

Jerry McKeiv's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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THE MILDRED JOBE STORY

Several years ago I interviewed some of the older people who grew up in northeastern Nevada County, Arkansas. These folks had grown up during the Great Depression and I wanted to hear some of their stories about growing up in that difficult time in our history. One of the questions I asked them was if they remembered any serious crimes or tragic events that happened in the area. Almost all of them remembered an incident that happened in June, 1930 which resulted in the death of a fifteen year old girl named Mildred Jobe.

Mildred and her family lived on a farm somewhere in the vicinity of Morris which is usually called Caney by local folks. I'm pretty sure their farm was on what is now Hwy. 299 between Morris and Caney Creek. Mildred's father was John Jobe, a deputy sheriff of Nevada County. The family consisted of the parents, John and Minnie Jobe, three daughters (Velma, Mildred, and Iris), and three sons (George, Leroy, and Werner).

Deputy John Jobe had arrested Roy Daniels the day before on a charge of public drunkenness and possession of a concealed weapon and had taken his rifle from him. Roy's father, John L. Daniels, hitched a ride to Deputy Jobe's house armed with a shotgun and found Jobe plowing in his field. Daniels, who witnesses testified was drunk at the time, demanded that Jobe return the gun he had confiscated from his son and a quarrel began. Young Mildred Jobe saw the men quarreling and fearing for her father's safety, stepped between the two men

During this altercation, Daniel's supposedly pressed the gun barrel against Jobe and said, "I'll jab this gun slam through you". Jobe reached for the barrel of the gun and pointed it away from him when it discharged and hit Mildred who had come between the two men. The bullet struck Mildred in the abdomen and she died a few minutes later.

Feelings were very strong against Daniels and the sheriff decided he should be held in Texarkana to prevent possible mob violence. Daniels was about 60 years old at the time, a farmer, and had once served as justice of the peace in the county. He had previously been charged with poisoning two elderly Negroes in order to get their land. One died and the other died before the trial date. That case was never tried.

Daniels was held without bond and was later indicted by a grand jury. During the trial, Daniels testified in his own defense, claiming that someone had hit him over the head from behind while he was struggling with Jobe. He claimed Jobe caused the girl's death by grabbing the gun barrel. Daniels stated, "I was not mad at Jobe. I can barely remember hearing the gun fire".

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Deputy Jobe's wife and another daughter testified that Mildred had been returning from a neighbor's house when she saw the two men struggling and grabbed the gun barrel while Daniels was holding it, trying to protect her father. Mrs. Jobe testified that Daniels held the gun against the girl's side and pulled the trigger.

The trial brought one of the largest crowds of people ever to attend a murder trial in Nevada County. The courtroom was full and many stood outside the doors. The trial moved very fast with the defense resting its case at noon. Very few witnesses were called. The defense asked for a change of venue, claiming Daniels could not receive a fair trial in Nevada County, but Judge Dexter Bush ruled against the motion.

The case went to the jury at 4 p.m. the same day and the jury reached a verdict at 5:30 p.m. Daniels was sentenced to 21 years in the penitentiary which was the maximum sentence for second degree murder. Daniels appealed his conviction to the Arkansas Supreme Court on grounds that there was no change of venue, but the appeal was denied.

Mildred Jobe was buried in Caney Cemetery at Morris, a short distance from her home. Some say John L. Daniels died while in prison, but I have not been able to determine if that is true. It is very possible considering his age—one paper stated he was 60 years old and another report gave his age as 70. He probably only served a few years of his 21 year sentence.



Soon after the death of Mildred Jobe, a poem was printed in the June 19, 1930 issue of *The Nevada News*. This poem was entitled "In Memory of Mildred Jobe" and was written by her cousin, Howard Munn.

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IN MEMORY OF MILDRED JOBE

They were a Christian family,
All happy and gay.
They never knew what sorrow was
Until death came their way.

We sympathize with father and mother
Sisters and brothers, too.
But all of our sympathy
Is not half what God can do.

God took their Little Mildred
To that home beyond the shore
Where death, pain, and sorrow
Will never come no more.

God help her people
To weep for her no more.
For some glad day they will meet her
On heaven's golden shore

Mildred was a brave girl,
The bravest one they had.
She gladly gave her life
To save that of her dad.

Boys, let this be a warning
To one and all.
For we know that whiskey
Is the cause of it all.

She was a sweet girl,
Honest, brave, and true.
To see her father murdered
This she could not do.

Written by her cousin
Howard Munn

She stepped in between them.
He shot her in the breast.
So God took her home,
There ever more to rest.

The Nevada News
June 19, 1930

Mildred had paid her debt
She paid it with a smile
And we had better all get right
For we all have to pay ours after awhile.

She was shot by John Daniels,
A man with a heart of stone.
And the streets of heaven
John Daniels will never roam.

We will all miss her
In work, in school, and play.
Let us all get right with God
And meet her on that Glad Day.

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A week later, the following song was published in *The Nevada County Picayune*. It was written and composed by Willa Yarberry, a friend of Mildred Jobe.

The Story of Mildred (Sung to the tune of "Drunkard's Daughter") (Published in the June 26, 1930 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Come all you dear young people,
And listen to what I say,
Poor Mildred had to leave her home,
For she was called away.
The pearly gates swung open,
And she went walking in,
She's gone to live with Jesus,
And those who are free from sin.

Her father was a Christian,
Her mother was the same,
Her brother and sister, too,
I shall not call their name.
Although they are broken-hearted,
The Savior gave them grace,
To overcome their sorrow,
She died in her father's place.

They were a happy family,
Although it's broken now,
Dear ones, just look to Jesus,
And before Him humbly bow.
He'll always give you comfort,
And lend a helping hand,
Until you all shall join Him,
O'er in the promised land.

The man who shot poor Mildred,
Was getting old and gray,
The sheriff came and carried him,
And locked him in jail that day.
The poor old wretched sinner,
He sinned his life away,
And at the Final Judgment,
He'll surely have to pay.

Young people do take warning,
For it's just a little while,
Oh, will you be ready then,
To meet Him with a smile.
As did poor little Mildred
Upon that fatal day,
She looked up at her loved ones,
Then smiled and passed away.

She was carried to the church,
And placed beneath the sod,
Although we miss her presence here,
She's gone to live with God.
Oh, dear ones, look to Jesus,
He wears a shining robe,
One day we all shall join Him,
And little Mildred Jobe.

FOR THE NEXT ISSUE

Here are a couple of things you might remember from the past or at least heard someone mention them. Write and tell me if you remember these or have some story to tell about them:

- Asphidity bags
- Winky Dink

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DIBBLES AND HOEDADS



Nelson, and Bill Meador.

Readers who identified this tool from the last issue correctly were: Adrian Hunter, Yvonne Munn, Jeanie McKelvy, Bill Barham, Norval Poe, George Robinson, Charles Farr, James

It is used to plant pine seedlings and is called a dibble or dibble bar. You hold it by the handle and use your foot to help make a hole for planting the seedling. It can be difficult to use on rocky soils or heavy clay soils. Once the seedling is placed in the hole (green end up), you have to make sure it is packed well so air won't get to the roots. Professional tree planters carry their seedlings in bags around their waists as they work. The bags hold several hundred seedlings depending on the size. Planting pine trees is not easy work. Tree planting crews usually have about 12 to 14 workers. An experienced crew working on a good, clean tract can easily plant 40 or more acres per day which means each worker plants about 2,000 or more seedlings each day. That's a lot of bending over while carrying a heavy bag of seedlings. Most tree planting companies employ Mexican workers since most Americans will not do this type work.



Another tool used for planting pine seedlings is called a "hoedad". It is similar to a pick-axe but has a long blade and the hole is made by swinging the hoedad. Some planters prefer to use the dibble and others like the hoedad. Back when I was working checking planting operations, most of the crews which used the hoedad were Americans and many belonged to the Seventh Day Adventist religious group.



Tree Planters Using Hoedads



Pine seedlings can also be planted by machines pulled by small dozers. A man rides in the planter and plants the seedlings in a furrow made by the machine. One disadvantage of this method is that some areas might be too wet for the equipment and the missed places would still have to be planted by hand. A large hand planting crew can plant more acres in a day than a two-man crew operating the dozer and planter. Other disadvantages are the cost of fuel, the possibility of breakdowns,

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and the cost of the equipment. The person riding in the tree planter has a very rough ride and must develop a certain rhythm so that the trees are planted with the right spacing in the row.

This is the time of year for planting pine seedlings. Millions of seedlings are grown each year at the large nursery near Bluff City. This nursery was started by International Paper Co. back about 1980. It is now owned by a company called Arbor-Gen. The Arkansas Forestry Commission operated a nursery at Bluff City for many years, but it is now used as a seed orchard and no longer produces pine seedlings.

The seedlings grown today are genetically superior to those grown in the old days. The trees grow much faster which means they can be harvested sooner. Many people object to clear-cutting of land, a method of timber harvesting used mainly by large timber companies. These timber companies plant more trees than they harvest and soon a new forest is growing on the land again. The timber is thinned at least two times before the final harvest. Reputable companies leave buffer strips of mature timber along streams to protect water quality and limit the size of their clear-cuts. You just have to think of it as growing a crop. It just takes a lot longer than growing a crop like corn or soybeans. A pine tree is considered to be mature and ready for harvest after about thirty years. The good thing about it is that timber is a renewable resource and is very important to the economy of our part of Arkansas.

PRESCOTT'S FIRST MOVING PICTURE SHOWS

It was the year 1908. A man by the name of Dick Baird opened what he called "an electric theater" in the Denman building on West Main Street. He also established these theaters in surrounding towns including Arkadelphia, Camden, and El Dorado.

In June, 1908, he contracted with Dr. S. J. Hesterly to construct an air dome east of the court house on a lot adjoining Dr. Hesterly's house to show moving picture shows during the summer months.

A company composed of Dr. J. W. Baker, R. P. Arnold, P. S. Harrell, and Lynn Harrell then rented the Denman building on West Main Street formerly occupied by Dick Baird and his "electric theater" and opened what they called a theatorium to show moving picture shows. They remodeled the building with nice seats, electric fans, and a section at the rear reserved for the colored people. Another feature was to be afternoon matinees as soon as the electric light plant supplied "day current" to the city. Evidently, at that time electricity was reserved for only nighttime use. Admission was ten cents. Some of the first shows advertised were "Artist In a Frenzy", "Beware the Ruffled Turkey", and "The Music Master".

A. O. Wyrill operated the Gem Theater in Prescott in 1912 that seated 300 people and was cooled by electric fans. It advertised good music and features which changed daily.

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THE ORIGIN OF CINDERELLA

(from the 3-30-1887 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

There is no fairy tale that is better known or more loved by young readers than the story of the poor little cinder wench, who was so ill treated by her cruel sisters, had such a delightful godmother with a magic wand, and was so lucky as to lose her pretty glass slipper only to gain a prince, and become a princess thereby.

Looking over an old book, we came upon an anecdote that is said to have been the origin of this favorite tale. Cinderella's real name, it seems, was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden who lived 670 years before the birth of Christ, and during the reign of Psammeticus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear stream near her home and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome tidbit, pounced down and carried off one in his beak.

The bird unwittingly played the part of the fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammeticus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty, and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king, determined upon knowing the wearer of so cumming a shoe, sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became queen of King Psammeticus, and the foundation of the fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls 2,400 years later.

PITTMAN FAMILY REUNION IN 1906

(from the 5-26-1906 issue of *The Nevada News*)

On Tuesday the family of Fortunatus Pittman, numbering seventy six living descendants, had the first reunion in the history of the family. The reunion dinner was given at the home of Judge and Mrs. Jno. Pittman of this city and it was the first time in the family history that the entire family of brothers and sisters were seated at the same time at one table. Ten children were present, but a number of the grandchildren and great grandchildren were absent. There were originally twelve children, two sisters being now deceased.

Fortuantus Pittman, the father, was 84 years old in March. He came to Arkansas from Georgia in 1844 at the age of 22 with his belongings in a red bandana. He became a traveler and farmer, accumulating much Arkansas real estate and rearing a large and estimable family who are now met to honor him in his votage. He was a valiant Confederate soldier and his long life is very typical of old South. Among the children are Thomas Pittman, Stephenville, Tex., Judge J. M. Pittman, Prescott, Ark., J. L. Pittman, DeLeon, Tex., B. J. Pittman, DeLeon, Tex., E. L. Pittman, Kansas City, Mo., F.

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D. Pittman, South McAlester, I. T., O. H. Pittman, Mena, Ark., Mrs. E. M. Powell, Prescott, Ark., Mrs. Lydia Powell, DeLeon, Tex., and Julia C. Johnson, Ashland, La.

TV TRIVIA (answers on page 10)

1. Who was the founder of Hooterville on Green Acres?
 2. What were the occupations of Ralph Kramden and Ed Norton on The Honeymooners?
 3. On The Fugitive, what crime was Dr. Richard Kimble accused of?
 4. What was Beaver's real first name on Leave It To Beaver?
 5. What was Doc Adams' first name on Gunsmoke?
 6. What was the name of the bed and breakfast inn used as the setting for the Newhart show?
 7. Dan Blocker played "Hoss" on Bonanza. What was Hoss's real first name?
 8. What planet did Superman come from?
 9. What was the name of the town on Little House on the Prairie?
 10. The town of Mayberry in The Andy Griffith Show was in what state?
 11. Miss Kitty's saloon on Gunsmoke was called The Long Branch. What was the name of the restaurant where the characters usually ate?
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DON'T BE A DINOSAUR (from a 1922 newspaper article)

The horned dinosaurs, giant animals that once roamed parts of America, in old age sometimes had a skull eight feet long. The brain inside was never larger than a man's fist.

Scientist G. W. Gilmore of Smithsonian Institute says the prehistoric animals perished because they were unable to adapt themselves to changes in their environment.

A good many people now living are going the dinosaur route. They are able, but unwilling, to adapt themselves to a changed world. Elasticity of viewpoint and convictions is one secret of prolonging youth and reaching success.

RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2012



Sandy is enjoying the fall weather. 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.); Aug. (7.2 in.); Sep. (7.3 in.); Oct. (1.7 in.) Total --- 46.3 inches

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NEVADA NEWS EDITOR AND TAX ASSESSOR TRAVEL TO WIRE ROAD, LACKLAND SPRINGS, LYDA, AND BLUFF CITY IN 1906

Bluff City, Ark.--June 6, 1906

Monday morning in company with G. R. Blake, I left Prescott on a trip around the county in the interest of the "News". My object will be to solicit subscriptions, take views of all objects of interest for reproduction in the "News", and to write up the county.

The first stop was at Wire Road School House where a crowd was awaiting our belated appearance. To our hearty "good morning", we were answered "good evening", but it was good-natured criticism and everybody was soon busy. After Mr. Blake had ascertained the wealth of each, I picked out the richest ones and induced seven that it was in their interest as well as my own for them to subscribe for "The Nevada County News".

After dinner we moved on to Lackland Springs where another crowd was ready for us. Lackland went Wire Road one better in the matter of subscriptions, and we added eight names to the paper list. The Springs are the central point of interest in the community, but they are sadly in need of attention. The place might be wonderfully improved in appearance by new gums in the springs, a cleaning up of the hillsides, and a general sanitary operation. W. H. Carter is postmaster there and Jno. G. Benton carries a small stock of goods. Mr. Benton is also in the saw mill business and gives the latter the most of his attention.

Monday night was spent at the hospitable home of Cicero Purifoy who keeps the post office and store at Lyda. Mr. Purifoy is an enemy of race suicide, having been the father of 13 children, 11 of whom are still living. At Lyda during Tuesday morning, I secured six new names for the News and immediately after dinner, we left for Bluff City where we will remain until today at noon.

The section of country through which we have passed since crossing Carouse was visited on Saturday by a heavy rain, in some places assuming the proportions of a water spout, and doing some damage by washing land. However crops are clean and of good color, though small for the time of year. The prospects are considered bright.

One of the pleasing features we have noticed in the abundance of mule colts. Scarcely a farm that hasn't from one to two playing in the barn-yard. The people have begun raising instead of buying their mules. I am told by those interested in stock raising that stock improvement in this section has increased 100 percent in the past five years. The people here are bitterly opposed to the stock law.

The flies are troublesome in the bottoms. Stock are unable to range and seek the hills, and some farmers are plowing with difficulty on account of the pests.

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Everybody is hard at work, and there is every indication of a good crop. Fruit, especially apples, are plentiful and peaches in many orchards are ripening. This is a good fruit section, and many fine orchards are to be seen from the roadside.

We have secured a good list of subscribers at Bluff City, and a correspondent will tell the world through the columns of the News each week what they are doing. The trip will be written up at greater length and illustrated in a future issue.

We leave here for Foss.

C. E. Shankle

Answers to trivia questions on page 8:

1. Horace Hooter
2. Ralph drove a bus and Ed worked in the sewer
3. Murdering his wife
4. Theodore
5. Galen
6. Stratford Inn
7. Eric (only mentioned one time on the show)
8. Krypton
9. Walnut Grove
10. North Carolina
11. Delmonico's



Santa did not always look like the modern-day Santas. These Santas were from some very old Christmas cards belonging to Mr. Claudie White of Rosston. I hope all of you have a joyous holiday season.

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'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE JESUS CAME

'Twas the night before Jesus came and all through the house
Not a creature was praying, not one in the house.
Their Bibles were laid on the shelf without care
In hopes that Jesus would not come there.

The children were dressing to crawl into bed.
Not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.
And Mom in her rocker with baby on her lap
Was watching the Late Show while I took a nap.

When out of the East there arose such a clatter.
I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash!

When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.
With a light like the sun sending forth a bright ray
I knew in a moment this must be THE DAY!

The light of His face made me cover my head
It was Jesus! Returning just like He had said.
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth,
I cried when I saw Him in spite of myself.

In the Book of Life which He held in His hand
Was written the name of every saved man.
He spoke not a word as He searched for my name;
When He said "it's not here" my head hung in shame.

The people whose names had been written with love
He gathered to take to His Father above.
With those who were ready He rose without a sound.
While all the rest were left standing around.

I fell to my knees, but it was too late;
I had waited too long and thus sealed my fate.
I stood and I cried as they rose out of sight;
Oh, if only I had been ready tonight.

In the words of this poem the meaning is clear;
The coming of Jesus is drawing near.
There's only one life and when comes the last call
We'll find that the Bible was true after all!

Written by: Unknown Author
Submitted by Bobby Newman—Altus, AR.