

Jerry McKeiv's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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ARL HILDEBRAND'S STORE
(original photo belongs to Jerry Don Hildebrand)

Some of you may remember this store. It was located six miles east of Prescott on Hwy. 24 in the Redland community. The store was constructed in 1938. The sign on the building identifies it as "Arl and Jimmie's Place". Arl and James T. (Jimmie or J. T.) Hildebrand were brothers. Jimmie was a silent partner in the business, but he was away from home during World War II serving with the U. S. Navy. While patrolling the waters near the Aleutian Islands in 1942, his plane went down and was never found. The sign was then changed to "Arl's Place", but most people remember it as Hildebrand's Store.

Cathy Straley, who researches anything and everything about the Redland community, wrote the following about this store:

Hildebrand's Store was where you could buy a spark plug, have an inner-tube patched, put air in your bicycle tire or buy ESSO gasoline for 17 to 39 cents a gallon in the early 1940s. There were also groceries of all sorts, as well as custom-sliced baloney and liver-loaf and big rounds of tasty cheeses. Many Redland youngsters have fond, indulgent memories of Moon Pies, RC Colas, Big Red cinnamon-flavored chewing gum, and Snicker bars. Hildebrand's was the farmer's wife's convenient place to pick up Mason canning jar-lids or a loaf of Wonder Bread, while some farmers selected little cans of Vienna sausages to eat with saltine crackers or perhaps a tiny drawstring

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muslin bag of Bull Durham smoking tobacco to use for 'rolling their own'. And customers at Arl's Place seemed to always find it easiest to just say, "Charge it to my account."

After buying a hunting license or proudly registering a deer kill, Redlanders strolled across the store's worn, squeaky wooden-slatted floors to flip open the top of the big red 'soda pop' cooler and fish out glass bottles of Nehi Grape, Lemon Sundrop, Chocolate Soldier or Coca Cola. A package of Planter's Peanuts was often poured slowly down the neck of the bottle while the pop's ice-cold refreshment was enjoyed.

Most everyone from the community came to 'The Store' to find out the latest news and to 'sit for a spell' out front on the wide concrete bench slabs positioned on either side of the front door. When a car passed over the little rubber hose stretched across the gas-pump drive-through, a loud 'DING-DING' announced to the attendant that service was requested. In its earliest days, Hildebrand's Store was also a stopover for the county tax collector on a designated day in order to make payment of taxes a community convenience. Many local bookworm kiddies also recall the beloved bookmobile, which stopped at 'The Store' several times during summer months in the 1960s.

Prescott Sixty Years Ago

by W. T. Hart

(published in 6-14-1951 issue of *The Nevada News*)

This poem describes Prescott in 1891.

The day I first saw Prescott
Was in a cold and bleak December,
I was only nineteen then
How well do I remember.

It seemed a dreary town to me,
The worst I had ever found,
Store porches--some were four feet high,
Others were right on the ground.

The store fronts were all cluttered
With harrows and plows galore,
One couldn't walk the streets at night
For these plow handles your side would gore.

There was a well in the middle of town
Where people and stock would drink,
And the hogs made a wallow there
That had a tendency to stink.

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The dust in the street ankle deep
In winter it turned to mud,
A cow lay in the middle of the street
Calmly chewing her cud.

They used green boards for walks
Which covered only part of the town,
And Uncle John Sweeney spent all his time
Keeping those boards nailed down.

The worst pest was an old Billy goat
That roamed the streets all day,
He ate the cabbages from the crates
And nibbled at the bales of hay.

He just wouldn't stay out of the stores
Merchants wanted to cut his throat.
They looked everywhere, but no one knew
How to de-con-tam-in-ate a goat.

So they hung him to a tree one night,
It was pitiful to hear him bleat,
But the way of the transgressor is hard,
And Billy had met his fate.

When I saw all this I heaved a sigh
I didn't see how I could stay,
But about that time a girl came to town
And my outlook changed right away.

She was the prettiest girl I have seen,
And in course of time we met,
We went to parties and picnics too,
And the lunches that girl could get.

She always brought good lemon pie,
They were my favorite dish,
I, of course, thought she baked them,
What more could a young fellow wish?

Soon we were happily married
She never realized she had faked,
But that girl sure hooked me good
On lemon pies her mother baked.

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When I come home now I am glad to say
I am presented with a different view,
A pretty park by the side of the road,
Streets paved and well-lighted, too.

Pretty homes along the street
Lawns where pretty shrubs and flowers grow,
But it's my family and the friends I love
That makes me love Prescott so.

Beginning with this issue, I thought I would include a series of articles concerning some of the great men in American history. I came across these articles while researching other things and noticed they contained some things about these men that I didn't learn in school. This first article is about the "Father of Our Country"--George Washington.

George Washington, the Christian Soldier and Statesman
by Dr. John G. Williams
(published in *The Nevada County Picayune* in 1945)

George Washington, "the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," was a son of the church and his devout parents gave him religious training and when he was six weeks of age, took him to church and dedicated him to God in baptism. The father died when George was 11 years of age, and he took his father's place and conducted family worship from the prayer book. They lived six miles from the church, but were regular attendants, and when there was no preaching, George would read a sermon to the family and the slaves.

His first teacher was an ex-convict and his outlook was not good, but a change was made and he was sent to a school conducted by Dr. Marye, a Huguenot preacher, and was in his school three years and received his main education from him. At that time, the preachers were the main teachers; there was no public school system then, and the minister would preach on Sunday and then teach the day school. The youth were thus under the influence of the ministers, but these teachers were educated above the average and in addition to the regular school and college courses, they were versed in Greek, Hebrew, theology, church history, and philosophy, and the large majority of the young people of that era were educated by these men of higher learning and the product is very noticeable as we have a Washington, Adams, Thos. Jefferson, Jas. Madison, Alexander Hamilton--the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

The ministers were fresh from Europe where they had undergone religious persecution and impressed the matter of liberty and freedom on their distinguished students and so we have these immortal documents written by men taught by these ministers. One of the doctrines stressed that God was looking down upon His people and was a hearer of prayer, and Washington became a man of prayer and a believer in special Providence and this was often illustrated in his life. In the French and Indian War, he joined the army of Gen. Braddock and undertook to advise him as to the best methods of Indian warfare, but the haughty general scorned to take the advice of an

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American youth and fell into a deadly ambush of the Indians and was mortally wounded. There was an Indian sharpshooter who with deadly aim was killing all the English officers and he aimed at Washington, who was in an exposed condition rallying his troops. One bullet went through his hat and others through his coat and sleeves, when the Indian threw down his gun and said, "That officer is under the protection of the Great Spirit and I dare not shoot at him anymore," and Washington remained unharmed and in writing to his brother about his narrow escape said that he was saved by the "direct intervention of Divine Providence."

All during the dark days of the Revolutionary War, he was undismayed and looked for divine guidance, especially at Valley Forge, when the American cause seemed to be lost, he was constant in prayer to the God of Battles and in a few months, the tide turned and the British abandoned Philadelphia and victory continued with him until Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown and the fight for independence was won.

He was the first to introduce the office of chaplain in the army and would often attend services in the field with his men. There is a painting showing him taking the Holy Communion with his soldiers in an apple orchard and that illustrates his broad religious views, for when there was no preaching in his own denomination, he would attend services in another--the great thing was to be found with those who worshiped God.

When he became president and about to take the oath of office, he called for a Bible to take the oath upon, and that act committed this nation to God and His care over us, and that custom continues to this day and now instead of the oath being administered upon a modern book as Darwin's Origin of Species, our presidents still take the oath on the imperishable Word of God as did "the Father of His Country". After taking the oath he went to St. Paul's Episcopal church and engaged in special services there and continued a regular worshiper there while president. It is said that when he had company on Sunday, he would invite them to accompany him to church and if they declined he would give them a book to read while he was gone and never did let company keep him away from church and worshiping the God that had so signally led and blessed him all his life. While president he composed a prayer which he fervently offered for God's blessing on his country and this has been preserved and is well worthy of imitation now.

Washington's Prayer: "Almighty God, we make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy Holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens for the United States at large. And finally, that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen."

Gen. Washington was a regular contributor to the cause of the Gospel and also aided in building a number of houses of worship in his community, among them Pohick (?) in the country and Christ's church, Alexandria, where he took a pew and which is still held in his name in that church. From infancy he was regular in attendance in the house of God and remained so till the

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day of his death--a very busy man, but never too busy so that he could not attend the church services. The United States is happy in having such a distinguished, staunch friend of the church and the Christian religion and one who is a living example of what a godly family and the lessons learned from the church will do for one. Scarcely a prominent man of great national influence but what he was brought up in a religious home and was a son of the church. No president of the U. S. has been an infidel or an unbeliever of the Christian religion. Now that the faith of many is waxing cold and the cause of God is neglected, it is needful that we turn to men of faith and devotion who have led the nation through the days of darkness and uncertainty.

Look in Your Genes

By Larry Jameson

How many times have you heard something like, "Clothes Make the Man," or "You Are What You Eat," or some other bit of modern wisdom? And, like so many other things associated with modern wisdom, you can pretty much toss it out with the bath water.

Certainly there are many circumstances that result in you being you, but it pretty much doesn't have anything to do with what you wear or eat. What you wear might make a prettier you. What you eat might make a, uh, healthier you. Or, as in my case, a well-rounded you. I moved away from Nevada County in 1970 to follow my new wife to Pulaski County and we've pretty much been here since then. But a strong part of Nevada County lives deep within, I mean, other than my love for fried catfish.

Which brings a point of digression: someone asked me not too long ago if catfish could be cooked with a method other than frying. I told 'em straight up, "Sure, if you want to ruin it."

Back to the discussion at hand: something happened back about 1805 in Mecklenburg, North Carolina, that led to me being me and the Sandyland Chronicle editor, Jerry McKelvy being him. John Marion "Jack" Greer was born. A few years later he married Amelia C. Wood and they had a boy named Alexander Pringle Greer. They began moving toward Missouri Township in Ouachita County, Arkansas, stopping along the way in Mississippi to have a daughter, Martha Isabelle Greer.

A.P. Greer married a woman from Georgia and had a boy named John. Martha married a man from Georgia, Captain W. C. Thompson, and they had a daughter named Fannie Belle. Sure enough, John Alexander Greer married Hattie Mae McKelvy. Fannie Belle Thompson married William Seaborn Martin, and this couple gave birth to my mother, Floise Martin Jameson.

That all sounds pretty simple, until you think of all the circumstances that could have resulted in me not being me. W. C. Thompson enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 as a private. In May of 1865 he was a Captain with the Trans-Mississippi forces down in Texas. In other words, he was in the war from start to finish. He was in the Battle of Wilson's Creek in Missouri when the Arkansas troops were trying to help out the ragtag Missouri militia, most of whom did not even have a gun. There was one Missouri fellow at Wilson's Creek that you might know: Jesse James – yep, the same one you've heard about all your life.

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It goes without saying that hundreds of thousands of soldiers did not return home from the war. I was fortunate because my grandmother wasn't born until 29 years afterward. The man she would marry has his own story. His grandfather, Seaborn Jones Martin, led a wagon train from Georgia to Arkansas in 1854. That was ninety years before my mother was born in Waterloo, Arkansas, and how she ended up marrying a fellow who was born in Banks, Idaho, is still a mystery.

Each of us has a story. I am so thankful that Jerry has done the work he has recording information in the Nevada County cemeteries. For years my genealogy work was at a standstill because the old family Bible listed W. C. Thompson's wife as Martha Elizabeth Greer, as did an old 1950 record. Yet there was that marker in Ebenezer Cemetery showing Martha I. Thompson right next to W. C. Thompson. And, from studying Jerry's listing for the cemetery I found other Greers. There had to be a connection, and there was.

Millions of decisions and millions of circumstances over many, many years developed the gene pool that is mine, my ancestry. It belongs to no one else; it is mine alone. My children, God bless 'em, have my decisions and circumstances to deal with. Their successes will be because of me or in spite of me, but I'm in there, either way.

Wanna see history come alive? Look in your genes.

Larry Jameson, 1967 graduate of Prescott High School, is webmaster for Online Little Rock and is constantly building its Arkansas history section.

PRESCOTT 100 YEARS AGO **(Items from *The Nevada News* in September, 1910)**

---A dusky damsel of the lewd order was taken in tow last night by Marshal Johnson and placed in jail where she languished during the night. She was turned out this morning, and given hours to leave town.

---A crowd estimated at from 3,000 to 10,000 heard the famous orator, William Jennings Bryan speak at the city park in Prescott

---One of the features of the day was the automobile ride taken by Uncle Haley Kershaw, through the kindness of J. B. Stone. It was the first ride in an auto car for Mr. Kershaw, and although he is nearly 80 years old, and has been doing business in Prescott for 36 years, it has been 20 or more years since Uncle Haley has taken a buggy ride. But he enjoyed the experience very much, and looked, and we believe felt, ten years younger after he had finished the trip.

---Moore and Martin are this afternoon unloading their third automobile which was received by freight this morning from St. Louis. It is a 25 horsepower, five-passenger Mormon.

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---The family of J. B. Stone accompanied him yesterday to Hope in his new Mitchell car, and a quick run was made, a record of 55 minutes being made on the going trip.

---The necessary excavations for the new high school building have been made, the basement finished, the foundation laid, and tomorrow morning eight brick masons will start to work laying brick on the walls of the structure.

I recently asked my Internet subscribers to tell me what teachers required them to memorize when they were in school or to send me one of their favorite jokes. Thanks to all those who responded. Here are the results:

Mr. McKelvy,

This doesn't actually answer your email request, but I thought of you several times this summer as this incident occurred! I am a proud graduate of *THE* Texas A&M University of College Station, Texas. Yes, I am an Aggie...Class of 1979, whoop! Since we Aggies are the recipients of many a joke, I thought I would share my summer time story. (Alas, the joke was on me...☺)

Most of my family history is from Nevada County and its surrounding counties in Arkansas, so I try to make a visit to explore and investigate during each summer. I knew that I had family buried in a cemetery called White Church Cemetery, so I decided I wanted to locate and visit their final resting place. I quickly entered the cemetery name onto the Internet to get directions before heading out my first day in Arkansas. I spent most of my first day at the library in Hope, Arkansas since I had spent the night there. While it was a wonderful place to visit, I didn't obtain any new information. After eating supper, I decided to head out looking for this cemetery. But first, I had to prepare....

I went to the local Wal-Mart and purchased all the necessary items for cemetery hunts. I bought a map...a bottle of water...bug spray...a towel (for sweating)...and a visor (forgot mine at home!) And so, I set out...looking for Highway 4 between Rosston and Camden. And I looked....and drove...and looked...and turned around and drove...until it was too dark to see anymore. Hmm. No big deal, I would go back to my hotel and try again tomorrow. But where on earth was Highway 4? I couldn't find it anywhere on the map. Where does this McKelvy guy live? I bet he could find this place...

The next day I went to Prescott to resume family research at the courthouse and the Nevada County Library. Again, I didn't discover anything I didn't already know or have, but I did get information on where to find the cemetery from a wonderful lady at the courthouse. It seems that Highway 4 is now 278. You guys changed the numbers! Not fair...seriously! ☺

I found the cemetery. Did I mention it was 150 gazillion degrees? Despite the heat and humidity, it was really beautiful. Surrounded by all those trees, I couldn't help but

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wonder how our ancestors settled out there. How would you even know you had a neighbor when you can't see past all those trees? I assumed most of my ancestors were farmers, but how could one possibly live long enough to clear that land? I can see that I have more investigating to do during this next year.

And yes, Mr. McKelvy, your cemetery list has the updated instructions to the White Church Cemetery. Unfortunately, I ran across an older version of someone else's on the Internet first.

I would love to meet you and any of your readers next time I am in Nevada County! Thank you for all of the history that you research and present. Your gift is priceless.

You are welcome to post my name and those I am descended from! (John D. and Margaret (Miller) Davis, John P. and Christena (Barger) Steele, B. F. and Lucinda (Davis) Steele, Charles and Viola (Steele) Reed, James W. and Mary (Ferrand) Regan, Joe and Lilly (Marsh) Regan, William and Rebecca (Young) Marsh, John R and Helen (Gladden) Marsh, Samuel Abbott, William Marion and Sallie (May) Abbott, William Roy and Helen (Regan) Abbott....the list goes on!)

Anne Berry
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Donna—capitals of the fifty states

Neva—capitals of the states in third grade; chemical symbols for elements in ninth grade.

Jerry—Gettysburg Address; preamble to the Constitution; Pledge of Allegiance

Kimberly—"The Village Smithy" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in the fifth grade. Forty-one years later, I still remember most of it.

Kay—The Gettysburg Address. I was terrified when I got up before the class to speak. The last line which states "and the government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth", had meaning back then, but sadly, that is not the case now.

Irma—Other than the multiplication table, there were no memorable moments of memorization in grammar or junior high schools. But in Prescott High School we were privileged to have an excellent Latin teacher. I know now that two years of Latin in a small town in Arkansas was quite unusual. We did scenes from Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" (in Latin) at an assembly in high school. I'm sure everyone was completely mystified. I was the Soothsayer. In fact, I was so taken by Mark Antony's "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears" speech, that I memorized more than the required first few lines and learned the whole two pages. As I recall, no one ever asked me to recite it, not even the teacher.

Teresa—Preamble to the Constitution; first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence; members of President Kennedy's cabinet; Pledge of Allegiance; state capitals; multiplication tables; president's names in order of service; and for fun from Odgen Nash, "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker".

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Barbara—times tables and historical dates. Every Friday we had a spelling test.

Theodoris—“i” before “e” spelling rule; parts of speech; multiplication tables; abbreviations on the periodic table; poetry

Cathy—Gettysburg Address—I thought that it was a very long and difficult assignment, but it became so engrained in my head that I still remember the majority of it today and am proud that I do. So, the teacher was wise in instilling in us such a significant historical and patriotic piece. Also in English literature, the last stanza of John Keats poem, “Ode On a Grecian Urn” which drew many groans from the class when assigned, and I honestly don’t remember anything about it except the line, “Beauty is truth, truth beauty”, so it apparently didn’t make much of an impression. In college, I joined a sorority and we pledges had to memorize a strange little ditty about how “small” we were and be ready to recite it very quickly and perfectly to any upper-classmen who requested it. Although it was almost 40 years ago, I still remember it well—“I am so low, so small, that the smallest, most infinitesimal particle of a whale’s excretion looms upon the horizon like a vertebral thunder-cloud.”

Brenda—Pledge of Allegiance and we placed our hand over our heart when we recited it.

Yvonne—In the ninth grade at Cale, one of my friends and I caught a ride to Okolona when our senior boys were playing in a tournament. When the game was over, our ride was gone, so we sneaked on the school bus and hid under the seats until we were well on the way back to Cale. The next morning our coach called us in to his office and told us we had to memorize the Gettysburg Address. I still remember part of it. I don’t think we ever sneaked a ride on the bus again.

Helen—“Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening” by Robert Frost

Barbara—Psalm 121

Sandy—All the presidents. That is still a very fond memory for me. I was so proud when I was able to do it.

Hody--The Gettysburg Address-- Prescott High School 1950 in Mrs. Thomas's history class. I could not believe the length of this assignment. We were given two weeks and a classmate to practice with. My partner was a good friend of mine, but as I think about it, all my classmates were my good friends. He had an unusual habit of closing his eyes and talking from the side of his mouth when reciting this memory assignment. I told him he looked weird doing this but he said with his eyes closed he could better see and remember the document. We sat on the front row side by side and were among the first to be called on.

I took a deep breath and with great courage and dwindling confidence I began. Maybe because we had practiced with each other I spent most of my time looking at my reassuring friend. I could tell he was pulling for me and even lip-synced help when I paused. I made it through with a passing grade and to this day remember a good part of this famous speech of President Lincoln.

Next it was my friend's turn. Now he was better prepared than I and bounced up showing a lot of poise. Now I was totally relaxed and feeling great and felt little concern for my friend. The moment he looked at me, closed his eyes, curled his lip and began I chuckled under my breath. He made it a few more lines until I lost it again. Hearing me

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got him started and soon we were both openly cackling. Mrs. Thomas stopped us and gave us a tongue-lashing with most of her wrath coming at me. After a brief pause he started over and didn't make it through the line of introduction. We were sent to sit in the hall until we could get over our immature giggling. I did notice a slight smile on Mrs. Thomas's lips as we left the room. We sat in the hall and suddenly nothing was funny. After about five minutes she came and asked if we had composed ourselves. We agreed that all was well and marched back into the room. Now I tell you we didn't even reach our seats until we were both in a big boy laugh. My side was starting to hurt, the class joined in with a roar and tears were now flowing. No one said a word; we just turned around and went back to the hall. Later the teacher sent someone to get us with instructions not to return unless we could control ourselves. We looked at each and agreed it was not funny at all so back we go. He makes it through the first line when we, the class, and the teacher totally melted down. Without saying a word we leave again and as we exit the door I hear the teacher yelling "You young men go straight to the principal's office". The principal made us clean the erasers. The teacher never said another word about it and my friend got an A.

Peggy—Pledge of Allegiance

Barb—Pledge of Allegiance

Annette—alphabet in both Spanish and English; state capitals; multiplication tables; elements chart (12th grade); Gettysburg Address (7th grade); poem "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer; parts of "Hiawatha" by Longfellow; Psalm 23 in Sunday school; the 75 counties of Arkansas in alphabetical order in 7th grade. In grade 12 in high school, one of my "hobbies" was copying down and memorizing favorite quotes of mine from Bartlett's Quotations. I had a little spiral notebook (Blue Horse) I squirreled them in, and would read it over and over in study hall when I was bored, (the last class of the long day), or resurrect it on the 16 mi. bus route home from school. Little did I realize at that time that great words from giants of prose and poetry come again to us at moments in our lives when our own inadequate words fail us. Great Words taken to memory sustain us, fortify us, and clothe us for naked situations when we have nothing to say at curious times, standing bare of thought and ignorant. (I remember whispering words of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" at the coffin of a dear loved one, when I truly had nothing of my own grief to share.) Most of all, is the strength from the Living Word that is embedded in our souls because of sweet, sweet, Sunday "SCHOOL" teachers of long, long ago who knew what we would most likely someday need in our own lives. There is no need to curse, be foul-mouthed, nor race with the world for vulgarity when one takes to memory great prose, literature, and the Living Word of the Master.

Betty--Memorization has never been my strong point so I always dreaded when the teacher would say, "You are assigned to memorize -----by tomorrow." It didn't matter what it was, it was not my favorite thing to do. I do remember being assigned to learn The Lord's Prayer, The Twenty-Third Psalm, and different verses from the Bible. I recall the boys' favorite verse as being "Jesus wept." I suppose that there would be someone protesting those today. I recall being assigned The Preamble to the Constitution and, of course, The Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag before "under God" was added to it. There were many many poems which were easier because they usually rhymed. Because I made good grades and was usually conscientious about studying and my grades, I was given the female leading roles in both the Junior and Senior class plays

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(different sponsors!) and the sponsors practically tearing their hair because I was still toting my playbook on stage until almost time to present the play. I remember the threats by everyone if (cast and all) if I didn't learn my part and then suddenly, not only did I know my part, but everyone else's. Maybe they should have threatened me earlier! I seemed to have a normal ability to remember whatever I needed to know for tests in school without doing much more than reading the material but didn't easily feed it back word for word.

Wanda--The alphabet was the hardest thing that I had to memorize during my first year of school in 1938 at Greyland School in Lamar County, Texas. My mother was teaching them to me and I would get to "P" and that was all that I could remember, my little sister, Bobbie, who was four would say "P" and then I could go with the rest of the alphabet. My teacher was Ms. Texas Lowry who has gone on to glory. That was one of the happiest times of my life.

Julie--In 3rd grade we were required to memorize the answers to catechism questions. In other elementary grades, we had to memorize dates for history lessons. I did a miserable job with both.

Sandra—Gettysburg Address. TOO LONG!!!

Louise--Gettysburg Address at end of Battle of Gettysburg--Four score and seven years ago-- Was that in a history class? It was short and had a lot of meaning in so few words.

June—I remember memorizing the Gettysburg address in eighth (?) grade.

Adam—I had to memorize the Gettysburg Address.

Don—My part in the class play "Invictus".

Lois—I remember having to memorize the presidents in order.....to this day I can still do all the last names and that was back in the 50's. We also memorized the multiplication tables and the preamble to the constitution.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."—Proverbs 17:22

I also asked for a favorite joke. Here are those I received:

Irma—One fellow tells another, "I killed five mosquitoes last night—three males and two females." The other fellow asks, "How in the world did you know which was which?" Reply—"Three of them were on a beer can, and the other two were on the telephone."

Barbara—A saleslady was driving through an Indian reservation in northern Arizona when she saw an Indian woman walking along the road. The lady stopped and asked if she would like a ride. She said, "Yes" and got into the car. The Indian lady did not say a word. She eyed the car from top to bottom. When she spotted a sack between the seats, she asked, "What is that?" The saleslady responded, "That is a bottle of wine that I got for my husband." The Indian responded, "Good trade!"

James—An older gentleman was preaching at a revival in the country one evening. He's been preaching for at least a couple of hours and was heading into the third! He really got fired up,

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perspiring and wiping his face like the preachers we used to see in those tent revivals! Finally a young man stood up, made his way to the center aisle, and began to head for the entrance. “Hold on there! Sir? Sir? Where are you going? I’m almost half way through the sermon”, yelled the preacher. The young man replied, “I’m going to get a haircut, Reverend.” “A haircut?”, asked the preacher. “Couldn’t you have gotten a haircut before the revival?” Not losing a step, the young man answered, “I didn’t need one then!”

Thomas—Grandpa was celebrating his 100th birthday and everyone complimented him on how athletic and well-preserved he appeared. “Gentlemen, I’ll tell you the secret of my success”, he cackled. “I have been in the open air day after day for some 75 years now.” The celebrants were impressed and asked how he managed to keep up such a fitness regime. “Well, you see, my wife and I were married 75 years ago. On our wedding night, we made a solemn pledge. Whenever we had a fight, the one who was proved wrong would go outside and take a walk.”

Duncan—A wealthy investor walked into a bank and said to the bank manager, “I would like to speak with Mr. Reginald Jones, who I understand is a tried and trusted employee of yours.” The banker said, “Yes, he certainly was trusted. And he will be tried as soon as we catch him.”

Adam--How many psychiatrists does it take to change a light bulb?
It only takes one..... but it takes a really long time, and the light bulb has to WANT to change!

Don--The old gentleman, now widowed, lived in one of those co-ed assisted living facilities. His children, concerned about his health, had been bugging him to get a physical. He felt fine but did have a hearing problem. He had a check up with the on-site doctor at the assisted living facility and as far as he knew, was in pretty good shape - except for his hearing. A couple of weeks later, the on-site doctor was taking a little stroll around the facility when he met up with the old gentleman and his attractive female companion. They were off to a matinee movie and then an early-bird dinner. "Hello Doctor and how are you today?" said the old gentleman in a cheerful voice. "I am fine, thank you and you seem very cheerful" said the doctor. "Just doing what you told me to do." said the old gentleman. "What was that?" queried the doctor. The old gentleman replied, "As I was leaving your office you said, "Be Cheerful. Get a hot momma." The doctor shook his head sadly and replied. "That is not what I said. I said, Be careful. You have a heart murmur."

Moral - What you heard may not be what was said. Especially, when talking to your wife.

Bobby—A Sad Passing -- It is with the saddest heart that I must pass on the following news. Please join me in remembering a great icon of the entertainment community.

The Pillsbury Doughboy (a.k.a., Poppin' Fresh) died yesterday of complications from repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71.

Doughboy was buried in a lightly greased coffin. Dozens of celebrities turned out to pay their respects, including Mrs. Butterworth, Hungry Jack, The California Raisins, Betty Crocker, The Hostess Twinkies, and Captain Crunch.

The grave site was piled high with flours.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy and lovingly described Doughboy as a man who never knew how much he was kneaded.

Doughboy rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Despite being a little flaky at times he was still a crusty old man and was considered a roll model for millions.

Doughboy is survived by his wife, Pillsbury Doughgirl (a.k.a., Mrs. Poppin' Fresh) two children, John Dough and Jane Dough, plus they had one in the oven.

The funeral was held at 3:50 for about 20 minutes.

Margaret—A man was walking with his friend who was a psychologist. He tells him, "I'm a walking economy." "How so?", his friend asks: He answers, "My hairline is in recession, my stomach is a victim of inflation, and both of these together are putting me into a deep depression."

Bobby—An out-of-towner drove his car into a ditch in a desolated area. Luckily, a local farmer came to help with his big strong mule named Buddy. He hitched Buddy up to the car and yelled, "Pull, Nellie, pull." Buddy didn't move. Then the farmer hollered, "Pull, Buster, pull." Buddy didn't respond. Once more the farmer commanded, "Pull, Jennie, pull." Nothing! Then the farmer heedlessly said, "Pull, Buddy, pull." And the mule easily dragged the car out of the ditch. The motorist was most appreciative and very curious. He asked the farmer why he called his mule by three other names. The farmer said, "Ole Buddy is blind, and if he thought he was the only one pulling, He wouldn't even try!"

Don Mathis sent this original poem---

Dental-Phobia

Big John, he was a Buddhist.
And he hated to go to the dentist.
He once cried for Novocain.
He didn't want any pain.
Because the fear, he couldn't resist.

Now John was cold with perspiration,
but he muttered with some hesitation,
"No Novocain this time.
It's matter over mind.
I'm trying to Transcend Dental Medication."

I have this sad news to report. Mrs. Margaret Gist Munn, age 88, died Friday, August 6, in Springdale, AR. Mrs. Munn was born at Cale, Arkansas in 1922. She contributed several old photos and other information about Dill's Mill for the April, 2009 issue. She operated the store at the saw mill for many years. Burial was in the Magnolia City Cemetery. We extend our sympathy to her family.

Clyde Dwayne "Cotton" Hildebrand, 72, of Shelby Co., TX passed away Aug. 8, 2010. He was born in Bluff City, AR Sept. 30, 1937, and was the son of Clyde Henry and Doris Jane Gillespie Hildebrand. Burial was at Ramah Cemetery in Tenaha, TX.