

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

Vol. 4 – No. 12

December, 2004

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

Prescott, Arkansas today is a fairly peaceful town with a population of 3,686. It is not very often that a serious crime occurs. But it was not always like this. Prescott's early history is filled with accounts of lawlessness including many gunfights in the streets. Liquor was prohibited, but seemed to be readily available in town. There seemed to be a strong connection between the availability of liquor and the amount of crime.

Finally in 1908, the law-abiding citizens of Prescott decided something must be done. They held a mass meeting of the citizens at the opera house to discuss the situation. About 400 of the best citizens showed up and out of this meeting came the Law and Order Committee.

Hon. T. C. McRae was made chairman of the meeting and admitted that the situation had reached the point of crisis, but urged that any steps taken be done in a lawful manner. W. V. Thompkins admitted that more than 10 men had confessed to buying whiskey in Prescott, and he urged those men to come forward like men and tell what they knew. Other addresses were made by H. B. McKenzie, Dr. Guthrie, O. S. Jones, James Thomas, W. A. Hatley, T. H. Ware, T. D. Scott, J. H. Riggin, Horace Jewell, M. W. Greeson, and W. C. Watson.

A resolution was unanimously passed to form a law and order committee. Those selected for the committee were H. E. Bemis, M. W. Greeson, O. S. Jones, J. M. Pittman, J. S. Regan, P. S. Harrell, and John A. Davis. The meeting was very enthusiastic and well attended. Most stores were closed, school was dismissed, and those present seemed determined to bring about a better order to things.

The incident which was "the straw that broke the camel's back" was the attack on A. H. Tardy, a lumberman who had been in Prescott for about a year. He was attacked twice near the city park in one night.

Things seemed to improve after the Law and Order Committee was formed. The newspaper stated, "Everything is remarkably quiet in municipal circles. The mass meeting of Thursday afternoon seems to have had the effect of producing in the minds of everyone, even those who have heretofore favored an open town, that it was a good time to begin an era of reform, and from henceforth there is little doubt but what a different condition will exist. The confession of parties that were guilty of violating the liquor laws and the pledge to do so no more is taken in all sincerity by our people and no one doubts that they will keep it."

The committee backed by the city council agreed to see that the law against violating the Sabbath would be strictly enforced. The council planned to enact rules that would permit certain necessities to be sold, such as ice, bread, fresh meats, and drugs.

In the matter of gambling, the officials of the Law and Order Committee will be alert and end this violation just as vigilantly as they expect to stop the sale of whiskey.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The investigation into the attack of Mr. Tardy will continue and the committee will show no quarter in prosecuting the matter to the fullest extent.

Everyone, even the whiskey men themselves, are glad of the new order of things, for we cannot believe that any man who expects to make Prescott his home, wants to see the town pass through many such periods of lawlessness as has characterized the past few weeks. Citizens are encouraged to assist the committee in making Prescott a decent and law-abiding town.

A SPLENDID COMMITTEE

Our people are perfectly satisfied with the Law and Order Committee that was appointed by Chairman McRae yesterday. These men may be trusted to see that the laws of our city are strictly enforced and they are the kind of men who will give every consideration to one's rights, and at the same time see that the law is upheld. The effects of yesterday's mass meeting will be felt in Prescott for many years to come, and the man who can't see an end to the lawlessness here must indeed be blind.

IT MUST HAVE WORKED

Night Marshal Sam Weaver suffered last night from a big case of lonesomeness. He says that from midnight until 5 o'clock, there was not a soul on the street, and he felt almost as lonely as if he had been lost in the Little Missouri River bottoms. Not even a dog paced across the streets and nothing save the distant crowing of wakeful roosters broke the awful stillness of the silent night. He welcomed as gladly as he ever did the first streaks of dawn, as the light fell upon the town, and brought forth a day that was to be the beginning of an era of peace and lawfulness for the citizens of Prescott.

TRIVIA MATCHING TEST (answers on page 7)

- _____ 1. Trigger
- _____ 2. Champion
- _____ 3. Target
- _____ 4. Traveler
- _____ 5. Cincinnati
- _____ 6. Buttermilk
- _____ 7. Ruth
- _____ 8. Silver
- _____ 9. Tornado
- _____ 10. Topper
- _____ 11. Scout
- _____ 12. Bucephalus
- _____ 13. Buck

- A.- Tonto's horse
- B.- Gen. Ulysses S. Grant's horse
- C.- Alexander the Great's horse
- D.- Zorro's horse
- E.- Annie Oakley's horse
- F.- Lone Ranger's horse
- G.- Roy Rogers' horse
- H.- Gen. Robert E. Lee's horse
- I.- Matt Dillon's horse
- J.- Gene Autry's horse
- K.- Festus Hagan's mule
- L.- Dale Evans' horse
- M.- Hopalong Cassidy's horse

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

OLD BETSY

(this article found on microfilm—date about 1910)

One of the most celebrated relics of Camden is a cannon which has been called “Old Betsy” from such an early date that her sponsors are unknown. This cannon was captured by the Union army of Washington, Arkansas and brought to Camden soon after the surrender. At that time, 1866, there was a camp of Union soldiers stationed at the View and Old Betsy was not highly prized as a trophy of war, but was used for firing salutes. When the camp was broken and the troops ordered away, Capt. H. H. Crews of the 34th Illinois Infantry presented the cannon to Mr. W. K. Ramsey who promptly forgot about it.

From that time on, Old Betsy had a strenuous life, for she fell into the hands of the politicians. When the Republicans were successful, “Betsy’s” voice would make the welkin ring. This happened often enough to arouse the ire of Jack Simmons, a good old Democratic darkey, who carried her off under cover of darkness and sunk her in the river. Some months afterwards, during a stage of low water, she was rescued and brought back in time to proclaim the news of Cleveland’s election. Then she settled down quietly, not even being heard from on the 4th of July, until the new court house was built. Then, to add the finishing touch to the beauty of the surroundings, she was stationed at the northwest corner of the building. Here she was formally presented to the city of Camden by Mr. W. K. Ramsey in one of his witty, characteristic speeches at a band concert. It was thought then that her wanderings were ended, but she disappeared again and has lately been found minus her wheels. A movement is on foot to plant her firmly on a concrete base on the court house lawn.

The following is from the October, 1992 issue of *The Old Time Chronicle*

Old Betsy served as Camden’s “city cannon” from 1866 until 1932. It had been confiscated by the Yankees at Washington, Arkansas and somehow wound up in Camden with a unit of Federal troops. Capt. H. H. Crews gave it to W. K. Ramsey, a prominent banker. The cannon was used for the lowly task of announcing victories by the invading carpetbaggers in political races.

One morning Old Betsy was gone, spirited away in the dark by a loyal Democrat who was tired of hearing her put to such use by the hated Republicans. The crime was allegedly done by a black man named Jack Simmons, who took it to the river and sunk it.

The new courthouse was completed in the 1870s and the cannon literally resurfaced again during a time of low water and was placed on the northwest corner of the courthouse square after being presented to the city with much fanfare. Now it was towed to the school grounds where loud booms would announce Democratic winners in political races. Some folks didn’t like it and the cannon was swiped again and was later found without its wheels. A concrete base was poured at the courthouse and she was placed on it, hopefully for good.

It was there until 1932 when Franklin D. Roosevelt defeated Herbert Hoover. The cannon again disappeared during the city’s celebration.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The article included this account from an article in *The Camden News* of January 3, 1970:

“A group of hilarious young Democrats loaded Old Betsy on a pickup truck, bought themselves a lot of gunpowder, got scads of old newspapers, and hauled it to Coker’s Landing on the river on East Washington Street, which served as the boat landing at that time.

“Time after time, Betsy was loaded and set off with a kerosene torch. After the whole town had been shaken and awakened, there was a lot of black powder left and so the leaders decided to set off ‘a big one for FDR’ and the Democratic victory. All the powder was crammed into the barrel of the cannon and it was rammed home. Then the torch was applied. What happened next no one who was there will admit nor will they even say who they were. But Old Betsy had had it. The powder was too much for its old iron sides. It blew into a million pieces, scattering bits of iron across the river and into buildings as far uptown as Proctor’s and Lide’s (later Snow Hardware). The young Democrats scattered too, because they feared the wrath of the few beloved UDC members who were still alive and they knew that all the King’s horses and all the King’s men could not put Old Betsy back again.

“How that group of FDR backers escaped injury was a miracle. Anyway, Old Betsy had a glorious demise.”

FLEA MARKETS

I went to a flea market and bought a Thing-ma-jig, and when my wife sees what I bought, she’ll flip her wig.

She’ll say, “What is that thing and what does it do?” And I’ll say, “I’ll be darned if I know, I was gonna ask you”.

Our old house is chucked full of junk we have no use for, but when I go to a Flea Market, I’m always buying more.

I guess we will have to move out of the house and into a shed. If I keep buying more junk, I won’t have room for my bed.

I can’t pass up a good bargain when I know it’s cheap. My wife says I’m nuts in my head and she calls me a creep.

I guess that I’m queer and I’m probably off my head, but I’ll keep on collecting junk till I drop over dead.

I have some prize goodies and it’s not all junk that I’ve got. If you keep on buying, you’re bound to hit the jackpot.

Don’t smile when you’re buying or your feelings reveal. He’ll think it’s too cheap and you won’t make a deal.

When you go to a Flea Market, please follow my advice—Never pay what they ask because you can get it for half price.

One time I went to a market and came home with a horse and my wife says, “With you I’ve had it. I’m getting a divorce.”

My dog likes Flea Markets and he says, “Take me please.” He thinks it’s a Pea Market and waters the trees.

If you’ve never been to a Flea Market, give it a try. For everything you don’t need, that’s the place to buy.

=== W. L. Schrader==

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



A Singing School at Bluff City in the early 1920s

If you have connections to the Bluff City area, you might have an ancestor in this picture. Too bad we are not able to identify all of them. This picture belonged to Mrs. Elsie Moore Beaver who at age 87 was able to identify a few of these people:

Of the six older girls in the front row, Mrs. Beaver identified Nellie Morgan, Sula Nichols, Dovie Black, Minnie Harvey, and Gladys Hildebrand. One girl was not identified.

Second row left to right: ____; Helen Harvey; Myrtle Martin; ____; ____; ____; ____; Ruby Carter; Gussie Byrd; Elsie Mae Moore; Blanche Henry; ____; Marie Hildebrand

Third row left to right: ____; ____; Bill Nichols; Dennis Walker; rest were not identified.

In the back half of picture, Mrs. Beaver was able to identify these: Girl in center with ribbon in hair—Elsie Moore (this is Mrs. Beaver, the lady who had this picture); tall boy —Loyce Starnes; top left with tie—Arlis Moore (Mrs. Beaver's brother); top left by boy holding onto post—Olive Henry; white shirt and tie with large head in top right of photo—Leroy Martin

I have this picture blown up to cover a full page which makes the people easier to identify. If you have an ancestor in the picture and would like a full page copy, let me know. The cost is \$1.00.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

A GIFT TO OLD SOUTH CHURCH from the book "500 Little Known Stories from American History"

In Sterling, Massachusetts lived Mary Sawyer, who went to the barn one morning and found that two little lambs had been born in the night. One of them was so weak and small that her father said there was no use to try to raise it, but Mary's tender heart pitied the tiny creature and she begged her father to let her try to save it. He gave it to her, promising her it should be her own. So she wrapped it up, fed it, and watched over it, and the lamb lived. It became such a pet that it followed her everywhere she went and even went with her to school one day. There a young man saw it, and wrote the verse:

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That lamb was sure to go.

The lamb lived for several years, and then one day, a cow with sharp horns tossed it into the air while playing with it, and it fell bleeding at Mary's feet and died. Mary took the fleece and made yarn of it, which she sold to various people, and it brought in a total of sixty dollars, which she gave to the Old South Church in Boston.

Criminal Court Docket for July, 1925 term of Circuit Court of Nevada Co.

Cases to be tried:

Names were given, but are not printed here to protect the innocent (or guilty).

Murder in the first degree	Possession of a still
Assenting to receipt of deposits in a bank which was in a failing condition	Transporting liquor
Carrying weapons	Selling liquor
Wife abandonment	Assault to kill
Burglary	Breach of peace
Possession of a pistol	Cutting trees unlawfully
Making mash	Carrying away logs unlawfully
Making liquor	Grand larceny
	Selling property subject to a lien

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THE WILD MAN OF LITTLE MISSOURI BOTTOMS

This article appeared in the November 30, 1944 issue of *The Nevada News*:

A mysterious hermit, clad in tatters of clothing, was apprehended Sunday in the Little Missouri River bottoms about eight miles north of Prescott by Duncie McLelland and marched to Nubbin Hill. Mr. McLelland notified Sheriff Curtis D. Ward, who brought the man to the county jail. The hermit, about 32 years old, weighs 160 pounds, is five feet ten inches tall, of fair complexion and heavy beard, and except for being thin, seems to be in good health. He has been seen by farmers in the community for over a year, but always fled when approached. His clothing, in shreds except for an Army overcoat, was replaced with good clothing by Mr. Ward. He wore a belt of skins of two rattlesnakes, and carried a bottle of matches, a skillet, pocket knife, and a can of baking soda.

Fingerprints and photographs of the hermit are being sent to Washington and when questioned by the Federal Bureau of Investigation, State Police, and sheriff's officers, he would only nod and shake his head. On Tuesday morning, when taken by Mr. Ward to a barber shop for a shave, he spoke his first word. The sheriff, as they left the barber shop, asked him if he would like a cup of coffee and he said "Yes, I would".

On further questioning Tuesday afternoon, Sheriff Ward discovered his name was Lonnie Ellwood, that he remembered registering for the draft at his post office in Summerfield in Leflore Co., Oklahoma. He said his mother, Mrs. Virginia Ellwood, was living there when he left soon after his registration. He said that as a boy he was sent to an asylum, and that he "signed the wrong government check" four or five years ago and had been living in the woods since that time. He said he started at Polo, Oklahoma, crossing the mountains there, that he found officers and other people were in for him, so he left the highway and took to the woods, living on berries, persimmons, turtles, squirrels, and vegetables from gardens. When questioned about high water in the bottoms, he said the only time he was in danger was last winter, when the water was so high he was forced to remain in a tree for three or four days with water up to his shoulders, and his only food was raw corn.

Ellwood is apparently harmless, stating that he did not want "to get in anybody's way". He said he had grown afraid of every living person as everyone either shot at him or spoke unkindly to him. He has offered no resistance to officers.

Sheriff Ward stated Ellwood would be turned over to Federal authorities in the next two or three days, and that he had wired the State office in Oklahoma to check on his registration.

Mr. Ward estimated approximately one thousand people have visited the jail to see the so-called "wild man".

Answers to trivia test on page 2: 1 – G; 2 – J; 3 – E; 4 – H; 5 – B; 6 – L; 7 – K; 8 – F; 9 – D; 10 – M; 11 – A; 12 – C; 13 – I

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

LAURA BUSH'S COWBOY COOKIES

This is an adaptation (1/3 of the original recipe). Texans think big, you know.

1 cup all purpose flour	1/2 cup packed light brown sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder	1 egg
1 teaspoon baking soda	1/3 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon cinnamon	1 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
1/3 teaspoon salt	1 cup old fashioned rolled oats
1/2 cup butter (at room temperature)	2/3 cup sweetened flake coconut
1/2 cup granulated sugar	2/3 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mix flour, baking powder, soda, cinnamon, and salt in bowl. In another bowl, beat butter on medium speed until smooth and creamy (1 minute). Gradually beat in sugar and beat to combine (2 minutes). Beat in egg and vanilla. Stir in flour mixture until just combined. Add chocolate chips, oats, coconut, and pecans. Drop on un-greased baking sheet and bake until lightly browned on edges. May need to rotate sheets halfway through baking. Remove cookies to wire rack to cool.

JINGLE BELL FUDGE

12 oz Butterscotch chips
1/2 c Chunky peanut butter
2/3 c Sweetened condensed milk
1/2 c Walnuts (chopped)

Combine butterscotch chips and peanut butter in top of double boiler on medium heat. Cook until butterscotch melts; remove from water. Stir until blended; add milk and stir just until blended. Spread in foil-lined 8-inch square pan. Press chopped walnuts into surface, if desired, and chill until firm. Cut into 1-inch squares.

7 LAYER MAGIC BARS

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1 14 oz. can sweetened condensed milk
1 cup butterscotch flavored chips
1 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
1 1/2 cups coconut
1 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees (325 for glass pan). Line 13 x 9 baking pan with sheet of foil making sure sides are covered well. Place butter in pan and melt in oven. Sprinkle crumbs over butter. Pour condensed milk evenly on top of crumbs. Top with remaining ingredients in order listed. Press down firmly with fork. Bake 25 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool. Chill if desired. Cut into bars. Store covered at room temperature.