

Jerry McKelvy's
SANDYLAND CHRONICLE

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SOME FAVORITE OLD SAYINGS

- Poor as Job's turkey
- This thang is plum whomper-jawed!
- I'll slap you to the back side of nowhere.
- Jumpy as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs
- Madder than a wet hen
- He walks like he's got ants in his britches
- Slower than molasses in January
- I feel like I've been rode hard and put up wet
- I'll be there Lord willing and the creek don't rise
- That dog won't hunt (*I don't believe that*)
- I'm gonna jerk a knot in your tail
- I'm as happy as a pig in slop.
- It went out like Lottie's eye.
- Too many cooks spoil the broth.
- A stitch in time saves nine.
- Waiting till the cows come home
- Raining cats and dogs
- Hot as blue blazes
- Close as two peas in a pod
- Kitchen is spic and span clean
- Lightning never strikes twice in the same place
- It will all come out in the wash
- Nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof
- Dead as a door nail
- Enthusiastic as death warmed over
- He knows every Tom, Dick and Harry in town
- Full as a tick
- Happy as a dead pig in the sunshine
- Enough food for Coxey's army
- Scarce as hen's teeth
- If you put his brain in a peckerwood's head, it would fly backwards
- Thick as hops
- Ugly as sin
- Every rose has its thorns
- Speech is silver, but silence is gold
- Make hay while the sun shines
- Don't let the sun set on your anger
- As red as a jay-bird's behind in pokeberry season
- Don't it beat a goose a-gabbling
- He's no bigger than a washing of soap
- Soda pop called "belly washer"
- Lemons so sour they would make a pig squeal
- He could run like a spotted ape
- Slow as the seven year itch
- Lonesome as a dead soldier
- Pretty as a speckled pup
- Day as hot as a boiled owl
- Hot as a two-bit pistol
- The sun-tanned kid as brown as a ginger cake
- Wild as March hair
- Soil so poor it won't sprout peas
- Blind as a dog in a meat house
- Lonesome as a hound dog
- Pretty as a picture
- Quiet as a mouse
- Lazy as a dog
- Smart as a whip
- Mean as a snake
- Light on his feet
- Crooked as a dog's hind leg
- Crazy as a loon
- Walking in high cotton
- High as a kite
- Drunk as Cooter Brown
- Fast as a jack rabbit
- Pleased as punch
- You can't get blood out of a turnip

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- Eat what's set before you, asking no questions
- Sidewalk so hot you can fry eggs
- So thin he doesn't throw a shadow
- Skinny as a rail
- Practice what you preach
- Tough as nails
- His git up and go has got up and went
- White as a sheet
- Don't burn any bridges behind you
- Don't spill the beans
- He's just a little tadpole (meaning small child)
- Keep your shirt on
- Don't cry over spilled milk
- If you don't behave, I'm going to peel your head
- Finer than frog's hair
- The light's on, but nobody's home

If you can think of any other old sayings passed down in your family, send them in and we'll add them to the list.

A web site to check out—

<http://www.wiseoldsayings.com/>

SOME WEB SITES TO HELP YOU SAVE MONEY

Frugal living

<http://www.wisebread.com/topic/frugal-living>

<http://www.betterbudgeting.com/frugalliving.htm>

<http://zenhabits.net/2007/08/the-cheapskate-guide-50-tips-for-frugal-living/>

<http://notmadeofmoney.com/blog/2009/03/the-tightwad-gazette-things-I-learned-from.html>

THE PEST HOUSE AT PRESCOTT

I had never heard of the term “pest house” before, but I found the following item in the 6-4-1908 issue of *The Daily Picayune*. It was in an article about recommendations made by the board of health. This was during the time when Prescott experienced several cases of smallpox and meningitis--two serious diseases which were often fatal.

One of the recommendations was that a doctor should attend to Oliver Harrell who had been under quarantine and was now “in the pest house” in a pasture west of town.

This raises some questions. Was this “pest house” used mainly for housing people who were under quarantine? Did somebody take food to them? How long were they required to stay under quarantine? Who owned the property where this

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“pest house” was located?

Other recommendations mentioned in the article were that anyone who had symptoms of these diseases not be allowed to leave their homes, so evidently some folks were allowed to remain at home instead of being sent to the “pest house”. Another recommendation was that no standing water be allowed to accumulate in containers which would help with mosquito control.

I thought it might be interesting to include some pictures which show some of the old cars and trucks our ancestors had. If you have an old picture that shows any type of vehicle please send me a copy. Include the date of the picture if known, the identity of people in the picture, and make and model of the vehicle if known.

Here is the first picture. This is my great uncle Walter Moore driving his old truck. Mr. Moore lived about a half mile out of Bluff City on what is now Hwy. 299. I don't know the date of the picture or the model of the truck. I assume it is a Ford, but it must be a very early model. It appears to have wooden spoke wheels. If you know the make and model of this truck, let me know.



I wonder what he did on a rainy day. It looks like I can see the old crank hanging down in the front of the radiator, so this truck probably had to be hand-cranked. It looks like he has a good grip on the steering wheel.

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R. F. D. NOTICE in the 11-23-1906 issue of The Nevada County Picayune

Dear Patrons:

You will greatly oblige me by following these suggestions:

When you put money in your box, wrap it in a piece of paper and leave a note stating the amount and for what purpose it was left. Buy about 50 cents worth of stamps at a time and do not ask me to stamp your letters. You should do that yourself. Do not leave 5 cents for two stamped envelopes and ask me to put your letter in one of them and address it to _____.

Fix your box by fastening it to the post four feet from the ground, so the hind wheel of my buggy will pass under the box and the buggy hub will miss the post.

Work the road; do not wait until it gets impassable. There is a place over there by your field that needs it at once. Do not pile wood or anything near your box. If your children go for the mail, nail some cleats to the back of your post for a ladder and take away that old chuck you have for my buggy wheel to hit every day.

If you do not appreciate the service, take your box down. If you do appreciate it, keep your box and the road is as good a fix as your appreciation of the service is great.

Signed—Your Letter Carrier

29 INCHES IS TOO LONG

I have a complaint, so please allow me to vent my frustrations here even though I know that things will probably continue as they are.

My complaint concerns men's pants, specifically the length of the legs (or inseam) available for purchase in stores. I did a search on the Internet and found that the average height of men in the United States is 5 feet, 9.2 inches. That means that half of the men are shorter than that and half are taller. I know many men who are "vertically challenged" including myself. The last time I measured, I was about 5 feet 6 inches tall and I think as a man gets older, he tends to gradually get shorter.

When I purchase a pair of pants or jeans, the shortest inseam available is 29 inches which is a little too long for me. That means my wife has to altar each pair I buy which is an extra chore for her and in my opinion completely unnecessary. A man should be able to buy a pair of pants that are the correct length. I know there would be special circumstances where a special order might be required such as for a midget (or one of the little people) as they are now called.

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It is estimated that there are 226,000,000 people in the United States over the age of 18. Assuming half of those are men, that would be 113,000,000 men. Half of those (56,500,000) would be shorter than average. I would guess that almost half of those (maybe 20,000,000 men) would be short enough to need an inseam shorter than 29 inches and therefore would have to alter every pair of pants they buy. You would think the manufacturers could be persuaded to offer pants the correct length for that many customers. There are plenty of “big and tall men’s stores”, but I’ve yet to see a “little and short men’s store”.



I guess I could do as we did back in the 1950s and roll up my pants to make a cuff. We thought that was cool back then. Or I could go even further back in our history and wear pants like the colonial men wore, such as the picture shown here. All I would need is a pair of extra long socks. Maybe that would start a new fad and solve my problem. Or another option would be to wear my pants like the young kids of today with the waist about a foot or more south of their belly button with their underwear showing. That would only make the pants hang lower and I would have to cut off more material from the legs, not to mention the fact that my wife might divorce me.

I can take some comfort in the fact that President James Madison, our shortest president, was only 5 ft. 4 inches tall and that eleven of our presidents were shorter than 5 ft. 9 inches. I'm sure they all had a tailor to make sure their clothes fit properly. By the way, the tallest president was Abraham Lincoln at 6 ft. 4 inches.

While I'm at it, I might as well mention the fact that waist sizes for men usually increase in one- inch increments up to a size 34 waist, but then jump to 2-inch increments (34, 36, 38, 40, etc.). Why is that? I guess they assume that a man who reaches middle age and has developed a “pot belly” is not trying to impress anyone, so there is no need to provide pants for him that actually fit. He can always adjust his belt to accommodate his particular physique or start using suspenders.

I could also mention some of the categories of women’s clothes, but I’ve yet to figure them out. They have junior sizes, misses’ sizes, petite sizes, and women’s sizes. What is the definition for all these and when does a woman move from one category to another? At least all we males have to do is choose between the boy’s department and the men’s department.

And what about panty hose? Some of them are labeled as queen size, but I'm told those are for women who are larger than average. When I think of a queen, I think of a beauty queen like in a beauty pageant. Maybe they were thinking of the Queen of England when they chose that name.

The only advice I can offer to the shorter man is to marry someone who can sew or be prepared to pay a few extra dollars to have all your pants altered. Since most of the things we buy these days are made in some foreign country, maybe we could get the Chinese or Mexicans to send a few of their pants our way. The average height of Mexican and Chinese men is closer to 5 ft. 6 inches.

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CONTINUING TO LOOK BACK

You may be interested in learning a bit more about the background of Zambia. This will give you a better picture of the place we have lived and worked for many years now.

It was formerly the British protectorate of Northern Rhodesia, but in 1964 when the country gained its independence, the name was changed to Zambia. The name is taken from the Zambezi River, and the Hensons have lived on the banks of this river since 1975. It is 290,323 square miles, and has a population in excess of four million. The capital is Lusaka, and Namwianga (where we lived when first coming to the country) is approximately 166 miles to the south, and Livingstone (where we have lived since 1975) is also south of Lusaka approximately 233 miles.

Livingstone is home to the famous Victoria Falls, the largest waterfall in the world. It is 350 feet high and one mile wide. Compare this to Niagara Falls—the Canadian Falls is 160 feet high, and the American Falls is 167 feet high. It is breathtaking to see, and you can imagine it is a world known tourist attraction. Because of this, Livingstone has many visitors.

Opportunities for education have increased some over the years. Improvement began with the gaining of independence, but there is still room for much improvement. The railroads and highways (or should I call them roads?) have also improved, but again there is room for improvement. Agriculture and the copper mines have helped the economy, but these areas deserve more attention.

I have written in a previous article about taking things for granted while living in the States, but let me specifically mention two things—a good hot bath and a drink of pure water. I have found these are precious and scarce “commodities” in this country. I promised to tell you about the “running water” we have in our house and how this is accomplished. We might entitle this portion “Namwianga’s Water Blues.” We arrived at Namwianga during the latter part of the dry season (this begins in May and remains until the rain comes in November), and found we would be living with two other missionary families at the old mission sight which is about one mile from the new mission and the secondary school. It was a nice place to live—beautiful flowering trees and shrubbery and an old, but beautiful, house with inside plumbing. To our sorrow we learned there was a “catch” to this beautiful place—the taps were dry, yes, no water in the place. We were told that our well would always run dry during the dry season (May through October-November!!) When I asked the other two missionaries how they got water, they laughed and said they had a system of bringing water from the school’s water tank by using the tractor and water cart. Furthermore, if I were to get water, I would have to join the “Water Brigade.” I learned quickly! Each day one person would get the farm’s tractor and water cart, go to the school's storage tank, fill the five gallon water cart,

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bring it to the dry well, and drain the water into the well. After all that, a gallon of petrol has to be put into the well pump's petrol tank, the engine started, and the water pumped from the well into the storage tank. From this the water is piped into the house by gravity. One gallon of petrol will pump the entire five hundred gallons of water into the storage tank. Every third day was my turn to haul the water, furnish the petrol, and pump the water into the storage tank. No problem at all when I got the "hang of it." Now you can see how simple it is to have running water in our house.

I can but agree with Margaret Thatcher—"You may have to fight a battle more than once to win." Recently I ventured out into our garden (yard) to watch (and supervise!) a young man whom Lloyd had hired to slash our grass—very few lawn mowers here! There was a beautiful bougainvillea that needed trimming. When I went back a bit later, that bush looked like I felt when Mr. Waltom cut my hair in Bluff City many years ago when Mama had told him how she wanted it cut. When my sister and I would tell him how short we wanted it cut, he would say, "But your Mama said to cut it half way between your ears."

Yes, even today all the work must be supervised! A missionary's life is certainly varied, and the demand for one's time and services covers a wide range.

So for now.....

That's all, folks,
Pearl Louise Henson

RED HAIR

(from the 1-7-1892 issue of *The Nevada County Picayune*)

The prejudice against red hair is as widespread and deep-rooted as it is unaccountable. Tradition assigns red hair to both Absalom and Judas....but, Leonardo da Vinci, it may be noted in passing, in his great painting "The Last Supper" paints Judas with black hair.

All over Europe, red hair is associated with treachery and deceitfulness. In a collection of German proverbs by Henry Bebel as early as 1512, occurs the following: "The short in stature are naturally proud; the red haired are untrustworthy." In England, Thomas Hughes says, "I know learned men who will never admit a red-haired person into their service." An old French proverb says, "Salute no red-haired man nor bearded woman nearer than thirty feet off, with three stones in thy fist to defend thee in thy need." In Sweden, the prejudice against red hair is explained on the ground that the traitor, Jarl Ashjorn who betrayed King Canute to his death, was red-haired. But even the ancient Egyptians had the same horror of red-haired persons. One reason assigned for this prejudice was the fact that a red-haired man was most likely a foreigner, and it is a well known fact that the Egyptians naturally

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despise all other races of men. But, in addition to the above reason, red was symbolical of Typho, the evil spirit, therefore anyone with a ruddy complexion was suspected of being in league with the evil one.



This is McAteer Deer Camp located in eastern Nevada County just west of White Oak Lake. This was someone's old home place before being used as a deer camp (some folks call them hunting lodges). I thought it would make a nice picture when I was by there in 1996. If you know the history of this old house, let me know.

READER'S COMMENTS

Betty Thomas sent me this about one of her memories from her childhood days.

I thought of another thing from the past--my mother each spring would order 100 baby chickens by mail. That would be lots of Sunday dinners and replenish the flock for eggs. Can you imagine trying that today?? There would be a few dead ones who got crushed in the shipping but most would be alive. Daddy built a little house for them with a single light bulb hanging about two feet from the floor for warmth. There were waterers that consisted of a quart jar screwed into a metal trough that let the water out as the birds drank it. There were little feeders with holes that the chicks could peck the food from. I wanted to pet them, but my parents had long ago learned that they couldn't let me pet the food!