

Jerry McKelvy's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 13 – No. 6

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June, 2014

THE ALL-NIGHT PROM

Prescott made history back in May, 1955. The Chamber of Commerce endorsed the idea of an all-night prom for the juniors and seniors at Prescott High School.

The theme for the prom that year was "An Evening in Paris". The event started with a banquet at the high school cafeteria. The menu was Le Jus Elegant (grape juice), Antoine's Special (baked ham), Mont Blanc ed Jus (parsley potatoes), Peas de la Schiaparelli (green lima beans), French bread et Baurre (rolls), La Salade Dressing by Dior (pineapple salad), Arc de Triomphe (cake and ice cream), and Glace The (iced tea).

The banquet was followed by the junior-senior prom at the Legion Hut. The festivities then moved to the Nevada Theater to attend the premiere showing of a Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis movie called "The Three Ring Circus". Elm Street in front of the theater had been decorated accordingly. The Arch de Triumph was constructed in front of the theater with other things like sidewalk cafes one might see in Paris.

Elm Street was roped off for the occasion and there were doormen to park cars. Miss Frances Thrasher was the mistress of ceremonies. A reporter from *The Arkansas Democrat* also attended to gather information for a feature story about the prom to appear in that paper sometime in June.

Following the movie, the group met at the youth center for breakfast prepared and served by the mothers and fathers of the PTA. The last part of the program in the wee hours of the morning was a short chapel service at the Presbyterian Church.

Evidently, the all-night prom was considered a success and the tradition continued for a few more years. The Prescott prom in 1957 became a feature story in *Coronet* magazine which had several pages with pictures devoted to the event. The magazine reported that Prescott was the only school in America that had an all-night prom.

I'm sure someone around Prescott kept a copy of that magazine. If anyone has a copy, they should consider donating it to the Depot Museum. A few copies of the magazine which originally sold for 35 cents are available for purchase on the Internet for as much as \$18.

I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THIS

Did you know that the spot where Prescott, Arkansas now stands was once known by another name? Read the article on page 5 to find the answer.

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GREEN CEMETERY IN LESTER HILLS

Deep in the woods of Ouachita County, Arkansas in an area known as Lester Hills is what I call the Green Cemetery. There are two nice grave markers there surrounded by a rock wall about two feet high. Very few people know about this cemetery. About the only people likely to find it are hunters who have the land leased for hunting and people working for timber companies who happen to come across it.

I located this cemetery in 1996. It's quite unusual to find tall grave markers like these in an abandoned cemetery. The tall monument is about five feet tall and the other one about three feet tall. I'm sure these type markers were quite expensive in those days.

Buried here are:

Albert L. Green born Sept. 27, 1849 and died Apr. 25, 1911

Angeline Green born May 1, 1827 and died Dec. 20, 1908

Little is known about these folks. I believe them to be mother and son. Census records show Albert Green was once a merchant in Chidester and show him to be a single man. Most likely, he placed the marker at his mother's grave and probably had the rock wall constructed around the grave site. Some questions remain. Who placed the marker at Albert's grave if he was a single man? Perhaps there were other close family members who took care of this after his death. Did the Greens own this land where they are buried? Think of the work involved in erecting these monuments and building the rock wall around the graves. Hopefully, these graves will remain undisturbed by logging activities. Many of these small cemeteries are being destroyed accidentally. Maybe the rock wall and the tall markers will help protect this one.

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THINGS TO PONDER

(From the 2-17-1938 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

1. Ordinary pins were once so expensive that only wealthy people could afford them. The term "pin money" refers back to that time when the husband gave an allowance to his wife to purchase pins.
 2. In a day the average farmer walks 26 miles, a letter carrier 22 miles, a policeman 14 miles, boys 15 miles, girls 11 and one half miles, and housewives 8 miles.
 3. The highest and lowest places in the United States are both in California located only 86 miles apart. Mt. Whitney is 14, 496 feet above sea level and Death Valley is 276 feet below sea level.
 4. Indianapolis is the largest city in the world not located on a navigable river.
 5. The word NEWS originated from the letters that stand for the four directions of the compass--North, East, West, and South.
 6. The average height of men in the United States is five feet, eight inches and the average height of women is five feet, four inches.
 7. Approximately 300 words make up 75% of all the words ordinarily used in speech and writing.
 8. It takes more than 1900 years to spend one billion dollars at the rate of one dollar per minute.
 9. The word "cleave" has completely opposite meanings--to adhere close together and to cut apart.
 10. The average curvature of the earth is two inches per mile.
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WHO IS THIS?

You have probably seen this picture many times during your life. He was a familiar face around our house when I was growing up. If you know who it is or want to take a guess, let me know in the next few days. The answer will be in the next issue.

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Linda Carman found this poem in her parent's lock box after their death. Evidently, they thought it was worth keeping. It has some good lessons of how to raise children. One of Abigail Van Buren's readers sent this poem to her and she included it in her "Dear Abby" column in 1995.

TODAY

By Henry Matthew Ward

When I got mad and hit my child
"For his own good," I reconciled,
And then, I realized my plight....
Today, I taught my child to fight.

When interrupted by the phone,
I said, "Tell them I'm not at home."
And then I thought, and had to sigh....
Today, I taught my child to lie.

I told the tax man what I made,
Forgetting cash that I was paid;
And then I blushed at this sad feat....
Today, I taught my child to cheat.

I smugly copied a cassette,
To keep me free of one more debt.
But now the bells of shame must peal....
Today, I taught my child to steal.

Today, I cursed another race
Oh God, protect what I debase,
For now, I fear it is too late....
Today, I taught my child to hate.

By my example, children learn
That I must lead in life's sojourn
In such a way that they are led
By what is done, not what is said.

Today, I gave my child his due
By praises for him instead of rue.
And now I have begun my guide:
Today, I gave my child his pride.

I now have reconciled and paid
to IRS on all I made.
And now I know that this dear youth
Today has learned from me of truth.

The alms I give are not for show,
And yet this child must surely know
That charity is worth the price;
Today, he saw my sacrifice.

I clasp within a warm embrace
My neighbor of another race.
The great commandment from above
Today, I taught my child to love.

Someday, my child must face alone
This world of fearsome undertone,
But I have blazed a sure pathway:
Today, I taught my child....to pray.

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EARLY MEMORIES OF PRESCOTT

(From a letter from Mrs. I. S. Black of Richmond, CA published in the 2-18-1921 issue of *The Daily Picayune*)

In February, 1853, (now 68 years ago), I was carried a bride from Columbus, Arkansas to the Garland farm within a quarter mile to where Prescott now is. No people lived as near that spot as did one little family. Being the only young matron in that locality, I was frequently chosen to chaperone the young people on their picnicing occasions. Many were the berries we gathered just where the city now stands.

Among our nearest neighbors, distant from three to six miles, I recall Uncle Jesse Johnson, Crawford Andrews (father of the Picayune editor), Billie Clark, our only grist mill proprietor, Robert Gleghorn, and Uncle Dickie Wilson.

The spot was first known as "Gutula's Camp", that was while the railroad was being built. The first merchants to locate there were Robert Burns, Robert Barnes, Brad Scott, and Clark Hamilton. First hotels were owned by John Hawkins and Thee Howard. Our first doctors were Dr. Bob Arnold and Dr. Darby. First hardware store was owned by John Pittman (the late lamented judge), and Alf Bright. They were brothers-in-laws, having married the Carr sisters--Fannie and Jennie. The first photographer was Dr. Walker. The blacksmiths were Thomas and Lowe. We bought our fresh meat from Carlin. Our only druggist was a young man named Davenport.

Prescott had no officers then, the county seat was yet at Rosston. The first school was taught by Captain J. A. Ansley (let me add, a better man never lived). Col. E. A. Warren edited the "*Dispatch*", a weekly. Gernsky Grimes was one of his most faithful contributors.

The first church house erected was the C. P. (*Cumberland Presbyterian*), presided over by Rev. Givens. Soon afterward the M. E. (*Methodist Episcopal*) church was built and had as pastor E. O. Steele. We used Capt. Ansley's school building for the meeting of our literary societies.

Milas Gamble's grocery store was the headquarters for my butter, eggs, and vegetables. In those primitive days. we were all just like one big, happy family.

Many changes have come since that time
Many dear to our heart are no more;
And tho' in a far distant clime
I think of them ALL, o'er and o'er.

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LAST PONY EXPRESS RIDER VISITS PRESCOTT IN 1929

D. L. Bull, known as “Bull Montana” of rodeo fame, spent the night in Prescott in January, 1929. He was dressed in the picturesque garb of the cowboys of the old west. His mission was to deliver a sealed message as the old Pony Express riders once did.

He left Artesia, New Mexico on Christmas Day bound for Scranton, Pennsylvania, a 2700 mile trip. He expected to reach Scranton by April 1 which was two months earlier than required.

He was riding his second horse after leaving New Mexico when he reached Prescott. He started the trip with no money in his pockets, following the old western tradition of asking for his “board and keep” at various farms and ranches along the way.

He had slept out in the open only one night since leaving New Mexico. He had traveled forty miles that first day. During the night he was attacked by coyotes and was forced to saddle up and continue riding in the dark.

When he reached the A4 Ranch near the Texas-New Mexico border, he found the owner and employees all gone. He made himself at home, cooked his own meal, and went to bed. When the owner returned he sent him on his way with some food.

He was delayed by a sandstorm for four hours and had his horse re-shod for the first time at Lamesa on December 30.

He arrived at Gail, the county seat of Borden County, on New Year’s Day. A rodeo was going on and he joined in the festivities. The jail there was hewn out of solid rock and had housed only two men in the last six years. He asked the sheriff to be jailed for five minutes so he could add that to his experiences during the trip.

He was also chased by a pack of wolfhounds for over a mile. He intersected with the Broadway of America at Roscoe, Texas with plans to follow that route to Washington, DC. This was the route he was following when he made it to Prescott in January, 1929.

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate
And never, as people do now,
Did he note the amount of calorie count,
He ate it because it was chow.

He wasn’t disturbed as at dinner he sat,
Devouring a roast or pie,
To think it was lacking in granular fat,
Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed each species of food,
Unmindful of troubles or fears,
Lest his health might be hurt
By some fancy dessert,
And he lived over nine hundred years.

-----Anonymous

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PRESIDENTIAL QUIZ (answers on page 8)

1. Which president was the tallest?
2. Which president was the shortest?
3. Which president was the heaviest?
4. Which president served the shortest time in office?
5. Which president served the longest time in office?
6. Who was the first president to be assassinated?
7. Who was the first president to be impeached?
8. Who was the first president to wear a beard?
9. Who was the first president to die in office?
10. Who was the first president to appear on television?
11. Who was the only bachelor president?
12. Which president fathered the most children?
13. Who was the only president to resign the office?
14. Which president survived a bullet wound while in office?
15. Who was the only president to earn a MBA degree?
16. Who was the first president to preside over 50 states?
17. Who was the oldest elected president?
18. Who was the youngest elected president?
19. Which president founded a university?
20. Which president could write with both hands at the same time in two different languages?

LANCE

A fellow from Boston named Lance
Couldn't walk well or run well or dance;
It troubled his mind
Till he happened to find
That his necktie was caught in his pants.

The action of some children suggests that their
parents embarked upon the sea of matrimony
without a paddle.

WEATHER REPORT

Rainfall—January (1.2 inches);
February (3.6 inches); March (5.0
inches); April (5.8 inches)

Storms—Camden was hit by strong
winds or a small tornado on April 3
causing much damage in certain
parts of town. A large EF4 tornado
hit several towns in central
Arkansas on April 27 causing at
least 16 deaths and much property
damage.

Temps---Record low temperatures
were reported in many areas this
spring.

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IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

As we travel through life, we sometimes get down in the dumps and complain about various things. If we continue on through the day with a bad attitude, it can ruin the whole day for us and for all those with whom we come in contact. On the other hand, if we look on the bright side of things and have a cheerful attitude, we will be happier and our happiness will help cheer others along the way.

I found this poem in one of the old Nevada County papers that illustrates this very well.

THE ROAD AHEAD By Robin A. Walker

A traveler stopped in the dusty road
And rested from his heavy load;
He saw an old man passing near
And asked: "What sort of road runs
here?"
"For all the day long I've trudded away
And oft grow weary of the day
As 'neath my foot the rocks upturned
And o'er my head the hot sun burned,"

The old man said, "Just as you came
You'll find that yonder road's the same."

Then came a youth so blithe and gay
And asked, "How travels yonder way?"
For since the morning sun so bright
I've wandered 'neath its cheering light.
And, Oh, the birds sang merrily
While e'en the wild flowers smiled at me
And perfumed breezes cooled the way
So how is yonder road I pray?"

The old man said: "Just as you came
You'll find that yonder road's the same"

Answers to presidential quiz on page 7---

1. Abraham Lincoln (6 feet 4 inches); 2. James Madison (5 feet 4 inches); 3. William Howard Taft (over 300 pounds); 4. William Henry Harrison (32 days); 5. Franklin D. Roosevelt (12 years); 6. Abraham Lincoln; 7. Andrew Johnson; 8. Abraham Lincoln; 9. William Henry Harrison; 10. Franklin D. Roosevelt; 11. James Buchanan; 12. John Tyler (15 children); 13. Richard Nixon; 14. Ronald Reagan; 15. George W. Bush; 16. Dwight D. Eisenhower; 17. Ronald Reagan (69); 18. John Kennedy (43); 19. Thomas Jefferson (University of Virginia); 20. James Garfield