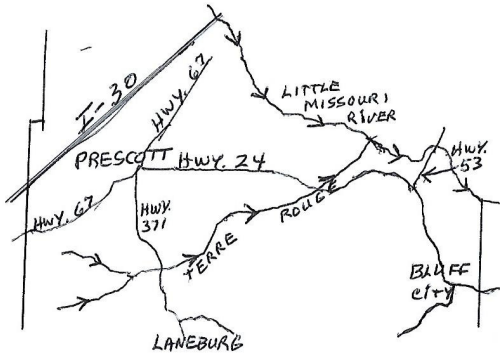


Jerry McKelvy's
WAY BACK WHEN
May, 2024

TERRE ROUGE



One of the main creeks that flows through Nevada County is Terre Rouge Creek. It empties into the Little Missouri River which is the northern boundary of Nevada County. The word “terre” means land and the word “rouge” means red. That’s where the name “Redland” comes from which is the name of a community

near the creek.

You will still see signs along the highway identifying the creek as Terre Rouge, but locally it is known as Carouse creek (pronounced “ka roose” or “crews”). It has been called that for many, many years and that pronunciation has been passed down from one generation to the next.

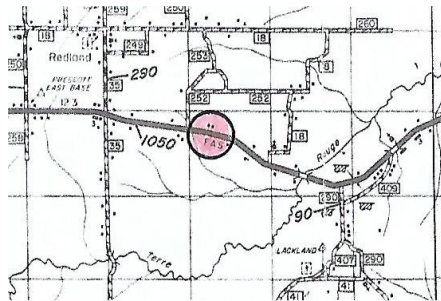
The earliest reference I could find for the word “Carouse” was a local news item in 1885 that says Dr. J. N. Snell caught a 90-pound catfish out of the Carouse creek. The main road leading from Laneburg to Prescott crosses Terre Rouge Creek and that spot for many years was a problem for people trying to get to Prescott. The creek sometimes flooded and the levee always caused problems for wagons and early automobiles.

The main road from Prescott east toward Camden also has to cross Terre Rouge Creek and that spot also caused problems during high water. At one time, there must have been a ferry at that crossing because it was known as White’s Ferry up until about 1914.

One incident at the White’s Ferry crossing was reported in the newspaper in February, 1914. Nevada County sheriff Dillard and his deputy named Holloway were on their way to Lackland with the tax books to assess property. They were accompanied by Algje Dillard, C. B. Andrews of the Picayune newspaper, and Ben Johnson of the Nevada News in two wagons. A new bridge had been constructed over the creek, but they had to cross high water to reach the bridge due to recent flooding. The sheriff’s wagon got caught on

WAY BACK WHEN

a stump and the horses became agitated. Mr. Algie Dillard managed to ride to them and unhook the horses from the wagon. Nobody got hurt in the incident and they managed to keep the tax books dry, but I'm sure they were very cold since this happened in February. They managed to get to Lackland to the home of John Benton where they could get warm and get a good meal. A post office called Carouse existed from 1859 to 1890. I found one application for postmaster of the Carouse post office dated in 1888. John Crowell was the applicant for postmaster. The location given was the NW ¼ of Section 15 (see map below). The office was to serve 300 customers.



The community known as Carouse had a few local news columns in 1889 published in the Nevada County Picayune.

Apr. 24, 1889

Carouse Chat.

Farmers are up with their work. Fish had better look out.

Corn is looking well. Range very good. Cotton is coming up.

Bill McCoy had better do more shooting and less laughing next time he charges the turkey.

Mr. R. G. Gibbons has made some threats I should not like, if I was a turkey. Mr. John Bryson surely thinks he is a splendid marksman, to shoot at a turkey's head.

We have no town to boast of at Carouse, but we have good health, good neighbors, good schools, good preachers, good water, and good summer range, so we consider Carouse a fast place, at last.

PLAIN TALK.

May 22, 1889

Carouse Chat.

Rather dry, but pleasant.

Oats would be the better with rain. Other crops look well.

If you want to know how it feels to fall in the creek, ask Billy Franklin.

Mr. J. F. Riggs is a finished horse-trader now. He has got "Snip" back and proposes to quit trading.

The old saying is, a dry May for a good crop year. Push up, farmers; plough deep and often through the dry.

Some of our brave young men carry their guns with them when they go in the woods they are so much afraid of snipes.

Mr. J. A. Bean has been snaking out his cotton; he dragged out one large rattle-snake. I advise him to make another drag if he thinks there is danger of any more being there.

The organ at Mr. J. H. Bryson's, or the performer, attracts the attention of Mr. U.,—he goes up there every Sunday morning. That is all right, George, that will do awhile.

Mr. W. F. Wells wants to know how to ask a girl to marry him; he says that he surely doesn't ask the right question, as they always say "no" when he attempts to present matrimony to them. PLAIN TALK.

WAY BACK WHEN

June 19, 1889 Carouse Chat.

No sickness in the neighborhood. Cotton beginning to look well, and growing fast.

Farmers are all very busy since the rains. Corn most all laid by.

A petition has been sent up to move Carouse postoffice to Curtis' mill.

There will soon be plenty of fruit and berries—prospects were never better at this season of the year.

The singing at the Wire Road school house on the evening of the second Sunday, was well conducted by Mr. L. D. Riddling.

There is some talk of building an M. P. church in this neighborhood. Talk will not do the work, but let us build it.

PLAIN TALK.

Carouse Chat.

Crops fine. **July 3, 1889**

Health good.

Weather very fine.

Plenty of work to do yet.

Our first cotton bloom June 22^d.

Mr. T. P. Curtis will take charge of the Carouse postoffice soon—successor to A. J. Bolls.

Farmers are getting through working their crops, and many of them will begin building and repairing their houses soon.

The songsters had quite a lively time at Shady Grove, on the 4th, after preaching at 11 a. m., by Rev. W. R. Barham; dinner on the ground.

PLAIN TALK.

So, we see that in addition to Terre Rouge Creek (known as Carouse Creek), there was also a post office and community called Carouse in Redland Township.



Logging Road in Terre Rouge Creek bottom -- 1996

WAY BACK WHEN



Deer hunters decided they needed access to both sides of Terre Rouge Creek, so they constructed this four-wheeler bridge. (Photo taken in 1996)

The name Terre Rouge is not the only name to be corrupted by local pronunciation. In Clark County, there is a creek called Terre Noir which the locals called “Turn War” creek.

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION

Don Mathis sent me this article which may be the cause of the unusual weather in 1816, often called “the year without a summer”.

It happened more than two centuries ago, but its impact remains enormous. Historians have credited the infamous “year without a summer” of 1816, at least indirectly, with the invention of the bicycle and the writing of the classic novel “Frankenstein.”

In April of 1815, Mount Tambora exploded in a powerful eruption that killed tens of thousands of people on the Indonesian island of Sumbawa. The following year became known as the “year without a summer” when unusually cold, wet conditions swept across Europe and North America.

Since 1913, researchers have suggested that the two events were linked. Now a new study shows that the cold summer temperatures of 1816 wouldn’t have been possible without the volcanic eruption. The research published Tuesday in the journal [Environmental Research Letters](#).

The immediate effects of the volcano resulted in mass destruction. The eruption, the flows that came from it and the related tsunamis destroyed homes and claimed 10,000 lives. Another 80,000 would die from disease that spread in the aftermath.

“The eruption of Mount Tambora in April 1815 was among the most explosive of the last millennium,” said Andrew Schurer, lead study author and research associate at the University of Edinburgh’s School of Geosciences. “It had an enormous impact locally, devastating the island of Sumbawa.”

WAY BACK WHEN

The tremendous amount of material ejected by the volcano contributed to the global impact that followed.

“The eruption injected a huge amount of sulphur dioxide into the stratosphere, which would have quickly spread across the world, oxidizing to form sulphate aerosols,” Schurer said. “These volcanic aerosols reduce net shortwave radiation causing widespread, long lasting surface cooling. They also lead to a reduction in global rainfall, while wetting some dry regions and causing dynamic changes in the large-scale circulation of both ocean and atmosphere.”

The global temperature dropped between one and three degrees Celsius. It was the coldest year in at least the last 250 years, according to the study. Each season showed temperature anomalies, but the summer was the most drastic change, with the coldest recorded mean summer temperature for Europe between 1766 and 2000.

In the summer of 1816, cold, wet conditions in central and Western Europe and even North America led to crop failure, the death of livestock and famine. [New England](#) saw snow and “killing frost.” Cloud cover kept the skies dreary. It was called the “last great subsistence crisis in the Western World.”

[Previous research](#) has even suggested that the heavy clouds and rainfall from the eruption contributed to Napoleon’s defeat at Waterloo three months later in Belgium.

For more information on this you can check out this link:

<https://www.cnn.com/2019/09/17/world/tambora-eruption-year-without-summer-scn/index.html>

Saint Bernadine – by Don Mathis

(Bernadine Walker Mathis Gillespie – Jan. 24, 1925-Feb. 18, 2010)

Mom helped her dad at Walker’s Texaco during the Great Depression. She would pump gas and serve soda-water to travelers along the roads of the Arkansas Oil Boom.

During World War II, she worked as a clerk at Harrell Field, an Army Air Corps training center outside Camden. She always kept a little wrench on her keychain and a wooden lamp (made from an airplane propeller) on her desk – mementos from friends who were flight repairmen or pilots.

But to me, Mom’s main job was raising five boys. Jeff was born (1949) at Fort Clayton in the Panama Canal Zone. I was born two years later (1951) at Brooke Army Hospital near San Antonio.

Daddy went off to the Korean War in 1953. After his return, Benny was born in Hot Springs (1956), Ted in Little Rock (1958), and Matthew in Killeen, Texas (1960).

The Army reassigned Daddy every two years; recruiting for the Army kept him busy. And moving every 24 months kept Mom busy; packing and unpacking, downsizing all the time.

Mom would make breakfast for all seven of us every morning, pack our lunches for school, and deliver a full-course dinner every evening. She washed the dishes, scrubbed the floors, and made a house a home.

WAY BACK WHEN

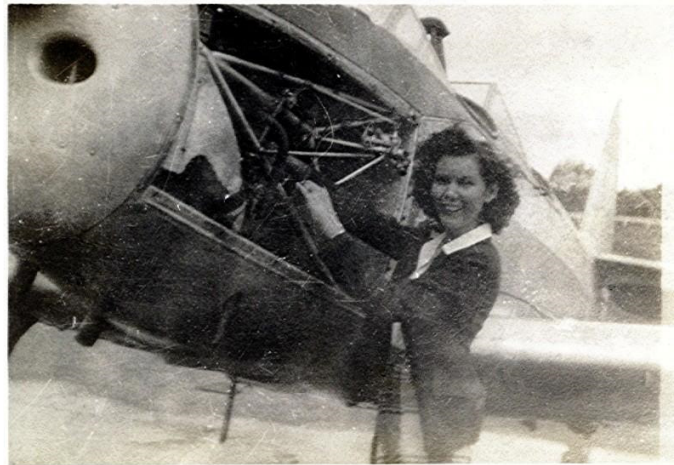
She was a peace-maker; sibling rivalry was calmed and replaced with fairness. My friends loved my Mom; she treated everyone nice. Years later, other friends named her “Saint Bernadine” because she was so outgoing, so pleasant, and so positive.

After Ted and Matt had entered school, Mom got a job at Robert G. Cole Junior/Senior High School, where Jeff and I attended. At first, I was embarrassed that Mom worked in the cafeteria, but my friends loved her! And she won everyone over with her treats like celery sticks and peanut butter – nutritious and delicious!

After my youngest brothers entered junior high, Mom got a job as the secretary at MacArthur Park Church of Christ in San Antonio. She loved it, and they loved her! She could do the Lord’s work *and* bring home a paycheck. I think doing the former gave her the most fulfillment.

Although she retired from church in the 1990s, she now works full-time for the Lord. I envision her in heaven, watching over her loved ones below. And I strive to be a better person because of it.

Happy Mother’s Day, Mom!



1944 - Bernadine Walker - Harrell Field, Camden, Arkansas

