

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



A BLUFF CITY SCHOOL GROUP

Can you identify any of these students? Photo taken about 1927-1928.

Those receiving this paper by regular mail or hand delivery will have a full page size picture in their paper. I made the picture smaller for the Internet subscribers so that it would open more quickly. Let me know if you would like the larger picture and I will send it to you direct by email.

This is the old school building at Bluff City. It was located at the end of what is now called Knight Street in Bluff City. I have another picture showing a different group of students posed with this old school bus.

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DeANN CEMETERY IN PRESCOTT

DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott, Arkansas is Nevada County's largest cemetery. Many of the old settlers and prominent businessmen of the early days of Prescott are buried there. The oldest part of the cemetery is south of Hwy. 371 and the newer sections are north of the highway. This highway was once known as the Prescott and Wallaceburg road.

The old section of DeAnn and Moscow Cemeteries were recently added to the list of historic places through the efforts of Peggy Lloyd, former curator of the Depot Museum. You can find short biographical sketches of many of those buried at DeAnn on the depot museum web site. The web address is: <http://depotmuseum.org/> . These sketches were prepared as part of the material presented to the board that was to consider the request to add the old section of DeAnn to the register of historic places.



Unusual Tree at DeAnn

There is a long article in the April 4, 1985 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* which tells some of the history of DeAnn Cemetery. The article mentions a large tree in the cemetery not far from the highway. This tree stands near the graves of Edward and Patrick Cassidy who were born in Ireland. These two brothers died in the 1880's. It is said the tree was brought from England and there have been different opinions as to the species. Some say it is a hemlock tree. It appears to me to be a member of the cypress family, even though cypress trees usually grow near water.

Close-up of tree branch



Almost all of the older cemeteries in Nevada County have several interesting tombstones. Some are very ornate and surely cost a great deal of money at the time they were erected. Some are huge and we can only imagine the amount of manual labor involved to erect these memorials. Many were ordered from distant cities such as St. Louis, transported to Prescott by train, and then hauled by wagons to the cemetery.

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One unique grave marker can be found in the new section north of the highway. It marks the graves of William Graham Hayes and Libbie Lucille Hayes. It is a large stone with the figure of a couple embracing on top. This is the only marker of this type in Nevada County.

The first road into the old section off Hwy. 371 as you leave town has the only sign which identifies the place. A wrought iron arch extends over the drive bears the name “DeAnn Cemetery”. According to the previously mentioned article, approximately three rows of unmarked graves to the left of this road was the part of the cemetery known as “the potter’s field”. This was used for people who died with no family.

An incident happened in Prescott in December, 1910 that was a bit unusual. A carnival was in the city for several days. The carnival claimed to have on display the world’s smallest horse. The horse was named Dixie and weighed only 19 pounds at birth. This small horse which weighed only fifty pounds died while the carnival was in Prescott supposedly from eating wheat which caused indigestion. This presented a problem. What do you do with the body of a world famous horse that was loved by so many people? By permission of city authorities, “Little Dixie” was allowed to be buried for the price of \$10 in the potter’s field at the city cemetery.

A crowd gathered at the carnival where last rites were paid to “Little Dixie”, and then the group went to the cemetery. The carcass was taken to the grave in a box covered with stars and stripes and lowered into the ground.

Plans were that a headstone would be erected to mark the grave so that visiting shows could pay their respects to “Little Dixie”. In our survey of DeAnn Cemetery we did not find a headstone for Dixie, so evidently the grave was never marked. Until I read the article in the *Picayune*, I didn’t know for sure just where the potter’s field was located. So, DeAnn may hold the distinction of being the only cemetery that contains the final resting place for a horse.

The area east of the potter’s field was the black cemetery before the newer sections were opened north of the highway. DeAnn Cemetery is owned and maintained by the city of Prescott.

One may say he would like to go back to the days when his wife’s meals were carefully thought out, instead of being carefully thawed out.

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LIFE IS A FUNNY PROPOSITION

(from the Nov. 20, 1914 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves against his will. During his stay on earth, his life is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy, he is an angel; in his boyhood, he is a devil; in his manhood, he is everything from a lizard up; in his duties, he is a fool. If he has no family, he is committing race suicide; if he raises a family, he's a chump; if he raises a check, he is a thief, and the law raises Cain with him. If he is a poor man, he is a poor manager and has no sense; if he is rich, he is dishonest, but considered smart. If he is in politics, he is a grafter and a crook; if he is out of politics, you can't place him, as he is "an undesirable citizen". If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away from church, he is a sinner. If he donates to a foreign mission, he does it for show; if he doesn't, he's stingy and a "tightwad". When he first comes into the world, everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out, they want to kick him. If he dies young, there was a great future for him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way, only living to save funeral expenses. "Life is a funny thing after all".

MODEL GOVERNMENT

(from the 3-7-1906 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

The situation of this model government is in a country of very irregular boundaries. It consists of a mainland with five peninsulas. Chief among these is the Capital Peninsula. There are two others called the Manual Peninsulas and the two known as the Pedal Extremities. The latter bear a close resemblance to the Italian Peninsula in southern Europe.

The monarch of the realm is King Mind I, whose home is in the strongly fortified palace of the brain, which occupies the greater part of the Capital Peninsula.

His majesty's royal council, which is something like our President's Cabinet, consists of five members. These noblemen might be called vassals or sub-lords, as they are pledged to give their allegiance to the king, and in this way resemble the Feudal Lords of the Middle Ages. They are the Lord of Sight, the Lord of Taste, the Lord of Smell, the Lord of Touch, and the Lord of Hearing.

The Lord of Sight lives in his majesty's castle, and is his favorite. It is his principal duty to keep a constant lookout for external troubles, and to notify the king in case of approaching danger.

The Lord of Taste lives in the castle of Tongue, and is the chief custom house officer at Port Mouth. He inspects all imported goods, and ships them over the Alimentary railroad to a large warehouse or factory, where they are refined and disseminated throughout the different provinces as they are needed.

The Lord of Smell occupies Nasal Hall, and is assistant inspector of imported articles. The Lord of Touch is chief investigator of foreign affairs, and the Lord of Hearing receives all foreign communications.

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The king has great power over these nobles, and they can influence him to a great extent. This serves to hold each other in check and prevents tyranny on the part of either the king or his council.

All goes on smoothly except an occasional revolt in the troublesome little province of Liverdale, or a strike on the part of the warehouse laborers, on account of overcrowding with work. These little uprisings are usually put down with very little trouble or expense.

The entire country is kept well watered by a convenient system of irrigation, much like that of ancient Babylonians in the basin of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. There are thousands of canals running even to the remotest provinces, which are kept full by the constant working of a large pump located near the center of the mainland. Millions of little red sailboats fly up and down these canals, transporting articles of food, and gathering up goods for export, which they carry to the principal stock exchange in the City of Lungs.

This country has the most complete telegraphic system ever constructed. Every part of the empire is in direct connection with the king's palace, and in the case of trouble, he is notified at once and sends his return message immediately.

All these modern conveniences are controlled by municipal authority, there not being a single private monopoly in the whole country. Everything works together for the common good. There is no written law, but still all crime is justly punished by the common law of nature.

This model government is not Plato's dream or a More's Utopia, but a real existing form of government, which lies within the bosom of every human being, and silently carries on its good work, while at least half of the world's populace go on their march through life without ever knowing that it exists.

Respectfully
Tenth Grade
Tom Allen High School
Prescott, Arkansas

CAMDEN CELEBRATES ARRIVAL OF NEW YEAR IN 1934

Infant 1934 arrived with much gusto in Camden today. Never before had such a welcome been extended to a new year---that is according to noise volume. From the way that vociferous glad hand was extended, Camden must have been down right glad to see the babe.

Many citizens dusted off their old family blunderbuss and let it go with both barrels. Then there was pistol fire of all kinds---little, big, and in between sizes. A machine gun must have been used also for there was something familiar about a loud rat-tat-tat we heard. Too, the auto boys had their back fires.

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Bells rang and whistles blew. There was one hitch in the plan for the semi-official welcome. Nobody's timepiece was exact. Some started shooting off the works before 12 a. m. and there was spasmodic firing on distant fronts a few minutes ahead of schedule. Then when some clocks tolled the new year, a loud outburst greeted this.

Then for five or more minutes, there was sporadic outbursts probably caused by some citizens who had planned to stay up and ring out the old and usher in the new with a bang, but fell asleep and awoke too late for the big show. He put in his nickel's worth, however, with the family six-shooter.

Blam, blam, blam!!! Pop, pop, pop!!! coupled with a few bells and some lively shouting was the way Camden saw the new year.

There was the usual number of watch parties at various places and everyone seemed mighty glad 1933 was leaving and 1934 had arrived. However, 1933 was a pretty good year after Franklin Delano Roosevelt took a hand at running the country.

Camden looked like a big city last night with the monstrous crowd at the Rialto's preview. The theatre was packed and jammed and the show was great. Long lines formed at the window and extended a block--something unheard of around here. But that crowd was in the right spirit and that preview was the greatest ever staged here. The show was plenty good.

But, talking about theatre crowds, the last week of ole 1933 saw one of best records set here since Trader Horn played Camden. Each day and night last week, the Rialto packed them in.

Anyway, today is the first for 1934 and this is the first story ye scribe has exhausted the adjectives over. That's the way to start off the year maybe. We hope you read this first today.

FIRST CLASS HACK LINE—1880

J. T. Chidester, Superintendent

Advertisement—*The Columbia Banner*—1880

First class hack line from Magnolia to Hope carrying U. S. mail and express matter of light weight. Passengers carried through without detention.

Magnolia to Hope--\$3.00

Magnolia to Falcon--\$2.00

Magnolia to Lamartine--\$1.00

Leaves Hope daily at 8 a.m. and arrives at Magnolia at 7 p.m.

Leaves Magnolia daily at 7 a.m. and arrives at Hope at 7 p.m.

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THE LITTLE HOUSE OUT BACK

By Jerry McKelvy

Some folks had fancy ones, with a moon in the door;
Ours was just a simple thing-just four walls, a roof, and a floor.

It was nothing fancy--some might even call it a shack.
We just called it "the little house out back".

Summer, winter, spring, or fall
It was always there for nature's call.

We didn't have Charmin or Angel Soft from the store
Just a page from the Sears catalog did the chore.

No running water or electric light
Just hope you didn't need to go at night.

Spiders, snakes, wasps and other pests
Sometimes were there to greet the guests.

Now we have houses with an inside bath,
In the old days, it was four rooms and a path.

The little house out back is now very rare
And I think most folks are glad it's not there.

I think our modern bathrooms would now be complete
If we could just invent an automatic toilet seat.



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PINEAPPLE SOUR CREAM PIE (from Sonya Ann in Kirbyville, Texas)

This recipe is one of my favorites. The original recipe calls for crushed pineapple, but I prefer chunk pineapple canned in its own juice.

1 9-inch baked pie shell
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 20 ounce can crushed pineapple (undrained) or chunk pineapple (undrained)
1 cup sour cream
1 tablespoon lemon juice (fresh squeezed is preferred)
2 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 to 3 tablespoons granulated sugar and pinch of salt for 2-egg meringue

In saucepan, mix together the sugar, flour, and salt. Stir in the pineapple and its packing liquids. Stir in sour cream and lemon juice. Stirring constantly, cook over medium heat until mixture has thickened. Beat egg yolks, temper them by stirring in a small amount of the hot mixture, then stir yolk-mixture into pie filling mixture in saucepan. Add vanilla extract. Cook over low heat an additional 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Cool. Pour into pie shell. Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Prepare a 2-egg white meringue with the pinch of salt and the granulated sugar. Spread meringue over top of pie, being careful to seal the edges. Bake in preheated oven for 10 to 12 minutes or until meringue is nicely golden brown. Remove pie from oven. Cool. Serve.

CLARA'S OLD-FASHIONED TEA CAKES (from Joanne in Texas)

2 sticks margarine
2 cups sugar
4 eggs
2 tablespoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
5 ¼ cups flour
¼ cup milk

Cream margarine and sugar. Add slightly beaten eggs and mix with margarine and sugar.

Combine baking powder, soda, and salt with flour. Gradually add the dry ingredients with the milk. Add vanilla. Mix. The dough will be fairly stiff. Chill dough several hours or overnight. Drop dough on greased or lined baking sheet with a teaspoon, or pinch off pieces of dough and roll in hands (use flour on hands) into balls; flatten slightly. Bake at 375 degrees for about 12 or 13 minutes until cookies are lightly brown on bottom. While hot, sprinkle with sugar, if desired.