

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



A NEVADA COUNTY SCHOOL PICTURE

This old school picture was contributed by Mrs. Zettie Link. Her parents (Hildre Griffith and Stella Hardwick) are in the picture. Mrs. Link thinks the date of the picture is about 1906. We are not sure where the school was located. Could this be the school building at Ebenezer??? If you can identify it, let us know.

Partial identification of students:

- Back row (left to right): (3) Hildre Griffith; (4) Willie Griffith; (5) Stella Hardwick; (7) Gillie Hall; (8) Johnnie Hardwick
- Next row: (1) Leroy Martin; (2) Homer Hardwick
- In front of Johnnie Hardwick is Lucy Griffith
- Middle row--# 9 is Bessie Griffith

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We have read of the Dust Bowl days of the 1930's in our history books. Following is a news account of the first major dust storm to hit this area. On the same page of the newspaper was a story of how the government was aiding farmers by providing 15,000 lifting machines and directing them to furrow the soil to prevent wind erosion. Millions of acres were being lifted in this manner in Kansas alone, according to the article.

CAMDEN COVERED WITH A BLANKET OF DUST (from the April 11, 1925 issue of *The Camden News*)

Hanging low over Camden today was a pall of dust wafted here from the mid-western states that have experienced their worst dust storms in history. Winds of the past few days have blown this fine powder from the plains and fields of the middle-west as far south as Camden.

It was of a reddish tinge and filtered into every nook and cranny in the city. Little damage is expected from the strange atmospheric condition in this vicinity.

Camden has a new subject of conversation today.

In groups on street corners or at the corner drug store, in offices or stores throughout this city, the foremost subject of conversation is—dust! As you probably have noticed by now, unless you are blind, or something—Camden is being inflicted with its first dust storm. And it is hoped its last.

While the dust isn't as thick as it might be, it forms a misty haze over the territory and blots out the sun, and little by little, finds its way into every corner or crevice, regardless of how many or how thick the walls. For dust is one of the most penetrating objects known.

We are fortunate in that we live in a land that has plenty of hills and valleys, woods, and streams flowing with water the year round. Our neighboring states to the west are not so fortunate and little by little the forces of wind erosion are transforming their farms and home sites into desert wastes, where nothing but sand grass and cactus can exist.

Camden citizens upon awakening this morning, faced an unusual phenomena—a cloud of dust and fine sand particles. The papers tell us that the origin of our sand is western Texas and Oklahoma, many hundreds of miles away. From Dallas westward, Texas is facing one of the worst sandstorms in a season that has produced many of these "black blizzards". Government agencies and college experts are working frantically to find some method of stopping this catastrophe, and much money will be spent in trying to fight this evil.

It is on days like today that is brought forcibly to our attention the fact that we are extremely fortunate in our location.

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PROF. W. P. BETTS "THE DRUGLESS DOCTOR"

Editor's note: This ad appeared in several issues of The Nevada County Picayune in 1907. The ads were followed by testimonials from several Nevada County citizens who praised Prof. Betts and claimed much improvement following his treatments.

Prof. W. P. Betts, whose office is in the McKenzie building, is having wonderful success in curing many chronic cases which have baffled the skill of every other healing profession, by magnetic healing. Prof. Betts holds out hope to all those who have given up. He restores and renews ambition in the place of dark despair. From the wreckage of long years of suffering, he builds strong, healthy men, women, and children and restores them to their loved ones in active, vigorous health and strength. The greatness of any man depends on his ability to do things which others fail to do. Every day men are doing things which have been called impossible, and when Prof. Betts heals one chronic case that been given up, he is laying the foundation for world-wide fame as a benefactor to the human race. He does not care how many men have said you cannot be cured—all he demands is that you take his treatment and follow his instructions implicitly. Some of the afflicted ones that can't come to Prescott and remain for personal treatment are taking one month's treatment for \$5 and are being healed.

Your Obedient Servant for health and happiness,
Prof. W. P. Betts (Ex-Confederate Veteran)

One night a teenage girl brought her new boyfriend home to meet her parents, and they were appalled by his appearance-- leather jacket, motorcycle boots, tattoos and pierced nose.

Later, the parents pulled their daughter aside and confessed their concern. "Dear," said the mother diplomatically, "he doesn't seem very nice."

"Mom," replied the daughter, "if he wasn't nice, why would he be doing 5,000 hours of community service?"

CALE-BLUFF CITY VETS ANXIOUS TO LEARN (from the 8-12-1947 issue of the *Prescott Daily Mail*)

William T. Reyenga, G. I. instructor in cooperative agriculture, reports that his class is very alert and anxious to secure all information possible that will aid them in becoming better farmers/stockmen.

There are 24 G.I.'s taking training who own or lease their own farms in the Cale-Bluff City area. There veterans taking training are: Troy Byrd, Hambric Cummings, Ashley DeWoody, Grady Franklin, Adron Hicks, Arl Hildebrand, Harold Hildebrand,

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William Hulan, John Parvis, Earl Johnson, James Johnson, Garland Kirk, Ivy Kirk, William Kirk, Willie F. Knight, Clyde and Fed McDade, Herman McKelvy, Ruel McKelvy, Elmer Meador, James Nelson, William Pringle, Jay D. Sarrett, and Arthur Lee Wicker.

Instructor Reyenga reports that Ashley DeWoody is erecting a five room house, digging a well, building a barn, and has an excellent garden. Arthur Lee Wicker has built a new house and barn and dug a well. James C. Nelson has sunk a well and built a house. These three veterans have done practically all of their own work without hiring very much outside help.

FROM THE MAIL-BAG

While reading the May issue of the *Chronicle* about the old medicines, it brought back some memories. At our house it was coal oil (kerosene). If we had the croup we got a spoon of sugar with a few drops of coal oil. A cut of any kind was washed with the coal oil and bandaged with a white rag. Step on a rusty nail, out came the coal oil.

When I had the chicken pox, Mama and Grandma wrapped me in a quilt real early in the morning, laid me down in front of the chicken house, opened the door and let all the chickens fly out over me. To this day I have not figured out the purpose of that. When I asked, I was told it just had to be done.

Betty Lawrence

Editor's Note: I faintly remember my folks talking about letting chickens fly over you to cure the chicken pox. I don't think we actually did it, but I do remember them talking about it. According to some old folk remedies in West Virginia, the chicken should be a black one. FYI—According to the experts, chicken pox has nothing to do with chickens. It is so named because the rash is about the size of a vegetable called chick peas.

I am very excited to hear about the *Sandyland Chronicle*. Jimmy Bemis recently forwarded it to my sister, Irma. We did not know about it before. We grew up in Prescott; so some of the places and people we had known or had heard of. My questions to you are:

Are there hard copies of the previous issues? Can we subscribe? Can we get back copies?

Betty Rene Hamby Bell

Thank you for having the information about the "Snow Train" episodes of *Gunsmoke*. After seeing parts of the two episodes, I was very curious about where and how it was filmed. It was obviously filmed very differently than most of *Gunsmoke's* programs.

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The article answered many of my questions and I was doubtful if I would find the answers, even on the Internet. And it is interesting to note that it was on your web site just two months ago.

Brue Gettler, Bellbrook, Ohio

First of all, I wish to congratulate you on the interesting web site that you have going. I just found it this evening while I was looking for something else. Isn't that the way we usually find things? As I have the time, I look forward to reading more of your articles.

I really enjoyed the April, 2007 article about "Coming to America". I noticed that your McKelvys were on the same ship as my ancestor, Patrick Dickey.

Olivia Burden, Family Researcher

My name is Alex Thayer, and I am the great-great grandson of W.B. Waller (*a prominent Prescott businessman*). I am trying to find a photograph of W.B. Do you have, or know where I can find, a photograph of him? I've looked at several issues of your *Sandyland Chronicle*, but have not been able to find a photograph. Any help would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you,
Alex

I have read the *Sandyland Chronicle* for some time. My Aunt Mildred Munn subscribed to it for my birthday one year and now I just keep up with it on the internet. I enjoy it so much, especially when there are articles about people and places I am familiar with. I really enjoyed this months (May 2007) article about Mt. Moriah community and church.

I can remember as a child going to the Mother's Day meetings and dinner at Mt. Moriah in the back of Mr. Vernon and Mrs. Faye Garrett's truck. We didn't have a car so they would just load us and our basket of food (and anyone else who needed a ride) in the back of the truck. We also rode to the revivals at Serepta Shed this way many, many times. Just throw a quilt in the back and watch the moon and stars go by singing those good old gospel songs to the top of our lungs. Now those were "the good ole days."

Another memory that you brought back was about the Grove's Chill Tonic. My three bothers, my sister, and I each had our own personal bottle of that gritty, foul tasting mess each and every spring to purge us of any bugs that may have been left over from the cold winter months. There was a barn on the left on highway 19 (now 371) before you got to the Laneburg store. On the side of that barn was a big metal sign advertising that gosh-awful tasting Grove's Chill Tonic and if I happened to go by it, I would turn my head the other way or I could just taste that stuff. All in my head, I

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guess, but it seemed like I really could taste it. Anyway, thank goodness, the sign is gone now as well as the barn and has been for some time now.

Yvonne Munn

I read the *Chronicle* for April with a great deal of interest, particularly the article on your ancestors coming to America. Until reading this, I had always had a great deal of pride in my Scotch-Irish ancestors, the Hannahs, through my paternal grandmother. Incidentally, these Hannahs were from the Cale/Caney area. I had not previously heard of this Captain Hannah of the ship Nancy which brought your ancestors. The clan Hannah originated over on the southern coast of Scotland in Galloway, not more than 30 or 40 sea miles east of Belfast, Ireland. He very well could have been of our line. As I understand it, there is presently a large contingent of Hannahs in Belfast and the surrounding towns and villages. You have given me another area to search regarding my ancestors.

I look forward to each new segment of the "*Sandyland Chronicle*". It makes me wish that I had been old enough to ask my grandfather and father about life as they lived it in Nevada County. Your website helps fill in some of the blanks.

Don Honea

I was delighted to stumble across "The Sandyland Chronicle" this evening while surfing the internet.

I am the son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dorman of Bodcaw, Arkansas, and a 1987 graduate of Bodcaw High School. As a young boy, I was enthralled by the stories Robert and his father, Olva Dorman ("Pa Paw") would share of their childhoods. Needless to say, your *Chronicle* has brought back many memories.

I hesitate to be so presumptuous, but I'm certain that no one who didn't grow up in Nevada County would recognize the significance of the title your labor of love carries. As a fellow Nevada County native, I'm certain you can relate to long, hot summer days spent toiling in the sands of the watermelon fields, "pulling" and loading "chunks" for delivery to market.

Hopefully, I've not missed the mark too terribly. I can't wait for the March, 2007 issue.

Larry Little

PARTY LINES

When my family first got a telephone, it was the typical solid black phone with the old-fashioned rotary dial instead of the push-button type phones of today. All the

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phone systems at that time used a word in the prefix of the phone number. Bluff City and Chidester used "Overbrook". Camden's was "Temple". So, your phone number would be something like OV7-1234 or TE8-1234.

In still earlier times, the phone number might be just two or three numbers. In 1948, the Taylor Drug Store in Chidester had Phone 53, Buchanan Drug Store in Prescott had Phone 67, and DeWoody's Gulf Station in Camden had Phone 3551. These numbers come from ads in the Bluff City High School yearbook in 1948.

Our first phone system was a four-party line and all four parties could hear the ring when someone called in. Each party had to recognize which ring was for their phone. It might be one long and two shorts or something similar. Anyone on the party line who wished to eavesdrop could just pick up their phone when their neighbor got a call and listen in. I remember one particular elderly lady whose bed squeaked when she sat on it and listened in on the phone. This let us know when she was listening in.

There were crude phone systems in the rural areas of Nevada County area as far back as the early 1900's. Usually it was just a wire strung through the woods and attached to trees. In 1909, the Bluff City local news reporter mentioned that they had a new phone line from Bluff City to Chidester via Foss (*an old community that no longer exists*).

The following poem appeared in the Nevada County Picayune in 1909. This gives a good description of what the phone systems were like in those early days.

THE "HELLO" GIRL

The telephone girl sits still in her chair and listens to voices from everywhere. She hears all the gossip; she hears all the news; she knows who is happy and who has the blues. She knows all our sorrows; she knows all our joys. She knows every girl who is chasing the boys. She knows of our troubles; she knows of our strife. She knows every man who talks mean to his wife. She knows every time we are out with "the boys"; she hears the excuses each fellow employs. She knows every woman who has a dark past; she knows every man who is inclined to be "fast". In fact, there's a secret beneath each saucy curl of that quiet, demure-looking telephone girl.

If the telephone girl told all that she knows, it would turn half our friends into bitterest foes. She could sow a small wind that would soon become a gale, engulf us in trouble and land us in jail. She could let go a story which, gaining in force, would cause half our wives to sue for divorce. She could get all our churches mixed up in a fight and turn all our days into sorrowing night. In fact, she could keep the whole town in a stew if she told a tenth part of the things she knew.

Oh, brother, now doesn't it make your head whirl, when you think what you owe to the telephone girl.

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PINEAPPLE COCONUT PIE (From "The Best of the Best, Alabama") Submitted by Helen Medlin

Yield: 2- 8 inch pies

1 stick butter, melted
1 ½ cups sugar
4 eggs
1 (8 ¼ ounce) can crushed pineapple
1 cup shredded coconut
1 tablespoon vanilla

Melt butter. Mix sugar and eggs together and blend with "cooled" butter. Mix In pineapple, coconut and vanilla. Pour into two 8-inch unbaked pie shells. Bake in 350 degrees oven 35 minutes or until done.

RECIPE FOR KINDNESS (Author Unknown)

**Fold two hands together
And express a dash of sorrow
Marinate it overnight
And work on it tomorrow.**

**Chop one grudge in tiny pieces
Add several cups of love
Dredge with a large sized smile
Mix with the ingredients above.**

**Dissolve the hate within you
By doing a good deed
Cut in and help your friend
If he should be in need.**

**Stir in laughter, love and kindness
From the heart it has to come,
Toss with genuine forgiveness
And give your neighbor some**

**The amount of people served
Will depend on you,
It can serve the whole wide world,
If you really want it to.**