

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

songs on this album are "I Wore Elvis' Ring" and "I Forgot To Remember To Forget".

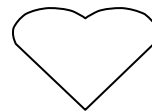
R. P. Burnham, who owned a service station in downtown Camden in 1955, remembered Elvis visiting his station while in Camden and him stopping by the station again in December, 1956 on his way to a performance in Shreveport. Elvis and four or five others arrived at the station around midnight in Elvis' Cadillac and stopped for gas and a bite to eat. While there Elvis noticed some rear view mirrors on display that he liked and had the attendants install some on his car. When the attendants tried to adjust the mirrors, he told them not to bother with that--he just wanted to look at them. Since it was late at night, this visit by Elvis to Camden went unnoticed except for the employees of Burnham's station. The attendants reported that Elvis was "cooperative and nice to wait on".

I would love to hear from anyone who might have attended one of these music shows in Camden in 1955.

Here's a question for you. Have you ever met a famous person or attended an event where a famous person was present? It could be a famous singer, a movie star, an actor, a governor or president, an author, or any well known person. Write and tell me about your experience (a short paragraph or just a sentence or two. Do you have an autograph signed by a celebrity? Which famous person would you most like to meet? Please send me your responses in the next two weeks so I can get them in the next issue. Tell me how you want to be identified—first name, initials, full name, or name withheld.

The following was written by a Prescott, Arkansas man and printed in the 2-26-1885 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*. Remember Valentine's Day is Feb. 14.

A LOVE LETTER



My dearest darling,

I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thrifty housewife pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondence in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits and my soul is pierced with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skippers. When the awakening pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth forth for his morning refreshments, I think of thee; and like a gum elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrell horse, powdered with gold. Your laugh rings in my ears like the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my bootstraps to the top of the church steeple and pull the bell-rope for singing school. Well, I must draw my letter to a close. Goodbye.

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LIFE IN SIMPLER TIMES

If you are bored with television or can't find anything worth watching, why not take an hour or so and let your mind wander back to simpler times. I'm referring to a web site I came across that offers radio programs from years gone by -- some dating back to the 1940s. There is no charge to listen to these. There are many other sites that offer these programs. Here is the link to the one I used.

<http://www.otr.net/>

You will find an alphabetical listing of the shows they offer. Some may sound a little corny for this day and time, but these are the shows your parents or grandparents probably listened to in the days before television became popular. It would be a good teaching experience if you talk your kids or grandkids to set aside their cell phones and i-pods, etc. and spend an hour or so with you listening to a few of these old shows. Explain to them that this was the type entertainment Grandpa and Grandma might have enjoyed in the days after electricity came to the small towns and farming areas and before the days of television. Some may have even listened to battery-operated radios before they had electricity (you would have to explain these to the young children).

You might even pop some popcorn, but it would mean more to them if you did it the old-fashioned way--popping it in a skillet or a pan on the stove. Grandpa and Grandma didn't have a microwave. If you have a wood heater or fireplace, that would make it seem even more like a typical winter night on the farm.

Saturday nights were probably devoted to listening to the Grand Ole Opry, but many folks liked the other radio shows. This site has plenty of westerns, mysteries, dramas, comedies, and variety shows to listen to. It might even be fun for you to see the reaction of the young kids as they listen to some of these shows. I figure you will be lucky if you can keep them interested for more than a few minutes. They will probably be more interested in their modern "toys". I expect kids in the 1940s would have been more interested in computers, cell phones, etc. if they had existed back then, but the radio was better than no entertainment at all in those days.

The radio helped break the monotony of live in the old days. Can't you just imagine a farm family gathered around in the living room of an old farm house waiting for their favorite show to come on and hoping that their radio would have good reception so they wouldn't miss anything? Probably about 9:00, the parents would tell the children it was time for them to go to bed. The radio would be turned off and the children would say good night, say their prayers, and crawl into bed. The parents might stay up a while longer talking or maybe reading the Bible. Finally, they would fix the heater or fireplace where it would be safe for the night and retire for the night. Then all would be quiet around the old farm house except for the sounds of someone snoring or maybe a dog barking in the distance.

I'm sure some of you who read this remember what winter nights were like in the old days before electricity came to the rural areas. Most of the bedrooms were unheated and there were usually so many heavy quilts on the bed you could hardly move after getting into bed. Once you

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got warm, you had no desire to get out of bed unless it was absolutely necessary. Most farm houses in this part of the country were just wooden frame structures with no insulation. They usually had high ceilings to help keep the house cooler in summer and many were built several feet off the ground. Wind would blow under the house and through cracks in the walls. It was somewhat like sleeping in a barn.

The only source of heat would be the fireplace or a wood heater. There was no electricity, natural gas, or butane. Cooking was done on a wooden cook stove. Coal oil lamps were used for lights. The light was still very dim for reading at night or doing school work. There was no running water in the house. Water was drawn from a well or carried from a spring. The bathroom was an outdoor toilet.

We are so used to our modern conveniences that it is hard to imagine what life was like for our grandparents and great grandparents. I am amazed that they accomplished as much as they did in those days. The farm work was hard, the days were long, and families were large. Medical care was primitive compared to what we have today. We should be thankful every day that we live in time of relative ease compared to the period seventy or eighty years ago. I don't know what advances are in the future, but there has been much progress since electricity came to most farms in the 1940s. I think that alone has had a greater impact on life in America than anything else. We know how it is when our power goes off for a few hours and how relieved we are when it finally comes back on.

So, if you want to make your old-time radio listening experience seem more realistic, you might want to cut out the lights and light a coal oil lamp if you have one or use some other type of dim light similar to what your ancestors had. You might have to hide the computer screen from view and make believe you are actually listening to an old-time radio program about 1946.

CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

Recently I received a delightful letter from a very dear friend of mine that made me do a lot of "Looking Back." I have known this person—Zettie Griffith Link—since our high school days. We went to school together, went to church together, and visited in each other's home a lot. Yes, we go back a long way!

Zettie sent me some of her memories—you can understand that many of our memories are much the same, but let me share hers with you:

"Dear Pearl, I am enjoying the articles about your missionary work and your memories of long ago which are published in *The Sandyland Chronicle*. As I read these, my mind goes back to our days when we were such good friends in Bluff City, in the thirties. One of the things I remember is our summer singing school classes. This was something to look forward to with great anticipation. There were always new faces to see—some from Prescott, some from Reader, and some from Chidester. New faces were a rarity in those days! We also had famous music teachers, and ones which come to mind readily are Virgil O. Stamps, Otis Deaton, and M. L.

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Yandell. Do you remember how handsome Mr. Yandell was? I do, and I had such a crush on him. ☺

“I also have pleasant memories of attending church on Sundays. Mr. Aubrey Barlow always led the singing. Mrs. Lelia Barlow, Minnie Henry, and your mother, “Miss Katy”, sat together, and it was such a joy to hear their singing. They had such beautiful voices.

“As my mind wanders down memory lane, I thought of the old *Glory Books* my mother had saved. I still have some of these, and I am sending you one. I thought it might bring back fond memories.

“Do you recall the times when the Lindsey Brothers Quartet came and put on a concert at the Bluff City Auditorium? I remember that Pat Lindsey was the comedian for the quartet—he had his front teeth blackened out, wore ragged trousers and a torn hat. And was he full of funny jokes?!?! I remember Pat Carter laughed so hard he lost his breath and could not stand up. He had to crawl up the aisle and out the door. I can still hear him saying, “Get me out of here; his jokes are killing me.”

“Vivid still in my mind is the time you were queen of our senior class. Pearl Carter took you under her wing and dressed you in a beautiful dress. Your eye makeup was the first I had seen. You had blue eye shadow, eye mascara, and face make-up. I was so jealous—I wanted to look like that, but those things cost money, and that was something most of us did not have a lot of back then. I thought you were so pretty with your big black eyes.

“I remember thinking Pearl Carter was a movie star, with all her jewelry and beautiful clothes. Do you remember the pet monkey her mother (a postmistress) and her dad, Luke Carter, had in a large cage in their back yard?

“I know you remember when Mrs. Neely Gulley shot her elephant ear plant. She had a large one growing by her bedroom window. Some plants would grow up to five feet in size. The leaves would bob up and down as the wind blew, and one night Mrs. Neely saw some movement outside the window. She yelled, “If you don’t get away from my window, I am going to shoot you.” Well, no one moved, so she shot with a shot gun. The next morning, her plant was lying in the yard with holes blown all through the leaves. Mrs. Neely could always take care of herself! I remember she was the first woman in Bluff City to drive a car.”

I hope you have enjoyed the walk down memory lane with Zettie as much as I did! Life was simple in those days, and there are times here in Zambia when I feel a bit like I might be back in those days. We do, however, have some things that we did not have at that time. Memories are something to treasure and to keep. I have made many here that I hope to share with you in the future.

But for now I must say goodbye. So.....

That’s all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

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TIMES HAVE CHANGED

Take a look at these two Thanksgiving Day proclamations by two of our presidents--one in 1887 and the other in 2009. It seems in our modern times with the emphasis of "separation of church and state" that to even mention God or anything connected to religion is taboo. I don't think that is what our founding fathers intended. Their idea of freedom of religion was to protect the people from a government mandated form of religion. In fact, the first amendment to the constitution states, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof". This is what we commonly call "freedom of religion". It seems now that some of our judges interpret this to mean we should have "freedom *from* religion". And it is true that those who don't believe in God have the right to believe that if they wish. When Christmas approaches each year we see efforts to have nativity displays removed from public buildings and some stores instruct their employees to not say "Merry Christmas" as that might offend some people. We have seen the courts order the Ten Commandments to be removed from public buildings under this idea of "separation of church and state", a phrase not to be found in our constitution.

The old historic documents of this country prove that the founding fathers had no desire to completely remove religious teachings and principles from our way of life. Some of our judges have interpreted our constitution in such a way that we have seen a serious decline in the teaching of the basic moral and spiritual lessons to our young people and in my opinion, we are seeing the results of this lack of training.

I think we have started on a downward spiral in this country brought on by a combination of things beyond our control. We need to make our opinions known to our lawmakers and seriously consider who we vote for at election time. Ask them some tough questions and see how they stand on the major issues that concern you. We need to remember that the judges who hand down these rulings we don't like were appointed by presidents and confirmed by senators and they serve for life. That's why we need to carefully consider who we elect to these offices. In most elections, only about 40 to 50 percent of eligible voters even bother to vote. If you don't vote, you can't really complain about the way things are going.

I have underlined words in these two proclamations that refer to God or religion. I think you can see from this that we are gradually getting away from anything considered religious. There is nothing wrong with the latest proclamation, but I do notice the absence of references to God, the source of all the blessings we enjoy. We still have "In God We Trust" on our money even though some want that phrase removed. The presidents still end most of their major addresses with the phrase, "and God bless America". I wonder how much longer they will say that and I also wonder how much longer God *will* bless America if we continue on the present course.

GROVER CLEVELAND'S THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION IN 1887

The goodness and the mercy of God, which have followed the American people during all the days of the past year, claim their grateful recognition and humble acknowledgement. By His Omnipotent power, He has protected us from war, pestilence, and from every national calamity

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by His gracious favor, and the earth has yielded a generous return to the labor of the husbandman and every path of honest toil has led to comfort, by His loving kindness the hearts of our people have been replenished with fraternal sentiment and patriotic endeavor, and by His unerring guidance, we have been directed in the way of national prosperity. To the end that we may with one accord testify our gratitude for all these blessings, I Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 24th day of November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by all the people of the land. On that day let all the secular work and employment be suspended, and let our people assemble in their accustomed places of worship, and with prayer and songs of praise, give thanks to our heavenly Father for all that He has done for us, while we humbly implore forgiveness of our sins and a continuance of His mercy. Let families and kindred be reunited on that day and let their hearts be filled with kindly cheer, and affectionate reminiscences bring thankfulness to the source of all pleasures and the Giver of all that makes the day glad and joyous. And in the midst of our worship and our happiness, let us remember the poor, the needy, and the unfortunate, and by our gifts of charity and ready benevolence, let us increase the number of those who with grateful hearts shall join us in our thanksgiving. What began as a harvest celebration between European settlers and indigenous communities nearly four centuries ago has become our cherished tradition of Thanksgiving. This day's roots are intertwined with those of our nation, and its history traces the American narrative.

Barak Obama's Thanksgiving Proclamation Nov. 25, 2009

Today, we recall President George Washington, who proclaimed our first national day of public thanksgiving to be observed "by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God," and President Abraham Lincoln, who established our annual Thanksgiving Day to help mend a fractured nation in the midst of civil war. We also recognize the contributions of Native Americans, who helped the early colonists survive their first harsh winter and continue to strengthen our nation. From our earliest days of independence, and in times of tragedy and triumph, Americans have come together to celebrate Thanksgiving.

As Americans, we hail from every part of the world. While we observe traditions from every culture, Thanksgiving Day is a unique national tradition we all share. Its spirit binds us together as one people, each of us thankful for our common blessings.

As we gather once again among loved ones, let us also reach out to our neighbors and fellow citizens in need of a helping hand. This is a time for us to renew our bonds with one another, and we can fulfill that commitment by serving our communities and our nation throughout the year. In doing so, we pay tribute to our country's men and women in uniform who set an example of service that inspires us all. Let us be guided by the legacy of those who have fought for the freedoms for which we give thanks, and be worthy heirs to the noble tradition of goodwill shown on this day.

Now, therefore, I, Barack Obama, president of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and the laws of the United States, do hereby proclaim Thursday, Nov. 26, 2009, as a National Day of Thanksgiving. I encourage all the people of the United States to come together, whether in our homes, places of worship, community centers, or

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any place where family, friends and neighbors may gather, with gratitude for all we have received in the past year, to express appreciation to those whose lives enrich our own and to share our bounty with others.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this 20th day of November, in the year of our Lord 2009, and of the independence of the United States of America the 234th (year).

_ Barack Obama

OLD CAR PHOTO



This is a picture of my grandfather (center) and his first automobile.

Left to right are: Lee Roy McKelvy (his oldest son—1909-1978), James Columbus “Gee” McKelvy (1882-1959), and Ruel Monroe McKelvy (my father—1911-1986). Inside the vehicle is his youngest child, Myrtie Belle McKelvy (1917-1994).

They lived in the Goose Ankle community in Nevada County about a half mile west of Rocky Hill Methodist church.

I wonder who took the picture. Getting them dressed up in “fancy duds” was probably no easy chore. This photo was probably taken about 1925. I have another picture taken the same day showing them without hats.