

Jerry McKelvy's

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Vol. 17 – No. 8

sandman43@att.net

August, 2017

Many Nevada County men served in World War II. Many were injured in battle and some spent months in prison camps. Some gave the ultimate sacrifice. Their names are engraved on the war memorial on the court house lawn. No doubt the war would have continued with many more lives lost had the United States not dropped the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The destruction from those bombs along with other losses in battles convinced the Japanese that it was time to surrender. Local citizens received the news of the surrender by radio. Here is how the people of Prescott reacted when they got the news.

**THE END OF WORLD WAR II
JOY AND TEARS RAMPANT IN PRESCOTT TUESDAY
The Nevada News (8-16-1945)**

Tears, prayer, laughter, and hysteria intermingled for a long while Tuesday night, after the most momentous announcement in history came by radio to the citizens of Prescott. Immediately after the announcement at 6 p.m., a look of either awe or the inability to grasp the news was seen on faces downtown. Then – pandemonium. People cried, people laughed, ‘Twas said stranger kissed stranger. Employees for the most part, high school students of the Nevada and Gem theaters, ran out and temporarily and unofficially directed traffic in front of the Nevada. The city siren and the truck sirens as well as all the mill whistles blew for quite a long while. Automobile horns shrieked. Every man, woman, and child felt the intense relief and excitement that was felt over the nation.

=====

Reaction was similar in other towns all across the nation. Here is the reaction in Camden as reported by *The Camden News*:

It was Camden’s wildest and most spontaneous celebration in modern history. Long motor caravans, snake dances, and parades formed. Every auto horn was tied down and for three hours bedlam reigned.

One young boy was observed saying he had to come to town “just to yell. My Dad will be home now”.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Folks just needed to pop off and let off steam, so they paraded and yelled, blew horns, drove up and down “the main drag”, and everybody was happy. There were no enemies and no strangers. Everybody felt kindly to one another.

It all started about 8 p.m. and was still going three hours later. People brought out fireworks, Roman candles, and other noise makers they had been saving for just such an occasion. This was just one of thousands of such celebrations all across America.

All was quiet in Camden the next morning. At 10 a. m., prayer services were held in all the local churches.

LETTER FROM GLENN GILLESPIE Published in *The Nevada News* May 18, 1944



GILLESPIE, GLENN S.

Cpl. Glen S. Gillespie, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gillespie, Prescott, Ark., attended Bluff City High school, entering the Army in March, 1941. Trained at Ft. Sill, Okla., later serving in the European Theater, receiving the Purple Heart for wounds suffered in Germany, April 5, 1945. Also awarded five Battle Stars and Good Conduct Medal.

Italy
April 29, 1944

Dear Mother,

The censor says it's OK to write about the battle of Cassino. Most of what I can write, the reporters have written. Those correspondents had a lot of material out of that for Cassino was pretty rough.

As you know, the town itself sits on the side of a mountain and is across a valley with a river in front of it. The valley we nicknamed “Purple Heart Valley” for the Heinies had it well zeroed in. I sometimes wonder how the dough-feet ever crossed the thing. They did only at night. Being in the artillery, I didn't cross the

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

valley myself, but I could see it and did see it for plenty of days. So near, yet so far.

The going was tough there, all the way. But it really was tough after they bombed the Abbey on Monastery Hill. The Germans were in there before the bombing, but our bombing was so good they had to send reinforcements up to hold it, and they made it even stronger. Cassino itself, we fired lots of rounds into and made rubble out of the town. But the Heinies learned from the Russians at Stalingrad to make a real fortress out of places like that. They did. Our troops fought thru inch by inch, rock by rock. It was a real slugfest, with the Germans determined to hold.

I couldn't really say why it wasn't taken and I know you are wondering—after all, it's our first setback since Kasserine Pass in North Africa in 1942. But it wasn't a setback—we do hold most of the town. It was just that it was pretty awful up there and I guess it wasn't really worth it right then. Anyway, it's over now and Cassino I know will be one for the history books.

The thing I'm so proud of is the way we stuck it out there and gave them back a lot more than we had to take. There's an awful lot of dead Germans that won't bother us when we start for Berlin again.

Things are rocking along in the same old one-two. We do get to see a show now and then, still got our PX, and an occasional Coke. Irving Berlin's show "This is the Army" and I hope I get to see it.

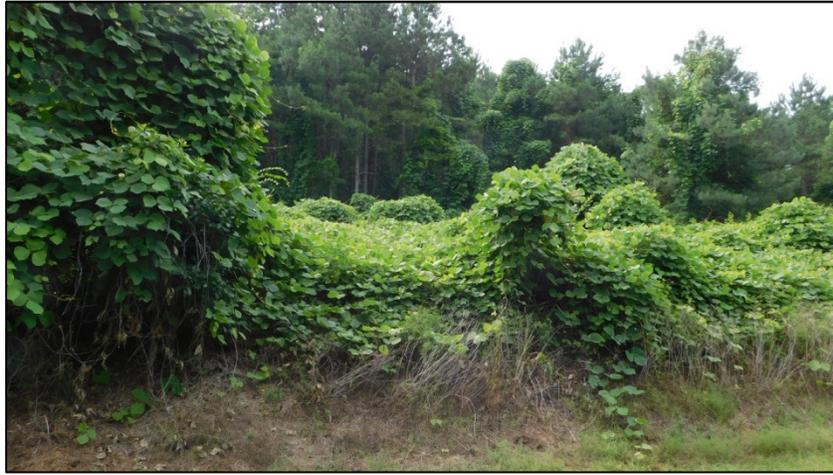
Love,
Glen



The answer to the "Who Is It?" in the last issue was Minnie Pearl. Known as "the Gossip from Grinder's Switch", she appeared in Prescott in 1944 along with Eddy Arnold and several others from The Grand Ole Opry. She was not wearing her trademark hat with the price tag in this early photo. Those who submitted the correct answer were Brenda Barham, Bill Carman, James Nelson, Billy Joe Meador, Yvonne Munn, Patricia Farr, Jeanie McKelvy, and Bill Sellers.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU PLANT



If you have traveled much in the South, especially in the states of Mississippi and Alabama, you have probably seen patches of kudzu covering just about everything, even climbing up trees and telephone poles. Kudzu has been called “the vine that ate the South” and if you have had any experience with it, you can understand why it is called that.

Kudzu is a plant native to Asia. At one time, people were encouraged to plant kudzu and thought it might replace cotton as a cash crop in the South. Some considered it a miracle plant. A man named Charles Pleas was a big promoter of kudzu. He owned a nursery in Florida, and in the early 1900s, he sold kudzu to his customers all across the South. Even the Soil Conservation Service encouraged the planting of kudzu. Farmers were paid \$8 per acre in the 1930s to plant kudzu and soon 500,000 acres had been planted. One of the beneficial aspects of the plant is that it helps control erosion.

By 1952, the Soil Conservation Service no longer recommended planting kudzu, but by that time an estimated two to seven million acres in the South were covered by kudzu—an area the size of the state of Vermont. In 1970, kudzu was officially categorized by the USDA as being a weed and in 1997, it was classified as being a noxious weed. In our area, kudzu is not a major problem yet. We have a few patches of it around Bluff City covering a few acres, but nothing like they have in Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. The picture above was taken along Hwy. 299 just south of the Forestry Commission nursery.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

An article in *Time* magazine says that the introduction of kudzu was one of the worst ideas of the twentieth century. Don't be like a person I heard about who was on a vacation trip in the South and was admiring all the beautiful green plants on the side of the road. He decided to take a sprig of a plant home to plant on his place and later regretted it when he learned it was kudzu.

Kudzu has become a symbol of Southern life and culture inspiring film titles, brand names, and a comic strip. Southerners have learned to accept kudzu and live with it because it is too difficult to eradicate. Some have called it "the drop and run vine", "mile a minute vine", "Sodom vine", and "typical government gift". Some have tried using kudzu in craft projects like basket weaving, etc.

Efforts to control kudzu have mostly been unsuccessful. The National Park Service is concerned about the spread of kudzu in some of the parks and battlefields like the Vicksburg Military Park.

Another invasive plant is wisteria. Many people have this plant in their yard because of the purple flowers it produces. As long as it is under control, wisteria may be a desirable plant, but if not controlled, it can spread rapidly and climb up trees or anything in its path. Runners spread out across the ground and put down roots which make other plants. Soon you will have wisteria covering just about everything in its path. Getting rid of it once it has spread can be difficult.

There are many other plants that can be troublesome. I found this list put out by the USDA of noxious plants in Arkansas. I'm not familiar with many of them.

curly indigo
corncockle
wild onion
alligator weed
chess cheat
hedge bindweed
balloonvine
thistle
field bindweed
crotalaria
dodder

Bermuda grass
nut grass
barnyard grass
blue weed
morning glory
moonflower
darnel
purple loosestrife
serrated tussock
red rice
brated plaintain

buckhorn plaintain
itch grass
tall indigo coffee bean
giant foxtail
horse nettle
purple nightstack
Johnson grass
witch weed
cocklebur

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THE SPLINTER



When I was a kid, we lived in an old house that previously belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Berry Martin. The house had a long porch with a wooden floor. Kids usually went barefoot in the summer months in those days. I was at the age when I was full of energy, running and jumping. One day I was running on

that long front porch and when I slid to a stop, I felt a sharp pain in my foot. A huge splinter from that old wooden porch had become embedded in the sole of my foot.

The customary treatment for splinters in those days was to wear a biscuit poultice. I don't remember the recipe, but it was a gooey mess inside a clean cloth bandage. The bread dough and the other ingredients were supposed to draw the splinter out so it could be removed. I wore that biscuit poultice for several days with no results. Finally, I was taken to the doctor in Prescott who removed the splinter which was about two inches long. He gave me a little plastic box to put it in so I could show it to my friends. This was one case when the old home remedy didn't work.

How to make a homemade bread & milk poultice: (from the Internet)

- 1) Place a small pot of milk on the stove and heat. When the milk is warm (but is still at a temperature that can be comfortably applied to the skin without burning) remove the pan from the heat.
- 2) Place a piece (or a few bite size pieces) of bread into a heat-proof bowl, and carefully pour the milk over the bread.
- 3) Let the bread soften, gently combining the bread and milk until it reaches a paste consistency.
- 4) **BOILS**: Apply the bread & milk mixture directly to the boil and let it dry. Remove mixture. Repeat twice daily until the boil ruptures.

SPLINTERS: Apply the bread/milk mixture directly to the splinter, cover with a light gauze and leave there for as long as possible.

INFECTION: Wrap the infected area with a light gauze, apply the bread & milk

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

mixture and cover with another layer of light gauze to keep the mixture in place. Keep the poultice on until the bread has cooled, and repeat as necessary.

DR PEPPER



Charles Alderton, a young pharmacist in Morrison's Drug Store in Waco, TX is considered to be the one who first formulated the drink known as Dr. Pepper in 1885. It was introduced nationwide in 1904.

You may have wondered about the numbers 10, 2, and 4 on some of the early bottles of Dr. Pepper. A study was done in the 1920s that showed the average person experiences a letdown of energy at 10:30, 2:30, and 4:30 during a normal workday. The study showed that if a person ate or drank something at those times, the low energy could be avoided. The Dr. Pepper Co. held a contest to use this information in a new ad for the soft drink. The winner came up with the slogan "Drink a bite to eat at 10, 2, and 4". For many years, the numbers 10, 2, and 4 appeared on the bottles and other advertising for Dr. Pepper.



This old Dr. Pepper bottle has the 10, 2, and 4 on the back and on the front has the slogan "Good For Life". That slogan was used from 1923 to the 1950s.

Other slogans used over the years include:

- "King of Beverages"
- "The Friendly Picker-Upper"
- "The Most Misunderstood Soft Drink"
- "Just What the Dr. Ordered"

Old advertising had Dr. followed by a period. When the company changed its logo in the 1950s, the decision was made to delete the period for cosmetic reasons, so now it is Dr Pepper.

Despite rumors to the contrary, the company says Dr Pepper does not contain prune juice. The recipe for Dr Pepper is still a secret.

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

WORD OF THE MONTH

Doppelganger – a look-alike or double of a living person

RAINFALL RECORD

Jan. (3.1 inches); Feb. (6.6 inches); Mar. (3.0 inches); Apr. (9.0 inches); May (7.9 inches); June (4.4 inches)

Six month total ---34 inches

MEMORIES

Some of you may be old enough to remember some of these or maybe you can add to the list. You may have to explain some of these to the younger members of your family.

1. Drawing water to drink from a well
2. Watching Winky Dink on TV
3. Buying blue jeans too long so you could roll up the legs and make a cuff
4. Boys with flat-top hair cuts
5. The dimmer switch located in the floor of vehicles
6. Drinking unpasteurized milk from the farm
7. Picking and selling pine cones
8. Sleeping on a feather mattress
9. A quilting frame hanging from the ceiling
10. Eating a green persimmon
11. Smoking rabbit tobacco
12. Playing with Tinker Toys
13. Bell bottom pants
14. Eating seeds from a bull nettle plant
15. Watching a TV with only 13 channels and no remote control
17. Having a transistor radio
18. Kids having candy cigarettes
19. Putting peanuts in a bottle of Coke
20. Playing with a yo-yo
21. Using your arm to signal a truck driver to blow his horn
22. Kids selling empty soda bottles at the store
23. The Mickey Mouse Club
24. Cap pistols

COMMENTS FROM READERS

What a magnificent contribution, "Pondering Independence Day," by Mr. D. Mathis. In fact, I read it twice.

I do wonder what the Ethiopian inscription read on the prayer plate of the exorcist. And furthermore, I am so very grateful that I don't have to smell my shoes three times for ANY REASON: especially after I have mowed two three-acre yards in the heat like yesterday. That would quell a visit from anyone, even our President, who is obviously a tenacious man.

Thank you for the delightful July issue of Sandyland.---*Annette Lemons*

Kudos to Don Mathis! Enjoyed his Independence Day Tribute! ---*Betty Thomas*

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Today you would be 99 – Don Mathis

(For G.F. Gillespie, August 25, 1918 - March 10, 2010)

I remember your stories of the war.

I would ask every year
for you to tell me about your squad
trapped behind German lines,
all of you so tired, so hungry.

You commandeered a farmer's house,
demanded his family feed your men.
In broken English, he explained
he was a poor cattleman
without a cow, and his wife,
a gardener with no garden.

And you refused to accept that.
In perfect English you told him,
"I know you have food and you must share."
Until, finally, the farmer acquiesced,
and uncovered potatoes in the basement
and wine.

"But I didn't drink," you said,
but your men did.
Satiated and fed,
you led your squad onward
into the summer of 1945
until Victory in Europe Day.

The men of your generation are almost gone.
Today you would be 99.

(Sgt. Gillespie, born in Camden, Arkansas, was named General, after his father, and his father.)

