

POMEGRANATES



The pomegranate is an unusual fruit which is native to Persia (now Iran), but has spread over much of the world. It has a long and colorful history and is mentioned several times in the Bible. There is much folklore associated with this fruit which may or may not be true. It has become a symbol of health, fertility, and eternal life. Some people believe it was the fruit in the Garden of Eden from which Eve ate, although there is no proof of that. Most people think Eve ate an apple, but the Bible does not give the name of the fruit.

Experts say the pomegranate is one of the world's healthiest fruits. It has been shown to lower blood pressure, is good for the circulatory system, and may have anti-cancer properties. A study was done with over 200 people who had blockages in their arteries. Half of the group was given one ounce of pomegranate juice each day. The results showed those who took the juice had lowered their blood pressure by 12% and had a 30% reduction in plaque. The ones who did not take the juice showed an increase of 9% in blockage. One word of caution on this—pomegranate juice may interfere with some medicines like grapefruit juice does so you might check with your doctor before mixing it with certain medicines.

I never cared much for them, mainly because eating them took too much effort. All you get is a little juice and then have to spit out the seed. The seeds may be eaten—some say they help cleanse the system.

The number of seeds in a pomegranate can vary. The Jews claim there are 613 seeds which represent the 613 commandments of the Torah. A college professor once collected 206 pomegranates from all over the world and counted the seeds. The number of seeds ranged from 165 to 1370, but when he averaged them, it came out to 613.

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The seed casings are called arils and they have a beautiful color. The pomegranate is beautiful growing on a bush and when you open it, the seeds look like precious jewels. It is said that ancient Arab women dropped a pomegranate on a hard surface where a circle had been drawn. The pomegranate would break open and the number of seeds that fell outside the circle is the number of children she would have.

In researching pomegranates, I came across an article on the Armenian Genocide. This happened in the days of World War I in which the Turkish government tried to exterminate the Armenians much like Hitler tried to exterminate the Jews in World War II. About a million and a half Armenians died as a result of this. They were brutally treated and many were placed in concentration camps in the desert. Many were forced to eat the fruit from trees since they were not given enough regular food. The Armenians think pomegranates have a special place in their history of survival. They believe that there are 365 seeds in a pomegranate and stories passed down say some of these people survived their imprisonment by eating one seed per day from a pomegranate.

My grandmother McKelvy had a small pomegranate bush in her yard about sixty years ago. Several members of the family now have bushes that were rooted from that original pomegranate bush. Mine has not yet produced any fruit, but some of the others have been very prolific in recent years.

Pomegranates and pomegranate juice can be purchased in the grocery stores if you wish to try it.

WHEN BOYS WORE DRESSES

If you have ever looked at old family photos from the early 1900s, you may have noticed that the young children, both boys and girls, were wearing dresses. This makes it difficult sometimes to determine whether the child in the photo is a boy or girl.

This practice dates back to the mid-1500s and continued until the early 1900s. The trend stopped when clothing manufacturers began to make more clothing choices for young children. By the 1920s, most children wore a romper (a jumper pantsuit). Perhaps the main reason for the dresses was the ease of changing diapers. The dresses also allowed for the growth of the child and eliminated having to come up with so many different sizes of children's clothes

In the 1700s, less than 50% of infants reached the age of five. Efforts were made to get the children to "adulthood" as soon as possible. Later this changed and people wanted the children to remain as children as long as possible. The time when a male child got his first pair of pants was called "breeching" and was considered a rite of passage. This time was anywhere from age 2 to about age 6 or when the child started to school. At the time of breeching the father began to take a more active role in teaching the boy and preparing him for work.

Sometimes mothers allowed the boy's hair to grow long and some had naturally curly hair. That combined with the dresses makes it very difficult sometimes to determine if a child in an old

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photo is a boy or girl. So just because a child in your old family photos is wearing a dress, don't just assume it's a girl.

I also learned that at one time the color blue was for girls and the color pink was for boys. Over a period of about thirty years the colors got reversed. Since the old family photos are black and white, we can't tell what color the dresses are that the children are wearing. Here are some examples from the time when boys wore dresses:



This is my grandparents, James C. McKelvy and Katie May Kirk McKelvy with their first child, Lee Roy McKelvy. The date of this photo is about 1909.



I don't know the identity of these children whom I assume to be boys.

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This photo belonged to Mrs. Mollie Henry of Bluff City and the caption was written on the back. From the caption, I assume this is a boy.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT NAMES

I'm sure most expectant parents spend a lot of time thinking about the name they will give their baby. In some cases, the parents may know the sex of the child before it is born which eliminates them having to come up with two names. Many name their children after a family member and some just choose a name they like. Some choose a Biblical name. I know one lady who saw a name she liked in the credits of a movie she was watching on TV and gave her son that name. Every year they come up with a list of the most popular names for boys and girls for that year. In 2010, the most popular names were Jacob for boys and Isabella for girls.

Most people have a first name, a middle name, and a last name. I've seen a few cases in which a person has four names such as President George Herbert Walker Bush. And there are some cases where a person does not have a middle name.

What if you get stuck with a name you don't like? I suppose a person could go through the process of making a legal name change once he or she reached adulthood, but most people just accept the name they were given by their parents. Sometimes I think it would be better if a child was only given a first name and last name at birth. When they reached a certain age like twelve or thirteen, they could choose another name to complete their full name. They could either pick a middle name or choose a new first name and use their old first name as a middle name. I guess that would be too confusing and would probably mean they would have to have a second birth certificate.

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I never understood how some names get changed by custom. I'm thinking about names like Bill for William, Dick for Richard, Chuck for Charles, Jack for John, Bob for Robert, and Jim for James. I don't see the reasoning behind those changes. I can understand why Edward might be shortened to Ed, Will for William, John for Johnny, Jim for Jimmy, Don for Donald, etc. Some men shorten their name which they become adults such as Jimmy becoming Jim, Joey becoming Joe, Billy becoming Bill, etc.

I've also noticed that some people, especially lawyers, use their first initial and their middle name such as J. William Fulbright and J. Edgar Hoover. Maybe they think it makes their name seem more distinguished or maybe they just don't like their first name.

Many people also have nicknames, probably due to something that happened to them in childhood. Somebody probably came up with a nickname and it just sort of caught on. It seems that some areas were more prone to using nicknames than others, especially in the rural areas. I have a 1948 school yearbook from Bluff City High School that has the nicknames of all the students. I suppose if someone didn't have a nickname, the editors came up with one.

It is interesting to see in genealogical research how many people were given the name of a state as a first name. I've heard of women named Alabama, Tennessee, Nevada, Florida, Virginia, and Carolina. Some are named after cities. People who had just migrated to states like Arkansas from the eastern states might give their children the name of the state or city from which they came. Families were usually quite large in the old days and coming up with a new name might be a little difficult.

There are many cases of people being named for famous people in history such as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, or Christopher Columbus. They just tacked on the family name and they were in business.

Sometimes males get stuck with a name that is usually reserved for females. I can't help but think of Johnny Cash's song about "A Boy Named Sue". I know of men named Shirley, Ruby, and Francis (spelled that way for males and Frances for females). The same is true for the name Jesse (male)—Jessie (female), Johnny (male)—Johnnie (female), and Carroll (male)—Carol (female).

Some people get creative in choosing names and there is nothing wrong with that. Why name a girl Sue or Mary when you can choose a name like Dorthular Orphelia or Ammorilious? By the way, those are real names of people who once lived in Nevada County.

Whatever name we are given, we are usually stuck with it for the rest of our lives. Are you happy with the name you were given? Just for fun, you might think about what name you would have given yourself if you could have picked your own name.

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ASPHIDITY BAGS---

I didn't get much response from readers about asphidity bags or Winky Dink. Mrs. Vernell Loe says she remembers kids having to wear asphidity bags around their necks. This was a small sack filled with secret ingredients that had a terrible smell. It was thought to protect a person from catching colds or flu. It may have worked because people would try to avoid getting too close to someone wearing one of these smelly bags.

WINKY DINK---

Winky Dink was a cartoon character on television in the 1950s. The Winky Dink and You show is considered to be the first interactive television program in which viewers could participate. Kids could order a Winky Dink kit which contained a sheet of plastic and some Winky Dink crayons. The sheet of plastic was placed over the television screen. Sometime during the show, kids were given the opportunity to help complete a drawing such as a bridge over a creek or something like that. Kids would use their crayons and draw on the television screen covered with the plastic sheet. Parents began to be concerned about the kids sitting too close to the television set. Some thought children might be getting too much radiation from the television picture tube especially when color televisions became available. Also, some parents found their kids drawing directly on the screen.

WINKY DINK AND ME By Duncan McKelvey

In 1953 my family got our first television set; it was an RCA as I recall and was contained in an expensive looking stained mahogany plywood cabinet. It was "MAGNIFICENT"

Soon after it was plugged in, I staked out Saturday mornings as my viewing time and quickly became a fan of the "Winky Dink and You"

show: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=endscreen&v=wolnhfwwr9I&NR=1> .

All the neighborhood kids had already ordered their Winky Dink kits containing their very own "Magic Window" and were joining in the fun as they supplied roses, eyebrows, rope bridges and whatever else Jack Barry and Winky Dink requested be 'drawn' on the screen to help in their 'plot development'....., I soon had my "window" as well.

The first two Saturday mornings with Winky Dink came and went with me helping Jack and his buddy in whatever adventure they'd gotten themselves into; the third Saturday we were saving another of Winky's animated buddies escape by drawing first some kind of ladder and then another rope bridge (as I recall, there were many, many rope bridges and ladders to be drawn during these 'adventures'...) and I was intently watching the screen when all of a sudden I heard my father bellow, "What th' Hell?....., What're you doing, boy?", from behind me on the other side of the room. He'd seen the crayon markings and was going bazookas because he thought I was marking on the screen itself and then got even hotter when he saw that green "magic window" affixed to the television by static electricity.

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That was the last time I got to join Winky Dink and Jack in one of their 'on-screen' adventures; however, about thirty years later I became one of the start-up crew for The Weather Channel and helped in its early development. One of my jobs the first couple of years I was there was formatting and illustrating the weather maps for on air presentation by the On Camera Meteorologists using what was then (early '80s) state of the art computer graphics for broadcast television. Eventually, I also developed animation techniques for infomercials and other on air products using those same computers.

It occurred to me one day while in the middle of some project that I was continuing on and finishing up where Winky Dink, Jack and I had been made to stop all those years before. I was 'drawing' on TV screens once again.

I watched Winky Dink & my mother ordered the "magic drawing screen" for me. To my horror, when it came our TV was not working, but our elderly neighbor, Mr. Durham, came to the rescue. He let me come to his house & watch Winky Dink & use the screen. It's a good childhood memory.-----Linda Wood Howell

RAINFALL RECORD FOR 2012



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.); Nov. (2.1 in.) Total --- 48.4 inches

This begins the 13th volume of *The Sandyland Chronicle*. The years seem to be passing by very fast. I have reached the point where I am running out of ideas and don't have time to do the research needed to dig up interesting stories to write about. I will try to continue for a while longer, but there may not be as many pages in each issue as in the past and at some point, I will probably have to call it quits. We have covered a lot of different topics in the last twelve years and hopefully, preserved a bit of our local history. I know that many people do not care about things of the past, but there are plenty of interesting stories out there just waiting to be told.

Please continue to submit family stories, old pictures, or articles you have written. I'm especially interested in old pictures from Nevada County that show old buildings, old stores, early settlers, or anything you think might be of interest. If you live out of state but have some connection to Nevada County, write and tell us about it. If you have a funny story concerning a member of your family, send it to me. With your help, maybe we can keep this going a little while longer.

Send me your suggestions of what you would like to see in this paper. Some of you say you enjoyed the recipes, so if you have a good one, send it to me. Thank you for your support over the last twelve years.

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CONSUMER CORNER



I would like to use this space each month to spotlight a product which readers would recommend to others. If you have found a very good product—a grocery item, cleaning product, etc. that you believe others would like, send me the details and I will pass the information on to others.

I will start if off with an air freshener called Pure Citrus-Orange which we like. It is sometimes hard to find. Recently, we have found it at some of the larger Walmart stores. It is more expensive than regular air fresheners (about \$3.90 for a 7 oz. can), but it only takes a little to do the job. It has a very pleasant smell like fresh oranges and is a good alternative for those who are bothered by the heavy perfume smells in some air fresheners.

Try a can and see if you like it.

READERS TELL OF THEIR MOST MEMORABLE CHRISTMAS

My most memorable Christmas was one year in the mid to late fifties when it looked like that we weren't going to get any gifts for Christmas but the day before Christmas some lady gave us some puzzles. I think they were 30-100 peace puzzles and weren't new but that didn't make any difference because we got something to play with. Someone else gave us some fruit.

My dad was a logger and the winter weather probably had them shut down and they didn't have the money to buy things for us. That act of kindness turned our sadness into happiness.—*George Robinson*

Well, this one was my most memorable Christmas! Not only was it my most memorable, it was my *FIRST* Christmas! Now, that may not be remarkable as stated alone; however, the unusual issue is the fact that I was nearly five (5) years old (January 18) and I had never even *heard* of Christmas, Santa, or anything remotely connected to this wonderful season! My little sister and I were curious and asked lots of questions each time we would see decorations, pictures of the nativity scenes, Santa walking around Prescott after the Christmas parade, handing out peppermint sticks! I, for one was terrified of that guy! I immediately took refuge behind my mom's skirt if the "jolly old guy" approached me. You see, we had just been adopted and previous to that time we were "wards of the state", little family-less munchkins who had obviously been shielded from such annual goings on (would've caused the foster folks to spend a quarter or two!). Christmas morning, December 25, 1948, found my sister and me sleeping peacefully....that is, until our mom woke us up and asked us to go to the den and see what Santa had brought us! Bear in mind, Mom & Dad hadn't put a Christmas Tree up until after we two kids had gone to bed (Mom explained to me later that she and our dad didn't want to cause undue confusion for us). Anyway, we got out of bed and timidly walked down the hall behind Mom, coming to an abrupt halt when we reached the den's opened door. We were spell-bound! We were in awe! I have to tell you, I've never seen so many presents packed under a Christmas tree

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(remember, we had never been exposed to Christmas or to any of its side-attractions)! My mom and dad's friends had graciously provided gifts, along with every one of our newly-gained relatives! One could not have gotten another present into that room! We stood at the door, not knowing what we should do. Finally, our dad coaxed us into the room and invited us to open every one of those presents... 'cause they *were ours to keep!* We "got into the moment" very quickly! Soon, every present had been ripped open and the loot divided between us! Just as we thought the end of the celebration was at hand, here came Mom with two brand new, beautiful tricycles! We jumped on those wonderful modes of transportation and pedaled for the rest of the day! I can honestly say, that was my most memorable Christmas ever!!!—*James Hairston*

We actually recall two Christmases that were memorable. The first was Christmas 1958. Peter proposed and gave me an engagement ring. The next Christmas He gave me a rolling pin and a pizza pie pan. ;-).

The other was Christmas Eve 1988. We were moving from Oklahoma to Arizona. We arrived in Flagstaff, Arizona in the midst of a huge snow storm. I was driving with the grandsons, age 3 and 5, who could sense my fear as we are slipping and sliding down the mountain. Peter, in another car, and I were communicating via CB. All at once another male voice came on with a "HO HO HO Barbie Doll you pull over into the left lane and stay behind that Giant Fuel Truck, I'll get you safely down this mountain. Now, you chillen (children) start counting the number of presents I am going to bring you in just a few hours; and be very quiet so you can listen for my reindeer's bells. Isn't it amazing how God always sends his angels in our time of need!—*Barbara and Peter Masterson*

I do not have a most memorable Christmas, but I do know that this Christmas bit coming around every six weeks in an exercise that I can do without. Every six months I could live with. That fake Christmas tree is getting worn out, putting it up and taking it down to put away.—*Dave Cummins*

Our most memorable Christmas was putting our son, Mike, who is now 50 years of age in a little seat and taking his picture under the Christmas tree in 1962 for our present. We had purchased presents for his older brother and others and our funds were limited for we did not charge Christmas presents and still do not.—*Wanda Carter*

Looking all over the woods for the perfect Christmas tree—*Charlie Weaver*

THE LONG JOURNEY BACK

Jordan Laughard of Hope, AR, age 17, was involved in a terrible auto accident May 26, 2012 near Mt. Ida. He has spent the last several months in various hospitals and in rehab learning how to walk, talk, and eat once again. His progress has been slow but steady and he is now able to come home from rehab on weekends to be with his family. His dad, Darin Laughard, keeps everyone updated on his progress on Facebook. Back in September, Darin posted the following on his Facebook page and I think it is worth reading and has a good message for all

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of us. If you are on Facebook, you can follow Jordan's progress and see pictures and videos. Just search for Darin Laughard—Hope, Arkansas.

To all the young adults and maybe to some of the older ones too:

My heart is heavy today for some reason and I'm going to have to write this. LIFE is something we take for granted; it is not ours to decide when we will be here and when we are not. To all who really know Jordan he was full of LIFE for the most part and he lived like there was no tomorrow. He is fighting hard to regain that and it truly breaks my heart to see him go through the pain that he has to go through to do the most simple things that all of you take for granted. He can't brush his teeth or comb his hair. He can't decide to wear the blue shirt or the pink shirt. He can't play the video games anymore that he once played. He can't drive his car that he once did. He can't walk to class. He can't drink a soda or eat his favorite meal. He can't even twitter or Facebook with any of his friends. He is learning to do all these things again and I feel one day he will be doing it all again. We will never know what caused him to wreck. Looking at the car you can make a determination that he was going fast. Was it too fast, I don't know? There have been many wrecks at that same location. The wrecker operator has made that comment and when I was at the scene looking for items, there were many different car parts there and the tree has no bark on that side of the tree from all the many vehicles that have hit it. In the matter of only seconds Jordan's went from full of LIFE to having to work hard to save his LIFE. I see the advertisement on TV stressing the point of texting while driving and look at the young man trying to put on his shirt because he wrecked his car while texting and know that Jordan will be doing that one day and I don't want to see any of you there because of something as stupid as that. I made it through my teen years never texting or talking on the phone while driving, and you know I bet you can too. His accident wasn't caused by texting or talking on the phone. I just want you to know that. One of the men at the scene said that when he got to him that he was not breathing and thought he was dead. They thought that they saw someone with him and started looking for the other person and didn't find anyone else with him and then he started breathing and moaning. I personally feel that there was a very special Guardian Angel with my son that day, one that kept Gillian (*his sister*) from being with him. One that allowed my best friend to be there for me and one that looked after him since we have been here on this journey. God has placed me in different places all my life and I wouldn't be here right now if it wasn't for him. I hope all of you know God and believe in Him. His words will help you make it through times that are tough and it will make it easier when times are going good. LIFE is not like the video games that you play. You cannot hit the restart button. You cannot pause LIFE to go get something from the refrigerator. LIFE has no pause button and it for sure doesn't have a restart button. We all have to make decisions. I always told Jordan before leaving to make good decisions. I'm asking you all to LIVE life to its fullest and always, always, always make good decisions. If GOD is in your life, making good decisions will come easier. I see way too many people here that have had 4 wheeler wrecks, motorcycle wrecks and car accidents that could have been avoided. Others here could have probably lived differently and ate differently and not gotten bitten by mosquitoes that have the West Nile virus, but things do happen even when you don't want them too. I'm finished crying for now and hope and pray that all of you will listen to your parents. We are not always wrong. We might know things because we have been there. We have a way of knowing things because other parents do care and will tell us when they see our kids doing wrong. No one has to reply to this, but if you read it I do expect you to like it so that I will know that you have been told the message. I love LIFE and I want you all to have this.—*In Christian Love, Darin*

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Something to think about----

Dear Editor:

I was exasperated last year when some atheists and agnostics wanted to take Christ out of Christmas or Christmas out of the Holiday Season. Don't they realize that the word 'Holiday' derives from the word 'Holy Day'?

Now they want to take A.D., meaning Anno Domini (or more completely, Anno Domini Nostri Iesu Christi, "in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ") and replace it with C.E., Common Era.

Has anybody considered that various items on our calendar are directly attributed to pagan worship?

For example Sunday comes from the Greek practice of worshipping the Sun. Even its Roman name, dies solis, is a holdover from the ancient deification of the sun.

Monday is from the Greek Moon Goddess, "the most visible symbol of feminine energy in the solar system." How pagan is that? In Spanish, Monday is known as Lunes; you know, the derivative of lunar and lunatic.

Tuesday is from the Nordic god, Tyr. The mean old wolf Fenir had his hand for lunch (sort of a ranch-hand platter). Tyr is known as the Germanic god of war (as opposed to a God of peace).

Wednesday, as you may remember, is from the Germanic god Woden, Odin in Norse mythology. He is the god of Death. In the good old days, people were sacrificed in his honor.

Thursday is from Thor, Odin's son. Thor became a cross-dresser so he could deceive the thief who stole his hammer. It is remarkable how our forefathers chose these guys to be days of the week.

Friday is from Frigga, from whence we get our modern word, "friggin." No, actually, she was Thor's mom, the only 'legal' wife of Odin. And for only \$20 annual dues, you can join a sect that worships her.

The Roman god of the harvest, Saturn, is the root of many words - saturnine (sullen, gloomy), the planet, the car, and Saturday. The festival of Saturnalia began on Dec. 17; many people believe our celebration of Christmas supplanted this party. Saturn was famous for killing and devouring his children. Nice guy.

So the next 'holier than thou' agnostic that wants to remove this country's Christian influences, I want to ask him what he's doing to remove references to these pagan gods.

Next time, we will discuss all those deities and despots from January to July, from Janus to Julius.

Don Mathis, San Antonio, TX