

Jerry McKelvy's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 13 – No. 7

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July, 2014



BEEP, BEEP

A few weeks ago I was using the tractor to drag off a large tree stump over into the woods and spotted this roadrunner. It stayed close to where I was working for a good long time and I assumed it must have a nest nearby. I didn't have my camera with me, so about an hour later I drove back to the area and the bird was still there. It (I think this is a "she") trotted off a little ways and jumped up on an old boat trailer parked there. I was able to get this photo before it disappeared into the woods.

Several years ago these birds were occasionally seen in our area, but for some reason they disappeared. Some think fire ants or animals like coyotes may be the problem. I have heard several reports this year of people seeing roadrunners again so maybe they are making a comeback.

I always enjoyed the roadrunner cartoons on TV as the roadrunner outwitted Wylie Coyote.

Here are a few things you may not know about these birds based on information posted on the Internet.

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The roadrunner is a member of the cuckoo family. Its habitat is the desert areas of the southwestern United States and northern Mexico. It is seen regularly in California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, and Oklahoma and less frequently in Kansas, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri.

The roadrunner builds its nest on a platform of sticks low in a cactus or other bush. It lays three to six eggs which hatch in twenty days. Both males and females take turns sitting on the eggs. The males incubate the eggs at night. After the eggs hatch, one parent remains at the nest for the first two weeks.

The birds feed on insects, spiders, scorpions, centipedes, and small reptiles. It kills its prey with a strong blow from its beak followed by beating the prey against a rock or other hard surface. It is one of only a few animals that prey upon rattlesnakes. It grabs the snake by the tail and beats it against a hard surface until it is dead. It then tries to eat the snake but since it can't eat the whole snake at one time, it swallows a small part and waits for that to digest before swallowing more. During this time the bird might be seen running around with a snake hanging from its mouth.

The roadrunner name comes from its habit of running in front of vehicles until it darts into the brush. It can reach speeds of 20 miles per hour. It can fly for short distances but prefers to spend its time on the ground.

The roadrunner is the state bird of New Mexico.

THE GREAT VICK'S SALVE SHORTAGE

The great Spanish influenza epidemic in 1918-1919 resulted in thousands of deaths in the United States. Efforts were made to try to prevent the spread of the disease which spread rapidly especially in the cities. The large cities along the East coast were especially hard hit. Officials at Little Rock predicted 3,000 people would die in that city from the flu.

In October, 1918, a state quarantine was put into effect in Arkansas. Every school, church, moving picture theater, and other place of public assembly was ordered closed and they were to remain closed until notified by the state board of health that it was safe to reopen.

All public places were closed in any community where the flu was found. No child under the age of 18 was permitted to board a street car, bus, or other public conveyance or to be on the streets except in cases of absolute emergency. It was unlawful for individuals to congregate in groups on the streets, in department stores, or other places of business.

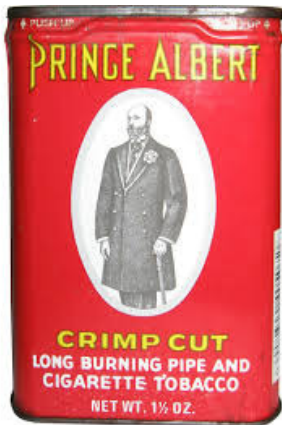
Vick's Vap-o-Rub (Vick's salve) was about the only remedy for the flu at that time. By October, 1918, the salve was in short supply. The company rationed it to the drug stores throughout the

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country and people were permitted to only buy it in small quantities. Doctors and nurses were also in short supply due to World War I. Drug stores were sometimes open all night and the druggists often slept on cots in their stores. The Vicks Company had 500 people working around the clock producing Vick's salve and production increased to 143 jars per minute. The company even had a Café Department which provided meals to workers on the job. The local newspapers in Nevada County had full page ads for Vick's salve.

About forty million people worldwide died from this flu epidemic and about a half million in the United States. It was a very serious health problem in 1918-1919.

You can read more about Vick's salve in the February, 2003 issue in an article entitled "The Little Blue Jar".



The answer to "Who Is It?" in the last issue is Prince Albert. Many men, including my dad, often carried a can of Prince Albert in the bib pocket of their overalls.

Prince Albert was Prince Albert Edward VII who became king of Wales in 1901. When he became king, the Reynolds Tobacco Co. put "Now King" on the front of the can where "Crimp Cut" is in this picture. It was on the can for one year, so those cans are very rare. If you find one at a sale, latch on to it.

Another Prince Albert slogan was "does not bite your tongue". One of the old pranks kids did was to call a store and ask if they had Prince Albert in a can. If they said yes, they told the store clerk to let him out before he suffocated.

Prince Albert tobacco cans are becoming harder to find. They sell for \$6 to \$45 depending on the age and condition of the can. I wish I had kept some of them.

These people had the correct answer: Billy Joe Meador, Adrian Hunter, Linda Kucera, Betty Thomas, Bill Carman, Yvonne Munn, Don and Melba Hall

Comment from Betty Thomas----

One of the "games" my dad and I played when I was a little girl was letting me catch smoke in the can and then close the lid. I would wait a while and then let the smoke out. I guess I learned something from that but have no idea what. During WWII the tobacco company stopped putting the tobacco in metal cans and used cardboard instead. My dad was sure frustrated by that since the cardboard collapsed when it became damp from his perspiration. If he could come across a metal can, he stretched its life as long as he could. After the war and the change back to metal cans, he saved his cans just in case.



THE STORY BEHIND THE PICTURE

Big companies always put out annual reports to the stockholders to show how the company is doing. I was working for International Paper Co. in 1975 in Camden, Arkansas in the Woodlands Department. Our office took care of the company land in five counties—Ouachita, Calhoun, Union, Columbia, and Nevada.

It was in 1975 that International Paper Co. acquired General Crude Oil Co. which was the major acquisition that year. The powers that be in the company wanted the photo on the cover of the annual report that year to focus on that acquisition and show that it was possible for both timber and oil to be produced at the same location.

One day our office received a phone call from the headquarters in New York City. They said they were sending a professional photographer to Camden the next day and wanted us to find an oil well on company land with some timber close by that would be suitable for this very important picture which would be on the cover of the annual report. This was to be our number one priority, so our other work came to a halt.

You might think this would be an easy task, but it was very difficult to find such a location. I was given the job of locating such a place. The main thing was the oil well must be on company land, be accessible by big trucks, have pine timber nearby, and look suitable for the photo. Time was of the essence since the photographer would be there the next day.

I headed out to the southern part of Ouachita County where there are many oil wells, but none met the criteria. I made note of a couple of wells that might work and continued on into Columbia and Nevada counties. I spent the whole day checking out oil wells and made a list of possible candidates for the picture. When the day was over, I had a list of maybe ten wells that I thought might be suitable.

The next day, I was in a car with my boss and the photographer headed to look at the wells that I had chosen as possible candidates. Following us was an 18-wheeler pulling a trailer load of pulpwood and another large truck hauling a TH-100 thinning machine (a three-wheeled machine used to thin pulpwood). It was an over-sized load so it had to get a permit to travel on the highways and have an escort. On the way, the photographer sketched a drawing of what

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he had in mind. It would have helped a lot if I had been given the drawing the day before. None of the wells I had chosen looked anything like his sketch.

Our convoy reached the wells I had located in Ouachita County, but the photographer didn't think they would be suitable. We proceeded on into Columbia County after getting a revised over-sized load permit. None of the wells we visited in that county suited the photographer.

About mid-afternoon, we had arrived in Nevada County where I had picked two possible well locations. Actually, they were at the bottom of my list since the wells were very old and rusty. Oil had been discovered in that area in 1921 and some of the wells had been pumping oil for many years. I figured they wanted something more modern for the photo.

The first well we looked at in Nevada County near Waterloo had possibilities according to the photographer. He set things up like he wanted and took about a hundred pictures. We then went to the next well and he got all excited and said "This is it!" He wanted to know where the nearest phone was. At that time the nearest phone was at Rosston, so we drove to Rosston and he called New York and told them he had found a location for the cover photo.

The only problem was the well was very old and rusty with pieces of concrete, pipe and other clutter lying on the ground around the well. The photographer wanted to know if there was any way we could paint the well to cover the rusty spots. Keep in mind that this was a working oil well with the well going up and down. We were sure the oil company wouldn't want to shut the well down just so we could paint it for a picture. Guess who got the job of getting permission to paint a working oil well? Plans were to shoot the picture the next day.

I got up very early the next morning and met with the oil company folks at their office. I'm sure they thought I was crazy when I told them what we would like to do. Thankfully, they gave us permission to paint the oil well. We bought several cans of black and silver spray paint and brought a lift truck from the seed orchard nursery to the site. An employee was raised to the proper height and began to spray paint the working oil well. He soon discovered that it was best to just hold the paint can steady and use the up and down motion of the well to get the job done.

You can look back at the photo and see that the well looks freshly painted. You can also see some pine needles at the bottom of the picture. Those were placed on the lift truck by the photographer to hide some unsightly clutter on the ground near the well.

We spent most of the day at the well getting this picture. Lunch was brought out to us at noon. The load of pulpwood was parked so it would be in the picture and the TH-100 thinning machine was shown in the process of cutting a pine tree. The timber in the picture was a natural stand of pine and not planted pine like this machine usually cuts, but we figured most people reading the annual report wouldn't know the difference.

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There's no telling what this photograph cost when you count everything involved. Big companies spare no expense when they want something done.

A few weeks later after the annual report was published, I received a copy of it autographed by the photographer. It's hard to read, but what he wrote is shown in red in the lower right portion of the photo. It says, "To Jerry McKelvy—Thanks for your help" with the photographer's signature.

So, now as Paul Harvey said, you know the rest of the story. Now you know that the photo on the cover of the 1975 annual report for International Paper Company was taken near Waterloo in Nevada County, Arkansas. It was an interesting couple of days for me although pretty stressful at times working on a tight time limit with so many things that might have gone wrong.

NEW GRAVE MARKER FOR OLD MIKE



Thanks to whoever is responsible for the new grave marker for Old Mike at DeAnn Cemetery in Prescott.

For those who do not know, Mike was the name given to an unidentified man found dead at the city park in Prescott in 1911. It was believed that he was a pencil salesman which is the reason for the pencil being engraved on the marker.

Efforts were made to find out his identity, but nobody ever claimed his body. The body was kept at the funeral home for almost 64 years before he was finally buried. Those who visited Old Mike at the funeral home will never forget the experience.

You can read more about Old Mike in the March, 2003 and May, 2004 issues.

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PREACHER'S VACATION **(author unknown)**

The old man went to worship for the day was bright and clear,
Though the road was rough and dusty, and it was hard to travel there.

But he hungered for the gospel as he trudged the weary way
On the road so rough and dusty 'neath the summer's burning ray.

By and by he reached the building, to his soul a Holy Place,
There he paused and wiped the sweat drops off his thin and wrinkled face.

Then he looked around bewildered, for the old bell did not toll,
And the doors were shut and bolted, and he did not see a soul.

Then he leaned upon his crutches, and he said, "What does it mean?"
and he looked this way and that way, 'till it seemed almost a dream.

He had trudged the dusty by-way, and he breathed a heavy sigh,
Just to go once more to worship before the summons came to die.

Then he saw a little notice tacked upon the church house door,
And he limped along to read it and he read it o're and o're.

Then he wiped his dusty glasses, and he read it o're again,
Until his limbs began to tremble, and his eyes began to pain.

As he read that little notice, how it made his spirit burn
"Preacher absent on vacation, church is closed 'till his return".

So he staggered slowly backward, and he sat him down to think,
In his heart he pondered until he thought his soul would sink.

Preacher absent on vacation--Then he pondered more and more,
I have lived to almost eighty and I never heard the like before.

When I first became a Christian very many years ago
Preachers traveled on a circuit in the heat and through the snow.

If they got their clothes and vittles, (twas but little cash they got),
They said nothing 'bout vacation, but were happy in their lot.

Would Saint Paul get such a notion, would a Wesley or a Knox?
Would they in the heat of summer turn away their needy flock?

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Did you ever know it happen, or hear anybody tell
Satan absent on vacation, shutting up the doors of hell?

Tell me when I tread that valley and go up the shining heights
Will I hear no angels singing, will I see no gleaming light?

Will the golden harps be silent, will I find no welcome there?
Why the thought is most distressing, would be more than I could bear.

Tell me when I reach that city over on the other shore
Will I find a little notice tacked upon the Golden Door?

Telling me in dreadful silence, writ in words that cut and burn
"Jesus absent on vacation. Heaven closed 'till His return.

RAINFALL RECORD		
January – 1.2 inches	February—3.6 inches	March—5.0 inches
April – 5.8 inches	May—5.5 inches	

RECIPE FOR KINDNESS

Fold two hands together
And express a dash of sorrow
Marinate it overnight
And work on it tomorrow.

Chop one grudge in tiny pieces
Add several cups of love
Dredge with a large sized smile
Mix with the ingredients above.

Dissolve the hate within you
By doing a good deed
Cut in and help your friend
If he should be in need.

Stir in laughter, love and kindness
From the heart it has to come,
Toss with genuine forgiveness
And give your neighbor some

The amount of people served
Will depend on you,
It can serve the whole wide world,
If you really want it to.

(Author Unknown)

DEATH

Sandra Ashbrook Hildebrand, age 65, passed away on June 10, 2014. Burial was in Bluff City Cemetery. Obituary available at Brazzel-Oakcrest Funeral Home web site.