

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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*****<http://sandyland.nevada.ar.us/>*****



A FAMILY REUNION AT CALE, ARKANSAS (about 1927 or 1928)

Store building in background

Contributed by Harold Darby

THE SNOW TRAIN

I just finished watching an old re-run of *Gunsmoke* called ‘*The Snow Train*’. It was a two part show which was first shown on TV in October, 1970.

Gunsmoke was always one of my favorite TV programs and I still watch the re-runs. I think that series was the longest running television program. It ran for about twenty years or so. This particular episode had Marshal Dillon, Festus, and Doc and several other passengers on an old steam train. The Indians had cut trees across the railroad tracks which caused the train to stop. Then they cut trees behind the train so it couldn’t move.

I’m sure you are wondering why I’m telling you about this show. Well, it turns out this episode of *Gunsmoke* has a Nevada County connection. The steam engine used in filming the show is the same one which operated out of Prescott for 36 years on the Prescott and Northwestern Railroad. The engine was called “Old No. 7” at that time, hauling timber for the Ozan-Graysonia lumber mill and also peaches and other agricultural products to Prescott where they could be transported on the main railroad to markets in the big cities.

“Old No. 7” was retired from service in 1955 when diesel engines were being used. The railroad kept it around for awhile just in case they needed a spare, but finally in 1962, the

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

engine left Prescott for the Black Hills of South Dakota. It was purchased by the Black Hills Central Railroad for use as a tourist train in the scenic hills around Mt. Rushmore and the Crazy Horse memorial.

The “*Snow Train*” episode was quite an experience for the cast of the show. James Arness, who played Marshal Matt Dillon, said it was the “most fun” show he could remember doing in years. The crew and cast members had to travel to South Dakota for the filming which was almost scrapped because of the lack of snow which was needed for this particular episode. Finally a 13 inch snow fell just before the filming was to begin.

The old engine was brought out of storage and a crew was rounded up. They changed the number of the engine from “7” to “8” which made it possible to reverse the film without the number appearing backwards. I’m not sure I understand why they had to do that, but that’s what the news release said. They shined the windows and painted the edges with egg whites to give the appearance of ice frost. The bright red cars were spray painted over with a dingy green to make it appear more authentic.

Going up the steep grade at Harney Peak, the highest point in South Dakota, the old steam train put on quite a show for the cameramen, none of whom had ever been on a steam engine before. More than once they were completely engulfed in dense black smoke, but they kept the cameras rolling.

It was the first time the cast of the show had traveled more than 1000 miles to shoot on location, the first time a real steam engine was used, the first time to film in real snow, and will be recorded as the most expensive show in the series.

This old steam engine saw many years of service with four railroads before it was purchased in 1962 and moved to South Dakota. It was used by the Columbus and Greenville, the Caddo and Choctaw, the Ozan-Graysonia Lumber Co., and the Prescott and Northwestern railroads.

So, next time you are watching re-runs of *Gunsmoke*, keep an eye out for “The Snow Train” episode and take pride in knowing that the engine used in that show once carried timber, peaches, cantaloupes, radishes, and passengers over its 31 mile track to intersect the main line at Prescott, Arkansas.

GEORGE WASHINGTON’S RULES OF CONDUCT (from a manuscript he kept as a boy)

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.
2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming voice, nor drum with your fingers or feet.
3. Sleep not when others speak; sit not when others stand; speak not when you should hold your peace; walk not when others stop.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on anyone.
5. Be no flatterer; neither play with anyone than delights not to be played with.
6. Read no letters, book, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of anyone so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.
7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters, somewhat grave.
8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he be your enemy.
9. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any straight place, to give way for him to pass.
10. They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedence; but whilst they are young they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.
11. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort or we to begin.
12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.
13. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.
14. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.
15. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.
16. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogance.
17. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.
18. Being to advise, or reprehend anyone, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently or at some other time, and in what terms to do it; and in reproving, show not signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.
19. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time and place convenient to let him know it that gave them.
20. Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.
21. Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precepts.
22. Use no reproachful language against anyone, neither curse nor revile.
23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.
24. In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and places.
25. Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked; if your shoes fit well, if your stockings fit neatly, and clothes handsomely.
26. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.
27. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.
28. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

29. Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant, nor things hard to be believed.
30. Speak not of doleful things in time or mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams but to your intimate friends.
31. Break not a jest when none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not loud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seems to be some cause.
32. Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.
33. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to be contrite.
34. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commenting.
35. Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.
36. If two contend together, take not the part of either of them unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent, but of the major side.
37. Reprehend not the imperfection of others, for that belongs to parents, masters, and superiors.
38. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.
39. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.
40. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.
41. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech be ended.
42. Treat with men at fit times about business; and whisper not in the company of others.
43. Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.
44. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discovers not.
45. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.
46. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.
47. When you deliver a matter, do it without passion and with discretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.
48. When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.
49. In disputes be not so desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.
50. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.
51. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.
52. Make no show of taking delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

53. Be not angry at the table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.
 54. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table, but if be your due, or that the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.
 55. When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously or in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.
 56. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.
 57. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.
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A FRESH START

By James Hairston

Times were tough for most Americans in 1948. World War II had been declared over for only three years and folks were doing their best to regain a footing in the quest for the simple, yet decent, American dream. Our (maternal) mother had felt compelled to “give up” to the Arkansas Department of Children Services her three remaining children (two older boys had been placed with our maternal father earlier) in late 1947. The three of us, Anna (now Nancy), Ramona Sue (now Ruth), and me, Jackie (now James) had survived, moving from relative to relative, bus depot to bus depot. Our mother had little skill in doing more than waiting tables, cleaning house, and washing dishes. Soon after the war, jobs were a premium, scarce and menial. She simply didn’t have the wherewithal to do what it took to maintain our lives, along with hers. Once she committed us to the state, we were housed in foster care, received primary health care and provided basic food sustenance for survival. My younger sister, Ruth, was two years old, while my older sister, Nancy, was five. I was three years old. Funny, I can still recall many occurrences of that “gray, overcast time” in my life. Anyway, the three of us were being kept together...until the time I was hospitalized for a hernia operation in Little Rock. While recuperating from the surgery, the State Agent, a Ms. Johnson (a very nice lady, as I recall), came to visit me and informed me of our older sister’s adoption. I can still recall the horror I experienced, being told our older sister would no longer be with us (Nancy had become, at a very young five years old, our only protector.) At any rate, I suffered through my confinement in the hospital and was returned to our foster home, where my younger sister, Ruth, was residing.

Both, Ruth and I, recall vividly some of the more traumatic times we shared while being housed at the foster home (somewhere around Little Rock). I was forced, at the ripe old age of three years, to hand-carry bricks from a stack to my foster-father’s work-site, at the front porch of the house. I am quite certain that is when I developed the abdominal hernia. Several of those darker moments occurred at the “well-house”. It seems, one of the preferred methods of discipline used by our foster parents was filling a metal bucket and holding a child’s head under the water until almost unconscious. I would have probably disregarded such memories as “bad dreams”, had the situation been such that it was only me who had such recollections; however, both my sisters have vivid recall of the same situations! In today’s time, such happenings would constitute absolute, heinous child abuse. Back then, the state was so relieved to have people come forward and accept the little orphans of Arkansas,

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

over-looking such incidents (and other, more sinister ones) became common-place. Over the years, I have grown to realize the fact that, during those years, people were not happy, generally speaking. Violence in the home was fairly common, while over-drinking, child-abuse, and crime was very prevalent within our society. I bear no grudges. Knowledge breeds understanding.

Finally, the day came when Ruth and I were taken to a building (the State Department of Welfare) in Little Rock and were introduced to our parents, Glenn (Doctor) and Waver Hairston, of Prescott. I found out, years later, my dad had actually wanted to adopt only a little girl but, due to our having been previously separated from our older sister, the state insisted upon our being kept together. Our parents agreed to accept both of us and the rest, as they say, is history. The very first words (I know. This sounds a bit melodramatic!) I ever spoke to my new dad were, “Okay, Daddy. Let’s go home!” My sister will happily document that, as she remembers it clearly. Our lives with the Hairstons began on a somewhat tumultuous note. We weren’t far down Highway 67 when, due to arguing and fussing, Ruth and I were separated by one of mom’s bed pillows in the back seat. That scenario played itself out numerous times afterwards!

The people of Prescott were fabulous! It was as if they, too, had adopted us, two little rag-tailed cookie grabbers from the ghetto! Another point of interest was the “hiding game” Ruth and I often played. Every time someone came to visit, unless we recognized them instantly, we would both run to our hiding places and cower there until our parents would finally lure us back out. We were afraid of being sent back to foster care!

Our first (literally) Christmas in 1948 came as a mystery to Ruth and me. Until that time, we had never heard of Jesus Christ, Santa Claus, angels, or any other Christmas-related figures! We questioned our mom about a tree being erected IN THE HOUSE! She was so patient with us, teaching us the joys of tree-decoration, Christmas carols, children’s Christmas songs (Our first such song was “Santa Claus Is Coming to Town”), and gifts! The second story of our home was packed with presents from the loving people of Prescott, along with our new-found family of relatives! Ruth and I didn’t have a clue as just what Christmas meant. One kind of sad, yet memorable occurrence was our first Christmas Day awakening. Our mother had to actually wake us and encourage us to go see what was under that strange tree in the master bedroom! The thought of some bearded old man sneaking into our house scared me! I was afraid he might still be in the other room! Once our mom had coaxed us into the room full of wrapped gifts, we soon (very soon!) got the hang of opening presents! I remember one really super nice gift, a beautiful matching set of red and white tricycles! We rode and rode those tricycles! Due to a record-setting snow storm that year, we were confined to the house. Needless to say, we were terrors on wheels all that Christmas Day!

It required many days, weeks, and months of patient, loving care for our parents to mold Ruth and me into kids who could cope socially. We were, crudely stated, “shell-shocked” little children, needing love and attention that would have been considered excessive in today’s times. Nevertheless, our folks were always there for us, protecting, gently disciplining, and offering us safe haven! It took several years for those two wonderful people to finally mold us into somewhat acceptable citizens, capable of caring for ourselves! Were

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

we spoiled? Absolutely! Did we learn from Dr. and Mrs. Hairston? You bet! I have to say, in closing, our parents, given the opportunity to “choose” us as their children, were two of God’s best angels! We simply could not have expected better role models, teachers, and loving parents!

* * * *

Note: As an after-thought, I want to let you in on some interesting information, Jerry: I have two brothers and one half-brother (now presumed deceased). One brother, Gene, resides in Tyler, TX and the other, Harold, lives in Stockton, CA. Our older sister, Nancy, lives in Hot Springs (Seventeen years after our adoption our parents allowed Ruth and me to become re-united with her!). Ruth lives at Chandler, TX, a community in the suburbs of Tyler. Ruth and I have both been re-united with our “birth parents”, after a twenty-five year lapse in time. They have each since passed away. While, at first, I was filled with anger and confusion concerning our parent’s decision to “give us up”, I have since accepted that decision as one made with much sorrow and absolute desperation. One simply had to live in those troublesome days in America to fully appreciate the social impact of poverty and despair that was rampant all over!

Today, I live in Hope, where I am surrounded by a loving, caring wife, Ruth Ann, and a family of four children, Angie and Anthony, Amanda & Wayne and five grandchildren, Alex, Wylie, Brady, Ramsey, and Garrison. I have a son, Chris, living in Hot Springs with his son, little Peyton. Chris also gave us little Haley, our granddaughter who also lives in Hot Springs with her half-sister, Serena.

Jerry, I have written this for you to read and to use at your will. I realize my story isn’t remarkable; however, it’s one with a modicum of human interest, in that not all children of our little Prescott were brought up the same way! All I request, should you decide to use the piece, is for you to advise me as to when I might be able to see it in print. In closing, may you and yours have a very Merry Christmas and the happiest of holidays!!!

Regards,
Your friend, James

INTERESTING NEW ITEMS FROM DAYS GONE BY

Prescott Daily News (3-25-1910)

Clint McCuller, RFD mail carrier on Route 4, today made his trip on a motorcycle, which he recently purchased. This is the first machine of the kind ever brought to Prescott, and has an accredited speed of 60 miles an hour.

Prescott Daily News (6-6-1910)

In Waterloo, Tenn., it is a \$5.00 fine for a baseball pitcher to throw a spit ball, and the council also inflicts a like penalty for a barber who eats onions within four hours of going on duty, or while on duty.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Prescott Daily New (6-17-1910)

Duncan Brown left this morning for Chidester, where he went to bring back a fine pair of black horses purchased by the Prescott Hardware Co. to be used as a hearse team.

Prescott Daily News (6-16-1910)

The four legged chicken of Dale Wilson continues to attract attention. The fowl is in fine condition, and has two separate bodies midway of its back—four legs, two tails—and in fact is a chicken and a half in one.

Prescott Daily News (6-23-1910)

The four legged chicken of Dale Wilson was drowned yesterday by a heavy rain which was quite a blow to its owner. Great hopes had been entertained for the future had the marvelous fowl lived.

CARAMEL FUDGE CAKE (from P. F. in Arkansas)

1 pkg. chocolate cake mix
1- 14 oz. package caramels
½ cup margarine
1- 14 oz. can sweetened condensed milk
1 cup coarsely chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Prepare cake mix as package directs. Pour 2 cups batter into a greased 13 x 9 baking pan. Bake 15 minutes. Meanwhile, in microwave, melt caramels and margarine with sweetened condensed milk, stirring until smooth. Spread evenly on cake. Spread remaining cake batter over caramel mixture. Top with nuts. Return cake to oven. Bake 30- 35 minutes longer, or until cake springs back when lightly touched. Cool. Garnish with dollops of whipped cream.

APPLE DUMPLINGS (from L. G. in Arkansas)

2 Granny Smith apples
2 sticks margarine
2 cups sugar
cinnamon
12 oz. can Sprite (or Mountain Dew)
2 cans crescent rolls

Peel apples and cut into 8 sections for a total of 16 sections. Wrap apple in crescent roll, starting at biggest end of roll. Place in large baking dish. Melt 2 sticks margarine. Add sugar and sprinkle some cinnamon in. Pour over apples. Add Sprite. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.