

**A VISIT TO CAMDEN IN 1889**

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

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

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

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

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

*(continued on page 2)*

HUMOR	HISTORICAL TIDBITS	RECIPES
<b>TAKING YOU BACK TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS</b>		
GENEALOGY	POEMS	OLD PHOTOS

*(continued from page 1)*

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

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

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

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

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

## THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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

### FIRE ANTS, ARE THEY HERE TO STAY?

By David Gregory

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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

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

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### “ROSEUNEERS”

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

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

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

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



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

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

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## STUDENTS ATTENDING BLUFF CITY HIGH SCHOOL IN 1913-14

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

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

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

\*Expelled

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### SONG OF THE CORN

From Camden Evening News  
(1926)

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

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

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

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

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

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

### PRESCOTT'S ICE FAMINE

*NEVADA NEWS- JULY 15, 1909*

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

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

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

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

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

### BONITA'S FRUIT DISH

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

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