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**THE FAMOUS LIPSTICK CASE**  
**(reported in the 4-12-1923 issue of *The Nevada News*)**

Pearl Pugsley was an 18 year-old high school student at Knobel in Clay County, Arkansas in 1923. The local school board had a policy which prohibited the wearing of transparent hosiery, low-necked dresses, and any style of clothing tending to immodesty, or the use of face powder or cosmetics.

Miss Pugsley and two other students came to school with lipstick and talcum powder on their faces. The principal told them to wash their faces or go home. One girl did wash her face, but the other two refused and were expelled. Miss Pugsley and her father contacted an attorney and began legal action to have her readmitted to school, claiming the rule was unreasonable and unwarranted.

The Clay Co. circuit court ruled in favor of the school board saying the local board had the authority to enforce the rule. Miss Pugsley's father became seriously ill about this time and told his daughter on his death-bed to continue to fight the ruling even "if it takes every cent I leave you." The case was appealed to the Arkansas Supreme Court and Miss Pugsley said she would move to another county to attend school where there were no lipstick rules while waiting for the case to be heard

The Arkansas Supreme Court also ruled in favor of the school board. One of the dissenting judges stated: "Miss Pugsley was 18 years old on August 15, 1922. I think a rule forbidding a girl pupil of her age from putting talcum powder on her face is so unreasonable and beyond the exercise of discretion that this court should say that the board of directors acted without authority in making and enforcing it. Useless laws diminish the authority of necessary ones."

The majority opinion supported the refusal of the Clay County circuit judge to compel the school to admit Miss Pugsley with talcum powder on her face stating the local school board was "presumed to know the temper of the people and the exigencies of the local situation".

The case received much national attention in 1923 and was one of the earliest court cases involving dress codes for schools. The case has been referred to as "the famous lipstick case".

Dress codes in schools and the requirements to wear school uniforms are touchy subjects. I haven't worked in the public schools for many years. I would probably be surprised at what is allowed these days. I know the Camden schools are starting to require school uniforms in some grades. This has caused some difference of opinions among the parents and students.

I have seen many old school pictures from the 1930s and 1940s in which some students were without shoes, probably because the parents couldn't afford them. I wonder what would happen if students went to school without shoes today. I have seen signs in restaurants which say "No shoes-No Service". There has to be a limit on what is allowed in various situations. As

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

far as I know, the U. S. Supreme Court has not heard any cases involving school dress codes. They refused to hear a case from Texas in which a student was not allowed to wear a John Edwards campaign T-shirt to school. The school had banned all "message T-shirts".

Do you think schools need to have dress codes? What about school uniforms? If you would like to voice your opinion or have a story to tell on this subject, let me know.

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Can you identify this lady? I'm sure most of you will recognize the name. I have hidden the answer somewhere on page 6 of this issue.

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## GROWING UP IN THE FIFTIES

I was born in 1943, so I was seven years old when the decade known as the Fabulous Fifties began. I don't know about being fabulous, but I guess it was a fun time to be a teenager.

The decade was not without its problems. The country was involved in the Korean War from 1950-1953 resulting in the deaths of over 30,000 Americans. The threatened spread of communism was a major concern. After the end of that conflict, people seemed to be more optimistic about the future. Factories were turning out new products that made life easier. Television was the new form of entertainment. Automobiles had fins, rock and roll music was popular, and we were exposed to new clothing and hair styles. It was an interesting decade to be an American, but my life in Bluff City, Arkansas was quite a bit different from those teenagers who lived in the big cities.

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

We lived on a farm near Bluff City, a community with a population of about 200 people. The town had four stores and two churches. There was a school, but it had just been announced that the school was closing and we would be consolidated with Prescott which was 19 miles from Bluff City. I attended school at Bluff City my first two years, so I do have some fond memories of attending a small country school. I had the same teacher (Mrs. Maude Loe) for the first three grades--two years at Bluff City and in the third grade at Prescott.

Since we lived so far from Prescott, I was not involved in many after-school activities in high school like ball games or band practice. One trip a day to Prescott was enough, but besides that, I was not too interested in sports and had no musical talent to speak of. The bus picked me up at 7:15 in the morning and I got home at 4:15 in the afternoon. I rode the bus all through high school. Only a few students drove a vehicle to school in those days.

I did most of my homework in study hall during the school day so I could watch a TV show or two at night. Before I could watch TV, I had to tend to my farm chores like feeding the chickens or hogs or rounding up the cows. We milked our own cows in those days. I guess you could say our milk was pasteurized since the cows had just come in from the pasture. We did strain the milk through a clean cloth before putting it in the refrigerator.

My father spent most of his life farming, but managed to get a job working at the Naval Ammunition Depot near Camden in the 1950s. I think he worked there for about seven years. Many men car-pooled fifty miles or more to work at this defense plant because the pay was good. Camden was a booming place in those days with this large government facility and other industries like the International Paper Co. paper mill. When the ordnance plant closed, my father decided to go into the pulpwood business, cutting and hauling pulpwood to the paper mill. It was hard physical work, but he seemed to enjoy it and at least he was his own boss. So, I spent a large part of my teenage years helping him haul pulpwood or raising vegetables and watermelons for market.

We usually loaded our pickup truck with watermelons, cantaloupes, and any vegetables we had and headed to Camden on our "peddling route" about one day per week. It usually took most of the day to sell everything. Sometimes we went from house to house knocking on doors. Some people were happy to get fresh farm produce and others did not want to be bothered. Sometimes we drove the streets and offered our melons to people sitting on their porches and could sometimes get rid of several melons at one stop. Other times we found a good shade tree and just waited for the customers to come to us. Later in the day when our load of melons was almost gone, we would stop at some of the stores and offer the rest of the load for a very cheap price just to get rid of them. A large watermelon might sell for fifty cents at that time. Sometimes we sold melons three for a dollar. My father would have a pocket full of cash money at the end of the day--maybe forty or fifty dollars. You must remember that the usual pay in those days was forty dollars a week, so it was big money to us.

That's how I spent my teenage years--mostly going to school and working around the farm. We had church services on Sundays and usually rested on Sunday afternoons. Practically all the stores were closed on Sundays in those days. The farm animals had to be fed on Sundays, but

## THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

other type work on Sundays was frowned upon. We would sometimes buy the *Arkansas Democrat* newspaper on Sundays and read every word of it after the noon meal.

We got a television as soon as we could afford one. Of course, it was a black and white model with no remote control. It had channels 2 through 13 and we were lucky to get two or three channels if our antenna was turned just right. I can remember neighbors visiting us just to watch television. We had our favorite shows and spent much of our free time watching them. I don't remember the year, but finally my father made the decision to purchase a color television with a remote control--a Curtis-Mathes television which was considered one of the best at that time. They advertised it as "the most expensive television set in America and darn well worth it". That was probably in the late 1960s. The first color televisions introduced in the 1950s were very expensive, so we had to wait until the prices came down.

In the early 1950s we lived in an old house that was there when my father bought the place in 1947. It had high ceilings, a porch on three sides, and no indoor bathroom. I think we may have added a bathtub and sink to the house, but we still had an outdoor toilet. Since my father had made pretty good money working at the defense plant, he was able to build us a new home about 1955. We tore down the old house and used the good lumber to build the new house. We were really moving up in the world. We had a new house with an indoor bathroom.

I don't think we had a telephone in the 1950s, but our first phone was on a four-party line. Other people's calls would ring in at our house and we had to recognize our particular ring. If we wanted to use the phone, we had to check to see if anyone was using it and either wait until they finished talking or ask them to let us use the phone if it was an emergency. Those early phones were all black and had rotary dials. Touch-tone phones had not yet been invented.

Our house was not air conditioned in the 1950s. The old house had high ceilings which helped keep the rooms cool. We had a large window fan in our new house to cool the house in the summer months so we could sleep and we could always sit outside under the sycamore trees or in the porch swing in the daytime. I sometimes slept on the front porch on a cot covered with a mosquito net when it was extremely hot and humid—sort of like camping out.

Our vehicles in those days consisted of my father's old Ford pulpwood truck and his Ford pickup truck. He was partial to Fords but did have one or two Chevrolets. When I was very young, he had a GMC truck. We had several cars during the 1950s. I can remember a 1946 Buick, a 1950 DeSoto, and a 1952 Studebaker. All of these were purchased as used cars. My father usually wanted a truck that was practical and wasn't too much interested in the extra options, but I do remember him buying a new white Ford pickup with a red interior. It was a fancy truck and I remember how excited I was that he had bought such a nice truck. He finally decided to buy a Chevrolet truck with air conditioning and an automatic transmission in the 1970s. We also had a Farmall Cub tractor which we used on the farm. I spent many hours on that little tractor breaking up large fields getting them ready for planting. Finally, we were able to move up to a Ford diesel tractor which was much more powerful than the little Farmall Cub. That Ford tractor is still running fifty years later.

These were the days when most vehicles had standard transmissions. It took us awhile to

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

adjust to driving automatic transmissions, and I can remember many folks insisting on the standard transmission because they wanted something they could push to get started if the battery was dead. I got my driver's license in Prescott about 1957 and drove a standard transmission for the test. I was fourteen years old and could barely see over the steering wheel. The driving part of the test took at least fifteen minutes and covered a route on both sides of the railroad track. I remember the trooper telling me to pull over and park and make believe I was parking in a very hilly town, making sure my wheels were turned properly. Prescott is basically a flat town, so we had to imagine parking on a hill.

The teenagers around Bluff City sometimes had parties. It was just a chance for us to get together, play games, and have snacks. The parties were usually held in the living room of one of the girl's homes. One of the big things back then was playing a game in which a boy and girl would be selected to go outside and walk around the house together in the dark. Entertainment options were somewhat limited. Our lives were mostly filled with school, church, chores, and television.

It was not all work and no play. Occasionally, we would go fishing and sometimes camp out overnight. We went hunting when the seasons were open, but when you think about it, there was not much for teenagers to do in the 1950s unless they were lucky enough to have a vehicle of some kind. About the only diversion was hunting, fishing, listening to the radio, reading a book, watching television, or some type of ball game.

The Arkansas Forestry Commission operated a pine seedling nursery near our home. It was started in 1940 and employed several local people during the time when the pine seedlings were being lifted and packaged for shipping. That was the only local employer except for the saw mill at Caney Creek which employed a few men.

Most people in that area traded at the stores in Bluff City. We had no Walmarts back then and these small stores carried just about everything a person needed except for clothing, shoes, furniture, and appliances. During the 1950s, Ed and Gladys Harvey had a large general store on Hwy. 24 and sold groceries, gasoline, feed, and some plumbing supplies. Mr. Con Harvey also had a general store and a service station was connected to the same building operated by George Henry. That was "on the corner" in the middle of town. Henry Jones had a garage and store on the north side of Hwy. 24. Bob and Brodie Knight had a store on Hwy. 24 near the school which is the only one of these left standing today. Dick Harvey later opened a dairy bar on the corner which was a welcomed business for Bluff City. That was probably in the 1960s.

Just to show you how rural we were, I can remember our school bus driver, Mr. Sam Chamlee, stopping at Bluff City on the way home from school and buying a sack of chicken pellets and loading it in the back door of the school bus. He would then finish his route and arrive home with his chicken feed.

By the time 1960 arrived, I was a junior in high school and things were getting more modern. There had been lot of changes during the 1950s. It was a time of prosperity without many of the social problems we face today like rampant drug use. We did have the desegregation of the schools to deal with in the late 1950s, but that was at Little Rock which seemed far away

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

from Nevada County. There was talk of missiles, etc. and the cold war with Russia seemed to be heating up.

We were exposed to many new things during the 1950s--rock and roll music, cars with fins, and new fads and clothing styles. Television changed our way of life, but it was still a time when most people practiced common decency and respect for others.

Here are some things that happened during the 1950s:

1950--Korean War began

1951--Credit cards introduced in America; color TVs invented

1952--Salk polio vaccine introduced; seat belts on cars introduced; Korean War ends

1953--Polyester clothing introduced; DNA discovered

1954--Study shows cigarettes cause cancer; segregation ruled unconstitutional

1955--Disneyland opens; McDonalds Corp. founded

1956--Velcro fastener introduced; TV remote control invented; Elvis appeared on Ed Sullivan show

1957--Russia launches Sputnik--the space race begins

1958--Stereo LP records first sold; hula hoops are popular

1959--Barbie dolls introduced; Castro becomes dictator in Cuba; Alaska and Hawaii become states

In 1950, a gallon of gas cost 18 cents; in 1959 it cost 25 cents

In 1950, the average new car cost \$1510; in 1959, it cost \$2200

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## **THE BLUFF CITY RECREATIONAL PROJECT (from the 5-29-1941 issue of *THE NEVADA NEWS*)**

All recreational projects are now a definite and vital part in the defense program--that of building morale and to develop resources within the individual that will enable him to deal with his personal leisure time problems. In a rural community like ours, where we have no commercial recreation, these projects are of unlimited value both to adults and children.

Each day when the project opens, the Flag is raised with a ceremonial and lowered with a ceremonial. The children are taught the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag and how to respect it. The National Anthem and other patriotic songs are taught by this project.

Another important phase of this project is to encourage long hikes without undue fatigue. We feel that this is an important step toward developing physical strength and endurance. Our hike last week was well attended by adults and quite a bit of enthusiasm was manifested. The hike last week was about two miles in distance to the White Oak overflowing well. After we reached our destination, a delicious picnic supper was enjoyed and old fashioned games were played before the trek home.

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



## A BIG CATCH

Bill Sellers of Bluff City (pictured on right) assisted by his brother, Mike Sellers, show off this 50 lb. flathead catfish he caught May 7, 2010 somewhere in the vicinity of Millwood Lake.

A fisherman is never satisfied. Bill, and his wife, Kay have already made another trip to the same area looking for this fish's big brother.

Congratulations on a fine catch.

## IF GOD WENT ON STRIKE (author unknown)

It is a good thing that God above  
Has never gone on strike,  
Because He wasn't treated fair  
On things He didn't like.

If He had ever once sat down  
And said, "That's it, I'm through,  
I've had enough of those on earth  
So this is what I'll do:

I'll give my orders to the sun  
To cut off your heat supply,  
And to the moon to give no more light,  
And run those oceans dry.

Then, just to make things really tough  
And put the pressure on,  
Turn off the air and oxygen  
Till every breath is gone.

You know that He'd be justified  
If fairness was the game,  
For no one has been more abused  
Or treated with disdain.

Than God, and yet He carries on,  
Supplying you and me  
With all the favors of His grace,  
And everything for free!

Men say they want a better deal,  
And so, on strike they go.  
But what a deal we've given God  
To whom all things we owe!

We don't care whom we hurt or harm  
To gain the things we like.  
But what a mess we'd all be in  
If God should go on strike.

# THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

## NEVADA COUNTY 100 YEARS AGO (items from *The Nevada News* in July, 1910)

---A party of six from Helena, Arkansas passed through Prescott today, enroute to Galveston, Texas on a pleasure jaunt in an automobile. They were driving in an Overland.

---The Prescott Ice and Milling Co. is turning out daily about eleven tons of ice and keep constantly on hand a large quantity of ice for emergency cases.

---Will Mitchell, carrier on Route 1 out of Prescott, today made his trip in two hours and twenty-five minutes on his motorcycle, which represents a mile every seven minutes, including his stops and workings of his mail. Mr. Mitchell has 74 boxes on his route which covers a distance of over twenty-one miles.

---A radish weighing nine and one half pounds was brought to town today by W. P. Dye.

---An organization called Prescott Pushers was being organized.

---The P & NW passenger train left two hours late today caused by having to wait on a lot of fruit cars being iced by the Prescott Ice and Milling Co. It takes four tons to the car and takes about an hour to the car. Four cars were iced this morning, using 32,000 pounds of ice.

---A hardwood mill is planned ten miles northwest of Prescott in the Little Missouri bottoms. They expect to manufacture hardwood lumber and railroad ties.

---Several families from Prescott are expecting to go to Lackland Springs next week to enjoy the pleasures and benefits from that popular resort.

---One of the longest trains ever pulled by a single engine passed through Prescott yesterday and contained 101 box cars. The Prescott passing track is the longest side track south of Little Rock with the exception of the one at Benton. The train was too long to go into this switch and was forced to "saw" in order to permit passenger train No. 36 to pass it.

---The Prescott Hardware advertised a "Moon" buggy with second growth hickory wheels and wrought iron gears. It was said to be the classiest vehicle ever shown here. Prices were \$65-\$125.

---The East and West Side barber shops advertised hot and cold baths with clean towels. The proprietor was J. W. McKelvey.

---*The Ladies Home Journal* was advertised for 10 cents per copy.

---A dance was held at the city park pavilion in Prescott. Probably 90 couples or more engaged in the pleasures of the waltz and two-step until midnight.