

The Big Easy:

Part 1

This is an article I wrote several years ago for a magazine and it was published. I have had several people ask me to publish one more time. Part 2 will follow next week. This is a true story.

We just don't travel in the summer. It's hot, and I don't do well in the heat. I am not like most Southern girls, they glisten, I sweat. I get mean and hateful and my husband just does not travel with me in the hot summertime.



Peggy's Take

All that taken into consideration, we decided to take a trip to New Orleans several years ago in the middle of July. I don't know why, he knew my personality at that time of year, but we went anyway.

My husband is a well traveled person and really never ever gets lost traveling, when he's by himself. But, with an inexperienced navigator at the stern, well?? We were traveling in my little black Lincoln. It was really too small for his big frame, but it just fit me. Of course, he was driving. He thinks I go too slow, too fast, tailgate other cars, so forth and so forth. Not much conversation on the way down except for the usual road rage brought on by crazy drivers and the HEAT!

We stopped just before we crossed the Louisiana line and ate lunch, in the car, from a drive through. We couldn't be late. They were only holding our hotel room until midnight????? Actually, the chicken salad I ate, was really good.

As we crossed Lake Pon-

chatrain I could see his knuckles begin to turn white and his mouth draw up in a tight line. I knew he was preparing for the heavy traffic ahead. Now when we travel, I am the navigator. I don't like being the navigator. I like to read, sleep, or just, I guess day-dream. I don't pay too much attention to the road. But I am always the official person to make sure we get to our final destination. As we are speeding down the four lane highway, he says to me,

"Remember and pay attention we have to turn off on exit B at the 146 mile marker." Exit B? Exit B? Oh my gosh we passed that five or six miles back. I took a deep breath and told him we had missed it.

Whiter knuckles and tighter mouth line as he growled at me. "Well, is that not great? How do you expect me to cross over four lanes of traffic and turn around? Can't you read a road map?" Sure I could read a road map. I was just trying to file that hangnail real quick. Must have missed it.

The next road sign we see - "Slidell 33 miles." Oh Boy. I am so so quiet.

So, without the skill of Andreotti, he starts moving into the far right lane to turn off the busy freeway. He's nearly hit or nearly got hit two or three times, so I just close my eyes, put the road map over my face and PRAY!!

We actually have to go on into Slidell to make our turn around. The sun is beginning to set in the west and twilight is seeping in. Now, I say we

are totally lost and will never find the French Quarter." He says "Read the MAP!" I don't know where in the heck we are? I know we are in a part of town that I don't want darkness to fall on me. There are people with brown bags sitting on the streets, guess public drinking is okay here. I tell him to look and just about the time his eyes leave the street a shabbily dressed man walks in front of our car and pop's the hood for my husband to stop, we missed a stop sign and nearly ran him over Then we are rewarded with a hand gesture not becoming a gentlemen,

What is it about men? They will not stop and ask directions! I keep begging him to stop and he keeps saying, "Read THE MAP." Map? I have a map of the highways we are traveling, not downtown Slidell. I finally say, "If you will stop at that convenience store, I'll go in and ask directions." He informs me that if it will please me he'll go.

He tells me," Keep the car running and lock the doors. You could be molested, killed, or worse down here." What in the world would be worse? He runs back out in about 2 or 3 minutes with a big brown bag. I ask him what's in the bag and he tells me to never mind. Don't ever tell me that. I open the bag and look inside. Well, it's a red feather boa. "A feather boa?" I asked confused. He tells me, "The man inside was Andre' the Giant's brother, with a patch over one eye, and when I asked directions he said, 'follow your road signs Buddy and what you want?' I was afraid he meant for me to buy something and that was the first thing I saw."

Well, to make a long story short, which I will finish later on, we found the Yellow

6; John Ward, 14; and John Hudson Word, 8.

The following freshmen played their last junior high game and will be moving on to varsity play next year: Lamarion Buchanan, Cayton Edwards, Hudson Haffey, John Ward and John Hudson Word. This same group of boys were also teammates on the Junior High Football District Championship team in October 2020.

The Junior High Lady Trojans played in the District Tournament on Thursday, January 28. They played Indianola Academy at Indianola and won by a score of 38-24. The winner of this game advanced to the semi-finals.

The Lady Trojans played every minute of the game

in both offense and defense with determination and focus. With this win, they advanced to play Winona Christian School Stars on Friday, January 29.

The game was exciting and hard-fought, but the Lady Trojans lost to Winona, ending their season by a score of 38-24.

Scorers for this game were: J.J. Brown, 2; Kenzie Cochran, 3; Allie McBride, 1; Kate Riley, 2; Ryleigh Scott, 2; and Natalie Winstead, 8.

The following freshmen played their last junior high game and will be moving on to varsity play next year: J.J. Brown, Drue Johnson, Kenzie Cochran, Natalie Winstead, Kamaya Johnson and Harley Grace Rayburn.

Cab Company. WE HIRED A YELLOW CAB to take us or rather lead us back into New Orleans and down into the French Quarter.

I don't know how much he had to pay the cab, I would never ask. He just told me as he got back into the car, "You do not tell anybody about this. Do you hear me?" Sure, I heard him. I could not wait to get somewhere private so that I could call all my family, my friends, his friends, and maybe his employees about our trip to New Orleans on a hot day in July.

CHICKEN SALAD

- 4 deboned chicken breasts, cooked and chopped
- 1 cup sliced green grapes,
- ½ raisins and ½ cup pecans,
- ½ cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon curry powder
- 1 cup mayonnaise salt and pepper to taste

* Peggy Sims is a life-long resident of Attala County and columnist.



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