

Jerry McKeiv's  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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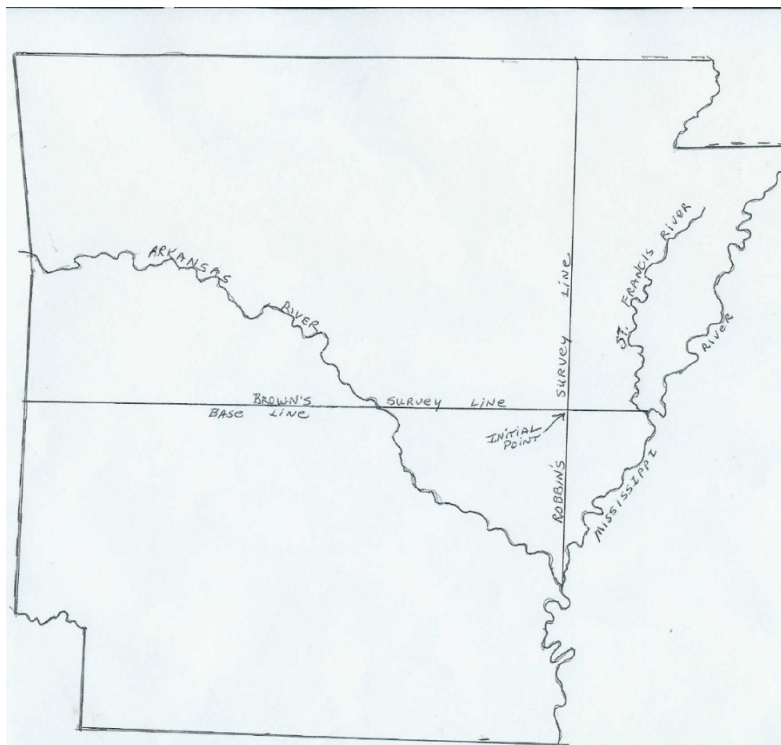
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**SURVEYING THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE**

In the last issue, we saw how this country developed from the original thirteen colonies to the country as we know it today. Arkansas was in the portion known as the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 and became a state in 1836.

The government decided after the Louisiana Purchase that a survey of the new land was needed. The government gave land grants to veterans of the War of 1812 and settlers were moving into the area. It was decided to use a rectangular survey system to identify the tracts of land. In order to do a survey like this, there had to be a starting point.

President James Madison ordered the survey shortly after the War of 1812. Two surveyors, Prospect Robbins and Joseph Brown, were chosen to begin this survey. Robbins started his survey at the mouth of the Arkansas River and surveyed north. Brown started at the mouth of the St. Francis River and surveyed due west (see map below).



These surveyors only had a compass and chain (used to measure distance). It was a difficult job because the lines had to be surveyed straight through wilderness areas, swamps, hills, and valleys. They had to carry all their supplies with them on a job which lasted for months at a time. They took field notes as they went and every half mile, they would mark that spot by blazing trees called "witness trees" and maybe setting some kind of marker which they would identify in their field notes.

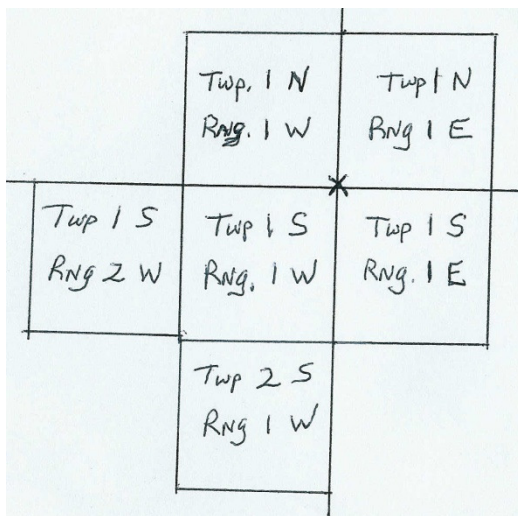
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The lines of the two surveyors crossed on November 10, 1815 in a swampy area in what is now Phillips County, Arkansas. The intersection of the two lines is known as the Initial Point and that particular place is now the Louisiana Purchase State Park. A granite monument was installed there in 1926. Visitors today can reach the monument by an elevated boardwalk about 950 feet long (about three football fields). The marker is surrounded by water and cypress knees. It is the perfect place if you want to experience “The Natural State” as the two original surveyors did in 1815. It was from this initial point that the lands in Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Iowa, North Dakota, and parts of Minnesota and South Dakota were surveyed. (see map on page 1 for the location of the Initial Point)

The line extending west from the initial point was called the base line. This line extends into the Little Rock area and I'm sure you have seen the signs for Baseline Road as you travel the interstate into Little Rock. That road was so named because it is part of the original base line established by surveyor Joseph Brown in 1815.

All the property in Arkansas and the other states mentioned is still identified from this original survey done about 1815. After these first two lines were established, other surveyors worked on establishing more lines resulting in the land descriptions we have today for property you might own. I'll attempt to explain this a little further in the next issue. Land descriptions can get quite complicated, so I'll just stick to the basics. I think everyone who owns property should have a little knowledge about this. It will help you if you ever have to deal with the tax assessor's office, if you buy or sell property, or if you are doing genealogical research.

The next step was to establish townships using these first two lines established by the surveyors. The word township has two different meanings. Counties today are divided into townships and these are given names such as Union Township, Liberty Township, etc. It just means a subdivision of a county and there might be justices of the peace or constables elected for each township. They can be irregular in shape. The other type of township is what we are discussing here. It is a block of land six miles square used in legal land descriptions on deeds, etc.



Look back at the map and find the Initial Point where the two survey lines crossed. Now imagine blocks of land six miles square like this close-up. The Initial Point is marked with an “X”. Each square is identified by a township number and a range number. The number assigned depends on whether the township is north or south of the base line and east or west of the range line. So, if you had land in Township 2 South, Range 1 West, you would know where your land was located in Arkansas. At least you would have it narrowed down to block of land six miles square. You would need a more detailed description to actually pin-point your land. We will get into that in the next issue. Just as an example, the

city of Rosston in Nevada County is located in Township 13 South, Range 21 West and that was determined by surveying from the initial point established by the surveyors in 1815. In other

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words, the area around Rosston is 13 townships south and 21 townships west of the Initial Point.

Next Issue: How the townships are divided into sections and how they are numbered.

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## **Daphne's Story** **(Youngest child of Roland Franklin and Rosa Maud Barner)** **Written 2004**

At age seventy-five, I have just learned the name of my paternal great grandfather, John Barner IV (1770-1840), and my grandfather and grandmother, Benjamin Franklin and Musadora Nicholson Barner. And this was only through the efforts of a distant cousin in Dallas, Texas—Robert Joseph (Joe) Barner. You see, it was he who introduced himself to us earlier this year as the son of R. K. (Robert Kay) Barner and the grandson of Bob (Robert Parham) Barner in Dallas County (Arkansas). It was a bit strange to us to hear from a Joe Barner whom we had never heard of, because we had a brother, Joseph Franklin (Joe) Barner, who has been dead since November 17, 1987! But our ears were opened to the story that we heard from this Texas “cuddin.” (We referred to Bob Barner and his brothers and sisters in Dallas County all these many years ago, not as “Cousin Bob,” but it sounded more like “cuddin.”) Somehow I had always thought only my father and his brother came to Arkansas from Virginia as young men. However, now I know that both my grandparents came to Arkansas. My grandfather is buried at Temperance Hill Cemetery in Dallas County, and my grandmother is buried somewhere in the vicinity of Princeton. The story as told to me was that she was visiting there, became ill, and because of high water, her body could not be transported for burial near her husband. This was long before the days of embalming, and certainly transportation was not good—hence, they are buried in different locations. As a result of the work Joe has done, you are receiving a story about the Ouachita County (Arkansas) Roland Franklin Barner family. (The Joe that will be referred to most of the time in this narrative is my brother Joseph Franklin Barner, and not the Joe Barner from Dallas.)

My father, Roland Franklin Barner, was born November 15, 1873, and died January 17, 1931, (a young age now of 58 years) shortly after my second birthday, so I have no remembrance of him—only those things that my eleven brothers and sisters have shared with me from their memory bank. As we grow up, most of us are not too interested in who we are or where we came from—only that we are here! But as we grow older, an interest is sparked, and we wish we had delved more into things that seem more important to us now. This is one reason I wish to put down on paper some thoughts that might be of interest to my children and to your children when they are seventy-five.

As I have indicated, my father came from Virginia with his parents, Benjamin Franklin and Musadora Nicholson Barner. A gravestone in Temperance Hill Cemetery lists “Franklin and Mucie Barner”—her name was shortened at some time. (Now we know where my sister, Mucie Imo, got a part of her name and my brother, Non Nicholson, got a part of his name!) My father’s brothers, Oscar Harrison and Algie Barner, apparently accompanied them. My father had first cousins in Dallas County, who ascended from Ulysses Barner, a brother to Benjamin

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Franklin Barner. At some time, my grandfather's family must have lived in Dallas County, and after their death, the three brothers lived with Robert Harrison Barner and his wife, Nannie, who were the great grandparents of Robert Joseph (Joe) Barner from Dallas. At some time during his early years, my father came through Ouachita County and roomed and boarded with my maternal grandparents, Joseph Jeffers (Joe) and Caroline Cooper Gammill. It is my understanding that at this time my mother, Rosa Maud Gammill, was just a very young girl. Whether my father looked upon her as a future bride, one never will know, but several years later, after he had served in the 1898 Spanish-American War, and possibly made a crop in Texas, he came back to Ouachita County, and Rosa had grown up into a beautiful young lady. She became his bride and the mother of their fourteen children—two of whom died in infancy. My father was a little more than ten years older than my mother. I am the youngest of the twelve who grew to adulthood. I do not know the date of their marriage, but their first child was born on November 23, 1904, when my father was thirty-one and my mother twenty.

I am not sure just where my parents began their life together, but possibly in Millville (about two miles south of Bearden), because there was a large sawmill there, and my father was a logger. Times were probably very hard for the Barner family, but still the family increased. At some time they moved to the place where the younger ones of us were born—a farm of 160 acres about three miles south of Bearden on what is now known as the Salem Cemetery Road. This was a house with two large bedrooms, a kitchen, and an enclosed hallway that served at one time as a living/dining area and later as a bedroom with a bath added. As the family grew, the need for more room grew, and a two-room building which had housed the office of Dr. E. J. Byrd at Millville was moved and added to the back of the existing structure. A back porch was added, and it was later “screened in.”

Several of my older brothers and sisters attended school in Millville, but when that school closed, they attended classes in a two-story building located about three miles from the mill and about two miles from where my family lived the greater part of our lives. Grades one through four were taught on the second floor by Mrs. Orland C. (Mabel) Harris, and grades five through eight were on the ground floor taught by Mr. Orland C. (Ocie) Harris. (Perhaps you have known Cliff Harris who played for the Dallas Cowboys. Ocie and Mabel were his grandparents. Ocie and my mother were first cousins. They lived “in town,” and their son, Buddy—Cliff's dad—would spend time with my family on the farm during the summers, because he said we had a lot of food to eat!! One interesting fact about Buddy—during World War II his plane was shot down in the Pacific, and he spent at least two harrowing days on a raft. Thank-fully, he was rescued.) Yes, Ocie and Mabel Harris taught some my older siblings in that little school building, and in later years taught several of us younger ones in grades 6 through 8 in Bearden. Ocie taught math and Mabel taught English. I give her credit for the background that I have in English grammar. She was very proficient and was able to instill some of this knowledge in at least some of her students. Now back to the school— the school building was also used by the Woodmen of the World for their meetings and was located very near the Salem Cemetery, where my father and mother and six of my brothers and sisters are buried. One sister is buried in Lakeside Cemetery near Locust Bayou in adjoining Calhoun County. After that school closed, we all attended school in Bearden.

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An interesting article entitled "Farmers and Merchants Club of Bearden, Arkansas" was printed in the Spring 2004 issue of *The Quarterly*, a publication of the Ouachita County Historical Society. The article stated that in 1911 this club published a small, hardcover booklet entitled "Bearden, The Eden of Arkansas, Bearden on the Ridge." The object of this club "was to induce good men with their families to locate in the BEARDEN COUNTRY and, by helping to secure the settler, to prevent these rich agricultural lands from falling into the hands of speculators, who have come to appreciate their value." This booklet contained articles telling about crop production on the land there—"For example, wheat produced at 25 bushels per acre, rice at 68 bushels per acre, and shelled corn at 110 bushels per acre!" I do not know when my father and my brothers began farming (Bernice, my oldest sibling, was born in 1904 and would have been 7 in 1911), but I can assure you the Barner farm on the Salem Road never produced like that! I do not know of any wheat or rice that was grown in Ouachita County during my lifetime, but there was a field on the highway south of Millville known as the "rice field." Our main money crop was cotton, but we did grow corn, hay, and soybeans to feed the livestock during the winter. That corn was also good cut from the cob when it first ripened. We eat "sweet corn" today, but when I was young, we ate "field corn." We looked forward to summertime when we would have field corn, whippoorwill or purple hull peas, and tomatoes! We also had string (green) beans, English peas, butter beans, okra, squash, cucumbers, Irish (white) potatoes, sweet potatoes, green (bell) and hot pepper. I might mention there was always a row of beautiful zinnias in our garden, and these provided bouquets for our tables!! My mother and "the girls" spent much time during the summer canning vegetables to be eaten during the cold winter months. We had no fruit trees, but did have a persimmon and a mulberry tree. Blackberries, huckleberries (blue berries?), and plums were gathered from the nearby woods, and we would have fresh berry cobblers, and again my mother and sisters made jams, jellies and preserves to be enjoyed with hot biscuits during the year! When we would come in from picking the berries, we had to "check ourselves over real good" to see that we did not have chiggers (redbugs) or ticks—there were seed ticks, yearling ticks, and bigger ticks with spots on their backs! If you got one seed tick, you got many, many, and they would scatter quickly and begin biting. Of course, we had to watch for snakes, as well. We also raised chickens and had eggs—our mother would save some eggs and "set" an "old hen." Yes, she set her, and then she sat on the eggs! In the summertime we would have fried chicken, but in the winter, the roosters that could be spared, and any "old hens" that were too old to be good layers were killed, and we would enjoy chicken and dressing or chicken and dumplings. During the summer my mother would usually kill and dress two chickens on Saturday afternoon for fried chicken for Sunday dinner. Being the youngest of the family, I did not have to work nearly as hard as my older siblings.

When my father died in January 1931, he left my mother with ten children at home, ages twenty-one down to two. What a responsibility. The oldest still at home (Mucie) married in December of 1931, and Orland married in 1933. This still left eight to be fed, clothed, and cared for in the years not too long after the depression. It is doubtful that my family realized there was a great depression, as we had never been used to very much at the best. We apparently had food, because of what I related about Buddy Harris, and also a friend of Nick's told him in later years that he had liked coming to our house because we had "food on the

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table.” I guess we did not realize just how rich we were! I am told Joe borrowed money to buy seed and fertilizer to make a crop—perhaps the year of our father’s death. I do not know if this had to be repeated or not, but we did have a “living” from the cotton, corn, soy beans, and hay that “we” raised. I use the word “we” cautiously, because I had little to do with keeping our heads above water. Yes, I was the youngest and was pampered. I have no hesitancy in stating this—I know it is true—and to a great extent I am still the pampered one. However, I try to help pull the load now, if by no more than giving moral support. I do remember what a treat it was for us to get a new pair of shoes, because many times the soles would wear through, and we would cut cardboard and put in the bottoms of our shoes to try to keep our feet a little drier and our socks cleaner. We usually got two pairs of shoes during the year—I remember one year having enough Weatherbird Stamps from Bearden Dry Goods that I got a pair of “little red sandals” which I wanted so badly! I also know that our mother would make dresses for us girls, and she made good use of sacks that flour and animal feed came in. Some would be used for dish towels, some for dresses, some for bed sheets, and some for making our underwear. I can remember the Monday washdays when the No. 3 washtubs and the black pot would be filled, and a fire made around the pot to boil the clothes after they had been scrubbed on a rub board. After boiling, the clothes were carefully lifted from the boiling water with the “stirring stick” and transferred to the rinse water. Sometime before 1946 we bought a wringer type washing machine from Sears Roebuck. (I remember hearing that the family paid cash for this machine—it was just not a practice for the family to buy anything on credit.) We did have lines for our clothes, but sometimes there were some hanging across a fence because there was not enough line. The rinse water was often used to scrub the front and back porches, and I have a faint remembrance when a mop made from corn shucks was used for this scrubbing. The rinse water was also used to water the few flower beds in the yard. We had a beautiful “ghost plant” which opened its large white blossoms at twilight and closed before sun-up. Our elephant ear plants were not nearly as pretty and large as Uncle Oscar’s and Aunt Eula’s (up the hill from us)—she must have poured a lot of water on hers. We did not have grass in the yard, and the chickens had full run of the yard. We did have weeds, however. Bitter weeds and iron weeds at that. What a chore to have to pull weeds after every rain in the summer time. The bitter weeds “stunk” so badly, and the iron weeds were so hard to pull! We had screens on our windows for as long as I can remember, but this was not always the case, I am told. Another chore during the summer was trying to keep the flies killed that got into the house. Like a lot of young folk even today, I did not like being disciplined to work, I guess, so I did not enjoy swatting flies. When Bernice was home, she was bad about keeping me busy with that fly swatter. I recall hitting something a lot of the time just to make her think I was killing a fly! School was always a joy and pleasure for me, and how embarrassed I was to have to miss the first two weeks each September to pick cotton. Needless to say, I was glad when the family quit raising cotton!

I have already mentioned some of the good food we had to eat, but my family would kill at least one cow and perhaps two or three hogs during the winter. This was a busy time for my brothers, and it was always good to have fresh meat to eat, but we also had a smokehouse, and the pork sides and hams were smoked and salted away where they kept pretty well for several months. My mother and older sisters would can beef, and it was like the roast beef you might

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buy in a can today—only MUCH better. How good a meal was when Mamma would open a jar of beef, heat it well and make gravy. No roast beef from a can today could ever taste as good as that. We always had a boiled ham at Christmas time, and no ham has ever tasted any better than this!! Our mother was very proficient at making hot rolls, and one niece told me recently she could still smell Grandma Barner's rolls, and wondered why it took her daddy so long to make the trip from their house to Grandma's on Sundays! I do not remember ever eating potato dump-lings, but I am told our mamma would make them—she would boil potatoes and drop rolled dumplings into the broth! One of my sisters said, "Now that was po' folks eating."

I do not remember the exact year, but it was sometime in the early 40's that we were able to have natural gas piped into the farmhouse. The Arkansas-Louisiana gas line came across a small corner of the Barner property, and permission was granted for us to "tap" the line and lay lines to our house. So we enjoyed "cooking on gas," before our house was lighted with electricity. I do not remember the exact year we were added to rural electric power, but Rosemary remembers it was during the World War II while our brothers were in service. She remembers our brother Joe instructing us to go ahead with the wiring, and it cost \$80.00 to have a "drop" in each room and a few outlets!! What a joy to now have better lighting, even though the Aladdin lamp had been such an improvement over the "coal oil lamps." I can well remember when we got our first Aladdin lamp! The mantles were so delicate, and we were always careful when having to handle these. But the light was far superior to what we had used previously.

I also remember our first radio. It was a battery set, and most of the time had so much static that we could not hear very well, but we faithfully gathered around it to listen to "Lum & Abner" from the Jot 'Em Down store in Pine Ridge, Arkansas. We listened to Amos and Andy, One Man's Family, and there was a program featuring an all-girls' orchestra. Before we got a radio, we would sometimes go to a neighbor's house and listen to Lum & Abner. I do not recall when we got our first electrically powered radio, but it must have been a big improvement over the battery set.

Some of the things that kept us and our neighbor friends occupied during those early years were hopscotch, jump rope, Red Rover, AnteOver, jumping board, and pop the whip. Hopscotch was played after drawing a design in the sand, using a piece of glass to toss into one of the squares, and hopping on one foot! Rules have escaped my memory, but we spent hours with this. We jumped the rope—sometimes with one person holding one end of the rope. Hot pepper was when the rope was turned fast and faster, making the player jump faster and faster. Red Rover was played with two sets of players holding hands some distance from each other. One player in one line would call, "Red Rover, Red Rover, let Daphne (or any player in the other line) come over." That person would run and try to break the hold of two players in the opposite line. AnteOver was played with a ball, one or more players in the front and back of the house. One group would call out, "AnteOver, Anteover, let the ball come over," at which time the ball would be thrown over the house and the opposite players were to catch the ball. We jumped the board by having a long piece of lumber approximately 8" – 10" wide. It was

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balanced over a stationary article, one person would be on each end, and alternate jumping up as the other jumped down. This could be dangerous, as sometimes you would fall. But somehow no one was ever sued over an injury! Pop the whip was played by holding hands in a line, running, and attempting to “pop” the last player off the line! Other games were jacks, marbles, pick-up sticks, dominoes, jumping rope, jumping board, Old Maid, a bag swing tied to a rope fastened to a tree, washers, and hop-scotch. We would also make balls by winding string into a tight ball. And where did we get the string—it was carefully saved after unraveling the flour and feed sacks! We also walked on stilts—but to us they were Tom Walkers!! The lumber used for these, the “Wheel ‘n Guide,” and the push toy that Ernest, Nick, Pearl, and our cousin Leslie Earle pushed for miles in our yard was scraps from a nearby sawmill. Strips of lumber about two inches wide and six feet long were used for the Tom Walkers. These had blocks of wood nailed to the pole, just as high from the ground as we thought we could manage. I recall I started out with them just a few inches from the ground. A piece of old inner tube was used to put our feet through on the blocks. The Wheel ‘n Guide was made from a piece of wood about three feet long and two inches wide. A piece of a tobacco can (Prince Albert) was nailed near the bottom of this, forming a “T”. This was used to guide a steel ring about 8 inches in diameter that we got from an old wagon wheel. The object was to see who could guide it the greatest distance without the steel ring falling over! The push toy was made with a piece of stove wood about eighteen inches in length with two wheels cut from a pine tree fastened at each end. The wheels had holes through the center, and were fastened to the axle. The guide stick was six to seven feet in length, and fastened to the center of the “stove wood axle.” A bucket lid was nailed to the top as a “steering” mechanism! Crude these toys were, but we did not realize it! Nick says he can see that toy today and recall the many happy hours spent with it!! There was even a pair of roller skates at one time, but no concrete to skate on! To my knowledge, none of us ever owned a bicycle. One game we played was called ‘washers.’ Six cup-size holes were dug into the ground—three on each end—with several feet separating these. We had metal washers that were used on farm equipment—they were about 2 ½ to 3 inches in diameter with a hole in the center. These would be pitched from one end to the other with the hope of landing them in one of the holes. Each hole was worth so many points, and the one with the most points at the end of the game was the winner. My friend and I would walk into the woods to the gravel pit, and take turns running down one inclined side of it. It’s a wonder we did not keep “skinned up” legs and arms or even a broken bone, but I guess we were pretty skillful at keeping our balance. We were forbidden to play marbles for “keeps”, and Orland got himself into trouble with Daddy because he played with a little black boy who lived between the Millville school and home. He had won, and this game was against the rules set up for the Barner boys and girls. Another game I remember was dropping marbles into a cigar box that had a hole cut in the top just big enough for a marble to go through. Before dropping the marble, the hand had to be no lower than waist high. I guess we counted to see who could get the most marbles in the box! It was a real treat for me to get a “Hit Parade” songbook! If I remember correctly these cost approximately twenty-five cents, but that was a lot of money to be used for such trivial things in those days. This book contained the words to the songs that were popular at that time—the Big Band sounds. I would read them over and over, and to this day, I still remember a lot of the words from songs of that era. Our young folk of today could not under-stand that this would be a treat—after all, they have radios, cassettes, CDs, TVs, and



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all those games that are a part of this technological age. Another treat was when we would get a Big, Little Book. These were about two inches wide, two inches high and the depth depended upon the story. They usually featured comic strip characters of that day—there would be pictures on one side of the page, and the narrative on the other. I have one of these, but not from my childhood days—I paid for it from an antique dealer!! Another thing I remember doing for pastime was poring over Pearl's yearbooks from Magnolia A & M (now Southern State). I could almost tell you what page a certain person's picture was on! Inside on cold days we would play dominoes, pick-up sticks, jacks, Authors and Old Maid.

One of the "things" on our farm was a mill for making sorghum molasses. This is almost a thing of the past, but it lives very vividly in my and my living siblings' memories. We did not grow the sorghum cane, but others who lived in the nearby communities would grow and "haul" the cane to the mill by horses or mules and wagons. An appointment would be made for the cooking day, and usually the cane was hauled into the "yard" the day before. The mill consisted of two huge steel rollers through which the cane was placed. The rollers were turned by mules that were hitched to a long timber, which was fastened to the mill at its center, and two mules would walk around in a circle of approximately 25 feet pulling the timber and, in turn, turning the rollers. The juice from the cane would be extracted, and the flattened cane would be piled into a place several feet from where the mules made their circle. We called this the "pummy pile" (rhyming with rummy), and we younger ones spent time playing on the pummy pile. I wonder what children of today would think of such play!!! The juice was carried to a pan, approximately 12 feet long and 5 feet wide, divided into sections. A hot fire was built under the pan, and the juice would be poured into one end, and as it began to cook, it would be slowly moved through the sections until it was ready to be put into containers and sealed. Metal buckets were used, and the buckets were sealed tightly so that the syrup would keep for a long period of time. It was usually a full day's work to grind the cane and cook the syrup for one "customer." Joe was the molasses cooker in those days. We always had plenty of molasses syrup to eat, because we were "paid" in molasses for the use of the mill.

One of the memories I have of living on the farm is that we always had cows, and most of the time at least one of these would 'have a calf', and we would have milk. I never liked milk until I moved to Little Rock in late 1946 and drank my first homogenized milk. When I moved to Little Rock I 'roomed and boarded' with a nice family who had three children. I was more or less a 'nanny' to them, I guess. Anyway, I thought I should set the right example before them and drink milk, and to my surprise it tasted so different from the raw milk on the farm, I decided I might like it!) But back to the cows—I learned to milk the cows, but was not very proficient, and being the youngest, they really did not push me! (I am the first to admit I had many advantages my older siblings did not enjoy—spoiled I guess you could call me!) Most of the time the cows would be milked both morning and night. During the night, the cows would make their beds in front of our farmhouse and near the pasture. You might know what this meant each morning—yes, fresh piles of cow manure and a very unsightly sight! For some reason we referred to that portion of our 'road' as the 'lane,' so each morning some of us would have to get out the shovels and go clean up the lane!! Bet you have never heard of a tumblebug! I have not in years, but these were rather small insects—probably about an inch in

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length. They would work the cow piles and make little round balls. I do not remember, if I ever knew, what they did with these, but to this day I can see them rolling them along to wherever they took them! (My *Webster's New World Dictionary* gives this definition of a tumblebug: "Any of several dung beetles that roll and bury in soil balls of dung, upon which the females deposit their eggs and in which the larvae develop." So now I know!)

The first car I can remember was a Model A, but I do not know the year. I remember hearing Mucie tell of driving my dad around in a Model T, so the "A" came later! It was a great day when a better car was driven over from Hot Springs—a Chevrolet, but again I do not know the year. During World War II when all my brothers were either living away from home or were in the armed services, we had a Model A coupe with the trunk removed and a little wooden bed built on the back. This was what Rosemary drove to get us to church and back and for the groceries we had to buy from "town." When Joe came back from the army, he bought a new Plymouth.

Did you ever have a Parker fountain pen? Well, Pearl found one on the way home from Millville school many, many years ago. Those pens had a "bladder" that was filled from a bottle of ink, but the one in her pen developed a leak. She returned it to the company for repair, but was told parts were not available for it. They stated if she would return it they would send her a new Parker! She decided she wanted to keep the old one, and she still has it to this day! We thought it was a great day when ballpoint pens came out to replace those that needed to be filled from a bottle of ink.

I am the youngest member of a large family--we had a lot of activity, and yet nothing that has left a real impact to be written in the books of history. Hopefully, each of us has left some legacy that will influence others for good. I have not mentioned religion, but this has had an important part in the lives of each of us. For the most part, all of us have been faithful members of the church of Christ—my mother was a faithful Christian and set the example for us as long as she lived. We thank God for the influence of godly mothers.

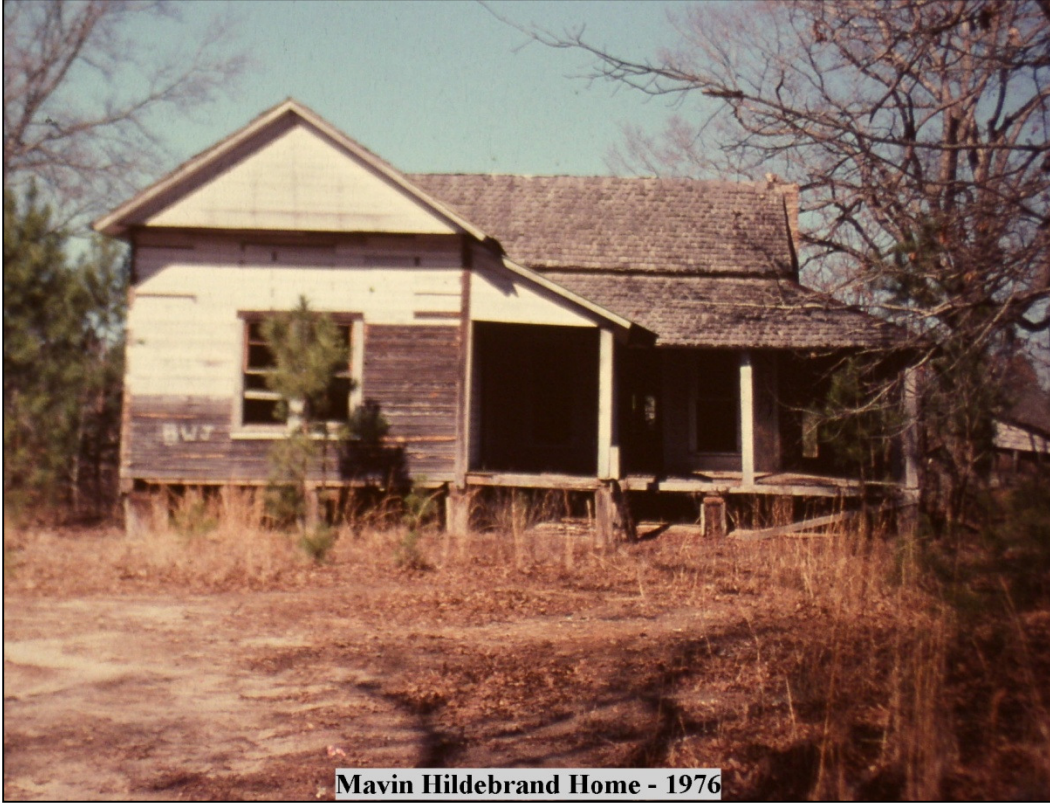
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Cathy Straley writes--

In response to Warren Ober's mention in your Sandyland Chronicle about sweeping yards with a brush broom, I looked up what my mother wrote once about how they used to keep their yard swept...

*"We always had shade trees in our yard, and the grass didn't grow much under the trees. To keep the yard around the house clean and neat (which my mother insisted), we swept it with a brush broom made from branches of dogwood. Since dogwood trees do not replace limbs cut away, the dogwood is a protected species today; consequently, there are no more dogwood brush brooms [that you can buy]. But they made great sweepers back in the early days. The small branches were just flexible enough and stiff enough to make a good broom. I guess if you were to go out to the woods on our own property and gather some small dogwood branches, you could still make your own wonderful yard broom today."* – Written about 1992 by Mary Hildebrand Cox.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Mavin Hildebrand Home - 1976

## THE OLD HOME PLACE

by Jerry McKelvy

The old house is quiet now  
And the yard is covered with weeds.  
The large shade trees still stand tall  
Providing shade and a cooling breeze.

A lone flower still blooms  
Out near the old storage shed.  
One lone flower left from what was once  
Mother's favorite flower bed.

The old barn fell some time ago  
It served us well for many years.  
The memories come flooding back  
And my eyes begin to fill with tears.

We once had a rope swing  
Hanging from a limb on the old oak tree  
We spent many hours there  
Swinging high and free.

The old garden spot out back  
Is now covered with bushes and weeds  
A few old fruit trees remain  
Which once supplied our needs.

My mind wanders back  
To those happy days of long ago  
How I wish we could return  
To those days when life was slow.

Time marches on, we know  
And things never stay the same  
But our memories we can cherish  
As we remember from whence we came.

And many years from now  
When all the buildings are gone,  
Someone might discover this spot  
And realize it was once somebody's home.

# SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

This article appeared in the 9-15-1886 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*. This is printed solely for educational purposes. I'm sure some of these treatments would not be recommended by modern physicians.

## WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF ACCIDENT

Professor Wildor of Cornell University, gives these short rules for action in case of accident:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing. Dash water into them. Remove cinders etc. with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water. Never put a hard instrument in the ear.

If an artery is cut compress above the wound; in a vein in cut, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough.

For light burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish.

Smother a fire with carpets, etc. Water will often spread burning oil and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected, walk erect.

Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound, or better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm water and mustard. For acid poisons, give acids. White of an egg is good in most cases. In case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee and keep moving. If in water, float on the back with the nose and mouth projecting.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.



Sandy says it's been a long hot summer. Rainfall record for 2012 (at my house) — Jan. (3.3 in.); Feb. (4.1 in.); Mar. (10.0 in.); Apr. (3.8 in.); May (none); June (2.0 in.); July (6.9 in.)  
Total—30.1 inches

The Sandy Land of Nevada Co. has not received this much. Much of Arkansas is in extreme drought.