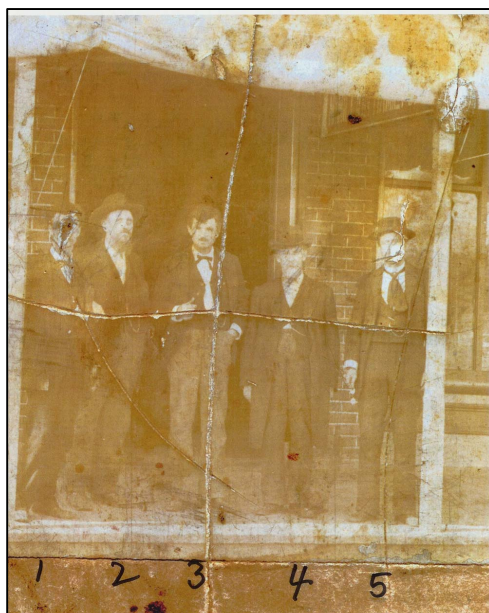



**HAMILTON- MCMILLION and CO.
Prescott, Arkansas**

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."

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

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.

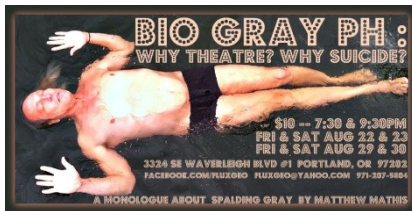
He was a FISHER KING, the WORLD'S GREATEST DAD, an ARISTOCRAT of comedy, and more.

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.”



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.