

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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ONE MORE HANGING STORY

In the last issue, we discussed the last legal hanging in Nevada County in which Squire Smith was hanged for killing the Gleghorn brothers. There have been other hangings which were not legal. In June, 1916 there is a record of the hanging of Felix Gilmore.

Felix Gilmore was a black man who had been arrested for assaulting a young white girl. He had been placed in the Prescott jail, but Sheriff Munn feared a mob might try to take him from the jail. He and his deputies decided to transport Gilmore to Arkadelphia just in case there was trouble.

Sure enough, as they were transporting him to Arkadelphia, a mob stopped the sheriff's car and as the sheriff and his deputies were held at gunpoint, the mob took Gilmore with them. The hanging took place on the public road just beyond Rose Hill Dairy and the body hung there until the next morning until it was removed by J. D. Cornish, the undertaker.

A coroner's jury was called and a number of witnesses were questioned, but there was not a clue as to the identity of any member of the mob. (*The Nevada News- June 1, 1916*)

PRESCOTT'S NATATORIUM

In case you are not familiar with this word, a natatorium is another name for a swimming pool, especially one indoors. In May of 1916, Prescott's natatorium was opened to the public. This popular place of amusement and healthful exercise was in the city park on Front Street and was filled with pure water from the Prescott Ice and Milling Co.'s well. The article said the water was kept at the right temperature and that it was an excellent place to spend an hour each evening. A small admission fee was charged and Tuesday was ladies night. (*The Nevada News- May 11, 1916*)

PRESCOTT STREETS ARE "PAVED"

Several cars of screenings from lead mines have been received. These mixed with oil make nice streets with very little dust. This place is almost uninhabitable on account of dust in the dry part of the year. We are thankful that these dusty conditions will soon be over. (*The Nevada News- May, 1916*)

A PUZZLE

A farmer has problems with mice eating his corn. He knows that five cats can kill five mice in five minutes. How many cats does he need to kill one hundred mice in one hundred minutes? (*answer on page 6*)

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SOME ITEMS OF INTEREST

- Another old landmark has bit the dust. The pavilion at Bragg Lake in Ouachita County was torn down a few days ago. I suppose the cost of repairing it was too great.
- Congratulations to the Mark Meador family and to Bill and Kay Sellers of Bluff City for getting honorable mention in the Chidester area Christmas lighting contest.
- Several people on the Internet have been trying to learn how the community of Sayre got it's name. There was a Sayre Lumber Co. there at one time. It was probably named after the man who owned the mill (just a guess). If you have any information or pictures of the old town, let me know. My address is at the top of this page.
- Hershel Danny Hicks, 49, of Prescott died January 9, 2001 and was buried in the old part of Bluff City Cemetery on January 11th.

ANY BOY'S DOG from The Camden Evening News-March 13, 1923

He's black and he's brown, and he's no breed at all
But he comes at my whistle, he leaps to my call
He's clumsy, ungainly, and huge as to size,
But his gentle dog-heart shines from out of his eyes.

He's useless for hunting, for tricks and the like,
But finest of pals, when we're out on a hike.
He runs far ahead in mad, rollicking play,
Then waits till I join him there perky and gay.

When I'm sad and unhappy, he snuggles my hand,
And he does all he can to say, "I understand".
And oft when we sit where the fire-shadows fall,
I forget he's a mongrel of no breed at all.

For his heart which is big as the rest of his size,
Is bursting with love, and shines out from his eyes.
And pal of my hikes, with his nose moist and cold,
I'd not trade my dog for his weight in pure gold.

--Edmund Leamy

Bible Trivia: What is the first color mentioned in the Bible? (Genesis 1:30)

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A STORY OF TWO BROTHERS

If you wanted to visit the grave of Henry Clay, the great American statesman and orator we read about in our American history textbooks, you would need to go to a cemetery in Lexington, Kentucky. There you would find a great monument 130 feet tall with his form on top looking down on the city that honored him, both while he lived and after his death. Thousands of people visit his grave annually. The monument was completed in 1861 at a cost of \$58, 000.

To visit the grave of Henry Clay's brother, Porter Clay, you would need to go to Camden, Arkansas. You will find his grave in the old Oakland Cemetery on the north side of Maul Road. For many years, his grave was marked by a small stone and most folks did not even know who this Porter Clay was.

From articles printed in an early Camden newspaper, *The Beacon*, we learn more about the Clay family and the two different roads these Clay brothers traveled.

The two boys grew up in Virginia under the pious care of a Baptist mother and a preacher father who once was imprisoned rather than cease proclaiming "the glorius gospel of the Blessed God".

Porter was many years younger than his brother Henry. While Henry entered the world of politics, Porter followed the desires of his mother and became a minister and revivalist. Henry became famous for his oratorical skills and became a well-to-do statesman. Porter died in poverty.

Porter did study law and was admitted to the bar. The Governor of Kentucky, a friend of the Clays, appointed Porter as Auditor of the Accounts for the state. By this time Henry Clay had served two terms in the U. S. Senate and had been Speaker of the House of Representatives for four years. He now lived in Kentucky on his estate which he called Ashland. He even ran for president three times. He is known for making the statement, "I'd rather be right than President". Everyone predicted that young Porter would follow in the footsteps of his brilliant brother.

Porter served at Auditor of the state of Kentucky for several years. During this time his first wife died and he was remarried to the widow of U. S. Senator M. D. Hardin. Mrs. Hardin was a woman of great wealth and burning ambition. She desired her husband to take his place with the great men of that day.

Mrs. Hardin was the mother of two sons at the time of her marriage to Porter Clay. As these boys grew up, they developed wild and unruly traits of character. They had open contempt for their stepfather and his simple life. The mother and sons gradually came to treat Porter as an outcast. The situation became unbearable for Porter and he left the elegant lifestyle and devoted his life to preaching. He spent his time preaching to the poor people and sometimes spent the night in their humble homes. At one point, a dispute arose over some doctrinal questions and Porter was suspended as a minister. He then became an evangelist and traveled all along the
(continued on page 4)

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(continued from page 3)

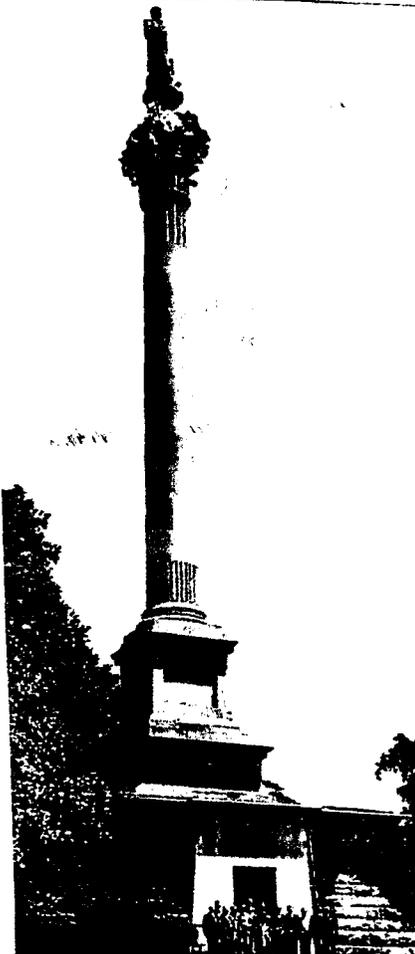
Mississippi River, preaching in small towns to both whites and blacks. His travels brought him to Camden in the 1840s. After holding a revival, he started a church in the city and became its first minister.

His wife's sons barred him from ever returning to the family home in Illinois. His brother, Henry offered him a home at Ashland, which he declined, saying "I owe my service to God and He will take care of me."

He expected to live the remainder of his life ministering to the people of the little city on the banks of the Ouachita. He felt he had reached the goal of his mission. But in 1850, two years before the death of his famous brother, Henry, Porter Clay was stricken with a fever and died a few days later. Some of Camden's businessmen of that day paid for all expenses of Porter's illness and death. The money was later returned to them by Henry Clay, his distinguished brother.

Porter Clay's grave was unmarked for years, but a small board was placed upon it by members of the Baptist church. Finally, the New Century Club of Camden placed a small marker over his grave sometime around 1900. Today the grave is marked by a very nice monument which stands taller than most in the cemetery, placed there in 1939 (see photo below).

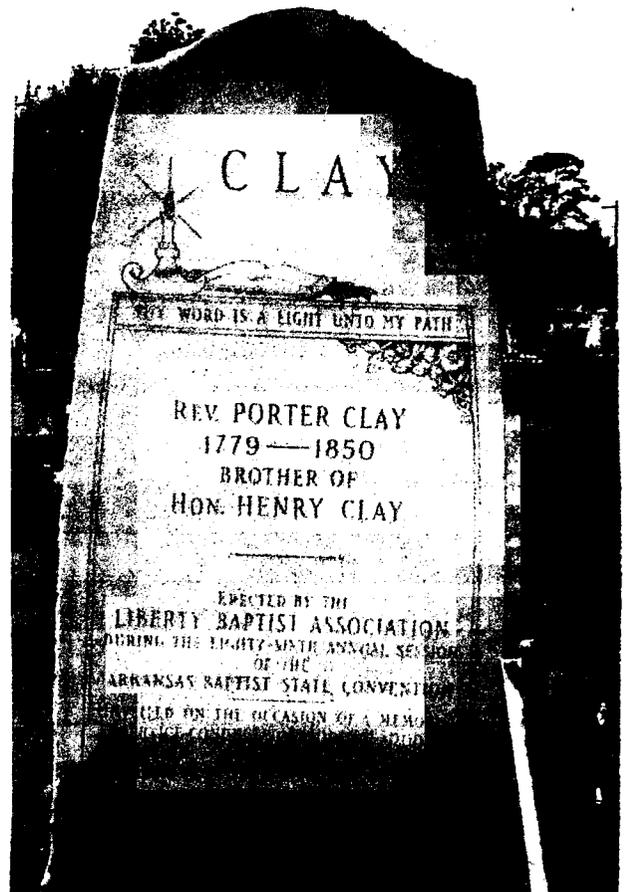
The last statement in the old newspaper article states "His body rests in the cemetery at Camden. His spirit rests with his God."



(left)-Henry Clay
Monument in
Lexington, KY

(right)-Porter Clay
marker at Camden, AR
erected 1939

small stone to the right
was original stone about
1900





CENTER POINT SCHOOL-1925

This school was located between Bluff City and Chidester at the intersection of Hwy. 24 and Hwy. 368. I believe the location was on the east side of Hwy. 368 a short distance from Hwy. 24. The school burned sometime in the 1930's. Photo from Mrs. Clara Harvey, who also identified the students in the picture.

Front Row (left to right)--Coy Walthall; Alta Jewel Bradley; Ira Lee Armstrong; Blanche Rowe; Grace Frizzell; Jim Arnold Harvey; Hugh Hackney; Elbert Rowe; Warren Wesson

Second Row (left to right)--Mildred Grayson; Doyle Harvey; Gertrude Greer; Dale Walthall; Jenny Greer; Lucy Greer; Beatrice Stinnett; Bunice Bradley

Third Row (left to right)--Charlie Harvey; Julius Bradley (teacher); Manford Thomas; Ruth Greer; Johnnie Grayson; Minnie Mae Harvey; Hazel Powell; Coy Moore

Back Row (left to right)--Marshall Greer; Sybil Harvey; Hazel Moore; Jewel Wesson; Leslie Walthall; Virgie Siders; Clara Rowe; Herbert Harvey; Hubert Stinnett

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THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

This month's recipes comes from Vernell Loe, who is currently serving as mayor of Bluff City. When I asked her for a recipe, she just loaned me her book of recipes and said pick one. I chose these because they seemed to be a bit unusual.

UGLY DUCKLING CAKE

The secret: Coconut, fruit cocktail, eggs, and a simple cake mix make a crumbly looking cake that turns absolutely beautiful at the first bite.

1 pkg. yellow cake mix	1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 can fruit cocktail (16 oz.size)	1/2 cup butter or margarine
2 1/3 cups Baker's angel flake coconut	1/2 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs	1/2 cup evaporated milk

Combine cake mix, fruit cocktail with syrup, 1 cup of the coconut, and the eggs in a large bowl. Blend, then beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Pour into a greased 13" x 9" pan. Sprinkle with brown sugar. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes or until cake springs back when lightly touched. Bring butter, granulated sugar, and milk to a boil in a small saucepan. Boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in remaining coconut. Spoon over hot cake in pan. Serve warm or cool.

AMAZING COCONUT PIE

The secret: Because it makes its own crust. Some people call it the impossible pie. Just mix, bake and serve.

3/4 cup sugar
2 cups milk
1/2 cup biscuit mix
4 eggs
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 and 1/2 teaspoons vanilla
1 cup angel flake coconut

Combine milk, sugar, biscuit mix, eggs, butter, and vanilla in electric blender container. Cover and blend on low speed for 3 minutes. Pour into greased 9 inch pie pan. Let stand about 5 minutes, then sprinkle with coconut. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Serve warm or cool.

(answer to puzzle on page 1) ---5 cats