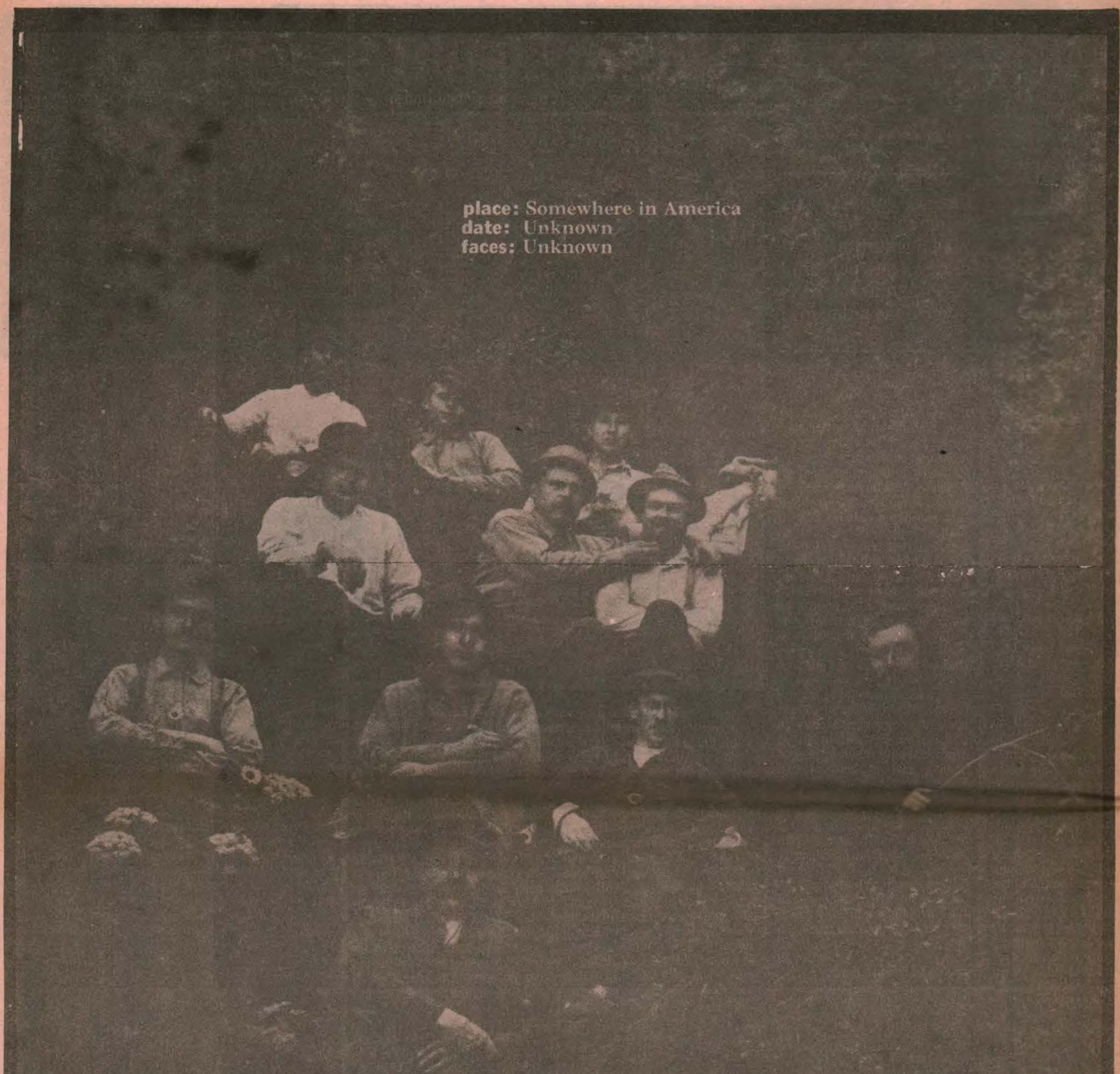
Number 5

Tales

from the general store

BASEBALL. . .

a love that lasts through the years



sassafras holiday whippoorwill sing
telegraph miner healthy young thing
picnicker hats-off sundance rock . . .

please won't somebody stop and talk
about how to unlock
America?

Unlock America,
free it from the
bulldozer crane ball and chain madness
of neon plexi-progress.

Unlock America,
free the past to be just what it is:
place we all come from, place we all go.

Unlock America,
free ourselves so we might now know
mistakes once made and
genius once blessed and
every last vanishing frag-broken bit of
America,
the beautiful
(dream).

America
(1776-1976) Two hundred years
may not seem like much history
if history be measured only in
years or generals or political stump.

But history is more than war
and vaudeville jollies.
History is you and we,
people.
History is the things we do,
the changes we make.

You can make changes.
You can make history.
And you can unlock America.

The America the Beautiful Fund is offering financial aid to anyone who has a workable plan to preserve a piece of American history. If you value some special part of your past, or your community's past (mountaintop, covered bridge, homestead, mill, town square, haybarn, indian trail), write a brief, factual letter describing your proposal to preserve it. Aid up to $1,000 is available, now. Write:

The Rediscover America Program
America the Beautiful Fund
219 Shoreham Building, NW,
Washington DC 20005.

Please post for others to read. If you want extra copies, they cost 50¢ each.
Poster proceeds will be used to make more financial assistance available.

Table of Contents

Cover drawing of Harry Caray by Brian Harrison, Robinson "Daily News" advertising manager.

Departments

An open letter to 'Tales' readers

Ray Elliott

By seeing the futility in trying to relive the old life and the danger in trying to obliterate it, man can gain the capacity to make anew. His very form depends not upon repetition but upon variation from old patterns.

—from Blue Highways
William Least Heat Moon

Looking back at the Tales project over the last two years reminds me of a conversation Kris Kristofferson related on ABC's "One on One" program recently that Merle Haggard had had with a woman over eighty years old about what it was like to be that old.

"It ain't fer sissies," she said.

That about says it for what it's been like to be around Tales. Boy, was I naive. I thought it was such a good idea that we could get a flow of money coming in that what the likes of Oral Roberts and Jerry Falwell rake in would be a mere trickle in comparison.

Volunteer workers and necessary materials would roll in. The Bank Building would quickly be restored and preserved to be used for Tales office space, including a photography lab and pasteup area; the small restaurant across the street would be rebuilt like the original and reopened; and the general store would be restored and reopened to function as a social gathering place for project workshops and entertainment activities.

Students and teachers would flock to us. Four workshops a year would record living history while everyone learned from one another whatever was necessary to write, edit and produce a magazine and run a project that combined community talents to preserve a part of our history, heritage and culture.

Of course, that's not the way it happened. But that's not all bad. It's character building, this working with Tales, trying to restore old stores and such. So besides not being "fer sissies," it's been a humbling experience.

More than one person has told me that the project is a dumb idea, that nobody is interested in old stores; others have told me that not only is nobody interested in old stores, neither is anyone interested in old schools, old churches, old anything—the project wouldn't ever amount "to a hill of beans," one man said.

"Won't have anything when they get done," one old sourpuss said after hearing about some work that had been done to level the sagging floor in the old general store.

Funny how different people look at the same thing so differently. But some good questions, some expected responses. I don't know the answers, don't know how to respond. I just know that people have become increasingly interested in the holding on to some of their history and culture. Foxfire books have sold millions; cultural journalism projects have proliferated and offer their contributions to education, community pride and historical perspective; and Charles Kuralt's popular show, "On the Road," has expanded and continues to search through America for the people and things that keep her going.

And I'm glad that's the way it is. That's what I think the Tales project is all about. It's not, as some people evidently think, about returning to a time and place where you had to use a corncob or the yellow pages of a Sears and Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalog for something other than making a corncob pipe or finding something from "the wish book" to daydream about while you do your business.

I split the meaty part of my hand, just below the thumb, on the prong of a garden plow that I'd left outside the summer before as I made a freezing dash from the outhouse to the house one cold, winter afternoon. So I'll do my business inside, please.

Nor do I have any desire to go back to a time when you had to sleep in rooms where snow blew in between the cracks at night, where the water froze in the washbasins overnight or where occurred any other number of hardships people have told me they endured, thinking that the Tales project was a back-to-nature movement without purpose.

There is a reason, it seems to me, to study, record and preserve our heritage and culture, besides merely studying history and practicing journalism: our time may be better understood with the perspective of the past in mind.

This is doubly true today. People need to get concerned enough about what's happening in America that they're willing to roll up their sleeves and make a difference in the future. Too many of us just pull out and leave our roots behind, not caring if landmarks are torn down and the landscapes destroyed as the land between the trees grows daily with each swipe of the bulldozer's relentless blade—the rural ways, the history and culture gone forever. The Tales project is just one way to help avoid some of that and make the work in the process educational, worthwhile and rewarding.

Enough said. Just wanted you to know we're going to be around for a while. Two years with this outfit ain't nothing compared to hanging on to more than eighty years of life.

And if you like what we're doing, what we'd like to do, get involved, come around to see what you can do. Keep those cards and letters coming, too. You might even stick a buck or two in them every so often. One from each of you would go a long way towards the realization of our goals for the Tales project.

Letters, Letters

Retirement project

Enjoy reading "Tales" and wish you well with that project. If time would permit, I am sure I would enjoy getting involved myself. Perhaps when I retire!

SHERRY FOOTE
Public Relations Mgr.
L.S. Heath & Sons
Robinson, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: You don't have to be retired to get involved. Employed, retired or unemployed, young or old, sick, lame or just plain lazy, we need people to get involved. The sooner, the better.

Rural schools

In "Tales" #4, I submitted "Years going to and teaching in a rural school." I've received many compliments and letters from people in three or four states saying "what memories were brought to mind."

WILLIAM G. LITTLE
Robinson, Illinois

My copy of the latest "Tales" finally did arrive, and I enjoyed this one quite a bit. One of the highlights was the column about going to school years ago. I'm a sap for melancholy rememberances like this.

Similarly, the "School Days" article popped out a few smiles. It also raised the question, have we come a long way since those days, or have we gone a long way? There are days when I wonder about that.

George Gettinger and Vic Smith are certainly likeable characters with scores of stories to tell, many more than printed, I'm sure. I also liked the Whites and their dedication to their general store. They sound like the kind of people I'd like to know. Introducing your readers to such fascinating people is one of the many benefits of "Tales."

After reading this issue, I cannot believe that teachers and students in the area do not want to get involved. I'd think that such an opportunity would be cherished, not turned away. Your pages of letters showed that many people like "Tales" and their association with it. Certainly there must be some teachers down there with enough sense to see the enormous possibilities for their students.

I continue to hope that you start getting some breaks and commitments from local teachers and students. The project is too good an idea not to take off as it should.

TOM REITER
Superintendent
Lemont School District
Lemont, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: After a good many years, we've finally learned that we have little control or influence over anyone else. We'll just keep plugging along and hope that the project catches on with area educators and students.

When I was a boy, I went to a country school northwest of Bellair known as the Round Prairie School. This was a one-room school with one teacher who taught grades one through eight.

This school had a good library of books. I spent many hours reading them. Of course, at noon and recess we played many kinds of games and had lots of fun. But when the time was up, we were expected to get busy and study.

We studied the three Rs (Reading, Riting and Rithmetic), which are important even today. We walked to school as there were no buses as there are today.

RAY HARRIS
Casey, Illinois

Worth its weight in gold

"Tales" is a magazine worth its weight in gold. I appreciate the research you are doing to publish the history of our early days on the Illinois Prairie.

Will you please do some research on the community of Advance? My great-great-grandmother came with my great-grandfather, Abraham S. Huddleston, and his family to Advance in 1846. I am the fifth generation of my family to have lived on the location of the old homestead—it was a double log cabin.

Advance was a thriving little community. John Ault owned the general store; it had a post office in those days, and the old Doty Railroad went through Advance. The farmers used to ride this early railway to their advantage in many ways.

John Ault has two living children who could give you much information. They are Joe Ault, Newton, and Hazel Whisennand, Yale. This brother and sister are both in their nineties. Joe Ault was the owner of Ault's Store in Yale. His daughter is Lenore Higgins, Yale. She is Mrs. Don Higgins.

I enjoyed the articles about my Aunt Lulu Huddleston. Her husband, Jesse Huddleston, drove the huckster wagon for the Ault Store. She could give you information on Advance as she has lived there many years.

My husband and I enjoy going down to my farm where so many generations of my family lived. We owned and operated Lacey's Grocery and Meat Market in Casey for thirty-three years.

Thank you for "Tales." Keep up the good work. We appreciate all of the time and effort you are giving to make this a success.

MRS. RICHARD (NEVA) LACEY
Casey, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: We hope to do articles about Advance and scores of other places in future issues of "Tales." Until we do, though, we welcome contributions from anyone with interesting information.

I have enjoyed "Tales" very much.

MAX E. ALBRECHT
Paris, Illinois

I enjoy "Tales" very much. My mother and father ran a general store in Middlesworth back in the twenties and thirties.

WALTER F. KESSEL
Shelbyville, Illinois

I do not have "Tales" read entirely, but what I did read I was overjoyed with the information. God bless you in your work.

SISTER RITA JEANNE
St. Rose Convent
LaCrosse, Wisconsin

I was impressed with "Tales"#4. The first day of school column was exceptionally well done. Of course, it's always good when you write about memories that made an impression on you.

I enjoyed all of the articles very much. Everyone wrote such interesting articles, and each article enhanced the whole paper.

TERI HOLLOWELL
Palos Hills, Illinois

We recently visited in the Oblong and Robinson area, and while there received a copy of "Tales" #4. I am a former resident of Bellair, and we are interested in receiving the publication. We are enclosing a check for twenty-five dollars to cover one year's subscription and the balance for the wonderful job you are doing.

BILL TYHURST
Covington, Louisiana

I obtained "Tales" #4 and enjoyed it very much. My husband came from Wabash County, and I came from Lawrence County.

MRS. ALBERT PRICE
Bluford, Illinois

A friend gave me a copy of "Tales." I enjoyed it.

MRS. EMIL COYNER
Merom, Indiana

Really enjoy "Tales." Looking forward to future issues.

CHET JOHNSON
Janesville, Wisconsin

Outhouse mystery

This is a note from "The Staid Grandmother." I am sorry I have been unable to prove there was a two-story outhouse in Martinsville. My neighbor who told me about it seemed sure of her facts. She is 86 years old and lives at the home of one of her daughters. I still believe there must have been one in Clark County. I was glad someone furnished you with a picture of one.

I wrote to M.N. Belting, an assistant professor of history at the University of Illinois. Two of my grandchildren attend the university and told me about her. She writes articles of early history, and I thought she might have information. She answered that she was interested and wished a copy of "Tales" and my article. She also had written to a friend asking for the information I was seeking. The friend said she seemed to remember reading about one she thought was in Wisconsin or some place.

I have always been interested in the early county and Illinois state history. I have had a hobby of placing government gravestones on unmarked veterans' graves in Crawford County. Working through the Crawford County Historical Society, Inc., I have put up many Revolutionary, War of 1812, Black Hawk War, Civil War and two WW I stones. It is an interesting hobby.

Not long ago, I obtained copies of the muster rolls of Parmeneas Beckes and the pay rolls of William Henry Harrison, veterans who fought at Tippecanoe in the War of 1812. Some were the soldiers, stationed at Fort Lamotte and Fort Allison in Russellville.

Good luck with "Tales."

MRS. CHARLES A. TENNIS
Flat Rock, Illinois

Tales

from the general store

'The difficult is easy;

the impossible takes a little longer.'

Tales from the general store, inc., is a nonprofit foundation established as an educational and charitable organization to preserve the history and culture of the Wabash Valley region of Eastern Illinois and Western Indiana from the days of the general store era. The foundation will conduct a two-week summer workshop and three 3-day seasonal workshops in cultural journalism for area residents, both students and non-students, who are interested in journalism and history.

Throughout the school year, grade school, high school and college students will also be given the opportunity to learn about their history and culture by talking with people who have experienced them. These students may also have the opportunity to participate in or observe such activities as hunting, trapping, fishing, butchering, furniture making, soap making and other customs from the past.

From these experiences, the workshop participants and students will record oral history, write stories, take pictures and collect tales, recipes and remedies that portray the rural life of long ago and a bit of what remains today. "Tales from the general store," printed and distributed as an insert to the Robinson "Daily News," the Lawrenceville "Daily Record" and the Casey "Daily Reporter," will contain these stories. The program will be experiential and community related, in the tradition of educator John Dewey, where students learn by doing.

Workshops for the publication will be held at the Tales from the general store, inc., headquarters in Bellair where the foundation is engaged in the restoration of that village which dates back to 1844. Initial funding for the program will come from tax-deductible donations. Future funding will include donations, grants subscriptions, syndication, book sales and other sources from services or merchandise provided by Tales from the general store, inc.

Anyone may submit articles, photographs or drawings for publication in "Tales from the general store." If published, all material becomess the property of Tales from the general store, inc. No responsibility for returning unused submissions can be assumed; however, every effort will be made to return all submissions.

Subscribers to the Robinson "Daily News," the Lawrenceville "Daily Record" and the Casey "Daily Reporter" will receive the magazine as part of their subscriptions as long as the Robinson "Daily News" prints and distributes it. Non-subscribers to the three newspapers may purchase individual copies for $1

Address all corespondence to: Tales from the general store, inc., Rural Route 2, Oblong, Illinois 62449 or phone (618) 569-5171.

...and more Letters

I have just finished reading "Tales" #4 from cover to cover. I first heard of the magazine through Marion Piper, Sumner. She knows my interest in outdoor toilets. I have tried for years to find one to photograph with a crescent in the door.

I have been planning to write you and learn the location of the two-story outhouse, but my question was answered in this past issue. The picture and description of the one at Gays was very interesting, and I intend to see that myself sometime soon.

I am also very interested in the mention of Bellair. My husband's grandfather, William Bowan, came to Bellair with his family from somewhere in Ohio and settled there. I dimly remember the mention of a railroad or some construction being the attraction.

Later, he went to Oakland and was involved in several ventures, one being a furniture store. By the time I got into the family, he was retired. I don't even know where to start looking for burial sites for data from headstones.

I am also a retired schoolteacher. The picture of the school room is accurate for later years, but I, too, was numbered among the old-timers who built the fires, walked to school, swept the floors, and in some homes I boarded in, was expected to help with the supper dishes. But it is an experience I cherish.

SIEYL E. CAMPBELL
Olney, Illinois

Growing up in Crawford County

I enjoy "Tales" as I grew up around Kibbie, and my dad worked in the oil field there.

Keep up the good work.

LENORA BUSH
DeBarry, Florida

I lived a half mile east of Bellair until the end of 1912. My father was William McCoy Freeland, whose father homesteaded what is known as the Freeland Farm, a tract of 400 acres. He arrived from the East in the fall of 1846. He and his family lived until 1847 in a cave dug in the side of a knoll just east of where the new house stands now.

I remember many incidents and events around Bellair. I did many things, among them teaching school for a number of years in Crawford and Clark Counties. I experienced the one-room school of fifty-odd pupils, lockout days just before Christmas and many more things about the country school.

JOHN L. FREELAND
Mansfield, Ohio

I enjoyed "Tales" #4 so much as I went to Richwoods School near Palestine in the twenties. Also remember the tent shows and chautauquas. Found my uncle's name in one of the articles. I can hardly wait for #5, etc. I hope you have copies of #1, #2 and #3, too.

I wrote to Mr. William G. Little as I used to know him. He sent me a very nice letter along with a lot of history that I was sure glad to get.

Will be looking forward to my next copy or copies.

CHRISTINE SARTOR
Evansville, Indiana

When I was growing up, I worked on Roland and Katherine Gwinn's farm just outside of Bellair. We used to trade at the general store, and therefore I am interested in its restoration and keeping its history and that of the area alive.

I have read "Tales" #1, #2, #3 and #4 with great interest and congratulate you on a needed publication. I will be glad to help in any way I can to keep up your good work.

JOHN GWINN
Former U.S. Congress
Democratic candidate
Champaign, Illinois

Young Author's Conference

Thank you for your time and efforts in making our 1983 Young Authors Conference a great success. Both teachers and students agreed the small group sessions were the best part of their day

We find it rewarding to honor exceptional student work, especially in the academic areas. The students are really interested in learning about different kinds of writing, and your contributions about folklore were really appreciated.

MARY ELLEN SRONCE
Urbana School District 116
Urbana, Illinois

'Tales' in the Reporter

I have taken the Casey "Daily Reporter" for several years, but don't remember ever getting a copy of "Tales." I received #4 in my "Reporter" and haven't read it all, as yet; but what I have read, I love.

I live approximately one and a half miles north of Hazel Dell. I can remember when it had a restaurant, three groceries, an ice cream parlor, a harness shop, a shoe shop, a pool hall, a cream station and two or three other stores that were hush-hush to a child of three to six years old, so I can't say what they were. But they were there.

My mother told me that they even had a bank here at one time. And there was a blacksmith's shop and a grist mill where they made flour and meal. There was also a post office and a one-room schoolhouse. We seemed to hold onto the post office the longest. I think it was two or three years ago that we lost it permanently.

ANITA CURL
Casey, Illinois

Passin' it around

A neighbor loaned me his copy of "Tales" #4. I enjoyed it so much.

JUANITA THOMPSON
Merom, Indiana

Don't want to miss a copy of "Tales."

MILDRED BARRETT
Manchester, New Hampshire

Although I don't know much about the area of which you write, we really enjoy it. Evans was raised in West York; I was born and raised in Robinson.

"Tales" starts Evans remembering lots of tales of farming back when they plowed with mules and horses.

Keep up the good work.

MRS. EVANS MEHLER
Newcastle, Wyoming

My mother, Mrs. Doit Freeland, was a subscriber to "Tales." She passed away this summer, but we have enjoyed the paper very much and want to renew the subscription in our name.

Keep your good work going.

ROSE ANN LEO
Denton, Texas

Moonshine storekeepers

In the first issue of "Tales," you had an article about Enid Misner and other folks that keep store at Moonshine. As a five-year-old kid (I'm now 92 years of age), my folks passed along the corner area where the present store is located.

There was an old dilapidated building, east and on the south side of the road about half way down the hill. My dad would mention a certain man's name who had owned and operated a store there.

I could always remember the name till I wanted it. Now it has slipped away. But his son carried the mail on Route One from Martinsville for thirty years. I was acquainted with him.

I think I can name all the other storekeepers at Moonshine. Bill Blankenbeker had a store near his home, a quarter mile north of the present store. His daughter clerked and tended three or four telephone lines that terminated in there with just a series of switches. One line reached Dr. Kisner at Bellair and was quite useful.

Jim Dugan and Alex Johnson installed a buhr grinding mill nearby that was powered by a portable steam engine. It was not a success and the last I knew, one of the buhrs could be seen in John Burris' yard.

Bill Blankenbeker finally sold the store to Art Washburn. He operated it about five months and sold out to Bert Forester. He wasn't in there long till he got a chance to take over Moriah Store from the Weaver boys. Lem Adkins and his wife owned the store for a while between some of the intervals of others I have mentioned. And Lafe Custis was custodian for some time. (This information was not included in the column in "Tales" #3.)

The last owner of the old Moonshine Store was Elais Blankenbeker. It burned for him. But shortly before this, two Cooper brothers (bachelors) built a mill and dwelling combined north of the store about fifty yards.

They had a powerful gas engine and operated a buhr mill. They didn't use it but a short time till one of the owners got caught in some exposed gears on the engine and was bad hurt. When he recovered, the two sold out and went to Oklahoma.

A Cornwell from Melrose had a store and butcher shop in the mill house. He didn't keep it long.

The Deverick brothers, Roscoe and Ransom, next tried their luck at storekeeping. They built a small building about where the present store is located. They operated it a little while, then decided they wanted a much larger one.

So they built the present one (in 1912) and stocked it with a large and varied stock of merchandise and employed several clerks. I am not certain in what order later keepers were in charge, but they were Gay Adkins, Lawrence Chapman, Brian and Gladys Williams, Raymond and Enid Misner and Roy and Helen Tuttle, the present owners.

THORNTON STEPHENS
Annapolis, Illinois

Butchering memories

In the butchering edition ("Tales" #2), you omitted that the men who did the killing were anxious to kill without a squeal, for who wanted to hear a hog squeal? And you omitted how the women who cleaned the intestines to stuff the sausage in could be anxious that the hogs were not wormy, because who wanted the sausage to come squirting out a worm hole?

And who wanted to conclude a day of butchering without a gallon of water to take home to make pondhorse? Then there was the time to make headcheese and liverwurst. Nearly everyone had to pickle a portion of the meat, as well as saving the meat to make pickled pig's feet.

There was all the time that was spent being sure that hickory sawdust was handy to have hickory smoked bacon, hams and sausage. And all the time that was spent "frying down" sausage, sidemeat and tenderloin. Remember that the lard had to be rendered to the exact point where it would keep and not taste scorched.

I remember that many long evenings were spent tearing carpet rags and sewing them together again. They were rolled into balls of colors, unless you wanted a hit-and-miss carpet (one that was made from different kinds of material).

There was the task of putting the warp on the loom to make strips, as well as stripping the opposite way with the colored rags. It was always lots of fun to get the rags wound on the shuttles so they would be handy to throw from one side of the carpet through two layers of warp. Carpets were nearly always a yard wide, while the rugs could be made to suit your fancy. And they were always

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How to Order Back Issues of Tales

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General stores, hermit Walter Whitaker; the Augustus C. French Maplewood estate; storyteller Thornton Stephens; frog gigging; subsistence farming.

No. 2:
Hog butchering; curing meat; churning butter; dressing chickens; Homer Adkisson's homemade car; tall tale of an Irish folk hero; benefit concert in Bellair; country living; an old-time country doctor and his horse; Marvin Harrison's haunted clock.

No. 3:
Burl Ives; Spring Fair; furniture refinishing; rug braiding; quilting; the first signs of spring and childhood memories; 'An Ode to the Backhouse'; Professor Whistledick and his cure-all elixir; the history of Palestine.

No. 4;
One-room schoolhouses and the teachers and students who attended them; cooking and canning with Grandma; summer barn raising and ice cream social; White's country store; Merom Chautauquas; powerhouses; fishing; gathering wood.

Single Copies: $2 each, postpaid
All 4 Back Issues: Only $6

HOW TO ORDER: Send payment with order, specifying the issue numbers and number of copies desired, to: Tales from the general store, inc., R.R. #2, Oblong, Illinois 62449. **Our supply is limited, so order today!**

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We'd love to have you and your friends receive "Tales from the general store." Annual subscriptions (4 issues) are only $4. All you need to do is cut out this coupon and send it with a check or money order (made payable to Tales from the general store, inc.) to:

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Oblong, IL. 62449

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Letters

(continued from page 5)

stripped more than carpets.

Also I remember those days in the old country school. Everyone rushed to be there when the first bell rang so you could be chosen on one side for the ball game or because you wanted to be the first one to run through without being caught in Blackman.

There was Dare Base, Wolf on the Ridge and Come to My Sheep Pen. When the snow came, you could have snow battles after you had the snow forts made. And oftentimes, you brought your sleds to school with a rope for the "horses" to pull you. If you could not afford a sled, you could take a board from the meat house to slide on—but don't forget to take that board back!

Later on, we marked off a "gymnasium" with a shovel, went to the woods, cut a pole and built our own backboard so we bigger kids could play basketball. It was necessary to enlist the assistance of the blacksmith to make the hoop.

We went to the creek and hauled the sand to help keep us out of the mud. Before school and at the noon hour, we would work up a sweat, but a fifteen-minute recess was too short a time to play an interesting game.

Mentioning noon, I must not omit the time we spent eating our "hot lunch." We brought it from home in a tin bucket. There would usually be enough that you could have a sandwich for morning recess, and if you were not too greedy, there would be one left for the afternoon recess.

In all our games, there were never hot showers in the gymnasium, and we sat in our sweaty clothes the rest of the day. By today's standards, the whole gymnasium time was very unhealthy. I sometimes wondered why we did not have more illnesses than we did, for it was nothing unusual for a student to go a whole term of school with perfect attendance. How often does that happen today?

And do not forget the teacher! He (or she) taught all from the chart class (first grade) through eighth grade in one room. He taught all classes from kindergarten through grammar to physiology, not omitting a few days of climatology.

With all that preparation and teaching, the same teacher was the leader in any gymnasium class we decided upon. He did not have a teacher's aid to grade papers or someone to mete out punishments.

Them wuz the days.

My forgettery is much more active than my memory, but I must not fail to mention our music and art teachers. They were the same one who taught arithmetic and literature. Two special days in the year needed them—our Christmas program and Last Day of School program. Without the aid of an organ, we sang and learned pieces to recite. Parents were sure to show their appreciation to the teacher for his (her) efforts.

And last to mention, but first in the school day, was a five-to ten-minute period for memory gems. They stick with us yet today, even helping us to appreciate others.

A suggestion: try some articles on communal harvesting and threshing. Then let me say I appreciate the copies of "Tales" I have received.

LEO CORRELL
Sumner, Illinois

Recipes and Remedies

Recipes

Long-cooked tomato sauce

Combine in bowl:
1 (#3) can whole Italian tomatoes
2 (6 oz.) cans tomato sauce
1 tablespoon dried parsley
¼ teaspoon garlic salt
1 teaspoon dried oregano
2 bay leaves
¼ teaspoon crushed red pepper
¼ cup grated romano cheese

Cook in heavy kettle uncovered over low heat for four or five hours, stirring occasionally.

–Emma Hussar

Meat balls

Combine in large bowl:
½ pound ground beef
¼ pound ground pork
¼ pound ground veal
Add 1 egg well beaten
2 slices bread softened in water
¼ teaspoon garlic salt
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dried parsley
1 teaspoon dried oregano
¼ cup grated romano cheese

Mix together with fork. Shape into ten medium-sized balls. Heat five tablespoons of oil in a skillet. Brown meatballs in hot fat.

Brown in separate skillet:
1 pound Itallian sausage cut into one-inch slices.

Remove sausage and place with meat balls in hot sauce. Cook two more hours on a low flame.

When ready to serve, prepare macaroni.

—Emma Hussar

Tomato catsup

4 quarts tomato juice
Cook onions with tomatoes (about 4 onions to a bushel of tomatoes).
2 tablespoons salt
⅓ cup sugar to each 4 quarts juice
2 cups vinegar
Cook one hour before adding vinegar.
1 ½ boxes catsup spices to 1 bushel tomatoes

—Martha Newberry

Oatmeal cookies

¾ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
4 tablespoons sweet milk
2 cups flour
¾ teaspoon of soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups raisins (grind)
2 cups rolled oats

Cream shortening, sugar and cinnamon. Add raisins and oats. Bake at 350 degrees for ten to twelve minutes.

—Martha Newberry

Pan cookies

½ cup shortening
2 cups brown sugar
3 eggs
pinch salt
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 pkg. chocolate bits. (6oz.)
½ cup pecans
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix as any cookie recipe. Spread on greased 15x10x1 inch pan. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) until done. Let cool and cut in 1x3 inch bars. Cuts better when still warm.

—Naomi Elliott

Carnation marshmellow fudge

1 stick butter
5 cups sugar
1 large can Carnation Milk
Cook to soft ball stage:
2 pkgs. chocolate Nestles
10 oz. jar Marshmallow Cream
1 cup nuts
vanilla

Beat until chips are dissolved. Pour in greased pan and cut when cool.

—Elsie Ryan

German potato salad

8 red potatoes boiled until barely tender
1 onion chopped
3 ribs of celery chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
5 slices bacon (fried and crumbled, save fat)
½ cup vinegar (white)
½ cup water
½ cup sugar

Boil potatoes with skins on just until fork tender. If you cook too long, skins break and they are too mushy. Peel and slice, not chunks, but whole thin slices into large bowl.

Add onion, celery, salt, pepper and crumbled bacon to bacon grease. Add 2 heaping tablespoons flour. Stir.

Mix vinegar, water and sugar together slowly. Let simmer like gravy. Pour over potatoes and toss.

Garnish with hard boiled egg slices.

–Jenny Rebmann

Household hints

Place onions in the freezer about ten minutes before you plan to cut them so the juices will be frozen and won't cause watering of the eyes.

A roll of antacid tablets is effective in taking the itch out of mosquito bites. Just moisten a tablet and rub on the bite. Since the acid in the bite caused the itch, the antacid neutralizes it and stops the irritation.

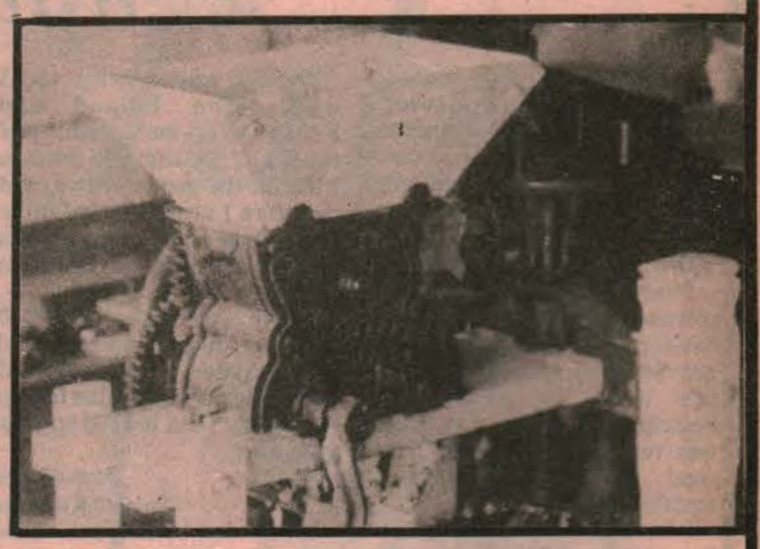
Soak baking potatoes in hot water a few minutes before placing in the oven. Baking will take less time and fuel.

A few pieces of straight macaroni placed through the top of a pie crust will act as a pipe for escaping steam and will retain the juice in the pie.

When in doubt about the freshness of eggs, test them in a pan of cold water. An egg that floats is bad for use. One that stands on end is stale. One that lays at an angle should be used immediately or discarded. And one that lays flat is fresh.

Brains are the last thing that a man looks for in a woman and the first thing he expects in a wife.

—Lorene Newberry



The hand-cranked cider press crushes the apples and the cider flows through a bucket, onto a plastic sheet and into another bucket.

Apple cider

by Chris Adcock

Making homemade apple cider is a sticky, messy, time-consuming job. It's hard work, too, requiring a cider press, a lot of apples and a strong arm to crank the handle of the press.

But it's worth the time and effort. The difference between the taste of the homemade cider and its commercially-produced counterpart is about as great as the difference between Mother's cooking and a greasy-spoon restaurant's warmed-over specials.

Jim and Vera Wiman, rural Oblong, and their son and daughter, Jeff and Beth, brought their cider press to the "Tales" fall hog butchering at the old Bellair Store and demonstrated first hand how to make real cider.

It was made in an old press that Wiman said belonged to his father. A series of gears, turned by a crank, moved the apples along an oval-shaped belt that was covered by large "teeth." Each tooth was far enough from the next to fit two apples in between them.

Above the belt was a spout that was larger at the top than at the bottom and had a rectangular opening at the top. The converging spout placed pressure on the bottom apples and pushed them into the teeth where they were crushed against the press' walls when the crank was turned.

The crushed apple pieces fell into a bucket underneath the press. When the bucket was full, it was scooted towards the edge of the lower level of the press, under a flat wooden circle. The circle was screwed downwards, into the bucket. The cider was literally sqeezed out of the crushed apples.

The cider flowed through the rectangular openings of the bucket, onto a plastic sheet then into another bucket.

From the bucket, the cider flowed into a large milk canister and from there into the awaiting glasses. All the steps to making the cider went on at the same time for most of the day which meant a lot of people were involved and a lot of cider was made.

Making the cider was tiring work, but the sweet-tasting cider made the effort worthwhile.

Remedies

Cough syrup

Chop an onion finely and cover with sugar. Let set until the sugar dissolves. The juice or syrup that results is not distasteful.

Ringworm

Long ago, anyone afflicted with ringworm was advised to recruit a cigar smoker. Cigar ashes moistened with saliva and spread on the fungal infection soon cured it.

Asthma

Soak white blotting paper in a solution of four ounces saltpeter and one pint water. Let paper dry and cut into four one-inch squares. Burn one or two of the squares. A chemical reaction occurs and pure oxygen is released.

Hoarseness

Boil wheat bran into a strong tea and sweeten with honey.

Croup

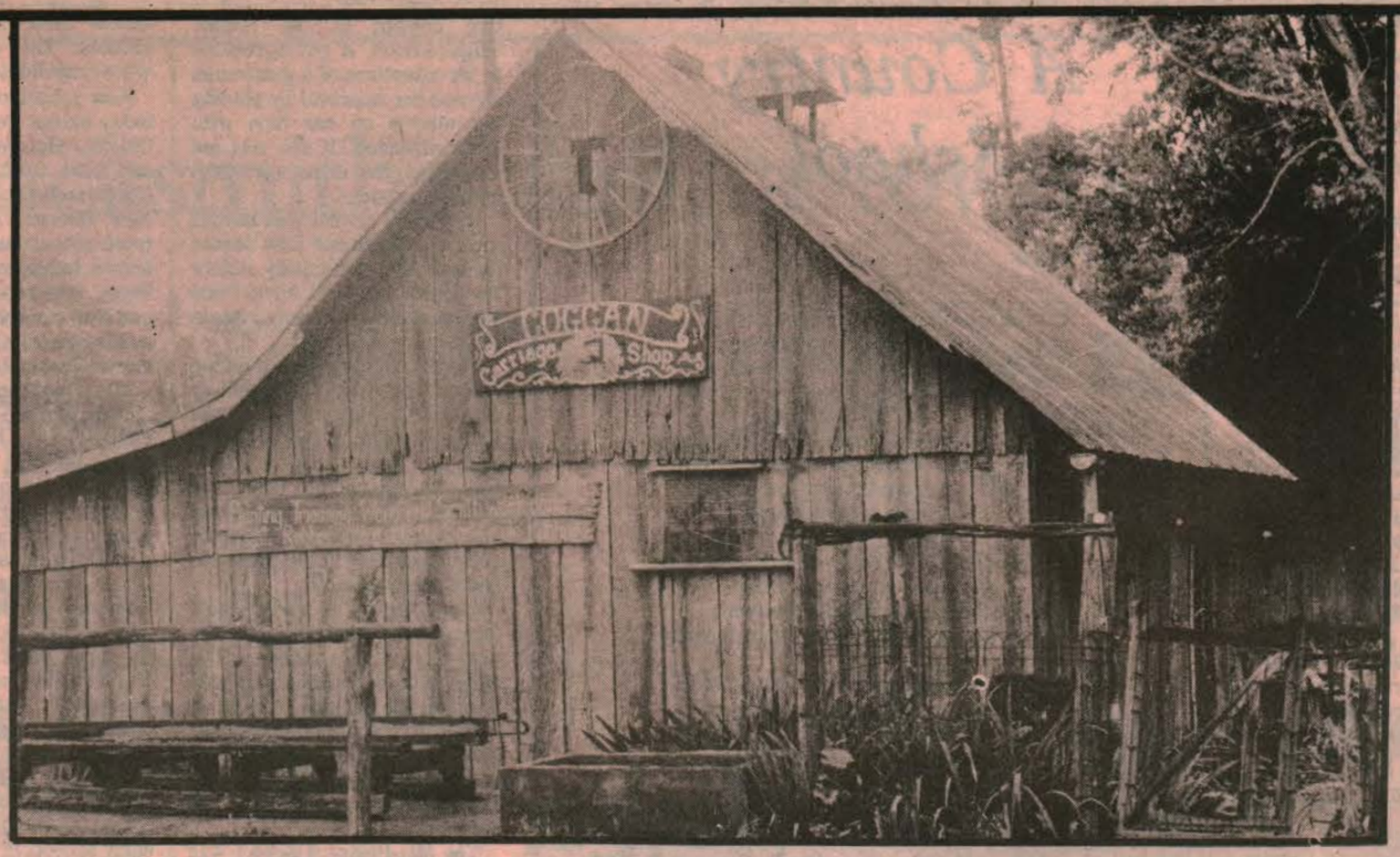
When geese were killed, they provided a good meal and plenty of grease, which was used to treat croup and other cold symptoms. The grease was used along or combined with kerosene or turpentine and rubbed on the cold sufferer.

If the goose grease wasn't available, skunk grease was substituted.

Bronchitis

Dried mullen leaves crumbled into a fine powder and smoked in a new pipe was said to be a standard treatment.

Send your favorite old recipe or remedy for publication in a future issue of "Tales" to Tales from the general store, inc., Rural Route 2, Oblong, IL 62449.



The carriage shop is one of the fifteen buildings already completed in Sailor Springs. The project was opened to the public three years after Jabez Coggan II and his family began the restoration.

Did you know..

Restoring Sailor Springs

Linda Davidson, Sailor Springs, pretty well sums up the feeling community residents have about Jabez Coggan II and his family's restoration of some of that small southern Illinois town's old businesses and the Coggan family home.

"It's been hard to believe what has been done," Davidson said. "The hard work and dedication has taken three years. Three years ago, things were a lot different then."

That was when Coggan, his wife, Linda, and their three children, Jabez III, Myra and Maliff, now 19, 18 and 12 respectively, decied to leave Florida and move back to Sailor Springs, located thirty-three miles southeast of Effingham.

The Coggans owned their home in Florida and were settled into the community. Coggan worked as a security field supervisor at the John F. Kennedy Space Center, a place where rockets, shuttles and experimental space flights provided history-in-the-making every day.

With so much history being made around them, the Coggans realized that there was a important part in their own family that was being lost. So they returned to the small, rundown town of one-hundred fifty residents to preserve their heritage.

"I've always planned to do this," Coggan said about preserving the history and restoring the historical sites in Sailor Springs. "I'm preserving my heritage. My great-grandfather, Thomas Sailor, founded the town.

"My grandfather on my mother's side was a registered pharmacist, ran a drug store here, worked at the bank, published a newspaper and was a community leader. He was in the same store building for sixty-three years.

"My grandfather on the other side was a building contractor who built the academy, the hotel and many other homes around here. My father and mother were farmers here. So we're trying to preserve what we can."

Quite simply, that is the story behind the old-fashioned buildings and signs explaining the history behind them that is seen when driving around the somewhat quaint town of Sailor Springs.

To date, Coggan and his family have completed restoration on fifteen buildings. These buildings include those of an implement dealer, a carriage shop, a wash house, a sewing and weaving parlor, a music store, a sharpening and grinding shop, a lawn mower repair shop and a cane display.

Other buildings to be completed soon are a barber shop, poultry, egg and cream store and a blacksmith shop. Still others in the planning stages are a restaurant, a newspaper office and a general merchandise store. By the time of completion of the restoration project, Coggan estimates that there will be more than thirty businesses displayed.

Each building is detailed with full equipment for the trade represented, right down to original papers and checks from businesses that once existed in town. Most of the buildings were moved into town from farms and other locations within a five-mile radius.

The buildings were donated by people "who saw that it was far better to see them restored than eventually destroyed," Coggan's daughter, Myra, said.

"I think (what is happening in Sailor Springs) is a dream come true for a lot of people in this area. Even people from out of state," Davidson said, summing up her feelings about the project.

The project has been no easy one, though. Problems have developed. In January, an almost completely restored one-hundred-year old ice house burned. Despite such setbacks, the Coggans have completed enough restoration to open the buildings to the public.

Admission is two dollars for adults (eighteen and up), one dollar for seven to seventeen-year olds and free admission to children under six years of age. The buildings will be open daily except Thursday through November 1.

So things have changed in Sailor Springs. And the Coggans say things will continue to change. Three years ago, the town was dying and had only one gas station, an American Legion post and a post office. Now some life has been added.

As one resident said, "It's great to see cars going by on Main Street now, when before it was just farmers and tractors. Sailor Springs is goin' get on the map again. I just know it.

Sailor Springs, population 150, was founded by Jabez Coggan II's great-grandfather, Thomas Sailor. His two grandfathers were active members in the community and his father and mother farmed there.

Where do they go from here?

Present and former 'Tales' staff members haven't been letting much grass grow under their feet:

Donna St. George will receive the B.A. degree in Political Science from the University of Illinois in December. She worked as a reporter for "The Daily Illini," the university's stuent newspaper, for four years, served on the publication's editorial board for three years and handled the managing editor's duties during the 1982-83 academic year.

The recipient of several scholarships for journalistic excellence, St. George also completed internships at the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer" (City desk, Summer '83), Milwaukee "Journal" (City desk, Summer '82), Chicago "Sun-Times" (Washington bureau, Fall '81) and Empire Publishing Corporation, New York City (City desk, Summer '81). During the fall, she will be working as a magazine writer on an internship for the "National Journal" in Washington, D.C.

Vanessa Faurie received a National Writing Award for feature writing from the University of Iowa School of Journalism's Quill & Scroll society and a $500 scholarship to attend the University of Illinois as a journalism major. She has worked as a feature writer for "The Daily Illini" and as a reporter and feature writer for the Worth (IL) "Reporter" (Summer '83). During the fall, Faurie will be working as a magazine writer on an internship for "Highwire" magazine in Lowell, Massachusetts.

Jim Elliott also received a National Writing Award for feature writing from the University of Iowa School of Journalism's

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(continued from page 7)

Quill & Scroll society. He is attending the University of Illinois where he is majoring in physics.

Maureen Foertsch is majoring in journalism at Eastern Illinois University and has worked as a reporter for "The Eastern News," the university's student newspaper. She was the publication's news editor for the '83 Summer Semester and will be assistant news editor this fall.

Ray Elliott completed course work at the end of the '83 Summer Semester for the M.S. degree in Journalism from the University of Illinois. He was awarded a $400 grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation, through the university, to complete his master's degree reporting project, a 5000-word article about Salt, a cultural journalism project in Kennebunkport, Maine. The grant provided money for Elliott to travel to Maine to interview Salt personnel and observe the project, which is similar in scope and purpose to the Tales project, in operation.

A Country School

by Ray Harris

A schoolhouse stood upon a hill,
  Back in that time so long ago.
There were two buildings back of it,
  To which sometimes we had to go.

There was one room for all who came,
  If they be large or small.
There was one teacher then,
  Who tried to teach them all.

We learned to read and write and spell;
  Some lessons we need today.
But there was time for everyone,
  Between our studies to run and play.

No schoolhouse now is where it stood;
  The space is bleak and bare.
No one comes to visit it,
  And no one seems to care.

Ray Harris, Casey, and his sister, Clara Ault, deceased, pose before the Round Prairie Schoolhouse south of Casey, circa 1960.

Early schools in Crawford County

by Mrs. Charles A. Tennis

The first houses served as a home, church and school. Log schoolhouses were built when enough children lived in the neighborhood. The building was generally twelve by twenty by ten feet high. Volunteer labor was used.

The roofs were covered with clapboards. Oiled paper served as window panes. The door was hung on wooden hinges. Puncheons covered the floor. Desks and benches were made of slabs of wood. Pegs driven in holes bored in the walls with the smooth side of the puncheon slab placed on top served as the desk, and benches were used as seats. A large fireplace with a mud and stick chimney was built in one end of the building.

Schools were classified as Silent or Blab. Pupils in the Blab school studied outloud. Usually the most learned person was chosen to "keep school." Examinations were not required.

Students were often as old and large as the teacher. Discipline was enforced by the frequent application of the rod. Teachers were paid by subscription, the amount from fifty cents to one dollar per pupil. The teacher boarded around in the neighborhood.

A two-month summer term and a four-month winter term of school was held. Teachers were paid as little as eight and ten dollars per month for the summer term, and twenty dollars or more for the winter term. Extreme cold weather and disease closed schools. All eight grades were taught. Many times fifty or more scholars attended the winter term. Text books were rare; slates were used for tablets. When desks took the place of benches, two or more pupils sat in the same seat. School was called to order by the teacher ringing a school bell.

Pie, cake and box suppers were social activities held in the school. At Christmas time, the pupils were treated by the teacher. Apples and cider were first provided; later oranges and candy. Many teachers were locked out of the schoolhouse at this time and the pupils enjoyed a week's vacation.

Spelling Bees were held among the schools in the same vicinity. The host school had special words for the visiting team and usually won the contest.

Schools were named for the former owners of the school sites such as Jones, Higgins, Taylor, Cannon, etc. Port Jackson, New Hebron, Bellair, Porterville, Annapolis, Stoy, Huttsonville, etc. were named for the villages in which they were located. Rocky Bluff, Grassy Holler, Quaker Lane, Dogwood, Prairie, etc. were named for the communities where they were situated. Some unusual names were Blazing Star, Muddy Creek, Science Hall, Excelsior, Centennial, Bottoms, etc.

According to Lucille Randolph, Bellair, Elbow School got its name from a prevailing courting custom in the Bellair neighborhood. A girl agreeable to the attentions of a gentleman showed her approval by placing her elbows on her hips with arms extended. If she was not interested, her arms were kept down at her sides.

Hurricane School was named after the hurricane that passed through the community before the school was built. Frog Pond was named for the many frogs in the large nearby pond.

The first schoolhouse building in Crawford County was built on Lot #1 in Palestine. George Calhoun taught at this school in 1820. Ten years later, the school was in conjunction with the Masons. After the courthouse site was moved to Robinson, school was kept in the Palestine courthouse building.

Lamotte was an early school located near where Duncanville was later located. The Highsmith School built in 1834 west of the present Flat Rock served as school and church. In 1837, Rick Arnold taught a school in Licking Township. Ann Lamb taught near Bellair in 1844.

The Mt. Pleasant School was built in 1850 and was used for twenty-six years in the northwest corner of Oblong Township. From 1837 to 1863 a school was taught on the Oblong prairie near the North Fork of the Embarrass River. In 1842, a hewed log schoolhouse was located south of Hardinsville was later moved to the village and used as a church and school. A schoolhouse was built north of Hardinsville in 1846. Around 1848, a log schoolhouse was built in Robinson; William Grimes was the first teacher.

Space in the courthouse was used for school purposes. A two-story frame building served until a new schoolhouse was built in 1871. Scholars came from five and six miles to the Goff School located in southwest Honey Creek Township, Charlottesville on the southwest, Villas and Flat Rock on the north.

Tuition-free schools were declared by the Illinois State Constitution in the mid-1850s. The school lands were sold, and the funds resulted in the organization of school districts. Frame schoolhouses were built, and school was conducted for a period of seven months.

Teacher examinations were held, and those passing were given certificates permitting them to teach in rural schools. The school districts were usually two miles square—big enough to support a teacher and small enough for the children to walk no more than two miles to school. Before the advent of high schools, there were academies for higher learning, then two-, three- and four-term high schools. The country schools were consolidated.

Few schoolhouses are in use today except those in Robinson, Oblong, Hutsonville, Palestine and Flat Rock. Hebron Road Christian School is located near New Hebron. A few old one-room schoolhouses are used for homes today, such as Lindsay, Biggs, and remodelled Higgins and New Hebron. A few are used as storage on farms, such as the one on Quaker Lane.

The one-room South Union School is used by the nearby church. The Jones School, a newer building with basement, furnace, indoor toilets, etc., belongs to nearby Bible Chapel Church. Clark and Monarch are similar types used for dwellings. The old brick school in Stoy is used for a dwelling, the old brick schoolhouse in Hutsonville and the new brick schoolhouse in Porterville are used for businesses. Little Brick School west of Robinson is used for a church. Canaan and Mills, empty old one-room schoolhouses, are in a dilapidated condition.

Two of the most interesting early schools in Crawford County were the Governor French School and the Camp Spring or Travelling Schoolhouse. Augustus C. French came to Palestine and served as Receiver in the U.S. Land Office from 1839 to 1843. He lived in Palestine during this time. He later built a beautiful farm home, Maplewood, southwest of Palestine. He built a school for the education of his brother and sisters.

The schoolhouse consisted of one large room with a fireplace on the first floor and one room upstairs for the teacher. Noon meals for the pupils were prepared by the teacher on the fireplace. A few of the children in the neighborhood were invited to attend this school. The home burned, but the school was saved. Later, a large dwelling was built, and the French School was attached to it from the back. This schoolhouse is standing today.

The Camp Spring School or the Travelling School was a one-room log building placed on large wooden rollers and pulled by two yoke of oxen from one spring to another in Montgomery Township where school was held for short periods of time. Pottery shards have been found at the sites of the school. W.D. Fox, born August 8, 1837, attended the school when it was located north of Morea.

Today there is agitation for school consolidation, and perhaps in the near future, one large centrally-located school will take care of all the schools in the county.

William Livingston, Bellair, the first boy on the left in the front row of this photo of a group of grade school students at Bellair School around the turn of the century, can name most of his classmates from more than eighty years ago. (Photograph courtesy of William Livingston.)

Blacksmith's skill, a town's survival

by Vanessa Faurie

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

—from THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Whatever became of the old-time blacksmith when his skill was no longer in such high demand? When he could no longer, according to Longfellow, "swing his heavy sledge, with measured beat and slow?" Jim Tingley, 74, worked as a blacksmith for almost sixty years, then quietly retired when the time came and now lives on the edge of West Union.

When you first see Tingley, you think he's not exactly the type of blacksmith that Longfellow had in mind. Tingley's a small man with thinning grayish-colored hair and clear blue eyes encircled by wire-framed glasses. The outlines of his arms through his plaid-patterned cowboy shirt are wide and full. His hands are weathered, and his fingers are thick—more signs verifying his many years of hard work. Perhaps that little-over-five-foot frame can fool you.

Tingley talked about his blacksmithing days in the living room of his home. He sat on the couch casually as he recalled the farrier's role.

The blacksmith was an important member of the community, much like his modern counterpart, the mechanic. But even more so. People depended on the blacksmith for their survival. He kept the horses and the farm tools in quality condition for work in the fields.

"The blacksmith done about everything you could think of," Tingley said, his arm propped up on the side of the couch and his chin resting on the fist of his hand. "It was an important deal. We built wagon beds an' rebuilt buggies. An' when cars come out, we even worked on cars—a lot when they first come out. 'Course I just started, an' shortly after I got there, there were some—like when a spring broke or anything. The blacksmith shop took care of everything."

Tingley has been around blacksmith shops since he can remember. When he was thirteen and hung around his uncle's shop, his father used to let him nail a shoe in once in a while. By the time Tingley was fifteen or sixteen, he was working every summer, doing everything from shoeing and plow work to rebuilding wagon wheels.

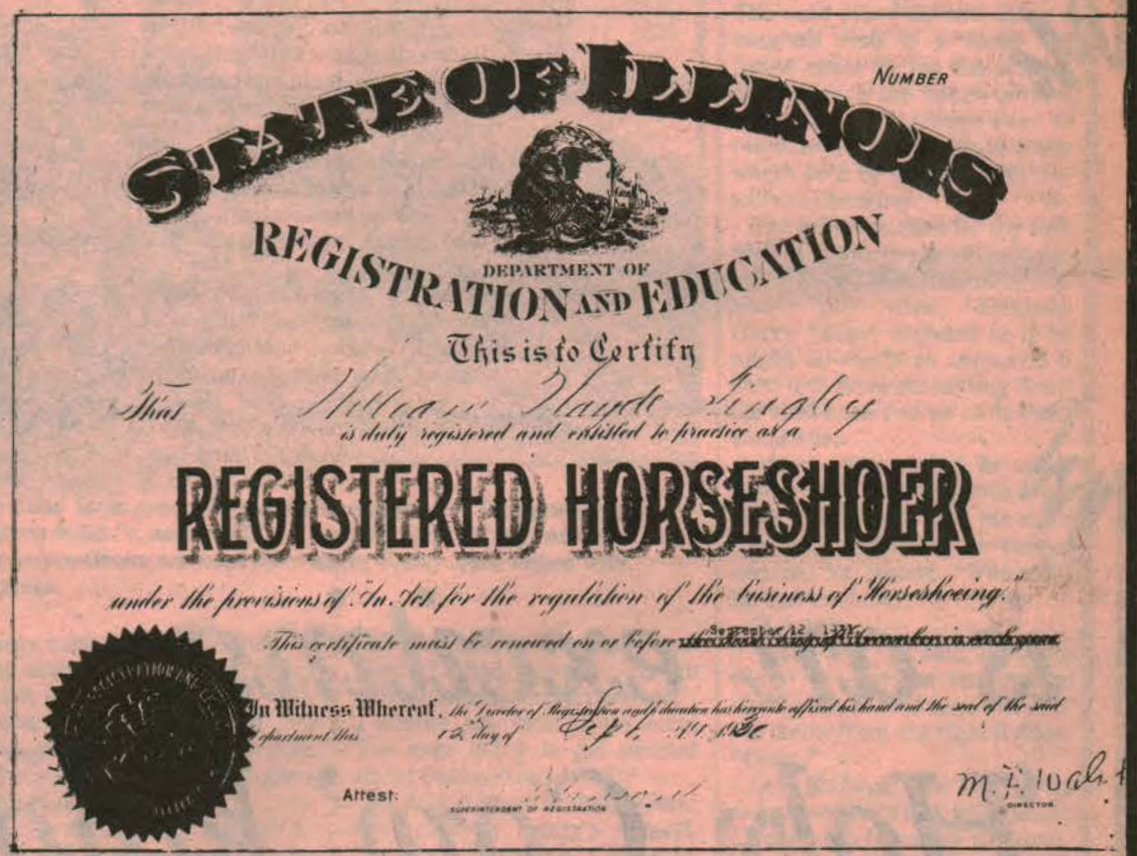
"I grew up in the shop," Tingley said. "I been in 'em since I was big enough to walk. My father was a blacksmith, an' he worked with my uncle for two years in Casey. Then he went into business for himself in Annapolis. He was down there during the oil boom years ago."

Tingley was born two miles north of Annapolis "at the jog of the road an' the first house over in this (Clark) county." Tingley's actual name is William Wayde. When he was a small boy, his father said he looked like his Uncle Jim so Jim became he nickname. And since then, Tingley has used the name.

"Sometimes people have a hard time findin' me," Tingley said and laughed, "'cause a lot o' people here don't know what my real name is. If you say Jim, well, people know who it is."

People in West Union have known Tingley as Jim for over seventy years. After the time that oil was first located in Porterville, Tingley's father moved from Annapolis to Clarksville. Two years later, when Tingley was three, the family moved to West Union.

Working with his father was something Tingley liked, he said, because they always got along. They used to take turns in the shop; one would fit shoes the first half of the day and the other would drive nails. Tingley said when he first started, he could hardly keep up with his father and the other blacksmiths. He wondered how he was ever going to make a living in the business. But eventually, he was able to work at the same pace.


STATE OF ILLINOIS
NUMBER
DEPARTMENT OF REGISTRATION AND EDUCATION
This is to Certify
That William Wayde Tingley
is duly registered and entitled to practice as a
REGISTERED HORSESHOER
under the provisions of "An Act for the regulation of the business of Horseshoeing."
This certificate must be renewed on or before
In Witness Whereof, the Director of Registration and Education has hereunto affixed his hand and the seal of the said department this 12 day of Sept. A.D. 1930
Attest:
M. F. Walsh
DIRECTOR

Jim Tingley (William Wayde) went to East St. Louis for his blacksmith's examination. Although he wasn't given the right tools, Tingley was able to shoe the horse. He also had to take a written test.

"Dad wasn't really a big man," Tingley said. "He was taller than me an' weighed about a hundred an' seventy pounds. But he was solid. Men who worked like this would be. It used to tickle me that a lot o' the guys were pretty husky—normally a big man a lot o' times. But if a horse is kind o' cranky or somethin' an' you hold his leg too high, he won't stand still. Had an awful time figurin' out why I could get along with 'em, but I didn't lift the leg so high. If you hold it too high, it'll cramp an' he'll try to get away from ya just like flies bitin' an' trying to get away from them."

Tingley said he didn't always have "good luck." Aside from a little modesty, he did aquire a skill with horses. Sometimes a horse had to be roped to keep him in place. Years ago, however, Tingley cut the reins of his rope and said, "Now if I have to rope a horse, I won't do it." Since then, he said he never let one get away if the owner wanted it shod.

"Sometimes I spend some time with the horse," he said. "Just about like this time when I was working in Terre Haute, they had a stallion out there that weighed twenty-one hundred an' fifty pounds. It was fly time, an' it was stompin'.

"The man who managed the farm, he tried to shoe him an' he didn't get along with him. Just when we come in, he said, 'Could you shoe that horse, Jim?' An' I said, 'Yeah, I can shoe him.' An' he said, 'What'll it take?' An' I said, 'Some time.' He said, 'You can have all the time you want.'

"I went out there an' spent about, I imagine three hours with him. I was about three hours gettin' the pattern of his foot. The man led the stallion out an' said, 'What do you want me to do?' An' I said, 'Go to the house.' He said, 'What'll you do if he knocks you down?' An' I said, 'He won't knock me down.' I didn't want him around, 'cause if I'm aworkin' on a horse, I want him to watch me. I don't want him to watch somebody else, 'cause something else will take his attention."

A blacksmith is a professional, according to Tingley. At the time he worked, a person had to serve a three-year apprenticeship and then take an examination in order to be licensed. Tingley worked several years as an apprentice to his father before taking the exam.

Later when Tingley bought his father's shop, he had to get his license. He went to East St. Louis and planned to catch a bus to return home right after the test; otherwise, there wouldn't be another bus until late in the evening. So Tingley talked with the director of the program and asked if he could take the exam first.

"He said, 'I s'pose'," Tingley said. "They had a horse there, an' the man said, 'Put a front shoe on that horse.' Well, they give you everything but the right thing you want. I use a flat hammer to fit the shoes, but I can use any hammer. I can use a claw hammer if I have to, but I told him about it. I said, 'Now if you think I don't know a claw hammer from a flat hammer, you're crazy. But I'm gonna use this hammer.' So I got my shoe on. Then I went back an' had to take a written examination. Had to study the hoof an' the leg an' know some things about it. An' I had to name all the parts an' things like that."

Other than that, Tingley wasn't often out of his shop. It wasn't unusual for him to work from early morning to early evening each day.

His father continued to work long hours as well. He was 79 when he was killed while still working in the shop. He was sharpening a pair of plow shears on an emery wheel when it broke and pieces of the wheel flew out in all directions. One piece struck a fatal blow to his chest. Although saddened, Tingley continued in the business and eventually finished the plow shears his father had been working on.

Although there were always possibilities for injury in the workshop, the blacksmith took the risks. Many things had to be done to insure that the horses remained workable—from trimming the hoof to making and fitting the shoes.

"One time I went out to a farm an' there was no way out there to fit shoes. The company had a forge in town, an anvil and a place to work, so I went out there an' trimmed the feet an' got a pattern of the foot.

"You set the foot down on a piece of cardboard an' mark

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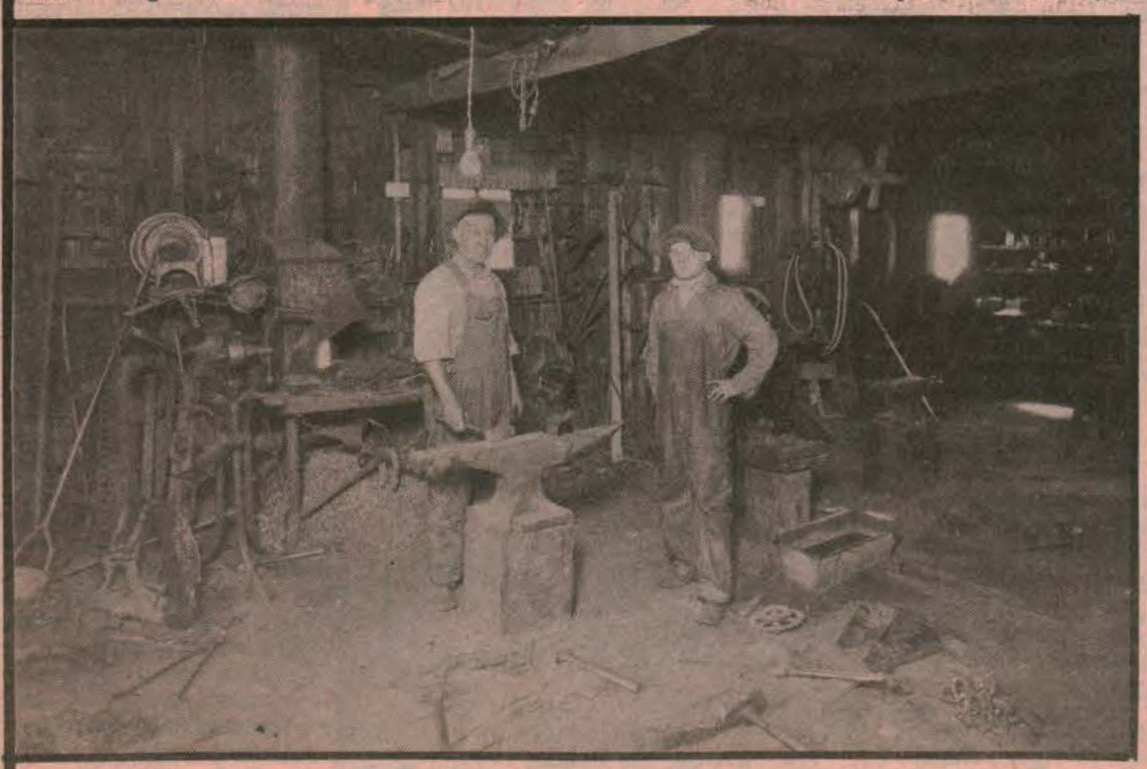
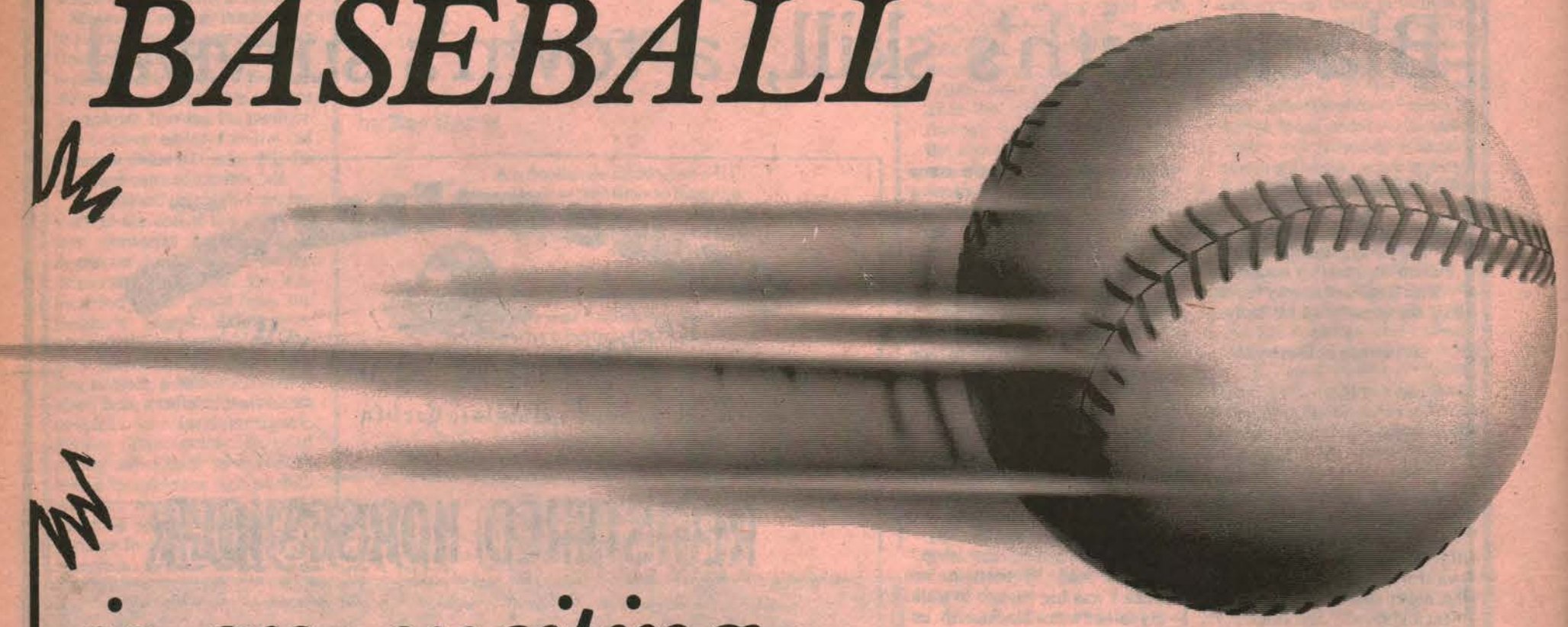


Over fifty years ago, Jim Tingley (right) worked several years as an apprentice to his father, Doc Tingley (left), before becoming a licensed blacksmith in 1930. (Photograph courtesy of Jim Tingley.)

BASEBALL



is an exciting, 'Holy Cow' kind of a game

EDITOR'S NOTE: We goofed in "Tales"#4 when we advertised the Harry Caray feature and indicated that Abner Doubleday invented baseball. This is a popular misconception we had heard and believed. Not only did Doubleday invent baseball, according to the story, but he invented it in 1839 at Cooperstown, New York.

The sixth revised edition of "The Encyclopedia of Sports," published by Doubleday & Company, indicates that the story is wrong on all counts. Abner Doubleday, the section on baseball reveals, "probably never played baseball. The game was established long before 1839, and the chances are that the villagers of Cooperstown never knew what a baseball looked like until the Civil War, or afterwards."

Because of a sagging interest in baseball in 1934 or '35, Baseball Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball executives and baseball writers looked around for something "to stimulate conditions." An old report, written by A.G. Mills who had been the third president of the National League, said "the first known diagram of the diamond, indicating positions for the players, was drawn by Abner Doubleday in Cooperstown, N.Y. in 1839." That allowed the baseball folks time to prepare for baseball's centennial and to get some much-needed publicity.

Nobody, apparently, analyzed the report and the circumstances surrounding its preparation. Or didn't care. Mills had been part of a committee formed to settle an argument regarding the origin of the game. He submitted the report "in nature of a personal document not a committe conclusion." Further, Mills is believed to have "performed a classical 'brother-in-law' act." That is, he is thought to have been either related to Doubleday or to have been a close friend and paid "a final tribute, regardless of whether it was deserved, to a friend whose memory he cherished."

Doubleday, a retired Army officer who became a writer, never wrote a word about baseball that anybody has been able to find. And nobody has been able to trace the origin of baseball, although some evidence exists that it probably evolved from the English game of cricket.

Nevertheless, Landis and his people popularized the "Doubleday—1839—Cooperstown trinity, not on actual or historical data," but on what was expedient for their interests. Consequently, the myth tht Doubleday invented baseball was perpetuated, a shrine to baseball immortals was build at Cooperstown and baseball became the national pastime.

by Ray Elliott

I don't remember when I first heard Harry Caray broadcast a St. Louis Cardinals' baseball game. I don't even remember when I first heard him shout, "Holy Cow," to alert his listeners that something spectacular had happened on the playing field. But as far back as I can remember, Harry was doing play-by-play for the Cardinals, bringing the game alive for me in a way no other anouncer has ever been able to. . .

. . . The sound of the bat smacking into the ball carries through the air waves and reverberates out of the radio. . . "It's swung on and theerrreeee she goes, it's way back there," Harry picks up the play with the crack of the bat and his raspy voice fills the air with electricity as he follows the ball with an urgenncy that brings you to the edge of your chair. "It might be, it could be, it i—Hollllyyy! Cowww! What a catch! Mays raced to the deepest part of right center field, turned and made a sensational leaping catch over his shoulder to rob Musial of an extra base hit and retire the side. . . ."

It didn't bother me one little bit that his critics said a call like that might be a routine catch if the batter happened to be one of the Cardinals or a routine fly ball if the batter happened to be from the opposing team. It wouldn't even have mattered if the critics were right. Harry called them close enough. And he made the game of baseball exciting when baseball really mattered.

He sounded like a man doing just what he wanted to be doing and loving every minute of it. Back when he was just a brash kid of 27 and started broadcasting the Cardinals' games with his first sidekick, former Cardinals' manager (1929-33, 1938) and old-time major league catcher Gabby Street, Harry was well into his love affair with baseball. So was the rest of the country.

Being a Cardinals' fan was natural to him. He was born and raised in a tough section of St. Louis where Pepper Martin, Dizzy and Paul Dean, Leo Durocher, Frankie Frisch, Joe Medwick, Ripper Collins and the rest of the Gashouse Gang were everybody's heros. The Carabinas (his family name) were of Italian, French and Rumanian ancestry and struggled during the Depression as did most other people. Baseball provided Harry an escape from the realities of times and life in the city.

I'd always heard that Harry had walked right into the Cardinals' front office and told the man in charge that Harry Caray could broadcast baseball games much better than the man who was doing it at the time. And I'd always heard that Harry Caray got the job on the spot.

The press release from WGN Continental Broadcasting Company, which owns the radio and television stations that carry his play-by-play of the Chicago Cubs' games, said, "He auditioned for radio at 19 and then spent a few years training at radio stations in Joliet, Illinois, and Kalamazoo, Michigan."

Whatever. I like the grapevine story better, though. It just never occured to me that Harry would ever need any training to do the play-by-play for the Cardinals.

But if you were a Cardinals'

After broadcasting baseball games for the St. Louis Cardinals for twenty-five years, Harry Caray got "a pink slip" and moved on to the Oakland Athletics, the Chicago White Sox and now does play-by-play on radio and TV for the Chicago Cubs. From this booth in Wrigley Field, Caray regularly leads the fans in his rendition of "Take me out to the Ballgame" during the Cubs' fans seventh inning stretch.

fan (and who wasn't?) and lived anywhere within the sound of his voice from the Spring of '45 on, you depended upon him to be your eyes and ears throughout the baseball season. And he grew on you like mold grows on old cheese.

The War was over before he finished his first season as a broadcaster in the big leagues, the Chicago Cubs won the National League Pennant with a ragged group of has-beens and castoffs who mostly weren't fit for military duty, then lost the World Series to the Detroit Tigers in seven games.

By the next spring, major league baseball was back in full swing with Bob Feller, Ted Williams, Pee Wee Reese, Virgil Trucks and a host of other ball players back from service in World War II. One of Caray's all-time favorites, slugging Cardinals' outfielder and first baseman Stan "The Man" Musial, was among them.

The Cardinals won the National League Pennant that year and then went on to whip the Boston Red Sox in the World Series. Enos "Country" Slaughter scored the go-ahead run in the bottom half of the eighth inning of the seventh game to win both the game and the Series. He was on first base with a two-out single off Boston pitcher Bob Klinger when Harry "The Hat" Walker hit a bloop double. On the relay throw to home, shortstop Johnny Pesky held the bal a split-second too long. Slaughter never slowed down and headed around third with his head down, his legs churning.

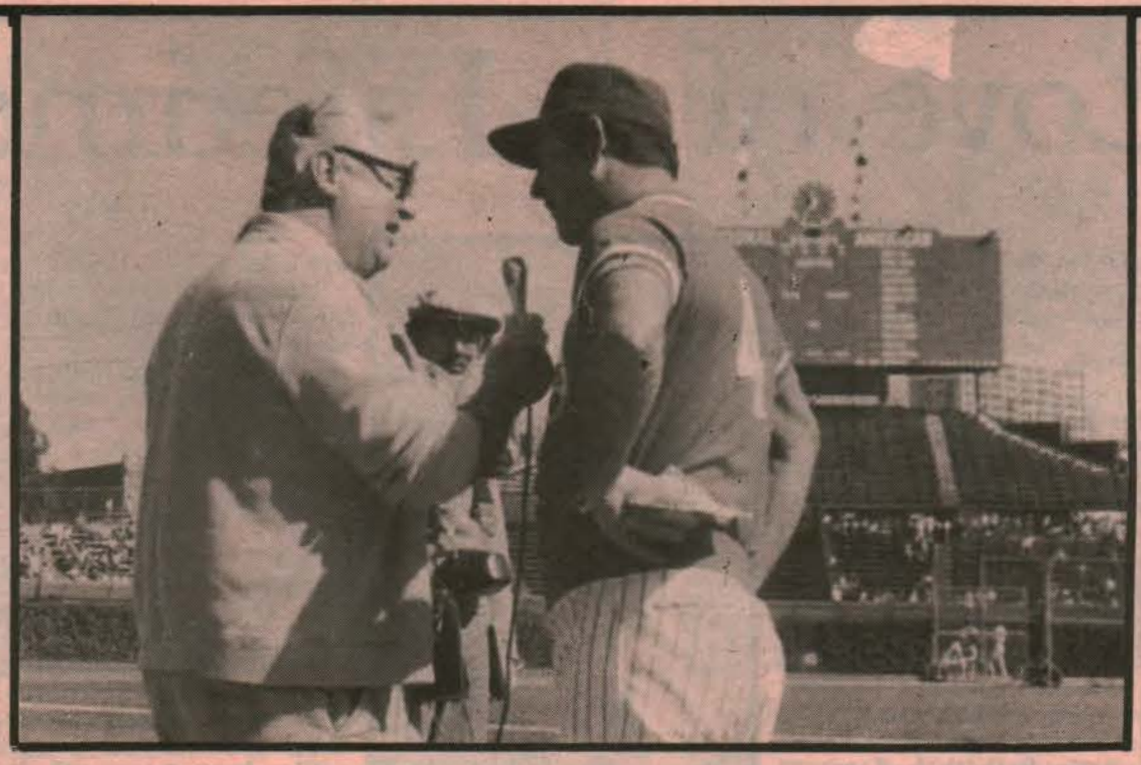
Harry must have gone wild, still, however, describing the play so well that you could almost see Slaughter digging for home, catching everybody, especially Pesky, off guard. . .

". . . Slaughter's rounding third, he's the winning run—he's heading for home, he's gonna try to score. . . the Red Sox don't believe it. . . Pesky is holding the ball. . . there's the throw to the plate. . . he's safe, Slaughter's safe. . . the Red Birds go ahead 4-3. . . it's up to (Harry) Brecheen to hold them in the ninth for the Red Birds to win the World Series. . . Hoollllyyy Cowww! What daring base running! Enos Slaughter raced from first base to score on a little blooper to left-center field. You ever see anybody run the bases like that, Gabby?"

"That was quite an exhibition of base runnin', Harry. No doubt about that. Slaughter saw daylight an' headed for it. These Cardinals are playin' like the old Gashouse Gang. Slaughter reminds me a lot of Pepper Martin when he runs those basepaths, just puttin' his head down an' barrelin' in there. . . ."

At least that's the way I imagined it must have been. The voice, the enthusiasm he had for the Cardinals were as much of a trademark as were the Red Birds sitting on the bat across the front of the players' uniforms.

It didn't matter whether the Cardinals were in the World Series, which they weren't for another eighteen years; or if they were battling for the Pennant, which they were sometimes; or whether they were struggling to play .500 ball, which they were often. Whenever you flipped on the radio, Harry's distinctive voice, deep and lusty but smooth as anything, was always there, ready to bring you the excitement of the next Cardinals' game.



Before his dismissal as the Chicago Cubs' manager in the middle of August, Lee Elia promised to help General Manager Dallas Green build "a new tradition" with the Cubs. Many fans and sports writers lost faith in Elia long before Green replaced him. Harry Caray often talked with Elia about the Cubs' rebuilding progress.

That was mostly in the days before television and four-lane highways and two-hour drives to the ball park several times a year if you chose. Harry's voice was just as familiar to St. Louis baseball fans as Walter Cronkite's was to a later generation of Americans. But try as I might, I could never put a face to the voice.

I'd been out to a game or two at the old Sportsman's Park on Grand Avenue, but I'd never been able to spot Harry with everything else going on around me. I was in high school, I think, before I finally saw him down on the field, interviewing a player, and recognized Harry from a mug shot on a score card I'd just bought. He was an average-sized man with a slight paunch, with somewhat curly, graying hair, with thick, horn-rimmed glasses, magnifying the razor-slit, baggy eyes and with thick jowls, looking anything except like what I thought he might.

The voice didn't match the face. For me, anyway. But it didn't matter after I recovered from the initial shock. Harry Caray was the voice of the Cardinals. That matched. Players and owners, coaches and managers would come and go, but Harry was a permanent fixture. Until he was fired in 1969. That, too, was a shock—for everyone, Harry most of all.

"After twenty-five years doing the St. Louis Cardinals," Caray said, his back to the batting cage at Chicago's Wrigley Field, where the Cardinals were taking batting practice, "I thought they were going to give me a gold watch, and they gave me a pink slip."

At the time it was difficult to believe that Harry wouldn't be there when you flipped on the radio on a hot summer night and could tell right away by the tone of his voice whether the Cardinals were winning or losing. Jack Buck, regardless of all his great qualities, has never had the pizzazz that Harry has as an announcer. I couldn't imagine him being gone. But baseball and Gussie Busch were bigger than Harry Caray and the fans.

Soon after Harry was fired, Cardinals' center fielder Curt Flood tested the reserve clause and won. A baseball player was no longer the exclusive property of a baseball club. A whole new era of baseball was beginning. No longer were there strong team and player loyalties that lasted for entire careers. Like many of the players, Harry took his enthusiasm for the game to his new team, the Oakland A's, after he was fired by the Cardinals.

"Ah, yeah, that's the first thing I learned after all those years doing the Cardinals," he said, smiling and rocking back on his heels as he looked at a group of fifty to sixty early-bird, admiring Harry Caray fans watching him from the box seats a few feet away. "So now the next year I find myself out in Oakland. And during the winter, I wonder, uh, 'How in the world I'm ever going to get excited about Oakland baseball?'"

I couldn't imagine that, either, remembering Harry's almost idol-like reverence for Cardinals like Musial, Slaughter, Red Schoendienst, Marty Marion, Harry Brecheen, Al Brazle, Bob Gibson and many other Cardinals' players of the past.

"You know, we'd been brainwashed into thinking the American League was inferior," Harry said. "And yet after about three weeks working for Charlie Finley, I found myself as excited about Sal Bando and Bert Campaneris and Reggie Jackson and Joe Rudi and Dick Green and Gene Tenace and Catfish Hunter and Blue Moon Odom and all those guys as I'd ever been about the Cardinals."

His eyes sparkled; his voice was rich with the love of baseball and the enjoyment he found in being a baseball announcer who had a front row seat to some of the greatest games in baseball history and had daily watched some all-time great players as they played out their careers. As he talked about the stars of the A's, he sounded full of the same enthusiasm I'd heard him have for the Cardinals for years.

"That's when I learned that it's the game that's exciting," he said. "It doesn't make any difference what team you're broadcasting for—Hey, give this to somebody to bring it up, will you?" he asked an usher walking nearby as he handed him a piece of paper to take to the broadcasting booth. "Otherwise, I'll lose it."

It wouldn't be too difficult to imagine Harry losing things. The road schedule now takes a baseball club to a dozen different cities during the season, crisscrossing the nation several times. He isn't always easy to reach and doesn't always know where he'll be on any given day without checking.

The initial contact for my talk with him was made at his hotel in San Diego an hour or so before noon. The voice, distinctly Harry Caray, sounded as if he might be ready to announce a hard line drive screaming down the first-base line as he helloed the phone.

"Sure, why not?" he said, answering the request for some time to talk with him, his voice the one describing a runner heading for second. "Where'll I be that weekend?"

St. Louis.

"St. Louis," he said, his voice ready to describe the runner sliding into second base ahead of the throw from the right fielder. "Okay."

Only St. Louis didn't work out, so I arranged to talk with him in Chicago the following weekend. I picked up press credentials for the photographer and me and camped in the office through which Harry would pass to get to his day's work.

Sports writers, photographers, camera crews and a few seemingly unattached people trotted through the doors in increasing numbers as game time grew closer. I heard Harry's voice before I saw him. He was laughing and talking as people moved along, passing through the gate and into the office before going out to thier jobs.

As he walked past Howie, the man who was leaving the pass gate post, Wrigley Field and the Chicago Cubs after nearly forty years, Harry kidded him about what he was going to do when he retired. Howie had been talking about that earlier and had said he had no specific plans.

"I'll watch the Cubs on TV," Howie said, cackling at Harry.

Harry laughed and nodded as he walked into the next office and talked to a woman who said something about the piece of cake she'd sent up to him the day before. Harry didn't know what she was talking about.

"Didn't you get it?" she asked.

"No, I didn't get a piece of it," Harry said. "Didn't even see it."

"You didn't?" the woman asked. "Well, we sent it up."

"You did? Well, I didn't get it."

"I'll send you another piece."

"Okay," Harry said and walked through the door, heading for the playing field by way of the box seats behind home plate on the third-base side.

"You're about three days late, aren't you?" Harry asked as we walked along the gangway to the box seats.

No, I'm right on time, I told him. You said it had to be today because you were going to be anouncing from the bleachers yesterday.

"Yeah, that's right," he said, striding briskly while he spoke. "Well, let's get down on the field. I've got to do a radio interview with Lee (Elia, Cubs' manager) before I talk to you. It won't take long. Just hang

(continued on page 18)

Fans seem to love Harry Caray and seek his autograph as actively as they do any star baseball player. Caray signs each scorecard with a scrawling, "Holy Cow, Harry Caray."

Love of a Lifetime

by Ray Elliott

Cow-pasture baseball is the only baseball he ever played. And that was when he was only eight or nine years old, back in 1912 or '13. Somewhere along in there, he says.

But he's followed baseball—cow-pasture, big-league, local men's, girl's, Babe Ruth, American Legion, you name it and he's seen a game—since he played that first cow-pasture game on a hot summer Sunday afternoon in an uncle's field south of Palestine seventy years ago. And George Gullett, retired Robinson Marathon employee, can tell you what the game was like all along the way.

"A bunch would come out from town," Gullett said, recalling what "we called cow-pasture baseball" and other local baseball as he sat on the porch of his Robinson home on a hot July afternoon much like scores of others he's endured for the love of baseball.

"My uncle had a big meadow out there, an' we'd take gunny sacks an' make the bases. That's what Sunday baseball I played. Back then the umpires stood behind the pitcher instead of behind the catcher."

Baseball was still baseball, though. The positions were the same as they are today. Players used regular bats, balls and gloves. Games were pretty much the same, too.

"Just like any times," Gullett said. "Sometimes they'd be real good games, an' times they wouldn't be worth watchin'. We had good players over there (Palestine). Glenn Brock was one; Sam Slater was another one. They were purty tough boys. Now they were older than I was. I didn't play with 'em. But I used to sell tickets fer 'em."

That was the men's teams. "The bunch down there" that Gullett sold admission tickets for "used to play—you go out of Palestine on (Route) 33. They played down there for a long long time." He was probably ten years old when he sold his first ticket.

When he went to school in Palestine, most high schools didn't have baseball teams. Gullett played football. He watched baseball, though, usually men's teams around Crawford County.

"Now I went to more of 'em over here in Oblong than anywhere else," he said, explaining that he only went to some of those games. "They had regular leagues that they played in. Something similar to what it is today. There'd be three 'r four towns; they'd all have different teams an' they'd meet an' play."

Gullett has noticed many good players through the years. But after watching baseball for a lifetime, he thinks there is a difference in the brand of baseball played when he first started watching it and what he watches today.

"I don't believe it was as fast (then) as it is now," he said. "In fact, I just don't think the pitchers had it like they have it today. They're throwin' harder an' have more curve stuff on the ball an' stuff. Back then they just throwed a ball up there."

With the advent the Babe Ruth leagues and the American Legion system that came along in the 1950s, the men's leagues all but died out. Baseball began to change a bit about that time, too.

For one thing, "they had different rules on the field," Gullett said. "Now about this pop-fly business an' all that stuff. Why, when that first started, it was just another hit ball. An' now, why, you got so many on base an' so many out, the batter's automatically out. I s'pose it improved it."

Other rule changes made baseball a faster game. What changed the nature of the game, however, Gullett says, from the old men's leagues to the present Babe Ruth and American Legion systems is the function of the games themselves. Sunday afternoon baseball was more of a social function or family outing.

"That's right," he said, his eyes lighting up as he spoke. "Everybody'd go in horses and buggies and wagons."

Listening to Gullett talk as the soft hot summer breeze blew across his large front yard and tugged gently at your shirt and dried the sweat that trickled down your back, you could almost see the festive crowds and the rigs parked off under the shade of nearby trees while entire families took in an afternoon of baseball.

"Doggone right," Gullett said. "You doggone right. That's the way it was."

In later years, cars replaced the rigs and parked around the outfield, forming a wall of sorts that contained all but the longest hit balls. But the makeup of the crowds has changed since then.

"Well, I'll tell you," Gullett said, "a lot of it is kids' parents today, but the kids have taken it over. Oh, I don't know whether it's any out of line. Darn it, everything has to change. One way or the other. Sometimes it's not fer the best, but. . .

"Kids spend money today that you wouldn't have thought about doin'. I've worked in the concession stands down here (the Robinson park) and saw those little tots come up there with a twenty dollar bill to buy a drink. Well, now you know where they're agettin' that at."

Gullett's volunteer work has included more than working in

George Gullett

the concession stands at the games. While still a Marathon Oil Company employee, he volunteered his time and helped the company build the present diamonds. That was in the 1950s, after which time the games turned into social events for the kids.

"Yes, yes," he said. "They, uh, and a lot of it is—it's babysittin' fer the mothers to take their little ones. That is another difference in the crowds now. They take 'em down there an' turn 'em loose.

"But I will say one thing: I've had a lot of work days down here at the park, both on the girls' diamond an' the Babe Ruth diamond, an' I never had a better bunch of kids to work with that they are. Anything that was hard or (if there was) anything under the bleachers, they'd say, 'Let me do that. We can get around easier than you can.'"

Other changes in baseball that Gullett has noticed over the years have been improvements in the equipment, especially the catcher's glove. It's not as "thick an' bundlesome" as it used to be, he says. It's more flexible now.

"They used to think you had to have an inch 'r two of paddin' in it to keep that ball from burnin'," he said, "but they found out different from that."

Besides seeing better pitchers over the years, Gullett has noticed a change in younger pitchers' delivery style. He says he "used to see a lot of sidearm pitchin' with kids."

"Instead of comin' over, they'd come around like that," he said, holding his arm out parallel to the ground and bringing it around with the motion of a sidearm delivery. "And you don't see too much of that anymore. I think about the last good sidearm pitcher I saw was, uh, one of my grandsons, Eric Gullett."

Players' attitudes and goals have also changed over the years, Gullett believes. He doesn't think most players years ago really wanted to become professional players as many do today.

"You know money will do anything," he said. "Back then they just wanted to play baseball. They enjoyed it, the sport of it. The money wasn't thought of as it is today. An' I don't think some of them today is worth what they get paid, either."

Studying a bit about the change in attitudes beyond money, Gullett leaned back in his chair and stared across his yard and finally said, "Aawww, I'll tell you, I think back here several years ago, I think that a guy that played ball an' stuff, he was cocky, let me put it that way. He thought just because he had a ball suit on an' swung a bat, he was just a little superior to anybody else. An' after all, he's just human. I think that's the best way I can describe it."

Gullett isn't too sure what caused that attitude, but he said that those players all had to work and had a rough time keeping a team together. Practice time was limited because of their work and perhaps because it was rough on the players, they developed an attitude that players today don't seem to have. The difference in attitude didn't necessarily affect the quality of play, though.

"Now to just try to tell you the best player that I ever saw," he said, "I'd have to answer like this: we've got a lot of good ball players today, we'll have a lot of 'em in the future an' there's been a lot of 'em in the past. But to just pick one an' stay with it, that's not easy; fer sometimes the harder you try, the worse shape you're in.

"In later years, I expect there was a boy over here at Palestine that was as good a pitcher, prospect fer a pitcher, that we had here. But he let his control get away from him. He was just hotheaded as two beans. Everybody was wrong but him. An' he just fizzled out."

Gullett went on to name other players he thought were good fielders, hitters, catchers and another pitcher or two, but never wavered from his belief that there were too many good players to single out the best he'd ever seen. That wasn't true of the best game he can remember.

"We had a men's tournament down here (the Robinson park)," he said, "and Effingham and Staunton, Indiana, played in the final game. And that game went twenty-two innings. Two o'clock in the morning when it was over."

That was quite a game.

"Aawww, you ain't akiddin'," Gullett said. "That was just three up an' three down. They (both) had some good pitchers an' some good hitters. An' it was just a rough game. Staunton, Indiana, won it, though."

Games like that one were the kind of games Gullett likes to see. But baseball has meant more to him than just being able to watch good games. It has provided relaxation and has allowed him to meet and watch people.

"You know," he said as the birds chirped along with him from their perches in the large shade trees scattered throughout his front yard, "I get more kick out of watchin' people, the reaction of people (watching a game). You can tell in just a little bit whether he's a good sports fan 'r whether he's just puttin' it on."

After watching baseball at the local level for seventy years, Gullett thinks "it builds a mental attitude amongst the players and spectators" that they might not find otherwise.

"It's mixin' an' stuff like that, especially for the young people," he said. "They wouldn't be gettin' that if it weren't fer it. What would they do here? Where would they go? They don't have no what they used to call 'The Deck' here, fer 'em to go and dance an' have music. They don't have that anymore. I don't know what the kids would do. I just don't know."

There is one thing about his involvement with the baseball program that Gullett sometimes dreads, though. He has watched so many kids play baseball at so many games that he can't remember who they are after they grow up and see him later.

"They can remember me," he said wistfully, "but I have to ask them who they are. Boys an' girls both. They'll go by here an' holler at me. Then they'll see one of my kids an' say, 'I don't believe your dad knew me the other day when I hollered at him.'"

Nevertheless, Gullett has no regrets about the amount of time he has volunteered or the games he has watched. He thinks it has been time well spent.

"Yessir," he said emphatically, "I do absolutely. I'm behind it a thousand percent. Or I wouldn't have worked fer it like I have."

An old-time men's team, a "bunch" from Bellair, circa 1910. Standing (L-R) are team members Dee Finney, Charles Perdieu, Rex Byers, George Randolph, Warren Kisner and Dennis Randolph. Kneeling are Manager Otis Holly, Roy Kisner, Arthur Howe and Guy Vaughn. (Photograph courtesy of Homer Adkisson.)

Completing his demonstration, Tom Hammond covers his trap with dirt to conform with state law and to further hide the trap from the wary coyotes.

After the demonstration, Hammond answers questions about trapping and tells some trapping tales from his more than thirty years of trapping experience.

After you catch 'em...

by Jim Elliott

When the seasons change this fall, cold weather and trapping season won't be far away. And that means that Tom Hammond, a veteran trapper of some thirty years, will be out with his sons, who've been helping him for nearly twenty, setting traps for coyotes, raccoons, foxes, minks and other animals.

Hammond, rural Oblong, started trapping by going with his uncle, who made a living of trapping, fishing and hunting. Now Hammond is a part-time trapper for the Illinois Conservation Department. And over his thirty-odd years, he has ammased an array of equipment and techniques for trapping various kinds of animals.

Demonstrating how he trapped for coyotes, Hammond first pulled a towel from his pack and put it down to kneel on so that his scent wouldn't be on the ground surrounding the trap. To protect the trap against further exposure to human scent he put on gloves before he set the trap.

"Now coyotes are smart," Hammond said. "If you've got a human scent on the ground or they smell the steel, they'll just come in and dig the trap out and pull the screen right off and play with it."

After carefully spreading the towel out, he pounded a stake, attached to trap by a swivelling chain, into the ground. "The main thing about the stake is that it's got to have swivels on it, so that he (the coyote) won't tie himself up," Hammond said. "But you've got to have the stake stationary—you don't want him to get away."

Then he sprinkled some sidewalk de-icer under and around the trap so that it wouldn't freeze up in the cold weather. When he had finished this, Hammond set the trap, pulling the teeth back into the open position and locking them there. He then, gently, laid a screen on top of the open teeth.

"It's just a plastic, a regular screen," he said, "just like you use on your windows, it doesn't carry any odor to it."

Turning to his pack again, Hammond pulled out a small shovel and dug a hole behind the trap at a forty-five degree angle some four inches deep. When he'd finished, he put a log behind the hole so that he had the log on one side of the hole and the trap on the other.

"Now the reason why this backing (the log) is here," Hammond said, "is so he (the coyote) can't come over this way and look to see what's in the hole. He's got to come around this way (the way of the trap) to see what's down there. There'll be some bait down there in that hole."

The bait Hammond uses comes from a company which he said doesn't say what it is made of, but he guessed that it was made of muscle meat or some glands. After he'd poked some bait into the hole, he poured some lure around the trap. The lure gives off a scent that goes out a long way and will persuade most canines to come and see what that smell is.

The final touch for baiting the trap was spraying the area around the trap with fox urine. But at twenty-five dollars a gallon, you don't spray too much, Hammond said. Finally, he covered the trap with some dirt, grass and leaves that he had gathered.

"By law all land traps have to be covered," he said, "And that way, the coyotes won't see them. Now if you've got a coyote problem, I'd set about three of these sets, twenty to thirty feet apart because a lot of times you'll have three coyotes.

"And if one gets caught, he'll holler and the others'll come up and circle him. Sometimes, they'll just come in and attack him because he is hurt. But then they'll smell that other bait and they'll get trapped, too."

Hammond, who is a member of the Fur Traders of America as well as an employee of the Illinois Conservation Department, teaches a class in trapping and does demonstrations around the Wabash Valley while trapping bothersome animals around the area.

"If somebody has a complaint, they'll call the Conservation Department," he said. "And they'll call me. If I've got the time, I'll go out and set a bunch of traps."

Hammond said that he has to set a lot of traps because, most of the time, only four out of twenty-four will catch anything, especially when the creeks are up and many of the traps are under water.

But the job isn't over when you've caught the animal.

"I remember once me and the wife caught one (a coyote), and we didn't have a pistol with us," Hammond said. "He was caught up in a brush pile, and we had the darndest time hitting him on the head to kill him.

"He'd lean his head over towards the wife and I'd say, 'Now just hit him real good and hard and you'll kill him.' Well, she couldn't hit him hard enough. She'd just tap him. But he finally did get around where I could get him. You really should have a pistol, though. You don't want him to suffer any loger than he has to."

Some more advice Hammond has for beginning trappers is not to set traps on a path were you might catch a domestic animal, like a dog or cat. And Hammond has a lot more advice that he teaches in his classes.

"We had thirty-four people on the first night of class," Hammond said about a trapping class he had at a high school last winter. "Then sixteen the next night. They all passed. That's pretty good, but I'd like to see more."

Hammond has a lot of enthusiasm for trapping and knows about as much about it as anyone. He has done much to keep trapping alive by teaching classes and giving demonstrations, preserving an important part of our history and culture while helping rid the countryside and thinning the animal population so the species will survive.

...you've got to skin 'em

Tom Hammond, Jr., Oblong, has seen and thought of many ways of skinning animals. Once he saw a machine that could skin a raccoon in seconds. Hammond prefers to do it by hand, demonstrating how he starts by making cuts around the legs and pulls the skin down from the tail and pulls until the skin is completely removed.

Mike Taggart, Hazel Dell, old-time trapper and fur buyer, on the other hand, prefers the old way of skinning a raccoon. Here he cuts the fat away from the lean part of the meat of the animal. The meat can then be frozen and saved for eating later.

Frank Andrew receives barrels of waste food products from local factories and converts it into alcohol to fuel his Oldsmobile.

Making Your Own Fuel is a Lot of Garbage

by Laurie Goering

Moonshine is making a comeback in Illinois. But a few things have changed. When the amber brew drips out of Frank Andrew's still west of Champaign, he doesn't worry much about revenuers or moonshine theives.

The bloodhounds or guard dogs are noticably lacking from his operation. In fact, the curly gray poodle that trots up with a few enthusiastic woofs and a hairy grin seems to lack a real sense of dedication for the job. And now, the only one getting inebriated on Andrew's cache is his old Oldsmobile Cutlass.

Andrew, a 68-year-old retired agricultural engineer, produces the alcohol both to promote alcohol as an alternative to gasoline and to make himself more fuel independent. His operation, started four years ago, has expanded into an impressive array of tanks, pipes and vats, flanked by piles of fuel wood and alcohol stock.

But he says his beginnings were considerably more meager—and somewhat less successful. His first still, a pressure cooker set up in his kitchen, produced less than encouraging results. The tubes unexpectedly loosened when the container got warm and everything shifted skyward.

"The thing blew up," Andrew said and laughed as he recalled. "I got a few drops of alcohol, but most of it went on the ceiling and stunk the place up. My first drop cost me fifteen-hundred dollars."

That was the cost of a new kitchen ceiling.

The next still, a three-hundred gallon oil tank, was relegated to the yard. As his output of alcohol increased with the new still, and soon an even larger one, Andrew found his corn feedstock quickly becoming expensive at three dollars a bushel.

But he soon found an economical alternative at a nearby pasta-producing plant. He also picked up a new specialization with the one-hundred-pound barrels of waste macaroni flour.

"I'm specializing in waste," he said, chuckling. "Well, don't call it waste, call it 'unutilized resources.'"

The waste flour, which Andrew receives almost free after it is spilled on the floor during handling, amounts to four to five-hundred pounds a week. He can process that into ten to fifteen gallons of alcohol.

"To them it's just a speck of dust," he said. "But to me it's enormous."

Success with the flour opened the way for a virtual smorgasbord of other edible—and distillable—delights. Doughnuts, pies and bread soon found their way into Andrew's still, along with doughnut flour and any other sweet or starchy concoction Andrew could obtain.

Now, heaped in a shed, awaiting the start of distillation, is a sight that would bring tears to a sweet-tooth's eyes: an incredible assortment of out-of-date candy, obtained from a Champaign distributor.

"Chocolate chips and marshmallows and chocolate-covered peanuts and gumdrops—all this," Andrew said, gesturing across the piles of boxes. "That's the best of all, because that's almost one-hundred percent sugar. I don't have to do aything but dissolve it."

Also awaiting the still is a field of starchy Jerusalem artichokes. The tubers, which resemble potatoes, are considered a weed by many and accordingly fit into Andrew's 'unutilized resources' scheme well.

They are voracious growers which require no attention except to keep their growth under control. So Andrew sees them as a good potential feedstock for the still.

Another unusual alcohol source that he discovered may prove as beneficial to the environment as to his alcohol production. Used industrial solvents, a type of hazardous waste high in alcohol content, are generally difficult to dispose of. When Andrew inquired about getting some old ink-removing solvent from another Champaign plant, he found real enthusiam.

"They said, 'Say, I think we've got some we'd almost pay you to take,'" Andrew said. "I said, 'Well, I'll try it.' But I could hardly say scat and they had it loaded on the truck and said, 'Goodbye.'

"I poured a barrel of it in my still and (alcohol) just poured off—ten gallons an hour easy of real good alcohol."

The solvent wastes, he added, are readily available. Almost no waste stillage remains after distillation, and the alcohol produced is high quality fuel for his specially adapted alcohol-burning car and tractor.

"I'm running on rectified ink out there in my car," he said.

The car, though, Andrew admits, is more to "kind of help the spirit of the thing" than to be economical since gasoline prices have dropped. It is adapted to run on either gasoline or alcohol, adaptations which he says are somewhat tricky, but would be easy to engineer into cars in the factory if alcohol ever became a serious competitor with oil.

Using alcohol, he said, helps increase the amount of oil on the market and drive down prices for those who must use gasoline.

"That's my standard joke, that when I got that car out there, the price of oil came down twenty cents a gallon, just right away," he said. "I mean I scared them dead. Of course, it didn't, but the principle is there."

Unfortunately, though, the drop in oil prices has produced a commensurate drop in interest in alcohol as a fuel, much to Andrew's regret, and has slowed further research. The problem, he said, is that the price drop makes alcohol less competitive.

Using waste feedstock, waste wood pallets as fuel and waste labor ("I'm retired," he says. "If I don't do something , I'd have to spend the money playing golf or going to the health spa or something."), Andrew can produce alcohol for only twenty cents a gallon, after paying for electricity, enzymes and yeast—plus two cents an hour for his labor.

"I don't work for nothing," he says.

Other potential producers of alcohol, such as commercial enterprises, often must pay for feedstock, fuel and labor, he said. And with oil prices low, they don't make enough money for alcohol to remain attractive.

In fact, alcohol's potential right now is "practically zero as far as actually taking the place of gasoline—till we need to," Andrew said. "(But) then when we need to, it's one hundred percent. I'm real excited about it. I hope we can become almost engery independent."

He thinks, however, there is little chance of the United States becoming independent until people are forced to abandon gasoline, either by an embargo or some other shortage.

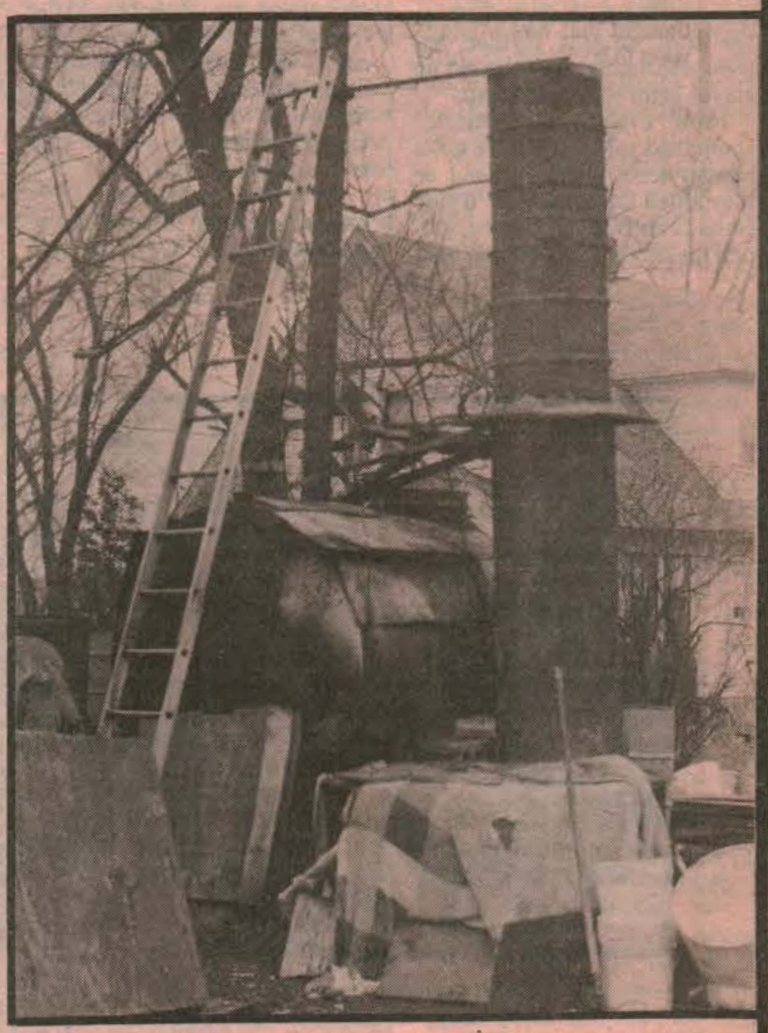
While such a shortage would be disastrous for many people, at least in the short run, Andrew is not worried. He would even welcome an OPEC embargo.

"They don't scare me at all," he said. "Now I could care less. If they shut us off on oil tomorrow, why, of course, I'll feel kind of bad for everybody else. But it'd just tickle me to death.

"I couldn't keep them out of the place if we had an embargo tomorrow. Boy, I'd have to have two guard dogs!"

For now, though, the oil flow seems steady and Andrew must simply wait. But he's willing. The independence of producing his own fuel is enough.

And as he funnels the volatile liquid into the Cutlass's tank, he grins, a tinge of pride in his voice and says, chuckling, "This place is one-hundred percent self serve."



Andrew's still takes in flour, doughnuts, pies, breads, chocolate chips, marshmellows, artichokes, etc. and turns out an economical fuel source.

Memories of a Grandfather

by Vanessa Faurie

The girl stood at the foot of the grave, the heels of her shoes stuck in the grass. A few feet away, a man wearing beige coveralls, a painter's cap and mirrored sunglasses was cutting the lawn. The roar of the mower made her angry. Realizing there wasn't anything she could do about the intrusion, though, she ignored it and looked down at her grandfather's tombstone and a small bouquet of red rosebuds laying in front of it. Although she had had a feeling he wasn't going to live much longer, she still hadn't expected him to die so soon. But he did.

She sat down beside the stone that was embedded in the ground. A rectangular outline of dirt surrounded a section of sod covering her grandfather's grave. It didn't occur to her that her pants would be soiled. Or if it did, she didn't care. With her chin resting in the palm of her hand, she thought about the past two days and the services at the funeral home.

The wake room was simply decorated. Paintings of trees and streams with soft, natural colors spread out across the walls. Armless wooden chairs sat in neat rows. Dim lights helped create a solemn atmosphere. A proper setting for her grandfather to lay peacefully in his casket, she thought.

Standing in the back, away from all the people who had come to pay their last respects, she kept her eyes on her grandfather. He lay so still; it didn't seem real. He should have been up and around, talking and laughing with everyone. She thought that was what he would want to be doing.

He'd probably be sitting right in the middle of the crowd, wearing his favorite red-knit sweater because of the chill from the air conditioner. And he'd probably be telling his stories and making plans for everyone to stop back at the house for something to eat later.

But he still just lay there. And the people talked without him.

The girl tried not to let her feelings show. She thought she looked kind of dignified as she stood there in a narrow, navy blue skirt, dark pink blouse and white blazer. She remembered she had a run in her nylons. The skirt covered it, so it didn't make any difference.

Before the wake, she was concerned about what to wear—wondering if people really wore black or if that was just in the movies. The girl hadn't been to many funerals in her fifteen years, and she considered herself lucky. But she knew now that those little problems didn't make any difference either. Just like the run in her stocking.

She saw her mother and grandmother standing to the right of the coffin with their arms around each other. She could see they were both trying to be strong and comforting, but she also knew how weak they really felt inside. She lowered her head because tears were beginning to fill her eyes. Attempting to be strong herself, the girl fought the tears and tried to lift her chin. It was as if someone were holding her head down. It was hard to breathe and swallow. Finally, she could lift her head enough to at least look at the flowers on each side of the casket. There weren't many, just a few rose and carnation arrangements from the immediate relatives and some other assorted flowers from close friends.

Occasionally the girl heard pieces of those friends' conversations with each other. "Do you remember those stories he loved to tell?" she heard a man say. And he tried to give an example of one of her grandfather's stories about when he was a streetcar conductor in Chicago before there were many buses. The girl waited to hear the story about the lady on the streetcar who had trouble with her slip, but it just didn't compare to the way her grandfather told the story, and she walked away.

She knew that if he were telling the story, he'd make her feel like she was right there, seeing that woman frantically trying to keep her slip from falling down. "Oh, she was just having a time trying to keep that thing up," she imagined him saying. "But it'd keep coming down, anyway. Well, she was stepping down at her stop when the whole slip just fell clear down to her ankles, and her face turned beet-red with anger. She got so mad that she kicked the thing right out into the street and stomped down off of the car. The rest of us, well, we couldn't help but double over laughing."

A few gray clouds had blocked the sun for a moment, and the girl reached over and took one of the rosebuds out of the bouquet in front of the tombstone. She held it loosely between the thorns and slowly brought it to her lips. She brushed them lightly with the smooth petals.

Looking up from the flower, she saw the groundskeeper remove his cap and wipe the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. He put the cap back on his head and reached into the front pocket of his coveralls and removed a pack of cigarettes. He put one of the cigarettes between his lips, returned the package to his pocket and took out some matches. He tore one of the matches off the book, struck it against the side and held it over his cigarette. Then he shook the match out and tossed it to the freshly-mowed lawn. The girl turned away and looked back down at the rose.

She remembered her grandfather telling her a story about a time when she was a baby and cried every time he came into a room wearing a cap. When he took it off, she'd stop crying. No one knew why, and she never remembered doing it, but that memory was always something everyone would joke about at family gatherings. Even when she was older, her grandfather reminded her of those times. She remembered he'd laugh and tease her a little by saying, "Boy, you sure were a klunkhead." That was their nickname for each other whenever one of them did something funny. The girl didn't know how the name came about, but she never thought of asking, either. Nobody else shared their name; and she liked that.

The two of them used to play softball together on Saturday afternoons. She was on a team and he was her biggest fan, so he'd take a bat and ball out into the yard and hit a few to her. He made them easy to catch, though. And when she hit the ball to him, he purposefully missed it and had to chase it, or else he would catch the pop-ups in funny ways like behind-the-back or under-the-leg-with-a-twist. As the girl got older, though, he'd only hit the ball to her. And even then he couldn't play for very long without getting tired. It was around that time that the girl began to lose interest in playing the game.

Soon after that, her grandfather and grandmother moved to Florida, and letters were sent frequently. Her mother always said how all of his friends loved to get one of his letters. The girl knew it was because her grandfather would write as if he were in the same room at the same moment, instead of a thousand miles away. He drew cartoon-like pictures of suns with smiling faces on them, and he had words come out of their mouths saying how much they missed her.

She had kept most every one of his letters. She wished she had been more careful and kept them all, though. They would be even more special to her now that he was gone.

Remembering the times when her grandfather was alive helped that first evening of the wake pass quicker. The second evening was a little easier because she knew what to expect. The only people who were at the funeral home at first were the girl, her mother and grandmother, and a few relatives. Everyone was in a small room where there were cookies and coffee. She noticed her mother was missing from the group, and she knew where to find her.

Looking into the room her grandfather was in, she saw her mother kneeling beside the casket. No one else was in the room. She was about to walk up to her mother, but stopped for a moment and watched. She and her mother were close; sometimes the girl didn't know whether to be a daughter or a mother. She wanted to hold her mother, slowly rock back and forth and say, "It's all right. Everything will be okay," just like her mother had done to her so many times before. Her mother was still kneeling at the coffin when she knelt beside her. She took her mother's hand and held it tightly as she looked up and smiled.

And then the girl remembered that it was just this morning when she followed a line of people who walked past her grandfather for their final goodbye. The girl knew it wasn't her last goodbye, though. When she approached the casket, she went slowly. In the background, she heard her grandmother talking.

"Look," her grandmother said, "she's up there all by herself. Someone go up there with her."

No sooner had she spoken than the girl felt her father's arm on her shoulder. The two of them stood at the casket together. She looked at her grandfather, but it seemed like she had to force herself. He didn't even look like him anymore. His face was painted beige and pink like a bad oil painting. It seemed as if he was supposed to look like he was alive. The girl knew she wouldn't be able to hold her tears much longer.

At first they rolled gently down her face one at a time, then they flowed in a constant stream. Her face felt warm, but she didn't wipe the tears away; she just let them come. They tasted salty on her lips. Her eyes shut, and her lips clenched. She pretended she wasn't there.

Instead she was ten years old and playing "Crazy Eights" with her grandfather at the kitchen table. It was one of his favorite card games, aside from poker. The girl was winning.

"Oh, you're a klunkhead," he said and joked with her as she kept getting rid of her cards.

"No, I'm not," she answered and laughed. "You're the klunkhead."

Then he smiled that smile of his when he squinted his eyes and the corners of his mouth turned up just enough to show his teeth. But after a while, the girl wasn't winning anymore and picked up a handful of cards from the draw pile.

"Pick up a few cards there, why don'cha?" her grandfather asked. And they laughed some more.

The girl wasn't laughing when she stood up from the grave and brushed herself off a little. She looked out over the rest of the cemetery as a sudden breeze brushed the hair away from her face and felt cold on her tear-stained cheeks. The man in the coveralls was gone.

"Goodbye, Klunkhead," she said and looked down at the tombstone. She turned to walk away, but stopped and looked back one last time to tell him how much she loved him. "I'm gonna miss you, too."

The amazing story of...

CYRUS PECK

by Thornton Stephens

I don't know where in this narrative is the best place to commence. But I will select an outstanding incident in the lives of the principle characters in the story as the place.

It was Christmas morning in 1907, and Cyrus Peck, age 21, had just committed Holy Matrimony on his beautiful, long-time sweetheart, Mary Ellen Ramsey. With his and her parents (middle-aged folks) and with his brother, Harold, and wife home from a distant state for the wedding, several other relatives and friends were present for the wedding and following refreshments. The minister from the couple's church tied the wedding knot and kissed the bride as his only pay for his services.

The Christmas presents had been exchanged the evening before. Mr. Peck was a great lover of fine horses. He raised several. At present, he was matching up teams with plenty of size to sell to teamsters for use in the new oil field.

Cy was just starting to shave and had one side of his face lathered when his brother said, "Say, I'll have to be starting home in a little bit, and I would like for you to show me that new horse that Dad brought to match up with Jim."

Jim was a fourteen hundred-pound, five-year-old bay.

Harold admired the matched team so much he suggested they bridle the horses and ride them to the back side of the farm. They did and took off for the place a half mile away.

Coming back, Cy rode under the wide spreading limbs of a tree. At the same time, a rabbit jumped out and caused Cy's horse to jump high and Cy bumped his head on a low hanging limb, throwing him to the ground.

Harold turned his horse loose and went to his brother's aid. Cy had not only had the wind knocked out of him, but seemed to be unconscious as well. He was carried to the house, put to bed and a doctor was called.

After examining Cy, the doctor said he did not find damage to the skull. But he said if Cy did not seem better by morning, it might be best to take him to a hospital where he could be X-rayed.

The following morning, Cy was conscious but did not seem to have good use of his mind. It improved a little the next few days, but not enough to satisfy his folks or the attending physician who advised them to seek the advice of a renowned brain specialist in a distant city.

Weeks passed in that hospital with every picture not showing any brain damage. Cy got to the point where he pleaded to be taken home to his wife. After a month, he was able to move home to a house that had been the original home of the Peck family in Illinois. The elder Peck had given it to them. They had a cow, some chickens, a dog and some cats.

Cy had a few traits that bothered their married life. For one thing, he would not shave as that was one of the things on his mind at the time he was injured. And his ire was aroused if anyone mentioned Christmas for the same reason. If anything happened that should have just vexed him, he got raging mad.

To work it off, he would grab the gun and call the dog. Mary Ellen didn't expect him back until dark. On some occasions, he was out all night. Sometimes he would bring in some game. Then he was a loving husband until the next time.

Now I should tell you how this farm became the original home of the Peck family in Illinois. William Peck, Cy's great-grandfather, was a native of Vermont and migrated to Illinois with his wife and two kids in the year of 1833. He was a year on the way. He stopped a few times and worked for wages or stopped because of bad weather.

He crossed the Wabash River at Terre Haute, Indiana, and finally arrived near where the Kickapoo Schoolhouse was later erected. He was on foot and was looking for a home site when he was caught in a rain shower.

An Indian beckoned him and together they took shelter inside an Indian Burial Shelter made of logs and roofed with bark but no longer used because that Indian Tribe was moved to Iowa some time earlier.

Mr. Peck told the Indian he was looking for a home site. The Indian made him a proposition. He said he had squatter's rights on a piece of land down south a few miles, but as old as he was and with no cash, he would have to give it up.

"I came up here today to kill a fawn," he said. "Come home with me and I will furnish you a decent place to live while you build house for your family. And I will hunt and provide plenty of meat for all of us.

"I am one of a tribe of educated Menonite Indians that emigrated from New York State by way of the river and lakes to the southeast part of Wisconsin where there was plenty of game and each family was allowed a farm.

"Why I'm here is of no concern of yours. It just means I did not want to abide by some of the rules laid down for me. So I loaded my horse with all the things he could carry good that I thought I would need, called my dog and slipped away in the night without leaving a trail. The dog I have now is one I traded for from another Indian who said he was a great help down on Moonshine Prairie, hunting quail and prairie chickens.

'Why I'm here is of no concern of yours. It just means I did not want to abide by some of the rules laid down for me.'

"Now that the Pottawamies and the Kickapoos are gone, I can make you this proposition. I am getting old and when I get helpless, I will want some one to care for me for the short time I hope to be a burden to anyone and to put me away like I will tell you later. If you will come and look the situation over and then when you get possession of the land, you can tell me to leave and I can do otherwise."

Mr. Peck went with the Indian called How Come to see the land and was pleased with what he saw. It lay about half in the valley of a creek that flowed into North Fork of the Embarrass River some distance to the west. This creek was spring fed and would furnish plenty of fresh water the year round.

The other half of the forty acres lay on a bench that extended from high water mark to part way up the hill. This part was mostly a glade with quite a lot of grass. It could be easily cleared for the first field and was a good pasture for the horses.

This glade terminated near the east into a high promontory that extended out into the bottom. A ledge of limestone rock extended out several feet from the hill and about seven or eight feet above the ground under it.

How Come had excavated a semi-cave back under it. For winter use, he covered the open sides with bundles of prairie grass on some light, upright poles. He also used some skins. It was still enclosed, but he preferred to live in a teepee made of skins during the summer. So the Pecks could have the cave while their house was being built.

Most of the next day was spent getting the team and wagon to their new home. Quite a bit of brush had to be cut. And sometimes it looked like the wagon might upset or that the team might not be able to hold it back, even though a hind wheel was locked.

The family was delighted with the cave. After the horses were watered at the creek so they would know where they could find water, they were hobbled and turned loose in the glade.

The next day, the wife asked How Come about planting garden stuff. He told her not to plant corn because the squirrels would get it, in spite of their two dogs. But some other stuff could be planted in his garden where he had killed the trees and grubbed the small stuff. He told her he would bring in some greens for dinner, but later would show her some others she could pick. The kids were enjoying pulling some catfish and other fish from the creek.

While the whole family was enjoying the evening meal, mostly vension, Mrs. Peck asked the Indian how he got his name.

"You will laugh when I tell you why I was so named," How Come said. "But when I was a small papoose, if I saw something that excited my curiosity, I would ask someone how come. That occurred so often that soon it was the name I went by.

"I didn't like it at first, but later I got used to it and didn't care. Of course, the words are English for the words in our language that meant the same."

As soon after that evening as Mr. Peck designed a house and selected the location to build it, he got busy cutting the logs for the house. He cut the logs mostly from the bench land where he intended to have his first field.

Like other pioneers, the Pecks soon found that eternal toil was the price of survival. There were mushrooms, wild honey, berries, nuts, crab apples, pawpaws and plenty of game in the woods. Furs and skins could be had for the taking. Some were saved to be taken to the east side of the county, where several trading posts were located, to be bartered for some of the necessities of life that the forest did not furnish.

After the logs were dragged in with the team of horses, the cabin was finally finished. It took all hands present to boost the logs up the skids with the team and chains helping get the logs in place. For the fireplace, How Come had removed from the back wall of the semi-cave and had taken others from a nearby outcrop.

The Peck family held onto the land and prospered for three more generations to the time Cy and his family located on the farm of the first Peck family. Somewhere along the line another forty acres of land had been added. It was downstream from the home place and was mostly good bottom land.

The spring following Cy's injury and the young couple's occupation of the farm, Cy's father fitted him out with a big team of horses, a gray and a bay named Sid and Jim, two cows with calves, some hogs and a full set of farm tools.

Cy did pretty well with that first crop. In spite of a late season, he planted about twenty-five acres of corn and cultivated it twice before it rained him out for good. He fought hard against those mad spells and toughed

them out in the hay mow.

His corn grew well and so did the cockleburs. They were about two-thirds as tall as the corn and about as thick, making it a problem for him to shuck the corn with his waist-length whiskers.

His good wife (bless her heart), ever helpful, solved his problem for him. She braided his whiskers, then slipped one of her stockings over them. The braid was slipped inside his jacket.

After six or seven years on the farm, they had managed to live pretty well by raising as near all their living as they could, like most folks that lived on farms. That year Cy had quite a bunch of hogs to market. For that reason, he had quite a bit of his corn harvested early.

The Peck's two children were four and six years of age. Their mother and grandmothers had to work a little on the sly to make and buy Christmas presents for the children and tried not to talk about the presents before Cy so not to bother him with the thoughts of Christmas.

Cy had kept two hogs to butcher. He left them in the pen on the side hill that extended down near the creek. He had also left a fence corner full of bouncing big pumpkins he had hauled out of the field for the hogs. He had piled the pumpkins on the uphill side of the hog lot.

When he came home that evening and found the hogs out, he supposed the two hogs were lonesome without their mates and had broken out. The facts in the case were that his kids, with the help of some older neighbor kids, had managed to roll some of the larger pumpkins over the fence. On a fifty-yard roll downhill, they had knocked the fence helter. Cy shut the hogs up in the barn and left them there until he could get his corn shucked.

The dog, keen to accompany anyone with a gun, left part of his breakfast. Cy crossed the creek bottom to some standing timber on the other side and roved about for nearly an hour. During that time, an owl kept flying ahead of him just out of gunshot, which increased his ire.

Presently the dog chased a rabbit to the semi-cave and cornered it there. When Cy got there, he found the rabbit had found a hole in the back wall where Cy had always thought the flat stones that made up the wall looked like they had been laid up in mortar.

Pulling out some more stones so he could poke his head inside, Cy discovered where How Come had been laid to rest. Just then some rock that had been loosened fell on his head and knocked him senseless. Of course, he had no idea of passing time, but he did have a vivid dream.

In the dream, he was passing along a road when a large gate between two posts suddenly opened. A voice spoke to him, saying, "Come in." He did just that.

The landscape looked like Christmas time with lots of snow on the ground. What trees there were had no leaves. In the distance, he saw some buildings that looked like they were made out of blocks of snow.

His curiosity was aroused so he went into the buildings and what was his surprise when Santa Claus in person opened the door and asked if Cy could help them, he would be very glad as they were just loading the sleigh to go on his trip to deliver toys, of the smoke house, stomped back to the back porch, grabbed his gun and shells and left without as much as telling Mary Ellen. However, she saw what had happened and pretty well understood.

He quickly arose to his feet and hurled the pail against the side of the smoke house. . .grabbed his gun and shells and left. . . .

A voice spoke to him, saying, "Come in." He did just that.

Having shucked a large part of his corn for his hogs before sending them to market gave Cy a good start on harvesting his crop. He had only one more field to shuck.

"Here it is just two more days to Christmas," Cy said after Mary Ellen had fixed him up ready to go to the field. "And when I get this load today, I'll be finished and it will be the earliest I have ever finished shucking corn. I have only to carry a bucket of water to the hogs before I hitch up."

With some hustle and bustle, he hurried toward the barn from the well with the bucket of water, but failed to lift his toe properly and caught it on the tipped up end of the walk plank. He fell sprawling and drenched himself with the pail of water. He quickly arose to his feet and hurled the pail against the side of the smoke house, stomped back to the back porch, grabbed his gun and shells and left without as much as telling Mary Ellen. However, she saw what had happened and pretty well understood.

The dog had managed to catch the rabbit and had eaten all but its head and legs. So Cy sent the dog home and took off for town, about two miles east.

He wondered why he was so hungry and lank. So he stopped at the restaurant and got a bite to eat, thinking he had only missed his dinner. At the restaurant, he met his brother who had come home for Christmas.

Cy told his brother he was going to have the barber cut his whiskers off. His brother advised against it, except to trim them back.

Then he told his brother he was ready to lease for oil, which he would not agree to do before. He said for the rest of the winter or until it was time for him to farm in the spring, he would go with his brother and work for him in the oil field.

When he mentioned that he had only two days before Christmas to get that other load of corn out, his brother told him it was Christmas Eve. Then he understood why he was so hungry.

So he hurried to the barber shop for a shave. After that, he went to the stores and bought presents for the family, including his mother and father. Back at the restaurant, he asked if Harold would haul some groceries home for him.

"Yes," his brother said. "But what has got over you. You never wanted to have anything to do with Christmas before."

"I think I know," Cy said. "But I will explain at dinner

So besides the Christmas presents, he laid in quite a supply of groceries for that dinner his wife knew nothing about as yet. He had to make three loads from the buggy to the house.

When he rattled the door (which his wife had fastened), Mary Ellen took one look and slammed the door in his face and fastened it again. But when she heard his voice, she knew it was her loving husband.

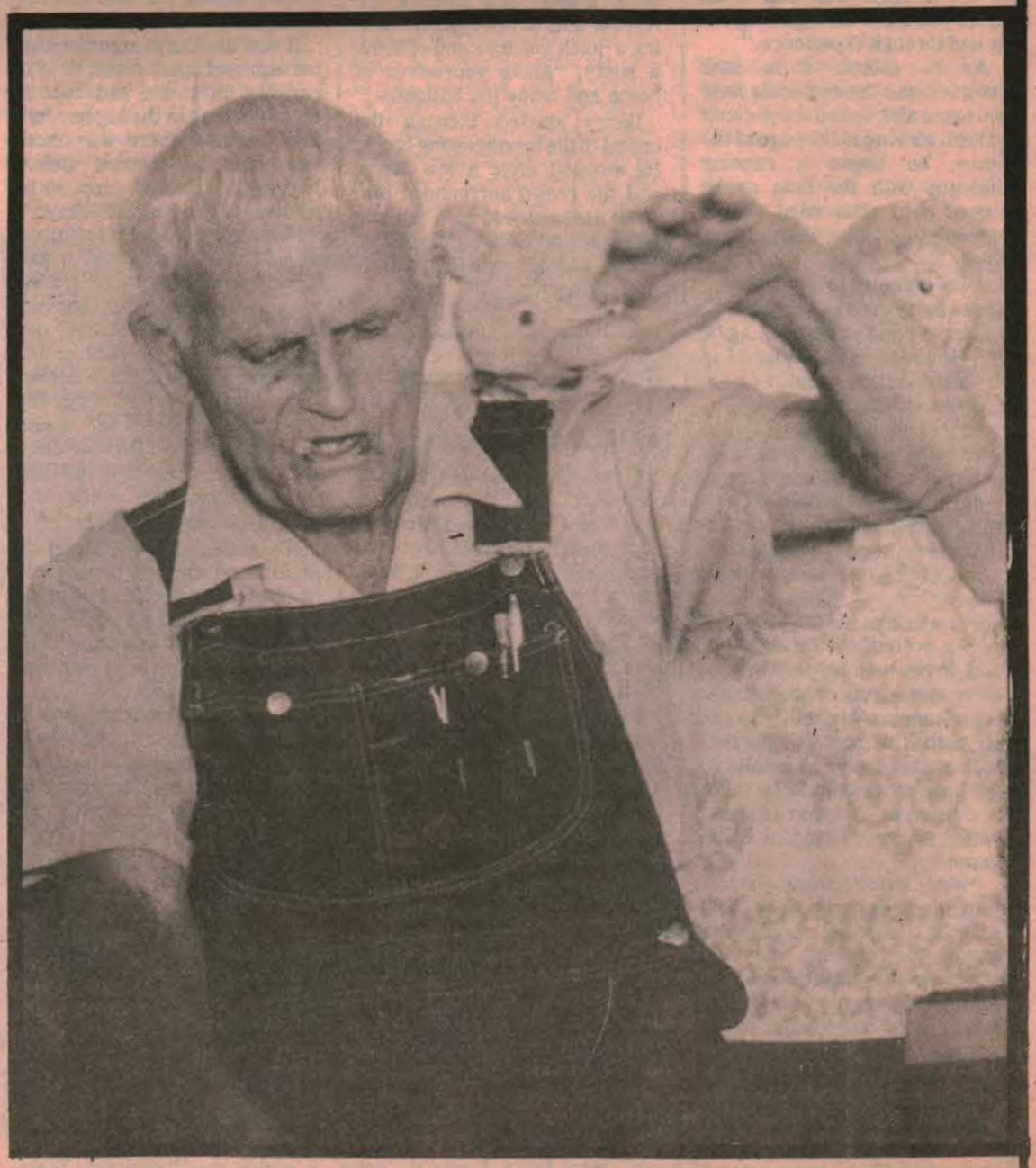
He did a lot of explaining and made her believe his whole outlook on life was changed. She agreed the dinner was right up her alley and was so tickled that for once he wanted to furnish presents. He told her he would not reveal the key to the whole situation until after his father asked the blessing at Christmas Dinner.

Harold told his wife, two kids and parents about Cy's change of heart and about the dinner. About the change in Cy, they could scarcely hold their joy. It was a happy crowd on Christmas Day of the presents and all.

After the blessing was said by the elder Peck, Cy said, "Let me thank the Lord for slamming me on the head with that rock."

His folks were puzzled at his words. So he told them how he was looking into How Come's tomb with his head laying on the wall and a stone from above fell on his head. He told them he had laid there for two days and a night.

"It knocked my addled brain back in focus 'til now I want to go places and do things," he said. "I think I am normal now and want to stay that way. I am thanking the Lord for knocking me out if that was what it took. I want to stay that way for what it's worth.



Thornton Stephens, 93, tells many a tale tale when visitors stop by the Annapolis home he shares with his wife for nearly seventy years. "Cyrus Peck" is the kind of story Stephens used to tell his children years ago using several sources from experience, history and hearsay.

Caray

(continued from page 11)

around."

"Harry, Harry," several people shouted as we walked down through the box seats to the field. "There's Harry Caray."

Harry smiled widely, waved and walked on. On the field, he moved around the batting cage, pausing to say hello to someone or exchange some bit of baseball information or social life with someone else. Then he grabbed Elia and held the microphone first in front of his own mouth while he asked a question, then shoved it under Elia's chin for the answer.

It was all part of the job. Harry had done it hundreds of times. He blended in well with the old neighborhood ballpark and the ivy-colored walls that is Wrigley Field.

After the interview with Elia, Harry stood in front of the box seats for a few minutes, the wind tugging occasionally at a strand of his thinning gray hair, and talked about baseball, his career as a broadcaster and his relationship with the fans over the years.

"I think from the first day I broadcast," Harry said, "I mean, my style was the same then as it is now. And the reaction of the people was always the same as it is now."

He laughed and said that that was why his style had never changed over the years. He doesn't believe his audiences has changed or been much different over the years, either.

"Naturally, as time goes by," Harry said, folding his arms across his chest and rocking back on his heels slightly, "they consider you more and more a member of the family. And I would imagine that this is an asset you have through longevity and through experience."

As he talked, more fans crowded into the box seats near the fence and waved score cards at him. Moving to the edge of the fence, he began a running dialogue with the fans as he signed card after card with a scrawling, "Holy Cow, Harry Caray."

A few minutes later he moved back away from the stands, waving a hand at the fans as he did. He chuckled as he picked up the conversation about his relationship with them.

"I mean, you can see my rapport with my fans," he said, pointing to the stands with an upturned palm. "Whether I be in the grandstands, on the field or in the bleachers, it's a great love affair, and I'm tickled to death with it."

What tickles his fans to death is his enthusiam for baseball and, in between his play-by-play and commentary on the game he is announcing, his ability to reel off names of baseball players, their strong and weak points, going back more than forty years. A woman at the pass gate had called Harry "a student of the game."

"Well, I don't think you can broadcast as long as I have without learning something about the game," he said, "because it is a simple game. I think even a moron would have a pretty good knowledge of the game after thirty-eight years."

No doubt some people would opt for believing Harry is a moron because of his personality and brodcasting style. Regardless, he said he looks at himself as a reporter who reports what he sees.

"My approach is, number one," he said, "the integrity of your reporting: you gotta be honest. I think you owe that to the fan, to give him as vivid a picture, even though it be on television to, uh, dissect or analyze, uh, utilizing whatever experience and background and knowledge you yourself have, to give him as fine a broadcast as you possibly can. Then on the same plateau, baseball is a long game. And there comes now the personality involved."

Beyond the reporting, then, Harry thinks there is also an entertainment aspect to being a play-by-play announcer. Both his fans and his critics acknowledge his talent in this area.

"You gotta remember that it isn't all just a ball-and-strike game. It doesn't hurt to make somebody chuckle who's watching or listening. And, uh, this comes through in your own personality.

"The thing I love about broadcasting baseball is that none of it is preordained. Every day is different. You don't know what's going to come out of your mouth; you don't know what your reaction to a development on the field is going to be. And this, I think, is where your own personality enters the picture."

Harry's personality stands out. No doubt about that. And that personality and his style of broadcasting, whether you like them or not, has kept him in the major leagues for a long time.

"But I'm a reporter, I like to think first," he said. "I am an accurate reporter first, who reaizes, uh, if you can entertain as well as report, the chances are that you'll be listened to more than a guy who merely reports."

His voice trailed off, and his smile stretched from ear-to-ear. His eyes sparkled through the thick glasses and through the narrow slits of his eyelids. Waving a quick goodbye and offering a hasty, "Make yourselves at home and enjoy the ballgame," Harry started through the crowd to the broadcasting booth. He stopped after a few steps, and the crowd surrounded him as he again picked up a running dialogue and signed more score cards with a scrawling, "Holy Cow, Harry Caray."

Pet Squirrel

by William G. Little

I remember a cold day in February. My dad and my oldest brothers came in for the noon meal. They had been cutting wood. In those days, wood was used in the kitchen cook stove for heating homes.

"Come see what I have," Otis said as he reached into a pocket of his corduroy coat. As we younger kids (ten children in our family) crowded around, Otis took out two tiny baby squirrels. They didn't even have their eyes opened, and they were hardly covered with hair.

"Can we keep them?" we chorused to Mom.

"Yes," she said, "I don't believe they will live if you don't."

We put them in a shoe box lined with soft rags and placed them behind the living room heating stove.

"They will have to be fed," our folks said.

So we got a medicine dropper and tried to get some warm milk into them. I'm not sure we got any nourishment into them, but we really made a gallant effort. Reluctantly, we tucked them away for the night, and just as reluctantly, we went to bed.

Three or four of us were downstairs next morning before Mom hardly started breakfast. As we reached tenderly down into the box, we found out that one of the little fellows was dead.

"We must save this other one," my sister Lena said as she hastened for some warm milk.

For two or three days there was doubt. Hurrah! The little fellow was gaining. It wasn't too long till our pet was lapping milk from a saucer.

Spring, summer and autumn came and went. Our pet spent much of the daylight hours outside. But he still wanted to be inside at night. Then it was winter again, and our pet was nearly full grown.

His favorite bed was in a large, lidless cigar box. It used to be Mom's button box. When his bedtime came, he went right to that box. We kids often got a kick just watching him. Most nights he would turn around and around before dropping off to "squirrely slumberland."

After that first full year, our squirrel was outside more and more. He built leaf nests in maple and walnut trees and spent hours in them. Come late autumn or winter, he'd scratch on a door wanting to come inside.

Often on winter evenings he'd hop up on our laps, nose around into our pockets looking for some popcorn or hickory nuts we had stored there for that purpose. At times we would play tag or catch him. He seemed to understand the game. We'd have him in a corner, sneak up cautiously and make a grab for him. Sometimes we would succeed, but more often he would dodge side-wise or leap clear over our heads. When he tired of this game he would head for Mom's button box and soon be asleep.

It was the fourth summer that our squirrel spent much time in our big barn. He had two or three nests up in the big hay loft. Dad realized there was more hay than he needed before harvesting the next crop, so he sold a load to a Frank Mickey.

Mickey and his helper climbed up into the hayloft and began tossing down hay to be loaded onto the wagon. This unusual noise of strangers scared our pet. He scampered out of his nest and was soon down below. Just as he dashed out of our big driveway, Mickey's old mean dog grabbed him. Brother Jake and I were after that old dog double quick. Our kicks and yells made him drop our pet.

We gathered the squirrel up gently and carried him to our back summer porch. Mom came out to see what was going on. She said our pet was about done for as that old, mean dog had crushed some of his ribs.

In my grief, I reached over to pat him on the head. I believe to this day that he was dying then. I'm sure in his dying agony he mistook me for an enemy. He made a last desperate thrust and clamped down on my thumb. Thus, he died with his teeth firmly implanted in my thumb. At that last desperate move, I guess I was scared as well as grief stricken. His jaws had to be pried open to release my thumb.

After Mother attended to my hurt and we had reconciled ourselves to our loss; a proper burial was next on the agenda.

My sister or some of us found a suitable cardboard box. It was lined with three or four pieces of colored silk. Then we gently laid our pet to rest, again shedding a few tears—because my thumb hurt, I said. We placed a lid on the coffin and slowly lowered it into a newly-made grave.

A headstone (sticks forming a cross) was placed at the head of the grave and we placed some flowers on the mound of freshly turned earth.

Train Travels

by Eleanor Goodwin

One of the happiest recollections of my childhood is my trips on the train. I grew up in Palestine during the depression years. My father, Bill Atto, was an Illinois Central Railroad employee fo forty years and retired as a engineer, although he was often unemployed during my early years.

In those days, things were quite different. Not many people had cars as they were definitely luxury items. So we walked everywhere: to church, school, the grocery store, the post office, the doctor, the dentist and so on. It was quite a treat just to ride in a car.

Riding a train was an even bigger treat. One passenger train came through town at 7:30 a.m., en route to Indianapolis. The train returned at 7:30 the same evening.

At that time, the railroad issued "free passes" to their employees, entitling them and their families to ride Illinois Central trains. Consequently, we occasionally went to Indianapolis for the day.

What a day! Mother, my younger brother, Bill, and I were up early for breakfast and walked the six or seven blocks to the station.

If we were a little early, we went in and sat down in the waiting room, which had an atmosphere all its own. It was furnished with wooden seats with fancy wrought iron dividers to define each person's allotted space, a brass spittoon or two (obviously in use) and a potbellied heating stove.

Over all hung the scent of strong cigar smoke. The telegraph operator was ensconced in his own little cage, tapping and receiving mysterious and important messages and reporting from time to time on the arrival and departure of "old No. 24" or "old No. 33." He also doubled as ticket agent in case you were unlucky enough to have to buy a ticket.

At last we'd hear the whistle of our train and rush out to see it steaming grandly down the track, bell ringing, whistle blowing and headlight shining like a giant yellow eye. The train crew always waved. The crew members always seemed to have a special place in their hearts for children.

As the train slowly drew to a stop, the conductor jumped down and placed the step for disembarking passengers. Then he called, "All aboard." We didn't forget to notice the conductor's uniform and big gold pocket watch as we climbed the magic steps into another world.

The train consisted of the steam engine, one mail car and one passenger car. The seats were covered with a beautiful bright green plush material and had white linen-like covers on the head rests. And wonder of wonders, the backs of the seats could be pushed forward or backward so that one or two of us could ride backward while facing Mother, who preferred to ride facing the front.

At last, the wheels began to slowly turn, going clickety clack, clickety clack as the train picked up speed. Before long, we crossed the Wabash River. It was a leisurely journey as we stopped at every little town along the way. But we enjoyed every minute of it.

The high spots of the trip were when we crossed the Tylip Viaduct (a high bridge spanning a deep valley) and then went through a tunnel. Before we knew it, the conductor called "Union Station." We marveled at all the trains as we made our way into the city.

In the city, we became confused by the traffic circle and craned our necks to look at the tall Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. But then, all too soon, it was time to make our return trip. By journey's end, we were all tired and ready for supper and bed, but very happy and with a fond memory for the rest of our lives.

Superstitions

by John L. Freeland

Superstition seems to be the practice of early days. A person with authority could persecute someone he didn't like by proclaiming him or her a "witch" and getting society to convict the person. Some of these practices originated from an "evil mind" or superstition and the belief in magic and sorcery.

In Salem, Massachusetts, "witches" were executed in 1692 for "witchcraft." Some suffered death by burning at the stake. Superstition still exists in many forms today, and brutal things are done from ignorance.

How many of us hesitate to walk under a ladder or shrink when a black cat passes in front of us? What's in your mind when you drop the "dish rag?" (That meant someone is coming who is a bigger slouch than you are.)

My mother, a very practical woman, related a story about a "token." When an unexplainable knocking (three loud knocks) on the side of the house occurred, a dear relative died soon afterwards. Three mysterious knocks were the token of death.

People over the years have believed in strange remedies. It all hinged on superstition by many respected people. Or did some believe that a medicine or practice really cured the disease?

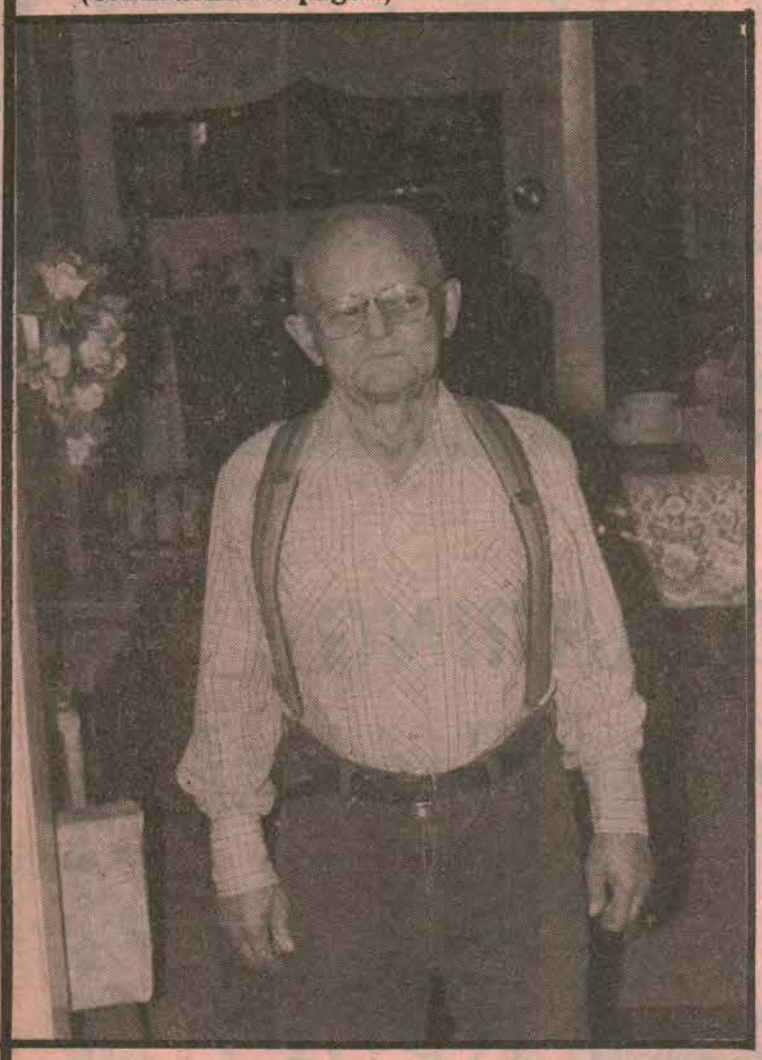
The "madstone," a stone with a spongy, porous surface, was widely accepted in the 1800s and 1900s as a cure for rabies, or what was then called hydrophobia. I have a case in mind which illustrates the above.

We had a dog named Nero that went "mad." They went out with shotguns to kill him because nothing could cure that disease. Before they got old Nero, he'd bitten a sow with a litter of pigs and a young man. The pigs were separated from the sow before she went mad and had to be killed. But before that, the sow dripped saliva from its mouth onto my father's hand and also bit the young man.

Father and the young man went to a practitioner of the use of the madstone. As there was no broken skin on my father's hand, there was no spot where the poison got in, and the madstone did not stick. But in the case of the young man, the madstone stuck and stayed there, absorbing poison until it had soaked it all from the wound.

Blacksmith

(continued from page 9)



Tingley would spend some time with a horse before it was shod so the horse could get used to him. He always thought his size was advantageous to his work because he didn't lift the horse's leg as high, which caused it to cramp, and the horse wouldn't try to get away.

around an' mark where the heel comes off on each side. It's as perfect as you could do with the horse there. Sometimes it was hard to get him to leave his foot down. They'll want to move a little bit. After while, you keep foolin' with him, he'll hold still."

To trim the hoof, Tingley said you just know how much come off by looking at it. The inside part of the hoof is sensitive and if the blacksmith trims off too much, the shoe might not stay on.

"A lot o' the old blacksmiths used to cut the bar," Tingley said. "There's a little bar in the horse's foot in the back, kind o' in back of the frog (the spongy, elastic cushion at the heel of the foot). It's hoof really, but it's softer than the outer hoof. Well,

'When you get into high-priced horses, now I mean really good ones, shoes are made just like false teeth. You order the shoe for the horse.'

they used to take the shoeing knife an' trim them out. Oil accumulates from the frog an' gets sent through the bars an' goes to the outer hoof to keep it. If you cut 'em out, the outer hoof dries out."

After the hoof is trimmed, it is ready to be shod. Tingley used to keep kegs of standard, plain horseshoes and then worked them to a custom fit. He did make the brake shoes, using ten- to twelve-foot-long iron bars of different weight.

"Oh, it's been a lot o' years since we used them," Tingley said. "When you get into high-priced horses, now I mean really good ones, shoes are made just like false teeth. You order the shoe for the horse. An' that's something else—you never guage to trim a foot. When you get into race horses and the guage, well, it's kind o' like a shoe and comes back on top of the hoof. You get the picture of the foot, and it has little numbers on it. A trainer will decide when a horse's pattern fits.

. . .Tingley wasn't often out of his shop. It wasn't unusual for him to work from early morning to early evening each day.

"When the trainer decides what picture of the foot you use, you have to trim the toe down. It makes the horse break over maybe too late or too early. Breaking over means that when he is travelling, it's when his foot comes up off the ground. A fast horse, if he's got too much toe and it makes him break a little bit late, it will slow him down. If he breaks too quick, it'll do the same thing. Both feet are the same. They have to be. And both rear feet. I never just fooled around with them 'cause if you watch a horse, you know what foot is best."

Tingley's work was mostly with the horses that were a part of everyday life. It wasn't important so much to make a horse run faster; the main concern was that the horse be in good health, particularly the feet. The biggest problem the blacksmith had to tend to was gravel. Horses would get pieces of gravel lodged between the outside and the soft part of the hoof. If the gravel was embedded too deeply to get it out, it worked through and came out the top of the foot.

"When that happens, you'll have a lame horse for a year. Every once in a while, we'd cut in and get the rock out. Just a little tiny piece of gravel, you know.

"My grandfather was shot in the Civil War, in the hip. They didn't operate on him like they do now. A piece of that bullet worked out the top of one of his toes when he was 70 years old. Something like that, it'll move. It won't hold still. The rock will start up in the foot, an' if it gets up a little ways, it's like a splinter under your fingernail—it becomes irritated in a few days. So after you cut into the bottom to get them, you pack the foot an' treat it an' the horse will get well in just a little bit."

Another problem that often occured was treating foundered horses. Tingley said a horse became foundered when he hasn't had any grain; so when he does eat it, he eats so much that he swells. Then as the horse gets over it, his feet grow out of shape.

"He'll get to where he'll walk on his heels to keep off his feet," Tingley said. "I always burned them with hot shoes, just scorched 'em good, an' let them go two weeks an' work on them again. You patch their feet with hot tar an' make them shed out. Finally you get the horse where he's back on his feet in pretty good shape.

"I had one from Arcola brought down here. A kid's horse, eleven years old, was foundered. He'd been walkin' on his heels. Boy, his feet turned up. But I got him back on his feet pretty good."

After taking so much time to make sure each horse had the proper care, it seems ironic that Tingley injured his hip when he fell off a ridge while deer hunting a few years ago. Although he received chiropractic treatments regularly, he had another fall that injured his hip again. It had to be partly removed and replaced with a plastic hip joint. As a result, one leg is two inches longer than the other.

"I thought that doctor ought to go back to the third grade an' learn how to read a rule," Tingley said. "But he's not the only one. I heard a lot of people have it, maybe not this bad. A little bit don't mean anythin'. Now, these shoes are built up a little, but they don't near do it. I had some shoes. . . ."

Tingley got up and walked into the other room. He returned a minute later with a pair of brown leather shoes. Holding them with the bottoms turned up, he showed where the one shoe had a thicker sole that was built up with cork. When he set the shoes on the floor in front of the couch, the difference was barely noticeable.

"He made me pretty lop-sided," Tingley said. "An' that's a bad deal. If a blacksmith done some kind o' thing wrong on a horse, it'd have lockjaw an' die."

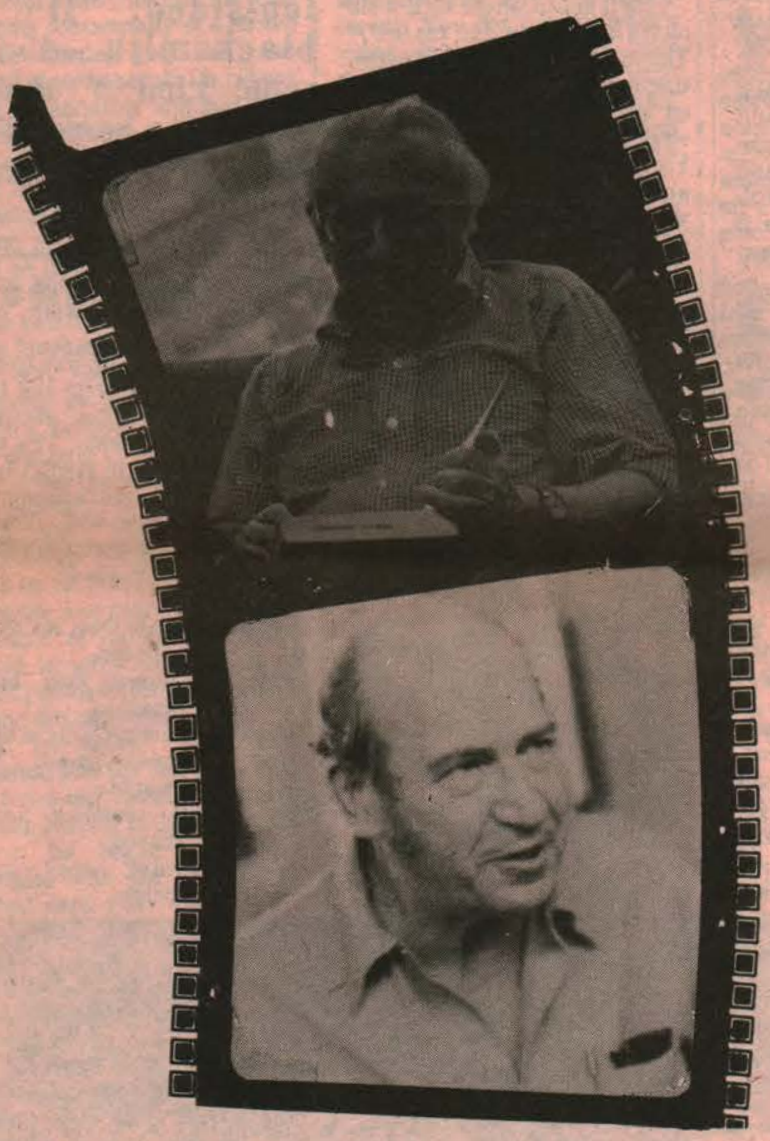
'He made me pretty lop-sided. If a blacksmith done some kind o' thing wrong on a horse, it'd have lockjaw and die.'

When a horse's leg was badly injured, he was shot to end the misery. But Tingley doesn't seem to be miserable. The experience and insight Tingley has aquired over the years seems to have served him well. You'd think he was the very man that Longfellow had in mind.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Tingley (left) started working in his father's blacksmith when he was still in his teens. In his early twenties here, Tingley worked with Milt Thornburg (right) for a number of years. Today, Tingley remembers the blacksmith as vital to the community. (Photograph courtesty of Jim Tingley.)

Tales from the general store



STARRING

Studs Terkel and Moran Keller

About the time Studs Terkel started law school at the University of Chicago, Moran Keller, Robinson, was starting to work at the Robinson "Daily News." By the time Terkel was finishing law school and playing small roles in radio soap operas (rather than practicing law) more than fifty years ago, Keller had moved into a job in the newspaper's print shop.

Today, both men are successful in their fields because of the care and pride that goes into their work. Terkel is a well-known author and radio personality for WFMT in Chicago. And Keller is a professional printer who owns his own print shop and still works at the "Daily News" where he runs the print shop.

Interviews with both men provide insights into the times and lives of Americans as well as information about the kind of men the times produced.

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