

Jerry McKelvy's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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AT AGE 103, SHE WALKED A MILE FOR CHILD'S PRESENT
(from the 7-18-1935 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Magnolia, July 20—Mrs. Sidney E. Satterwhite of Rosston, Nevada County, observed her 103rd birthday July 6, at her home a mile northwest of Rosston, and then on Wednesday, July 10, she walked to Rosston to buy a birthday present for May Lou Jarvis, the year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Jarvis, who live in the same house with her. She declared she could easily have walked back home had the family allowed her to take the exercise. Mrs. Satterwhite reads the Gazette every day. She can hardly wait until Mr. Jarvis, a Rosston merchant and her grandson-in-law, comes home with it each day. She sees well with glasses. Her hearing is impaired slightly, but otherwise she is strong and active.

Mrs. Satterwhite was born in North Carolina, July 6, 1832, and came to Arkansas just after the Civil War, in which her first husband lost his life. She has lived around Rosston 60 years. Her two children are dead. Mrs. Satterwhite has been married four times. She has been a widow 35 years. She has four grandchildren, 35 great grandchildren, and 22 great-great grand-children.



I found this grave marker at Mt. Moriah Cemetery north of Rosston, AR. The marker has no dates, but this news article gives her birth date. Several years ago, I received an email which has more information for Mrs. Satterwhite:

Sidney Elizabeth Huntley (Redfearn) (Smith) (Prim) Satterwhite; widow of Dempsey Satterwhite; mother of Mary Elizabeth Redfearn O'Keefe, wife of John Daniel O'Keefe; died July 4, 1937

If that death date is correct, Mrs. Satterwhite lacked only two days reaching age 105 which was unusual for that time.

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OLD NEWS ITEMS

One can find many interesting things by reading old newspapers. Below are some tidbits from *The Nevada County Picayune* that I jotted down as I was looking at these old papers on microfilm.

12-17-1884 (*Comments in italics are mine*)

Eggs are scarce in town at twenty-two and a half cents per dozen. (*I wonder how they handled the half cent. The U. S. did have a half cent coin minted until 1857*)

A number of towns in the state have recently passed very strong vagrant laws for the protection of their citizens against tramps and thieves. Suppose our council thinks it necessary to pass such a law, knowing that the women of Prescott are brave, and able to protect themselves?

Mr. W. B. Waller's wagon yard was crowded Tuesday night with cotton wagons from the neighborhood of Rosston. Prescott has shipped 6,000 bales of cotton. The shipment for this season will perhaps reach 9,000 bales.

1-8-1885

Five blacks and one white were "killing time on the chain gang" last Friday.

1-22-1885

The waiting room at the depot here is a reproach to the railroad authorities. It is only about 8 x 12 feet and both white and black have to crowd in together. It is not fit for a first class kennel for a pack of hounds.

1-29-1885

A sad accident occurred in the Artesian neighborhood last Monday evening. Dr. Milam's little son, Charley, was having the chills and Mrs. Milam went to give him a dose of quinine, but through mistake gave a heavy dose of morphine. The little fellow went to sleep, and after having slept some time, and his mother went to wake him up, she discovered the mistake she had made. A doctor was sent for, but Charley never waked anymore.

2-12-1885

We met our friend Jno. W. McDaniel on the streets, and he informed us that his business in town was to procure a license and he was to marry on Monday night to Miss M. A. Rocket. We hope the pathway of the young couple through this rough life may be strewn with the rarest flowers.

2-26-1885

The telegraph lines were out of order Monday and Tuesday from the sleet. The oldest inhabitants say they have never seen such a heavy sleet since 1857.

A daughter of Mr. Wm. Downs living almost four miles north of this place while burning brush in a new ground, was terribly burned. She lingered in great agony for over three

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days and died.

3-5-1885

Several citizens say they were considerably disturbed last Saturday night at a very late hour by parties who seemed to be intoxicated and indulging in loud swearing, fighting, and very indecent language. If the marshals are unable to arrest such parties and put a stop to such rioting on the streets, they should call on the citizens who would willingly render any assistance required of them.

We understand that someone is cutting country people's horses loose at night while they are at church. They should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

4-9-1885

Mr. Joseph Johnson, son of Uncle Jesse Johnson, has invented and received a patent for improved motor power. It is the slickest piece of machinery we ever saw. It can be attached to a hand car and run by one man with greater force than four men would run the old way. A cross-cut saw can be attached and run four times as fast as by hand. He claims it will run sawmill machinery with one fourth less power than the present way. He has been offered \$50,000 for the patent.

4-23-1885

Either Russia or England will eventually gobble Afghanistan, as that country somewhat resembles a bone between two hungry dogs.

Prof. John A. Ansley of Artesian reports that his school is in flourishing condition. An exchange says large mouths in sweet women are the present fashion, and the maidens who are up to snuff no longer purse up their lips in the prune and prism style. The wide, natural style of wearing the mouth is supposed to have originated with the popular belles who have pretty teeth.

5-14-1885

Croquet playing is considerably indulged in by our young people. It is an enjoyable and healthy pastime.

We learn that the city council will consider the matter of deciding that old eyesore of a depot here a nuisance as it stands in the middle of Main Street, thus blocking it up. If it is not soon removed, they will tear it down and move it themselves.

Dick White has two pretty canaries in the post office. The beautiful songsters get a lot of attention hanging just outside the window. The office here is one of the neatest in the state.

6-4-1885

Last Thursday a large bear was discovered in the oat patch on the Buchanan farm near

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Elkins Ferry. Men, guns, and dogs were rallied almost in a jiffy, and a lively chase of several hours followed before Mr. Bruin was brought to a halt by a shot from some member of the pursuing party. It weighed 300 pounds.

6-25-1885

Mr. Richmond's pet rattlesnake has donned itself a new spring suit and looks fine and fat, although it has not eaten anything except to drink a little water in nine months.

7-16-1885

Quite a number of Prescottites will attend the big barbecue at Carolina church in Jackson Township tomorrow.

Our physicians have had all they could do this past week attending the sick people in the country. The health of Prescott is exceedingly good at present, how long it will remain so with the present sanitary conditions we are unable to say.

Died at his home in Prescott, July 14, 1885, Jesse Johnson, aged 85 years, 6 months, and fourteen days....born in Randolph Co., NC on the first day of the year in 1800, which was also the first day of the week as well as the first day of the month. When 21 years of age, he moved to Clark Co., Alabama where he married. In 1841, he moved from Alabama to Arkansas, settling in Hempstead Co. about two miles from where Prescott now stands....was the founder of Artesian church where he was buried yesterday... He donated the ground upon which that church and cemetery are situated upwards of forty years ago, and at the same time selected the spot in the cemetery where he wished to be buried...

7-23-1885

Mayor Clow has popped a fifty dollar fine on two different parties for carrying concealed weapons.

Prescott needs better water facilities. The one well on West Main is not sufficient. If water could be gotten it would be a great improvement and our streets could be sprinkled every day.

Medicine ads: Bile Beans; Hosletter's Stomach Bitters; Dr. Bigger's Huckleberry Cordial; Prickly Ash Bitters.

7-30-1885

It is a good idea if the city council would purchase a dump cart and made to run a regular scavenger cart daily to cleanse our streets of all filth and rubbish.

8-6-1885

Death of Ashley DeWoody—All last week news came to town almost daily that Mr. W. A. DeWoody was at the point of death with inflammatory rheumatism and Monday afternoon, the 3rd inst., he died. Mr. DeWoody was one of the thriftiest young farmers and

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most useful citizens of this county. He was about 38 years old and being a native, had resided in this section of the state all his life.

8-27-1885

We are requested to call attention of the city authorities to those green mud holes in the Marshal Brick Yard. The citizens of the town demand that something be done with them at once as they are full of malaria. There is also a complaint made by the neighbors of the stench caused by the buckets from the jail being emptied on the vacant lot near the jail.

9-3-1885

Mr. Rambo, the station agent, informs us that an average of fifteen car loads of lumber are shipped weekly from this place.

9-10-1885

We saw a small boy selling winter grapes on the streets the other day. Muscadines and wild grapes are plentiful.

A new pony mail route has been established from here to Bourland's Store and two new post offices, Laneburg and Honeaville, are the way offices.

9-17-1885

The railroad is offering discounted rates to the St. Louis Exposition. Round trip fare is \$17.95 which includes a ticket to the Exposition for one day.

9-24-1885

Another man had to be chained on the street last week because of obstreperousness. Our city marshals know how to bring such men into subjection.

The large rattlesnake at Mr. N. T. Richmond's store has shed its outer coating for the second time this season. Although imprisoned for twelve months, it has not eaten anything at all, though it drinks water occasionally.

10-8-1885

If you wish for an easy shave;
As good as any barber gave,
Just you call at my saloon
At morn, at eve, or busy noon.
I'll cut and curl your hair with care,
I'll suit the contour of your face,
My shop is neat and razors keen,
My scissors are sharp and towels clean.
And everything I know you'll find
To suit the taste and please the mind.
Adam Frederick' Barber Shop—Prescott

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10-15-1885

Fresh oysters and lake trout at the ice house every Thursday.

11-12-1885

Boughton local news—It is thought that matrimony will rage here in a short time. Our marriageable men are rather scarce...If anyone is looking for a help-meet, we bid him come to our part of the country. We have a good number of lovely maidens whose infatuating charms and lovely smiles will capture the affections of anyone seeking perpetual bliss.

12-3-1885

Rosston Racket local news—Mr. George Hendrix and Miss Nannie Hall were united in wedlock last Sunday morning at the bride's home.... May their little troubles be no more than little bubbles on the ocean—soon burst and blown away.

12-24-1885

Boughton Bubblings local news—The Barham Bros. have put in a shingle mill in connection with their gin. It is running at full capacity and doing good work.

ANOTHER OPTION

In recent years, many people have decided on cremation instead of a traditional burial, mainly due to the cost. Cremation is less expensive than a traditional burial. Some environmentalists say cremation emits large amounts of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere and have come up with what they consider a better way to dispose of the remains of a deceased person. It is the Mushroom Death Suit.

A company called Infinity has developed a one-piece burial suit made from organic cotton which has mushroom spores sewn into the material in an unbroken spiral thread. Mushrooms act as a sponge to cleanse the body of toxins, speeds decomposition, remediates the toxins, and speeds nutrients to plants. The company says the bodies of 21st century people are exposed to all kinds of toxins which accumulate in the body.

The price of a mushroom death suit ranges from \$1000 to \$1500 with free shipping anywhere in the United States. The company also make suits for pets. Actor Luke Perry was buried in a mushroom suit at his request at a cemetery in Tennessee. A body encased in a mushroom suit can be buried as is. No casket is required unless the cemetery requires it.

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INTERESTING BIT OF HISTORY IS UNCOVERED

A bit of Civil War history never published is the story of the execution of Captain John Guynes, Company F, 23rd Texas Infantry, recited by Captain S. B. Lide, Company B, 33rd Arkansas, one of the few surviving Confederate Veterans who witnessed his death. Guynes was sentenced to death by a court martial on the charge of inciting insurrection. His execution took place in October, 1864.

A brilliant young lawyer and a leader in his section of Texas, where his family had been famous for several generations, Guynes enlisted in the Southern Army. He was engaged in a number of battles and skirmishes, all west of the Mississippi River. Early in 1864, while his regiment was stationed at a point near the Mississippi in Arkansas, an order came directing the regiment to join General Hood's forces, in Tennessee. Guynes immediately objected. He declared that his company had enlisted for service in defense of the State of Texas only; that he would fight only in Texas or to protect her borders; that it was unlawful to order the Texans across the Mississippi.

Guynes was arrested while making a speech to his company, urging them to refuse to obey the order. A court martial was hastily organized. Guynes was charged with inciting to insurrection. Trying his own cause before the court, Guynes cited the Constitution of the Confederate States and the laws of Texas in support of his position. His speech is said to have been a masterpiece of logic and eloquence. The court found him guilty as charged, and sentenced him to death.

Captain Lide declared that the whole South can boast no braver officer than Guynes. Believing himself right in principle, he preferred to face death than to submit to what he considered tyranny. His execution was delayed for many months and his friends sought executive clemency for him; but President Davis refused the pardon after thoroughly reviewing the case.

Guynes was brought to Camden Arkansas, for execution. Seated on a plank coffin in an open wagon, he was carried to the bank of the Ouachita river. The Officer in charge offered to bind his eyes with a black handkerchief, but Guynes refused. He faced the twelve executioners holding ten loaded guns, without a tremor. Head erect, hands clasped behind him, ten bullets pierced his heart.

THE EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN GUYNES

I wrote about this in a previous issue, but I've discovered more information. You can read the news story about his case. Capt. John Guynes was tried by court martial in Camden, Arkansas in 1864 during the Civil War and sentenced to death. The execution took place on the banks of the Ouachita River at Camden.

Recently, a picture of his grave marker was posted on Facebook. He was buried at Jerusalem Cemetery near Brister in Columbia County for some reason. That cemetery is about 40 miles from Camden where the execution took place. Perhaps he had family living in that area.

If you go to the Find a Grave website and do a search for him, you will find a copy of the actual court martial proceedings and some of his relatives listed.



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NOTICE

Effective January 1, 2020, *The Sandyland Chronicle* will only be published six times a year. The January-February issue should be available sometime around the end of January. I had thought seriously about stopping publication, but decided to try six issues per year to see how it goes. It takes a lot of time to do research to come up with interesting articles and I am running out of material. I started *The Sandyland Chronicle* 19 years ago and never expected it to last this long. Time seems to pass faster as we get older. I have enjoyed doing this project and have learned a lot about the history of this area. It is my feeble attempt to help preserve some of the history that could easily be forgotten.

I appreciate all the words of encouragement from readers in the past. I have no idea how many people read it online, but I have heard from people in several states who happen to come across it online while doing genealogy research on their ancestors who once lived in Nevada County or the surrounding area. All past issues are available online at <http://sandyland.dreamhosters.com>, so you can always go back and read some of the past issues again. Thanks to all who contributed articles or photos in the past. Feel free to send me any material or photos you think might be of interest to the readers.

Rainfall for October = 9.5 inches Total for year = 67.9 inches

TRIVIA QUESTIONS

1. John fell into a barranca. What did he fall into?
2. What is a person who explores caves called?
3. How many feet are in a fathom?
4. What was Abraham Lincoln dedicating when he delivered the Gettysburg Address?
5. What kind of nut is called a goober?
6. Which was the last state to be admitted to the Union?
7. By what name is William F. Cody better known?
8. Which president served the shortest period of time?
9. The Roman numeral C represent what number?
10. What was the occupation of the seven dwarfs?

Answers: 1. gully 2. spelunker 3. six 4. cemetery 5. peanut 6. Hawaii 7. Buffalo Bill 8. William Henry Harrison (32 days) 9. 100 10. miners

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Marbles -- by Don Mathis

When I was a kid, I loved playing marbles. All my friends had marbles and we would play “keepsies.” And since all my friends were Army brats like myself, I collected marbles from all over the U.S., Germany, Africa, England, and the Orient.

My favorites would shift from the bumblebee, the cat’s eye, the spaghetti, or the ocean. I would never play for keeps with my favorites. The steelie was (I found out later) just a ball bearing. But I could aim with such accuracy (and shoot with such force), I could crack my opponent’s marble. The cleary could be any color; it looked like the surface of the moon if you held it up to the light.

“Poison” was the most popular game. After you got into the pit, you were poison; you got to shoot at opponent’s marbles. If you hit one, they were out of the game – and you got to keep their marble! If you missed, someone else got a chance to become poison.

I had several styles of shooting marbles. I could make a tripod with my left hand to brace my right-hand trigger fingers if the target was a foot or two away. Or put my knuckle on the ground for a low shot. Once I became poison, I was deadly.

The only person who could beat me consistently was my brother. And after the match, he would trade the shooters that I had lost back to me.

I keep my keepers in a jar by the east window in my home – my shiny shelf – so they catch the morning light coming through. There must be 200 marbles; and each one has a story inside.

The clay, the wood, the stone, the ceramic, and all the different kinds of glass marbles; I keep them all. And contrary to popular belief, I never lost my marbles. Even after 60 years, I know exactly where they are.

