

Tales

No. 12

Fall 1989

\$1.50

from the general store



American Dreams:

The story of the Heath family business

Page 10

High School Students & Teachers!

Tales from the general store

announces a

WRITING CONTEST

Open to all high school students

Write a feature story, based on personal interview(s) and research, either 1) profiling an older person who has made a significant, meaningful contribution to the history and culture of the Midwest, or 2) chronicling some historical or cultural aspect of the Midwest using personal interviews to help illustrate that topic.

1st Place – \$100

2nd Place – \$50

3rd Place – \$25

CONTEST RULES:

The length of the story is not as important as the quality, but aim for approximately 2,000 to 2,500 words. Allow the story to dictate the appropriate length.

Features must be well-written with accurate quotations, then typed on white paper, double-spaced and corrected for errors.

Entries will be judged by a panel of educators and professional writers by February 1, 1990, after which winners will be notified and the results published in the Spring 1990 issue of *Tales from the general store*. The top three entries and honorable mentions will be published in future issues of *Tales*

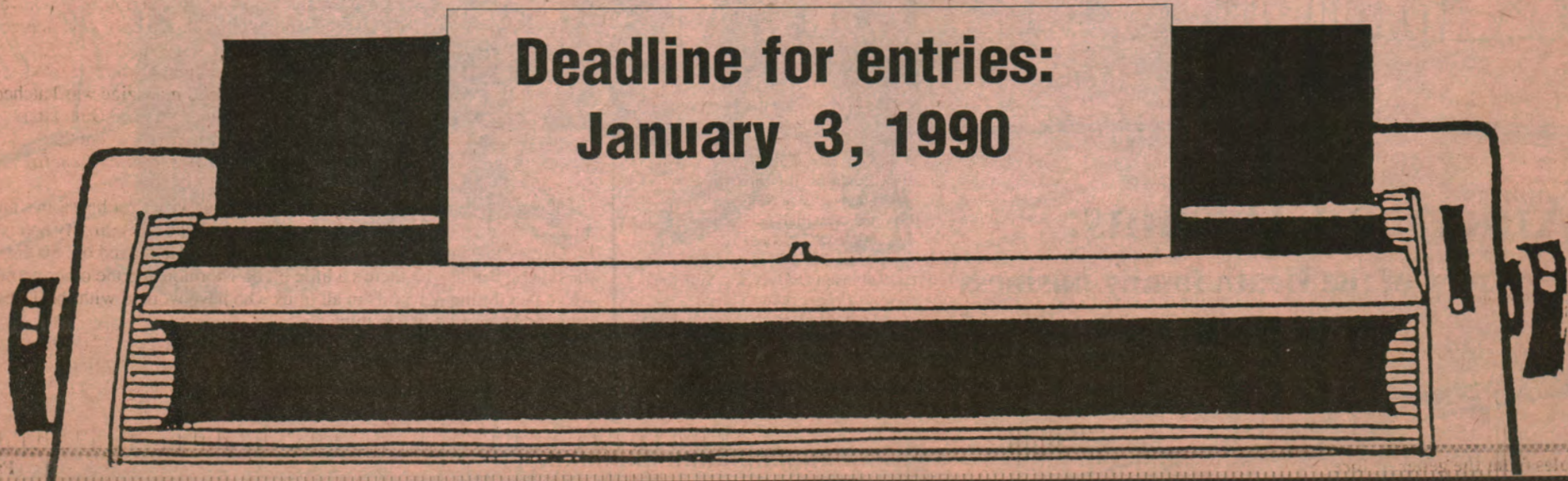
from the general store as space allows.

Submissions will be judged on writing style, focus, organization, clarity, accuracy, use of quotations, grammar and punctuation.

Entrant must be a registered student at a high school in the United States. Only one entry per student. Submissions must include, on a separate sheet of paper, the following information typed: student name, age, grade, high school, name of supervising teacher, student address, city, state, zip code and phone number (with area code). Submissions that do not follow all instructions may be excluded from consideration at the judges' discretion.

Send entries to:
Tales Writing Contest
c/o Ray Elliott
Urbana High School
1002 S. Race Street
Urbana, IL 61801

**Deadline for entries:
January 3, 1990**



Contents

Cover Story:

Heath: The story of a family business

By Ray Elliott

In 1914, L.S. Heath bankrolled the family venture into a confectionery in Robinson, IL, that later grew to be an internationally known candy company.

Starting a new venture

by Ray Elliott

After L.S. Heath & Sons, Inc. was bought out by Leaf, Inc., grandson Jack Morris and former Heath president Ron Bailey started a venture capital firm to aid small business in the Midwest.

Cover art:

by Andy Kitzmiller, senior in FAA at the University of Illinois in Urbana-Champaign. Kitzmiller is graphics editor of *The Daily Illini* campus newspaper. The cover drawing was taken from a faded photo in the Robinson *Argus*. Pictured are Harry E. Whitaker, Bayard E. Heath Sr. and Dr. Vernon Brigham.



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Taking an active role in mankind

By Ray Elliott

Shortly after the last issue of *Tales* came out last spring, the head of what was arguably once the premier journalism school in Illinois and maybe even the Midwest asked me why I had started publishing the magazine again. I probably could have just told him that I'm a masochist and let it go at that. But I think there's more to it than that.

One old boy in the newspaper business with long-time family-owned papers told me a few years ago that it was because I wanted to be boss. I couldn't really argue with that. Being boss undoubtedly has its advantages. But I think there's more to it than that, too.

The publisher of a downstate newspaper who had been transplanted to southern Illinois from the New England states asked me if the goal of the project was to raise consciousness. That sounds good, too. The higher, the better. But I think there's more to it than that, even.

A journalist turned professor once asked me why I wasn't working in mainstream journalism. He said we all had our reasons. I told him, using the words of my favorite country philosopher, "My heroes have always been cowboys" But that's not it, either.

It is undoubtedly true that I have more than a few masochistic tendencies. And it would be a weak argument that I don't like to run my own show and call most of my own shots. Nor could anybody honestly say that public consciousness doesn't need raising. Of course, too, my heroes have always been cowboys. Still are.

So what it is, I think, has to do with something a 17th century poet and preacher had to say about being aware of the world around you and your involvement in it. Some people don't buy the idea in John Donne's *Meditation 17* that "no man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main. If a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friend's or if thine own were. Any man's (sic—I mean woman's, too) death diminishes me because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

But I do buy it. And because I do, the *Tales* project and *Tales* magazine allows me and others to have a voice to speak about our involvement in mankind. It allows, too, a kind of bridge, as it were, between the classroom and the community, between the young and the old and lets me share and observe life with them.

I wouldn't take anything for the time I've spent with students, in and out of the classroom, watching them grow and mature and think. It'd take more than a little to get me out of the classroom at this time of my life. Teaching is a profession whose time has come again.

Nor would I, as much as I used to think differently, take anything for the times I spent on long-ago warm summer evenings talking with my grandfather Newberry and Ross Trigg, or visiting regularly with my Grandma Mary and Annie or just being around my parents or Bill or Mink or Bruce or Cleon or Russ or Ben or a montage of other people I remember from the country around Bellair.

And being around when the young and the old get together now and talk about back then as opposed to today is a worthwhile and interesting way to be involved in mankind. The first summer I brought people to my father's farm from the Chicago area to camp, we sat around the shade of Thornton Stephen's rural Annapolis farm one early summer afternoon and listened to stories he'd been telling for ninety-some-odd years.

Thornton would tell a story, slap his leg and laugh. Everybody else would laugh, too, both at the story and at the pleasure Thornton got from telling it. There was a sparkle in everybody's eyes that you just knew was good and belonged there.

That summer afternoon, those people, me included, got a look at the past through the eyes of a man who had his feet firmly planted in the middle of pioneer America. That's an opportunity you don't often have and soon won't ever have again. Thornton had an audience who appreciated that and let him know.

We talked to a lot of other folks that summer, many who had lived through other times, in different ways. The *Tales* magazine was hatched over a campfire on my father's farm that summer. My son, Jim, later received a national writing award for the story he wrote about that afternoon with Thornton for the first issue of *Tales from the general store*.

Thornton is dead now, his voice silenced. But we've got his stories and anecdotes on tape and in past issues of *Tales*. So he lives on. My son is a Ph.D. candidate in physics at Purdue University. He moved on. So did the others. But maybe there's a little bit of Thornton and the other people we've met during our visits in all of us who have worked with the *Tales* project. At least I'd like to think so.

Perhaps that still doesn't answer the question asked me by the head of what was arguably once the premier journalism school in Illinois and maybe even the Midwest about why I had started publishing *Tales* again. But I think it's pretty close. At least you can get the picture.

The Art of the Storyteller

by Jan Wojcik

The oral tradition of storytelling has been around for thousands of years. It is a tradition that continues today in various forms, despite the influx of modern technology.

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A Walk Through History Down Main Street

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by Scott Nyerges

Main Street is often the center of a town's existence. The changes that have occurred on Edwardsville's Main Street is a history lesson of the whole town's development.

Family Tradition

by Tom Shinn

The Finn family has been an integral part of the history of harness racing in Illinois. Several generations have made their mark in the sport.

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Tales from the general store

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Tales from the general store

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Mail's Here

Focus in on the good news

That you are resurrecting *Tales* is really exciting news. I always like the thing—every issue has the power to sharpen focus on the things that really matter in one's life. Good luck.

— C. THOMAS REITER
Superintendent
Lemont Schools
Lemont, IL

Bellair roots

I have enjoyed reading this issue of *Tales* (No. 11).

My late husband, Denzil Bennett, son of Dovic and Nathan Bennett, was born and raised on a farm not too far from Bellair. We had 51 1/2 happy years together, and I have many happy memories to treasure.

— MILDRED PAGE
BENNETT
Michigan City, IN

Time well spent

I have just put in the afternoon reading the latest edition of *Tales*, which I have always enjoyed because I was raised two miles south of the Neadmore store and went to school at old No. 5 with several Elliott children: Dave's, Grant's, and John Walter's. I was in the class with Annie. Roy was also attending there at the same time, as were Hazel and Harold—a fine family.

-- AGATHA HARDWAY
HOLSAPPLE
Greenup, IL

Word gets around

Having been born in Iowa soon after the turn of the century, I am delighted to read in our Hagerstown (MD) *Daily Mail* of the publication *Tales*.

I am buying some copies for my grandchildren. Best wishes for continued success.

— DAISY VEAZEY
Williamsport, MD

I enjoyed an article in our local paper, the *Clinton Herald*, on the publication of *Tales*.

— MYRNA L. HOPKINS
Clinton, IA

The article in the *Chicago Tribune* (about *Tales*) stirred my interest. Since an address wasn't listed, I called (*Tribune* reporter)

Laurie Goering and she was happy to supply it. As a fan of everyday history and teen-age writers, I'd like to have a subscription of *Tales*.

If there are copies of back issues or photocopies of back issues, I'd be glad to send whatever fee is required. I'd like to include them in our section on early life in Illinois in the *Ela* Historical Society.

— GLORIA B. HERAMB
Barrington, IL

Palestinians form preservation society

What a wonderful surprise to open a recent issue of the *Robinson Daily News* and discover a brand new issue of *Tales*. I could not wait to write you to express my pleasure and to let you know about the formation and activities of our not-for-profit organization, the Palestine Preservation Projects Society.

We have informally been in existence since August 1988, but formally since September 1988. Our goals include preservation and protection of buildings, artifacts and anything else of historic significance in and around the village of Palestine.

We have been supported by many individuals and groups in the area, including the Committee to PROSPER and the Crawford County Historical Society. We have published a book, *The History of Palestine*, of which we have sold more than 700 copies, hosted a historic home tour and a fashion review using antique clothing of the area. These and many other projects were achieved with one goal in mind: to preserve one of the oldest villages in the state of Illinois.

The long-term goals of the organization include a historic district in Palestine, buildings placed on the National Register of Historic Places and a museum for the thousands of historic items of the area. Many things have been lost here, but a tremendous amount remains and we hope to maintain it. The history of Palestine is long and colorful and intertwines with all of the surrounding area and the entire state.

I hope we can join with your publication to preserve the history of this area. We would like to help by contributing information for *Tales*, as well as sharing stories and good news as our successes come to fruition. The PPPS is an enthusiastic group of hard workers from whom I expect great things.

Congratulations on your return to publication and continued

success in the future.

— SUSAN CONOUR
President, PPPS
Palestine, IL

Some new strategies

You did a good job (with *Tales*). I'd like to see you enlarge the scope of the magazine. I think you can reach more readers by going after the rural Midwest market. There are many rural historical societies. *Tales* could be their official publication.

You might also have your slogan reflect the importance of preserving rural American values and lifestyles. This might be a catch phrase to tug on the heart and purse strings.

Enclosed you will find a donation to help further the cause.

— MARK JOHNSON
Newark, IL

Editor's Note: Any suggestions for a slogan?

Reader requests book information

I was born and raised in a very small Illinois farming town. My father ran the general store, and I do mean general. He was also undertaker and postmaster. So your magazine is very interesting. Also, your store picture is very similar to his.

Also, on page 5 of *Tales* (No. 11) you mention a book, *Five Senses, Four Seasons*, by Harris L. Hitt. Do you know how I could order it?

— M.L. WRIGHT
Havana, IL

Editor's Note: Harris L. Hitt died in February 1989 (see letter below). For information about ordering his book, write Jane Var Publishing Co., R.R. 11, Box 129, Muncie, IN 47302.

Author and sisters visited kinfolk

My sister, Geraldine, and I enjoy *Tales*. We have a more than passing interest. As small fries, the three Hitt kids visited kinfolk in the (east central Illinois) area. At one time, long ago, our mother and her brothers and sisters owned the property as part of an inheritance.

Our brother, Harris L. Hitt, passed away in February 1989. He has three books of essays pub-

lished about life in the general location of Casey. Another is to come out, I understand, about life in a VA hospital.

— GENEVA HITT
Wichita, KS

Midwest just as rich with history

I am so glad you are bringing *Tales* back. It is needed. You have a project similar to the Foxfire books—and why shouldn't the Midwest have such, as well as the areas of Kentucky and Georgia, etc.? This area had pioneers just as much as any other area of the United States. And my ancestors were some of them. I was a Purcell, and Ray Purcell (who used to run the Bellair store) was my uncle.

Ancestors of my husband, Forrest Wright, were pioneers in the Bellair area. A great-great-grandfather is buried in the old cemetery west of Bellair.

Huldah Adkisson Fridge was my grandfather Snearly's second wife. Ray Purcell's father, mother and his brother (my father) are buried in Bethel Cemetery southeast of Yale. Eight generations of my family, including my 10-year-old son, are buried at Bethel—not only direct ancestors, but several branches. So I find geneology and history, including church history, fascinating. That includes pioneer history, also.

Best wishes and good luck.
— CLEDA W. WRIGHT
Floyds Knobs, IN

Sounds good to us

I would love to receive your publication. Sounds charming.

— DOROTHY BLAIR
Champaign, IL

A little night reading

I enjoyed hearing about *Tales* at the Central Illinois Tourism Council meeting. I opened my copy before going to bed and could not put it down! I was intrigued not only with content but quality—something that is being found less and less in journalism.

Enclosed you will find a check for all the back issues. I am looking forward to many hours of clean cut, entertaining reading.

— AUNT JODY
(Eleanor Kramin)
Rossville, IL

More than one reunion

Hooray! You're back! I grew up in Crawford County and graduated from high school in 1942 at Palestine. Over the 1989 Memorial Day weekend, this little town of 1,700 souls brought back 1,200-plus graduates for its 100th alumni year. It was a tremendous celebration.

I was surprised that you introduced Coles County into *Tales*, as we readers were of the opinion Crawford County would be the focus of *Tales*. However, Coles County does have a close kinship to Crawford County. I'm a family geneologist, and many of our people came first to Crawford, then some moved on to Coles County.

All of us who love keeping in touch with our roots are very glad to have you back in our mailboxes.

— JANE PARKER BROWN
Genoa, IL

Editor's Note: In order for more people to enjoy the magazine and to make the project more financially feasible, Tales has expanded its scope and circulation area. The magazine is distributed by the Office of Tourism through interstate Welcome Centers throughout Illinois, sent to subscribers in 35 states and inserted in 18 newspapers in Illinois and Indiana.

No junk mail

It was a pleasant surprise to find *Tales* in my mailbox today. I have always enjoyed it.

— ALICE TURNIPSEED
Pawcatuck, CT

Wild, wild Midwest

I loved reading the issue of *Tales* (No. 11) I received today. My father had one of the old Tin Lizzies. The cold winds found their way through those curtains that never stayed snapped shut.

Memories are great. I grew up in Stoy—even got in a bit of the big oil boom. Stoy was a wild, wild town at that time.

— RUTH M. GARRARD
Robinson, IL

Let 'em roll

Congratulations on getting the presses rolling again.

— BILL FURRY
Springfield, IL

We're stubborn

I'm so glad to see (*Tales*) again and that you have the persistence to carry on with your ideas, regardless of hardships.

— BARBARA CASTELLO
Benton Harbor, MI

Sharing a letter from long ago

I'm enclosing a letter my father, James G. Cramer, wrote from college at Charleston. I have been meaning to write something up on it for a long time and never got around to it.

This letter was found when the Riley Blin home was torn down a few years ago, and Catherine brought the letter to me. It is addressed to Cousin Nora, who was the wife of the late Dr. Lester Johnson of Casey. "Pa" was Amos Fouty, who raised my father and Elwood Eveland (mentioned in the letter). My father was a nephew of Pa Fouty.

The Foutys had six children of their own and raised four others. One of the daughters, Leona, married Riley Blin and their children were Rex and Catherine. I have a list of all the children somewhere, but I can't lay my hands on it right now.

My father married Ethel Freeland, also of Bellair. He was a schoolteacher and a farmer. I remember him speaking at many Memorial Day ceremonies. There were six of us Cramer kids: Harold, Dean, Edwin, Mildred, Edith and Irma.

Good luck on your new *Tales*.

— IRMA SWOPE
Marion, IL

Editor's Note: Here is the letter written by Irma Swope's father, James Cramer:

Charleston, IL

Sat. eve. 1/30/1904

Cousin Nora—

Your letter of the 21st I received last Tuesday, and was glad as usual to hear from home. I received two other letters the same day, one of them being from Geppie Kellar. He said to tell you folks all that he sent you his best wishes and to tell Elwood (Eveland) hello and good-bye.

Well, Nora, another week is passed, and to me it seems hardly a day. I can study now about all the time and it doesn't seem to hurt me, while the first week it gave me the headache. We are having some of the stiffest grammar lessons you ever saw. I

thought that I knew a little about grammar, but I can just put in 2 hrs. on a single lesson easy and then not make the best recitation in the world. I'll tell you about the arithmetic. We first took up the Metric System and exhausted that. Then we took up Multiplication. You know what it is to multiply one number by another, don't you? You know it's to take one number as many times as there are units in the other. Well you give them this definition and they will give you a grade of zero. But, you tell them, that to multiply one number by another is to perform that operation on the first which being performed on unity produces the second and explain it, you'll be given a grade of 10. We then went through division, doing fairly well, and are now knee-deep in fractions. They are easy for me tho, but for some they are monstrous. There were two fellows who came to my room yesterday evening to get me to show them how to write out the analysis of a problem. I did so, and they went away feeling quite relieved and not afraid to hand in their problems.

Since supper I have been engaged in patching my pants. I don't know exactly what was the matter with them, but they seemed to be worn out on the bottom side. I am quite an artist with the needle—tho I never knew it before. When I first found out that I was, I went up to the tailor's and got some scraps and am practicing on the art.

I have added another article to my daily program. "Base-ball." We play ball in the gymnasium every evening after four o'clock. There's also about a dozen pairs of boxing gloves in the gym, but I haven't tried them yet. I haven't felt as tho I wanted the punchin' stuffed out of me yet. I mean the stuffin' punched out of me.

The way my daily program is at present is—

a.m. 6.30. Rising
7.00. Breakfast
8.15. Arithmetic
9.00. Chapel exercises
9.25. Reading
11.35. Geography
p.m. 12.30. Dinner
2.00. Grammar
4.00. Gymnastics
5.30. Supper

I go to bed whenever I get a chance, which is every night and some time between the hours of 9-12.

We went to the Y.M.C.A.'s meeting last night and I'll tell you they have some excellent meetings. David Dewhurst, who is Clem's room-mate, was the

speaker last night. He is a fine speaker too.

Well Nora, as I want to write a little to Pa, I'll not worry your patience with anymore of my nonsense, but will just ask some of you to meet me at Yale depot Thur. evening Feb. 11 and so no more for this time.

Jim.

Foxfire continues success

Late one recent Monday afternoon, after having been on the road for at least a week, Joyce (Colborn, a Foxfire staff member) cornered me with a stack of phone messages and the admonition, "You need to return this one to Adele Simmons at MacArthur now." Adele's news that I had been awarded one of their fellowships almost knocked me down. I spent the rest of the afternoon in Dad's garden hoeing the corn and beans and just thinking—creating some quiet space between the news and the reality of Tuesday's schedule.

But since that moment—and I want to be completely honest here—something even more gratifying than the award itself has happened. Since that moment, I have received several hundred messages of support, all of them warm and enthusiastic and very personal. And I have rarely been more moved. I *knew* you all were out there, and that fact has been part of what has kept all of us going. But I never realized the extent to which we are all a community until now. This "thing" that is going on in Rabun County is bigger than all of us, and yet it continues to engage each of us in a powerful, individual way. Thank goodness.

All summer, in addition to the series of courses for teachers, I have been slowly laying the groundwork for what will be our most intensely focused school year yet, and everything is now in place. You won't hear much from us this year as teams of students and the staff and I concentrate on seven new book manuscripts and an hour-long documentary film, but come May of 1991 and our 25th birthday party, you're in for a very pleasant surprise. Now, finally, it all comes together. And it's going to be something.

Thanks for sticking with us. You can't imagine how much your support means.

— ELIOT WIGGINTON
President
The Foxfire Fund, Inc.
Rabun Gap, GA

Editor's Note: Eliot Wigginton recently received a no-strings-attached grant of \$288,000 from the MacArthur Foundation for recognition of his work with the Foxfire project.

How to Order Back Issues of Tales from the general store

Issue No. 1

General stores, hermit Walter Whittaker, Augustus C. French Maplewood estate, storyteller Thornton Stephens, frog gig-ging, subsistence farming

Issue No. 2

Hog butchering, meat curing, butter churning, dressing chickens, Homer Adkisson's homemade car, tall tale of an Irish folk hero, benefit concert in Bellair, country living, old-time country doctor and his horse, Marvin Harrison's haunted clock

Issue No. 3

Burl Ives, spring fair, furniture refinishing, rug braiding, quilting, first signs of spring and childhood memories, "An Ode to the Outhouse," "Professor Whistledick and his Cure-all Elixir" by Thornton Stephens, Palestine history

Issue No. 4

One-room schoolhouses and the teachers and students who attended them, cooking and canning with Grandma, summer barnraising, ice cream social, White's country store, Merom chautauquas, powerhouses, fishing, gathering wood

Issue No. 5

Harry Caray, early schools in Crawford County, blacksmith Jim Tingley, George Gullett's baseball memories, trapping, recycling garbage into fuel, memories of an old man, "Cyrus Peck" by Thornton Stephens, pet squirrel, train trips, superstitions

Issue No. 6

Studs Terkel, printer Moran Keller, caning chairs, making molasses, the old Sears catalog, "If Grandpa could see us now," political actions committees

Issue No. 7

Salt project in Maine, wild asparagus, Thornton Stephens collection of tales, Bellair history, Morea, how not to catch a cow, the hanging of Elizabeth Reed

Issue No. 8

Barnstorming race driver Bill Richter, fiddle player Harvey "Pappy" Taylor, "Aunt Melinda" by Thornton Stephens, old-time carpenter and Bellair restoration, prairie preservation, poetry, Walter Whittaker tribute

Issue No. 9

"Enoch's Comin'" by Ray Elliott, madstone as folk belief, memories of oil boom days, a child's pet remembered, St. Francisville history, poetry, country photo scrapbook

Issue No. 10

Thornton Stephens tribute, fortune telling with tea leaves, secret trapping bait, child discovers true fate of her grandfather, a family's pet pig, Benjamin Franklin autobiography

Issue No. 11

Oakland, old-time editors in Champaign County, the Tin Lizzie comes to terms with young sister's death, for sale: rural America

Single copies each \$2.50

Send payment with order, specifying the issue number(s) and number of copies to:

Tales from the general store, inc.

R.R. #2

Oblong, IL 62449

(Supply is limited.)

The Art Of The

TORYTELE



By Jan Wojcik

Stand-up storytellers are still spellbinding. For a moment we reflect on how they do it. We pick at the weave, but do not tear it. The next time the storyteller dazzles us, we will have a greater appreciation for some of the threads he uses to weave those seamless spells.

First, let's consider what's always true about direct, oral storytelling, as true for Homer as for Junebug Jabbo Jones.

The storyteller has a peculiarly fluid kind of memory. Like the ancient bards, the modern oral storyteller still makes the story up as it is told, even though the teller knows the general idea of the story ahead of time—how it begins, climaxes and ends. The teller also knows names, situations, stock phrases, good one-liners and other stories from which scenes and characters can be stolen. The new audience, like the past ones, admires clever thievery. To entertain, the new teller, like the old one, possesses a good sense for timing critical pauses, changes in emotional pitch and so on.

This is a very different kind of memory from the kind actors and opera singers and academic speakers use when they deliver a written text verbatim. When they do, their orality is secondary, however vivid and expressive. It reflects both a set text and a bureaucratic world view. Its tellers do not take the same kind of risks real oral tellers do (or real jazz musicians do) and so never achieve the special intimacy a really good oral teller or musician enjoys with listeners who understand that this performance was just for them.

The power and the magic occur because the teller, modern and ancient, leaves out a great deal and the experience of telling and

hearing the song turns out to be the sense of sharing values and meanings that can be left unsaid. This suggests that there is a vital connection between the memory formulas and the memory of values. Both work fast. The freshly improvised song or tale leaves the audience no time to examine what it is hearing. Like music, the sounds disappear the moment they are heard. Therefore, the implicit values that the song or tale conveys come too fast to be accepted uncritically as fundamental values neither singer nor audience need take time to question.

To get away with this, the singer or teller has to be a good technician and a good moralist; he has to know instinctively what he can get away with. The good ones become teachers because they are able to insert under our thick skins values we perhaps did not know we had, yet which we suddenly find not unfamiliar. It is therefore absolutely critical that the teller or singer leaves the audience no time to look things up in the library or to check a crib sheet. And it is equally critical that there is no written version of the tale or song to look up and linger over, to check against the oral version we

heard. There must be no time for interrogations. You cannot button this free speech in prison stripes of black and white.

But now let us ask the question, is there any specially modern magic to the art of the storyteller? Is there something a modern secular storyteller does that no Homer or no archaic shaman working in a rich, oral, illiterate tradition even today could do?

The simplest answer is yes. Our modern storyteller directs oral stories to people who mostly know how to read. They watch television, talk on the telephone, read and write to each other via modems. They are children of print and electronics. When they listen to directly delivered oral stories, they are listening to an alternative way of learning and being entertained. What do they get when they listen now?

We can learn at least one answer to this question by observing what the modern Mohawk Indians today do with their ancient, oral tradition of storytelling. Their reservation straddles the border between Canada and the United States in northern New York state. They are the northern most tribe of the Iroquois nation. They wear

Western dress, drive cars, live in frame houses, work as construction workers, watch TV, run high-stakes gambling operations, sell discount cigarettes and feud frequently with themselves and with the authorities of both nations on their borders who would still like to curb their wild ways. Yet for all their modernity, the myth continually punctuates their lives. I have heard a Mohawk biologist use the myth to explain the peculiarly Mohawk attitude with which he requests that officials from a nearby aluminum plant curb the flow of PCBs they dump into a reservation river.

The earliest version I have found is a written transcription of an oral recitation of an illiterate oral speaker made in 1900. I know of nine other versions, five published by the Indians themselves. All follow the same basic plot. All of them vary details greatly. By looking at two printed versions, you can compare what they suggest about the meaning of the prior, core, oral story in this day and age of print.

In the 1900 version, the Sky God tears up the Sacred Tree in a rage upon finding his consort pregnant by another male. He pushes her

through the hole. She falls to earth, giving birth to a daughter. The daughter dies giving birth to two sons. One invents all the "right things" such as flowers, berries and deer. The other invents all the "sinister things" such as thorns, poison and wolves.

The April 27, 1989, issue of *Indian Times*, the tribal newspaper, reports some sinister events. A New York State Trooper intercepted a truckload of cigarettes being smuggled onto the reservation; elsewhere, rifle shots were fired at the headquarters of the native police on the Canadian side of the border. Yet the issue also publishes the second installment of the serialization of yet another version of the Iroquois Creation Myth by Tom Porter, a traditional Mohawk storyteller. It is as if the ancient story was still news.

Tom Porter's version is self-consciously anachronistic. The great tree at the center of heaven is called the "tree of life" whose fruits or roots one is not supposed to eat while they remain attached to the tree. Despite their possessing ESP, the pregnant wife becomes moody, as pregnant women "frequently" do. She demands her husband grub up a root to make her tea. He fearfully does so. A hole opens up. He retreats in terror. His wife angrily dismisses his story when he tells her what happens.

"I should have known not to send a weak and lazy fool to do my job," she says. Then she goes to look herself, falls through the hole, lands on earth, gives birth to a daughter. She dies giving birth to two sons. One invents rivers that flow in two directions "like the modern interstate highways." The other son kicked and punched all the rivers until "he broke the two currents of the river and

Continued on page 16



Photo courtesy of the Palestine Preservation Projects Society

This poultry house in Palestine was owned by Bethel Martin, a contractor and builder of abutments and iron bridges. He also bought poultry, eggs, hides and junk, and shipped to the city markets two to four times a week. During the

busy season, he had six to seven hands and worked about 20 out of 24 hours a day. This picture, circa 1908, features Martin, Amos Earleywine, Bill Cobb and Jim McDaniel.

Did You Know...

Word travels fast

Charles Barney of Racine, WI, read an Associated Press story about the Tales project in his local paper last June. He wanted to learn more about *Tales*, but there was no address given in the story. But Barney took a chance and sent a letter with an incomplete address. On the front of the envelope, he wrote: "Tales from the general store, Bellair, IL, Attn: Ray Elliott." The letter was postmarked in Racine on June 16 and reached Bellair on June 22. What makes the story noteworthy is the fact that the post office in Bellair hasn't been in operation since 1934.

Meet in St. Louis

For a lot less money than you would spend for a riverfront hotel room in St. Louis, you can enjoy the old-fashioned charm of an 1876 Queen Anne mansion without sacrificing modern conveniences. Lafayette House is a bed & breakfast owned by Sarah and Jack Milligan. It's located just off Lafayette Square in St. Louis and a short bus or cab ride from the Riverfront area and Busch

Stadium. A night's stay includes a full breakfast the following morning that rivals the finest hotel restaurant. Call 314/772-4429 for details.

A great place for supper is just on the other side of the square at 2001 Park Ave. Ricardo's offers Italian cuisine at very reasonable prices. The cozy cafe atmosphere is great to relax in after a long day of shopping or just before a Cardinals' night game. Owners and brothers Mark and Kevin Adams serve up pasta, steak, veal, chicken and seafood in wonderful Italian recipes, such as linguini with asparagus and linguini pesce, which includes shrimp, crab meat and clams in a butter sauce or seasoned tomato sauce. And they're pretty nice folks, too.

Look up the family

If you are interested in searching for your roots, your family name may be on file at the Mormon Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. The library, maintained by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, contains almost 2 billion names—almost a third of everyone who

has ever lived since records have been kept. (The church does not copy records more recent than 1910 to preserve individuals' privacy.)

There are also Family History Centers, extensions of the main library, in many towns and cities across the country. For information, write to the church: Genealogical Department, Dept. P, 35 N. West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150 or call 801/531-2331.

For old times' sake

Because of the vanishing rural landscape, the National Trust for Historic Preservation has begun the "Barn Again!" program to restore old and deteriorating barns that are historically significant. The goal is to "make preservation easy, understandable, practical and cost-effective," says project director Mary Humstone.

The trust is building a database of information from folks who have successfully restored their old barns. They want to share that knowledge with anyone who has a barn to be born again. A free booklet, titled "Guide to Barn Re-

habilitation," is available from: National Trust for Historic Preservation, 511 16th Street, Suite 700, Denver, CO 80202.

A warm glow

It is a good time to check your fireplace over for the coming season. The secret of a well-burning fire is a clean flue. Soot and creosote collect along the walls of the flue. If the buildup becomes hot enough, it can ignite and cause one fire you don't want. Scratch the coating of soot and creosote in the flue with a poker. If the layer exceeds a quarter of an inch, you should have the flue cleaned.

A picture's worth

A new book from the University of Illinois Press may turn up a familiar face or two. *Chicago and Downstate: Illinois as Seen by the Farm Security Administration Photographers, 1936-1943* is a collection of photos taken back then to document the U.S. government's program of assistance to rural communities. Sections such as "Downstate,"

"The Great Flood" and "Distress in Southern Illinois" feature Peoria, Danville and other areas.

The book has been published to enhance a historical exhibit sponsored by the Illinois Arts Council. The exhibit is traveling to cities and towns throughout Illinois and is scheduled to be at the Illinois State Museum in Springfield by September 1990.

Tut tut

Tutankhamen's tomb is located in northeastern Illinois—well, a complete replica of it, anyhow. Created by Jim Onan, who resides in a pyramid (that's right, a pyramid) in Wadsworth, IL, the tomb is filled with reproductions of many Egyptian artifacts.

Onan is an avid scholar of Egyptology. So much so, he built a 54-foot high, gold-plated pyramid as a home for his family. In an area of mostly small farms and open fields, it draws quite a bit of attention.

In nearby Gurnee, he built his version of King Tut's tomb, which is open to the public.

— Adelaide Faurie

A walk through history down

Edwardsville

MAIN STREET

By Scott Nygeres

Today, Main Street is bustling with commerce and trade. Within a year or two, the Mark Twain Plaza will be completed, ushering Main Street and Edwardsville into a new era and a new century of growth and industry.

In little less than 180 years, Main Street has grown from a handful of tiny log cabins sheltering a few settlers in an untamed wilderness into the county seat of one of the fastest growing residential areas in the state.

Main Street was "born" sometime in 1812. The Kirkpatrick brothers of South Carolina—John, James and Francis—entered a claim for 100 acres of land situated on a high bluff above Cahokia Creek, which today is located slightly northeast of the far north end of Main Street. Once settled, they built several log cabins for other settlers, who soon began to arrive, lured by the prospect of good, cheap land.

Although the first pioneers primarily settled in this area (near present-day O Street), some people did settle at the far north end of Main Street. One of the cabins still exists, although heavily modified and expanded. The bungalow at 1712 N. Main contains one of the original cabins deep within its yellow siding; what is now the living room is the perimeter of the log cabin. It is the oldest structure in Edwardsville and the last link with the early days of the city.

Once the Kirkpatricks and their friends were settled, governor of the Illinois Territory Ninian Edwards ordered the creation of a new county to be named in honor of President Madison. Edwards specified that the county seat should be in the area settled by the Kirkpatricks, in fact, right in Thomas Kirkpatrick's home. While the home served as the county seat, the Kirkpatricks began work on a more permanent and proper site—what later became the Lincoln School area. This site, deemed Edwardsville's first public square, also housed the jail, land

office and clerk's office, in addition to the courthouse. The project was completed in 1817 and the county government was moved to the new site, most likely to the relief of Mr. Kirkpatrick.

A post office was built in 1822 and an Indian agency soon followed, both of which were located where Rusty's Restaurant is today. (One surviving wall of the agency is inside the restaurant.) The Indian agency for established to deal with the problems of the local Indian tribes and the increasing number of settlers.

Undoubtedly, the best-known land trade ever to occur at the agency was the purchase of the Kickapoo Indians' tribal land for \$3,000. It was this purchase that opened up more land for newly

arriving settlers to populate the region.

On Feb. 23, 1819, Edwardsville was officially founded, named in honor of Ninian Edwards, the "benefactor" of the city. It is the third oldest city in Illinois.

By 1834, the courthouse had become too small for the ever-growing county's purposes. It was razed and a new courthouse was built on the same site in 1835. Although larger than the first, it was hardly an architectural improvement. The flimsy log structure had only a dirt floor, and the second floor could only be reached by a rickety ladder. Portly and elderly jurors and judges took their lives into their own hands when they tried to attend to their duties. Indeed, the structure was so poor

that when the Reverend Lorenzo Dow came to Edwardsville to preach, he refused to enter the building, which he claimed was "fit only for a hog pen."

Edwardsville continued to grow and prosper, and by 1840, the county seat had become busy enough to merit a hotel for the flow of visitors and traveling businessmen. The Edwardsville Hotel, built on the corner of Main and W. Union, soon became a major stop for the stagecoach from Springfield to St. Louis, and later, on the Vandalia-St. Louis route.

The hotel soon garnered a reputation for being quite a social center. Both its second floor and a rear addition were used for recreation and social events frequented by Edwardsville's elite.

Within a few years, the stagecoach routes through the city expanded, and Edwardsville became known as a breakfast stop for them.

In the 1870s, the Wabash Railroad laid tracks through town, and the hotel was renamed in honor of the rail line. The Wabash Hotel continued to flourish, but was later converted to a grocery store, tenement house, and presently, as a group of apartments.

Contrary to folklore, Abraham Lincoln never stayed in the Wabash Hotel. The only recorded overnight visit by Lincoln was at 606 N. Main, then known as the Gillespie House and presently known as Liz's Shirt Shack. On a side trip from Alton, Lincoln visited his friend, Dr. Gillespie, and decided to spend the night there. It was recorded that Lincoln was so tall that he bumped his head on the doorway when entering the house, leaving quite an impression on both the house and himself.

While Lincoln never stayed at the Wabash, Sen. Stephen Douglas did several times. Lincoln dined at the Wabash on occasion, and when the two friends chanced to meet at the hotel, they would dine together.

While the north end of Main Street was thriving, the constant influx of settlers pushed development further and further south. When time came to rebuild the shabby courthouse, the residents of "uptown" had enough clout to move the location to its present site. In an effort to shift the courthouse to uptown, some wealthy residents donated the land which is the present site of the courthouse. The building was completed in 1857 and Madison County could finally boast of a proper courthouse.

The site abandoned by the county became the location of Lincoln School in 1911. Lincoln School was the segregated school for black children until 1952, when it was integrated. The school closed in 1960 and is now a small



Photos by Steve Brown/Edwardsville Intelligencer

Architecture from another time blends in with more modern additions on Main Street in Edwardsville.



This ornamentation adorns the north entrance of the courthouse in Edwardsville.

shopping and business area.

After building onto the courthouse in 1891, the county government once again decided that it was time to expand. A proposal for a new courthouse was put on the ballot in 1905, 1906 and 1907. It was defeated each time. However, in 1912, a new proposal was approved by the voters and work on a new courthouse began in 1914.

But before groundbreaking could begin, some politicking had to be done. Both Granite City and Alton, bustling cities themselves, envied Edwardsville's status with the state government. Both cities waged publicity campaigns to gain control of the county seat, but the efforts ended in failure.

In 1914, the old courthouse was razed to make way for the new building. A temporary court was set up at the home of Dr. Joseph Pogue on Vandalia and Johnson streets. Robert J. Kirsch of St. Louis designed the new building, and the construction was overseen by N. Clifford Ricker, dean of the University of Illinois School of Architecture.

When the cornerstone of the courthouse was laid, a copper box containing old photos of Edwardsville, along with copies of the *Intelligencer* and other papers, were placed inside. The building opened in 1916 at the cost of \$301,960.12.

With the increasing population came an increase in crime. By the late 1860s, the increase in crimes prompted the construction of a separate building for law enforcement. The Madison County sheriff's house and jail, completed in 1869 by Alonzo Keller, was heralded as the definitive modern jail. However, just 100 years later, it was criticized by many as antiquated and structurally unsound. After the new county jail was completed in 1980, the razing of the old jail was called for, but preservationists fought for the jail's survival. The jail and the sheriff's residence were demolished a few years later.

As the population of Edwardsville grew, the residents began to grow restless for entertainment. In 1884, A.G. Tuxhorn built a combination hardware store and opera house. The building, which today is the Treasure Trove bookstore, housed the hardware on the first floor and the 300-seat opera house on the second floor. A skywalk connected the theater to the adjacent St. James Hotel.

The St. James Hotel was built in 1875 at a cost of \$20,000 by Hugh Kirkpatrick, grandson of Thomas Kirkpatrick. Originally built to accommodate 75 people, it was later expanded to serve more than 100 people. The hotel, one of the finest in the area, boasted steam-heated rooms, electricity, large sitting rooms and a restaurant popular with the locals. Its location in the county seat made it ideal for visiting businessmen, politicians and local political conventions.

The hotel continued to operate until Oct. 12, 1932, when a fire destroyed a great deal of the structure. The owner of the hotel, citing the \$25,000 in damages, decided to raze the structure instead of rebuilding it.

The Tuxhorn Opera House served residents until 1908. That year, a group of residents, in conjunction with the International Order of Odd Fellows, formed an investment group to build a new, larger opera house. The result was the Wildey Theatre, named in honor of the IOOF's founder, Thomas Wildey. When the building was completed in 1909, A.G. Tuxhorn closed his opera house to become the manager of the new Wildey. It initially served as a vaudeville house, which drew crowds from as far away as St. Louis. In the late 1920s, it was converted into a movie house. The likes of Al Jolson, W.C. Fields, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Ginger Rogers and Donald O'Connor all graced the Wildey stage at one time or another. After closing in 1984, the building was renovated and presently serves as a convention and meeting building.

In addition to the St. James Hotel, Main Street boasted two other hotels. The larger of the two was the Star Hotel, located at the corner of Main and Vandalia. The Star, run by Ike Schwartz, was built in 1925, and was touted as a model hotel. It operated until Aug. 21, 1934, when it caught fire. The fire was so strong that the fire departments of Collinsville, Wood River and Granite City were called in for assistance. More than \$150,000 in damages were sustained in what was one of Edwardsville's worst fires of all time. When the remains were carted again, Schwartz built again.

The smaller of the hotels was the Leland Hotel, located partially on the Mark Twain Bank property and partially on the old Vanzo's property. The Leland was built in 1882 and operated in conjunction with the St. James Hotel after 1895. After the larger part of the hotel was destroyed to make way for the bank, the small portion continued to operate until 1963.

As Edwardsville makes way for the new Mark Twain Plaza and the 1990s, one can only speculate as to what new buildings will be built. Perhaps, decades down the road, some of the modern buildings along Main Street will be considered beautiful antiques and great efforts will be made to preserve them. Perhaps someday, all of the old buildings may be torn down and Main Street's history will be forgotten.

Let us hope that does not happen, for the history of Main Street is rich and interesting indeed.

Scott Nyerges is a senior at Edwardsville High School from Glen Carbon. He researched his article at the Madison County Historical Society. This story originally appeared in the Edwardsville Intelligencer.

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& Sons

The Story of a Family Business

By Ray Elliott

"The Heath bar?" she said, half in question, half in exclamation, her eyes lighting up like just-turned-on Christmas tree lights. "That's my favorite candy bar. I just love those little things."

Ask just about anybody and they'll tell you the same thing. That'd make you think the Heath bar would be the No. 1 selling candy bar in the country. But then ask them when was the last time they bought one. Invariably they'll answer, "Oh, a few months ago."

To test this a final time, I asked the woman, a native of New York City who was transplanted to the Midwest several years ago, when was the last time she had had one.

She paused, put a finger to her lips and looked upward a few seconds, thinking back, and finally said, "Oh, I don't know—four or five months ago, I guess. But I don't eat much candy."

I laughed and told her that was what everybody said. She gave me a puzzled look when I told her the Heath bar had been developed and was made in Robinson, IL.

"Why I didn't know that," she said. "I thought they were made—I don't know where. But I thought they were an English toffee bar."

They are, I told her, but Robinson is the only place they've ever been made. That's what I thought was the greatest thing about them when I was growing up on the banks of the North Fork of the Embarras River in Bellair 20 miles northwest of Robinson.

I'd go into the Bellair general store after roaming the countryside to get a bottle of Royal Crown Cola and a package of Planter's peanuts to dump in it and the "Eat Heath" imbedded in the Heath bar logo would jump out at me every time. If I had a nickel to

spare, I'd buy one now and then. But I'll have to confess, that was only every few months. An ounce of candy just wasn't enough for a hungry boy with a sweet tooth.

Still I thought of the Heath bar as the best tasting little candy bar in the country. And later, when I was away from home, out on the road, in the service and overseas, I'd buy one occasionally just to have a little taste that reminded me of home.

In those days I looked at the Heath candy bar and what little I knew about the Heath family as

what God, Mother and Apple Pie were all about. I suppose that was in much the same way the townspeople looked at Richard Cory in Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem about things not really being what they seem.

Of course, the story of the Heath candy bar is the American dream come true. Shortly after the Civil War ended, Heath family patriarch, L.S. Heath, was born to a poor family in a log cabin near Heathsville, IL, a place named after his family who were early settlers in the area a few miles



northeast of Vincennes, IN.

He tells his version of the Heath story in an autobiography, *My Footsteps on the Sands of Time*, written at the urging of his children when he was in his mid-80s and published in 1955 just prior to his death. Other information on the story comes from surviving members of the family, the Heath company literature and

the Heath file from the Robinson *Daily News*.

The historical part is relatively clear. His father died when he was not quite three, and Heath grew up in near poverty. Yet by hard work and thrift, he managed to save a little money and went away for a 10-week term at Central Normal College in Danville, IN, in 1887 when he was 17.

A graduate of the college named J.E. Sherrill who had a successful book publishing business in Indianapolis addressed the students at chapel one morning. He told the students that "keeping everlastingly at it will bring success."

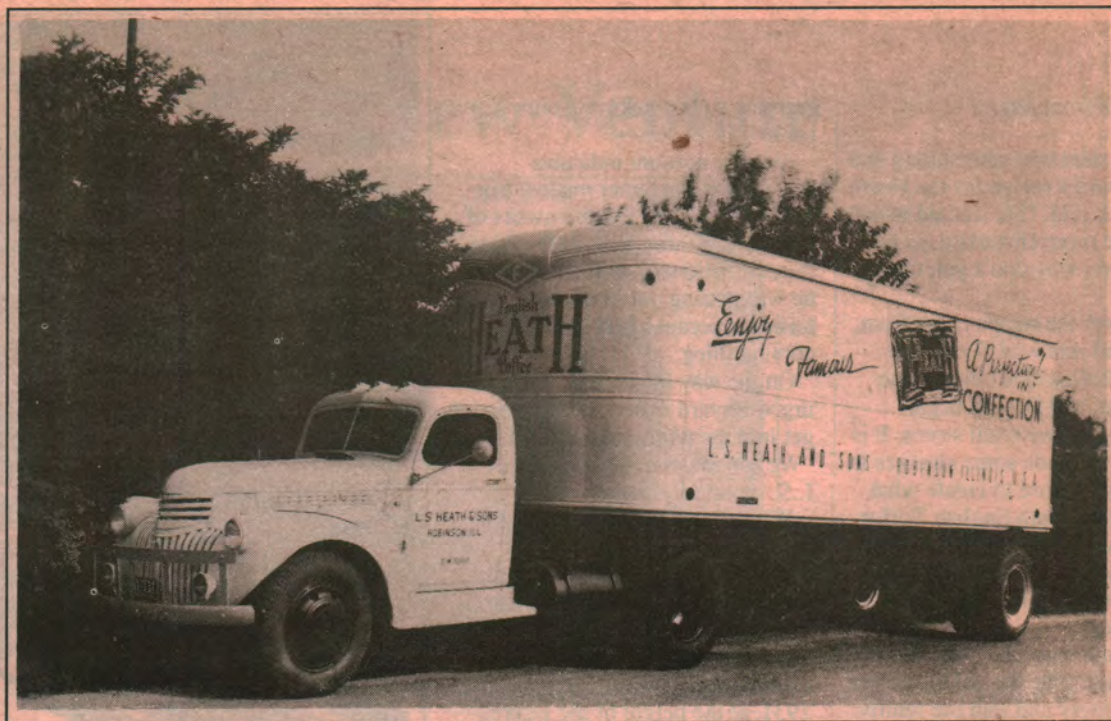
Heath said he wrote that in the "fly leaf of (his) Algebra book" and followed the advice for the rest of his life. Upon his return from college, he worked on the farm until he found his first teaching job for a five-month winter term in 1889-90 at Union School in the northeast part of Lawrence County.

For most of the next 19 years, Heath taught school, served as principal or attended a college or university. He graduated from Austin College in Effingham, IL, in two years because of the credits he had earned at Central Normal and subsequently taught Latin and Greek at Austin.

In August 1900, he entered the University of Illinois and graduated in a year. By this time, he had a wife and four children to support. He also supported his mother and continued teaching until the summer of 1908. That summer he went back to Robinson, with another child now, and



L.S. Heath & Sons was a family business from the start. Seated at left in this 1943 photo is founder and patriarch L.S. Heath. His sons, from left to right, are Vernon, Virgil, Bayard and Everett.



All photos courtesy of the Crawford County Historical Society

At left is a display of Heath products manufactured and bottled at the company plant on South Jackson Street in Robinson. This display greeted visitors touring the Heath facilities, circa the 1940s and early 1950s. Above, an L.S. Heath & Sons truck and trailer (circa 1941) was used to transport the Heath English Toffee Bar to an expanding national market.

saw the "streets of Robinson were filled with people from the oil fields of Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and other states" who had swarmed to the area when oil was discovered. He decided to move home to "cast (his) fortune with the boom" and bought a home with the \$400 he had saved from teaching, securing the rest of the needed \$2,400 in first and second mortgages and loans.

The second day he was back in town he went to work for the city council doing engineering work until the regular engineer returned. For the next six years, Heath worked as a surveyor, sold some insurance and real estate, rented the "three upstairs rooms (in the family home) to workers in the oil fields" and even bought a cow and sold milk to his neighbors at a nickel a quart.

His wife, the former Clara Ella Frye, did the milking and Bayard and Everett, the two older boys, delivered the milk. His job, Heath wrote, "was to keep the books and handle the money." Using folding beds, the family occupied the four downstairs rooms of the house.

Because of his growing family and expenses, he then took a position as assistant postmaster in Robinson for \$100 a month. All the while his boys worked "to further the income of the family" until finally in 1914 the family home was his free and clear.

But by this time he had two sons who had finished school and were in need of employment. B.G. Olwin had a confectionery and soda fountain for sale on the west side of the Robinson square for \$3,000. Determined to start a

family business there in spite of advice from some friends to the contrary, Heath bought the business. This time he mortgaged the family home for \$1,600 and the business for the rest of the money.

"I appreciated the advice," Heath wrote of his friends who counseled him against buying the place, including one who had told him it would take a lot of Coca-Colas even to pay the \$60 monthly rent, "but disregarded it and closed the deal on Jan. 7, 1914.

"It is not always best to disregard the advice of friends, but in the final analysis it is usually best for one to decide matters for himself. If a person depends much on the thinking of others he eventually forms a habit of doing so. One must know his own abilities and limitations and make his own decisions in matters of importance."

Heath's instincts had been correct. The confectionery was successful from the start. Years later, Bayard wrote in the *Robinson Daily News* that "for nearly 18 years it was very popular for young and old alike. It was a good place to enjoy ... soft drinks, good food and delicious candy items ... pleasant visits with good friends and neighbors ... (and) it was virtually athletic headquarters for this area and results of football and basketball games were posted in the window."

The confectionery, operated by Bayard and Everett, sold soda fountain items, cigars, tobacco, ice cream and candies. But it was the ice cream and the candies that

were emphasized.

"This is the open season for candy," an ad flyer dated Dec. 18, 1914, says. "No license is needed, no hunting necessary. Just come to HEATH BROS. CONFECTIONERY, No. 11, West Side Square where there is kept on hands at all times a fresh supply of those wonderful delicious HOME-MADE CANDIES in variety to suit every taste.

"When mention is made of home-made candy, most people think only of peanut brittle, taffy and fudge. We want to correct this impression, and we can best do so by enumerating some of the things we make. Here they are ..."

The ad goes on to name at least 34 different kinds or variations of candies and included, according to a later writer, "a complete line of homemade candies, very similar to the Fannie Mae candies of today"—peanut brittle, fudge, caramels, taffy, mints, bon bons, nougats, creams and pudding. But no Heath toffee. That was to come later.

A Frenchman by the name of Maurice Jouquet, who had been employed by the former owner, made both the ice cream and the candy. Jouquet worked for the business until shortly after Bayard and Everett returned from their service in World War I. Other family members operated the business during their absence.

During those early years, the Heath brothers, continuing the tradition of the former owner and with Jouquet's help, established the quality of the candies they sold. The ad mentioned above said the candies were not only of the "finest flavor" and "pure and wholesome," but that the "highest quality of ingredients enter into their manufacture."

"In buying candy for the

children, don't think just any kind will do," the ad says. "Just remember that children hold about the same views concerning 'tolerably good' candy as you do a 'tolerably good' egg."

Most of the same candies and ice creams continued to be made after Jouquet left, and the confectionery continued to prosper. All along, the elder Heath had pursued his entrepreneurial bent. As a result of the initial success of the confectionery in the first year, he built a small ice cream factory on South Jackson Street on the site of what would later house the Heath company.

The building cost \$1,600. Ice cream was first made there on April 9, 1915, to supply wholesale accounts and the confectionery. But with no home freezers and another ice cream company in town, business was slow.

In the beginning, Heath had only 11 wholesale accounts: five in Robinson, two in Palestine, two in Oblong, one in Hutsonville and one in Flat Rock. Dirt roads and a lack of demand for ice cream made Heath give serious thought to his business venture.

"In our early years our struggle was a hard one," he wrote later. "I almost wished several times that I had heeded my friends and kept out of business. It was difficult at times to pay our help and meet our obligations."

Evidently, though, he heeded Sherrill's advice from years before to keep "everlastingly at it" because he ultimately succeeded, with his family's help. With the profits from the factory and the store, Heath bought "a third interest in the Robinson Title and Realty at No. 5 East Side Square" in 1917.

Two years later, he began churning butter at the ice cream

factory and business picked up. A year later, he bought out his competitor, The Model Ice Cream Company, and the Robinson Bottling Works. The later enabled him to put out 40 cases of pop a day.

That same year, he bought the rest of the Title and Realty Company and ran it by himself until he sold it in 1921. The real estate, insurance and abstract business provided money to buy the churning equipment that increased business at the factory. It was that increase and the resultant demands on his time that prompted him to sell the Title and Realty Company.

Meanwhile, Everett sold his interest in the confectionery to Bayard and moved to Indianapolis to operate retail ice cream stores. He subsequently sold out and returned to Robinson to join his father and younger brother, Virgil, in the L.S. Heath & Sons ice cream, creamery and bottling business.

By the late 1920s, Bayard had developed what eventually became the Heath candy bar. Reportedly, the recipe for the toffee came from a candy called "Trail Toffee" from some Greek candy makers in Champaign, IL. That has never been confirmed. But P.G. Vriner, former owner of Vriner's Confectionery in Champaign that was established in 1898, says people have asked him if the original recipe came from the store. He says he has no idea.

Many little confectioneries were scattered around the Midwest in the early part of the century. Salesmen traveled the country selling chocolate. That's where the recipe originated, according to Everett's son, Dick.

Continued on page 12

Continued from page 11

"Some salesman came along and gave Bayard a recipe for the Heath bar," Dick said. "He wanted to sell him some more chocolate, so he said, 'Here, why don't you try this?'"

Wherever the recipe came from, it was well received. Travelers took the bulk toffee chips home with them, and Bayard began selling it to other retail stores. It is said that he made some changes in flavor and texture to create what became the Heath English Toffee Bar, using "choice almonds, pure creamery butter, cane sugar and coating it with a high-grade chocolate."

For some time, the elder Heath had been urging Bayard to sell the confectionery and join the family firm. Some reports indicate it was because L.S. wanted him at the firm with "the idea of expanding the wholesale candy sales." Not everybody agrees with that.

"Mr. Heath never thought much of the candy business because it wasn't his idea," Heath's grandson, Jack Morris, says today. "The bitterness (in the family) ultimately erupted near the end of his career when he took credit for the Heath bar. He fought it from day one."

"Of course, they could never say that because he controlled the purse strings. All I can tell you is that if you worked there, you knew the difference. The dairy, which was his, had nothing but modern equipment. If you went over to the candy plant, you were

carrying sugar sacks on your back."

Another account indicates Bayard and his father made a trip to Terre Haute to sell the owner of Gillis Drug Store bulk toffee from the confectionery. Gillis told them he was getting out of the bulk business because bars were the coming thing.

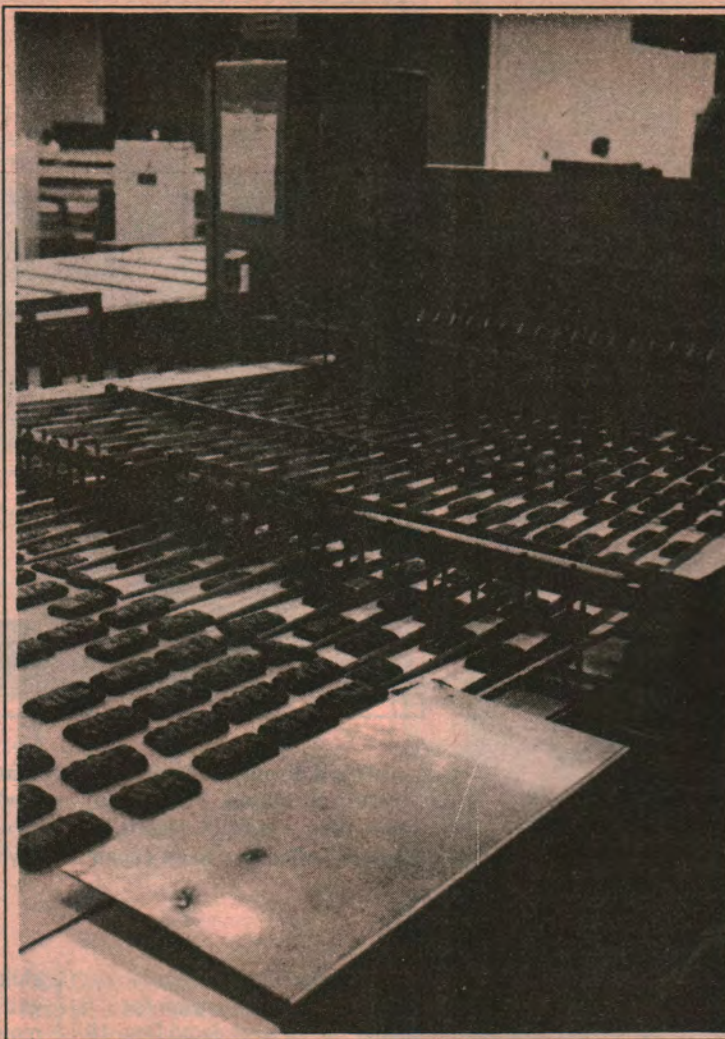
On the way home, L.S. again urged Bayard to sell the store and get into the wholesale business. "We can make a million dollars," L.S. reportedly said.

Whatever the case, Bayard sold the confectionery to George A. Connett in November 1931 and moved his candy making equipment to the family business on South Jackson Street. The first Heath bars were made on Dec. 31, 1931, at the height of the Depression and nearly 18 years after the Heath brothers opened the store on the Robinson square.

Candy bars at the time were about four ounces and sold for a nickel. The Heath bar was only an ounce. Most everyone in the candy business thought it would never sell because it was too small. But even then it was a favorite to those who tried it.

Sales continued to grow and in 1935, the fourth brother, Vernon, was persuaded to leave his position as night editor of the Decatur (IL) *Herald* and join the family firm. L.S. now had all four sons in business with him.

That same year, the small bottling operation received a tremendous boost when L.S. Heath & Sons received the first



The Heath English Toffee Bar moves down the conveyor belt after being coated with chocolate and prior to being wrapped.

Pepsi Cola bottling franchise in Illinois. The dairy operation continued to grow, picking up raw milk from area farmers and delivering pasteurized milk on local doorsteps.

In 1940, the Heath Oil Company

hit a "big-time well" that made an expansion of the facilities on South Jackson possible. Then in 1942, the company signed a contract with the government to supply the Heath bar to military installations.

Company literature indicates that the contract "has since been determined to be the major event toward the growth for the Heath English Toffee Bar." It brought the exposure and name recognition to a generation of Americans around the world who fought in World War II and created, the literature says, "a broad base of consumers who would remain loyal to the Heath brand for many years to come."

No doubt there is some truth to that. But two men who participated in the Normandy Invasion on June 6, 1944, don't remember seeing a Heath bar while they were in the military. Wayne Foran, Bement, IL, served on an LST in the navy and says they had candy in the ship's stores.

"So they probably had them there," he said. "I don't ever remember a Heath bar. Don't remember much candy at all."

John Dart, Annapolis, IL, served in the army with a tank battalion and says he remembers candy in field rations.

"It wasn't a Heath bar, though," he said. "I would've known them if I'd seen 'em."

Shortly after the war was over and the service men began drifting home, the company incorporated and became L.S. Heath & Sons, Inc. Keeping with his desire for a family business, L.S. issued shares of stock to himself, his four sons, his two daughters, Ruby Heath Dowling and Mary Heath Morris, and each of his grandchildren then living.

Along with the rest of the country, the Heath company enjoyed the post-war boom and prospered. The Heath Toffee Ice Cream Bar was introduced in the 1950s and licensed for distribution nationwide. Produced under the auspices of the dairy division of the company, it flourished while the dairy floundered and was sold in 1963.

During the late 1950s and well into the 1960s, the second generation of the family directed the company. But the third generation, the founder's grandchildren, had come of age and were bringing new philosophies and ideas of management to the company. The patriarch who had held the family together by whatever means necessary had been dead for years.

Dick, who became a member of the Board of Directors at age 20 when his father died in 1951, spearheaded an effort to sell the company to Liggett and Meyers in 1968. The tobacco giant was wanting to diversify because of the public's negative perception of the tobacco industry.

Jack Morris, in his 20s at the time, "had literally grown up with the company" and adamantly opposed the takeover plan. By a 4-3 vote, the Board of Directors vetoed the sale.

Family members left the company amid charges and counter



Employees in the 1950s hand-box the Heath English Toffee Bar, which, by this time, was already known as "America's finest candy bar."

Starting a New Venture

charges that never reached a full public forum but caused wounds that haven't healed completely to this day. Yet, like any family, there remains a bonding that only blood relations can know.

Dick maintains that the ultimate sale of the company was inevitable. He thinks the sale would have been best for the family and for Robinson. The family would have been taken care of, he says, and Robinson would have been the "flagship of the Liggett and Meyers foods division," thus creating many jobs for area residents.

"Robinson is the big loser," he says.

Morris doesn't agree. He wanted the family business to remain intact. And when the Heath company was finally backed into a corner, as he puts it, by minority shareholders' sale of 49 percent of the stock in 1987 to Leaf, Inc., makers of Whoppers, PayDay, Milk Duds and other candy products, and the remaining 51 percent of the stock was sold to the company in 1989, Morris founded Bay-Mor Investments, Inc. "as a legacy to family businesses everywhere."

Other family members who would have opinions are dead, don't want to discuss it or couldn't be reached for comment. Regardless, the Heath company and family hung on to the business for another 20 years, fought over other takeover attempts, modernized its operation and found its strategic direction under Morris' leadership.

Few family businesses in America today can match the Heath's record of 75 years together. The downfall of the family-run and owned business is inevitable, Dick believes, because of the laws of nature—values, friends, wives and a host of other variables. And even without those variables, the 55 percent estate tax and 28 percent capital gains tax facing family stockholders makes retaining ownership from generation to generation almost impossible.

Ironically, James Hanlon, a member of the Heath management team at the time of the Liggett and Meyers buyout attempt who went on to become president of Leaf, successfully negotiated the acquisition of the company. With the closing of the Heath family part of the story, another chapter in the Heath English Toffee Bar begins.

For a longer look at the Heath story, you'll have to turn to Dick Heath, currently serving two consecutive four-year sentences for mail and wire fraud at the United States Penitentiary in Marion, IL. He's at work on a book about the Heath family.

"The story," he says, "is wild, unusual, nostalgic, interesting, unbelievable, unique, deadly and about every adjective you can think of."



The Bay-Mor staff, Jack Morris, Ronald Bailey Sr., Ronald Bailey Jr. and Marcia Elder, all left Heath after the Leaf, Inc., buyout.

In 1914 L.S. Heath, a moderately successful former teacher and sometime entrepreneur, mortgaged the family home and bankrolled his family's venture into a confectionery and soda fountain business on the west side of the square in Robinson, IL. From those humble beginnings, the business eventually grew into an internationally known candy company.

Some 75 years later, John L. "Jack" Morris Jr., a grandson of L.S. Heath and the only family member still actively involved with the company when it failed to stave off a takeover bid and was bought out by Leaf Inc. in January 1989, took the \$35 million (he won't say this for the record, but that's the figure reported in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*) from the proceeds of the sale of the remaining 51 percent of company stock still in family hands and opened a venture capital firm on the other side of the Robinson square.

Morris, chairman of the board and principal of the venture capital company, Bay-Mor Investments Inc., formed "the Heath investment partnership pool" to help bankroll relatively small companies in need of capital to assist them in avoiding what happened to the Heath company and to spur economic development in America's heartland. Joining him in the new firm is former Heath president Ronald K. Bailey Sr. as president and chief executive officer. His son, Ronald Jr., also a former Heath employee, is chief financial officer. Former Heath administrative assistant Marcia Elder is the company's secretary.

In mid-August, six months after its doors were opened for business, the firm invested in its first company. While it is not a substantial investment for its present bankroll, Bailey Sr. and Morris are pleased with their chances to lay solid groundwork for a positive track record with the first closing in well over a hundred companies they have so far investigated.

"The only thing I can tell you about it," Bailey said, declining to name the company or the product, which is not yet on the market, "is that it's in the computer industry. The main thing they're selling, what they got the patent on, is what I call a disk. Only it's not a round floppy disk, and it's not a round hard disk. It's a board, a magnetic board. They think they've got a breakthrough in that, and they convinced us.

"Right now they're located in Huntsville (AL). There's thought to coming around here, around the Evansville area. And I think that's going to happen."

If it does happen, Bay-Mor's stated philoso-

phy of investing in companies and contributing to the economic development of the area inside and bordered by a line from Chicago to St. Louis to Nashville to Cincinnati is off and running. To show its sincerity, the company has deposited a million dollars in banks in each of those cities and a like amount in banks in Springfield, Indianapolis and Louisville.

Besides the unique aspect of a venture capital company being located in a small Midwestern town of 7,500, Bailey and Morris believe Bay-Mor is unique because, unlike others in the industry, they put money in area banks where they do business.

"We put our money where our mouth is," Morris said. "We didn't come in with our hand out. We came in with a check in our hand and said, 'We want to be a part of your community.'"

The benefit of their philosophy, Bailey and Morris say, is that bankers will introduce them to the right people. They also think it will help them avoid the typical Wall Street image and venture capital, sometimes known as vulture capital, approach.

"We gave the president of the Star Bank in Cincinnati our story," Bailey said. "He just sat back and said, 'That's the first time I've heard that. Usually what happens is a venture capital guy, firm, out of New York comes in here and says, 'We'll put up a million dollars if your bank will put up \$19 million 'cause we want to develop something in Kansas City.'" And the president says, 'Why would we want to do that?' He said, 'Your story is unique.'"

Establishing that uniqueness, then, getting the operation in place, making new contacts, renewing old ones and testing the waters have been priorities the Bay-Mor staff has been working on in the first six months in business. To assist in getting the word around that there are some old boys in Robinson with a fistful of dollars available for the right opportunity, an Evansville public relations firm was hired for a four-month stint.

With that kind of money available and the media publicity, there has been no shortage of inquiries about how to get a piece of the action. Since opening the door for business and hooking up the phones, the firm has had investment opportunities for everything from a small-town store to a company that has developed a method of artificially inseminating turkeys to insure that only females will be born (for the plump breasts) to the computer company that is its first investment.

Until they have established a record of successful investments, the firm doesn't plan to

provide start-up capital because of the risk involved. Nor do the officers want to be involved with the day-to-day management or sit on the board of directors. What they will do is provide strategic direction with the goal of selling out at some point instead of taking over the company. In fact, before the firm invests in a company, those details are worked out.

"We're not looking for a quick buck," Morris said. "We are sharing our good fortune with other people. Or they're sharing their good fortune with us.

"We'll probably do as much investment banking as we will investing in companies. Investment banking is not banking. It is arranging for a combination of financial vehicles where you might arrange for people to loan people money. That's where we're finding we have strength, especially with the philosophy we've adopted, because we are actually placing money in the community."

All of which may sound like a tall order when you consider that Bay-Mor is a small-town venture capital firm with a tenth of the money most people in the business consider necessary for survival and is located far from the financial centers of the Eastern megalopolis, Chicago and California.

But because of their experience with the Heath company, their philosophy, their contacts, their ease in identifying with people in smaller companies and their reception so far, Bailey and Morris feel good about their future and the future of Bay-Mor. Other long shots have paid off in Robinson by hard work and perseverance when many people thought they never would.

Robinson is where author James Jones wrote much of *From Here to Eternity*, one of the best remembered World War II novels, when he returned from the war; Robinson is where Richard J. "Dick" Heath promoted a PGA tournament in the smallest town ever to host one; and, of course, Robinson is where the Heath family developed the internationally known Heath candy bar.

Morris knows these things when he says, "Our view is Midwestern, feet on the ground, what you see is what you get, all the deals on the top of the table. We want to make money for our partners. So looking at the fact that if our partners make money, our judgment is that we'll make more money than we can ever count because we're not padding our pockets at someone else's expense."

— RAY ELLIOTT

The Finns have made Illinois harness racing a Family Tradition

By Tom Shinn

New Jersey has the fabled Dancer clan headed by Stanley, while Canada has the talented Filion group led by Herve, but Illinois has a contingent called the Finn family, which may be able to match the other two in both sheer numbers and ability.

At last count, there are about 40 members of the Finns, including grandchildren and in-laws, who are involved in the standardbred sport. It is quite common to go to Balmoral Park, Fairmount Park or numerous fairs in central Illinois and see at least three or four Finns driving in a race.

Actually, there are two main branches of the Finn family which are the descendents of the late Willie Finn and the late Joseph C. Finn. However, Willie and Joseph were brothers, so it's really all in the family.

Practically all the members of this great collection of harness horsemen were born and raised in either Jasper County or Cumberland County. Both the Joseph C. Finn family and the Willie Finn family lived near Hidalgo in northern Jasper County, which is very close to the southern boundary line of Cumberland County.

Joseph C. Finn never owned racehorses, but his two sons, John and Joe, entered the sport in 1946 when they purchased their first standardbred named Frances Colleen. Success in the harness racing game did not come instantly to these two brothers, as Frances Colleen failed to win a race for Joe and John. Their next purchase, Lizzie Colleen, also failed to make it to the winner's circle and eventually went blind.

However, they purchased a 9-year-old gelding named Hi Ho Silver by Lucky Volo. Hi Ho Silver was double-gaited and really proved his ability to race on both gaits at the Tri-County Fair in Pana. Hi Ho Silver captured a heat of the 28 Class Pace in 2:15.4. On the very next day, the gelding returned to take a heat of the 20 Class Trot in 2:20.

After Hi Ho Silver, there have been innumerable winners for both Joe and John Finn. Although they no longer own horses together, both Joe, 76, and John, 74, are still training a few horses. In fact, both men could easily pass for gentle-

men in their early 60s.

John Finn is now enjoying his greatest horse ever in the form of the 9-year-old gelding Ouchy that he owns with his wife, Freda. A national season's champion in both 1986 and 1987, the Mighty Pick gelding has now earned more than \$160,000, despite the fact that his owners prefer to race him at the county fairs during the summer.

Ouchy set several incredible track records at fairs such as Charleston, Newton, Decatur and Carmi. Ouchy has lowered his own standard at both Decatur and Newton in the 1988 season. He also holds the track record at Fairmount Park of 1:58. But in 1988, Ouchy won the American National at Sportsman's Park at 1:58.3 for a \$62,500 purse.

John is also campaigning the 5-year-old gelding Justice Ranger and this Bull Fighter gelding has set track records at Balmoral Park and Carlinville. Although John has relinquished most of the driving chores to his sons, he did triumph last year behind Justice Ranger at the Christian County Fair in Taylorville.

Joe Finn became one of the leading reinsman in Chicago during the early '60s as he campaigned such stars as Rip Spangler, Hi Card and Ike Tempered, a horse that had a 2:09 record when Joe acquired him and promptly dropped his mark to 2:04.3. In 1984, Joe's Skipper Rip 3-year-old filly Hasty Echo set a new

track record for Hawthorne with a 2:00 score in February 1988.

Two of Joe's four children have also been involved in the harness business. Eldest son, Bob, drove and trained for many years and even was able to continue campaigning his horses while serving two terms as sheriff for Jasper County. Another son, Tom, has groomed and served as an assistant trainer in Chicago for several years. Tom is currently employed by IHHA director Bill McEnery.

John Finn's family is much larger as he and his late wife, Goldie, had 11 children—seven daughters and four strapping sons. All of the boys have been with harness horses practically all of their lives. Eldest son, Otis, 52, along with his sons, Gary Wayne and Randy Joe, bred and raced the winner of the \$32,500 Egyptian Grande Series Final, Miss Keever Cup (by Copper Cup, a son of Coffee Break that John Finn used to stand).

John's second son, Larry, 47, is doing really well as trainer for Anjo Stables in Chicago, where he is campaigning such stars as Egyptian Senor and the tough mare Land of Witches. Larry also co-owns Finest Movement, a 7-year-old full brother to Ouchy that didn't win his first purse race until last year but worked his way up to the Invitational ranks at Balmoral in 1988 where he raced against Ouchy several times.

Harry Dale Finn, John's third son, is also a veteran sulky driver.

Although he works for Norris Electric Company in Newton, Dale still finds time to train and also drive on weekends. In fact, he's driven Ouchy to several of his track records. Dale even has his own "fan club," which is headed up by the irrepressible Gary Han-naman.

Several of John Finn's daughters have also married horsemen. Daughter Mary Ann is married to veteran owner-breeder-trainer-driver Gary Scurlock of Newton. Another daughter, Connie, is married to Cleo "Pud" Baker of Newton, and Pud is second trainer for the Scurlock Stables. The Bakers' son, Bruce, was one of the leading drivers at Balmoral Park in 1988. A third daughter, Ruby, is married to trainer Gene Maples, also of Newton. Gene and Ruby have had many top horses over the years including the fast 1988 star Satellite Wish and the former Fairmount Park track record holder Dream Cup. Still another daughter, Martha, is married to Warren Kruger. Although Warren is no longer involved in the sulky sport, he co-owned and drove several winners for his father-in-law during the '70s.

The youngest of John Finn's brood is his son, John David, 32. Although he's a licensed blacksmith, J.D. is a full-time trainer and driver who is riding about as big a wave of success as his father. J.D. co-owns the great Bull Fighter filly Cami Ranger, along with his wife, Marsha, and her

father, Larry Mulvey, of Newton.

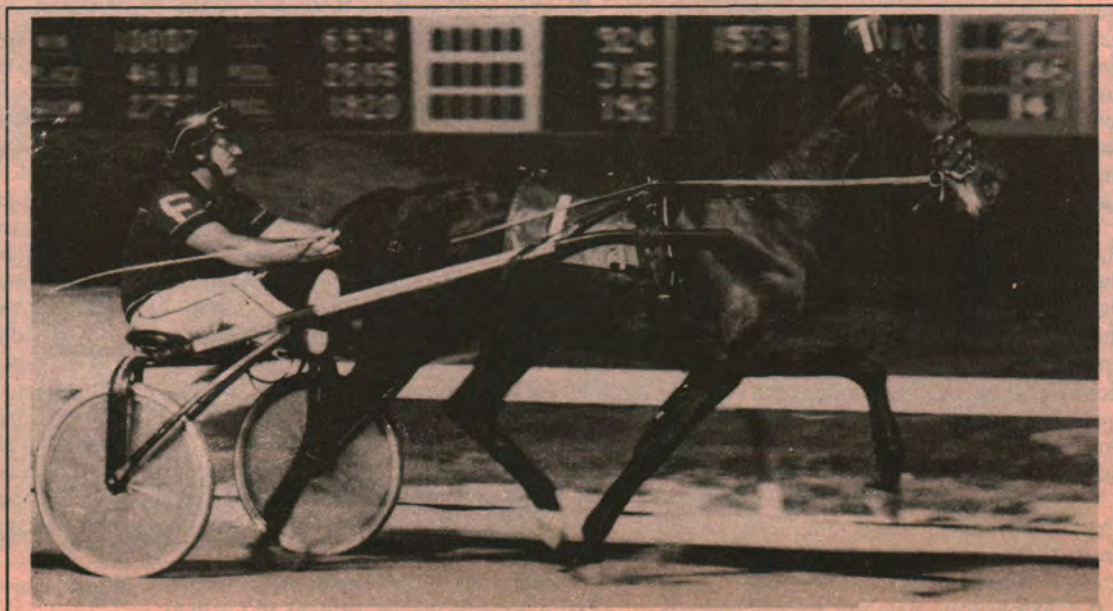
Cami Ranger was purchased for only \$350 but has now won \$143,729, including victories in the Lady Lincoln Land at two and the Violet Stakes at three. At 1:57.4, Cami Ranger tied the Illinois state record that was just lowered this year at the Illinois State Fair. J.D. has been in the bike for many of Ouchy's track standards, including his lifetime record at 1:58 at Fairmount and the 1:59 mile at Altamont. Ironically, his wife's late grandfather, W.D. Cooley of Newton, was the man who got John and Joe started in the horse business.

Several of John Finn's grandsons are also actively involved as drivers in the harness sport, including the aforementioned Randy Joe Finn and Bruce Baker. Another grandson, Mike Knicely, is the owner-trainer-driver of the fast Armbro Rick pacer Rick's Folly. Anxiously awaiting their fair licenses to start driving are Mark Finn (Dale's son) and Lance Scurlock.

Now, let's regress in time back to the late '40s in order to pick up the other main branch of the Finn family. Just a couple of years after John and Joe Finn started racing, their uncle, Willie Finn, decided to switch from thoroughbred racing to the sulky sport.

Willie Finn will always be remembered for his acquisition of Scotty Win. This gelding was by Logan Scott and was purchased by Willie for the princely sum of \$85 from A.G. Stanford from Clay City. Scotty Win became a legend at the country fairs. The big gelding hit his knees so hard that he had to wear special lined knee boots. Scotty Win never found the winner's circle until he was four, but he won 10 of 22 starts at five. As a 6-year-old, Scotty Win captured 14 of 16 starts with two thirds. He followed that up at age seven with 12 wins, one second and one third in 14 starts—all at the fairs. The next year at eight, Scotty win won 10 of 16 heats with five seconds and a third.

The gelding also took his lifetime mark when he set the track record at his home track in Greenup. The gelding captured the Free-For-All Pace at Greenup during the Cumberland County Fair in 2:04 and back in 2:03.3 to set the track standard. These wins



Cami Ranger won the Violet Elimination Stakes in 1987.

Leonard Photo



Front row, from left to right, are: Joe Finn, Harry Dale Finn, Otis Finn and John Finn. In the back, from left to right, are Freddie Finn Jr., Randall Finn, Merle Finn and Bob Finn. The photo was taken in the paddock at Audubon Raceway prior to a special "Finn" race that was held one year in Henderson, KY.

marked the 11th and 12th victories that Scotty Win had won at Greenup in five years. Sadly, Willie Finn died later that year.

The following year as a 9-year-old, Scotty win was very successful as he won eight of 18 starts with six seconds and four thirds. However, Scotty Win suffered his first two losses at Greenup when the speedy pacers Royal Ronald and W.E. Cash both topped him in the Free-For-All Pace. Royal Ronald had just won for Tom Graham in 1:58.3 at Springfield, and he took the first heat in 2:02, while W.E. Cash won the next in 2:03.3. Scotty Win was a close-up third in each heat. Ironically, that record still stands at Greenup.

Needing money to pay hospital bills, Willie's widow sold the 10-year-old Scotty Win for a tidy \$10,000 in 1962. The great gelding had won 58 races for the Finn family before his sale. Granted, most of them were fair victories, but Scotty Win also won at Maywood Park and Cahokia Downs.

The gelding then entered the Stanley Dancer Stable. Although he won only once as a 10-year-old, Scotty Win came back as an 11-year-old to pick up 11 wins, three seconds and three thirds in 22 outings at Roosevelt Raceway and Yonkers while earning \$15,588. Tragically, however, the gelding died in a barn fire that year at Roosevelt. The great old gelding won 70 times in his career with lifetime earnings of \$26,267.

Practically all of Scotty Win's victories for the Finn family came with Willie's son, Charley "Hoot" Finn in the sulky. The vision of the big, dark bay pulling the

slightly built man in the blue and white silks to victory after victory during the Illinois fairs will be etched in this author's mind for a long, long time. I can still hear the popping of his knee boots as Scotty Win would be going a warm-up mile.

Actually, all of Willie Finn's five sons have been involved in the harness racing sport, although Fred, Orville and Charley were the only ones to enter the business full time.

Fred Finn Sr. is the oldest of Willie's sons, and his years in the sulky sport number almost as many as Joe and John Finn. Now 72, Fred Finn Sr. is currently training in Corydon, IN, although he and his wife, Helen, lived year-round for many years at Audubon Raceway in Henderson, KY, until it was converted to a quarter-horse track.

It would be impossible to mention all the performers that Fred has developed, but one of his most memorable winners was Red Kid, a Bay Prince gelding that he guided to an all-age track record of 2:03.2 at the Jasper County Fair in Newton during 1965.

Fred Sr. and his wife have raised six sons who are all outstanding drivers. In fact, their oldest five sons have each won over \$1 million in purses. Eldest son Randall, 41, has won \$1.7 million, but really enjoys driving at the fairs in the summer. He has won the Effingham County Fair Drivers' Championship four times from 1983-88 and has won the Coles County Championship twice. Randall still resides in Hidalgo with his wife, Shirley. Merle Finn, 39, has also cap-

tured more than \$1.7 million in purses. Merle became quite well-known three years ago when he piloted the brilliant trotting filly Kentucky Winna to a 1:57.4 score enroute to nine straight wins at three.

Fred Finn Jr., 36, has won \$2.6 million and probably won the richest race ever by any of the Finns when he steered Skipper's Strike to victory in the \$181,000 Orange and Blue. "Freddie" also set a new Balmoral track record in the 1988 season behind the brilliant mare Annicrombie.

Roy Finn, 32, and Rick Finn, 30, have each gone over the \$1 million plateau in total earnings in 1988. Roy may have scored the fastest win ever by any of the Finns when he won with the Albatross mare Truola Hanover in 1:55.3 in 1987 at The Red Mile.

Bobby Finn, 25, the youngest son of Fred Sr., never got the opportunity to drive much until brother Roy was seriously injured in a racing accident in the spring of 1988. Bobby has also proven quite capable, and he recently won in 2:02.4 with the 3-year-old filly Willameena. Hopefully, Willameena might bring Bobby as much success as Scotty Win brought his late grandfather, since this filly was also purchased originally for \$85 as a weanling by Illinois horsemen Mike and Jerry Goebel.

Orville "Bud" Finn, another of Willie's sons, also trained and drove many horses for several years before deciding to work at the pottery in Robinson. Among the tough horsereces that Bud campaigned included the consistent trotters Barbara's Key and

Worthy Dust. Bud usually trains a horse or two besides working a full shift at the pottery. He also co-owns with Randall Finn a promising broodmare named Fillete Ranger. This mare is a full sister to the great Cami Ranger and is in foal to Mighty Pick, the sire of Ouchy. Bud has three sons, Ronald, Rex and Jay, who have all owned standardbreds but do not at the present time.

Charley "Hoot" Finn died in 1977 from a severe infection caused by corn dust. Hooter not only trained and drove Scotty Win, but he also broke and developed many other good trotters and pacers. One of his best horses was the Dean Shepard trotting mare Scotch Audie. Hoot picked up 12 wins and four seconds with Scotch Audie as a green 3-year-old.

Hoot and his wife, Delores, had six children, and the five oldest are all involved with harness horses. The youngest son, Raymond, is only in high school, but he, too, is taking care of a retired standardbred. Hoot's eldest child, Jimmy, trains part time and also works for the telephone company in Greenup.

Alan Finn, 35, and his wife, Susan Rae, are involved full time in the sport. Alan specializes in breaking colts and gave the early lessons to John Finn's two stars Ouchy and Justice Ranger. Alan also races, and in 1988 he catch drove the 3-year-old pacer Blazing Rox to a 2:01 all-age track record at the Coles County Fair in Charleston, which broke a 35-year track record.

Another performer that sent Alan on many trips to the winner's

circle at the fairs over the years was the gritty Winter Time mare Tooky Time, as well as the fleet Mahone Time gelding M.B. Time.

All three of Hoot's daughters are also participants in the harness sport. Cathy is a full-time employee of the Randall Finn Stable, and in 1988 owned and raced the former Governor's Cup winner Vel's J.R. Susan Jean Finn and Mrs. Carol Padrick are each training their own trotters this year, too.

Finally, two more of Willie Finn's sons who raced standardbreds were Ed and Bill. Ed and his son, Eddie Wayne, have not been active in the sport for many years, although Eddie wayne drove quite frequently in the '70s. Bill Finn's best performer was his big Rush Hour mare Ponderosa Queen. Bill's sons, Jerry, Harold and Phillip, have all raced sons and daughters of "The Queen," including the fast Sam Copper, Scotty Gold, My Jenny and the promising Bangler Queen.

Undoubtedly, the Finn family has to be one of the largest harness racing aggregations in the Midwest. They're fierce and talented competitors, and their records speak for themselves. Families such as the Finns are keeping the harness sport going in this country as their interest and involvement in the sport remains keen generation after generation.

Tom Shinn teaches sixth grade at Yale Grade School and raises horses. He also free lances articles about harness racing.

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Storyteller

Continued from page 6

caused the river to flow only in one direction from that point on."

In introductory remarks, and asides, Porter insists on the authenticity of his version: "The Creator gave it to us. It is not a garage sale or second-hand story. It is Mohawk through and through."

But he admits he changes the details he received from the elders. He has the right to do this because "sometimes I think that the elders in recent times" made these details up. "But then maybe they didn't and it is really the way it was. Well, you decide for yourself."

He simply wants to entertain: "Sometimes, it is funny and hard to believe. If it is funny, then laugh. The one thing I ask you to do is realize that the Creation Story of all races of people throughout the world are equally as funny and hard to believe as well. When human beings laugh, the Creator is pleased."

Porter does what almost every teller of Iroquois Creation Story has done, especially those who cast their tale in print. They insist that the printed version is just a version. The story is really oral at root. This printed version is authentic *even though* it differs in details from other versions told at

different times for different reasons. The discrepancies draw attention to what never varies: the infinite adaptability of the traditional Mohawk imagination in whatever historical straits it finds itself.

So it appears printing variations of the story again and again, as if it were today's news, defeats the power of print to make things appear permanent. Perhaps the Indian tellers learned the trick from the white men who gave them written treaties the white men have never bothered to read again themselves.

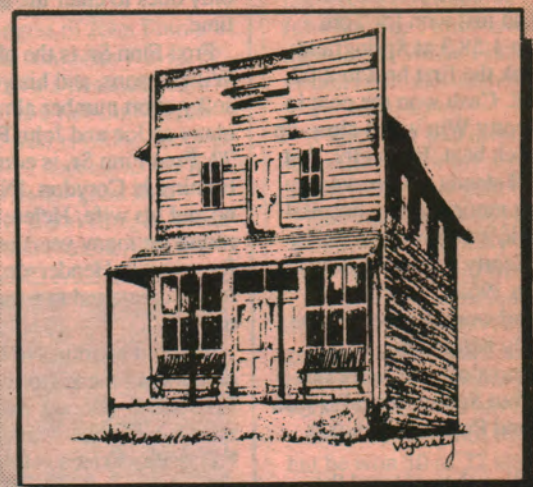
I extend Porter's claim. The modern, secular storyteller in the age of print and electronics tells us, there are certain stories, or certain parts of stories, that print and electronics can neither convey nor contain. The working human mind, the fluid human voice, is still too fast and subtle to be pinned down, chopped, channeled or defined. It's the difference between a centerfold and a kiss.

The oral storyteller tells us still to trust direct, human contact for some of what we learn about the world.

Jan Wojcik is a professor of English at Clarkson University in Potsdam, NY, and is a member of Tales' National Advisory Board.

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The Last Word

Truth, justice and the American way ...

By Ray Elliott

It was a warm, lazy Sunday morning in early summer. You could tell it was going to get downright hot before sundown. But it was pleasant now. The river flowed smoothly and quietly along. I swatted an occasional mosquito or scratched at a chigger now and then. For the most part, though, the cloves of garlic sliced on my salads daily and the sweet Bermuda onion sandwiches I'd been eating (because I'd heard that French farmers had observed that horses grazing in Normandy pastures full of wild garlic and onions lived longer than horses did elsewhere) pretty much kept the insects away.

BOOOOOOOMMM! a .45 caliber revolver reverberated along the bank and the slug thudded into the sandbar on the other side of the river. Both rifle and pistol shots had filled the air for the last hour or so. Then the sound of gunfire died down, echoing down the river in an ever-fading ring of shots spiraling away until you couldn't hear it anymore.

I stood and walked from the lawn chair I'd been sprawled in around the remnants of last night's campfire, watching the shooters aiming at targets across and down the river. Near the bank's edge on a point jutting cautiously out to the river, I leaned down and picked up a .22 caliber single-shot, bolt-action rifle. Pointing the rifle out over the river, I took a .22 long rifle shell from my Levi pocket and slipped it into the chamber. I pushed the bolt forward, locked it in place and pulled the cocking bolt to the rear.

Two steps forward at the bluff's edge, I leaned the barrel against another tree, cradled the weapon in my left hand and held the stock and trigger in my right hand, trigger finger squeezing slowly as I aimed at a golf ball lodged in the dirt on the bank above the sandbar. The sights were lined up on the target; the rifle was steady. I squeezed harder.

"What do you think of 'em tryin' to take our guns away from us, Mr. Journalist?" a heavy-set, thick-chested man behind me and off to the right asked.

The low crack of the .22 rifle shot rang out. Sixty yards out, at the top of the sandbar, halfway around the river's bend, sand kicked up at the upper edge of the golf ball nestled in the dirt.

"High right," the man said dryly. "You think they oughta be able to take our arms away from us, take away our right to defend ourselves?"

"Made the old boy miss that 'un, didn't you?" a deep, gravelly voice said from the outer edge of the campsite, away from the water's edge. "'Course he cain't let things like that bother him."

My head jerked around sharply. I knew that voice could only belong to The Big Un, a man I hadn't seen for years. I caught his eyes as my glance swept the trees. A smile tugged faintly at his lips, but his eyes twinkled gaily.

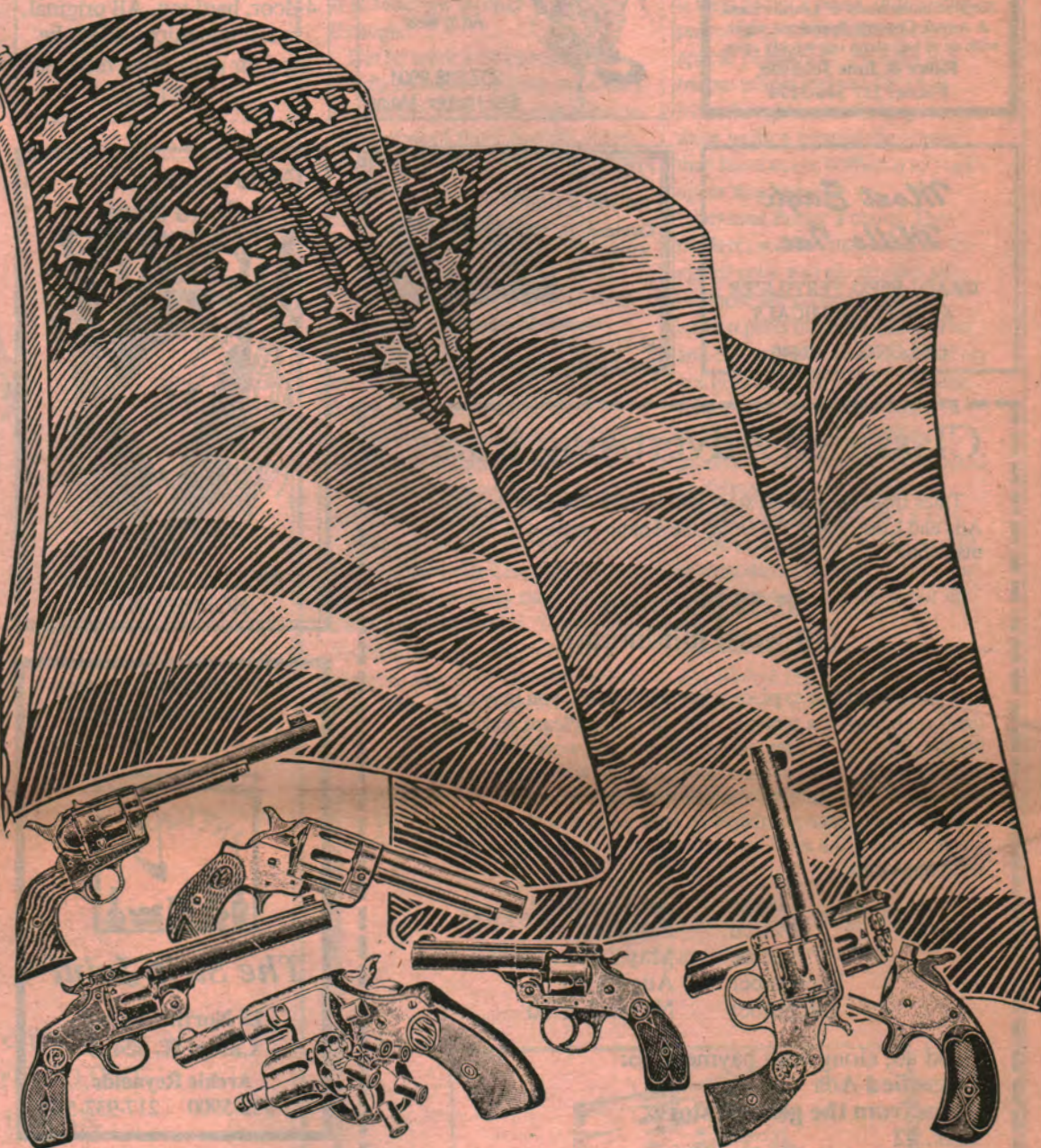
With the exception of the lines in his face being cut a little deeper and his eyes being a little more washed out, he didn't look a day over the late thirties or early forties he was when I first saw him years ago. He was about 6'6" and weighed roughly 240, still on the rangy side although I could see a slight paunch gathering at his middle. He stood with a thumb hooked over his belt, his thick hairy forearms jutting out of a faded chambray shirt past the second fold in his sleeves.

The Big Un and I listened as the other man talked about the right to bear arms. He said the second amendment to the Constitution of the United States gave every citizen the right to bear arms and to defend himself. It was the same argument I'd heard for years and couldn't honestly take either side because the amendment is so articulately vague. I told him as much.

"Don't you think a man should be able to defend himself, Mr. Journalist?" the thick-chested man asked.

"Probably so," I said. "But I have a problem with some goofy bastard being able to buy an AK 47 and walk into a schoolyard and waste some innocent and helpless kids. You have to take a test to fly an airplane, don't you? To drive a car? They ran a background check on you when you went to work for your company, didn't they? Or they could have, if they didn't. What's wrong with taking a test or having a background check run on you to own a gun? Maybe you should even have to get the training to handle a gun in the militia since 'the right to keep and bear arms' is predicated on 'a well-regulated militia.'"

"But the Constitution of the United States gives each citizen



the right to bear arms," the man said, arms folded across his chest.

"How far does that go, though?" I asked. "I don't know about you, but I know there are some folks out there that I'd just as soon not be armed. Then instead of being armed and dangerous, they'd just be dangerous."

"Let the law take care of 'em if they do something wrong," the man said. "Swing 'em. Do 'em like Gus and the boys did Jake and his miserable sidekicks in *Lonesome Dove* when they caught killin' and stealin'. Hang 'em. Give 'em what they got acomin'. That'd put a stop to some of that crap."

"That might be O.K. as long as you got Gus and the boys takin' care of the hangings, and they don't get to likin' 'em too much," I said. "But let's talk about something else. What do you think about the art student in Chicago exhibiting his work at the Art Institute and laying a flag on the

floor so you'd have to walk over it to reach a sign-in book? Or what about the Supreme Court decision that says it's all right to burn the flag as a means of protest?"

"Well, that's wrong," the man answered quickly. "Nobody should walk on the flag, and you shouldn't burn it. That's wrong. There oughta be a law agin that."

"It's agin the law to shoot out over a body of water," The Big Un said, squinting out through the trees into the sunlight. "But just because there's a law is no sign everybody will follow it, though. And just because there's a law that you can burn the flag or walk on it don't mean that's what you should do."

"But to allow someone to burn the flag or walk on it seems to me about as far as you can take this freedom thing and what the flag stands for. It gives me the picture of the Marines I saw plantin' the flag on Iwo Jima some real meaning over just takin' the island

and winnin' the battle. What the flag stands for is the only thing worth fighting for. Only thing I ever fought for, anyway.

"'Course you burn the flag or walk on it and somebody might come along and really lay it on you. But that's the price you pay for freedom, I guess. People are agin the laws that don't uphold what they believe in. And if things ain't exactly the way they think they should be, why, they do what they want to and holler for laws to make things the way they want 'em, all in the name of freedom. That's quite a word, freedom."

The thick-chested man cocked his head to one side, apparently thinking about what The Big Un said. I nodded, then turned and fired almost in one motion, lifting a golf ball from its resting place.

"Now you got it, Hoss," The Big Un said and grinned. "You got to let nothing bother you. Just squeeze the trigger, not jerk it like you did last time."

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