

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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LOOKING BACK

By Pearl Moore Henson

In recent years I have done a lot of looking back. I guess looking back began to mean a lot to me in 1969. You see, it was in 1969, that Lloyd and I were first approached about the possibility of moving to Zambia, Africa, to work in a mission field. To make a long story short, it was in 1969 that my life changed drastically, because this possibility became a reality. It was comforting when my sister, Elloene Moore McBride, wrote and reminded me that no matter where our paths might take us our lifetime or child-hood memories would always be in our mind to help us over the rough places. Added to those memories are the memories of our life in Bluff City, Arkansas, as we grew up together, and these will always be near. Recently, memories have been added to the above when I began reading *The Sandyland Chronicle*.

Can you imagine the thoughts and concerns that went through my mind as the decision was made? I had NO idea what lay ahead for us, and what could I say to family and friends when they learned we were going to a foreign field to do mission work? To say the least, I was scared and apprehensive. All summer I had been trying to answer the WHERE, WHEN, and WHY questions to my satisfaction. My knowledge of Africa at that time was confined to Tarzan's Africa—thanks for Mike and Bruce (our sons) who seemed to know him quite well!

As I look back now, I see the summer of preparation before we left as a most trying time. Work permits which would allow us to enter the country were a prerequisite. During this long waiting period—and it was a long, long, and very hot summer—we had time to take care of the many other details. Believe me, these details were many! For one thing, Lloyd returned to school (Harding College) and completed thirteen semester hours to complete his M. A. T. degree. And, yes, it was a very hot summer—about the hottest we could remember. We would find an air conditioned place on the campus during the day, stay in the library until closing time, then move to the Heritage Building until 11 p.m.—closing time there—then go to our little, hot apartment for the rest of the night. Those are some memories that I really do not care to retain!

During our waiting period, we had long and encouraging letters from John Kledzik, the headmaster at the Christian school where we would be teaching, and his wife Mary. Would you believe I needed this encouragement!? Also, Georgia Hobby, a long time missionary in Africa, also acted as a cheerleader to encourage and strengthen us. These letters reminded me of the people back home in Bluff City. Memories?? Yes, I still remember how the people there would welcome people into their homes: "Come in! Right proud ya'll came!" and "Ya'll come back again, hear?!" Those words ring in my ears even now!

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That last bridge had not been crossed, much less the Atlantic Ocean, on our way to Livingstone, Zambia, but one milestone had been reached. On September 21, 1969, we got the wonderful news that our work permits had arrived.

Lloyd ended one of his reports with these words, "We boarded the waiting Boeing 707 to begin our trip into an unknown area of the world that would take us back a hundred years into history. Will it change our lives forever?" I can truthfully say that day did change our lives up to the present time. I look forward to sharing some of my Nevada County memories and our life in Zambia with the *Chronicle* readers. But for now.

"That's all, folks,"

Pearl Louise Henson

WHAT WOULD SOUTHERNERS DO WITHOUT PEAS?

By Jerry McKelvy

Along about the last week of June each year in this part of Arkansas, there is a mad scramble as folks try to find a place to purchase some homegrown purple hull peas. The town of Emerson, Arkansas even has a Purple Hull Pea festival each year about that time which brings many visitors to the small town for all the events associated with such a festival. You can usually find a farmer with peas to sell somewhere close by although the number of people farming seems to be declining more each year.

Of course, there are many other varieties of peas besides purple hulls. It's just that purple hull peas are the most common and are easy to pick because they turn purple when mature. There are white cream peas, lady peas, whippoorwill peas, black-eyed peas, several types of purple hulls, crowder peas, and probably several others. Lady peas are very small and were once considered a delicacy and only served on special occasions.

During the Great Depression, many rural Arkansas families survived the hard times by raising and eating peas. I heard one woman say they ate so many peas, they rattled when they walked. Peas are easy to grow and thrive even on the poorest soils. The worst problem when growing peas is damage caused by deer. We have plenty of deer and they absolutely love peas.

Peas are usually sold by the bushel. Some are picked by the farmer to sell or for his own use and some farmers plant large fields and offer them for sale on a "pick your own" basis. The price for a bushel of peas has increased along with everything else.

Shelling peas can be a family affair if you can get everyone involved. It makes the work go a lot quicker and can be done while watching TV or just talking and visiting with each other. You can usually tell when someone has been putting up peas. They have an affliction on their hand that causes purple thumbs (what I call the purple hull pea syndrome). Machines are available for shelling peas if you want to go that route.

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I remember one time when I was growing up I saw an ad in *The Progressive Farmer* magazine for a simple pea sheller. It only cost a dollar, so I ordered one. You held it in one hand and fed one pea at a time through it. It would make a small cut along the pea pod which made the peas easy to remove. It was soon discarded as being too slow and impractical.

When the peas are shelled, the next step is to “look” them. That means sorting through them to remove any bad peas or pieces of trash. This can be done in conjunction with washing the shelled peas. The peas can then be canned in jars, frozen in plastic bags, or cooked fresh.

It’s hard to beat a pot of fresh cooked purple hull peas served with your favorite condiment. They are good served with your favorite relish or chow-chow, a pod of hot cayenne pepper, a slice of cantaloupe, a piece of onion, or just whatever you like. You need some good cornbread to go with the peas and maybe some fried okra or a good ripe tomato and a big glass of iced tea. As my Aunt Myrtie always said, “That’s larrupin”.

It’s hard to convince Northerners that these type peas are human food. They call them cowpeas and think they are something you feed the cows. All I can say is don’t knock it until you’ve tried it.

FARMER JONES’ WISE SAYINGS (from the 1-26-1887 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

1. Every promise is a debt.
2. No rose without a thorn.
3. Every dog is a lion at home.
4. A sin confessed is half forgiven.
5. Every fool wants to give advice.
6. There is no love without jealousy.
7. Hatred renewed is worse than at first.
8. Hear the other side, and believe little.
9. All are not saints who go to church.
10. Never was a mewling cat a good mouser.
11. There’s no worse joke than a true one.
12. The sheep that bleats loses a mouthful.
13. There is no worse thief than a bad book.
14. Never do evil that good may come of it.
15. Think much, speak little, and write less.
16. Every fool is wise when he holds his tongue.
17. No one ever became poor through giving alms.
18. Nothing can come out of a sack but what is in it.
19. To make the cart go, you must grease the wheels.
20. It is no time to play chess when the house is on fire.
21. Don’t bite till you know whether it is bread or a stone.
22. Hear, see, and say nothing if you would live in peace.

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23. Never let the bottom of your purse or your mind be seen.
24. There never was a shoe however handsome that did not become an ugly slipper.
25. He is a fool who boasts of four things: that he has good wine, a good horse, a handsome wife, and plenty of money.

HE SURVIVED SINKING OF TWO SHIPS IN WORLD WAR II (reported in the 5-21-1942 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Camden, May 19--Having survived two bombings that sunk ships on which he was aboard, Machinist's Mate James Arnold Harvey is on furlough visiting his mother, Mrs. I. J. Harvey at Bluff City.

Mr. Harvey was aboard the *USS Langley* in World War II when it was sunk by Japanese bombers. After he had been in the water for some time, he was picked up by a destroyer and transferred to the tanker *Pecos*. Soon the *Pecos* was bombed and sunk and again Mr. Harvey was in the water and again was rescued. Of the 740 men on the *Langley* and *Pecos*, only 240 were rescued.

Mr. Harvey left his wife and 12 day-old baby in Manila December 6 and has received no word from them since. He believes they are prisoners of the Japanese.

Mr. Harvey attended school at Chidester, Ouachita county. He has been in the navy since 1934.

TEEN AGE COMMANDMENTS

- Stop and think before you drink
- Don't let your parents down—they brought you up.
- Be humble enough to obey—you will be giving orders yourself someday.
- At the first moment turn away from unclean thinking.
- Don't show off when driving—if you want to race, go to Indianapolis.
- Choose a date who would make a good mate.
- Go to church faithfully—the Creator gives us a week—give Him back one hour.
- Choose your companions carefully—you are what they are.
- Avoid following the crowd—be an engine, not a caboose.
- Recall the original Ten Commandments.

Found in the Redland local news column of *The Nevada News* 10-25-1962

“When a person has a pain after eating a big dinner, the trouble is more likely to be found in the table of contents rather than the appendix” (from 1907 newspaper)

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TRY TO STAY CALM

I'm sure most of you know what it's like to come upon a snake when you are not expecting it. Your heart beats a little faster (or almost stops beating) until you have a chance to calm down. I have had my share of encounters with snakes but never got bit by one despite working in the woods for 32 years and none of my co-workers was ever bitten. They say you should remain calm if you are bitten by a snake. I think that would be next to impossible. I did meet a beaver trapper one time who claimed he had been bitten 19 times by poisonous snakes. He claimed he had built up immunity to the poison and the bites rarely caused him any problem. I've seen him wade off into a beaver pond wearing tennis shoes and clean out beaver dams with his bare hands knowing that there could be a big cottonmouth moccasin lying among the sticks.

Here's something else that will give you a thrill. When I worked in the woods, I would sometimes come across a nesting turkey. They will stay on the nest until they think you are getting too close to them. I have been four or five feet from a turkey nest when the hen turkey decided it was time to vacate the nest. There is just no way to remain calm when this happens. I guess if I had a choice, I had rather be surprised by a hen turkey than a big rattlesnake, but both of them will give you a thrill. Here is a picture of a turkey nest I came across one time. I returned the next day to take the picture.



RAINBOW PARTIES (from the 5-26-1886 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Have you ever wondered what young people did for amusement in the old days? I recently came across the following description of something called a Rainbow Party, which according to the article, was the latest novelty in parties in 1886. One of these parties took place at the home of Col. J. M. Montgomery in Prescott. Admission was 25 cents and the proceeds were to be for the benefit of the Presbyterian church.

The article gave a description of these parties clipped from the Chicago News. These parties had first appeared in Chicago only a few weeks past, but had reached the "proportions of an epidemic" across the nation.

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All the young ladies in attendance at these parties wore neat little aprons of whatever design and color they liked. The bottoms of the aprons were left un-hemmed. Every young lady had a number and duplicate numbers were placed in a box which was usually placed in the vicinity of the gentlemen's cloak room in charge of two young ladies. The gentlemen bought tickets which entitled them to draw a number from the box. The purchaser then set out to find the young lady wearing the duplicate number on her apron. The tickets were generally \$1.00 each.

After all the young men had found their aprons (or rather the young ladies wearing the apron), the master of ceremonies announced the conditions. The young men were to hem the aprons, and the one doing the neatest, quickest, and most careful piece of work received a prize. The young ladies supplied their escorts with needles and thread, and at a certain signal, the fun began with the men trying to thread their needles. The young ladies were strictly forbidden to thread the needles of their escort.

The young ladies enjoyed the contest immensely, and it was indeed a pretty sight to watch a score of smiling young misses leaning back in their chairs and watching the struggles of their clumsy-fingered escorts. After the needles were threaded, the young men began the work of hemming the aprons. When time was called, a committee judged the work and the winner received a valuable prize.

HERE'S A PUZZLE (from *The Nevada County Picayune* in 1915—reprinted from *Ladies Home Journal*)

In Missouri, where they raise more mules and children than in any other place in the world, a certain resident died possessed of seventeen mules and three sons. In his will he disposed of the mules as follows: One-half to the eldest son, one-third to the next and one-ninth to the youngest. The administrator who went to divide the property drove a span of mules out to the farm, but when he went to divide the seventeen into halves, thirds, and ninths, he found it was impossible with live mules. Mules not being very valuable, he unhitched one of his own, putting it with the other seventeen, making eighteen, which he proceeded to divide as follows: One-half, or nine to the eldest; one third, or six to the next son, and one-ninth, or two, to the youngest. Adding up nine, six, and two, he found that it made seventeen, so he hitched up his mule and went home rejoicing.

CHIDESTER'S OLD CITIZENS IN 1926

According to an article in the *Camden Evening News* in 1926, the town of Chidester is described as "a prosperous and thriving little town" and "a farming center". The town had about 300 citizens in 1926 and out of this number there were 31 men over 70 years old. The article didn't mention how many women were over age 70. Some names and ages were hard to read.

The list included: J. McAtur, 87; T. J. Chingan, 85; ? V. Rhodes, 79; Ned Brooks, 79; ? ? Webb,

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79; J. L. Stott, 78; Ed Wesson, 82; W. S. Eubanks, ??, ? R. Burleson, 72; T. J. Epperson, 78; W. M. Roll, 71; J. H. Pickett, 72; W. M. Gillespie, 71; J. B. Gillespie, 73; Z. T. Grayson, 79; J. A. Stone, 79; John Adams, 73; W. H. Wheelington, 78; W. R. Cubage, 73; L. B. Webb, 73; L. Long, 72; F. D. Smith, 70; John Lee, 75; D. H. Goge, 72; and the following Negroes: Richard Forte, 82; Page Welch, 75; Wiley Goshen, 80; Lisha Henry, 70; D. B. Bailey, 72; John C. Clark, 80; P. P. Couch, 7?



HISTORIC GRANNY T'S GROCERY (60 YRS.) IN READER, ARKANSAS

Photo taken in 1997

Notice the single gas pump and the price of \$1.00 per gallon.

THE OLD JUNE APPLE TREE

By H. O. Almand (of Nevada County)

(published in the 11-7-1935 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

When I was a child in my old country home,
Through woodland and fields in play I would roam,
And I often think of those bygone days,
Of my father and mother and their kind-hearted ways.

And I doubt if ever the sun did shine
On a happier childhood than that of mine,
With my brothers and sisters and playmates, you see
And the kindest neighbors you ever did see.

One thing I know was a big inspiration,
The June apple tree on the Frank's plantation.
It was big and high and broad and green,
And bore the finest apples that ever I've seen.

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They were big and mellow and red and round,
And always in June they covered the ground.
Uncle Tip would send word inviting us all,
And he'd be at the tree to make June apples fall.

He would fill our sacks till it looked like sin,
He'd put one in our pockets and say come back again.
Now he never will know, although we're all grown,
How much we appreciated the kindness he had shown.

I want to be standing in the port of the soul
When the angel of record of time enroll,
When they pass Uncle Tip, the crown he has won,
And I want to hear that plaudit, "Well done!"

JELL-O BANANA PUDDING CAKE

1 small Jello instant banana cream sugar free pudding and pie filling
1 box banana or yellow cake mix
4 eggs
1 cup water
1/4 cup oil
1/2 cup mashed bananas (one half cup)

Combine all ingredients in large bowl. Blend, then beat with electric mixer for 2 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10" tube or bundt pan. Bake for 50-55 minutes or until cake springs back when lightly touched. Cool in pan for 15 minutes. Remove. When cool, drizzle with glaze made with 1 cup confectioner's sugar and one tablespoon milk.

FUDGE SQUARES (A recipe from 1924)

1 cup sugar
1 egg
3 tablespoons melted butter
1/3 cup sweet milk
2 squares melted chocolate
1 cup self rising flour (sifted)
1/2 cup walnuts
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Beat egg until thick. Add sugar slowly. Add melted butter, milk, melted chocolate, sifted flour, walnuts, and vanilla. Spread thin in shallow pan and bake about 20 minutes.