

SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

Public officials of Prescott and the Army officers complimented each other on the good relations between the soldiers and the civilians in Prescott. The mayor of Prescott praised the soldiers for the manner in which they conducted themselves while in the area. He stated, "The people of Prescott are thoroughly satisfied with the behavior and character of the Second Army soldiers. They have tried to treat the boys like they were their own sons, and the men have responded magnificently."

The town even organized entertainment for the soldiers. Many dinners, parties, and dances were held for their entertainment. The Army also provided motion pictures for the troops. Each regiment was equipped with projectors and screens which were set up outside with soldiers watching the movies while sitting on the ground. Showing movies in the field was recognized as a morale builder for the troops.

Sunday Services Attended by Soldiers

Hymns and sermons resounded through the southwest Arkansas woods and in towns in the maneuver area as 120,000 soldiers paused from their training one Sunday. More than 200 services were held. In every town and hamlet, churches were crowded with men dressed in khakis. Chaplains sought out clearings in the woods to set up their pulpits while soldiers sat on the ground. Catholic services included three masses on the courthouse lawn in Prescott, while the Protestant, Jewish and other services were held in churches and other buildings.

Band Concert at the Court House

Prescott citizens were treated to a rare band concert as the 35th Division band--the largest army band on earth--performed at the courthouse one Saturday night. The band consisted of 320 soldier musicians. An audience of about 15,000 persons--mostly soldiers--attended the concert. Applause was so loud at times it could be heard miles away. It was the largest assembly of musicians ever to play in southwest Arkansas. The program included popular as well as classical numbers and marches.

Army Takes Over the *Picayune*

For the first time in 64 years, the Nevada County *Picayune* fell into Army hands (with the consent of the owner) when the premises were invaded by the 35th Division's G-2 Press Section. They rolled up to the *Picayune* office and unloaded portable tables, chairs, and typewriters and proceeded to put out a special edition of the *Picayune*. (*August 21, 1941 edition*)

This activity was similar to what they would actually do if the Army occupied a friendly or hostile town in actual warfare. Guards were posted in the front and rear of the *Picayune* building.

A Local Farmer Has An Idea

One local farmer living near Prescott made big business out of providing baths for the soldiers. He rented a tub of water to soldiers for five cents and limited time in the tub to ten

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minutes per soldier. By early afternoon of the first day, he had brought in 55 cents.

Another young man near Prescott set up a snack stand selling candy bars and drinks to the soldiers, but it was soon shut down by the Army medics. Before he was shut down, he had earned over \$23 which he planned to use to buy a new bicycle.

Some residents even did laundry for the soldiers. One soldier had left his clothes at a farmhouse, but was ordered to move out at once. His laundry had just been hung on the clothesline to dry, so he had to gather it up and report for duty in wet clothes. Another soldier left his laundry with a local family. When he returned to pick them up, he found that the lady had been moved to a hospital for the insane and his clothes were missing. I expect he might have had a problem explaining that to his superiors.

Surviving August in Arkansas

Anyone who has lived in this area knows that the oppressive heat and humidity in August can be a problem. These soldiers were from many different states and many were not used to the heat and humidity. According to the newspapers, the army field hospitals treated fewer patients than expected during these maneuvers. At one time there were 750 soldiers in the hospitals. That sounds like a lot, but remember, there were over 120,000 men involved in these war games. Besides the normal injuries and illnesses, some were treated for such things as heat exhaustion, poison ivy and snakebites.

War Games Brought Prosperity to Prescott

Money spent in Prescott normally came from farmers and timber workers and the area had recently experienced the Great Depression. Now all at once there was an economic boom due to the war games. Most people remembered the boom caused by oil being discovered in the county, but said this boom far exceeded that. The four drug stores, numerous beer halls, two theaters, department stores, and hardware stores were doing record-breaking business. Grocery stores and filling stations were also getting their share of the business. The town's ice plant could not meet the demands coming from stores where soft drinks and beer were sold.

Everywhere cash registers were jingling. For the first time since 1921, the Bank of Prescott went on an emergency schedule. More bank tellers were hired to count the heavy inflow of change and bills of small denominations. Bank officials complained that money was being spent so fast by the soldiers encamped in and about Prescott that a serious problem presented itself in providing change for places of business.

Just before the army left for Louisiana for more training, one of the generals gave his men a day off. They had just been paid and they headed for the nearest towns. The newspaper reported, "Money flowed freely as the men in uniform jammed every cafe, restaurant, theater, and store in Prescott, Hope, Camden, and other places within a radius of 50 miles of their bivouac area. Restaurants and cafes could not stock enough food and drink to satisfy the troops, eager for a taste of 'civilization'. Residents responded hospitably to the great influx of fighting men, and front porches were filled with field troops. Many families invited soldiers for a home-

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cooked meal. Churches opened their doors, and after services, provided writing paper, ink, and refreshments for the visiting soldiers."

When the soldiers left September 1st for more training in Louisiana, things returned to normal, but people remembered for a long time the "boom of 1941".

Re: The Doodle Bug story in the last issue:

Linda in Arkansas remembers saying "Doodlebug, doodlebug, come out of your hole. Your house is on fire."

Bill in Arkansas remembers saying, "Doodlebug, doodlebug, come out and get a cup of coffee."



Duncan in Georgia sent me a picture of a doodlebug (ant lion) with these comments: "Though I didn't know what they were at the time, I grew up being called a doodlebug which I'd always assumed was a term of affection from my family....., now I'm not so sure....., Mmmmmmm....."

CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

By Monday, November 17, 1969, I had made at least one obvious observation—the Zambian people seem to walk everywhere—long or short distances. I am sure there was a very good reason for this since I noted they had very few bicycles and no cars or trucks. At least the people I noticed did not. I could identify with this situation. My family did not have these conveniences when I was growing up in Bluff City. I remember cousin Andy Meador had a big truck, and would take a group of us to a "protracted" (gospel) meeting. Sometimes we would even go to Prescott, the county seat! Our world extended about as far as we could walk. My sister and I knew about walking everywhere. Maybe running was more the style for my sister and me back then. When our mama would say, "Run to the store," or "Run to the post office," we usually would run—not just to be obedient children, but because the sand was too hot for our bare feet to walk! Yes, when I saw the Zambians run, I remembered! I understood!

We ended the month with a little excitement. One evening as Lloyd, Mike and I sat in our living room reading, we heard a loud noise in the hall—somebody or something was coming down the hall. Mike and Lloyd got up to investigate and found a big cobra. While they were trying to find something with which to kill it, the snake came into the living room where I was, but it paid little or no attention to me and went

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into the kitchen. It wrapped itself around the pipe blow the sink, and the battle began. It was no easy task to hit that cobra, but finally (it seemed a long time to me) they killed it. I was fearful the intruder may have come to stay!

That's not the only excitement we had that week. The following Wednesday evening I had stayed home from mid-week Bible study because I was sick. I was just before lying down when I heard footsteps in the hallway. On impulse, I called out, "What do you want?" What he apparently did not want was to find someone in the house, because he changed his direction in a hurry. I was too scared to think clearly, but I did get to the telephone and called the school. When the Master on Duty answered, I asked him to go nearby and tell Lloyd to come home. When he got home, he thought I had used my imagination and was just scared, but the next morning he found footprints around our house. When the story got around, the conclusion was that it was the herdman's son who was a known intruder (thief). He must have had a key and thinking everyone was at the mid-week service, he was about to make his strike.

Yes, I have just mentioned that I telephoned. You may have thought there were no telephones in Zambia, Africa. Well, I had seen the telephone, but thought it was not connected. However, a few days before, Lloyd had told me it was. I asked him the number of the school. Who else did I know to call anyway?

This reminds me of the "party-line" system I knew about when I was growing up in Bluff City. When it would ring three little shorts, our family would answer. Now there was an older lady, Aunt Net, who would grab the phone each time it rang and say, "Who you calling?" When no one would answer, she would say, "Oh, but a stump."

We have had a lot of good experiences since we arrived. We have a lot for which to be thankful, and I was ready to celebrate Thanksgiving. This American holiday, of course, means nothing to the Zambia people, so the missionaries got together, contributed to the dinner, and had a good time being together. But the big question was looming in my mind, "WHAT DO I DO WITH CHRISTMAS?"

I was also thinking about starting the new school term in a new country and with a new race of people. School would open on January 10, 1970, and I knew I must give that a lot of thought. After being out of a class room for over eight months (the longest time I can remember being away from teaching since I had started some years ago), I was rather reluctant to "begin again." However, it proved to be the most familiar situation I had found since arriving in Zambia. I could only conclude that students are pretty much the same the world over and that teaching methods are basically the same, regardless of where you are.

I cannot describe my feeling as I entered the classroom the first time. It was with a thankful heart I remembered what Georgia Hobby had told me, "As you open the door and enter, all will rise, and you will greet them. They will respond, and you should tell them to be seated." This worked for me—I was back in the classroom again! I well remember my first words: "We do not know each other now, but we will. We have one thing in common—we got our independence from the same country. We have another thing in common—we are here in a Christian school, and if we all let it, it can

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be a big influence on our life. I am here to work, and I hope you are as well." We all began, and we did work very hard. I found the students a bit more interested in learning than some I had taught in the States. There is a very good reason for this because only one out of four students get to attend secondary school in Zambia. Many students are seen wandering around, hunting a place, and there are no places to find! There is much to be said about teaching school in a foreign country.

So for now.....

That's all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

ADOLPH HITLER AND THE DEVIL

Hitler called the devil
On the telephone one day;
The girl at Central listened
To all they had to say.
"Hello," she heard Hitler say,
"Is old man Satan at home?
Jut tell him it's the dictator
Who wants him on the phone.

The devil said, "Howdy,"
And Hitler, "How are you?
I'm running hell here on earth,
So tell me what to do."
"What can I do?" the devil said,
"Dear old pal o' mine,
It seems you don't need any help
You're doing mighty fine."

"Yes, I was doing very well
Until a while ago
When a man named Roosevelt
Warned me to go slow.
He said to me, "Dear Hitler,
We don't want to be unkind,
But you have raised hell enough,
So better change your mind."

"I thought his land-lease bill
Was a bluff and he could
Never get it through,
But he soon put me on the spot
When he showed me what he
could do.
Now that is why I call you, Satan,
I need advice from you."

"My dear Hitler,
There is no more to tell,

For Uncle Sam will make it hotter
there
Than I can in hell.
I have been a mean old devil
But not as mean as you,
So the minute you get here,
The job is yours to do.

"I'll be ready for your coming
And I'll keep the fires all bright,
And I'll have your room ready
When Sam begins to fight,
For I see your days are numbered,
And there is nothing left to tell.
Hang up your phone, get your hat,
And meet me here in hell."

Sent in by Joe Plyler, US Army,
Med. Det., 180th Inf., Pine Camp,
NY

(published in the 12-24-1942 issue
of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

Note: Joe Plyler was from Nevada
County.

THE RESIGNATION OF SATAN

Old Satan sat by a lake of fire
On a pile of sulphur kegs,
His head was bowed upon his
breast,
His tail between his legs.

A look of shame was on his face,
The sparks dripped from his eyes,
He had sent up his resignation
To the throne beyond the skies.

I'm down and out, ol' Satan said,
He said it with a sob,
For Herr Hitler outclasses me,
And I want to quit my job.

Hades isn't in it with the land
That lies along the Rhine.
Hitler has me skinned so bad
And therefore, I resign.

Hitler and his brutish gang
With his bloody shot and shell,
Know more about damnation
Than all the imps of hell.

So give my job to Hitler,
The author of this war,
He understands it better
A million times by far.

I hate to leave the old home,
The spot I love so well,
But Hitler is more up to date
In the art of running hell.

Written by J. M. Plyler -- Plyler
Station local news column-*Nevada
County Picayune*

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AN UNUSUAL CHURCH BUILDING

I came across this church building in a remote area of Union County near the Louisiana state line. It is the Macedonia Baptist church.

Photo taken in 1996.

HAY HAULING by Jerry McKelvy

I guess it shows my age, but I can remember helping haul hay the old-fashioned way using a horse drawn rake and pitchforks. Actually, we used a tractor to pull the old rake instead of horses, but I got the general idea of what it might have been like with horses.

I offer my sympathy to anyone who has ever hauled hay using a pitchfork. These days when I see one of those modern hay balers putting out those nice big round bales of hay or a farmer driving up to one of the bales in his air conditioned tractor and transporting it to his herd of cows, my mind goes back to the days of my youth when we actually *hauled* hay.

Hay hauling in those days was a job most farm boys knew well. During haying season, there was always a demand for someone to do the physical labor of getting the hay in the barn. It was a way to make a little spending money, but it was hard physical work.

By the time I was a teenager, most hay was being put up in small square bales (actually more like a rectangle). Tractors were used to cut and rake the hay and to pull the hay baler. The only other thing needed was a truck for hauling, two or three young men with strong backs, and plenty of cool water.

My uncle, Lee Roy McKelvy, lived in the Redland community at that time (*about 1960*) and usually baled hay for many of the farmers in that area. One of his neighbors, Sardis Greer, had the job of cutting the hay. The job of hauling the hay to the barns was entrusted to my Dad with his labor crew--my cousins and me. We used my uncle's old two-ton International truck for hauling. It was an old model--one that had the headlights mounted on the fenders. Two of us could sit on the headlights while riding to the barn and get a little cool breeze.

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A lot depended on the type barn where the hay was to be put. Some were just open sheds and others had a loft. Working in the loft of a barn on a hot day is not much fun. We learned to pace ourselves to avoid getting over-heated. We really earned our money those days, but as the old saying goes, we had to "make hay while the sun shines".

Hay hauling taught us teamwork. We took turns doing the various jobs in the field. One would drive the truck, one would throw the hay onto the truck, and the other one would stack the hay on the truck. The person stacking hay on the truck depended on the driver to give him a smooth ride. A sudden stop or acceleration could cause a spill or an accident. Most farm boys (and girls) got their first driving lessons in the hay field.

Another lesson we learned was to take time to stack the hay properly on the truck and also in the barn. We sure didn't want to spill a load of hay and have to re-load it. There was also a certain way of stacking hay in the barn to avoid problems later on.

The amount of money we made for hay hauling in those days seems so small now. On a very good day we might make \$15.00 per day, but remember, this was back when the average laborer made \$1.00 per hour or \$40 per week.

We all survived our hay hauling experiences. We got good tans and bigger muscles and enjoyed some good times working together. I always heard that hard work never hurt anyone and we did our share of it. Even with all the hard work, I have never regretted growing up on the farm.

My dad raised cattle in later years, so hay hauling continued to be a job we had to do several times each summer. By that time, my brothers and I had full time jobs, but we tried to help get the hay in when needed.

Just as the chain saw replaced the two-man crosscut saw for cutting timber, the modern hay baler has pretty much replaced the old type baler. I'm all for labor saving devices, but in the process, one of the common summertime jobs for country teenagers (hay hauling) has all but disappeared.

GRATED SWEET POTATO PUDDING (from the Nevada County Picayune (October 9, 1941))

1 lb. sweet potatoes, grated raw	1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup honey or syrup	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
3 eggs, well beaten	1/2 teaspoon ginger or allspice
2 teaspoons butter	1/4 cup raisins
2 cups sweet milk	1/2 cup black walnut meats
1 teaspoon cinnamon	

Mix all ingredients and turn into a buttered dish. Bake in a slow oven 1 hour, stirring occasionally.