

Jerry McKeivy's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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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.

J. H. Gore, TRAVELING
PHOTOGRAPHER

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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

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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

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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).*

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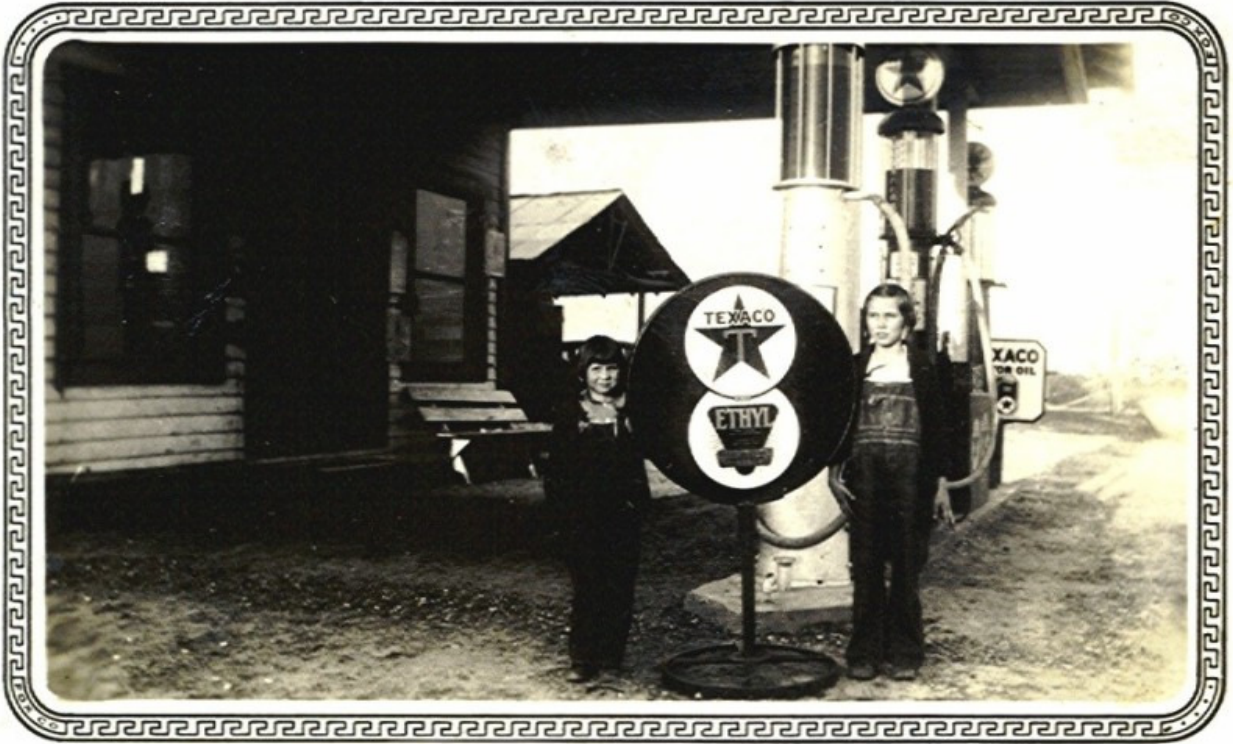
I used to walk over to play with Nell Wanda, Catherine Neal and Mary Cummings. To get to their home I had to go through a trail of deep sand. It was a pretty white sand but in the summer it was so hot you could not walk on it hardly. Of course I never wore shoes and to go play with my friends, I remembered 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.

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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.

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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

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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" 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.

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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

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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.



David Cummins sent me this photo of an 8th 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.

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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 11th and 17th 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,

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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 100th 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.