

Jerry McKelvy's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 17 – No. 7

sandman43@att.net

July, 2017

RULES OF THE ROAD IN THE CITY OF PRESCOTT IN 1927

By 1927, many Nevada County residents had automobiles although some still used horses and wagons. I'm sure there was some confusion on the roads since many of the new automobile owners were just becoming accustomed to driving them and were unfamiliar with the rules of the road. Animals pulling wagons were sometimes spooked by the new fangled noisy machines sharing the roadway.

Mayor Hamby of Prescott compiled a list of traffic laws in 1927 to educate people on the rules in the city of Prescott. These rules were published in the paper and a notice was given that they would be strictly enforced. The city streets in Prescott had just been paved at that time. Here are a few of those rules:

1. No person shall leave any horse, horses, or other animal or animals attached to any vehicle of any description whatever in or upon the streets, alleys, or other public places in the city of Prescott without first securely fastening such horse, horses, or other animals.
2. No person shall ride or drive any horse or other animal in or upon any streets, alleys, or other places within the limits of the city faster than an ordinary trot or pace.
3. When one vehicle overtakes another vehicle, it shall pass to the left of the overtaken vehicle and not pull in front of such overtaken vehicle until at least twenty feet ahead of same. Vehicles when meeting shall pass to the right. Vehicle shall keep and travel to the right side of the street except when necessary to turn to the left when crossing a street or in overtaking and passing another vehicle.
4. No vehicle shall stand within or upon any street intersection, nor stop at any crosswalk in any manner so as to obstruct such crosswalk. No vehicle shall stop on any street except within two feet of the curb, nor in any manner as to obstruct free passage on the street, nor within six feet of a city fire hydrant.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

5. No vehicle shall turn or be turned around in any city street, but shall proceed to an intersection of streets and turn with the traffic, always keeping to the right side of the street.
6. Upon approach of fire department apparatus, all other vehicles shall at once draw up as near as practical to the right hand curb and parallel thereto and stop and remain standing until such apparatus or ambulance passes.
7. Every motor vehicle shall carry the Arkansas registration number exposed in the front and rear, also city license tag, and shall have at least two lighted lamps, one on each side from sunset to one hour before sunrise showing white lights visible for at least 200 feet in the direction toward which the vehicle is traveling or headed, and shall also exhibit one lighted lamp throwing a red light visible in the reverse direction. Motorcycles and bicycles shall within the same period of time carry one lighted lamp throwing a light visible at least 100 feet in the direction same is going.
8. Mufflers on automobiles and trucks and motorcycles shall be kept cut in at all times.
9. No vehicle shall be stopped with its left side to the curb and when stopped every vehicle shall be at an angle of 45 degrees to and within two feet of the right hand curb.
10. No vehicle shall make a complete turn at any intersection of streets, nor shall any vehicle make a three-fourths or what is commonly called a "U". "Hairpin", or "Horseshoe" turn at the intersection of East Elm and East Second South streets.
11. No vehicle shall make a left hand turn upon entering or leaving an alley.
12. No vehicle shall be stopped or parked in front of any theater or motion picture show, auditorium, or other place where the public congregates at any time while an exhibition is being given or public gathering being held in such place, nor shall any vehicle be stopped or parked in front of any fire hose house or fire department station at any time.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

13. No person shall in any manner whatsoever place or move any engine or vehicle of any nature having metal or flange wheels upon or across any walk, bridge, culvert, sewer manhole, paved street, or paved alley within the city of Prescott without first placing upon such bridge, culvert, walk, manhole, paved street, or paved alley wooden planks not less than two inches in thickness and placing or moving such engines or vehicles upon such planks.

14. No vehicle shall be driven at a greater rate of speed than fifteen miles per hour within the fire limits of this city, or within twenty miles per hour without the fire limits of this city.

15. Any person, firm, or corporation violating any of these rules shall be fined not less than ONE DOLLAR or more than FIFTY DOLLARS.

The article included two or three more rules regarding specific streets within the city.

EXORCISM IN HEMPSTEAD COUNTY (from the 11-9-1943 issue of The Nevada News)

John Henry Griffin, also known as Parson Jones, a Negro living near Hope was fined \$25 in Justice Court here Friday on charges of obtaining money under false pretenses.

Estelle Martin and her three children of near Prescott told they paid \$3.00 and a pig to Griffin for treating them for evil spirits by anointing them with oil, sprinkling them with "instant" powders, and burning incense on a prayer plate bearing Ethiopian inscriptions.

Griffin denied charging for his services saying the pig was a gift. He admitted the anointing, sprinkling of powders, reciting passages of scriptures, and requiring the Martins to smell their shoes three times to break the track of the hoo-doo.

Griffin is said to be unable to read or write, but he did sign a statement prepared by the prosecuting attorney. The attorney representing Griffin stated the case would be appealed to Circuit Court.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

A LETTER TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

During World War II, the majority of men in Nevada County and elsewhere were serving in the military in various parts of the world. There was no way for them to keep in contact with their families in those days except by letters. It would take several days for a letter to make its way from the battlefield to the folks back home. Letters sent home had to be approved by military censors to make sure they did not contain any information that could be useful to the enemy. Sometimes, families who had received a letter from their son in service had the letter published in the county newspaper. I have two or three of those letters that were published and thought you might find them interesting. This first one is a letter from Stell Meador published in the February 10, 1944 issue of *The Nevada News*. Stell was one of our Bluff City boys.



MEADOR, STELL

Capt. Stell Meador, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Meador, Prescott, Ark., husband of the former Martha Sue Harlow, graduate of Bluff City High school, Magnolia A.&M., and the U. of A. Entered the Army Air Corps in 1941, training at Selman Field, La. Served in N. Africa, and England, receiving the Silver Star, D.F.C., Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, E.T.O. Ribbon with four Battle Stars and Presidential Citation. Has received his discharge.

Dear Mother and Dad,

I am getting along fine. Our crew had a little excitement while in Africa. I guess it will be ok to tell you all about it now. We had been on a raid up in Europe and discovered we didn't have gas enough to get back across the Mediterranean to Africa. At that time we were about even with Sardis so we decided to make a landing there and try to escape. It was supposed that the Germans still had the island then. We found a dry lake bed and the pilot set her down without a bump.

We immediately set fire to the plane to keep the Germans from getting it and headed for the mountains to hide out. We hadn't gone but a little way when we saw some natives. Our bombardier who speaks Italian went over and talked to them and learned that the Germans had moved north. We went back to where we landed and pretty soon a bunch of Italian soldiers and officers who saw us circling to land came out. They were all very glad to see us. We loaded into a bus

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

they brought out and started for a town about 20 miles away. Word spread that the Americans were there. We were the first American soldiers the people had ever seen and they filled the room we were in. From the way they acted, I think they thought we ran the Germans off their island personally.

They really fixed us a supper that night and the next morning when we came down, I think the whole city was standing in front of the hotel waiting for us. Everywhere we went a crowd would follow. We had plenty of Italian money and we just took in the town. Two of our gunners and I hired a carriage and a driver and rode around town to look it over.

Everywhere people would line the curb and shout "Viva la Americans. Long live the Americans" and throwing flowers to us. We were all reared back in the carriage and waving at everyone like Mayor LaGuardia. It was all so funny to us we laughed ourselves silly. That morning an American general who had just landed came down. He told us they would radio Africa to send a plane for us. That day we had dinner with the mayor of the city and he really laid out a dinner. That afternoon we were taken down to an airfield occupied by the Italians where we spent the night. The Italians were all glad to see us. We ate with them in the officer's dining hall and they did everything for us. The next day a plane came after us. We had been having so much fun we hated to leave.

Love, Stell

WHO IS IT?



This well known lady appeared in Prescott in 1943. Adults paid 60 cents to see her and children under 12 paid 30 cents. Send me you guess. The answer will be in the next issue.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

COMMENTS FROM READERS

From Irma Hamby Evans ---

Your information about the war effort was so interesting to me because I was aware of it but not the extent of it. I was in high school. A group of soldiers was camped in the woods across the road from my house. My brother and some of his friends had a drink stand at the end of our driveway. Many soldiers were frequent customers. One came up to the house to ask if he could take a shower. He became a family friend. Some of them joined our youth activities at the Methodist church. Going to my grandmother's house in Blevins at night in the blackout was an adventure. I am glad all those elaborate preparations were not necessary. Thanks for this month's issue.

From Dan Westmoreland re: the March issue---

I had no idea there were people that were Mormons in Nevada county in the time framed discussed. I used to work for USAF and know a lot of Utah Mormon people. I don't share their faith in the particulars. There is also some bad history in the early years. But there is bad history in most all of our faiths. I can say that most that I ever knew to be patriotic Americans .

When you say Caney Creek I must assume you mean Big Caney. There is a great distance -- of what 10 miles between Big and Little? An eternity in our young lives. I will tell a story here. I was at Papaw Westmoreland's place in the Little Caney creek area-- Morris in 1954. I was 11-- and staying the summer and loving every second of it. It was horrible hot in July and so dry. One day a cousin of my dad's--a nephew of Papaw's from Houston came piling in with a dust storm behind his car. It was Dallas Westmoreland . He said I only have about this day but I need badly to go to Big Caney and catch a big Grindle (those are known as Bow Finn fish to Yankees and such). There were two nephews laying about and Papa said OK lets go--my crops are burning up any way. Now I can't recall the roads to the Creek but we stopped at the bridge and Papa said let the younguns go on. Me and Danny --that's me--- I was 11 will stay here. So my papaw got out a big ole hickory pole about 2 ft long and told me to catch a perch. I did that and he put on the live perch and threw out a long line while I sat on a log and caught perch with his bottom worms he gave me from one of his Prince Albert cans. Well it did happen while Napaw slept under a big tree. That big pole started bucking-- I hollered and he set the hook --it was a Grinnle about 3 foot long-- really I don't know for sure but it was big. Shortly the young men came from the woods. They were worn out but so happy. They were eat up with skeeters-- had forgot to take water with them and had to drink creek water--that didn't hurt them though-- what did hurt them was that Dallas hit on a huge Grinnle that pulled his pole in the creek. One of the boys said that Dallas walked on water to get that pole and the fish. But lo and behold Dallas's fish was about a foot shorter than Papaw's. And Papaw had to be woke up to catch his. It was a day I will never ever forget. You can't make this up and I treasure ever second of it.

From Annette Leamons ----

Thank you for the June edition of the Chronicle. I particularly was interested in the "preparing for war" section. I kept wondering if I might need that info in my life again at some time. Just

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

what would we all do if N. Korea or China decided to destroy all power grids and these millennials would have to survive WITHOUT cell phones. They are an interesting tribe- thought patterns currently unknown to mankind!!! They won't be able to find the "safe spaces" when the lights are out. I do consider nuclear attacks a great deal. I remember the '50's at school when we were all required to wear dog tags at our school in case of attack.

DAVID E. CUMMINS PASSES

For several years I corresponded by email with David Cummins who lived in Florida. Mr. Cummins enjoyed reading *The Sandyland Chronicle* and sent me several old photos he had of early football teams at Prescott High School. He died January 11, 2017 at the age of 95. I miss reading his emails and his comments on various subjects.

Mr. Cummins had ties to Prescott, Arkansas. His grandfather was David E. "Kirk" Cummins who was constable and city collector in Prescott in the early 1900s. It is not known why he was called "Kirk". He was once shot in the back by a man he had previously arrested for being drunk, but survived the attack. He once owned some of the land where Prescott High School is now located.

His son, David E. Cummins Jr., drowned while serving in the Navy in 1933. He was on a rescue mission to look for survivors of the USS Akron off the coast of New Jersey. That was the worst airship disaster in history up to that time. Only three men of the 76 men onboard survived. While on that rescue mission, Lt. Commander Cummins' non-rigid airship J-3 was forced down in a storm and he and another man drowned in the wreckage. Lt. Commander Cummins was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. The football field at Prescott High School was named Cummins Field in his honor.

His son, David E. Cummins III, also had a distinguished career in the Navy as you can see from his obituary below sent to me by his family.



Captain David E. Cummins, formerly of the United States Navy, the son of a Naval Officer, was born in Washington, D.C., on 24 August 1921. Because of his father's career, he lived in various seaports of the United States before beginning his own military career in 1939 by joining the Naval Reserve while attending Severn Prep School in Severna Park, MD. His company (3rd) was called to active duty in October 1940. They were sent to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. He was released from active duty July 1942 to attend the United States Merchant Marine Academy at King's Point. His section was A-243 that graduated in December 1943. However, due to sea time requirements, he had to wait until January 1944 to graduate. He received his Ensign, USNR commission in 1944. During the Second World War, Captain Cummins saw duty in USS Rapidan (A0 18) and was serving aboard the USS Pensacola (CA 24) at the close of hostilities. Then to F D Roosevelt (CV 42). From Roosevelt he was sent to George Washington University in Washington, D.C., for the Five Term Program for Naval Officers. From there he went to a mine sweeper, USS Wheatear (AM-390) where he had every job except CO and XO.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

During the early Korean War, he served as a member of the Staff, Commander Naval Forces Far East. Mostly at the USN Liaison Officer at Haneda, AFB. Thence back to Guantanamo Bay for duty in the Fleet Training Group in Damage Control. Captain Cummins served as Operations and Executive Officer aboard the USS Laffey (DD 724) and commanded the USS John Willis (DE 1927) and the USS Nicholas (DD 449). He was also Executive Officer of the USS Providence (CLG6), a guided missile cruiser and Seventh Fleet Flagship. While in these ships he visited many parts of the world and saw many things. The things he saw and heard convinced him that God is Man Made and Man made too many of them. A real God would never permit such things as he saw. He was a Plank Owner at the Atlantic Fleet ASW Tactical School in Norfolk, VA. Captain Cummins was Scheduling Officer with the Staff Commander Anti-Submarine Force, U.S. Atlantic Fleet. He served as head of the East Asia and Pacific Branch of the Political Military Affairs Division of the office of the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington, D.C. In 1968, he served as Commander Destroyer Division 102 at Newport, Rhode Island and has also been the Head of the Africa and Middle East Branch of the European, Middle East and African Division of the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, D.C. He held this last position from 1970 until his assignment as Chief of Navy Staff in the Canal Zone in 1972. Captain Cummins retired 1 May 1974 and that afternoon was in Sarasota, Florida. There he attended Manatee Junior College for two years and received a degree in Real Estate. Learning not to be in sales, he obtained a position with R W Gormley and Associates as an appraiser. One of his many assignments was the right of way work for the widening of Bee Ridge Road, Swift Road, 17th Street and Bahia Vista. He was in with Gormley for 16 plus years, leaving in December 1993. Since 1994, he devoted significant time to genealogy to complete many of his lines back to the immigrants. He died on January 11, 2017.

He is survived by his wife of almost 73 years, Glenn Philbrook Cummins, and his three children: Dorothy Cummins Schmitendorf (James), Susan Cummins Allbritton (Slagle) and David E. Cummins IV (Bogna), two grandchildren, Tyler Allbritton (Jen) and Blake Allbritton (Sarah), and two great grandchildren, Tate and Chase Allbritton.

He was cremated and it is hoped his ashes box will be committed to the Atlantic Ocean by a USN ship on the way to a six month deployment; perhaps another USS Nicholas.

RAINFALL RECORD

Jan. (3.1 inches); Feb. (6.6 inches); Mar. (3.0 inches); Apr. (9.0 inches); May (7.9 inches)

WORD OF THE MONTH

dossil – a folded bandage used as a compress; a plug of cotton or cloth for a wound

Certain manufacturers boast that they can put a car together in seven minutes. That's nothing. A foolish driver and a tree can take one apart in two seconds. (*Unknown*)

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

PONDERING INDEPENDENCE DAY – By Don Mathis

What does the Fourth of July mean to the 21st century American? It's a day off from work, a time to get together with friends and family, a time to head to the river or lake or coast, a time to fire up the barbecue, or a time to watch some fireworks.

Lost is the notion to reflect on independence; indeed, few even call it "Independence Day" anymore. But have you ever been to the cradle of the American Revolution? Such a visit will give a newfound respect for the liberty we enjoy, and such a respect will ensure such freedoms are not lost.

Scaffolding covered Independence Hall when I visited Philadelphia in the 1990s. I guess independence requires some maintenance now and then.

The home of Betsy Ross still stands. Interior walls are thicker at the bottom, the result of years of repeated plastering. The structure, like America itself, must have a broad support at its base in order to stand. Betsy is remembered for creating the United States flag, she was just one of many who lent their talents to forge a nation.

I have long wondered if there was a proliferation of geniuses in the British colonies in the late 1700s, or did historians create a larger-than-life myth of the protagonists?

George Washington was a military leader, first and foremost. His experience in the French and Indian War prepared him to fight in the ways of his adversaries against the tactics of his commanders — and he learned well.

Thomas Jefferson was a Renaissance man. He was a philosopher and a student of civilization. He borrowed from the ideals of the ancients and crafted a declaration of independence. In so doing, he created a model that has inspired the quest for liberty for dozens of other countries.

Ben Franklin worked the masses from the narrow streets of Old Towne to the grand boulevards of Paris. His writing inspired revolution at home and his diplomacy gained support from abroad. Like Jefferson, he was an avid learner and inventor.



I touched the wound in the Liberty Bell which once hung from the tower at Independence Hall. I rapped it with my knuckles to hear the echo of jubilation at our country's founding. I wondered if Davy Crockett actually did (as the song says) "patch up the crack in the Liberty Bell." Maybe Phil Collins has done some research when Crockett was a congressman. Perhaps Ole Davy did visit Philly as it was a seat of government in his day.

Boston has its share of monuments to the Revolution as well. Indeed, its Freedom Trail touches landmarks every citizen should know. Hundreds huddled in Faneuil Hall to hear orators urge action to revolt. The harbor turned amber with the riot of the original Tea

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Party. The streets ran red with blood as the British fired on unarmed civilians. The battle at Bunker Hill was lost but it inspired other battles — much like our own Alamo — which ultimately won the war.

Other places up East bring home the power and glory of our struggle to gain and retain independence. Visit Concord, Mass., and learn about “the shot heard round the world.” Across the street from Wall Street in New York is Federal Hall where Washington was inaugurated. Baltimore celebrated its bicentennial of the Star Spangled Banner which flew over Fort McHenry in 1814. You can see the original banner in the Smithsonian Museum when you visit Washington, D.C., another icon in American history.

The greatness of these people, places, and objects may never be matched but their images and memory provide an idea worth emulating. Think on these things as you watch “the rockets’ red glare” of the local fireworks. And have a joyous Independence Day.



“America will never be destroyed from the outside. If we falter and lose our freedoms, it will be because we destroyed ourselves”. – Abraham Lincoln