

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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LACKLAND SPRINGS-- NEVADA COUNTY'S POPULAR HEALTH RESORT



The picture above, taken from the July 7, 1906 issue of *The Nevada News*, shows a view of Lackland Springs, a popular picnic spot and camping area for many years. The place dates back to the mid 1800's and was shown on an 1865 map of the area. Although popular for many years, for some reason it was neglected and soon was overtaken by the woods.

The actual community of Lackland was a short distance from the springs. Like most other communities of that time, there was a church, school, post office and maybe a store or two surrounded by scattered farm families. More than likely, the post office was in a corner of the general store and operated by the storekeeper or his wife.

I have found several references to Lackland while doing research for other things. In 1889, a new postal route was announced running from Prescott to Carouse, Lackland, Bluff City, Zama, Caney, Honeaville, and back to Prescott. Mail would be delivered twice each

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week. Another item that same year says that Lackland is getting to be quite a summer resort. A weary man can find comfort in using the chalybeate water.

Also in 1889, there was a twistification party to be held at Lackland. I have no idea what that was. A Sunday school was mentioned in 1914 at the Lackland school house each Sunday at 2:30 and the article said a number of tenters can still be seen on the hillside near the springs. A revival meeting was held at Lackland in 1925 and the place is called "one of the prettiest places in Nevada County". A committee was cleaning the springs and grounds for the meeting.

I know a school existed at Lackland as late as 1928 because I have a copy of a teacher's contract to teach a two month school there beginning in July. The teacher was to be paid fifty dollars per month and agreed to keep the school open eight hours per day. I expect some of that cold spring water would come in handy during those hot days of July and August. Most of these small schools consolidated soon after this. With the school gone, the community of Lackland soon disappeared.

I have heard some of the old-timers talk of the springs that were so popular. Most folks remember several springs, each with a different type of mineral water that was said to be of benefit to a person's health. In those days before antibiotics and modern medicine, people were searching for natural cures for diseases or something to prevent a disease. Whether these springs actually had any health benefits is a matter of debate. As far as I know, the water has never been analyzed.

I visited Lackland Springs about 10 years ago. I'm not sure of the actual location of the springs, but I did find some small well tiles along a small branch. Most appeared to have been washed out and were just lying in the branch. Springs like these soon fill in unless they are cleaned out regularly. I was not too impressed with the water. It was very dingy and looked to me like it might cause a disease rather than cure one. I'm sure it was a different story 100 years ago when hundreds of people came here to relax from their stressful lives and take advantage of the springs.

A few glimpses of what Lackland Springs was like can be found in old newspapers. P. K. Kellam, a prominent Camden businessman, kept a diary which was passed on to his relatives and has been preserved. This diary is one of the oldest records in existence which describe events in south Arkansas. He describes the events around Camden and also includes the news of the battles of the Civil War. The following entries were recorded in August of 1861, just as the Civil War was beginning:

Aug. 6, 1861

This a.m. at 31/2, we start to Lackland Springs. Awful hot and dry and heavy sandy road. Take us all day to get there safe. Several families there from our city.

Aug. 7, 1861

In company today with several of the Lackland visitors. We cut a bee tree.

Aug. 8, 1861

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Visit about today. Go a fishing in Little Caney. Fine fun catching jack fish.

Aug. 9, 1861

Go fishing again today. Good string of big jacks. Talk of a big battle to be fought in Mo. 20-30 thousand on each side.

Aug. 10, 1861

Having quite a pleasant visit at the Springs. Have an abundance of watermelons and peaches.

Aug. 11, 1861

Go home today. Leave family at the springs.

Aug. 18, 1861

Go to Lackland Springs after my family. News of big battle in Mo. near Springfield, in which our loss was heavy, killing many Arkansas men.

Aug. 20, 1861

Go fishing. Catch none. Lackland Springs is owned by Mr. Martin. Too poor to put them in good fix. With proper management, this watering place will some day be of considerable note.

The following article was printed in *Scenes In Nevada County*, a turn of the century guide book and was reprinted in the Jan. 1993 issue of the *Old Time Chronicle*. It also shows an old picture of the grounds around the springs.

“Nevada County possesses many points of interest. As a health resort, Lackland Springs probably leads. Here in a beautiful hollow is situated five or six large springs, the waters of which have a far-famed reputation for curing many diseases. The springs are in Redland Township about twelve miles east of Prescott. They are a quite popular pleasure resort during the summer months, the waters of Caney Creek abounding in fish and game. Boating, bathing, hunting, and fishing form the principal amusements of the crowds that visit each summer. They are on the property of J. L. Eagle. W. H. Parker is the postmaster, the office being served twice a week from Sayre. Jno. G. Benton operates a store that is liberally patronized and also runs a sawmill which give employment to a number of hands and does a considerable business. Agricultural pursuits are followed by the people to a successful extent, and the lands around Lackland are considered very productive. The range is fine and stock raising is a profitable pursuit.”

Another article appeared in the July 7, 1906 issue of *The Nevada News*:

“Nevada County has some of the largest farms, the finest orchards, best stock, and the biggest mills in South Arkansas. Sawmills are numerous. Many summer schools opened last Monday and most are in flourishing financial condition. Many schools are paying teachers \$60 per month. People are for the most part in very good humor.

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Lackland Springs is Nevada County's health and pleasure resort. A half dozen springs bubble out from a series of hills in Redland Township and form a cluster that is not only of rare natural beauty, but also contains properties proven beneficial in more than one disease.

For years, each summer has found scores of people camping on the hills above the springs and receiving wonderful benefit from the water and climate.

The springs have lost some of their attraction in the last few years. One scarcely mentions going there now. Yet the same water still flows from the same hillsides in the same way it did fifteen years ago. One even imagines the same spotted cow with the same bell, grazing in the same meadow, in the same lazy way as of yore. And there is the same barefoot boy, swinging the same tin bucket, whistling the same tune, but there is not the same jolly crowd every July and August that made matters merry in the late 1890's.

There is but one reason--accommodations lacking. Let someone build a few small cottages, rid the grounds of underbrush, burn up the ticks and redbugs, keep out the hogs, and clean up around the springs, and there will be a maddening rush for Nevada County's most beautiful resort.

There is an abundance of fish in Caney Creek and plenty of game in the bottoms. Boating, bathing, and other pleasures might be provided and Lackland made of more than local importance. Distance might be an objection of some, but for people who really want a change, who want to get away from cafes and the worry of business and enjoy a few weeks of quiet rest, twelve miles is all too short.

Prescott and Nevada County need such a resort. Nature has amply done her part. Will our citizens do theirs?" (the picture on page 1 was included in this article)

Still another article appeared in the July 16, 1908 issue of *The Nevada News* describing a Sunday spent at Lackland. It is reprinted below:

"Did you ever spend a Sunday at Lackland?"

Of course you have been there, but it has been on special occasions when you could hitch up "Old Baldy" and with the necessary tackle and bait, hie yourself off to the waters of Caney Creek, and while away the time pulling from the stream a good string of wary trout (?) or sneaking from the side of an old cypress tree a fine string of goggle-eyed perch. Or perhaps with a trusty rifle bring down from the heights of some fine old oak or hickory, a tempting mess of squirrels. Or perhaps you spent the time in an enchanting game of dominoes, or tripped the light fantastic on an improvised platform while an erratic orchestra attempted a mazy waltz.

But did you spend a day there? A day devoted to quiet rest?

Yesterday was the ideal occasion for such an experience. A day when bright sunshine cast

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sufficient pools of light on seared leaves as to dispel the gloom, and southern breezes brought a happy relief from summer heat.

There was a most congenial crowd of Prescott people there and they enjoyed the day.

The portly Dr. Guthrie, comfortably garbed, stretched himself on an easy cot, and for once forsook the temptation of any heated conversation, but he talked some and was always awake when the lemonade was passed.

Sam White busied himself with anything necessary for comfort or pleasure of the crowd, and never hesitated, when called upon by his good wife, to go to the spring for water.

Dan Pittman was moving around in a general way, always ready to listen to an interesting anecdote or raise his head at the slightest neigh from "Old Prince".

Sam Logan seemed to be the special guardian of the commissary department and held more than one battle with the insistent hogs. In the absence of other weapons, he did some telling work on the enemy with a good-sized hatchet.

Dr. Hesterly didn't make much of a record in anything particular until he reached the dinner table, and then for thirty minutes he was the busiest man there.

Meanwhile, Adam Guthrie, Jr. slowly moved about the grounds in a manner calculated to keep down perspiration.

The good ladies, Mesdames Logan Pittman, Guthrie, and White, with an ease and grace that was surely admired, moved about the culinary department in a way that resulted in a most excellent dinner.

Nor were the little folks idle. Little Lula White seated on a camp stool made love to her Teddy bear, while her younger sister threatened to baptize her doll baby in the sparkling waters of the center spring.

Fred Guthrie lay stretched out before a late magazine and occasionally queried the crowd with such questions as "What is the longest word in the English language?", while Master Green wanted to know if a man had twenty sick sheep and one should die, how many were left?

And that's how you spend a Sunday at Lackland."

GRADING SCALE AT BLUFF CITY SCHOOL IN 1924-25

E—95 to 100
G—85 to 95
F—75 to 85
M—65 to 75
P—Below 65

Passing Grade—75

This scale is printed on a student's report card
from 1924-25

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This is a photo of three Barlow brothers, sons of William H. Barlow and Mary C. Weaver Barlow. Pictured left to right are: Albert B. Barlow, Jesse Elijah Barlow, and William Everett Barlow. I can't tell what Albert is holding in his hand, but Jesse Elijah has an ax slung over his left shoulder and William Everett has a fiddle. Here is a little more information on these men.

Albert B. Barlow was born Nov. 29, 1893 and was the sixth child in the family. He married Minnie Moore. They had one child, Annie Mae Barlow. Albert's life was cut short on July 12, 1938 when he was struck by lightning while plowing his field. According to the news story at the time, a watch he was wearing was thrown several feet from him and the mule pulling the plow was knocked unconscious for several hours. After Albert's death, his wife remarried to Douglas Greening and lived west of Camden in the Two Bayou community. Albert Barlow and Minnie Barlow Greening are both buried in the old section of Bluff City Cemetery.

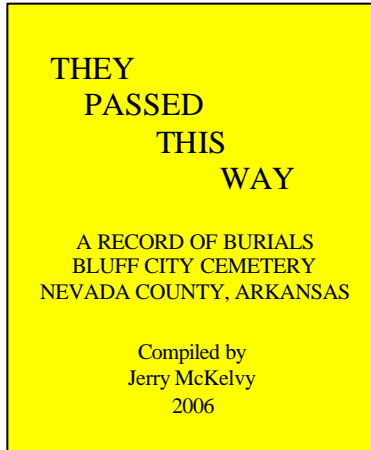
Jesse Elijah Barlow was born Oct. 12, 1889 and was the fourth child in the family. He was known as "Lige" Barlow and married Elvalina Williams, daughter of Mack and Nancy Ware Williams. The old home place was located on the Lackland Springs Rd, but in his later years the family lived in the old house which still stands across from the Arkansas Forestry Commission seed orchard near Bluff City. This house is probably the oldest house left in the area around Bluff City and was recently renovated by a grandson following damage by a severe wind storm. Children born to this marriage were Julia Barlow, Jesse Barlow, Oleta Barlow, and Donald Barlow. Mr. Barlow was an active member of the Gum Grove Church of Christ. He died July 6, 1976 and Mrs. Barlow died in 1980. Both are buried in the new section of Bluff City Cemetery.

William Everett Barlow was born August 11, 1899 and was the eighth child of the family. He married Bessie Griffith, daughter of John and Adella Griffith. Children born to this marriage were Elwanda Barlow and Pauline Barlow. In his later years Mr. and Mrs. Barlow lived about five miles north of Morris on the Cale Road. He was an active member

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of the Church of Christ and known for his song leading ability. He died September 30, 1990 and was buried beside his wife in the new section of Bluff City Cemetery.

NEW CEMETERY BOOK AVAILABLE



A new booklet containing cemetery records of Bluff City Cemetery has been compiled by Jerry McKelvy. The book is called *They Passed This Way* and contains an alphabetical listing of about 1370 people buried in Bluff City Cemetery. Additional information is given for about 900 of those listed including basic information from obituaries, family relationships from various sources, and other interesting information. The booklet contains 120 pages and is spiral bound. Cover is yellow or blue.

The booklet can be purchased from Jerry McKelvy for \$24.00 plus \$4.00 shipping. If you just want the pages containing a certain surname, the cost is 25 cents per page plus 75 cents for envelope and postage. These will be loose

pages.

The booklet will be revised as necessary as burials occur or when new information is discovered.

To order your copy, send check to Jerry McKelvy, 2680 Warren Ave., Camden, AR 71701 or contact him for the cost of printing up loose pages.

PLYLER STATION NEWS ITEMS FROM THE NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE

5-10-1934

- Health improving here.
- The condition of **E. L. Meador** is improved, we are indeed glad to report.
- A heavy rain fell here Friday night doing considerable damage to crops and land.
- Rather cool for the advent of the seersucker and Panama so far.
- It seems that the barn was the safer place for cotton planting seed until a few days ago.
- Garland Plyler** spent Friday night with home folks here.
- O. F. McKelvy** and wife and **Carl Greer** passed through our burg Saturday en route to Hope.
- Bernice Sarrett** of Gum Grove spent Friday night here with the **Plyler** boys.
- Charlie Pruitt** of Camden visited home folks here Sunday.
- S. J. Sarrett** and family visited **J. C. Barksdale** and family of Ebenezer community Saturday.
- W. E. Hirst** of Prescott passed through our burg Sunday.
- Mrs. Mary Patterson** spent Sunday with her son, **Clyde McNeely**.

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--**E. M. Harvey** of Bluff City was giving the girls a ride in his new car Sunday afternoon.

--There is some much needed work being done on our local phone line today (Monday).

--**Robert Ripley**, who is connected with the Hila Morgan show, was a brief visitor here Sunday afternoon.

--**J. R. Pruitt** was a Camden business visitor Monday.

--**V. B. Meador**, wife, and daughter spent Sunday in Prescott.

--**G. D. Patterson** was a visitor to Bierne Sunday.

--**Miss Adeline May**, who has spent the past few months with **S. J. Sarrett** and wife, left Friday to visit friends near Chidester.

--**Misses Mable Hackney and Emogene McNeely** spent Sunday with **Misses Mae and Eva Plyler**.

--**J. A. Gulley** and family of Hope were guests of **Mrs. Nannie Henry** Thursday.

--We were grieved to learn of the death of **Mrs. Mary Tunnell**, who died at Prescott May 2nd. The writer had known Mary all of her life. She was a good girl, of a kind and sunny disposition, and always had a smile for those she met. We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved ones.

--**J. R. Pruitt** and son Charlie attended the all day to-do at Rosston Sunday.

--**D. V. Meador** and daughter, **Miss Nettie Jewel**, returned to Booneville a few days ago after a weeks' visit with home folks.

--**Carl Greer** and **Alvin Dunn** were demonstrating their new Terraplane among their prospective customers on Sunday.

--**I. G. Meador** of west Texas returned home several days ago after spending a few days here with his father, **E. I. Meador**, who has been critically ill for some time.

--Some of the young people here attended the party given for 8th grade given by their teacher, **Mrs. Helen Robinson** at Bluff City Thursday night and reported quite an enjoyable time.

--Bro. Lem, I thank you very much for your invitation to your all-day to-do. Would certainly have enjoyed being there, as I am sure it afforded everyone a nice time. I'm sure I would have met many of my old friends, including Alex, but my conveyance consists only of a plowed down mule and a walking cane. However, I intend to visit your burg some time in the near future.

--I hear a call from Gen. Green, so I'll shoulder arms and go.

8-9-1934

--**Mrs. J. M. Plyler** and **S. J. Sarrett** attended the birthday dinner at the home of their mother, **Mrs. B. A. Sarrett**. Grandmother Sarrett was 79 years old and has lived a widow for the last 36 years. During that time, she has given up three sons. She was born in Whitfield Co., Georgia on August 7, 1855, moved to Nevada County in 1889 where she has spent the last 45 years. We have but few of the dear old fathers and mothers who have reached this age, and very often we do not appreciate them until they are gone.

10-25-1934

--**Tom Stanfield** (Negro) of Chidester was here Sunday in search of a mule that had strayed from his home. He is 97 years old and is making the trip on horseback. Pretty good for Uncle Tom.