

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



Watkins, Jones, Gossett, Peavy, White, Autrey, Mendenhall, and others. About 50 marked graves were found here and I'm sure there are many graves that are unmarked. The cemetery is close to one acre in size. The oldest marked grave I found was that of G. W. Parker who died in 1857. There were many burials in the 1880's and 1890's. The most recent was that of R. R. Hodnett, a Civil War veteran who died in 1939, but no other graves were found after 1915. Only six graves had death dates after 1900. An African-American cemetery (also called Seminary) is located nearby and is still in use.

Seminary was named for an academy for the advanced training of young women in religious studies that was once located there. The place is shown on an 1865 map of Ouachita County. (see page 3)

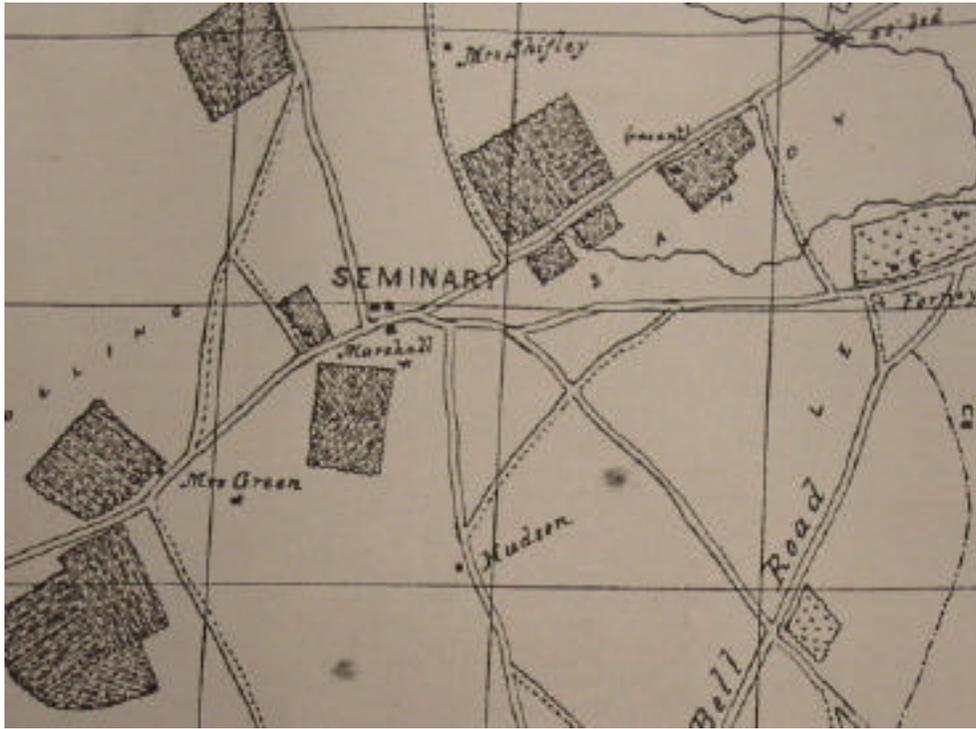
Grave marker of Margaret A. Watkins (1836-1854)
"Our Sister's Grave" engraved on marker



Grave marker of T. C. Meredith (1811-1880)

"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE



**An 1865 map of Ouachita County showing Seminary
The nearby town of Stephens did not exist in 1865**

It is a shame that so many of these old cemeteries are being neglected. Actually, this one is in better shape than many others. Most of the markers are in good condition and the trees are now large enough to block the sunlight which keeps the undergrowth in check.

This is a lesson to us that we should take an interest in the final resting place of our ancestors and support efforts to maintain those cemeteries by making regular contributions to help with the upkeep and by being involved in the cemetery associations that care for them. I'm sure those folks buried at Old Seminary never thought that one day their graves would be overgrown with trees and brush and that few people would even know where the cemetery is located.

BATTLE REPORTS FROM CONFEDERATE GENERALS THE BATTLE AT POISON SPRING

Last month we focused on the Battle of Poison Spring and included some reports from the Union generals. This month I have included several reports from some of the Confederate generals. By reading these reports, you can get an idea of the events of April 18, 1864 at Poison Spring written by men who were actually there.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Excerpts from the report of Brig. Gen. Samuel B. Maxey, Confederate States Army, commanding Cavalry Division, of engagement at Poison Spring.

....The fight was now general all along the line, our men pressing forward and the enemy giving back everywhere. Not a false step had been made; not a position attacked but was taken. The road was gained and the coveted train in our possession. Step by step the enemy had withdrawn his artillery, but his forces, being routed, abandoned it, and the battery of four pieces fell into our possession. Our troops, exultant with victory, pressed forward for more than 2 miles, when they were recalled by me to complete the task we came to perform. The brigades were reformed, details rapidly made, and the train put in motion on the road to Woodlawn, where the last of it arrived in safety, together with the battery, about midnight.....

....About thirty wagons, without teams and some broken, were burned on the field; about 170 with teams and everything complete, were saved; the artillery also. The enemy's force was about 2,500. At no time did we have that many engaged. His loss in killed and wounded will reach 650. The proportion of killed was variously estimated at from 300 to 500. I know they were thick....

....I beg leave to call special attention to the Choctaw brigade. These people came of their own volition. No law or treaty compelled them to do so. They were placed on the extreme left of the attacking division. Nobly, gallantly, gloriously they did their duty. They fought the very army (Thayer's, from Ft. Smith) that had destroyed their once happy homes, insulted their women, and driven them with their children destitute upon the world, and many an avenging blow was struck; many yet will be.....

Excerpts from the report of Col. Tandy Walker, commanding Second Indian Brigade, of engagement at Poison Spring

....The enemy formed next at his wagon train, drawn up on the road which ran along the brow of a wooded hill, but was pressed closely by this brigade that he soon fled across the road and in the direction up the road to the left, when the train fell into our hands, and soon a portion of his artillery which my troops found concealed in a wooded thicket near the train. I feared here that the train and its contents would prove a temptation too strong for these hungry, half-clothed Choctaws, but had no trouble in pressing them forward, for there was that in front and to the left more inviting to them than food or clothing—the blood of their despised enemy. They had met and routed the forces of General Thayer, the ravagers of their women and children; and on they went, driving immediately by a second charge the enemy from a strong position which he had taken behind the buildings to the left near the wagon train. The enemy retreating to the left threw my brigade in front, and being encouraged by the capture of the artillery, they pursued them madly.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

I deem it proper here to mention the name of Private Dickson Wallace, Captain Folsom's company, First Regiment, who in the pursuit was the first man to the artillery, and mounting astride one of the guns, gave a whoop, which was followed by such a succession of whoops from his comrades as made the woods reverberate for miles around.....

Excerpts from report of Col. Charles De Morse, commanding Texas Brigade, Maxey's Division of the engagement at Poison Spring

....The enemy's train of 200 wagons, laden with corn, bacon, stolen bed-quilts, women's and children's clothing, hogs, geese, and all the et ceteras of unscrupulous plunder, was found standing in the road, having only a few defenders remaining when my men got to it. These few were soon killed or scattered. In one of the wagons was a stand of colors, afterward removed by someone....

....The enemy we fought were General Thayer's command from Fort Smith and Roseville, including parts of 13 regiments, and comprising 500 or 600 Negroes—supposed to be 2,500 men. Probably 300 of these Negroes were killed and 75 white Federals....

Excerpt from report of Maj.- Gen. J. S. Marmaduke of the engagement at Poison Spring

...From 400 to 600 dead Federals were left on the field. About 100 wounded, 120 prisoners, 4 pieces of artillery, 195 wagons, and many hundred small arms were brought off and 30 wagons burned. Had I been allowed to pursue the enemy, I cannot but think that at least 1000 prisoners would have been added to the list. In fifteen minutes after the battle commenced, the enemy was retreating, and in half an hour no force of the enemy was ever more completely routed than this....

THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT HOME (from the 4-23-1908 issue of The Nevada County Picayune)

B. M. Jones was in town yesterday and while here related a story on "hogology". He says that Will Jones raised a pet pig on his place ten miles from Bodcaw. He sold the hog and moved to Bodcaw. A month later the citizens of Bodcaw were attracted by the appearance of a strange hog walking down the street and up to the gate of the new home of Mr. Jones. When Mr. Jones came out, the hog acted in a manner as if he was highly delighted to see him. The strangeness of the thing was that the hog had never been to Bodcaw prior to this time, and entertaining some doubt as to whether the hog was his former pet, Mr. Jones went to the telephone and called up his brother ten miles away and made inquiry as to the whereabouts of the hog. They told him the hog had been absent since the day before. It is not surprising that a dog tracks his master, but we believe this is the first instance where a hog has been known to do so.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

THE SAGA OF THE SQUIRREL

By JM

This is the story of man versus squirrel. It all started a few weeks ago when I hung a bird feeder in the dogwood tree near our deck. The birds soon came from all directions to sample the assortment of seeds I provided. Soon after came the squirrel. He was especially fond of the sunflower seeds.

I soon decided I had to do something to keep Mr. Squirrel out of the feeder. I first tried putting some chicken wire on top of the feeder thinking that might make it too difficult for him to reach the seeds. A day or so later I looked out and there he was hanging upside down from the wire munching on the sunflower seeds. I made a few adjustments to my chicken wire, but he was always able to outsmart me and get to the seeds.

My next plan was to move the feeder to another location. I should have known better than to hang it from a tree branch. I had a piece of metal about six feet long, so I attached it to the hand rail on the step to the deck and fixed a bracket on top from which to hang the feeder. This location was good for me because I could still look out my window while I was working at the computer and see the feeder and enjoy the different species of birds that ate there.

Things worked well for about two days and then I happened to look up and see Mr. Squirrel sitting on top of the feeder. I didn't know if he jumped there or climbed the pole, so I did like the police and began a stake-out to see just how he managed to get to the feeder. I caught him trying to climb the metal pole so I decided to put a piece of PVC pipe about two inches in diameter over the metal pole, thinking a squirrel couldn't climb the slick plastic pipe. I soon learned that he could jump from the rail on the deck steps to the pole just below the feeder and somehow manage to hold on long enough to reach the feeder. My next plan was to grease the PVC pipe so that he couldn't hold on to it. I thought maybe Vaseline might work, but didn't have any on hand. The only thing I had available was some Vicks Vap-O-Rub. I coated the PVC pipe liberally with the greasy salve. I thought maybe the smell might deter Mr. Squirrel. I wondered if the birds would mind smelling the Vicks salve as they ate—or can a bird even smell? I'll have to check on that.

The birds soon returned to the feeder and paid no attention to the Vicks smell. About a day later when the squirrel noticed some nice sunflower seeds in the feeder, he couldn't resist the temptation. I watched out the window to see what maneuver he would try this time. He went to his usual jumping off place on the deck near the pole and made a flying leap to the PVC pipe. He was in for a surprise when he encountered the slick Vicks salve. I couldn't help but laugh when I saw Mr. Squirrel hanging on the PVC pipe with his front feet wrapped tightly around it as he slid down the slick pole to the bottom. He was not one to give up without another try, and a few minutes later, he made another attempt using the same method. Again he slid back down the pole. I thought I had the problem solved.

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

It took Mr. Squirrel another day or two before he came up with Plan B. This time he decided to jump to the top of the feeder from the top rail around the deck, a distance of about four feet. He managed to hang on to the feeder and eat his fill of the delicious sunflower seeds. His leap also caused the feeder to swing and spill some of the seed to the ground which he could eat later.

Now it was my turn to devise a new plan. I decided that since the feeder was made from wood and he could easily hold on to it with his claws, I needed to cover the wood with something slick. I happened to have a couple of old license plates, so I nailed them to the top of the feeder. I figured when he jumped he wouldn't be able to hold on to the metal roof.

A couple of days later, I glanced out the window and there he was sitting on top of the feeder and then hanging by his back feet eating sunflower seeds. He was a regular trapeze artist. I did my stake-out again and saw that he was not jumping directly to the roof of the feeder. He was jumping to the bottom of the feeder where the birds perched. Then he would climb to the top, hang upside down by his back feet, and reach the seeds.

It was my turn again and I was about to run out of ideas. I hated to be outsmarted by a little squirrel. The only thing I could think of besides moving the feeder again was to cover more of the wood feeder with something slick. So I cut up a milk jug and tacked pieces of plastic on the end of the feeder next to the deck. My theory was that he would not be able to get a good grip on the feeder when he jumped. My wife complained that the bird feeder looked tacky.

Two days went by with no further attempt by Mr. Squirrel to reach the feeder. I was about to congratulate myself on being able to outsmart the squirrel when I saw him on the deck with his eye trained on the feeder full of sunflower seeds. He studied the situation for awhile and then decided to at least make an attempt. He made a flying leap and hit the feeder, but could not hold on and fell to the ground. That maneuver caused some of the seed to spill, so he was able to eat those from the ground.

A few minutes later, I saw him lying on the deck rail and generally relaxing. His eyes would occasionally focus on the bird feeder and I'm sure he was planning his next method of attack.

Three days went by with no further attempts by Mr. Squirrel to reach the bird feeder. I saw two squirrels on the deck yesterday. I guess he is calling in reinforcements or getting a second opinion. Another thought just occurred to me. Maybe this is Mrs. Squirrel instead of Mr. Squirrel.

The next day, there he (or she) was again on top of the feeder. I decided to make one last attempt to solve the problem before moving the feeder further from

THE SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

the deck. I turned the pole so that the pole is between the deck and the feeder, making it more difficult for the squirrel to jump.

Several days later, I saw the squirrel climbing up the pole to the feeder. I guess the pole was not as slick after a rain and he was able to hold on. I next tried baby oil on the PVC pipe. He (or she) tried again to climb the pole, but slid back down.

It has been several days now with no further attempts. Maybe his mate told him he better not come home again with that perfume smell on him. The squirrel is often seen near the feeder and still looks up at the sunflower seeds. I now see him (or her) on the ground under the feeder picking up seeds the birds drop. I have about decided he (or she) has worked out a deal with the birds so that they will scratch out a few seeds to save him (or her) the trouble of trying to reach the feeder. That will be fine with me. This way I get to enjoy both the birds and the squirrel from my window. I've got a feeling, though, that this war is not over.

SOME OBSERVATIONS:

- ☞☞ Working together on something usually benefits everyone involved.
- ☞☞ A bird feeder is similar to a welfare program—they get plenty to eat without having to work for it.
- ☞☞ Some birds are like some people—they try to be bullies.
- ☞☞ The squirrel at least works for its food and saves some for winter when food is scarce.
- ☞☞ If at first you don't succeed at something, try again.
- ☞☞ God gave his creatures instincts to help them survive. If I were a squirrel, I'd try to get those sunflower seeds too.
- ☞☞ Man should not get to thinking he's too smart. A beaver can build a dam that does a fine job and he doesn't have an engineering degree.
- ☞☞ Someone once said a squirrel is just a rat in a cuter outfit.

LUCIOUS LEMONADE PIE

Recipe from Sarah Wells of Hastings, OK—published in Texarkana Gazette

Ingredients:

1 6 oz. can frozen lemonade
1 14 oz can sweetened condensed milk
8 oz. whipped topping
2 drops yellow food coloring
juice from one lemon
9 inch graham cracker pie crust

Directions:

Mix together lemonade, milk, lemon juice, and food coloring. Fold in whipped topping and pour into crust. Refrigerate at least a few hours or overnight.