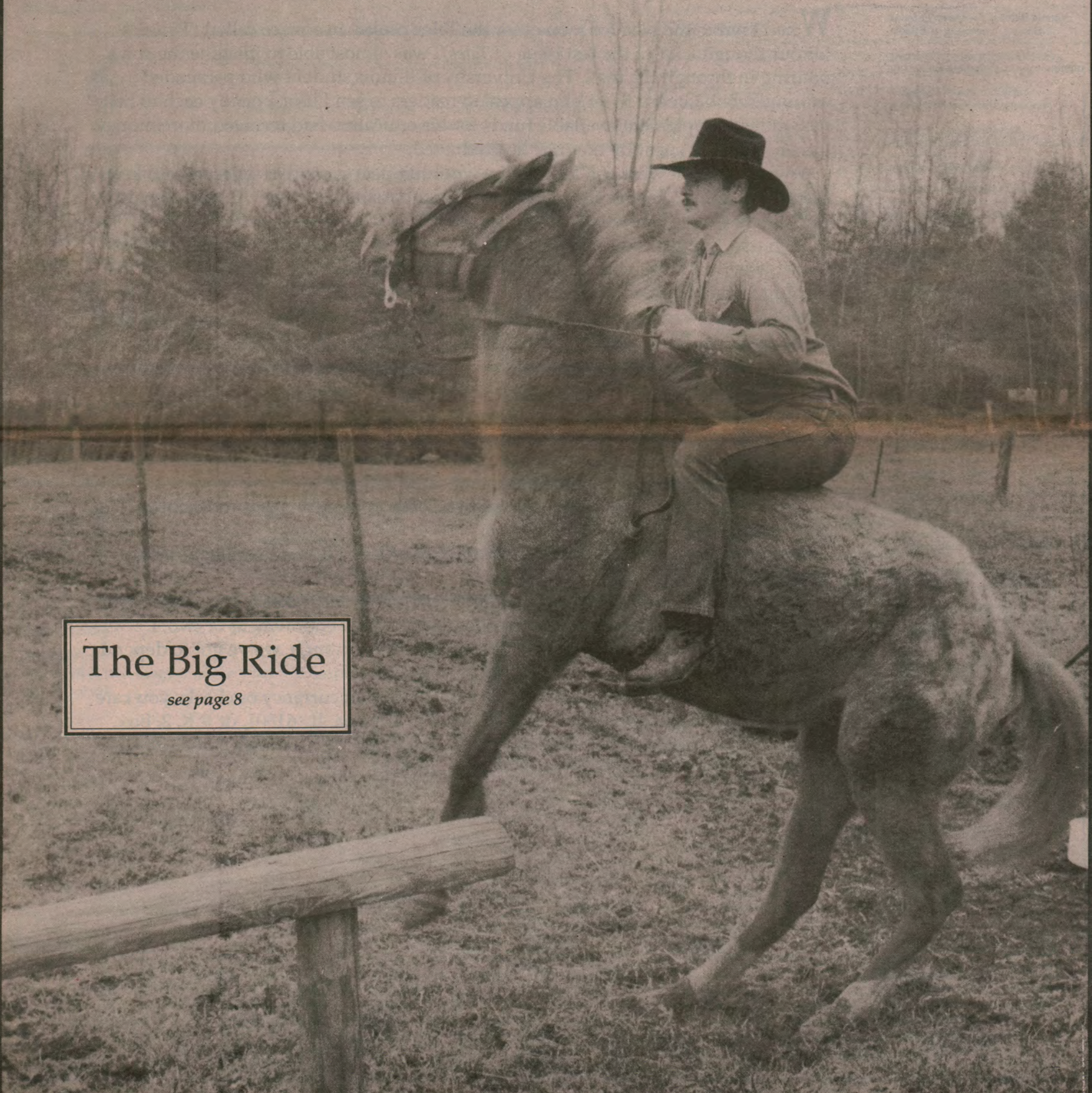


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Fall 1992



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The difficult is easy;
the impossible takes
a little longer.

When I wrote the plea for money for the Tales project in a piece called "Pennies for our thoughts ..." in the last issue of *Tales*, I was almost able to imagine the coins pouring in through the mail. The University of Illinois student who persuaded columnist Bob Greene to let him appeal to readers to send him a penny each to help the student supplement available funds for his education had received more money than he actually spent by the time he graduated.

Why wouldn't it work for Tales? Why wouldn't people send pennies to help keep the project going? People are generous and compassionate. They will give to worthy causes. They have and will give to Tales. And did.

Of course, I never had to take a wheel barrow to the mailbox to haul the pennies. In fact, we didn't receive a single coin. We did get \$466 in cash and checks. Not the amount I first imagined, though.

And at first I was disappointed. Then I realized that Bob Greene's readers number in the millions. *Tales'* readers number slightly less. So maybe the response was pretty good. The \$426 paid much of the costs for the issue. With \$550 contributions from people staying in The Enchanted Cottage, there's even a little for seed for the current issue.

That was, and is, encouraging. It's always nice to be able to pay the bills; it'd be even nicer to be able to get another computer and a printer. But what was even more encouraging were the little notes that came with the money.

The president of a large, nationally known company sent a check and wrote, "Herewith a few 'pennies.' ..."

Another woman sent a dollar and wrote, "Love *Tales*. I'll send a dollar a month; hope others help, too."

Besides more money, what else could you ask for? It only takes a few people like those and an angel or two to support Tales. With a large endowment or two, I wouldn't have to write such pleas. Until we get them, though, we've got to depend on the pennies.

And we're still accepting pennies or whatever kind of currency or checks you care to send. Send them to Tales, inc., R.R. 2, Box 401, Urbana, IL 61801, or R.R. 2, Box 46, Oblong, IL 62449. Wherever you send it, we'll put it to good use and show just how it was used for future issues of *Tales* and other projects.

— RAY ELLIOTT

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Tales from the general store, inc.

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Ray Elliott

Managing Editor
Vanessa Faurie

Tales is published by Tales from the general store, inc., a nonprofit cultural and community journalism corporation founded to preserve the history and culture of the Midwest. Address all correspondence to Tales from the general store, inc., R.R. 2, Oblong, IL 62449. Or telephone 217/384-5820.

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A 'clash of cultures' at Little Bighorn

By Ray Elliott

One of the brochures from Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument says the monument "memorializes one of the last armed efforts of the Northern Plains Indians to preserve their ancestral way of life." The headline above the section says, "A Clash of Cultures."

That pretty well sums it up, I guess. My wife and I had been following that clash of cultures between the Indian and the white man through the Badlands of South Dakota, stories of broken treaties, the site of the Massacre at Wounded Knee and museums and monuments to preserve the heritage and honor leaders from both sides. It's a sad but fascinating piece of American history.

For all practical purposes, the Massacre at Wounded Knee in December 1890 ended any threat of armed conflict from the Indian nation. But armed resistance was still very much in evidence, in June 1876 when Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer led five companies of cavalry with some 225 men into the Little Bighorn Valley and lost every man, including two brothers and a nephew.

Seven other companies of Custer's 7th Cavalry engaged some of the several thousand Indians camped across the river and finally ended up in a defensive position four miles south of where Custer and his men were found dead two days later. Nearly 50 more soldiers died before the Indians headed south ahead of federal troops arriving from the north.

Today, the 7th Cavalry Monument sits conspicuously and quietly looking out over the Little Bighorn Valley and the site of the two-day battle that took the lives of more than 260 soldiers and 60 to 100 Indians. The remains of some of those who died with Custer on the hill below are buried in a mass grave beneath the monument. Plain markers dot the hillside, noting where the soldiers fell and were later found and hastily buried by surviving members of the 7th Cavalry. A wrought iron fence surrounds the main area of the battlefield on that part of the hill.

Here and there, out across the landscape, other markers stand alone or in small clusters and mark where soldiers died. A blacktopped road follows what is now called Battle Ridge, along the trail of Custer's advance, to the site of the defensive position of the remaining seven companies under the command of Maj. Marcus A. Reno and Capt. Frederick W. Benteen. Still other markers are scattered along on both sides of the road, each marker a part of the complete story.

Most of the story is about what happened to the soldiers, where they died and how and when they were first discovered and buried after Custer had led them to their deaths. The Indians removed their dead and wounded and undoubtedly had little to do with preserving the battlefield.

Looking out over the valley and the battlefield through binoculars, I could see a sweat lodge across the river and other evidence of Indians on the Crow Reservation which includes the Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument. A lone Crow woman sat under a makeshift shelter selling handmade crafts a short distance down the road from Custer Hill and the 7th Cavalry Monument.

Behind her was a *tipi*. On down the hill toward the river were three other *tipis*. I'd been curious about them and stopped to talk to the woman on the way back. Another couple in a large van stopped, too.

We all walked toward the woman sitting behind a table. The woman in the van had been eyeing the *tipis* down the hill. "What's the deal on the tepees?" she asked.

"We rent them for \$20 a night," the Crow woman said.

"People actually stay in them?" the white woman asked. "I can't believe that."

"I slept in a tent last night," I said, wishing I had the time to sleep in a *tipi* this night. "How's that any different?"

"Some people set up a tent inside the *tipi*," the Crow woman said, a smile tugging slightly at the corner of her mouth.

"I've got to see them," the white woman said, meaning the *tipis*. "Do you mind if we walk down and take a look?"

"Go ahead," the Crow woman said.

The couple walked off toward the river. I stared quietly at the small collection of crafts. Three or four handmade, rosewood flutes reminded me of ones I'd seen an Indian musician playing and selling at the museum and gift shop area at the site of the Crazy Horse Monument that is being blasted out of a mountain side. I mentioned the flutes.

"How much was he selling them for?" she asked.

I hadn't asked but learned that those laying before me sold for \$140. Her husband made them, played them. Then the couple walked by, back from inspecting the *tipis*. They got into the van without a word and drove off. My wife and I had to leave and soon followed.

"Thanks for stopping by," the Crow woman said.

"Yeah," I said, "I'm glad I didn't miss it."

Responses and letters pour in for Project Get Along

By Ray Elliott

At the time the idea for Project Get Along first came up, I thought it was interesting and had possibilities but was somewhat limited in scope. How many ways, I wondered, can you respond to, "We can all get along if. ...?"

But when the young people I was working with seemed taken with the idea, I thought it worthwhile because it would make people think about how we can all get along. Out of the death, destruction and division resulting from the verdict of the four Los Angeles policemen in the Rodney King incident, his question is still worth thinking

about long after the emotion of the moment has subsided.

In a rapidly and ever-changing world, many people cling to their racial and cultural identities and refuse to tolerate and accept differences in others. With the downfall of communism, in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, democracy seemed to be the answer to people who had known oppression for years.

Given the choice of democracy, however, many people began oppressing people unlike themselves, ethnic outsiders or recent immigrants fleeing oppressive governments. Of course, people all over the world have these racial and cultural biases and

oppress people.

In this unstable climate, the project was born. It was spread by mail, electronic mail, personal contact and the media. Students in the project were interviewed by newspaper, radio and TV reporters about what they were doing and why. Responses started arriving.

Even from the early responses, it became apparent that the possibilities weren't so limited. Each response reflected a unique individual who cared enough about the question to give it some thought and share it with us.

And while we were learning about the unique perspective of

others, the people connected with the project learned a bit about themselves and the world around them. Sometimes responses came as complete surprises.

One request was sent out over Internet, an electronic mail network reaching around the world, asking for responses from all over the country. We got them. But we also got a response from an angry young man in Sydney, Australia.

"We could all get along," he wrote, "if you bloody Americans would quit thinking that you're the only people with Internet access. Think before you post."

At this point, the responses are

still coming in. Some of the ones we've received and some of the accompanying letters are reprinted here.

We've selected many different and interesting responses and are currently getting them arranged in manuscript form for publication in a book that will be available in the near future. The answers won't change the world, I'm sure. But there's a lot of common sense from a wide range of people that is worth taking a few minutes to consider and think about from time to time.

I was very moved by an article in the paper about your work. I teach a pre-GED class in East St. Louis. I read the article to my class, and I'm enclosing their responses. Most of them are one-liners, so I just put their initials. One student wrote a whole page, so I'm sending his entire article.

You have a great project going. I commend you on your spirit. Keep up the good work!

— CAROL A. RUBNER
O'Fallon, IL

I work with (juveniles who have problems). I went to school at the University of Illinois-Urbana. I wanted to say hello, and I love that you are doing this project. I don't know you, but I am proud of you that you are thinking in these terms.

— KATY GROHENS
Santa Fe, NM

Thank you for taking the time to help our children understand racism, learn to "get along" and provide the opportunity to write and learn by doing.

— NANCY UCHTMANN
Urbana, IL

I read about the Urbana High School project, and I think it's a wonderful idea. But for the life of me, why would anyone want the introduction in the name of Rodney King?

He has been a violent person: drinking (which is drugs), breaking speed laws, cursing and being a racist. There must be someone with good morals that could be chosen for the project.

The words "racism" and "prejudice" breed hate. I think we

could get along better if we used the words "human beings" instead of talking about color and race.

— MARY LERCH
Urbana, IL

Editor's Note: No decision has been made yet as to who will write the introduction for the book. Rodney King's name was mentioned for consideration because it was his question, "Why can't we all get along?," that prompted the idea for the project.

Inasmuch as I have made eight trips to Sydney, Australia, in the past 13 years (each time for a minimum of four weeks), I thoroughly understand the implied indignation of the person from Sydney who replied to "We can all get along if. ..."

How are we supposed to get along with people of other countries when we are doing a rotten job of getting along with ourselves? (Hypothetical question.)

— SHIRLEY COHEN
Hume, IL

Enclosed please find original essays, "We can all get along if. ..." The youth who completed the sentence are currently clients of Angel's Flight (a program of Catholic charities in Los Angeles). They completed the essay as part of an Angel's Flight Community Based School assignment. The clients enjoyed the opportunity for their voice to be heard.

Thank you for the opportunity.
— HEIDI AMUNDSON
Los Angeles, CA

We read about your project in our local newspaper and thought it was a great idea. Several of our classes of adult education learners (reading levels 3.0-7.3) used your idea as part of our writing class.

I am sending the results of those students who wished to participate. This was not an assignment everyone had to do. All of the students are from the East St. Louis area, ages 16-60.

Thanks for your project. It made us all stop and think.

— BARBARA PREWITT
Collinsville, IL

On a recent visit to the Champaign-Urbana area, I read in the local paper the article about Project Get Along. As a counselor and teacher in the Indianapolis Public Schools system, I

was very interested in the project.

At my school, Arsenal Technical High School, the guidance department teaches an orientation class to all freshman. My colleagues and I decided to solicit responses from our ninth graders to your class question. Those responses are enclosed.

These responses are completely unedited, and they include responses from a wide range of students, including special education. My classes were very interested in the project and thrilled about the prospect of being published. I hope you've located a publisher by now; good luck in this effort.

— DIANE RICHIE
guidance counselor
Indianapolis, IN

Editor's Note: At Tales' press time, a publisher had not been secured yet for the project. If no publisher is found by the time the material is ready, the Tales project will publish the book and coordinate its distribution.

Bravo! I think this is a great project! After reading about your excellent work in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, September 7 issue, I began to think of an adequate response.

This project is a tremendous undertaking, but oh so important. Congratulations on your work. I am certain it will help others in all walks of life.

— MARY CAROLINE CATANZANO
Vandalia, IL

We can all get along if ...

... we start giving each other R-E-S-P-E-C-T.

... we would all be kind to each other, if we mind our own business and if we keep our comments to ourselves.

... we stopped thinking one race is better than the next and governments stop taking advantage of their power.

... we can compromise.

... we just learn to love one another, no matter what race or nationality or ability. Just learn to love!

... people did not act so silly and if we all stuck together.

... we all terminate the stubbornness and selfishness we all possess.

... we could all accept one another and learn to share opinions and viewpoints.

... we treat others how we would like to be treated.

... we realize that the way to succeed is not to step on other people to get to the top.

... we stop separating ourselves into groups and all live together in a society.

... we talked things out instead of yelling at people.



Photo courtesy of the Eureka/Humboldt County Convention & Visitors Bureau

The scenic countryside of Humboldt County in northern California includes a 110-mile coastline and more than 160,000 acres of majestic redwoods, valleys and rolling hills. Various historic attractions, as well as natural beauty, draw many visitors to the area.

Did You Know...

Bay was discovered several times

Aside from its majestic ancient coastal redwoods, the first residents of California's Humboldt County hailed from the Yurok, Karuk, Wiyot, Chilula, Whilkut and Hupa Indian tribes, among others. These people who settled on the Pacific coast and along the banks of the Trinity and Klamath Rivers, were the first to discover the area's now-renowned salmon and trout fishing and rich farmlands.

As early as the 15th century, explorers such as Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo and Sir Francis Drake began to sail along the county's coastline. It wasn't until 1775, however, that a Spanish vessel, captained by Juan Francisco de Bodega, would brave the unpredictable winds and rocky shoreline to land at Patrick's Point in Trinidad. Bodega and his men left a crude cross on Trinidad Head to signify their claiming of the country for the king of Spain.

In the late 1700s, Trinidad Bay served as a port for fur trading and Chinese trade expeditions.

Among the ships that anchored there was the first American ship to land on the Humboldt coast, the *Leila Byrd*.

Humboldt Bay was finally "discovered" in 1806 by an exploration party from the *O' Cain*—a vessel jointly commissioned by the Winship brothers from Boston and the Russian-American Fur Company. However, the *O' Cain's* mission to hunt sea otters soon ended, and the ship sailed out of Humboldt Bay with no one on board documenting the bay's location on a map. The location of the bay's entrance once again became a mystery hidden among rocky cliffs and sand dunes.

The search for Humboldt Bay was renewed during the early years of the California Gold Rush. The discovery of gold in the Trinity region of northern California in 1848 caused a population explosion in Humboldt County. Companies that supplied interior mining settlements began looking for coastal supply ports as alternatives to the slow and expensive overland Sacramento Valley

route then in use.

Dr. Josiah Gregg, a supply company merchant, and his party traveled west on foot from the Trinity mines and found Humboldt Bay in 1849. The next year, a dozen expeditions were mounted from San Francisco to search for a port at Humboldt Bay. On April 9, 1850, the *Laura Virginia*, captained by Douglas Ottinger, found the entrance to the bay. A small boat was launched and sailed into the harbor by First Mate H.H. Buhne. These founders christened the bay "Humboldt" after the popular naturalist and author, Baron Alexander von Humboldt.

Rare look at Indian life in print again

In 1896, a young photographer named Walter McClintock found himself in northwestern Montana as part of a government expedition to survey and access the forest reserves in the region known as Glacier National Park. When the expedition dispersed, McClintock and his native guide traveled the Rockies to visit the

Blackfoot camp on the Great Plains. There, in a ceremony lasting two days, Chief Mad Wolf adopted him as a son and made him a member of the Blackfoot tribe.

McClintock was personally chosen by Mad Wolf to record the native customs, legends, religious rites and daily life of the Blackfoot. For the next 15 years, McClintock lived on the Great Plains, taking thousands of photographs and transcribing the Native American mythology.

Old Indian Trails was first published in 1923 and is now a scarce collector's item. Publishing company Houghton Mifflin has issued a new illustrated edition of this look at the daily life and customs of a Native American tribe.

Museum director receives Pulitzer

Mark E. Neely Jr., director of The Lincoln Museum in Fort Wayne, Ind., is the recipient of the 1992 Pulitzer Prize in history for his book, *The Fate of Liberty: Abraham Lincoln and Civil*

Liberties.

A professional historian specializing in the 19th century, he has been director of the museum since 1973.

In his book, Neely examines Lincoln's suspension of habeas corpus during the Civil War from the viewpoint of the ordinary citizen, drawing on letters from prisoners, records of military courts and federal prisons, memoirs and federal archives. The book also received the 1992 Barondess Award/Lincoln Award of The Civil War Round Table of New York earlier this year.

Meeting of new James Jones Society set for Nov. 14

The annual meeting of the James Jones Society will be Saturday, November 14, in Robinson, Illinois. New members are welcome. For more information, contact Juanita Martin, Lincoln Trail College, R.R. 3, Box 82A, Robinson 62454.

The experience of a *Long-Distance Runner*

BY JIM ELLIOTT

It was the day before the San Francisco Marathon. I got my head shaved to cut down on wind resistance and to get pumped up for the race.

It had been a good week. I was on the noon to 8 p.m. shift and was able to get a lot of sleep that week. I also was able to load up on a lot of carbohydrates. I ate several helpings a day of potatoes, pasta and rice. Once I mixed them all together in a big pot of boiling water and ... OK, so I really didn't, but I did eat a lot of the stuff. And it was good eatin'.

Also on that day, Penny (a Purdue University graduate student working on the same experiment as I have been and who ran the marathon as well and did very well for her first-ever marathon, though I left her and about 1,500 other people in my dust while crossing the Golden Gate, but let's not get ahead of ourselves, shall we), and I had to go down to the Hyatt in San Francisco to pick up our race packets.

We took the BART (mass transit system) in because there is a station about a half mile from where we live. But we didn't look to see where the Hyatt was. We figured it was near Fisherman's Wharf.

So we got off the BART in San Francisco and walked about a mile or more to Fisherman's Wharf only to find that the Hyatt was about a block from where we had gotten off the train. Penny wanted to ride back in a bicycle taxi, so we did. We got to the Hyatt about an hour before they closed the marathon packet pick-up, but still in plenty of time for me to spend a lot of money on San Francisco Marathon (SFM) clothes and Power Bars. We got our race numbers and some race

information and two T-shirts. I turned one T-shirt in so it could later have my finish time printed on it. That way I would have to break four hours or never wear the shirt.

Later that evening before the race, Penny and Mark (yet another Purdue grad student out here) and I rented the movie, *Chariots of Fire*, and after a hearty pasta dinner we watched it. It never ceases to inspire me to be a mediocre runner. I'll certainly never be an Eric Liddel or an H.M. Abrahms, but at least I have cooler-looking running shoes.

After the movie, I laid out my running clothes and looked at the pace chart that I had made up the year before. I had not been able to achieve my goal last year in the Chicago Marathon; I hadn't trained enough. But this year, with a lot more running and a couple of 20-mile runs under my belt, I was sure I could break the four-hour barrier easily. I went to bed feeling good.

Sunday morning I awoke to the alarm on my Iron Man Triathlon watch. I was pumped! I dressed quickly and ate a banana and a Power Bar. About 96 ounces of water later, Penny, Eric (a postdoctoral student working with us who ran with Penny) and I were on the way to San Francisco. This was at 5:30 a.m. We got to the Hyatt at about 6 a.m. Most of the runners were there, and we were going to be bussed over to the north side of the Golden Gate Bridge. But there were about 1,500 runners and only 10 or so buses, so it was a long wait. In the interim, I ate another Power Bar and another banana. I also drank some Gatoraid, then the 96 ounces of water started making their presence felt. Fortunately, there



The race doesn't go strictly according to plan, but Elliott keeps up with his targeted pace.

was a restroom in the Hyatt at the disposal of the runners. I used it early and often.

By 7:15 we still hadn't gotten on a bus. The race started at 8 a.m., and we were not even at the starting line. Soon we pushed and shoved our way onto a bus and were on our way. The drive through the city gave us a preview of the course. It looked to be pretty flat, at least compared to the hills that I had been training on—hills that reduced lesser men to tears as I ran past them and scoffed at their measly efforts.

As we approached the start, I

again felt the call of nature.

Unfortunately, so did most of the other runners. So I began the first event of the day: the stand in line with 3,000 other people waiting to use the Port-O-Potties. During the wait, I ate my third and final Power Bar. Waiting in the line took up most of the time until the actual start of the race. Because we had not gotten to the start until very late, and because the lines were very long, we started the race at the very back of the pack. None of us heard the starting bell, and I didn't cross the start line for more than three minutes. This was fine with

Penny and Eric, who were just running for the first time and running just to finish. But I had a goal and wanted to get going. As soon as possible, I cut to the outside and began my assault on the course.

I ran the first mile in 9:02, right on pace. I had planned to run the course in blocks of five miles at a certain pace. Starting with a 9:00 per mile pace and then decreasing it by :15 every five miles, I would finish up at an 8:00 pace. But the next mile was fast, and I was ahead of schedule. I would make up for that soon, though, because even more of the 96 ounces of

water I had drunk wanted to leave my body. Soon after crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, I spotted some bushes—me and a few dozen other guys. So I made a quick pit stop and got back in the race. I was right on schedule. The first water stop was confused. The people there didn't have it set up yet, and it was hard to get something to drink.

During the first few miles, my knees and feet bothered me—a dull pain in my joints that slowly worked its way out as I loosened up. But after four miles or so, I noticed another area of pain. My stomach was killing me. I had heard that the Power Bars were quick to digest, but apparently they had not digested quickly enough. Now I had to make another pitstop, this time a No. 2. As we approached Fisherman's Wharf and the next water station, I noticed some public bathrooms—so did a few other guys. I made my pit stop and didn't lose very much time. I was running faster than I had hoped and was ahead of my pace.

We ran through the downtown area and stopped a lot of traffic. It must have been me—it was a warm day and I was running without a shirt. As the race progressed, I passed a lot of people, but I, myself, was passed by a lot of people. I made sure to remember them because I hoped to see them again.

Around 10 miles we hit the worst hill of the course on Hayes. It was a long, gentle slope and nothing compared to the hills I had trained on. I mocked the hill and ran past several people. People I had seen passing me earlier. The hill meant nothing to me, and I told it that.

What did mean something to me was the churning I felt in my stomach. The Power Bars were not digesting as easily as I had been led to believe. I decided I would run until half-way and then look for a place to make a pit stop. There were Port-O-Potties at the water stations, and I would use one of them. Around Mile 14, we passed through Golden Gate Park, and I found my pit stop. Minutes later I was back on the road. I was still a little ahead of

schedule and not feeling too bad.

Though the pit stop had cost me little time on my personal goal, I was again behind a lot of people I had worked hard to pass—in particular, this one muscle-head guy whom I had passed on the hill. I had not yet crushed him when I had to stop. I granted him a temporary reprieve, and he used it well. I could barely see him as we approached Mile 16.

At that water stop, I finally released the gases that had been plaguing me throughout the race. My stomach finally felt good. With new strength, I set forth on the last 10 miles of the race. At this point in a marathon, it is sometimes a little depressing to know that you've run 16 miles and have 10 more to go. At the beginning, it's not too bad. But as you run farther, the distance you have to run doesn't seem to shrink very quickly.

My right leg was beginning to hurt, and my feet and knees were starting to bother me. My right hamstring had bothered me when I ran the 20 miles the week before, but I hoped that on a cooler day with more water, I would be OK. Now it felt like it might cramp up real nicely if I wasn't careful. To help things out a little, I opened up my stride and went a little faster. This would stretch things out and hopefully lessen the chances of a cramp. It would also help me to pass that muscle-head guy and then crush him as we rounded Mile 19.

Before the race, I had read about the first great American marathon runner. He chanted to himself, "You are one tough bastard," as he ran. I began this at around Mile 20 as I started seeing a lot of the people who had passed me at Mile 5. Miles 21 and 22 were pretty quick. But at Mile 22 I hit the wall. What has happened is that you have used almost all of your muscle glycogen and you're burning mostly fat. It's not very efficient, and it hurts. It was getting to be depressing. I knew the end was near, but the finish line was nowhere in sight. We still had a long straight-away along the beach front and then a turn back into Golden Gate Park and into

the polo grounds.

I was still on schedule but was losing the cushion I had built up. By Mile 23 it was gone. By Mile 24, I was behind schedule, but I had only 2.2 miles to go (at this point the 0.2 miles was a big thing), and I knew I could suck it up for 2.2 more miles.

After I had hit the wall, my stride fell very short and I slowed a lot. My legs started feeling tight as if they might cramp. Again, I opened up my stride and began my kick on the homestretch. I ran with an easy stride that belied the pain I was feeling. My stride may not have shown it, but I'm sure my face did. There was a small hill up to the polo grounds and again it meant nothing to me. I sped up it and passed struggling runners who had obviously not trained on the daunting hills I had.

The last turn was into the polo grounds and around half of the track. I maintained an even stride

as I headed home. One more kick and I was past the finish line 3:46:51 after I had crossed the start. My calves decided to cramp at once. I convinced them not to and hobbled through the finish chute, turned in my race stub and got my medal. It might sound like a big deal to get a medal. But when it's one of thousands coming out of big cardboard boxes, it tarnishes things pretty fast.

Along with the medal, I got a tin foil blanket. I covered up with it and hobbled to the massage tent where my calves were attended to as I lay on a cot. I had hoped to feel more elation at that moment. I had beaten my previous time by almost 25 minutes and run at about an 8:40-per-mile race. But I was tired and wet, and my legs and feet hurt a lot.

A few minutes later, I left the massage tent and got my finisher's T-shirt. It had a big picture of a MasterCard on it and

says (in very small letters), "I mastered the San Francisco Marathon." I put it on and went to look for my sweats. We all had left our sweats in bags at the start. They didn't make us run back to get them, but they did put them pretty far away from the finish line. The last thing I wanted to do was go for a long walk and log through 3,000 plastic bags for my sweats. I did it anyway.

Penny and Eric finished about 45 minutes later and looked pretty strong. We all wore our medals and sat a lot. After a while, we tried to go to the Samuel Adams Beer tent, but it was out of beer by the time we got there. Disappointed and tired, we headed for the bus that would drive us back to the Hyatt and our car.

The bus trip sucked because it was a grade school bus and the seats were so close together that I could not get my knees in the seat. They hit the back of the seat in front of me. What a pleasant ride to take after running for more than three hours.

The rest of the day was spent at home, lying around, watching movies, eating pizza and drinking milk shakes. We watched a half-hour special about the race, but neither Penny nor I were in any of the shots. After a few Advil, the only things that hurt were my knees. Walking up stairs was slow, but not too bad. After my first marathon, I was in so much pain that I could not even sleep. I stayed up all night and didn't sleep until the next night. This time I felt fine.

Monday, I was almost back to normal, and by Tuesday I was fine. The next day I ran about six miles. And after a slow start, I cruised the last half home at a pretty good clip.

There's a marathon in Sacramento December 6 that I'm going to run. It's all downhill, and I hope to take another 25 minutes or so off my time. To qualify for the Boston Marathon, I have to run a 3:10 (in my age group, anyway). I might not make that this year, but next year at Chicago I should kick some butt.



Because it took a while just to cross the starting line, the true finish time is 3:46:51—not the 3:50:12 as shown on the clock.

'Don't tell two hard-headed p

To hear Sonny Jackson and Todd Hanley tell it, the whole thing started over coffee at the Snack-A-Shack in downtown Jasonville, Indiana.

Sonny and Todd, regulars at the shop since being laid off last year, were chatting idly that day last fall about their long-held dream of riding to Montana.

Danny Durham, son of the Snack-A-Shack owners, overheard. And figuring to enliven a dull day, he leaned over the counter and issued the ultimate cowboy's insult: He derided Chief and Ace, the pair's two scrawny Appaloosas.

"Those horses wouldn't make it to Hutsonville and back in two days," he jeered.

Which brings us to Sonny's Lesson in Life No. 1: "Don't tell two hard-headed people they can't do something."

"He really got me aggravated," remembers Sonny, 30, a dark-haired, dark-eyed cowboy who still glares out from under his black hat at the thought.

"He even made us a wager we couldn't do it," added Todd, 31, a quiet, sandy-haired ex-Marine and one of Sonny's oldest friends.

So of course the next weekend they were in the saddle and headed toward Hutsonville, 30 miles away at the Illinois border. And a day later they were back.

But the success only spurred Danny on.

"Well, you can't make a big ride. You'll fall apart," he told the pair when they swaggered in for their next cup of coffee.

"He told us horses are just too soft these days, and that we'd end up in jail for trespassing or something," said Todd.

So inspired, the pair set to planning. And on Monday, November 4, they got up, saddled up and headed out on what was to be the biggest adventure of their lives: a thousand-mile horseback journey right out of the Old West.

Over the next seven weeks, their adventure took on all the character of the travels of pioneers 150 years ago: There were tornadoes and bogs and ice storms, lost horseshoes and hunger, moments of doubt and loneliness, wrong turns and narrow escapes and kind-hearted strangers who always came through to save the day.

There also were some big changes of plans, the biggest on the first day out.

After having mapped out a route to Montana, the would-be adventurers tuned in a weather forecast for Montana the day they were to leave. Snowstorms, the weather man said. So the pair pulled out the map again, peered south and decided on Tulsa, remembering that a friend had said there were jobs to be had there for an out-of-work carpenter and electrician.

So with no more than a compass, a couple of maps, \$1,000 in severance pay and a little survival training remembered from their Army and Marine Corps days, the men waved goodbye to Sonny's wife and kids and rode off.

They decided to keep a journal, and the first page has a list of their other gear.

"Six pair pants, 8 pair long-john bottoms, 4 long-john tops, 6 pair heavy socks, 2 army canteens, 2 quart canteens, one shelter tent, one poncho, one roll plastic, 2 sleeping bags, 2 saddlebags, 2 saddlehorn bags, 1 Buck knife, 1 .22-caliber lever-action Winchester, 2 saddles, 2 bridles, 2 lead ropes, 2 lariats, 2 Appaloosa horses and last but not least me and Toddy."

On the way out of town, the men couldn't resist stopping off at the restaurant to say goodbye. And they got a send-off to remember.

"The funeral director gave us his card and said, 'You call me, and I'll have the remains sent back,'" Todd remembers.

The first few days, the Big Ride got off to a slow start. Lacking a horseshoer in town, the pair had to ride 20 miles out of their way to get their horses shod at Newberry. That took two days, since the farrier was off on other business. But by Wednesday, they were headed south, following roads and streams as they would much of the journey. Each of their horses carried about 150 pounds of gear, and their riders wore much of their spare clothing in layers to save room in the saddlebags.

"Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1991: Well, we finally got in the saddles and we're off down the White River. Todd and Sonny both fell out of the saddles once because we had too many clothes on. ... We didn't get very far but we're having fun."

By Thursday, however, all that gear was beginning to get unwieldy. While galloping along a roadside, Sonny managed to lose a saddlebag, including their fire-starter sticks, a bunch of ammunition and—most critically—the cigarettes. An emergency trip to Wal-Mart followed.

Then came a worse indignity: A newspaper reporter cornered them in Linton, Indiana.

"When we first started out, we said we won't talk to no reporters. Then we won't be a laughingstock if we have to come back," Sonny said. "But not 10 miles out, somebody calls a reporter."

As the two walked their horses away after the interview, "we looked at each other and said there ain't no turning back now," he said.

Reporters continued to dog the pair for the next few days, catching them in Bridgeport and Mt. Carmel, Illinois. But as words of their travels spread, so did the offers of lodging and dinner. So by Nov. 13, the pair that had so far weathered an ice storm and other bad weather in old tents, barns and a coal mine was headed toward Graysville showered, shaved, well-fed and feeling good.

That quickly changed. Heading out of town, they realized they had forgotten some gear at the home where they had stayed. So while one headed back, the other rode on to scout out the trail. But "we lost each other, and it was 2:30 p.m. when we got back together," the journal says.

Then, trying to water the horses in the Embarras River, they managed to get them stuck in a muddy bog. After thrashing around enough to ruin the effects of their owners' recent showers, Chief and Ace finally lunged out. And the foursome then galloped



Two hard-headed men, Todd Hanley and Sonny Jackson, have loyal friends

toward Graysville in the dark, until pouring rain forced them into a barn around 2 a.m.

The next morning, spirits were low.

"Monday, Nov. 14: Both of us are tired and grouchy, and it rained on us some. The horses acted up, too. I'd say that they are tired, too."

The rain continued for the next few days as the pair made their way along the edge of the Little Wabash River, stopping at Shawneetown and then heading on to the Shawnee National Forest. And, on and off, it continued as they picked up the Trail of Tears through the forest, than as they lost it again, riding about 30 to 50 miles a day.

"Friday, Nov. 18: We found the Trail of Tears and that was as bad as any hills we rode back home. We lost the trail last night, so we stopped and it started to rain again."

And it was at about this point in the trip that Sonny formulated his Lesson No. 2 in his life: "Never

believe the radio weatherman."

The next night, as the pair edged toward Eddyville and the radio was predicting an end to the rain, the wind picked up, howling and whipping leaves into the air. Sonny and Todd stopped and turned on the radio just in time to hear about a tornado touchdown in Marion, just 30 miles to the northwest.

"We had a rough night. It rained cats and dogs all night," the journal notes.

Two days later, all the pain and storms were beginning to wear down all four of the travelers, who were walking from small town to small town, but finding that most of those named on the map had nothing more to offer a tired horse or horseman than a post office to send news of their plight home. Food was running low.

"Thursday, Nov. 21: We are

By Laur

people they can't do something'



Chief and Ace.

wet and cold and tired. All we want to do is stop for some food and coffee. We don't want to go so far because Sonny's horse is limping bad. So we walked about 10 miles and then we rode about 10 miles. We went through two towns but there wasn't no place to get food or coffee."

That night, however, the team limped into Vienna and found a kindly sale-barn owner who gave all four of them a place to stay and some food.

"We were never so happy to see a town," Todd remembers.

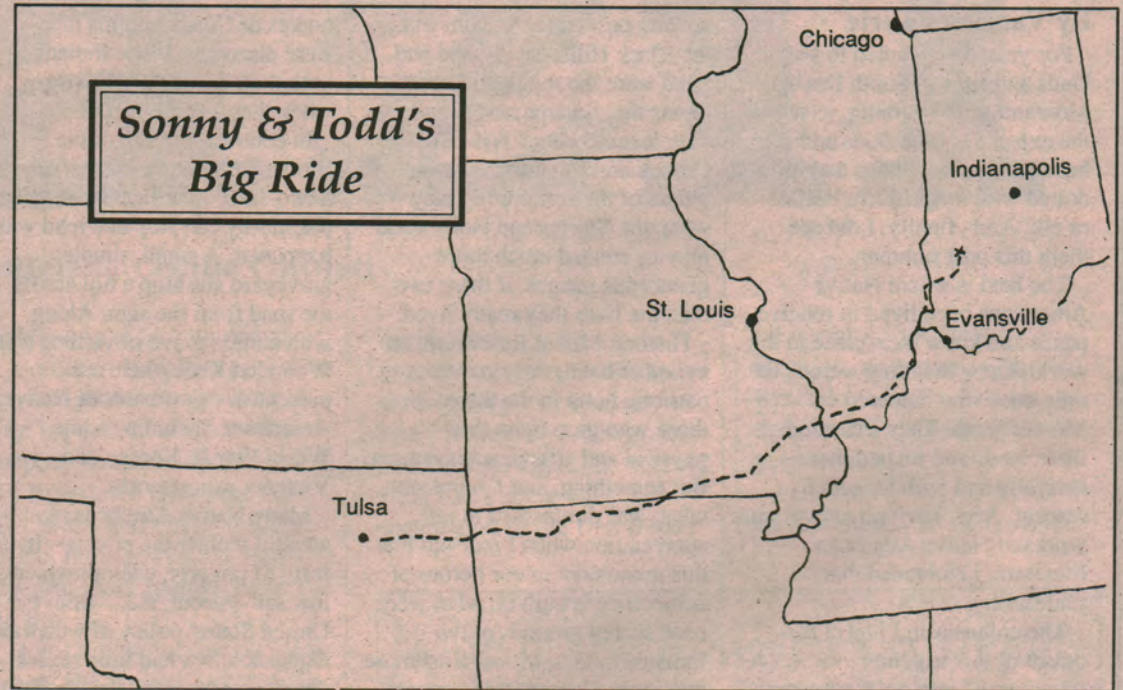
And in the morning, a friendly truck driver loaded the horses into his rig to get them safely over the Mississippi River bridge into Missouri. And by the following night, the travelers were safely in Poplar Bluff where a helpful motel owner let Todd and Sonny stay for free in a trailer out back.

The pair ended up spending four days in town, repairing their wet and torn up saddles and letting the horses rest and heal. Townsfolk offered free breakfasts for horses and men, and a lady at a gas station in town even brought by a case of Budweiser and a deck of cards.

By Wednesday, they were on the road again, with a better outlook about being able to finish the trip. But the long days away from his family were beginning to get to Sonny, who wrote in the journal a passage that could have come from the pioneer days.

"Wednesday, Nov. 27: Tomorrow is Thanksgiving and everybody we know is probably having a good dinner tomorrow and being together. I wonder if they even think of us. God, I miss my wife and kids."

The next day, still depressed, they tied up the horses at a gas station at Doniphan and called home. But the stop led to a Thanksgiving dinner: a woman who overheard them talking on



The route Jackson and Hanley traveled

the phone invited them to her home and put them up for the night.

The next day, they headed out for the Arkansas border. But again the weather and their luck changed, and they found themselves riding in downpours and sleeping in abandoned houses once again.

"Sunday, Dec. 1: It rained all night again. We are starting to feel like a couple of fish. The rain is really killing us on time and distance. Our gear is soaked all the time and it is getting rough. The radio said it won't quit until Wednesday, but we keep pushing."

Food also began to run low, as it would from time to time throughout the trip. Normally, the pair carried enough canned food—Spam, pork and beans, chili and fruit—to last two days and counted on stopping at stores and restaurants along the way. But in the hills of far southern Missouri, stores became scarce, and the travelers couldn't get even a squirrel with their rifle, much less find a restaurant with a nice hot cup of coffee.

"Monday, Dec. 2: At noon we discovered that we were out of chow. So Todd took Ace to see if he could find a store nearby. No luck. So Sonny went out to see if there was any wild game to be had. But he didn't do too much better. So we shared a can of pineapples and got ready for a long night."

The next morning, however, a

man who had seen the sorry pair on the road the day before stopped to give them two pounds of deer sausage. And, refueled, they galloped into Arkansas, where they stopped at the home of an old friend and let "his wife and him try to stuff us," the journal notes.

They also wired home for some more cash. The initial funds were now running low, despite some donations from friendly well-wishers along the route who offered up everything from cash to free hay and haircuts.

Good weather, scarce throughout the trip, also was becoming an even more precious commodity as the winter approached. So at Harrison, Arkansas, the travelers began picking up the pace, giving up the Sundays off they had enjoyed up to this point.

They had another reason for moving on as well, Todd noted in the journal. Harrison, he wrote, "was a dry county."

"Sunday, Dec. 8: Today is usually our day of rest but we are going to try and push on."

In their rush heading out of Harrison, however, the pair missed a key turn and ended up riding 17 miles out of their way to the north to Omaha, almost all the way back to the Missouri border.

The realization came at 9 p.m., after the men and horses had spent the whole day climbing up and down a series of steep hills.

"Want to talk about two people ready to kill each other," Sonny

said. "We cussed at each other for a half-hour."

Then, too angry and frustrated to stop for the night, they rode back across the hills and ended up in the wee hours of the morning back at Bear Creek Springs, where they had intended to turn west.

On the way to Bear Creek Springs, running up and down hills in the dark, there was more trouble.

"Sunday, Dec. 8: On the way, Todd and Ace had a wreck. Ace was running and tripped over a rock. Everything's alright, though. Todd just got skinned up a little. We got back to Bear Springs. It started to rain and we made camp under a bridge for the night."

The next day, the travelers started late, and made it only a few miles to Alpena. But that night, with the sky finally clear and the previous day's problems fading, the trip took on a bit of romance.

"Monday, Dec. 9: The sky was clear, stars out and beautiful. The coyotes were crying all of the night. Reminded me of home along the river bottoms. Todd said it's going to get cold because it's clear out. Sonny said it sure is, not a cloud in the sky. And sure enough, it did get cold. We woke up covered in ice again."

Not only that, but the horses—who by this time were so tame they were just turned loose at

Looking for the WILDERNESS

By Vanessa Faurie

For years I've wanted to see the lands and sites in South Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, to see the expansive blue skies and beautiful, grassy plains and hills dotted with magnificent buffalo or elk. And, finally, I did see them this past summer.

The land is where Native Americans once lived in relative peace and knew their place in the world, knew that they weren't the only ones who mattered on Mother Earth. They treasured these lands and treated them carefully and with love and respect. After having read various works of Native American literature, I embraced that philosophy.

The enthusiasm I had at the outset of this trip, however, soon transformed into quiet contemplation. The lands are well visited by tourists from all over the world, and of course much of what was once untamed wilderness no longer is. But there is still enough unspoiled nature to keep people coming.

The commercial interests of these areas beckon tourists to imagine what the good old days of the romantic frontier were really like. But that request has a darker side, for you cannot invite people to think about that time and expect them not to realize that life then was rarely as wonderful as the dramatic legends have made it out to be.

When the pioneers and gold

seekers pushed the Indians out of the Black Hills, Deadwood and Lead were the rough and tumble towns that became associated with legends about Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane—pillars of the community they were not. Stories and Hollywood movies created much more glamorous images of these two than the lives they really lived.

Historic Mount Rushmore, on the other hand, truly creates a patriotic lump in the throat for those who gaze upon this physical and artistic achievement. But something, and I'm not sure what, was diminished in my appreciation when I realized that this monument to our heroes of democracy is built on what were once sacred grounds of the Indians. In fact, Mount Rushmore overlooks Harney Peak, the site where the famous Oglala Sioux medicine man, Black Elk, had his greatest vision of reuniting and saving his people.

Black Elk was thirteen when he witnessed General George Custer's defeat at the Battle of Little Big Horn. And he lived to see the devastation of the last massacre of Indians at Wounded Knee.

Curiously, the Little Big Horn National Monument was, until recently, named Custer Battlefield to honor the side that was defeated in the battle. The battlefield is now a historic site with a museum and visitors' center. Markers show where the

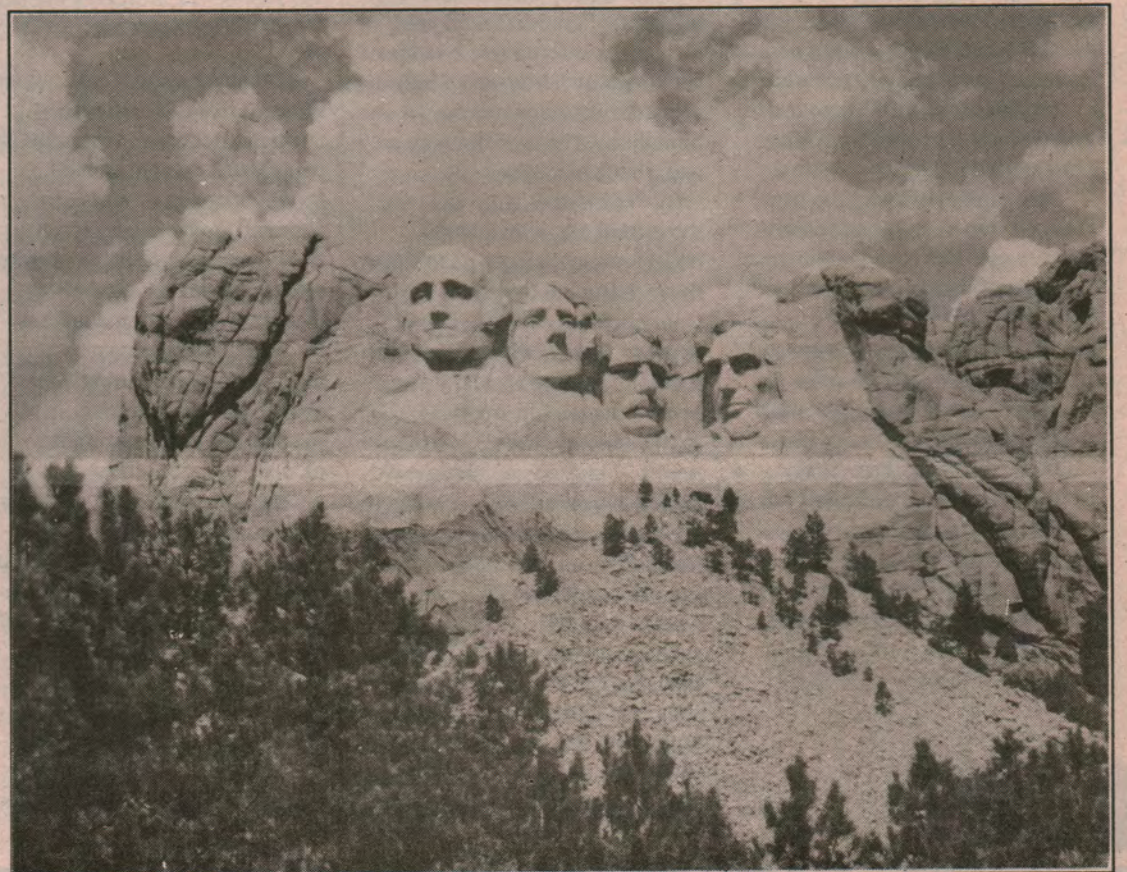
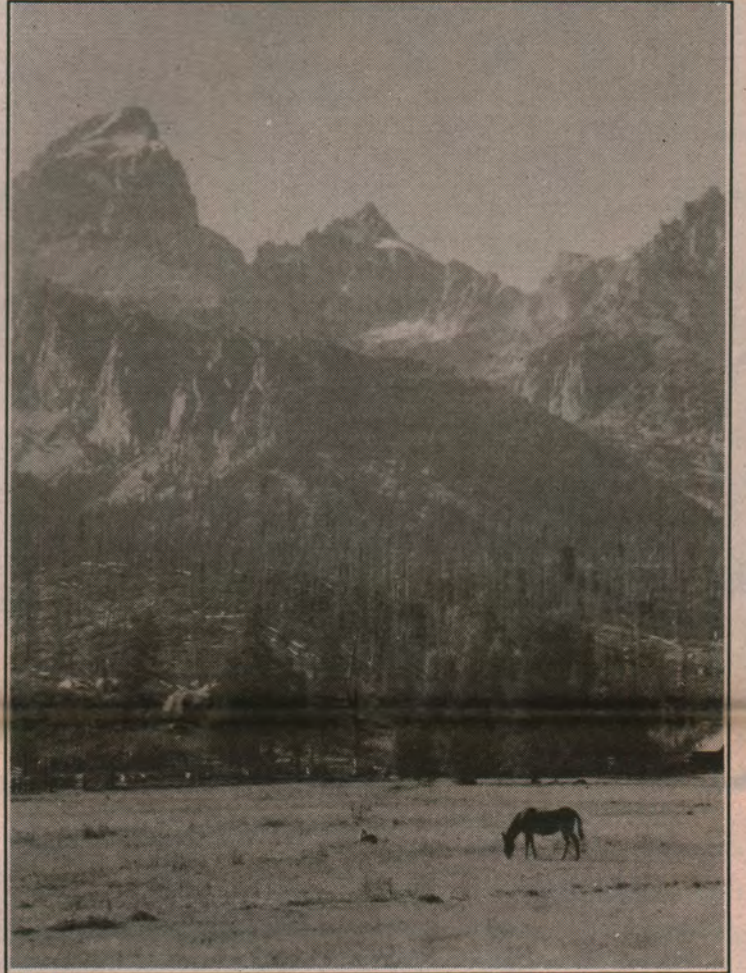
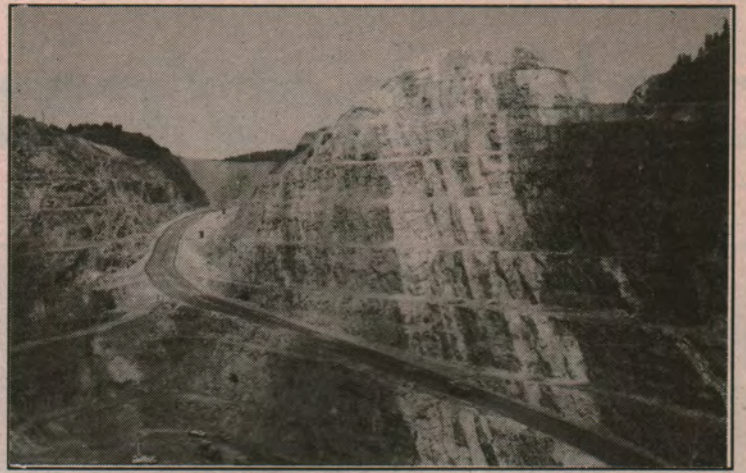
bodies of Custer and his men were discovered. The Indians took their casualties with them when they left the battlefield.

In contrast, the site of the Wounded Knee massacre features a two-sided historical marker that passers-by can stop and read what happened. A small, simple graveyard sits atop a hill across the road from the sign. Along with a mass grave of victims from Wounded Knee, there are present-day gravesites of Native Americans, including some World War II, Korean and Vietnam war veterans.

Many Native Americans today are still feeling the effects—in the form of poverty, unemployment, low self-esteem, etc.—from the United States' policy of westward expansion that had little regard for those who were already living on the land.

As a high-tech, industrial society, we are only now realizing for ourselves to any effective degree something that the Native Americans were trying to show us years ago: The air, land, water and wildlife of this country are resources that should be used wisely with care and respect.

Many parts of this area of the country remain as beautiful as they were when the Native Americans flourished. Yet to have finally seen them was an educational and sobering experience as well as a visually inspiring one—something I didn't expect from a vacation.



Photos by Vanessa Faurie

Above: The main street of today's Deadwood, South Dakota, is lined with gambling houses as a way to inject new revenue into what would otherwise be a dying town. Top right: The effects of gold mining have transformed the landscape around Deadwood. Top middle: There are still areas of natural beauty to be found, such as along the Grand Tetons. Bottom right: The majestic faces of Mount Rushmore overlook what were once sacred Indian lands.

Comparing life in America to

Brazil

By Helena Cecilia Carnieri

For many people who live in Brazil, living abroad is the dream of their lives. The economical situation in Brazil is terrible and getting worse every day. Brazil hasn't had a good president in years, and the present one is making the world's impressions about Brazil even worse. Being Brazilian, I know what it's like.

For a long time, my family had been planning to go and live for some time in another country. But we thought of it as a new experience, not as an escape. My parents decided that they could do postdoctoral work in another country, and we considered Belgium and the United States. Finally we decided on the United States since their work in Belgium

is it: We had better like it, or we will live uncomfortably for a year.

Everything was different.

As it always happened when you go from one country to another, we were shocked by many things. My first shock was seeing squirrels, chipmunks and other animals all running free and safe in the parks and fields. That really impressed me, and I got a positive feeling about life here. Another shock was the way cars stop in the streets to let pedestrians pass and the honesty of a "four-way stop." If you try to do that in Brazil, you had better get your will completed first.

I was struck by the differences, of course. Things like clothing, stores, etc. change in

when you meet him or her.

Another thing that probably strikes all foreigners here is the food. Lots and lots of pepper and fast food for lunch. In Brazil, we have real food for lunch and lunch at night. Also, houses without walls around them looked different to me.

I got many interesting ideas about the United States while traveling around the West this past summer. Every city looks the same. They all have the same kinds of eating places; all the systems are equal. That makes traveling very safe and comfortable. You couldn't travel around the northern part of Brazil without taking precautions about the water you drink or the food you eat.

Something else I noticed is that every beauty in the country is explored. In all those places, you find lots of visitors from other countries. In Brazil, not all of the beauties are explored and made into tourist points. Of course, all of the roads in the United States are excellent.

One thing that differs about Urbana-Champaign from lots of other cities, however, is the number of foreigners who live here. It's interesting to make friends from many different countries. The only problem is that, by not having their families here, they become very attached to their friends. And since there are always lots of people moving in and out, it must hurt them when they have to part.

For a city of its size, Urbana-Champaign has lots of entertainment for everyone. There are lots of malls, cinemas, festivals and many other things. It's also a safe place to live, compared to Brazil.

One of the American systems that is very different

from Brazil's is the educational system. In Brazil, there are two levels of education. The first one includes grades one through eight; the second level has three grades that correspond to the first three

years of high school. After that, it's college. From the fifth grade on, the teachers are the ones who go from class to class. Students have different classes each day, so they only bring the books they need for that day and then take them home again. This way, there's no need for lockers, which I think is a better system. Of course there are lots of other small differences like not using folders, having only four to five hours of school a day, etc. Also, pencils are never used in tests.

There are also many differences between American and Brazilian societies. One difference is the honesty of American people, which struck me when I saw a cashier ask a customer how much something cost. I'm not saying Brazilian people are dishonest, but things are different.

Brazilian salaries are very low, which makes it better to hire someone to do something rather than have a machine do it. But Brazil is a very beautiful country. It's great for a vacation, and many who visit Brazil love it. The food is delicious, and the people are very friendly.

I enjoyed living in the United States. It was a won-

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would take two years, and that wasn't quite our idea. We would stay in the United States for one year and then go back to Brazil. We decided on Urbana because it has a large University program, and my parents could find work in their field.

Arriving here in September 1991, we got a feeling that this

every country. I didn't like everything in the United States the minute I arrived. You can't expect that from someone who has just come from a different model of life. I was especially struck by the way people greet each other. It is, "Hi, how are you?" and that's all. In Brazil, it is the most natural thing to kiss someone on the cheek

derful experience I shall never forget. And, of course, learning English was a very valuable thing. Now that we are going back to Brazil, I don't know what will happen when we get there. We don't know how long we will be able to stay. I'm sure I'll miss Urbana.

As a friend of mine said who lived in Urbana for two years and is now in Spain, "I really miss Urbana. Take your time and do everything you like to do there because you're going to miss it, too."

Well, I know I will.

In September, Carnieri and her family returned to their home in southern Brazil.

Newton Library welcomes Irene Hunt short stories to collection

By Laurel Kerans

Newton Public Library has been fortunate to receive four short stories written by Irene Hunt. These stories appeared in *Good Housekeeping* magazine in 1936, 1938 and 1941. When the first story was accepted, Hunt telegraphed to her mother that a story had been published.

Now in 1992, Hunt's brother, Loren "Joe" Poe, has given their mother's copies of the magazine to the library, which has put them in booklet form, called *Preludes*, for the public to enjoy. The stories are "Red Light, Green Light" (September 1936), "In Memory of Shiloh" (April 1936), "My Love is a Parallel" (June 1938) and "Say You Forgive Me" (August 1941).

Hunt was raised in Jasper County. Her parents were Sarah A. and Frank P. Hunt. Her father died when Irene was 7 and her younger sister, Beulah, was 4. Sarah then married Joe Poe, and they had two children, Loren and Shirley.

Hunt graduated from Newton High School in 1920. In the 1923 annual, she was listed as a teacher in the Jasper County schools. Later she was a teacher in Oak Park and Cicero. She received degrees from the University of Illinois and the University of Minnesota. Hunt also had done advanced graduate work in psychology at the University of Colorado.

At one time, she taught elementary English and French in the public schools of Cicero during the day and basic education classes for adults during the evenings. But her chief interest was children of all sizes, races and needs.

At one time, Hunt was newly employed at a school in Ely, Minnesota. The road north stopped at Ely, and the only way to go north into Canada was by plane. So Hunt boarded a small, private plane to go meet some of the local people. Her host took her to a cabin to meet a forest ranger. When he answered the door, he was sporting a beard that had taken many weeks to grow. When the host explained that he wanted the forest ranger to meet a school teacher, he was mightily embarrassed. He told the pilot that had he known company was coming, he would have prepared himself a little bit. When Hunt and the pilot told him the beard didn't make any difference to them, the ranger said, "In that case, come on in and share the



Irene Hunt

cake I baked this morning." The local Minnesota people heard of this story and decided that the new school teacher was going to be "all right."

Hunt also tried her hand at painting, a pastime she found rewarding in spite of what she has said was a complete lack of talent. She spent summers in France, where art, history, good friends and experience with the language made it difficult for her to stay home and tend to the business of writing.

Irene Hunt gave readers this insight in the author's note in *Across Five Aprils*. She wrote: "There are many questions that I should have liked to ask my grandfather as I wrote *Across Five Aprils*. It would indeed have been good to have been able to ask the many questions that come to mind during the days of research and writing. I would be better still to be able to thank my

grandfather for the memories he shared with us." Hunt dedicated the book to her "Grandfather's great-grandchildren, but the story is his."

People and places were important to Irene Hunt. Although she did leave Jasper County, what she gave to the people of the county was a legacy they could be proud of. The people at the Newton Public Library hope that having Hunt's four short stories in the collection will add to their patron's reading pleasure.

Hunt once told her family that the best book was a dog-eared one because that meant someone had been reading and using the book.

When you travel with Hunt in her books, you will meet many interesting people, and you will be in many interesting places. You will have something to think about, and you will be thinking

about the people you meet long after you have put the book back on the shelf.

Irene Hunt Bibliography

Across Five Aprils (1965)

Hunt was so dedicated to writing a book that children would certainly dog ear that it received the Charles W. Follett Children's Literature Award. Perhaps the reason why people in Newton wanted to read the book was because of the reference to Newton on page 12: "She knew that this trip to Newton in the midst of a late planting season would have been unthinkable except for the urgency of getting word from the world beyond their own fields and woods."

Later on page 17 it reads, "War meant loud brass music and shining horses ridden by men

wearing uniforms finer than any suit in the stores at Newton, it meant men riding like kings looking neither to the right nor the left, while lesser men in perfect lines strode along with guns on their shoulders, their heads held high like horses with short reins."

The University of Chicago Center for Children's Books called *Across Five Aprils* "an impressive book both as a historically authenticated Civil War novel and as a beautifully written family story."

Up a Road Slowly (1967)

This book was a Newberry Medal winner. *The New York Times Book Review* said, "Those who follow Julie's growth—from a tantrum-throwing 7-year-old to a gracious young woman of 17—will find this book has added a new dimension to their lives."

Trail of Apple Blossoms (1968)

Some events in this story are said to have happened; others could have happened. The story is told, not for history, but to point up a philosophy that forgot self, denied fear and placed love for all living things as the ultimate good.

No Promises in the Wind (1970)

This book offers a look at the Great Depression. The characters reveal the great trials the people had to endure.

The Lottery Rose (1976)

This is a powerful book that treats an important and difficult subject honestly. Many young readers welcome the novel.

William (1977)

Once again, Hunt portrays a strong and credible, loving and caring family unit.

Claws of a Young Century (1980)

Hunt gives us a history lesson, as well as a family lesson, revolving around woman suffrage. Her first draft was not the one that the editors finally accepted. They wanted the book to be for a different audience than Hunt had been writing for. This novel is for a more mature reader.

The Everlasting Hills (1985)

Set in Colorado mountain country, Hunt tells the story of a boy who tries to help another. And in the helping, the boy fulfills his own needs.

To order a copy of *Preludes*, send \$6.50 (shipping and handling included) to Laurel Kerans, 707 W. Jourdan, Newton, IL 62448. May check payable to Newton Public Library.

SETH HENRY

By
Jim Farren

Seth Henry awakened at 5 a.m. No ringing alarm clock, no crowing rooster, no gentle nudge in the middle of the back. Seth Henry just woke up, as he had every morning at 5 a.m. for as long as he cared to remember.

It was warm within the covers, chilly without. Summer had barely begun to bloom; mornings, before the sun gained strength, were icy-crisp and sharp.

Seth Henry rolled out of bed and came up standing barefoot on the cold, unvarnished floor. He ran knotted hands down spindled shanks, smoothing out his butt-sprung longjohns, then hurriedly dressed in woolen shirt and socks, bob-overalls and brogans.

In the kitchen, he fired up the wood stove and set the coffee on to cook. In the morning gloom, he watered the geranium in the pot on the window sill above the sink. Before going outside, he donned an ancient mackinaw and slouch hat.

The woodshed was darker inside than the dawning sky was out, but that didn't matter. Years of habit had left everything in familiar place: axe, chopping block, split-oak chunk. Seth cut kindling deftly, without thought, then carried an armload back to the kitchen and dumped it in the woodbox by the stove.

The coffee was hot. He drank a cup, with more sugar than was common, while side meat spattered and eggs fried hard in the same skillet. He peppered his food heavily before eating. He fixed a second cup of syrupy coffee and sipped at it while washing the dishes and silverware.

The day outside was stronger now, sunlight burning off the dew. Seth scattered corn to his handful of chickens, gathered eggs, fed his rabbits and fetched

them water.

The rest of the morning was spent tending the garden; planting, thinning, hoeing, weeding, watering. In turn, under the building heat, he shucked the mackinaw and wollen shirt, then unbuttoned and peeled down the top of his longjohns. Sweat slickened him, sun burnt him darker yet. At noon he stopped, stretched long to unkink his back, towelled his chest and shoulders dry, and put away his tools.

The kitchen was still cool from the shade oak beside the house. Seth built up the fire in the wood stove and set the coffee on to cook. The mail truck had run so he went out to fetch the paper.

The coffee was hot. He drank a cup, thick with sugar, while day-before-yesterday's ham and beans bubbled from the bottom of the pot. Pepper blackened the two bowlfuls he ate. He read the paper front to back, washing down the news with a second cup of scalding sweet coffee.

Outside, the sun hammered down. Seth took posthole diggers from a corner of the woodshed. The old garden fence was gone, posts cut up for firewood, rusty wire rolled and hauled away. New posts, freshly peeled, stretched yellow wet in the green grass. New rolls of wire glistened beside the shed.

Seth dug. His aging muscles protested as the once-comfortable rhythm came back gradually. With each hole, when he got below the sod, the digging went easier. Ten inches across and two and a half feet deep is a lot of dirt to move. Seth dug, lost in the sweet monotony of repetition. His fingers cramped, his arms ached, his back spasmed. A stitch developed in his side, his breath hot and ragged. Often he paused to wipe sweat from his eyes or gulp a dipperful of water. When

he finally ceased for the afternoon, eleven posts were ready to be set.

Inside, the kitchen was warmer. The lowering sun shone brightly through the window. Seth stirred up the fire in the wood stove and set the coffee on to cook. He removed the muddy bib-overalls and washed his hands.

The coffee was hot. Seth drank a cup, nearly emptying the sugar bowl, while building two thick-sliced ham and pepper sandwiches. He reread the paper while he ate.

The day cooled as evening came.

Seth stripped away his longjohns and washed slowly, completely. He shaved the reflection in the tarnished mirror above the sink. The skin of his face was old and wrinkled, turkey wattled. He had to stretch it tight with one hand and navigate the straight razor with the other. He splashed bay rum on his jowls and slicked down his hair. He dressed in clean butt-sprung longjohns, his only suit, Sunday shoes.

Outside the sun was slack. Seth walked past the afternoon's work and started up the hill behind the house. As always, he stopped halfway up and turned briefly to look at his place. Small frame house, woodshed, chicken coop, rabbit pens, garden. An old place, old like he was. But solid, too, far more solid than he. Neither tired nor worn out, just old.

Under the trees it was cool, nearly always either cool or cold. Seth liked the summertime, the coolness was refreshing then. Yes, he decided, summers were the best. Winters were beginning to take their toll on him. He couldn't stay as long in the

wintertime anymore. He chilled too easily, his bones provided a safehouse for the cold. He shivered and suffered in the wintertime and, in turn, was shamed by his weakness. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was not. Yes, summers were definitely better. More tolerant of his age. He could stay longer on the hill in the summer, absorbing strength from the warm earth. He could sit under the trees far into the night if he liked. And he did.

In the fading light, Seth carefully and lovingly cleaned around her. He removed each stick and bit of debris, brushed away a spider's web. On hands and knees he peered, moving slowly. Lightly he ran his calloused fingers over the cooling marble, tracing the letters which spelled her name. Satisfied at last, Seth moved back until he could rest against a dogwood trunk. He settled himself, folded his hands in his lap and blinked.

Quietly he began to talk to her. He started with his day, the work he'd done, the meals he'd fixed. He apologized for the poor quality of the food, but in all those years he'd never been able to improve his cooking any. He gave her the news from the paper, all of it, first to last. Along the way, he offered bits of gossip, guesses, commentary. The rabbits were doing well, one hen wasn't laying, the new fence was coming along. He hoped she didn't mind him coming like this every evening, but after all these years he still loved her, and time never seemed to dim that. He talked to her as he always did. Talked of things they'd done and places they'd been, of things they shared and things they should have shared but never got around to. Did she remember the time ... Guess what happened to ... What was the name of ... When was it

that ... Why didn't they ever. ...

Long after dark he talked to her still. Sitting close, he saw her, mourned her. When quite certain she was sleeping, he gradually hushed and simply spent his time enjoying her nearness. When at last he slipped away, he was careful not to awaken her.

In the house, the kitchen was cold and the fire dead. Seth kindled a new one and set the coffee on to cook. In the bedroom he stripped to his longjohns, put away his suit and shoes, laid out clean clothes for the morning.

The coffee was hot. He drank a cup, first refilling the sugar bowl. He sat for a time fiddling with his spoon, tracing the red checkerboard squares on the oilcloth. He sweetened a second cup of coffee, took it to bed, drank while he read the Bible. The scriptures didn't help, never had. They, too, were only a habit.

Seth was tired, not sleepy. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been sleepy. Years ago it seemed. Tomorrow there were chores to do and the fence to work on. The roof needed patching, the back door rescreening. And the garden always needed work. So many things to do, to be done, to keep him busy, to fill the days; those damned empty days.

Hours after turning off the light, Seth finally slept. But the longing and the aching never left him, and neither did the loneliness. Nor did they diminish in the least degree. They never had. They never would.

* * *

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Horse trip

Continued from page 9

night to graze, then whistled back in the morning—had gotten into the feed sacks and scattered grain everywhere. The sleeping bags were wet. And the travelers discovered they were out of water for coffee, and the food was again getting low.

"What a morning!" Todd wrote in the journal.

By this point, the horseshoes Ace and Chief were wearing were getting a little thin. So in the following days, as they rode toward Huntsville, the travelers stopped to look for a farrier. They found more than that.

"Friday, Dec. 13: Well, today we got the horses shod, and the guy that shod them kept giving us beers. We helped him drink a 12-pack. After that we had forgotten our canteens and we went back to the welding shop and there were four guys there and they were drinking beer and we talked and drank beer about all night. One guy took us to his house and fed us real good."

But the best time of all was to come three days later, when they hit Oklahoma. The best way to Tulsa, they decided, was to ride right down the Cherokee Turnpike for the last 70 miles.

Trouble is, nobody had ever been allowed to do that before. But after hearing Todd and Sonny's story, highway officials allowed them onto the road with best wishes.

"Tuesday, Dec. 17: We were the very first two cowboys to ride right down the turnpike. We heard others had tried it and could not make it. So we rode on into the night."

But the turnpike turned out to be a mixed blessing. Exits were far between and difficult to



The travelers arrive in Shawneetown, Illinois.

negotiate. So the foursome galloped hard toward Tulsa, toward food and rest and victory.

Just outside of Tulsa, though, at nearly the point where they had intended to stop—"there ain't no way you could ride right into downtown Tulsa," Sonny noted—Chief stepped on a nail and came up lame. The Big Ride was over, but close enough to the target to be considered a success.

"Have you ever seen that 'End of the Trail' statue?" Todd asked, describing the wornout horses and Indians in the work. "We and the horses looked just like that."

The jobs the pair hoped to find in Tulsa had dried up during the ride, so they phoned Sonny's wife

for a ride. And by Christmas, they were back at the Snack-A-Shack, basking in the apologies and congratulations.

They gave the funeral director back his card, turned the horses out to pasture and settled in for a rest—for now.

But if you overhear them talking over coffee these days, they say they're going to Montana next. And everybody's inclined to believe them, even if their horses do look a little scrawny.

"If any horses could make it, it'd be them two," Sonny said. "I've never found any to beat the two we've got."



Photos by Laurie Goering

At last, the weary men and horses reach Oklahoma.

Thoughts on the General Store

By John L. Freeland

Through passing years I'm aware and find
That things of the past I still have in mind;
Many things I can remember as I did before
When I went for Mom, trading at the General Store.

My eggs in a basket, sometimes bought flour for bread,
And a spool of white number 40 thread,
Plus a sack of sugar, salt and a box of spice;
And over was left a little more than the price.

I took what was left when I was through,
It was only a mere penny or two,
And bought for my craving tooth something sweet,
A stick of peppermint candy for me to eat.

I went back to the store chewing and so and so
Had come into the store from falling rain and snow
The usual loafers from the stormy gales,
Getting ready to spill their many tales.

The stories they told were both new and old,
While they chewed and smoked, these they told;
But the candy I had I lovingly chewed,
As I listened to their stories mostly old and renewed.

Arriving home I had stories, too, for Dad and Mom,
Mostly the old stories told by Dick and Tom;
Hearing me spout off, Mom would say, "What a day you had!
Now tell everything to your father, and milk the cows for poor old Dad."

But today the old General Store is a lonely place,
As it looks out at the world with a sober face;
And those folks passing by still hope to see
The old General Store full of life like it used to be.

As the years pass by, more and more,
I only see the good of the General Store;
Now when everything is said and done,
The old General Store at Bellair was a lot of fun!



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some new furniture available

The Last Word

One act of ignorance leads to mutual understanding

By Mehrdad Azemun

His name was Shelomah Somal. He had tan skin, crooked teeth and eyes that could almost be called googly. He usually wore thin, plaid shirts and brown corduroy pants.

I got to know Shelomah in fourth, fifth and sixth grades at Kimball Elementary School in Seattle, Washington. Even though I knew Shelomah for those three years, I honestly could not call him one of my better friends. However, there were two incidents that separated the two of us and eventually brought us back together.

It was my first day at Kimball school. There were about thirty of us fourth graders gathered in the music room, and everybody was talking with each other, except me. While other kids talked about summer and their new teachers, I shot nervous and expectant glances around the room.

Finally, our teacher walked in. He introduced himself as Mr. Cowgar. His eyes narrowed into friendly slits when he smiled at us, along with friendly lines that bracketed his mouth. He had a well-trimmed moustache and wore cowboy boots.

He told us that we'd be spending the hour getting to know

everyone. One by one he went from kid to kid and asked the same questions: their name and where they were from.

No, God, no, not that second question, I thought. Just ask me my name. I don't want the other kids to know I'm from Iran. The hostages were still being held in Teheran. I got so many jeers from the kids at my old school. Insults. Laughs. Not getting to sit at the lunch table with the other kids.

I can just tell him I'm from Seattle.

Suddenly, Mr. Cowgar's eyes traveled from my neighbor over to me. Now everyone was quiet and listened for my name.

"Mehrdad Azemun," I said, keeping my eyes on Mr. Cowgar's face because it was the one reassuring image in a room of strangers.

"And where are you from, Mehrdad?"

"Uh ... Seattle."

"No, I mean where are you from?"

His question was looking at me straight in the face. I had to give the answer that I didn't want to give.

"Um, I'm from Iran."

Suddenly, a face separated itself from the uniformity of the strangers. The face shot out from his desk and turned around toward me.

"Iran?" he cried and pretended to take out a machine gun and shoot a few rounds right through me.

There was no real gun. There were no real bullets. But the charged and whining metal still raced through my heart, humiliating me ...

through my stomach, producing a profound sinking feeling ... and straight through my forehead, causing a hot, hot madness.

I could only sit there and draw more and more into myself, look at the floor and try to decide what to do while Mr. Cowgar quickly scolded the kid.

Laugh it off? I couldn't. It would be too fake. Insult him back? No. I didn't want to lower myself to his mentality, and anyway, I wasn't quick-witted enough to think of an insult. Cry? I was already crying inside.

So I continued to sit there and forced the smallest smile while the other kids looked and Mr. Cowgar tried to comfort me and apologize for what the kid had

done.

That kid was Shelomah. And over the next three years, we eventually became friends. We didn't become the greatest of friends, but still friends at least.

During the last few days of the sixth grade, before we would all have to leave Kimball, I had my friend sign an autograph book. Shelomah took an especially long time to sign it because he thought for a long while about what to write.

The first part of his entry was like most of the others. He mentioned how much fun he had had at Kimball and how he would be sorry to see me go. But then there was the last sentence, the most important sentence of all:

"And I'm sorry for what I did to you that one day."

That one day. It was an ambiguous statement that any other reader would not have understood. But I remembered. And so did Shelomah. That one day not only had been ground into my memory, but also in his.

When Shelomah shot those nonexistent bullets through me, he didn't seem human. He was just some ignorant thing that I hated, something that was very distant from me. But with that entry in my autograph book, I felt much closer to him. Shelomah, I discovered, was a lot more human than I thought.

He never actually told me he was sorry, the apology came only in written words. And I never told him that I accepted his apology.

But that's not important. What is important is that the two of us were brought together by mutual understanding. Both of us finally, really had thought about what had happened.

The whole incident with Shelomah shows the double-edged sword of prejudice. Prejudice denies humanity. And in the experience with Shelomah, it wasn't just my humanity that was denied, but Shelomah's also.

There are feelings on both sides. Those who are oppressed feel everything that I went through. And the oppressor, to some degree, may doubt his or her prejudice and feel a different sort of shame and humiliation. Perhaps what is most striking is that Shelomah is African-American, so he may have felt some prejudice and discrimination also. Was he venting some of his own feelings out on me?

I have lost the autograph book that Shelomah and my other classmates wrote in. But to this day, the only message I can remember from the book is his.

Mehrdad Azemun, a senior at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, became a U.S. citizen earlier this year.

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