

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Jerry McKelvy, Editor

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***** <http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/> *****



Another year has come and gone. The staff of *The Sandyland Chronicle* (which is me) wishes you a Happy New Year. Let me know if you have an old item (picture, article, poem, good recipe, etc. you would like included in this publication. I'm always on the lookout for new (or old) material.

This old postcard was addressed to my aunt, Miss Beulah McKelvy, Cale, Arkansas and was from Esther McKelvy, her sister. There is no message on the card and no post mark or stamp, so I assume it was just something she may have picked up at a store and maybe just handed it to her sister instead of mailing it. They may have even been living in the same house. I know in their later years, three sisters (Esther, Mattie, and Beulah) lived together in the Rocky Hill Community of Nevada County, Arkansas. Esther and Beulah never married, but spent the early part of their lives taking care of their ailing mother who lived with them. After Mattie's husband died, she moved back home and lived with her sisters. They lived in a small frame house, grew a large vegetable garden with hand labor, and kept a few farm animals to supply milk, butter, and eggs. They loved for someone to stop by and visit with them because hardly anyone passed by their house except for the mail carrier. They didn't have an automobile and no telephone service until later years. It was only about a quarter of a mile to Rocky Hill Methodist church and I'm sure they walked there most Sundays. Their house was sold and moved after their death and the old home place has gone back to nature. The McKelvy sisters are buried side by side at Ebenezer Cemetery and share a common headstone.

Mattie McKelvy Clark
Born Nov. 28, 1891
Died June 16, 1983

Esther McKelvy
Born Nov. 7, 1893
Died July 25, 1968

Beulah McKelvy
Born Dec. 30, 1902
Died Oct. 13, 1982

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WALKING ACROSS AMERICA IN 1908 (from the 4-9-1908 issue of The Nevada News)

Al Edwards and H. C. Clary of Los Angeles, California came through Prescott on a walking tour across the United States as part of a \$5000 wager from an athletic association to which they belong. They left Los Angeles October 10, 1907 and plan to walk across the country ending at the World Building in New York City on June 25, 1908. They have already walked some 3200 miles of the 4900 mile journey. They left home without a cent of money and are under contract to neither beg, steal, or accept any charity or accept any rides of any kind. They earn their way by selling furniture polish which provides expense money.

They are both nice looking gentlemen and have not been sick one day since leaving home. They each are wearing their third pair of heavy shoes and will need a fourth pair in a few days. To complete the trip on time, they must average 20 miles per day, but some days they cover as much as 30 or 40 miles.

They reached Prescott from Hope at noon, ate dinner, rested awhile, and at 2:00 p.m. they were strolling north along the railroad track. They carry no baggage, but keep their clothes in sanitary condition by leaving one batch at a laundry and receive a fresh supply previously shipped to them. The soiled clothes are left to be washed and sent to them at another town along their route. They have no doubt of being able to complete their journey on time and are looking forward to receiving \$2500 each from the athletic association to which they belong.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART 8) The Story of the Irvin Family near Bluff City, Arkansas in the 1920's

This is a continuation of the section entitled "Going Abroad"

Our livelihood, in the old days, depended to a great extent on certain if not all the farm animals. A farmer's well-being was closely correlated with that of his livestock. And so it would not do justice to some of the more intelligent ones if we did not mention a few episodes concerning mostly them.

Our grandma Ridling lived in the Cale community on the other side of Caney Creek. We usually visited her once or twice a year as infrequently as Papa could arrange it. Grandma and Papa didn't see eye to eye on hardly anything. Out of five, he was her only country bumpkin son-in-law, the only one who didn't have sense enough to pour piss out of a boot or come in out of the rain. She tried to cause as much trouble as possible between Mama and Papa and their arguments to and from her house attested to her success. Their shouting and jawing at each other was usually the most interesting part of the trip home. The one exception, as I recall, was when old Bill shoved Daisy into the creek.

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Our team was that in name only. We hitched them together at the wagon like a team, but they did not work very well together. Bill was a little, long-eared, brown Arkansas mule. He and Papa had been together, but not necessarily friends, since long before Mama came into their lives. He was a cantankerous and stubborn cuss, but wise always where it paid to be so. Much of Papa's cautiousness was inherited from old Bill. Daisy was a little, nervous red mare, even smaller than Bill. She didn't have hardly any sense and was apt to get killed or bad hurt if you left her alone where she could fall into a well or get tangled in the gear or maybe cut up in barb wire fences. You had to watch out for her all the time. Her only spark of intelligence was a mortal fear of Old Bill. He despised her, stole her food, and did all manner of evil against her. She trembled in his presence and shrank from him if he pointed his long ears in her direction. He could point his ears in any direction without moving his head at all. This was his method of indicating the object of his attention. She knew this and more, that any concern he might have in her boded strictly no good. So, she cringed and trembled and strove to remain as inconspicuous as possible.

Bill and Daisy managed to pull us along in the wagon toward grandma's house as far as the Caney Creek bridge without any mishap. But neither Papa nor Bill had wanted to make the trip in the first place. They were both spoiling for trouble. The creek bridge was long but not much wider than the wagon with no guard rails on either side. Its bed at the deepest place was eight or ten feet below the bridge and almost dry at this time of year.

Old Bill never did like the right hand side of any bridge-- that's the side he worked, and the edge was much more dangerous looking on his side. He was dubious of each plank and distrustful of every little nail hole in the bridge. He was naturally that way even when he was in good humor. So, when he came to the foot of the bridge this day, he threw back his ears this way and that and then stopped stock still and wouldn't budge another inch. Papa reared and kicked and stormed until poor Daisy, trembling with fright, dragged all of us out to about the mid-point. Here, old Bill threw his ears to three o'clock low, got a good toe hold, and started to push and shove with all his might. He had spotted a knot hole hard on the right. It was good night Daisy—she never had a chance. Into the brink she went, harness and all. By the time Bill realized what had happened, it was nearly too late to save himself. He had forgotten they were chained together at the collars. He rose swiftly to the occasion, hooked his heels in a crack, and pulled back for dear life while Daisy's hind feet literally dangled, barely touching the creek bed. It was the funniest sight you ever saw two animals in—she hanging by her head, their collars had rammed down over their ears, and he nearly tearing his old head off trying to keep from being pulled in after her.

During the commotion, all of us kids started to scatter and scream until finally Papa was galvanized into action. He leaped from the spring seat with knife in hand and began to cut and slash the harness, the reins, the hame strings, the belly and back bands—everything until nothing was left tying them together. Then he led poor miserable Daisy up out of the creek bed onto the road while Bill stood nonplussed there in the middle of the bridge. All alone he stood—nobody on the bridge, nobody in the wagon, no one to argue with—not yet anyhow, but his time was coming. So quietly now, deliberately, Papa walked into the woods, cut a good sized club, came slowly back and beat the living daylight out of Old Bill. But I'll say this for that mule—he took it like a man. He never groveled nor flinched. He knew he had it

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coming and, if he got more than his dues, he could bide his time. There would come another day and another bridge to cross.

Some years following this episode, Papa decided it was time for him to get a real honest to goodness pair of mules. Now he didn't just go out to the stock yard like you or I might have done to buy or trade for a pair of mules. He didn't believe in doing things the easy way. He believed there was more gratification in working toward a goal than in gaining it and the longer it took, the better he liked it. So, he went out and acquired a big, beautiful, broad-backed mare. Her name was Bess. She was kind and gentle and we adored her and treated her like one of the family. She loved to pick our pockets and eat out of our hands and it was not unusual for two or three of us children to be on her back at once. As I recall, there is a picture in the old family album showing all five of us aboard her. She tried but could not make a Christian out of Old Bill—nobody could do that. Still, she handled him like none of us ever could and as the years went by, he gained a healthy respect for her teeth as well as her heels. He could not help being a reprobate, but she would make him go all the way to the back of the pasture to push down fences or chase calves. While in her lot, he had to behave like a gentleman. She knew that he was none of her kinfolk. She couldn't stand the sight of a jackass even when she was in heat. In fact, we were proud of her moral standards and concurred in her dislike for the ugly jack.

Mama never worried too much about our trips abroad if Bess was with us. She knew the good mare would try to take care of us, shield us from harm, and bring us home. The only time she failed was when Hollie and Opal were on their way home from grandma's house in the wagon. The tongue in a wagon serves two purposes. The horses guide the vehicle by means of straps stretched from their breasts to the end of the tongue and they can hold the wagon back with these same straps, thus keeping it from rolling too fast down a steep hill. Hollie and Opal were alone on this trip and I can imagine how proud they must have been to find themselves sitting side by side up in the spring seat just like grown folks. They had arrived at the top of that long steep hill which leads down to Caney Creek bridge—the same bridge where a few years earlier Old Bill had shoved Daisy off into the creek. The roads in those days were no more than tortuous trails winding through open spots in the forest. They tacked and veered, circumvented hill ponds and large trees. Sometimes the trail divided so that one might pass the obstacle on either the right or left side. At the very bottom of Caney Creek hill a large pine tree stood smack in the center of the road. Bess and Bill with Hollie and Opal and the wagon in tow eased over the crown of the hill, their eyes on a level with the top of the pine tree far below and they started down. It was now their aim to reverse the process and hold the wagon back. Bess was doing all she could—in fact, she was struggling so hard to hold back that her collar was already up over her ears and still they were gaining speed. It was a job for two. Old Bill, loafing along by her side, was thinking about that other time at the bridge below and didn't care what happened anyway. He thought he had Bess in a bind and he was right. She couldn't let go long enough to reach over and bite a plug out of his neck, but out of the corner of her eye, she could see Bill just trotting along by her side. So, in anger and in desperation, she raised her hind foot to kick Old Bill and when she did, her hoof got caught on top of the wagon tongue. As the oncoming wagon hit her in the rear, she was forced to put her weight on that leg. It was too much—the tongue snapped like a match stick, the back half dropped down, rammed into the ground, and the front of the wagon

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rose like a pole-vaulter and sailed on over. Hollie and Opal, along with the spring seat, were tossed heels over heads into the back end as down the hill they came. There was no control now with the tongue broken out, no guiding, or holding back. It was every man for himself now as faster and faster they flew toward Caney Creek bridge and the large pine tree standing in the center of the road.

Racing now with nose out and ears back and reins flying free, Old Bill quickly calculated to save himself. As the pine tree approached, he leaned hard on Bess as if to pass it on her side until just at the last moment when he swerved with all his might and passed it on the right. The good mare had done her best and could not choose to follow. The big pine tree split them down the middle and took the wagon full force. Fortunately, nobody was bad hurt, but here wasn't a good piece of the wagon or harness left. The two children slowly gathered themselves up, felt their sore bodies, and surveyed the ruins. Then they walked on down the hill to where Old Bill was standing in the middle of the bridge pretending he didn't know how it had all happened.

(to be continued)

OLD TIMER MAKES A VISIT TO PRESCOTT TO DO TRADING (The Nevada News—1928)

Deer Eddyter:-

Be gosh, I didn't know Prescott wuz sich a bizzy little town, but I can tell you she's all right and plum good un.

Me and Liza and the kids had been aworking hard all winter and spring and got together a bunch of country produce and sum cotton what we had for to sell, so Liza sed to me one nite as how we'd ought to as well sell the things right now and git 'em of'er our minds.

We had been reading all long 'bout the markets and from what we could gather by word of mouth and thru the local paper we decided that Prescott was 'bout the best market in reach and Liza decided—she allus does the deciding for the family caze she's decidedly the better half—as how I'd better hitch up ole Beck and Jude to us folk's horseless kerridge and drive a few loads—oh no, I mean to drive the mules and let them pull a few loads uv produce and cotton to Prescott to sell at once.

Wall, we had to pass through 1 or 2 other towns an all them thar store merchants run out and tried to stop Beck and Jude right thar so we'd stop in that air town, but we just axed the price of cotton and produce and come on. And so we driv on again till we driv up to Prescott.

Fust thing I done was to drive round to the White Produce House whur I sole my country produce for lots more'n I coulda got anywhere else in town. Ain't no telling what a good market for produce is wuth to us farmers and I tell you now we're powerful proud uv sich houses as the White Produce Co. Jewel White is the oldest exclusive dealer in town and byes

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all kinds uv produce sich as chickens an eggs an turkeys an gese an ducks an hides an furs an sich—and he allus pays us jist a leetle more'n we can git most anywhurs else. He is a rail friend to us farmers and beleaves in treatin us jist like a friend.

I was feeling purty good over them prices I got for my cotton and produce and I natchly felt like buyin somethin in Prescott. I went round to Werner Hamilton's Grocery Store. Bein' as how Liza allas wants to have biscuits for breakfast and a leetle short sweetenin fer the coffee, I bought a sack uv their famous White Rose flour which they sell. I taken some of them canned goods an a ham an some of that honest-to-goodness ole time C & S Seal Brand coffee, very best that is ground. This an a dollar wuth uv sugar an a mighty big one it wuz, got me kinder started, and when I wound up I had to give Mr. Hamilton a check fer over \$20 to square off, an I saved nuff to buy me a new hat.

Sim spied some ice cream cones in Buchanan's Drug Store an he jest had to stop and git one. They've got a big soddy water contraption in front thar wher a fellow can git all kinds sof drinks, ice cream, and buttered toast sandwiches. Sides that the Buchanan Drug Co. carries a lot of good smellin articles fur the wimmin folks toilet, to say nuthin of combs an brushes an face whitein an candles an dodack an fountain pens an sich. Everybody in that is polite as a basket of chips, and they allus sell everything a leetle less. Thar's plenty of fiscicks to fill any kine of doctor's perskription and them thar folks knows how cause they're reglar registered pharamists.

All of a sudden, I felt rele shamed uv myuself puttin on airs in a new sute and hadn't bot Liza nothin to ware, so I went round to Reedy's, the Busy Store, where I knowed a swell line uv ladies ready to ware was kept all the time an picked out a pretty navy blue sute and a swell dress for Liza. Then I bethought myself uv a coat or cloak what Sis, our gal, needed one orful bad and warn't no trouble to find a swell looker what pleased the gal. Reedy's is one uv the biggest stores in this part uv the country in ladies ready-to-ware and ladies hats and fancy sweaters an other ladies furnishins, as well as general dry goods at low prices.

Me an Sim kinder begun to feel a little empty in the craw about 12 o'clock an we went around to the City Café fer to git us a snack. They sure feed you good but they orter, fer they keep sum of the finest meats I ever stuck my grinders in anywhere, and Alex Avery, the boss thar, know jist how to have em cooked an served to a hungry man. An that thar beef stake an pork chops of ther'n simply melts in your mouth. I jest couldn't help wish Liza wuz erlong to help me an the kid put erway all them thar good rations that wuz put down thar fer our dinner, an it didn't cost me but little of nuthin. An you know all that thar good home cooked dinner didn't cost me but very leetle nuthin.

The parson in our church sent along a sute by me he wanted the Star Pressing Co. to clean up an press for him. Durn my skin if I didn't think they made a mistake an gimme the rong sute it all looked so clean and dandified when they got thru with it. Jesse Crow takes pride in turnin out the very best werk and they's got an uptodate cleanin and pressin plant what turns out werk in a hurry. It's no wonder they gits lots of werk to do because they pleze ther customers. All work is guaranteed. No chances to scorch or burn your close with a

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steam presser an the steam kills all kinds uv girms. They also does alterin and repairin well as high class cleenin an pressin.

Bout this time I thought uv a pare uv shoes what the old wummin tied a string to my finger bout, and I made a brake for Waters and Warmack's Store to look at them easy wearin an long lastin shoes whut they carry all the time. They air knowed as the Friedman-Shelby Shoes fer men and women, guaranteed all solid leather plum thru—an they air so purty an feel so good on your corns that a fellers eyes look full moons he so tickled when he gets a pare on. I kno case I couldn't get a pare for Liza thout fellin a hankerin fer a pare for myself. So I went the hole hog and bought me an the boy both a pare an taken a couple pares of Red Goose shoes fer the kids at home. Thare prices fit us farmer folks pocketbooks, too.

Ef theys anything the kids likes bettern sassidges its moar sassidges an I know they raise a howl ef I didn't go by Cloud's Market an git some before I went home. They shore know how to put em up jest like us farmer folks—pure pork sassidge –an them beef stakes and pork chops ov ther'n simply melts in your mouth an you don't hafta to chaw 'em much with seech ole snags uv teeth as I got nuther. Thar ain't no eatin like a good nice stake and so we had Mr. Cloud fix us up one uv them to go er long with the sassidges. They handles fish and oysters as well as Kansas City and home growed meats—nuthin but fat and fine stock an is got a clean sanitary place throughout.

Me and a naber of mine has been dickerin fer sum time on a piece of ground I wanted to bye, and when me and him did finally come to a agreement on the terms and prices, we decided to have E. H. Weaver git us up a abstract for the title. He has got up sevrul abstracts for me and his work has always been very satisfactory. He has been in the abstractin bizness for sevrul years, and he know the tracts of land in this county purty considerable well. "Eph" Weaver is powerful careful in every detail of the work, too. By the way, he's a mitey poplar candidate for Sheriff in our neck of the woods and judgin from his record of four years as clerk, he ought to make a good sheriff.

Hereafter when I want to sell cotton or country produce sich as eggs an chickens an the like or bye any kind of store bought goods you can jest put it down. I'll go to Prescott case I know I'll git all my crops worth an them thar store merchants treats you so nice you want to go back and trade with them.

Hezzekiah Hawkins

READER PARTICIPATION

It's time once again for the readers of this paper to put in your two cents worth. I thought it might be interesting for us to think back to our childhood or at least a few years back and see if we could list a few things that we really enjoyed back then—things that no longer exist, but you wish they did. It might be a favorite candy bar or soda pop. It doesn't have to be something to eat, but I can think of several things I wish they still made. Give this some thought and let me know what you come up with. Try to get your thoughts to me by Jan. 15.

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(Editor's Note: I found this information on the Internet)

BLUFF CITY POST OFFICE NEVADA COUNTY, ARKANSAS

RESEARCH ON THIS POST OFFICE
HAS NOT YET BEEN COMPLETED

<u>Name</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Date Appointed</u>
Mrs. Launah V. Black	Acting Postmaster	08/31/1950
Mrs. Gladys M. Nelson	Postmaster	06/05/1952
Wilma J. Knight	Officer-In-Charge	10/12/1982
Wilma J. Knight	Postmaster	03/05/1983
Margaret L. Beavers	Officer-In-Charge	01/18/1990
Mary R. Hogg	Postmaster	04/07/1990
Alpha Hunter	Officer-In-Charge	03/30/1993
Betty A. Kenzel	Postmaster	09/18/1993
Alpha W. Hunter	Officer-In-Charge	07/16/1997
Bonnie S. Dulin	Postmaster	10/11/1997
Doris Barlow	Officer-In-Charge	10/31/2002
George C. Speer	Postmaster	11/16/2002
Ila Scifres	Officer-In-Charge	12/27/2002
Jeffery T. Burson	Postmaster	05/03/2003
Debra Szymanski	Officer-In-Charge	09/29/2004

SNICKER-PEANUT BUTTER PIE

Jennie (Loe) Riddling

Published in *Wicker Family Favorites*—Page 107

4 Snicker candy bars (3.70 oz.)
½ cup peanut butter
small amount of milk
1 container of whipped topping (12 oz.)
1 baked pie crust

Melt candy bars, peanut butter, and small amount of milk in the microwave. Stir in whipped topping and blend well. Pour into baked pie crust. Refrigerate. (This is a quick and easy pie and only requires a few ingredients. Make it when you need a dessert fast.)