

Jerry McKeiv's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 10 – No. 12

sandman43@att.net

December, 2010



THE CORA DONNELL HOSPITAL IN PRESCOTT
(from the Jan. 24, 1924 issue of *The Nevada News*)
(photo from Depot Museum web site)

The new Cora Donnell Hospital was thrown open to the inspection of guests and the care of patients yesterday afternoon. A very large number of people availed themselves of the opportunity to see the building and equipment and the staff of attendants were kept busy from three o'clock in the afternoon to half past eight o'clock last night receiving guests and showing them through the building. The completion of this beautiful and commodious structure which was designed and built especially for a hospital marks a distinct era in the progress of our little city.

The buildings and furnishings cost in round numbers forty thousand dollars. It is so constructed that every room in the house has an outside exposure with an abundance of fresh air and sunshine. All of the rooms are beautifully furnished with new furniture which was especially designed for hospital service. The operating room, which is on the second floor, is lighted by continuous windows on two sides of the room and a skylight overhead. The equipment throughout is entirely new and of the best quality. The house is beautifully finished both in the interior and exterior. The buildings contain 25 bedrooms for patients, reception rooms, electric rooms, kitchen and dining rooms, operating room, and all necessary toilet and bathrooms, conveniently arranged. Each patient will have a separate room except in cases where it may be necessary for a mother and child to occupy the same room. There are no rooms for groups of patients.

The name, Cora Donnell, was given in honor of the maiden name of the mother of Doctors A. S. and G. S. Buchanan.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The following staff of helpers has been engaged: Matron, Mrs. Lelia McCain; Head Nurse, Miss Grace Miller of El Dorado, who has not yet arrived; Senior Nurse, Miss Edith Foster; Junior Nurses, Miss Effie Long, Miss Vera Perry; Freshman Nurses, Miss Victoria Camp, Miss Carl Posey, and Miss Jacks.

The first patients to be received were Mrs. Mack Garland and her little daughter, Elizabeth of Emmet. They were closely followed by Mrs. E. T. Miller of Gurdon and Miss Zettie Huskey of Prescott. Those entering today were Mr. Atkins of Gurdon, Miss Glanton of Emmet, Mrs. L. E. Holmes of Okolona, Owen May of Prescott, and Will Purifoy of Bluff City.

An article in the June 7, 1928 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* featured the Cora Donnell Hospital. According to that article, the hospital owned and operated a model truck and dairy farm consisting of 200 acres located about three miles south of Prescott on the Rosston highway. A herd of twelve selected Jersey cows furnished an abundance of fresh milk and a flock of 200 White Leghorn and Rhode Island Red hens furnished an ample supply of eggs year round for the hospital. A gardener was employed to furnish fresh fruits and vegetables to the hospital.

The hospital also had a training school for nurses offering a three year course. The student nurses were housed in the nurse's home adjacent to and connected to the hospital by an open corridor and had a large sleeping porch, six private dressing rooms, living room, lecture hall, and private room for the head nurse.

The hospital was well equipped for that day and already had plans for expansion just four years after it opened. The hospital had a diathermy machine in 1928 for treatment of rheumatism and for the surgical removal of warts and moles.

The medical staff in 1928 included Dr. A. S. Buchanan, head surgeon; Dr. G. A. Buchanan, children's specialty; Dr. Ottis G. Hirst, internal medicine; Dr. A. B. Dickey; Dr. Thomas McDaniel; Dr. William W. Rice, and Dr. M. H. Kennedy, DDS.

The Cora Donnell Hospital served Prescott and the surrounding area for 42 years, closing in 1966 when the new Nevada County hospital opened. The sign over the entrance to the hospital read: "A hospital for the sick, regardless of nationality or creed".

This was where I was born late one night in the fall of 1943.

The new Nevada County Hospital opened for business in 1966 and remained open until 1996. The building which was located on Hwy. 67 North has now been demolished after being vacant for several years. Nevada County does not have a hospital at this time.

FILLING IN THE GAPS

Much information on local history can be found in old newspapers, but sometimes there are gaps of several years in which no papers are available. Very few papers are available for Nevada County before 1906, but thanks to the Internet, I was able to find the following tidbits of

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

information about Prescott and Nevada County printed in various newspapers around the country. News stories were sometimes telegraphed across the country and were used by newspapers as “fillers” or because they thought they might be of interest to their readers. These items below will help to fill the gap in local news coverage for Prescott and Nevada County.

The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Jan. 27, 1877

The business portion of Prescott, Ark. was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 19th.

The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Aug. 4, 1877

Albert Trammal, a Negro preacher, was hanged at Rosston, Nevada County, Ark. on the 27th for murder of his wife five years ago. Trammal confessed his guilt.

The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Sep. 9, 1881

The stage-coach running between Camden and Prescott was stopped three miles from Prescott by two masked gunmen. The mail pouches were cut open and the contents taken out. No registered letters were in the pouches and it is believed the robbery was fruitless. There was but one passenger besides the driver and he was penniless.

The Daily Globe (St. Paul, MN)--Dec. 20, 1882

The body of J. H. Kelly, a farmer, was found near Prescott, Ark. with a wound penetrating his heart. Robbery was not the object since \$45 was found on his person. Suspicion rests on a neighbor, whom officers are now pursuing.

The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Jan. 5, 1883

A fire at Prescott, Ark. lately destroyed two entire blocks of business houses. Loss was \$100,000.

The Highland Recorder (Monterey, VA)--March 1, 1885

An entire block in the business portion of Prescott, Ark. was destroyed by fire which originated in the Picayune office about 4:00 a. m. The entire plant of the Picayune, including the subscription books, was lost. Howell's Drug store and stock worth \$9,000 was destroyed as well as the stores of Hamilton, Sharp, and McMillan and Johnson. Total loss was about \$45,000

The Iola Register (Iola, KN)--Dec. 24, 1886

Rufus K. Garland, brother of the Attorney-General of the United States, died at his home near Prescott, Ark. recently.

The Brooklyn Eagle (Brooklyn, NY)--Sep. 1, 1894

The largest and most dangerous gang of counterfeiters ever organized in this country has been broken up by United States secret service detectives. The headquarters of the gang was at Bodcaw in Nevada County, Ark. and was composed of twenty men, ten of whom have been arrested (*names given*). The counterfeits consist of dollars, halves, and quarters and are the best that ever was made. Several thousand dollars of the spurious coins have been circulated in southwest Arkansas.

The Brooklyn Eagle (Brooklyn, NY)--July 9, 1897

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

R. F. Fuller has been assassinated at Boughton, Ark. The killing occurred near his home. The assassin is supposed to be a notorious moonshiner against whom Fuller informed.

Houston Daily Post (Houston, TX)--Aug. 16, 1900

Information reached here today from Prescott, Ark. to the effect that Mrs. J. H. Kershaw who fell sick a few days ago upon the conviction of her young son, died today from effects of a broken heart. The boy was sent up for five years for incendiary about three weeks ago.

St. Paul Globe (St. Paul, MN)--May 22, 1901

Oil has been discovered in large quantities in the corporate limits of Prescott, Ark. at a depth of 170 feet.

Daily Public Ledger (Maysville, KY)--Nov. 2, 1901

H. C. Cox, city marshal of Prescott, Ark., was shot and killed by Charles Levy, colored. Cox attempted to arrest Levy on a trivial charge. Levy escaped. Citizens have generally closed their stores and offices and are arming themselves.

Ohio Democrat (Logan, OH)--Nov. 14, 1901

A train wreck one mile south of Prescott, Ark. killed three and injured eighteen. This was a work train with 40 men on board. The train was going backward at a high rate of speed when it hit a crooked track, left the rails, and threw men in all directions.

The Norfolk Weekly News-Journal (Norfolk, NB)--Jan. 3, 1902

A boiler exploded Tuesday at Prescott, Ark. killing instantly Tim Moore, James Hogue, and A. T. Calhoun. Several others were injured.

The Hartford Herald (Hartford, KY)--Jan. 15, 1902

Physicians in Prescott, Ark. are puzzled over a case which will be sent to Memphis for further treatment. Henry Boston Burnett, living in Prescott is 16 years old and weighs 318 pounds. His height is five feet and six inches. The circumference of his thigh midway between the hip and knee measures 35 inches. He is 60 inches around the hips and has gained 150 pounds in the last year.

Note: Henry Burnett later found work with a carnival. He died in 1930 and according to his obituary, weighed between 500 and 600 pounds at the time of his death. He is buried in an unmarked grave at Pleasant Hill Cemetery four miles south of Prescott.

The St. Louis Republic (St. Louis, MO)--Aug. 2, 1902

Miss Mabel Staunton, 20 years old, of Prescott, Ark., died in her mother's arms at the Union Depot in Dallas, TX. She was the victim of consumption and about three months ago had been taken to the Quitman Mountains near El Paso, TX in hope of getting relief. About two weeks ago, realizing death was near, she begged to be taken back to her home in Prescott. Heavy floods delayed the train at several points in Texas. The scene in the Pullman car was pathetic. An undertaker prepared the body for shipment and it was sent to the old home. The girl's father, Homer Stanton, is a prominent citizen of Prescott.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

St. Louis Republic (St. Louis, MO)--Nov. 28, 1902

The northbound passenger train No. 4 wrecked near Prescott, Ark. The engineer was killed and the fireman escaped by jumping from the train. Heavy rains had caused the rails to spread and the engine rolled down a six-foot embankment and overturned, pinning the engineer underneath the wreckage. No passengers were injured.

The Paducah Sun (Paducah, KY)--June 11, 1903

Near Emmet, about eight miles from Prescott, AR, Will Sutton was instantly killed by a man named Johnson, whereupon Sutton's son, age 17, took the smoking gun of his dead father and shot Johnson, wounding him so severely it is thought he cannot survive. Both of the antagonists were occupying the same house and fell out over a trivial family affair.

The Times Dispatch (Richmond, VA)--Sep. 22, 1904

Thomas F. Watson of Georgia, Populist candidate for president, addressed a large crowd at Prescott, Ark. Suffering from a severe cold, he sat in a chair while addressing the audience.

The Hayti Herald (Hayti, MO)--May 4, 1911

A case of insurance fraud at Willisville in Nevada County involved the insurance agent, the local doctor at Willisville, the postmaster, and the postmaster's wife. These four had prepared an insurance policy for a fictitious man, aged 29, with the occupation of farmer and teacher. They took out a \$5000 policy and then the fictitious man died. The insurance company paid off, but the fraud was later discovered. The money was refunded to the insurance company, but it appears the four would be prosecuted.

The Washington Times (Washington, D. C.)--May 6, 1919

A marriage license was issued to Mr. David E. Cummins, age 24, of Prescott, Ark. and Miss Dorothy A. Hasbrouck, age 26 of this city.

THE CAMEL HILL CURRICULUM By Charles Walthall (2-22-1994)

When my grandfather went to school all that was offered was classes through the 5th grade. At that time, graduating from the eighth grade was considered a high school education, so he went to the 5th grade for 4 years. After he graduated, he went to work and got married. Soon he had children. When these children reached school age, you still had to pay for your children to go to school. Because of poor roads and few automobiles, most rural Arkansans walked to school. The horses and mules were hard at work in the fields. So the children walked to school every morning and walked home every afternoon. The eighth grade was available to the next generation. Up to the fifth grade was offered at Bluff City and six through eighth at Sayre. These communities were in opposite directions. So every morning after my grandmother sent my grandfather off to work, she herded the children out to the road, and marched them off to school. The money to pay for their education was still hard to come by and in those days you didn't waste money.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I had an uncle who didn't like school. He started finding better things to do on the way and soon stopped making it the whole 3 miles to school. Word soon made it back to my grandmother that my uncle was ditching. He was literally lagging behind and hiding in a ditch until the other children were out of sight. He would then go off to play until time to go home. He would hide in the ditch and fall back in with the other children as they passed and show back up at home as if he had spent all day at school. My grandmother let it go on for about a week. My grandmother was a crafty woman. She followed her same routine one morning and watched the kids head for school. After they disappeared around the corner, she cut her a good green switch, and then she followed the road behind the children. She stayed just out of sight and listened as they noisily made their way to school.

The children soon called out to my wayward uncle. My grandmother waited until the children had quit calling. She then quickly walked up the road. She found my uncle hiding in the ditch. When he opened his eyes, my grandmother was standing over him with that green switch. She switched him all the way up to and into the school house. She switched him all the way to his chair and sat down in the corner. She waited until school was over and she switched him out the door and all the way back to the ditch. She then let him walk the rest of the way undisturbed.

The next morning, my uncle refused to go to school. So she switched him all the way to school. And so began a daily routine. Every morning my grandmother had to get everyone off to school and switch my uncle into the school house. She then walked home in time to do her chores and get my grandfather's lunch ready. She never spoke a word to my grandfather and diligently made sure her children were where they were supposed to be every day.

When my uncle graduated to the 6th grade, he was promoted to the Sayre school. Sayre was further away. It was 5 miles to Sayre. The road ran along the branch around the base of twin-peaked Camel Hill. My grandmother would get everyone ready and send them off to their daily destination. She fell in behind my uncle and followed him all the way to school. He had learned that if he kept walking she didn't switch him. But if she stopped, he stopped. When she got him to the school door, he would go in and do his work. He stayed at school all day and would come home with all his brothers and sisters.

My grandmother would return home and start her chores. She would start fixing my grandfather's lunch but the additional distance had caused her to fall behind schedule. My grandfather became concerned that my grandmother was ill and finally confronted her. She had to finally tell him of the daily routine and the problem my uncle was causing her.

My grandfather pondered the situation. After careful thought, he went and visited his brothers, asked their advice, and arrived at a decision. A date was set. The morning came and the children were all sent to school. My grandmother followed my uncle the same as every day previous. After all the kids were well out of sight my grandfather's family showed up. The women had picnic baskets filled with food. Fresh water was drawn

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

from the well. The men had come with axes and saws. The whole family loaded onto the wagon and rode off to the base of Camel Hill.

My grandfather climbed to top of the hill and selected a straight path back to the base. The men then set about clearing a narrow path straight to the top. The women set about cutting switches. My grandfather continued over the top and down the other side. He marked a trail up the lower peaked second hill over the top, and down the back slope of the second hump. He continued on with his straight path down the back of the second hill and stepped from the underbrush directly in front of the door of the school house.

He retraced his path and rejoined the men cutting the path. The women followed and soon had the wagon filled with switches of all description. Noon came and they all had lunch together in the sun at the base between the two peaks. After a hearty lunch, the men went back to work and completed the straight and narrow path to the front steps of the school house. The path over Camel Hill had cut at least two miles off the road to school. They had cut a path which provided a clear view of the school house door from the top of the first peak. My grandfather sent my grandmother to wait on that peak. School would soon let out. He parked the wagon at the beginning of the new road over Camel Hill. He had all his family gather around the front door of the school. He then selected a choice switch and knocked on the door. The school teacher came out and my grandfather explained the situation. The teacher went back in and sent my uncle out.

On the front steps of the school, my grandfather spoke to my uncle. This is what he said. "I have worked hard to take care of you and pay for your education. Your mother has worked hard to keep you clean and fed. You have seen fit to torment her for far too long. You have succeeded in bringing nothing but shame to yourself, to your brothers and sister, to your mother and me, to all you aunts and uncles, and to your entire family. Your mother is standing, there, on the far peak of Camel Hill on a narrow path your family has provided for her, so that she can be free of your ignorance. Your family has cut for you a wagon full of switches. Your mother will follow you to school for one more week. She will go to the peak of that hill, where she is now standing, and if she once has to raise her hand to get you to school, I will wear out every switch in that wagon on you. I will switch you as far away from here as possible. I will drive you so far away that you will never be able to find your way back. And in the event that you do, you will find the door locked. You will not be welcome. Your family will not know you and you will be a stranger to everyone you have ever known. Now, I want you to go get in that wagon and drive it home. I want you to stop and help your mother into the wagon and apologize for the pain you have caused. The rest of us will walk home together as a family."

My grandmother followed my uncle to the peak of Camel Hill for one week. She watched him all the way to the door of the school. As soon as he went in, my grandmother went home. My grandfather never had to use one switch. My uncle finished school and is still a member of our family. Of his brothers and sisters, 3 were valedictorians, two were salutatorians, and one died before he ever got to go to school. All went to college. Three became teachers. One married a teacher. Of those seven children, there are five bachelor degrees, three master's degrees, and one doctorate.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

The road over Camel Hill is now a county road. The school is long gone and the town of Sayre has long since faded into history. The children who now ride the bus over Camel Hill have never heard the story of why the road was built. The parents of these kids don't have to pay anymore to send their kids to school. The parents don't have to feed them before they are sent to school. Breakfast is waiting at school. And so is lunch. The books are free. The rooms are air conditioned. The teachers are better educated.

Of these children who ride the bus, 75% won't finish. Twenty-five percent of the boys will go to prison before they are forty and over half of the girls will have children before they reach 18 years of age. Most are on and will remain on welfare their entire lives. Now tell me the school system is better.



**The Old Walthall Home Place
Near Reader off Hwy. 368**



Clayt and Blanche Walthall (1974)



Walthall Family Photo from 1928: Bennie, Clayt, Woodie, Mabelle, Blanche, and Joe (held by his mother and the subject of the Camel Hill story)

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

CLASSIC TV SHOWS

Match the clues in the left column with the television show in the right column. Answers are on page 10.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ___ 1. "Good Evening" | A. The Honeymooners |
| ___ 2. Ma Smalley's Boarding House | B. Bonanza |
| ___ 3. S. S. Minnow | C. The Waltons |
| ___ 4. Larry, Darryl, and Darryl | D. Alfred Hitchcock Presents |
| ___ 5. Meathead | E. The Munsters |
| ___ 6. Floyd, the barber | F. Petticoat Junction |
| ___ 7. the cement pond | G. All in the Family |
| ___ 8. Little Joe | H. Little House on the Prairie |
| ___ 9. Pancho | I. Superman |
| ___ 10. 1313 Mockingbird Lane | J. Have Gun Will Travel |
| ___ 11. Kemo Sabe | K. Newhart |
| ___ 12. the mercantile | L. I Dream of Jeannie |
| ___ 13. Sparta, Mississippi | M. Gunsmoke |
| ___ 14. in a bottle | N. Gilligan's Island |
| ___ 15. bus driver | O. Beverly Hillbillies |
| ___ 16. a man called Paladin | P. Green Acres |
| ___ 17. The Shady Rest | Q. The Cisco Kid |
| ___ 18. North Fork | R. The Andy Griffith Show |
| ___ 19. The Great Depression | S. The Rifleman |
| ___ 20. Mild-mannered reporter | T. The Lone Ranger |
| ___ 21. Hooterville | U. In the Heat of the Night |

Did you know that---

Hoggard Funeral Home is located in Piggott, Arkansas?

There is a cemetery in Izard County, Arkansas called No Bottom Cemetery.

Terrapin Neck is six miles north of Goose Ankle as the crow flies.

Many readers of the *Sandyland Chronicle* are interested in genealogy. I'm starting a new section of the paper called "SEARCHING". This is a place where you can post the names of families you are researching or ask for help breaking through some of your genealogy "brick walls". If you have a question concerning genealogy or local history, sent it to me. Who knows? Maybe someone will have the answer you are looking for. I'll start it off with a local history question.

Local History-- Re: the community of Morris (Caney) in Nevada County. Does anyone know which Morris the community was named after? Most local folks refer to the place as "Caney", probably because of its close proximity to Caney Creek. The oldest person with the surname Morris buried at Caney Cemetery is W. Ephraim Morris (1846-1916). He was a Confederate soldier serving with Co. H- 24th Georgia Infantry. Could the community be named for him?

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Answers to Classic TV Shows:

- | | | | | |
|--------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. - D | 6. - R | 11. - T | 16. - J | 21. - P |
| 2. - M | 7. - O | 12. - H | 17. - F | |
| 3. - N | 8. - B | 13. - U | 18. - S | |
| 4. - K | 9. - Q | 14. - L | 19. - C | |
| 5. - G | 10. - E | 15. - A | 20. - I | |
-

Parable of the Carrot, Egg, and Coffee

You may never look at a CUP OF COFFEE the same way again.

A young woman went to her mother and told her about her life and how things were so hard for her. She did not know how she was going to make it and wanted to give up. She was tired of fighting and struggling. It seemed as one problem was solved a new one arose. Her mother took her to the kitchen. She filled three pots with water and placed each on a high fire. Soon the pots came to a boil. In the first, she placed carrots, in the second she placed eggs and the last she placed ground coffee beans. She let them sit and boil, without saying a word. In about twenty minutes she turned off the burners. She fished the carrots out and placed them in a bowl. She pulled the eggs out and placed them in a bowl. Then she ladled the coffee out and placed it in a bowl. Turning to her daughter, she asked, "Tell me, what do you see?" "Carrots, eggs, and coffee," she replied. She brought her closer and asked her to feel the carrots. She did and noted that they were soft. She then asked her to take an egg and break it. After pulling off the shell, she observed the hard-boiled egg. Finally, she asked her to sip the coffee. The daughter smiled as she tasted its rich aroma.

The daughter then asked, "What does it mean, mother?" Her mother explained that each of these objects had faced the same adversity--boiling water--but each reacted differently. The carrot went in strong, hard and unrelenting. However after being subjected to the boiling water, it softened and became weak. The egg had been fragile. Its thin outer shell had protected its liquid interior. But, after sitting through the boiling water, its inside became hardened. The ground coffee beans were unique, however. After they were in the boiling water they had changed the water.

"Which are you?" she asked her daughter. "When adversity knocks on your door, how do you respond? Are you a carrot, an egg, or a coffee bean?" Think of this: Which am I? Am I the carrot that seems strong, but with pain and adversity, do I wilt and become soft and lose my strength? Am I the egg that starts with a malleable heart, but changes with the heat? Did I have a fluid spirit, but after death, a breakup, a financial hardship or some other trial, have I become hardened and stiff? Does my shell look the same, but on the inside am I bitter and tough with a stiff spirit and a hardened heart? Or am I like the coffee bean? The bean actually changes the hot water, the very circumstance that brings the pain. When the water gets hot, it releases the fragrance and flavor. If you are like the bean, when things are at their worst, you can get better and change the situation around you with God's help.

How do you handle adversity? When adversity strikes, ask yourself...ARE YOU A CARROT, AN EGG, OR A COFFEE BEAN?