

Tales

Spring/Summer 1994

The Archer House Yesterday and Today

The rescue of the oldest hotel in Illinois is finally complete.

The Archer House in downtown Marshall, Illinois, should stand proudly for another 150 years, according to Charlene Brand, who has remodeled the historic structure.

Strategically located where the National Road crossed the old Vincennes and Chicago State Road, the Archer House has seen many owners since Col. W.B. Archer constructed the two-story brick hotel in 1841. One of the previous owners was Brand's grandfather, Seymour Hurst.

It is this family connection, in fact, which most motivated Brand to assume the heavy debt and accept the challenge required in restoring the historic structure. She sees the renovation of the Archer House as a mission of sorts, a means of leaving something good which will live on.

"If I can succeed in paying off what I owe, and in establishing the Archer House as a nationally recognized guest house, then I shall die happy," she said.



Continued on page 8 By Dwight Connelly

Summertime in England & France

Thursday, July 5 - Thursday, July 14, 1994

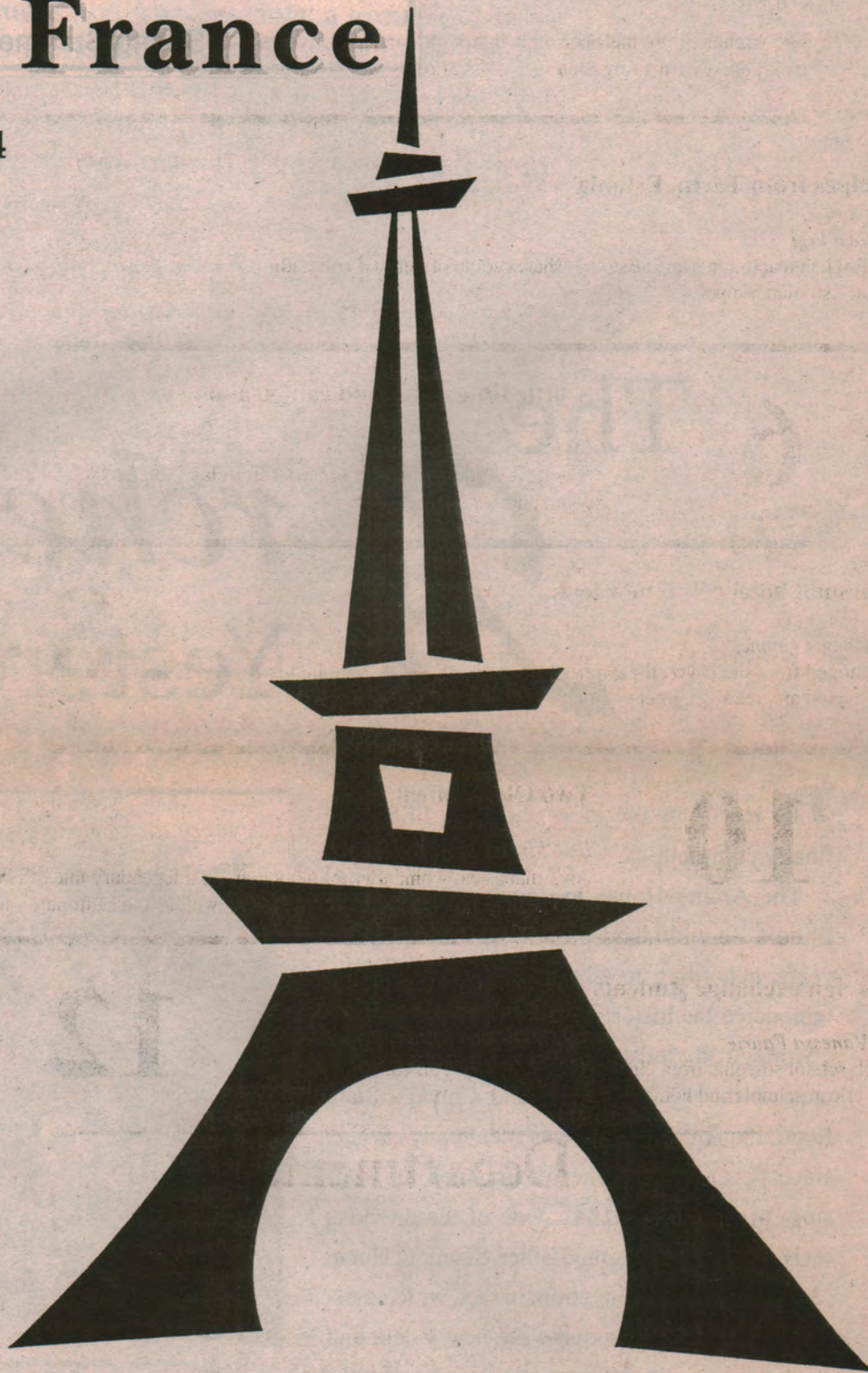
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Tales from the general store, inc.

Editor
Ray Elliott

Managing Editor
Vanessa Faurie

Copy Editor
Gaye Dunn

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By Ray Elliott

Understanding one another necessary to getting along

On one of my first liberties in the Philippines, a sergeant from the base got married. He invited the off-duty section to the reception. Most of us went for the free food and beer.

I had been weaned on my mother's fried chicken, gravy and mashed potatoes, beef and noodles and other country specials. Nothing I saw on the serving table was even remotely similar, but I tried a little of everything.

Later in the evening, the turnkey I worked with walked over to where I was standing, drinking a San Miguel and eating some kind of grilled meat on a skewer stick. "Man, you know what you're eatin'?" he asked.

The harsh tone of his voice and the disgusted way he was looking at me made me think maybe it was monkey meat. I held the meat up for inspection before I shook my head no.

"Dog meat," he said.

I smiled weakly, took another little bite and said, "Doesn't taste bad."

History and culture had always fascinated me. That experience marks the first time I remember learning about them so personally. Now, as a teacher, I think it is important to learn about people around the world in that kind of hands-on way. Students provide many of my lessons.

I was first introduced to students from other countries in the classrooms of Urbana (IL) High School. Then after an International Sister City exchange with Tartu, Estonia, I started thinking about hosting a student from another country for a year.

When my wife and I decided to host a teenager from Rostock, Germany, we knew we were in for some cultural surprises. That was only part of the experience, though.

Laura Koepke had a similar attitude. Shortly after she arrived, I asked her what she had expected when she began making plans to come to a new country and live with perfect strangers for nearly a year.

"I didn't know what to expect," she said. "So I expect nothing."

Early in the fall, we found something to do in Chicago for the weekend. At the supper table a few days before the trip, I asked Laura what she wanted to see while we were there.

"The well," she said without hesitation.

"The well?"

"Al Bundy's well," she said, sounding a bit incredulous.

But that didn't make things any clearer. For the next few days, we asked around about Al Bundy's well. Nobody had heard of it.

Laura was adamant and said she knew it was there because her teacher in Germany had visited Chicago and "brought back a picture of Al Bundy's well." That was proof positive.

"He's on 'Married ... with Children,'" she finally said. "We must watch on Monday when it comes on the television."

So on Monday, we all sat down and watched the show. As the opening scenes flashed across the screen, Laura pointed excitedly and said, "There it is. There is Al Bundy's well."

Well, not exactly. She was pointing to a view of Buckingham Fountain in Grant Park near the lakefront. Her translation of fountain in German became well in English. And Al Bundy was the show's main character.

For Laura and many others around the world who watch some of these kinds of American television shows, that is the image of this country that stays in their minds. Coupled with that is the fact that her teacher in Germany told students there that Americans watch television 40 hours a week. Perhaps some do.

But it is only when foreign students visit the United States and live in American homes that they meet the people and get a more realistic view of life here. And it's only when Americans travel to other countries and meet the people that we better understand life elsewhere.

Understanding the history, culture and lifestyles of others, maybe even eating dog meat if it's offered, is becoming increasingly more important as the world shrinks with telecommunications and improved travel capabilities. If people are ever truly going to be able to get along and live in peace, it is imperative that we are all more aware of each other and tuned into our differences as well as to our similarities.

Not everyone is able to travel; not everyone is able to have a foreign exchange student; not everyone has access to electronic mail communication. Everyone can do something to understand and appreciate people around the world and help preserve it for future generations, though. How and what is each individual's choice.

Mail's Here

Reader needs more Tales to share

Please send back issues of *Tales*, numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. I promised a few copies to an old fellow down in Florida but once from Oblong. After I got back home, I decided I didn't want to let my copies go. Maybe you can help me out.

— MARJORIE HARRIMAN
BRIDGEPORT, IL

Glad to get Tales in Michigan

You don't know me, but I was married to Doyle Finney from Oblong. I received one of your *Tales* from Oblong. Sure am glad to get one. I was in the Bellair Store a few years ago. I was in Oblong a couple months ago. The next time I come down I will stop and see you. I come down to visit there now to see John Finney's daughter.

— HELEN FINNEY
MUSKEGON, MI

Tiny planet requires cultural awareness

I was very impressed with the March 10 article (about Project Get Along) in *The Champaign-Urbana News-Gazette*.

I am not familiar with the *Tales* project, but I hope that you relay to the Urbana High School students, Mr. Elliott and his wife that I applaud them for their efforts to answer the often ignored questions that have immense impact on our society.

After reading the March 10 article, I would also like to

receive information about the *Tales* project and how to become a subscriber (supporter) to receive your newsletter and other information about your programs. In this age of media technology, it appears that you are very cognizant of the fact that we live on a very small planet. In addition, I feel you realize the importance of cultural (multi-cultural) awareness through your efforts to "support other programs on cultural journalism for students."

— MRS. MERLE MICHAELSON
DANVILLE, IL

King image wrong, patrolman says

When I read of your publication, *We Can All Get Along IF ...*, I was so impressed that I wanted to share one of my poems with you that addresses the same subject. I wrote the poem about a year ago, and it is to be published in an anthology in the near future.

I have also enclosed the *Los Angeles Times* article that appeared with a photo of Rodney King and me on the last day of three days of his DMV Implied Consent Hearing. The later article shows that we rightfully regained his license for him.

During the three days of hearings spanning four weeks, I had the distinct honor and pleasure of getting to know Rodney King and determining for myself that he is a fine person, not anything like the media depicted him to be. He's actually what you could call a "Big Teddy Bear," in that he is soft-spoken,

has a clean sense of humor and is very much a family man. His favorite recreation activities are bird hunting and fishing, and all conversations eventually, or quickly, end up on fishing and his prize catches.

Again, your efforts are exactly what we need in our troubled nation. I hope you continue your endeavors, as I plan to do as long as I am able.

— CAPT. GEORGE C. NUTTALL
CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL,
RETIRED
LAGUNA NIGUEL, CA

It's jumping off the shelves!

Your book looks great! I first noticed it on Saturday when I was in Pages For All Ages Bookstore (in Champaign). They have it out on their counter.

— MARY ZWILLING
URBANA, IL

High schooler seeks answers to getting along

My name is Scott Landsman. I am 17 and a junior at Niles North High School in Skokie, IL. The L.A. riots in 1992 terribly upset me, for I am a huge supporter of racial equality. Since then, I have tried numerous times to answer the question, "Can we all get along?" I have come to the conclusion that the question cannot be answered in one sentence because I could write a book on this issue, or by one person. The answer needs to come from a diverse survey of

people, and what you're doing is an excellent start that will hopefully lead to bigger and more promising things.

However, I do feel that what you are looking for in your book are many simple, catchy phrases. So I have come up with a few: Some are obvious; some are unique. Please feel free to choose or discard any or all of them.

We can all get along if ...
... we let each other wash our backs.
... we all love vanilla and chocolate twist ice cream.
... we can all play together.
... we put an end to racism.
... we kill Barney the dinosaur.
... we can all work together.

— SCOTT LANDSMAN
SKOKIE, IL

Young people came up with good idea

I find it very delightful that young people have come up with such a wonderful idea.

— BETTY J. NEWMAN
CHRISTIANSBURG, VA

Her students will love book

Please send a copy of *We Can All Get Along IF ...* to me. My fourth graders will love it.

— SUSAN SCHMALE
SANGER, CA

Psych prof to use book in course

Congratulations! I have just read in my local paper about *We*

Can All Get Along IF ..., and I am excited. I teach a class in Psychology of Minorities at Radford University, and I plan on using some of your examples of ways in which we all can get along a little better.

Thank you and best of luck!
— BARRY L. MALLINGER, PH.D.
PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY
RADFORD, VA

Article piques interest in book

So glad to see the notice of your little book in our newspaper. I was born and reared in Mt. Pulaski, IL. Good luck.

— MRS. R.H. DOWNING
AKRON, OH

Project sounds like worthy effort

Please send one copy of your book, *We Can All Get Along IF ...* Your project sounds like a worthy effort—I can't wait to read it!

— MELISSA LOWE
OSWEGO, IL

Signs of hope always welcome

Please forward a copy of *We Can All Get Along IF ...* to me. It sounds like a wonderful book. I'm currently working on a book concerning racism, and I'm always looking for signs of hope. This sounds like one.

— RON ANTONUCCI
HUDSON, OH

Recipes from Reet Ligi of Tartu, Estonia

Sour Cucumbers

Put small, raw cucumbers alternately with layers of black currant leaves, dill and fine pieces of horse raddish in a glass or enamel jar. Cover with 5 percent salt water. Allow to ferment at room temperature for a few days, then remove to a cool place. Can be used in a week.

Cottage Cheese Pudding

1 kg cottage cheese
2-3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup sour cream or melted

butter/margarine
1 cup semolina or bread crumbs
salt
vanilla sugar
chopped orange peel or grated lemon peel
Blend all ingredients carefully. Put in baking tin and bake until light brown on top. Serve either hot or cold with stewed or fresh fruit or jam and milk.

Russian Salad

5-6 cold boiled potatoes
1 medium-sized boiled beet root
1 sour cucumber
1 boiled egg

1 small sour apple
1 herring fillet
1 cup sour cream
mustard to taste
1 teaspoon sugar
Finely dice the potatoes, peeled beet, cucumber, egg, apple and herring. Add sour cream seasoned with sugar and strong mustard (about 1 tablespoon). Mix carefully. Serve with cold meat and meat jelly.

Liver Pate

400 g marbled pork
1-2 teaspoons salt
1-2 parsley roots

3 carrots
1 onion
500 g calf's liver
100 g butter
1 cup stock
Cut meat in cubes and cook in salted water with parsley, carrots and onion until tender. Remove the skin and veins from the liver and cut into slices. Saute in butter until brown. Add stock. Simmer for 30 minutes. Put meat and liver through meat grinder twice. Gradually stir in creamed butter. Season to taste and beat together until creamy.

Sauerkraut Soup

1 kg sauerkraut
1/2 kg pork ribs
1 cup barley groats
1 large onion
1-2 teaspoons caraway seeds
2 l water
salt
sour cream
Put meat in cold water and bring to boil. Remove scum. Add sauerkraut, onion, caraway seeds, groats and salt. Cook until tender (about 3 hours). When serving, a little sour cream may be added to each plate.



Umfleet's "Belsnickles," or Santa, carvings draw on the legends and traditions of many cultures.

Drawings courtesy of Paul Umfleet

Did You Know...

Carving Santas is his forte

Lawrenceville woodcarver Paul H. Umfleet's specialty is his Belsnickles, that is, his carvings of the many incarnations of St. Nicholas. The name Belsnickle, Umfleet says, evolved from the German Pelze Nicol. But Santa Claus is known by many names throughout the world: Dun Che Lao Ren (China), Papa Noel (Brazil), Joulupukki (Finland) and Pere Noel (France), for example.

Many of the Santa figures Umfleet carves are based on these legends and traditions. And because he always enjoyed telling the stories to his customers, he was urged to put them in writing. So now, he includes a pamphlet of entertaining stories and illustrations of his craft with every piece he sells.

Interestingly, Belsnickle was not at all like the lovable jolly Santa Americans know today. "You sure wouldn't want to walk up to him in a mall and plop your kid in his lap," Umfleet writes. "He was a dark, foreboding character whose mission was to

scare kids into being good. Before St. Nicholas Day, adults would dress as Belsnickle and go around outside the house rattling chains and making noise to frighten the children. The smart and/or timid ones would be good until St. Nicholas Day (traditionally Dec. 6) and get presents. The brave brats gets switches and coals."

In a studio behind his home, Umfleet also carves duck decoys, shore bird decoys, songbirds, fish and walking sticks. But the Santa carvings made of pine or of basswood, he says, are the bulk of his business.

Jones First Novel Fellowship awarded

Creative writing graduate student Nancy Flynn of Ithaca, N.Y., was selected the winner of the first James Jones First Novel Fellowship Award last fall.

She received the honor, which included a \$2,000 monetary award, for her novel-in-progress, *Eden Undone*, during the Nov. 6 annual meeting of The James Jones Society at Lincoln Trail College in Jones' hometown of

Robinson.

Flynn's entry was one of 143 received in the national competition.

Board member takes new college post

Tales National Advisory Board member Larry W. Danielson has been named head of the Modern Languages and Intercultural Studies Department at Western Kentucky University in Bowling Green.

He had been an associate professor of English at the University of Illinois at Urbana. He had taught there for 20 years and had been honored for excellence in undergraduate teaching.

Danielson's research interest is in folklore, and he had most recently edited a collection of essays on American family folklore for *Southern Folklore*.

Historical society kicks off national touring exhibit

The Chicago Historical Society has begun a national touring

exhibition entitled, "Becoming American Women: Clothing and the Jewish Immigrant Experience, 1880-1920," which opened to the public in March in Chicago and will also visit New York and Philadelphia.

"The exhibit uses clothing to study broader historical issues, where even the merest scrap of fabric evokes powerful and vivid memories that have become part of our nation's history," said curator Barbara A. Schreier.

Adopting American clothing was often a women's first step in adjusting to her new homeland. Schreier assembled close to 500 artifacts which examine the Eastern European Jewish immigrant experience. Photos, letters and other three-dimensional artifacts help round out the story, as well as oral histories shared by family members.

New novel taps roots of author's oral histories

Descending from a long line of Revolutionary War and Civil War veterans, Indian agents, cattle ranchers, homesteaders and

farmers, author Tom Eidson says his first novel came "swimming out of this American frontier cauldron."

St. Agnes' Stand is scheduled to be published this spring by Putnam and has already reportedly been purchased by Universal Studios for development. Author Eidson is president and chief executive officer of Hill & Knowlton, USA, and says his family always had a tradition of oral family histories and storytelling.

"I think my generation may be the last that grew up with parents and grandparents gifted in 'spinning tales,'" Eidson says. "I was steeped in these stories of my family in the west and I wrote *St. Agnes' Stand* to tap into the spirit of the kind of people I had heard about."

The story centers around Nat Swanson, who killed a man in self-defense, but the dead man's friends are after him anyway. Swanson stumbles across the trapped survivors of an Apache ambush: seven orphans and three nuns, including the 67-year-old Sister St. Agnes. And so begins their ordeal.



A little time in Ireland



can go a long way

By John Schomberg

"I'm de oldest man in de town."
I wasn't sure whether it was the crackling Irish brogue or the wind of his liquor-laced breath that clouded the old man's words in my mind. As he made his way from the bar stool to the table where I sat, I took in every detail of his appearance. His clothing gave him the look of a weathered scarecrow. At least two sizes too small, his tight-fitting sports coat represented a stereotypical tweed, blinding in its plaid pattern but begging its only compliment when held up to the high-watered wool that graced his wobbling legs.

The tightness of such a glaring ensemble brought a rise to his arms that a babbling English professor might claim to be a pathetic crucifixion. I, myself, could see no real sacrifice in the man's stumblings. Barely knowing him, I certainly wasn't one to judge him as a drunken vagrant, but I also wasn't going to adopt the other extreme and elevate him as an aged martyr. No, he was the scarecrow, searching for stability in his legs of hay and with his arms raised to a "T," providing the perfect perch for his beaked nemesis.

Even if both had not looked reddened by the afternoon's consumption, the man's nose and ears would have stood out as the most prominent features of his face. His eyes were cartooned dots, hidden under the fold of his creased skin while his hands looked gnarled by the works and crafts of years gone by. The old man was blessed with a full head of hair, for while the rest of his body took on the appearance of a shriveled apple doll, a thick shock of disheveled silvery strands sprang from his weathered scalp to reach for the sky.

Finally, as was the custom, he carried a cane that wasn't put to much use as he never lifted his

feet from the wooden floor. Such an arrangement created a scratched-out percussion when the old man used his patented shuffle to find the little boys' room several times during our brief exchange. Granted, a patterned cap was lacking to fulfill all of the stereotypes, but the rest of the details fit the merry, drunken Irishman to a tee. But while he fulfilled by romantic misconceptions in his appearance, he came far short in his actions and words.

All right, time for a breather. This has been a fairly long description, and no writer in his right mind would avoid dialogue for quite so long. Life in action. It is words. It is exchange. Keeping all this in mind, I will tell you exactly what this old man said. (The writer pauses for reflection.) I have absolutely no idea. So it continues. ...

The old man put his hand on my shoulder, probably more for balance than for camaraderie, and began to whisper in my ear. I could not follow his words, but I could certainly follow his inflection. The codger was telling a joke—a dirty one at that, for I found that lewd anatomical references translate remarkably

well from the western Ireland dialect into the Midwestern dialect of the United States. The four young women I was traveling with all maintained painted-on grins, occasionally hiding their uncomfortable faces behind glasses of beer. Finally, amidst a remarkable example of feminist restraint, the old man's joke came to an end. He nudged me and let out a gasping chuckle. I was silent, trying desperately to hold onto my own rustic fantasy of the clean and jolly Irishman. Pointing at my companions, the old man gave me another nudge, and I tried to humor him with my own forced guffaws.

I think he quickly picked up that we weren't the most sympathetic crowd. We thought we had found our escape when the man made his way to the bathroom. He fumbled with the door knob but was careful to never lose track of his own incomprehensible monologue.

In this brief respite, the five of us had to decide whether we should make a quick exit. Evidently we didn't decide fast enough for our new-found friend was quick to rejoin the fray. The next several minutes were actually relaxing ones as he spoke

of his brother in Pittsburgh and even serenaded us with a tune called "The Rose of Tralee." OK, perhaps the tune wasn't for all of us. The old man had taken a liking to Becky. With her long blonde hair, Becky was a real rarity in this homogeneous country where an American could blend in about as easily as oil with water. She had become a novelty, a diamond in the rough, and because of her friendly demeanor, she was opened to attraction, come-ons and in extreme cases harassment from the native population. Throughout the old man's antics, she had maintained a genuine smile, although her eyes betrayed her concern and confusion. Toward the end of the old man's discourse, Becky's eyes became wide and worried. Through the clenched teeth of her grin, she said, "He's got his hand on my thigh."

Our gazes shifted down, and sure enough, the old man's hand, though trembling, was inching its way up Becky's leg. Margaret, who was not smiling, was the quickest to react while the rest of us struggled to lift our dropped jaws. "Move it! That's totally inappropriate," she said. It didn't

take long for Becky to follow Margaret's cue so that we soon made our swift exit.

The moral of the story—not everyone is nice in Ireland, and not everyone is merry. This small island is not the United States with an accent. If you look at labels with an American eye and an American attitude, you are gearing up for disappointment. Customs do not always follow you. If you speak of Thanksgiving, you might get a raised eyebrow or even encounter a vague reference to people with buckles on their hats, but you'll mostly find heads shaking in confusion.

Food is a whole new ball game. The thought of putting peanut butter and "jam" on bread is repulsive to the Irish, while you're hardly a teenager if you don't dip your chips (french fries) in the provided curry sauce.

The job market is broad but limited. There is work outside of shepherding, pub-sitting and gold-guarding (the leprechauns being few and far between). But such jobs are hard to come by as Ireland leads Europe with its 20 percent unemployment rate.

I knew none of this before my plane left O'Hare Airport in Chicago. I wasn't even sure what country I was going to when I had to choose my passport booth in London. Was I going to the Republic of Ireland or was that what they called Northern Ireland? But wait, if Northern Ireland is called a republic, what would Ireland be called—a nation? A state? The homeland? I didn't know. Is one of these countries part of the United Kingdom? Both? Neither? Did I really get an "A" on that geography test in junior high?

It's a wonder that I ever made it to Ireland. My first impressions were wrapped in both wonderment and confusion. My destination was Cork, a southern port



University College-Cork



city renowned for its involvement in Ireland's many rebellions. It is the island's third largest city behind Dublin and Belfast and houses what I can now call my alma mater, the University College, Cork. While Dublin's Trinity College is the *creme de la creme* of Ireland's universities, it only accepts full-year overseas students. Neither my romantic relationship nor my transcript could weather that amount of time, so Cork became an attractive alternative. I never expected the majority of my education to occur in the confines of the classroom, so few tears were shed over the reduced rigor of Cork's curriculum as compared to the crack of the academic whip at Trinity.

When I got off the plane in Cork City, my heart was pounding in my head. After a sleepless flight, adrenaline was my only friend. I was to spend one night alone in the city before joining my study abroad program and moving into campus housing. "Alone" was the key word here—no parents, no friends, no Americans, no nobody. I carried two bags containing all of my material and sentimental belongings, and I had sweat through a concealed belt that held all the money I had for the semester. I knew the hotel I was to stay in, the school I was to attend and little else.

These were all stresses I'd never encountered before. I hadn't led an entirely sheltered life up to that point, but for a generally affluent college student it was quite a shock to the system. I was not robbed, beaten up in an alley or even given wrong directions, but these, for the first time, were genuine fears.

I chatted with my cabbie as we made our way to my hotel. He couldn't believe the money I was paying for one night's lodging: "Fifteen quid? You might as well

given them your arm and your first born for that sort of price. I can set you up somewhere that isn't nearly so dear. Less than 10 pound and a breakfast to carry you to tea time."

I thanked the man for his offer, but stuck with my original accommodations. With more than 5,000 miles between us, I wanted my parents to know exactly where I was going to be.

After checking into the hotel and checking in with my parents, I trotted off to downtown Cork. I had to stay awake for the next 10 hours if I wanted to conquer the effects of jet lag, so remaining upright was my main objective. My senses were overwhelmed by the city. The streets were filled with shoppers. Just as you or I might travel to Chicago, Indianapolis or St. Louis for some special item, all of southern Ireland looked to Cork for its needs. A city of 135,000 during the work day became a flood of 300,000 by Saturday afternoon. The shopping area was overrun by pubs, barber shops and shoe stores. I walked through an open market and saw meat displayed and prepared in ways I'd never imagined. If you desired a sinewy ox tail, an unplucked turkey or a

spitted boar's head, you'd come to the right place. There was no sense of consistency. Looking one way, I would see the statue of a Catholic priest, looking another, an American cowboy lassoing an ice cold Budweiser. Nuns walked with drunkards. Eighteen-year-old girls in ties and plaid-skirted uniforms chatted with 19-year-old girls in crimson lipstick and tight leather skirts. It was all so confusing.

I was fairly lucky that I wasn't mauled by a bus that first day. I kept looking the wrong way as I crossed the street and quickly became aware of the unshouldered thoroughfares. If you didn't distance yourself from the curb, you could find yourself with a car mirror in your bellybutton. The traffic sounded like it was on top of you, and with no pollution guidelines requiring catalytic converters for automobiles, the area was thick with car exhaust.

I survived that first day with few scrapes and bruises. I came to dodge traffic with the best of them, sip my own bowl of ox tail soup and find my own favorite nooks and crannies amidst all the shoes and haircuts. The city life became my life. For the first time,

I was cooking for myself. There was always the weekly walk to the grocery store and the jockeying for the evening's pots and pans. I shared an apartment with four women and quickly found out that they can be just as sloppy, crude and raucous as men.

I was an international student and not part of the crowd. For the first time in my life, I was a minority. To several Irishmen, I was first known as "John the Lutheran," for in a country that is 94 percent Catholic, I was a token, the first Lutheran to stand in their midst. But there was a camaraderie among the outsiders—Belgians, Germans, Indians, Americans and every other national and ethnic flavor. You were not alone; your friends would not allow it.

Oh, I had my share of frustrations—adjusting to a different academic system, maintaining a life in the United States, balancing travels and academics, losing a girlfriend, swallowing my pride and fear to find personal acceptance in her return, and finally, realizing that this international summer camp was eventually going to come to an end and that my old life could be resumed but

had to be replaced with a new one.

It was all worth it. I am far wiser, far stronger, far more accepting and far more prepared for life's surprises. I have found feelings and priorities, loves and loathings. Distance has provided a perspective no classroom could have established.

Gosh, three and a half months—it all seems a dream now—an old cliché, but a true one. So much occurred. Sometimes more than I'd care to imagine. We've all returned to find that life is so very different. The adjustments continue just as the friendships are reborn.

How can I begin to tell it all—the rainbow-colored sea cliffs, the sheep-filled pastures and the green sparkle of the sea? Where are the travels—the streets of Dublin, the barbed-wire fences and the bullet-proof vests of the Northern policemen, the deep and quiet sadness of the Northern people, the ancient sites, the seaside towns and the rolling mountains? What of the smoke-filled pubs, the smile country locals, the frowning city shopkeepers, the professors, the classes, the hostels, the walks, the friends left behind, the friends returning home. ...

A moment's reflection speaks volumes. Playwright Tennessee Williams said that "time is the longest distance between two places," but I will never lose the Irish experience, only gain an aging perspective. If I am doubting, pictures, correspondences and journal entries can revive any fading memories. But there is no hope of telling it all, not now at least. For if there's one thing I've learned, it is that life goes on with or without you.

And so, for now, I must move on.

John Schomberg is a junior at William & Mary College.

MAY THE ROAD RISE UP TO MEET YOU,
MAY THE WIND BE ALWAYS AT YOUR BACK,
MAY THE SUN SHINE WARM UPON YOUR FACE,
AND THE RAINS FALL SOFT UPON YOUR FIELDS,
AND, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN,
MAY GOD HOLD YOU
IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.

Marshall hotel gets a

Continued from page 1

Brand sees herself as "not so much the owner of the Archer House, as the caretaker," someone who respects her own family's connection with the structure, as well as the historic ties with such notables as President Abraham Lincoln, author Booth Tarkington, Chief Justice John Marshall, President Grover Cleveland, author James Jones, and Marshall's Gypsy Queen.

One of the first things Brand did after buying the Marshall landmark was to employ an engineer to check the soundness of the structure. The engineer's report was dismal. There were serious cracks in the thick brick walls, the south and west walls had moved outward from the floors, and the floor itself was defective in many places. There were other serious structural defects.

"There is no way the Archer House would have stood for another 150 years without correcting these problems," said Brand. "If I was going to do this, I was going to do it right." Doing it right has put the restoration of the Archer House well over her original budget.

Structural remodeling included the placing of several steel I-beams throughout the structure, as well as pulling the walls back into place.

In addition to making the building structurally sound, she felt that something had to be done to make the 152-year-old hotel more energy efficient. The result was new R-16 walls inside the 24-inch brick walls which make up the perimeter of the building. Brand was determined, however, that these new inside walls not detract from the interior appearance of the Archer House, and especially that they not cover the crown moulding of the original tin ceiling in the lobby. The result is an attractive slope at the top of the inside insulating wall that preserves the original craftsmanship and makes the entire area look original.

A key to Brand's success in making the renovation both successful and as economical as possible is her background as a professional interior decorator in Terre Haute. "I designed every room," she explained, "and served as my own contractor."

One of her goals was to make the lower floor layout similar to what it had been when her grandfather owned the hotel. She has replaced two interior walls that had been removed by a previous owner, creating the St. James Parlor, the National Dixie Dining Room, and the Cumberland Trail Room.

The entire downstairs area is designed for flexibility, with space for relaxation, business meetings, and occasional special parties and dinners.

The second floor area was completely converted from the original 33 small hotel rooms into eight spacious suites, each with a private bath. The suites are named for individuals with special ties to the Marshall area. A back stairway was also added. Still on the drawing board is a wheelchair access ramp to the first-floor solarium, as well as storm windows. "I have tried to find storm windows," Brand said, "but they were just not made for large windows like these. No doubt they will have to be custom made."

Some of these things are on hold, awaiting the time when the Archer House is generating excess income.

The renovation has, in fact, been a frustrating experience for Brand. When she took over the Archer House in September 1990, her goal was to be open for business by the following May, in time for the Indianapolis 500. This goal came and went, as did a hoped-for Christmas opening, although Brand did entertain a few guests prior to the preview opening in January 1992.

Once open, the next task was to attract guests. The unexpected overrun of the renovation budget has meant that money originally planned for advertising and other

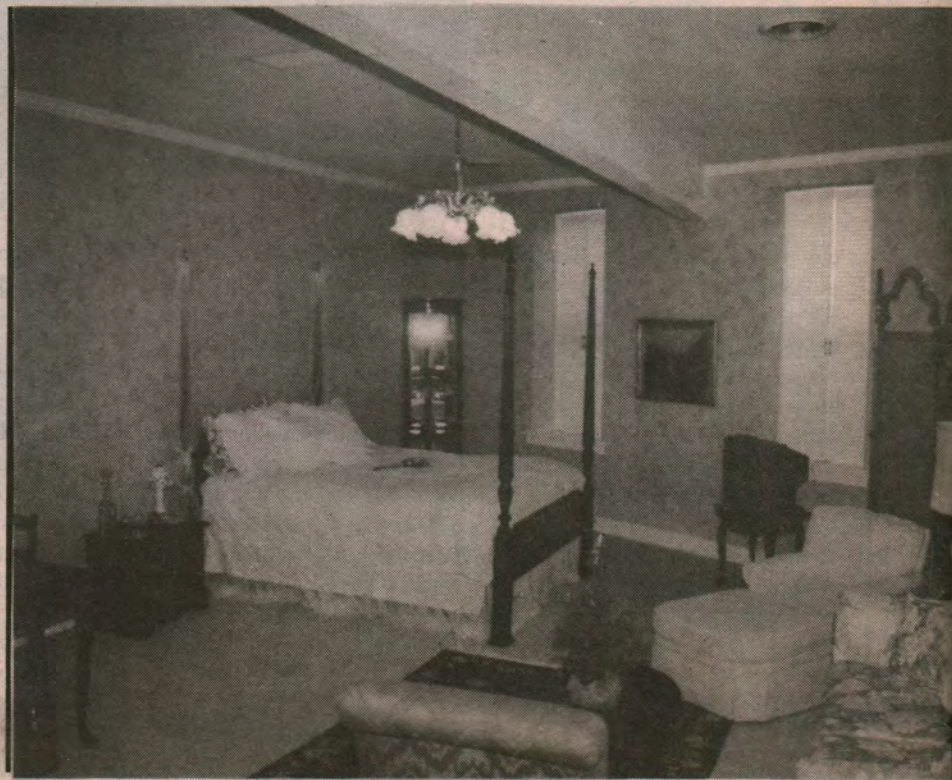
promotions has been drastically reduced.

"Most of my business has been by word of mouth," she said. "People stay here, like it and recommend it to family, friends and business associates."

She also has been active in promoting the Archer House to local and area businesses, inviting key business personnel to stay overnight as non-paying guests. In fact, the Archer House is currently leased to area companies, who have first priority on the rooms. When the rooms are not needed by the companies, she sub-leases them to the general public.

"Thus far," she said, "I have had to turn members of the general public away only once, so people who would like to experience a stay at the Archer House should not hesitate to make reservations."

Since the Archer House caters to businesses as well as to the public, there is a special corporate rate. However, the rate for the general public is only \$75 per night (including breakfast) for all but the honeymoon suite. The honeymoon suite is \$100 per night.



At right, the Archer House's Bridal Suite.

At right, the St. James Parlor



Photos courtesy of Dwight Connelly

"TRW has been great in giving me business," said Brand, "and the Terre Haute Chamber of Commerce held a retreat here, which helped in making contacts." Other business customers include Doric Products and Marathon Oil.

The Rotary Club and the Marshall Chamber of Commerce are among the local groups now meeting at the Archer House. Special events, such as for New Year's celebration and Valentine's Day also help

supplement the regular income, as do hosting receptions and meetings.

Brand views guests of the Archer House as being the same as guests in her own home. "I cook for them the same way I would for guests coming to my home to eat," she explained. She may provide a complimentary beer, and she does not mind if guests bring their own alcoholic drinks. A smoker herself, Brand allows smoking on the premises, but not in the sleeping areas.

new look



Top, the National Dixie Dining Room. Above, the Jesse James Room

Despite the constant pressure of finances, she is enjoying the Archer House. "I've had so many interesting guests," she said, "including a retired U.S. ambassador and his wife. This couple has been all over the world, and they said the Archer House is the best such facility they have stayed in."

Guests performers of the Terre Haute Symphony Orchestra often stay at the Archer House, and Brand has begun a display of photos and other mementos from

interesting guests. She has had visitors from seven countries, including a girl originally from mainland China who spent several days. Most of the 50 states have been represented as well.

Brand also has received numerous thank you notes, as well as gifts, from Archer House guests. "Frankly, I was surprised at this," she said. "Even though I treat guests royally, I never expected thank you cards or gifts. After all, they did pay to stay

here."

Would she do it all again, knowing what she does now? "Well, I can see that there is light at the end of the tunnel," she said. "And I truly do enjoy what I'm doing. But would I do it again? I'm not so sure that I would."

Dwight Connelly teaches at Marshall High School.

Rooms reflect rich history

The Archer House is an impressive structure by any measure, and current owner and renovator Charlene Brand has left nothing to chance in bringing out its charm.

The uniqueness of the two-story brick inn is first noted even before visitors enter the attractive landmark: the northeast corner is not square, reflecting the fact that the north-south road did not cross the National Road at a 90-degree angle.

Despite competition in the past 150 years, the Archer House is still the dominant business building in downtown Marshall.

The present structure, with approximately 4,000 square feet on each floor, is the result of two additions to the 1841 hotel constructed by Col. Archer. The original building was 70 feet long on the front side, facing the National Road, and about 36 feet wide on the Paris-Vincennes Road side.

The two additions have extended the historic inn southward about 76 feet along the old Paris-Vincennes Road (now Route 1). The main entrance is still on the National Road (now Archer Avenue).

Entering the Archer House, the visitor first sees the beautiful open stairway straight ahead, and the impressive lobby with the original tin ceiling to the left. To the right is the St. James Parlor. The spacious lobby is highlighted by the original tin ceiling. It is a beautiful area designed for relaxing in luxurious comfort.

The St. James Parlor is a multi-

purpose room which can be used for cocktail parties, bridge or just sitting. Named in honor of Brand's mother's family, James, the room features original oil paintings by her grandmother.

The St. James Parlor also can serve as a sleeping room for those who cannot climb stairs to the second-floor rooms. A fold-out bed is hidden in its antique furniture case. "The original mattress was not very comfortable," said Brand. "I tried two or three mattresses before I found one that was comfortable." This mattress is stored separately.

The bathroom in the St. James Parlor features fixtures for the handicapped. "One of our next projects is a ramp into the Solarium so that wheelchairs can easily enter the Archer House," Brand said.

The National Dixie Dining Room immediately south of the St. James Parlor is named in honor of one of the previous names of the Archer House: the National Dixie Hotel. The name is in honor of Charles McMorris, who owned the Archer House from 1931 to 1946 and called it the National Dixie. The name was derived by combining the names of the east-west National Road with the north-south "Dixie Highway," as it was known at that time.

This room also features family keepsakes, including the gloves, party handbag and cutout paper dolls which had belonged to Brand's mother. The room is used for dining, with a normal capacity of 24.

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TWO OLD WOMEN

An Alaska Legend of Betrayal, Courage and Survival

By Clare Barkley

"The air stretched tight, quiet and cold over the vast land. Tall spruce branches hung heavily laden with snow, awaiting distant spring winds. The frosted willows seemed to tremble in the freezing temperatures.

"Far off in this seemingly dismal land were bands of people dressed in furs and animal skins, huddled close to small campfires. Their weather-burnt faces were stricken with looks of hopelessness as they faced starvation, and the future held little promise of better days."

These are the conditions that led to the abandonment of two old women by The People, a nomadic tribe of Athabaskan Indians in the Yukon territory, and that led to the legend that has been shared outside the tribe for the first time with the October release of *Two Old Women*, a tale re-told by Velma Wallis.

Ch'idzigyaak, the older of the two women had a daughter and grandson in the tribe. Sa' had no one. The chief had grown fond of the women and for many years had instructed the young men to set up shelters, gather firewood and provide water for the women; the younger women pulled their possessions from one camp to the next on sleds, the usual way of moving belongings from one camp to another. In return, the old woman tanned animal skins for those who helped them.

On this morning, though, the chief called a meeting of the starving tribe and announced that they were going to leave the old women behind, not an unknown act, but in this band it was happening for the first time. No objection was raised; even the old women showed no reaction. This was an imitation of the ways of animals. To survive, the younger and more able shun the old so that they can move faster without the extra burden.

Ch'idzigyaak's daughter and grandson knew they could not object because in these hard times, many of the men became frustrated and were angered



Photo courtesy of Velma Wallis

Wallis wrote *Two Old Women* in her winter cabin located 12 miles from Fort Yukon.

easily. The weak and beaten members of the tribe kept quiet because they knew that the cold could bring on a wave of panic among the starving men followed by cruelty and brutality that could be much worse than abandonment.

The two old women sat motionless on a pile of pine boughs as the band moved away. They were left with only skins for shelter, a hatchet the grandson had secreted in a spruce tree and a bundle of babiche (strips of moosehide) the daughter had silently placed before her mother. They had been left to die.

Sa', at 75, was five years younger than Ch'idzigyaak, and she was the first of the two to feel a sustaining emotion—anger.

"My friend," she said, hoping for more strength than she felt, "We sit here and wait to die. We will not have long to wait. ... Our time of leaving this world should not come for a long time yet. ... But we will die if we just sit here

and wait. This would prove them right about our helplessness. ... Yes, in their own way they have condemned us to die! They think that we are too old and useless. They forget that we too have earned the right to live! So I say if we are going to die, my friend, let us die trying, not sitting."

Drawing on skills of survival learned over their long lives, and repeating their resolve to "die trying," their trial began.

Struggling through knee-deep snow, they gathered embers from campfires left behind and gathered wood to keep their fire burning. Sa' killed a tree squirrel by throwing the hatchet left behind by Ch'idzigyaak's grandson. The women had not eaten for many days because The People believed that their scarce food would be wasted on those who were soon to die. The women boiled the squirrel in water from melted snow and carefully drank only the broth. As their stomachs became accus-

tomed, they ate small portions of the meat in the following days.

During the night they heard the howl of a wolf, then a wail they recognized as coming from a snare they had set. They rushed to check the snare, knowing they had to beat other predators. A rabbit was strangling in the snare made from the moosehide strips left by Ch'idzigyaak's daughter. This rabbit provided meager meals for many days.

Each day started with painful unbending of arthritic bodies. The women dreaded moving from their bed of furs placed over pine boughs, and they could only sense the coming of morning, as the sky lightened for only a brief time in mid-day at this season.

On their second day, they made snowshoes from birchwood and moosehide strips, improvising tools from the implements they used for sewing. Through their bitterness toward The People, a hint of gratitude began to emerge because they had been left with

their possessions. At least they had the two caribou skins wrapped around three long sticks to make a sort of triangular shelter and the furs to keep themselves warm.

Each success—killing the squirrel, catching the rabbit, keeping their fire burning, fashioning the snowshoes, making their bodies move—brought hope to the two old women. They realized that they must move on. There was not enough food here to sustain them, and other starving bands may come upon them. They remembered a fishing camp where the band had caught an abundance of fish many years ago. The People had not returned there for a long time, and the old women thought they had forgotten it existed.

With that fishing camp as their destination, the women bundled their possessions in the caribou hides, fastened them with babiche and wove babiche into ropes so that they could pull their bundles, fur side down, across the snow.

For six days the women walked. They carried embers from their fire with them, and at night they dug pits in the snow for shelter and ate sparingly of the rabbit and squirrel meat. The weather was getting even colder, and they had to worry about freezing their lungs by working too hard. They could guard against this by wearing protective covering over their faces, but as frost built up, the ice brushed against their faces.

They crossed lakes and rivers, mindful of the treachery caused by currents that weakened the ice. They were running low on food; their overworked bodies responded less readily to the will of their owners, but they struggled on, sometimes going out of their way and sometimes circling, but moving onward.

"We are there," said Sa' softly late one night, as Ch'idzigyaak was about to say she could go no farther that day. They saw abandoned fish racks and an old tent frame. They felt that they had come home.

About the author of *Two Old Women*

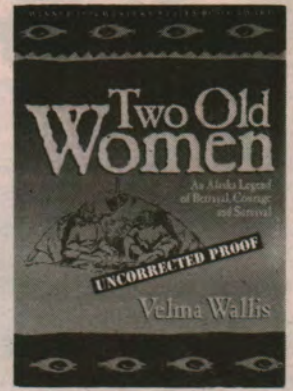
Velma Wallis was born in 1960 in Fort Yukon, a village above the Arctic Circle about 140 miles northeast of Fairbanks where the temperature range is -45 to +109. The village is accessible by air or by boat on the Yukon River. As one of 13 children, Wallis dropped out of school when she was 13 years old, the year her father died, to help her mother raise five younger siblings. Once her brothers and sisters became independent, she passed her high school equivalency exam and moved to a trapping cabin 12 miles from Fort Yukon.

The Gwich'in elders called her "naa'in," which means brush woman, a person who moves outside society's circle, peering in from the underbrush. Wallis moved to the cabin when she was 18 and lived there for 12 years, learning to live off the land. It was there that she wrote *Two Old Women*. In her solitude, she recalled stories her mother had told her in their small tent after a day of working side by side to cut wood for the winter—both legends and true stories.

Wallis is straightforward in saying that *Two Old Women* is a fable and that stories set down on paper are readily accepted as history, but may not be truthful. However, people who live off the land know the truth of depending on nature. The failure of a salmon run, an early freeze that kills a generation of migratory birds, or crippling snows that decimate the moose population can mean starvation.

Wallis' grandmother, at age 13, had survived a famine similar to the one in *Two Old Women* that claimed her mother, father and several siblings as well as others of her band of people living off the land. Wallis' grandmother and an aunt managed to reach Chalkyitsik, site of a seasonal Athabaskan fish camp, where they were adopted by a shaman.

Since the birth of her daughter Laura 18 months ago, Wallis has moved to a rented cabin in Fort Yukon. Her husband is a hunter and fisherman who lives in Venetie, a neighboring village.



She says, "I moved into town for Laura's sake. She is my first child, and I always want the doctor's opinion when something happens." Her cabin has no running water, but she has a word processor in the corner of one of the two rooms and boxes of notes and unfinished stories in her fish cache.

The first week in December she was in Anchorage at the invitation of the school district to speak to school children. She took her niece along to tend Laura, who will accompany Wallis on all her trips. When I spoke to her after she had visited schools for a week and had read at an event sponsored by the University of Alaska, she said, "The person who is driving me around says there is talk of a tour to the lower 48, but I am so tired right now they aren't going to tell me till later. I'm not supposed to know." She says she needs at least a couple of months in Fort Yukon to finish another book.

"The legend I am working on is much longer," she said. "It is about Daagqq, the old guide who appears in *Two Old Women*. He is the ptarmigan man, known for his sure-footedness in the snow. Parents want their children to grow up with his qualities."

Besides being a full-time mother, a writer and now a lecturer, Wallis serves on the committee of lay advisers to the school administration in Fort Yukon. She is concerned that traditional education does not meet the special needs of children today. After conversations with Anchorage teachers, she sees the problem as far reaching, not a problem unique to her village. Her efforts will continue to improve education and preserve Gwich'in culture.

— Clare Barkley

That night they slept in a proper shelter rather than in snow pits, and rising in the morning was less painful. The next day they set a series of rabbit snares and piled snow high around their tent to prepare for the colder weather yet to come.

The two old women did not know each other well; they had been neighbors who talked about little of consequence, mostly complaints, when they were with The People. What they had in common was their humiliation and anger at having been abandoned. It was not easy to make conversation, but on the second night in their new camp, each old woman told a story.

Ch'idzigyaak's story

"Once when I was a little girl, they left my grandmother behind," she began. Times were hard and people were starving. Ch'idzigyaak's mother whispered that in such desperate times people would eat others. The little girl was so frightened that she would be eaten that she would turn away from people, hoping to escape their notice.

Although Ch'idzigyaak's father and brothers argued with the rest of the men, the decision was to leave behind the grandmother who was blind, deaf and unable to walk. When they bundled her up in furs, and the band was leaving, Ch'idzigyaak heard her crying.

When she was older, Ch'idzigyaak learned that her father and brother had gone back and ended the grandmother's life and burned her body so no one would feed on her flesh.

Sa's story

"Our family was different from most," began Sa'. Sa' lived her childhood associating only with her brothers, and was long past the usual age of marriage when people began talking about her. She didn't care much what people said. She still did her share of the work, bringing food to the band—often more than the men did, which brought more resent-

ment from them. One particularly bad winter in which babies died from the cold and there were not enough animals to eat, the chief of Sa's band decided they must act on the rumor that far away they could find caribou.

An old woman in the band was to be left behind because she could not walk, and the burden of carrying her was too much for the starving people. Nobody argued with the chief except for Sa'. Against her mother's warning that it was for the good of the group, Sa' argued on, trying to correct what she considered a wrong decision. The cruel chief ruled that Sa' would be left with the old woman.

Sa' provided for the old woman as far as she was able—they ate mice, owls, anything that moved, but the old woman died during the winter. Sa' sustained herself until the spring when she went exploring to find other people. She had begun talking to herself, and realized that just as the body needs food, the mind needs people. At a point of her wandering, she encountered a man who heard her talking to herself. Although she was embarrassed, she told him her story. The man had also been banished from his people for fighting over a woman who had been promised to another man. They were together for a long time before they joined the band which had abandoned Sa' and Ch'idzigyaak.

"Then he tried to fight with a bear and died. Foolish man," Sa' said with grudging admiration and deep sadness.

After the two old women told their stories, they felt more at ease with each other, knowing that each had endured hard times before. Their days were spent gathering wood and tending their snares which yielded a rabbit almost every day. They prepared the skins and made mittens and face coverings, as they had done when they were part of the band.

Eventually the long, cold winter gave way to longer days fluctuating between bitter cold and

warmer, snowy days. Then the spring came, and the two old women once again drew on the skills learned in their youth. They trapped muskrats. In one day they caught 10 by locating either end of their tunnel, and bending over the openings with nets made from moose leather. This was very tiring work indeed, and the women had little time to talk. They also trapped beaver, and both the muskrats and beaver were smoke-dried and carried back to their camp.

Their food supply was abundant, but they still did not feel safe. They knew they were defenseless against people, and they had lost all trust in the younger generation. They decided to move their camp to a less desirable location where the plague of springtime mosquitos was so great that others would not endure it.

They continued to work, making fish traps in time for the salmon spawning. Their catch was great, and they made use of every part of the fish—the guts were taken far from camp to placate bears, the intestines were prepared to hold water, the skins were made into bags to hold dried fish. As the short summer began giving way to autumn, the old women dragged their fish back to their hidden camp. Their preserved food now required a standing cache in addition to their storage pit.

The remaining autumn days were spent gathering wood, checking rabbit snares and melting snow for water. Their lives were easier now that they had provisions, but when the long winter darkness set in, they began to brood about the treatment they had received at the hands of their people.

In the meantime, The People had once again fallen on hard times. Their clothes were in tatters and they were starving. The chief decided they should return to the camp they had abandoned a year earlier. There

Continued on page 14



The students from Germany, left to right, are Laura Koepke from Rostock, David Molowsky from Mecklenburg and Katharina Dienz from Frankfort.

Photo by Vanessa Faurie

Foreign exchange students experience real America

By Vanessa Faurie

They arrived in America at different times, but they all had the same looks on their faces: tired, confused, a bit apprehensive. After all, their native language was either German or Spanish, but they were in a place where everyone around them was now speaking English—quickly and with a strange-sounding accent. They could only make out some of the words spoken to them. And having just stepped off a plane after hours of flight, they weren't feeling much like putting what energy they had left into understanding the simplest comments of greetings and introductions.

But still, each one smiled and nodded politely before getting into a car with a strange family and going to their home to live for the next several months.

Throughout last August, four students arrived at the airport in Champaign, Ill., as foreign

exchange students through the Academic Year in America program. They all came for the same purposes—to live with an American family, study at an American high school and improve their English skills.

Alfonso Del Hoyo Gomez-Pallete from Valladolid, Spain, is 18 and living in Danville, Ill. Sixteen-year-old Katharina Dienz of Frankfort, Germany, came to Urbana for just the fall semester of school. David Molowsky, 17, of Mecklenburg, Germany, and Laura Koepke, 17, of Rostock, Germany, are both spending the full school year in Urbana.

All of them already agree, the experience has changed their lives.

"Nothing is easy in life," David said. "And I think this is a good preparation of what will come afterward when I am home. It's not just improving English, it's improving everything—character, tolerating

people more."

"Learning (English) better gives me more opportunities for my future job and what I want to do," Laura said. "I know now that every time I come into any situation, I will be able to handle it."

They began their adventure slowly, at first, trying to keep tabs on all of the new people, places and things that bombarded their senses. It took some time for them to feel comfortable in their new home and with their new host family. But gradually, a trust began to build.

And then school started. It wasn't quite the same as in their homelands. Lots of people of all different ethnic backgrounds hurrying through hallways and talking and laughing—a much less disciplined environment. For most of the exchange students, joining a sports team was a good way to meet friends. Alfonso played basketball,

David joined the soccer team and Katharina took swimming and later basketball.

"I was here two days, and then I went to swim practice," Katharina said. "They (her new teammates) came over to me, and I could barely understand them. But I liked them. The time here would have been much longer if I hadn't done sports. You learn to know so many people. The only way to get to know people and not be bored is to get involved in a sport. I could never just go home after school and sit there."

Laura wasn't interested in participating in a sport or music group, but she did find a special interest for herself in photography and soon found herself working in the school's darkroom during free periods and after school.

The school work itself was pretty challenging at the onset because of the language barrier, particularly the more technical

classes like advanced biology and physics. But even in a few weeks, the students' improvement in their English was considerable. Evenings at the supper table spent passing bilingual dictionaries back and forth as commonly as the salt and pepper were becoming fewer. And harmless crossed signals in communication became a rare occurrence.

"I felt at home (with my family) after a couple months," Katharina said. For example, she would help herself to something to eat from the refrigerator. "But I still feel a responsibility to be nice and say thank you.

"With my host family, I'm kind of not what I am. I'm always friendly and on my best behavior because I don't want to disappoint them."

While they try to be their best and please their families, there were times when others were not quite as sensitive to them in

return.

"One person asked me if we had seasons in Germany," Katharina said. "I thought, 'Thank you, we're not living on the moon!' A boy in history asked if we are still doing the Hitler thing."

There did seem to be a feeling among the exchange students that few American teenagers really think about serious matters. But the students also learned that America is not full of minute-to-minute excitement, as they might have imagined from the American movies they see in their home countries.

"I didn't realize it could be so boring at times," David said. "I thought every day would bring something new, something exciting. It belongs to the experience, though. Germany is in a time of growing right now into a bigger Germany, so maybe it's better for me to be in school one more year and have one more year of a happy life before going out into a hard life."

They do, however, miss many things about their homes abroad—from family and friends to traditional home-cooked meals. David misses German black bread; the sliced sandwich bread in American grocery stores just doesn't match it.

Christmas was the most difficult time for everyone to be

away from home, though. It was the peak season for homesickness.

"Christmas was a hard time," Laura said. "I would call home and then try to do a lot of stuff with friends and stay busy so I wouldn't start thinking about it."

But just when it seems that the students are unhappy and lonesome and not having a good time, their answers to what they like about America makes that impression invalid: "Everything." "Chocolate chip cookies." "All my new friends." "Sweet potatoes—I've never had them before." "Chicago." "People are very friendly."

They've also had an opportunity to travel some within the United States. For example, aside from a short trip to Chicago or other nearby locales, Alfonso visited Washington, D.C., David went to Arizona, Katharina went to Virginia, and Laura went to D.C. and the bay area of Maryland.

Before Katharina realized it, her time to return to Frankfort approached. Although she was always adamant that she only wanted to stay for one semester, she now believed her time here had gone by all too quickly.

"I think when I am back in my room, I'm going to sit there and think it was a dream because it all went so fast," Katharina said. "A lot of stuff happened, but it's

also like yesterday."

At the end-of-the-season swim team banquet, her teammates gave her a team sweatshirt and a collection of photographs in a large frame to remember them by. "It was like Christmas," she said and smiled.

Reflecting on her time in America, Katharina thought she had come to appreciate her mother more and realized how important her mother believed this experience to be for Katharina as a person.

"I didn't want that my mother pay all this money and I don't get along here," she said. "She gave me the money she didn't have, so she really wanted me to do this. I'm really impressed. It's a lot of money, and I don't want to disappoint her."

That sense of responsibility to make the most of their experience seems universal among the exchange students. They know their parents believe in its value so strongly that they are willing to be apart from them and let them live in another country for months.

As the academic year nears its end, the three remaining students are now thinking about their exchange experience coming to a close and what their future will be like when they return home.

"I'm concerned that it'll feel like a dream," Laura said. "But

I don't think a dream can last 10 months. If I can keep in touch with everyone, then I'll know it wasn't a dream."

She said the best advice she received for her trip to America was to keep a diary, and that will help her recapture her memories when they seem too distant. But some things have

changed for these students that will most likely be with them always—a sense of self-confidence, patience and tolerance.

"I know I can become anything I want if I really want to do it," Laura said. "I didn't have that feeling before I came here. Now I believe more in me."



At left, Katharina carves a pumpkin for Halloween. Below, she is dressed for success.

Photos courtesy of the Schomberg Family



At top, Laura celebrates her 17th birthday with Mickey Mouse and Goofy. Above, phone calls home help ease homesickness.

Photos by Vanessa Faurie

Archer

Continued from page 9

The Cumberland Trail Room, farther south on the main floor, takes one of the names given to the National Road, based on the fact that the road began in Cumberland, Md. This room is primarily a meeting room, seating 25 to 30 at tables, more if the tables are removed.

In addition to the usual amenities of food and drinks, there is an overhead projector and screen, a TV and VCR, and even a screened "phone booth." Groups such as Rotary, the Chamber of Commerce and TRW use the facility.

Off this room is the Carl Albert Solarium Room, formerly an open porch. This room is named for the former speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, who worked in Marshall as a lawyer for the Ohio Oil Company. This room is used for TV watching, smoking, playing cards and as a breakfast room for business meetings. On special occasions the furniture is removed and the area is used for dancing.

On the extreme southwest corner of the lower floor is Downs' Den, named after a former owner, Charity Downs. This room, which has hand-hewed beams, can be used as an extra guest room, as a pre-meeting room or for storage.

Rounding out the south end of the lower floor are two restrooms and a rear stairs. The stairs were added by Brand.

The kitchen is situated between the front lobby and the Cumberland Trail Room. It is furnished with modern appliances and features a pass-through to the Cumberland Trail Room.

Upstairs, the featured room is the bridal suite, with its queen-size bed and bath. Like the other guest rooms, there are plantation shuttered windows, a sofa, an easy chair, a chaise lounge and cable TV. Unlike the other guest rooms, which sub-lease for \$75 per night, including breakfast, the bridal suite is \$100 per night.

The Lincoln Room, where Lincoln is said to have actually stayed during his visits to Marshall, features a painting and book given to the Archer House by local Lincoln authority Basil Moore. It features the oversize bed and full bath typical of the upstairs suites.

The Miranda Cooper Room is named after the Gypsy queen who is buried in the Marshall Cemetery, according to Brand. "My grandmother used to play with her when they were young," she recalled. "She was just a

princess then." An unusual feature of this suite is the floor of the bathroom, which is wallpaper covered with gym quality polyurethane plastic.

The Booth Tarkington Room is named for the author of the Penrod and Sam books. The Sam in the books was Marshall resident Sam Scholfield, who was Tarkington's playmate, according to Brand.

The Grover Cleveland Room is named for the 22nd (and 24th) president, who stayed at the Archer House. He selected Judge John Scholfield for the Supreme Court, but Scholfield declined the nomination, saying he and his wife did not want to leave Marshall. Later, as Cleveland was campaigning, he insisted on stopping in Marshall to see the city that was so attractive that it caused a man to refuse to take a seat on the Supreme Court.

The James Jones Room, named after the author of *From Here to Eternity* and other books, is currently the only room featuring twin beds. Jones was the best-known member of the Marshall Writers' Colony, which was operated by Lowney Turner Handy during the 1940s and 1950s at the west edge of the city.

The Jesse James Room is named for the famous outlaw. As noted, Brand's family name was also James, and the family joke was that some of them must have been related to Jesse.

The John Marshall Room is named for the famous chief justice of the U.S. Supreme Court who gave his name to the city.

The upstairs area also features a small exercise room for guests, as well as a laundry room, complete with ironing board which can be used by guests to iron the wrinkles out of clothing packed for traveling. Currently the only phone upstairs is in the hallway, but plans call for a special switching module which will allow phones in each room.

An added touch is a small "first-aid station" in one hall which includes not only items for tending to minor injuries, but also needles and threads, shaving gear, new toothbrushes and other items that travelers might find welcome when away from home.

The overall impression of the Archer House facilities is one of luxury, comfort, relaxation, gourmet breakfasts and pampering, a far cry from the facilities which travelers usually encounter.

In the 153-year history of the inn, visitors have never had it so good.

— Dwight Connelly

Women

Continued from page 11

was an uneasiness among The People to return to that camp, all of them remembering the two old women. When no sign of the women could be found, not even bones left behind by animals, no one said anything until an elder, an old tracker named Daagqq, said, "Maybe they moved on."

The chief sent three younger men with the old guide to check around other camps to see what could be learned about the two old women. The chief knew that in hard times The People should stick together, and last winter they had not done so. He nurtured a small hope that the women had survived, seeing this as redemption for The People.

What was six days' travel for the old women was achieved in two long days and most of one night of jogging for the scouts. Through Daagqq's skill and encouragement, the secluded camp was located. He called the names of the two old women and identified himself. The women knew Daagqq and trusted him, but did not trust anyone who might be with him. Seeing no choice, Sa' finally summoned the men to their camp, where the two old women met them with fierce looking spears.

The women fed the weary, starving men and allowed them to sleep in their warm shelter. When Daagqq said he was to report the women's survival to the chief, Ch'idzigiyaak simply gave an angry grunt. Sa' said, "So you may leave us alone once more

just when we need you most?" Daagqq could not speak for The People, but he said he would protect them with his life. The younger men, feeling a deep respect for the women, pledged their protection as well.

The night was spent in Daagqq's telling the story of the desperate band after they left the old women. Many had died, most of them children. The survivors ate well during the summer, but this winter was another one of famine and hardship. Then the old women told their story of survival.

The chief sent three younger men with the old guide to check around other camps to see what could be learned about the two old women.

Finally, the two old women talked secretly and agreed on terms for sharing food with The People. They would send food from time to time, hoping that the band would eat sparingly, knowing that hard times would last. The two old women would live in their camp and see only Daagqq and the chief.

After The People ate the dried fish brought back by the scouts, they traveled to the first camp of

the two old women, and the chief visited them. He and The People would respect the wishes of the women.

Eventually, the chief asked permission to have others from the band visit the women. They agreed, as they were ready for company. Gifts were exchanged, and relations improved between the band and the women.

One day Ch'idzigiyaak was gathering wood when a soft voice said, "I have come for my hatchet." Ch'idzigiyaak embraced her grandson. He visited every day after that, helping the old women with their chores. The winter was almost over when Ch'idzigiyaak finally found the courage to ask about her daughter. The grandson said his mother was ashamed to come and believed herself hated for turning her back on the two old women.

When Ozhii Nelii, the daughter, came to the camp, Ch'idzigiyaak received her tearfully and lovingly. Then she went into her tent and brought her daughter a small bundle—it was babiche, the valuable moosehide strips Ozhii Nelii left with her mother. It was babiche that helped the old women save themselves.

The two old women accepted few of the many offers to help them because they enjoyed their self-sufficiency and independence. The People instead listened to them with respect. Despite the inevitable hard times in the cold land of the North, The People never again abandoned any elder.

Claire Barkley teaches English at Urbana High School.

Athabaskan story makes its way to print with mixed feelings

Two Old Women is perhaps the first Gwich'in story ever to be published. The Gwich'in is one of 11 Athabaskan tribes archeologists say crossed into Alaska over the Bering land bridge during the ice age.

The legend of the two old women is one Velma Wallis learned from her mother, but it had been told in various forms for generations among the Athabascans. Eliza Jones, an Athabaskan linguist and storyteller from Koyukuk, said in some versions, the old women are orphan girls.

Despite the endurance of the legend as told by generations of storytellers, publishing it for outsiders to read was a different matter. Some in the

community thought Wallis had no right to portray Gwich'in people as she did. Some were unaware of the story and could hardly believe their ancestors were capable of abandoning elders or of cannibalism. Others thought outsiders would not understand. Jones said, "I think a lot of people don't like to publish those types of stories because they think there is so much negative published about our lives."

Will Mayo, president of Tanana Chiefs Conference, an organization representing Interior Indians, initially objected to publication of the book, "because it depicts a very unsavory situation, and I'm not sure that the Gwich'in people would appreciate that depiction."

Wallis said, "Every culture has its lesson stories. ... And what if abandonment, even cannibalism did occur in those ancient tribes? I was never ashamed that there were things we did to survive."

Furthermore, Wallis sees the possibility that the Indian legends will be lost as the practice of storytelling declines. She said she is of a generation caught between two worlds. ("We like to eat moose meat, but we like snow machines, too.") Writing is a way to keep the stories alive and to bridge the gap between the past and present.

— Clare Barkley

The Last Word

Newspaper in Germany undergoes changes after reunification

By Evelyn Koepke

Our newspaper is a regional newspaper. It appears daily with a circulation of 250,000—95 percent of which are by subscription. The Baltic Times (OZ) is the largest in Mecklenburg-Vorpommern (state in Germany) and appears in the coastal area from Grevesmuhlen in the west to the Polish border in the east.

The OZ is printed in its own publishing house and is a subsidiary of one of Germany's largest publishing firms, the Axel Springer Company in Hamburg.

Before the change to a democratic government in 1990 (reunification), the newspaper was the Socialist Unity Party's regional newspaper. It was founded in 1951. The task of the journalist was, according to Lenin, to be "collective agitators, organizers and propagandists of the Party." During reunification, the editorial staff and publishing house declared itself free from the Socialist Unity Party (which arose in 1946 out of the Communist and Socialist parties) and published the paper according to a democratic editorial statute. We elected/chose the chief editors and publishers from our own ranks.

When the East & West German Trust Institution was formed in March 1990, the OZ became the property of the Trust. In the meantime, we had sought out a new business partner on our own, the Lubeck News, which is 50 percent owned by the Springer Company.

In 1989, the newspaper was still printed on a Linotype machine, and the photo captions were set by hand. With this method, we managed to produce six to eight pages each week day and 12 pages on the weekend. At that time, my most important tools were a pencil and eraser. I wrote my stories with these, and the text was punched into a tape by a perforator. For changes, there was a correction tape. Both tapes were

then fed into a type-setting machine and the text to be printed was created.

Today the paper is produced using the offset printing method, and we have an Atex-Editing computer system. The process is simpler, and now the paper runs 24 pages daily (more on the weekend) yet the staff is smaller.

The editorial staff is composed of 12 regional staffs that have offices in all the larger cities. Each day, they produce three pages from their region and which only appear in the paper in that region. There are, therefore, 12 different editions of the OZ each day. Last year, the paper was named the best European newspaper—our equivalent to the Academy Award.

Although the social situation in Mecklenburg-Vorpommern is the worst of all the five new federal states (the official unemployment rate is 14 percent, but the actual rate—excluding those for whom work is created and those who are being retrained—is about 60 percent), the people have remained loyal to their regional newspaper. Circulation in the GDR (German Democratic Republic) was about 300,000 at a cost of 15 Pfennig. Today the price is 70 Pfennig. Most revenue comes from advertisements. Rostock and the coastal regions are the industrial center of the state; the interior is dominated by agriculture. There are two other larger newspapers in the interior that are suffering more from the

economic structure than we are.

In 1967, I earned my high school diploma in Rostock, and from 1967-70 I was an intern at the OZ. From 1970-74 I studied German language/literature and history at the University of Rostock and earned my degree. Since 1974, I have been a science journalist at the OZ. For the last five years, I have been working in the economic area and naturally love the scientific and technical topics.

Because we are now dependent upon our circulation, the content of the newspaper has been primarily determined by the desires of the readers, especially since 1990. Thus, the more scientific stories have become fewer, but they have not entirely disappeared. I now have a science page in the newspaper.

Mecklenburg-Vorpommern has, after all, two universities which were founded in the 15th century. They are the oldest in the Baltic area. The state also has four specialized technical universities and five centers of technology, which convert research into procedures and products and markets them. Of course, the sea coast is also a center of oceanographic research. An institute in Warnemunde is concerned with research about the sea, and one on the island of Hiddensee is concerned with research about shallow inlets or badden where the salt water of the sea mixes with the sweet water of the rivers. These shallow inlets only exist on

Because we are now dependent upon our circulation, the content of the newspaper has been primarily determined by the desires of the readers, especially since 1990.

OZ am Wochenende **Programme auf 9 Seiten!**

Sonnabend, 5. März 1994



"Alte Marianne" im "Liders Krug" gibt es in J. West. Each der "Mordens" im N2 um 15.15 Uhr. Mit von der Partie sind Claudia "Fischeloch", Marianne Keller und Helmut Hanka.

FERNSEHEN

Die Programme vom Wochenende ● Seite 10 bis 13

Vorschau auf die Woche ● Seite 14 und 15

REPORTAGE

Ein Jahr in den USA

Laura und David aus Mecklenburg-Vorpommern besuchen ein Jahr die High School in Illinois. ● Seite 2 und 3

HEIMATGESCHICHTE

Studenten im Karzer

Für Vespelen war den Studenten in früheren Zeiten in den Karzer gesperrt. Über hinterließen sie viele Spuren - Zeichnungen und Sprüche, zum Beispiel an der Dreifachwader Universität. Heute sind diese eine fideles Gefängnis touristische Attraktionen. ● Seite 9

LITERATUR

Mehr als eine Biographie

"Kerningen" ist eine Auswandererzeitung mit der Geschichte. ● Seite 8

ANZEIGEN-MARKT

Treffpunkt

Die privaten Bekanntheitsanzeigen. ● Seite 16 und 17

UNTERHALTUNG

Das große Preisrätsel

Sachpreise zu gewinnen. ● Seite 20



Anklam - die Stadt am Peenestrom - erhielt bereits 1264 das Stadtrecht. 1283 wurde sie in den Bund der Hanse aufgenommen. Hänen und Tieren prägen ihre Geschichte. In all den Wäldern der Zellen haben sich die Anklamer behauptet. Lesen Sie ein Porträt dieser Stadt auf den Seiten 6 und 7. © Foto: Harald Klockner

The front page of the OZ

the East German coast of the Baltic.

The Baltic is a brackish sea with a small connection to the North Sea. Approximately every 15 years, powerful storms provide an exchange of water between the North Sea and the Baltic, thus providing an invasion of salt water into the Baltic. A low salt content and harmful substances are causing an overabundance of organic matter in the water. Storms and the exchange of water continually bring it into balance. The relationship of the shallow inlet areas to the Baltic is similar to that of the Baltic and the North Sea. These shallow inlet areas are bays enclosed by peninsulas and have a lower salt content than the Baltic. There is a constant danger that the biological balance will be upset and that the life in them will suffocate. The organic matter acts as a fertilizer that has caused an increased amount of seaweed to grow, which in turn reduces the amount of oxygen in the water that the fish and other life needs. They are dependent upon the intelligence of humans and the storms to force fresh water

into the inlets.

Everything depends upon the relationship between the land and the sea. If the sea dies, the land no longer has value. In the north, Scandinavian wood pulp factories release many toxic substances into the sea. Poland and the Baltic countries and Russia release untreated sewage into the sea. Intensive farming in the GDR made a great deal of fertilizers necessary, which reach the sea during storms and flooding or through the rivers and ground water. This must all not only be stopped, but repaired.

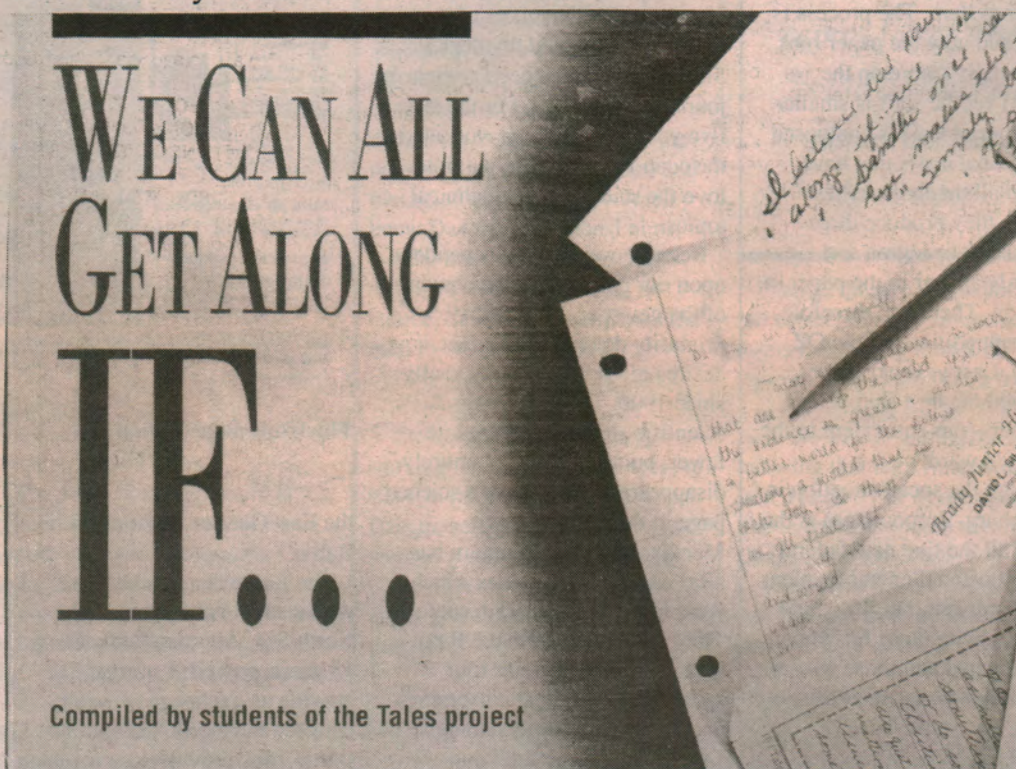
The Baltic, the North Sea and the Atlantic are, however, parts of one system. For example, the climate of the world depends in large part upon the condition of the North Atlantic. Therefore, the two research institutes in Mecklenburg-Vorpommern are tied into international climate research projects.

Evelyn Koepke is a well-known German journalist. This article was translated into English by Urbana High School German teacher Mariella Lansford.

New Book Compiled By Tales Students Now Available

In reaction to the 1992 trial of four police officers in the beating of Rodney King and the subsequent Los Angeles riots, a group of Urbana High School students worked through the Tales project and asked people in their community and throughout the world (via electronic mail) to finish the sentence, "We can all get along if. ..." The result is a thoughtful collection of responses that run the gamut from insightful to cynical, humorous to hopeful.

This soft-cover, small-format book (6" x 4 1/2") is available through Tales at \$6.95 per copy, plus postage and handling of \$1.50. It would make a great gift for the special people in your life, as well as a proud addition to your own book collection.



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