the age of 84. Two of her daughters, Esther and Beulah, remained unmarried and cared for their mother in her old age.

A cousin who knew “Little Granny” said that she spent much of her time in the woods around her home gathering rich pine knots which were used for kindling. She would pile these up in the woods so they could be brought to the house later. Many of these piles of kindling were found scattered in the woods long after her death.

"Little Granny" was a life-long member of the Rocky Hill Methodist church which was about a quarter of a mile from her home. In fact, she and her husband had donated two acres of land for this church back in 1907.

Most of what I have learned about “Little Granny” came from an older cousin who is now deceased. I have found some tidbits of information in the local news columns of the county newspaper plus some information about land transactions from the deed records at the court house.

She didn't get to see man travel to the moon, but she did get to see the automobile taking the place of the horse and buggy. Imagine living to witness that! I wonder what she thought the first time she saw an airplane fly over her farm. She may have even witnessed the coming of

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

electricity to her community just before her death—another great advancement. She was born during the Civil War and lived through two world wars. If I could go back in time to about 1940, I would have a lot of questions to ask “Little Granny”. I’m sure she would have been able to tell me many stories about life at Rocky Hill over a hundred years ago.

From what little I do know about “Little Granny”, I admire her a lot. The following excerpt from her obituary was written by her friends, Betty Sue and Sally Lou Plyler and leads me to believe that “Little Granny” was a fine woman. I wish I could have known her.

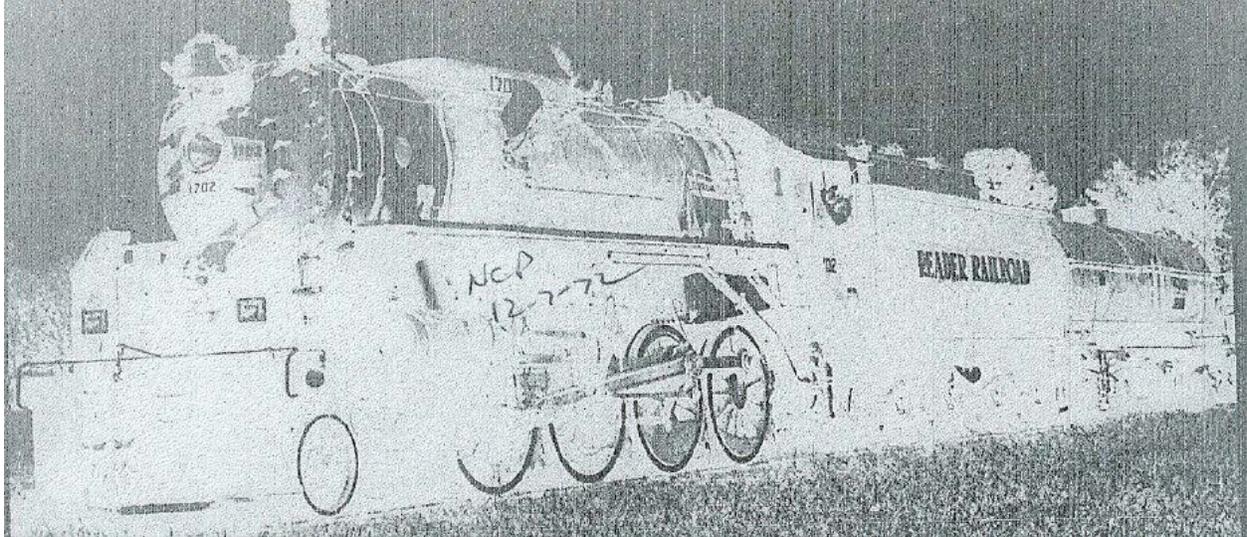
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*She professed a faith in Christ at an early age and united with the Methodist church more than 60 years ago and was a true follower of Christ until she was called away, her life one worthy of imitation. Her companion passed on to glory in 1914 leaving her with 2 daughters and a small grandson to face the rugged battles of life. Two daughters, Esther and Beulah, remained single and lived with her and cared for her very tenderly until she passed away. During her many years on earth, she witnessed many trials in life, having given up her companion, 2 daughters, and 3 sons and suffered many lingering spells of sickness, but she endured her suffering with wonderful patience.*

*Aunt Bettie, as she was familiarly known, treasured her family and friends above all earthly possessions. She was kind and generous hearted. In her passing away, the family has given up a loving mother, the church a true and loyal member, the community a kind and worthy neighbor.*



*You have lost a loving mother  
From this world of sin and care,  
She has sailed across death's river  
To a city bright and fair.  
She has gone to meet her Savior  
On the pearly throne of gold  
Where she'll live in peace forever  
In that blessed heavenly fold.  
Oh, she was a faithful mother  
Always teaching with her love,  
For her children to love Jesus  
That they may meet her up above.  
Long and bitter was her suffering  
As she on her death bed lay,  
While you stood close beside her,  
Knowing soon she would pass away.  
Oh, how vivid is her picture  
As in death she closed her eyes,  
When she left this world of sorrow  
For her home beyond the skies.  
Yes, she left you, oh how lonely,  
You'll miss her smile and loving hand  
While you knew it was only  
Her birth into a better land.*

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



### THE GHOST TRAIN

I was at the library one day and made a copy of an article from the *Nevada County Picayune* about the last scheduled run of the Reader Railroad in December, 1972. This picture of the train accompanied the article. When I got home and looked more closely at the copy, I noticed that the train appears ghost-like which I thought was fitting since this was marking the end of an era. Many of us still wish we could hear the steam whistle of the train as it blew for the various crossings as it made its way from Reader to Waterloo and back. There's something about a steam engine that is special. Maybe it's the black smoke billowing from the smokestack or the sound of the whistle that takes us back to simpler times. I'm glad I got to ride the Possum Trot Line before it passed into history.

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### FIRST WORDS

Match the following first words with the document, song, or book in which they are found. Answers on page 4. Don't peek!

- |   |                                |
|---|--------------------------------|
| ___ 1. Fourscore and seven years ago      | A. The Bible                   |
| ___ 2. We the people                      | B. Declaration of Independence |
| ___ 3. In the beginning                   | C. United States Constitution  |
| ___ 4. O, beautiful for spacious skies    | D. Star Spangled Banner        |
| ___ 5. Mine eyes have seen the glory      | E. America the Beautiful       |
| ___ 6. O, say can you see                 | F. Gettysburg Address          |
| ___ 7. When in the course of human events | G. Battle Hymn of the Republic |

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

### **A LOOK BACK TO OCTOBER, 1939**

A new industry was announced for Prescott. It was an oil mill which processed cottonseed, peanuts, soybeans, and flax for their oils. It was said to be Prescott's largest and newest enterprise.

The Piggly Wiggly store in Prescott became a Kroger store.

Prescott Hardware advertised a sewing machine for \$25, a rural mail box for 88 cents, shot gun shells for 68 cents a box, and a single shot 22 rifle for \$4.89.

The Williams Roofing Plant at Waterloo burned. The plant was erected in 1929 and employed 60 men.

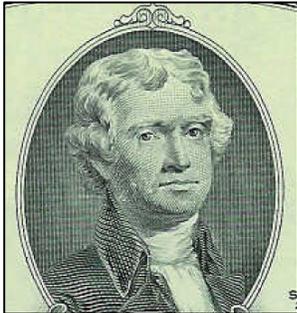
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Answers to First Words quiz: 1.- F; 2.- C; 3.- A; 4.- E; 5.- G; 6.- D; 7.- B

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### **RAINFALL RECORD**

Still no rain at my house! Our last measureable rainfall was July 28<sup>th</sup>--51 days ago. Many trees and shrubs have died and others are losing their leaves early. Fire danger is high and burn bans are in effect in many counties in south Arkansas. Total rainfall this year at my house is 28.5 inches.



The correct answer to "Who Is It?" in the last issue was Thomas Jefferson whose portrait is on the \$2 bill. Those who sent in the correct answer were: Yvonne Munn, Bill Carman, Jeanie McKelvy, Brenda Barham, Blake Fairchild, and Don Hall.

Many people hold on to their \$2 bills thinking they are rare and maybe worth something. Some even think the bills are no longer being printed or in circulation which is not true. Some young workers in stores call their manager when someone tries to pay with a two dollar bill, thinking it is counterfeit. Most cash registers do not have a slot for the \$2 bills which is a slight inconvenience to the stores. Some consider the \$2 bill to be unlucky and others consider it to be lucky. You will probably have to contact your bank to find a \$2 bill since they are rarely used. Most are not worth more than the face value, although some say if you have one with a red seal, it could be worth a little more than face value.

Thomas Jefferson is also pictured on the nickel coin and the presidential dollar coin. His likeness is also one of the four images carved on Mt. Rushmore in South Dakota.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
*SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*October, 2013*

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**GARRETT AND JERRY**

I have a new grand nephew who will be one year old in a few days. Garrett is a good looking kid and his parents are doing their best to provide for his needs. In fact, they may be spoiling him a little bit. Hopefully, he will be blessed with a long and happy life. With all the problems in the world today, I wonder what he might face in his lifetime. I know it will be very different from that of his parents and grandparents.

Garrett was born into an age of much advancement in technology. Everything is computerized and new things are being developed all the time. I'm sure he will see some things in his lifetime that we can't even imagine today. I expect new medicines will be developed to help treat many diseases and maybe cures can be found for some of the terrible diseases we have today. Maybe the life expectancy will increase.

I also think about how the country will change in his lifetime. Each generation builds on the work of the last generation and the result should be a better way of life. I wonder if our generation has failed the younger generation. We have seen many changes in this country in the last fifty years and much of it was not for the best, in my opinion.

Many people have put aside basic moral teachings of their ancestors and have chosen a different path. Instead of working to improve their lot in life, many in our nation are more interested in what they can get without working for it. Our government is encouraging this way of thinking. It seems our government and courts are doing their best to remove any mention of God and anything religious from our society in the name of "separation of church and state". Church attendance has declined over the last twenty or thirty years and more and more children are now growing up without any religious influence in their lives. I think society will suffer because of this.

In my opinion, one of the darkest blemishes on the record of our generation is the acceptance of abortion. Since the Supreme Court ruled forty years ago in 1973 that it was legal, there have been 54,559,615 abortions in the United States, according to some estimates. Think about that number! That translates to 26,230 per week, 3,747 per day, or 156 per hour. Laws are passed by Congress and state legislatures on many controversial issues and these laws are interpreted by the courts. It is very important for people to choose carefully when voting for candidates. Check out a candidate's position on issues that concern you. I am amazed that many who complain about how things are going will continue to vote for those who helped pass the laws they complain about.

The demographics of the country are also changing. The Hispanic population is increasing rapidly in many places. When Garrett reaches age 31 in 2043, the Census Bureau predicts the white population in America will be in the minority. The number of Muslims is also increasing in America. Some want Islamist Sharia law to be accepted as the rule of law in this country and a federal judge recently ruled that Oklahoma cannot pass a law banning Sharia law in that state.

Life in America will be greatly influenced by the customs and religions of the people who inhabit the country in the years to come. The world Garrett grows up in will be a very different place.

Then I think of another baby named Jerry born in Nevada County in 1943, right in the middle of World War II. I was that baby. My father was away fighting in the Pacific during the first two years of my life. The news reports were filled with war news and major battles in far-off places. I think my family living around Bluff City in 1943 probably wondered what type world I might grow up in. When would the awful war and fighting end? Would the United States and the Allies prevail? Most all of the younger men in the community who were physically able were away from home in the service of their country and some never made it back home.

Then in August, 1945, word was received by radio that an atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima, Japan and three days later another dropped on Nagasaki, Japan. I'm sure my folks had no idea what type bomb this was and what destruction resulted from it, but they knew it was something never seen before. The weapons of war had changed overnight.

I lived through those events as any normal kid, more interested in playing with my toys than anything else. But I'm sure my folks wondered what type world I might grow up in just as I wonder what changes Garrett might see in his lifetime.

What has happened since I was born in 1943? Japan finally surrendered after the atomic bomb was used and our country tried to get back to normal after almost four years of war. Electricity came to the rural areas around Bluff City about 1946 which changed everything. There were many new inventions which made life easier. Then came the Korean War in the early 1950s and more young men went off to war. The 1950s brought rock and roll music and fancy automobiles with fins and white-wall tires. The older folks complained about the rock and roll music, the clothing and hair styles, and the way Elvis shook his hips. In 1955, it was announced that the vaccine developed by Dr. Jonas Salk was effective in preventing the terrifying disease of polio. The country still had major problems during this time. The integration of the schools was one of the major issues when I was in high school. Some of our male teachers had to report for duty in September, 1957, when the National Guard was called out to enforce the integration of Central High School in Little Rock. We watched all this on our new TV sets, but it seemed far removed from our little corner of Nevada County. The country was changing right before our eyes and television brought it all into our living rooms.

We had the Cuban missile crisis in 1962 which brought us to the brink of a nuclear war with Russia. We learned later just how serious the situation really was. President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in 1963 which shocked the nation. This was the period of the Vietnam War, a very unpopular war that lasted for about fifteen years in which thousands of Americans died. There were demonstrations on college campuses and race riots in some of the major cities. Many young people began experimenting with LSD and other drugs and this became a major problem. This caused an increase in crime and destroyed the lives of many young people.

The next big trouble spot was the Middle East which controls most of the world's oil supply. Ruthless dictators ruled some of these countries. Iraq invaded Kuwait in 1990, and 34 nations

led by the United States launched an attack on Iraq known as The Persian Gulf War or Desert Storm. Then on September 11, 2001, terrorists flew huge airliners into the World Trade Center and the Pentagon killing almost 4,000 people. A third plane crashed into a field in Pennsylvania when some heroic passengers tried to overpower the terrorists. A period of patriotism swept over America when people realized our country had been attacked and flags flew proudly for a while. It was determined that the terrorists were from Afghanistan and a war began which continues to the present time. Two years later in 2003, another invasion of Iraq was launched by 56 nations led by the United States. That war lasted until 2011.

Many of those responsible for the attack on America were captured or killed, but many American service men and women were also killed or wounded. Americans were subjected to strict security measures at airports and large public gatherings due to the threats of terrorism. Just recently we have heard reports of the use of chemical weapons in Syria. The Middle East continues to be a very dangerous place inhabited by millions of Muslims, many of whom are intent on killing anyone who opposes them as they spread their religion throughout the world.

The seventy years since I was born have not been exactly peaceful. Over 375,000 Americans have been killed in wars during my lifetime and no telling how many of the enemy and civilian population were killed. We have several serious trouble spots in our world today. The weapons today are much more potent than even the atomic bomb of World War II. Things could get out of control very quickly.

Even as I wonder about what Garrett might see in his lifetime, I realize that all throughout our history in each generation, there have been problems between nations that often resulted in wars and fighting. You would think that people could learn to get along without killing each other, but it has been that way since the beginning of time when Cain rose up and slew his brother, Abel.

I think we have failed in many respects to teach our children the things that made this country great. The United States is a young country when you think about it—only about 237 years old. Many lives have been lost during our short history to bring us to where we are today. One web site says 1,312,612 Americans have died in wars since our country was founded and almost 3,000,000 wounded. Much blood has been shed protecting the freedoms we enjoy in this country. I can only hope and pray that we choose good leaders for our country and that they will use common sense and make wise decisions realizing that their actions will affect the course of history and the lives of many people. There will always be evil people in the world and sometimes tough decisions must be made to protect our way of life and to avoid complete anarchy in the world.

I hope Garrett lives his life in a more peaceful world, but judging from past history, I expect his generation will face many difficult periods just as ours did. I wish him well on his journey through life. I hope his generation does a better job than the last one.

I offer this quote from President Ronald Reagan: “Each generation goes further than the generation preceding it because it stands on the shoulders of that generation. You will have opportunities beyond anything we’ve ever known”.



The Sandyland Chronicle Restoration Award goes to Jody Nelson, his brothers, and the contractors who made this old home a show place once again. The last occupants of this home were Lige Barlow and his wife, Elvie. The home was built over a hundred years ago and is situated overlooking the level fields of what is now the Arkansas Forestry Commission Seed Orchard on Hwy. 299 near Bluff City. This is the only two-story house still standing anywhere around Bluff City. The inside looks just as nice as the outside.

Mr. Barlow was a justice of the peace and I have heard about several couples being married by him in this house or perhaps on the front porch.

I'm always glad to see old buildings restored and made useful once again. Congratulations on a job well done.



## WHAT IS IT?

Let me know in the next few days if you know what this contraption is.

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After a dry spell lasting 51 days, we finally got a good rain on September 20<sup>th</sup> followed by some cooler weather. The sandy land around Bluff City got about seven inches of rain and the deep sand sucked it up like a sponge. While we were celebrating such a good rain, people in Colorado were dealing with the effects of very serious flooding.

**September rainfall at my house—5.4 inches**

**Total for the year—33.9 inches**

Hunters are busy getting ready for the upcoming deer season. They are repairing old deer stands and putting up new ones, planting food plots, putting up game cameras to check out the prospects, and getting their deer camps ready. I have seen many deer grazing along the highways recently. The long period of dry weather was hard on wild animals as their food supply became scarce.

Pat Weaver, age 81, of Magnolia passed away September 18<sup>th</sup>. She was Dean of Women at Southern State College when I was there and was also a former teacher at Camden. She was born in Waterloo in Nevada County to Luther Weaver and Vida Polk Weaver. She was one of my email contacts and always read *The Sandyland Chronicle*. She will be missed. Here is a recipe she sent for The Sandyland Cookbook in 2009.

### Sweet Potato Casserole

3 cup sweet potatoes (cooked)  
2/3 cup milk  
2 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 stick oleo  
1/2 teaspoon salt

**Topping**  
1/2 cup flour  
1/2 cup oleo  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 cup nuts  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix potatoes and oleo. Add eggs, then rest of ingredients. Mix and crumble topping on top of potato mixture. Bake @ 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

## **THE JOHN GULLEY PLANTATION**

The area around Bluff City in Nevada County, Arkansas was first settled about 1850 as settlers began to move westward from the eastern states. The U. S. government encouraged settlers to move into the undeveloped land purchased from France in 1803 (the Louisiana Purchase) which included what is now Arkansas.

Most of the homesteads were relatively small, but some well-to-do men managed to accumulate quite a large amount of land. One of these men was John Gulley, Sr., a planter from Alabama. John Gulley was born in 1788 in North Carolina. He married Nancy Bizzell in 1809 and they moved to Alabama about 1817. John and Nancy had fourteen children (ten boys and four girls). The couple decided to move further west in the mid-1840s and settled in Ouachita County, Arkansas. Their land became part of Nevada County in 1871 when Nevada County was formed.

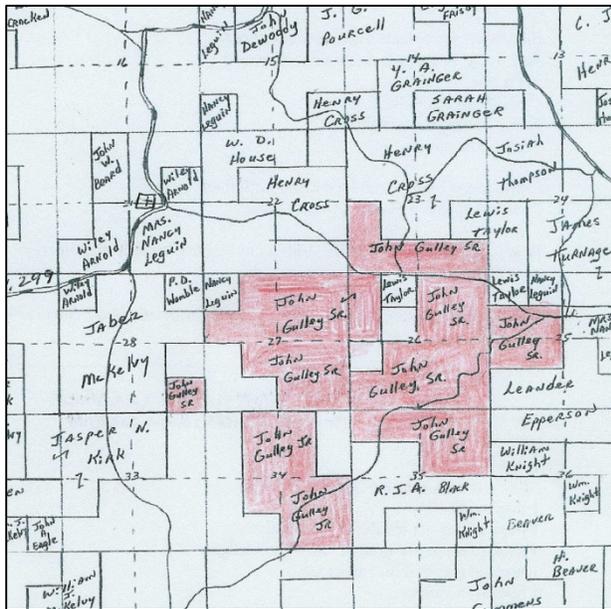
In 1861, he and his son, John Jr., owned 2000 acres in one large tract just east of Ebenezer Cemetery plus other holdings further east. A large part of this land was fairly level, well drained, and well suited for growing cotton, the main crop at that time. The cotton could be sold in Camden which was only about sixteen miles from John Gulley's plantation.

I'm sure slave labor was used on his plantation and that many "hands" were required to plant and harvest the cotton crop on such a large farm. Many of the Negroes who worked on this plantation remained in the area after slavery ended and most took the name Gulley for their last name. Many of their descendants still live in the area.

John Gulley, Sr. died in 1865 just after the Civil War ended and is buried in the Gulley family cemetery which is located on the old plantation. He was 77 at the time of his death and Nancy lived until 1870. Their sons and grandsons continued to farm the land for many years.

The small Gulley family cemetery contains 27 marked graves (ten with the surname Gulley, eight with Purifoy, and five with Epperson). The last burial there was in 1930. Over time the cemetery became overgrown with brush.

When I was a teenager, I used to ride the old roads through the old Gulley plantation especially just before Christmas when I was looking for the perfect cedar tree for our Christmas tree. I never came upon the old Gulley cemetery and didn't even know it existed until the mid-1990s when I started recording cemeteries in Nevada County. Then I got interested in genealogy and started doing some family research. It turns out that some of the Gulley men married Kirks and Henrys, so I am distantly related to some of the Gulley descendants. My great-great grandfather, Jabez McKelvy, and my great grandfather, Jasper Newton Kirk, even had some land that joined the old Gulley plantation.



This map shows land ownership in 1861. John Gulley's land is shown in red. Some of the original plantation is now part of the Poison Springs State Forest, but some of the western part of the old plantation was owned by Gulley descendants until 1979. About that time International Paper Co. was looking for a suitable place for a pine seedling nursery. They needed a place that was well-drained and fairly level with sandy loam soil. After considering several tracts of land, they decided that the old John Gulley plantation met their requirements. They negotiated with all the different landowners and purchased a large part of the old plantation in 1979.

Construction of the nursery soon began. Fields had to be leveled and prepared for planting. An irrigation system had to be installed to water the young seedlings. An agreement was worked out with the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission to pipe water from White Oak Lake to the nursery, a distance of about three or four miles. Ponds were also constructed as a backup source for water and a natural spring was also used. A packing shed, an office, and a residence for the nursery manager were constructed. By 1982, the nursery was producing a good crop of pine seedlings.

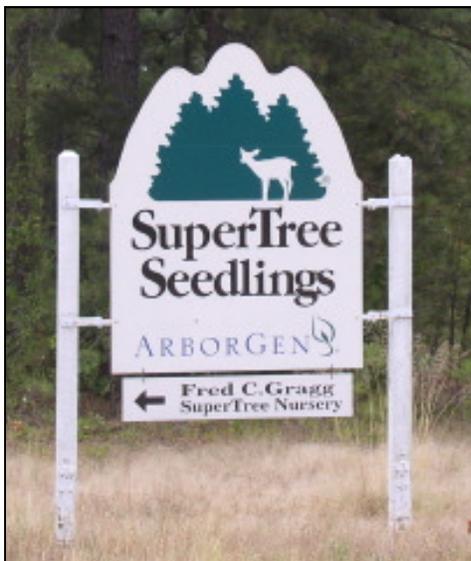
Eighteen years later, the nursery, which had been named the Fred C. Gragg Supertree Nursery, had produced one billion pine seedlings. A big celebration was held in October, 2000 with all local employees of International Paper attending. Speeches were made and a good meal was provided by the company.

A billion trees is a lot of trees. That's enough trees to plant 1,834,862 acres of land. If you plant a tree every ten feet, you would plant 528 trees per mile. Since the distance across the United States is about 3370 miles, that would be enough trees to plant 673 rows of trees completely across the United States. And the nursery has been continually producing more trees since 2000, so the number of trees that have been produced on the old John Gulley plantation is almost impossible to comprehend.

International Paper Co. and some other companies combined their resources in 2007 and formed a company called Arbor-Gen which specializes in genetic forestry research. Nurseries and employees were combined into this new company which has facilities in several southern states and in some foreign countries.

The same land John Gulley planted in cotton over 150 years ago is now being used as a modern farm growing young pine seedlings to reforest thousands of acres of timberland. I think John Gulley would be proud.

When the land was sold to IP for the nursery, it was stipulated in the deed that the company would maintain and protect the old Gulley family cemetery. An African-American cemetery known as St. John Cemetery is also located on the old Gulley plantation about a mile south of the Gulley cemetery. Sixteen graves in the cemetery have the surname Gulley and the earliest marked grave is dated 1903. This cemetery is still active today. Union Grove Cemetery near Bluff City has 77 burials with the surname Gulley. I'm sure many of these are descendants of some of the African-American slaves who once worked on the Gulley plantation.



A book has been written by Paul John called John Gulley Genealogy--A Planter in Alabama and Arkansas and His Descendants. This book gives the complete history of the Gulley family. Copies are available at the Ouachita County Library and at the Southwest Arkansas Regional Archives in Washington, AR.

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**A Day That Lasts For Memories**  
**By Barbara Lyerly**

Oh, the wonderful days of the forties, fifties and sixties! Some would say that today is the “good old days”. This may very well be true, but remembering the times of our lives when the pace was slower, where there was the camaraderie of small town life, and the knowledge that morals and values were taught and practiced makes for sweet nostalgia as we reach the twilight times of our lives.

Go on a little trip with me. Let's go back in time to our hometown of Chidester, Arkansas population around 500 souls. There is a fine school. There are all the necessities of life: grocery stores, a drug store, a doctor, cafes, a bus station, a telephone office, a hardware, a post office, several service stations and mechanic shops, two large sawmills, a telephone office, a shoe cobbler, a hotel, several beauty "parlors", lots of farmers large and small, a tie yard, a very busy railroad depot, several churches, and many, many people who cared for each other.

Early in the morning as you walk to school, or go by on the school bus, you will see a group of men standing outside the post office talking, laughing, and making plans for the day. Some days they are quiet and solemn; maybe they are discussing the war. Some days they are boisterous as they con some small child (me) into going into the telephone booth by Mrs. Pauline Beaver's Café where they had put a sullied up 'possum! You might see several trucks come through hauling beautiful logs to be made into lumber or small "billets" that will be made into paper. Children are walking to school from all directions. Each has a quarter for lunch and a nickel for milk at recess. Maybe you will see the big red bus stop and pick up people who are going to Camden or some other exotic place.

According to the time of year you might be able to buy some wonderful vegetables and fruits from farmers who have come into town in their wagons to sell their produce. You might go down to the Clingan Trading Post and buy a live chicken or two, or some eggs or hoop cheese. The Mercantile would love to sell you shoes, fabric and patterns to make a new dress, delicious meats and canned goods. You could visit Mr. Bob Bray and get a super dandy haircut from a true gentleman of the old South. The Gillespie's Store had many intriguing items for sale along with groceries. Once I saved my money and purchased my mother a pair of baby doll pajamas for her birthday. They were red silky material with black lace trim. I thought they were beautiful. She didn't agree! Dr. Rushing might take a look at your poison ivy and say, "Tut, tut, tut, you need to stay out of that stuff". You could watch as Mr. Cross Epperson's crew stacks cross ties in perfectly geometrical cubes. You could go by the bank and borrow some money, or visit with Mr. Garland Rushing, or Bill Clingan or John Chester Clingan. According to the year you are there you might meet Mr. Clifton Stinnett or H. B. Yarbrough. Mr. Mike Rowe would love to sell you some feed, or work on your car. G. W. Kilpatrick would welcome you to his station and Mrs. Ruby might cook you some fish and hushpuppies if you get there for lunch. If not, you could go to the Lee Hotel and "room and board" would find you eating a grand meal and meeting new friends. Mr. Tom Benton's market would be a great stop to buy some fresh food for your evening meal. Mr. Watson Roll would be available to fix your radio and later on, your television.

If you stay long enough you might see the Chidester Volunteer Fire Dept. in action. You might even be there when the Holleman-Dickinson Lumber Co. caught fire and even the teenage boys at school were released to go and fight the fire. The new fire truck is a beautiful shiny example of the American automotive

industry. If you have enough time this afternoon you could tour the Bradford Cotton Gin. It was an amazing machine. Later in years it was a cucumber-grading shed for a big pickle company. Oh, I hope you come in the summer time and can go to the McGill peach orchard and just make yourself sick on the scrumptious peaches. You can gain a pound just smelling the wonderful smell. You could always stop by the Ouachita or Little Missouri Rivers and take a quick swim!

There will be lots of new friends to meet since everyone's grandchildren come to visit in the summer. The Aarants have beautiful girls, so do the Coxes. Mrs. Elsie Sweatman always has teenagers who speak "Yankee"! The Eppersons and Stinnetts and many others host city kids who love to come to Chidester.

If you visit after the advent of "rock and roll" you might have a great time at the Teen Town in the American Legion Hut. Mrs. Ruby Kilpatrick and Mrs. Sally Singleton gave up their Saturday nights for many years to chaperone teenage dances. In the summer time you might be there for a street dance if the kids can talk Mr. Ed Rushing into pushing his jukebox outside and feeding it quarters so everyone can dance. Other times you might just see a dozen cars parked in a circle with all the radios on the same station! Hope you don't get talked into stealing watermelons! Mr. Charlie Wheelington doesn't condone that behavior.

Hope you are there long enough to see Mr. Guffy put the mail out on a hook for a train to "catch" when it comes through. It's exciting to see the evening passenger train come through with the windows lighted and many people dressed up and going to Chicago, St. Louis or even Little Rock. That "call of the wild" probably drew many of us away from our simple little world into what we thought was a better life.

So, you've spent a day in Chidester. This day spans many a year. This day will never come again, but the memories in our hearts allow us to drag it out and live it over and over and celebrate the wonderful people who made up our world.

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## NOTICE

I have decided to return to a monthly paper instead of one every two weeks. It just works better for me. The next issue will be the November issue and will be out near the end of October. Some have said they are having trouble getting the web site to work. If for some reason you can't open it, here are a couple of things you can do:

1. You can always just do a search for "sandyland chronicle" and it should take you to the web site.
2. You can send me an email and I will then send it to you direct by email.

## WHAT IS IT?



The item shown in the last issue is an early gasoline engine. Some of these type engines are called “hit and miss engines” and could be used to operate various things around the farm, including some of the early washing machines. This one was made by International Harvester and was used by my father in the late 1940s to operate a pea thresher. A belt was attached to the pea thresher and to the large wheel on the side of this engine and this furnished the power to the threshing machine. The gasoline tank is underneath the engine. Water is put in the reservoir on top.

My father hauled the pea thresher and engine around in his truck to neighboring farms to thresh their dry peas. All this was done when I was a small child and I don't really remember it in operation. The pea thresher was stored in our barn for many years and became a good home for the local rat population. The engine is now collecting dust out in the storage shed.

Those who guessed the right answer were Quentin and Shirley Tolby, Perry Westmoreland, Billy Joe Meador, and Vernell Loe,

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### **From the files of *The Nevada News*—October, 1931**

The Ozan Mercantile in Prescott advertised 48 pounds of Eskimo flour for 85 cents and 25 pounds of sugar in a cloth bag for \$1.23.

Hwy. No. 2 is open from Texarkana to Mississippi. It is paved to Garland City, gravel between Garland City and the Columbia County line, paved from there to El Dorado, and the rest is gravel.

A steamer left Camden with 400 bales of cotton bound for New Orleans. This is the first time in a quarter century that Camden has again become the center of cotton shipping on the Ouachita River. Six thousand bales are in Camden awaiting shipment.

The 282 service station in Prescott is now open 24 hours per day.

The inventor, Thomas Edison, died Oct. 18<sup>th</sup> at the age of 84.

The Prescott Hardware opened an annex to the store for the sale of used goods. It was formerly occupied by the bowling alley of Guthrie Drug Store in the Waller building.

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There are about forty cemeteries in the western states with the name “Boot Hill Cemetery”. The most famous is in Dodge City, Kansas. It is believed the name comes from the fact that so many gunfighters died violently in gunfights or by hanging and thus “died with their boots on”.

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### **4000 ACRES ON FIRE NEAR CALE**

Sixty-one years ago about this time of the year, Arkansas was in the midst of the worst siege of forest fires in the state's history. A total of 2,123 fires burned over 200,000 acres of land in Arkansas, with the southwest Arkansas counties of Nevada, Ouachita, Union, Columbia, and Lafayette being hit especially hard.

Nevada County had 8500 acres destroyed by fire in late October, 1952, including a 4,000 acre fire just east of Cale. I was nine years old at the time and remember several families living southwest of Bluff City packing up some of their belongings in case they had to quickly evacuate. A thick cloud of smoke could be observed in the direction of the fire. The fire jumped state highway 4 (now 278) driven by a stiff south wind into large areas of timber land with scattered homes headed in the direction of Cale, Ebenezer, and Rocky Hill.

There was a shortage of fire-fighting equipment for such a large fire. Backfires were used to stop the fire in places. Several members of the National Guard were called out to help and some local residents pitched in to help the forestry department personnel. I was told that the town of Cale was probably saved because a decision was made to set a backfire on the Reader Railroad in Caney Creek bottom. It was so dry that even the creek bottoms easily burned over although the fire was not as bad there as in the areas covered with pine timber.

A bulldozer had been parked at Mr. Horace Kirk's home on what is now County Road #47. He "walked" the dozer from his home down the county roads toward Cale and plowed firebreaks around several homes belonging to family members. The fire never got that far, but I'm sure it made them feel better having some plowed ground around their homes.

It was a scary time for people living near the fire. A forty acre fire is bad enough, but one covering 4,000 acres is especially frightening. We see the large fires in the western states and how hard they are to control. Large fires such as those are rare in Arkansas, but they can happen when the conditions are just right. It could have been even worse if the fire had occurred in the summer months when the temperatures reach 100 degrees or higher.

The Arkansas Forestry Commission had several fire towers where someone kept a lookout for forest fires in those days. There was a tower at Poison Springs (which still stands), one at Glenville in southern Nevada County (now gone), one near Sutton, and one at Iron Springs north of Prescott. Most of these towers were constructed in the 1930s and were a valuable tool in helping locate wildfires. These days most fires are spotted by airplanes which can pinpoint the location and direct fire fighters to the proper place. Planes are also used to drop fire retardant chemicals or water on fires to help

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



bring them under control. The Commission also has fire plows which can plow fire lines around the fires. Firefighting is dangerous work even for the professionals, and they have to also be concerned about spectators or local residents who want to help. The person in charge needs to know who is in the fire area to avoid someone getting trapped by fire. It's always best to leave fire fighting to the professionals.

Not every fire you see is a wildfire. Some timber companies and the Arkansas Forestry Commission conduct controlled burns for various reasons. One reason is to reduce the clutter left from logging operations to prepare the land for replanting.

Fire lines are plowed around the area to be burned and then the fire is set by workers with drip torches. Sometimes the debris is piled up in piles called windrows. Sometimes a helicopter might be used to set the fire. Fire is dropped from a torch mounted on the helicopter as it flies overhead. A large number of acres can be burned this way very quickly although the fire can be much harder to control. This method is usually used in areas away from private land in case the fire jumps the plowed lines (what is called a break-over). Despite the best efforts, most fires of this type result in a few break-overs. Employees patrol the lines on ATV's or by walking looking for small break-overs. When one is found, the tractor is called to plow it out or water is sprayed on it from a tank mounted on the ATV. Some days are just not suited for controlled burns due to the weather conditions. This method of preparing land for planting is not used as much as it once was mainly due to complaints about the smoke.



Setting fire with a helicopter



Torch mounted left side of helicopter

Another reason for controlled burns is called "hazard reduction". That means allowing fire to burn over the forest destroying the smaller brush and pine straw. This reduces the chance of wildfire damage which might destroy the mature timber. This is usually done in the winter months and if done correctly will not harm the mature trees.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



I worked for years for a timber company and was involved in burning thousands of acres of land. It was not my favorite work activity, but was exciting at times. It required good organization, good planning, and experienced workers to get the job done safely. Fires are usually set by using a drip torch like the one is this picture. It is recommended that

people working around fires wear special clothing that will not easily catch fire. Any ragged clothing with loose threads could easily catch fire. Other recommended equipment includes gloves, a two-way radio, a hard hat, goggles or a face mask to help with the smoke, and a canteen of drinking water. A controlled burn usually lasts most of the day. The fire is set as soon as the dew is gone usually around 10:00 a. m. and lasts until it is completed and safe to leave. A typical size fire ranges from 40 to 200 acres for one day. Workers learn to eat at least part of their lunch before the fire is set because they may not get another chance to eat for several hours. When the fire is burning hot, it's all hands on deck until things calm down. A typical fire crew usually consists of a fire plow operator and three or four more people. While the others are setting the fire, one person must walk the fire line or ride an ATV around the fire line looking for break-overs. This person has to breathe a lot of smoke and employees usually take turns doing this job. The fire plow operator also has to breathe a lot of smoke if he has to plow out a break-over. Before the crew leaves the fire at the end of the day, someone rides or walks around the entire burned area to make sure it is safe to leave and usually early the next morning, an employee returns to the area and checks the lines again just to make sure everything is safe.

An inexperienced person with a drip torch can spell disaster. I remember one time when a summer student set the wrong side of a half-mile long fire line. Good communication is a necessity. Two-way radios solve many problems and help those in charge make sure everything is going as planned. ATV's save a lot of walking to patrol the lines and get water to employees, although employees must be trained in their use to avoid serious accidents. Riding a rough fire line through smoke is not like riding on a smooth road or trail.

All of our employees had to attend a fire simulator school conducted by the Arkansas Forestry Commission. A make believe wildfire was used to teach important lessons. Each employee had his or her turn as the person in charge and was in contact by radio with the plow operator and others in the field (played by Forestry Dept. personnel). Just about any situation you could imagine was introduced into the program and we were graded on the decisions we made. It was similar to the disaster drills sometimes used to teach emergency services how to respond to any situation which might arise. Even though it was all done in a classroom, it seemed very real to the students taking the course.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

The most serious situation I encountered was the day when one of our controlled burns jumped the lines and resulted in a fast-moving wildfire in a young pine plantation. The situation was made more difficult because there were oil wells, pipes, and power lines in the area which made plowing a line difficult or dangerous. A fire in a young pine plantation is almost impossible to control. We finally managed to get the fire under control after it had burned about 100 acres of young pine trees. At least nobody got hurt that day and the fire remained on company land.

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I love looking at the beautiful leaves this time of the year. The colors usually reach their peak in our area in early November. We'll have to wait and see how the extremely dry weather this year affects the colors. I always hate the job of raking the leaves each year. I guess if I get too lazy, I can always hire a lawn service to do it.

As people get older, they begin to see things from a different perspective. The falling leaves can even teach us a lesson as evidenced by the poem below.

### **FALLING LEAVES**

*Written by a Prescott resident and published in the November 23, 1887 issue of The Nevada County Picayune. I couldn't read the author's name because the microfilm was too blurry.*

Some weeks ago your leaves were  
green  
And decked the trees so fair,  
And forest glade, as we have seen  
Was a glorious picture rare.

The birds sang their song of praise  
That the woods were green again.  
The dove and rabbit hurried different  
ways  
And were sport for dogs and men.

But now the green has changed  
As youth to mellow age,  
And one by one 'tis arranged  
As falls the leaves, we turn a page.

The leaves are falling one by one and  
so are we  
Falling our places to fill,  
'Tis given us, as leaves to be  
Obedient to His will.

Autumn's glorious dress reminds us  
Life's fitful dream is appalling,  
Today we sing, we dance, rejoice,  
Tomorrow like the leaves, we are falling.

The leaves are falling but they did their  
part  
And in falling we will do the same.  
We live and work and then depart  
Yet even unknown to fame.

Let the falling leaves, the faded leaves  
Be a subject we study with care,  
For hourly and daily we steadily weave  
The threads of our existence bare.



## **MYSTERY SOLVED**

This picture was in the October, 2010 issue. A reader had found this picture in her mother's photo album, but it was not identified. She thought it was probably someone from Nevada County and wondered if anyone could identify this person. I recently received this email which solves the mystery.

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The attractive young lady in the photo was my grandmother, Christine McMahan, before her marriage to my grandfather William "Bill"

McMahon. She was born in Laneburg May 22, 1904 to Charles and Lizzie Niemeyer (Charley worked for J. H. Bemis as a millwright at Ozan-Graysonia Lumber Company from the 1890's until around 1953). Christine graduated from Prescott High School and worked for Joe Boswell's Store as a buyer and sales clerk until moving to Greenville, MS in the late 1940's. She worked as a buyer for Nelms and Blum Department Store until her retirement in 1973. Christine then moved back to Prescott after retiring to live with her sisters until moving to Little Rock in 1983. Christine was a member of the First United Methodist Church in Prescott and sang in the choir.

Christine had two younger sisters; Jessie Spradlin (Jessie met her husband Herbert "Coy" at the Sterlings in Prescott...he was the store manager and later a district manager for Sterlings-Magic Mart) and her youngest sister Joyce Danner (Joyce married Gordon Danner who worked at DeLamar Chevrolet for over forty years).

Christine passed away in Little Rock, March 13, 2002 at the age of 97 leaving a daughter, Jacque (McMahon) Isaacs of Little Rock; three grandchildren and three great-grandchildren all of Little Rock.

I'm only 53, but I remember the old (1960's-1970's) Prescott vividly and have wonderful memories of Prescott, Gurdon, Arkadelphia, Hope, Reader, and surrounding areas. Thanks for the Sandyland Chronicles and I hope this solves the mystery photo.

Marty Isaacs  
Little Rock, AR

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## **RAINFALL RECORD**

January—4.3; February—2.8; March—4.1; April—3.7; May—4.2; June—4.2; July—5.2; August—None; September—5.4; October—4.8 (so far). TOTAL—34.5 INCHES

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

### THE OLD MAID AND THE BURGLAR

A story I'll tell of a burglar bold  
Who started to rob a house;  
He opened the window and then crept in  
As quiet as a mouse.

He looked around for a place to hide  
"Til the folks were all asleep,  
"And then," said he, "with all their money  
I'll take a quiet sneak."

So under the bed the burglar crept;  
He crept up close to the wall.  
He didn't know 'twas an old maid's room  
Or he wouldn't have had the gall.

He thought of the money he would steal  
As under the bed he lay,  
But at 9 o'clock he saw a sight  
That made his hair turn gray.

At 9 o'clock the old maid came in;  
"O, I'm so tired," she said.  
She thought that all was well that night  
So she didn't look under the bed.

She took out her teeth and her big glass eye  
And the hair all off of her head.  
The burglar he had forty fits  
As he watched from under the bed.

From under the bed the burglar crept;  
He was a total wreck.  
The old maid wasn't asleep at all,  
And she grabbed him around the neck.

She didn't holler, or shout, or call;  
She was as cool as a clam.  
She only said, "The saints be praised;  
At last I've got a man."

From under the pillow a gun she drew  
And to the burglar said,  
"Young man, if you don't marry me,  
I'll blow off the top of your head."

She held him firmly by the neck;  
He hadn't a chance to shoot;  
He looked at her teeth and her big glass eye,  
And said, "Madam, for Pete's sake, shoot."

---

### WHAT IS IT?



The object on the left was found when tearing down an old house in Prescott. It is made from aluminum and has holes all the way around. It has a threaded fitting on the bottom that can be screwed onto something. The quart oil can is shown for size comparison.

If you know what this is or would like to make a guess, send me your answer in the next few days.

\*\*\*\*\*

## LETTERS FROM PEARL HARBOR

In a few days we will remember an event that changed the world. President Franklin D. Roosevelt called it “a day which will live in infamy”. This event was the surprise attack by the Japanese on our naval base at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii on December 7, 1941.

This event resulted in the deaths of 2,402 Americans and over 1,200 wounded. It brought about a declaration of war by the United States against the empire of Japan and brought us into World War II. The war was to last four long years with fighting in both the Pacific and in Europe. The nation was just beginning to recover from the Great Depression and now was faced with a world war with fighting on two fronts. The war effort was supported on the home front as people planted victory gardens, endured wartime rationing, had scrap metal drives, and did all they could to support those in the military.

The Pearl Harbor attack hit close to home for one family in Nevada County. S1c Harl Coplin Nelson had enlisted in the U. S. Navy in 1940 and happened to be on the *USS Arizona* when it was hit. He was one of 23 men from Arkansas on the *USS Arizona* who did not survive the attack and the only one from Nevada County to be killed at Pearl Harbor. The *USS Arizona* and other ships had been stationed at Pearl Harbor since April, 1940 as a deterrent to Japanese imperialism. The attack lasted about two hours with hundreds of airplanes being damaged or destroyed. All eight of the battleships in the Pacific fleet were damaged with four of them being sunk including the *USS Arizona*. A total of 1,177 Americans lost their lives when that ship was hit and 1,102 are entombed inside the ship.



Harl Nelson was the son of Frank and Verna Nelson who lived in the Goose Ankle community a few miles west of Bluff City. He had four brothers and five sisters. This was a close-knit farming community. Most of the young people had never ventured far from home. I can only imagine what Harl might have thought as he enlisted in the U. S. Navy at age 23 and traveled to San Diego, California for training before being sent to Hawaii. This was so far removed from the life he had known growing up in a rural area of Nevada County.

A few days ago, I received a telephone call from Mrs. Zettie Griffith Link who told me she and Harl exchanged letters while he was in service and that she still had those letters. Anyone far away from home in military service is glad to get letters from friends and family back home. Mrs. Link offered to share these letters with me and I have included excerpts from them in this article. I know Harl Nelson's relatives, some of whom still live around Bluff City, will be interested in these letters.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

I corrected some of the spelling in Harl's letters. The words in parentheses are mine.

-----  
*San Diego, CA (postcard sent during training at San Diego)  
November 25, 1940*

*I guess everyone are having a big time in school. This place is just like school. My school days are back again. I sure are having a grand time.*

*Tell everyone around there hello for me. This sure is a beautiful place around here. It is town as far as you can see around this station.*

-----  
*Honolulu, Hawaii  
Feb. 22, 1941*

*....Well, the news from Hawaii. It isn't much but I tell you what I know. It is a lock (lot) of purty (pretty) scenery out here. I haven't been to town but twice since we come over. We went out on sea and stay about a week. We had a lock (lot) of drilling while we were out. My battle(?) is traner (trainer) on number 2 anti-aircraft gun. I till (tell) you I don't like my job any to well.*

*We have a lock (lot) of fun when we are in port. They have all kinds of sports on the ship. We have ball games, boat rases (races) and other sports I am in the boat rases (races) team. We went over to the Island the other day and taken a ture (tour) over it. The one that is in the boat team half (have) to run 2 miles every day. We go over and run our 2 miles and look the country over coming back.*

*I hardly ever go to town, for I don't think much of that place. Everyone enjoy it the first time or two they go over. Then they don't thank (think) much of it. Everyone can't have as good time over here as they can in the States, or I can't. I don't know when we will go back to the States. We may go back in a week or two. Then it may be 2 or 3 months before we leave here. I have got where it make no difference with me. Just so I stay on top (ha).*

*I guess every thang (thing) around Bluff City is just like it was before I left. Is everyone getting along all right around there? I guess everyone is happy and having a big time. I hope so.*

-----  
*Honolulu, Hawaii  
April 20, 1941*

*Sure was prow (proud) to get your letter. It seam (seem) to chear (cheer) me up. I injoy (enjoy) reading a letter from a good friend. If it wasn't for the letters I get from back there I could hardy (hardly) stay here....*

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

..... I guess you enjoy working in Prescott. I wouldn't mind being in Prescott for a while (ha). Going to Honolulu isn't like going to Prescott. It is a lock (lot) purty (prettier) town than Prescott, but I don't like it as well.

We are at sea now. We are going around and around a little island that sure is purty (pretty). I sure would like to take a look over the island that we are going around....

---

USS Arizona  
May 24, 1941

....I am hoping I can get a 30 days leave and come back between now and the first of the year. It don't look like we are ever going back to the States. I am about to get enough of this place. (ha).

Well, how is every thang (thing) around there? Lively, I guess. It is about time for the all-day singings to start up. I would like to make that one at Bluff City. I bet it will be good. You said they was playing ball at Bluff City. I sure would like to play ball this summer. It has been summer with me every since last summer....

You sure ought to see this place and the people over here. Anyone will see a lock (lot) of things here that they won't see back in the States. After you stay here awhile, you will get tired of it.....

---



Harl sent this picture of the Army and Navy YMCA in Honolulu. He said they called it the Navy boy's home when at shore.

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## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

U. S. Navy  
June 27, 1941

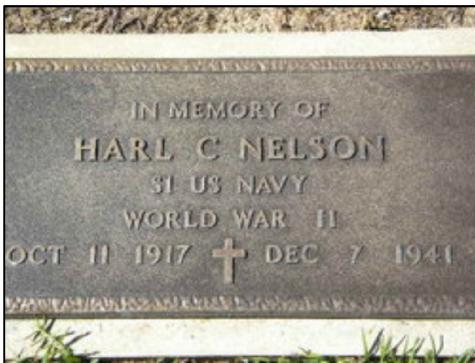
*I have been in Long Beach (CA) for two weeks. Don't know how long I will be here. I went to Chandler, Arizona on a 7 day leave....*

*I guess every thang (thing) is lively around there? Do they ever have any parties? I haven't been to a party since Xmas. I would like to go to one...*

*....I sure did have a good time in Arizona. I met several nice looking girls in Chandler. It was one of my ship mates went with me... I think most of the boys in Chandler was mad at us. They were prow (proud) when we left. I don't guess there is many boys left there is it? I guess the boys that is left sure is having a good time....*

*I would like to get a leave in December so I could be there during Xmas. That is the liveliest time during the year....*

-----



Well, Harl's wish to get a leave in December so he could be home for Christmas was not to be. I can only imagine the anxiety of Harl's parents back in Arkansas when they heard the first news reports about the surprise attack at Pearl Harbor knowing their son was assigned to that ship.

About half of the casualties of the attack at Pearl Harbor occurred on the *USS Arizona*. The *USS Arizona Memorial* is one of the most visited memorials. The memorial straddles the sunken ship which is the resting place of 1,102 sailors and Marines who died on the ship during the attack. Even some of those who survived the attack have requested that their ashes be placed inside the ship after their death so they can be with their shipmates who died on that ship. I saw a TV show not long ago in which they showed how this is done. There have been at least 36 such interments and they say only about twelve more *USS Arizona* survivors are still living.

Thanks again to Mrs. Link for sharing these letters. I never thought that someday I would be sitting at my computer reading letters written by someone serving on the *USS Arizona*. These letters give us a greater understanding of what went through the mind of a young man from Arkansas who was stationed so far from home and his family.

Harl Nelson has one surviving brother, James Claudis Nelson, who is also a veteran of World War II. He is currently residing in a Prescott nursing home.

Harl Nelson was not the only man from Nevada County to lose his life in World War II. Sixty-one other men from the county died while in service during that war. Some were

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

brought back home for burial, but several have markers in far-off places like Manila, Okinawa, Leyte, Luxembourg, France, Belgium, and Italy.

A nice war memorial is located on the grounds of the Nevada County courthouse with the names of all those from Nevada County who died while in the service during World War I, World War II, the Korean War, and the Vietnam War. More names were added for the more recent wars. One man from Nevada County died just a few weeks ago in Afghanistan. All of them gave the ultimate sacrifice and we must never forget to honor them for their service.

### **INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE *USS ARIZONA***

1. 23 sets of brothers were serving on *USS Arizona* and died during the attack.
2. All 22 members of the ship's band died during the attack. They were on deck preparing to play for the daily flag raising ceremony. This is the only time an entire band was lost in military action.
3. Fuel continues to leak from the *USS Arizona*. The ship had just been refueled the day before with 1.5 million gallons of fuel. About 9 quarts leak into the harbor each day and is sometimes referred to as "black tears".
4. Over ten percent of the cost of the *USS Arizona* memorial was raised in a benefit concert in Hawaii by Elvis Presley in March, 1961.



**The *USS Arizona* Memorial**

The memorial was dedicated May 30, 1962. Over one million people visit the memorial each year. It is only accessible by boat. No part of the memorial touches the ship.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



**The War Memorial at the Nevada County Courthouse**

### *LEST WE FORGET*

*Into Thy loving care, O God, we commit our beloved dead, whose noble deeds of supreme sacrifice we wish to enshrine in the hearts of this and future generations that they may labor for peace.*

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Several readers tried to identify this object pictured in the last issue. Several thought it was some type of muffler. Some said some sort of filter or vent and one thought it was used in brewing tea.

Actually it is an irrigator. The patent number and the name Turfgrass Co., Tucson, AZ are printed on the object. A patent number search reveals that it was invented by William Landreth of Tucson in 1945. The purpose was to reduce the amount of soil erosion during irrigation. I'm not sure exactly how it was used.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

The 27<sup>th</sup> annual Christmas and Candlelight at Old Washington State Park will be held on December 7<sup>th</sup> and December 14<sup>th</sup> at the park. Daylight tours of the historic village will be from 1:00 p.m. to 5 p.m. After dark, the park can be seen with natural 19<sup>th</sup> century decorations and thousands of lights. Luminaries will light the way for you to stroll the streets and see historic buildings and musicians caroling throughout the town.

Surry rides will be available and William's Tavern will have a Christmas buffet supper beginning at 4 p.m.

Advance tickets are available for \$9.00 for adults and \$4.00 for children 7-12 years of age (children under six are free). Prices are good until the day of the event when they will increase to \$10.00 and \$5.00. To purchase advance tickets, contact Southwest Arkansas Regional Archives at 870-983-2633.

The event is presented by the Southwest Arkansas Regional Archives Foundation, Pioneer Washington Restoration Foundation, the city of Washington, and Historic Washington State Park.

My dad taught me this little nonsense poem when I was a little kid. I was just wondering if any of you remember this poem. Write and let me know if you remember it.

### **TWO DEAD BOYS**

One bright day in the middle of the night,  
Two dead boys got up to fight.

Back to back they faced each other,  
Drew their swords and shot each other.

The deaf policeman heard the noise,  
Came and shot the two dead boys.

If you don't believe this lie is true,  
Ask the blind man, he saw it too.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

### **NEWS ITEMS FROM PRESCOTT (from *The Nevada News*)**

December, 1954—

The Nevada Theater installs a wide screen and cinemascope. George Wylie is the manager.

February, 1955—

The Harlem Globetrotters appeared in Prescott.

Prescott Implement Co. advertised a Willys Bermuda sedan for \$1795.

Frank Cottingham Grocery advertised 8 pound of pure hog lard for \$1.55.

March, 1955—

Zack Finn is the new manager of the Nevada and Gem theaters.

There was a city-wide revival on the court house lawn. Services were held twice daily in Prescott churches for one week.

April, 1955---

The Salk polio vaccine was licensed for public use and shots were started in Nevada County.

Prescott Motor Co. opens on Hwy. 67. Bob Yarbrough is general manager.

Rita's Beauty Salon opens on West Elm St. in the Cox building.

May, 1955---

The second polio shots are given in Nevada County.

Langston Motor and Equipment Co. advertised the 1955 Plymouth which was chosen by artists as the most beautiful car in America.



I checked two persimmon seeds and found a spoon in both of them. According to the old Farmer's Almanac, that means a lot of heavy, wet snow this winter.

If you find a fork, it means light, dusty snows or a mild winter. A knife means icy, cold winds.

Rainfall record for October—7.5 inches. That's the wettest month so far this year.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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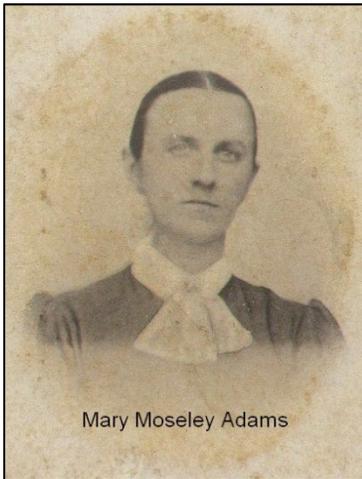
[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

January, 2014

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**“UNCLE PLUG” ADAMS**  
**(1858-1941)**

Albert E. Adams, known as “Uncle Plug”, was one of the well known early citizens of Bluff City. He was the son of Samuel Ebenezer Oliver Adams and Jane Wallace Adams. His first wife was Mary Moseley. The couple had two children, Walter and Beulah. Mary died in 1896 at age 35. About two and a half years later, Albert married Lucy Davidson.



Mary Moseley Adams

Albert and Lucy had about 92 acres of land at Bluff City located on what is now Hwy. 299 just past the water tower at the top of the steep bluff from which Bluff City gets its name.

I don't know how he got the nickname “Uncle Plug”. I suspect it may have had something to do with a plug of chewing tobacco, but that's just a guess on my part.

Mr. Adams was also known as “the terrapin man of Bluff City”. He found a terrapin on his farm in 1886 and marked the shell with his initials and the date. He also found it and marked it in 1904, 1906, 1923, and 1926. In 40 years it was never found more than 300 yards from the location of the

first marking.



This picture of Albert Adams and his second wife, Lucy was taken by C. H. Dome, a photographer in Prescott. I love these old photos. You can see that the couple dressed in their finest clothes for the picture. I can't imagine traveling 20 miles for a photo at that time dressed in clothing such as this and still look presentable for a photo. Perhaps the couple spent the night at a hotel in Prescott or maybe the photographer traveled to Bluff City to take photos. Many of these old photos have chairs such as the one Mr. Adams is sitting in, so I think the picture was probably made in the studio at Prescott or perhaps the photographer brought along his props to the various communities for picture taking sessions.

Mr. Adams' daughter, Mrs. N. B. Hall of Hot Springs, surprised Mr. Adams with a birthday dinner on his

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

76<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1934. The following poem was published in the county newspaper:

### **LINES TO UNCLE ALBERT**

We are gathered here on this day  
To dear Uncle Albert, a tribute pay.  
Of years he's lived quite fourscore  
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 with 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.



The Miss Bettie mentioned in the poem probably refers to Bettie Davidson, sister of Mrs. Adams. I also have this picture that was labeled "Betty Davis and Mr. and Mrs. Adams". The name probably should have been Bettie Davidson. She was living with Mr. and Mrs. Adams at the time of the 1940 census. I am assuming Bettie is the lady on the left and Mrs. Lucy Adams is on the right with her hand on Mr. Adams' shoulder.

It was reported in 1935 that the Bluff City FFA boys were planning to build a log chapter house on land donated by Mr. Albert Adams. The location was to be on a site overlooking the old bluff from which Bluff City gets its name. Plans called for a fine swimming pool and picnic area to be constructed later. As far as I know this project was never completed, but it lets us know that Mr. Adams owned the land overlooking the old bluff at that time. The steep

hill on Hwy. 299 past the water tower was once known as the "Plug" Adams Hill.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

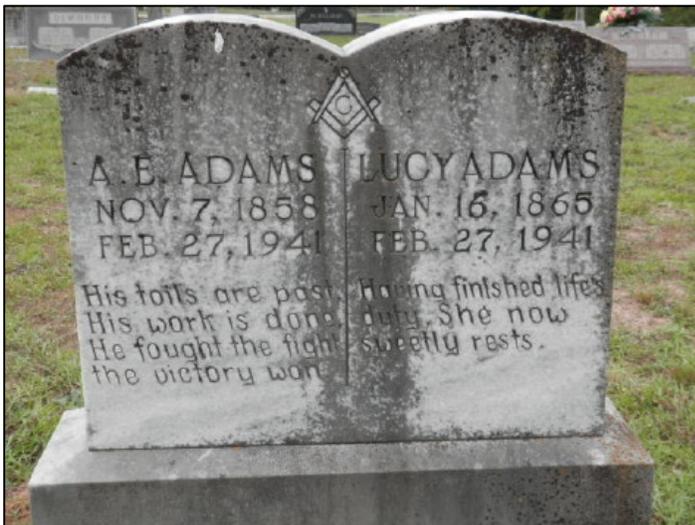
It was reported in the Bluff City local news column in 1937 that Mr. Adams had rented his farm and gone into the lumber and stave business. Mr. Adams was 79 years old at that time which seems to be a little old to be starting a new venture, but maybe that was easier than farming.

The year 1937 was filled with changes for Mr. Adams. He gave up farming and also began to sell off some of his land. I found a deed record from 1937 which shows that Mr. Adams sold 12 ½ acres of land to D. E. Harvey. This small piece of land is situated in the deep valley between Hwys. 299 and 24. It was also reported in 1937 that the A. E. Adams home was destroyed by fire. I don't know if he rebuilt or moved into another house after the fire.

I also found a deed dated April, 1940 by which Mr. and Mrs. Adams sold 80 acres to A. C. Moore. This parcel of land is the remainder of the old Adams farm. Mr. Adams would have been 81 years old by that time. This land included what I remember as the Dent Starnes place. Mr. Dent's wife, Mildred, was a sister of A. C. Moore who purchased the land from Mr. Adams.

### A Sad Day in 1941

In late February, 1941, the long winter days were being replaced by signs of springtime. Some of the early spring flowers were beginning to bloom and farmers were anxiously waiting for planting time. Mr. Adams was 82 years old which was considered to be an aged person at that time. On February 27, 1941, his wife, Mrs. Lucy Adams, passed away at the age of 76. Six hours later the same day, Mr. Adams also passed away. It is quite unusual for a couple to die the same day of natural causes.



I'm sure the loss of this fine couple was a blow to the community. I'm sure that most everyone in Bluff City gathered in the old section of Bluff City Cemetery to pay their last respects to Uncle "Plug" Adams and his wife, Lucy.

The Masonic symbol on his grave marker tells us that he was a Mason—probably a member of the Corinthian Lodge No. 448 of Bluff City. These are just a few of the facts I have uncovered regarding the life of Albert E. Adams. The

words on his tombstone pretty well sums up his life—"His toils are past, his work is done; He fought the fight, the victory won". Lucy's epitaph reads "Having finished life's duty, she sweetly rests".

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Today, when you drive up the steep hill on Hwy. 299 into Bluff City near the water tower and look down into the valley, think of Uncle "Plug" Adams who spent most of his life at that location. Albert E. Adams was one of more prominent men in the early days of Bluff City.

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### **APPLE PFANNKUCHEN**

I found this recipe on the Blind Pig and the Acorn web site and decided to try it. It is so simple that even I could make it. If you want to try something a little different, you might give it a try.

2 Tablespoons butter  
6 Tablespoons plain flour  
2 eggs  
6 Tablespoons milk  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1 medium apple, chopped  
2 Tablespoons sugar  
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

1. Chop apple. Preheat oven to 400 degrees. While oven is heating, put 2 tablespoons butter in a glass pie plate and put in the oven to melt.
2. Whisk together the eggs, milk, flour, and salt until smooth.
3. Once butter is melted, throw the chopped apple in the pie plate with the melted butter and sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon.
4. Pour the milk-flour mixture over the apples and bake for 20 minutes or until it's puffed up and golden brown.

You can drizzle syrup on it, sprinkle powdered sugar on it, or eat it plain.

Pfannkucken is a German word for pancake. It is also sometimes called a Dutch Baby. Germans like it as a dessert, but it can be served at breakfast.

There are many different recipes for this on the Internet. Some have other ingredients like brown sugar, nutmeg, or baking powder. Some call for more eggs. Some suggest serving it with ice cream. It sounds like you can pretty well adjust the ingredients to suit your taste and serve it with whatever you like.

We made it like the above recipe and did eat all of it for breakfast. I wouldn't want it every day, but it was not too bad. It was a welcome change from our usual breakfast fare.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



This picture shows a group of well-dressed young people taken at Cale in the early 1900s. The building appears to be someone's home, but it is quite large and looks like an extension may have been added to the original building. I think I see a lady standing in the doorway behind the girl's head, but I'm not sure. Can you find the old man with a white beard in this picture? *(photos from Helen Paulette Weaver)*



This picture was taken at the same location. Notice that three men have identical sweaters. Also notice the stick of firewood on the shoulders of the two men in the back row. Notice how the men are posed for this picture (position of their arms and legs). Some are looking straight ahead, some to the right, and some to the left. This is a very unusual picture. I wish we knew more about it.

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This Indian was pictured on a very old postcard belonging to Mr. Claudie White of Rosston. The card identified him as Standing Wolf—Cheyenne. I have seen this picture offered for sale on the Internet as a poster or framed painting. I tried to find out more about this painting or some information about Standing Wolf but I had no luck.

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### COMMENTS RECEIVED ABOUT THE LAST ISSUE

Thank you for the issue of the chronicle. My daddy had several children when his wife died and he later married my mother who was a lot younger than he was. Then they had 5 of us. My halves were a lot older than we were. I had a half-brother who was wounded in the attack on Pearl Harbor. I cannot remember which ship he was on. I remember Mama talking about how Daddy sat for hours at a time trying to hear more news on the event and not knowing whether my brother was dead or alive. It was several weeks before he heard from him and that he had indeed survived his injuries. I cannot imagine how it would be for a parent to not know and just to have to sit and wait for news. (so unlike now when news goes around the world in a matter of seconds.)—*Yvonne Munn*

The Arizona Memorial was dedicated 30 May 1962. I was there with the Ole Lady, in dress whites, she in number ones. Hot as the inside of a destroyer fire room. Sweat running down everywhere and all hands soaking wet. Sitting in the sun. And they talked on and on, all the USN Honchos and local Pols had to get in the pitch. Finally, it was over and then wait for the brass to clear out and then more wait for a boat back off Ford island to the Naval base. Interesting sea story, now.—*Dave Cummins*

This was such a special issue, Jerry. It was so touching to read those letters from Pearl Harbor. Thanks for the picture, too. I have never been to Hawaii and couldn't quite understand how the memorial straddled the ship without touching. All those brave men - so sad.—*Irma Hamby Evans*

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### SELLING SWEET GUM

I'm sure most of you are familiar with the sweet gum tree which is very common here in south Arkansas. They are considered to be hardwood trees even though the wood is a lot softer than other hardwoods like oak or maple. The wood from smaller sweet gum trees is used like pine to make paper and the larger trees can be cut into logs and used for such things as railroad cross-ties, flooring for bridges, boxes, crates, etc.



We have a couple of sweet gum trees in our yard. Almost every time a high wind comes through, we find a limb or two that was broken off the tree. I wish they had been cut before they got so tall. Another problem with the sweet gum tree is the large number of sweet gum balls (pictured at left) they shed each year. I've yet to find a good use for them. I faintly remember using them many years ago as decorations for the Christmas tree after sticking some glitter on them.

Some of you older readers may remember using the sweet gum sap as chewing gum. I don't think I ever tried that. From what I understand, it is very sticky and hard to get off your teeth if you gather it too fresh before it has hardened enough to make good chewing gum. It was a good substitute before the days of store-bought chewing gum.

I was looking through an old Nevada County newspaper from 1930 and an article caught my eye about selling sweet gum. The article stated that it was a good way for rural boys and girls to make a little extra spending money. The article gave instructions about how to gather and pack it for shipping and offered \$1.50 per pound for it with a five pound minimum shipment.

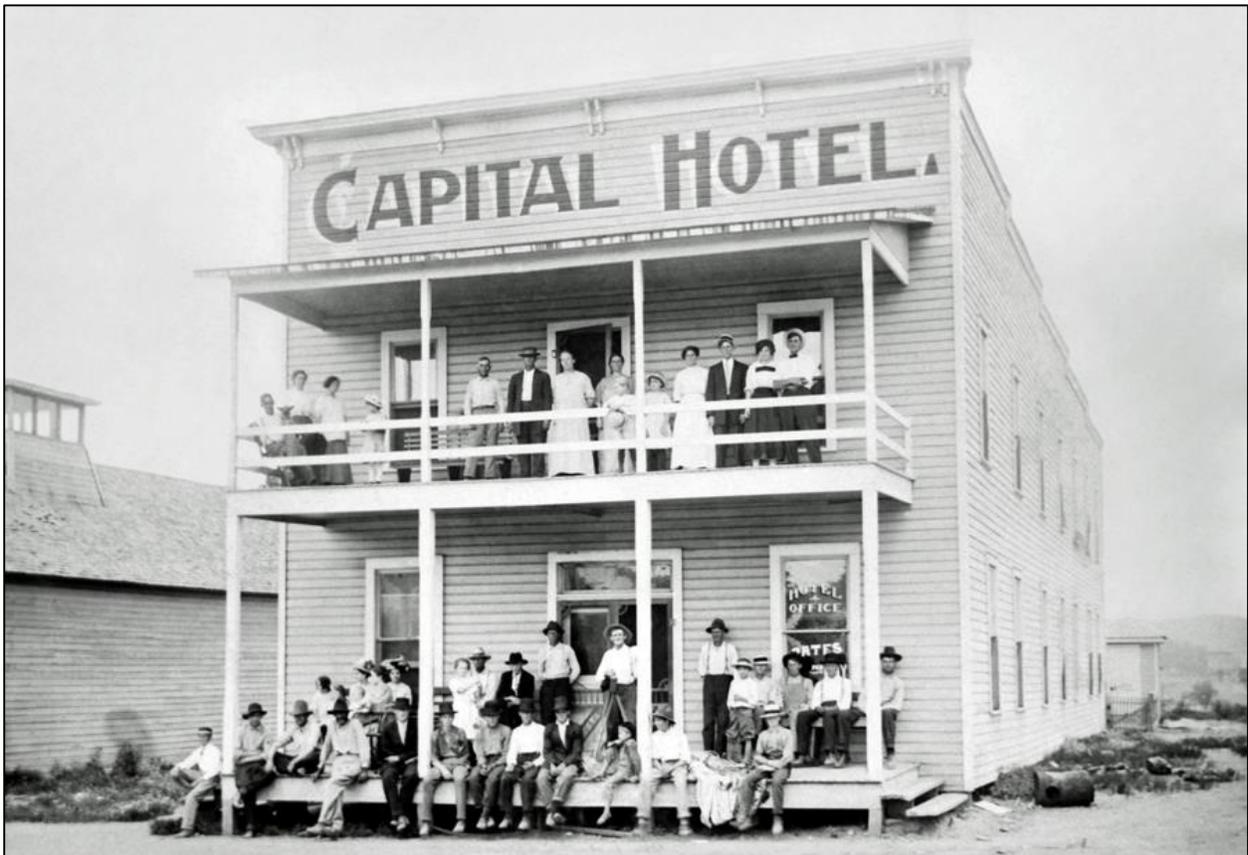
The instructions were to get a hatchet or axe and scrape off the rough bark on a narrow strip about two feet long about two feet from the ground. Then cut a narrow strip about three-fourths of an inch wide down the barked area and cut about a fourth inch deep into the sap-wood. Then cut four other short strips or grooves extending out on each side of the main groove and have those angled a little so the sap would flow into the main groove, sort of like the branches of a tree. This was done in the spring of the year as the sap was beginning to rise. About every ten days or so, the gum that had collected would be scraped off with something like a case knife being careful not to get trash in it. If you accidentally got trash in it, you could heat the gum in a container placed inside another container of water (sort of like a double boiler) and then the trash could be removed. Once most of the trash was removed, you could strain it through some cheese cloth. The article warned about using Mother's milk strainer or you might get in trouble.

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Then the sweet gum was to be packed into some sort of tin container such as a syrup bucket with a lid that could be pressed down (similar to a paint can). The instructions then said to write your name and address on the container with the weight and ship it by parcel post to the company offering to buy it. The article warned boys and girls to not let the old folks know about this or they might want to get in on the game also. The article stated, "Let us make Arkansas one of the biggest and best sweet gum producing states".

So, here are my questions for you. Have you ever heard of anyone selling sweet gum collected from sweet gum trees? Have you ever chewed sweet gum from the sweet gum tree? Do you have any ideas on uses for the dead sweet gum balls that fall from these trees each year? Send me your comments within the next week or so.

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Someone sent me this picture a few months ago. They thought this hotel might have been in Ouachita County or one of the surrounding counties. If you know anything about the Capital Hotel, please let me know. I love old pictures like this.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

### **A COLLEGE CLASS TO REMEMBER**

A student entering college sometimes faces quite an adjustment. Students are thrown in with other students from various towns, states, and even foreign countries. They are also exposed to all types of professors in their various classes. Thinking back to my college days in the mid-1960s at Southern State College in Magnolia, Arkansas, I think most of our professors were good people who did their best. Some were very strict and others were very lenient in how they conducted their classes.

I had a few professors who I thought were excellent teachers. One of my favorites was Dr. Robert Walz who taught some of the history courses I took. I was amazed how he could scratch his head and all that knowledge would come forth without him having to look at any notes. The man really knew his history.

Word usually got around as to which professors were the easiest and which were the hardest. Sometimes a student had a choice but in some cases a student was stuck with a certain professor if it was a course the student needed to take.

I had one professor who conducted his class in what I thought was a very unusual way. I was in my senior year and needed one more upper level course in social studies. I chose a course called American Constitutional Development. There were about 25 students in the class. About half of them were going into pre-law and the others were going into teaching. The professor taught the course mainly to the pre-law students and seemed to not really care about those of us who planned to become teachers.

I remember the first day I went to that class. I took my textbook and a notebook to take notes like in most other classes. As soon as we were all seated, the professor told us to take our textbooks outside the classroom and leave them by the door. He said the textbooks were for us to study at home or in the dorm, so in the future there was no need to bring the textbook to his class.

This professor was an older gentleman and a no-nonsense type of guy. The course was rather dull anyway and he lectured often on various Supreme Court cases which I didn't find too exciting. I soon began to wonder what I had gotten myself into.

As the semester went on I began to wonder when we were going to have a test. Weeks went by with no test being given. How could I remember all the stuff we had learned? At one point during the course he required each student to teach the class for that day while he sat in the back and listened. I was quite nervous when my turn came since he could be very critical and didn't mind letting us know what he thought. I remember one time he told the pre-law students that only about half of them had a chance of becoming a lawyer and the rest were just wasting their time.

I missed one of his classes one time to attend a funeral back home and I just about had to get down on my knees and beg to be allowed back into his class. He let me know that I should have cleared my absence with him before hand. I never missed another

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

class after that.

It turned out that we went the whole semester in this class and never had a test. None of us knew what to expect as far as what type grade we might receive. Finally the day came for the final exam which was scheduled for two hours. We had studied a very large textbook and taken pages and pages of notes from his class lectures. We didn't know what to expect when we entered the classroom for that final exam. Would the test have multiple choice or true/false questions or would it be essay type questions? We had plenty of paper with us and plenty of pens to use. I could just imagine what might happen if my ink pen ran out of ink during the test.

The professor opened his briefcase and pulled out some pieces of paper about two inches wide and began to pass them around the room. That small piece of paper was our final exam and it contained only one question. I will never forget the question:

*Trace the development of the United States constitution from the landing of the pilgrims to the present time.*

After we got over our shock, we all began writing our answer to that question. I wrote for two solid hours on that subject and turned in my paper. Some students continued on past the two hours. I was just glad to get this class behind me and hoped for the best as far as a grade was concerned.

All I can say is that I managed to pass the course. I think it was the most difficult course I took in college. I don't remember much about what I learned, but I will never forget this very strict professor and how he conducted his class. And I will never forget that final exam question which was the only test for the whole semester. I still have my textbook containing over 1000 pages. I don't think I've opened it but once or twice in the last fifty years. I suppose it would be a good book to read if I had a case of insomnia or I could always use it as a doorstop.

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### **PRESCOTT HARDWARE CO.**

I reported recently about the vacant Prescott Hardware building and the dilemma of the city council about what to do with the structure. The Prescott Hardware dates back to 1890. *The Nevada News* had a story about the hardware in its October 17, 1934 issue and the facts below are taken from that article.

Eight gentlemen with a vision for the future of Prescott met in the offices of two young lawyers, W. V. Tompkins and M. W. Greeson in the old Nevada County Bank building and organized themselves as a corporation to begin a hardware business. These men were John M. Milburn, A. M. Denman, John M. Pittman, W. B. Waller, J. C. Young, W. J. Binley, W. H. Terry, and Sam Dunn.

At the time they began this venture, Prescott had no paved streets, no water works

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

system, no electric lights, no telephone system, and no concrete sidewalks. There were no radios, no motion pictures, no airplanes, and no automobiles. These were the horse and buggy days. Public wells were located in the streets--one on East First Street, another on West First Street, and another on West Second Street. The population of the town was 1290.

The year 1890 seems to be a turning point in the history of Prescott. During that year, Dr. R. L. Powers began the construction of the Prescott and Northwestern Railroad, James T. Brooks erected three storerooms on East Elm street, the Parker House (a hotel) was established by Capt. Sid Parker, J. J. Thomason began publishing *The Prescott Democrat*, and brick buildings were being constructed on the west side of town.

The businessmen mentioned above purchased the stock of A. M. Denman & Bro. and moved it to the two brick storerooms on East Elm erected by W. B. Waller in 1889. In the fall of 1891, the new corporation completed the erection of their new two-room building 57 feet wide on East Elm street and extending back 90 feet adjoining the Waller buildings. A second floor 31 x 90 feet was erected next to the alley. The back 50 feet of the second floor was occupied by the Masonic lodge and the front part was made into the law offices of W. V. Tompkins and M. W. Greeson and the dentist office of Dr. J. M. Powell. A post office was also located in the building.

The only other buildings on this block of East Elm were the law office of Col. C. C. Hamby, the Presbyterian church, the old W. B. White residence, and possibly another residence.

In 1899, just a few years after moving into this building, a disastrous fire destroyed the front part of the building but the warehouse portion was saved. The front part was rebuilt. Two of the sons of J. M. Pittman, Dan and Charlie, joined the firm as salesmen that year.

By 1901, J. M. Pittman had acquired all the stock of the other partners and sold to his sons ten shares each in the business. The new officers were J. M. Pittman, president, Dan Pittman, vice-president, and Charlie Pittman, secretary and treasurer.

Another fire in 1904 which started in the hay barn of the Missouri Pacific railroad destroyed the warehouse and all the residences in the block where the Ozan-Graysonia Lumber retail lumber yards were located. This was one of the most disastrous fires in Prescott's history.

After the fire, property was purchased from W. B. Waller and another warehouse was constructed 60 by 200 feet which joined the main store building. It was planned to be one story, but Charlie Bemis suggested to J. M. Pittman to make it two stories. He took the suggestion and construction began.

In 1909, the corporation surrendered its charter and a partnership was formed between

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Mr. Pittman and his two sons under the name Prescott Hardware Co. Mr. Pittman passed away in 1919 and Dan and Charlie Pittman continued as partners in the business.

In 1927, the Pittmans purchased from W. B. Waller a piece of property 25 by 100 feet and constructed the two-story structure which contained the furniture department.

At the time of the writing of the article in 1934, the Prescott Hardware Co. was the largest retail hardware and furniture store in southwest Arkansas.



**PRESCOTT HARDWARE CO. (OCTOBER 4, 2013)**

I'm sure some of you remember shopping at the Prescott Hardware Co. sometime in your life. Please write and tell us your memories of this store for the next issue.

**Update—*The Nevada County Picayune* reported that the Prescott Hardware Co. building has been sold to a California company for \$2142 in back taxes. The company plans to demolish the building sometime in the next few months.**

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### **RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2013**

Jan.—4.3 inches; Feb. —2.8 inches; Mar.—4.1 inches; Apr.—3.7 inches; May—4.2 inches; June—4.2 inches; July —5.2 inches; Aug. — none; Sep.—5.4 inches; Oct.—7.5 inches; Nov. —6.4 inches; Dec.—8.9 inches---**Total for the year – 56.7 inches**

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **2013 in the Rearview – Don Mathis**

America may think our news was the worst,  
but tragedies elsewhere were always first.

Paula Deen misspoke regarding race  
and Duck Dynasty star was fired for his views on gays.

But we haven't seen anything yet  
compared to North Korea's missile threat.

We were angry as the trial of George Zimmerman  
as well as Jodi Arias who killed her boyfriend.

The Boston bombers' stunt made us mad  
and the Naval Yard shooter left us sad.

These deaths were senseless but still  
not as tragic as the Nairobi Mall 60 killed.

The economy in Detroit fell through the floor  
but we barely noticed Syria's Civil War.

An Oklahoma tornado left a mess to clean  
but nothing like the typhoon in the Philippines .

We complain Russia doesn't respect gay men  
but glad they gave asylum to Edward Snowden.

We acted all incensed at the Miley Cyrus twerk  
and oohed and awed at the royal birth.

Meanwhile the Asiana jet crashes and we take it in stride.  
Same goes for the victims of the Cleveland kidnapper and his suicide.

Millions celebrated and millions were taken aback  
at the passing of the Affordable Care Act.

At least we didn't have another federal shutdown miscarriage  
when the Supreme Court ruled in defense of gay marriage.

He went from prison to president of South Africa  
and the world grieved the death of Nelson Mandela.

We hold our breath as we all hope  
for positive changes from the new pope.

The era will soon be 2014 in age  
and we remove another calendar page.

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### **2013 Rest In Peace – Don Mathis**

Some leaders of the world have gone to the hereafter,  
such as Hugo Chavez of Venezuela.  
Then there was Margaret Thatcher and Nelson Mandela.

There are country stars we will not see again.  
We'll never see Ray Price's grin,  
cry with George Jones or hear Slim Whitman.

Elmore Leonard's books we would read at night,  
and Tom Clancy's novels would give us a fright.  
But I will miss Seamus Heaney, [the Irish poet and playwright](#)

Rock & Roll went from Annette Funicello on TV  
to the Doors' Ray Manzarek on the organ keys.  
And who can forget the great Lou Reed?

The classic voices could really croon.  
Patti Page and [Patty Andrews](#) could sing a tune.  
And [Eydie Gormé](#) could fly me to the moon.

Roger Ebert kept us informed of film.  
David Frost's insight, I'll really miss him.  
And no more advice from Dear Abigail Van Buren

You know an era has come to an end  
with the death of Jean Stapleton, a great comedian,  
and [Jonathan Winters](#), master of improvisation,

Paul Walker drove 'Fast and Furious,'  
Peter O'Toole had talents prodigious,  
and James Gandolfini made the Sopranos serious.

C. Everett Koop was the nation's health inspector,  
Ed Koch was New York's famous mayor,  
and Bum Phillips was a heck of a football player.

We now have only their memory.  
And we'll have to wait a while to see  
who the movers of the future might be.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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March, 2014

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The husband asked his wife, “Honey, where did you put the Pe-ru-na? I think I may need it.” What was the husband talking about? (see the article on page 2 for the answer)

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Occasionally we hear a story about someone waking up from a coma after a very long time surprising their family and the doctors. I hope that none of us ever have to experience that and I can only imagine what it would be like to suddenly wake up after being in a coma for many years.

One of the most talked about stories from the old days concerned a woman named Clara Runnels who lived in White Pine, Tennessee. She had contracted a mild case of encephalitis and had gone into a coma in 1936. Twelve years later she woke up from her deep sleep--sort of a female version of Rip Van Winkle. Her amazing story circulated in many newspapers across the country. Here is the story as published in the *Prescott Daily Mail* in May, 1948.

**WOMAN “RIP VAN WINKLE” AWAKES**  
**(from the 5-6-1948 issue of *The Prescott Daily Mail*)**

White Pine, Tenn.—Folks in this Smoky Mountain community marveled today at the constant youth of a modern feminine “Rip Van Winkle” and wondered whether 12 years’ sleep could do the same for them.

The object of their wonder is 52-year-old Mrs. Clara Runnels. She lapsed into sleeping sickness a dozen years ago and woke for the first time a few weeks ago.

But it was not until last week that the story of the “White Pine miracle” leaked out of this foothills settlement of 600. Since then, the white frame combination home-funeral parlor where she slept through the New Deal, Pearl Harbor, and the advent of the atomic bomb has become a Mecca for the curious.

The atomic bomb still is with us. But it, like the talk of another war, is unknown to Mrs. Runnels, a gracious, white-haired lady who remembers little of her long slumber and cares even less to recall the life she knew before. In fact, the only difference she has noticed between the world of 1936 and 1948 is that “the young girls seem to have more freedom nowadays and, my, how White Pine has grown.”

“We figure the world is so up-side-down, we don’t read the ‘heavy’ news to her, only the bright stories that make her laugh,” said Mrs. Alfred Sartain, a sister-in-law who with her husband, nursed Clara back to life against the “better judgment of their neighbors.

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It must be the right formula. Clara has a new rosy, school-girl complexion. She plays ball on the front lawn every day with the Sartains' orphaned niece and nephew, Alice, 10, and Johnny, 12. There is a spring in her walk that she lacked before. Still more puzzling, she didn't have to learn to walk again, as do most bed-ridden persons.

Doctors were stumped, too. So were some of the neighbors who said privately the Sartains were wasting their time and money caring for Clara. It's still uncertain whether she'll go back to sleep, Mrs. Sartain said.

On the day of the awakening, Mrs. Sartain went into Clara's room and, because she admittedly likes to talk, asked her usual question: "How are you this morning, Clara?" She hadn't received an answer in 12 years and she didn't expect one today.

"Just fine", Clara's voice said. She was awake, and it stunned Mrs. Sartain. But she recovered sufficiently to seat Clara in her wicker chair next to the window.

"What is that, a tree?" Clara wanted to know.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Sartain. "That elm has been there these 12 years and this is the first time you've noticed it, isn't it?"

Clara confessed it was. She could remember only that she often tried hard to open her eyes but couldn't and that she had a feeling sometimes she was far, far away.

It was a great thing, Clara's recovery. White Pine folks are certainly happy for the Sartains, who spent many hours at Clara's bedside, shocking her face into motion with ice or a wet towel so she could eat.

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### PE-RU-NA

Pe-ru-na was the name of a patent medicine popular in the late 1800s and early 1900s. This ad appeared in the January 22, 1890 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*:

*When the blistering blasts of winter envelop your body in their icy embraces, and seem to freeze your very marrow; when you shiver and shake with the cold chills that creep over you and pierce you to the very bone; then it is that you will find, if you try it, that there is nothing so comfortably warming and so mildly invigorating as Pe-ru-na. Sending a genial glow through your chilled system, it will start your blood a-coursing through your veins, put new life and vigor into your veins, and make you feel altogether a new man. The effect of Pe-ru-na in this respect is wonderful, and is manifested by no other medicine. As a stomach medicine and tonic, it has no equal, and needs only to be tried to prove its efficacy.*

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## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Jack Sullivan wrote an article on the history of Pe-ru-na for the magazine called *Bottles and Extras*. He gives a detailed account of the Pe-ru-na story complete with pictures. Some of the information below was taken from his article.

One of the most popular patent medicines was Peruna developed by Dr. Samuel Brubaker Hartman who preferred it to be spelled Pe-ru-na. The good doctor claimed it was good for catarrh of all types. Catarrh actually is defined as bronchitis or excess of mucous, but Dr. Hartman broadly defined it as the cause of almost all known diseases. His Pe-ru-na was supposed to cure catarrh of the liver, catarrh of the lungs, catarrh of the stomach, catarrh of the mouth, and several others.

His concoction was 28% alcohol and as a result of an extensive advertising campaign, his medicine became very popular all over the country. His ads included testimonials from users who praised its healing qualities. A bottle of Pe-ru-na cost \$1.00 which was fairly expensive at the time. He expanded his facilities in Columbus, Ohio to cover two city blocks. Dr. Harman soon became a rich man living in a fancy home and built a fancy hotel/sanitarium in Columbus that was very popular with plenty of Pe-ru-na for the guests/patients.

In 1904, a reporter interviewed Dr. Hartman and the doctor admitted that Pe-ru-na did not actually cure anything, but was a mild stimulant which made people feel better. The Food and Drug Act was passed in 1906 which cracked down on many of the patent medicine suppliers of the day. Many went out of business and some changed their advertising from "cure" to "remedy". Pe-ru-na survived but some changes were made to the ingredients that resulted in the alcohol content being reduced to 18%.

Dr. Hartman was a civic-minded person. He built an elegant theater in Columbus and his large farm became a tourist attraction. He had become a millionaire selling Pe-ru-na. But one day In 1912, he was out in a snowstorm and caught pneumonia and died. His son-in-law continued on with the business. Sales had slacked off in recent years, but with the coming of prohibition, sales began to increase since Pe-ru-na could still be sold over the counter when the country was "dry". Radio advertising also helped revive the company. The American Medical Association tried to get the medicine banned because they claimed people believed the claims in the ads and were refusing to see their doctors.

In the 1930s, students at Southern Methodist University adopted as their fight song a version of "She'll Be Coming Around The Mountain", but their version had "She'll be loaded with Peruna when she comes". The school mascot, a black pony, was named Peruna and even today the pony named Peruna is paraded across the fields at football games when a touchdown is made.

A few more changes were made to the ingredients to improve sales, but other medicines soon became more popular and Pe-ru-na was taken off the market sometime in the 1940s.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## WHAT DO ALL THOSE COLORS MEAN?

I have heard people visiting Arkansas from other states ask about the painted trees they see along our roads.



You may see trees such as this with an X painted on the tree. These are called “witness trees”. You would find these at property corners. The X on the tree faces where the actual property corner is located. There might be a pipe or a pine knot at the actual corner, but many times there is nothing actually marking the exact corner. When you see a witness tree, you know that the corner is somewhere in that direction. It could be a few feet away or maybe the corner is actually in the middle of a road or highway some distance away.



Polatch Corporation used this system to help their employees locate a certain tract of land. They paint numbers on trees where a property line crosses a road or highway. In this case, it means you are somewhere on Line 29 in Section 30 of Township 11 South, Range 20 West. Every forty line in a section has a number and you would have to have a diagram with you (or a good memory) to figure out where Line 29 is in a section. This photo was taken on a county road in Nevada County.



This ugly purple color in Arkansas means the land is posted and you should not enter the land without the written permission of the owner. Landowners or hunting clubs have a choice of using signs or this purple paint. Most find using the paint is cheaper than having signs made. The paint must be at least an 8 inch vertical swath with the bottom of the paint from three to five feet above ground and must be no more than 100 feet apart. The letters on posted signs must be at least 4 inches high and the signs placed no more than 100 feet apart.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



You might also see paint of various colors like this on trees in Arkansas. These painted trees mark the property lines and are used mainly by the various timber companies and the Arkansas Forestry Commission. Individuals can also use paint to mark their property lines, but it can get confusing. Each company has its own color. The most common colors in our area are yellow used by Deltic, orange used by the Forestry Commission and formerly by International Paper, white used by Potlatch, and blue used by Weyerhaeuser. Sometimes companies change colors. IP once used silver paint but

switched to a bright orange. Without properly marked boundary lines, a landowner risks the possibility of encroachment by timber cutters on adjoining land. Most consider it a wise investment to protect their property. The lines need to be repainted about every five years.



These trees are marked for cutting. The most common color is blue but other colors could be used. The top mark helps the cutters find the tree and the paint spot at the base of the tree will be left after the tree is cut. This lets the timber owner or inspector verify that that particular tree was marked for cutting after the tree has been removed. If a stump is found with no paint on it, the cutter must explain why the tree was cut and may have to pay for it.

Any signs such as “Keep Out”, “No Trespassing”, “Private Property”, or “Posted” should be taken seriously. It’s always best to let a landowner know why you want to enter private property. If you have a good reason, most landowners will allow you access. I would be extremely cautious when seeing signs such as these:



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In the last issue, I asked for suggestions on uses for sweet gum balls. I got a few suggestions and then checked the Internet and found some more.

1. Spray paint them and use for Christmas tree ornaments.
2. Throw them at kids who cross your lawn
3. Put them where animals are digging to deter them
4. Use them in craft projects
5. Chip them and use for mulch
6. Put them in bottom of large planting containers and cover with dirt to improve drainage
7. Paint them white and make a snowman
8. Use for kindling to start fires in wood heaters
9. Put one in someone's shoe or boot just for fun
10. Make a Christmas wreath by overlaying a grape vine with them. You can paint them different colors if desired. Martha Stewart did this on one of her shows.
11. Make a string bird feeder. String them together on a string, cover with peanut butter, and roll them in bird seed.
12. Collect them and sell them to Yankees for craft projects

I found these ads on the Internet. Maybe I need to start selling mine.

I am looking for sweet gum tree balls/seed pods for craft projects, but they are not native to Iowa where I live. Does anyone know of a good source for them?

I have them for sale cheap! My email address is tandomwolf AT gmail.com Send me a webmail with how many you need (they come in quantities of 25, 50, 75, 100 and so on in increments of 25. I sell a bag of 25 for 3.00\$ each.

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*From Don Hall regarding the Prescott Hardware Co.---*

Thanks for the Prescott Hardware Co. article. I worked there in 1965 and 1966. What a great place to work. Mr. Dan Pittman was our boss, Sue Martin and Frances Bailey worked in the office. Mr. Ed Gladden, Mrs. Emma McDaniel, Johnnie Hooks, Milton Stokes, Wallace Purtle, Don Hall, Reese Marks, John Mixon, and Archie Langston worked on Saturdays. The Best people I ever worked for were at the Prescott Hardware Co. As far as I know I'm the only one still living. I still have my check stub from 1965 for Christmas. It was \$75.00. I have the best memories of the store and the people that worked there. Thanks, Jerry

---

The lion sprang upon the bull and devoured him. After he had feasted, he felt so good that he roared and roared. The noise attracted some hunters and they killed him.

The moral of the tale is that when you are full of bull, you should keep your mouth shut.

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## The Warrior Goes Home – Don Mathis



My father, Daniel Hearnberger Mathis, was born in Fordyce in 1921. Like most men of his era, he joined the military soon after Pearl Harbor. Although peace was declared before he arrived in the Philippines, it was still dangerous. Dad spoke of dead bodies, shoeless, with one toe on the trigger. For some Japanese troops, it was more honorable to commit suicide than to be captured. He said there were holdouts in the boondocks that refused to believe the war was over.



Japanese Lieutenant Hiroo Onoda was one of those holdouts. He was the last soldier in the Philippines to surrender after World War II. He was finally convinced in 1974 that the war was over and he began a life worth living. He reluctantly accepted his back pay, and then donated the entire amount to a shrine for the war dead. After a period of ranching in Brazil, he established a school in

Japan where youth could learn the lessons of nature. Mr. Onoda died in January 2014 at the age of 91. His essence can be summarized in his quotations.

*Lieutenant Onoda, Sir, reporting for orders.  
I will do as you say. I will not complain.  
Men should never give up. I never do. I would hate to lose.  
One must always be civic-minded.  
People cannot live completely by themselves.  
Life is not fair and people are not equal.  
Some dreams are best not to wake up from.*

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **The Ballad of Hiroo Onoda – Haiku by Don Mathis**

Hiroo Onoda  
Inducted in the army  
Under August Moon

Japanese Army  
Taught him guerrilla  
warfare  
Spring graduation

1944  
Sent to Philippine  
island  
December orders

Never surrender  
And never Hari Kari  
Live on coconuts

Another August  
Another and another  
Unit gone, war  
finished

Onoda lived on  
He ate bananas when  
ripe  
Killed cow now and  
then

He never believed  
The fight was done, peace declared  
Until a spring day

Honorable soldier  
Recalled 30 years of  
war  
With a storm of grief

Received a pardon  
Hiroo was hailed a  
hero  
Still battled dark  
thoughts

Japan had  
transformed  
He bought a Brazilian  
farm  
But crops gave no  
balm

Back to his homeland  
A life to help young  
sprouts grow  
Gave him fulfillment

Yet the Philippines  
Stayed rooted in  
memory  
He must revisit

So in '96  
He made a pilgrimage  
back  
Palms swayed,  
conscience cleared

Now, 2014  
The harvest is finally  
done  
The warrior goes  
home

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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*April, 2014*

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*Walter Hirst wrote several historical articles about Nevada County landmarks. Nevada County was created in 1871 and the town of Prescott was surveyed in 1873. The year 1972 was chosen for the centennial celebration for the town of Prescott since it was between the two years. The following is a condensed version of Mr. Hirst's article about Prescott written for the centennial celebration which he called Prescott---Old Lady of Prairie De Anne.*

**PRESCOTT...OLD LADY OF PRAIRIE DE ANNE**

**By Walter E. Hirst**

**(excerpts from an article published in the March 23, 1972  
issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

The Prescott town site was surveyed in August, 1873 by R. F. Elgin, Dan Cunningham, Jim McSweeney, and a young man by the name of Dudley. There were all surveyors for the Cairo and Fulton Railroad. Enough people had made their homes here by November 25, 1873 to justify a post office and Robert Burns was named as the first postmaster. Six rural routes were established in 1903 but one route was combined with another route leaving five rural routes served by the Prescott post office. (*Note: Mr. Hirst was an employee of the Prescott post office for over 45 years*).

There are two stories about how Prescott got its name. One is that the surveyor making the survey of the right-of-way for the railroad placed a stake near the center of the town site giving the elevation and his name (Prescott) on the board. The other theory is that it was named for an eminent historian, William Hickling Prescott. Many of the towns along the railroad were named after the surveyors. The city of Hope is named for Hope Loughborough, the daughter of the railroad land commissioner.

Prescott's first mayor was William L. Webb and M. J. Saxon was the first marshal. Randolph P. Hamby served as mayor of Prescott for 36 years and also wrote many historical articles about the early history of Prescott.

Prescott's first depot was built across Main Street where it remained until 1911. Dan Cunningham was the first depot agent. He died in the 1880s and is buried at Moscow Cemetery.

To the northwest of Prescott is about five acres of sweet gum trees. The trees were large at the time of the Civil War and a scrimmage was fought there April 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> in 1864. It was known as the Battle of Gum Grove by the Confederate army and the Battle of Prairie De Anne by the Northern army. *This year marks the 150th anniversary of that battle and a big re-enactment of the battle is planned.*

The area where Prescott is located was covered with briar patches and surrounded by a sea of prairie grass. This was the scene in 1870. The homes and business houses were built with lumber at the beginning. The lumber was furnished by John Gee who operated a saw mill about five miles northwest of Prescott. *Fires were a problem in the early days of Prescott with the*

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

*wooden buildings and lack of firefighting equipment. One of the most disastrous fires happened in 1882 with a large portion of the town being destroyed.*

*Mr. Hirst wrote in his article in 1972 that the back room of a home at 223 West Third Street was the first home built in Prescott. A two-story home at 116 West Vine Street was an example of the homes built in the early days of Prescott.*

The streets in the early days were a sea of mud in the wet seasons and a cloud of dust in the dry summer months. The walks were made passable by nailing two by twelve planks to cleats side by side. As late as 1900, wagons would mire to the axle in the street between the post office and the courthouse.

The first locomotive used on the Cairo and Fulton Railroad used wood to generate steam to power the iron horse. Steam escaped through the smoke stack and live coals were thrown out all along the track causing many fires. The railroad cars of that day were not equipped with air brakes or automatic couplers and many men lost fingers and hands while coupling the cars. When the railroad was completed to Prescott it was known as the Cairo and Fulton Railroad and the name was later changed to the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad. Today it is known as the Missouri Pacific Railroad. The Prescott and Northwestern Railroad built about 1890 branched off the main line at Prescott to the northwest. This branch railroad played a big part in the early history of Prescott, transporting logs to the saw mills and later vegetables from the area around Blevins and peaches from the Nashville area. It also provided passenger service to the small towns along the route.

The Prescott Hardware Co. opened their store in 1890. William Gee built the first two story brick building on the corner of West Main and West Third streets. His son, Imon Gee, was associated with him in the general mercantile business at that location. Ed Gee and Sam Gee were also in the mercantile business in the 1880s and early 1900s.

One has only to look at advertisements in old newspapers from that time period to see that Prescott was a growing town at that time. There were all kinds of stores, especially general mercantile stores and hardware stores selling farm equipment. There were blacksmith shops, drug stores, jewelry stores, hotels, barber shops, and eating places. Some of the early physicians were Dr. Powers, Dr. Harris, Dr. W. E. Arnold, Dr. Adam Guthrie, Dr. Chastain, and Dr. S. J. Hesterly. Early banks were the Nevada County Bank and the Citizens Bank. The Bank of Prescott opened for business in 1901 and continues to operate today.

Early attorneys were George P. Smoote, D. L. McRae Sr., Thomas C. McRae, a former congressman who served as governor of Arkansas from 1921 to 1925, W. V. Thompkins, Robert Burns, C. C. Hamby, considered to be one of the best criminal lawyers of his time, M. W. Greeson, Henry McKenzie, Randolph P. Hamby, J. O. A. Bush, and Walter Murrah.

Some of the outstanding colored people were S. T. Boyd, Calvin Giddens, Rastus Ansley, Isom McFatten, C. W. Miller, Aunt Ruth Clark, Dave Christopher, and Dock Edwards.

The Little Missouri River forms the northern boundary of Nevada County. The only way it

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

could be crossed was to ford it until 1908. The first bridge was built at McIntosh Bluff which connected Nevada and Clark counties. *This is the famous iron bridge depicted on the mural in downtown Prescott. The bridge still exists today but is not passable by vehicles.*

A temporary county seat of Nevada County was established at Mt. Moriah and was later moved to Rosston where it remained until 1877. After the railroad was constructed and Prescott was established, the voters approved moving the county seat to Prescott. The first courthouse was built on the present site. It was replaced in 1911 with a modern building considered to be one of the most beautiful in the state. This courthouse was replaced in the 1960s by the present one-story courthouse.

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*The Old Lady of Prairie De Anne looks considerably older today. The town has declined quite a bit since Mr. Hirst wrote his article in 1972. Most of the downtown businesses are now vacant. People who once traveled through Prescott on busy Hwy. 67 now bypass the downtown area on Interstate 30. Family owned stores we remember are now gone as people travel to larger towns to do their shopping. Even the Presbyterian church closed its doors last year. I don't know what the future holds for the city of Prescott. The future looks bleak right now. The old store buildings need repair work and with the decline in business, it doesn't make much sense to spend thousands of dollars to fix up old vacant buildings. This is a problem faced by many cities all across America.*

*I wish I could have seen Prescott back when four passenger trains stopped there each day, when the hotels were full of visitors, when the streets were crowded with shoppers, when the buildings were in good shape, and when farmers from the rural areas came to town for supplies.*

*I do have some good memories about Prescott from my younger days. I got to see that beautiful old court house before it was replaced. I shopped for clothes and shoes in stores like Dale Ledbetter's, Fore's, Dalrymple & Henry, Teeter Bros., and Rephan's. I was born at the Cora Donnel Hospital and had my tonsils removed there when I was in the third grade. When I got sick, I was taken to Prescott to see Dr. Hesterly, Dr. Hirst, Dr. Avery, or Dr. Crow. We got our medicine at Hesterly's Drug store or Guthrie's Drug Store. I went to the movies at the Nevada Theater. I went with my folks to the Prescott Hardware, a store which had just about anything a person might need. When I was hungry, I ate wonderful hamburgers at one of the cafes. I went to the county fair parades when every school entered a float and schools buses brought children from all over the county to Prescott for Fair Day. I was a student in the Prescott schools from the third grade until I graduated. My first car was a 1966 Ford Fairlane 500 from the Prescott Motor Co. I was fascinated by all the wonderful things to be found at the Sterling's store. I went with my dad to the Co-op farm store to get sacks of feed or maybe a new tire from Ray Cornelius. I worked one summer for Mr. Vernie Meador at the ASCS office. And like almost every person my age, I can never forget the time I visited Cornish Mortuary to see Old Mike.*

*So many good memories from the past. Hopefully, something can be done to revitalize Prescott and give the Old Lady of Prairie De Anne another lease on life.*

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **A DYING TOWN BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE**

Many of us who live in south Arkansas are concerned about so many small towns losing population. It is not uncommon in many towns to see boarded-up store fronts and vacant buildings. Some of the major industries have closed down in recent years resulting in the loss of hundreds of jobs. When a small town loses five or six hundred jobs at one time, it is hard to recover.

When I think of this decline, I'm reminded of a small town in northern Georgia called Helen. It was named for the daughter of a railroad surveyor and it has a long history. The area around Helen was once the home of the Cherokee Indians. Gold was discovered near there in 1828 which caused a mini gold rush. Gold mining continued until about 1900 and then the timber people came. A large saw mill was established at Helen and for many years the town prospered. When the timber was cut out, people began to move away. By the 1960s, it appeared the town of Helen was on its way to becoming a ghost town. Empty stores and drab looking buildings lined the main highway through town.

In 1969, three business men met at a restaurant and discussed what could be done to spruce up Main Street to make it more attractive to tourists. That part of Georgia was popular with tourists who came for the mountain scenery and the beautiful fall colors. They passed through Helen on the main highway but never stopped.

One of the men knew an artist named John Kollock who had lived for a time in southern Germany. He made some drawings to show how Helen could be made to look like a Bavarian village. The merchants agreed to his plan and work began to transform Helen into a village like one might see in the Alps. Strict zoning requirements were passed to accomplish this. Steep gabled roofs were added to the buildings with bold colors. Cobblestone streets were added to make it more authentic. Any new construction had to meet the strict zoning requirements, even for fast food places like Wendy's.

The town was lucky in that it was located in a scenic area of the Blue Ridge Mountains, with the Chattahoochee River running through town. Some residual gold mining nearby attracted prospectors and rock hounds. A national forest and a state park were nearby. All this added to the appeal once the transformation was complete and soon the tourists began to visit Helen. The increased tourist trade brought more businesses such as hotels, restaurants, and interesting shops. All kinds of activities were scheduled to bring in more tourists like Oktoberfest and the hot air balloon races. Tubing on the Chattahoochee River became popular. The population of Helen, Georgia is only about 500 people today, but it is now the third most visited city in Georgia with about two million visitors each year. It shows what can be done when some civic-minded people put their heads together, decide on a plan, and work together to accomplish their goals.

I had never heard of Helen, Georgia until I read an article about it in a magazine back in 1985. I had to attend a training course at the University of Georgia in Athens, Georgia that year and I arranged it so that my wife and I could combine a vacation with that business trip. Helen is only about 65 miles from Athens, so when my school was finished, we headed to Helen where we planned to spend the night. We had made reservations at a motel there since we wanted to be

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

sure we had a place to stay. As usual, we found out that the motel we picked was not the best looking one. It was an older motel but was clean. It was located on the banks of the Chattahoochee River so that was a plus, although I wouldn't want to stay there in times of heavy flooding. The motel was only a few feet from the river.



We strolled along the streets and visited some of the shops during the short time we were in Helen. We admired all the beautifully decorated buildings. I remember even seeing a phone booth decorated like the other buildings with a very steep roof and painted with bright colors. We found that many of the restaurants featured German cuisine. One thing I liked about some of the restaurants was that the menus were posted outside so you could check out the menu and prices before going inside. I did a search on the Internet and found a web site that offered reviews of 58 restaurants in Helen offering just about any type food you might want. Evidently, the town has grown quite a bit since we were there in 1985.

We didn't have much time to spend in Helen because we had planned on spending the next night in Gatlinburg, Tennessee. I'm sure Helen has changed a lot since we were there almost thirty years ago and if I ever get back in that area, I would like to check it out again.

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Rainfall at my house so far in 2014 was 5.4 inches.

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“Dear Teacher”, wrote an indignant mother, “you must not whack my Tommy. He is a delicate child and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self defense.”

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**MORE PICTURES FROM HELEN, GEORGIA IN 1985**



This is typical of buildings you see in Helen, GA



Telephone Booth



White County Bank in Helen, GA

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT WHIPPOORWILLS

1. Don't mock a whippoorwill; if you do the house will burn.
2. If you see two whippoorwills flying side by side, you will have disappointment for a whole year.
3. If you point your finger at a whippoorwill while it is flying, it will stop.
4. If you hear a whippoorwill and turn a summersault, you will never have a backache.
5. It is unlucky to destroy a whippoorwill's nest or young birds; for every bird or egg you destroy, you will lose a relative.
6. The singing of a whippoorwill on the doorstep or gatepost means death of a member of the household.
7. When you hear the first whippoorwill, cotton or peas can be planted without fear of frost damage.

### THE FARMER FEEDS THEM ALL *Nevada County Picayune—August 9, 1910* (Author Unknown)

The politician talks and talks  
The actor plays his part  
The soldier glitters in parade  
The goldsmith plies his art.  
The scientist pursues the germ  
O'er this terrestrial ball  
The sailor navigates his ship  
But the farmer feeds them all.

The preacher pounds his pulpit desk  
The broker reads his tape  
The tailor cuts and sews his cloth  
To fit the human shape.  
The dame of fashion dressed in silk  
Goes forth to dine or call  
Or drive, or dance, or promenade  
But the farmer feeds them all.

The workman wields his shiny tool  
The merchant shows his wares  
The aeronaut above the clouds  
A dizzy journey dares  
But art and science soon would fade  
And commerce dead would fall  
If the farmer ceased to sow and reap  
For the farmer feeds them all.

#### DEATHS IN 2014

##### Bluff City Cemetery

Leona Murphy Powell (Jan. 14, 2014)

Randy Wayne Glass (Feb. 18, 2014)

**Margie Adams Knight (Feb. 28, 2014)**

Myrtle Martin Knight (Mar. 1, 2014)

Helen Florene Hardwick (Mar. 9, 2014)

##### Ebenezer Cemetery

David Benjamin Harrison (Feb. 23, 2014)

##### Caney Cemetery

Myrtie Green Bearden (Jan. 9, 2014)

J. W. Glass (Mar. 14, 2014)

## **SPECIAL ISSUE**

### **150th Anniversary of THE CAMDEN EXPEDITION OF 1864 (From Elkin's Ferry to Camden)**

This year marks the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of what is known as The Red River Campaign which involved a march of the Union army commanded by Gen. Frederick Steele into southwest Arkansas. This article deals only with the part of the campaign known as the Camden Expedition in what is now Nevada and Ouachita counties. The march from the Little Missouri River to Camden took 12 days with several skirmishes along the way as the Confederate forces tried to stop the advance of the Union army into this part of Arkansas.

I have included a crude map on the next page showing the approximate route of the army from the crossing on the Little Missouri to Camden. Please remember that at this time Prescott did not exist and neither did Nevada County. Nevada County was not created until 1871. There were only a few main roads through the area at that time and they were in bad condition, especially where they crossed creek bottoms. You can refer to the map as you read below some excerpts from the actual battle reports from some of the commanding officers and others.

#### **Elkin's Ferry on the Little Missouri—April 3, 1864**

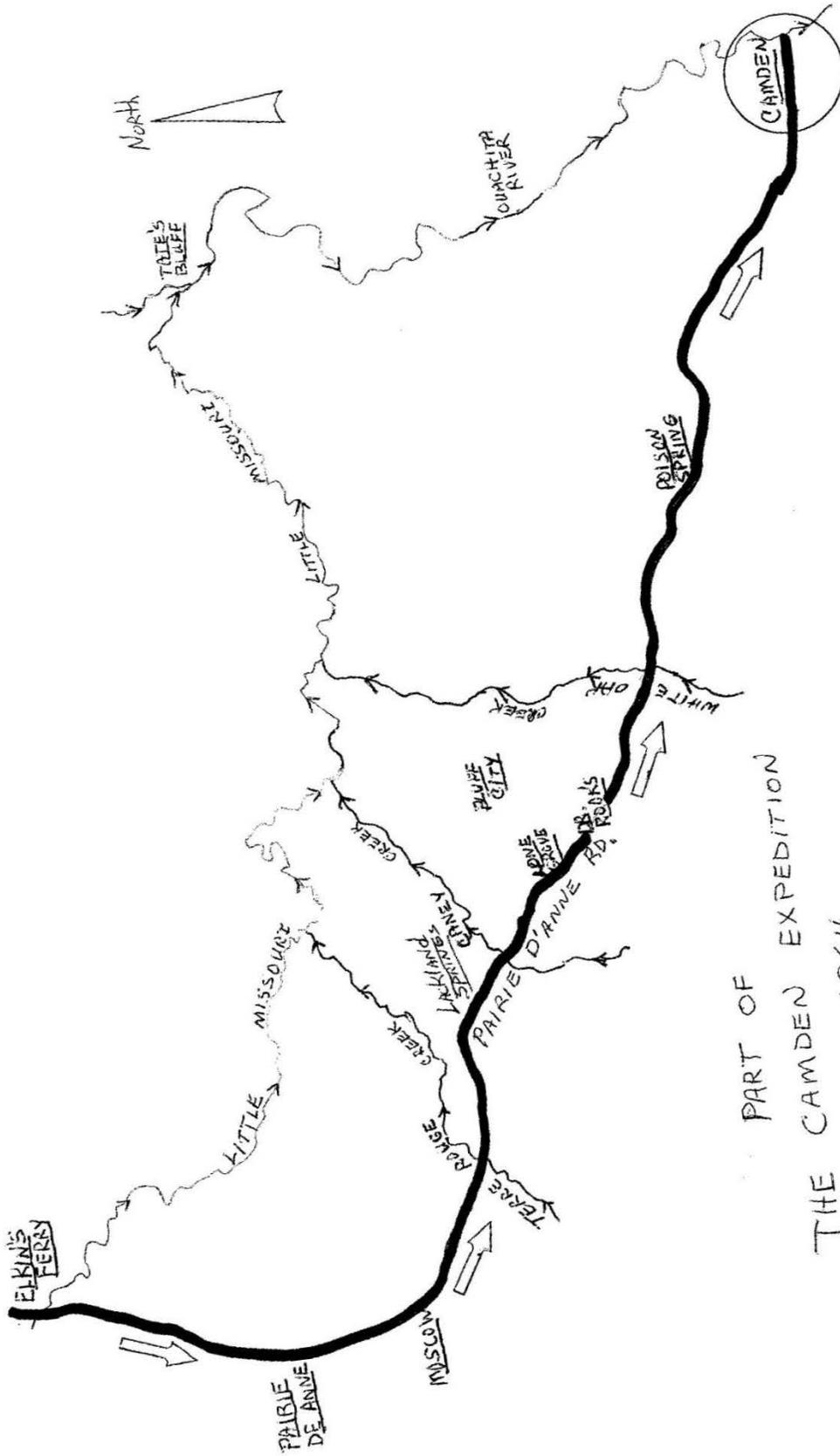
The Union army of about 10,000 men had left Little Rock on March 23, 1864, headed southwest and had reached a point on the Little Missouri River called Elkin's Ferry on April 3, 1864. The Confederate army tried to prevent the Union army from crossing the river but was driven back a few miles. This skirmish was a Union victory and by the next day Steele's large army had made the crossing on the river.

#### **Report of Major General F. Steele (see War of the Rebellion, Vol. 24, page 661)—**

*I had crossed the Little Missouri at Elkin's Ferry and was on high ground, having found the other two roads to Camden impassable. A heavy rain fell raising the Little Missouri so that it could not be forded, and rendered it necessary to corduroy about five miles of bottom and lay pontoon bridges to get Thayer across.....At the Little Missouri they had a line of breastworks crowning the hills where the bottom terminates over a mile in extent. After a severe skirmish, they fell back to Prairie D'Ane.....*

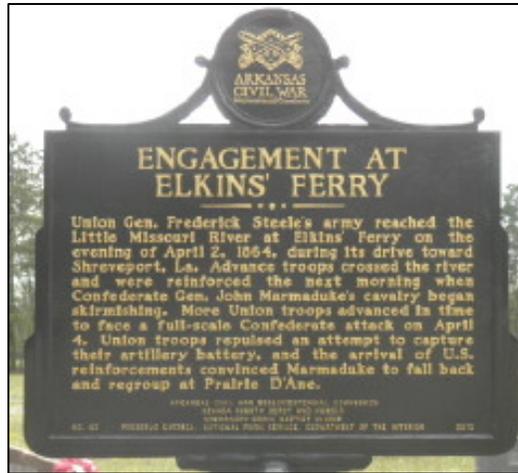
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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



PART OF  
THE CAMDEN EXPEDITION  
APRIL, 1864

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Marker placed at Nubbin Hill Cemetery

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### Prairie d'Ane—April 9-12, 1864

Prairie d'Ane was a mostly open area of grasslands some 25 square miles surrounded by timberland. It was a well known landmark in the early days. There were periods of intense fighting here as well as periods of relative calm. Some soldiers told of writing letters and playing games during the breaks from the fighting.

#### **From *The National Tribune* Oct. 18, 1894, page 1---A former soldier's account of The Camden Expedition---**

*After going some four or five miles we came to the edge of Prairie d'Hane (d'Ane). Here the skirmishing became very heavy and finally emerged into quite an artillery duel. The rebel forces numbered several thousand under the command of "Pap" Price himself (Gen. Sterling Price). We were posted on the prairie about a mile from the woods. Our own forces now were supposed to number 10,000 or 12,000 men.*

#### **A soldier's description of the action at Prairie d'Ane quoted in an article called The Camden Expedition of 1864 by William D. Baker (as part of the Arkansas Historic Preservation Program)---**

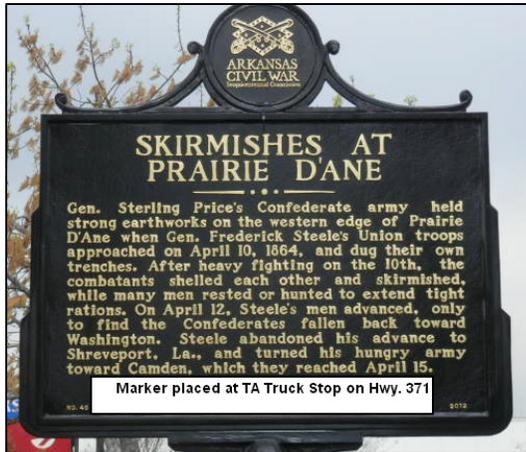
*"The horizon from east to west was one leaping incessant blaze of about six thousand muskets lighting up the very sky and making night hideous with the screaming missiles. The batteries, too, joined in the combat and burst like volcanoes from the solid earth, throwing large jets of flame at every discharge"*

The Battle of Prairie d'Ane was called the Battle of Gum Grove by the Confederates because of a grove of sweet gum trees at the site. It was a Union victory. Grave markers were placed here in 1954 for three Union soldiers known to have been buried in a field belonging to A. B. Stewart. The markers were placed on the roadside on the Blevins highway about a half mile from where they are actually buried. The soldier's names were William P. Funk, Edward Bates, and Erasmus D. Lockman. There was

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

some controversy at the time about the placement of the markers for these Union soldiers. Some felt it was an insult to the people who lived in that area at the time. Due to vandalism, the memorial was removed to the Nevada County Depot Museum. Two of the markers are still intact.

The large cemetery in Prescott is called De Ann Cemetery. It is sometimes spelled De Anne. It takes its name from the old landmark of Prairie d'Ane.



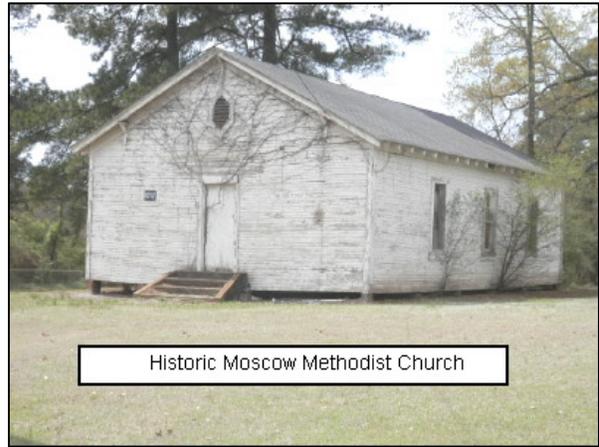
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### Moscow—April 13, 1864

Moscow was a small village at that time just a few miles from Prairie d'Ane. Today, it is on the outskirts of Prescott. An old church still stands there next to a very old cemetery. After the skirmish at Prairie d'Ane, Gen. Steele abandoned his drive toward Shreveport and advanced toward Camden as fast as possible hoping to take the city before Confederate reinforcements could get there. The large army consisting of thousands of men plus a large number of wagons and artillery proceeded toward Camden. A few miles away they encountered Terre Rouge creek bottom. While they were attempting to cross this bottom, the rear of the army was attacked at the village of Moscow. The Confederates were driven back and this also was considered a Union victory. An historical marker was recently placed at Moscow Cemetery marking the skirmish that occurred there.

Moscow Cemetery is one of the oldest in the county. Some of the earliest pioneers of Prescott are buried there. In recent years, a chain link fence was installed around the old church building and brush cleared from some of the old graves. Some of the grave markers are broken or lying flat on the ground, but if you are ever in the area, you might be interested in visiting this old cemetery.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



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## Terre Rouge Creek—April 12-14, 1864

About three miles from Moscow, the Union army encountered the Terre Rouge creek bottom which presented a very difficult challenge. As they struggled to get across this creek bottom, the rear of the army was being attacked by the Confederates.

### Report of Lt. Col. Adolph Dengler (43<sup>rd</sup> Illinois)—(see War of the Rebellion, Vol. 34, page 734)---

*On the evening of the 12<sup>th</sup>, we camped near Terre Rouge Creek, Terre Rouge Creek bottom, which extends where we have to pass it about seven miles and was almost impassable for wagons. On the 13<sup>th</sup>, we entered this bottom..... While part of the men built a corduroy road which usually disappeared in the bottomless swamp before fifty wagons had passed over, we toiled and struggled on until noon on the 14<sup>th</sup> when we had behind us the last of these seven miles of mire and swamp.*

This crossing was on what is now known as the Cale Road out of Prescott. As you drive that road today, you can imagine how difficult it was back in 1864 taking thousands of men and hundreds of wagons across that swampy creek bottom.

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## Caney Creek bottom

### Report of J. B. Wheeler, Chief Engineer, Captain of Engineers (see War of the Rebellion, Vol. 34, page 675)---

*The next obstacle was Cypress Bayou, as it is on the maps, but called by the country people Caney. Here two bridges had to be repaired and some corduroying to be done. From this point until we reached Camden, the road was good. While the advance was crossing the Terre Rouge Creek, the rear was attacked by the enemy. Gen. Thayer had command of the rear and drove them back, scattering them with ease.*

**Dr. Rook's plantation near Lone Grove—April 13, 1864**

Dr. Rook's plantation was located near Ebenezer Cemetery about four miles southwest of Bluff City.

**Report of Brig.-General E. A. Carr to Maj. Gen. F. Steele (see War of the Rebellion, Vol. 34, page 762)---**

*I am camped along the road from Lone Grove toward Camden....The Caney makes a sweep to the southwest from the crossing, and is said to be impassable, so as to protect us from the south until we get several miles further east. Some of my foragers saw twelve rebels about a mile north of here today. I propose to take out the family of a soldier of the 10<sup>th</sup> Illinois, which is at a cross-roads called Bluff City, three miles north 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 several miles in advance, loaded.....The road, so far, from Caney is sandy, and rain cannot hurt it.*

There is a story about a buried treasure connected with this campsite at Dr. Rook's plantation. According to the story, a Confederate soldier buried a considerable amount of gold or silver near the camp in a container such as a churn and marked the spot with a piece of iron. The soldier was killed a few days later in the Battle of Poison Springs. He had told another soldier about the buried treasure and after the war that soldier returned each year to the campsite to look for it until he became too old to make the trip. Mr. Hildre Griffith, who purchased the land in 1926, plowed up the iron marker in 1928 as he was cultivating his fields, but didn't know the significance of it. The treasure has never been found. (Source: *The Nevada News*, Sept. 7, 1961)

Some say this gold was from a Union payroll wagon captured by the Confederates.

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**White Oak Creek—April 14, 1864**

**Report of Brig. Gen. E. A. Carr to Maj. Gen. F. Steele (see War of the Rebellion, Vol. 34, page 762)---**

*Upon arriving here a short time before sunset, I sent out 500 men to reconnoiter the Washington Rd., 250 to go to the junction with this road, and 250 to take a crossroad which leaves this one and a half miles in advance. The party on the crossroad went on to the Washington Rd. and formed a line across it. A few minutes later after this there came a party of about 200 men from the west. My men challenged, "Who comes there?". Answer, "Friends". "Friends of whom?" "Friends of Jeff Davis", whereupon my men fired on them, killed one, wounded and captured another, and captured one unwounded..... I have three men wounded, one through the chest.*

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## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

### **Camden—April 15, 1864**

General Steele's army arrived in Camden on April 15, 1864, tired and weary from days of marching and fighting. Their supplies were running low and the men had been on half rations. He found that Camden did not have enough supplies for his large army.

#### **Report of Lt. Col. Adolph Dengler—43<sup>rd</sup> Illinois (see War of the Rebellion, Vol. 34, page 734)---**

*Camden, high on the banks of the Ouachita, is a strongly fortified town. It had been, up to our occupation, the headquarters of Gen. Price.....It is, next to Little Rock, the largest and most prosperous town in the state. But our occupation of this beautiful place proved to be of short duration. Already, on the 16<sup>th</sup>, our rations almost entirely out; the men had received only half rations of crackers since we left Little Rock; forage for our horses was all along very scarce. ....*

General Steele sent out a foraging party with about 200 wagons west of Camden to secure some supplies they had seen on their march to Camden. The foragers covered a large area up to fifteen miles off the main road and as far as eighteen miles west of Camden. They camped at White Oak Creek for the night and then the wagons loaded with corn and other supplies headed back to Camden. The Confederates had become aware of this wagon train loaded with supplies and attacked it to make sure the supplies Gen. Steele so desperately needed didn't get back to Camden.

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### **Poison Spring—April 18, 1864**

This battle took place about twelve miles west of Camden. The Union supply train was attacked here by the Confederates and the Union soldiers were forced to abandon their wagons and flee back to Camden. Several hundred men were killed here. This was a Confederate victory.

#### **Report of Col. J. M. Williams, Commanding First Colored Kansas Vols., War of the Rebellion, Vol. 34, pages 743-746)---**

*The action was commenced about 10 a.m. and terminated about 2 p.m. I was forced to abandon everything to the enemy and they thereby became possessed of this large train, two six-pounder guns, and two twelve-pounder howitzers. At no time during this engagement 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.....I have named this engagement the action of Poison Spring, from a spring of that name in the vicinity. My loss during the engagement: killed 92; wounded 97; missing 106. Many of the reported missing are supposed to be killed.....The gallant dead, officers and men, all evinced the most heroic spirit and died the death of true soldiers.*

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



A small part of the Poison Spring battlefield has been made into a state park. One of my jobs when I worked for the Arkansas Forestry Commission back in the 1960s was to help clear the brush for this park. There are picnic tables and a trail you can walk to view one of the natural springs. The water is sparkling clear, but few take a drink because of the name Poison Springs. The story goes that a man once took a drink from a spring and died soon afterwards and it was supposed the water was poisonous. The

name Poison Spring dates back to before the Civil War.

General Steele, faced with the loss of the supplies at Poison Spring, hoped to get needed supplies from Pine Bluff. Another foraging party was sent out, but it was attacked at Mark's Mill, another Confederate victory. General Steele was forced to leave Camden on April 26, 1864 and head back toward Little Rock. Another major battle was at Jenkin's Ferry on the Saline River. It could be considered a Union victory since the Confederates failed to keep Steele's army from crossing the Saline River. Taken as a whole, the Camden Expedition was a Confederate victory since they were able to hold southwest Arkansas from Union control. It was not a major victory since they didn't destroy Steele's army. General Steele arrived back in Little Rock on May 2, 1864 with only a few prisoners and a few captured pieces of artillery to show for his efforts. Union losses were 2,750 casualties, the loss of 635 wagons, 2500 animals, 8 artillery pieces, and 2 steamships. Confederate losses were about 2,300 casualties, 35 wagons, fewer than 100 animals, 3 artillery pieces and one steamship (*source: Encyclopedia of Arkansas*)

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To remember these historical events of 150 years ago, two reenactments are planned in our area. There will be one at Prairie d'Anne on Saturday, April 12<sup>th</sup> sponsored by the Nevada County Depot Museum (a charge for admission). About 350 re-enactors will take part and several thousand people are expected to watch. Contact the museum (870-887-5821) for tickets and more information. Several events free to the public will be held in Ouachita County from April 14<sup>th</sup> to April 19<sup>th</sup>. The reenactment at Poison Springs will be April 19<sup>th</sup>. You can contact White Oak Lake State Park (870-685-2748) or the Ouachita County Historical Society (870-836-9243) for more information on the Poison Spring reenactment and other events in Ouachita County. You can also check out these two websites:

<http://depotmuseum.org/> and <http://ouachitacountyhistoricalsociety.org/>

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

While the main route of Gen. Steele's army is shown on the map, remember that Confederate soldiers used other roads trying to get ahead of Steele's army before it reached Camden.

Foragers on both sides went through the countryside looking for supplies for the men and the animals. Many settlers lost canned goods and feed stored in barns for their livestock as the soldiers took whatever they could find. Some settlers hid their valuables so the soldiers couldn't find them. Many feared their homes would be burned. Many settlers who thought the war would never reach Arkansas found themselves at the mercy of foraging soldiers and witnessed large troop movements in the spring of 1864. Those who lived near the battle sites could hear the noise of cannons and muskets.

When several hundred men were killed in a major battle, there was the problem of what to do with the corpses. I suppose many were buried in mass graves near the battlefield. I'm sure some died from other causes or in small skirmishes along the way. There could be many unmarked graves of Civil War soldiers scattered about the countryside leaving their families wondering whatever became of them.



Signs like this were recently placed on many of the highways in our area. Many people are interested in the Civil War and many of our ancestors served at various places during the war. It is interesting to visit the battlefields and to research military records to learn more about the part our relatives played in this conflict. You can find Civil War grave markers in most of our local cemeteries and some families even have old letters written by their relatives during the war.

Reunions of Confederate veterans were held for many years after the war. These were well attended by the veterans and local citizens with parades and speeches by various distinguished guests. Serepta Springs was the main location for many of these reunions in Nevada County.

The Civil War was a bloody conflict which lasted for four long years and resulted in the deaths of approximately 620,000 men, more than any other war in American history. It is a good time to think about the sacrifices of those men who gave so much and to remember how our area of Arkansas was affected by the war 150 years ago this month.

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### **RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2014**

**January (1.2 inches)**

**February (3.6 inches)**

**March (5.0 inches)**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Don Mathis  
San Antonio, TX 78212

## Cornbread and Buttermilk

My mother used to think she was in heaven if she had a bowl of cornbread with buttermilk.

Now she is in heaven.

But if she was here, I would make her some for Mother's Day.

Happy Mother's Day Mom!

We miss you!

You may feel the same way about buttermilk as I do (how do you know when it's spoiled?), but go ahead and try some! You can use the buttermilk to make the cornbread; add some corn or jalapenos to the batter if you're feeling really adventuresome.

Get a bowl and put some fresh cold buttermilk on your red hot cornbread and dig in! I guarantee you'll smile at the first mouthful!

Do this in remembrance of your mother -- or my mother, Bernadine Walker Mathis-Gillespie (January 24, 1925 - February 18, 2010).



Don Mathis and Bernadine Walker Mathis Gillespie



*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

*Vol. 13 – No. 6*

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*June, 2014*

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**THE ALL-NIGHT PROM**

Prescott made history back in May, 1955. The Chamber of Commerce endorsed the idea of an all-night prom for the juniors and seniors at Prescott High School.

The theme for the prom that year was "An Evening in Paris". The event started with a banquet at the high school cafeteria. The menu was Le Jus Elegant (grape juice), Antoine's Special (baked ham), Mont Blanc ed Jus (parsley potatoes), Peas de la Schiaparelli (green lima beans), French bread et Baurre (rolls), La Salade Dressing by Dior (pineapple salad), Arc de Triomphe (cake and ice cream), and Glace The (iced tea).

The banquet was followed by the junior-senior prom at the Legion Hut. The festivities then moved to the Nevada Theater to attend the premiere showing of a Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis movie called "The Three Ring Circus". Elm Street in front of the theater had been decorated accordingly. The Arch de Triumph was constructed in front of the theater with other things like sidewalk cafes one might see in Paris.

Elm Street was roped off for the occasion and there were doormen to park cars. Miss Frances Thrasher was the mistress of ceremonies. A reporter from *The Arkansas Democrat* also attended to gather information for a feature story about the prom to appear in that paper sometime in June.

Following the movie, the group met at the youth center for breakfast prepared and served by the mothers and fathers of the PTA. The last part of the program in the wee hours of the morning was a short chapel service at the Presbyterian Church.

Evidently, the all-night prom was considered a success and the tradition continued for a few more years. The Prescott prom in 1957 became a feature story in *Coronet* magazine which had several pages with pictures devoted to the event. The magazine reported that Prescott was the only school in America that had an all-night prom.

I'm sure someone around Prescott kept a copy of that magazine. If anyone has a copy, they should consider donating it to the Depot Museum. A few copies of the magazine which originally sold for 35 cents are available for purchase on the Internet for as much as \$18.

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**I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THIS**

Did you know that the spot where Prescott, Arkansas now stands was once known by another name? Read the article on page 5 to find the answer.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



### **GREEN CEMETERY IN LESTER HILLS**

Deep in the woods of Ouachita County, Arkansas in an area known as Lester Hills is what I call the Green Cemetery. There are two nice grave markers there surrounded by a rock wall about two feet high. Very few people know about this cemetery. About the only people likely to find it are hunters who have the land leased for hunting and people working for timber companies who happen to come across it.

I located this cemetery in 1996. It's quite unusual to find tall grave markers like these in an abandoned cemetery. The tall monument is about five feet tall and the other one about three feet tall. I'm sure these type markers were quite expensive in those days.

Buried here are:

Albert L. Green born Sept. 27, 1849 and died Apr. 25, 1911

Angeline Green born May 1, 1827 and died Dec. 20, 1908

Little is known about these folks. I believe them to be mother and son. Census records show Albert Green was once a merchant in Chidester and show him to be a single man. Most likely, he placed the marker at his mother's grave and probably had the rock wall constructed around the grave site. Some questions remain. Who placed the marker at Albert's grave if he was a single man? Perhaps there were other close family members who took care of this after his death. Did the Greens own this land where they are buried? Think of the work involved in erecting these monuments and building the rock wall around the graves. Hopefully, these graves will remain undisturbed by logging activities. Many of these small cemeteries are being destroyed accidentally. Maybe the rock wall and the tall markers will help protect this one.

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## **THINGS TO PONDER**

(From the 2-17-1938 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

1. Ordinary pins were once so expensive that only wealthy people could afford them. The term "pin money" refers back to that time when the husband gave an allowance to his wife to purchase pins.
  2. In a day the average farmer walks 26 miles, a letter carrier 22 miles, a policeman 14 miles, boys 15 miles, girls 11 and one half miles, and housewives 8 miles.
  3. The highest and lowest places in the United States are both in California located only 86 miles apart. Mt. Whitney is 14, 496 feet above sea level and Death Valley is 276 feet below sea level.
  4. Indianapolis is the largest city in the world not located on a navigable river.
  5. The word NEWS originated from the letters that stand for the four directions of the compass--North, East, West, and South.
  6. The average height of men in the United States is five feet, eight inches and the average height of women is five feet, four inches.
  7. Approximately 300 words make up 75% of all the words ordinarily used in speech and writing.
  8. It takes more than 1900 years to spend one billion dollars at the rate of one dollar per minute.
  9. The word "cleave" has completely opposite meanings--to adhere close together and to cut apart.
  10. The average curvature of the earth is two inches per mile.
- 



### **WHO IS THIS?**

You have probably seen this picture many times during your life. He was a familiar face around our house when I was growing up. If you know who it is or want to take a guess, let me know in the next few days. The answer will be in the next issue.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Linda Carman found this poem in her parent's lock box after their death. Evidently, they thought it was worth keeping. It has some good lessons of how to raise children. One of Abigail Van Buren's readers sent this poem to her and she included it in her "Dear Abby" column in 1995.

### **TODAY**

**By Henry Matthew Ward**

When I got mad and hit my child  
"For his own good," I reconciled,  
And then, I realized my plight....  
Today, I taught my child to fight.

When interrupted by the phone,  
I said, "Tell them I'm not at home."  
And then I thought, and had to sigh....  
Today, I taught my child to lie.

I told the tax man what I made,  
Forgetting cash that I was paid;  
And then I blushed at this sad feat....  
Today, I taught my child to cheat.

I smugly copied a cassette,  
To keep me free of one more debt.  
But now the bells of shame must peal....  
Today, I taught my child to steal.

Today, I cursed another race  
Oh God, protect what I debase,  
For now, I fear it is too late....  
Today, I taught my child to hate.

By my example, children learn  
That I must lead in life's sojourn  
In such a way that they are led  
By what is done, not what is said.

Today, I gave my child his due  
By praises for him instead of rue.  
And now I have begun my guide:  
Today, I gave my child his pride.

I now have reconciled and paid  
to IRS on all I made.  
And now I know that this dear youth  
Today has learned from me of truth.

The alms I give are not for show,  
And yet this child must surely know  
That charity is worth the price;  
Today, he saw my sacrifice.

I clasp within a warm embrace  
My neighbor of another race.  
The great commandment from above  
Today, I taught my child to love.

Someday, my child must face alone  
This world of fearsome undertone,  
But I have blazed a sure pathway:  
Today, I taught my child....to pray.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **EARLY MEMORIES OF PRESCOTT**

**(From a letter from Mrs. I. S. Black of Richmond, CA published in the 2-18-1921 issue of *The Daily Picayune*)**

In February, 1853, (now 68 years ago), I was carried a bride from Columbus, Arkansas to the Garland farm within a quarter mile to where Prescott now is. No people lived as near that spot as did one little family. Being the only young matron in that locality, I was frequently chosen to chaperone the young people on their picnicing occasions. Many were the berries we gathered just where the city now stands.

Among our nearest neighbors, distant from three to six miles, I recall Uncle Jesse Johnson, Crawford Andrews (father of the Picayune editor), Billie Clark, our only grist mill proprietor, Robert Gleghorn, and Uncle Dickie Wilson.

The spot was first known as "Gutula's Camp", that was while the railroad was being built. The first merchants to locate there were Robert Burns, Robert Barnes, Brad Scott, and Clark Hamilton. First hotels were owned by John Hawkins and Thee Howard. Our first doctors were Dr. Bob Arnold and Dr. Darby. First hardware store was owned by John Pittman (the late lamented judge), and Alf Bright. They were brothers-in-laws, having married the Carr sisters--Fannie and Jennie. The first photographer was Dr. Walker. The blacksmiths were Thomas and Lowe. We bought our fresh meat from Carlin. Our only druggist was a young man named Davenport.

Prescott had no officers then, the county seat was yet at Rosston. The first school was taught by Captain J. A. Ansley (let me add, a better man never lived). Col. E. A. Warren edited the "*Dispatch*", a weekly. Gernsky Grimes was one of his most faithful contributors.

The first church house erected was the C. P. (*Cumberland Presbyterian*), presided over by Rev. Givens. Soon afterward the M. E. (*Methodist Episcopal*) church was built and had as pastor E. O. Steele. We used Capt. Ansley's school building for the meeting of our literary societies.

Milas Gamble's grocery store was the headquarters for my butter, eggs, and vegetables. In those primitive days. we were all just like one big, happy family.

Many changes have come since that time  
Many dear to our heart are no more;  
And tho' in a far distant clime  
I think of them ALL, o'er and o'er.

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## **LAST PONY EXPRESS RIDER VISITS PRESCOTT IN 1929**

D. L. Bull, known as “Bull Montana” of rodeo fame, spent the night in Prescott in January, 1929. He was dressed in the picturesque garb of the cowboys of the old west. His mission was to deliver a sealed message as the old Pony Express riders once did.

He left Artesia, New Mexico on Christmas Day bound for Scranton, Pennsylvania, a 2700 mile trip. He expected to reach Scranton by April 1 which was two months earlier than required.

He was riding his second horse after leaving New Mexico when he reached Prescott. He started the trip with no money in his pockets, following the old western tradition of asking for his “board and keep” at various farms and ranches along the way.

He had slept out in the open only one night since leaving New Mexico. He had traveled forty miles that first day. During the night he was attacked by coyotes and was forced to saddle up and continue riding in the dark.

When he reached the A4 Ranch near the Texas-New Mexico border, he found the owner and employees all gone. He made himself at home, cooked his own meal, and went to bed. When the owner returned he sent him on his way with some food.

He was delayed by a sandstorm for four hours and had his horse re-shod for the first time at Lamesa on December 30.

He arrived at Gail, the county seat of Borden County, on New Year’s Day. A rodeo was going on and he joined in the festivities. The jail there was hewn out of solid rock and had housed only two men in the last six years. He asked the sheriff to be jailed for five minutes so he could add that to his experiences during the trip.

He was also chased by a pack of wolfhounds for over a mile. He intersected with the Broadway of America at Roscoe, Texas with plans to follow that route to Washington, DC. This was the route he was following when he made it to Prescott in January, 1929.

---

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 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

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## PRESIDENTIAL QUIZ (answers on page 8)

1. Which president was the tallest?
2. Which president was the shortest?
3. Which president was the heaviest?
4. Which president served the shortest time in office?
5. Which president served the longest time in office?
6. Who was the first president to be assassinated?
7. Who was the first president to be impeached?
8. Who was the first president to wear a beard?
9. Who was the first president to die in office?
10. Who was the first president to appear on television?
11. Who was the only bachelor president?
12. Which president fathered the most children?
13. Who was the only president to resign the office?
14. Which president survived a bullet wound while in office?
15. Who was the only president to earn a MBA degree?
16. Who was the first president to preside over 50 states?
17. Who was the oldest elected president?
18. Who was the youngest elected president?
19. Which president founded a university?
20. Which president could write with both hands at the same time in two different languages?

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### LANCE

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.

-----

The action of some children suggests that their  
parents embarked upon the sea of matrimony  
without a paddle.

### WEATHER REPORT

Rainfall—January (1.2 inches);  
February (3.6 inches); March (5.0  
inches); April (5.8 inches)

Storms—Camden was hit by strong  
winds or a small tornado on April 3  
causing much damage in certain  
parts of town. A large EF4 tornado  
hit several towns in central  
Arkansas on April 27 causing at  
least 16 deaths and much property  
damage.

Temps---Record low temperatures  
were reported in many areas this  
spring.

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## **IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT**

As we travel through life, we sometimes get down in the dumps and complain about various things. If we continue on through the day with a bad attitude, it can ruin the whole day for us and for all those with whom we come in contact. On the other hand, if we look on the bright side of things and have a cheerful attitude, we will be happier and our happiness will help cheer others along the way.

I found this poem in one of the old Nevada County papers that illustrates this very well.

### **THE ROAD AHEAD**

**By Robin A. Walker**

A traveler stopped in the dusty road  
And rested from his heavy load;  
He saw an old man passing near  
And asked: "What sort of road runs  
here?"  
"For all the day long I've trudded away  
And oft grow weary of the day  
As 'neath my foot the rocks upturned  
And o'er my head the hot sun burned,"

The old man said, "Just as you came  
You'll find that yonder road's the same."

Then came a youth so blithe and gay  
And asked, "How travels yonder way?"  
For since the morning sun so bright  
I've wandered 'neath its cheering light.  
And, Oh, the birds sang merrily  
While e'en the wild flowers smiled at me  
And perfumed breezes cooled the way  
So how is yonder road I pray?"

The old man said: "Just as you came  
You'll find that yonder road's the same

---

### **Answers to presidential quiz on page 7---**

1. Abraham Lincoln (6 feet 4 inches); 2. James Madison (5 feet 4 inches); 3. William Howard Taft (over 300 pounds); 4. William Henry Harrison (32 days); 5. Franklin D. Roosevelt (12 years); 6. Abraham Lincoln; 7. Andrew Johnson; 8. Abraham Lincoln; 9. William Henry Harrison; 10. Franklin D. Roosevelt; 11. James Buchanan; 12. John Tyler (15 children); 13. Richard Nixon; 14. Ronald Reagan; 15. George W. Bush; 16. Dwight D. Eisenhower; 17. Ronald Reagan (69); 18. John Kennedy (43); 19. Thomas Jefferson (University of Virginia); 20. James Garfield

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**BEEP, BEEP**

A few weeks ago I was using the tractor to drag off a large tree stump over into the woods and spotted this roadrunner. It stayed close to where I was working for a good long time and I assumed it must have a nest nearby. I didn't have my camera with me, so about an hour later I drove back to the area and the bird was still there. It (I think this is a "she") trotted off a little ways and jumped up on an old boat trailer parked there. I was able to get this photo before it disappeared into the woods.

Several years ago these birds were occasionally seen in our area, but for some reason they disappeared. Some think fire ants or animals like coyotes may be the problem. I have heard several reports this year of people seeing roadrunners again so maybe they are making a comeback.

I always enjoyed the roadrunner cartoons on TV as the roadrunner outwitted Wylie Coyote.

Here are a few things you may not know about these birds based on information posted on the Internet.

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The roadrunner is a member of the cuckoo family. Its habitat is the desert areas of the southwestern United States and northern Mexico. It is seen regularly in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, and Oklahoma and less frequently in Kansas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri.

The roadrunner builds its nest on a platform of sticks low in a cactus or other bush. It lays three to six eggs which hatch in twenty days. Both males and females take turns sitting on the eggs. The males incubate the eggs at night. After the eggs hatch, one parent remains at the nest for the first two weeks.

The birds feed on insects, spiders, scorpions, centipedes, and small reptiles. It kills its prey with a strong blow from its beak followed by beating the prey against a rock or other hard surface. It is one of only a few animals that prey upon rattlesnakes. It grabs the snake by the tail and beats it against a hard surface until it is dead. It then tries to eat the snake but since it can't eat the whole snake at one time, it swallows a small part and waits for that to digest before swallowing more. During this time the bird might be seen running around with a snake hanging from its mouth.

The roadrunner name comes from its habit of running in front of vehicles until it darts into the brush. It can reach speeds of 20 miles per hour. It can fly for short distances but prefers to spend its time on the ground.

The roadrunner is the state bird of New Mexico.

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### **THE GREAT VICK'S SALVE SHORTAGE**

The great Spanish influenza epidemic in 1918-1919 resulted in thousands of deaths in the United States. Efforts were made to try to prevent the spread of the disease which spread rapidly especially in the cities. The large cities along the East coast were especially hard hit. Officials at Little Rock predicted 3,000 people would die in that city from the flu.

In October, 1918, a state quarantine was put into effect in Arkansas. Every school, church, moving picture theater, and other place of public assembly was ordered closed and they were to remain closed until notified by the state board of health that it was safe to reopen.

All public places were closed in any community where the flu was found. No child under the age of 18 was permitted to board a street car, bus, or other public conveyance or to be on the streets except in cases of absolute emergency. It was unlawful for individuals to congregate in groups on the streets, in department stores, or other places of business.

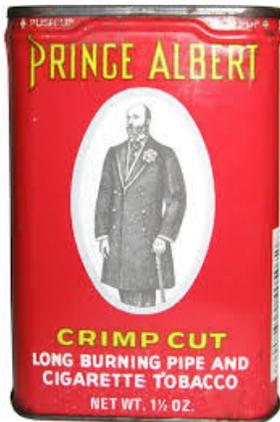
Vick's Vap-o-Rub (Vick's salve) was about the only remedy for the flu at that time. By October, 1918, the salve was in short supply. The company rationed it to the drug stores throughout the

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

country and people were permitted to only buy it in small quantities. Doctors and nurses were also in short supply due to World War I. Drug stores were sometimes open all night and the druggists often slept on cots in their stores. The Vicks Company had 500 people working around the clock producing Vick's salve and production increased to 143 jars per minute. The company even had a Café Department which provided meals to workers on the job. The local newspapers in Nevada County had full page ads for Vick's salve.

About forty million people worldwide died from this flu epidemic and about a half million in the United States. It was a very serious health problem in 1918-1919.

You can read more about Vick's salve in the February, 2003 issue in an article entitled "The Little Blue Jar".



The answer to "Who Is It?" in the last issue is Prince Albert. Many men, including my dad, often carried a can of Prince Albert in the bib pocket of their overalls.

Prince Albert was Prince Albert Edward VII who became king of Wales in 1901. When he became king, the Reynolds Tobacco Co. put "Now King" on the front of the can where "Crimp Cut" is in this picture. It was on the can for one year, so those cans are very rare. If you find one at a sale, latch on to it.

Another Prince Albert slogan was "does not bite your tongue". One of the old pranks kids did was to call a store and ask if they had Prince Albert in a can. If they said yes, they told the store clerk to let him out before he suffocated.

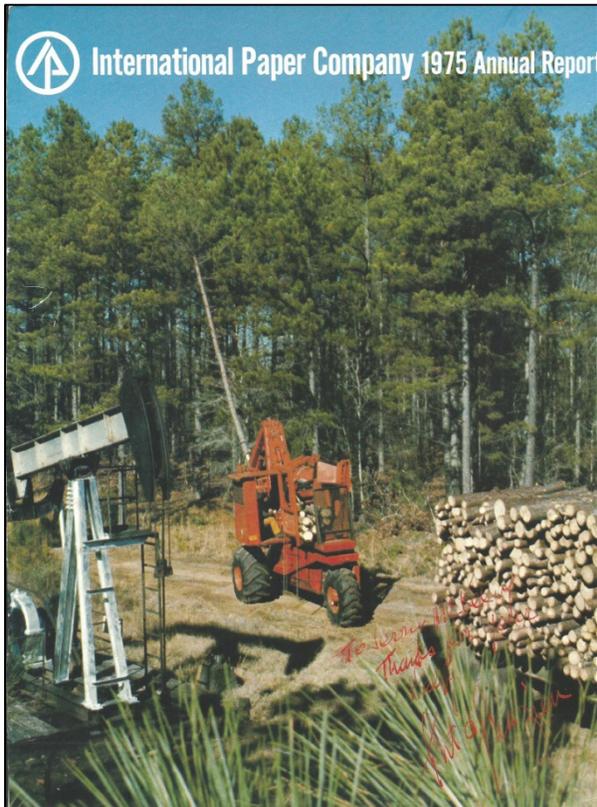
Prince Albert tobacco cans are becoming harder to find. They sell for \$6 to \$45 depending on the age and condition of the can. I wish I had kept some of them.

These people had the correct answer: Billy Joe Meador, Adrian Hunter, Linda Kucera, Betty Thomas, Bill Carman, Yvonne Munn, Don and Melba Hall

Comment from Betty Thomas----

One of the "games" my dad and I played when I was a little girl was letting me catch smoke in the can and then close the lid. I would wait a while and then let the smoke out. I guess I learned something from that but have no idea what. During WWII the tobacco company stopped putting the tobacco in metal cans and used cardboard instead. My dad was sure frustrated by that since the cardboard collapsed when it became damp from his perspiration. If he could come across a metal can, he stretched its life as long as he could. After the war and the change back to metal cans, he saved his cans just in case.

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## THE STORY BEHIND THE PICTURE

Big companies always put out annual reports to the stockholders to show how the company is doing. I was working for International Paper Co. in 1975 in Camden, Arkansas in the Woodlands Department. Our office took care of the company land in five counties—Ouachita, Calhoun, Union, Columbia, and Nevada.

It was in 1975 that International Paper Co. acquired General Crude Oil Co. which was the major acquisition that year. The powers that be in the company wanted the photo on the cover of the annual report that year to focus on that acquisition and show that it was possible for both timber and oil to be produced at the same location.

One day our office received a phone call from the headquarters in New York City. They said they were sending a professional photographer to Camden the next day and wanted us to find an oil well on company land with some timber close by that would be suitable for this very important picture which would be on the cover of the annual report. This was to be our number one priority, so our other work came to a halt.

You might think this would be an easy task, but it was very difficult to find such a location. I was given the job of locating such a place. The main thing was the oil well must be on company land, be accessible by big trucks, have pine timber nearby, and look suitable for the photo. Time was of the essence since the photographer would be there the next day.

I headed out to the southern part of Ouachita County where there are many oil wells, but none met the criteria. I made note of a couple of wells that might work and continued on into Columbia and Nevada counties. I spent the whole day checking out oil wells and made a list of possible candidates for the picture. When the day was over, I had a list of maybe ten wells that I thought might be suitable.

The next day, I was in a car with my boss and the photographer headed to look at the wells that I had chosen as possible candidates. Following us was an 18-wheeler pulling a trailer load of pulpwood and another large truck hauling a TH-100 thinning machine (a three-wheeled machine used to thin pulpwood). It was an over-sized load so it had to get a permit to travel on the highways and have an escort. On the way, the photographer sketched a drawing of what

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he had in mind. It would have helped a lot if I had been given the drawing the day before. None of the wells I had chosen looked anything like his sketch.

Our convoy reached the wells I had located in Ouachita County, but the photographer didn't think they would be suitable. We proceeded on into Columbia County after getting a revised over-sized load permit. None of the wells we visited in that county suited the photographer.

About mid-afternoon, we had arrived in Nevada County where I had picked two possible well locations. Actually, they were at the bottom of my list since the wells were very old and rusty. Oil had been discovered in that area in 1921 and some of the wells had been pumping oil for many years. I figured they wanted something more modern for the photo.

The first well we looked at in Nevada County near Waterloo had possibilities according to the photographer. He set things up like he wanted and took about a hundred pictures. We then went to the next well and he got all excited and said "This is it!" He wanted to know where the nearest phone was. At that time the nearest phone was at Rosston, so we drove to Rosston and he called New York and told them he had found a location for the cover photo.

The only problem was the well was very old and rusty with pieces of concrete, pipe and other clutter lying on the ground around the well. The photographer wanted to know if there was any way we could paint the well to cover the rusty spots. Keep in mind that this was a working oil well with the well going up and down. We were sure the oil company wouldn't want to shut the well down just so we could paint it for a picture. Guess who got the job of getting permission to paint a working oil well? Plans were to shoot the picture the next day.

I got up very early the next morning and met with the oil company folks at their office. I'm sure they thought I was crazy when I told them what we would like to do. Thankfully, they gave us permission to paint the oil well. We bought several cans of black and silver spray paint and brought a lift truck from the seed orchard nursery to the site. An employee was raised to the proper height and began to spray paint the working oil well. He soon discovered that it was best to just hold the paint can steady and use the up and down motion of the well to get the job done.

You can look back at the photo and see that the well looks freshly painted. You can also see some pine needles at the bottom of the picture. Those were placed on the lift truck by the photographer to hide some unsightly clutter on the ground near the well.

We spent most of the day at the well getting this picture. Lunch was brought out to us at noon. The load of pulpwood was parked so it would be in the picture and the TH-100 thinning machine was shown in the process of cutting a pine tree. The timber in the picture was a natural stand of pine and not planted pine like this machine usually cuts, but we figured most people reading the annual report wouldn't know the difference.

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There's no telling what this photograph cost when you count everything involved. Big companies spare no expense when they want something done.

A few weeks later after the annual report was published, I received a copy of it autographed by the photographer. It's hard to read, but what he wrote is shown in red in the lower right portion of the photo. It says, "To Jerry McKelvy—Thanks for your help" with the photographer's signature.

So, now as Paul Harvey said, you know the rest of the story. Now you know that the photo on the cover of the 1975 annual report for International Paper Company was taken near Waterloo in Nevada County, Arkansas. It was an interesting couple of days for me although pretty stressful at times working on a tight time limit with so many things that might have gone wrong.

---

### **NEW GRAVE MARKER FOR OLD MIKE**



Thanks to whoever is responsible for the new grave marker for Old Mike at DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott.

For those who do not know, Mike was the name given to an unidentified man found dead at the city park in Prescott in 1911. It was believed that he was a pencil salesman which is the reason for the pencil being engraved on the marker.

Efforts were made to find out his identity, but nobody ever claimed his body. The body was kept at the funeral home for almost 64 years before he was finally buried. Those who visited Old Mike at the funeral home will never forget the experience.

You can read more about Old Mike in the March, 2003 and May, 2004 issues.

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## **PREACHER'S VACATION** **(author unknown)**

The old man went to worship for the day was bright and clear,  
Though the road was rough and dusty, and it was hard to travel there.

But he hungered for the gospel as he trudged the weary way  
On the road so rough and dusty 'neath the summer's burning ray.

By and by he reached the building, to his soul a Holy Place,  
There he paused and wiped the sweat drops off his thin and wrinkled face.

Then he looked around bewildered, for the old bell did not toll,  
And the doors were shut and bolted, and he did not see a soul.

Then he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "What does it mean?"  
and he looked this way and that way, 'till it seemed almost a dream.

He had trudged the dusty by-way, and he breathed a heavy sigh,  
Just to go once more to worship before the summons came to die.

Then he saw a little notice tacked upon the church house door,  
And he limped along to read it and he read it o're and o're.

Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read it o're again,  
Until his limbs began to tremble, and his eyes began to pain.

As he read that little notice, how it made his spirit burn  
"Preacher absent on vacation, church is closed 'till his return".

So he staggered slowly backward, and he sat him down to think,  
In his heart he pondered until he thought his soul would sink.

Preacher absent on vacation--Then he pondered more and more,  
I have lived to almost eighty and I never heard the like before.

When I first became a Christian very many years ago  
Preachers traveled on a circuit in the heat and through the snow.

If they got their clothes and vittles, (twas but little cash they got),  
They said nothing 'bout vacation, but were happy in their lot.

Would Saint Paul get such a notion, would a Wesley or a Knox?  
Would they in the heat of summer turn away their needy flock?

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Did you ever know it happen, or hear anybody tell  
Satan absent on vacation, shutting up the doors of hell?

Tell me when I tread that valley and go up the shining heights  
Will I hear no angels singing, will I see no gleaming light?

Will the golden harps be silent, will I find no welcome there?  
Why the thought is most distressing, would be more than I could bear.

Tell me when I reach that city over on the other shore  
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the Golden Door?

Telling me in dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn  
"Jesus absent on vacation. Heaven closed 'till His return.

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<b>RAINFALL RECORD</b>		
<b>January – 1.2 inches</b>	<b>February—3.6 inches</b>	<b>March—5.0 inches</b>
<b>April – 5.8 inches</b>	<b>May—5.5 inches</b>	

## **RECIPE FOR KINDNESS**

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.

(Author Unknown)

## **DEATH**

Sandra Ashbrook Hildebrand, age 65, passed away on June 10, 2014. Burial was in Bluff City Cemetery. Obituary available at Brazzel-Oakcrest Funeral Home web site.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

*Vol. 13 – No. 8*

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*August, 2014*

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**MAN AND WIFE SENTENCED TO HANG ON SAME DAY**

There was an interesting criminal case in Sevier County in southwest Arkansas in the fall of 1910. John Ford and his wife, Leila Ford were arrested for the murder of Will Nichols, a prominent farmer, lawyer, and a former state legislator. The Fords were tenants on Mr. Nichols' farm which was located near Lockesburg.

There had been some bad feeling between the parties for some time. The Fords accused Mr. Nichols of taking down a fence and driving a team into their pea patch. According to witnesses, Mr. Ford had threatened to "cut Nichols' throat" if he destroyed his pea patch.

For whatever reason, Mr. Nichols did drive his team into the pea patch which resulted in Mr. Nichols being struck several times by Mrs. Ford and then stabbed four times by John Ford with a Barlow pocket knife which caused his death. The Fords were arrested and taken to the jail in DeQueen.

This crime happened on September 30, 1910, and in those days justice was swiftly carried out. Trial was held at DeQueen in November, 1910, less than two months after the crime. The attorney for the defendants requested a change of venue since they didn't think the Fords could receive a fair trial in Sevier County, but this request was denied by the court.

During the trial, the defendant's eight year old son played in the courtroom. The jury heard witnesses and then began their deliberations. Thirty minutes later, they had reached a verdict—both John and Leila Ford were guilty of first degree murder. Normally, there was a two-day wait between the decision and sentence being passed, but the Fords waived that waiting period and sentence was handed down the same day. The young boy was sitting with his parents when the verdict was read. Mr. and Mrs. Ford were sentenced to be hanged side by side on January 20, 1911. There was no reaction from the couple as the sentence was read.

The attorney for the Fords immediately filed an appeal to the state supreme court which meant the execution could not take place until the appeal was heard. That appeal was heard on March 6, 1911. The Arkansas Supreme Court found that the lower court had made an error in not granting the change of venue and therefore, the decision of the lower court was reversed and a new trial was ordered.

I wish I could tell you the results of the new trial, but I don't have that information. I only found out about this case because it was mentioned in the Nevada County newspapers. Maybe someone reading this will do a little more research in the Sevier County newspapers and let us know the verdict in the second trial.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I recently received this article from Helen Shuptrine about a reunion in 1966 of students of the old Marlbrook School in Hempstead County near Blevins. This gives some history of that area and may be of interest to some.

### REUNION STUDENTS OF MARLBROOK SCHOOL 1912-13

There have been homecomings at the Marlbrook Church for some years now, but for the first time a reunion will be held at the Marlbrook School near Blevins on Sunday, May 15. Those who went to school at Marlbrook in 1912-13 are spearheading the event, but anyone who ever went to the school is invited and many are expected.

The history of the school, which was consolidated with Blevins in 1929 or 1930, is closely associated with the church history of the area. The Marlbrook Presbyterian Church was organized about 1890 by a preacher named Dr. Wallace, who also gave the land for the church. The present building was erected in 1900, but it is no longer functioning at this time.

Marlbrook School District No. 23 was organized about the same time, and the land for the school was donated by Mrs. Drucilla Williams who was the mother of the late Dr. J.C. Williams, pastor of the Washington and the Prescott Presbyterian Churches on different occasions.

Early settlers and patrons of the Marlbrook School were families with names like Bonds, Williams, Bell, Richardson, Ross, Wickers, Wade, Yarberry, Wallace, Austin, McCaskill, Hendriz, Brooks, Marlow, Mayfield, Peyton, Cullins, Wood, Bolt, and Carter.

In about the 1905 some families from Nevada County were moving to the Indian Territory. When they got to the Marlbrook Community, they liked it so well they decided to stay. These include people named Sampson, Hart, Smith, Honea, White, Chambless, and Loe. They were members of the Nazarene Church, and they soon organized the Bell's Chapel Church. The land for the church was donated by the late Dr. Minto Bell, father of the Rev. Will Bell of Kerrville, Texas, and the grandfather of the Rev. Wayne Bell. The latter is the current pastor of the church and will bring the sermon at 11 a.m. on the day of the reunion.

Some of the teachers in the Marlbrook School District No. 23 were: M.A. Matlock, Miss Maud Ward (now, Mrs. Maud Bartell of Hot Springs, and she plans to attend), Joe Reynolds, S.B. May, Frank May, R.W. Bonds (now of Blevins), Otis Landers, Miss Nannie Bell McCaskill, Miss Pauline Stewardt, Miss Emma Phillips, Miss Edna Nesbitt, Miss Mary Bonds, and Miss Carrie Bonds (mother of Olin Lewis of Hope).

The old Marlbrook Community is rich in history. About 8 or 10 Civil War veterans, and 8 or 10 World War 11 veterans are buried at the Marlbrook Cemetery. But memories aren't buried so deep they can't be revived, and this will be done in fine style on May 15.

The 50 to 75 people who are expected from many parts of the country will probably recall when the school was one room and then, became two rooms. Water had to be brought a quarter of a mile, and two buckets were used with dippers. One was for the boys and the other one for the girls.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

The students had to march inside in separate lines - one for the boys and the other for the girls. This made courting a little difficult until after school, for the teacher really lowered the boom for a wink or a whisper.

The reunion of all former pupils of the Marlbrook School was the idea of Mrs. Essie Bonds White, now living in Tempe, Arizona, but many have worked hard on its promotion. These include Art Brooks, of Nashville, Lester Wade, Mrs Ira Brooks, Mrs. Floyd Brooks, Roy Bonds and Dale Bonds, all of Blevins.

\* This article was taken from the Hope, Arkansas newspaper. Saturday, May 7, 1966.

### **HOW TO KNOW YOU'RE GROWING OLDER**

Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt doesn't work.  
You feel like the night before and you haven't been anywhere.  
The gleam in your eye is from the sun hitting your bifocals.  
Your little black book contains only names ending in M. D.  
You get winded playing chess.  
Your children began to look middle-aged.  
You join a health club and don't go.  
You began to outlive enthusiasm.  
Your mind makes contracts your body can't meet.  
You know all the answers, but nobody asks you the questions.  
You look forward to a dull evening.  
Your favorite part of the newspaper is "25 years ago today".  
You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going.  
Your knees buckle and your belt won't.  
Your 17 around the neck and 42 around the waist.  
You stop looking forward to your next birthday.  
Dialing long distance wears you out.  
Your back goes out more than you do.  
A fortune teller offers to read your face.  
You turn out the light for economic reasons rather than romantic ones.  
You remember today that yesterday was your wedding anniversary.  
You are startled the first time you are addressed as "old timer".  
You burn the midnight oil after 9 p. m.  
You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.  
Your pacemaker makes the garage door go up when you see a pretty girl walk by.  
You get your exercise acting as a pallbearer for your friends who exercise.  
You have too much room in the house and not enough room in the medicine cabinet.  
The best part of your day is over when the alarm goes off.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## RECIPES FROM 1910

### BAKED BANANAS I

Remove skins and place in shallow pan with two tablespoons melted butter. Dredge with sugar and add juice on one lemon. Bake about a half hour and serve with meat.

### BAKED BANANAS II

Take four bananas from peels, leaving peels as whole as possible. Halve the bananas and place in baking dish. Pour over them the following sauce: 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and 1/3 cup sugar. Bake 15 minutes, then place bananas in skins and pour the sauce over them. Serve on lettuce leaf.

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## THE PRESCOTT ICE & MILLING COMPANY

(This information comes from the business section of the August 30, 1912 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

One of the most important businesses in Prescott a hundred years ago was Prescott Ice and Milling Co.. The company was established in September, 1909. Officers were G. F. Cress, president, M. W. Greeson, vice-president, A. H. Smith, secretary and treasurer. These three men along with John A. Davis were the leaders of this industry.

Mr. Cress, the president, was a native of Iowa and had come to Prescott from Kansas in 1905. Mr. Smith, the secretary, was born in Illinois and had come to Prescott from Nebraska in 1905. These two men were first involved in the manufacture of furniture but the factory burned. They then purchased the local telephone system which they operated until they organized the Prescott Ice and Milling Co.

The company employed 16 people in 1912 and had four large wagons for delivery of their products. Shipments were made by rail and wagon to practically every town within a 30 to 35 mile radius of Prescott.

Water for the plant was supplied by two 200 foot artesian wells. The water was distilled and filtered before use in the plant. Two 60 horsepower Atlas boilers provided power to the large engine which ran the plant. N. L. Drake was supervisor of the plant. He came to Prescott in 1911 for his wife's health. She was an invalid and had to be carried on board the train for the trip. A few months later she was strong and healthy and able to do her own housework. They credited the healthy climate at Prescott for her recovery.

The company also operated a bottling plant which was started in April, 1911. Frank White was in charge of the bottling plant which produced 200 gallons of ice cream each day and 200 cases of bottled drinks.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

The plant boasted cleanliness and invited the public to visit the plant to see it in operation. Each bottle was washed and disinfected in boiling water. A revolving brush removed all dirt from the inside of the bottle which was then rinsed again in boiling water.

According to an article written in 1912, the plant was expected to triple its capacity within the next twelve months.

Here is a list of the flavors of bottled soda water produced by Prescott Ice and Milling Co. They came in half-pint bottles which sold for \$1.00 for a case of 24 bottles:

Hop Ale	Orange
Plezol	Vanilla
Lemon Sweet	Ginger Ale
Lemon Sour	Pineapple
Cream	Cherry Blossom
Root Beer	Gay-Ola
Blackberry	Afri-Cola
Jersey Creme	Chocolate
Strawberry	Hot Tom
Peach	Grape

The company also sold the famous Red Cross Mineral Water from Grand Rapids, Michigan in half-gallon bottle and five gallon bottles. They also sold distilled water in half-gallon and five gallon bottles. Empty bottles could be returned for a refund of 40 cents per case and 50 cents for the half gallon and five gallon bottles.

I came across an ad in 1918 for Schlitz Famo produced by the Prescott Ice Co. This was one of the non-alcoholic beers manufactured by various companies during Prohibition days. The ad stated "Schlitz Famo is more than a drink. It is a food. Every time you take a glass, you take something to eat. Every compound essential to the human body is present. It repairs and builds up broken down tissues, is non-intoxicating, healthful, refreshing, and satisfying. It has the wonderful hop aroma.

---

### **NEVADA COUNTY NEWS FROM LONG AGO (From *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

**10-27-1886**

Laneburg--Mr. John Evans Jr. has been quite low with slow fever at his father's residence near Serepta church.

Laneburg--Patent seats and desks have been ordered for the Harmony Institute.

Antioch--Mr. Duncan Cook, formerly of Antioch, is now working in a large dry goods house in Bluff City.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Emmet--Dr. L. J. Gillespie, with the assistance of Drs. Arnold and McSwain, last Saturday amputated the left arm of fellow townsman, J. L. McGough, who has been suffering for some time with a tumor which formed upon the wrist.

### **11-24-1886**

Bourland's Store (Rosston)--Business dull and merchants blue.

Willisville--Two drummers are in this burg this week.

Willisville--Mr. Pickens Mitchell of Paris, Texas, is here with a drove of Texas ponies. He has them of all sorts and sizes to suit the purpose.

Willisville--Our town is on a boom. I think we will have a nice little town if it keeps on. We have everything we need at the present except a good doctor. I wish that some good doctor would move to this place, as there is none nearer than Rosston, which is 7 miles. That is too far to go for one if we could do any better.

Laneburg--Prof. Wooten has a fine school--between 50 and 60 students in regular attendance.

### **2-9-1887**

Delta--Mr. R. W. Johnson of Delta, gave us a pleasant call yesterday and gave us the following items from his neighborhood: Married--Mr. James Blackman and Miss Lon Malone, daughter of Mr. W. P. Malone; also Mr. J. E. Waldrep and Miss Ella G. Lollar; also Mr. Seth Williams and Miss Alice Alder, and more to occur soon. Health good and farmers going ahead preparing for another crop. Prof. Clement has a good school at Pleasant Hill.

Laneburg--A new Baptist church was organized the 5th Saturday last month at a school house near Mr. E. W. East's place. It will be known as Bluff Springs church.

### **2-23-1887**

Prescott--We regret to learn that Mrs. J. L. Godley is lying very sick and not expected to live. For a long time she has been almost an invalid from rheumatism.

Prescott--Mr. J. J. Duval has purchased a 65 horsepower engine, boiler, and new sawmill machinery. He will locate a big mill about five or six miles north of Prescott and run a tramway and car to the railroad somewhere between here and Boughton.

### **3-2-1887**

Rosston--Dr. Sam Carlton will locate at our little town.

Laneburg--Prof. Jordan has closed his school on account of measles.

Laneburg--Mr. B. T. Lane has been using in his blacksmith shop coal that is found in large quantities in this neighborhood. He says it burns well enough to heat iron all right.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

**3-9-1887**

Boughton--Dr. J. S. Cannon is already getting about all the practice he needs.

**3-16-1887**

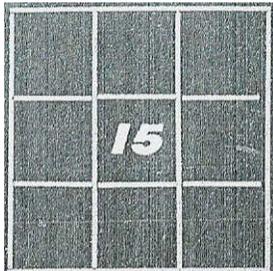
Boughton--Boughton has a new store, a new saw mill, and a new doctor and is smoothly gliding over the rugged hills of hard times with the express purpose in view of landing safely on the shore of prosperity in the near future.

Antioch--The young folks had a "hop" at Davis Andrews Thursday night.

**4-6-1887**

Caney--The Caney school is flourishing under the tutelage of Miss Marion Marsh. *(Note: This is not to be confused with the community of Morris which is also called Caney)*

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## MAGIC 45 PUZZLE

Reed Music Co. of Camden had a contest in 1909 using this puzzle. The prizes for the correct solution were a \$100 organ and a ladies' gold watch awarded to the first two people who sent in the correct solution.

Directions: Take any of the numbers from 1 to 19 and place them in the nine squares in such a way that the horizontal, vertical, and diagonal lines each number 45. A number cannot be used more than once.

Those of you who like puzzles might try your luck with this. Just draw the puzzle on a separate piece of paper and get a pencil with a big eraser. I don't have a prize to offer, but if you can solve the puzzle, I'll let everyone know in the next issue.

---

## TIME MARCHES ON

The year is now over half gone. Seems like time passes faster as I get older.

At least we have had more rainfall this year than in the past couple of years. The grass has been growing so fast we can hardly keep up with it. People in the Bluff City area rarely complain about rainfall since the sandy land sucks up the moisture very fast.

Maybe someone can explain a phenomenon regarding the weather I heard about recently. We installed a medical alert system for my elderly stepmother about two years ago. Since that time lightning has run in on the telephone line and destroyed the system four or five times even though it is connected to a surge protector. So far the company has replaced the unit but they

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

can't understand why it is being hit so much by lightning. The telephone repairman told us that for some unknown reason, places with deep sandy soil are more prone to lightning strikes. He said most of their problems occur in those areas. There must be an explanation for this but I have no idea what it is. So, in order to protect electronic equipment, we try to unplug it before a thunderstorm.

R & R Barbecue which recently located at the Ouachita-Nevada county line has moved their business to Prescott. We hate to lose any type of business from this area. What we need is a little store to sell the basic necessities of life. You have to plan carefully on your shopping when you have to drive fifteen or twenty miles just to get a jug of milk or loaf of bread.



**NEW BRAGG LAKE PAVILION  
(completed July, 2014)**

A new pavilion has been constructed at Bragg Lake. I have been trying to find a picture of the old pavilion but so far have not found one. Someone told me the other day that there was a huge alligator in Bragg Lake so be careful.

Thanks to the city of Bluff City for putting the large garbage dumpster in town so people could clean out their sheds and get rid of lots of unwanted trash. The dumpster was soon filled to overflowing and saved many trips to the landfill. There was a time when trash like that would have been dumped in a ravine along the roads. Maybe next year we can do it all over again.

### **RAINFALL RECORD**

**January – 1.2 inches**

**February—3.6 inches**

**March—5.0 inches**

**April – 5.8 inches**

**May—5.5 inches**

**June—4.0 inches**

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**HAMILTON- MCMILLION and CO.  
Prescott, Arkansas**

Julie Lafurno shares this very old photo of a business in Prescott in the early 1900s. Ira Ellis McMillion is Julie's grandfather.



These men are identified on the back of the picture as:

1. J. A. Brigam
2. Perry C. Hamilton
3. W. A. McMillion (clothing)
4. W. R. White (bookkeeper)
5. Ira Ellis McMillion

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

I have a little information about three of the men in the picture.

**Perry C. Hamilton** – This sketch was written about 1902---

P. C. Hamilton is one of our retired business men and a true noble man. He is of Alabama birth and is now 67 years old; has watched every movement of Arkansas since 1857 and is among the few who came to Prescott in 1873. During the war he showed true manhood and bravery under the Confederate flag and since by an upright walk.

-----  
Mr. Hamilton also deserves to be remembered because he is the one who donated land to the city of Prescott for a cemetery—the old section of DeAnn Cemetery by a deed dated April 3, 1880.

I looked up that deed at the court house and found it in Book G, Page 500. The deed describes a tract of land 200 yards long and 100 yards wide (about 4.1 acres). He specified in the deed that the cemetery would be laid off into plots with appropriate drives for access. He further specified that once this was done, he would have his pick of the plots for his final resting place.

I visited the cemetery and located Mr. Hamilton's grave. He chose a plot at the highest point of the cemetery next to the highway. The back of his marker is hard to read, but I can see these words: "He gave this plot of land to the city of Prescott for the city of the dead".

OBITUARY OF  
P. C. HAMILTON  
THE NEVADA NEWS  
JANUARY 23, 1908

Last night at 10 o'clock surrounded by friends and family and a few intimate friends and with a peace as smooth as the soft moonlight that fell upon the frost-covered landscape, the life of P. C. Hamilton went out.

Mr. Hamilton had been sick with lagrippe since Saturday and friends, family, and physician had despaired from the beginning, a while the worst was expected, yet it nevertheless came as a shock to those who witnessed it.

Mr. Hamilton was 77 years of age and a resident of Prescott for over one third of a century. In the earlier days, he was identified in a business, religious, and social way with every feature of the town's progress and was counted among the best citizens. He was a Methodist and loved its discipline. He was a Mason and lived true to its teachings. His manner was free from ostentation and he loved the simple life. Honest, fearless, conscientious, and with a religious fervor that grew as old age crept on him, he retained the respect and esteem of every citizen of a town in which he spent nearly half his life.

Funeral services were held at the Methodist church and he was buried with Masonic honors in the little cemetery he deeded to the town on April 3, 1880.

**Ira Ellis McMillion (1854-1914)**  
**by Julie (McMillian) Lofurno**

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

My grandfather, Ira Ellis McMillion, was born 23 February 1854 in Blount Co., Alabama to Ira Ellis McMillion and Kate Mitchell. He never knew his father or brother Francis, both of whom died shortly before his birth. After his father's death, Ira, his mother, and his brother Clinton moved to Birmingham, Alabama near other family members. In 1878, he married Julia Jordan in Birmingham, but the marriage dissolved after the 1880 death of their infant son Jordan.

The Civil War had denuded the McMillion family properties in Alabama, so Ira gravitated to Prescott, Arkansas where he met and married Jennie Pledger in 1883. A few years later, he bought the McRae home, a large white-frame house on West Main Street in Prescott that the *Nevada County Picayune* described as one of the prettiest houses in town. The Brad Hamiltons lived next door and the Methodist parsonage was on the other side. Ira was a Democrat and a member of the Knights of Pythias.

My grandfather became a substantial member of the Prescott community and was a partner there in Hamilton McMillion and Co., a wholesale and retail store that dealt in dry goods, notions, shoes, clothing, and groceries. For unknown reasons, the business dissolved, and Ira went on the road for about nine years as a traveling salesman representing the wholesale house of Wolf & Brother. In an 1890 letter to the *Arkansas Gazette* he stated: "... I desire to state that I am a full-blooded Democrat; all wool and a yard wide. Not a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a Democrat in Wolf's clothing and my friends, both Democrats and Republicans, are hereby notified that I will call on them soon with a handsome line of clothing samples. Also elegant line of dry goods, notions, boots and shoe samples from the house of Wolf & Bro, the only exclusive wholesale establishment in Arkansas. Very respectfully, Ira E. McMillion"

In 1900, his wife Jennie died of tuberculosis, leaving him with three daughters ages 6-21. Within the year, he married Susan Etta Heldebrand of Bluff City, Arkansas. By 1906, Ira was selling for Broch & Thiebes Cutlery Co. of St. Louis with 600+ customers spread over Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas and Indian Territory. After son Ira, Jr. was born in 1908, he began selling pants for Morris & Bros. of Memphis and in 1909 embroideries and laces for Consolidated Lace Works.

In March 1913, my father Freeman Daniel, was born and eighteen months later my grandfather died of pellagra. My uncle was only six at the time, but remembered seeing his father's body laid out in the parlor of their home. Ira was buried in the old section of DeAnn Cemetery next to his second wife Jennie.

Eventually the big home on West Main Street went into foreclosure and Etta moved with her sons a block away to a rented one. All the household possessions and Ira's large library had to be sold, so if anyone has an old book or two with the name "I. E. McMillion" written on the front leaf, you'll know who that was!

**W. A. McMillion**—This little sketch was written about 1902---

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

W. A. McMillion carries a good line of general merchandise. His life has been spent among the people of this community and his friends are bound by his acquaintances. His life is spotless, his dealings honorable and honest. **Miss Ada Cantley**, who is found behind his counters, is one of Prescott's purest and best daughters, and wins for Mr. McMillion many worthy customers.

---

### **FOR HISTORY BUFFS**

I found an item in the March 23, 1911 issue of *The Nevada News* that might be of interest to someone who likes to dig up old records. It says that a copy of the last will and testament of Jeff Davis, the president of the Confederate States of America, was filed in the records of Bowie County, Texas to guarantee title to a large tract of land that Davis acquired at the end of the Civil War. The land is about twelve miles from Texarkana and consists of 1,086 acres on the Red River. The land was transferred to Capt. J. T. Roseborough of Texarkana and the transaction was handled by Judge A. S. Wellington who had quite a job of contacting all of Jeff Davis' heirs who were scattered all across the country.

It would be interesting to read the will of Jeff Davis and this might be a source for someone interested in looking for it.

---



### **WHAT IS IT?**

I found this while cleaning out a shed recently. It is made of metal and is about twenty inches long and eight inches wide. The star-shaped metal piece spins. Send me your answers in the next few days. The answer will be in the next issue.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



### **NURSES AT CORA DONNELL HOSPITAL**

Tammy Castleman sent me this photo that belonged to her grandmother of nurses at Cora Donnell Hospital in Prescott .

Tammy says, "My grandma was great about writing on the backs of her photos. This one says: Miss Perry on left, supervisor of nurses. Miss Camp, right, a senior nurse. At Cora Donnell Hospital where I lived."

"My grandmother was Mildred Marie Sullivan from Ogemaw, Arkansas. She was born in 1909. I know she had T.B. and lived at the hospital for quite awhile. Don't know what year(s) that was. She later became a nurse herself, married my grandfather, James Berry and moved to California."

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**June—4.0 inches**

**July – 5.2 inches**

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Congratulations to Thomas Knight who sent in his solution(s) to the Magic 45 puzzle in the last issue. He lost me about line 2 of his explanation.

One answer to the puzzle is (I think):

14 13 18

19 15 11

12 17 16

When I looked at it I thought it could be solved by expressing the problem as a set of linear equations, i.e. 8 equations and 8 unknowns as follows:

Sum of rows = 45 (3 equations)

Sum of columns = 45 (3 equations)

Sum of diagonals = 45 (2 equations)

But the internet program that is supposed to solve linear equations like this says that there are an infinite number of solutions to the problem. Then I realized that it did not consider that only numbers 1 thru 19 could be used and no number could be repeated.

So what I did was enumerate all unique combinations of 3 numbers from 1 to 19 that summed to 45 (amazingly there are only 12). Then, using 15 as the center cell number (given), I began to eliminate the combinations that didn't work and it didn't take very long to find a right answer.

And to really belabor the point my solution above is not unique because you can rotate the array of numbers about its x-axis, y-axis or either diagonal axis and have alternate solutions. For example:

12 17 16          18 13 14          16 11 18

19 15 11   and   11 15 19   and   17 15 13   etc.   etc.

14 13 18          16 17 12          12 19 14

And you can keep doing this until you start repeating solutions that already exist. Rotation clockwise or counterclockwise about the center cell (15) seems to work also.

And this from a 79 year old "old geezer" who got a "D" in second year high school algebra and often can't even find his reading glasses.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **THE FAMILY TREE** (Author unknown)

There's been a change in Grandma, we've noticed her of late  
She's always reading history or jotting down some date  
She's tracking back the family, we'll all have pedigrees  
Oh, Grandma's got a hobby - she's climbing the FAMILY TREE.

Poor Grandpa does the cooking, and now, or so he states,  
That worst of all he has to wash the cups and dinner plates.  
Grandma can't be bothered, she's busy as a bee  
Compiling genealogy for the FAMILY TREE.

She has no time to baby sit, the curtains are a fright,  
No buttons left on Grandpa's shirt, the flower bed's a sight.  
She's given up her club work and the soap shows on TV,  
The only thing she does nowadays is climb the FAMILY TREE.

The mail is all for Grandma, it comes from near and far,  
Last week she got the proof she needs to join the DAR.  
A monumental project, I'm sure we all agree  
All because of Grandma climbing the FAMILY TREE.

Now some folks came from Scotland, and some from Galway Bay,  
Some were French as pastry, some German all the way.  
Some went West to stake their claims, some stayed by the sea,  
Grandma hopes to find them, as she climbs the FAMILY TREE.

She wanders through the graveyard in search of date and name,  
The rich, the poor, the in-between, all sleeping there the same.  
She pauses now and then to rest, fanned by the gentle breeze  
That blows above the Fathers of all our FAMILY TREE.

There were pioneers and patriots, mixed in our kith and kin,  
Who blazed the paths of wilderness and fought through thick and thin,  
But none more staunch than Grandma, whose eyes light up with glee,  
Each time she finds a missing branch to go back on the FAMILY TREE.

Their skills were wide and varied, from carpenter to cook,  
And one alas, the records show, was hopelessly a crook.  
Blacksmith, weaver, farmer, judge - some tutored for a fee.  
Once lost in time, now all recorded on Grandma's FAMILY TREE.

To some it's just a hobby, to Grandma it's much more,  
She learns the joys and heartaches of those that went before.  
They loved, they lost, they laughed, they wept - and now, for you and me,  
They live again in spirit around the FAMILY TREE.

At last she's nearly finished and we are each exposed,  
Life will be the same again, or this we all supposed.  
Grandma will cook and sew, serve cookies with our tea,  
We'll all be fat, just as before the wretched FAMILY TREE.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Sad to relate, the preacher called and visited for a spell,  
We talked about the Gospel, and other things as well.  
The heathen folk, the poor and then...'twas fate, it had to be,  
Somehow the conversation turned to Grandma and the FAMILY TREE.

He never knew his grandpa. His mother's name was Clark?  
He and Grandma talked and talked. Outside it grew quite dark.  
We'd hope our fears were groundless, but just like some disease,  
Grandma's become an addict...she's hooked on FAMILY TREES!

Our souls are filled with sorrow, our hearts sad with dismay.  
Our ears could scarce believe the words we heard our Grandma say,  
"It surely is a lucky thing that you have come to me,  
I know exactly how it's done...I'll climb YOUR FAMILY TREE."

---

### **BOBBY, BILLY, JIMMY, AND JOHN**

#### **Bobby (or Bobbie) pins---**

Date back to about 1899. Originally called "bobbing pins". Popular in 1920s to hold the "bobbed hair styles" in place. Known in England as a "Kirby grip" or "hair clip". Used all over the world for a variety of uses. In Africa, used to repair flip-flops. Jewish people use them to keep head coverings in place. Can also be used to pick locks, bookmark pages in a book, to clean ear wax out of ears (not recommended), and other uses. A useful product that costs very little to make.

#### **Billy club---**

Also called baton, truncheon, cosh, billystick, nightstick, blackjack. Made of wood, rubber, plastic, or metal. Dates back to Victorian England where police carried clubs called "billy clubs". Also slang for a burglar's crowbar. Name used as far back as 1848. It was once used by police in England to knock somebody unconscious, but after complaints of police brutality, it is now not permitted for police to strike the skull, sternum, spine, or groin. Primary targets now are the nerves and large muscles.

#### **Jimmy--As in "jimmy" the lock**

British term for instrument used to break into houses was called a "jemmy". Still called that in Australia and New Zealand. There is a tradition of giving tools the names of people. A short iron bar used to break into houses is called a "bess". Another is "billy". When you have a flat, you use a "jack" to change the tire. Another is "derrick"- a type of crane. A GMC truck is also called a Jimmy.

#### **John---a slang term for a toilet**

Thought to be named for Sir John Harrington, who is considered the inventor of the flushing toilet. The word "john" is also a slang term for those who frequent prostitutes. Thought to come from the fact that so many men gave their name as John, the most common name, instead of using their real name.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

### Rest in Peace Robin Williams

by Don Mathis (son of Bernadine and Daniel Mathis, both from Arkansas)



It seems he was just here... Then a second later, a NANO second later, he was gone. The genie in ALADDIN could make TOYS appear in a BIRDCAGE just as quick.

It was quick as an AUGUST RUSH, quicker than JAKOB THE LIAR could win a game of JUMANJI. I DOUBTFIRE could move that fast.

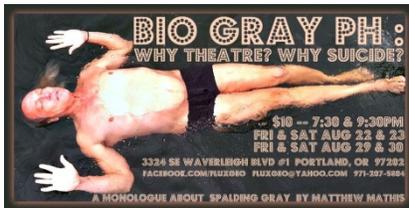
He was a FISHER KING, the WORLD'S GREATEST DAD, an ARISTOCRAT of comedy, and more.

I would have INSOMNIA wondering WHAT DREAMS MAY COME, but thinking of his latest film, I would have GOOD WILL HUNTING for sleep.

Then I would have bright AWAKENINGS with him screaming GOOD MORNING VIETNAM and I would SEIZE THE DAY. But, like HAMLET, he has HOOKed up with the DEAD POETS SOCIETY and my HAPPY FEET have run away.

Now that he's gone, I feel like the ANGRIEST MAN IN BROOKLYN and not even JACK could PATCH ADAMS back together. I guess that is just the WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP.

Thank you ROBIN WILLIAMS for the ONE HOUR PHOTO of POPEYE, for the NIGHT AT THE MUSEUM TWO, for the BEST OF TIMES, and for the thousand tears of laughter.



Matthew Mathis performs a monologue, "BioGRAYph," in Portland, OR, that honors Spalding Gray, an author and actor who killed himself ten years ago. Like Williams, Gray was a master at improvisation.

Matthew writes of Robin Williams comedy and tragedy "(There was) so much improv, so many roles. I think of Mork, or Popeye, or him with Dana Carvey as Robin Junior on a Saturday Night Live skit in 1991, or hundreds of other full-tilt Bozo moments. He was the last person to party with John Belushi, for crying out loud!"

Matthew imagines Robin Williams at a party with Jonathan Brandis, Spalding Gray, along with Charles Bukowski, John Belushi, and Abbie Hoffman, "all toasting to the human life, drinking beers from overflowing everlasting holy grails, sloppily clanking the gilded rims, and their sloshy foamy bubbles keep mixing with their tears of laughter, spilling over down to earth..."

"I am almost sick with grief and yet amazed that I subtitled my Spalding show 'Why Theatre? Why Suicide?' It's as if there's a certain tragic curse for the inimitably funny," Matthew said.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Claude Butch Morgan, a well-known South Texas musician, recalls Robin Williams in San Antonio.

“Somewhere in the 80's, I went to see Robin Williams at the Majestic Theater,” Morgan remembers. “It’s a truly majestic theater with ornate walls and a ceiling full of stars and several of those private opera boxes like the old guys on Sesame Street use to sit in.

“Anyway, it was right after the Pope had been shot. The lights went down, the announcer said, ‘Ladies and Gentlemen; ROBIN WILLIAMS...’ Thunderous applause erupted for a few minutes but subsided when Robin did not come out.

“The announcer said it again, ‘Ladies and Gentlemen; ROBIN WILLIAMS...’ Again, no Robin.

“Off in the distance we could hear something. It was coming from one of the opera boxes. The spotlight found Robin in the booth. He had on a quickly-made cardboard Pope hat. He was blessing people and saying in a strong Latin accent, ‘Don’t Shoot, God bless you, don’t shoot!’

“He went through the crowd saying this until he made it up to the stage. I, and everyone else, laughed so hard. I remember my stomach hurt the next day just from laughing.

“He was so quick, so spontaneous, so over the top. I honestly cannot recall one thing he did after that. It was one of the best shows I have ever seen.

“That much laughter – for two hours straight – is so good for our planet and people,” Morgan wrote. “R.I.P. Robin. You've earned your peace.”

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Susan Salzman enjoys attending several poetry venues in San Antonio and has been a Robin Williams fan since the 1970s. She pays tribute to Robin Williams in a recent poem.

### **Jester and The Black Dog – by Susan Salzman**

Some would say, "Sweet Jester, I knew him  
well,"  
but no one understood his private hell.

Jester kept the balls in the air mostly,  
but sometimes roamed the halls quite  
ghostly.

For amid the bouncing light and comic  
things,  
he knew the Black Dog waited in the wings.

It clawed its way into his veins,  
creating cravings and private pains.

Jester could no longer keep up the manic  
pace.  
One morning, they came face to face.

He could not chain it in its cage,  
so the Black Dog walked Jester off the  
stage.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

*Vol. 13 – No. 10*

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*October, 2014*

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## THE CORN AND CANTALOUPE CLUBS

The Prescott and Northwestern Railroad branched off the main railroad line at Prescott and extended northwest toward Blevins and Nashville. That area became well known for growing all kinds of crops like peaches, cantaloupes, and radishes which were sorted in packing sheds and transported by rail back to the main line at Prescott and then to the larger cities.

The P & NW railroad sponsored a contest in 1915 to encourage young boys to learn about modern farming techniques such as crop rotation, proper fertilization, and keeping accurate records. They came up with the idea of having Corn and Cantaloupe Clubs at all the stations along the route (Prescott, Shady Grove, Deanyville, Dotson, Belton, Blevins, and McCaskill).

All boys in those communities between the age of 12 and 20 were invited to participate. Each boy would have one acre of land which he must divide into two equal parts with half planted in corn and the other half planted in cantaloupes. The seed and fertilizer were furnished by the railroad, but the boys had to repay the railroad at the end of the season.

### **Rules of the contest:**

1. The corn and cantaloupes must be planted on adjoining pieces of ground.
2. Each boy must do his own work and keep accurate records of time spent. If he hired anyone to help him, he must keep records on their time also.
3. Each boy must keep full and accurate records of all labor expenses.
4. Each boy must swear to the results of his report on costs and yields. The railroad reserved the right to have the yield measured by a third party if necessary.

### **Prizes:**

First prize was \$40 cash and a gold medal  
Second prize was \$25 cash and a silver medal  
Third prize was \$15 cash  
Fourth prize was \$10 cash

A club prize of a handsome silver loving cup would be presented to the club whose members made the highest general average on the score card.

Since prices vary on market prices of farm products, a uniform price for corn and cantaloupes was used in determining the winners of this contest.

### **Judges:**

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

There were three judges. One was picked by the railroad, one by the contestants, and the other picked by the other two judges.

The contest generated quite a bit of interest. Clubs had already been formed at Blevins and McCaskill when these rules were published in the paper and it was expected that all communities along the route would participate.

The P & NW railroad was chartered in 1890 to access timberland northwest of Prescott to transport timber to the new Bemis and Whitaker mill in Prescott. Over the years it transported timber, peaches from Highland, farm produce, and also carried passengers to the small towns along the route. Dr. R. L. Powers was president of the railroad during construction of the line. The first locomotive was brought to Prescott from New York in 1891.

The railroad was known locally as “The Peavine Railroad” because of all the twists and turns of the route as they tried to access all the small communities in that area. I thought that term was unique to the Prescott area, but after doing some research on the Internet, I found three more railroad lines known as “Peavine Railroad”. One is the Peavine Railroad of Green Co., Tennessee. Another is the Peavine branch of the Yazoo and Mississippi Railroad. The third one is the Santa Fe, Prescott, and Phoenix Railroad affectionately known as the Peavine Railroad. It is ironic that this line runs northwest out of Prescott, Arizona just as the P & NW Railroad runs northwest out of Prescott, Arkansas.

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### **HESTERLY DRUG STORE**

Hesterly Drug Store on East Elm Street in Prescott was one of Prescott’s leading drug stores for many years. I can remember Mr. Berry Hesterly, who was bald-headed, filling our prescriptions after we had visited his brother and our family doctor, Dr. Jake Hesterly for illnesses like bad colds. One of the favorite medicines given at that time was a bottle of sulfa drug liquid medicine in a clear bottle about six inches high.

I love reading the old medicine ads in old newspapers. Here are some of the medicines advertised at Hesterly Drug Store in 1915:

Swamp Chill and Fever Tonic—50 cents  
Herbine Anti-malarial tonic—50 cents  
Wintersmith’s Chill Tonic—50 cents  
McCroskey’s Tonic—guaranteed to cure malaria and enlarged spleen--\$1.00  
Mendenhall’s Chill Tonic—50 cents  
Johnson’s Chill Tonic—50 cents  
Nyal’s Chill Tonic—50 cents  
Grove’s Chill Tonic—50 cents

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At least the prices were reasonable. I remember Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It had a very gritty texture. Our parents gave it to us as kids and we hated to take it. I suppose they had to take it when they were kids. One thing it would do was give you an appetite. One of their ads says "it makes children and adults as fat as pigs". We didn't have malaria or chills, but we took our share of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic.

In another ad, Hesterly's advertised tonics for women like Pelvitone, McElree's Wine of Cardui, Stella-Vitae, and Dr. Simmons' Squaw Vine Wine.

Other medicines included Dodson's Liver Tone ("It livens the liver"), Grigsby's Liver-Lax, Bell's Podulax for stomach, liver, and kidneys, and Nyal's Liver Stimulator.

Hesterly Drug Store also offered for sale Purple Top and Amber Globe turnip seed, sealing wax, paraffin for sealing fruit jars, and jelly glasses. They sold Bee Brand insect powder for flies, bed bugs, and fleas. They also sold school books, tablets, and pencils and something called a Magic Washing Stick.

The store advertised itself as "the mail order drug store—we pay the postage".

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Speaking of medicines, I know you are probably familiar with the name Lydia E. Pinkham. Old medicine bottles with her name are sometimes found around old home places. I collect old medicine bottles such as these. I especially like the ones that had cork stoppers and those that have the name of the medicine and other information on the bottle. I found this story of the life of this woman in the *Picayune* printed in 1906. I thought her story was quite interesting. Any information you find about these old medicines makes the hobby of collecting the bottles more interesting.

### **A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM Nevada County Picayune—12-7-1906**

This remarkable woman, who maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert and investigating mind, an earnest seeker after knowledge, and above all, possessed with a wonderfully sympathetic nature.

In 1843, she married Isaac Pinkham, a builder and real estate operator, and their early married life was marked by prosperity and happiness. They had four children—three sons and a daughter.

In those good old fashioned days, it was common for mothers to make their own home medicines from roots and herbs, nature's own remedies—calling in a physician only in especially urgent cases. By tradition and experience, many of them gained a wonderful knowledge of the curative properties of the various roots and herbs.

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Mrs. Pinkham took a great interest in the study of roots and herbs, their characteristics and power over disease. She maintained that just as nature so bountifully provides in the harvest-fields and orchards vegetable foods of all kinds; so if we but take the pains to find them, in the roots and herbs of the field there are remedies expressly designed to cure the various ills and weaknesses of the body, and it was her pleasure to search these out and prepare simple and effective medicines for her own family and friends.

Chief of these was a rare combination of the choicest medicinal roots and herbs found best adapted for the cure of the ills and weaknesses peculiar to the female sex, and Lydia E. Pinkham's friends and neighbors learned that her compound relieved and cured and it became quite popular among them.

All of this was done freely, without money and without price, as a labor of love.

But in 1873, the financial crisis struck Lynn. Its length and severity were too much for the large real estate interests of the Pinkham family, as this class of business suffered most from fearful depression, so when the Centennial year dawned, it found their property swept away. Some other source of income had to be found.

The three sons and the daughter, with their mother, combined forces to restore the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their women friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkham sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were to a great extent self advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, the combined efforts of the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, and today, Lydia E. Pinkham and her vegetable compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of her work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not until she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

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During her long and eventful experience, she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including the symptoms, treatment, and results were recorded for future reference, and today these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its originator passed away. For nearly twenty five years, she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With women assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health", freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

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### **THE MIGHTY MINE DODGERS**

I was recently given a bunch of old photos belonging to Carl and Annie Mae Barlow Greer who grew up in Nevada County in the area around the old Goose Ankle community. Carl Greer was the son of John Alexander Greer and Hattie McKelvy Greer. He was raised by my great grandmother after his mother died at a very young age from swamp fever, so he grew up with the McKelvy boys. He married Annie Mae Barlow who lived a few miles away. She was the daughter of Albert Barlow and Minnie Moore Barlow. Annie Mae's father died in 1938 after being hit by lightning while plowing with a mule and her mother later married Douglas Greening. Carl and Annie Mae Greer spent most of their married life a few miles west of Camden near Greening Lake.

There were many unidentified pictures in the collection including some of my family I had not seen before. There were also many military photos from World War II, mainly groups of navy servicemen at various bases enjoying periods of recreation while in the service.

While looking at those military photos, I came across a nice full page certificate given to Paul Gilford Nash for his part in a very dangerous mission during World War II. I don't know why Mr. and Mrs. Greer had this certificate in their possession or how he might have been connected

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to the Greers.

After reading the certificate, my interest was kindled to learn more about the Mighty Mine Dodgers and the part they played during World War II. I don't remember ever studying about that in school.

It all happened near the end of World War II in June, 1945. Germany had already surrendered but Japan continued to fight on. Japan had been receiving supplies from Korea and China through the Sea of Japan. The plan was for submarines to patrol the Sea of Japan to interrupt Japan's supply lines. To do this the submarines had to pass through the Tsushima Straits which the Japanese had heavily mined.

The mission was called "Operation Barney" named after Commander Barney Seiglaflaff who planned the mission. It involved nine submarines who would travel through this mine field in what was called "the most dangerous waters of the war". The submarines involved were the Sea Dog, the Crevalle, the Spadefish, the Tunny, the Spade, the Bonfish, the Flying Fish, the Bowfin, and the Tinoso.

I can imagine how nerve-racking it would be for these men to be in a submarine traveling through a mine field expecting one to explode at any moment. One of the crew members said they traveled for thirty miles at the speed of two knots which he said was slower than a person usually walks and that he was at the helm for seventeen hours straight. The ships had been equipped with some new sonar equipment and the heavily trained crew knew how to tell from the sonar signals what was a mine and what was not. The men said they could sometimes hear the cables from the mines as they scraped along the side of their submarine.

The submarines went through the mine field in groups of three. All nine submarines made it safely through the Tsushima Straits into the Sea of Japan. Each submarine had a certain area to patrol and had orders to shoot at any vessel they found. All nine submarines destroyed enemy ships after going through the mine field.

One man who served on the USS Bowfin said men sometimes went 45 days without a shower because potatoes were stored in the shower and any other place they could find in the limited space of the submarine. Food supplies sometimes ran low before the patrol was completed. The crew on the Bowfin consisted of 100 men and eight officers.

After their mission was completed, the nine submarines planned to rendezvous at a certain location and leave the Sea of Japan, but sadly, the USS Bonfish didn't show up and was presumed to have been sunk by the Japanese. The other eight subs made a daring high-speed escape out of the Sea of Japan at a different place from where they had entered.

You can go to the following web site and find a memorial page which has pictures and information on each of the 85 men lost on the USS Bonfish.

<http://www.oneternalpatrol.com/uss-bonfish-223.htm>

Operation Barney was a great success and Vice Admiral Charles A. Lockwood presented each crew member a special certificate making them an official member of the Mighty Mine Dodgers. Paul Gilford Nash's certificate was in the box of photos that was given to me.

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I learned that Paul Gilford Nash served aboard the USS Bowfin submarine which was said to be one of the most highly decorated submarines of World War II. After getting through the mines into the Sea of Japan, this submarine was responsible for sinking two Japanese ships. The USS Bowfin is now preserved as a submarine memorial at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii.

Now that I know more about this dangerous mission called "Operation Barney", I can appreciate the service of these brave men involved in a very dangerous mission which some called "a suicide mission". They accomplished their goal and the casualties were much less than expected.

Paul Gilford Nash died in 2000 in Ouachita County and is buried in Two Bayou Cemetery. If any of his descendants happen to read this and would contact me, I would be glad to return his certificate to you if you would like to have it. We thank him for his service and that of all the others involved in this important mission during World War II. I'm sure it helped to bring the war to an end. Japan finally surrendered September 2, 1945 after the United States dropped two atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

I never understood why anyone would want to serve on a submarine. Just the thought of being confined underwater for days or weeks at a time in a limited space is enough to give me claustrophobia. The only one I was ever on was the USS Drum parked at Mobile Bay along with the battleship Alabama. Taking the tour of those two ships was interesting but that was enough submarine duty for me.

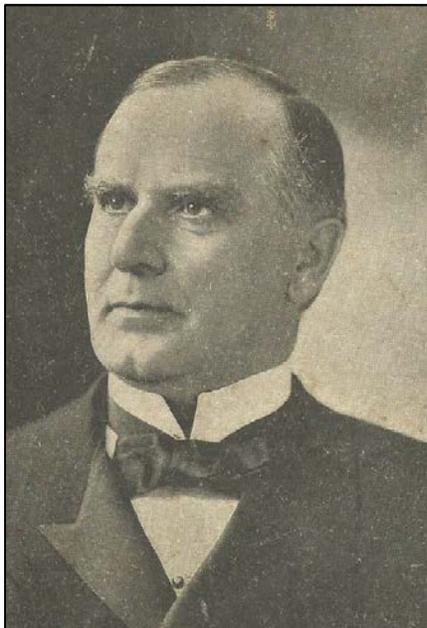


## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



The answer to last month's "What Is It?" is a yoke collar placed on a calf or young cow to keep them from going through fences. It can also be used as a calf weaner.

Those who submitted correct answers were Billy Joe Meador, Eddy McKelvy, Vernell Loe, Norval Poe, and Don Hall.



### WHO IS HE?

This man played a very important part in the history of the United States.

Clues—He was from Ohio.

A famous landmark in a northern state is named after him.

He was rarely seen without a red carnation pinned to his lapel.

Send me your answer or guess by Oct. 15<sup>th</sup>.

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### RAINFALL RECORD

January – 1.2 inches

February—3.6 inches

March—5.0 inches

April – 5.8 inches

May—5.5 inches

June—4.0 inches

July – 5.2 inches

August – 8.2 inches

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

*Vol. 13 – No. 11*

[\*sandman43@att.net\*](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*November, 2014*

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**GRANTORS OF LAND TO NEVADA COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICTS (1878 TO 1919)**

**(This list is not complete)**

1878—**G. F. Wynn to School District No. 18**; Pt. S ½ SE ¼ Section 23, Township 10 South, Range 23 West (Book I, Page 104)—near Pleasant Hill

1882—**Jesse Johnson to School District No. 29**; Pt. SE1/4 NE1/4 Section 30, Township 11 South, Range 22 West (Book K, Page 207)—near Hickory Grove

1883—**William Hall and wife to School District No. 39**; NE1/4 NE1/4; SE1/4 NE1/4 Section 23, Township 13 South, Range 22 West (Book J, Page 412)—west of Rosston

1883—**Robert McNeely to School District No. 5**; Pt. SE1/4 Section 31, Township 10 South, Range 21 West (Book K, Page 187)—near Redland

1884—**Tilman Buchanan to School District No. 20**; Pt. SW1/4 SW1/4 Section 27, Township 10 South, Range 22 West (Book K, Page 591)—near Boughton

1885—**Jesse Johnson to School District No. 29**; Pt. SE1/4 NE1/4 Section 30, Township 11 South, Range 21 West (Book M, Page 430)—near Cale Rd. southeast of Prescott

1885—**J. H. McHaffey and wife to School District No. 17**; Pt. NW1/4 NW1/4 Section 12, Township 13 South, Range 22 West (Book M, Page 240)—near Bluff Springs

1885—**James Gill and wife to School District No. 29**; Pt. NE1/4 SE1/4 Section 30, Township 11 South, Range 21 West (Book M, Page 436)—near Cale Rd. southeast of Prescott

**1893—P. G. DeWoody and wife to School District No. 30**; Pt. NE1/4 NE1/4 Section 34, Township 11 South, Range 20 West (Book 32, Page 406)—near Bluff City

**????—R. M. Henry to School District No. 60**; Pt. SE1/4 SE1/4 Section 8, Township 12 South, Range 20 West (Book 37, Page 358)—Gum Grove southwest of Bluff City

**????—Theodore Haynie to School District No. 46**; Section 5, Township 14 South, Range 21 West (Book 38, Page 4)—near Irma

1906—**Mary Guthrey to School District No. 26**; Pt. NE1/4 N?1/4 Section 26, Township 11 South, Range 23 West (Book 45, Page 9)—between Prescott and Emmet

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

1907—**J. W. Gordon and wife to School District No. 80**; Section 3, Township 11 South, Range 23 West (Book 47, Page 75)—near Midway

1908—**E. DeLaughter and wife to School District No. 25**; Pt. NE1/4 Section 23, Township 10 South, Range 22 West (Book 45, Page 220 and Book 45, Page 230)—near Boughton

1909—**William Sutton and wife to School District No. 73**; (Book 45, Page 367)--???

1909—**J. P. Wreyford and wife to School District No. 22**; Pt. NW1/4 NW1/4 and Pt. NW1/4 SW1/4 Section 7, Township 15 South, Range 21 West (Book 47, Page 529)—east of Falcon

1909—**Thomas C. McRae to School District No. 54 at Rosston**; (Book 49, Page 529)

1911—**J. W. Jordan and wife to School District No. 63**; Pt. W1/2 SW1/4 SE1/4 Section 13, Township 12 South, Range 22 West (Book 54, Page 14)—northeast of Laneburg

1911—**P. H. Herring and wife to School District No. 69**; Pt. SW1/4 SE1/4 Section 26, Township 13 South, Range 22 West (Book 54, Page 100)—between Bodcaw and Willisville

1911—**John Russell and wife to School District No. 55 at Falcon**; (Book 56, Page 219)

1912—**J. A. Young and wife to School District No. 77**; Pt. NW1/4 NE1/4 Section 20, Township 14 South, Range 21 West (Book 64, Page 599)—near Willisville

1913—**J. F. Babb to School District No. 65**; Section 28, Township 11 South, Range 21 West (Book 56, Page 631)—between Cale Rd. and Sweet Home

1913—**E. H. Haynie and wife to School District No. 5**; Pt. NE1/4 SE1/4 Section 5, Township 11 South, Range 21 West (Book 64, Page 453)—north of Liberty Cemetery at Redland

????—**Sam Westmoreland and wife to School District No. 12**; Pt. SW1/4 NW1/4 Section 10, Township 12 South, Range 21 West (Book 64, Page 453)—Cale Rd. near Westmoreland Cemetery

1916—**C. B. Butcher and wife to School District No. 34**; Section 1, Township 14 South, Range 22 West (Book 64, Page 512)—near Holly Springs

1916—**E. G. Gulley and wife to School District No. 1**; Pt. NE1/4 SE1/4 Section 28, Township 12 South, Range 20 West (Book 64, Page 533)—near Ebenezer Cemetery

1916—**William Basden and wife to School District No. 34**; Section 1 Township 14 South, Range 22 West (Book 73, Page 485)—near Holly Springs

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1916—**W. S. West and wife to School District No. 77**; Pt. NE1/4 NE1/4 Section 20, Township 14 South, Range 21 West (Book 74, Page 3)—near Willisville

1919—**D. A. Martin and wife to School District No. 81**; Pt. NW1/4 SW1/4 Section 3, Township 14 South, Range 23 West (Book 82, Page 486)—near Hempstead Co. line west of Bodcaw

1919—**N. Hudson and wife to School District No. 20**; Pt. NW1/4 SW1/4 Section 28, Township 10 South, Range 22 West (Book 82, Page 538)—between Prescott and Boughton

1919—**W. S. Westmoreland and wife to School District No. 12**; Pt. SE1/4 NW1/4 Section 10, Township 12 South, Range 21 West (Book 84, Page 45)—Cale Rd. north of Morris

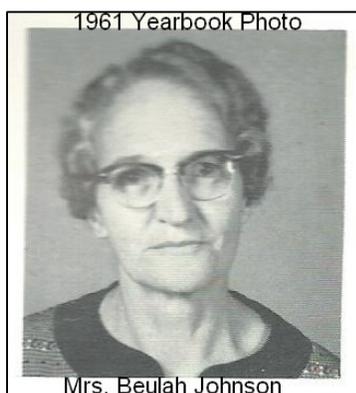
1919—**J. A. Cooper and wife to School District No. 84**; Pt. NE1/4 SE1/4 Section 11, Township 15 South, Range 21 West (Book 86, Page 50)—near Columbia Co. line

1919—**J. H. Hamilton to School District No. 33**; Pt. NW1/4 NE1/4 Section 26, Township 12 South, Range 23 West (Book 86, Page 353)—few miles south of Emmet

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## MRS. BEULAH JOHNSON—A LIFETIME OF SERVICE

We can all think back and remember some of our teachers we had in school. We remember them for different reasons. Some were our favorites and some we remember mainly because they were very strict. Some had a great influence on our lives although we didn't really appreciate them until we got older. Thinking back to my school days, I believe I had some really good teachers who did their best to make us into productive citizens and gave us the knowledge we needed to compete in whatever field of work we chose to do.



I had Mrs. Beulah Johnson in the fifth grade at Park Elementary in Prescott back in the 1953-54. I wouldn't say she was my favorite teacher, but I do remember her as being one who demanded discipline from her students. I recently found an article in the June 10, 1976 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* entitled "Beulah Johnson—Woman with a Mission". The article was written about the time Mrs. Johnson retired from teaching.

Mrs. Johnson taught school for 42 years and private kindergarten classes for 13 years. She taught at Cale for 10 years, at Pleasant Hill for several years, and at Prescott for over 22 years. All of her teaching was done in Nevada County except for one year outside the county. She believed in teaching children discipline, respect, and love of God and country.

She was the daughter of Dr. Joseph C. Tompkins and Lee Ota Moore Tompkins and was born about four miles east of Prescott. She attended grade school in Prescott before her family

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

moved to Sutton. She boarded with families in Prescott while getting her high school education. After graduating from high school, she began to teach but realized she needed more education. She took college courses in the summer while teaching during the regular school year.

According to the article, when the new school term started following her retirement, she watched the buses pass her house and kids excited about returning to school. She missed her work so much that she fell into a deep depression. She loved teaching and all the children she taught. Having to quit working after doing it for so many years was almost more than she could bear. That may have been when she did her private kindergarten teaching.

Mrs. Johnson and her husband, Eldry, once lived in the Goose Ankle community. I know where their house place was but I have never been to it since it is quite a distance off the main road. Her husband was a cattle man and was always buying and selling cattle.

Mrs. Johnson died January 22, 1993 and was buried at Bluff City Cemetery next to her husband and her parents. When we did our cemetery survey for that cemetery, I came across her grave which had no marker except for a small metal funeral home marker. I thought of how she had spent her whole life in the teaching profession and felt bad that she did not even have a stone to mark her grave. Many graves get lost over time since those small funeral home markers often get moved or become unreadable. I documented where her grave was just in case something happened to the small metal marker. I was surprised the other day when I went by her grave and noticed a nice new stone had been placed there in the last few months marking the graves of Mrs. Johnson and her husband.



Mrs. Johnson lived to be 92 years old. She taught many students during her teaching career and some of you reading this may have had her for a teacher. Teachers do not get enough praise for the work they do. I appreciate Mrs. Johnson now a lot more than I did when I was in her class in the fifth grade. I had no idea at that time that just fifteen years later, I would be teaching school at Cale, Arkansas, one of the places where Mrs. Johnson taught.

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## RAINFALL RECORD

**January – 1.2 inches**  
**April – 5.8 inches**  
**July – 5.2 inches**

**February—3.6 inches**  
**May—5.5 inches**  
**August – 8.2 inches**

**March—5.0 inches**  
**June—4.0 inches**  
**September— .6 inch**

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



This man pictured in the last issue was President William McKinley, one of the four presidents to be assassinated. He was shot by an anarchist named Leon Czolgosz and died eight days later from gangrene. He usually wore a red carnation for good luck but had given the one he was wearing to a little girl a few minutes before being shot. The landmark named after him is Mt. McKinley in Alaska. McKinley was also pictured on the \$500 bill in 1928, but the bill is no longer printed. McKinley was president from 1897 to 1901. The Spanish-American war happened during his term. By terms of the treaty ending the war, the United States gained the Philippines, Guam, and Puerto Rico. McKinley was succeeded by his vice-president, Theodore Roosevelt.

Those who had the correct answer were Cathy Straley, Blake Fairchild, Adam Beck, Yvonne Munn, Mike McNeill, Kim Meador Sanders, Jo Ann White, and Melba and Don Hall.

### WHAT IS IT?



This object is made of metal and is about 18 inches tall and eight inches in diameter. The small round metal bowl fits inside the tall part and the lid fits over it on top. There is a bail on top.

Send me your answer or guess by Dec. 15. The answer will be in the next issue.

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### STORIES WANTED

I'm sure that some of you who read this have some good stories to tell. If you have a family story, or if you can write up a fictional story, send it to me. It doesn't have to be any certain length. All I ask is that it be suitable for family reading. A picture to go with your story would be nice, too. I wish my imagination was good enough to come up with some good ideas for stories. I will start it off in this issue with a short story I wrote called "Miss Fannie's Telephone". I'm sure you can do better. So, if we have any budding writers out there, here's your chance to get published. I'm sorry I can't pay you for your work.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## MISS FANNIE'S TELEPHONE

by Jerry McKelvy

*Note: This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.*

Miss Fannie Bascom lived alone in a small white house in a rural community in Arkansas. She had never married and was now in her early seventies. She once owned an automobile, a 1952 Plymouth, which she sold two years ago. The world was getting too fast-paced for her, so she gave up driving and relied on her friends to take her where she needed to go.

Now that she had a telephone, she could keep in touch with family and friends. She didn't like the monthly bill, but the telephone gave her a lot of enjoyment. She almost considered it a necessity now that she was getting older. If she needed help, she could easily call someone.

Her telephone was on a four-party line. That meant her phone would ring anytime one of the parties got a call. It took her awhile to get the hang of it, but she finally learned not to answer unless it was her ring--two longs and a short.

She did sometimes pick up the phone just to listen in to the conversation. She thought nobody would know she was listening if she didn't say anything. Little did she know that everyone on the party line knew when she picked up the phone to listen because her phone was located next to her bed. Whenever she talked on the phone, she sat down on her bed and her bed springs squeaked. When someone heard the squeak, they knew Miss Fannie was listening in.

One of the families on her party line had a teenage son named Steve who sometimes talked to Brenda, a girl his age who lived a few miles away. They knew Miss Fannie sometimes listened in on their conversations. The squeaking bed springs always let them know when she was on the line.

They decided to teach Miss Fannie a lesson. The next time they knew she was listening, they would carry on a conversation that would really get her attention.

The next day when they were talking, they heard the squeak which was the signal to begin their pre-planned conversation.

"What time will you be ready?" Steve asked.

"My parents are usually asleep by ten o'clock, but you'd better wait until midnight to be sure", Brenda answered. "I'll have my suitcase packed and be ready to go."

Steve heard the squeaking sound again. He almost laughed as he thought of Miss Fannie sitting on her bed with the telephone glued to her ear.

"I'll leave the car just down the road from your house. When I tap on your window, just raise the window. I'll help you out and we can walk down the road to my car. We'll drive over to the

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

justice of the peace in Cloverdale and get married.”

“That sounds great”, Brenda said. “Won’t it be a surprise to everybody when they find out we eloped?”

“I’ll see you later tonight then. I love you,” Steve said.

“I love you, too,” said Brenda.

Miss Fannie could hardly believe what she had just heard. These two kids she had known all their lives were planning on getting married tonight without their parent’s knowledge. They were good kids, but they were only 16 years old and she was sure their parents would not approve of this. She decided the only thing to do was to let the parents know before this marriage took place, but that presented a problem. They would then find out she had been eavesdropping on the telephone.

Maybe she should just forget what she had heard. Actually, it was none of her business and if she didn’t say anything, nobody would know she had been listening in on the telephone. It was time for her usual afternoon nap, but now she was so upset, she couldn’t possibly sleep. She wished she had not overheard the conversation between the two teens.

She had just about decided to call Brenda's father and let him know the situation when a thought popped into her head. Wasn't there a law that stated a person under the age of eighteen must have their parent's consent to get married? She was sure she had heard that somewhere. These kids were only sixteen, so how could they legally get married unless their parents gave consent. Surely the justice of the peace would follow the law.

Miss Fannie felt a great sense of relief and decided to just pretend she never overheard the conversation. If the kids went through with their plan, it would all come to an end when they discovered they were too young to get married. She had missed her afternoon nap worrying about all this.

She heard the telephone ring about that time, but it was not her ring. She thought it might be Steve and Brenda talking again, but she decided not to pick up. She might overhear something even more titillating and then what would she do?

Tomorrow was Sunday and she would see both families at church services. She wondered if Steve and Brenda would be there. She figured neither family would get much sleep having to deal with this marriage business in the middle of Saturday night.

Miss Fannie arrived at church the next morning with a friend and took her usual seat. She glanced across the aisle and noticed Steve and Brenda sitting together as they usually did. Both sets of parents were there also. Everything appeared to be normal except both families looked a little tired. Miss Fannie was the only one who knew the reason for that.

The services began and everyone joined in the singing followed by an uplifting sermon. When

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

services were over, the congregation began to file out the front door shaking hands with the preacher. Miss Fannie and her friend entered the center aisle of the church about the same time as Steve and Brenda.

"How are you today, Miss Fannie?" Brenda asked.

"I'm doing fine, Brenda. How are you?"

"I'm a little sleepy this morning. Steve and I went with our parents to a rodeo over in Texarkana last night and we didn't get home until about midnight."

Steve spoke up about that time and said, "Yea, and then when I got into bed I couldn't get to sleep. Every time I moved, the bed springs squeaked and that kept me awake."

Miss Fannie was puzzled. How could they have been at a rodeo? About that time, she overheard Steve's father talking to one of the other men about the rodeo, so evidently it was true.

When Miss Fannie arrived home from church services, she was still trying to figure out what had happened last night. She had thought Steve and Brenda were running off to get married and instead they were at a rodeo with their parents. She fixed her a bite to eat and then decided to read for a while. Soon she became sleepy and since it was time for her afternoon nap, she lay down on her bed. As she turned over on her side, the bed springs squeaked loudly. As she lay there thinking about the events of the last two days, she suddenly realized that Steve had said something at church about his bed springs squeaking and keeping him awake last night. Wasn't that a coincidence? Soon she drifted off to sleep and dreamed of a young man she had loved when she was a teenager over fifty years ago.

An hour later she was awakened by the ringing of the telephone by her bed. It was not her ring, but since she was awake, she might as well listen in to see what was going on. She sat up on the edge of the bed and as she put the phone to her ear, someone said, "Hello, Miss Fannie". She quickly dropped the receiver back in the cradle and wondered how they knew she was on the line. These telephones were just getting too smart.

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### **A LOCAL NEWS TIDBIT FROM *THE NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE***

Bluff City—January 27, 1916

Dr. E. S. Whaley proposes to move his drugs to Emmet this week where he will put in a drug store under the care of his clerk, A. F. Byrd. When he leaves there will not be a drug store left here. We regret very much to see him leave us. At one time there were six stores in Bluff City but they decreased rapidly and when the drug store leaves, there will only be two dry goods stores left.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

December, 2014

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**THE CHIDESTER MERCANTILE**

The Chidester Mercantile Co. dates back to February 4, 1911. The first officers were G. R. Riffe, president; H. E. Kirby, vice-president; W. C. Stinnett, secretary-treasurer; and Thomas H. Benton as manager.

For many years this firm served the people of Chidester and the surrounding area with a good selection of groceries, meat, clothing, shoes, and other items found in a typical general store. Chidester, like so many other small towns, has lost population in recent years. Small stores cannot compete with large stores like Walmart. Chidester residents these days must drive to Camden to do their shopping.

Even though the Chidester Mercantile stands vacant today, many people in this area have fond memories of the days past when the Mercantile was going strong. The above picture was taken September 1, 2014.

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**THE ARKANSAS ROAD LAW OF 1915**

These days we pay high taxes for the upkeep of the roads and bridges. We complain sometimes about pot-holes and rough roads, but we have it so much better today than folks had it a hundred years ago.

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Roads were in bad shape back then and most of the county roads were not even graveled. When the heavy rains came, the roads turned into mud and deep ruts and were almost impassable. Bridges couldn't handle heavy loads and were constantly being washed out by heavy rains.

The Arkansas road law of 1915 provided for improvements to roads and bridges, but I wonder how such a plan would work these days. The law required all able-bodied men between the ages of 21 and 45 to work at least four days each year on the public roads and bridges in the township where they lived. If a man furnished a team of horses or mules for a full day, he was exempt from further road duty that year. A man could also pay the county \$3.00 and be exempt from road duty for a year. That doesn't sound like much today, but in 1915, it was enough to get your attention.

Each township had a road overseer that was in charge of seeing that the work got done. The justices of the peace in each township compiled a list of all men subject to road duty. They received ten cents per name from the county. The justices of the peace had to certify the names on the list were not fictitious names and if found guilty of submitting false names would be guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not less than \$10 or more than \$25.

When a man was needed for road duty, the overseer contacted him to report to work. He must pay the overseer \$1 per day for each day he did not report to work after being warned. Twelve hours notice from the overseer was considered a legal warning.

All bridges and culverts were numbered and signs were erected at each intersection giving the number of miles to the principal center of each county.

The overseer reported to the county at the end of each week the names of all men who worked, what kind of work they did, and how much money he had collected which he turned over to the county at the end of each month. The overseer could hire laborers to work if needed but could not pay them over one dollar per day. No person under the age of 18 could be hired. The overseer was paid \$2.00 per day for each team being used. Four teams were used to pull road graders.

This law applied only to Nevada, Clark, Pike, Little River, and Howard counties.

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### **THE LAST HANGING IN NEVADA COUNTY (POSSIBLY)**

There have been a few legal hangings in Nevada County in the past, but possibly the last hanging happened May 27, 1916 and it was not legal by any means.

Felix Gilmore, a black man about 21 years old, had been accused of attacking a seventeen year old white girl, the daughter of one of Nevada County's most respected citizens, while she was

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home alone. A posse searched the nearby woods but couldn't find him. Gilmore was finally found hiding in a loft near town and was arrested by police officers and placed in jail.

There was much talk and threats against Gilmore, so Sheriff Munn decided to move Gilmore to the jail in Arkadelphia for his own safety. The sheriff along with deputies Theo Elgin and Lee Griffith accompanied the prisoner when they left Prescott for Arkadelphia. About two miles out of town, they were stopped by a mob of about fifty heavily armed men who demanded that the prisoner be turned over to them and they told the sheriff and deputies to return to town.

When people found out what happened, a large number of people went to the scene and found the body of Felix Gilmore hanging from a tree near the road just past Rose Hill Dairy. The mob had carried out their mission without a shot being fired. Early Saturday morning, the body was cut down, brought to Prescott, and turned over to Undertaker Cornish.

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

Felix Gilmore is not listed in the cemetery surveys, so he was probably buried in an unmarked grave somewhere around Prescott.

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## **LOGAN GROCERY CO.**

**(some information from the 6-10-1976 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

Logan Grocery Co. in Prescott was organized in 1919 by Sam O. Logan , Emond Logan, J. M. Pittman, Dan Pittman, and Charlie Pittman. They rented a building from W. B. Waller and later purchased it in 1935. This building at 211 East Front Street would be the home of Logan Grocery Co. for the next 57 years.



This old Prescott photo is a little blurry but you can see the Logan Grocery Co. sign on the building on the right side of the photo. You can also see the large Prescott Hardware Co. building in the background and Joe Boswell's Department Store. The white building on the left was a Ben Franklin store at that time.

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In the early days, Prescott streets were unpaved and most of the county roads were not even graveled. The company had wagons pulled by mules or horses to deliver goods to the many small country stores in the surrounding area. The company had a 1 ½ ton Dodge truck but only used it in town since it could not handle the bad roads out in the county. About once each summer, an oil tank was installed underneath the truck and oil was sprayed on the streets of Prescott to keep down the dust.

In 1924, Logan Grocery Co. built a warehouse in Gurdon to better serve that area and a few years later, the company bought out Goff Wholesale Grocery Co. at Norman. In 1936, they opened a warehouse at Arkadelphia and closed the ones at Gurdon and Norman.

The company carried a complete line of groceries, dry goods, and notions. They also had a good selection of school supplies. Everyone growing up in Nevada County remembers the Blue and Gold tablets and paper used in schools. I can remember when the Logan salesman stopped at the stores in Bluff City to take orders for the next truck delivery.

Sam Logan and Emond Logan served as chairman of the board, president, and secretary for almost fifty years each and left a solid company to carry on.



In 1975, the company began construction of a new building with 32,000 square feet of space. This building was located on Hwy. 24 where the P & NW railroad cross the highway. The grand opening of that building was in June, 1976. The officers of the company at that time were Floyd Leverett, president; Floyd Crain, vice-president; Billy Don Simpson, secretary along with Dan Walter Pittman, D. L. McRae, H. H. McKenzie, T. M. Bemis, and Gus McCaskill.

Logan Grocery Co. went out of business sometime in the late 1980s. The large building they occupied is still there but is used now by another firm (see photo above). Logan Grocery Co. was one of the major business firms of Prescott for many years.

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## **RAINFALL RECORD**

**January – 1.2 inches**  
**April – 5.8 inches**  
**July – 5.2 inches**  
**October—7.8 inches**

**February—3.6 inches**  
**May—5.5 inches**  
**August – 8.2 inches**

**March—5.0 inches**  
**June—4.0 inches**  
**September— .6 inch**

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



The object in the last issue is an early version of a refrigerator. Milk was put in the container. Butter was placed in the bowl and placed inside the container over the milk. The lid was put on and the container was let down in the well to keep the milk and butter (or other foods) cold.

Those who got the correct answer were: Jean Cunningham Harville and Norval Poe. Geneva Smith called it an antique thermos, so I guess we can count that as a correct answer.

Other answers received were: (1) a lunch pail; (2) used to carry ashes when cleaning wood cook stove, (3) used in making cheese.

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## **OLD RECIPES**

When I come across an old cookbook, I look for unusual recipes or something that sounds unusual to me. I recently found an old cookbook from 1927 put out by a church in Oklahoma. It says the recipes have been thoroughly tested by home cooks. Here are a few recipes from that book. You might want to give them a try.

### **PRUNE ICE CREAM**

1 cup prune pulp  
1 cup cold water

1 cab sweetened condensed milk  
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Wash and rub the prunes in lukewarm water until clean. Cover with cold water and let them soak 10 to 12 hours. Stew them in same water closely covered until tender. Add sugar to taste, about 2 tablespoons to 1 pound of fruit. Cook ten minutes longer or until syrup is thick.

Measure a heaped cup of the prunes, remove the stones and rub the pulp and juice through a puree strainer. Then mix it with the milk diluted with the cold water, add lemon juice and when smooth, freeze as directed.

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### **BAKED APPLE**

1 firm apple; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 tablespoon butter

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Wash and core apple. Set in muffin pan or individual custard cup. Sprinkle with sugar. Dot with butter. Place in a hot oven (400 degrees) and bake until tender. Scrape pulp from skin and serve with milk (or cream if allowed).

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## **COFFEE**

Allow one tablespoon coffee for each cup. Put white of an egg and enough cold water to mix together. Then add a cup of boiling water for each tablespoon of coffee and boil 5 minutes.

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## **PEANUT BUTTER**

Put in vessel on fire 1½ cups of sugar, stir constantly until it melts, then add 1 cup peanuts broken in pieces; take from fire immediately and pour out on wet bread board, roll desire thickness with damp rolling pin and lift from the board.

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## **CHICKEN WIGGLES**

1 cup cooked chicken (cut up fine)	1 tsp. butter
1 cup sweet milk	½ cup chopped celery
½ cup cream	1 cup walnut meats
2 egg yolks	½ can peas
1 tsp. salt	

Scald the cream and milk, beat egg yolks with butter, salt, cook until thickens, add chicken, peas, celery, cook until heated through, add nut meats, serve hot.

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## **ANGEL DREAMS**

6 slices stale bread	6 strips bacon
6 slices American cheese	Paprika

Cover bread with cheese. Put bacon strip on top. Place in broiler and cook until bacon is crisp. Dust with paprika. Serve hot.

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## **BAKED EGGS**

Break the number of eggs desired, leave yolks in the shell, beat the whites with a pinch of salt until stiff, put in buttered pan, drop the yolks equal distance apart, sprinkle a little salt and pepper over and put in moderate oven and bake until white is done. Cut in squares with yolk in center and serve.

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## **OUR FORGOTTEN CEMETERIES**

I suppose every county has some abandoned cemeteries. Some are old family plots with just a few graves and others are an acre or more in size. I'm sure people who lived a hundred years ago never thought that one day their cemeteries would be completely neglected and grown up with trees and brush.

There are many reasons for this. Old communities cease to exist and people leave for other places to find work. The cemeteries were probably maintained for several years until the caretaker got too old to do the work. Most cemetery associations these days have perpetual funds invested in CDs with the interest being used for the upkeep of the cemeteries. The problem with that is the interest rates have been so low the last few years that many small cemeteries are struggling to have enough money to pay for the mowing. Some family members who live far away make monetary donations to help with the upkeep of the cemetery, but the older members pass on and the younger people who are most able to contribute just don't seem to be interested in the cemeteries.

I know of at least 27 abandoned cemeteries in Nevada County (about one fourth of the total number). Ouachita County also has many very old cemeteries that are no longer being maintained. Some of these old cemeteries are deep in the woods completely forgotten except for a few interested individuals and the local deer hunters. If there is a cemetery in the woods, some deer hunter will usually know about it.

Some people buy property and later discover an old cemetery somewhere on the property. Most people will protect these old cemeteries, but there are a few individuals who could care less. Some small cemeteries are accidentally being damaged by logging equipment.

There should be strict laws regarding old cemeteries so that they will be protected. All property deeds should show any known cemeteries located on that property. I wish our lawmakers would consider passing stricter laws to make sure these burial places are preserved.

In some places, caring individuals are adopting some of these old cemeteries and clearing away the brush. Some counties are using non-violent prisoners to help with the work of clearing the brush and some organizations like the Boy Scouts have also helped in some places.

Here are just a few pictures of some of our local forgotten cemeteries. There is plenty of work to be done if anyone is interested in preserving these old burying grounds. I'm sure that there are people somewhere who are probably looking for the burial place of their distant relatives. This type work is like most volunteer work—a lot of labor involved and no pay, but it will give you a good feeling knowing that you helped save an old cemetery that was in danger of being completely lost.

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**Smyrna Cemetery** north of Prescott. On private land. At least 75 graves here. Overgrown with brush and trees.



**Christopher Cemetery** –a small cemetery off Hwy. 278 in Nevada County. One marker is leaning against a tree. His wife’s marker is lying flat on the ground on the left side of picture. At least six graves are here included a 10 ft. x 10 ft. plot surrounded by an iron fence.



**Seminary Cemetery** north of Stephens in Ouachita Co. About one acre in size. Many markers are in good shape. At least 70 graves here. Overgrown with mature timber. Access by a woods road.



**Pharr Cemetery** in Ouachita Co. near White Oak Lake. Some markers are 100 feet or more from other markers. There are probably many lost graves here. Overgrown with timber and brush.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

*Vol. 15 – No. 1*

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*January, 2015*

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**THE JOHN GRIFFITH PLACE (WINTER SCENE)**

Mrs. Zettie Griffith Link sent me this painting she just completed of the old John Griffith place which was located west of Gum Grove. The painting is so good I thought it deserved a place on the front page of this issue.

Mrs. Link is a self-taught painter and is now 95 years young. I asked her when she started painting and she said she was interested in painting as a small child and has been painting all her life. She laughed and said she did her first painting with a bottle of shoe polish.

She mentioned a few little stories in regard to her talent. One time a class project in school was to draw a map of the United States. She turned her map in and the teacher accused her of copying it instead of drawing it herself. She told the teacher she didn't copy it, but the teacher refused to believe her and made her draw another map to turn in the next day. So, she drew another map not quite as good as the first one just to please the teacher. She also mentioned that she once drew sketches of all her teachers and one of the teachers happened to walk by

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and noticed the sketches. He asked her to stay after class and told her that with her talent, she should be taking art class. That sounded wonderful to her. The teacher even asked if he could keep the sketch she drew of him.

Her excitement didn't last long because when she got home and told her father about it, he said he wasn't paying \$30 a month for her to go to school to draw pictures. He wanted her to study to be a teacher, so she had to give up the art class and stick with the other subjects.

I'm glad she didn't give up on her art work because she has drawn some wonderful paintings over the years. She has paintings of the Griffith place in all four seasons of the year. She says everyone seems to like this snow scene best. She has just about completed one for me of the old Berry Martin home place where I grew up. She says her hands are not quite as steady anymore and it's harder to do the fine detail work, so these will probably be her last large paintings like this. She will continue with smaller projects as long as she is able.

Thank you, Mrs. Link for letting us enjoy the results of your artistic talent.

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## **THE PRESCOTT RIFLE CLUB**

By the summer of 1917, it was pretty certain that the United States would be drawn into the war in Europe. It was at this time that the Prescott Rifle Club was organized with the purpose of encouraging rifle practice and in the case of an emergency to protect people and homes in the city.

One rifle was provided for each five members and each member was given 120 rounds of ammunition. Nearby farmers were also invited to participate. The following officers were selected: Sheriff Sam Munn, president; Ed Barham, vice-president; E. M. Sharp, recorder; Dan Pittman, treasurer; and T. C. McRae, drill master.

Any male over 16 years of age could join and the number soon grew to over 300 members. After the United States joined in the war (World War I), the War Department announced that there was shortage of guns for the various Home Guards.

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## **FAVORITE SEASON**

A recent poll shows that fall is the favorite season of most Americans (29%). Those over age 55 preferred spring (37%), followed by fall (30%), summer (20%), and winter (4%).

Those age 18-34 favored summer as their favorite season (30%).

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **THE OLD PRESCOTT CITY JAIL**

Sometime when you are in Prescott, you might take a little tour of the old Prescott City Jail. It is located in an alley directly behind the city hall. I stopped there recently and took a few pictures. A person would really appreciate having the freedom to come and go as you please after looking at the place where prisoners were once held. There are three cells inside the small building. A small space by one cell contains an old toilet and a small sink. Another toilet is behind the other two cells. Everything inside is made of metal. Even the cots are held in place by a heavy chain which allowed them to be folded out of the way when not in use.

The jail was built in 1928 and was used until the 1960s. Another source says it was built in 1912. It is now on the register of historic places. The Chamber of Commerce spruced it up a few years ago. The locks were removed from the doors, so the building is open for inspection.



The jail is a cold, lonely looking place. All that exposed metal made it seem extra cold on the cold November day when I was there. I would think that a prisoner might consider changing his ways after being held there for any length of time. The cells are small, approximately six feet by nine feet. One cell is separated from the other two by a heavy metal door.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



Two adjoining cells at the rear of the building. A toilet is directly behind these two cells.

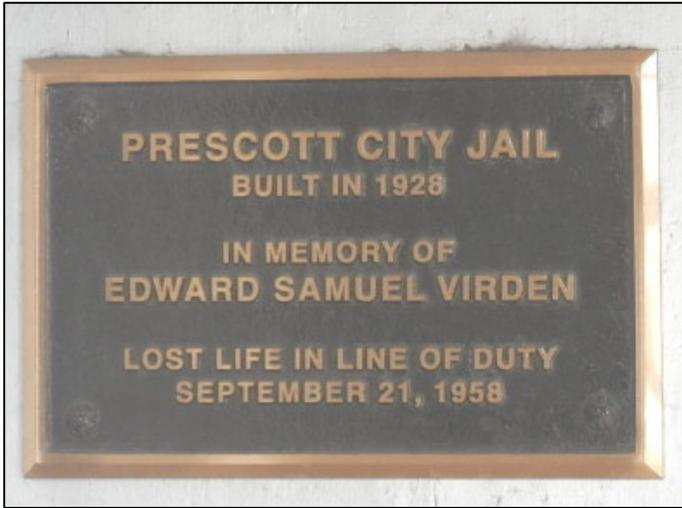


This cell is just inside the front door. You can see the metal cot on the left held up by chains. I suppose the cot could be folded up toward the wall when not in use. As you can see space is very limited. Cell dimensions are six feet by nine feet.



The toilet and sink in the small space to the right of the cell in the above picture. The prisoner in the above cell would have this view from his cell.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



Just inside the front door on a wall is this plaque. Edward Samuel Virden was a city police officer who was fatally shot in the jail by a prisoner in 1958.

Edward Virden had only been working for the police department for fourteen months. He was 35 years old, married, and had three small children.

Officer Virden had stopped a motorist named Kenneth Nicely from London, Kentucky and had placed him under

arrest and proceeded to lock him up in the Prescott city jail.

About 11:00 p.m., state trooper Tommy Himes noticed Officer Virden's car parked outside the jail which was unusual and went to investigate. Inside the jail, he found Officer Virden dead from a gunshot wound. No other prisoners were in the jail at that time.

At first, it was thought Officer Virden was killed with his own gun since it was missing. His billfold was also missing. After more investigation, it was determined he had been shot with a 45 caliber automatic pistol. Two other 45 bullets were found in the wall inside the jail.

Law officers from all the surrounding states assisted in the search for Virden's killer. Nicely was suspected to be the killer, but there was no actual proof. Then word came that Kenneth Nicely had been stopped in Kingsville, Texas for speeding in a school zone. During the stop there was an altercation with the Kingsville officer. Shots were fired and Nicely was critically wounded by a gunshot to the neck and he was hospitalized. A search of his car turned up a 45 caliber pistol in the glove compartment. Bullets from that gun matched the bullets found in the wall of the Prescott city jail and the one that had killed Officer Virden.

Nicely had also been wanted in connection with the murder of an auto salesman in Kentucky named Tony Brown.

Extradition papers were quickly prepared and three officers from Prescott traveled to Kingsville, Texas to bring Nicely back to Prescott. Kentucky also wanted to extradite him but the Prescott papers arrived first so he was turned over to the Prescott authorities.

It was not certain that Nicely would be able to return to Prescott since he had been severely wounded during his arrest. His doctor finally agreed to let him return to Arkansas if he could be transported by plane. An airplane was sent from Arkansas to pick him up. Two officers accompanied him on the plane while the third officer drove the car back to Prescott. The plane

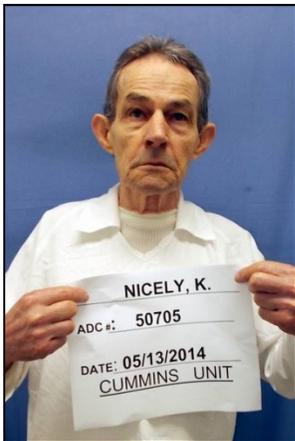
## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

landed at the Hope airport and Nicely was transported by ambulance to the Cora Donnell Hospital in Prescott where he was guarded day and night for the next ten days. During his hospital stay, he celebrated his twentieth birthday.

While being questioned in the hospital, Nicely admitted he had killed Officer Virden. He denied having anything to do with the murder of the salesman in Kentucky.

Nicely was sent to the state hospital for 30 days of observation. He was transported there by ambulance. After this observation period he was returned to Prescott and was declared to be sane.

About three months after Officer Virden was killed, Kenneth Nicely faced a jury in Prescott on the charge of first degree murder. Even though he had admitted killing Officer Virden, the jury had to determine his punishment. The jury was made up of eleven whites and one Negro. During the trial, he stated he shot Officer Virden because he thought Virden was going to shoot him. The trial resulted in a verdict of life in prison for Kenneth Nicely who was 20 years old at the time. *(from the files of The Nevada News)*



An inmate search of the Arkansas prison system reveals that Kenneth Nicely is still alive and is serving his sentence at the Cummins prison in Arkansas. He is now 77 years old. He has been a guest of the Arkansas prison system for the last 57 years.

Officer Edward Virden was buried in DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott.

It is somewhat sobering to visit the old jail and know what happened there back in 1958. Policemen have dangerous jobs and have to deal with all sorts of dangerous people. Officer Edward Virden was the only Prescott officer to be killed in the line of duty with the exception of City Marshal Fred Murrah who was killed while helping other officers raid a whiskey still near Lackland in 1923.

Having a suitable place to house criminals has always been a problem for local governments. The present Nevada County jail just south of the court house has failed inspections in recent years and was in danger of being closed. Voters approved a tax increase to construct a new detention center (fancy name for a jail) and offices for the sheriff's department. That building is beginning to take shape and is located near the court house on the spot formerly occupied by a grocery store and a pharmacy.

Here are a few little tidbits from the county newspapers concerning the early jails in Prescott:

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

### **2-12-1885**

About nightfall last Thursday, Mr. Geo. McGraw, bailiff and jailor, went to give the prisoners their supper. He was hit on the head and stunned and the three Negroes confined escaped. The weapon was an old lock wrapped up in rags. Mr. McGraw's injuries are quite serious...

### **8-27-1885**

There is also a complaint made by the neighbors of the stench caused by the buckets from the jail being emptied on the vacant lot near the jail.

### **5-19-1886**

From the grand jury report—We find the jail well kept, but it needs some bars across the lower sashes and wire screens over the windows to keep parties from communicating or handing things in.

### **1-4-1888**

T. J. Mendenhall of Caney captured and brought in and re-jailed Frank Ellison (col'd). It will be remembered this man and others escaped by knocking down the jailer two years ago. Mr. M. is a very good detective and deserves credit for his unpaid trouble.

### **2-12-1890**

We learn that this county has arranged with Sheriff Abraham of Clark Co. to keep its prisoners until a jail is built here. *(Note: the previous jail had burned)*

### **2-19-1890**

It is probable a new county jail will be built on the site of the one recently burned next year—a tax to be levied for that purpose. A good, substantial brick should be erected.

### **1-28-1892**

From the grand jury report--The county has no jail and it is recommended that a new one be built. The poor house is not in good condition. It needs repairs and a person to keep same.

### **11-18-1905**

A sick tramp who said his name was Walker is being held at the county jail. Doctors are doing what they can for him. The man later died and was buried in the city. Nothing whatever could be learned about him or his people.

### **1-27-1906**

From the report of the grand jury: We find the jail well kept and everything is being done for the health and comfort of the prisoners. We find the court house in perilous condition, the walls being cracked in many places rendering it dangerous to those who work there and to anyone who has business there.

### **7-28-1910**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

From the grand jury report: The old jail on the south corner of the court house yard needs to be torn down. It is a very unsightly structure and should not be allowed to remain there any longer.

## 8-9-1910

A dusky damsel of the lewd order was taken in tow last night by Marshal Johnson and placed in jail where she languished during the night. She was turned out this morning and given orders to leave town.

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## NECROLOGY (2014)

Our new word for the month. Necrology is a list of deaths for a certain period of time. These people with connections to this area passed away in 2014:

Early Purifoy Jr. (Jan. 7) –St. John Cem.  
Leona Murphy Powell (Jan. 14)—Bluff City Cem.  
Randy Wayne Glass (Feb. 18)—Bluff City Cem.  
David Benjamin Harrison (Feb. 23)—Ebenezer Cem.  
Margie Adams Knight (Feb. 28)—Bluff City Cem.  
Myrtle Martin Knight (Mar. 1) –Bluff City Cem.  
Johnnie Stovall (Apr. 4)—Friendship Cem.  
Helen Florine Hardwick (Mar. 9)—Bluff City Cem.  
J. W. Glass (Mar. 14)—Caney Cem.  
Sandra Elaine Hildebrand (June 10)—Bluff City Cem.  
Judy Barlow Wells (June 23)—Mt. Horeb Cem.  
Mary Ella Sims Haynie (June 12)—St. John Cem.  
Jerry L. Chambless (Aug. 20)—Bluff City Cem.  
Gwendolyn Upton Butler (Sep. 20)—Bluff City Cem.  
Edith Garner (Oct. 7)—Bluff City Cem.  
Loritta Meador Johnson (Nov. 4)—Union Hill Cem. at Ingalls, AR  
Michael Gulley (Nov. 30)—Union Grove Cem.  
Al J. Plyler (Dec. 16)—DeAnn Cem.

*Death leaves a  
heartache no one  
can heal; love leaves  
a memory no one  
can steal.—from an  
Irish headstone*

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## COMMENT RECEIVED FROM READER

Your info. concerning the abandoned cemeteries reminds me of a quote by Chief Joseph that is under an exceptionally large portrait of him at the entrance of the Mormon family library in Salt Lake City, Utah: "He who does not tend to the grave of his fathers is worse than a wild animal". I sat staring at that quote and portrait for some time before I began the formal research about my lost Great, Great Grandmother, Elizabeth Cornelius. I have been searching for her ever since, as you well know. It was the initial motivation from that experience that spurred me on. It makes me ache inside to think she may be somewhere unattended, miscellaneous, like these others so disrespected. Wild animals, indeed! (*Annette Leamons*)

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

**Correction:** I accidentally left out George Robinson's name in the list of those who correctly identified the "What Is It?" item in the last issue. Sorry about that!

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<b>RAINFALL FOR 2014</b>		
Jan. – 1.2 inches	Feb. – 3.6 inches	Mar. – 5.0 inches
Apr.—5.8 inches	May—5.5 inches	June – 4.0 inches
July – 5.2 inches	Aug. – 8.2 inches	Sept.-- .6 inch
Oct. – 7.9 inches	Nov. –5.1 inches	

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<b>RAINFALL FOR 2014</b>		
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Oct. – 7.9 inches	Nov. –5.1 inches	

## **A LOOK BACK AT 2014**

The year started out with some bitter cold temperatures. Lows were around 10 degrees in January which resulted in many broken water pipes. That's pretty cold for this part of the country.

We are accustomed to having storms in the springtime and this year was no exception. A severe wind storm in April caused major damage in Camden and some of the surrounding towns. The weather service called it straight line winds. The Terrapin Neck community was hit by a hail storm in April and the ground was covered with hail for a short time.

Many hardwood trees have died due to the extreme drought the last two or three years. Rainfall in 2014 was about normal with 52.1 inches at my house through November. August and October were the months with the heaviest rainfall which is unusual. September was the driest month. We still have a few days to go before the rainfall results are finalized.

One of the unsolved mysteries of 2014 was the disappearance of a Malaysian passenger plane in March with 239 people onboard. Experts believe it crashed in the Indian Ocean but no trace has been found.

A new terrorist group called ISIS took over much territory in the Middle East. We learned how brutal they could be when they beheaded several journalists and aid workers. We were told it would take years to defeat this group. it seems there is no shortage of terrorists these days.

We learned about the Ebola virus in 2014 and became very concerned when a man died from the disease in Dallas in October. Several nurses treating the man also contracted the disease.

The year was marked by racial unrest and protests in Ferguson, Missouri and other places after the grand jury made their decision to not indict the police officer involved in the shooting death of a black man.

Locally, not much has changed in 2014. I wish I could report that some new industry had decided to move to this area, but no such luck. In Camden, the Chevrolet-Buick-GMC

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

dealership has remodeled their building and McDonald's has moved to a new building near Walmart. A new detention facility is being constructed in Prescott near the court house and a new Family Dollar store opened there. The smaller towns seem to be getting even smaller.

Hopefully, the economy is beginning to improve. Gas prices are coming down which should give consumers a little more money to spend.

Our wish is that 2015 will be a better year for our world, our country, our state, our local communities, and for our families.

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### **2014 ABECEDARIAN – By Don Mathis**

An abecedarian is a poem where the first word in each line is arranged in alphabetical order.

Aircraft in Malaysia disappeared and caused a futile investigation.  
Baseball's Giants beat the Royals in the World Serialization.  
Comet landing was the latest in outer space exploration.  
Dalai Lama meets with Barack Obama. Was it predestination?  
Ebola outbreak is a crisis with no cure or medication.  
Ferguson protests highlight racial profiling and discrimination.  
Global warming is a real threat according to the United Nations,  
Heat is beat by Spurs in the National Basketball Association.  
ISIS militants disgust the world by practicing decapitation.  
Japan comes under fire for whaling commercialization.  
Korean ferry capsizes and hundreds die of suffocation.  
Latvia adopts the Euro in the spread of Europeanization.  
Marijuana use rises to new highs as states vote for legalization.  
Nigerian Girl's School is the site of Boko Haram depredation.  
Obama Care goes into effect. Opponents call it socialization.  
Palestinian Gaza Strip dislikes Israel's Protective Edge Operation.  
Questions of gay marriage are resolved for most of the population.  
Rock and Roll Hall of Fame has a KISS and Cat Stevens inauguration.  
Seattle Sea Hawks defeat Denver Broncos in the Super Bowl elimination.  
Texas governor Rick Perry's indictment gives him indignation.  
Ukraine protesters react with violence to Russia's troop mobilization.  
Voters favor Republicans over Democrats in the electoral ordination.  
World Cup in Brazil, Germany is champion of the Soccer Federation.  
XXII Olympics in Sochi, Russia bring a touch of modernization.  
Yemen is in turmoil from the Houthi faction insubordination.  
Zehaf-Bibeau brings violence to Canada's peaceful confederation.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

February, 2015

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**THE NEVADA COUNTY HARDWARE CO.**



I  
The Nevada County Hardware Co. was located on the corner of Second St. and Main St. in Prescott. I'm pretty sure it was in the same spot where the Prescott Police Department is today in the building formerly occupied by the Liberty Valu-Mart supermarket.

This business was profiled in the April 19, 1928 issue of *The Nevada News*. The article says the building was 75 feet by 100 feet and was one of the largest and most complete hardware stores and was a pioneer enterprise of Nevada County.

The officers of the company in 1928 were A. M. Westmoreland, president, P. S. Harrell, vice-president, and E. Y. Blakely, secretary-treasurer. The article stated the business was established “forty or more years ago” which puts the establishment date somewhere around 1888. It was originally known as McDaniel Hardware, but the name was changed in 1918 to Nevada County Hardware Co. with the same management. The phone number was only one digit—Phone No. 6.

Many hardware stores in those days had an undertaking department and the Nevada County Hardware was no exception. Fletcher Parker was the manager of the undertaking and embalming department and D. B. Westmoreland was in charge of the furniture department.

The business carried a full line of hardware including farm implements, wagons, buggies, stoves, tools, sporting goods, home furnishings, and undertaking supplies.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



## INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEVADA COUNTY HARDWARE

Thanks to Neva Grauberger of Colorado for contributing these nice photos of this business. She included some additional information about the photo above.

*In the interior photo of the store, my great uncle Leonard Miles Westmoreland is on the left, holding a gun, and his brother, Arthur Mansfield Westmoreland, co-owner of the store, is at far right behind counter. Don't know who the man in the middle of photo is.*

*Jerry Gilbert Westmoreland, Sr, grandson of Jeremiah Gilbert Westmoreland, told the story of how his grandpa was helping at his son's (Arthur) store one day, when a woman came in and asked about a punch bowl. Jeremiah (grandpa Jerry) said, "Perch pole?", which is what he thought she said, because he liked fishing, and always had fishing on his mind. (I thought this was a cute story, and to think that the hardware store probably carried punch bowls as well as perch poles!)*

*Neva Grauberger, great granddaughter to Jeremiah Gilbert Westmoreland*

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## RAINFALL STATISTICS FOR 2014 (MEASURED AT CAMDEN)

December rainfall—1.8 inches  
Total rainfall in 2014—53.8 inches

Normal annual rainfall—52.5 inches  
Wettest month—August (8.2 inches)  
Driest month—September (0.6 inches)

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## THE LAST CONFEDERATE VETERAN IN NEVADA COUNTY

In July, 1925, the *Nevada County Picayune* published a list of all the living Confederate veterans residing in Nevada County. That got me to thinking about who was the last Confederate veteran buried in Nevada County. I took the list of names and tried to find the date of death for each one, but it turned out to be a harder job than I thought. Some of the names only had initials instead of the full given name so I couldn't be absolutely sure if I had the right person. After researching the cemetery records, newspaper obituaries, and the Internet, I came up with the following information.

C. M. Andrews—could not find any information on this person; not found in Nevada Co. cemetery records

P. E. Bryson—Patrick Ebenezer Bryson; served in McMillan's Co., 2 Arkansas Cavalry; died October 27, 1931; buried at Liberty Cemetery

W. P. Buchanan—William Preston Buchanan; served in Co. H. , 33 Arkansas Infantry; died October 24, 1928; buried at Smyrna Cemetery

C. M. Buchanan—could be Chelsey M. Buchanan; died June 30, 1932; buried at DeAnn Cem.; no dates on his marker; death date from his obituary

Sam Cantley—Samuel Cantley; served in Co. B., 20 Arkansas Infantry; died June 2, 1930; buried at Moscow Cemetery

W. M. Carruthers—could be William Morris Carruthers; found a marker for W. M. Carruthers at Pleasant Ridge Cem. with no dates. Also found a double marker for a William Morris Carruthers (death date Dec. 18, 1936) and wife, Sarah Jane. Dates fit, but not sure if this is the Confederate veteran.

T. P. Callicott—Thomas Pleb Callicott; died Nov. 26, 1931; buried at Laneburg Cemetery; no military marker

M. H. Caudle—listed in 1970 cemetery records as being buried at Corinth Cemetery; the records had no dates but showed his age as 99; we were not able to find his marker in the 1997 cemetery surveys

G. M. Franks—served in Co. C., 20 Arkansas Infantry; died Oct. 21, 1938; buried at Harmony Cemetery

James M. Gage—died January 8, 1928; buried at Dunn Cemetery; no military information on marker

John W. Gann—served in Co. I, Georgia Volunteers; died Sept. 9, 1925; buried at Laneburg Cem.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

J. A. Gleghorn—James A. Gleghorn; served in Co. D. 24 Arkansas Infantry; died June 11, 1927 as per Nevada County Death Index; buried at Forest Hill Cemetery; no dates on his marker

D. P. Hazzard—Dempsey P. Hazzard; served in Co. H, 19 Arkansas Infantry; died Dec. 4, 1930; buried at Mt. Moriah Cemetery

W. A. Hatley—could be Wiley Andrew Hatley; died June 12, 1930; buried at DeAnn Cemetery

J. M. Holland—could be Jessie M. Holland; died March 9, 1926 (from Nevada Co. death index)

H. S. McMillan—died March 2, 1930; buried at Falcon Cemetery; no military information on his marker

J. K. Munn—James Knox Munn; served in Co. C., 30 Arkansas Infantry; died Dec. 8, 1930; buried at Union Cemetery

A. Norman—died Feb. 5, 1927 (from Nevada Co. death index)

J. F. Odom—could not find any information on this person; not found in Nevada County cemetery records

J. H. Pinkerton—could not find any information on this person; not found in Nevada County cemetery records

James K. Prescott—served in Co. H. 3 Mississippi Cavalry; died June 6, 1941; buried at Shover Springs Cemetery in Hempstead Co.

L. S. Snead—could not find any information on this person; not found in Nevada County cemetery records

G. A. Sudsberry—George A. Sudsberry; served in Co. B. , Wright's Regt. Arkansas infantry; died June 22, 1932; buried at Bluff City Cemetery

W. N. Sutton—William N. Sutton; served in Co. D, 24 Arkansas Infantry; died Feb. 17, 1931; buried at Harmony Cemetery

H. C. Sampson—Howell Cobb Sampson; served in Newton's Co., Arkansas Cavalry; died Jan. 30, 1929; buried at Caney Cemetery; no dates on his marker; dates from Internet

B. F. Steele—Benjamin F. Steele; served in Co. D., 10 Arkansas Cavalry; died Aug. 10, 1932; buried at Moscow Cemetery

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

O. R. Sayles—could not find any information on this person; not found in Nevada Co. cemetery records; also checked different spellings (Sails, Sales)

W. A. Thomasson—could not find any information on this person; not found in Nevada Co. cemetery records

J. K. Waddle—Joseph K. Waddle; served in Co. C., 12 Arkansas Infantry; died Jan. 15, 1928; buried at Mt. Moriah Cemetery

J. G. Westmoreland—Jeremiah Gilbert Westmoreland; was too young to serve in the war, but he and his father worked in a Confederate gun factory in NC and was entitled to a Confederate pension for his service; died January, 1929; buried at Westmoreland Cemetery

J. W. Ward—could be John W. Ward; died Aug. 14, 1925; buried at DeAnn Cemetery; no military information on marker

George Ware—served in Co. C. 20 Arkansas Infantry; died in January, 1932 (from newspaper); no dates on marker; buried at Harmony Cemetery

Jas. M. Wells—James M. Wells; served in Co. C. 1 Arkansas Infantry; died Jan. 10, 1933; buried at Piney Grove Cemetery

H. M. White—could not find any information on this person; not found in Nevada Co. cemetery records

W. T. Williamson—William T. Williamson; served in Co. F 10 Alabama Infantry; died in 1925 (from Nevada Co. death index); buried at DeAnn Cem.

J. T. Young—could be John T. Young; died March 30, 1926; buried at Lebanon Cemetery; no military information on marker

After all this work, I still don't know who the last Confederate veteran was buried in Nevada County. James K. Prescott was the last surviving man on this list so far, but he is buried in Hempstead County.

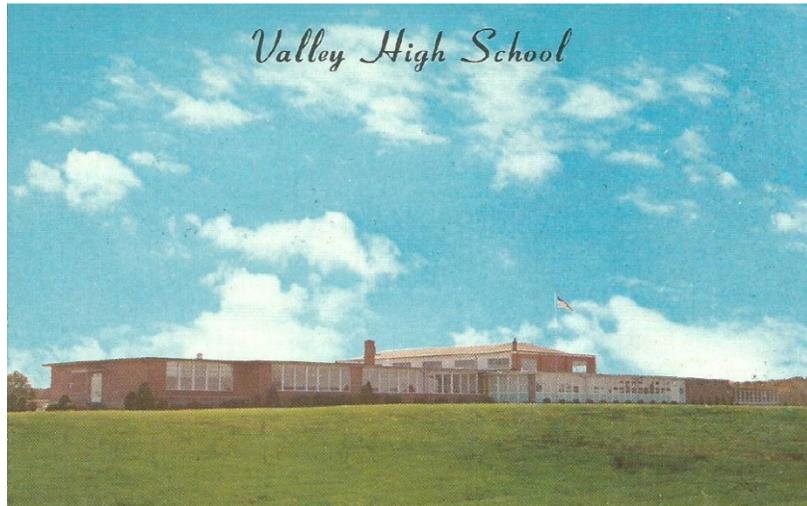
It could be G. M. Franks who died in 1938 or maybe M. H. Caudle whose death date is unknown, but was said to be 99 years old. Or it could be one of the others for which I could find no information. If you have information on any of the names shown in red, please let me know and maybe I can figure out who was the last Confederate veteran buried in Nevada County.

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# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **SCHOOL DISMISSED EARLY**

Back in the late 1960s, I got a job teaching in a small rural high school in Caledonia, Missouri. Valley High School had about 200 students in grades 9 through 12. The school district covered a large sparsely populated rural area. Some students had to ride the bus over an hour one way to school. We had twelve teachers. This post card shows what the school looked like when I was there.



The class size was quite large. I had over 30 students in some classes. I had to get used to a different grading system. Schools in that area used E, S, M, I, and F instead of A, B, C, D, and F like we used in Arkansas. Actually, that grading system made more sense. The letter E meant excellent, S meant superior, M meant medium, I was inferior, and F was failure. Instead of calling their classes “periods”, they used the term “hour” as in “my third hour class”. In sports, the girls played volleyball and the boys played basketball and competed against other schools. We had no football team. There were no black students. I also had to get used to the local rural Missouri dialect and they had to get used to my south Arkansas dialect.

The school was located in the middle of a very large field about a mile or two from the small historic village of Caledonia which had a population of about 200 people. No other buildings could be seen from the school building. It was a peaceful setting with gently rolling land and small mountains visible in the distance.

The place has changed a lot in the last 45 years. Students now have a greater choice of subjects to take. Baseball has been added to the sports department. The elementary and junior high schools are now on the same campus as the high school. Five monolithic domes were constructed for the elementary school instead of the usual type construction. They are said to be tornado proof, hurricane proof, fireproof, and are cheaper to construct than regular type buildings. The monolithic domes are becoming popular in other states now, but the small town of Caledonia was one of the first to try them. They constructed two domes in 2001 and have now added three more to house a cafeteria, gymnasium, and more classrooms. They have a modern futuristic look--something you would not expect to see in a rural area. From what I have heard, everyone is very pleased with this type of school construction.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



Two of the five monolithic domes at Valley R-6 Elementary School

Now, let me tell you a little story about my first week of teaching in this rural school. Soon after the school year began, I went back home to Bluff City, Arkansas for the weekend to get more of my stuff. My father grew watermelons back then for sale and that particular year he had raised some melons weighing fifty pounds or more. On my trip back to Missouri, I decided to take one of the best melons to give to the superintendent of the school. He was a nice man and I just wanted to show him what nice melons we grew down in Arkansas. Ours weren't nearly as large as the giant melons that made Hope, Arkansas famous, but anytime we grew a fifty pound melon we celebrated.

The melon I picked to take to Missouri weighed close to 60 pounds. I presented it to the superintendent and he said he had never seen a melon that large. He seemed glad to get it. I wondered what he would do with such a large melon since his children were all grown and it was just he and his wife at home.

A few days later, we were notified that school would be dismissed an hour early on a Friday afternoon for a teacher's meeting to be held in the cafeteria. When the bell rang about 2:00, the kids boarded the buses and left for home. The teachers made their way to the cafeteria wondering what the meeting was all about.

I was surprised when I entered the cafeteria to see my 60 pound watermelon sitting on one of the tables. The superintendent had decided to serve it to all the teachers. I don't think any of them had ever seen a melon that large. I secretly hoped that the melon was a good one and not too ripe since it was late in the season.

A large butcher knife was brought out and the melon was cut. It was at the perfect stage of ripeness and everyone enjoyed an unexpected watermelon feast. That was the only purpose for calling the special teacher's meeting--to eat my Arkansas watermelon.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## PHOTO CONTEST

Below are five photos of old vehicles from my photo collection. Which of these is your favorite? Just send me the number of the photo you like best and I'll tell you the winner in the next issue.



# 1—William Hezekiah and Mary C. Barlow



# 2 Walter Moore



# 3 Thomas Walker



# 4 Unidentified Girls



# 5 Benjamin Franklin Green family

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

*Vol. 15 – No. 3*

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*March, 2015*

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Barbara Rushing Lyerly, originally from Chidester, was asked to present a program recently for the Chidester Museum's fifth Sunday program schedule. Her topic was the Bank of Chidester. For those who don't know, Chidester is a small town located between Camden and Bluff City on Hwy. 24. The Rushing family was a prominent family at Chidester for many years. Several of the Rushing family members were associated with the Bank of Chidester which was organized by Barbara's great grandfather, William Nolan Rushing. Barbara's presentation gives a lot of the history of the town of Chidester as well as information about the bank which she accumulated through much research and with the help of many local people and former residents. Thanks to Barbara for sharing this information with me to include in *The Sandyland Chronicle*.

**THE BANK OF CHIDESTER  
(EST. 1909)**

In 1880, a new area of settlement was laid out by the Iron Mountain Railroad and T. Jefferson Smith. Mr. Smith had come to this area and acquired land in 1858. He added additional land to the west of his original farm in 1860. During the Civil War Mr. Smith served as a sergeant in Company D of Arkansas' Thirty-third Infantry. After the war, he returned to his farm. Mr. Smith owned the land that would become the population center called Chidester. The Iron Mountain Railroad Co. laid out this new town and constructed a siding track area and a modern depot where people could wait to board passenger trains. Mr. Smith was an ancestor of Willie and Lawrence Webb, and was the premier pioneer of our hometown.

Prior to transportation by rail the area had been served by the Chidester Stage Coach Line, which was owned by Jim Chidester. The town was the first station to change horses on its long run to the west. That station was located out west of town near the big ravine. Mr. Chidester lived in Camden in the home which now houses the Chidester House Museum. The newly planned town chose to use his name as the name of their town. The town was incorporated in February of 1906.

R. H. Holleman opened the first store in Chidester and it stood on the corner of what are now Martin Street and Highway 24. K. A. Martin followed suit when he opened the second store near the same locale. The first post office was in the home of Ben Green, on the corner of what is today Benton Street and Highway 57.

The first school was actually two miles west of town and was built in 1884. Later the school was moved into the town and in 1949 the Reader School was consolidated with Chidester and those students were bussed to Chidester. There were several "wing schools" which were also consolidated with Chidester. After the passage of the Civil Rights Act, the school at Pleasant Hill was moved into the Chidester Elementary and High Schools.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

The first church established in town was the Methodist Church. It was organized in 1881 by people of the community who needed a church. There were two Methodist Churches at the time, one at Steele's Chapel near today's White Oak Lake and the other at the community of Missouri. Both were a long distance by wagon or horseback. Among the first ministers were John Randolph Rushing and Edward Rushing who were circuit-riding preachers. Edward was an ancestor of Mamie Jo Taylor. Another early minister was Rev. J. W. Whaley. Mr. Smith gave the land for this church. The building was a joint effort between the Methodist congregation, the Masonic Lodge, and the Oddfellows organization. The building was used also as a school for a time. The building still stands behind the current Methodist Church.

The Bethsada Baptist Church was also in the area that T. J. Smith (who was a Baptist) gave to be used for a church and cemetery around 1865. This church was on a part of the grounds of the town's cemetery of today.

A family whose name is very familiar and identified with Chidester for many years moved into town from a plantation near what is today White Oak Lake and began to establish several enterprises that would follow Chidester through many years of history. William N. Rushing established Rushing and Company, a general merchandise store. William Nolan Rushing, his brother, Alice Sidney Rushing, and his son, Warner Eugene Rushing were the owners. Warner Rushing was also a school teacher who "held" several schools over the years including his first at Steele Chapel Church near White Oak Lake. The Chidester Hardware came soon after the Rushing's store and belonged to M. G. McGill. Dr. W. A. Purifoy and James Henry Pickett were also associated with the hardware store.

The town was the hometown of a prominent citizen, Sidney Umsted, the oil prospector who discovered the Smackover oil fields. Chidester also provided a rich source of clay for the Camark Pottery owned by Jack Carnes who was Umsted's son-in-law.

Telephone service came to Chidester in 1906 when William Garland Rushing was granted a franchise for a telephone exchange. Electricity from Ark. Power and Light became a reality in 1928. Work to utilize natural gas within the town was completed in 1955.

Population of the town of Chidester in 1910 was 211 people. The town has never been called a "boom town" showing a growth curve of 280 in 1920; 399 in 1930; 508 in 1940; 425 in 1950; 348 in 1960; 232 in 1970; 342 in 1980; 489 in 1990; 335 in 2000; and 287 in 2010. The jump in the 80's and 90's was probably due to the city limits being extended outward from the original railroad plan of less than a mile square.

The bank of Chidester was established in 1909 by William Nolan Rushing with Joseph S. Pharr as the first president. Dr. W. A. Purifoy, William N.'s son in law, served as vice-president and W. Garland Rushing was cashier. There was much stability in this bank over the years, yet there was turnover in bank directors and employees. Holding steady from 1909 until the takeover of the bank in 1961 was Garland Rushing. From the beginning of the bank there were quite a group of Rushings involved. Beginning with my great grandfather, W. N., his brother and son there were C. B. Clingan and wife, Elizabeth Rushing Clingan, William R. Clingan, John Chester Clingan, Mary Garland Rushing Wylie, Nolan L. Rushing, Nan Emily Rushing Purifoy, Edgar

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Rushing, Beulah Rushing Taylor, Beulah Purifoy Mayne (Dr. Purifoy's daughter), and several relatives in law.

The Bank of Chidester was dedicated to the support of the local economy and to service to the local citizens. There is a steady increase in deposits and investments over the years of Garland Rushing and this bank never closed during the depression, one of only a few small banks in the nation! I have heard it said that in order to qualify for a loan from Garland Rushing one had to have enough money in the bank that he/she would not need a loan!

It would be very boring for me to give you a page-by-page audit of the bank year by year, so I have decided to give you some information in a more conglomerate method. I am listing all bank officers that I have had access to and only showing the years where there were changes. I will do the same with the board of directors, which varies in numbers back and forth over the years. Each of you will be surprised, I think, to see how many of Chidester's citizens were involved in the success of the Bank of Chidester.

The financial data from the bank, for the years I have access to, will also be displayed for you to see, but I will not read you figures for years and years! I know you are pleased about that!

Over the years there were several robberies and hold ups—in more recent years they seemed to happen during deer season! I was not able to get complete information to give you on these robberies due to the fact that I had no specific dates to allow me into the newspaper archives at the Camden News. There is one article I located from the Prescott paper, *The Nevada News*, in February 1953:

*“The Bank of Chidester was burgled of over \$1000 in silver and jewelry taken from lock boxes. Entry was gained through the rear door by using a screwdriver. They were unable to open the safe.”*

A follow up article in May reported that Samuel Pergason was arrested in Louisiana for the burglary and was sentenced to 18 years in prison. I specifically remember this because my Mother had to go to the trial and identify a diamond ring taken from our lock box. Perry Joe Beaver drove her to Lewisville to the trial. The defendant rose and screamed at her that he would “get her for that” and she was afraid for years afterward!

In the *Camden News* on May 16, 1940 the following appeared in a section called “Local Firms That Have Built Ouachita County:” *The Bank of Chidester, founded in 1909, confines most of its activities to the further advancement of the community in which it is located, its resources primarily devoted to that section. 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, sound and conservative”.*

*In a booklet from 1923 entitled “Businesses, Manufacturers, Merchants, and Tradesmen for Ouachita County” Chidester is listed with several stores, sawmills, and other businesses. The bank is not on the list, but under the town population of 280 it says, “Chidester—A Banking Town”.*

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

In 1959 the bank hosted an open house to celebrate its fiftieth year in business. The bank was decorated and all officers and employees were on hand to greet the public. Refreshments were catered and there were many people present to help in the celebration. Of course, this was also Garland Rushing's fiftieth year with the bank and so the celebration was double fold. Souvenirs were given to those attending and I managed to find one key chain among my belongings and have attached it to this picture, which I am giving to the museum to be used in this building.

In 1961, Allen Green, of Reader succeeded in his efforts to buy up small investor's stocks until he had a majority of the bank stock. Since this is still a very contentious point for those few Rushings left, I will not delve into the situation. My Uncle Garland was eighty years old and had devoted his life to the bank and to the town's prosperity. He was unceremoniously fired after 52 years of banking. There was much anger on the part of the Rushing family. One should never underestimate a man of this caliber—he opened an insurance office within a few days of his removal from the bank. I must share a humorous story relating to Mr. Green from my cousin Nolan Rushing of Little Rock. During those years he worked for FDIC and called on banks in the state. Neither of us knows if Mr. Green realized who this young man was, but he would almost have had to since he had the same name as his Dad. He said after his visit that the bank president asked him to join him for lunch. He said after he opened his desk drawer and took out an onion, a can of sardines and a pint of whiskey he knew this was seriously his time to make an exit—and he did.

In 1972, the bank was purchased by an attorney from Hope, Arkansas named Talbot Fields. Mr. Fields had no banking experience but bought the bank anticipating that his daughter would be the banker in the family. During the three years under the leadership of Mr. Fields, the bank continued to prosper. In 1975, Mr. Fields made fraudulent loans to two men from Mississippi who used the funds to kite checks that bankrupted the Bank of Chidester. Mr. Fields realized what he had done and he called the Banking Commission himself. The bank was closed on July 2, 1975 and was absorbed by The M and P Bank of Camden, which opened the bank the next day as a part of their holdings.

In later years M and P Bank was acquired by the BankCorp South and the Chidester branch remained open. In May of 2011 BankCorp South closed branch banks in several towns and cities and left three without any banking outlet. One of those towns was Chidester. This maneuver forced citizens of Chidester to drive at least 15 to 20 miles for banking service. Efforts were made by the city officials to stay this move to no avail. After all those years the bank ended with total assets of 2.5 million dollars, FDIC insurance that began in 1934, a landmark of the town and the years of prosperity. It had weathered the Great Depression, five wars, many changes in the national economy and a glorious past--the end of an era for a small bank in a small town in a small state.

### **Officers and Board Members over the Years**

#### **1920—**

**Officers**--Dr. W. A. Purifoy, president; J. A. Diffie, vice-president; W. G. Rushing, cashier

**Board Members**--Dr. W. A. Purifoy; J. A. Diffie; W. G. Rushing; W. A. Lester; J. R. Riffe; Dr. B. V. Powell; Ira B. Webb

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## **1921—**

Same as above adding Beulah Purifoy as assistant cashier

## **1922—**

**Officers**—Dr. W. A. Purifoy, president; Dr. B. V. Powell, vice president; W. G. Rushing, cashier; Beulah Purifoy, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—Ira B. Webb; G. R. Riffe; Dr. W. A. Purifoy; Dr. B. V. Powell; W. G. Rushing

## **1924—**

Officers same as above; T. H. Benton added as board member

## **1925 - 1926—**

same as above

## **1927—**

**Officers**—T. H. Benton, president; Dr. B. V. Powell, vice-president; W. G. Rushing, cashier; Nolan L. Rushing, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—T. H. Benton; B. V. Powell; W. G. Rushing

## **1928—**

**Officers**—T. H. Benton, president; Dr. B. V. Powell; W. G. Rushing, cashier; Nolan L. Rushing, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—T. H. Benton; Dr. B. V. Powell; W. G. Rushing; D. W. Stott; G. R. Riffe

## **1929—**

**Officers**—T. H. Benton, president; D. W. Stott, vice-president; W. G. Rushing, cashier; Nolan L. Rushing, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—same as above plus W. A. Purifoy and Nolan L. Rushing

## **1930—**

**Officers**—same as above

**Board Members**—same as above plus W. C. Stinnett

## **1931—**

**Officers**—same as above plus W. C. Stinnett, assistant cashier; minus Nolan L. Rushing

**Board Members**—same as above plus Autry Newman; minus Nolan L. Rushing

## **1932 -1933—**

**Officers**—same as above

**Board Members**—same as above

## **1934—**

**Officers**—Dr. W. A. Purifoy, president; D. W. Stott, vice-president; W. G. Rushing, vice—president; W. C. Stinnett, cashier

**Board Members**—same as above minus Autry Newman

## **1935—**

**Officers**—same as above

**Board Members**—same as above plus Autry Newman

## **1936 - 1938—**

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**Officers**—same as above

**Board Members**—same as above

**1939—**

**Officers**—no president; W. G. Rushing, active vice—president; W. C. Stinnett, cashier

**Board Members**—W. G. Rushing; W. C. Stinnett; Molly Purifoy; Autry Newman; G. R. Riffe; C. B. Clingan

**1940—**

**Officers**—W. G. Rushing, president; C. B. Clingan, vice-president; T. H. Benton, vice president; W. C. Stinnett, cashier

**Board Members**—same as above plus Beulah Taylor

**1941-1942—**

**Officers**—same as above

**Board Members**—same as above minus G. R. Riffe; J. T. Walker Sr. added

**1943—**

**Officers**—same as above plus Nan Purifoy, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—same as above

**1944—**

**Officers**—same as above minus Nan Purifoy

**Board Members**—same as above

**1945—**

**Officers**—same as above plus Lee Aarant, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—same as above

**1946 - 1948—**

**Officers and Board Members**—same as above

**1949—**

**Officers**—same as above except W. C. Stinnett (died) and Lee Aarant Purifoy becomes cashier

**Board Members**—same as above minus Molly Purifoy; Beulah Mayne added

**1950—**

**Officers**—same as above plus W. R. Clingan, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—same as above plus Roy Holleman

**1951 - 1952—**

**Officers and board members** same as above

**1953—**

**Officers**—same as above minus W. R. Clingan; Mary G. Wylie added as assistant cashier

**Board Members**—same as above

**1954 - 1955**

**Officers and Board Members** same as above

**1956—**

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**Officers**—same as above

**Board Members**—same as above Beulah Mayne; Edgar Rushing added

**1957—**

**Officers and Board Members**—same as above

**1958—**

**Officers**—same as above minus Lee Purifoy; H. B. Yarbrough added as assistant cashier

**Board Members**—same as above

**1959—**

**Officers**--W. G. Rushing, president; C. B. Clingan, vice-president; Mary G. Wylie, cashier

**Board Members**—same as above

**1960—**

**Officers**—same as above

**Board Members**—same as above except minus C. B. Cingan; Allen Green added

**1961—**

**Officers**—Allen Green, president; Edgar Rushing, vice-president; Ellen Holt, cashier

**Board Members**—W. G. Rushing; T. H. Benton; Roy Holleman; Beulah Taylor; J. T. Walker Sr.; Dan Cook; Wayne Sanders; Dwade Holleman

**1962—**

**Officers**--same as above minus Ellen Holt; added Johnnie Caldwell, cashier and Carolyn Freeman, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—same as above minus Dan Cook; Raymond Hecker added

**1963—**

**Officers**—same as above minus Carolyn Freeman; Kay Humphries added as cashier

**Board Members**—same as above

**1964—**

**Officers**—same as above minus Kay Hunphries; Peggy Nevils added

**Board Members**—same as above minus Raymond Hecker

**1965—**

**Officers**—Allen Green, president; Wayne Sanders, vice-president

**Board Members**—same as above minus Edgar Rushing

**1966—**

**Officers**—same as above minus Peggy Nevils; Mary A. Starnes added

**Board Members**—same as above

**1967—**

**Officers**—Allen Green, president; Mary A. Starnes, cashier

**Board Members**—same as above

**1968—**

**Officers**—same as above; Wayne Sanders added as vice-president

**Board Members**—same as above plus Allen Green

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

**1969—**

**Officers**—same as above minus Wayne Sanders

**Board Members**—same as above

**1970—**

**Officers**—Allen Green, president; Mary A. Starnes, cashier; Vivian Purifoy and Alpha O’Rear, secretaries

**Board Members**—same as above plus C. C. Walthall

**1971—**

**Officers**—Allen Green, president; Mary A. Starnes, cashier

**Board Members**—same as above

**1972—**

**Officers**—Talbor Fields, president; Alpha O’Rear, cashier; Cathy Fields, assistant cashier

**Board Members**—Dwade Holleman; Wayne Sanders; C. C. Walthall; Anna C. Fields; Talbot Fields Jr.

**1973—**

**Officers**—same as above

**Board Members**—same as above minus Anna C. Fields and Talbot Fields Jr.

**1974—**

**Officers**—same as above minus Cathy Fields; Margaret Pickett added

**Board Members**—Talbot Fields; Alpha Hunter; Wayne Sanders; Dwade Holleman; C. C. Walthall

**1975—**

**The officers remained the same. This was the year that the bank was closed due to fraudulent loans that caused the bank to fail. The bank closed one day as the Bank of Chidester and opened the next as a part of the M and P Bank of Camden. It was never the same.**

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## **SARAH**

**By Jerry McKelvy**

The year 1977 found me working for a large timber company as a forest technician. That job involved both office and field work. By field work, I mean working in the woods cruising timber, checking timber sales, working with contractors in harvesting and replanting forests, doing forest inventory, and many other jobs. The work was not boring since we covered several counties and did many different type jobs.

It was about that time that many women became interested in forestry as a career--a field previously considered men's work. One day it was announced we would be getting a female forester to work out of our office and guess what? I was the one picked to show her around our part of the world. I was 34 years old at the time, a little older than the other technicians in our office. Maybe that's why I was chosen to work with her at first.

Sarah was originally from Pennsylvania. She was single, in her mid-20s, and had recently completed her studies to be a forester. She had worked a short time at another office before

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

being transferred to our office. Female foresters were pretty rare in those days. It looked good for the company to be able to say they had a diverse work force including women and minorities.

Working with members of the opposite sex in an office situation or on an assembly line is one thing, but having to spend eight hours alone in the woods with them is completely different. All of the men in our office were married and we all had reservations about having to work with Sarah, but what choice did we have? We wondered how our wives would feel about it. Whenever we stopped at a store for some reason, I made sure that everyone could see the company logo on the truck I was driving. I didn't want any rumors getting started that I was driving around with a woman who was not my wife.

I don't mind telling you that I was a bit nervous the first day I had to work with Sarah in the woods. Sarah was probably nervous also, but she was the one who chose forestry as a profession and should have known what to expect. Working with a female required some minor adjustments in some situations. I usually changed into my work clothes when I got to the woods, but when I worked with Sarah I just wore the same clothes all day to avoid having to change. Of course, the biggest problem was what to do when nature called. On those occasions, Sarah went one way and I went the other.

Sarah had a problem with her vision and wore very thick glasses. Most foresters and technicians had their own company pickup trucks to use at work. One time Sarah and I met at a certain location on a county road. We decided to leave my truck on the county road and drive into the tract of land in her truck. The land we were looking at was about a mile off the road and was accessed by a narrow logging road. It was sandy land and the woods road was in pretty good shape. I was sitting in the passenger seat looking out the window as she drove. When I looked back toward the front of the vehicle, I noticed that we were completely out of the logging road and were headed for a clump of bushes which I suspected had grown up from a tree stump. Before I could say anything we hit the stump with a tremendous jolt. When we got stopped the truck was sitting on top of a large stump and we could not move. I asked Sarah why she was off the road and she said she was trying to avoid a dead limb lying in the road. We ended up having to call the office and they sent our fire plow (a small dozer) out to get her truck off the stump. I know it was embarrassing for Sarah. If I had been looking ahead I could have warned her in time about the stump.

It was not long after that episode that the company decided to let Sarah use her own vehicle at work and paid her mileage instead of using a company truck. For the rest of her time with us, she drove an older model Plymouth Valiant car at work which meant she could not get off the main roads. She rode with someone else in their truck on jobs requiring travel on logging roads.

Sarah also had some kind of sleep problem. I have seen her go to sleep at her desk while using a calculator. Just about anytime we left the office to drive to our work, she would be asleep within two or three minutes. I remember one time Sarah was working with me and another fellow. We left the office with the other fellow driving, Sarah in the middle, and me in the passenger seat. We had barely got out of town when Sarah fell asleep with her head nodding. When we turned a curve to the left, Sarah fell over onto my shoulder and when we turned to the right, she fell on the other fellow's shoulder. Sometimes she slumped forward. I have never worked with anyone

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

who had such a sleep problem. I think that was one reason the company took her truck away from her. I wondered how she could drive her own car without falling asleep.

Sarah belonged to the Baha'i religious organization that required her to fast from sunrise to sunset for nineteen days in March of each year. It was uncomfortable for me to eat my lunch in the woods with Sarah while she just sat there and ate nothing. Working without eating or drinking water on a hot day can be dangerous. I asked her about that and she told me that she could take a drink of water if she felt it was medically necessary. It's a good thing her fast was in March because later on in the summer it would be very dangerous to work without eating or drinking water. Sarah also believed it was wrong to kill any living thing including snakes, ticks, or mosquitoes which were common in the woods of south Arkansas.

Sarah was only with us for about a year or so. I don't know the circumstances of her departure or if she continued her work as a forester. Over the next few years we had several more female forest technicians and foresters working with us and we learned to make whatever adjustments that were necessary to work together to get the job done. There was no question that the females could do the work as well as the males. The number of females going into forestry seemed to decline after a few years, but I will never forget my experiences almost forty years ago with Sarah, the first female forester in our office.

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### PICTURE CONTEST



First Place Winner

William Hezikiah and Mary C. Barlow



Second Place Winner

Benjamin Franklin Green and wife, Conella Green and children

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RAINFALL FOR JANUARY --- 5.4 inches

### WEATHER TRIVIA--

December, 1929--El Dorado, Arkansas received 17 inches of snow. It snowed continuously for 18 hours. Transportation was brought to a standstill. This was the largest snowfall since 1876 when 24 inches of snow fell across southern Arkansas. (*The Nevada News*—Dec. 26, 1929)

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



### **CAN YOU IDENTIFY THIS SCHOOL?**

This old school photo belonged to a member of the Westmoreland family, It was thought to be the Westmoreland School which was in Nevada County north of Morris (Caney), but another picture shows a different building, so now there is some doubt as to which school this is.

This building could have replaced an earlier building. If you recognize the school, the teacher, or any of the students, let me know and I'll pass the information along to the Westmoreland family.

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### **SCRAPPEL (A MOST PALATABLE DISH) (from a 1927 cook book)**

Take the head, heart, and any lean scraps of pork and boil until the flesh slips easily from the bones; remove the fat, gristle, and bones, then chop fine. Set the liquor in which the meat boiled aside until cold, take the cake of fat from the surface and return to the fire, when it boils put in the chopped meat and season with salt and pepper well, let it boil again, then thicken with corn meal as you would in ordinary mush by letting it slip through the fingers slowly to prevent lumps, cook an hour, stirring constantly at first, afterwards putting back in the range in a position to boil gently. When done pour into a long, square pan, not too deep, and mould. In cold weather this can be kept several weeks. Cut into slices when cold and fry brown as you would mush. A cheap and delicate breakfast dish.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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A few weeks ago, I received an email from Robert Foster which contained the autobiography of his grandfather, Howard Cornish Foster, which was written in 1938. I always enjoy reading about this part of Nevada County, especially when it is a first-hand account. Many of you will recognize some of the family names mentioned in this article. I have divided it into two parts. In this part, he tells about his family, some early memories, and a description of the part of Nevada County known as Union Township. The second part will include his memories of his school days at Gum Grove. Thanks to Robert Foster for sharing this interesting article.

**A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HOWARD CORNISH FOSTER**

**(written October 4, 1938)**

It is not mainly because record keeping is the spirit of the age that this sketch is being prepared. Some keep records for a specific purpose; the purposes differing almost as widely as the individuals keeping them, and still others who make written records of themselves and others, do so, not knowing just why they are about it; yet many of us believe that there is a purpose behind it all. I am one who entertains such as belief. My purpose in writing these few pages, is to record events, traits, items of history, genealogical data, etc., which if not recorded by someone, will pass from memory with the passing of the ones who knew about them.

I was the youngest in a family of thirteen children; was born 21 February, 1893 in a log house in Nevada County, Arkansas. The family's post office at that time was Foss, but that discontinued a few years later, and the next was Theo, which had a short life as a post office, also passing into history, when Zama was the mailing address, and continued so up to the time we moved from my place of birth to another community, in 1903 (Zama was discontinued also, a few years later). The families of the immediate community of my childhood days were: The Daniell family--the Bevill family--the Thompson family--the McAteers--the Fombys--Jones--Blake--Darby--Griffin--Byrd--Schooley--Plyler--Slagul--Kirk--Willingham--Belk--Purifoy--Jetton--Barksdale--Shell. There were evidently others which I cannot recall but these were the majority of the white families within a three mile radius. There were some Negroes in the community, some of which were: Tidwell--Dansby--Blake--Miller, etc.

**MY PARENTS**

My father was Robert Thomas Foster, the oldest son, and second oldest child of a family of thirteen children, all of whom reached maturity before there was a death in the family. He was born in the District of Union, in the state of South Carolina on the 9th of January, 1839, near Pinckneyville. Moved with his parents in 1845 nearer to Unionville (now Union) in same county. In 1849, his parents moved to Woodstock, Cherokee County, Georgia where he grew up. He married 9 January, 1866 to Louise C. Oliver, and by this marriage had two daughters--Ollie Ophelia--and Lula. This wife died 10 December, 1870, and he married Mary Caroline Westmoreland 9 October, 1872. By this marriage thirteen children were

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born, viz: William Ellis--Robert Thomas--Bunyan Lester--Inez--Euanah--Charles Henry--Evey--Noah Benjamin--Ira Waine--Irene--Emily Jane--John, and Howard Cornish, who is myself. My father died 30 November, 1909 near Cale, Nevada County, Arkansas, and is buried in Ebenezer Cemetery, that county (see his record in other pages for detailed account of his life, and for his ancestry).

My mother was Mary Caroline Westmoreland, first daughter, and second oldest child of Lewis Griffith Westmoreland and Ann Moseley. Was born 16 August, 1851 near Tugalo, in what was a part of Habersham County, Georgia (in 1905, a part of Habersham and part of Franklin counties were taken to form Stephens County, and since that time Tugalo is in Stephens County. She died 20 May, 1930 at Malvern, Arkansas, and is buried by her husband in Nevada County, Arkansas (see her record another page).

When I was born, Dr. Shell was the attending physician, and it was the first case of birth to which he attended. I knew him well all the years as I grew up, and can remember even now, how nasty the medicine he gave tasted. Many a coated tongue did he take a look at, and prescribe calomel and quinine.

### **EARLY BUT DISTANT MEMORES**

Shortly before I was three years old my grandfather moved back to Georgia after living in Arkansas for about two years. This was Lewis Griffith Westmoreland. He and his second wife, Jane Phillips staid at our place the night before their departure, and I can remember her going back and forth across the room as she proceeded to pack things into their trunks, while grandpa sat by the fireplace and talked with Father. His stocky build, and the way he crossed his legs, is still remembered, as well as the folks at home saying that he was our grandpa. If his wife was up and doing all the time as she was when packing their trunks that night at our place; then she surely was a hard working and busy woman. They had a son, Norman, a few years older than I, that I can faintly remember. It seems he kept getting in his mother's way, as it seems he wanted to see how the trunks were being packed.

My brother--Robert Thomas Foster--we called him Bob--born 24 December, 1874, died 28 June, 1896. I was three years and four months of age when he died, but remember it as distinctly as if it was but yesterday. He was in the South East room of the big log house in which we lived--when I was older, I remember we called it the little room--and it was in the afternoon, when they called me in from where I was out playing. They were all crying, and for some time I could not understand what it was all about, and when told that he had died, it took some time to convince me it was so. I told them he would be the same as he always was after a while, but when they told me that he would not, I commenced to realize that it was serious, and felt very sorry myself. When he was buried I can remember the crowd around the grave, and an oak bush about two inches in diameter that was at the East end of his grave.

Before he was sick I can remember sitting on his lap many times, and one thing that made me especially like him was that he would let me feel thru his pockets. Frequently he would give me a nickel or a dime, and sometimes let me keep what I found in his pockets. When I

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would start bragging what I was going to buy, the others would sometimes ask me where I was going to get the money, and I can remember that my answer was always: "In Bob's pockets". He owned a muzzle-loading rifle with a barrel about 45 inches long. (In later years I used it to kill squirrels, etc.). Once I remember going hunting with him, and he carried me most of the time. When my father was buried the oak at the grave was cut down. It was then (1909) about six inches in diameter.

On another occasion, --how old I don't remember--when playing in a path, a horse we had, named Dock, ran away, as it was called, and headed straight for me. He did not change his course, either, and just as he had jumped over me kicked back with both hind feet, missing my head, I was told, by about four inches. With these few recollections, I think my mind is mostly a blank as to what took place until I was around five or six years old, or perhaps some of the other memories cannot be properly timed.

At an early age I wanted to start swearing, or cussing as we called it. The slaps I got for it scared me till I had to be more careful, but I figured out a way to get away with it. I would crawl away back under the house and there would cuss to my heart's content, or until the flea bites made it so miserable for me I would have to come out.

I liked cats, and usually owned several. Since I was unable to hold my own when my brothers and sisters would tease me, I would pick out the scrawny cats out of each litter and give the cats the same names as they had. No, they did not like it. Also, I found that when I had candy, if I would rub it on a cat's back that I was not asked to give any of it away.

My bashfulness was nothing to speak of; when someone would come I would crawl under a bed and stay until they were gone. This staid with me for a long time. It made life miserable for me on many occasions.

I was a glutton in every sense of the word. My appetite was ravenous, and when given the chance would in spite of unusually strong digestive organs, eat so much it would make me sick. And this was not confined only to my youth. On several occasions I ate so much watermelon I believed I was going to die. Once I ate 500 muscadines before I stopped counting them, and then ate many more before I quit. (an ordinary muscadine is about three times the size of a large grape, and the pulp much tougher). Frequently at the late evening meal, the quantity of pork eaten (sic) would keep me in a nightmare dream until morning. Some of the hallucinations thus caused are indescribable. Falling off cliffs, chased by demons, being in public with no pants on, having a rabid dog corner me, and being unable to run to get away are only a few of the dreams caused by a gluttoned stomach from overeating.

When about three years old (I don't recall the incident), I fell off a porch and landing on the handle of a plow stock, became ruptured. It caused a lot of suffering all along thru (sic) the years of my early life until nineteen years of age, when I was cured by taking a treatment from Capt. W. A. Collings of Watertown, New York. Five months treatment affected a complete cure. Rupture has never bothered me since.

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### **UNION TOWNSHIP AND VICINITY, NEVADA COUNTY, ARKANSAS**

It was mostly rolling and more or less hilly country. There was of course, level land, and some bottom land as fertile as is to be found. There was pine timber in abundance of several varieties. white oak, post oak, water oak, black oak, overcup oak, pin oak, etc. were plentiful, especially the three kinds first named. There were several species of hickory, two species of gum, elm, green bay, black walnut, iron wood, dogwood, willow, mayhaw, persimmon, ash, button willow, boisd'arc, cypress, papaw, etc.

On the sandy soil watermelons were a success. Almost everything except tropical crops could be grown. Up to 1916, there were no stock laws, and all unfenced land was open range. Cotton and corn were the two main crops. When I decided to let 1912 be my last year to grow cotton, I did so against the advice of those who best knew me, for it was thought by the people there that to refrain from growing cotton would be at once disastrously ruin any farmer who attempted the wild venture. I did better right along from the time I let cotton alone. We would generally have a turnip patch, especially in the fall. After having things my way, I grew sweet potatoes, peas, corn, peanuts, pumpkin, sorghum cane hay, peaches, watermelons, musk melons, and a variety of vegetables. Twice I tried to grow hogs, but cholera cleaned me out after getting well started.

Big Caney Creek was a good fishing stream, and I fished in it a great deal and caught many for several years. Occasionally, I would catch a loggerhead turtle; then we had meat unsurpassed as well as turtle soup.

Crab grass was what made the growing of field crops difficult. It would grow thicker than lice on a dog's back and grew fast. Cockle burrs were pestersome on wet land. If bermuda grass got started it was best to turn the infested land into pasture, for the summer rains made it almost an impossibility to kill it out completely.

Our farm consisted of 120 acres and lay in the shape of an L. It is located in Section 7, Township 12, Range 20. We moved on and rented John Greer's farm. In 1906 and thereafter we had enough land in cultivation to keep us busy at home. On our place were a number of petrified hickory logs, the only ones I ever saw in that locality. I plowed up Indian pottery several times, and found a number of flint arrowheads. It evidently had been the stamping ground of Buck Indians in earlier times.

The largest family in the community was that of John and Rebecca Otwell. They had 15 children, all living.

The neighborhood had one noted gossip, Minnie Irvin, wife of Will Irvin. She talked about everyone she knew except the one she happened to be with. She was not despised, however, as a gossip generally is, because everyone seemed to realize that she couldn't help it and got quite a kick out of hearing her talk.

Methodist was the prevailing religion of the district. Gooseankle was the name of the location of their church. Some resented this name, and it was changed and came to be

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known also as Rocky Hill. I have heard some fiery sermons preached there.

**(PART TWO WILL BE IN THE NEXT ISSUE)**

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Mr. Foster mentioned finding petrified logs on their farm. This piece of petrified wood was found about a quarter of a mile from the Foster place when I was working for IP. Our fire plow uncovered a small piece and we started digging and found a whole petrified log. It broke into several pieces as we dug it out. I got this piece which measures about 20 inches long and nine inches wide plus another round piece about four feet long. Several other workers took home a piece of the log. For some reason, petrified wood is pretty common in that particular area. People sometimes used these as grave markers. There are several at Ebenezer Cemetery.

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### RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2015

January --- 5.6 inches

February--- 3.6 inches plus about five inches of snow and ice

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### ITEMS FOUND IN *THE DYNAMO*, THE PRESCOTT HIGH SCHOOL NEWSPAPER (1930s)

SIX AGES OF WOMEN

Safety pins

Clothes pins

Hair pins

Fraternity pins

Diamond pins

Rolling pins

Man is born

Man dies

Man is buried

Man turns to dust

Grass grows from dust

Horse eats grass

Moral: Don't ever kick a horse—you might

kick an ancestor

The owl is dumb and the bat can see, in spite of the long established popular belief that the owl is wise and the bat blind. Compared to other birds, the owl is very stupid. The bat has good eyes but can see best at twilight.

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This is a picture of Perry Westmoreland and his brother, Jake taken in the 1930s. The is a mid-1920s Model T modified with a bed on the back.

Their uncle, Leonard Westmoreland, went into Prescott one day and came back with it, but his wife, Anna Lee, didn't approve.

Perry and Jake had earned \$50 or more from a bale of cotton they had planted and picked. They bought the Model T from their Uncle Leonard for \$47.50.

Thanks to Joanne Westmoreland for sending me this picture and story.

I love these old vehicles. If you have pictures of old vehicles (or other interesting pictures) that you would be willing to share, please send them to me.

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### **THE NEW SCHOOL AT BLUFF CITY**

The start of the school year in 1929 found Bluff City in the process of building a new high school. Several smaller schools in the area had just been consolidated into the Bluff City school

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district. Governor Parnell had been scheduled to deliver an address at Bluff City at the opening of the school year but since the new building was not quite completed, he delivered his address at the Cale School instead.

The Bluff City School had previously been located at the end of what is now Knight Street just past the now vacant home of Tommy and Lucille Kirk. The old building was a wood frame structure. A few pictures survive showing small parts of that building. The new brick school being constructed in 1929 was located at the intersection of what is now Hwy. 24 and the road to Reader. That building was used until January, 1945, when it was completely destroyed by fire. A new brick building was then constructed at the same location. That building still stands. When the Bluff City School consolidated with Prescott in 1951, the building was sold to the Bluff City Church of Christ. The building was remodeled and the dedication of the new church was held August 24, 1958. The church continues to meet there today.

The people of Bluff City, both students and adults, were excited about the new school building in 1929. It takes a lot of money to furnish a school properly and at that time much of the money was raised locally. A weekly newspaper, *The Nevada News*, gives us some idea of what it was like back in 1929.

The high school organized two literary societies in October, 1929, called The Hubs and The Spartans. Literary societies were quite popular in those days.

The Hubs chose these officers: Clyde Moore, president, Myrtle Martin, vice-president, Nellie Mae Morgan, secretary, and Dovie Black as treasurer. They chose black and gold as their colors. Their motto was "Always spinning". The program committee members were Sula Nichols, Clyde Moore, Myrtle Martin, and Ethel Gillespie. The local committee members were Gussie Byrd, Lee Roy McKelvy, Carl Greer, and Geneva Irvin.

The Spartans chose these officers: Laura Gillespie, president, Mary DeWoody, vice-president, Elsie Mae Moore, secretary/treasurer. Their colors were red and white. Their motto was "Never Give Up". Program committee members were Helen Harvey, Bill Nichols, and Mary DeWoody.

Marie Hildebrand won a prize for being the best looking girl in Bluff City.

The freshman class organized as follows: Herbert Moore, president, Hassel Starnes, vice-president, Cora Starnes, secretary/treasurer, and John Meador, reporter. Class colors were blue and white. The freshman class motto was "To Make the Best Better".

The school reported that they had three buses with one bus making two trips.

The school library had about 800 volumes in 1929 and three encyclopedias had just been added as well as a new dictionary.

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The Smith-Hughes building was nearing completion under the leadership of Mr. Frank Pfeifer.

Landscaping of the school grounds was in progress. The news reporter wrote: "The school ground looks different and everyone has blisters on their hands from pulling cotton stalks." Evidently, the school had been constructed where cotton had just been grown.

There were several events to raise money for the new school. There was an "Old Hen's Day" which raised \$25 for the school. I would love to know more about that event. To raise money for playground equipment for the primary grades, each student was told to bring one egg per week until enough money was raised.

A PTA was organized with Mrs. C. C. Harvey as president, Miss Artie DeWoody, vice-president, and Miss Belle Morgan as secretary/treasurer.

A new volley ball had been purchased for the junior grades. Both basketball teams had new suits and two new balls and were ready to take on any school in the county.

The Home Ec. girls raised money by selling candy, popcorn, peanuts, and hamburgers.

School subjects for the tenth grade in 1929 included Plane Geometry, Trig., Ratios, Sine, Cosine, and Tangent, and Latin. The 11<sup>th</sup> grade studied Biology, American history, Human Conduct, English Literature, and Algebra.

There were 170 students enrolled at Bluff City in 1929 with eight teachers.

The school was the focal point of the community as long as it existed. Many different programs were held there including plays, music shows, debates, banquets, political speeches, various money-raising events, box suppers, and singings. The school building was the logical place to have inside events which drew a large crowd of people. Basketball games also brought large crowds. These were played on the outside basketball court since there was no gym.

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### **NEWSPAPERS DELIVERED BY AIRPLANE (from the 8-7-1947 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

A new newspaper started in Prescott in 1947, *The Prescott Daily Mail*, was the first newspaper in the state to be delivered by airplane. Two planes from the Prescott Flying Service were used. One plane flew to Little Rock where it was met by Gov. Ben Laney who was presented the first copy of the newspaper to come off the press.

Another plane dropped off bundles of the paper at Delight, Okolona, Blevins, Gurdon, Emmet, Bluff City, Laneburg, Rosston, Bodcaw, Willisville, and Mendenhall.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF HOWARD CORNISH FOSTER  
(PART TWO)**



**Howard Cornish Foster as a young man.  
(Pictured at left)**

**SCHOOL DAYS**

My school days were few. The total would not exceed eighteen (18) months. Started in 1902 when nine years old. Learned the alphabet the first day. My textbook was "Webster's Blueback Spelling Book". The school was for a period of either 2 ½ or three months. The teacher was Ealy Carter, and he appeared to be about twenty five years old. This was the last time he taught at that school, but he had taught there before. At the start I did not want to go, but got over my dislike for school after a few weeks, after which I enjoyed it and wanted to continue. About the third day I tried to avoid going by purposely falling down and spilling my lunch just outside the yard gate, but the folks fixed

another for me, and I had to go anyway. It was a bitter defeat for me, and I felt they were giving me a raw deal. At the end of two weeks, Friday afternoon was turned over to having a spelling match. Some of the neighborhood people had come to hear it. I remember Captain Thompson saying it would not be fair to give hard words to the small ones who had not attended school before. He said they should be given simple words, such as "hat". I had learned to spell a few words, but not "hat" and I thought he had a very poor conception of what was easy. By and bye it got under way, and the teacher turned it over to a large girl, Fanny Thompson to give the words. By the time a word came to me it was the word "squash". We had two trials at a word before it was passed on. I said S U C H then called the word squash, feeling it couldn't be wrong, for the sound seemed just right to me. She looked grave, shook her head, and said "No that's not right: try again". My confidence was gone, I felt a burning sensation all over, and with misgivings as to whether it was wrong in the book or not, I said S \_ \_ \_ but cannot here record the finish, for everyone started laughing, I started blushing, and thought they all had it in for me—they had not laughed at any of the others who missed their words. Within half a minute it occurred to me what had happened, and then I was mortified if anyone ever was.

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The teacher for my second school was Molly Robbins, an elderly lady. I was going places now, for in addition to my "Blue Back Speller", had started in "McGuffey's First Reader", and was learning to read by pausing between words. Even at that time we had to memorize poems, and sometimes say one on "Speech Day" at school. I sometimes now think that if we could hear some boy or girl say a poem, with the wits scared out of them, as they were us back then, that it would to some extent compensate for the bore of listening to someone read a poem in the dry manner in which 100% plus of all those who try it now, do it.

During this school I went through the first reader twice, and about half way thru (sic) the second reader. Could read in the third reader some, but not passed to it until the next school. In this district one half of the school funds went to the Negroes for their schools, so there was only enough to pay for three months of school each year. At the end of my second year we moved eight miles to the N. W. , into Union Township where there was not one Negro, and here there was five to six months of school each year. But three months in summer and three in winter was the way it was conducted, so as to give the least interference to farm work.

At the time I started attending school in Union Township, I had learned to like school real well. We did have a fine group here, and had some excellent teachers too. One was Lottie Gladden, another, Warren Starnes who was an excellent teacher in mathematics. Then another was Joe Meador, an unsurpassed teacher for grammar. I have heard him in a number of public debates, and he surpassed any other orator that I ever heard. He lost the decision in but one debate in his life, altho (sic) he had many with university professors and others. Another excellent teacher we had was Claude Hirst, a graduate of the University at Fayetteville, Ark. Several others taught here during my school days but to some of the schools I did not go and cannot remember them all.

It was during this period that I contracted malaria fever and had plenty of grief, chills, ague, enlarged spleen, torpid liver, and what not. I had two and one half miles to go to get to school. It was called Gum Grove Schoolhouse.

Some of the students with whom I attended at Gum Grove in Union Township, Nevada County, Arkansas, who were about my age or older were: Will Griffith—Hildre Griffith—Lummy Johnson—Jenkins Hall—Gilly Hall—Carey Johnson—Ev Parker—Linus Parker—John Will Parker—Sid Parker—Gee McKelvy—Lee McKelvy—Ada McKelvy—Hattie McKelvy--Will Hardwick—Stella Hardwick—Johnnie Hardwick—Raymond Green—Henry Green—Frank Moody—Terry Moody—Jesse Bradley—Julious Bradley—John Bradley—Seeley Bradley—Annie Bradley—Rosie Bradley—Willie Ledbetter—Clinton Pierce—Nettie Pierce—Thurman McDonald—Hugh Henry—Denver Henry—Jabe Crowell—Jack Crowell—Carl Beaver-- Brackett Beaver—William Sarrett—Jim Otwell—John Otwell—Luther Otwell—Stella Otwell—Susie Otwell—Emma Otwell—Emma Nelson—Summerfield Nelson—Warren Fairchild—and there were several I cannot recall including two Ledbetter girls, and there was Annie Parker and another Parker girl, etc.

Of those about my age or younger were: Braddy Parker—Ezra Sarrett—Homer Hardwick—Garland Hardwick—Viola Bradley—Bessie Beaver and her sister—Gladys Henry--Acsy Johnson—

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Emmett Johnson—Eldre Johnson—Mabel Johnson—Vivian Johnson—Bessie Griffith—Lucy Griffith—Talmadge Griffith—Clarence Dunn—Obie Johnson—Cleveland Johnson—three Fairchild girls—Esther McKelvy—Jim Nelson—Medie Nelson—Sexton Moore—Willie Moore—Mattie Moore, older than I-- several others I cannot recall.

Here I studied during the twelve months in all that I attended this school: McGuffey's Third Reader, Lee's Primary U. S. History, Lee's Advanced History, Ray's Primary Arithmetic, Ray's Elementary Arithmetic, Ray's New Higher Arithmetic, Ray's Advanced Arithmetic, Reed and Kellogg's Primary Grammar, Reed and Kellogg's Advanced Grammar, Steele's Physiology, Longfellow's "Evangeline", McGuffey's Eclectic Spelling Book, Primary Geography, Advanced Geography, Milne's Elements of Algebra, Penmanship.

Jesse Bradley and I would have a fight nearly every school. Our favorite baseball games were "Scrub" and "Townball". We sometimes played "Bullpen", "Blackman", "Anthony Over", "Pop the Whip", "King Base", etc. and boxing, jumping, foot races, "Hot Ball" and what have you.

On Friday afternoons there would generally be a spelling match, a ciphering match, a geography match, or speeches or debating; but more spelling matches than anything else. During one school we had a Mr. Wilson for a teacher, Friday afternoons were devoted to literary society work.

Eldre Johnson was a dirty cuss, often in trouble. Some of the boys would punch holes in the top of their lard buckets, such as we all used to carry our dinner in. These holes were for ventilation, but Eldre Johnson one day was caught spitting on the lids and then use his heel to rub it thru (sic) the holes.

We were always on alert to discover any boys that hated one another, and always lent a willing hand to help arrange a fight. It was fairly easy to stir up a fight between Kenneth Otwell and Eldre Johnson, or Eldre Johnson and Homer Hardwick. Braddy Parker and Kenneth Otwell could also be agged (sic) to fight. One day two of the grown boys almost mixed. Linus Parker almost broke Lum Johnson's leg with a large solid rubber ball, and it created more excitement for us than a threatened war.

Cleveland Johnson and Ezra Sarrett were the two Liziest (sic) boys; Garland Hardwick was the worst to always be running to tell the teacher what happened. Acsy Johnson and Will Hardwick were the worst pests to try to make wise cracks. Emmett Johnson, while one of the smallest, was perhaps the biggest cusser; and Kenneth Otwell, I believe was the worst bragger. Eldre Johnson was thought by some to be the biggest liar. Will Hardwick and Warren Fairchild, from children's points of view, the most cowardly. Perhaps they were not.

As for the numbskulls of Gum Grove, there was Obie Johnson who could not learn the letter B until he had spent three weeks studying it. Braddy Parker was almost as bad. Vivian Johnson was the ugliest girl in school; and she perhaps was also the meanest. Denver Henry seemed to be the most brilliant of the older girls, and was as well behaved as any could be. Hugh Henry, I

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think, was the most brilliant boy. He was a M. D. within four years after leaving this ungraded district school; an attainment which evidently took both brains and effort.

For the most part, we carried our drinking water from a spring, which to reach, we had to go down a steep hill to the north of where the schoolhouse stood. Once a well was drilled near the school, but it was always filling in with sand, so that it was never satisfactory. The nearest residence to the school was that of Robert Henry, it being within  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile.

We all went barefooted in summer until we would reach the age of about sixteen to seventeen. Since I was forced to leave school at fourteen, I never knew what it meant to wear shoes except when the weather was cold.

Our spelling book contained 248 lessons. Some of them were rather difficult. Following are a few from various lessons; From Lesson 43:—sphinx-- fatigue-- police-- valise-- tinder-- verdigris-- quarantine-- pivot-- intrigue-- pinafore—fascia, etc. From Lesson 106: --emigrant--papacy-- heraldry--microcosm--sedulous--pedantry--querulous--microscope--flagrancy--heretic. From Lesson 136:--hoofs--scarfs--volcanoes--halos--mosquitoes--juntas--mottoes--bravadoes--echoes--mementoes--siroccos. From Lesson 166:--circumjacent--disembarrass--epilepsy--eclogue--effuse--epiglottis--circumference--obliquely--dissever. From Lesson 178:--hymeneal--elegiac--empyrean--vendue--tenable--allegro--aperient--terrapin--stereotype--egotism--treble. From Lesson 198:--mellifluous--panegyric--spermacetti--chirurgery--repertory--ceramic--centuple--retrocede--decretory. Taken from other lesson at random:--jocose--lackadaisical--eying--fleche--frere--finale--isochronous--xiphophyllous--coruscation--syzygy--malfeasance--terpsichorean--metempsychosis--buhstone--proboscis--debonair--chevaux-de-frise.

Some of our problems in the examples we had in arithmetic were quite difficult for us, as we had not had geometry or algebra. Here is one from page 408, Ray's Higher Arithmetic: "A tin vessel, having a circular mouth 9 inches in diameter, a bottom  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, and a depth of 10 inches, is  $\frac{1}{4}$  part full of water: What is the diameter of a ball which can be put in and just covered by water? The answer is 6.1967 inches.

Redway and Hinman's Advanced Geography was plenty difficult to master. Reed and Kellogg's Grammar, to me, was worst of all, because there was so much diagramming to do. Lee's School History was as zealous in giving the Confederate view of matters, as are most other history books to show the spirit of patriotism instead of presenting the essential facts. In Physiology, the treatises on how albuminous foods act after they have been chewed and had spittle mixed with them, when they find lodgement in our inner regions, did not help my digestion or improve my appetite in the least. This with grammar and history was my bugbear.

School always commenced at 8 A. M., and dismissed at 4 P. M. One hour off at noon, and one 15 minute recess period from 10:30 to 10:45 and 2:45 to 3:00 P. M. We spent  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours in the schoolroom each day.

On Saturday morning I would generally take corn to the mill to have it ground into meal for

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making cornbread. When I did not have to work, I would generally go fishing on Caney Creek on Saturday afternoon if it was summer, or go hunting if it was winter.

### **A FEW OF THE COMMON EXPRESSIONS USED IN THE LOCALITY WHERE I LIVED IN MY BOYHOOD DAYS**

“Goober” for peanuts. -- “Hanted” for haunted. – “Comin in” for getting ripe or ready to use, as coming into use. – “Minners” for minnows. – “Out yonder” for out there. - “Meader” for meadow. – “Youngun” for young one or baby. – “Corn pone” sometimes used for cornbread. – “Go a piece with me” for go a way with me. – “Bee gum” for beehive. – “Nome” for no ma'm. – “Tote” for carry. – “Yesum” for yes ma'm. – “Miz” for Mrs. – “Towsack” for burlap bag. – “Passel” for a quantity, or some. Exepressions meaning a great quantity or very much, are: “Oodles”, “Whole passel”, “Right smart”, “A sight”, “A whole lot”, “A heap”, etc. “Johnny Constant” for corn bread. – “William Seldom” for biscuits. – “Chitlins” for hog guts that are cleaned and cooked.-- “Grease gravy” is plain grease which has been fried from swineflesh. – “Polk” is a poisonous weed used for greens, but which on account of the poison must be par-boiled before it is suitable for eating. – “Patridge” is sometimes used for Bob White. It was common for the more illiterate to sound words ending in ing, as tho (sic) they ended in in, as “comin” for coming. The expression: “You all”, I have never heard used in the singular, even by an illiterate negro. Those who ignorantly allege that Southerners use it in the singular, are usually the ones who say oil for all, crick for creek, bot for bought, cot for caught, foll for fall, and have to make a special effort to sound broad A or broad E.

### **EMBARRASSING MOMENTS**

When about six years old, and standing by the water's edge at Barham, Arkansas, I jumped into the mill pond almost to my knees when a locomotive passed when the steam shot by my feet, and the hilarity of the onlookers got out of it was no fun for me; and while this was not very embarrassing, it sowed the seeds for an incident in life to take place a few years later. At the sawmill town of White, Arkansas, my brother Bunyan made arrangements with Bill Harris to give me a scare. In the pit of the boiler room were six steam boilers of about nine feet diameter each. It was almost time for them to “pop” off simultaneously, as the head of steam was high. Harris engaged me in conversation, telling me how often boilers exploded, killing everyone near, and how uneasy it kept him all the time he was near them. My feeling began to reach a high pitch as I noticed him watching the steam gauge almost constantly, and appearing to take on a nervous complex. If a man of his age and experience was scared there was plenty of imminent danger, I thought. Just as the safety valve was ready to release for the most terrifying noise I had ever heard, he started for the exit on the run, and as he jumped the noise started; he had the lead on me but not for long; it was some tall running for an instant, but to encounter about fifty on the outside who had gathered to witness the fun.

The first time I went into a restaurant I was nonplussed. The waiter asked me what I would have. I was as ignorant of how to give an order, as a farmer is of the way he should vote, so I said, “I want some beef and bread”.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

When taking lessons to learn to dance, I rammed a girl against a square column in the center of the room. We were doing a one step as it was done in 1917. Her head struck the sharp corner of the column and it almost knocked her out.

The one time I fell on the dance floor, I landed on my partner in such a way that I had to just roll to get cleared of the wreck in the shortest possible time. When we were clear, but before getting up, someone yelled: "Take a look at that, will you".

The first few strictly "cold" canvasses when starting out to sell life insurance was anything but pleasant.

*Howard Cornish Foster left Nevada County about 1913, moved to Utah, served in World War I, and moved to California in 1929. He contracted polio in 1937 losing the use of his right hand so that he could no longer write. He wrote this sketch of his early life by using a typewriter. He died Dec. 10, 1972 at age 79 and is buried at Pajaro Valley Memorial Park in Watsonville, California.*

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## **SENIOR TRIPS AT PHS**

I'm not sure exactly when senior trips began at Prescott High School. Some of the earlier classes had what they called Senior Day with a trip to some place within driving distance of Prescott to enjoy a day of activities. Later on the seniors enjoyed a real Senior Trips which lasted several days. Here are three examples from 1936, 1954, and 1961.

### **Senior Day at Gilliam's Landing in 1936**

***From The Dynamo (the Prescott High School newspaper)***

Forty Prescott High School seniors left for Gilliam's Landing, a popular resort five miles from Hot Springs on Lake Hamilton. They traveled in a large truck which must have been open to the elements, because the reporter mentioned having to stop for lost hats several times. Activities included row boats, a racing machine for those who wanted to try their luck with horses, and a nickelodeon which provided popular music

The noon meal was spread on a long table covered with picnic food of every description. The group had brought their own picnic food along for the trip. The usual plate consisted of five to ten sandwiches, two or three pieces of chicken, half a dozen pickles, probably five stuffed eggs, and two huge slabs of chocolate, angel food, plain, or devil's food cake. The students had free time until 3:30 when a tour of Hot Springs was scheduled. Some spent this time fishing from the bank with poles; some went boating, some danced, and some sat quietly talking and recuperating from a hearty meal.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

It was then time for the tour. The truck was loaded to its fullest capacity and left on a sight-seeing tour of the city. Some students had brought their Kodak's and took pictures of the group at different places. One picture of interest to all was one taken of the sponsor, Mrs. Dale Denman, on the top of Hot Springs Mountain. A long ride about town, a stop at the double dip parlor, and another lost hat which had to be retrieved completed the afternoon's amusement. They returned to the camping ground ready for the call to supper.

After a supper which even surpassed the lunch, all were ushered into the pavilion where dancing was enjoyed until 10:00. The nickelodeon was kept busy. At 10:00 p.m. everyone was once again loaded into the truck headed for home with memories of a perfect day.

Another year the seniors went to the country club at DeQueen for Senior Day.

### **Senior Trip — 1954**

#### ***As reported in The Nevada County Picayune***

The class of 1954 chose New Orleans as the destination for their senior trip. They made a stop at the Louisiana state capital in Baton Rouge and rode the elevators to the top for a spectacular view of the city. Then they took a driving tour through the Louisiana State University campus. They arrived on Saturday at the Hotel Senator just off Canal Street in New Orleans. After unpacking, they toured the French Quarter on Saturday night. The reporter mentioned seeing performances by "Cupcake", "Stormy", and Lilly Christine, "The Cat Woman". Some of the boys went to places with jazz bands.

Almost everyone went to church on Sunday. They were free the entire day with no scheduled activities. Some went to see the artists at Jackson Square and to a show after lunch. That night they took a boat trip on the USS President and after docking at 10:30 p.m., some went back to the French Quarter.

On Monday morning, the girls went shopping and as the reporter stated, "the boys did too, in a sense". That afternoon they went to Lake Pontchartrain where they swam, ate, played games, and went to the fun house.

Tuesday morning they were free. That afternoon they toured the cemeteries. They checked out of their hotel at 5 p.m. They spent several more hours at the French Quarter and left the city at 10 p.m. headed for home. Sometime in the early morning hours, they stopped at a restaurant for breakfast.

New Orleans was a favorite destination for senior trips in those days. Can you imagine being a chaperone in charge of about forty seniors in a city like New Orleans? One footnote to this story--the Hotel Senator where the Prescott students stayed in New Orleans was destroyed by fire in 1968.

### **Senior Trip—1961**

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

I graduated with the class of 1961. By that time, the school administration had begun to limit the senior trips mainly because some in the previous classes had not behaved properly on their trips. I think the class of 1959 had the last out-of-state trip. It took a little persuasion to convince the administration that our class deserved to have a trip. Finally, they said we could have one, but we must stay in the state of Arkansas and it would be limited to three days.

It was decided our destination would be Scott Valley Dude Ranch in the very northern part of Arkansas near the Missouri border. We chartered a tour bus to take us there. It was my first time to ride one of these buses. Some of us had never seen the mountains of northern Arkansas so it was quite a thrill just to travel crooked Hwy. 7 through the Ozarks with all the scenic views. I remember the bus making a rest stop at Harrison.

The dude ranch was back in the boondocks, not too far from Mountain Home. The boys stayed in what I would describe as a bunk house and I assume the girls had similar quarters. Our meals were served in a large rustic room similar to a cafeteria. There was a swimming pool and various games to play. I remember them taking us on a boat ride at Lake Norfolk and I think we may have had a weiner roast. Some went horseback riding.

Even in this remote area, some of the students managed to get into some trouble. Someone had smuggled some liquor on board the bus and a few of the boys (and maybe some girls) were involved in drinking and some other shenanigans. I remember that our chaperones threatened to cut the trip short and take us home because of this, but those involved straightened up and we managed to complete our trip and stay the full three days.

The next two graduating classes, the class of 1962 and 1963, had a three day trip to Hot Springs. That was the end of the senior trip tradition at PHS.

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Re: "Old Hen's Day" mentioned in the last issue as a way to raise money for the Bluff City School. Cathy Straley says she remembers reading in another Nevada County paper that the ladies donated an old hen from their flock of chickens to be sold to raise money for some cause. Thanks, Cathy. I thought maybe they were calling the older women "old hens".

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### **SEEMS LIKE I HEARD THIS SOMEWHERE**

I'm starting a new feature this month. It will feature a word or phrase used by some people in our part of the country. Some of these were used by our parents and grandparents but have sort of faded away. Some of them are still used frequently today. If you have a word or phrase you would like featured in future issues, let me know.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

This month's phrase is "**right smart**". I saw this used in one of the local news columns in the county newspaper from about a hundred years ago. This is the way it was used--"There is a right smart of sickness around Laneburg."

I couldn't find this phrase in any dictionary around our house, but I did find it in the Merriam-Webster Unabridged Dictionary online. The definition given is "a large amount, number, or quantity". Examples given are: "She'll leave him a right smart when she passes on" and "This hill is a right smart steeper than the side we were on."

It's been a long time since I heard anyone use this phrase and when you think about, it doesn't make much sense. Have you ever heard this phrase before?

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**RAINFALL RECORD**—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus about 5 inches snow and ice; March—I let my rain gauge freeze, so I had to estimate part of the rainfall. We had rainfall on 18 days during March, so it was plenty wet around here. My estimated total for March is 10.3 inches plus 2 inches of sleet.

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## **PRESCOTT'S TEACHERS**

I surely do like to go to school  
My teachers I never try to fool  
My teachers teach us things we should know  
That is one reason I like to go.

Mr. Roe teaches us arithmetic  
Some people think he is very strict  
He has no pets, we all know  
That is why we love him so

My home room teacher is Mrs. McCargo  
Believe me, with her everything must be just so  
She sure knows how to make us mind  
She does too, and teaches us geography and spelling too.

Mrs. Thompson teaches us to write  
She is pretty and quite bright  
She also teaches us history  
If she did not, some years would be a mystery

Mrs. Parker teaches us to read  
Something we very much need  
Who is as good as she can be  
And we like her very much, you see

Written by Virginia Montgomery (Grade 5A)

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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**EBENEZER METHODIST CHURCH – 1946**

I have been looking for a photo of the Ebenezer Methodist Church for some time. I thought surely someone over the years had taken a picture of it. This photo was taken in 1946 by Glenn Foster when he was visiting in the area. Thanks to Robert Foster for sharing it.

Ebenezer dates back to the 1850's when most of this area was first settled by our pioneer ancestors who had left their homes in the eastern states in search of a better life for their families. It took a lot of courage for them to make a move of several hundred miles, much as it took courage for their fathers who made the decision long ago to leave their homelands in Ireland, Scotland, and other parts of Europe and make the long, difficult journey by ships to the United States. Life expectancy in those days was much shorter than today and the days were filled with hard work. Families were large and farming was the main occupation. It is amazing how much some of these early settlers accomplished and we should appreciate their sacrifices.

The name Ebenezer is a Biblical name and comes from the story of the Israelites, led by Samuel, doing battle with the Philistines as recorded in I Samuel, chapter 7.

# *THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **I Samuel 7: 12**

**Then Samuel took a stone, and set [it] between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the LORD helped us.**

We don't know the person responsible for naming this location Ebenezer. The early settlers may have named it for a similar place back east that was named Ebenezer or some of them may have remembered the story of how the Lord helped Israel in the battle with the Philistines and wanted to give the Lord credit for helping them in their journey to their new homes in Arkansas. Just as Samuel had placed a stone marker to mark the place where the Lord helped the Israelites defeat the Philistines, our families place stones at this place called Ebenezer to remember their loved ones who are buried here.

These early settlers established a Methodist Episcopal church at this location as a place of worship and as deaths occurred, the most likely place to develop a cemetery would be near the church. Ebenezer is shown on an 1865 map of this area and is marked with a cross symbol indicating a church. We have no pictures of the early church buildings at Ebenezer. In the early 1900's, a school was located across the road from the church.

A deed for the cemetery is recorded in Book 66, page 389 at the Nevada County courthouse. The grantors are A. C. Moody and Fannie C. Moody. The grantees are I. N. Tunnell, J. H. Griffith, and Walter Kirk and their successors as grave yard committee. The description is as follows:

**Beginning at the southeast corner of the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of Section 21, Township 12 South, Range 20 West. Running west 220 yards, thence north 78 yards, thence east 118 yards, thence southeast 112 yards to the place of beginning, containing 2 ½ acres, more or less. The date of the deed is September 12, 1914.**

This deed only covered the cemetery. The church property (10 acres) was donated by J. W. Whaley and Rachel Whaley. Church trustees when the deed was recorded in April, 1896 were J. W. Whaley, W. D. House, and John P. Otwell. The deed stated that the land shall be "used, kept, and maintained as a place of divine worship and the residue shall be for the use and occupancy of the preachers who shall from time to time be appointed in said place". As population decreased, the church was finally forced to close. The building shown in the picture was sold and moved sometime in the early 1970's.

The church property was conveyed by deed on August 9, 1974 from the United Methodist Church to the Ebenezer Cemetery Association. This deed is recorded in Book 312, page 32. The description on the deed is as follows:

The Northeast Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of the Southeast Quarter of Section 21, Township 12 South, Range 20 West, containing 10 acres, more or less.

# *THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

A group of local individuals worked together during the 1960's to improve the cemetery. A chain link fence was erected, a road was built completely around the edge of the cemetery, and a nice arch was built over the front gate with the name Ebenezer Cemetery. Some of those involved in this were Ruel McKelvy, Horace Kirk, Lee Roy McKelvy, Hildre Griffith, Sam Chamlee, and John McCain.

Although a cemetery committee had been in existence for several years, it was formally incorporated as the Ebenezer Cemetery Association June 9, 1975. The members of the first board of directors were: Ellis Johnson, J. D. Norman, Horace Kirk, Claudis Nelson, Ruel McKelvy, Opal Delaney, Keeley McDonald, Virda McCain, and John McCain. The association decided to have annual meetings the first Sunday in May to discuss cemetery business.

The oldest marked grave in Ebenezer Cemetery is that of William B. Hackette, son of Dr. M. B. Hackette, Jr. and Mrs. E. A. Hackette. The child lived almost three months. There are many unidentified graves marked with sand rocks and some of these graves could be even older. An unusual grave not far from the Hackette plot is surrounded by huge sand rocks stacked three high. The person buried here is unknown, but must have been a prominent person of that time. The family went to a great deal of trouble to mark this person's final resting place with these huge stones.

There are about 500 graves at Ebenezer Cemetery. Burials are listed and photos of markers can be found on the Find-a-Grave web site.



**EBENEZER CEMETERY**



**This photo taken at a funeral in 1968 shows the back of the church building.**

# *THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **LIBERTY BONDS**

One of the ways the government financed World War I was the sale of Liberty Bonds. It was considered an act of patriotism to purchase these bonds. I noticed a full page ad in the April 18, 1918 issue of *The Nevada News* condemning those who refused to buy these bonds. Those people were called "slackers". The wording in this ad was quite strong.

"Anyone who doesn't buy the Liberty Bonds is in the same class with those wretched creatures of feeble brain and feeble spine, those cowards we call slackers.

Such a man or woman isn't worthy to blacken the shoes of an American soldier who goes across to give his life on the blood-soaked soils of France. Such men and women, whether they live in cottages or mansions, are not fit to associate with REAL Americans. Such men and women are not fit to live in this community, or anywhere else in America. They are not fit to live at all.

For such men and women are perfectly satisfied to continue their selfish pleasures and go along in their selfish, narrow ruts, while the best young men in America go across the sea to place their bodies as a barrier of human flesh and blood between us and our enemies. Such men and women are yellow to the core."

The ad stated that anyone who could not afford to buy the bonds should borrow the money from their local bank. At the bottom of this full page ad were the names of local people who had purchased Liberty Bonds and how many they had purchased.

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## **FOOD RATIONING DURING WORLD WAR I**

One of the items in short supply during World War I was wheat, especially in Europe. After three long years of fighting, the European countries were experiencing a shortage of food. The United States got into the war in 1917. The U. S. government came up with some suggestions in November of that year to help Americans conserve food which would aid the war effort. The slogan was "Food Will Win the War". President Wilson put Herbert Hoover in charge of the U. S. Food Administration to help manage food reserves during the war. Hoover felt that Americans would voluntarily conserve food if asked and avoid forced rationing. These are some of the suggestions announced by the government.

1. Americans should cut consumption of wheat by half. Each person is allowed up to 1 and a half pounds of wheat per week. This included macaroni, bread, flour, crackers, pastries, pies, cakes, wheat cereal combined.
2. Public eating places should observe two wheatless days each week (Mondays and Wednesdays).
3. Stores should not sell more than 1/8 barrel of flour to any one customer in the city. Country customers were allowed up to 1/4 barrel.
4. Bakers should reduce the size of their loaves from one pound to 3/4 pound.

The government put out a pamphlet with these suggested ways for American to cut back on food.

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Sunday—one meal wheatless and one meal meatless  
Monday--all meals wheatless and one meal meatless  
Tuesday—all meals meatless and one meal wheatless  
Wednesday—all meals wheatless and one meal meatless  
Thursday—one meal wheatless and one meal meatless  
Friday—one meal wheatless and one meal meatless  
Saturday—all meals porkless, one meal wheatless, and one meal meatless

Through these voluntary rationing guidelines, Americans consumed 15 percent less food in 1918 and 1919 than before. Maybe this could be used today as a way of cutting back on the food we eat and thus help with the obesity problem in the United States.

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## OVEREXERTION OF THE MIND

In January, 1917, a trial was held in Prescott—the case of Alice Langford vs. the Knights of Pythias. I don't know the particulars of the case, but one of the attorneys was J. D. Shackelford, a colored attorney. It was his first case and evidently he was a little nervous. During the trial as he presented his case, he collapsed in front of the judge and spectators thought he was dead. Dr. Rice was in the courtroom and revived him. The trial resumed and after a few minutes, Mr. Shackelford collapsed again. The doctor again tended to him and said the reason the lawyer fainted was "overexertion of the mind". (*The Nevada News*—Jan. 4, 1917)

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## LITHIA SPRINGS

(from the 11-12-1891 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Arkansas Lithia Springs, near Hope, are attracting much attention. The water is very fertile in salts of lithium, iron, magnesia, and contains a liberal supply of soda, lime, potassium, and iodides. The happiest results have been afforded in diseases of the stomach, bowels, liver, urinary and genital organs, uric poisoning, catarrh, and malaria.

Arkansas Lithia water, from near Hope, is effecting some wonderful cures around Prescott, as well as many other portions of the country. It readily cures diseases of the kidneys, liver, etc. and is very effective in all female troubles. It will be delivered to the Hope depot for 25 cents per gallon. One gallon will last a patient a week and five or six weeks' time often affects a cure. It is pleasant to the taste and takes the place of water. Contact Dr. T. M. Boyd or Lithia Springs Company, Hope, AR.

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# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## SEEMS LIKE I HEARD THIS SOMEWHERE

Susan Bell remembers this phrase—

**She got her tickle box turned over.** (she can't stop laughing.) My grandmother Myra Hamby used this phrase a lot. And she got her tickle box turned over a lot. My grandfather would just shake his head and leave the room.

Bill Sellers remembers this phrase—

**Make haste.** Means hurry up. This phrase is found several times in the Bible. Bill, this was a favorite expression used by my grandmother also. I can remember her telling my grandfather to “Make haste”. There is also the saying “Make haste slowly” which means act quickly, but not so fast that you make careless mistakes.

If you have a favorite word or expression, send it to me.

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## COLLECTING

I think I fall somewhere between being a collector and a hoarder. I've about reached my limit on space. That's the main problem with collecting stuff. My advice to anyone planning on taking up this hobby of collecting is to start with something small because you will soon find you need more space.

Much of my stuff is in the form of papers or pictures and can be filed away in a filing cabinet or stored in boxes. I have lots of old family pictures that have been given to me by various people. Many of the photos are unidentified but I hate to just throw them away in case somebody might be able to identify a photo. I just have them stored away in boxes giving them a short reprieve because I know someday they will be thrown away.

I like to collect old bottles. I became interested in this when I worked in the woods and came across old home places. Sometimes I would find an interesting old bottle just lying on the ground. An old trash pile near an old home place opens up all kinds of possibilities of finding interesting things unless the people were like my grandmother who threw all her trash into an abandoned well.

I have some of my bottles displayed at home, but most of them are stored away in boxes. I guess somebody can have a big garage sale someday after I'm gone. I mainly like the old soda bottles or patent medicine bottles. I also keep old bottles that have colored glass like the blue milk of magnesia bottles and Vick's bottles, old brown Purex bottles, or just anything unusual or old looking.

## *THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

People collect all kinds of stuff, but it can be overdone. If you are not careful, you will be like some of those hoarders on the TV shows who can't even use their homes because of all the clutter. As they say, "One man's junk is another man's treasure". You can probably find somebody somewhere who likes to collect the same things you collect.

I like going to garage sales and estate sales. You will be surprised what some people are willing to pay for things, especially at auctions. It is sad to see all the possessions of someone who has passed away being sold in estate sales or auctions. All those things meant something to the people who had them, but we know we can't take our possessions with us when we die. Some people think it's silly to fill your house up with what they call "Junk", but if collecting things gives a person pleasure, I'm all for it. To each his own.

Sometimes you find things at a sale that you think someone in that family might like to have. I bought a book at an estate sale a few years ago that was given to a couple when they got married in 1931, which included recipes, household hints, etc. In the front of the book were several pages where family information could be recorded much like in a family Bible. This book I purchased had family tree information for the couple, pictures of their children, trips they had taken, newspaper clippings, death certificates, and other personal information which I thought somebody might like to have. I even advertised on some genealogy web sites hoping someone in that family might contact me and I could give this information to them. So far, I haven't heard anything from my efforts.

At the same sale, I also purchased several news magazines printed just after the attack on the World Trade Center in 2001. That event, much like the attack on Pearl Harbor, was such an important event in our history that I thought the magazines were worth keeping.

Sometimes companies will package their products in a special container celebrating an anniversary and I usually keep those type containers. An example is the Planter's Peanuts 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary jar I have. Maybe someday it will be worth something. I also collect old fruit jars if they are unusual, have some type writing on them, or colored blue.

I don't collect as much stuff these days because I'm running out of room. Displaying a collection calls for shelves and display cases which take up more room. As I said at the beginning, if you are taking up this hobby, start with small items or at least consider the space that will be required to store your collection.

If you collect something write and tell me about it. I would be interested in knowing what type things people collect.

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**RAINFALL RECORD** (at my house)—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus 5 inches snow and ice; March—10.7 inches plus 2 inches sleet; April—7.7 inches

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## BIBLE QUIZ

1. Who named the first animals? (Genesis 2: 19,20)
2. We all know that Adam and Eve made themselves aprons out of fig leaves. What was their next clothing made from? (Genesis 3:21)
3. How many stories (floors) were on the ark built by Noah? (Genesis 6:16)
4. Who shut the door of the ark just before the Flood began? (Genesis 7:16)
5. How many people were on board the ark during the Flood? (Genesis 7:13)
6. What two birds did Noah send out of the ark to see if the earth was dry? (Genesis 8: 7,8)
7. What did God place in the sky to remind Him of his promise to not destroy the earth with water again? (Genesis 9: 11-17)
8. How long did Noah live? (Genesis 9:29)
9. What mountain was Moses on when he received the Ten Commandments from God? (Exodus 31: 18)
10. Remember the story of David killing Goliath with a slingshot? How many stones did David have in his arsenal? (I Samuel 17:40)



# *THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **A SPECIAL REQUEST**

Dear Mr. McKelvy,

I am Claire Chapman, a retired elementary reading teacher. My passion now is family research. I love it more than playing Gershwin on the piano (Rhapsody in Blue) and peach pie and pecan pie and ice cream, too.

Harold Hesterly looked up one of my distant cousins, John Griffin. John and I have kinfolk and connections in Newberry County, SC. Also, Harold Hesterly and I have “about” 8 or 9 allied or what we call here in GA “almost” cousins. My Chapman ancestor and his Summers are “connected” (in Newberry, SC).

I did everything I could find—spent many hours, and googled his kinfolk, and found a lot of data. I found so much for him. Harold is a retired military (age 85 years). I am doing his research as a gift because of his 26 years of service to our USA and we’re “kinda” kin.

Harold is now going very deaf. He cannot hear to talk on a phone. I am asking for your kindness. If anyone who is kin to the Hesterly/Hesterlee/or any varied spelling) is a descendant could write him—this would be a very special blessing. Possibly you could publish my letter in your chronicle also (you have my a.o.k., too)

Thanks again from the depths of my heart. Sent with hope and faith.

Clarie Chapman  
P. O. Box 1315  
Perry, GA 31069

Write to:  
Mr. Harold Hesterly  
5025 Fieldstone View Circle  
Cumming, GA 30028

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*July, 2015*

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**NANCY TEMPERANCE WILSON**

Some people accomplish great things and are remembered for many years after they are gone. Others do great things and their works are soon forgotten. Many are unaware that the little town of Prescott, Arkansas produced a well known poet. Miss Nancy Temperance Wilson was born in Prescott in 1904 and graduated from Prescott High School and Henderson-Brown College in Arkadelphia. She died in 1934 after a long illness. Even though her life span was slightly less than 30 years, she became a well-known poet.

She authored a volume of poems called "Scattering Stars". Some of her poems were used on various radio programs in Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Texas. Her poem "Talking to Stars" was selected as Arkansas' entry for the international poetry exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1933. Her poem "No Street Town" was awarded the Fowler Tree Prize by a women's national poetry magazine. She was working on her second volume of poems at the time of her death. A friend of hers said "she was a gifted writer with a brilliant mind and a vivid imagination".

*The Nevada County Picayune* published her poem called "Scattering Stars" in their October 5, 1933 edition.

**SCATTERING STARS**  
**By Nancy Temperance Wilson**

Up in God's skies  
I hope to go  
Scattering stars  
For you below.

When the night lamps  
Are strewn above  
I'll sit on a star  
And beam down my love.

Scattering stars  
Over the skies  
To see the light  
Within your eyes.

Sit on a star  
Nearest the moon  
Smiling and humming  
A gay little tune

Nancy Temperance Wilson was buried at DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott. Her volume of poems (83 pages) is available at several major libraries including the Central Arkansas Library System, the University of Arkansas at Little Rock Ottenheimer Library, the University of Arkansas, the University of Memphis, and the Yale University library.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **MA'S OLD GALVANIZED WASHTUB (Author Unknown)**

Did you ever take your Saturday bath,  
An' try to wash an' scrub,  
While squattin' down on your haunches  
In a galvanized washing tub?  
If not, then you ain't missed a thing,  
But I'm telling you what's right,  
I done it until I was almost grown,  
And every doggone Saturday night.

In summer it was bad enough,  
But in winter it was really rough,  
Spreadin' paper, fillin' buckets, and kettles  
And all that sorta stuff.  
But gettin' ready for that ordeal,  
Was only half of the rub,  
Of takin' a bath on Saturday night,  
In a galvanized washin' tub.

Did you ever stand there stripped to the skin.  
A woodstove bakin' your hide,  
An a-dreadin' to put your foot in,  
For fear you'd be burned alive?  
Finally you got the temperature right,  
And into the tub you'd crawl,  
That cold steel'd touch your back,  
And you'd squeal like a fresh stuck hog.

You'd get outta the tub next to the stove,  
And stand there drippin' and shakin'  
The front of your body's a freezin' to death,  
While the back of your body's a bakin',  
A-shiverin' and a shakin', a burnin' and a bakin',  
That's the price I had to pay,  
That awful ordeal will haunt me,  
Until I'm old and gray.

I ain't thru yet— there's something else,  
That I been wantin' to say,  
I was the youngest of all the kids  
Who bathed on Saturday,  
We all bathed according to age,

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

An I fell last in order,  
Which meant I had to wash myself,  
An' in that dad-blasted dirty water.

I'm a man of clean habits,  
An' believe in a bath a week,  
It helps ya to keep clean and healthy,  
An' it freshens up my physique.  
But if I had my druthers,  
I'd druther eat a bug,  
Then to take my Saturday night bath  
In a galvanized washin' tub.

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### **A DIARY FROM 1912**

Howard Cornish Foster kept a diary for the year 1912 when he was about 19 years old. He has an entry for each day of the year which gives us a good idea of what things were like at that time. The Fosters lived east of Caney Creek off the Lackland Springs Rd. at the time. Here are some excerpts from his diary:

Jan. 9. I split 101 rails.

Jan. 10. Killed and dressed two hogs. I went to J. R. Dunn's to get his sausage mill. He had loaned it to Frank Johnson, so I went there to get it but they had loaned it to Gee McKelvey, so I staid at Johnson's until one of his boys went and brought it back from McKelvey's, then I brought it home. The weather was cold and disagreeable.

Jan. 15. I helped Charles Foster haul his peanuts out of field to shed. He gave me a load of them which I brought home. (When spring came, I planted some of these goobers. They did not germinate, so my work was wasted.) Hauled a few rails and a load of pitch pine.

Jan. 26. I cleaned out a fence row and built some fence. Went to J. R. Dunn's place and half-soled my shoes while there. Staid overnight at his place. (J. R. Dunn lives about 1 1/2 mile almost due south from our place.)

Jan. 27. Came home from J. R. Dunn's place. I copied their family record while there. Went to Meador's store. After coming home from there I went to Hughey Larkin Belk's place, and from there to Gain Smith's place, and from there to Tom Belk's place, where I staid overnight. About 20 miles travel today.

Jan. 31. About the time we started to go in for dinner I discovered that our house was on fire. A defective flue was the cause. I soon extinguished the fire, but had it not been discovered for two minutes later I think it would have been impossible to save it, for it was spreading rapidly. I

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

went to Bluff City. Took ten pounds of butter and sold it there. At Bluff City I bought the following: coffee 50c, snuff 10c, matches .05c, soda 10c, stamps 25c, writing paper and envelopes 15c, and needles 5c.

Feb. 5. Killed and butchered a hog and dressed it. Hauled rails.

Feb. 6. Hauled rails. Killed three blackbirds. Marked the ears of three calves. Our registered mark for cattle and hogs is as follows: "A split in each ear and an underbit in the left".

Feb. 10. Took five pounds of butter and four dozen eggs to Bluff City and sold them. Bought tacks 5c, snuff 10c, soap and washing powder 25c, 2 files 25c, postage stamps, 4c, stamped envelopes 5c, one No. 2 lamp burner 10c, watermelon seed 5c and one pair of sox 10c.

Feb. 20. Mother and I went to Prescott in our wagon. I paid the taxes on our land for 1911, amount of taxes: \$8.60. This land is the East half of the Northwest quarter and the Southwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section 7, Township 12 south, Range 20 West, in Nevada County, Arkansas. Took 4 pounds of butter to town and sold it for 80c. I opened a credit account at J. B. Jordan's store in Prescott and bought there today the following goods: 3 bolts, 1 eye hoe, 1 piece of rod iron, 2 plow cleavices, 3 heel sweeps, 2 twister plows, 2 shovel plows, 1 pair plow lines, 1 monkey wrench, 1 ten inch file, 196 pounds of flour, 1 pair of work shoes for myself, 2 pairs of shoes for my sister Irene Foster, 3 pairs of sox, 4 shirts, 2 pairs of overalls, 1 suit of underwear, 25 pounds of salt, 3 pounds of soda, \$2.00 worth of sugar, coffee 50c, one half gallon onion sets, one half bushel of seed Irish potatoes, 1 gallon karo syrup, 4 gallons kerosene, candy 5c and apples 10c. A heavy rainstorm caught us while on our way home in the afternoon, so we stopped at John Greer's place and staid there for the night. A flurry of snow fell during night.

Feb. 23. Went to a log rolling at John H. Griffith's place. Most of the logs we piled were in new ground south of our place and in the Big Branch bottom.

Mar. 6. Went to our mail box. Sawed and split some wood for our cook stove and our heating stove. Sawed and piled some logs. Piled some brush. Studied arithmetic in common fractions. Took a bath. Went to Will Irvin's to get some seed sweet potatoes.

Mar. 9. Bedded out our seed sweet potatoes. Built a cowpen. Sawed some wood. Hardened a plow and sharpened and hardened two others. Made a laplink and put it in a tracechain for J. R. Dunn. Took a bath. Studied arithmetic in common fractions.

Mar. 15. Went to Bluff City. Took with me 2 and 2/3 bushels of peas that I sold for \$1.25 per bushel. Sold 6 1/4 pounds of butter for .95c, and 2 gallons of peanuts tor 20c. Bought a shaving brush for 15c, snuff 10c, postage stamps 25c, ledger 30c, stationery 20c and coffee 20c.

Apr. 6. Went to our mail box. Took a bath.

Apr. 9. Sawed stove wood. Plowed. Planted corn. Went to our mail box.

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Apr. 11. Planted corn. Plowed. Sold 3 bales of peanut hay for \$1.50. Went to our mail box. Took a bath.

Apr. 17. Today Ben and I started to dig a well. We both did some digging in it. Studied some.

May 1. Plowed. Harrowed some cotton row beds in field. Planted cotton. Fixed up a trough that some horses tore down last night. Studied some in the scriptures. Went to our mail box. Took two baths.

May 24. Killed a snake. Took a bath. Studied some. Sharpened two plows. Made a horse muzzle. Plowed out corn middles. Received a letter from Charles Foster.

June 3. Plowed and harrowed our watermelon patch. Plowed cotton. Planted peanuts, peas, and sorghum. Took a bath. Sent a letter each to J. S. Westmoreland and Ezra F. Robertson.

June 6. Plowed in our peach orchard. Plowed corn and corn middles. Got a dead hog from under our house. Took a bath.

June 17. Monday. Plowed out corn middles laying it by. I opened up center furrows in other corn middles to plant peas in. Plowed and harrowed our watermelon patch, laying it by so far as plowing is concerned. Sharpened two plows for Hildre Griffith. Took a bath. Received a letter from Mrs. Ophelia Harris.

June 19. Wednesday. I sharpened ten plows. Took a bath. I opened corn middles to plant peas in. Planted peas in them and laid by the corn.

June 28. Friday. Plowed corn and corn middles, laying the corn by; also planted peas in it. Finished plowing corn for this year, laying it by. Plowed sweet potato plants. Plowed some peas that are among the corn. Harrowed off some peas. While preparing to take a bath in the Big Branch, just inside our field I heard something that caused me to throw a clod of dirt into the thick bushes by the branch. Something quite large was heard to make a jump or two. I thought it was a catamount, so I went to the house and brought my shotgun back. I tried then to raise again what caused the first excitement but was unable to do so. Whatever it was had gone.

July 5. Friday. Went to Prescott, Ark. Bought on account at J. B. Jordan Co., soap 5c, matches 5c, 1 pair shoes \$2.00, 1 umbrella \$1.25, sugar \$1.00, salt 25c, a five gallon oil can for kerosene \$1.50, kerosene \$1.00. I bought for cash, 1 horse collar pad 35c, two bolts 5c, 1 pair half soles 20c, 2 boxes of 6/8 inch shoe tacks 5c, turnip seed 20c, writing tablet 10c, six writing pens 5c, and one bottle of ink 5c. Took dinner, which consisted of a bowl of chili, at Price's restaurant. I brought home 144 pounds of flour that I had purchased at Jordan's store last Feb., as at that time I brought home only 48 pounds of the 196 pounds bought in Feb. On way home found and ate some plums by roadside. Mother, Charles Foster and Clarence Dunn went to town with me today.

July 19. Friday. I split some stove wood. Went to our mail box. Studied some. Hildre Griffith helped me saw some stove wood, some rail timber and some mulberry timber for posts. This

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was in our turnip patch. My sister, Mrs. Inez Belk, her husband and family came to visit us. We had a mess of fish.

July 20. Saturday. Helped Hildre Griffith saw some stove wood to repay him for his helping me yesterday. Went hunting. I took Hood Belk's double barrel L. G. Smith shotgun. I killed a squirrel and a snake. Worked some in turnip patch. Split some wood.

July 22. Monday. Took two baths. Killed a snake. Worked some in turnip patch. Split some wood.

July 31. Wednesday. I brought 20 watermelons and 8 muskmelons from field to house. We have plenty of them now. Went twice to our mail box. Sent a letter to N. B. Foster. I went to John Dunn's and he and I then went to Robert M. Henry's place to get some Elberta Peaches for canning etc. We came back by Dunn's place then to ours.

Aug. 2. Friday. I split 141 rails. Went to our mail box. I let Charlie White, our R.F.D. Mail carrier take our mare, Maud, to try out on the mail route for a few days. He let me take his mule, Bob, to try out during same time, to see if we might make a trade. I tried out the mule in several ways and he seems O.K. Received 1 pound of turnip seeds from A.L. Morgan, Camden, Ark. Took a bath. Sowed and harrowed into ground some turnip seed.

Aug. 10. Saturday. Took a bath. Borrowed John H. Griffith's saddle and went to Hood Belk's place. I first tried to cross Caney Creek at the Irvin Ford but the creek was too high with water, so I went upstream and crossed at the Clark Bridge. I went by Cale and got the Postal money order cashed that I received Aug. 7. This was the first time I have been at Cale, Ark since I was a very small boy. Arrived at Hood Belk's home in the afternoon. Rode mule, Bob.

Aug. 20. Tuesday. Helped John Dunn strip sorghum cane and helped him haul three loads of wood to Gee McKelvey's syrup mill. After coming home I tied and took up fodder.

Aug. 27. Tuesday. Hauled our fodder from our old crib to our new crib. Picked 72 pounds of peas. Drew a big dead rat out of our well. Sowed some turnip seed and rolled a packing roller over ground after sowing the seed. The old Bill Green house, which lay about ¼ mile east of Gum Grove school, burned down about 9 P.M. I hauled a load of sand and put it on the ground by our water shelf. Took a bath.

Sept. 3. Tuesday. Picked 100 pounds of peas. Hauled some peavines from field to crib. While picking peas close to a dead oak tree a rattlesnake almost bit me. It had eight rattles. I killed it with a hoe. Went to our mail box. Took a bath.

Sept. 16. Monday. Picked 78 pounds of peas. Ben and I sawed some stove wood. I studied some.

Sept. 17. Tuesday. I picked 159 pounds of peas.

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Sept. 18. Wednesday. I picked 96 pounds of peas. Took a bath. Rain fell last night. Sowed lots of turnip seed this morning. Mother received her Confederate pension check.

Sept. 19. Thursday. I picked 129 pounds of peas. Went down into the Big Branch bottom to look for muscadines.

Sept. 20. Friday. I picked 180 pounds of peas. Studied some.

Oct. 11. Friday. I picked 107 pounds of peas. We finished picking peas for this year. Went to our mail box. Took a bath. Studied for 50 minutes.

Oct. 15. Tuesday. We hauled six wagonloads of corn from field and cribbed it. I estimate it at 90 bushels. Read for 30 minutes. Weather has turned warm again.

Oct. 21. Monday. I painted some on our house. Pulled corn in the afternoon. I killed a snake that I drew up out of our well. The way I happened to find this snake, I started to take a drink of water out of the water bucket before open daylight in the morning, and got my mouth in contact with the snake before I saw it. This morning elders Royal D. Madsen and Leonard Johnson left here about 4:30 to go to Sayre, Ark.

Oct. 24. Thursday. First, I went to Nelson's gin and got some sideboards for our wagon, then came home and loaded Irene Foster's cotton and hauled it to the gin and had it ginned. It happened that no one was ahead of me with cotton at the gin, so ginning on my load was begun about five minutes after my arrival. Prepared to go to Prescott tomorrow.

Nov. 1. Friday. Ben and I worked nearly all of the forenoon building a flue for a stove pipe to run through, but finally we decided not to finish it, but to put the stove pipe up without any flue at this time. The weather has turned cold and begins to seem like winter. I ate some hog meat and some sausage, for the first time since last spring. Shelled corn to take to mill. Painted some on our house. Studied some. Accidentally dropped a water bucket into our well, but was able to get it out easily. For several days past, recently, we have heard wild geese honking as they flew over, going south.

Nov. 5. Tuesday. We finished banking our sweet potatoes. I think we have about 40 bushels of them. I painted some on our house. Today was warm. We have all of our 1912 crops gathered. I think it to be about as follows: 275 bushels of corn, 40 bushels sweet potatoes, a 429 pound bale of cotton, 3 bushels Irish potatoes, between 1000 and 2000 pounds of watermelons, 40 pounds of muskmelons, 2 wagonloads of peanuts, 3 wagonloads of peavine hay, 700 bundles of fodder, 1 ½ bushel unshelled cane seed, about 70 bushels of peas, and a very nice lot of turnips and turnip greens. Took a bath today.

Nov. 18. Monday. We dug in our well. I ground the hoe that we use for well digging. The handle in it was broken by dropping it into the well, so I made a new handle for it today. Studied for an hour or longer. Went to our mail box. There was frost this morning. Our well is now 25 feet deep or more.

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Nov. 23. Saturday. We dug in our well. It is now 31 ½ feet deep. I went over to John H. Griffith's to take a basket of his to him. I went to mill. Today was bed-making-day at Nelson's gin. I went to Lackland Springs. Bought meat \$1. 05, lacking 5c, paying for it, snuff 10c. Studied for 1 hour, 15 minutes. Took a bath. Frost this morning. The weather was some cooler than yesterday.

Nov. 25. Monday. There was a heavy frost this morning, and the day was cool. I worked for about an hour, carrying water for scrubbing and other purposes. I tied and sewed some sacks that are filled with peas. I went to J.R. Dunn's and got his wagon and mule and brought them here to our place, then loaded the wagon with peas and made preparations to go to Prescott tomorrow. I studied for about 1 ½ hours. I ate about twice as much food today as I should. E.S. (Sherman) Nelson had a big sale today and sold nearly everything he had, and intends to move to Texas in the near future.

Nov. 26. I went to Prescott and took 1176 pounds of peas, which I sold for \$1.25 per bushel, for a total of \$24.31. I had intended that this should not be a hurried trip, so I left home late in morning and reached Prescott in afternoon. I bought a pair of shoes for Irene Foster \$1.75, 1 box matches 5c, 1 cocoanut 5c, 1 writing tablet, 5c. Paid to J.B. Jordan's store \$19.00 on account, which was payment in full. I staid overnight at the Farmers' Union Wagon Yard. Cleveland Johnson and a man named Rogers, and another man were there, and they did not fail to make plenty of racket to keep the others awake. I sold my peas that I brought to town today to the Ozan Mercantile Co. Cool weather. Part of day appeared to threaten rain.

Nov. 27. Wednesday. Staid at the Union Wagon yard in Prescott last night. I got a wagon seat for a Leudinghaus wagon from the Prescott Hardware Company for J.R. Dunn.

Dec. 2. Monday. N.B. Foster and I went to Prescott and took between 15 and 16 bushels of peas. Sold them to E.L. Cox for \$1.25 per. Bushel. Before going to Prescott I borrowed \$4.00 from Charles Foster and \$5.00 from Irene Foster. It was past noon when Ben and I got to Prescott today, so we did not have time to feed our team there, so they got no dinner. We left town about 3 p.m. and got home about 7:40 p.m. I paid \$2.70 to Charles Foster and still owe him \$1.00. I owe Irene Foster \$6.75. I paid N.B. Foster \$3.00 in payment for the \$3.00 Postal money order he sent me last summer. Today was cool, but there was no frost, since last night was cloudy.

Dec. 17. Tuesday. The weather was warm today. I picked off about a half bushel of goobers. Ground my ax. Removed shoes from our oldest mule's feet, then trimmed his feet. Cleared some in a pine thicket. Studied for about two hours. Solved the 11<sup>th</sup> example on page 219 of Rays Higher Arithmetic. I had spent more than four hours time on this problem in the past before finally solving it. Took a bath. Calvin Boggs left our place this morning for Prescott.

Dec. 20. Friday. Irene Foster and I went to Prescott in wagon. I sold turnips for 60c and peanuts for 55c. Bought suspenders 15c, drawers 40c, half soles 25c, 2 boxes tacks 5c, 1 hamestrang 15c, 1 gallon lard \$1.00, and 24 pounds of flour 70c. I paid Irene Foster 50c for 60c credit voucher on Sears, Roebuck & Co. and loaned her \$1.00. We got back home about sunset. I took John Dunn's wagon and mule back to him and brought our wagon and mule home. John H. Griffith sent to town by me today for a bottle of Peruna \$1.00, a Second reader 35c, rock candy 10c, and

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sent a Fifth reader to be exchanged for a Primary school history. I took a bath. Was cold today. It is now 8 P.M. and rain is falling.

Dec. 31. Tuesday. I did very little work. Took a bath. Went to our mail box. Received some mail from Draughn's Business College, Dallas, Texas. Calvin Boggs came today, and he and Irene Foster, my youngest sister went to Prescott to get married.

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### **RAINFALL RECORD**

**RAINFALL RECORD** (at my house)—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus 5 inches snow and ice; March—10.7 inches plus 2 inches sleet; April—7.7 inches;  
**MAY—Camden (6.0 inches); Bluff City (12.8 inches)**

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### **REMINDER—**

National Grandparents Day will be celebrated September 13 this year. I would like to do a special issue of *The Sandyland Chronicle* to honor our grandparents. Maybe you can write a paragraph or two about a special grandparent and include a picture of them if you wish. Space is limited for this (depending on how many respond). You might tell what type work they did, where they lived, a favorite memory you have about them, or anything you would like to share. You have two sets of grandparents. You can choose to write about any one of them or more than one. Go ahead and send it to me as soon as you can so I can start putting it all together. As far as how much to write, I would suggest you try to limit it to about the length of this paragraph, but if you need more space don't worry about it. I look forward to hearing from you.

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### **SEEMS LIKE I HEARD THIS SOMEWHERE BEFORE**

Mrs. Zettie Link sent me a long list of sayings she remembers from about 70 years ago. Here are a few of them. I'll include some more in the next issue.

1. I'll be there in a jiffy.
2. She was a humdinger.
3. Just piddlin' around
4. He don't know peaturkey about that.
5. Bought a second used car.
6. That pie was larrapin' good.
7. Hurry and put the vittles on the table so we can eat.
8. Air conditioning was the worst thing that happened to the South. It 'lowed them Yankees to live 'mongst us.

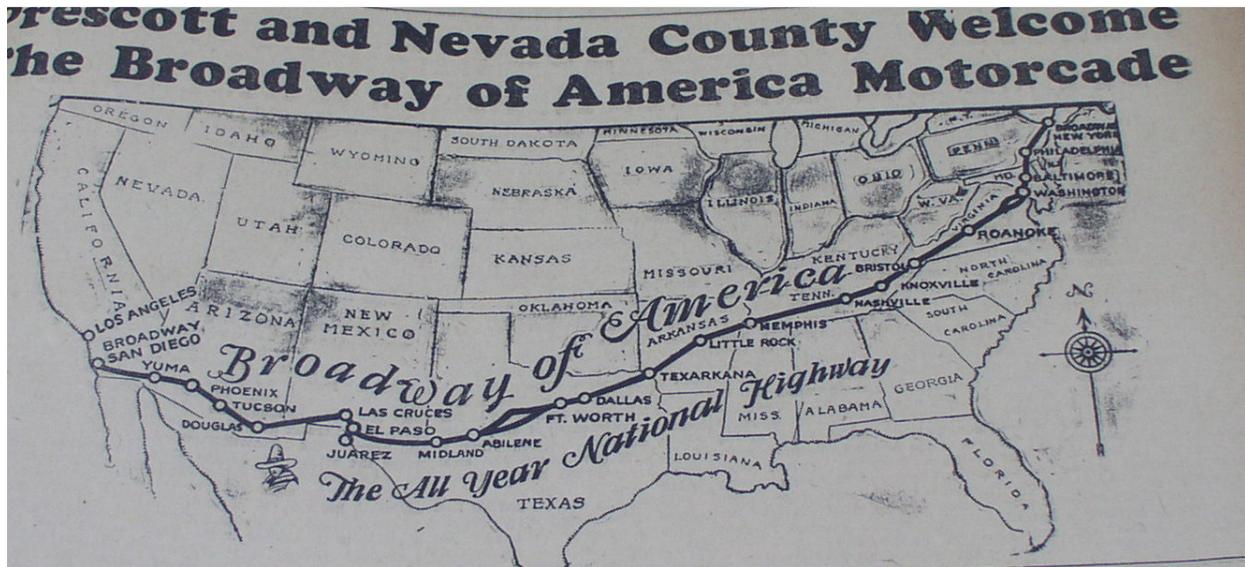
Jerry McKelvy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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### THE BROADWAY OF AMERICA

Imagine how America was in 1928. The automobile had been around for awhile, but many families in rural America had only recently purchased one of those “flivvers” as they called them. The roads were in poor shape especially in rural areas. It was about this time that the first all weather highway was completed across the country. These days we are accustomed to traveling on interstate highways at high speeds to take us wherever we want to go. In 1928, it was a major undertaking to travel across the country.

Sen. John Hollis Bankhead of Alabama was the leading spokesman for building highways. He died in 1920, but the first highway across America was named in his honor and was known as the Bankhead Highway. This road connected Washington, DC and San Diego, California and was also called the Broadway of America.

This highway crossed Arkansas from Texarkana to Memphis which meant that it came through Prescott, Arkansas and was later known as Hwy. 67. This highway caused many businesses to open along the route such as filling stations, hotels, and tourist courts. The Broadway Hotel in Prescott is so named because it was located on the Broadway of America highway.

In April of 1928, a convention was held in Memphis, TN to discuss highways. Plans were made for motorcades to travel to Memphis for this event. One motorcade would leave San Diego and the other from Washington, DC with plans to meet in Memphis for the convention.

The arrival of the motorcade in Prescott was a big event which brought large crowds out to see

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all the cars as they passed through town. Fifty cars had left San Diego led by two fancy Cadillac automobiles. More cars joined the motorcade all along the route so that by the time they arrived in Prescott on April 18, 1928, there were 150-200 cars in the motorcade.

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### **BROADWAY HOTEL AND COFFEE SHOP Date of Photo—June 11, 2015**

The Broadway Hotel was built sometime around 1930 after the Bankhead Highway (the Broadway of America) was completed. It is said that President Lyndon Johnson once stayed here when he was a U. S. senator. The last owner of the hotel was 77 year old Chester Hooker who was beaten to death here in 1997. The crime has not been solved. His family decided to close the hotel after his death, but the coffee shop remained open. The hotel served as the meeting place for civic clubs such as the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs. It faced the railroad tracks and was within walking distance of the depot which made it convenient for train travelers.

The coffee shop opened in 1933 with a fancy meal being served followed by dancing while music was played by an orchestra, according to an article in *The Prescott Daily News*. At one time the restaurant was open 24 hours per day and did a booming business. Local legend says that Bonnie and Clyde ate a meal here while having new tires put on their car at the 282 station nearby. There was a sharp decline in business when Interstate 30 opened and through traffic

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no longer passed by the hotel on Hwy. 67. The name was changed a few years ago to the Broadway Railroad Café. The cafe closed for business in 2013 after 80 years of service to the people of Nevada County. The Broadway Hotel and Coffee Shop were featured on the Chamber of Commerce Christmas ornaments in 2011.

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### **PRESCOTT TRADE DAYS**

Prescott merchants in 1930 organized what they called the Prescott Trade Days to stimulate business. This event started in August and continued through October that year. People flocked to town each Saturday to take advantage of the bargains. A picture published in *The Nevada County Picayune* shows a street filled with hundreds of people. Evidently, the Prescott Trade Days was a big success for the merchants of Prescott. Here is a list of some of the businesses who sponsored the Trade Days in 1930.

Lee Montgomery & Co.	Piggly Wiggly	Ozan Mercantile Co.
Nevada County Hardware Co.	R. C. Harris	Sterling Store
Hardey Buick Co.	Grand Leader	Quality Shop
Denman Auto Co.	Hesterly Drug Store	Prescott Hardware Co.
Roy Duke, Ready to Wear	Joe Boswell	Greeson Chevrolet Co.
Wat W. White	Gus Garrett	N. B. Nelson
Myers Millinery	Callicott Market	Guthrie Drug Store
Mrs. T. G. Moody	102 Service Station	Kizer and Ward
Scott Brothers	Prescott Lumber Co.	M & S Tire Co.
Farmer's Supply Co.	Walloch's Bakery	John Green's Service Station
M System Store No. 1	Fair Store	Tyson's Store
M System Store No. 2	Prescott Motor Co.	J. T. McGough
Allen's Filling Station	Bankhead Filling Station	E. L. Cox & Co.
Buchanan Drug Store	R & F Store, Allen Gee, Mgr.	W. Hamilton
Avery Café	Geo. W. Robinson & Co.	Busy Dept. Store

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### **PRESCOTT'S FIRST REAL SUPERMARKET**

A new type grocery store opened in Prescott in April, 1928. Piggly-Wiggly announced they were opening a store in the Blakely Building on West Front Street, formerly Fleisig's Store. A full page ad in the local newspaper invited customers to try out the new store and souvenirs were given away as part of the promotion.

This was the first "help yourself" store in Prescott. The advertisement for the store stated "a basket is loaned for use within the store". The ad explained how the new store would work. Customers would enter through a turnstile, pick up a basket, and move up and down the three aisles lined with shelves stocked with merchandise. Each item would have a swinging price tag. Customers would make their selections and then proceed to the checking counter where the goods were wrapped. After paying for the merchandise, the customers would exit through a

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turnstile. This was a new experience for Prescott shoppers in 1928 and the people were excited to see such a store come to Prescott. The store remained in Prescott until 1939 when it became a Kroger store.

An ad for the Prescott Piggly Wiggly store in 1930 featured lemons for 27 cents per dozen, Tom Watson watermelons for 59 cents, coffee for 75 cents per pound, and 20 pounds of sugar for \$1.00.

The first Piggly-Wiggly store opened in Memphis in 1916. At the time the Prescott store opened, there were 2660 Piggly-Wiggly stores in the United States and Canada. The man who started the Piggly-Wiggly stores was Clarence Saunders. He was once asked why he chose the name Piggly-Wiggly for his stores and he replied, "Just so people would ask that question".

Piggly-Wiggly was the first to offer a self service grocery store and the first to have the price marked on each item. They were also the first to have refrigerated cases to keep foods fresher and the first to require employees to wear uniforms. Today, there are about 600 Piggly-Wiggly stores operating mostly in the southeastern United States.

Many of us remember shopping at the Piggly-Wiggly stores in Camden. Those stores are still there but now operate under a different name. Only three Piggly-Wiggly stores remain in Arkansas according to their web site—at DeWitt, Dumas, and Star City.

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### **THANKSGIVING MENU AT THE SAXON HOTEL IN PRESCOTT IN 1923**

Oyster Cocktail  
Cream of Celery Soup  
Baked Red Snapper with Creole Sauce  
Baked young turkey with Oyster Dressing  
Macaroni and Cheese  
Baked Young Pig with Applesauce  
Apricot Salad a la Saxon  
Green Olives  
Celery Hearts  
Plum Pudding  
Pumpkin Pie

Special Price--- \$1.00

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## **BOYS WEEK IN PRESCOTT IN 1933**

Boy's Week was started by the Rotary Club and was celebrated all over the United States and the world. The first Boy's Week in Prescott was in 1933. The purpose of Boy's Week was to draw attention to boys as being one of the world's greatest assets and to cause boys to think about their lives and prepare for manhood with programs to build character and good citizenship.

Boys age 10 to 18 were invited to join in the program. The attendance in Prescott averaged about 100 boys for each day. Here is the schedule for Boy's Week in 1933.

Sunday—(Boy's Day in Church). Churches in town devoted part of their services to teaching related to boys.

Monday—(Boy's Day with the City Council). The boys learned about city government and visited city offices.

Tuesday—(Boy's Day in the Schools). The boys were divided into groups and visited businesses and professional men in town.

Wednesday—(Boy's Health Evening). The boys met at the courthouse where they heard talks about health from local doctors led by Dr. A. S. Buchanan.

Thursday—(Boy's Evening at Home). The boys were to remain at home with their parents. Parents were encouraged to listen to the boy's problems and discuss solutions.

Friday—(Boy's Day Out-of-Doors). The boys met at the courthouse at the close of the school day. Transportation was provided to take them on an outing where games were played, stories told, and supper was provided.

Saturday—(Boy's Day at Industry). The boys met at the grammar school. Transportation was provided to take them to the city power plant, the ice plant, and the fire station.

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### **LAST CHANCE**

**Grandparent's Day will be Sept. 13<sup>th</sup>. The next issue will be a special issue in honor of our grandparents. If you would like to include a tribute to your grandparents, now is the time to do it. It could be a favorite memory, words of advice they gave you, a poem about them, or a short paragraph about them. If you don't want to write anything, but want them listed, just send their names with city and state. I still have plenty of room.**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## COMMENTS FROM READERS

Loved every word. You do us a great service. All of Howard Cornish Foster's diary was written before my dad was born in 1916. I wonder how Howard Cornish Foster taught himself. He never says anything about school. I wonder if someone edited his writing.—  
*June Hines Moore*

*Editor's Note: Go back and read his autobiography in the May, 2015 issue where he discusses his school days. That issue also has his picture.*

---

Thank you again for the July issue. I look forward EVERY month to each issue. I loved the diary and read every single entry. By the way, what is pitch pine?—*Annette Lemons*

*Editor's note: Pitch pine is what we always called "rich pine" used to start fires in the wood heaters and fireplaces. Some dead pine trees will just rot and others will have a lot of resin and last for years. Large pieces can be used for fence posts and smaller pieces can be used as fire starters. It smells good when it burns. You only need a few small splinters to get a fire started. We used to gather up enough rich pine to last us through the winter. We would use an axe to split it into splinters and keep them in a bucket or box near the wood heater.*

---

I just wanted to say that I have enjoyed reading your newsletters. I have gone back and read all of them since you began this newsletter. My family (Stinnetts, Picketts, and Creeches) were integral members of Ouachita County, specifically the Chidester and Red Hill areas. My grandmother was also born in Sayre in 1922. So thank you for creating this newsletter and for continuing to put it out monthly. Thanks. — *Thomas Stinnett*

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Great issue. I'm exhausted reading those diary entries! Dead rat in the well, snake in the well! And through it all studying and taking baths. Never a dull or quiet moment. What insight to that bit of time. Thanks. — *Irma Hamby Evans*

---

It was quite interesting reading Mr. Foster's diary and reminded me that, back then, for the conscientious, learning was an ongoing project even into adulthood. — *Duncan McKelvey*

---

Have I told you lately that I really enjoy the [Sandyland Chronicle](#)?—*Don Mathis*

---

Thanks for keeping me on your mailing list. And, thanks for your efforts to preserve Nevada County History.

The Warren Lumberjacks defeated the Bodcaw Badgers in the state basketball championship game of 1931, in Little Rock. There were no classes of teams based on size of school back then. There were about two dozen district champions that were allowed to play in the "State" tournament, regardless of school size. My father-in-law,

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

A.E. Butler, was a starter on the Bodcaw team. Earl May was the coach. According to Mr. Butler, Bodcaw players had old worn-out tennis shoes and were embarrassed by them. Hope Bobcats got put out (beat) the night before and lent Bodcaw players their shoes, for appearance. The Hope team had new shoes; they were made of leather, they were heavy, the sizes did not match the Bodcaw players. My father-in-law was convinced that they could have beaten Warren if they had been allowed to wear their regular shoes. Have you run across any articles from 1931 in the *Picayune* regarding Bodcaw playing in the state championship game?

*James Daniels, Prof. Emeritus, Clemson University*

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And thank you again for the SandyLand Chronicle. I loved the evocation through primary sources of "the old days". Have you read Grisham's "Painted House"? I was put in mind of things evoked by that. —*Tom Boyd*

---

Wonderful chronicle, as always. I treasure every one even though I have no idea where Ebenezer church is/was or the cemetery. My ancestors lived at Boughton and are buried at Moscow and Providence.—*June Hines Moore*

---

I collect ladybug things. None are large. I already have a granddaughter who wants them. Speaking of sales. I had an old "bluing" bottle with bluing still in it. I told it for 10 cents, and the man told me later he would sell it for \$10.00. Ruined my day. —*June Hines Moore*

---

I'm studying history at the University of Baltimore and am currently taking a Historians toolkit course. This course requires me to do some genealogy research. While I was just tinkering around on the internet, I searched for my grandfather, who died when my father was only 10: Candler Kilgo Hayes. I just want to thank you for your research and story. It brings me to tears. Thank you, again and have an awesome day. Respectfully,--*Audrey Ann Hayes, Vice President, Military Veterans University of Baltimore*

---

Thank you, thank you, for another wonderful issue of the Chronicle. I LOVE the artwork included. Would it be possible to include sometime in the future the work of the old Berry Martin place? Some of us would like to see where you were reared. I didn't send out cards this year, but wanted to wish you a happy, healthy season, and may God protect you and yours throughout the holidays. This ole' planet is groaning on its axis: may God help us. WE MUST hold to the faith and the precepts of our historical forbearers.

Have a wonderful holiday with lots of goodies to eat. (I just made my very first batch of EGGNOG FUDGE). Oh, my!!!!. Blessings, ---*Annette B. Lemons (Cornelius)*

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



*This is Ms. Zettie Link's painting of the old Berry Martin place where I grew up. I did not have any old pictures which showed the entire house for her to use as a guide, so we had to rely on our memories to do this painting. Mr. Martin sold the place to my father in 1947 and we lived in the old house until 1956 when it was decided we needed a new house. The old house was torn down and much of the lumber was used in the construction of the new house which is located in the same spot. I am glad to have this painting and appreciate all the work Ms. Link did. She was almost 96 years old when she painted this. Mr. Martin's wife and Mrs. Link's mother were sisters.*

---

### **I Live in a Town So Small – by Don Mathis**

Cops don't ask where you're going,  
they already know.  
Everybody knows everybody,  
half of them are related.

The welcome sign just says Wel-  
You'll miss it if you blink your eye.  
"You're now entering" and "You're now leaving"  
are on the same sign.

It only has one horse –  
and cows outnumber people.

Curfew is when the street lights come on;

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

and the street lights are so dim,  
they are outshined by starlight.

City crews don't pick up road kill,  
they just drag the carcass to the shoulder  
so the vultures don't get hit.

The grocery store stocker will tell you  
NOT to buy a product;  
it goes on sale next week.

The population grows 20 percent  
at Friday night football.

They teach all 12 grades in one school  
and my teacher gets me confused  
with my brother who graduated years before.

The only stop light is one that blinks –  
and it only blinks once an hour.

Downtown starts shutting down at four p.m.  
The main business is the cafe –  
and if you stay there all day,  
the whole town passes through.

Churches outnumber stores and gas stations combined.  
And my church is so small,  
the steeple only comes up to here..

Pick-ups outnumber compact cars two to one.  
The access road to the highway is two-way.  
Tractors have the right-of-way.  
Folks still talk about that bus wreck in 2006.

The local library has 400 VHS tapes,  
half of them are westerns.  
The Post Office closes for lunch,  
but they don't need an address to deliver your mail.

Republican primaries, the only election in town.  
The newspaper is down to four days a week;  
sixteen pages.

The prison in the next county  
is the town's biggest employer.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

The funeral home keeps better track of families than the city, county, church, or census bureau.

You can hear coyotes call at night... and recognize their voices.

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### **SEEMS LIKE I HEARD THIS SOMEWHERE BEFORE**

More from Mrs. Zettie Link---

1. You'se kids go outside and play.
2. You chaps (kids) go outside.
3. Livin' high on the hog.
4. Puttin' on the dog.
5. That story was all hogwash.
6. Dark as pitch.
7. He wasn't dry behind the ears yet.
8. He slouched around on the job.
9. We had "pot liquor" and "pone bread" for supper.
10. The old cat had a whole "hassell" of kittens.

First time out of Arkansas, I lived in California. Went to store and asked for "Sunday dress socks" for my husband. Clerk never heard of it.

Went to a restaurant and waitress asked if I wanted pie a la mode. I didn't know what flavor ala mode would be.

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### **RAINFALL RECORD**

**RAINFALL RECORD** (at my house)—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus 5 inches snow and ice; March—10.7 inches plus 2 inches sleet; April—7.7 inches; May---6.0 inches; **JUNE—Camden ( 5.7 inches); Bluff City (5.6 inches)**

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 15 – No. 9

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

September, 2015

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**SPECIAL GRANDPARENTS' DAY ISSUE**

Grandparents' Day is celebrated on September 13<sup>th</sup> this year. Marian McQuade of Oak Hill, West Virginia, has been credited as being the founder of this holiday which began to be celebrated in the United States in 1978. Her goal was to educate the youth about the important contributions seniors have made. Congress passed legislation designating the first Sunday after Labor Day of each year to be National Grandparents' Day and President Jimmy Carter signed the legislation on August 3, 1978. I invited readers to send in a little write-up about their grandparents. Thanks to all those who responded to my request.

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**William Madison Morgan** was a carpenter. He built many of the houses in Bluff City, Chidester, and the surrounding area. Most of them are still standing because he built them to last. He built the gym at Chidester and later he and his son-in-law, Horace Kirk constructed the Chidester High School Building. Much of the construction was done before he owned a power saw, which would have been of no benefit in most places because there was no electricity to power it. His tool box was one he had designed and constructed himself and the tools in it were: handsaws, hammers, brace and various bits, screwdrivers, chalk line, and other tools he felt essential for building a house and little girls were to stay out of it. In the early days before indoor plumbing and electric power, he did everything from laying the foundation to the painting and wall-papering. He even built the kitchen cabinets.

Grandpa was a farmer. He raised the vegetables for his family's table and the best watermelons anywhere ever. He kept a mule for plowing his garden and for pulling the sled for hauling the watermelons. I remember the watermelons piled high in the front yard with a jar for purchasing them under the honor system. I recall visiting my grandparents one summer when I wasn't old enough to make change and at the beginning of WWII, when a convoy of Army trucks stopped. I ran to get my grandpa and watched. The soldiers asked for "red-meated" watermelons and Grandpa didn't have any. They were about to leave when he sliced open one of the yellow-meated and offered them "tastes". They left with all the melons under the trees.

Pa "Willum" as one of his grandsons called him, was a hunter and fisherman. He hunted for the table. I have seen him "call up" a bob-white quail while sitting in his porch swing. My cousin remembers his telling her the whippoorwill says, "chip fell out of the white oak." He trapped furs when I was young which supplemented his income. I can recall his making his own ball out of lead for his very old rifle during WWII when ammunition was difficult to obtain. When he lived on his farm, he kept hunting dogs. There were hounds for each type of hunting he did: fox hounds, 'coon hounds, pointers, etc. and they were "working" dogs, not house pets according

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

to Pa. I was short enough that I could walk under the house where the dogs chose to sleep and I loved to pet them. At first he tried to steer me away by telling me they might bite, then finally, in desperation, I remember his saying, "Lucy, you're ruining my dogs."

Pa loved to fish and he didn't make an "event" of it. He would get his tackle and a cane pole and head out for a creek, pond, or river. If someone wanted to tag along, that was okay as long as she could bait her own hook. I recall his frying fish in his old cast iron round bottom pot that he would suspend from a tree limb with a long wire. He would build a fire under it, fill it with lard, when it was roiling hot, he would drop in the meal battered fish. After the fish came the potatoes cut into pieces, then we feasted.

He was a quiet man that kept his own counsel. He enjoyed being around people, he just didn't have much to say publically. I never heard him say anything negative about anyone. I never heard him use foul language. The only time he ever came close to disciplining me was when he found my cousin and me cutting out paper dolls on Sunday. We determined that we were playing, not working, and moved our operation to an area where he would not see us.

The man had a whimsical streak. My cousin recalls his cutting the top off a blooming yucca and telling her she had a parasol. He liked to please us. I remember a swing he built for us with ropes on an oak limb way up in the tree. When I swung on it I felt that I was going half-way to Heaven. My cousin remembers treats of Grapette soda and peanut patties. I recall his picking me up from school and telling me that he had bought us some cheese, which we both loved. I remember it because it was the worst cheese I ever ate. It was during WWII and it had not been aged at all. It was like chewing rubber. We were both disappointed.

We were always welcome at our grandparents' house and we frequently conspired to arrive there at the same time, unexpected. We were the only two grandchildren for many years and then the boys arrived and we were all welcomed en masse!

During WWII my cousin remembers living with our grandparents while her father Ashley Dewoody and our uncle Foy Nelson were in the armed services. She said that Grandpa always listened to Gabriel Heater each evening to hear the news of the day. Since she was a very little girl, she would have liked to hear something more entertaining. As she matured she realized he was very much concerned about his sons-in-law and the other young men from the community.

We agree that the mold was broken after our grandpa was made. He was a talented hard-working man with high principles. They don't make them like him anymore.

William Morgan's two granddaughters Charlotte Woody and Betty Thomas collaborated to write this.

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Answers to quiz on page 9: 1. (I); 2. D; 3 (J); 4 (G); 5 (K); 6, (B); 7. (C); 8. (F); 9. (A); 10. (H); 11. (E)

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

This poem was written by my son, Thomas Charlie Mathis, grandson of **Bernadine Walker Mathis Gillespie** and **General Gillespie** (both of Southwest Arkansas).



Bernadine Walker Mathis  
Gillespie



General Foy Gillespie

## Grandparents' Poem – by Thomas Charlie Mathis

As the sun sets in Owasso,  
the geese fly overhead,  
quacking for our arrival.  
Grandpa G is lying back  
in his easy chair.  
Grandma is getting ready  
for the ten o'clock news.  
The nurses are coming  
down the hall.  
They are coming in, saying,  
"How are you doing, G?"  
And they say,  
"Do you want orange juice or water?"  
He says, "Orange juice."  
We are talking to Grandma.  
She is talking on the phone  
to one of my dad's brothers.  
The ten o'clock news comes on.  
My dad is making the bed.  
Grandpa G is talking about the news.  
We give them kisses and hugs  
and tell them, "Good Night!"  
We close our eyes and dream  
of the very next day.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

My poem honors my mother's father, **Thomas Jefferson Walker** (Born in Bluff City on 4 Jul 1879, husband of **Rose Myrtle [Dumas] Walker**. He passed away 2 Feb 1968 in Camden).

## Granddaddy's Knife - by Don Mathis

To wood, to whetstone,  
to pocket, to his death.  
Then to grandson,  
to use, to lose,  
to memory.



From Jerry McKelvy---

My grandfather, **James Columbus McKelvy**, was born in 1882 and died in 1959. He was a lifelong resident of Nevada County, Arkansas. He was a young man when the automobile was invented, but was not able to purchase one until about 1925. I can only imagine how the automobile changed the lives of people in those days.

He married **Katie May Kirk**, daughter of Jasper Newton Kirk and Nancy Honea Kirk, in 1908. They made their home in a community called Rocky Hill but known as Goose Ankle by the locals. They had three children—two boys and a girl.

Grandpa was a farmer. Sorghum was one of his main crops and he had a sorghum mill to make sorghum syrup for his family and his neighbors. He also liked to grow sweet potatoes each year and had a potato shed where he cured them. Like most farms, he had a small blacksmith shop to repair his farm implements. A small orchard provided

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

fresh fruit for the family. His farm also had timber, so he was also involved in timber and sawmills work. Grandma took care of the housework, milked the cows, cooked the meals, made quilts, helped in the garden, canned vegetables, did the sewing, washed the clothes, and many more chores that women did in those days.

They lived in a large wooden home with high ceilings and a long front porch with a porch swing. Christmas was a special time when the whole family gathered at the old home place for a wonderful meal and a few hours of quality family time.

My grandfather was nicknamed "Gee" and I never bothered to ask anyone how he got that name. He also had lost some sight in his right eye due to some sort of accident and I never learned what caused that.

I have memories of his old International pickup truck, him filling his pipe with tobacco he carried in a small sack in the bib of his overalls, his horses named George and Lou, and the old Victrola record player in the spare bedroom of their home.

My grandparents died when I was a teenager. What I wouldn't give now to be able to go back and ask them some questions.

---

From Adrian Hunter---

My mother passed away before I was 4 months old. Her parents [my grandparents] **Thomas Franklin and Ibra Allender House Plyler** took me in and raised me until I went into the Army. Like most country people, they did not have a lot of cash money to spend, but we always had plenty to eat. We had a garden, raised chickens, and hogs. I must have changed their lives; my grandmother was 52 years old when I was born. Last but not least, I do not believe anyone else could have loved me any more than my grandparents did. I consider myself very lucky having great grandparents.

---

From Barbara Ray---

My paternal grandparents, **John Thomas Walker, Sr.** and **Autna Eunice Dennis Walker**, were an integral part of my life when I was growing up in southern Arkansas. Granddaddy owned a farm outside of the small town where we lived, and almost every evening after supper, Daddy would take us for the short drive out to their farm. After my grandfather passed away when I was twelve, my grandmother moved into "town," and her house was a short block from ours. I would often walk to her house after school and those were the times when she began to tell me about our family history. I loved to write, and I would record all the stories she told me and all the names of our relatives, back to her great grandparents. She had many stories that she had heard from her own grandparents, who had experienced both the Civil War and Reconstruction afterwards, in Georgia and in Arkansas. I learned of her three uncles who died in that war, and if she had not told me about them, their stories would be lost to all of us. One

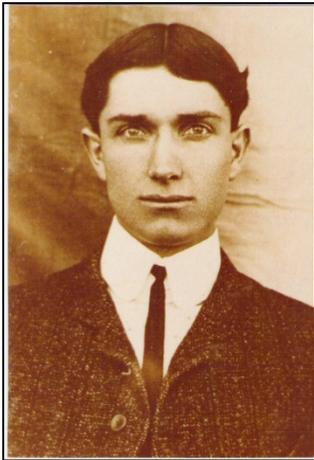
# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

disappeared and her grandparents never knew what happened to him, and his twin brothers both died of measles soon after they enlisted. There is no official record of them, as this was late in the war. My grandmother and I had a very special relationship, and I know it was hard for her when I went away to college. I have many letters that she wrote me then and over the years, many wonderful memories of our times together, and I would venture to say that we were probably as close to best friends as a grandmother and granddaughter could be.

---

From Paulette Weaver---

## **My Grandfather : Elijah McLendon O'Keefe**



Lije O'Keefe was born November 20, 1887 near Rosston, Nevada County, Arkansas to Mary Elizabeth Redfearn from North Carolina and John Daniel O'Keefe Ireland. He attended school at Cale and attended Mt. Moriah Methodist/Presbyterian Church He was raised as a middle child of six brothers and one sister. He attended Henderson State Teachers College in Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

In March of 1908 he was licensed by the State of Arkansas to teach in Nevada County. He taught for one year at Siloam School.

In 1909 he traveled with his father and brothers, Jesse and Paul, to New Mexico Territory. He received permission from the Territorial Superintendent of Public Instruction to teach in a dugout school in Judson, New Mexico Territory.

By 1910 they have moved from New Mexico Territory to Leon County, Texas where they all bought land. He decided that he liked Arkansas better and sometime about 1911 he rode back by horse to Arkansas. He began teaching at Red Hill School in November of 1911 to 1921.

In 1920 he married Roxie Lee Holleman, daughter of William Robert Michael Holleman and Mary Helen Hindman. They had one daughter, Mary Helen born in 1921 in the Red Hill area.

In 1922 they moved to Rosston, Nevada County and Lije taught school there until 1925. While there they had a second daughter Ila Lee born in 1923.

By 1925 they had moved back to the Red Hill area where they had a son Harland Holleman O'Keefe. They lived there till about 1952 when they again moved to Rosston where they remained until their deaths.

Lije taught school At Red Hill School from 1925 to 1941. He served as Superintendent at Reader School 1942-43 (Hazel Beaird was Principal).

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

My grandfather was an avid reader and when I spent the weekends while in college at Magnolia in 1966-1968 he would read my textbooks the whole weekend. He never stopped learning! He felt that a good education was the most important gift that a parent could give their child. He was always interested in new inventions and all for progress. I think he would have found computers fascinating and would have been one of the first to try them.

He was known as a good business man and a good friend with a dry sense of humor. At his funeral many people came to pay their respects and told us how important he had been to give them a good start on life.

---

From Dan Westmoreland---



I was born 72 years ago on Papaws 50th Birthday. He was a simple farmer in the Caney area of Nevada County Ar. He lived and died on the land his father and grandfather, who were Confederate veterans, settled in 1870 after leaving Georgia after the War Between The States. My earliest memories of him include him picking me up and placing me on the wooden seat of his T Model Truck and letting me ride with him while he peddled his vegetables and melons around Prescott. He drove his old T Model until about 1950 and hated the new fangled 1947 Chevy pickup with the shifter as he called it. He ground the gears nearly every time he shifted and could back up traffic in US 67 for miles at his top speed of 35. He smoked Prince Albert roll your owns and always wore his bib 'overhauls'. He was about 125 lb and short and spoke softly. He always explained how every job should be done and done right. He was a well known fiddler who played all over the county. His cantaloupes and watermelons were the best and widely praised. Until he passed away when I was nearly 12 I treasured

every moment with him and would do almost anything to be with him. We moved to Texas when I was 6, but I was able to get to spend summers and other long stays on the farm. He taught me to fish in Little and Big Caney Creeks. I learned how he trapped mink. He taught me how to shoot a gun and hunt squirrels. I learned how to hitch up his mule for his plows and implements. He had plenty of other kids and grand kids but as all good grandparents do he made you feel special. By watching him work and sweat and I learned how hard life could be. I remember when they first got electricity in 1948. They never had running water. He never in his life lived in a house with indoor plumbing. Water was dipped by bucket and rope pulley from a hand dug well about 30 yards from the house. When he died suddenly in 1955, it was my first experience with losing someone I loved. I remember that they brought his casket to his house and trying to stay awake all night with the old men who sat up with the body and told stories about him. I remember walking in his apple orchard and looking at his footprint in the sand and

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

thinking he was here just a day or so ago. When I hear the country song by Randy Travis that he sang about his grandfather-- "I Thought He Walked on Water" it always reminds me of him.

---

## THE GRANNIE ANNIE WEB SITE

I recommend that you check out this web site: <http://thegrannieannie.org/> Scroll down to the bottom and click on "The Grannie Annie Stories". These are hundreds of stories written by young people about an older member of their family. I've only read a few of them, but they are very interesting and well written.

Young people from age 9 through 14 are encouraged to interview older members of their family and write about something they learn from their family history. I'm sure many of us wish we had done something like this when we were that age.

=====

### **LETTER FROM AN OLD CONFEDERATE SOLDIER**

**Published in the 1-21-1926 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune***

I am an old Confederate soldier. I served in Price's army. Belonged to the Thirty-third Arkansas Regiment, Tappen's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Company G. My regiment was made up in Camden, Ark. in the spring of 1862, but I didn't join till February, 1863 at Little Rock. I served till May, 1865.

We did a lot of marching and drilling, but were in but few battles. The battles we took part in were Jenkin's Ferry, Ark. and Pleasant Hill, Louisiana. We were in the Mansfield, Louisiana battle but were not engaged. General Taylor fought this battle on April 8, 1864, Pleasant Hill on April 9<sup>th</sup>, and Jenkin's Ferry April 30<sup>th</sup>. We fought Gen. Banks at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill and Gen. Steele at Jenkin's Ferry. Our little regiment went into battle at Jenkin's Ferry with 225 men and had 92 killed and wounded.

We had a little skirmish at Millican's Bend near Delhi, Louisiana. We were disbanded at Marshall, Texas on May 19, 1865. I then married Miss Sarah Yeager, daughter of Rev. John R. Yeager, near Camden, Arkansas. To our union were born five girls and four boys. All are married and I have 60 grandchildren and 36 great grandchildren. I was 81 years old on May 19, 1925.

I was a drummer of the fife and drum band. The fifers were Nesbitt, Emerson, and Ballou; snare drummers, Bateman, Bridges, and Staggs. Our band played for the torchlight procession at Marshall, Texas a few days before we disbanded. Our last march played was "The Girl I Left Behind Me".

I would be glad to hear from all comrades. I am now living west of Old Union church. I lived in Nevada County one mile east of Willisville about twelve years. I am well known throughout Nevada County and would be very glad to hear from any of my old Nevada

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

County friends. I have resided in Columbia County for the last twelve years near Waldo. I attended the Old Soldier's Reunion regular until the last few years. My health has failed me so that I haven't been able to go.

B. F. Morris  
Rosston, Route 2

*Bennett Franklin Morris died in 1928. He and his wife, Sarah Yeager Morris, are buried in the large Shiloh Cemetery at Lamartine in Columbia County.*

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## RAINFALL RECORD

**RAINFALL RECORD** (at my house)—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus 5 inches snow and ice; March—10.7 inches plus 2 inches sleet; April—7.7 inches; May—6.0 inches; June—5.7 inches; July—6.2 inches

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## PRODUCTS POPULAR IN 1941

A friend recently let me look at his copy of an old *Life* magazine dated November 17, 1941. The cover price back then was ten cents. As I was looking through the magazine I noticed several advertisements for products that were popular at that time. See if you can match the product in the left column with the description in the right column. Answers on Page 2.

- |                     |   |
|---------------------|---|
| ___ 1. Ipana        | A. Electric clocks                          |
| ___ 2. Brer Rabbit  | B. Cigarettes                               |
| ___ 3. Nucoa        | C. Laxative                                 |
| ___ 4. DeSoto       | D. Molasses                                 |
| ___ 5. Hamilton     | E. Lotion                                   |
| ___ 6. Chelsea      | F. Antiseptic                               |
| ___ 7. Sal Hepatica | G. Fluid Drive                              |
| ___ 8. Ungentine    | H. 99 and 44/100 <sup>th</sup> Percent Pure |
| ___ 9. Telechron    | I. Toothpaste                               |
| ___ 10. Ivory Snow  | J. Oleomargarine                            |
| ___ 11. Toushay     | K. Wrist Watches                            |

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Nevada County Picayune—March, 1930

Henry Burnett, age 44, died from tonsillitis. He had been a carnival worker and traveled with many shows. He weighed between 500 and 600 pounds. He is survived by his parents, four brothers, and one sister. He was buried at Pleasant Ridge Cem. in Nevada County. (Note: This grave was not found when we surveyed this cemetery).

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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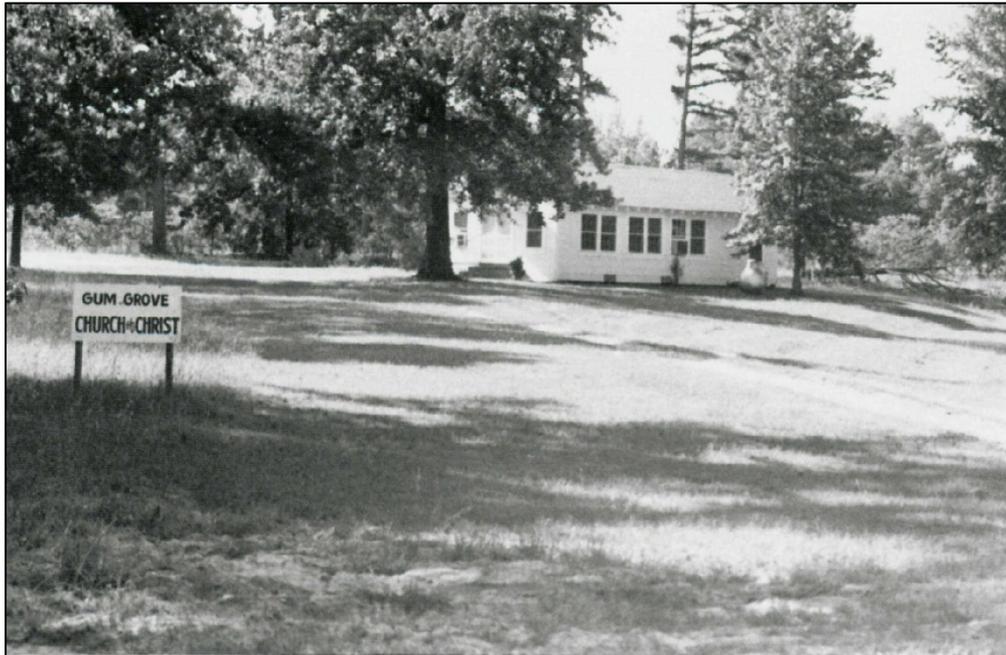
[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

October, 2015

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**THE OLD COUNTRY CHURCH**

When I was growing up in the late 1940s and 1950s, it was expected that we would be at church services on Sunday, at mid-week Bible study, and at any revivals (or gospel meetings as we called them) unless we were sick or something was going on at the farm that needed our immediate attention. Certain things were considered legitimate excuses such as being sick, the cows getting outside the fence, having to get the hay in the barn before a rain shower, the car wouldn't start, or some other unusual event that prevented us from going to church. I always wondered why the Wonderful World of Disney came on TV on Sunday nights at the same time we had church services. We didn't have video recorders back then to record a TV show.



We worshipped at the Gum Grove Church of Christ, a small country church with maybe 25 members. We didn't have a regular preacher living in the community, so usually a preacher came out from Prescott which was about fifteen miles away if he traveled the shortest distance on gravel roads. Usually, the preacher and his family would have lunch with one of the families after church and then visit with them in the afternoon before he preached another sermon at the evening service. We always had an extra good meal for Sunday dinner (as we called it) when the preacher came to our house. Of course, the children had been warned to be on their best behavior.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The young folks of the congregation often visited each other on Sunday afternoons also. There was not much for young people to do out in the country, so we sometimes had to make our own entertainment.

Sunday in those days was still considered a day of rest. Stores were not open and there was no such thing as a Walmart. Some farm work had to go on as usual on Sundays like milking the cows and feeding the animals, but anything else could wait until another day. Even today, I try to use the Lord's Day mainly for worship and rest and avoid doing heavy work if at all possible. By the time I was grown, some stores began to be open on Sunday afternoons from 1 to 5. Now we can hardly tell Sunday from any other day of the week as far as shopping goes.



Gospel meetings were usually held in the summer in those days when the weather was hot and the small country churches had no air conditioning. There might be an electric fan or two and there was a good supply of hand-held fans usually furnished by the funeral homes or some store which kept the air moving as the preacher delivered his sermon. I think most of the sermons in those days were fairly long and after sitting on the wooden church benches for an hour or more, most folks were anxious to hear the last "Amen".

These gospel meetings brought in a lot of visitors from other congregations and the small building was usually full. A good gospel preacher could even bring in a few men who never came to church at other times. The sermons were designed to build up the regular church members and to teach any non-members who happened to be present. It was unusual in those days to have a gospel meeting and not have someone respond to the invitation at one of the services. The Gum Grove church didn't have a baptistry in the building, so if someone needed to be baptized, it was usually done at the nearby Bluff City church which had one inside the building after they moved into a new building in 1957. Before that time, baptisms took place in a nearby farm pond, a gravel pit, or down at the creek or river—anyplace where there was enough water to completely immerse the person. I can only remember attending one baptism like that and it was in a gravel pit near Caney Creek. That pit had a gravel bottom that gently sloped out to the deep water. Many people used it as place to wash their vehicles.

The visiting preacher at a gospel meeting usually lived so far away that he had to stay in the home of one of the members during the meeting which in those days usually lasted for a whole week. During the time of the meeting, he would visit other members for the noon meal. These days, most churches just book a hotel room for the visiting preacher.

The singing in that small country church was very beautiful in most cases. Sometimes there might be someone who sang a little off key, but we figured we were singing praises to God and thought He would be pleased with us for doing our best. The congregation sang the old time gospel hymns like "I'll Fly Away", "When the Roll is

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Called up Yonder”, “Standing on the Promises”, and many others. Everyone knew those old hymns because they had been singing them for years. Our singing was a cappella (without instruments).

One thing that really livened up a church service in those early days was when a wasp got inside the building. I’m sure the preacher hated to have competition from a wasp because it was very hard for a person to concentrate on what he was saying when a wasp was flying around. I don’t remember anybody getting stung during a church service and I don’t remember anything larger than a wasp in any of our church services. I did hear of an incident at a small Methodist church near Camden. My cousin had a pet chicken that somehow got in their vehicle as they drove the short distance to the church. During the church service, while his first cousin’s wife was playing the piano, the chicken entered the open front door, walked down the aisle, and hopped up on the piano bench where she was sitting. I’m sure she may have missed a note or two during that song and I expect there were a few chuckles in the congregation. I wonder if they counted the chicken in their attendance number for that day. This sort of thing reminds me of the Ray Stevens song about the Mississippi Squirrel Revival when the squirrel got loose in church.

There are still plenty of small churches in the rural areas and small towns and most of them these days are air conditioned and some even have cushions on the pews. If you have never visited a small country congregation, I think it would be worthwhile to do so if you have the opportunity. I think you will find a group of friendly people who would be delighted to have a visitor. I guarantee it will be different from worshipping in a large city church with hundreds of members. You may not find everyone dressed in fancy clothes. There may not even be a microphone for the preacher to use since they are not usually needed in a small church. You might even still find one of those hand-help funeral home fans lying on the pew. If you are very lucky, you might even visit on the day when they are having a pot luck lunch after services.

One of my favorite stories about country churches is the one written by Gordon Irvin about the night when a congregation in our area prayed for rain about 1920. I printed this several years ago, but it sort of fits in with a story about country churches. If you want to read more of Gordon’s writings, you can find them online beginning with the May, 2005 issue.

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## **Excerpt from Gordon Irvin’s autobiography**

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 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

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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 if 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 its 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, she stood with her hair streaming and arms outstretched in the blinding white lights. Aye, she hobnobbed

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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.

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## **A UNIQUE WAY TO PRESERVE HISTORY**

**(based on an article in the May 27, 1948 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)**

Here's an interesting idea. Randolph Hamby was mayor of Prescott for about 36 years and kept all kinds of records about the town. He was very interested in history and preserving historical facts for future generations. He took many photographs of schools, churches, and other important buildings in Prescott.

He said many of the photographs of the early schools and buildings in Prescott were either destroyed or misplaced, requiring months to locate an original photograph. He came up with an idea he hoped would prevent this from happening.

Starting about 1933 and continuing for 15 years, he presented a set of from six to twelve pictures he had personally taken of important buildings around town to selected girls in the senior class each year when they graduated. I guess he figured the girls would be more apt to keep them than the boys. He figured that from the law of averages, about half of the girls would keep the pictures and the other half would probably throw them away. He picked the girls at random by taking every second or third name on an alphabetical list of the girls who were graduating. He also gave each

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honor student a set of the pictures. Over the 15 years he gave out over 800 pictures of buildings in Prescott taken from 1933 to 1948. The pictures included photographs of the various school buildings, the gymnasium, the entrance to Cummins Field, the city hall, the amphitheater in the city park, and churches where the baccalaureate sermons were delivered.

Mr. Hamby's photographs showed many changes over the years. He documented the remodeling of the high school and the two primary schools. These were originally two-storied, but later cut down to one-story and later torn down. During the remodeling of the high school, classes were located in the city hall and the gymnasium.

Some of these pictures are probably still out there somewhere, maybe stored away in a box or up in someone's attic. If you know of anyone who might have a set of these pictures, give them a call or have them contact me. It would be interesting to locate some of these photographs after all these years. Mr. Hamby died in 1969 and now the Depot Museum has much of the material he collected. Chances are they have some of these photographs that he shared with the senior girls of Prescott High School.

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## RAINFALL RECORD

**RAINFALL RECORD** (at my house)—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus 5 inches snow and ice; March—10.7 inches plus 2 inches sleet; April—7.7 inches; May—6.0 inches; June—5.7 inches; July—6.2 inches; August—5.1 inches

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## **THE PRESCOTT HOUR DEDICATED TO BLUFF CITY (reported in the 8-19-1948 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)**

A radio program called *The Prescott Hour* in August, 1948 was dedicated to Bluff City. It featured Paul Adams, the superintendent of the Bluff City pine tree nursery and the Bluff City Quartet composed of Wilma Knight, Miss Bernell Johnson, Glen Barham, and Leon Neal. Also featured was the Bluff City String Band composed of Elmer Meador and his young son, Billy along with Glen Barham.

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## ESKIMO'S VIEW OF DEATH

*Nevada County Picayune*  
2-28-1926

The Eskimo's theory of death is peculiar in Christian's eyes and has resulted in many tragedies. It was believed that a man had two souls, one good and one evil. When he died the good soul expected to spend eternity in bliss and comfort in a warm place

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underground. His bad soul was expected to remain in the spot where the body died, a lasting harmful influence over those who were luckless enough to encounter it. When a person became ill, the medicine man was sent for. Almost always he pronounced the case hopeless. The invalid was then taken out of the igloo and placed on the snow to perish. It was a logical proceeding, for if he died indoors, the igloo would have been abandoned and sealed up forever.

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## MEN IN MILITARY FROM BLUFF CITY

### THE NEVADA NEWS

6-7-1942

Gave mailing addresses and where stationed at this particular time

Pvt. 1<sup>st</sup> Class Glen Gillespie--Camp Bowie, Brownwood, TX  
Sgt. Millard McBride--Seattle, WA  
Pvt. Hillery H. Moore--Victorville, CA  
Cpl. Selma Nichols--Trenton, NJ  
Pvt. 1<sup>st</sup> Class Robert Purifoy--Camp Bowie, Brownwood, TX  
Pvt. 1<sup>st</sup> Class Willie Ray Beaver--Fort Cook, NB  
Pvt. W. Franklin Beaver--Fort McDauril, CA  
Pvt. Loyce Hays Gillespie--Umnak Island, Alaska  
Ave. Stell Meador--Ellington Field, TX  
Cadet Herman Lee--Shepherd Field, TX  
Pvt. Percy Bradley--Fort Sill, OK  
Pvt. Troy Byrd--Fort Sill, OK  
Tech. Sgt. G. P. Walker--Goodfellow Field, TX  
Cpl. Joe Griffith--Annette Island, Alaska  
Pvt. W. R. Gillespie--Umnak Island, Alaska  
Pvt. Dawson Barlow--member of the band-Camp Robinson  
Harland McKelvy--Tallahassee, FL  
Duncan Kirk--Fort Bliss, TX  
Pvt. G. Foy Gillespie--Seattle, WA  
Pvt. Herbert Knight--San Francisco, CA

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I forgot to include this article on grandparents in the last issue. I apologize for the oversight.

### Judith Crawford Creamer--My ancestors in Arkansas

[judithcreamer@gmail.com](mailto:judithcreamer@gmail.com)

Robert Warnock, born in 1794, fought in the War of 1812 while living in South Carolina. He married Lucretia McGraw in 1816, produced ten children; some being born in South Carolina and the rest born in Alabama. Robert and Lucretia settled in Ouachita County Arkansas in 1840 where several of their children had already settled. He died in 1845 and she in 1863.

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Robert and Lucretia are the three great grandparents of Judith Crawford Creamer. These were the first of her relatives to arrive in Arkansas and the ancestors of her maternal grandfather, Dr. Luther D. Reagan. Her other grandparents came to Arkansas as children with their respective birth families. The wife of Luther came to Little Rock in 1909 and both paternal grandparents moved from Alabama to Clark County at the turn of the century.

Robert and Lucretia's son, Robert Love Warnock, born 1833, married Delia Jane Adkins in 1860 in Ouachita County Arkansas while he was acting as the Deputy Sheriff; later he was a school teacher. Delia was born in 1841 in Alabama.

Robert and Delia's daughter, Cora Belle Warnock was born 1860 in Ouachita County. In 1880 Cora Belle married James Thomas Reagan who was born 1858 in Alabama to John T. Reagan and Mary Runyan; born in North Carolina 1829 and Tennessee 1832 respectively. John and Mary married in Alabama in 1855.

Cora and James T. Reagan had a farm in College Hill/McNeil, Columbia County. One day in 1905 James died a tragic death when the cotton loaded wagon he was driving went out of control when his team "took fright" and he was thrown from the wagon when the wagon wheel hit a pot hole. Cora died in 1928, both are buried at Shiloh Cemetery.

Cora and James T's son, Luther D. Reagan was born in 1881 in McNeil, Columbia County. Luther taught school in Columbia County in 1901, earning \$50.00 a month; he attended Ouachita Baptist College in Arkadelphia in the fall of 1902. He probably taught school again until he enrolled in the University of Arkansas Medical School in Little Rock in 1904. This school was renamed College of Physicians and Surgeons before he graduated in 1908. He practiced in Little Rock all his life until about three months before he died in 1964 in Little Rock. Luther married Helen May Stearns in 1914. Helen was born in Kansas in 1891 and moved to Little Rock from Missouri with her birth family just before enrolling in Ouachita Baptist College where she graduated in 1912. Her parents were Stephen and May Hannah Shaw Stearns. Stephen was a Superintendent with the Little Rock Water Works. Stephen was born in Indiana in 1861 and May was born in Ohio in 1862. Helen died in Arkadelphia in 1974.

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## WORD OF THE MONTH

SHILLELAGH (pronounced shill-lay-lee). I got acquainted with this word when I was a child. My dad would sometimes use it like this: "If you kids don't stop that, I'm going to get a shillelagh after you". It is an Irish word meaning stick or club. It could be used as a weapon or a walking stick. It was once used as a way to settle disputes in a gentlemanly manner, like pistols were once used in duels in the colonial days in this country. The shillelagh my dad was thinking of was a small branch off the peach tree. We knew we were in trouble when our parents told us to go break a limb off the peach tree.

JERRY MCKELVY'S  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

November, 2015

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**EARLY PRESCOTT PHOTOGRAPHERS**

Prescott has had several well known photographers in its history. Little is known about some of them other than their names being mentioned in advertisements in some of the early newspapers or in articles written about Prescott. There may have been others not mentioned in this article.

The city of Prescott dates back to 1873 when the railroad was being completed through that part of Nevada County. Newspaper articles were written in those early days to entice settlers to move to the Prescott area to live. These articles were distributed to other cities along the railroad line. Many of the early settlers of Prescott read these articles and decided to move to the area and be part of the growth of the new town.

**WILEY SHANKLE**

He is mentioned as being a photographer in an article about Prescott written in 1883.

**CLARENCE WASHINGTON MCGILL**

One of the earliest photographers in Prescott was Clarence McGill. He was born in 1849 and lived in Rosston about the time Rosston was county seat of Nevada County and was married there in 1874. He was listed as a resident of Prescott in the 1880 census.

An article about Prescott written in 1883 states "Clarence has made a study of photography for his entire life, and his ingenuity in posing, his original backgrounds, and rustic scenic effects have been copied by artists—north, east, south, and west."

An interesting tidbit of information about Clarence McGill is found in the May 18, 1934 issue of The Prescott Daily News in which the paper published items from the early history of Prescott. "Clarence McGill, who took pictures here for part of his life, built the first telephone Prescott ever had. It was a small and very taut wire with a box on each end. It ran from an upstairs room at Dr. Hinton Drug store to Mr. McGill's home,"

On November 7, 1883, Clarence died. He is buried in the old section of DeAnn Cemetery on the outskirts of Prescott. His obituary follows. From this we learn that he also served as city marshal of Prescott and a partial term as sheriff of Nevada County.

**Death of C.W. McGill**

Mr. Clarence W. McGill died at his home here in Prescott at an early hour last Wednesday Morning. His malady was brain fever and other complications, and death had been expected hourly for some days. Mr. McGill had long been a citizen of Nevada County and was widely and favorably known. His avocation was that of photographer in which business he was engaged in co-partnership with T.S. Bryan at the time of his death. He had served the people of Prescott

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

three terms as Marshal, and he had filled that office more efficiently and faithfully than any of his predecessors and successors. In September 1882 he was appointed Sheriff of Nevada County by Governor Churchill, to fill the unexpired term of Sheriff Bright, departed, and in that capacity made a prompt efficient officer. Clarence possessed many noble traits of character. He was true and unwavering in his attachments to friends and as brave as Caesar. The high esteem in which he was held by his neighbors and acquaintances was abundantly attested by the unusually large number who attended his remains to their final resting place. He was thirty-four years of age, a native of South Carolina, being the eldest son of Major M.W. McGill of Camden and leaves a wife and three children. The Picayune feels the loss of a true and esteemed friend, and tenders its sympathy to the bereaved family.

## **THOMAS S. BRYAN**

According to Clarence McGill's obituary, he was a partner of Mr. McGill. He is also listed in the book "Arkansas Photographers" as a photographer and seller of sewing machines in Prescott in 1888-89. His wife had a millinery store.

## **E. LITTLEFIELD**

A newspaper reporter for the *St. Louis Republican* newspaper who was passing through Prescott by train in 1887 wrote an article entitled "A Wide Awake Progressive and Prosperous People—A Splendid Town in the Heart of a Fertile Region".

The article lists some of the important facts about the town, main crops grown, leading businesses in town, etc. It gives the population of Prescott at that time as being "2000 souls". The article lists E. Littlefield as being a photographer.

The last paragraph of his article states "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".

## **ETHELBERT HORD**

A book called "Arkansas Photographers" by D. L. Ewbank lists Ethelbert Hord as being a grocer and photographer in Prescott in 1888-89, 1892-93, and 1906-07. Being a grocer and a photographer seems to me an unusual combination, but maybe he needed some way to supplement his photography business or maybe photography was a sideline business.

## **CHARLES H. DOME**

He was a photographer in Prescott at various times between 1892 and 1900. I have several photos taken by Charles H. Dome. I am very impressed with the quality of these old photos which was still very sharp and clear over 115 years later.

From *The Nevada County Picayune* (Nov. 6, 1889)

Mr. Dome, the photographer, has for sale copies of a photo of the wreck of Neal's mill. It is a splendid photo, as all who see it say. Mr. Dome does as good work as any artist we ever knew. Go and examine the photo of the wreck. *Note: Neal's mill and gin was destroyed by a boiler explosion killing one person.*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

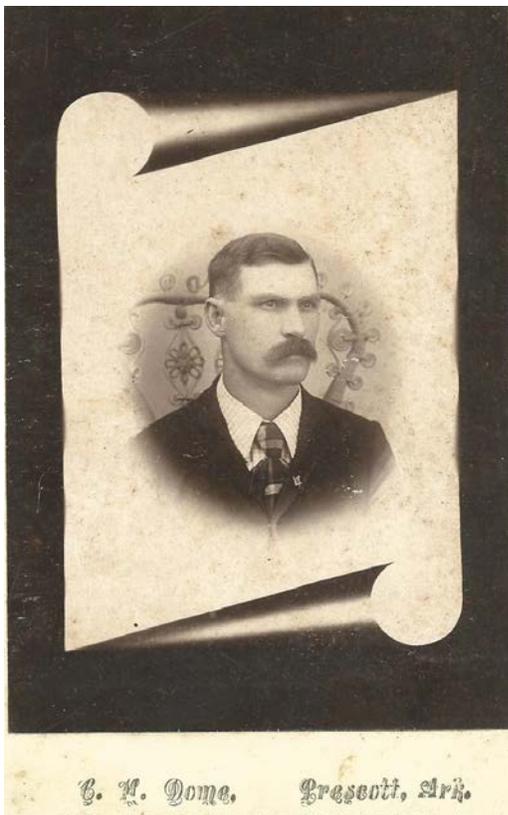
## SOME EXAMPLES OF C. H. DOME'S PHOTOGRAPHY WORK (OVER 100 YEARS OLD)



Pearl Carter  
(only child of Luke and Ella Carter of Bluff City)

She was born in 1894, so this photo was taken about 1900

The bottom two photos are unidentified. They were in a photo collection belonging to Annie Mae Barlow Greer.



# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Mr. Dome had a little sideline business going in 1891.

From The Nevada County Picayune (1-29-1891)

Radam's Microbe Killer, Germ Bacteria or Fungus Destroyer cures all diseases. As a blood purifier, it never fails. As a spring and summer medicine, it has no equal.—C. H. Dome, Agent, Prescott, Ark.

Charles H. Dome was also an inventor. In May, 1901, he received a patent for his invention for an improved suspender-end attachment for attaching suspenders to trousers. The application for the patent was witnessed by Thomas S. Bryan and Pearl Bryan. Thomas Bryan is listed above as a photographer in partnership with Clarence McGill.

## **A. C. ALVERED**

A newspaper ad in the Nevada County Picayune about 1890 states that he makes first class portraits and that his work is guaranteed to be satisfactory and absolutely permanent.

## **MRS. MONTIE SHIP**

She is listed in the book "Arkansas Photographers" as a photographer in Prescott in 1906-07.

## **MR. MURREY**

All I have about him is a newspaper item from 1913 which says Mr. Murrey of Emmet was at Bluff City High School taking pictures. Perhaps he is the photographer who took many of the old Nevada County school photos prior to 1950.

## **ARTHUR W. NEWTH/NEWTH STUDIO**

The book "Arkansas Photographers" lists him in Prescott in 1912-13. I have pictures from Newth Studio in Prescott made around 1950. Arthur W. Newth died in 1954 at age 75. His obituary states he was in the photography business. He was buried at DeAnn Cemetery. As far as I know, this was the last photography studio in Prescott.

## **PRESERVING OUR DIGITAL PHOTOS FOR THE FUTURE**

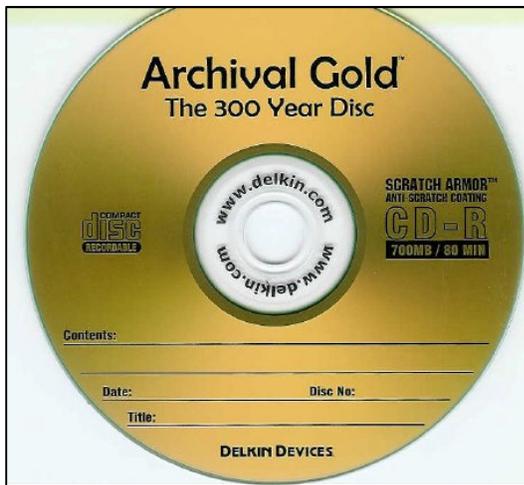
We live in an exciting time with all our modern technology. Digital photography makes it easy to take pictures and immediately look at them, store them on our computer, share them with family and friends by email, or print them out. The question is will these photos still be around 100 years from now? Computers crash, new formats come along that can't read older formats, pictures are accidentally deleted, photos are not labeled on the computer, etc. These are just some of the problems with digital photos. Some people never print out a photo but rely on their computer for storage. These computers we have now will be antiques in a few years. Think about all the VHS family movies you have and nothing to play them on. What about all the 35mm slides of your family you have stored away and no slide projector that still works?

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

It takes a lot of time to convert the old formats to the modern format to keep our photos up-to-date. We do that and a few years later something new comes along. What about when we are gone? Will future generations be able to find out what great grandpa looked like?

Experts recommend printing out your photos, labeling them, and keeping them in a safe place as back-up storage. You could also make copies of your digital photos on external drives, but the question remains, will there be a way to look at them 100 years from now?

I'm excited now when I come across an old photo from 100 years ago, especially one that is labeled. Most people back then did not take the time to label their photos. I try to label all my pictures and encourage everyone to go through their old photos and do that. It's a good project for a cold, rainy day. Your descendants will thank you for it.



I can imagine someone 100 years from now finding a thumb drive and wondering what it is or finding a CD and having to do research to find out how they worked and how one might reclaim the data stored on them. I recently had some photos printed from some of my old 35mm slides. Only a few companies still do that. The company sent prints of my photos but also included them on the CD shown here which is supposed to be a special high quality CD that will last 300 years. The CD might last that long, but I doubt if there would be any way to look at those pictures 300 years from now.

The photography business has changed a lot in the last few years. If you can still find a professional photographer, I would suggest you have some pictures made of your family to pass down to future generations. That nice family picture you made last Christmas that you have stored on your computer or your smart phone will probably not be available a few years from now.

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## RAINFALL RECORD

**RAINFALL RECORD** (at my house)—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus 5 inches snow and ice; March—10.7 inches plus 2 inches sleet; April—7.7 inches; May—6.0 inches; June—5.7 inches; July—6.2 inches; August—5.1 inches; September-- .7 inch

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## A TRAIN WRECK ON THE IRON MOUNTAIN LINE

Anyone who has ever seen the results of a train wreck knows the amount of damage that it can cause, especially if two trains were to hit head on. Fortunately, most of the train wrecks are caused by derailments involving only one train.

A horrible train accident happened in July, 1903 on the Iron Mountain railroad line (later known as the Missouri-Pacific line). The site of the accident was where the railroad crosses the Little Missouri River which is the boundary between Clark and Nevada counties in Arkansas.

Just as the train reached the river bridge, one of the box cars jumped the track. According to newspaper reports in many newspapers, this accident resulted in the deaths of two brakemen and a tramp who was riding on the train. The reports stated that 35 car loads of horses and mules were also killed as the cars plunged into the river below, a distance of forty feet.

It would be quite a clean-up job to remove all those boxcars from the river back in 1903. I wouldn't be surprised if there might still be evidence of this train wreck under the water of the river at that location. If you are a fisherman and you find some strange metal pieces in that area, more than likely they came from this train wreck which happened in 1903.

There are no Nevada County newspapers available for the year 1903, so the only information I have about this train wreck is from news stories passed along to various newspapers all across the country. The papers had the location as being between Bouden and Gurdon on the Little Missouri River. The spelling of Boughton is interesting. They spelled it like most local people pronounce it.

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*The Dynamo* was the school newspaper at Prescott High School. I have several copies from the 1930s and 1940s. I happened to notice in one issue this poem written by Jimmie Guthrie. I knew him as Dr. James Guthrie, our family physician and founder of the Ouachita Clinic in Camden. He possibly saved my life when I was in about the eighth grade. I was very sick for a time with severe stomach cramping and various other symptoms. The doctor at Prescott diagnosed it as appendicitis and was preparing to do surgery. My parents decided to seek another opinion and after a short stay in the hospital at Camden and some tests, Dr. Guthrie correctly diagnosed the problem as intestinal parasites called hookworms. This parasite lives in the soil and usually enters the body through a cut or sore and can also be transmitted from pets to humans. It was very common back in the days when most children went barefoot. A couple of treatments with some very large pills and some bad tasting medicine cured the problem. I'm sure my problems would have been much worse if the surgery had been performed in my weakened condition.

Senior Class Poem  
*The Dynamo*  
May 28, 1937

By Jimmy Guthrie  
Prescott High School  
Senior Class President

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Four short years abreast we've worked  
With tutoring of teachers we love,  
Molding a future of knowledge,  
As we are climbing one notch above.

We will miss you, our schoolmates dear,  
As we pass from you today,  
But knowledge never comes to us  
Unless we prepare the way.

The ladder to wisdom is high;  
It seems a tremendous endeavor  
To climb up each round, one by one,  
But our high goal we will seek forever.

We now pay tribute to our teachers  
For the molding of career and knowledge;  
We thank you for your help and patience,  
As we pass on our way toward college.

As we seek our shining goal of fame,  
Let's not falter along the way,  
But ever look higher and higher,  
Always above our goal each day.

Our hearts are heavy today,  
As we come to say good bye,  
But our ladder's not complete  
'Til we reach that goal on high.

*An excerpt from his obituary---*

James Guthrie, retired physician of Camden, Arkansas, died May 2, 2013, in his sleep at home. He lived the good life for 93 years. It was a life of activity balanced by contemplation while maintaining an unswerving dedication to his country, his community and his family.

Jim was born in Prescott in 1920 to Mildred Pittman Guthrie and James Martin Guthrie, a pharmacist. The grandson and great grandson of country doctors, he studied medicine at the University of Arkansas where he earned his B. S. M. and M.D. in 1944. Upon graduation, Jim was commissioned an officer. Lt.j.g., in the U.S. Navy. He served in Norfolk, Virginia, at the Naval Hospital in Aiea Heights, Hawaii, and then on board the minesweeper U.S.S. Southard in the western Pacific participating in the invasion of Okinawa, the largest naval engagement in history, surviving a kamikaze attack and abandoning ship in a typhoon. His ship was sweeping mines off of Honshu Island in preparation for the invasion of Japan when the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. He treated wounded American and Japanese servicemen with a new drug called penicillin and shared quarters with the author Herman Wouk. He volunteered for active duty in 1953 during the Korean War and served as the base doctor at the Shumaker Naval Depot, now East Camden.

Jim married Virginia Roebuck in 1944, and they shared 69 years of happily married life. After separation from the Navy in 1946, he began private practice at the Southern Clinic in Texarkana and then in 1948 moved his family to Camden where he founded the Ouachita Clinic. Jim's dedication was reflected in a medical career that spanned 51 years until he retired, aged 75, in 1995.

Among his many interests was a passion for camellias. He grew and nurtured an impressive collection that has been toured by gardeners from around the region. He shared his intellectual curiosity by serving as a moderator of the Great Books discussion group. He also traveled, collected art and enthusiastically pursued many hobbies. *(an excerpt from his obituary)*

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## THE WELL

By Jerry McKelvy

With shovels and picks in hand  
From every direction they came  
Family members eager to help  
They hoped their work was not in vain.

Digging was easy at first  
But soon they hit hard clay  
Progress was slow  
And it seemed to get harder each day

Dirt was drawn up by pulley and rope  
Ten feet down and much further to go  
As buckets and buckets of dirt  
Were brought up from down below.

Deeper and deeper they dug  
Until they were twenty feet down  
They were all very excited  
By the damp dirt they found.

Ten more feet they dug  
First a trickle, then a small stream  
Of pure, precious water  
Of which they had often dreamed.

They still had to case the well  
Both above and below ground  
Rocks were brought from far and near  
Wherever they could be found

Finally the well was complete  
The family was blessed  
Plenty of water so cool and clear  
Friends said the well was one of the best

These were hard working people  
Their earthly possessions were few  
But they thanked their God  
For each bucket of water they drew.

Many years have passed  
Those who dug the well are here no more  
But the old well remains  
A tribute to those who went before.



This old well is at my grandfather's old home place. It was used mainly for washing clothes and as a backup water source in case the main well went dry. This well was about 150 feet from the house.

A shed was built over it with a small room attached. The well was only a few feet from the county road. I was told the road grader operators would often stop at the well for a cool drink of water on the hot summer days. I can remember drinking from this well using a metal dipper which hung nearby.

Some people had to carry their water from springs. They usually took their laundry closer to the water source using a wash pot to heat the water and a rub board to scrub the clothes with homemade lye soap. Doing the laundry was a major chore usually done on a certain day of the week which was called "wash day". Just another glimpse of rural life in the good old days.

Jerry McKelvy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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**GO WHERE THE TRAIL LEADS**

About fifteen years ago, I got interested in genealogy. I don't claim to be an expert at it, but I know the basics of how to get started. It's sort of like putting a jig-saw puzzle together. You gradually add pieces of information until hopefully, you can get a complete picture. Even if you don't find all the pieces, you will learn a lot about your ancestors as you do the research. It takes a lot of time to gather the information from many different sources. The Internet makes it a lot easier, but you soon learn that not everything you find on the Internet is accurate. It still needs to be verified.

Once you start doing research on the Internet, you will soon discover many distant cousins scattered all over the country. These cousins usually have a piece of the puzzle you are looking for and by working together, everyone benefits.

I knew some things about my grandparents, but not much about the more distant members of my family. I found a distant cousin in California who was accumulating a database of all the related McKelvy lines. I contributed what I knew about my close relatives and he shared his information with me.

I learned that James and Margaret McKelvy first came to this country on the ship *Nancy* in 1767, landing at Charleston, South Carolina. Their son and my great-great-great grandfather, John McKelvy and his wife, Mary, settled in Laurens County, South Carolina. He left a will when he died in 1802, and from that will I learned that they had sixteen children because they were listed in the will. That's a very large family by any measure.

When the children left home they seemed to go in all directions from Laurens County, South Carolina. Some of them may have remained there. My great-great grandfather, Jabez McKelvy decided to settle in Coweta County, Georgia in 1846. He stayed there about ten years and then decided to move on to Arkansas. Using research done by others plus my own research, I have a pretty good idea of how my line of McKelvys ended up in Arkansas. I'll not bore you with all the details. It is rewarding to learn all this information and become acquainted with distant cousins I never knew existed.

While my great-great grandfather settled in Georgia, his brother William decided to seek his fortune in Tennessee, settling in Franklin County. Back in 1999, my wife and I decided to do some research on William's family. We packed our bags and took off driving to the county seat of Franklin County, a small town named Winchester. Not being familiar with the area, we weren't sure that Winchester had a motel so we stayed in the nearby town of Tullahoma.

The next day at Winchester, we went to the courthouse and the county library. We found quite a bit of information about William's family and made a lot of copies of various documents. We

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

searched the cemetery records and found the burial places for some of William's family. We decided to visit a couple of these old cemeteries while we were in the area.



Using our map we located the spot where the first cemetery should be, but all we saw was a large cultivated field. I knew it should be close by somewhere. I saw a man standing out by his house and stopped and asked him if he knew of an old cemetery around there. He pointed across the field to a clump of trees and said that was it (photo at left). He gave us permission to check it out. We recorded all the names on the old tombstones that we could still read.

Another cemetery was nearby so we hurried to try and find it. Again, I stopped and talked to a man who happened to be outside. He pointed to a house which was on another road and said the cemetery was directly behind that house. He said the owners were not at home, but it would be okay for us to look at the cemetery. I was surprised that he would offer to let us do that since we were strangers. We drove to the house and walked behind it and found a small cemetery very close to the outbuildings. Several McKelvys were buried there. We quickly wrote the names from the markers and went on our way.

We had a good impression of Franklin County, Tennessee. The scenery was nice and the people we met were all very friendly. We left the county and headed toward Nashville and on to Missouri to visit my wife's folks. So far our genealogy trip/vacation had been quite productive.

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From our research we had learned that two of William's sons, Aaron and Elijah, had left Franklin County, Tennessee and moved west into southeast Missouri and settled in the same county where my wife grew up. That got us more interested in these McKelvys because I had no idea that I had distant relatives who once lived within fifteen miles from where my wife grew up.

We checked out the genealogy sections of libraries in that area and found all kinds of information on these McKelvys. Some had been prominent citizens of that area. Some had served in various political offices. We discovered that there was a McKelvy School at one time. That county had a small building staffed by volunteers where various records were stored. One day I received a packet of materials regarding this McKelvy School which I didn't really need, but I appreciated the lady's thoughtfulness in sending the material to me.

We visited several cemeteries in that area where some of the McKelvys were buried. One was in behind a man's goat pasture, but he was very nice and allowed us to walk in to the cemetery which was covered with high grass. The man who owned the land said he mowed the cemetery about once each year. Elijah McKelvy and some of his family were buried there. I had learned

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that Elijah was my third cousin, three times removed and a first cousin to James Wesley McKelvy who is buried at Ebenezer Cemetery in Nevada County, Arkansas. These two first cousins were only three years apart in age and had probably never met each other. They served on opposite sides in the Civil War.

Elijah had an older brother named Aaron McKelvy. We found a lot of information on him. He was a Baptist minister and a physician who came to Missouri on horseback in 1848. He served in various political offices of that county—tax assessor, presiding judge of the county court, and a justice of the peace. He died in 1881. We wanted to visit his grave, but it was in a cow pasture behind a locked gate. We got permission to visit it and intended to do so on another trip, but never got around to it. The man who owned the land gave us a tour of the old two-story house where he lived which was filled with all sorts of antiques and historical things from that area. We really enjoyed visiting with him and seeing his collection.

At some point during our research, I had discovered a letter written by Aaron McKelvy in 1861 to his brother back in Franklin County, Tennessee. It seems that his mother had been in Missouri visiting him, but while there she became ill and died. The letter gives the details of what happened and I'm sure it was a sad occasion for the family members in Missouri as well as those who were still in Tennessee. Here is a transcript of the letter taken from the original: (The spelling corrections in parentheses are mine)

*Bollinger County, Mo. May the 7th, 1861*

*Dear Brother,*

*Imbrace (Embrace-?) an opportunity of writing you a few lines which may inform you that myself and family are all in moderate health. One of the objects or causes of my writing at present is to inform you that mother is dead. She died on the night of the 4th day of this month about eleven oclock at Henry McDaniel's. She had been getting weaker and more feble (feeble) all the time since she arrived here, but still entertained a hope that she would sometime get back home until 3 or 4 days before she died. She did not consent to have a doctor until Friday before she died on Saturday night. The doctor went to her and did what he could the first visit, but the next day when he came he saw the case was hopeless and did no more. Her cough and derangement of the bowels was as we suppose the cause of her death. I suppose she had the consumption. She died in great pece (peace) and did say with much assurance I know that my redeemer lives, and that I love God and his people and I love sinners, too, and I find the same God that has been precious and kind to me through all the scenes of life to be my supporter and friend in death. These words and many others similar were spoken to us (all that were present) after she was fully satisfied that she was dying. I was seting (sitting) by the bed where she was lying on Saturday about 11 o'clock and she apeared (appeared) to be dosing. Suddenly she said poor Noah. I arose and asked her what she wanted. She said nothing, but that she was thinking about what Noah said to her in the time of a revival meeting. She said Noah said to her that she had been wanting to go to see her children and that she might go, but he never expected to see her again. So it is Noah never can see her any more in this life. She is gone to the region from whose borne (?) no traveler returns. Narcissus requests that you appoint a day on which you will have her funeral preached and let us know the time and we will also have a funeral sermon*

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*preached on the same day. Her remains were deposited (or deported) in the Union Campground Cemetery near Bessville at the head of the graves of our children. After being told that she must and would shortly die, she told Henry and myself to pay her doctor's bill and all the burial expenses. She gave Narcissus \$20 and said Sis had been under the necessity of doing what no other one of her children had ever done and that it was due her. She gave me \$10 and said the same. I now proceed to give you the burial expenses, doctor's bill, etc. (?)*

*Doctor's bill - \$5.00*

*Shrouding and trimming for coffing (coffin) - \$6.60*

*For making coffing (coffin) - \$3.00*

*all paid, and there was \$8.35 of her money left. We wish to know whether you would be willing for us to use it in paying for the filling (?) in of her grave. You can all let us know when you write. You will please also let us know what will have to be done with the property and effects, whether you will have to administer or not. Old Kit (?) is here. I am keping (keeping) her. Sis has the saddle and says she is going to keep it, but she is willing to allow what it is worth. Mother gave her clothes to Sis and told her to keep them. I am willing to keep Kit (?) and allow what she is worth.*

*Aaron McKelvy*

*Note in margin: I wrote too much to have room to say farewell.*

Since Aaron said in his letter they had buried his mother "at the head of our children's graves", we made a short side trip to Bessville, MO to the Old Union cemetery to try to locate the grave. We were able to find the children's grave marker, but no marker for Aaron's mother. Her burial place would probably have been completely unknown had it not been for this letter written by Aaron McKelvy.



Aaron and his wife, Drusilla, lost four children between 1856 and 1859. This is their marker at Old Union Cemetery in Bessville, MO. The names are hard to read--Minerva E. --died 11-3-1859 (age 3); Laura F.--died 2-10-1859 (age 6 days); Noah W.--died 1-30-1858 (age 1 day); Missouri A. --died 1-23-1856 (age 17 days).

It was common for many families to lose children in infancy in those days. The couple had five other children who survived. It is a shame that Aaron and Drusilla were not buried in this well kept cemetery with their children instead of their graves being far off the main roads in a cow pasture.

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Even though these were my distant kin, it was interesting to learn more about that branch of our family. I also found another family in the same county named McKelvey which was not related to me. These had migrated from Pennsylvania, through Ohio, and on to Missouri. Some of that family ended up in Prescott, Arkansas in the same county where I grew up. Having two unrelated families with the same name living close together can be very confusing. Even some in my family spell their names with the extra “e”, or at least many official documents have the name spelled that way because most people who are not family members tend to put the extra “e” in the name.

Remember, at the first of this article I mentioned that the older McKelvys back in South Carolina had sixteen children. I’ve only researched two of them. There were fourteen more children who probably married and had families and scattered in all directions. Some probably stayed in South Carolina. Just think of all the cousins yet to be discovered. Genealogy is fun but can be addictive.



## THE WILD MAN

Many of us have probably heard stories of someone who lived alone and didn’t associate with other people. They were considered a little strange or maybe even called a hermit. Most people just left them alone to do their own thing.

I remember hearing stories about a man who was living under one of the Caney Creek bridges on Highway 24. I never saw the man—just heard the stories. Just recently, I heard about a man living under a bridge in the city of Camden.

Our larger cities have many homeless people. It is hard to get an exact number of how many homeless people there are in America. I saw estimates ranging from 634,000 to 3.5 million. About 70% live in the large cities and only 9% in rural areas, according to one source. Some of these people choose to live on the streets and I’m sure some do it because they have no other place to go. Some take advantage of shelters in extremely cold weather, but return to the streets when the weather breaks.

Some ask why homeless people don’t sign up for the government benefit programs. Some do, but many refuse to take advantage of these programs for several reasons. Most programs require a permanent mailing address and they don’t have one. Some require a photo ID or proof of citizenship such as a paid utility bill and they don’t have one. Some have outstanding warrants in another state and don’t want to risk being arrested. Some shelters don’t allow alcohol and some of these people don’t want to give that up. Some had rather depend on charities, and food banks. Some hold up signs and beg for money from strangers. Homelessness is a major problem in many cities in this country.

Being homeless in a rural area would be quite a bit different from being homeless in a large city. It would be a challenge to live off the land for any length of time. It’s good to know some basic

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survival skills just in case of an emergency like an airplane crash in a remote area. A person who survived a crash might be forced to live off the land for several days until they are rescued. Sometimes people get lost while hiking and run out of food. Some are forced to eat strange foods not normally eaten just to survive. It would be good for all of us to know which plants are poisonous.

Some of the people living near Prescott in 1944 had heard stories about a wild man living in the Little Missouri River bottom about eight miles north of town. Some had seen the man or had reported food missing from their gardens for about two years. Every time someone tried to approach him, he would run off into the woods.

Finally, in November of 1944, Duncie McClelland captured the wild man and turned him over to the sheriff. The man was described as being about 30 years old, 160 pounds, dressed in rags, with long hair and beard, and his pants held up by a belt made from two rattlesnake hides. He had in his possession an Army overcoat, a pocket knife, a bottle of matches, a skillet, and a box of baking soda.

The man didn't speak but just nodded his head when asked a question. Finally, after he was cleaned up and taken to a barber shop for a haircut, the sheriff asked him if he would like a cup of coffee and the man said, "Yes, I would".

The man told the sheriff that his name was Lonnie Ellwood from Summerfield, Oklahoma. He claimed he had left there "four or five years ago". The man had lost all sense of time and didn't even know what year it was. His reason for leaving home was that "he had signed the wrong government check", whatever that meant. The sheriff had him fingerprinted and contacted the FBI as they investigated him.

The man said he lived by eating berries, nuts, persimmons, turtles, squirrels, and what he could find in people's gardens. In bad weather he took refuge in old sheds and barns. When asked how he survived when the river was flooded, he told of one time when he spent three or four days in a tree with water up to his shoulders and ate only raw corn. He said he was afraid of everybody and some people had shot at him.

It was determined that the man was harmless and after he was cleaned up he looked normal. The December 1, 1944 issue of *The Arkansas Gazette* published the story about the wild man of the Little Missouri Bottoms along with his picture.

The Nevada County newspapers reported that about 1,000 people came to the jail to see the wild man when he was first captured. Betty Meeks wrote a good article about the man in the July 15, 1976 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* which included this drawing by Scott Pollock, an artist, which is said to be a good likeness of what he looked like when captured.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



The man was held in the county jail while authorities conducted an investigation. The sheriff said he would be turned over to the federal authorities. The Nevada County part of the story ended with his capture. It was reported that his brother in Oklahoma came to Prescott and took him back home to Oklahoma. What happened to Lonnie Ellwood after he was returned to Oklahoma is unknown.

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## RAINFALL RECORD (AT CAMDEN)

**RAINFALL RECORD** (at my house)—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus 5 inches snow and ice; March—10.7 inches plus 2 inches sleet; April—7.7 inches; May—6.0 inches; June—5.7 inches; July—6.2 inches; August—5.1 inches; September— .7 inch; October— 10.5 in.

We had a prolonged period with very little rainfall which lasted about nine weeks from late August to late October. Forecasters are predicting a wetter than normal winter for much of the nation due to the El Nino effect. That could mean a low of snow and ice this winter depending on the temperatures.

TOTAL RAINFALL FROM JANUARY THROUGH OCTOBER 61.6 INCHES

HERE IS THE AVERAGE ANNUAL RAINFALL FOR SELECTED CITIES IN ARKANSAS:  
CALE—53.21; BLUFF CITY—53.21; ROSSTON—53.21; CAMDEN—52.92

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## A DOG NAMED SLIM

By Jerry McKelvy



He just showed up at the door  
Obviously a stray.  
I gave him some food  
And hoped he would be on his way.

But he seemed so friendly  
I couldn't turn him away.  
I fed him more food  
And decided he could stay.

Those big bright eyes  
Would melt your heart.  
He seemed so happy here  
Right from the start.

I named him Slim  
Because he was long and lean.  
He was the friendliest dog  
I think I had ever seen.

He became my buddy  
And followed me everywhere.  
No matter how long I worked  
He was always there.

Unlike most other dogs  
Slim had an unusual trait.  
He was very particular  
About the food he ate.

He loved to roam the woods  
And sometimes even after dark,  
I would wonder where he was  
Until I heard his familiar bark.

I don't know why he didn't look  
When he crossed the road that day.  
It was all over so quick  
What more can I say?

I buried him in a special place  
Where he liked to roam.  
I know Slim enjoyed the years  
He spent at his adopted home.

He was just a stray dog  
Maybe he got lost and was never found  
I'll never forget the years we had together  
Me and that old hound.

Jerry McKelvy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

January, 2016

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**LOOKING BACK AT 2015**

We have almost completed another year. They sure seem to go by faster when we get older. This is a good time to record some of the events of 2015 in our area, file the old year in the record books, and look forward to a new year.

I guess the weather is a good place to start. We had above average rainfall in 2015. In fact, we had very heavy rains in the spring with some major damage done to some of the roads. The county road department worked for weeks trying to get the gravel roads back in good shape. The sandy land around Bluff City absorbs rainfall like a sponge unless it comes down too fast. Then we have some erosion, but at least that area doesn't have to worry about homes being flooded.



We had some snow and ice in February which created problems for travel. We never know what to expect in south Arkansas. We may go two or three years with very little snow and ice or we may get hit hard. We all remember the ice storms in December, 2000 and we hope we never have to experience that again. Power being off a few hours is just an inconvenience, but when it is off everywhere for days, we can better understand how our ancestors lived before the days of electricity. The picture at left shows what Hwy. 24 near Bluff City was like in February after an ice storm. Ice storms like this always cause some damage to the timber, especially the very young trees.

Summer temperatures in our area in 2015 were near or below normal. The frequent rains helped. We did have a dry spell in July and August which lasted for several weeks. We remember the hot, dry summer of 1980 with temperatures well over 100 degrees for many days. Newspaper reports say Bluff City had a temperature of 112 degrees in 1934 during the Great Depression (and that was in the days before air conditioning).

We were fortunate to not have any tornadoes in our immediate area in 2015. We can't really complain too much about our weather. It was a pretty good year weather-wise.

Gas prices fell in 2015 which helped consumers. Gas was \$2.09 per gallon in Camden at the beginning of the year and it is \$1.80 now (Dec. 18th). Egg prices

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

rose dramatically to around \$3.00 per dozen due to the nation's worst outbreak of bird flu affecting chickens. Egg prices are coming back down (very slowly).

Gardens produced well in 2015 although few people raise gardens anymore. The heavy rains in the spring made some gardens in our area too wet to work.

There were no major changes in Bluff City. The city council sponsored a "Fun Day" in April, a "Trade Day" in October, and a community Christmas party. All events were well attended. Wilma Pettit opened a flea market in Tina Bean's building (formerly a pulpwood office and a restaurant). No stores are operating in Bluff City now. R & R Bar-B-Que located at the county line sells sandwiches and meals. White Oak Lake State Park, located two miles from Bluff City, provides all kinds of activities and camping facilities for visitors.

The Nevada County Picayune office in Prescott closed in April and moved to Hope, but at least the county paper is still being published. The Picayune office was located in the old Dale Ledbetter department store building next to the vacant Prescott Hardware Co. A few days after the paper had moved most of their equipment to Hope, the Prescott Hardware building burned and also damaged the Picayune building. The hardware had been vacant for a long time. That business dated back to 1893 and was once the largest hardware store in southwest Arkansas. The loss of these two old buildings leaves a gaping hole in the business district of Prescott. Clean-up work is in progress.

A new library opened in Camden in 2015 after the old library was destroyed by fire in July of 2011.

## **NECROLOGY (as of Dec. 17)**

The following deaths occurred in 2015 with burial at Bluff City Cemetery:

Shirley Ann Harvey Brooks  
Alice Ann Starnes Grissom  
Bill Walker  
Margaret Benton  
Ruby Lee Blake DeWoody  
Arlis Billingsley Jr.  
Carl McMichael

Former residents of the area who died in 2015 with burial elsewhere were:

Donald Barlow  
Clifford Jones  
Hubert "Buddy" Carter  
Roger Dale Norman

Ebenezer Cemetery—Dennis Kirk

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## A FAMILY HEIRLOOM



Mr. Perry Westmoreland sent me these pictures of a gun he has that belonged to his father, Forrest Westmoreland. The story is that in 1907, Mr. Forrest Westmoreland went turkey hunting with his mussels-loader but missed a turkey when the gun “fast-fired”. He was so disgusted he went to Prescott the next day and purchased this L. C. Smith shotgun from the Nevada County Hardware which was owned by his brothers, Dwight and Arthur Westmoreland.



Lyman Cornelius Smith, the namesake for this gun, was first involved in the livestock and lumber business, but didn't do too well. He then ventured into the firearms business. In 1886, the company made its first hammerless shotgun which was the most successful design for the company. The company was sold in 1889 to Hunter Arms Co. which continued the L. C. Smith brand. Hunter Arms was later sold to Marlin Firearms Co. This Lyman Smith was not the same Smith as in the name Smith and Wesson Firearms Company. After

quitting the firearms business, Lyman Smith became involved in the manufacture of typewriters. The brand name Smith-Corona was a well known brand of typewriters for many years.

Thanks to Mr. Westmoreland for sharing this story and the pictures. I'm sure he is proud to own his father's old L. C. Smith double-barreled shotgun.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



The sugar maple is one of my favorite trees. I transplanted several of these from my wife's uncle's property in Missouri. This one was especially beautiful in 2013 when I took this picture. It inspired me to write this poem.

## THE CHANGE

By Jerry McKelvy

I look forward each fall to the changing of the leaves  
And think--wouldn't it be great if we could be like a tree?  
Cast off our wrinkles and gray hair  
And start over again with a fresh new look for all to see.

Even a snake loses its outer skin every few months  
According to the reptile book.  
Too bad we can't shed our old skin and scars  
And have a fresh new look.

It's all part of the Plan and we must accept our fate.  
We can't turn back the clock and be young again.  
Our skin may have wrinkles and our hair may turn gray.  
Our body will get old and we might even have some pain.

But there are some things we can do as we travel along life's way  
When the problems of life get us down.  
We can have a positive attitude  
And add a smile to replace that frown.

We can laugh when things make us happy  
Or maybe even sing a little song.  
Put aside our gripes and grumbles  
And make folks like to be around us as we go along.

We can be like this sugar maple tree  
With its beautiful leaves of gold.  
Make the world a better place  
And enjoy life even when we are old.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## **BLUFF CITY TEACHER'S NORMAL SCHOOL**

For those who don't know, a normal school is a school which trains teachers. It was once included in the name of some of the colleges in Arkansas. The University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff was once known as Arkansas A. M. & N. which stood for agricultural, mechanical, and normal. Southern Arkansas University (formerly Southern State College) was once known as Arkansas A & M (agricultural and mechanical) since they didn't train teachers at the time.

Did you know that the Bluff City School was once known as Bluff City Teacher's Normal School? Advertisements for the school appeared in the county newspapers from 1910 to 1914. In 1914, the normal school began on May 4 and lasted five weeks. A student completing the course was qualified for a 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, or 1<sup>st</sup> grade teacher's certificate. I could not find anything about the differences in the three types of certificates. I'm not sure if the 1<sup>st</sup> grade certificate or the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade certificate was the highest type certificate a student could earn. Oscar Dawson was the principal at Bluff City at that time.

Even though the course was only five weeks long, it was an intense training program. A certain grade had to be achieved in order for the certificate to be granted. The teacher training sessions were conducted after the regular school year had ended. Many of Nevada County's early teachers received their training at the Bluff City Teacher's Normal School.

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## **THE ROYAL BLUE FLYER**

The September 29, 1910 issue of *The Nevada News* had an interesting article about a pigeon. According to the article, a pigeon would fly directly in front of trains from Malvern to Arkadelphia and sometimes as far south as Gurdon. It usually flew with the freight trains going south and with the passenger trains going north. When the trains got up to full speed, the pigeon would take its place directly in front of the headlight and hold its place during the twenty to thirty mile trip. The railroad workers gave the pigeon the name Royal Blue Flyer.

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## **ADVANTAGES OF WEARING A CORSET**

From March 17, 1910 issue of *The Nevada News*

Ripley, TN—A quarrel developed between two young men over which one should have the last dance with Miss Myrtle Goodenough. Over 60 couples were on the dance floor dancing to the tune "Home Sweet Home" when Bud Hayes fired sixteen shots with a small .22 caliber pistol. Six of the shots hit Miss Goodenough, but the stays on her corset stopped the bullets. She did not even suffer a flesh wound.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

A search on the Internet of other old newspapers resulted in about 25 other cases of corset stays stopping bullets from the years 1893 to 1913 in several different states. They must have been heavy duty corsets made in the U. S. A.

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## TOO TALL

The *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* published in November a reprint of the obituary of Edgar A. Pruitt of Bluff City. According to the obituary, Mr. Pruitt who died November 22, 1915, was thought to have been the tallest man in Nevada County at over seven feet tall. The undertaker had to order a special casket because he did not have one of sufficient length. Mr. Pruitt was a former school teacher who died from tuberculosis.

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## COMMENTS FROM READERS

In the matter of labeling photos...I was once a guest on one of the Indian reservations. Not part of our "tour", but something I caught wind of... Three OLD ladies... much respected in that society... were gathered around some old photo albums, filled (mostly) with commercial postcards of "the Wild West", and "the Savages", for consumption in the East. For most of their lives, their heritage had been suppressed... surprisingly vigorously, including by the BIA, surprisingly "recently". The old ladies were going through the photos, trying to put names to the faces, and put that knowledge down as ink-on-paper... before their memories were no longer available to their people. I hope you will understand why seeing that was a special moment, and as a little "thank you" for the great job with the Chronicle.—T. K. Boyd

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Hi. This was a great Sandyland Chronicle. It is so interesting to read of your research into your family. It is addictive, but I love to find a new cousin every once in a while.

Old cemeteries are so important. I am glad so many people will go out and take censuses of them and take pictures. Those you and your wife wrote about are helpful. Find-a-Grave has unearthed (no pun intended) many relatives, and I always print the pictures of the stones and leave comments and virtual flowers.

Thanks again for your unfailingly interesting posts.—Irma Hamby Evans

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We have had a dog like Slim, and I sure do miss him!—Teresa Harris

---

Thanks so much for all the work you put into this publication. My mother reads it as soon as I can print it out.—Paulette Weaver

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Enjoyed your tribute to Slim. And the article about the Wild Man. And your genealogy research. It's all good! ---Don Mathis

---

Thank you for the Dec. issue of Sandyland Chronicle. You make the quest for family history sound so easy, but it hasn't been quite so for me. I do hope clues will gather all together if the Lord lets me live, so my grandchildren will have an identity. I am sorry that you lost your hound dog friend. We have entertained many strays through the years, cats and dogs. They always are so affectionate and grateful for their food.---Annette Lemons

---

I just wanted to express my appreciation to you for keeping the history of Nevada County, and especially Bluff City alive and well for the ancestors of those who have passed on. I just saw the photo of Jimmy Starnes posted and immediately recognized him from photos my grandmother had possessed. My grandparents were Herbert and Clara (Rowe) Harvey and my mother is Shirley Brooks. Jimmy was my grandfather's great grandfather making him my great-great-great grandfather. I didn't realize he was one of the original settlers of Bluff city. I am so happy that my grandmother and her sister, my Aunt Blanche Whaley, instilled in me a respect and appreciation for our heritage before they passed on. I am trying to do the same for my daughters. Thanks for penning the booklet on Gooseankle (I just about wore my copy out) and your online series, Sandyland Chronicles. We have it so easy today compared to what our ancestors endured. Thanks again for your hard work. ---Rich Brooks Custer, WA

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I am wondering if you know of anyone in or from Nevada County who might have pictures of Ella/Ellie Ledora Carter Black and her husband, Robert Wilkerson Black. Her great-grandson, Woodrow Wilson "Woody" Black would love to see pictures of them. Is this a notice that could be put in an upcoming Sandyland Chronicle? P. S. I am a Carter descendant and Woody is my cousin.---Loretta Talley Stehle

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I LOVED Grand Daddy's Knife by Mr. Mathis. This was a great issue. I love to hear about the old timers and their lives.—Annette Lemons

---

Thanks for keeping Nevada County history alive. My sis, Judy Daniels, is married to a Rosston O'Keefe. His daddy was R.D. O'Keefe. I always enjoy your reports.---J. Daniels, Proud Bodcaw grad. 1963

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Loved, loved Ms. Zettie Link's artwork of your homeplace, especially the well spot and the mailbox. Was that a sycamore tree in front?  
And the entry of "I live in a small town" brought back LOTS of memories to me. Cudos to Mr. Mathis for his artful writing. Just don't know what I'd do WITHOUT the Chronicle to brighten up each month. What a contribution you are making to the historicity of your area. I KNOW your community is more than grateful for your time and efforts.—Annette Lemons

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# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

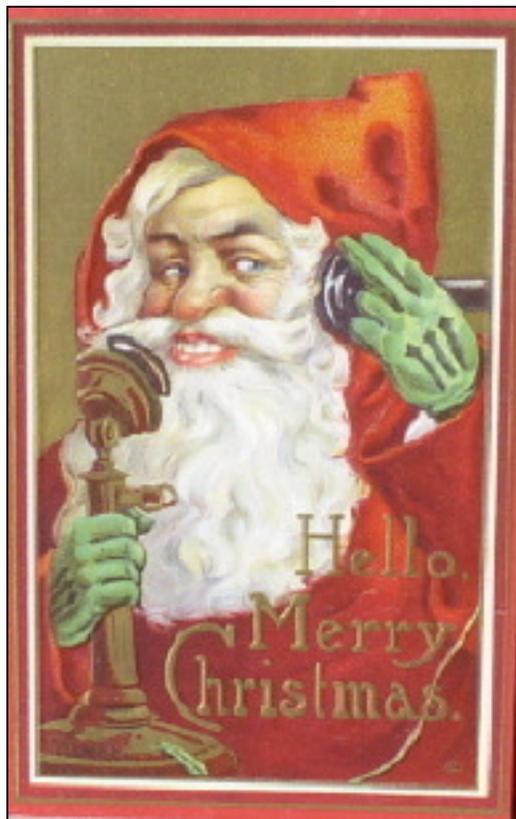
## RAINFALL RECORD

November rainfall -- 11.2 inches

Total January through November—72.4 inches and another month to go

Average annual rainfall – 53.21 inches

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*The staff of The Sandyland Chronicle (me) wishes each of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.*

Jerry McKelvy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 16 – No. 2

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

February, 2016

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**STORIES FROM GOOSE ANKLE**

These are true stories about a group of young men growing up in the part of Nevada County, Arkansas called Rocky Hill or Goose Ankle during the days of the Great Depression. These stories are based on an audio recording made by Hartwell Irvin and his wife, Myrtie McKelvy Irvin at their home in 1989.

Cast of Characters

“Gee” McKelvy (father of Lee Roy, Ruel, and Myrtie)—my grandpa  
Katie May Kirk McKelvy (mother of Lee Roy, Ruel, and Myrtie)—my grandma  
Lee Roy McKelvy (Mud)—my uncle  
Ruel McKelvy (my father)  
Myrtie McKelvy (my aunt)  
Harland McKelvy (Trout)—son of Orland McKelvy (brother of Gee McKelvy)  
Harwell Irvin (Red)—son of Willie Irvin  
Alvin Dunn (Tar Heel)—a neighbor  
Haskel Norman (Hack)—a neighbor  
Other boys not mentioned by name

Time Period—1930s

The area around Rocky Hill (Goose Ankle), like every other place in the nation, was suffering from the Great Depression. Money and jobs were scarce. About the only kind of work to be done around Goose Ankle was farming or cutting logs. There were a few “ground-hog” sawmills scattered about. These small mills would be set up on a tract of land and stay there for six months to a year until the timber was cut and then the mill would be moved to another tract.

Just about everybody in the community farmed. They grew cotton, corn, potatoes, cane to make sorghum syrup, and watermelons. Everyone had a large garden to provide food for their family. Most families had several children.

James Columbus McKelvy (nicknamed “Gee”) and his family lived about a half mile from Rocky Hill church. His brother Orland and his family lived about one mile away. Other families who lived in the community included the Irvins, Parkers, Sarretts, Nelsons, Johnsons, Stones, and several others.

Mr. Gee McKelvy was one of the few around who was able to get a high school education. He went to the Union High School at Bodcaw, one of the few high schools around in those days. He made his living by farming, a little carpentry work, and some sawmill work. He

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

and Mr. Frank Nelson were in a partnership sawmill together at one time. He also made sorghum syrup. Neighbors would bring their cane to his home to have it made into syrup.

All the children of the community went to school at Gum Grove until 1929 when the school consolidated with Bluff City. There were no buses before the consolidation, so the children had to walk up to three miles one way to the school.

### FIRST AUTOMOBILES

The automobile had been around a while, but most folks put off buying one at first. They were expensive and some considered them a luxury item. Why buy a car when you had horses to ride or a person could always walk if the distance wasn't too far. The boys from Goose Ankle often walked several miles a day with no problem.

Mr. Gee McKelvy was one of the first in the community to buy a new automobile. He bought a new 1927 Ford T-Model for \$400. He was 45 years old at the time and had to learn to drive it. His two sons, Lee Roy and Ruel, learned quickly how to drive the car, but Mr. Gee never did quite get the hang of it. He always had to look down to make sure he had his feet in the right spot. There was the clutch, the brake, and the foot-feed (accelerator) to worry about.

He kept his new car in a shed not far from the house which he called the car house. It was made with wide boards placed vertically on the walls and the closed end. One day he came home in his car and as he entered the car house, he couldn't find the brake to stop in time. He drove right through the back wall of the shed, made a big circle out in the field and tried it once more. This time he got it right. Then he had to nail all the boards back on the shed.



His wife was never too fond of the new car. The roads back then were in terrible shape. Vehicles often got stuck going up a hill and had to roll back and make another attempt. She didn't like it one bit when the car started rolling backward. She would abandon the car as soon as that happened, sometimes opening the door and sometimes getting out over the door.

## **SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Mr. Gee never made any long trips in his car. He sometimes went to Prescott to pay his taxes or stock up on needed items. He didn't have a license on his car because he couldn't afford one. He thought money could be better spent on other things. Usually, the kids went along on these trips to town because that was much more exciting than hanging around the farm. The shortest way to Prescott from his home was to take the Lackland Road across Caney Creek bottom and then go west to the Cale Road and on into Prescott. Since he didn't have a license on his car and didn't want to risk getting caught by the law, he would park the car near the edge of town and everyone would walk into town to do their business, then walk back to the car, and return home.

A neighbor, Willie Irvin, bought his family a car about the same time. The main reason for buying it was to make a trip to Galveston, Texas to visit some of the family. As soon as they got back home, he sold his car. He said he didn't want it cluttering up the yard.

During the Depression days when money was so scarce, those who had vehicles could barely afford to drive them. If the trip was five miles or less, they walked or rode a horse. Gasoline, tires, and parts were all expensive. It was better to walk than risk unnecessary expenses for the car.

### **PARTIES**

Life was not all work in those days. Saturday afternoons were a time to relax from all the hard work. The boys organized a baseball team and played during the summer months. They usually hunted in the winter. Saturday night parties were popular with the young people. Sometimes there would be 40 to 50 teenagers who gathered at someone's home for a party. They didn't usually have refreshments at parties in those days. They played games and enjoyed being with other kids about the same age. Some future romances were probably kindled by these parties.

### **SWIMMING**

It was only a mile or two to Caney Creek. The boys of Goose Ankle spent many hours fishing on this creek. Each hole of water had a name like the Fox Hole, the Gar Hole, etc. The favorite swimming hole was called the Round Hole. In the hot summer months, there might be 15 to 20 boys swimming in this hole of water. They came from as far away as Cale. No girls were allowed. The boys didn't have bathing suits, so swimming was done in their birthday suits.

### **DIRT POOR**

Nobody around Goose Ankle had any money during the depression. They had to make do with what they had. Their food was whatever they could raise in their gardens and some years the weather was so dry nothing much could be grown. Purple hull peas were grown by almost everyone because they were easy to grow. Corn was grown to fatten their hogs which they butchered for meat. They had fruit trees which provided some fresh fruit.

The McKelvys were determined to make sure all their children received at least a high school education if at all possible. Children were needed at home to help with the farm work, so the

## **SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

school terms were arranged so that school didn't interfere with the planting and harvesting seasons.

One day Mr. Gee's daughter, Myrtie, needed a new pencil to use to take a test the next day. She approached her father and asked if she could have some money for a pencil. Mr. Gee pulled a few coins out of his pocket and showed her 20 cents. He said, "This is all the money I have". Myrtie knew he was telling the truth. She said, "Just give me a penny. I can buy a penny pencil to take my test". He said, "No, I think you need a nickel pencil." Back then you buy three pencils for a nickel. She took the nickel he offered but felt bad about taking so much knowing that was all the money he had and needed it for other things.

### **A GOOD TRADE**

Children going to school in those days had to bring their lunches from home. They usually used a syrup bucket for a lunch pail. The type food they had was usually a biscuit sandwich and maybe an apple if they were in season. It took quite a bit of food to prepare lunches for several children in a family and food was scarce. Supper in those days might be nothing more than a piece of buttered cornbread covered with sorghum syrup or maybe cornbread and milk.

Arl Moody lived near Ebenezer, about two miles from the Gum Grove School. His family was better off than most of the families in that area. Arl rode a bicycle to school each day except for the sand beds where he had to push it. Most of the children at Gum Grove had never seen a bicycle.

Hartwell Irvin and Arl Moody worked out a deal one day. Arl had a bologna sandwich for his lunch and all Hartwell had was a biscuit with some cured country ham. Hartwell thought it would be a good trade to trade his biscuit and ham for the bologna sandwich. Bologna was considered a delicacy in those days. Anything store-bought was more in demand than the ordinary home-made foods. Children didn't get many snacks from the stores in those days. Popcorn and peanuts were popular, but these were both grown on the farm instead of purchased at the store. Nature provided a few delightful foods like blackberries, muscadines, and persimmons. The nearby Parker pecan orchard sometimes provided pecans to eat.

### **THE GOAT CART**

Lee Roy and Ruel decided one day to make a cart and hook it up to the Billy goat. They spent lot of time building it and finally got the goat hooked up to it. So far, so good. Then the Billy goat took off at a high rate of speed. The cart crashed into something and it tore all to pieces. That put an end to their plan to use a Billy goat to pull them in a cart.

### **HAIR CUTS**

Usually, there was one man in each community who was the barber. Folks couldn't afford to go all the way to Prescott just to get a haircut. The barber for the Goose Ankle/Rocky Hill community was Lee Roy McKelvy. On Saturday afternoons, dozens of men and boys would

# **SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

gather on the front porch to have their hair cut. He charged ten cents for a haircut for those who could afford it. Some couldn't even afford to pay the ten cents.

## **THE FISHING TRIP**

Teenage boys in those days spent much time in the woods. They hunted possums and coons at night and squirrels in the daytime. They also fished in Caney Creek. Any game animals or fish were a welcome addition to the menu in those hard days of the Depression.

Several of the boys decided to go fishing one night. They set out their bank hooks and sat around a campfire waiting for the fish to bite. They usually carried some food with them because they might be out all night on these fishing trips.

One of the boys, Alvin Dunn, brought along some home brew he had worked off by putting a jug in a sawdust pile where the heat would help the brew to ferment. He and Hack Norman were the main ones to drink the stuff.

On this particular night, Hack had begun to feel a little tipsy from the home-made concoction. One of the other boys decided to play a trick on Hack. They caught a toad frog and put it in one of the biscuits they had brought with them. They brought out their food and handed the loaded biscuit to Hack and said, "Hack, here's you a biscuit". According to the story, Hack bit into the frog before he realized the trick that had been played on him. According to the story tellers, this sort of thing was common during those days. There had to be some sort of diversion from the despair of those hard times.

## **BIRD THRASHING**

Another diversion was bird thrashing. When new land was cleared for farming, the brush was piled up and left to rot or burned when the weather was right. On cold winter nights, birds would use these brush heaps for cover from the wind.

The boys enjoyed going out on these cold nights to the brush heaps and run the birds out. They had no flashlights in those days. For light, they took several splinters of rich pine and tied them together into a bundle, making a torch that would burn for quite a while. It made a good light, but the resin from the rich pine would sometimes run down the arms of the person carrying the torch or sometimes burn the clothing they wore.

On one of these bird thrashing trips, Alvin Dunn was carrying his torch. Some of the resin happened to fall into his shoe, earning him the nick-name Tar Heel Dunn. He was known by this nick-name from then on by all those who knew him well.

## **ELECTRICITY**

Nobody at Goose Ankle knew much about electricity in the 1930s. Homes were lighted by kerosene lamps and those were only burned when the kids needed them for school work. Most

## **SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

of the time, people sat in the dark by the light from the fireplace in the winter months. Kerosene was expensive. In the Depression days, saving things was the norm. Nothing was wasted.

Tar Heel Dunn was sort of a wizard with electricity. He developed some sort of a generator by using two wheels (one large and one small) connected by a belt. The large wheel was a wheel from an old car. He hooked up a magneto from an old car to the contraption and used a crank to turn the wheels which generated a small current.

He experimented with this by electrocuting his mother's chickens when she needed a hen for a meal. Most people just wrung their necks or used a chopping ax to cut off the chicken's head. Tar Heel's generator worked just fine for killing chickens. He tried once to electrocute a chicken snake, but for some reason it wouldn't work on snakes like it did on chickens. It's a good thing he couldn't generate too much power of someone might have been electrocuted.

### **THE FIRE**

Mr. Gee McKelvy always raised a good crop of sweet potatoes. He had a potato house where he cured the potatoes after digging them. One day, Ruel and Myrtie were outside near the well and happened to notice the potato house was on fire. Ruel grabbed a bucket of water from the horse trough and ran to put water on the flames. He told Myrtie to keep bringing water. The well was not too far from the potato house, but it took time to draw water. They managed to get the fire put out by dumping buckets of water on it.

If they had not been outside, the potato house would have been destroyed. After the fire was out, Myrtie asked Ruel why he was working so hard to put the fire out. He told her that his pocketbook was hidden in the potato house and he had \$3.00 in it.

### **CONCLUSION**

These are just a few of the stories from that neck of the woods during the days of the Great Depression. It was a terrible time for the country, but even with all the despair there were some happy times also. Children and teenagers had to make their own entertainment. Work was hard and the whole family had to pitch in to keep things going.

The McKelvys managed to keep their promise to see that all three of their children graduated from high school. The community of Goose Ankle/Rocky Hill survived the depression. The people learned some valuable lessons from the hard times. They learned not to waste money foolishly, to save for a rainy day, and to trust in God to see them through the hard times. Neighbors were good to help each other. Everybody was in the same boat, so to speak. The Depression touched everyone.

There were other boys from Goose Ankle not mentioned in these particular stories. These were Carl Greer, Herman McKelvy, Roy McKelvy, Gordon Irvin, Sam Sarrett, Harl Nelson, Ellis Johnson, Earl Johnson, Jay Sarrett, Foy Nelson, Claudis Nelson, Archie Stone, and others. Most of these boys were the right age in 1941 to be eligible for military service when the Japanese

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

attacked Pearl Harbor. In fact, Harl Nelson had already joined the Navy and lost his life on the *USS Arizona* when it was attacked at Pearl Harbor.

World War II changed things considerably. Most of the younger men in the community were called to military service or volunteered. I know that Harland McKelvy, Ruel McKelvy, Herman McKelvy, Ellis Johnson, Earl Johnson, Jay Sarrett, Alvin Dunn, Foy Nelson, and Claudis Nelson served in World War II and there could be others. Most of them had married girls from the community about that time also. The older men and women had to take up the slack while the men were gone to war. The Depression had ended but there were shortages of certain things during the war years.

The war ended in 1945, and the young men came back home. Some remained in the area around Bluff City. Others decided to settle in nearby towns where they could find work. Some decided there must be a better way of making a living than farming. Some took advantage of the GI Bill to further their education. Times were changing. Hartwell Irvin married Myrtie McKelvy and they moved to Camden. Lee Roy McKelvy married Marie Martin and worked in the sawmill business at Caney Creek Lumber Co. before moving to the Redland community near Prescott where he had his own sawmill. Ruel McKelvy stayed in the Bluff City area and worked at farming and in the timber business most of his life. Herman McKelvy, Ellis Johnson, Earl Johnson, Foy Nelson, and Claudis Nelson also stayed in the vicinity of Bluff City. Harland McKelvy married and spent most of his life in the states of Washington and Arizona. I found on the Find-a-Grave website that Alvin Dunn died in 1997 and is buried at Leavenworth National Cemetery in Leavenworth, Kansas.

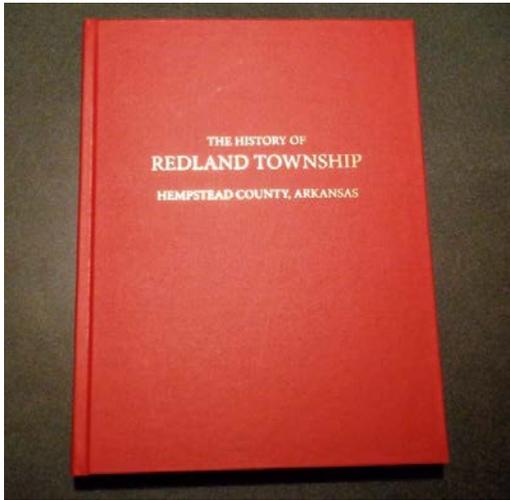
Mr. Gee McKelvy and Katie May McKelvy continued to live in their home at Goose Ankle until their health forced them to move in with their children. Mr. Gee died in 1959 and his wife in 1963.

The community of Goose Ankle has pretty much disappeared. The church at Rocky Hill is gone and the school at Gum Grove was consolidated with Bluff City in 1929. Most of the young folks left the area to find work in the cities after World War II. The farm fields were allowed to grow up in timber.

My brothers and I still own a large part of the old farm which has been in our family since about 1871. Every time I go there, I think of those times of long ago when the area was filled with farm families and all the hard work they did to make a living for their families. They did what they could in the best way they knew how. They didn't get rich, but I would say there is no doubt they were successful. They survived the worst period of economic collapse in our country's history.

My Aunt Myrtie McKelvy Irvin described it this way: "We had very little material things, but we had each other. We had family, we had friends, and we had neighbors. And everybody was just down-to-earth good people, I think. We went through a lot of good times, a lot of fun times, and a lot of serious times, but we came through all of it."

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



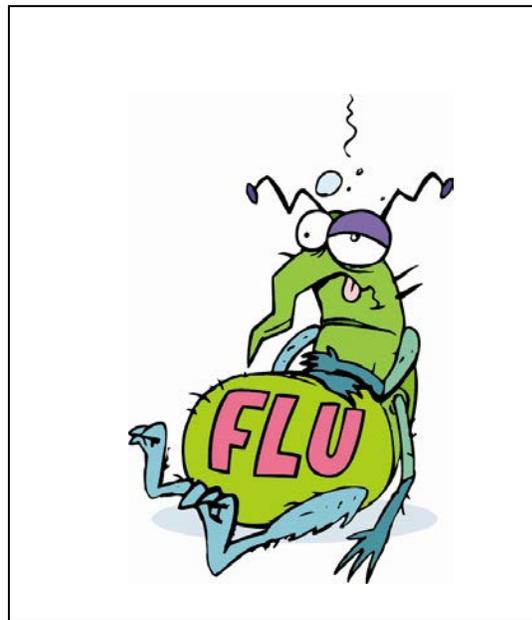
A few copies of this history book on Redland Township (Hempstead Co.) are still available for purchase. This includes the communities of McCaskill, Belton, Friendship, Dodson, and Avery's Chapel. The cost is \$35 available from The Town of McCaskill, P. O. Box 8, McCaskill, AR 71847

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## THE FLU

By Jerry McKelvy

What should I do?  
I think I have the flu.  
I'm sitting here in my favorite chair  
I ache all over--even my hair.  
I take all kinds of pills  
I alternate between fever and chills.  
My nose continues to run  
This flu is absolutely no fun.  
Maybe it's just a bad cold  
Or maybe it's because I'm getting old  
I think I'll just cover my head  
And pretend that I'm still in bed  
If anyone has something for me to do  
Just tell them I have the flu.  
Don't bother me; just leave me alone  
I may cough or you may hear me moan  
I need some advice; what should I do?  
What's a good remedy for the flu?  
Drink lots of juice; get plenty of rest  
Put those home remedies to the test.  
Nothing really helps no matter what I do  
It just takes time to get over the flu.



## RAINFALL RECORD

**December --- 8.1 inches**

**Total for 2015 – 80.5 inches**

**Normal -- 52.92 inches**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## Blues of the 2015 News – by Don Mathis

How will we remember 2015  
considering everything we have seen?

Police brutality caused such a clatter.  
It brings home the point that [Black Lives Matter](#).

[Je suis Charlie](#) was the French cry against terrorist violence.  
But the [November](#) Paris attacks stunned us into silence.

[San Bernardino](#), too, had its own terrorist cell  
while other US cities had their own hell.

The [Charleston church](#) massacre brings us grief.  
And an [anti-abortion activist](#) kills for his belief.

A [Syrian boy](#) drowns on the Mediterranean Seas.  
But it's not enough for America to allow refugees.

The presidential candidates got off with a jump  
with [Bernie & Hillary](#), [Cruz](#), [Bush](#), & [Trump](#).

Woman of the Year, [Caitlyn Jenner](#), causes a scream.  
But we're more concerned with [Blue Bell](#) ice cream.

And [Pope Francis](#) comes to visit the U.S.  
Was that a [gold and white or blue and black](#) dress?

The NFL scandal was called [Deflategate](#).  
And we continue our [open carry debate](#).

[Gay marriage](#) is legal, some states [decriminalize pot](#).  
But we get high with the latest [Star Wars](#) plot.

The coming New Year will likely offer more  
of fear and pain and probably more war.

Yes, 2016 will bring more blues to sing,  
especially since the death of [B.B. King](#).

Mr. Mathis wishes to thank those readers who suggested news stories from 2015 for him to use in this poem.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

*Vol. 16 – No. 3*

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*March, 2015*

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**THE OIL BOOM AT SMACKOVER**

For those who don't know, Smackover is a small town in the southern part of Ouachita County, Arkansas. The population in 2010 was 1,865. The discovery of oil in the area around Smackover in 1922 caused quite a boom. According to an old newspaper, the population in 1922 went from 300 to 15,000 within six months. Imagine a town growing that fast and all the problems associated with such rapid growth. When the word spread about oil being discovered, men rushed to Smackover looking for work in the oil fields along with fortune seekers hoping to get rich. There were few places for these men to live, so some pitched tents in the woods and others tried to find places to stay in nearby El Dorado. Special trains ran from Smackover to El Dorado to take workers back and forth to the oil fields. Some passengers rode on the tops of rail cars or wherever they could find a place to hold on.

Included in this group of men were many who were considered "undesirables" by the local residents. The local people witnessed their small peaceful town change almost overnight into a large town filled with rowdy oil field workers. Gambling, drinking, fights, and partying were common.

A small battle erupted in November of 1922 when a group of about 200 hooded vigilantes from the surrounding area decided to rid the area of the undesirable element. Some were members of the Ku Klux Klan which was very active in many Arkansas towns at that time. The battle happened in an area known as Patagonia on the Ouachita county side of Smackover Creek. It all started when a man was tarred and feathered. Another man was flogged. Men wearing white robes and hoods rode through Smackover with signs warning gamblers and other undesirables to be out of the area within 24 hours. It was estimated that there were about 2000 of these "undesirables" in the oil fields. Several buildings were burned. The battle spread to the areas known as Ouachita City, Laneytown, and other places. There was a general exodus of Negroes from the oil fields.

Sheriff Ed Harper of Camden went to the area to try and stop the violence, but had little luck in catching anybody. Few lives were lost in the "battle", but many of the so-called undesirables did leave the oil fields as a result of this action by the vigilantes.

Another period of excitement a few days earlier made the news. A hundred thousand barrels of crude oil caught fire and escaped from the storage reservoirs into a creek which created a roaring furnace for miles.

Smackover may seem like a peaceful little town today, but in the fall of 1922, it was anything but peaceful.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## CIVIL WAR PRISONS

*This article appeared in the Prescott Daily News in May of 1907.*

The largest Confederate prison was in Andersonville, Georgia, where 45,913 Union soldiers were imprisoned. The prison had its maximum number on August 8, 1864, when the rolls showed the presence of 33,114. Death claimed 12,912, or 28 percent of the entire number. Every day the death roll averaged 30. The greatest number of deaths occurred on August 23, 1864, when 127 yielded up their lives.

The largest military prison in the North was at Elmira, New York where 11,916 prisoners were confined in the open pen or stockade. The death list reached 3,994, about 25 percent. In March, 1865, the greatest mortality occurred—495—or 16.5 percent of all the deaths. All except six of the dead were buried in a field which was afterward plowed up and planted with wheat, and now neither summer nor winter shows a sign of where 3,000 hapless Confederates were laid away.

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## DAYS GONE BY

### 100 YEARS AGO (FEBRUARY, 1916)

There were 1176 convicts in the Arkansas state pen in 1916. *(there were 18,079 in Arkansas prisons in 2015)*

The Gem Theater in Prescott was showing four shows nightly including one called *Cupid and the Scrub Lady*.

It was announced that the Prescott power plant was getting new equipment which would allow a continuous electric current in the daytime.

For Valentine's Day, the Prescott Ice and Milling Co. advertised ice cream shaped in Cupid and Heart molds.

A product called Penslar was advertised for chapped hands. It was a cream made from almonds and cucumbers.

Upton and Harvey's store in Bluff City was burglarized with \$200 in merchandise taken. A \$100 reward was offered.

A product called Rub-My-Tism was advertised for rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, cuts and burns, old sores, and insect bites. *(I like the name of that product)*

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Cale defeated Caney in a basketball game with a score of 49-13.

Former Nevada Co. sheriff Ed Hood died. He was a very popular sheriff who had served Nevada County for 12 years as sheriff or deputy.

Arkadelphia Milling Co. advertised White Dove flour—"the best flour on earth".

A poultry buyer was in Prescott for two days and offered these prices: Hens (11 cents per pound); spring chickens (11 cents per pound); turkeys (12 cents per pound); geese (7 cents per pound); ducks (9 cents per pound); old roosters (20 cents each); guineas (15 cents each). Farmers were instructed not to feed the poultry the day they brought them to town.

## **50 YEARS AGO (FEBRUARY, 1966)**

The Liberty Valu-Mart grocery store in Prescott was being remodeled and expanded. Silver Dust detergent was advertised which included a free dessert bowl inside the box. Bananas were 9 cents per pound and a 10 pound sack of potatoes was 39 cents. (*Note: This store was where the police department is now across the street from the new library*)

The new Nevada County Hospital was dedicated with about 2500 people attending the dedication.

The Fairview Motel and Trailer Park was for sale. It included 4 double cabins, one single cabin, and space for 25 trailers to park. It was located one mile north of Prescott on Hwy. 67.

Delamar Chevrolet Co. advertised the new Chevelle SS 396 which was equipped with seat belts front and rear.

*The Dynamo*, the Prescott High School newspaper, published its 50<sup>th</sup> edition.

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## **25 YEARS AGO (FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1991)**

The price of postage stamps went up to 29 cents.

The Buick dealership in Camden (Hunnicut Buick) closed. The Chevrolet dealer picked up the Buick lines.

Kuwait was liberated in the Persian Gulf War which Saddam Hussein said would be "the mother of all battles".

Dan Quayle was vice-president and the population of the U. S. was about 252 million.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **SOME OLD DISEASE NAMES**

Quinsy – complications of tonsillitis  
Mortification—gangrene  
Grocer's Itch—skin disease caused by mites in sugar and flour  
Milk Leg—inflammation of femoral vein in the leg  
Falling Sickness—epilepsy  
The King's Evil –skin disease called scrofula believed to be cured by the touch of royalty  
St. Vitus Dance – neurological disease characterized by jerking movements  
Mad Hatter's Disease – chronic mercury poisoning  
Scrivener's Palsy – writer's cramps  
Consumption – tuberculosis  
Painter's Colic – lead poisoning  
Lockjaw – tetanus  
French Pox – syphilis  
Summer Complaint – eating food left out of refrigeration too long  
Potato Nose – rosacea (red bumps on nose)  
Stranger's Fever – yellow fever  
La Grippe – influenza  
Bright's Disease – nephritis (a kidney disease)  
Ague – intermittent fever and chills; malaria  
Apoplexy – stroke  
Biliousness – jaundice associated with liver disease  
Brain Fever – meningitis or typhus  
Catarrh – inflammation of mucous membrane causing nasal discharge  
Dropsy – abnormal swelling due to fluid buildup  
Erysipelas – acute skin inflammation which is contagious  
Lumbago – back pain

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## **WHAT TO DO ABOUT GRAY HAIR**

I suppose ever since Ponce de Leon searched for the fountain of youth, people have tried to come up with a way to stop the aging process. Since that is impossible, the only other alternative is to come up with something that will help mask the normal aging so that a person will look younger than their actual age. Products such as wrinkle creams, lotions, and now even plastic surgery have been used.

There were many early home remedies that promised to prevent or reduce the natural graying of hair. Besides the home remedies, there were some bottled potions available that claimed to solve the problem.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Here are some of the home remedies for gray hair I found on the Internet. Try these at your own risk.

1. A tonic made from coconut oil and curry leaves
2. Use Indian gooseberries in your diet.
3. A tonic made from ridge gourds and coconut oil
4. A mixture of sesame oil, carrot juice, and fenugreek seeds
5. A mixture of buttermilk and curry leaves
6. Ginger and honey
7. Massage hair with clarified butter twice per week
8. One cup strong black tea and one tablespoon of salt; massage into hair and leave it for one hour.
9. Onion juice
10. Mixture made from outer hulls of black walnuts and water; leave on hair 30 minutes.
11. Drink one glass of carrot juice each day.

Measures to prevent gray hair

1. Never comb hair when wet
2. Never wash hair in hot water
3. Cover hair with scarf or hat when going outside
4. Avoid smoking
5. Reduce stress

I came across advertisements in the 1917 newspapers for something called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound which was guaranteed to do away with gray hair, cure dandruff, and keep hair from falling out. It was sold in a bottle at the drug stores for fifty cents. The old bottles are now collector's items especially if they still have a label.

The advertisement said grandmothers once made sage tea and mixed it with sulphur in the old days, but it was very messy. This new product was easy to use. Instructions said to apply the compound to your hair and comb it gently through your hair and by the next morning, your gray hair would be gone. A second treatment a few days later would complete the restoration process.

This product was analyzed by the government and it was found to contain sulphur, lead acetate, glycerin, and cayenne pepper. The company was fined \$50 for having a misleading label.

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## **ASPHIDITY BAGS**

I don't think that's the proper spelling. According to the dictionary, it should be spelled asafetida, but I spelled it like most people pronounced it. I don't remember anyone in our

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

family ever using these bags, but they once were common in certain areas. The purpose of them was to ward off diseases like colds and flu. The little bag was filled with certain ingredients which gave off a strong odor. Many children were sent to school wearing an asphidity bag around their necks. Many of the old folks strongly believed that these bags actually worked to keep a person healthy. They probably did help because people didn't want to get too close to someone wearing one of these smelly bags and therefore, germs were not as likely to be passed from one person to another.

I heard someone say people didn't have as much flu in the old days as they do today. They had their share of colds and some were considered "bad" colds. Some developed into pneumonia and that was very serious in the days before antibiotics. A case of the flu in the old days was called "la grippe". The most serious flu outbreak was the Spanish flu epidemic of 1918 which resulted in many deaths all over the world.

It may be that we spend too much time indoors these days in our well insulated homes. Many of the old homes our ancestors lived in had little or no insulation and were heated by wood stoves or fireplaces. Most of the rural people in those days had plenty of outside work to do and got plenty of fresh air. There were many home remedies for all kinds of medical problems and doctors were only called when absolutely necessary.

Many of the old folks thought fresh air was very important even inside the home. My father always liked to leave the window open an inch or so to get some fresh air even in the coldest weather and I tend to agree that spending too much time in a stuffy room heated by our modern heating methods may contribute to the sinus problems and allergies so many people have these days.

I have a copy of an 1874 almanac called the Virginia Bitters Almanac. Here is what this almanac said in an article entitled "How to Keep Well":

"Pure air by day and night should be as carefully provided as good food and pure water. MANY DIE OF FOUL AIR. Unless there is a full supply of fresh air, all who occupy the room will be subject to its injurious influences. Children especially suffer from bad air. The disturbed sleep, restless tossing, and mutterings give evidence of the effect of bad air, further confirmed by the dull eye, stupid expression, languid movements, and unrefreshed feeling which remain in the morning. *Let the house be well ventilated*, cover the body sufficiently with loose, warm, appropriate clothing, and the sleep will be sound and refreshing, the eyes will brighten, and life will receive a new impulse".

Remember, this advice was from 1874. Our modern medical professionals would probably disagree and I'm sure they would not recommend an asphidity bag. If people didn't get sick, they wouldn't need a doctor and that's how doctors make their living. You would have to do some research to find out what ingredients to put into an asphidity bag if you wanted to try one or find someone whose ancestors thought to pass the recipe down to their descendants.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

These steps are all that's left for the old Harvey & Sons general store in Bluff City. They are located at the intersection of Hwys. 24 and 299. I don't remember the store building, but some of you may. If you have some memories of this old store, or a picture of it, send them to me.



## THE STEPS

By Jerry McKelvy

These steps are all that's left  
Of the old general store  
Where our ancestors bought  
Coffee, feed, shoes, and more

The store had most anything  
A person would ever need  
From a spool of thread  
To a package of turnip seed

On a bench in front of the store  
The old men sat and discussed  
Farming, the weather, politics,  
And which candidate they could trust.

A local farmer went inside  
To buy some ten penny nails  
His young son sat on the steps  
And listened to the old men's tales.

Men and women, boys and girls  
The young and the old  
Climbed these steps  
In the heat and cold

The store is gone now  
There is nothing left to sell  
If these steps could talk  
Oh, the stories they could tell.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **THEY COULDN'T WAIT**

I found this little news item in the March 7, 1917 issue of *The Nevada News*:

Livingston County, Missouri is in the northern part of that state. A young couple had planned to get married but Squire Jordan, the one who was to perform the ceremony, lived on the other side of Medicine Creek. The wedding party gathered on one side of the creek which was swollen from recent rains. The young man swam across to bring Squire Jordan from his home to perform the wedding ceremony. Squire Jackson couldn't swim and wanted to postpone the ceremony a few days until the creek went down. The young couple did not want to wait. The young man swam back across the creek and the couple joined hands and told the squire to go ahead. The questions and answers were shouted across the creek and the knot was tied. Medicine Creek got its name, according to tradition, because a country doctor lost his "pill bag" as he was trying to cross the stream.

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## **TRAFFIC LAWS FROM 1917**

There was a lot of confusion in the days when some people had automobiles and many others still were using wagons pulled by a team of horses or mules. I found this list of traffic laws in the Nov. 8, 1917 issue of *The Nevada News*.

1. Don't leave your team unhitched or your motor running.
2. Don't stop your team or car at a street crossing.
3. Don't park team or car except within two feet of the curb.
4. Don't permit minors to run your car.
5. Don't get in a hurry, but keep your car under control.
6. Don't use glaring headlights.
7. Don't try to dodge a child in the street. Stop your car.
8. Don't pass a car to the right when overtaking it. Pass to the left.
9. Don't turn to the left when meeting a car. Turn to the right.
10. Don't travel to the left. Always travel to the right.
11. Don't try to outrun a train at a crossing. It can't be done.
12. Don't fail to keep your lights burning after sundown.
13. Don't turn around between traffic posts.
14. Don't fail to have license numbers on your car.
15. Don't disobey traffic laws. They are for your safety.
16. Don't forget those traveling east and west have the right-of-way.
17. Don't stop in the middle of the street for a conversation. Drive to the curb. The other fellow may want to pass you.

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**RAINFALL FOR JANUARY – 4.7 inches plus 3.5 inches of snow**

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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**A VISIT TO PRINCETON**

Princeton, Arkansas is a very small town in Dallas County. I was recently contacted by a 90 year old lady who had some property in that area. She said there was an old cemetery on her property and she wanted me to check it out. She gave me directions on how to find it. I wondered how long it had been since she was there and if her directions would be precise enough for me to locate the old cemetery.

My wife and I picked a day when the temperature was warm and headed out to Princeton which is about 33 miles from my home. I followed the directions the lady had given me and had no trouble finding the cemetery. She said her grandsons had recently cleaned the cemetery off and by following the trail they had left, we had no trouble locating it. We found eight graves there with only two of them marked—Archer Hayes and Mary A. Hayes, both born in Mecklingburg Co., Virginia. These were the great grandparents of the lady who called me. She said she had promised her parents that she would see that this cemetery was preserved. She told me that she had ordered a nice fence to be installed around the graves.

Every county has small abandoned cemeteries and many are deep in the woods. Some are accidentally disturbed by logging equipment when timber is cut. It's hard to see two or three grave markers while riding on a big skidder when you don't even know a cemetery is on the property. This particular cemetery near Princeton was saved because the property has stayed in the same family since the early settlers lived there.

I did a little research on the computer about Archer Hayes and his family. I learned that he was a slave owner and that land was once a plantation where cotton was grown. I even found that one of his former slaves had been interviewed in the 1930s when he was an old man and that information was posted online. The former slave described Mr. Hayes as a good man. It was interesting to read about those days of long ago from the viewpoint of one who was actually a slave on that property. I passed along the information I had found to the lady who called me and she was very happy to learn more about her great grandparents and was amazed that I had found all that information on the computer.

Since I was not too familiar with Princeton, I did a little research into its history. I learned that Dallas County was named after George M. Dallas, who was vice-president when James K. Polk was president. Princeton was originally the county seat of Dallas County, but the county seat was later moved to Fordyce because that town grew fast when the railroad came through. The same thing happened in Nevada County. The county seat was moved from Rosston to Prescott when the railroad came through. Towns located on a railroad tend to grow a lot faster than others.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

While at Princeton, I visited the Ben Few Campground, a Methodist campground established in 1898. It was named after a Methodist preacher named Ben Few. Only a few of these campgrounds still exist. This one has about twenty cabins situated around a large open meeting shed. There is also a building used as the kitchen, a spring house, and other structures.

The Princeton Cemetery is listed on the register of historic places in Arkansas with some graves dating back to 1849. It is about three acres in size.

I learned from a 1905 newspaper that Princeton at that time had three churches, a steam mill and gin, two daily mails, and two tri-weekly newspapers.

There were some skirmishes at Princeton during the Civil War in 1863 and 1864. Some of the injured from the Battle of Jenkins Ferry were taken to the Presbyterian Church at Princeton which was used as a hospital.

I also learned that Princeton was the birthplace of a famous American—George Raymond Gray. He was born there in 1867 and was the son of school teachers who had moved there from the state of Maine. George Gray was educated at the Arkansas Industrial University at Fayetteville and went to work at age 16 as a telegraph operator and station agent for the Santa Fe Railroad. He worked his way up in the railroad business serving as general manager and president of several major railroads. He even served as a financial advisor to John D. Rockefeller. George Gray became president of the Union Pacific Railroad at age 46 and was the youngest person in the world to be head of a great transportation system. He also was an advisor to the president of the United States on transportation issues.

Mr. Gray was described as unusually intelligent, handsome, and impressive man over six feet tall. He died in his hotel room in 1939 at the age of 72 and is buried in a cemetery in Baltimore, MD. He was fascinated with Abraham Lincoln and after Lincoln was assassinated, he persuaded Union Pacific to buy Lincoln's funeral car and kept it until 1901 along with some of the contents. The funeral car was lost in a fire in 1911.

I learned all this about Princeton just by doing a little research online. I'm sure there are many more interesting stories about the little town if one had the time to do more research. If you are interested in Princeton, check out the Facebook page called The Glory Days of Princeton, Arkansas. You will find many pictures and discussions about the town.

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**100 YEARS AGO**

**APRIL, 1916**

**(from the files of The Nevada News)**

The Theo local news column mentioned these folks: William and Pink Creech, John Creech, Mattie Creech, Charlie McAteer, Clair Mooty, and Elison Beaver

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

An exhibition was held at the Gun Grounds in Prescott by an expert marksman, Adolph Topperwien, representing Winchester Arms Co. He was well known for his trick shooting and expert marksmanship. As part of the show, he shot at oranges, apples, walnuts, marbles, and empty cartridge shells thrown into the air with either a rifle or a revolver. In one exhibition in Texas lasting ten days, he shot at 72,500 blocks of wood two and one fourth inches in diameter thrown into the air and missed only nine times.

*Note: I did a little research on this guy. He set the world record in San Antonio in 1907 when he used three 1903 model Winchester automatics and fired at a total of 72,500 small wood blocks thrown into the air and only missed nine in 68 and one half hours of shooting during the ten day exhibition. He used up all the ammunition that was for sale in San Antonio at that time.*

*In 1903, he married Elizabeth Servaty, a woman from Connecticut who had never fired a gun in her life. Within two years, she also had become an outstanding woman marksman. She was known as "Plinky Topperwein", the nickname because of the sound of bullets hitting tin cans. They traveled the world as a team known as "The Famous Topperweins" until her death in 1945. Adolph died in 1962. (Source: "The Handbook of Texas History")*

*One of his specialties was shooting patterns such as the outline of Texas and his initials, stars, and triangles with a .22 caliber rifle. He would set up a piece of paper at a distance of 25 feet and sketch nearly any picture he wanted with bullet holes. One day he sketched a picture of an Indian head. He shot three times a day and six days per week. (Source: The Fabulous Topperweins—Part 1 on the Internet)*

**50 YEARS AGO**

**APRIL, 1966**

**(from the files of The Nevada News)**

The Prescott city council passed a resolution changing Prescott from a first class city to a second class.

The Cale PTA had a mulligan featuring local talent from the surrounding area and stunts performed by volunteers from the audience.

Liberty Valu-Mart advertised canned vegetables for 10 cents per can, ten pounds of potatoes for 99 cents, Miracle Whip for 69 cents, and picnic ham for 45 cents per pound.

Teeter Bros. advertised men's dress shirts for \$3.95 to \$5.95.

Prescott Motor Co. advertised the 1966 Mercury Comet Cyclone GT

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **OLD SETTLERS PICNIC AND BAR-B-QUE**

The Old Settlers Picnic and Bar-B-Cue was held in Prescott in 1915. The stores closed from 10:30 to 1:30 and schools were dismissed so that the children could participate in a parade composed of the Prescott brass band, students, carriages, and autos.

Prizes were given in several categories. Winners were:

Oldest woman—Mrs. Bassett Bright—81 years old; chair from McDaniel Hardware

Oldest man—Capt. W. B. White—86—chair from McDaniel Hardware

Oldest married couple—Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Buchanan—52 years; \$5.00 in gold from Hesterly Drug Store

First married in county—Mr. and Mrs. William Carruthers--\$5.00 in gold from Hesterly

Tallest Man—J. L. McDaniel-6 foot 6  $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; hat from J. K. Hamilton Co.

Largest Family—E. A. Garrett family—13 children

Heaviest Man—Col. S. C. Thornton

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## **ROADS NOT SAFE IN 1906**

The story is as old as human history—travelers encountering thieves and other criminals while on a journey. Even in the Bible we read of the traveler who fell among thieves and was beaten and robbed of his money. The Good Samaritan found him and cared for him. Here is a little story about a similar incident in Nevada County in 1906 as reported by *The Nevada News*. Thankfully, this did not result in any injuries.

Last Saturday afternoon Ab Cobb and Mr. Tribble, who live several miles west of town, started for home, the former in a wagon and the latter on horseback, when they were overtaken by a stranger who begged the privilege of riding a piece in the wagon. The request was granted and the stranger proved to be a jovial companion, when suddenly, at a point six miles from town, drew a revolver and requested the boy to hand over. Being unarmed, Messrs. Cobb and Tribble promptly complied, and Mr. Stranger received a donation of \$18. He then requested Mr. Tribble to take a seat in the wagon with Mr. Cobb, as he wished to use the horse. Riding into the woods a piece, the stranger dismounted and turned the horse loose, which promptly returned home. So far, there is no clue about the mysterious stranger.

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## **IT'S A GIRL**

*The Nevada News* reported in September of 1915 about the arrival of a baby girl in the Cunningham family. What made this unusual was that this was the first girl born into that family in four generations (120 years). The child was named Mary Elizabeth. This Cunningham family was an old Tennessee family living in San Antonio.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

My article about gray hair in the last issue prompted Mr. Mathis to send in this poem.

## **Shades of Grey – by Don Mathis**

I like how the light misted your hair  
in the moonlight through the blinds.  
It shines as radiant as the future.  
I know you think misty hair is a sign of age,  
but age is just a number. Although I'm 64,  
I've always been immature for my age.  
Your hair does not reflect your stage in life.  
There may be five stages of grief,  
but there are seven stages for misty hair.  
Stage I: Stop pulling out gray hairs.  
This path leads to baldness.  
Stage II: Call it silver, not gray.  
Stage III: You may want to change shampoo or gel.  
Some conditioners may be good for auburn hair,  
but may make misty hair look drab.  
Stage IV: Don't expect sympathy from your elders.  
Stage V: Don't expect sympathy from your peers.  
Those young fools will only ridicule you.  
Stage VI: Know that even though there is snow in the roof,  
there is a fire down below.  
Stage VII: There are worse aspects to aging.  
Many. Worse.  
Aching joints, failing eyesight, extruding teeth,  
forgetfulness, diminished hearing, forgetfulness.  
Stage Fright: All are indicators of pending death.  
But all are indicators that you are alive.  
Here. Now.  
Enjoy it while it lasts.  
Enjoy it while you last.

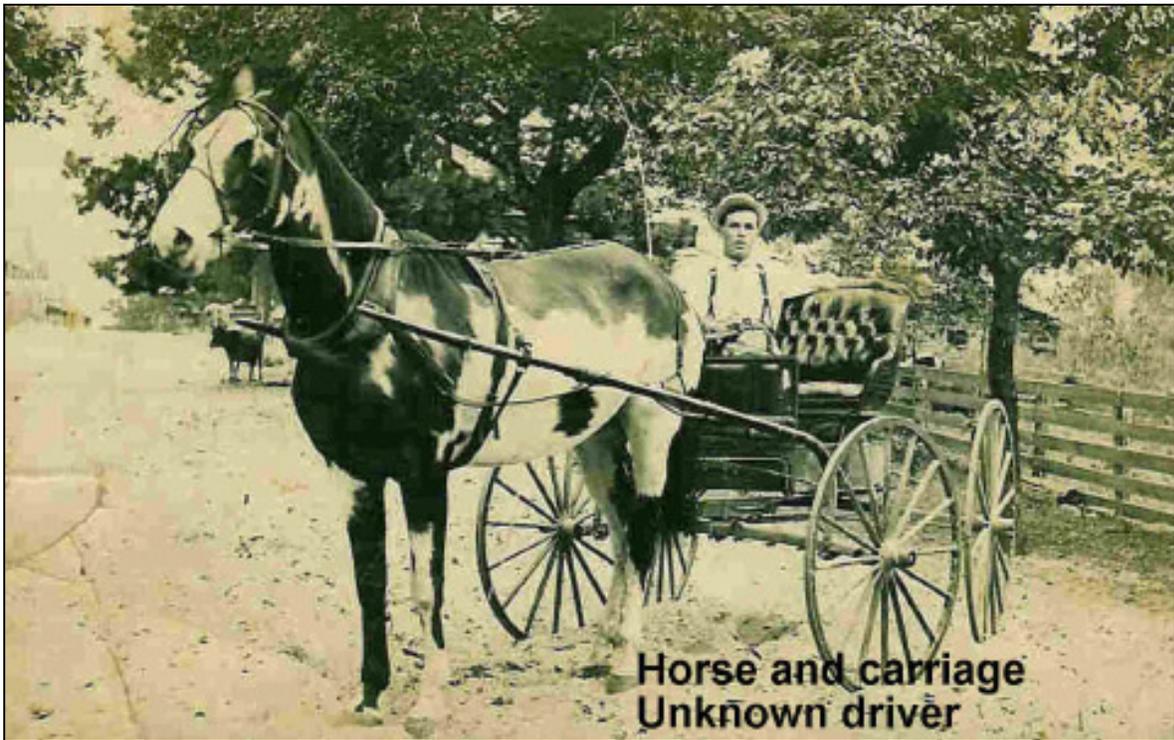
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## **TIDBITS**

*The Nevada News* in 1917 reported that an old-timer recalled the terrible winter of 1876 when 26 inches of snow fell over most of Arkansas. The snow fell on January 27 and was on the ground until March. The Arkansas River froze over for most of its length. There was much suffering and many livestock froze to death.

In 1917, the city council of Prescott reduced the pay for the city marshal from \$65 per month to \$5 per month. No reason was given except to save the city money.

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*



This is one of my favorite old pictures. The scene looks so peaceful.

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## RAINFALL RECORD

January – 4.7 inches    February – 6.5 inches

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## **“ENOUGH FOOD TO FEED COXEY’S ARMY”**

I’ve heard this saying all my life especially when there is an abundance of food on the table. I often wondered about the origin of this saying and who Coxeys was. Jacob Coxeys was an Ohio businessman who led a protest march on Washington by unemployed workers In 1894. This was during the worst economic depression in the United States up until that time. They demanded that the government create jobs such as public works projects and road construction and print up \$500 million dollars in paper money to pay the workers.

Coxey started out leading about 100 men, but about 20,000 from all parts of the country headed to Washington as part of the movement and they were called Coxeys’s Army. Only about 500 actually made it to Washington and they were met by 1500 federal troops. Coxeys and some of the other leaders of the protest march were arrested for walking on the grass at the U. S. Capitol and interest in the march soon dwindled. By the way, Jacob Coxeys had a son named Legal Tender Coxeys.

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**EARLY PRESCOTT SCHOOLS**

The following information comes from a catalogue of the Prescott Public Schools and High School in 1911-12. A copy of this catalogue is in the Nevada County Library.

The high school in 1911-12 was called the Tom Allen High School, named for Thomas Allen, a large landowner at that time who gave one block in the town of Prescott as a location for a public school. A two-story building was constructed on the land, but that building burned in 1901, and for the next year, the town was without a public school. A few private schools had classes during that time.

In 1902, the board decided to erect a two-story brick building on the same lot at a cost of \$15,000 and it was ready for the opening of school in 1903. By 1908, the number of pupils had increased so that additional facilities were needed. A modern brick building was constructed for the first four grades. Within the next two years, a modern high school was erected. The primary and grammar schools occupied an entire city block. The high school was located about twelve blocks from the center of town and had plenty of room for outdoor sports and land for use in teaching farming techniques. Nevada County was largely agricultural at that time.

The faculty consisted of fifteen teachers in 1911-12. Prof. O. L. Dunaway had served as superintendent for the last eight years.

The course of study was laid out in the school catalogue and it gave what was expected of students in each grade. A student leaving the first grade should be able to make all the letters of the alphabet, to write his name well, to write his post office address, to write the name of his township, county, and state, to write the names of familiar objects, to write a long list of words from reading lessons, and to write short sentences using period, question mark, capital letters, etc. where needed. They must learn all possible combinations of numbers from 1 to 12, be able to count by 2's, 3's, 4's, and 5's to 100. They must do simple arithmetic problems like addition, subtraction, and division.

Second grade students learned pronunciation, spelling, writing, and grammar. They also did nature studies in each season of the year. During the autumn months, they studied local birds like the blue jay and sparrow and migratory birds. They also studied the dog, cat, horse, pig, and rabbit. In winter, they studied birds that remained in the area with a detailed study of the robin. They studied the sheep, the goat, the rat, and the reindeer. In spring, they studied migratory birds going north. Special attention was made to the goose, duck, and crow. They observed Bird Day and learned about John James Audubon. Children brought fruits to school and they learned about canning and drying fruit and how to prepare foods for storage during the winter months.

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

In the third grade, students improved skills previously learned, concentrating on spelling, language, arithmetic, penmanship, nature study, drawing, and geography. They were required to make a map of the school yard.

The catalogue specified which textbooks were to be used in each grade. By the fourth grade, students were introduced to writing with pen and ink. They also studied physiology in grade four.

In the fifth grade, students had to write a composition of not less than 200 words each month. More advanced problems in arithmetic and longer words to spell were introduced.

Sixth and seventh grades included more of the same, but Elementary Agriculture was introduced in the seventh grade.

High school courses taught included agriculture, business methods, Latin, civil government, domestic science, ancient history, zoology, botany, modern history, chemistry, German or French, physics, geometry along with English in each grade.

Training in agriculture was a big part of the high school curriculum. A farm of 30 acres adjacent to the school was used for demonstrating farming techniques. Studies were made of cotton, corn, garden crops, orchards, and animal husbandry.

A manual training course was included in which students learned about the use of tools, woodworking, how to sharpen tools, and basic carpentry.

In the domestic science course, girls learned how to manage the home, preparation of foods, sewing projects, home nursing, home decoration, and artistic dress.

### **Responsibilities of the Teachers**

Teachers must be familiar with the subject and were warned not to infringe on the work of a grade higher than their own or to require students to purchase material not approved by the board. They were asked to make personal visits to the homes of the students. They were warned to not introduce any sectarian, religious, or partisan political views into the classroom. They were to impress upon the students the need for cleanliness of their person and dress and to refrain from using tobacco and slang or impure language. They were responsible for maintaining discipline in their classrooms using kind and persuasive methods, and if those failed, to resort to punishment "sufficient to suppress the evil". Teachers could keep students after school who failed to complete necessary work during the school day. They were to notify parents if their child was absent or tardy. Two cases of tardiness counted as one-half day's absence.

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## **Rules for Pupils**

Grammar school students could attend free of charge, but high school students had to pay \$2.50 per month tuition. Pupils were required to “render perfect and willing obedience to those having authority over them”. Pupils were not to deface buildings, fencing, or furniture and if found guilty of such, would be subject to severe punishment or even suspension or prosecution. Parents were liable for all damage done to school property by their children under 21 years of age. A parent who objected to the use of corporal punishment upon their children must notify the principal in writing at the beginning of the school year. Such pupils were suspended instead and could only be readmitted by the principal.

Pupils were required to keep their desks neat and clean. If a student failed to obey the rules and it appeared hopeless that they would change, the student’s parents were asked to withdraw him from school and if the parents failed to do so, the student was suspended. Students were subject to be suspended if they missed two consecutive days, three days in one week, or six days in one month unless they had a satisfactory excuse. Pupils were not allowed to bring to school any papers, periodicals, novels, or books other than their textbooks. Pupils were not allowed to bring to school any firearms, fireworks, or bows and arrows.

In cases of infectious or contagious diseases, the patient and all pupils coming from that house or houses adjacent to it were not allowed in school until a certificate was brought from the Board of Health that all danger was past.

The pupil ranking highest in attendance, deportment, and scholarship in the graduating class was declared valedictorian and the next in rank was salutatorian. Pupils were required to make an average of not less than 75% in order to pass to the next grade.

The school had two literary societies—the Garlands and the Zeniths, and students were encouraged to participate.

## **ALUMNI FROM 1905 TO 1911 (1908 was not listed)**

### **1905**

Charles Tompkins  
Wayne Dinwiddie  
Dee Davenport  
Wren Scott  
Lois McKay  
Abbie Hale

### **1906**

Berta Pittman  
Respass Wilson  
Irvin Blakely

Arthur Sykes  
Sidney Duke

### **1907**

Culen Wylie  
Walter Hirst  
Winnie Haynie  
Adam Guthrie  
Jean Hatley  
Clyde Sykes  
Berta Britt

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **1909**

Claude Newth  
Mabel Hale  
Mary Milburn  
Bessie Vaughan

## **1910**

Ellis Butcher  
Dexter Bush  
Ruth Hilliard  
Oscar Munn  
Hudson Steele  
Winnie Young  
Lovilla White

## **1911**

Ida Dillon  
Lizzie Hale  
Ethel Bailey  
Martin Guthrie  
Emmond Logan  
Frank Brock  
Ola Munn  
Linnie Wylie  
Chester Munn  
Vernon Stephens  
Leonard Hamby  
Saxon Regan

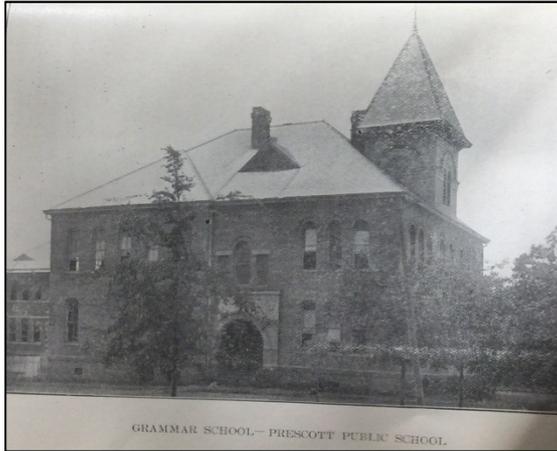
## **BUSINESSES THAT ADVERTISED IN THE SCHOOL CATALOGUE IN 1911-12**

Bank of Prescott  
W. B. Waller General Merchandise (the oldest mercantile business in Prescott)  
Moore & Martin (real estate)  
McDaniel Hardware  
Hesterly Drug Store  
Green & Milwee (real estate and immigration agents)  
Ozan Mercantile  
Prescott Hardware Co.  
New Supply Co. (dry goods, hats, notions, boots, shoes)  
R. P. Arnold (restaurant and confectionery)  
Ed. F. Gee & Sons (market)—“our sausage is clean and first class”  
The Citizen’s Bank  
The News Printing Co.  
Douglas Brooks (restaurant and confectionery)—ice cream and lunching parlor  
Duke Brothers (dry goods shoes, hats, caps, groceries, feed)  
W. J. White & Son (livery, feed, stable)  
East and West Side Barber Shops –hot and cold baths  
Nevada County Picayune—oldest and biggest paper in the county  
Hart’s  
The Newth Studio (photography)  
Blakely Mercantile (general merchandise)  
Fred Murrah (box ball alley, cold drinks, fruits, candy, magazines)  
Mrs. M. M. Teal (milliner)  
New York Store (clothing, Stetson hats, Florsheim shoes)  
H. J. Wilson & Co. (general merchandise)  
J. K. Hamilton & Co. (dry goods, groceries, country produce bought and sold)  
J. M. Duke (staple and fancy groceries)

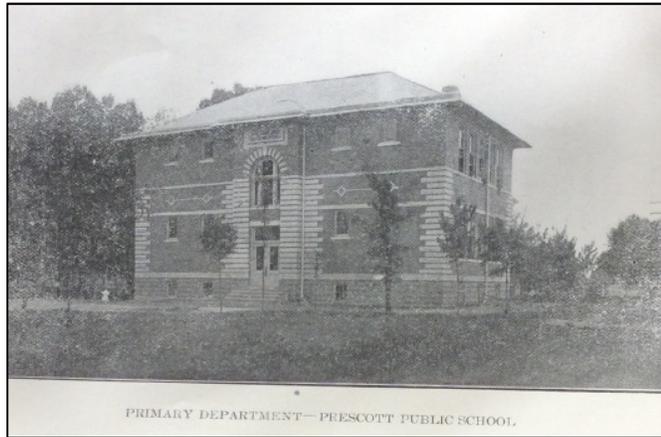
# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Ozan Lumber Co.  
J. B. Jordan (general supplies)  
City Market and Bakery  
Nevada County Bank (time tried and panic tested)

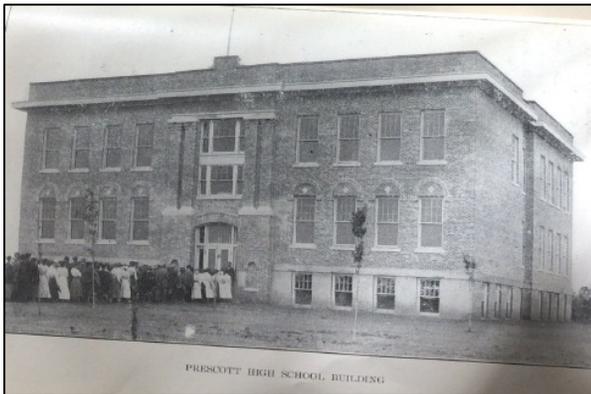
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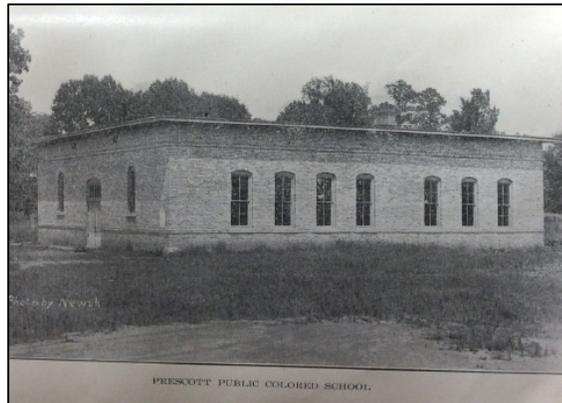
Prescott Grammar School (1911)



Prescott Primary School (1911)



Prescott High School (1911)  
Originally called Tom Allen High School



Prescott Public Colored School (1911)

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## RAINFALL RECORD

January – 4.7 inches    February – 6.5 inches    March – 12.7 inches

# *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

## **MY DAD LIKED TO WORK**

My dad always liked to work and he chose a job that had plenty of it--cutting and hauling pulpwood or what we called billets. These were short sticks of a tree usually about five to six feet in length. The trees selected were usually the least desirable trees that would never make a good tree for lumber. It is necessary to thin a stand of young pine trees so the good trees will have plenty of room to grow. The diameter of pulpwood sticks could be anywhere from three inches at the small end to a maximum of about 24 inches at the large end. It took a lot of them to make a load on a pulpwood truck. The pulpwood we hauled ended up at the Camden paper mill.

I spent a lot of time helping my dad haul billets when I was a teenager. He was about middle-age when he came up with this idea. He did all the cutting with his big Homelite chain saw. I guess he didn't trust me with such a dangerous tool. My job was to use an ax to cut the small limbs off the sticks that he missed with the saw. When we hauled pulpwood to the wood yard at Gurdon, the sticks had to be a certain length due to being shipped by rail. My job then was to place a measuring stick on the tree so my dad would know exactly where to make each cut.

He knew how many tanks of gas it took in the chain saw to make enough wood for a load. Once he felt we had enough cut, the next job was to cut a road for the truck to get as close to the wood as possible to make loading easier. Our cable on the loader would reach out about 50 or 60 feet. We piled the smaller sticks into bundles and loaded several of them together. Larger sticks had to be loaded separately.

When we first started hauling pulpwood, we didn't have a loader on the truck. We had a hand-operated winch. It was slow, but better than nothing. I remember one time we even used our small Cub tractor to pull some very large sticks up on the truck. It was so much easier when we finally got a loader which operated off the truck engine.

During the loading process, one person had to operate the loader. The controls were on the side of the truck just behind the door. This was a very dangerous job because the sticks could swing around and hit the operator and sometimes they were suspended in the air over the operator's head. The operator had to learn just when to pull and when to not pull to avoid an accident. An amateur loader operator could be a disaster.

Once the truck began to fill up with sticks of pulpwood, a person was needed on top of the load to help swing the load around and place it just right on the truck. That was my job since I was young and could climb easier and my dad operated the loader. When I gave him a signal, he would know to release the cable. There was still some work to do to get the sticks placed correctly on the truck. This was done with a hand-held tool called a billet hook. We wore gloves, but there was still the possibility of a mashed finger or worse doing this job.

If a load of wood had already been cut, a two-person crew could usually load the truck in three or four hours. We tried to get loaded and be out of the woods as early as possible on the hot summer days. Summer brought all kinds of hazards to the job like getting overheated, snakes, ticks, and chiggers.

We were usually still in the woods at noon, and my mother would bring lunch out to us. She

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

always made a jug of iced tea which really hit the spot on hot summer days. She kept it cool by putting the jug in a ten pound Goddchaux sugar sack and wrapping a towel around it. Lunch really tasted good after hard work and we usually had some homemade dessert like fried apple pies or a piece of cake.

When the truck was loaded, the next worry was getting out of the woods without getting stuck. Several times we had to unload the wood we had just loaded to get the truck unstuck. That was no fun at all. Many times I crossed my fingers hoping we would make it out with no problems.

Some pulpwood haulers tried to stack every stick they could get on their truck because the more sticks you had, the more money you made. My dad was more conservative about his loads and that suited me just fine. Some haulers had their loads stacked perfectly on the truck with all the ends matching. My dad didn't worry about that. He just wanted it stacked so it would make it to the mill without falling off. A chain or cable was used to bind down the load as it was being transported.

When the load got to the wood yard or mill, it had to be measured to see how many cords of wood were on the truck. A numbered stick was used for this. The driver held the stick at certain places on the side of the load while the wood yard foreman recorded the measurements. Using these measurements, he determined the number of cords on the load and that was used to determine how much money the pulpwood dealer paid the producer. A payment was usually made each week when the tickets were presented for payment.

Sometimes I rode with my dad when he took a load of pulpwood to Gurdon. At that time the bridge over the Little Missouri River was very narrow. You had to drive slow across the bridge and then climb a steep hill. Our old truck had to strain awfully hard to make it up that hill when loaded. Just before reaching Gurdon, there was a little gravel road off the highway that crossed the railroad track. About a half mile from the wood yard, my dad would let me out and I waited in the woods until he got unloaded because passengers under the age of 18 were not allowed on the wood yard property.

My dad spent about fifteen years of his life doing this type work along with farming and raising cattle. I've seen him with his clothes drenched with sweat. One big advantage he enjoyed was being his own boss. The whole family worked together to get the job done, whatever it was. I didn't particularly enjoy all this hard work as a teenager, but looking back I realize it taught me some good lessons. Every time I go into the woods where we once hauled pulpwood, the memories come back of things that happened at a particular spot so many years ago. I remember the spot where the truck got stuck, the spot where we got stung by yellow jackets, and the steep hill the truck was barely able to climb.

My dad hauled his last load of pulpwood when he was seventy years old. The old pulpwood truck was kept around the farm for a while after his death in 1986 and used for any type job that required lifting or pulling something. Sometime later we moved the old truck over in the field behind the house where it remains to this day.

These type trucks were once very common in our part of Arkansas, but the timber industry was changing. Loggers began to haul tree-length pulpwood and the short wood producers gradually

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faded from the scene. The closing of the paper mill in Camden was the final blow for short wood pulpwood producers. Hauling pulpwood was hard work, but provided employment for many small wood producers in south Arkansas while it lasted. Here's a picture of our last pulpwood truck which we bought from Rufus Formby. The truck had a tank on it and was used to deliver Esso gasoline to country stores before we converted it into a pulpwood truck. You can still see the faint sign on the door from the days when it was used to deliver gasoline.



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### CHOICES

By Jerry McKelvy

As we travel along life's pathway  
We are faced with many choices  
Some will make their own decisions  
And some will listen to other voices

When it comes to Eternity  
Our choices are but two  
Will we travel with the worldly crowd  
Or with the faithful few?

Which road will we travel?  
That we must decide  
It all depends on where  
We wish to eternally reside.

Most decide to follow the crowd  
Along the road that's wide  
That road leads to destruction  
Where the devil and demons abide

Some will make the other choice  
And follow the narrow road  
Jesus will guide them along  
To their heavenly abode.

There are only two roads for us to choose  
As we travel along  
Be sure to choose the right one  
And not the wrong.

Matthew Chapter 7 (KJV)

13--Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide *is* the gate, and broad *is* the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

14--Because strait *is* the gate, and narrow *is* the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

*Vol. 16 – No. 6*

[sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

*June, 2016*

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**THE OLD STAGECOACH INN AT SAYRE**

There is something about old buildings that makes one want to explore them and imagine what might have happened there many years ago. The old Stagecoach Inn at Sayre no longer exists, but this old building was a prominent landmark for many years. Many stories have been passed down about this old structure by the families of those who once lived in the area around Sayre. There is no way to prove some of these old stories, but they do make for good story-telling.

For those who don't know, Sayre was an old community in Ouachita County on the railroad line that ran from Gurdon to Camden. That railroad was constructed in 1880-81. Most people think some railroad official named the place Sayre, but we don't know for sure if that is true. Another story is that it was named after a young girl named Sarah who was camping there and that Sayre is a fractured version of the name Sarah. I have not found any reference to Sayre until the railroad was constructed, so I tend to think it was named by a railroad official.

The story of Sayre and Reader are closely connected. An early saw mill was located at Sayre and the Sayre Lumber Co. had a railroad that extended several miles into Nevada County to bring logs to the mill. That was about 1890. A man named Oscar Rowley appears to have been the main person associated with the saw mill at Sayre in the late 1890s, but for some reason most of his equipment and real estate holdings were sold at public auction at Sayre in 1896. In

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

the 1900 census, Oscar Rowley was living in Arkadelphia with his family and was 40 years old at that time. His occupation was listed as a lumberman.

Another man associated with the sawmill industry was Lee Reader. He had purchased 160 acres of land near Sayre in 1884 and some say he proposed to build a larger mill at Sayre on the condition that the town would be renamed "Reader" in his honor. Records show the post office at Sayre was changed to Reader, but was quickly changed back to Sayre for some reason. There must have been some kind of dispute because Lee Reader decided to build his mill a mile down the track from Sayre on the land he had purchased in 1884. The town that developed around the mill was named Reader. That mill was larger and the town of Reader grew, but the post office and railroad station remained at Sayre. The two communities, Sayre and Reader, were located only one mile apart. Some of the residents were very particular about saying they were from Sayre instead of Reader or vice versa.

A booklet called "Businesses, Manufacturers, Merchants, and Tradesmen for Ouachita County" was published in 1923. According to that booklet, Sayre had a population of 100. Businesses listed were Jay Benton (grist mill and saw mill) and W. R. DeWoody (gin). The population of Reader in 1923 was not given, but Valley Lumber Co. was listed as the principal business.

The old Stagecoach Inn was originally the home of Dr. Isaac Hawkins and his family. After his death in 1871, the house was occupied by the Wallace family. One of the Wallace descendants, Sandy Wallace Caulk, sent me information she has about the Hawkins and Wallace families which should help tell the story of this old building.

### **THE HAWKINS FAMILY**

The Hawkins family history can be traced back to 1682, when Jeffrey Hawkins, his wife, and seven children came to America on the ship *Welcome* to the new colony of Pennsylvania. Isaac Hawkins was the third great grandchild of Jeffrey Hawkins. He was born 7 October 1819 in Union County, South Carolina, the son of Jonathan Hawkins and Leticia Howard. In 1847, Isaac Hawkins graduated from medical college in Charleston, South Carolina. In 1851, he married Martha Ann Gill, daughter of John Gaston Gill and Ann Rebecca King. Soon thereafter, the couple came to Ouachita County, Arkansas.

John Gill had begun acquiring land in south Arkansas as far back as 1839, and at one time had accumulated over 4000 acres of land. At least two of his sons eventually came to Arkansas, settling in what is now Nevada County.

Doctors were much in demand in those early days and Dr. Isaac Hawkins served as a physician to many of the early settlers in the area where he settled. He had a large home constructed which was a prominent landmark at that time. A page from a notebook kept by a family member says Dr. Hawkins lived at Bluff City while his home was being constructed. The construction date is believed to be about 1856-1857, but could have been earlier since Dr.

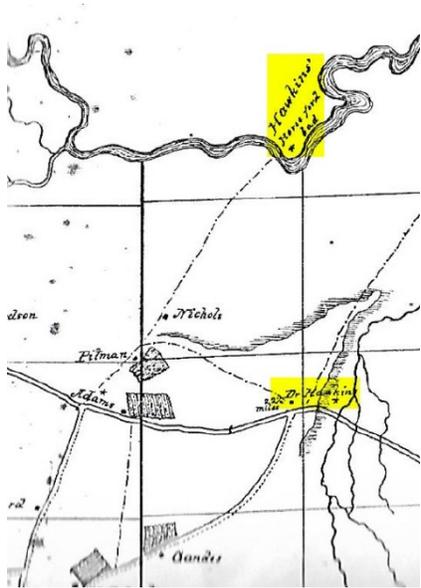
## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Hawkins was in Arkansas by 1853 or 1854. It is believed the home was built by Thad Gill, the brother of Mrs. Hawkins.

Dr. Hawkins and his wife, Martha Ann had four children. The oldest child, Elvira Letitia, born in 1854 in Arkansas, married John Thomas Wallace in 1871. They are the great grandparents of Sandy Wallace Caulk, the person who sent me this information. Another child, Martha Rebecca, born in 1855, married Rev. James Oakley. They later moved to Texas. Willie (or William) was born about 1858. John Gaston was born in 1859 and died in 1954. He married Sally Turner and they are buried at the nearby Turner Cemetery.

Martha Ann Hawkins died in childbirth on the day John Gaston was born. She is probably the first person buried in the Hawkins-Wallace Cemetery at Sayre. Her mother died the same year while visiting her son in Clark County and some think she might be buried there also.

Martha Ann's death notice appeared in the *Yorkville Enquirer* newspaper in Yorkville, South Carolina in the December 15, 1959 issue: "Died at the residence of her husband in Ouachita County, Arkansas on the 10<sup>th</sup> of November, MRS. MARTHA ANN, wife of Dr. Isaac Hawkins, and daughter of Mr. John G. Gill, in the 32<sup>nd</sup> year of her age".



Dr. Hawkins served as physician for a large area. There was a place on the Little Missouri River called Hawkins' Ford. He used this river crossing to get to his patients in Clark County. This map is a portion of the 1865 map of Ouachita County which shows Dr. Hawkins' home and the location of Hawkins' Ford on the Little Missouri River highlighted in yellow. A note at Hawkins' Ford says "Horse ford—bad". The ford was about one and a half miles north of Dr. Hawkins' home. You can also see the road that passed by on the south side of Dr. Hawkins' home which was one of the main roads at that time.

The house was used as a hospital in the Civil War. Dr. Hawkins' daughter, Martha Rebecca, said that she tore sheets into bandages so that her father could treat wounded soldiers in their house during the war.

Dr. Hawkins lived in the house until he died 15 October 1871. He is buried next to Martha Ann in the cemetery not far from his old home. That same year, his daughter, Letitia Hawkins, married John Thomas Wallace. It is thought that John Wallace had purchased some land from Dr. Hawkins before his death and acquired more of the Hawkins' land later.

Mr. Jesse Hesterly, a longtime resident of Sayre, was interviewed by one of the Wallace descendants in 1966. He told that the Hawkins land went delinquent after Dr. Hawkins' death, and that Tom Wallace bought back 160 acres of the Hawkins land which included the Hawkins

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house and the land that eventually became Sayre. Mr. Hesterly said that the land where he lived was originally Gill land and pointed to a field across from his home where Gill slaves had been buried.

So, the Hawkins-Wallace house, also called the Old Stagecoach Inn, was home for the Hawkins family and later for Tom and Letitia Hawkins Wallace. The road in front of their house became busier through the years and the house became a stagecoach stop. The actual years the stagecoach traveled that route is not known, but most likely it began during the time Dr. Hawkins lived there and continued after Tom and Letitia Wallace occupied the house. That road was called the Upper Washington Road and it is said that it took a stagecoach most of a day to get from Camden to the Hawkins house and that was a convenient stopping point for the night. I came across an advertisement for the Chidester Stage Lines which delivered mail from Camden to Prescott in 1878.

### **THE WALLACE FAMILY**

Tom Wallace was born in Alabama 21 October 1849. His parents were William James Wallace and Margaret Ann Giles. William James came to America in 1820, arriving with his parents in Charleston, South Carolina when he was five years old. In 1856, William James moved his family to Arkansas and in the 1880 census was living in Union Township, Nevada County. William James is buried in the Bluff City Cemetery with an old CSA marker with no dates.

Tom and Letitia Hawkins Wallace had four children—Naomi Roberta Wallace (born 1872), Guy Leander (born 1875), Thomas Victor (born 1880), and Lillie Cleopatra (born 1882). Guy died in 1909 and Lillie in 1910, neither one married. Both are buried in the Hawkins-Wallace Cemetery. Letitia died in 1883 or 1884, and is also buried in the cemetery. Tom Wallace never remarried.

Tom Wallace had an agreement, probably a lease agreement, with the lumber company that located in Sayre. The company built a large two-story building that housed the company offices and commissary, and also built houses for the mill workers. This was all done on land owned by Tom Wallace. When the company left, the buildings belonged to him.

Workers boarded with the Wallace family in the Hawkins house for a period of time. These could have been railroad or mill company construction crews. Roberta Wallace told her niece that their nearest neighbor was two or three miles away when she was young. At about 13-14 years of age, she met her future husband when he boarded in the house. She married Dr. Charles B. McGlaughlin who served as the doctor for the lumber company until it left Sayre. They then lived in Camden for a while before moving to Fordyce to live there permanently.

Tom Wallace built a small house behind the big building and lived there the rest of his life. The Hawkins house remained vacant as long as he lived, but was kept clean and the yard was not allowed to grow up with brush.

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After the mill left Sayre his son, Victor Wallace, opened a store in the commissary area of the building that had been constructed by the lumber company. The post office was located next to the store and the Masons rented the upstairs and met there. It was a long building with a wooden walkway running the length of it.

Thomas Victor Wallace, known as Victor, married Lillie Cathey Rushing in 1902. They lived at Sayre until about 1922. They had six children—Sybil Rushing (born 1904), Meta Roberta (born 1907), Billie Tom (born 1910), George Merle (born 1913), Victor J. (called June, born 1917), and Frances Josephine (born 1923).

Much of this information comes from the children of Victor and Lillie Wallace, especially Meta who wrote about living in the village, and Victor who still had a vivid memory at age 91. He provided much information, as did Frances. After the family left Sayre, Victor spent most summers at Sayre visiting his grandfather until Tom Wallace died in 1928.

### **STORIES ABOUT THE OLD HAWKINS HOUSE**

Many stories have been told about this old house, and most have been confirmed. The fact that it was a stagecoach stop appears to be factual. It was said to be a hospital during the Civil War and the notebook page belonging to the Wallace family confirms that. It is also true that it was a boarding house.

There are many stories about gold being hidden at various places during the Civil War days and the Hawkins house has its own “gold story”. Tom Wallace told his grandchildren that Dr. Hawkins did indeed bury gold and other valuables before or during the Civil War, although the story has been greatly exaggerated. One of the stories said gold from South Carolina was shipped to Camden and then loaded on a wagon that traveled by night to Dr. Hawkins’ home. The wagon was so heavily loaded that the wagon ruts could be seen for a long time. This part was almost certainly exaggerated, and would account for the treasure seekers of later years.

According to the story, Dr. Hawkins and an elderly black servant (or a slave) were the only two who knew the location of the gold. The elderly servant died during the war, and Dr Hawkins did not think it was safe to have valuables around following the war due to the number of homeless and hungry people roaming the countryside. As far as it is known, he also died without digging up the valuables.

Many a night when Victor Wallace and his family would sit on the porch of their house nearby, lantern lights could be seen around the old house when people would be digging in the yard for the treasure.

A prank by Victor Wallace may be the source of the “haunted house” reputation. Because he ran a store, Victor was able to buy the first flashlight in that area. One night he strung a rope from the upper story of the Hawkins house to a tree, borrowed white sheets from Miss Lillie, and fashioned a ghost likeness from them. A pulley was used to move them about.

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Finally, some treasure hunters came along and started to work. He knew some of the men, and determined which one was most nervous from their conversation. Soon he moved the sheet and used the flashlight on it when the man was looking in that direction. When the man told the others there was a ghost about, they laughed at him. Victor did this several times until the man was totally spooked and decided to leave. About that time he added ghost noises and they all looked up to see the “ghost” coming their way. Shovels were dropped as they all ran as fast as they could.

Sandy says her aunt described the old house as it looked when she was young and living at Sayre. It had double front doors, a covered porch with two windows on each side of the porch. The drive was circular, or curved, and lined with crepe myrtle trees, said to have been brought from South Carolina by the Gill family. It was L shaped, with the one story “L” extending to the back having three rooms. A rather narrow porch ran in front of each room and led to the rest of the house. The original kitchen was detached and set back a distance, but it had burned many years before.

Many of the younger people who grew up in the area around Chidester, Sayre, Reader, and Bluff City in the 1950s and 1960s remember visiting the Old Stagecoach Inn. The building had been vacant for many years, and looked much like the picture on page one. A large empty building like that can be very spooky especially with all the ghost stories that had been told about it. Another story I have heard is about a man killing his wife and baby in one of the upstairs rooms and that blood stains could still be seen on the stairs. The old house made a good “haunted house” for Halloween nights.

### **THE END OF THE OLD STAGECOACH INN**

I don't know exactly when the house was last occupied. Tom Wallace died in 1928, and it was said the house was vacant for some time before his death. An unoccupied house soon falls into ruin if not maintained. The population of Sayre dwindled after the mills closed and people began to move away. Allen Green, president of the Bank of Chidester, was from Sayre and had accumulated much land in that area, including the land where Dr. Hawkins' house stood. He sold all his land to Deltic Farm and Timber Co. about 1975. The timber company decided the old house was too much of a liability because of the possibility of an accident with young kids exploring inside, so they made plans to have it torn down. I was told that Bobby Hildebrand bought the old house for \$100 and had it torn down. The lumber was stacked behind Harvey's Store near Camden until it rotted. The railroad through Sayre was no longer needed, so it was dismantled in 1999. Sayre is not shown on modern maps of Ouachita County, but still exists in the memories of some of the older generation. The road from Reader toward old Sayre was once marked as Sayre Drive, but the street sign is no longer there. The place where the old house once stood has now gone back to forest.

### **THE HAWKINS-WALLACE CEMETERY**

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

The family cemetery is located a short distance from where the old house once stood in Sayre. The only original headstones remaining are for Dr. Isaac and Martha Ann Hawkins. There were several other markers at one time, but all have disappeared. About 1960, Meta Wallace Knoefel counted nine apparent burial sites near Dr. Isaac and Martha Ann.

Known to be buried there in addition to the Hawkins, are their daughter, Letitia Wallace, Guy Wallace, Lillie Wallace, a McGlaughin infant, and Ralph Oakly, a young child of Martha Hawkins Oakley.

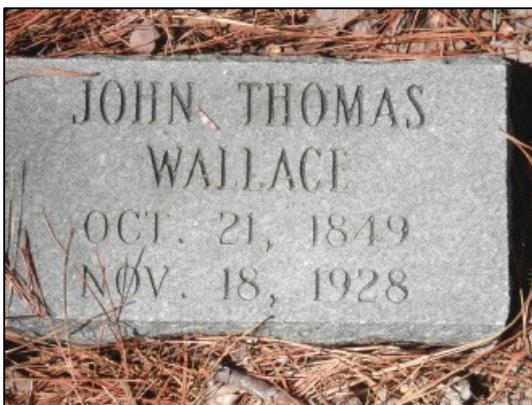
On the west side of the road, John Thomas Wallace and his son, Thomas Victor Wallace, are buried. Sometime after 2008, a nice metal fence was installed around the two Wallace graves. The Hawkins graves on the east side of the road have not been fenced. These graves are about 100 feet east of the road down a dim trail. The graves are on the right about 25 feet off the trail. Mrs. Hawkin's marker is lying flat on the ground four feet north of Dr. Hawkins' marker.



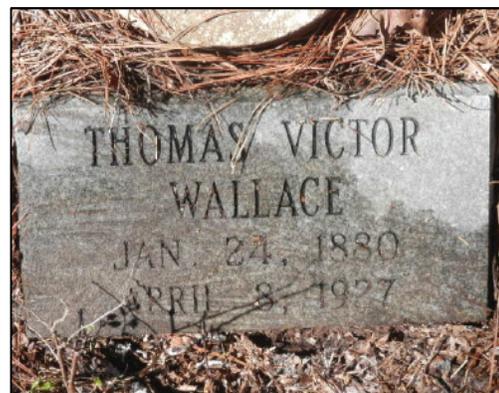
**Dr. Isaac Hawkins' grave marker**



**Martha Ann Hawkins' marker**



**John Thomas Wallace marker**

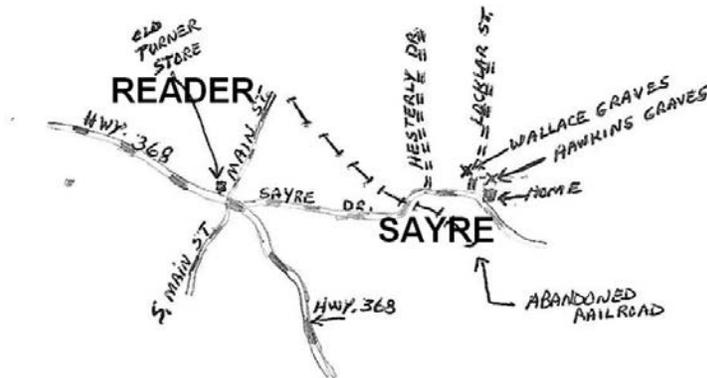


**Thomas Victor Wallace marker**

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



New fence installed around the Wallace graves



LOCATION OF HAWKINS-WALLACE GRAVES

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## RAINFALL RECORD

January – 4.7 inches    February – 6.5 inches    March – 12.7 inches    April – 6.4 inches

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

Don Mathis, a frequent contributor for The Sandyland Chronicle, sent this obituary for his aunt, Mildred Mathis who many of you may remember.

### **Mildred Mathis (August 3, 1921 - March 21, 2016)**



Mildred Mathis, 94, of Camden and Hot Springs, died March 21, 2016 of melanoma. She was preceded in death by her husband George Benjamin Mathis, her son John Sidney Mathis, her parents and her siblings, Earnest Johnston, Walker Lee Johnston, Sally England, Jimmie (Doodlebug) England, and Elsie Guest. Mildred is survived by her 2 daughters, Victoria Harden of Camden and Nancy Mathis of Winslow, AR, and their husbands Shelton Harden and Peter Hine; Sid's widow Pam Shortness of Naperville, IL, grandchildren, Jonathan Mathis and Angela Caroline Mathis, Jonathan's wife Katy, her great-grandchildren Clay and Posey Jane, all of Illinois, special friends at Country Club Village in Hot Springs, and numerous nieces, nephews, cousins and friends.

A graduate of Arkansas A&M (now UAM), Mildred attended summer school at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music where she learned about the big city and studied voice. Upon graduation, she began her teaching career in Emerson, Arkansas and upon her marriage to George, began teaching in the Fairview school system. When George opened his funeral home, Mildred joined him in operating that business and her own flower shop, Mathis Flower Shop. Together they owned and operated Mathis Trailer Park for many years.

Mildred was involved in politics for Ouachita County and the City of Camden. She served as a Justice of the Peace and as a city council member. She was the first female vice mayor of Camden. She was well known as a musician especially in the gospel singing circuit and continued to play the piano and sing throughout her long life. In her final years, she hosted a 'gospel sing-a-long' for the residents of her retirement home. During the 1960s, Mildred was a leader in the civil rights movement. She was a strong, radical woman who set an example of equality and fairness while making everyone sing and laugh. Mildred chose to donate her body to medical science.

A memorial service celebrating the life of this remarkable woman will be held May 21, 2016, at 11:00 A.M. at St. John's Episcopal Church in Camden. Donations to St. John's Episcopal Church, 117 Harrison, Camden, AR 71701, may be made in her memory. An electronic guest book may be found at <http://www.legacy.com/guestbook/Batesville/guestbook.aspx?n=mildred-mathis&pid=178362429>

## *SANDYLAND CHRONICLE*

*(In Acrostic poems, the first letters of each line are aligned vertically to form a word. This poem goes out to my son, Thomas Charlie Mathis, who is expecting his first child in the fall.)*

### **Fathers Day Acrostic – by Don Mathis**

**F**athers are fun - and serious too!  
**A**nd you learn more from them than you do at school.  
**T**hink of all the good times you've had.  
**H**ow would it be without your dad?  
**E**verything would be harder with no mentor for growth.  
**R**eflect on the man who loves you the most.  
**S**oon will come the day for you to fill his shoes.

**D**o you think your dad would accept an excuse?  
**A**lways try your best, that's what he would say.  
**Y**es, think of your dad on this Fathers Day!

---

### **THE COLOR OF HORSES**

I found this little tidbit in the October 21, 1915 issue of *The Nevada News*. I always thought a solid white horse was something special. That's what The Lone Ranger rode on TV when I was a kid. "Hi-Yo, Silver"!

According to the article, the color of a horse affects the value of the animal. Except for funerals, circuses, and special occasions, a white horse was not wanted. Light colors were not as popular as dark colors in 1915. The Army did not want light colored horses because they made good targets.

I don't remember what year it was, but it was reported that the Prescott Hardware was purchasing a pair of solid black horses to put their hearse in funerals. I guess preferences change over the years on things like this. I wonder if this holds true today. Are white horses more or less valuable than dark colored horses?

If any of you raise horses or know the answer to that question, send me an email.

Jerry McKelvy's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

Vol. 16 – No. 7

July, 2016

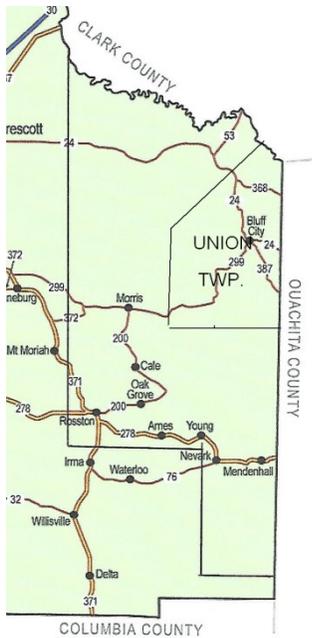
Web Site: <http://sandyland.dreamhosters.com/>

E-Mail: [sandman43@att.net](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

\*\*\*\*\*  
*The Nevada News in 1906 did a series of articles about various communities in Nevada County, Arkansas at that time. This first article is about Union Township which includes the area around Bluff City in the northeastern part of the county.*

**IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH  
A FINE SECTION OF THE COUNTY AND A SPLENDID PEOPLE**

*This article appeared in the Aug. 11, 1906 issue of The Nevada News.*



Union Township is in the eastern part of the county and has a population of about 1100, twenty percent of whom are colored. Voting strength is 225, and while a majority of them have affiliated with the Populist Party, they in later years have very little interest in politics and each one is trying to see who can raise the most corn, the finest cotton, the biggest potatoes, and the largest hogs. As bad as conditions were last year, most everyone in the township made plenty to do them, and as late as June of this year, Mr. J. N. Kirk told us he had one crib of corn he had never opened.

In the township, there are four post offices-Bluffs City, Zama, Foss, and Theo which receive daily mail via Sayre. Inspection has recently been made for rural free delivery, and is almost certain a route will be established soon.

Bluff City is the most important of these post offices. It is an old town, and in the early days was quite aristocratic. At present, it has two stores-that of J. N. Byrd and John Henry. Dr. F. R. Epperson is the physician and R. W. Black is the postmaster.

Among Prescott's citizens who formerly lived at the Bluff, we call to mind Jno. T. Nichols and Dr. S. J. Hesterly. While just a few miles southwest near Zama lived Green R. Blake, one of the most prosperous farmers Union Township has ever had.

John G. Purifoy is the postmaster and storekeeper at Zama and keeps a well assorted stock and enjoys a splendid trade. Lee Moody, formerly a Prescott barber, has purchased and lives on part of the Green Blake farm.

Foss is the post office run by E. E. Epperson in connection with his store in the southeastern part of the township and is surrounded by a class of citizens who have no superiors in the county.

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

## SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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.

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 waters of the sea.



In the picture is a tree known as the “bear tree”. A good many years ago some hunters were chasing a bear through this country, when the animal took up the ravine. Reaching the high embankment which forms the head of the ravine, Mr. Bruin was unable to go further, so he climbed the tree to escape the dogs, only to be shot by the eager hunters.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Union Township has splendid advantages of religion and education. Church structures and school buildings dot the township in every direction. It matters not what your religious views may be, somewhere in Union Township you will find the church of your choice. And the people are generally religious and law abiding, and it is very seldom that they have any work for the courts to do.

As an illustration of what little interest they have taken in police affairs, a few years ago when John Milburn was running for the Democratic nomination for representative, the voters nominated him for constable.

Union Township is rich in land and timber. The soil is sandy loam, very strong and deep, and always makes a crop. This year's prospects are unusually bright. The corn is made and the crop is bountiful. The cotton is healthy and full of bolls. The timber is the finest in the county, and while large bodies have been cut, there is considerable pine left and it attracts the attention of everyone passing through the township.

It would be impossible within this space to name the prominent citizens of the township. All the way from E. W. Barlow's on the north to Theo Gulley's on the south, is a string of fine farms as any state affords.

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## VOCABULARY

Occasionally, when I do research, I come across an unusual word. Below are a few I've noticed in the last few weeks. I included the year when the word was used and a sentence using the word. See how many you know. Answers are on page 8.

1. PLANATORIUM (1918)

Joe said, "Jim, where have you been?"

Jim answered—"I just came from the planatorium".

2. GRAFANOLA (1918)

John's family was excited because he had just purchased a grafanola from the Prescott Hardware.

3. ARKOLA (1918)

The first thing Sue planned on doing when she got to Prescott was to get an Arkola.

4. HOPPER JR. (1918)

I think I'll go down to the Prescott Hardware and get me a Hopper Jr.

5. VIANDS (1912)

After dinner as I was putting up the viands, the cat tried to jump up on the table.

6. PERAMBULATING (1885)

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

John was seen last Saturday perambulating the streets of Prescott.

## 7. OBSTREPEROUSNESS (1885)

Another man was chained on the street in Prescott because of obstreperousness. Our marshal knows how to bring such men into subjection.

## 8. CATAMOUNT (1912)

I heard something in the bushes. I thought it was a catamount.

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## THE ESKIMO PIE

*Some of the information in this article comes from the Internet and from an advertisement for Eskimo Pies in The Nevada News in 1922.*

The well-known ice cream treat known as Eskimo Pie dates back to 1920. A man named Christian Nelson was in the ice cream and confectionery business in Onawa, Iowa. One day a boy came in his store and had to choose between ice cream and a chocolate bar. He finally decided on ice cream. This gave Christian an idea of making an ice cream bar coated with chocolate.

He worked for weeks trying to develop a way of making chocolate cling to the ice cream. He even painted an ice cream bar with house paint to see how it would cling to the ice cream. After many experiments in mixing ingredients, he tried cocoa butter and it worked. He made 500 of his new ice cream bars which he called I-Scream Bars.

Chris Nelson later teamed up with Russell Stover, who was already a successful candy maker, and they agreed to split the profits on their new creation which they called Eskimo Pie, a name suggested by Mr. Stover's wife. The men got a patent on their new product and the process for making it. They advertised the product in newspapers and the Eskimo Pie became very popular. The first 250,000 bars produced sold out in one day. One store owner said he was selling twice as much ice cream since the Eskimo Pie was invented. One man compared the invention of the Eskimo Pie to the discovery of America. The price for an Eskimo Pie in 1922 was ten cents.

Many companies had a franchise to make and sell the ice cream treats. Some companies had to double their shifts to keep up with the demand. Russell Stover later sold his share of the business and concentrated on candy making. Christian Nelson became wealthy from the royalties he received from the sale of his Eskimo Pies. In 1922, he was selling one million pies per day.

There were some legal problems in those early days regarding the patent and the patent was invalidated in 1929. One rival company came up with idea of putting ice cream between two sugar wafers and then dipping it in chocolate (an ice cream sandwich).

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Nelson sold his share of the business to the United States Foil Co., the company which made the foil wrappers for the Eskimo Pies. Some say he sold out because of the stress of running the business. He was able to retire at a young age but soon became bored and joined Reynolds Metal Co. where he invented new ways of manufacturing and shipping Eskimo Pies. He stayed with that company in an executive position until he retired again in 1961. Nelson died in 1992 at the age of 99. Reynolds spun off the Eskimo Pie Corporation in 2000, which was purchased by CoolBrands International, a Canadian company. Nestle Corporation purchased the Eskimo Pie brand in 2007.

A controversy developed in regard to Eskimo Pies when a tourist from Canada who was visiting New Zealand claimed that the term Eskimo Pie was racially insulting. The companies involved said they had no plans to rename the product or to cease production.

Eskimo Pie was mentioned in 1927 in a song called "I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream". George Jones wrote and recorded a song called "Eskimo Pie" in 1957. The term has also been used in several movies and TV shows.

Christian Nelson was 27 years old when he got the idea for the Eskimo Pie. It is another example of someone having a good idea and working to make it happen even while being ridiculed. People called Nelson crazy for coming up with the idea of dipping ice cream in hot chocolate without melting the ice cream. One person called it "a fool idea".

I'm sure you have heard that money doesn't buy happiness. Christian Nelson became wealthy very quickly from his Eskimo Pies, but a newspaper article in the *Iowa City Press Citizen* dated January 16, 1922, has this quote from Mr. Nelson, who was a former school teacher: "Money! The more I see of it, the less I like it. I'd rather be with my books, or back on the job as teacher again," He had not even bought an automobile and was still unmarried at age 29. Some speculated that wealth came to him too quickly since he became wealthy in just a period of about one year.

Another article stated that Albert Einstein, the famous physicist, was making less money than Christian Nelson, the inventor of a simple ice cream treat. The reason given was that Einstein's work only served a small number of customers (other scientists) whereas Nelson's invention served millions of people with each one contributing a small amount. The advice given for those who wanted to get rich was to come up with something that appealed to a great multitude of people. Just about everybody loves ice cream. Nelson got five cents royalty for each dozen Eskimo Pies his franchised companies sold. If my math is correct, that means Mr. Nelson was making \$4000 per day in 1922 when one million Eskimo Pies were being sold each day.

The Eskimo Pie is still around today almost a hundred years after it was first invented, although I could not find any locally. I found plenty of Klondike ice cream bars which is something similar. The earliest Eskimo Pies were in a rectangle shape. Later a stick was inserted so it could be held more easily. Klondike seems to be the more popular brand these days and they offer several different flavors. They are square-shaped and sell for about fifty cents each at Walmart.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Christian Nelson did finally get married but I couldn't find a date. He and his wife, Myrtle, were buried at Lake Forest Cemetery in Orange County, California.

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## GRANDMA'S BONNET

By Jerry McKelvy

Just a small piece of cloth  
She sewed by hand  
It served a useful purpose  
For a woman of the land

Protection from the sun  
As she did an outside chore  
All the neighbor ladies had one  
Or maybe three or four

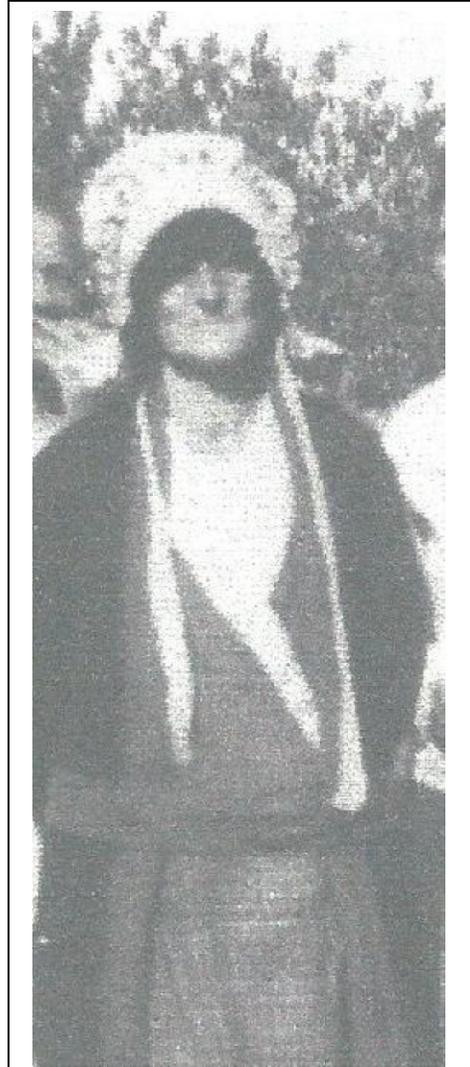
A bonnet and an apron  
Were always close at hand  
Two essential items  
For a woman of the land

Working in the garden  
Or gathering the eggs  
Grandma always reached for her bonnet  
She kept hanging on a peg

Bonnets are no longer in style  
As they were in days of yore  
They are now just a part of our history  
Remembered in rural folklore

Grandma would be surprised  
At our modern dress  
Not a bonnet to be seen  
Why they're gone is anybody's guess

When you are out of the house  
And feel the rays of the hot sun  
Remember Grandma's bonnet  
Don't you wish you had one?



Georgia Anna Margaret Johnson  
Hardwick, my great  
grandmother's sister

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## THE RESCUE

I don't remember just when this happened, but it was sometime in the late 1950s or early 1960s. At that time we pastured some cows at my grandparent's old place near Rocky Hill which was about four miles from our house. We usually checked on the cows every day.

The Rocky Hill community was sparsely populated at that time. The old Methodist church building was still there, but it was only used occasionally. Nobody was living in the area near the church at that time.

One day while my Dad and I were tending to the cows, we thought we heard someone hollering "Help" off in the distance in the direction of the church. The sound was so faint we could barely hear it. In a few minutes, we heard it again. We decided someone must be in trouble, so we immediately left to see what the problem was.

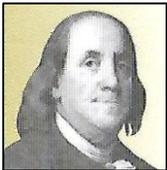
We drove up to the church and noticed that a vehicle had recently driven down a logging road near the church. We hollered loudly and immediately heard a response from a man but the sound was still a good distance away. We followed the vehicle tracks and by that time the man was hollering more often because someone was answering him. We soon located him. It was Martin Purifoy, a black neighbor of ours, who was working in the woods by himself cutting a load of pulpwood.

When we go to him, we found him in a deep, narrow ditch with a large stick of pulpwood on top of him. He didn't have room enough to push it off him, so he was stuck there. The temperature that day was very high and he had been lying there for a long time. He was very thirsty, but otherwise not injured. He was one very happy man because we had come to his rescue. He said it would have been hours before any of his family came to check on him.

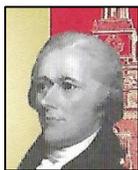
It always feels good to help someone in need. We hope that others might do the same for us. I know Martin Purifoy never forgot the time we rescued him in his time of need.

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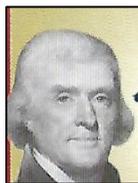
### FOUNDING FATHERS



A



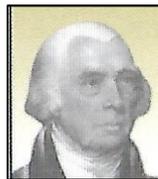
B



C



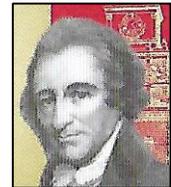
D



E



F



G

Here are seven of our Founding Fathers. Can you identify them? Answers on page 8.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## ANSWERS TO THE FOUNDING FATHERS QUIZ ON PAGE 7

- A. Benjamin Franklin
  - B. Alexander Hamilton
  - C. Thomas Jefferson
  - D. George Washington
  - E. James Madison
  - F. Patrick Henry
  - G. Thomas Paine
- 

## ANSWERS TO THE VOCABULARY QUIZ ON PAGE 3

- 1, The planatorium was a business in Prescott in 1908 which cleaned, pressed, and repaired clothes and made them new again. The proprietor was E. J. Taliafero.
  - 2, A grafanola was a tall cabinet-style record player with a crank. Later, they would be called a Victrola.
  3. Arkola was the name of a soft drink bottled by the Prescott Ice Co. in 1918.
  4. Hopper Jr. was the name of a walk-behind horse-drawn cultivator popular in 1920. It was advertised for \$42.50.
  5. A viand is an item of food or a choice or tasty dish.
  6. Perambulate means to walk or move about; go for a stroll.
  7. Being obstreperous means to be noisy, boisterous, or unruly.
  8. A catamount is a large animal of the cat family, such as a cougar.
- 

## RAINFALL RECORD

January – 4.7 inches    February – 6.5 inches    March – 12.7 inches    April – 6.4 inches  
May – 1.3 inches

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**JULY 4, 2016 – AMERICA'S 240<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY**