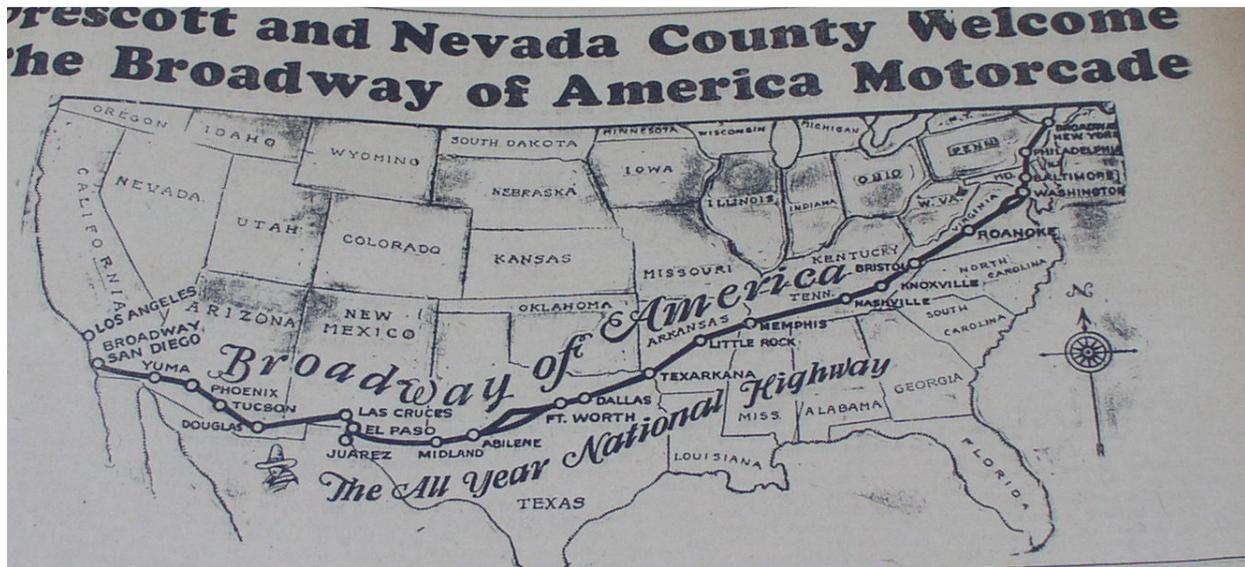


Jerry McKelvy's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 15 – No. 8

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August, 2015



THE BROADWAY OF AMERICA

Imagine how America was in 1928. The automobile had been around for awhile, but many families in rural America had only recently purchased one of those "flivvers" as they called them. The roads were in poor shape especially in rural areas. It was about this time that the first all weather highway was completed across the country. These days we are accustomed to traveling on interstate highways at high speeds to take us wherever we want to go. In 1928, it was a major undertaking to travel across the country.

Sen. John Hollis Bankhead of Alabama was the leading spokesman for building highways. He died in 1920, but the first highway across America was named in his honor and was known as the Bankhead Highway. This road connected Washington, DC and San Diego, California and was also called the Broadway of America.

This highway crossed Arkansas from Texarkana to Memphis which meant that it came through Prescott, Arkansas and was later known as Hwy. 67. This highway caused many businesses to open along the route such as filling stations, hotels, and tourist courts. The Broadway Hotel in Prescott is so named because it was located on the Broadway of America highway.

In April of 1928, a convention was held in Memphis, TN to discuss highways. Plans were made for motorcades to travel to Memphis for this event. One motorcade would leave San Diego and the other from Washington, DC with plans to meet in Memphis for the convention.

The arrival of the motorcade in Prescott was a big event which brought large crowds out to see

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all the cars as they passed through town. Fifty cars had left San Diego led by two fancy Cadillac automobiles. More cars joined the motorcade all along the route so that by the time they arrived in Prescott on April 18, 1928, there were 150-200 cars in the motorcade.



BROADWAY HOTEL AND COFFEE SHOP Date of Photo—June 11, 2015

The Broadway Hotel was built sometime around 1930 after the Bankhead Highway (the Broadway of America) was completed. It is said that President Lyndon Johnson once stayed here when he was a U. S. senator. The last owner of the hotel was 77 year old Chester Hooker who was beaten to death here in 1997. The crime has not been solved. His family decided to close the hotel after his death, but the coffee shop remained open. The hotel served as the meeting place for civic clubs such as the Rotary and Kiwanis clubs. It faced the railroad tracks and was within walking distance of the depot which made it convenient for train travelers.

The coffee shop opened in 1933 with a fancy meal being served followed by dancing while music was played by an orchestra, according to an article in *The Prescott Daily News*. At one time the restaurant was open 24 hours per day and did a booming business. Local legend says that Bonnie and Clyde ate a meal here while having new tires put on their car at the 282 station nearby. There was a sharp decline in business when Interstate 30 opened and through traffic

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no longer passed by the hotel on Hwy. 67. The name was changed a few years ago to the Broadway Railroad Café. The cafe closed for business in 2013 after 80 years of service to the people of Nevada County. The Broadway Hotel and Coffee Shop were featured on the Chamber of Commerce Christmas ornaments in 2011.

PRESCOTT TRADE DAYS

Prescott merchants in 1930 organized what they called the Prescott Trade Days to stimulate business. This event started in August and continued through October that year. People flocked to town each Saturday to take advantage of the bargains. A picture published in *The Nevada County Picayune* shows a street filled with hundreds of people. Evidently, the Prescott Trade Days was a big success for the merchants of Prescott. Here is a list of some of the businesses who sponsored the Trade Days in 1930.

Lee Montgomery & Co.	Piggly Wiggly	Ozan Mercantile Co.
Nevada County Hardware Co.	R. C. Harris	Sterling Store
Hardey Buick Co.	Grand Leader	Quality Shop
Denman Auto Co.	Hesterly Drug Store	Prescott Hardware Co.
Roy Duke, Ready to Wear	Joe Boswell	Greeson Chevrolet Co.
Wat W. White	Gus Garrett	N. B. Nelson
Myers Millinery	Callicott Market	Guthrie Drug Store
Mrs. T. G. Moody	102 Service Station	Kizer and Ward
Scott Brothers	Prescott Lumber Co.	M & S Tire Co.
Farmer's Supply Co.	Walloch's Bakery	John Green's Service Station
M System Store No. 1	Fair Store	Tyson's Store
M System Store No. 2	Prescott Motor Co.	J. T. McGough
Allen's Filling Station	Bankhead Filling Station	E. L. Cox & Co.
Buchanan Drug Store	R & F Store, Allen Gee, Mgr.	W. Hamilton
Avery Café	Geo. W. Robinson & Co.	Busy Dept. Store

PRESCOTT'S FIRST REAL SUPERMARKET

A new type grocery store opened in Prescott in April, 1928. Piggly-Wiggly announced they were opening a store in the Blakely Building on West Front Street, formerly Fleisig's Store. A full page ad in the local newspaper invited customers to try out the new store and souvenirs were given away as part of the promotion.

This was the first "help yourself" store in Prescott. The advertisement for the store stated "a basket is loaned for use within the store". The ad explained how the new store would work. Customers would enter through a turnstile, pick up a basket, and move up and down the three aisles lined with shelves stocked with merchandise. Each item would have a swinging price tag. Customers would make their selections and then proceed to the checking counter where the goods were wrapped. After paying for the merchandise, the customers would exit through a

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turnstile. This was a new experience for Prescott shoppers in 1928 and the people were excited to see such a store come to Prescott. The store remained in Prescott until 1939 when it became a Kroger store.

An ad for the Prescott Piggly Wiggly store in 1930 featured lemons for 27 cents per dozen, Tom Watson watermelons for 59 cents, coffee for 75 cents per pound, and 20 pounds of sugar for \$1.00.

The first Piggly-Wiggly store opened in Memphis in 1916. At the time the Prescott store opened, there were 2660 Piggly-Wiggly stores in the United States and Canada. The man who started the Piggly-Wiggly stores was Clarence Saunders. He was once asked why he chose the name Piggly-Wiggly for his stores and he replied, "Just so people would ask that question".

Piggly-Wiggly was the first to offer a self service grocery store and the first to have the price marked on each item. They were also the first to have refrigerated cases to keep foods fresher and the first to require employees to wear uniforms. Today, there are about 600 Piggly-Wiggly stores operating mostly in the southeastern United States.

Many of us remember shopping at the Piggly-Wiggly stores in Camden. Those stores are still there but now operate under a different name. Only three Piggly-Wiggly stores remain in Arkansas according to their web site—at DeWitt, Dumas, and Star City.

THANKSGIVING MENU AT THE SAXON HOTEL IN PRESCOTT IN 1923

Oyster Cocktail
Cream of Celery Soup
Baked Red Snapper with Creole Sauce
Baked young turkey with Oyster Dressing
Macaroni and Cheese
Baked Young Pig with Applesauce
Apricot Salad a la Saxon
Green Olives
Celery Hearts
Plum Pudding
Pumpkin Pie

Special Price--- \$1.00

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BOYS WEEK IN PRESCOTT IN 1933

Boy's Week was started by the Rotary Club and was celebrated all over the United States and the world. The first Boy's Week in Prescott was in 1933. The purpose of Boy's Week was to draw attention to boys as being one of the world's greatest assets and to cause boys to think about their lives and prepare for manhood with programs to build character and good citizenship.

Boys age 10 to 18 were invited to join in the program. The attendance in Prescott averaged about 100 boys for each day. Here is the schedule for Boy's Week in 1933.

Sunday—(Boy's Day in Church). Churches in town devoted part of their services to teaching related to boys.

Monday—(Boy's Day with the City Council). The boys learned about city government and visited city offices.

Tuesday—(Boy's Day in the Schools). The boys were divided into groups and visited businesses and professional men in town.

Wednesday—(Boy's Health Evening). The boys met at the courthouse where they heard talks about health from local doctors led by Dr. A. S. Buchanan.

Thursday—(Boy's Evening at Home). The boys were to remain at home with their parents. Parents were encouraged to listen to the boy's problems and discuss solutions.

Friday—(Boy's Day Out-of-Doors). The boys met at the courthouse at the close of the school day. Transportation was provided to take them on an outing where games were played, stories told, and supper was provided.

Saturday—(Boy's Day at Industry). The boys met at the grammar school. Transportation was provided to take them to the city power plant, the ice plant, and the fire station.

LAST CHANCE

Grandparent's Day will be Sept. 13th. The next issue will be a special issue in honor of our grandparents. If you would like to include a tribute to your grandparents, now is the time to do it. It could be a favorite memory, words of advice they gave you, a poem about them, or a short paragraph about them. If you don't want to write anything, but want them listed, just send their names with city and state. I still have plenty of room.

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COMMENTS FROM READERS

Loved every word. You do us a great service. All of Howard Cornish Foster's diary was written before my dad was born in 1916. I wonder how Howard Cornish Foster taught himself. He never says anything about school. I wonder if someone edited his writing.—
June Hines Moore

Editor's Note: Go back and read his autobiography in the May, 2015 issue where he discusses his school days. That issue also has his picture.

Thank you again for the July issue. I look forward EVERY month to each issue. I loved the diary and read every single entry. By the way, what is pitch pine?—*Annette Lemons*

Editor's note: Pitch pine is what we always called "rich pine" used to start fires in the wood heaters and fireplaces. Some dead pine trees will just rot and others will have a lot of resin and last for years. Large pieces can be used for fence posts and smaller pieces can be used as fire starters. It smells good when it burns. You only need a few small splinters to get a fire started. We used to gather up enough rich pine to last us through the winter. We would use an axe to split it into splinters and keep them in a bucket or box near the wood heater.

I just wanted to say that I have enjoyed reading your newsletters. I have gone back and read all of them since you began this newsletter. My family (Stinnetts, Picketts, and Creeches) were integral members of Ouachita County, specifically the Chidester and Red Hill areas. My grandmother was also born in Sayre in 1922. So thank you for creating this newsletter and for continuing to put it out monthly. Thanks. — *Thomas Stinnett*

Great issue. I'm exhausted reading those diary entries! Dead rat in the well, snake in the well! And through it all studying and taking baths. Never a dull or quiet moment. What insight to that bit of time. Thanks. — *Irma Hamby Evans*

It was quite interesting reading Mr. Foster's diary and reminded me that, back then, for the conscientious, learning was an ongoing project even into adulthood. — *Duncan McKelvey*

Have I told you lately that I really enjoy the [Sandyland Chronicle](#)?—*Don Mathis*

Thanks for keeping me on your mailing list. And, thanks for your efforts to preserve Nevada County History.

The Warren Lumberjacks defeated the Bodcaw Badgers in the state basketball championship game of 1931, in Little Rock. There were no classes of teams based on size of school back then. There were about two dozen district champions that were allowed to play in the "State" tournament, regardless of school size. My father-in-law,

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A.E. Butler, was a starter on the Bodcaw team. Earl May was the coach. According to Mr. Butler, Bodcaw players had old worn-out tennis shoes and were embarrassed by them. Hope Bobcats got put out (beat) the night before and lent Bodcaw players their shoes, for appearance. The Hope team had new shoes; they were made of leather, they were heavy, the sizes did not match the Bodcaw players. My father-in-law was convinced that they could have beaten Warren if they had been allowed to wear their regular shoes. Have you run across any articles from 1931 in the *Picayune* regarding Bodcaw playing in the state championship game?

James Daniels, Prof. Emeritus, Clemson University

And thank you again for the SandyLand Chronicle. I loved the evocation through primary sources of "the old days". Have you read Grisham's "Painted House"? I was put in mind of things evoked by that. —*Tom Boyd*

Wonderful chronicle, as always. I treasure every one even though I have no idea where Ebenezer church is/was or the cemetery. My ancestors lived at Boughton and are buried at Moscow and Providence.—*June Hines Moore*

I collect ladybug things. None are large. I already have a granddaughter who wants them. Speaking of sales. I had an old "bluing" bottle with bluing still in it. I told it for 10 cents, and the man told me later he would sell it for \$10.00. Ruined my day. —*June Hines Moore*

I'm studying history at the University of Baltimore and am currently taking a Historians toolkit course. This course requires me to do some genealogy research. While I was just tinkering around on the internet, I searched for my grandfather, who died when my father was only 10: Candler Kilgo Hayes. I just want to thank you for your research and story. It brings me to tears. Thank you, again and have an awesome day. Respectfully,--*Audrey Ann Hayes, Vice President, Military Veterans University of Baltimore*

Thank you, thank you, for another wonderful issue of the Chronicle. I LOVE the artwork included. Would it be possible to include sometime in the future the work of the old Berry Martin place? Some of us would like to see where you were reared. I didn't send out cards this year, but wanted to wish you a happy, healthy season, and may God protect you and yours throughout the holidays. This ole' planet is groaning on its axis: may God help us. WE MUST hold to the faith and the precepts of our historical forbearers.

Have a wonderful holiday with lots of goodies to eat. (I just made my very first batch of EGGNOG FUDGE). Oh, my!!!!. Blessings, ---*Annette B. Lemons (Cornelius)*

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This is Ms. Zettie Link's painting of the old Berry Martin place where I grew up. I did not have any old pictures which showed the entire house for her to use as a guide, so we had to rely on our memories to do this painting. Mr. Martin sold the place to my father in 1947 and we lived in the old house until 1956 when it was decided we needed a new house. The old house was torn down and much of the lumber was used in the construction of the new house which is located in the same spot. I am glad to have this painting and appreciate all the work Ms. Link did. She was almost 96 years old when she painted this. Mr. Martin's wife and Mrs. Link's mother were sisters.

I Live in a Town So Small – by Don Mathis

Cops don't ask where you're going,
they already know.
Everybody knows everybody,
half of them are related.

The welcome sign just says Wel-
You'll miss it if you blink your eye.
"You're now entering" and "You're now leaving"
are on the same sign.

It only has one horse –
and cows outnumber people.

Curfew is when the street lights come on;

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and the street lights are so dim,
they are outshined by starlight.

City crews don't pick up road kill,
they just drag the carcass to the shoulder
so the vultures don't get hit.

The grocery store stocker will tell you
NOT to buy a product;
it goes on sale next week.

The population grows 20 percent
at Friday night football.

They teach all 12 grades in one school
and my teacher gets me confused
with my brother who graduated years before.

The only stop light is one that blinks –
and it only blinks once an hour.

Downtown starts shutting down at four p.m.
The main business is the cafe –
and if you stay there all day,
the whole town passes through.

Churches outnumber stores and gas stations combined.
And my church is so small,
the steeple only comes up to here..

Pick-ups outnumber compact cars two to one.
The access road to the highway is two-way.
Tractors have the right-of-way.
Folks still talk about that bus wreck in 2006.

The local library has 400 VHS tapes,
half of them are westerns.
The Post Office closes for lunch,
but they don't need an address to deliver your mail.

Republican primaries, the only election in town.
The newspaper is down to four days a week;
sixteen pages.

The prison in the next county
is the town's biggest employer.

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The funeral home keeps better track of families than the city, county, church, or census bureau.

You can hear coyotes call at night... and recognize their voices.

SEEMS LIKE I HEARD THIS SOMEWHERE BEFORE

More from Mrs. Zettie Link---

1. You'se kids go outside and play.
2. You chaps (kids) go outside.
3. Livin' high on the hog.
4. Puttin' on the dog.
5. That story was all hogwash.
6. Dark as pitch.
7. He wasn't dry behind the ears yet.
8. He slouched around on the job.
9. We had "pot liquor" and "pone bread" for supper.
10. The old cat had a whole "hassell" of kittens.

First time out of Arkansas, I lived in California. Went to store and asked for "Sunday dress socks" for my husband. Clerk never heard of it.

Went to a restaurant and waitress asked if I wanted pie a la mode. I didn't know what flavor ala mode would be.

RAINFALL RECORD

RAINFALL RECORD (at my house)—January—5.4 inches; February—3.6 inches plus 5 inches snow and ice; March—10.7 inches plus 2 inches sleet; April—7.7 inches; May---6.0 inches; **JUNE—Camden (5.7 inches); Bluff City (5.6 inches)**