

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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## A POSTCARD FROM 1910

Do you notice anything unusual about this old postcard? The symbol in each corner is what is now known as the Nazi swastika which was the symbol used by Adolph Hitler in Germany in the days of World War II. It seems that many old postcards used this symbol in earlier years as decoration. In those days it was a “good luck” symbol and was meant to wish the recipient good luck. Of course after it was used by the Nazis, it became one of the most hated symbols on earth.

This card is addressed to Oscar Lee McKelvy, my great uncle and is dated August 10, 1910. It is postmarked “Sayre, Arkansas” and has a one cent stamp on it. Oscar Lee died in 1911 from measles just before his twenty-first birthday. He is buried at Ebenezer Cemetery.

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## LYNCHING AT HOPE

Reported in *The Nevada News*—Jan. 21, 1909

Passengers on board # 28 reported the lynching of a Negro at Hope. The body was still hanging from a telegraph pole at the depot when the train passed and was easily visible from the train’s windows. After stringing the man up, the mob riddled his body with bullets.

An account of the events is as follows: Last night a most horrible outrage was attempted by a Negro on a most estimable lady of Hope. She was confronted by a Negro who made improper advances as she was returning to her home on Front St. The lady attempted to pass on, but the assailant grabbed her by her left arm and made an effort to accomplish a most

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heinous crime. The cries and screams of the lady scared the miscreant, for he ran away at a rapid pace.

The news spread of the attempted outrage and a thorough search was made assisted by bloodhounds brought in from Ashdown, but the dogs failed to get a scent. Two Negroes were arrested on suspicion, but later released after being confronted by the lady. A Negro named Dillard, about 18 years old, was arrested and the lady identified him as the one who had attacked her.

Dillard was brought from the Washington jail about 5:10 a.m. and was hanged from a telegraph pole at the train depot. As people began to go about their business, the mob dispersed as quietly as it was formed and was nowhere to be seen. A crowd of curious men stood looking at the body as it swung to and fro in the wind. He is said to have confessed to the crime and was fully identified by the woman. The body was cut down shortly after the lynching. A coroner's jury ruled that he died at the hands of unknown persons. No arrests have been made and the people seem to think the Negro met his just desserts.

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## PET STORIES FROM READERS

My Basenji, Wrinkles, was my special dog. He couldn't bark but could yodel when he was happy. When I lived in North Carolina, my mother sent me "care" packages and always included a treat or toy for Wrinkles. He would always yodel when a package arrived.  
*Patricia Farr-Arkansas*

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### A SPECIAL BUDDY

The special buddy came along when I must have been around eleven or twelve. My dad brought him home with him from work. He had been given the pup by someone "on the job". He was such a pretty pup and my heart melted immediately, however, Dad told me that the pup was his. He said that I "ruined" every dog he brought home by petting them too much and he wanted to train this one (for what, I never determined). I think "his" dog lasted maybe thirty minutes for I started up the hill to the barn and the pup's legs were too short to climb the rough ground so I had to "help" him. Thereafter Shep was mine. He followed every step I made one way or another, waited on the front porch for me to come home whenever I left, and ate anything I did.

The really pretty pup turned out to have a mixture of forebears for he had long wiry hair, a pointy nose with long hair around the snout and eyes. He was sort of collie colored and the least shepherd looking dog one could imagine, but just the right size to keep up with me.

I taught him to go after the pocket gophers that loved to set up house-keeping in the front yard. I'd point to the ground and say, "Sic, 'em," and he would make the dirt fly by digging in the mound. Of course, we never caught any, but it was fun until Mother protested about the holes around everywhere. One morning she sent me to the potato patch to dig a bucket of new potatoes for dinner and Shep and my other dog went with me. I saw no point in my digging potatoes when I had two able-bodied diggers with me so I pointed at the potato

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hill and said, "Sic, 'em." The dirt and potatoes flew and I soon had my bucket full and went home. Unfortunately for me, the dogs hadn't found anything of interest to them and they kept digging. Daddy came in later and complained about the pit at the end of the potato row.

Monday was wash day usually and also dog bath day in the summer time. I used the left over wash water and washed the dogs and then ran when I let them out of the tubs for they would shake water all over me and then go roll in the sand. Afterward they would head for the front porch, sand and all. I would get to do a lot of sweeping.

One time Shep got a bad case of mange. I had put the remedy that Daddy and I bought at the drug store on him and the mange seemed to be getting worse. I had studied just enough biology to be dangerous so I looked up "mange" in the dictionary and decided that since it was caused by a mite, coating the mite in oil would keep it from breathing and that would kill it. I mixed up used motor oil and creosote stock dip (if it was good for cattle, why not dogs?) and put it on the big patch of mange. Shep did a lot of running and rolling in sand and then headed for the front porch—I never did get that porch scrubbed clean—but we got rid of the mange. It was a drastic measure and it really is a wonder I didn't kill my dog. Dog like, he forgave me.

Dad was working long hours and I decided that I could feed hay to the cattle during the winter. Of course, I didn't want to do that job alone so I taught the dogs to climb the ladder to the barn loft. Dad had cut holes in the loft floor so that the hay could be pushed from there into the mangers below. After I got through putting the hay in the mangers, I would shove the dogs into the mangers and they would run barking out through the cows. Shep was too big for me to carry down the ladder so it seemed a logical way to get him down. One night I was staying with a friend and Dad had to feed the cattle. He came back and asked Mother if she knew the dogs could climb the ladder to the loft. She didn't and later when the dogs kept barking, he had to go back to the barn and bring them down. He asked how I got them out of the loft and just shook his head over my solution to the "down" problem.

Shep was a great friend and checked out all my dates—chased some—and some didn't come back again. He always welcomed me home when I grew up and went away to college. I guess he finally became Dad's dog then for he followed him just like he had me.

*Betty Thomas- Texas (this story took place in Arkansas)*

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When Peter, my husband, received orders for Viet Nam the first time we bought a German Shepherd puppy to become my 'guard dog'. Her name was very original - Heidi! To become a guard dog she was allowed with only our immediate family. When visitors came she was shut away. Now Peter has the softest heart for dogs and children.

There was a night wives' social so I left our house with Peter in charge. When I returned home everyone was in bed. I tip-toed back to the bedroom and when I opened the door a riot happened. Heidi was jumping frantically off the bed, right across Peter. She knew I did not allow her in our bed. She was so scared, at getting caught there, that she tinkled right on Peter's face as she scurried over him to the floor. He came up sputtering trying to figure what in the world was going on. I started laughing and woke both our girls. Needless to say, Heidi never got in our bed again. *Barbara Masterson- Arizona*

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Apparently dogs have a terrific sense of smell that creates a fingerprint of each person.

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For a year our 'guard dog' Heidi (a German Shepherd) had grown from a puppy into a very large dog while being my constant companion. To lay the scene - we had braided rugs on hardwood floors. In the dining room there was a large table with 6 chairs. That room opened into the living room, and the front door. Peter was just returning from Viet Nam. Heidi was in the back yard

Peter walked in the front door. At that very moment our daughter let Heidi in the back door. Hearing a commotion at the front Heidi raced in - growling - with the hair on the back of her neck raised high. She got as far as the dining room and realized that was not a stranger in her house. She applied her braking power and slid - right along with the rug, dining table, and chairs that were crashing to the floor - into the living room and right into Peter's arms. They went down together in a heap of laughter, whimpers and kisses. *Barbara Masterson-Arizona*

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One day Daddy came home with a big, ugly dog. It had a brindle coat and looked like a cross between a hound and something. What a surprise! Daddy explained that a kid wanting to sell his dog came by the site where he was building a house. "How much for the dog?" "10¢." Daddy paid it. In those days, that was a lot of money for a big, ugly dog.

What she lacked in looks, she made up for in heart. Queen loved everybody and everybody loved her. We were her charges, though, and no one got near us without her approval.

She was prolific. She had litters of 15 or more pups. But Queen was getting past her prime. Since she was such a great dog, my parents decided they would keep one of her pups, a male pup -- with no more large, frequent litters of puppies.

As genes sometimes will have it, this dog did not resemble Queen. His coat was black with brown eyebrows and brown tips on his feet. His tale was bushy. Nor was he the nursemaid that Queen was. I don't think we ever named him. As I recall, he was always Queen's Pup.

One day (with no lizards to chase) I noticed Queen's Pup digging. He was focused and intent on his digging. I decided to watch to see what was of such interest to the dog. I sat down beside him. He had strong legs and long claws on his front feet. He was really digging!

Now you may know this already, being an adult. But I was about five years old at the time.

As I sat watching Queen's Pup dig, he turned without skipping a beat with his digging. And I suddenly got a face full of dirt. Lots of dirt. I opened my mouth to scream at the dog while yelling for my mother. I got a mouth full of dirt. Lots of dirt.

I learned a lesson that I have not forgotten to this day.

Never sit -- next to a dog -- while he is digging. *Mary Anna- Oklahoma*

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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GORDON H. IRVIN (PART TWO)

### OUR FOLKS

With spring the rains descend followed by summer's sun and soon the autumn leaves turn brown and tumble down before the wind to receive their winter blanket, as the long train of years glide away. Unknown to the world but loved by those few who were near, sleep there also beneath a common mound, two hearts that once beat as one. Now they are gone by each

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their turn to rest at last forever; to sleep in peace and strive no more; their mission done as best they could. Still, throughout the days to come, in all the land, their spirit soars and knows no bounds. Their image now is clear before me.

My father and mother were not alike in many ways. Whereas Papa was slightly below average in height with dark hair and brown eyes, Mama was tall, blond, and angular. She had a grand manner and her voice was loud and clear, but Papa seemed to feel his way about in rather a subdued mien. He was a frugal man stinting unnecessarily at times while Mama might have been thrifty if she but had the opportunity. She sallied forth with an air generally gay and bright. Papa plodded phlegmatically on determined to continue in a way of life prescribed by the post Civil War era. Those bleak years came at a time in his childhood when poverty, hardships, and the responsibilities left piled upon him by the death of his father were to leave permanent scars on his body as well as in his brain. He did not anticipate progress nor did he embrace it, but rather he was skeptical of innovations. He tolerated such things as the two horse plow, the telephone, and later the radio, but never believed they represented any real progress or advancement. Any advancement in our home over that of Daniel Boone was directly due to the influence of my mother. She labored and fought without ceasing to improve our lot and though she did not achieve all her aims, I love to believe that her reward was sufficient.

Here, I wish to remind the reader that, as has been noted, at this time I was only a child and remember mostly the things that concern my parents, my older brother and sisters, for in fact, Hartwell was still an infant and Arona, my baby sister, had not as yet been born. Still, there were in all eight children born, but the first was either dead or died at birth. None of us ever doubted the great love and devotion bestowed upon us by our parents, nor were we ever without that assurance of complete security. However, with no conveniences or labor saving devices as we know them today, it is doubtful if any of us received more than the bare minimum or personal attention. The fact that seven of us are alive this day and well is due to an abundance of wholesome food, adequate clothing, and rigid discipline more than to any individual personal attention or professional medical care. Of course, we did have some medicine which was good and considerable home remedies, both good and bad, which brings to mind quinine and three sixes. They were and may still be the best remedies for chills and fever, but a most bitter dose to swallow sans pills and capsules.

Hollie, Nellie and I were all down at one time with malaria fever, but this was expected at certain seasons of the year. There were no good home remedies for pneumonia—about all one could do was try and make the patient comfortable and wait and watch. This was a most dread disease being generally fatal. The only one in our family who ever got pneumonia was Hollie. For many days his life hung in the balance, each short breath could have been his last on earth. How well I remember my mother teaching him to walk again when at last he had recovered. It seems to me now that Hollie, who is about four or five years older than I, was always either very sick or very, very well. Once, while cutting sprouts, he amputated his toe with a pole ax, but Mama stuck it back on and it grew, thus saving a doctor bill. Then there was the time when we were afraid he might die from powder burns. It happened on a weekend when all the family but Hollie and I had gone to visit Aunt Tint who was actually our great aunt. She lived about five miles into the sand hills or some two hours drive by wagon. She had no children our age and so we were left to do the chores and spend the night

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with the Dunn boys whose farm joined ours. This was a great occasion for me because there was nothing I had rather do than visit the Dunns. You could always count on them for just about anything. They were never too busy, too skeptical, nor afraid to join in any venture. They- Victor, Edward, and Alvin-, had helped us finish our chores that evening and we were walking across the field to their house when we noticed two or three cats following along behind. Now it didn't seem normal nor right that housecats should follow along like as if they were dogs. And so it was agreed that we should singe their noses for them. Papa used a muzzle loading shotgun and kept his powder in a horn by the gun rack. It was our original idea to make a cannon with the powder we had taken from the horn, but now our plans were changed. I remember seeing Hollie pour the explosives onto a piece of paper making a small pyramid, and while some of the boys held the cat's noses close, he struck a match and touched it off. Like a flash of lightning, a dark red and black cloud went up and soon, through the clearing smoke, I saw the blackened, bewildered faces of the boys as they picked themselves up from here and there. I, being too small, was not allowed to join actively in the sport, and so was far enough away from the explosion to see all that happened but not too far to hear the peculiar grunting sound that Hollie was making. He must have been directly over the powder and the closest one to it, because he was the only one seriously burned. His mouth and eyes were seared and sealed, so we led him through the plowed fields to the Big Branch and washed his face until his mouth came partly open. I don't know how long it was until he could see nor when it was that we knew he would recover. Eventually, the scars went away and we never talked about this much afterwards because Papa had warned us so many times about the danger of powder.

I don't rightly know the meaning of the word "salavate", nor exactly how it happens. But it is a terrible thing if it is done to you and old Dr. Shell did it to Hollie when he was about fourteen years old. All the delicate lining of his stomach was destroyed. The flesh from his mouth and intestines sloughed off so that you could see pieces of them in his excretion. I am sure that old Dr. Shell did not intend that this should happen nor worry very much about it. He was our family doctor, the one who presided at the birth of all of us for a fee; the births assisted by Aunt Alice Moore who never received pay and did not expect it. Later on, with the advent of the automobile, Dr. Shell got run over and killed in Hot Springs or somewhere, I think.

The foregoing are a few of Hollie's afflictions. It has occurred to me that his body may have been stunted to some extent since he is shorter in stature than most of us children, but I don't know. Be that as it may, his mind was ever vigorous and strong even when his body was not well. As has been stated, there were stretches of time between ailments when he was more alive than any or all of us, long stretches of time, or so it seemed to me. He was the oldest and, I suppose, felt called upon to discipline the others. Called upon or not, he rode real close herd. It was not his way to allow free rein. I did not fear Mama and paid not the slightest attention to Papa, but Hollie was alert and vigorous; also the weight of his hand was considerable. He was positive, too much so to have made a good politician, never on the fence or in doubt about anything. We owe much to him for he it was he who, in the absence of our toiling parents, taught us most of the things we learned. His size and his voice were not at all in proportion to each other. Many of his larger opponents- and he had many- were completely subdued just by the sound of his big bass voice, especially if it was at night. Later, he went to Texas and won the state award in oration with no coaching.

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When Papa sent us to chop down trees in the pasture land, Hollie would create an atmosphere of daring and suspense by having me first climb the tree. I never got hurt very bad though, especially if the tree was nice and bushy at the top. I can't remember when I first started using tobacco, but I do remember that my parents objected to it only mildly compared to Hollie's violet hatred for the stuff. I had to remain on guard at all times on his account.

Vigilant watch dog that he was, Hollie could not bring himself to be so stern with one as kind and gentle as Opal, my oldest sister. I think he, like the rest of us, had a special feeling for her. She is only two or three years older than I am and when she was yet too small to handle a hoe in the field, she was assigned the formidable task of caring for me so that Mama might go into the fields and work along with Papa and Hollie. She seldom complained, but I vaguely remember they were long and trying days for her. Most of the energy I was born with was used up in the first twelve or fourteen years of my life, making myself and all those near me miserable. But Opal, with the occasional and questionable help of Grandma Irvin, was able to bear it day in and day out. Grandma could not take it so well. Her patience would run out and she would lose control of herself trying all sorts of time-tested failures to get her hands on me. Then when she realized how ridiculous I was making her look, she would throw up her hands and go home. This was the desired result as far as I was concerned. The very sight of Grandma would trigger off my most diabolical disposition. She was little and dark and very old. Respect of a sort, I may have had for her, but certainly no fear.

Our immediate family was spared the sadness that comes with death. My only real sorrow, as I recall, was when Opal married. She went with the blessings of most of the family while still a child of fifteen years. For my part, I could not bear to see her go away and leave us there all alone. It seemed I might never see her again nor hear her gentle voice any more as she sang to herself and to me some ballad or church hymn while we worked or as we trudged homeward along the path just as twilight gathered in the evening. I tried to put up a bold front knowing it would not be good to let her know how sad and forlorn I was, but as we stood there alone together by the well that last Sunday morning, a teardrop stood in my eye and I turned my head away and said, "When is the funeral?" These words came straight from my heart though I meant to say "ceremony". She laughed at me and then I was embarrassed but glad for the change of thoughts.

Nellie and Geneva are younger than I and in that order, but I can't recall when Geneva was smaller than Nellie. They were a pair in more ways than one. It is doubtful if any of our neighbors ever thought of them separately. It was always Nellie and Geneva. Still, there was no physical resemblance between them. Nellie had light brown hair and blue gray eyes. She had a picayunish disposition and was small for her age. She had peculiar eating habits relishing such things as pickles and salt. There was a streak of devilment in her and she was real game in most any venture so long as it had no threat of bodily harm to her. Having me for a brother may have had something to do with the latter precaution. She certainly was not gullible but more or less self-reliant. She was never an awkward child and was always neat and clean as a pin.

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Everybody said that Geneva was the prettiest child they had ever seen and they were right. She had dark red hair, brown eyes, and the fairest complexion. She was happy and robust with little concern for her personal needs. Her greatest aim was always to please which often made her fall for the little mean tricks that Nellie and I were forever playing on her. Still, the two girls were as twins at home and wherever they went. That they generally dressed alike was due mostly, I guess, to the fact that Mama could buy cheaper and make easier two of a kind. And so it was and ever will be with Nellie and Geneva.

My memory of Hartwell is of a tow-headed, chubby, brown-eyed little boy who appeared to be melancholy most of the time, though I am sure he was not really sad. He loved to follow me wherever I went which was of little concern to me as long as we were alone, but when I had company, it was a different matter. We would slip away from him and later I would be ashamed for the underhanded way I had treated him. It was about this time that Houston was courting Opal every Sunday afternoon and would usually have gum or candy in his pockets for Hartwell. It was our ruse to let Hartwell follow us far enough away from the house so he couldn't see and know we were lying and then tell him that Houston was driving up with gum. While Hartwell bolted for the house, we sprinted through the plum thicket and away through the fields. Hartwell was the youngest of the family at that time.

Arona, my baby sister, had not as yet been born, but she has heard most of these tales and knows that they are true.

(To be continued)

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## **Micro Sour Cream Pudding (from Barbara Masterson of Arizona)**

### **Ingredients—**

One 3 oz package Jell-O pudding [**not instant**] -any flavor except lemon  
3 Tablespoons sugar  
1 Cup water  
1 Cup Sour Cream = [1/2 pint]

Stirring well, combine pudding, sugar and water in 1 ½ quart microwave safe bowl.

Cook, uncovered, on high for 2 minutes; stir well and cook for 1 minute; stir well again and cook for 1 more minute or until mixture comes to a boil.

Stir and allow the mixture to cool for 3 minutes, uncovered; stir well and cool for 2 more minutes.

Stir in sour cream being sure to blend well. Pour into dessert dishes and chill.

This recipe can be doubled, however, the cook time will need to be increased to 3+2+2