

*Jerry McKelvy's*  
**SANDYLAND CHRONICLE**

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[\*sandman43@att.net\*](mailto:sandman43@att.net)

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**GRANTORS OF LAND TO NEVADA COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICTS (1878 TO 1919)**  
**(This list is not complete)**

1878—**G. F. Wynn to School District No. 18**; Pt. S ½ SE ¼ Section 23, Township 10 South, Range 23 West (Book I, Page 104)—near Pleasant Hill

1882—**Jesse Johnson to School District No. 29**; Pt. SE1/4 NE1/4 Section 30, Township 11 South, Range 22 West (Book K, Page 207)—near Hickory Grove

1883—**William Hall and wife to School District No. 39**; NE1/4 NE1/4; SE1/4 NE1/4 Section 23, Township 13 South, Range 22 West (Book J, Page 412)—west of Rosston

1883—**Robert McNeely to School District No. 5**; Pt. SE1/4 Section 31, Township 10 South, Range 21 West (Book K, Page 187)—near Redland

1884—**Tilman Buchanan to School District No. 20**; Pt. SW1/4 SW1/4 Section 27, Township 10 South, Range 22 West (Book K, Page 591)—near Boughton

1885—**Jesse Johnson to School District No. 29**; Pt. SE1/4 NE1/4 Section 30, Township 11 South, Range 21 West (Book M, Page 430)—near Cale Rd. southeast of Prescott

1885—**J. H. McHaffey and wife to School District No. 17**; Pt. NW1/4 NW1/4 Section 12, Township 13 South, Range 22 West (Book M, Page 240)—near Bluff Springs

1885—**James Gill and wife to School District No. 29**; Pt. NE1/4 SE1/4 Section 30, Township 11 South, Range 21 West (Book M, Page 436)—near Cale Rd. southeast of Prescott

1893—**P. G. DeWoody and wife to School District No. 30**; Pt. NE1/4 NE1/4 Section 34, Township 11 South, Range 20 West (Book 32, Page 406)—near Bluff City

????—**R. M. Henry to School District No. 60**; Pt. SE1/4 SE1/4 Section 8, Township 12 South, Range 20 West (Book 37, Page 358)—Gum Grove southwest of Bluff City

????—**Theodore Haynie to School District No. 46**; Section 5, Township 14 South, Range 21 West (Book 38, Page 4)—near Irma

1906—**Mary Guthrey to School District No. 26**; Pt. NE1/4 N?1/4 Section 26, Township 11 South, Range 23 West (Book 45, Page 9)—between Prescott and Emmet

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1907—**J. W. Gordon and wife to School District No. 80**; Section 3, Township 11 South, Range 23 West (Book 47, Page 75)—near Midway

1908—**E. DeLaughter and wife to School District No. 25**; Pt. NE1/4 Section 23, Township 10 South, Range 22 West (Book 45, Page 220 and Book 45, Page 230)—near Boughton

1909—**William Sutton and wife to School District No. 73**; (Book 45, Page 367)—???

1909—**J. P. Wreyford and wife to School District No. 22**; Pt. NW1/4 NW1/4 and Pt. NW1/4 SW1/4 Section 7, Township 15 South, Range 21 West (Book 47, Page 529)—east of Falcon

1909—**Thomas C. McRae to School District No. 54 at Rosston**; (Book 49, Page 529)

1911—**J. W. Jordan and wife to School District No. 63**; Pt. W1/2 SW1/4 SE1/4 Section 13, Township 12 South, Range 22 West (Book 54, Page 14)—northeast of Laneburg

1911—**P. H. Herring and wife to School District No. 69**; Pt. SW1/4 SE1/4 Section 26, Township 13 South, Range 22 West (Book 54, Page 100)—between Bodcaw and Willisville

1911—**John Russell and wife to School District No. 55 at Falcon**; (Book 56, Page 219)

1912—**J. A. Young and wife to School District No. 77**; Pt. NW1/4 NE1/4 Section 20, Township 14 South, Range 21 West (Book 64, Page 599)—near Willisville

1913—**J. F. Babb to School District No. 65**; Section 28, Township 11 South, Range 21 West (Book 56, Page 631)—between Cale Rd. and Sweet Home

1913—**E. H. Haynie and wife to School District No. 5**; Pt. NE1/4 SE1/4 Section 5, Township 11 South, Range 21 West (Book 64, Page 453)—north of Liberty Cemetery at Redland

????—**Sam Westmoreland and wife to School District No. 12**; Pt. SW1/4 NW1/4 Section 10, Township 12 South, Range 21 West (Book 64, Page 453)—Cale Rd. near Westmoreland Cemetery

1916—**C. B. Butcher and wife to School District No. 34**; Section 1, Township 14 South, Range 22 West (Book 64, Page 512)—near Holly Springs

1916—**E. G. Gulley and wife to School District No. 1**; Pt. NE1/4 SE1/4 Section 28, Township 12 South, Range 20 West (Book 64, Page 533)—near Ebenezer Cemetery

1916—**William Basden and wife to School District No. 34**; Section 1 Township 14 South, Range 22 West (Book 73, Page 485)—near Holly Springs

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1916—**W. S. West and wife to School District No. 77**; Pt. NE1/4 NE1/4 Section 20, Township 14 South, Range 21 West (Book 74, Page 3)—near Willisville

1919—**D. A. Martin and wife to School District No. 81**; Pt. NW1/4 SW1/4 Section 3, Township 14 South, Range 23 West (Book 82, Page 486)—near Hempstead Co. line west of Bodcaw

1919—**N. Hudson and wife to School District No. 20**; Pt. NW1/4 SW1/4 Section 28, Township 10 South, Range 22 West (Book 82, Page 538)—between Prescott and Boughton

1919—**W. S. Westmoreland and wife to School District No. 12**; Pt. SE1/4 NW1/4 Section 10, Township 12 South, Range 21 West (Book 84, Page 45)—Cale Rd. north of Morris

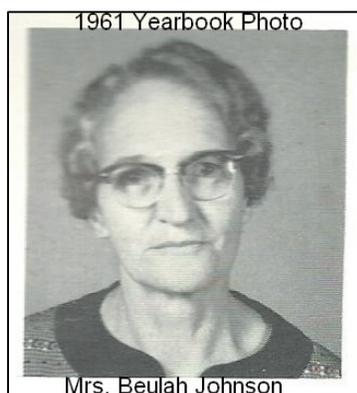
1919—**J. A. Cooper and wife to School District No. 84**; Pt. NE1/4 SE1/4 Section 11, Township 15 South, Range 21 West (Book 86, Page 50)—near Columbia Co. line

1919—**J. H. Hamilton to School District No. 33**; Pt. NW1/4 NE1/4 Section 26, Township 12 South, Range 23 West (Book 86, Page 353)—few miles south of Emmet

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## MRS. BEULAH JOHNSON—A LIFETIME OF SERVICE

We can all think back and remember some of our teachers we had in school. We remember them for different reasons. Some were our favorites and some we remember mainly because they were very strict. Some had a great influence on our lives although we didn't really appreciate them until we got older. Thinking back to my school days, I believe I had some really good teachers who did their best to make us into productive citizens and gave us the knowledge we needed to compete in whatever field of work we chose to do.



I had Mrs. Beulah Johnson in the fifth grade at Park Elementary in Prescott back in the 1953-54. I wouldn't say she was my favorite teacher, but I do remember her as being one who demanded discipline from her students. I recently found an article in the June 10, 1976 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune* entitled "Beulah Johnson—Woman with a Mission". The article was written about the time Mrs. Johnson retired from teaching.

Mrs. Johnson taught school for 42 years and private kindergarten classes for 13 years. She taught at Cale for 10 years, at Pleasant Hill for several years, and at Prescott for over 22 years. All of her teaching was done in Nevada County except for one year outside the county. She believed in teaching children discipline, respect, and love of God and country.

She was the daughter of Dr. Joseph C. Tompkins and Lee Ota Moore Tompkins and was born about four miles east of Prescott. She attended grade school in Prescott before her family

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moved to Sutton. She boarded with families in Prescott while getting her high school education. After graduating from high school, she began to teach but realized she needed more education. She took college courses in the summer while teaching during the regular school year.

According to the article, when the new school term started following her retirement, she watched the buses pass her house and kids excited about returning to school. She missed her work so much that she fell into a deep depression. She loved teaching and all the children she taught. Having to quit working after doing it for so many years was almost more than she could bear. That may have been when she did her private kindergarten teaching.

Mrs. Johnson and her husband, Eldry, once lived in the Goose Ankle community. I know where their house place was but I have never been to it since it is quite a distance off the main road. Her husband was a cattle man and was always buying and selling cattle.

Mrs. Johnson died January 22, 1993 and was buried at Bluff City Cemetery next to her husband and her parents. When we did our cemetery survey for that cemetery, I came across her grave which had no marker except for a small metal funeral home marker. I thought of how she had spent her whole life in the teaching profession and felt bad that she did not even have a stone to mark her grave. Many graves get lost over time since those small funeral home markers often get moved or become unreadable. I documented where her grave was just in case something happened to the small metal marker. I was surprised the other day when I went by her grave and noticed a nice new stone had been placed there in the last few months marking the graves of Mrs. Johnson and her husband.



Mrs. Johnson lived to be 92 years old. She taught many students during her teaching career and some of you reading this may have had her for a teacher. Teachers do not get enough praise for the work they do. I appreciate Mrs. Johnson now a lot more than I did when I was in her class in the fifth grade. I had no idea at that time that just fifteen years later, I would be teaching school at Cale, Arkansas, one of the places where Mrs. Johnson taught.

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## RAINFALL RECORD

**January – 1.2 inches**  
**April – 5.8 inches**  
**July – 5.2 inches**

**February—3.6 inches**  
**May—5.5 inches**  
**August – 8.2 inches**

**March—5.0 inches**  
**June—4.0 inches**  
**September— .6 inch**

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This man pictured in the last issue was President William McKinley, one of the four presidents to be assassinated. He was shot by an anarchist named Leon Czolgosz and died eight days later from gangrene. He usually wore a red carnation for good luck but had given the one he was wearing to a little girl a few minutes before being shot. The landmark named after him is Mt. McKinley in Alaska. McKinley was also pictured on the \$500 bill in 1928, but the bill is no longer printed. McKinley was president from 1897 to 1901. The Spanish-American war happened during his term. By terms of the treaty ending the war, the United States gained the Philippines, Guam, and Puerto Rico. McKinley was succeeded by his vice-president, Theodore Roosevelt.

Those who had the correct answer were Cathy Straley, Blake Fairchild, Adam Beck, Yvonne Munn, Mike McNeill, Kim Meador Sanders, Jo Ann White, and Melba and Don Hall.

### WHAT IS IT?



This object is made of metal and is about 18 inches tall and eight inches in diameter. The small round metal bowl fits inside the tall part and the lid fits over it on top. There is a bail on top.

Send me your answer or guess by Dec. 15. The answer will be in the next issue.

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### STORIES WANTED

I'm sure that some of you who read this have some good stories to tell. If you have a family story, or if you can write up a fictional story, send it to me. It doesn't have to be any certain length. All I ask is that it be suitable for family reading. A picture to go with your story would be nice, too. I wish my imagination was good enough to come up with some good ideas for stories. I will start it off in this issue with a short story I wrote called "Miss Fannie's Telephone". I'm sure you can do better. So, if we have any budding writers out there, here's your chance to get published. I'm sorry I can't pay you for your work.

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## **MISS FANNIE'S TELEPHONE** **by Jerry McKelvy**

*Note: This is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.*

Miss Fannie Bascom lived alone in a small white house in a rural community in Arkansas. She had never married and was now in her early seventies. She once owned an automobile, a 1952 Plymouth, which she sold two years ago. The world was getting too fast-paced for her, so she gave up driving and relied on her friends to take her where she needed to go.

Now that she had a telephone, she could keep in touch with family and friends. She didn't like the monthly bill, but the telephone gave her a lot of enjoyment. She almost considered it a necessity now that she was getting older. If she needed help, she could easily call someone.

Her telephone was on a four-party line. That meant her phone would ring anytime one of the parties got a call. It took her awhile to get the hang of it, but she finally learned not to answer unless it was her ring--two longs and a short.

She did sometimes pick up the phone just to listen in to the conversation. She thought nobody would know she was listening if she didn't say anything. Little did she know that everyone on the party line knew when she picked up the phone to listen because her phone was located next to her bed. Whenever she talked on the phone, she sat down on her bed and her bed springs squeaked. When someone heard the squeak, they knew Miss Fannie was listening in.

One of the families on her party line had a teenage son named Steve who sometimes talked to Brenda, a girl his age who lived a few miles away. They knew Miss Fannie sometimes listened in on their conversations. The squeaking bed springs always let them know when she was on the line.

They decided to teach Miss Fannie a lesson. The next time they knew she was listening, they would carry on a conversation that would really get her attention.

The next day when they were talking, they heard the squeak which was the signal to begin their pre-planned conversation.

"What time will you be ready?" Steve asked.

"My parents are usually asleep by ten o'clock, but you'd better wait until midnight to be sure", Brenda answered. "I'll have my suitcase packed and be ready to go."

Steve heard the squeaking sound again. He almost laughed as he thought of Miss Fannie sitting on her bed with the telephone glued to her ear.

"I'll leave the car just down the road from your house. When I tap on your window, just raise the window. I'll help you out and we can walk down the road to my car. We'll drive over to the

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justice of the peace in Cloverdale and get married.”

“That sounds great”, Brenda said. “Won’t it be a surprise to everybody when they find out we eloped?”

“I’ll see you later tonight then. I love you,” Steve said.

“I love you, too,” said Brenda.

Miss Fannie could hardly believe what she had just heard. These two kids she had known all their lives were planning on getting married tonight without their parent’s knowledge. They were good kids, but they were only 16 years old and she was sure their parents would not approve of this. She decided the only thing to do was to let the parents know before this marriage took place, but that presented a problem. They would then find out she had been eavesdropping on the telephone.

Maybe she should just forget what she had heard. Actually, it was none of her business and if she didn’t say anything, nobody would know she had been listening in on the telephone. It was time for her usual afternoon nap, but now she was so upset, she couldn’t possibly sleep. She wished she had not overheard the conversation between the two teens.

She had just about decided to call Brenda's father and let him know the situation when a thought popped into her head. Wasn't there a law that stated a person under the age of eighteen must have their parent's consent to get married? She was sure she had heard that somewhere. These kids were only sixteen, so how could they legally get married unless their parents gave consent. Surely the justice of the peace would follow the law.

Miss Fannie felt a great sense of relief and decided to just pretend she never overheard the conversation. If the kids went through with their plan, it would all come to an end when they discovered they were too young to get married. She had missed her afternoon nap worrying about all this.

She heard the telephone ring about that time, but it was not her ring. She thought it might be Steve and Brenda talking again, but she decided not to pick up. She might overhear something even more titillating and then what would she do?

Tomorrow was Sunday and she would see both families at church services. She wondered if Steve and Brenda would be there. She figured neither family would get much sleep having to deal with this marriage business in the middle of Saturday night.

Miss Fannie arrived at church the next morning with a friend and took her usual seat. She glanced across the aisle and noticed Steve and Brenda sitting together as they usually did. Both sets of parents were there also. Everything appeared to be normal except both families looked a little tired. Miss Fannie was the only one who knew the reason for that.

The services began and everyone joined in the singing followed by an uplifting sermon. When

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services were over, the congregation began to file out the front door shaking hands with the preacher. Miss Fannie and her friend entered the center aisle of the church about the same time as Steve and Brenda.

"How are you today, Miss Fannie?" Brenda asked.

"I'm doing fine, Brenda. How are you?"

"I'm a little sleepy this morning. Steve and I went with our parents to a rodeo over in Texarkana last night and we didn't get home until about midnight."

Steve spoke up about that time and said, "Yea, and then when I got into bed I couldn't get to sleep. Every time I moved, the bed springs squeaked and that kept me awake."

Miss Fannie was puzzled. How could they have been at a rodeo? About that time, she overheard Steve's father talking to one of the other men about the rodeo, so evidently it was true.

When Miss Fannie arrived home from church services, she was still trying to figure out what had happened last night. She had thought Steve and Brenda were running off to get married and instead they were at a rodeo with their parents. She fixed her a bite to eat and then decided to read for a while. Soon she became sleepy and since it was time for her afternoon nap, she lay down on her bed. As she turned over on her side, the bed springs squeaked loudly. As she lay there thinking about the events of the last two days, she suddenly realized that Steve had said something at church about his bed springs squeaking and keeping him awake last night. Wasn't that a coincidence? Soon she drifted off to sleep and dreamed of a young man she had loved when she was a teenager over fifty years ago.

An hour later she was awakened by the ringing of the telephone by her bed. It was not her ring, but since she was awake, she might as well listen in to see what was going on. She sat up on the edge of the bed and as she put the phone to her ear, someone said, "Hello, Miss Fannie". She quickly dropped the receiver back in the cradle and wondered how they knew she was on the line. These telephones were just getting too smart.

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### **A LOCAL NEWS TIDBIT FROM *THE NEVADA COUNTY PICAYUNE***

Bluff City—January 27, 1916

Dr. E. S. Whaley proposes to move his drugs to Emmet this week where he will put in a drug store under the care of his clerk, A. F. Byrd. When he leaves there will not be a drug store left here. We regret very much to see him leave us. At one time there were six stores in Bluff City but they decreased rapidly and when the drug store leaves, there will only be two dry goods stores left.