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MARCH 1975

Ferne Clyffe State Park

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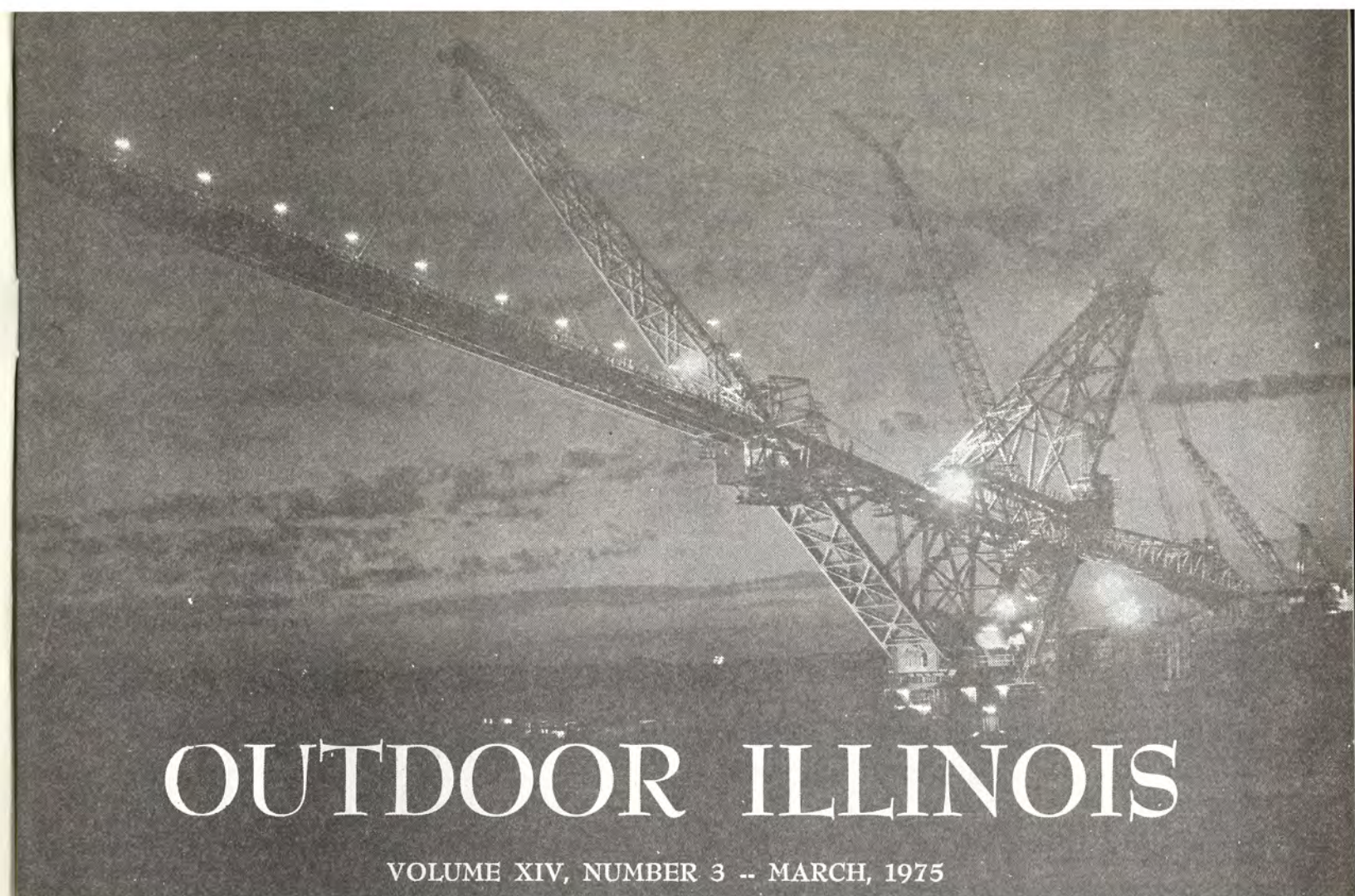
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OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

VOLUME XIV, NUMBER 3 -- MARCH, 1975

A BIG WHEEL NEAR DU QUOIN, Eugene Gallmeister

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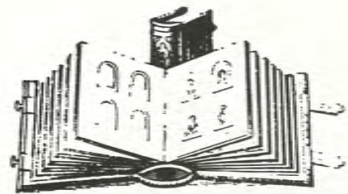


COVER PICTURE

THEBES COURT HOUSE, which once housed the county government of Alexander County, overlooks the Mississippi from a perch high above the river. The Greek Revival style building was built in 1848 by Henry Ernst Barkhausen. Watercolor by Mary Lou Parker.

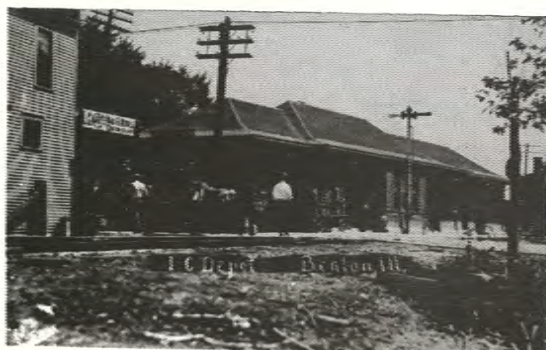
MARCH, 1975

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WHAT and WHERE

CAN YOU IDENTIFY this picture of a structure, no longer standing, which once played a dominant part in the history of Illinois. The Federal style building can't be given more of a hint lest the solution be made too easy for canny readers.



Last Month's Picture

If you guessed it was anyplace but the famous old I.C. Depot which houses the world's greatest magazine published at Benton (Benton, Illinois) you were in some sort of mental thicket. It is here that the editor discovers rare upside-down trees, yeti's which resemble rabbits, and poets who pass as slewfoots.



A Second Look

A Compendium of Illinois Happenings,
Events and Comment, Past and Present

Great Talent

MORE AND MORE we find Outdoor Illinois becoming the sort of journal which pleases even the management, and this issue more than most offers a selection of Illinois talent which is quite impressive.

Consider if you will the work of Dr. Stuart Struever, an ace archaeologist if we may be so bold, who has made of the tiny village of Kampsville, Illinois an international center for archaeology (and if you haven't visited it in season, then you may well miss some of the most exciting work this country has seen in that long hidden and slightly musty field). He has breathed life into archaeology through the fresh ways he has hacked at the problems he has found, and his emulators are daily becoming a much larger legion.

In his spare time he is a professor of anthropology at Northwestern University in the northeast, a native of Peru in the north, and served an early apprenticeship on some well known southern Illinois digs before making an international mark in western Illinois. That, you will agree, is a set of All-Illinois credentials.

This month's article on the St. James Episcopal Church in Lewistown marks the 19th in a series on Famous Illinois Architecture by friend and Lake Michigan sailor Dr. Paul E. Sprague, who has charted new paths in architectural history which will be of exceptional value to future historians of architecture.

Exceptionally well organized, Paul has put together in Illinois a catalog of structures which cannot be equalled in the country. Laboriously, county by county and city by city, working with a small but talented staff he has compiled the dossier of Illinois structures. And in his "spare" time he has taught at the University of Chicago, and currently at the

University of Illinois Circle campus, and offers consultative advice on preservation.

Those who are members of the National Trust for Historic Preservation will note the cover picture and the lead story on Adler and Sullivan's Wainwright Building in St. Louis in the current issue of *Historic Preservation* was done by our Paul Sprague.

And next in line is a third friend and co-equal of the preceding gentlemen in the innovation of positive Illinois programs of lasting significance, Dr. Robert H. Mohlenbrock, who prepared the feature on Ferne Clyffe State Park.

In his "spare" time he is the editor and chief writer of the authoritative series on Illinois plants being published by Southern Illinois University Press. If you have a local school or library which does not purchase this series as it is published, then switch to a new school or library, the one you have is beyond hope. The work is thorough, far-reaching, and sets a high standard for readability as well as reference value.

Like most talented people, his prolific appetite for work allows him time to do the features for *Outdoor Illinois* which have come to be much-admired by our readers.

As noted in the Letters section this month, Dr. Charles B. Arzeni (Page 40) is not exactly a slouch. An expert on Economic Botany, the recent announcement of a Fulbright grant for work this summer in South America is the second Fulbright grant he has received among a number of other honors. A professor at Eastern Illinois University, he also keeps a weather eye out for our son as he wanders about the Eastern campus, a duty which will get him more private than public esteem.

We can't say enough about Laura Holman, who de-

spite much personal adversity in recent months has kept on trucking with her most unusual and much-read recipes. Why she, too, picks on hoosiers we do not know. Unless she has met one, which is reason enough.

Larry Underwood is someday going to be a novelist. That is his determination, and we are certain he will get there. Meanwhile, he free-lances for us and writes filmstrips and looks for a publisher and, according to his neighbors in Calhoun County, does a first-rate job as teacher and dean of students at Brussels High School.

Raymond E. Lee formerly taught at Wheeling in northern Illinois, as they say in one breath in Tamaroa, where he has retired to the old family farm. We are impressed both with his memory and his thoughts. We invariably mull them over for days.

Joyce Marshall Brukoff is a city dweller—Evanston—and a daytime resident of those ever-deepening canyons in downtown Chicago who has a hankering for the open spaces but is tied by occupation to that area roughly enscribed by the tall John Hancock building, the taller Standard Oil building and the tallest Sears building.

She makes the open spaces and their inhabitants her avocation and thereby skims above city trials and tribulations, when they become pressing. But, meanwhile, hankers for the open spaces.

We finally get to Raymond Charles Zoanetti, the youngest of the bunch, who resides on a farm near Cobden, is active in the Southern Illinois Bird Laboratory, and graduated from SIU with a major in outdoor education and a minor in zoology. An assistant park naturalist, his job was eliminated by budget considerations within the Department of Conservation—which, however, did not find a way to eliminate the \$500,000 boondoggle called game propagation from its budget.

We think you'll hear more from young Mr. Zoanetti. Anyone who can put together a sentence like that one in the next-to-last paragraph on Page 35, describing the difficulty the shrew has in taking jump-shots at meals like crickets—well, we'll hear from him again. He's our kind of writer.

Light in the Wilderness

BRING ON YOUR depressions he said in brave jest, and was promptly bombarded by assorted price hikes as the Dow Jones shot up and employment headed down.

We refuse to be concerned with the dumbness of politicians on most occasions, having the deeply felt belief that next to every politician is a citizen who wants his job, and is even dumber. But the current crop is ever so slowly getting under our skin. Is there a way to banish an entire Congress and start anew? Or, perhaps more perceptively, not start at all?

On the other hand, consider this: We may have botched out and started upward.

What's the worse thing you've heard lately? A speech by President Ford? We've got good news for you. He'll soon be talking with an Illinois prairie twang, thanks to his newest speech writer and inveterate *Outdoor Illinois* reader, Frederick C. Bird, of Chicago, Springfield and almost E'town.

As an aside to the rest of you, we must say that if a Fred Bird had been at the Executive Office of the White House some months back, there would have been fist fights, killings stares and absolutely mountainous hatred for anyone who would have proposed a Watergate-type caper in his presence. He is a good man, an impeccably honest one, and a highly combative guy for his beliefs. He's the best news we've heard lately, just the fact of his presence in Washington.

Fred, my boy, sock a little hayseed in there, and give us a lift on the environment from time to time, so we'll know the office has finally grabbed a-holt of the real pulse of the country.

Widening Ripples

WE HAVE almost completed a full year since we began disseminating *Outdoor Illinois* across a broader area by way of newsstands, as many readers may have noticed during that period. We have been favorably pleased with the response the magazine has seen, and continue to seek new outlets for its sale and agents in various parts of Illinois—preferably one in each county—who would like to pick up more than just a little pocket money for very little effort.

As we mentioned earlier, we are presently working with magazine distributors in Springfield-Decatur, Taylorville, and Champaign-Urbana but much of the rest of the state is still open.

If you are semi-retired and need to feel a part of building something, if you're a college student who could use extra money to stay in school, or if you're just one of those one-in-eleven-million who can't resist a challenge, drop us a note. We think you'll find it interesting.

BALD KNOB

The grassy, dome-shaped hilltop boasts no trees,
But proudly bears the Christians' cross on high;
The keen-eyed Mississippi pilot sees
It from afar against the eastern sky.

—G. R. Yohe

Bicentennial Bonuses

ONE OF THE expected pleasures of the bicentennial is the wealth of out-of-print material which will be back in print, thanks to the efforts of local historical societies and bicentennial committees throughout the state.

We were reminded of this promise of things to come with the arrival of two paperbound volumes recently published as a bicentennial project by the Galena Historical Society.

Memoirs of Clarissa Emely Gear Hobbs, written originally for the purpose of giving her grandchildren some idea of what she had experienced in her long life, were written early in the twentieth century. Mrs. Hobbs, born in Galena on December 22, 1829, covers the long period of her life with interesting anecdotes and descriptions of lives and times she encountered.

The initial volume, *The Galena Frontier*, is the intimate history of the Hezekiah H. Gear family—a rags-to-riches story of pioneer times in the lead-mining area in Jo Daviess County. The volume is rich in reminiscences of people who were little known, and others who became world famous.

The second volume, *The Civil War*, records the adventures of Clarissa Hobbs as she aided her doctor husband near the battlefronts during the Civil War. She spices both volumes with her sentiments on war, women's rights, and patriotism and gives a vivid insight into the minds and thoughts of her contemporaries.

It was a simpler age.

The volumes are available from the Galena Historical Society at \$1.25 each plus 25c postage for each volume.

La Fayette Fete

CAN IT BE 150 years ago that the Marquis de la Fayette visited Illinois soil on his triumphal tour of the young republic? He had aided the republic in his youth both through personal service in the revolutionary army, and in his efforts to enlist his countrymen on the side of the rebellious colony of England.

It must be that long ago. Yet his memory is among the fresh memories which survive from our revolution . . . a young man of France, of wealth and education, who volunteered in Washington's army of ragtag backcountrymen. His memory remains, the young nobleman of spirit and enterprise, a dashing figure in a dashing time of derring-do.

In 1825, La Fayette was 68. He was persuaded to come back once again, to visit the scenes of victory and defeat, and to visit other places in that burgeoning young country which his valor had helped create. Two towns in Illinois gave him great welcome, one no longer to be seen, Kaskaskia.

But the other, Shawneetown, is still alive and planning a gala celebration of the 150th anniversary of his visit.

In May, 1925, the citizenry of Shawneetown and much of the territory which it served as river port, entertained the Revolutionary War general with great pageantry for that provincial place.

A path of calico was unfurled for his pathway from the riverfront to the famous old Rawlings Tavern, and he



Thebes Court House

ALEXANDER COUNTY

WATERCOLOR BY MARY LOU PARKER

ONE OF THE FINE provincial Greek Revival structures in the Mississippi valley is the Thebes Court House, former seat of government for Alexander County. It was constructed in 1848 by German immigrant Henry Ernst Barkhausen, using native stone quarried in the vicinity.

The siting of the structure on a high eminence overlooking the Mississippi River has made it known as much for the grandeur of its location as for its adaptation of the classical design.

While legend places Abraham Lincoln there as a lawyer, and Dred Scott as a prisoner in its first floor jail, other famous personages in Illinois and national history were known to have frequented its courtroom for legal cases or "public speakings," among them southern Illinois' own Civil War general, John A. Logan.

The deft watercolor on this month's cover was painted by Mt. Vernon artist Mary Lou Parker, who is becoming noted for the excellence of her work in that medium.

Like the others in the series of Historic Illinois scenes, Thebes Court House is available in a full-color reprint, suitable for framing, for \$3 plus 15c tax and 54c for postage and mailing tube. The prints are the actual size of the painting as it appears on the cover, positioned on 14 by 17-inch stock, numbered from 1 to 1,000.

was greeted by old comrades who had served with him in the American Revolution.

The old river village will celebrate La Fayette Day this year on July 5 in the Old Shawneetown Memorial Park with appropriate addresses, a reenactment of the arrival of the General's boat, a barbeque on the village green and tours of historic places throughout the day and evening.

One of the few buildings which have survived, the recently reconstructed John Marshall Bank building, will be among the old structures on the Shawneetown tour, as will the Docker House Museum.



STUART STRUEVER, director of the Northwestern University Archaeological Program, stands in front of the Kampsville Archaeological Museum with some of the exhibits on display. The museum is free and open to the public. D. R. Baston photo.

Kampsville: international center

By Peter Gilmour

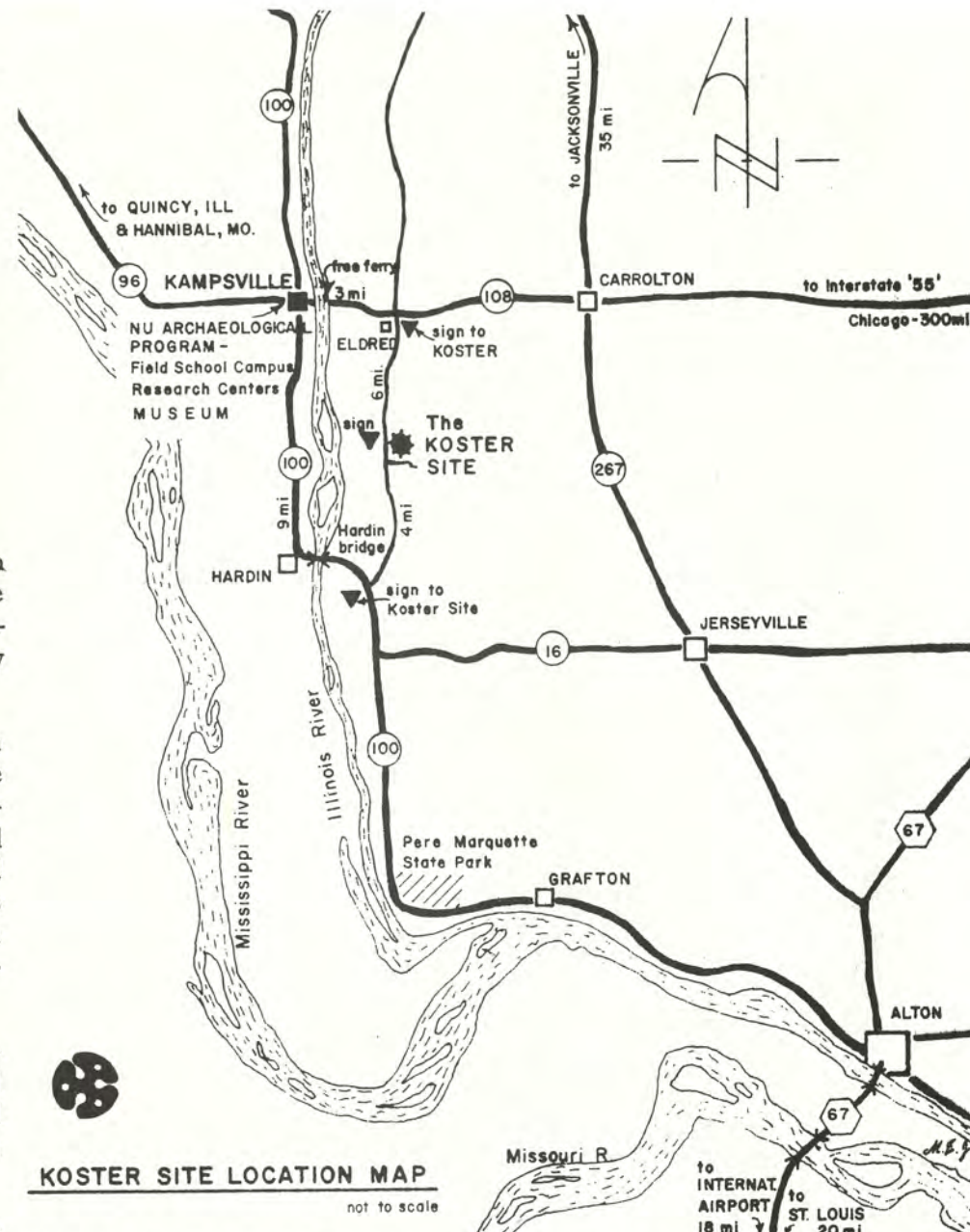
[NOTE: In the February, 1971 issue of OUTDOOR ILLINOIS, Stuart Struever wrote "The Koster Site: 7,000 years of Prehistoric Life in the Illinois Valley" (pp. 8-12). Now, four years later, Peter Gilmour writes about the on-going excavations at the Koster site and the growth of the Northwestern University Archaeological Program in Kampsville, Illinois.]

IN THE once famous apple-laden river area of Calhoun County, the town of Kampsville is becoming an internationally known center for the study of archaeology.

The surrounding region — from Alton to Beardstown, from Interstate 55 to the Mississippi River — is the area of interest for these archaeologists headquartered in Kampsville. Over 750 archaeological sites, spread over river bluffs, floodplains and farmlands in this region, have been discovered and recorded for possible future excavation.

More than 10,000 years of Illinois history are locked within these sites, and this history is gradually being recovered through the work of the Northwestern University Archaeological Program.

Visitors driving south on Highway 100 toward Kampsville see sure signs of



the archaeologists at work. Just north of the town is a newly-constructed Artifact Repository Building where artifacts from the various excavations are stored and studied. In the middle of Kampsville is the Archaeological Museum, and 28 other buildings are scattered around this town in checkerboard-like fashion making up this vast Teaching and Research Center of the Northwestern Archaeological Program.

Nine miles from Kampsville near Eldred, Illinois in Greene County is the Koster site, headlined as one of the most important archaeological sites in America. Here, on Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Koster's farm, visitors have seen Northwestern archaeologists dig for six field seasons — and the excavation is still not completed.

The Koster site is a unique archaeological site because there are at least 14 prehistoric villages stacked layer-cake style on top of each other. Between each village remain, soil has accumulated which once washed down from the surrounding bluffs and now neatly separates one village ruin from the other.

These villages span at least 8,500 years, and by studying Koster archaeologists have a unique opportunity to monitor man's attempt to cope with his environment over this long period of time.

The Koster site is open to the public during the summer months. Marked signs on the highway point the way to the Koster site, and car after car winds its way through the Koster farm, around the white frame farmhouse, and back to the site. Here, guides take the carloads

of visitors around in small groups and tell them about the ongoing discoveries and the work of this archaeological program.

A rock house, built in 1831 and situated a few hundred yards from the excavation, has been remodeled to accommodate large group tours. This rock house is a historical site in itself, having been constructed by the first known homesteaders in this area.

Visitors coming to the Koster site see why early man was attracted to this location time and time again. The site itself is a natural settling place for man. Bluffs on three sides of the site give protection from the natural elements; it is elevated from the adjacent floodplain, so the villagers who settled there were never in danger of being flooded out. Yet, it is close enough to the floodplain that the river and backwater lakes which formed there could be used as a convenient and fruitful food gathering area. And

spring water runs through the field supplying settlers with a fresh water source.

Here, early man in Illinois built villages for intermittent periods of time. Archaeological evidence from Koster indicates early man in this area established definite patterns of permanent settled village life, and had abundant hunting and food gathering resources available to him. Prehistoric life in Illinois was not the often popularly conceived notion of man roaming from place to place living close to the level of survival.

Visitors standing on the edge of the Koster site see archaeologists and students working thirty feet beneath ground surface. Each student is assigned his own six-foot square to excavate, and trowels, picks and brushes are the tools used in this slow and exacting work.

Everything found by the excavators is charted, labeled and sent to the Kamps-

ville laboratories for study and analysis. Visitors may soon grow tired in the torrid heat of west-central Illinois summers, but they linger at the edge of the site, fascinated by this work. There is something hypnotic about excavating, both to archaeologist and visitor.

As the archaeologists penetrate deeper and deeper into the Koster site, unique problems must be overcome. Since the lower village remains are beneath the water table, a method to lower the water table eventually became necessary. In preparation for the '74 field season, six wells were dug around the perimeter of the Koster site. Pumping these wells lowered the water table within the excavation and, at first, this dewatering system worked well.

But as the archaeologists dug deeper during the '74 field season, it became apparent that this dewatering system would have to be further improved in order to continue excavation. Then, in October of 1974, core drillings at the Koster site showed evidences of two more village remains beneath the then-

known lowest village! In order to excavate these newly discovered village remains, the archaeologists will have to dig even deeper, creating an even greater need for improvements in the dewatering system.

Another problem confronting the Koster project is the condition of the exposed walls in the excavation. These walls are weak from several field seasons of exposure, and part of the north wall did collapse last autumn. In order to continue work at Koster, these walls must be shored-up to prevent further collapse, and thus insure the safety of the archaeologists working there, and the successful completion of the excavations at this site.

The water table and wall-collapse problems are two major obstacles which must be overcome for work to successfully continue during the upcoming field season.

Aside from the complicated engineering strategies involved in solving both of these problems, there is also the problem of financing the solutions. The solutions will be costly, and further monies must be raised to fund these projects over and above the normal expenses of this archaeological program.

What visitors see, standing at the edge of the Koster site, is only the beginning of a long process of study and analysis aimed at understanding the behavior patterns of an early man in Illinois. This process continues in the 16 scientific laboratories located back in Kampsville. There, scientists from many different areas work as a team studying, analyzing and comparing the materials unearthed in order to understand early man's en-



ONE OF SIX wells dug around perimeter of the Koster site (foreground) helps lower the water table below lower horizons. Worker adjusts well line as excavators work in the background. D. R. Baston photo.

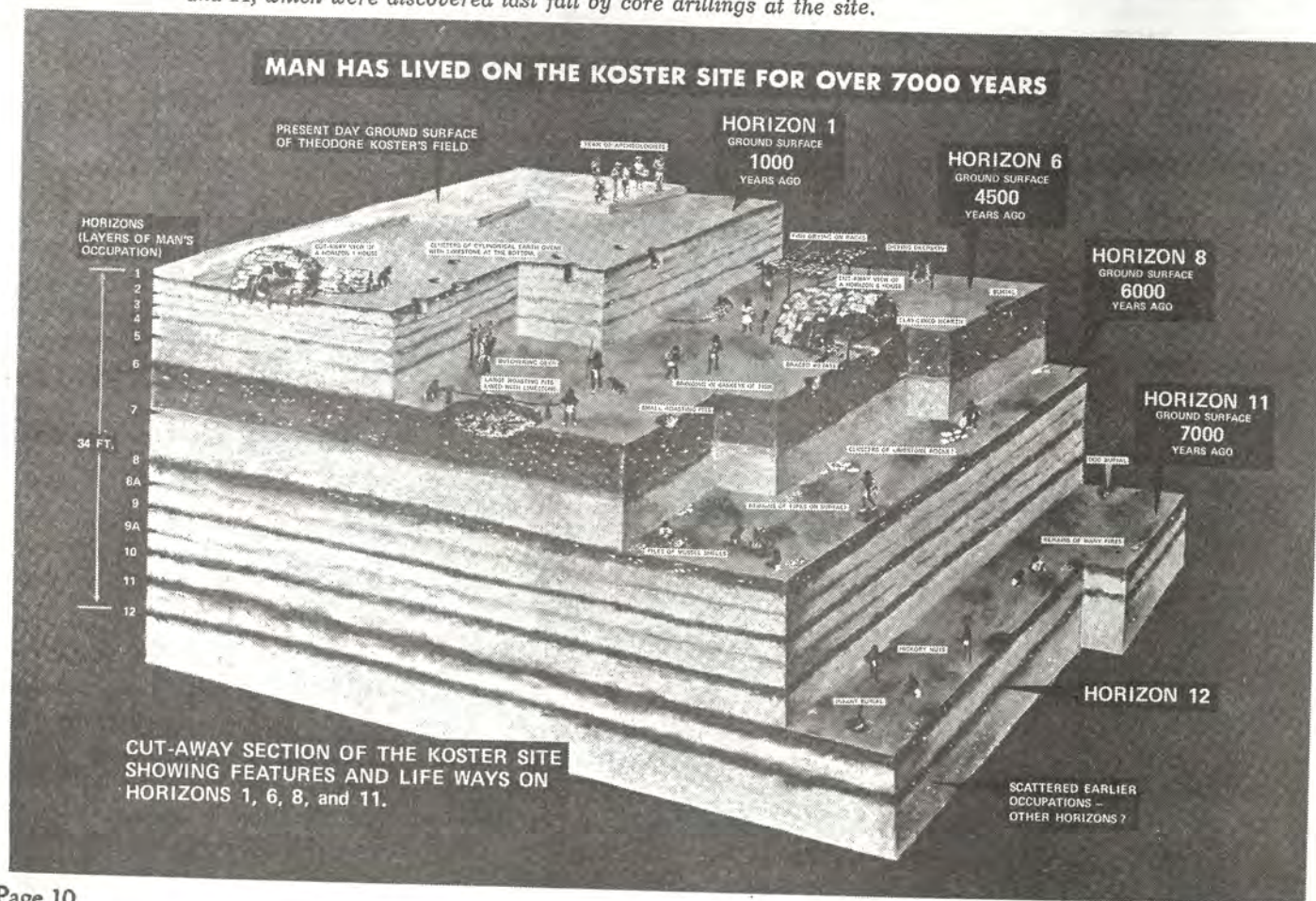
vironmental, biological and cultural existence.

Visitors returning to Kampsville from the Koster site on the ferry across the Illinois River may see members of the ar-

chaeological team standing waist-deep in the river swirling huge bobbing-for-apples type tubs. These people are part of the flotation laboratory staff, and they're working on the first stage of the flotation process which, when completed, will yield great quantities of information from the microscopic data produced.

These tubs being swirled around in the Illinois River contain systematic samplings of soil taken from the archaeological sites. The soil samples are first washed in these tubs, which have fine mesh screen bottoms. What remains in these tubs then goes through a chemical flotation back in the laboratory, and at the end of this process bits and pieces of bone, nuts, fish scales and seeds are

CUT-AWAY SHOWS composition of the Koster site. It does not show the two most recently discovered village ruins, horizons 13 and 14, which were discovered last fall by core drillings at the site.



CUT-AWAY SECTION OF THE KOSTER SITE SHOWING FEATURES AND LIFE WAYS ON HORIZONS 1, 6, 8, and 11.



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recovered. The microscopic data recovered in the flotation process yields important clues about early man's lifeways.

Other laboratories scattered throughout Kampsville include zoology, botany, malacology (snail), osteology (bone) and computer labs. Zoologists study all animal remains to determine what animals were being used for food; botanists analyze what plants were available for food resources and what climatic conditions prevailed to allow these plants to grow; osteologists study human skeletons to determine the age and sex of individuals, the diseases they suffered during their lifetimes and the cause of death; malacologists analyze snails to determine what prehistoric climates were like.

One of the most revolutionary labora-

tories is the computer lab. This lab houses some of the most complex and delicate equipment to be found in Calhoun County. Inside, computer terminals link up the Northwestern Archaeological Program with huge computer complexes in Evanston, Illinois and Bethesda, Maryland. Results from the archaeological excavations and laboratory analyses are fed in to these computer systems, and entire sites can be reconstructed, studied, analyzed and compared to other sites by using the computer in this lab. Careful remodeling of this building has created a dust-proof, temperature-controlled laboratory which is absolutely essential for the operation of this delicate equipment.

These labs in Kampsville are playing a significant role in the Northwestern Ar-

EXCAVATORS AT WORK during 1974 season on the different levels at Koster attract visitors to the site. The wall in foreground collapsed this past autumn and walls must be strengthened to continue excavation in 1975, a costly but necessary item of expense. D. R. Baston photo.

chaeological Program even though they frequently go unnoticed by visitors. Without these labs, the data recovered from excavation would tell relatively little about man's past history. The laboratory scientists, working together, are gradually piecing together an accurate picture of man's prehistoric existence in the Illinois Valley.

Because of the nature of laboratory work, it is impossible to have these labs open to the public on a regular basis. However, once each field season, during the annual Members' Weekend in August, laboratories are open for tours. People who support the ongoing work of the Northwestern Archaeological Program by membership in the Foundation for Illinois Archeology are invited to this weekend. Besides touring the sites and labs, members are invited to a series of conferences on the latest archaeological discoveries and research. A Saturday evening country-style dinner in Kampsville's Riverfront Park adds a social dimension to the weekend.

The Kampsville Archaeological Museum is open to the public during the spring, summer and autumn field seasons. Artifacts from the Koster site and other sites excavated as part of this regional program are on display. Exhibits which illustrate the work of the various scientific laboratories integral to archeology today may also be seen. There is no charge for individuals visiting the Museum or the Koster site, but groups are asked to write or phone in advance for a specially assigned guide.

After touring the Museum, there is still more for visitors to see and do in Kampsville. Across the highway from the Museum is the Early Man Shop, which contains art and crafts from around the world. War clubs from Guiana, a genuine cigar store Indian,

OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

VISIT KOSTER

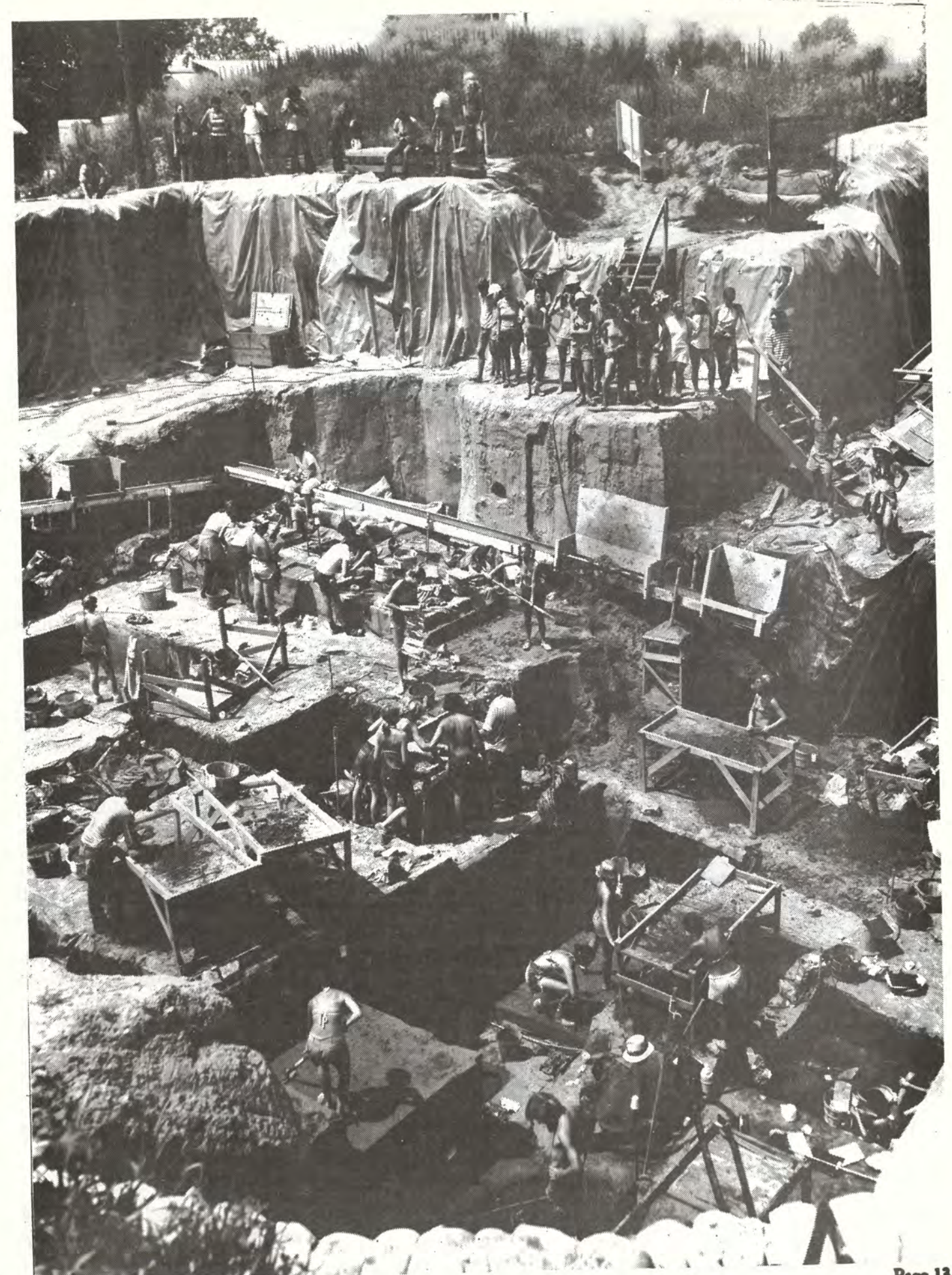
THE KOSTER SITE near Eldred, Illinois will be open to the public from June 7 through the Labor Day weekend. There is no admission charge, and guides are available to take visitors on tours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. The field crew does not excavate on Wednesdays, so visit any day of the week but Wednesday.

The Kampsville Archaeological Museum is open daily from April 20 through November 1. There is no admission charge, and guides are available to take visitors on tours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily. (Museum opens at 10 a. m. Sundays.)

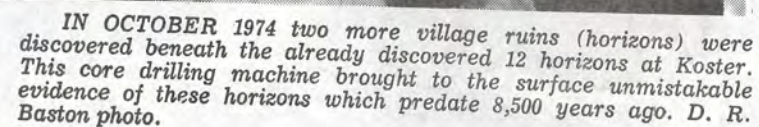
Schools, clubs and organizations wishing to tour the Koster site and the Kampsville Archaeological Museum must make advance reservations. Call or write:

Program Director
Northwestern Archaeological Program
2000 Sheridan Road
Evanston, Illinois 60201
(312) 492-5300

Information on educational programs mentioned in the article can also be obtained by writing or calling the Program Director.

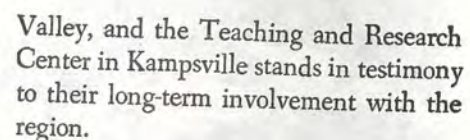


MARCH, 1975



At the north end of town is the village's only antique shop, lodged in the home of its owners, Mr. and Mrs. Vail Nevius. Mr. Nevius specializes in old oil lamps and has hundreds on display for purchase. Also, Mr. Nevius has a large collection of antique furniture—

The visitors come and go through the Koster site and Kampsville in tremendous numbers each field season, but the staff of the Northwestern Archaeological Program stays. They are committed to the regional study of the lower Illinois



Students come to Kampsville to participate in the archaeological programs from all over the nation. During the summer '74 field season, students and teachers from 122 different educational institutions converged on Kampsville increasing the population of the town by one third. These students learn archaeology by working in the fields and labs alongside their teachers. Field and lab supervisors teach their students in small numbers as they work together.

Another feature of the overall program are the one-week field schools available to student groups during the autumn and spring of each year. Stu-



dents come to Kampsville for a week, dig an archaeological site during the days, and in the evenings attend classroom presentations about their work. Schools from Peoria, Chicago, Hinsdale, Winnetka, Oswego, Elk Grove Village, and many other communities outside Illinois, have been represented in these one-week field schools during the past several years.

A similar program is available to interested adults. Adults come to Kampsville for either a one- or two-week session, dig an archaeological site during the days, and attend classroom presentations in the evenings. Adults apply

on an individual basis for these one-week field schools, and are able to choose from several alternate sessions.

Visitors to Kampsville and Koster are struck with several thoughts as they complete their trek: Important archaeological finds are being made here in the state of Illinois and not in some far-off or exotic-sounding land; the archaeological project here is not a one-time situation—it is a long-range regional study of the entire lower Illinois Valley; and the natural beauty of this region of the state is very much unlike the popularly held flatland image of Illinois.

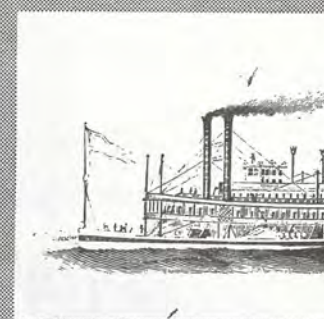
A final thought may strike visitors as

they make their way homeward. This region, so rich in archaeological potential, is situated very close to the growing St. Louis metropolitan area. It could soon become engulfed in modern man's urban sprawl, and archaeological sites containing the only record of man's prehistory in this part of Illinois would be lost forever.

Besides the sense of permanency generated by this vast Archæological Teaching and Research Center established by the Northwestern Archæological Program here in Kampsville, there is also a sense of urgency.



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THE FLYING BUTTRESSES and open belfry are but two of the features on the classic Gothic church constructed in Lewistown a century ago. It was patterned after English country parish churches used by the Anglican faith.

St. James Episcopal Church

Lewistown's Hundred-Year-Old Gothic Design
Stems from Early English Parish Church

Famous Illinois Architecture XIX

By Paul E. Sprague

LEWISTOWN, ILLINOIS, is well worth a visit if only to see the small but solidly built Episcopal Church of

Page 16

St. James. If this simple Gothic building with its compact massing and severe detailing should seem to you a bit out of

character for this part of the Midwest, you would be entirely correct. Its architect, Edwin Tuckerman Potter was an

OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

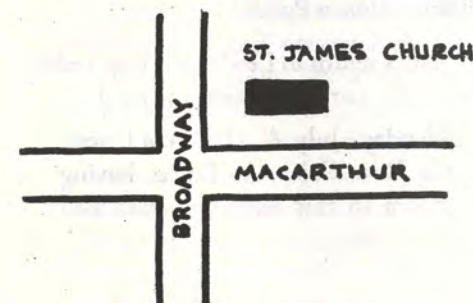


LEWISTOWN

Easterner who probably never even visited Illinois and who, if he ever saw his Lewistown Church, presumably did so only in a photograph.

The idea of building an Episcopal Church in Lewistown had its inception in the year 1860 according to the journal maintained from 1860 to 1876 by C. R. Larrabee, diocesan treasurer, which is still preserved at the church. Episcopal services at Lewistown date back to 1854 when they were held in the Methodist Church. This was the year that a young attorney, S. Corning Judd, settled in Lewistown, bringing with him from Washington, D. C., and Onondaga County, N. Y., the latest ideas in Episcopal orthodoxy.

Judd, then 27, was conversant with the religious concept of the Ecclesiological Society founded April 2, 1848, in New York City. An outgrowth of the English Anglican reformation movement

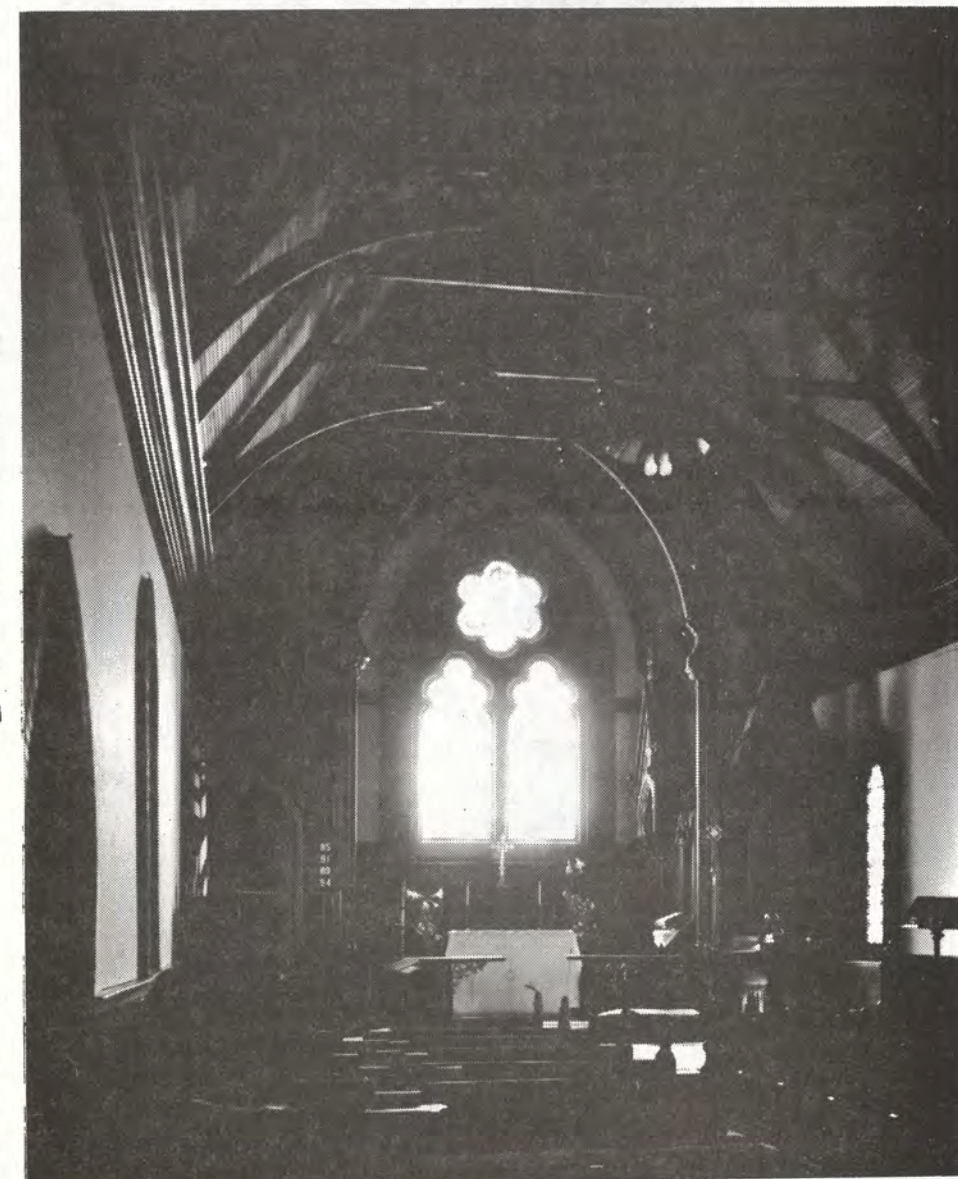
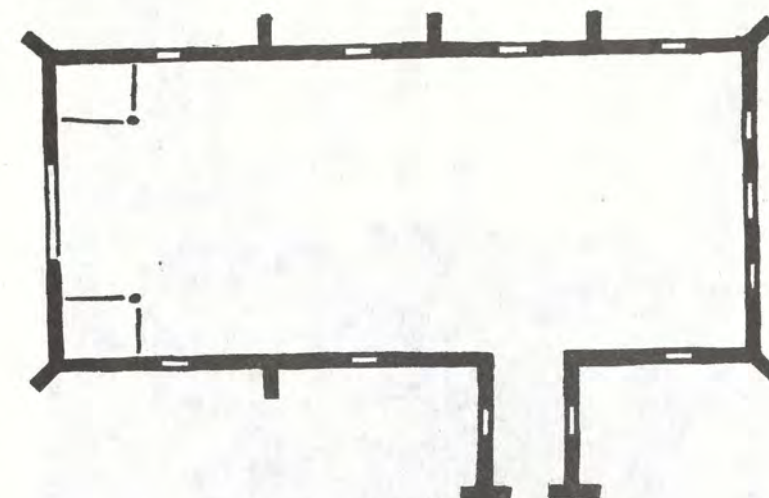


INTERIOR OF the St. James Episcopal Church looking due west, shows the altar. Lewistown is noted for its association with Edgar Lee Masters and his "Spoon River Anthology," drawn on persons he knew in the area. Thomas G. Yanul photo.

MARCH, 1975

ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL CHURCH · LEWISTOWN

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ANOTHER INTERIOR scene, from the northeast looking southwest, shows south interior wall and main entry. Thomas G. Yanul photo.

of the same name, the New York society sought similar objectives especially as regarded the design of churches. Ecclesiologists wanted the church returned to the ritual of the Middle Ages and this required churches that not only looked Gothic but were also laid out like Gothic churches.

English churches of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had become auditoriums in which preaching was emphasized. They were nearly as wide as long and had galleries (or balconies) so that the faithful could clearly see and hear the minister. The medieval chancel, or sanctuary, a long low area at the end of the nave (or main room) where the mystery of the mass was celebrated behind the rood screen, had all but vanished from most English churches. The interiors had become light and airy, instead of being somber and mysterious.

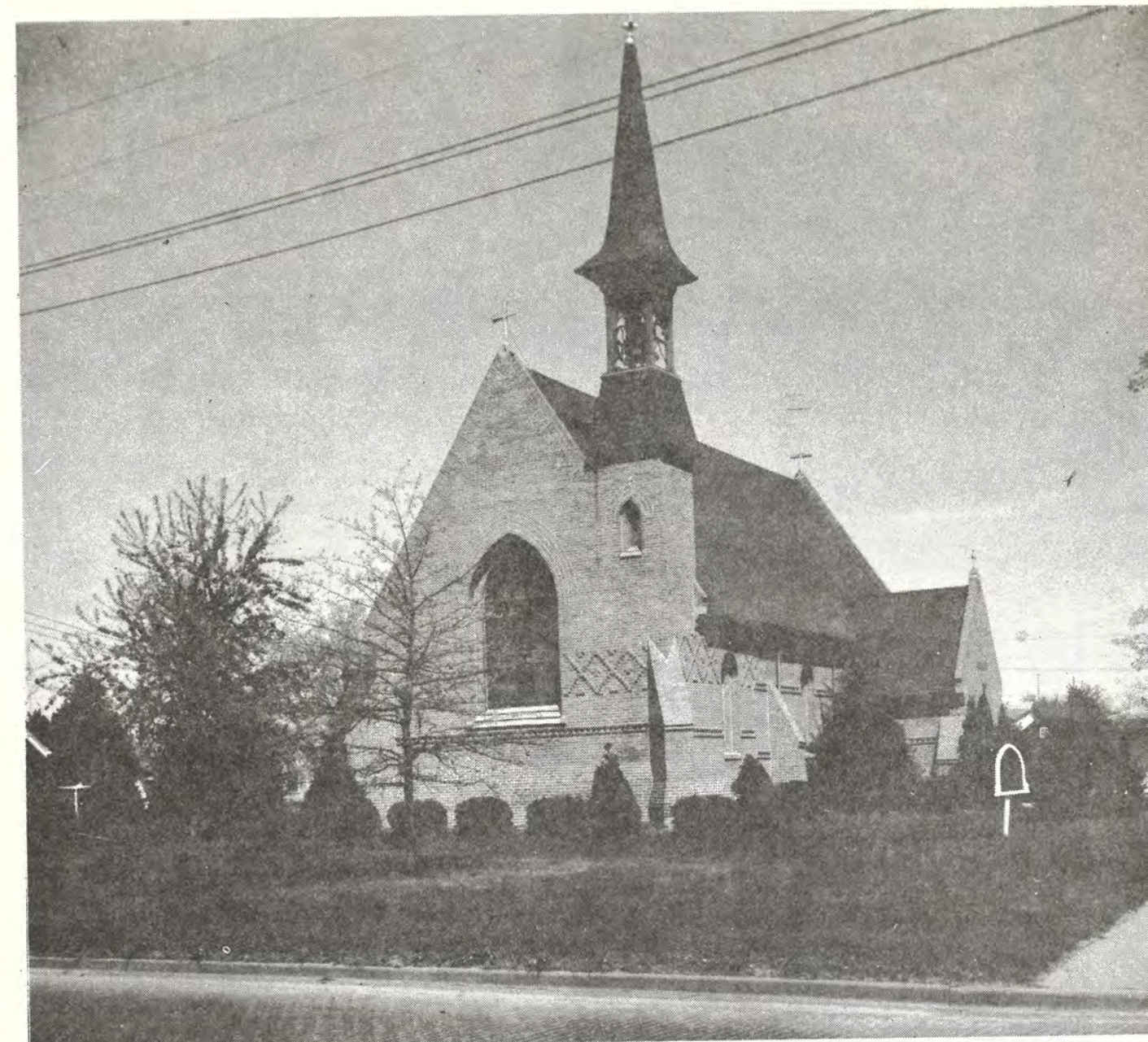
The Ecclesiologists, who of course were Anglican and in America Episcopalian, recommended the English Gothic parish church as the model for nineteenth century parish churches. Was it any wonder, then, that when in 1860 the Lewistown Episcopalians received permission from the Chicago Diocese to form a parish, that S. Corning Judd went east in search of suitable plans? Judd's travels took him to Philadelphia where the Rev. Henry J. Morton sent him to the architect son of Episcopal Bishop Alonzo Potter.

Judd's return to Lewistown is recorded in C. R. Larabee's parish journal:

Monday, July 8, 1861. And now, the Rev. Caleb A. Bruce, having shown to this body the plan and

INTERIOR, looking due east, shows rear of church, high vaulted ceiling and Gothic motif in windows and doors.

MAIN ENTRY on south side of structure is somewhat overshadowed by planting. Note the fine design in the brickwork.



ST. JAMES, looking from southwest to northwest, shows overall view of church and lot. The tasteful design has stood the test of years, having been constructed in 1865. Thomas G. Yanul photo.

specifications for a church edifice for St. James parish, as drawn by E. T. Potter, of 1133 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., and presented to the parish by the Rev. Dr. Morton of that city, the plans being numbered in sheet from one to twenty-one inclusive . . . are approved by this body in every way and particular. On the motion of S. C. Judd, a committee was appointed to draft a resolution expressive of the thanks of this body to the Rev. Dr. Morton of Philadelphia . . . for his magnificent donation . . . of plans and full specifications for a church edifice.

Even though Rev. Morton had thus paid Potter's fee for designing the

church, there remained the large matter of paying for the building, so on June 22, 1862, Judd was off "to Chicago and New York" to raise funds.

Considering that there was a war on at the time, Judd was very successful. Of the \$8,000 it would cost to build the church, only \$2,000 had been raised locally, with the rest subscribed in Chicago and the East. The cornerstone of St. James was laid Aug. 25, 1863, and the church was finished and occupied in April 1865. S. Corning Judd, who had been so largely responsible for the church, remained in Lewistown to wor-

ship there only until 1873, for in that year he was called to the mother church, St. James in Chicago (still standing), where he became a diocesan executive.

Thus it is that at Lewistown, Illinois, there stands a transplanted English Gothic parish church that is a model of Ecclesiological architectural principles. The side entrance, typical of the small medieval parish churches of England, opens through a vestibule into the south side of the nave. The interior is a restrained, yet elegant, combination of dark-stained wood, red brick door and window frames, and white plaster walls.



VIEW FROM northeast shows east end and south wall. Thomas G. Yanul photo.

FROM northwest, this photograph shows east end and south wall. Thomas G. Yanul photo.



The latter originally would have been at least an off-white so as not to contrast as strongly as the walls do today with the darker tones of brick and wood. The walls would also probably have been stenciled as the church records mention a Chicago artisan who was employed for painting and gilding the interior.

In plan the church achieves Ecclesiastical purity only by Potter's ingenuity. As it would probably have been too expensive to build a true chancel, the sanctuary is reduced in width by elaborately carved wooden partitions on either side

of the altar. These form small rooms perhaps originally serving as vestry and treasury. Above them the idea of a chancel wall is suggested in the painted timber arch that springs from wooden columns. The open wooden-truss ceiling, Gothic wainscot, brass chancel rail, stained glass and other interior details form an impressive ensemble.

The exterior brickwork is also a visual delight. Not only does it now have a soft mottled reddish patina, but it also engages one's attention by its textural patterns. Although at first the surfaces may

seem severe to the point of monotony, the attentive observer soon discovers sawtooth patterns along sloping edges of gables and buttresses, horizontal string courses of projecting bricks, corbelled brickwork at the base of the walls, and diamond-shaped patterns.

These walls are not, however, without their faults, which is perhaps not unexpected as the architect was unable to supervise construction. The result is painfully evident on the south (entrance) side where the horizontal moldings (stringcourses) do not line up at the first buttress and the diamond-shaped patterning comes to an abrupt halt. It is almost as if the church had been built from each end and did not quite meet in the middle. My preference is for the double stringcourses with the upper one eliminated on the ends as can be seen in a view of the eastern end of the church.

But this defect is hardly noticed until pointed out and has the positive effect of giving something of a provincial air—and Lewistown was certainly provincial in 1865—to this otherwise sophisticated eastern-style church. The diminutive tower with its open Gothic belfry is marvelously proportioned and sensitively related to the body of the church. The simple lancet windows of the east side produce an equally fine effect.

If you should happen to visit the church, please dear reader ask the warden to rescue his church from the overly aggressive plantings. All that a beautiful church like St. James should ever have along its foundations are flowerbeds or a lawn.



ERNE

ROBERT H. MOHLENBROCK
Southern Illinois University

JOHN RICHARDSON FREDDA J. BURTON
Photographs Illustrations



CLYFFE

STATE PARK

A SHORT DISTANCE south of Goreville, in extreme southern Illinois, are 1,073 acres of magnificent scenery set aside as Ferne Clyffe State Park. One of three state parks nestled in the Shawnee Hills section of southern Illinois, Ferne Clyffe is a mecca of sandstone canyons, fern-laden cliffs, numerous shelter bluffs, a small fishing lake, and a fine cliff-top campground.

The natural features of the park abound everywhere. Plant life is particularly significant. One area in the park has so many unusual plants that it has been designated an Illinois Nature Preserve. Another area is so delicate that a nearby picnic ground and campground have been relocated to prevent overuse of the area.

The topographic features of the park center around massive sandstone cliffs and intervening valleys. The bluffs are composed of Pennsylvania sandstone which dates back 250 million years. An isolated monolith of sandstone, called Round Bluff, rises behind the fishing lake and is a conspicuous feature in the park. Named because of its nearly circular shape, Round Bluff rises in places over one hundred feet above the valley floor. The arid south side of the bluff, which supports cacti and other succulents, is in direct contrast with the moist, fern-bearing cliffs of the north side.

Waterfalls, box canyons, and shelter bluffs ranging in size up to gigantic Hawks Cave are sprinkled throughout

the park. Areas of peculiar honeycombed rocks show well the results of uneven erosion.

For many years the region was privately owned by Miss Emma Rebman, a resident of Goreville and superintendent of schools. Called Rebman Park, the area was a popular site for picnicking and hiking by inhabitants of the area.

During these early years, many of the natural features gained popular names such as Tecumseh Springs, Pocahontas

Spring, Devil's Stairway, Castle Rock, Alligator Cave, Mohawk Spring, and Pyramid Rock.

The State of Illinois acquired the property in 1949 by purchasing the tract from the Greater Egypt Association, which held the property under a deed in trust from Miss Rebman. Originally composed of about 75 acres, the park has grown in size to 1,073 acres. One of the more recent acquisitions is a wild area in the southern part of the park known as Happy Hollow. There are virtually no trails in the Happy Hollow section of the park which is made up of densely forested ridges, valleys, and bluffs.

ANIMAL LIFE IN THE PARK

Typical of most of the Shawnee Hills section of Illinois, Ferne Clyffe has a diversity of animals within its boundaries.

A particularly interesting group is the salamanders. Salamanders are amphibians and usually spend their adult life on land after being aquatic in their larval stage. Most visitors to the park will not see any salamanders since they are primarily nocturnal, spending their day under logs and rocks. Salamanders are completely harmless to man. Their diet consists mostly of invertebrate animals.

The salamanders at Ferne Clyffe are mostly less than six inches long from tip to tip, although the eastern tiger sala-

FERNE CLYFFE AT A GLANCE

Address: Goreville, Illinois.

Area: 1,073 acres.

Major Attractions: Sandstone gorges and canyons; fern-laden cliffs; huge shelter bluffs; an 18-acre fishing lake.

How to Reach the Park: I-57 to Goreville Exit, east on blacktop four miles to Goreville, south on Route 37 about one mile to park entrance.

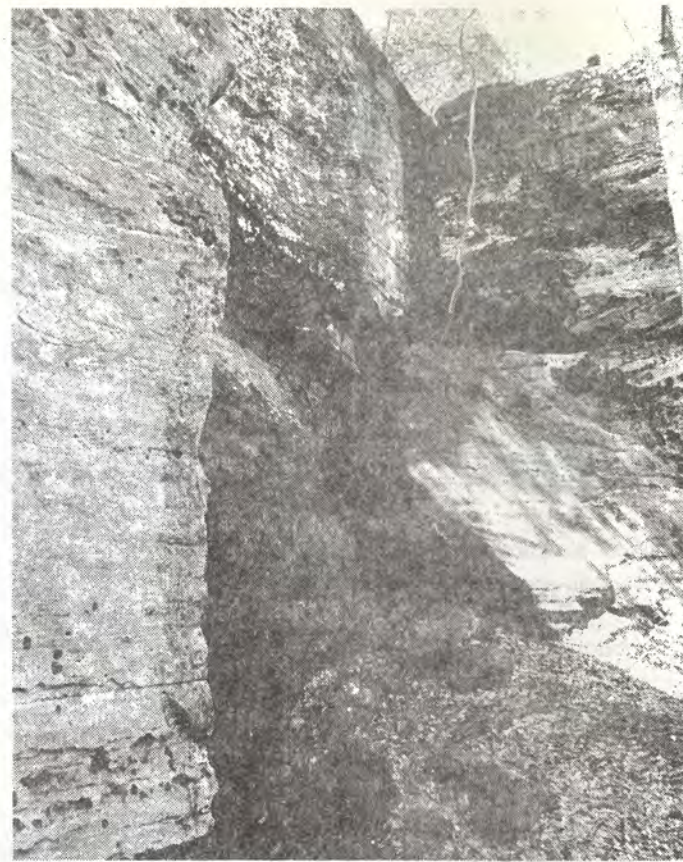
Accommodations: Campgrounds.

Activities: Camping, picnicking, hiking, fishing, scenic drive.

Services: Playground equipment, picnic tables, rest rooms, outdoor grills, picnic shelters.



SOME OF THE many varieties of ferns for which the park is named can be seen in this picture. Earlier visitors found the park had many more ferns than at present.



MASSIVE SANDSTONE cliffs found at Ferne Clyffe State Park offer a diversity of textures and patterns.

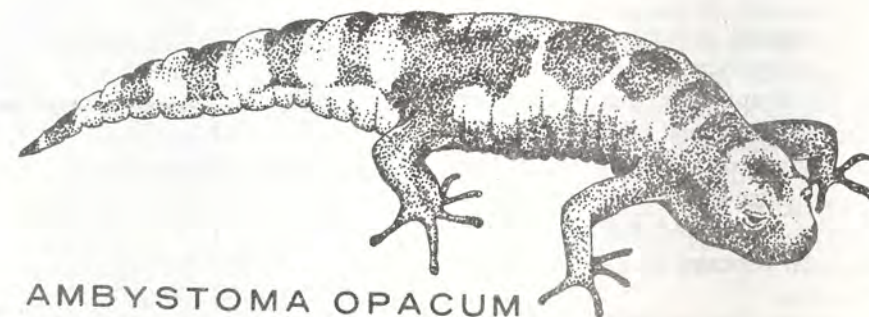
mander, which is blue-black with irregular yellow blotches, is usually somewhat larger.

An especially attractive animal is the spotted salamander, which is blue-black to slate-colored with two rows of rather large, usually yellowish, rounded spots.

Reptiles in the park are represented by about a half-dozen kinds of turtles, three kinds of skinks and the northern fence lizard, and about twenty kinds of snakes. Of these, only the copperhead, which occurs in fair numbers, and the timber rattlesnake, which is rare, are poisonous.

Most of the turtles are found along streams and in the vicinity of the fishing lake. The snakes, for the most part, are woodland inhabitants, except for the water snakes. The northern fence lizard darts from scrub oak tree to scrub oak tree on the dry cliff tops, and the skinks are sometimes found here too.

Birds are plentiful in the park. Every day during the summer, red-tailed and Cooper's hawks can be seen soaring gracefully over the landscape. The distinctive call of the wood thrush rever-

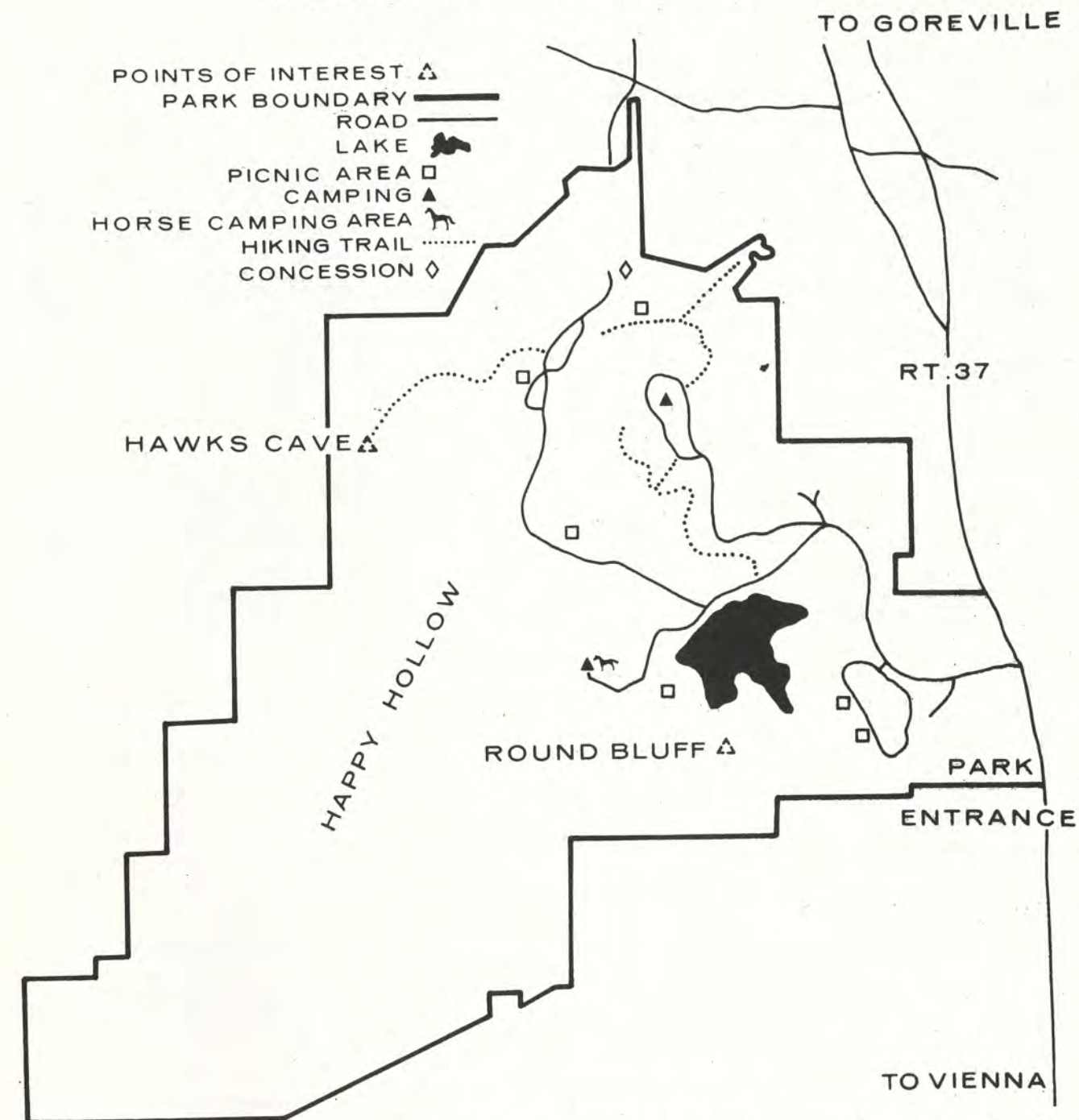


AMBYSTOMA OPACUM
(MARBLED SALAMANDER)



EURYCEA LONGICAUDA
(GREEN SALAMANDER)

FERNE CLYFFE STATE PARK



berates through the forested ravines, and the hollowed sounds of the yellow-billed cuckoo break a summer morning's silence.

Large pileated woodpeckers and their relatives, the red-headed and red-bellied woodpeckers, are in constant search of morsels as they scale trunk after trunk.

Although there are several kinds of mammals in the park, many of them remain well hidden to the park visitor.

The white-tailed deer is occasionally seen, particularly in early morning or at dusk. Sometimes observed in the woods, particularly in the Hawks Cave and Happy Hollow areas, are the eastern chipmunk and the gray-furred fox squirrel. Evidence of the fox squirrel can be detected in the winter when the large leaf nests can be seen high in the trees. On the ground beneath these nest-bearing trees is the litter from acorn and hickory nut shells.

Common, also, are raccoons, opossums, skunks, woodchucks, and a variety of smaller animals such as the white-footed mouse and the pine vole.

A variety of habitats contributes to

PLANT LIFE IN THE PARK

Botanists have written much about the varied plant life of Ferne Clyffe State Park, and for good reason. For here, in 1,073 acres, have been found more than seven hundred different kinds of flowering plants, about twenty-five per cent of the total number in Illinois. Some of these are extremely rare and unusual for Illinois. Such plants as the tiny bartonia are known from no other place in the state, while hay-scented fern has been found in only two other places.



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the abundance of the species. The flora of the ravine woods is different from that of the slopes, which in turn is different from the plants of the hilltops. Then the cliffs have their own assemblage of plants, with the species growing on the dry, exposed south faces totally different from those of the moist, shaded north faces. Add to this the aquatic or semi-aquatic plants of the lake and the streams, along with the plants of the roadsides, and the species list is a lengthy one.

The ravine woods have the greatest numbers of species. Many woody plants grow here, with beech, sugar maple, and tulip poplar generally of largest stature. Beneath them throughout most of the ravines is a rich layer of shrubs and small trees. Flowering dogwood, redbud, pawpaw, spicebush, and bladdernut are very common. There are wildflowers galore, particularly during the last two weeks of April and the first two weeks of May. It is during this time that the wild phlox, the true and the false solomon's seal, the golden bellwort, the red and white trilliums, and a myriad other beauties dominate the scene. There have been wildflowers blooming in the protected ravines since late February, when the delicate harbinger-of-spring emerges leafless from among the humus with its tiny black and white flowers. Bloodroot and hepatica have also blossomed by the end of March as a prelude to the symphony of flowers which will follow in April.

By late May the number of flowering plants has begun to dwindle, and in June most of them are gone. Only an occasional woodland spiderwort or a yellow loosestrife or an enchanter's nightshade blooms during the summer months. Those species which bloomed earlier already have formed their fruits, matured their seeds, and have withered and are no longer visible by mid-July, if they are annuals. The perennials, with a need to manufacture and store food for the future, usually exhibit luxurious leaf growth. The result is that the ravine woods during the summer months become jungle-like in appearance.

Autumn in the ravines is scarcely more productive than the summer for flowering species. A broad-leaved goldenrod and two or three kinds of woodland asters bloom in August and Sep-

tember, and most of these continue in bloom until an October frost. But there is little else in bloom.

The vegetation of the wooded slopes has its own story to tell. The higher elevation is less suitable for the growth of beech and sugar maple, but ideal for red oak, black oak, white oak, shagbark hickory, and pignut hickory. Little is in bloom on the slopes while the ravine woods are presenting their prettiest display, but by mid-May there is an awakening of flower buds. The attractive monarda, or bee balm, of the mint family opens its large head of purple flowers, while the pale lavender blossoms of the penstemon brighten the forest floor. There is a wide array of colors, from the yellow of the cinquefoils to the purple of the cleft-leaved violet. One of the most abundant plants in the park is the shooting star, whose stalk of flowers rises from the center of a cluster of long, elliptical leaves. Each flower has five white or pinkish petals projecting backward, with a darker-colored cone of other floral parts pointing forward. This is truly an unusual work of nature.

During summer and autumn, the slope woods are filled with rough-leaved sunflower, wild bergamot, elm-leaved goldenrod, heart-leaved skull-cap, and many other attractive flowering plants.

With more exposure to the sun, the bluffs are home to plants with a greater tolerance for dry, hot conditions. Lack of moisture causes many of the plants to be dwarfed. Blackjack oak, post oak, winged elm, and red cedar dominate the crests of the ridges, with the glossy-leaved farkleberry the major shrub. The farkleberry is actually a blueberry but, unlike its relative, the low-bush blueberry, the fruits of the farkleberry are bitter and enjoyed only by birds.

The driest bluffs are home to a few

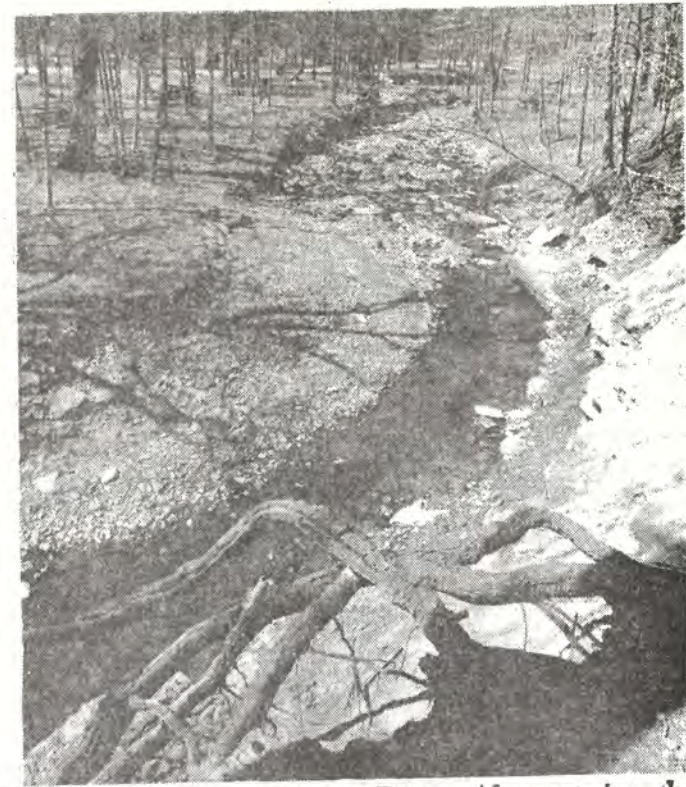


WILD GINGER

OUTDOOR ILLINOIS



YOUNG CEDARS maintain a purchase atop cliffs overlooking the hollow which houses the park.



MEANDERING RIVULET near concession stand in the park can at times be a fast-flowing torrent.

MOTOR DRIVE. After entering the park off of Route 37, the main park road descends sharply through a woodland

southern Illinois succulents. The prickly pear cactus, with its spiny, flattened pads, produces waxy yellow flowers in late May and early June, followed by a sweet fruit in late autumn. The Illinois agave, related to the century plants of the west, has a cluster of leathery, mottled, pointed leaves at the base from which a 3-4 foot long stalk bearing greenish-yellow flowers is produced in June and July. A third succulent on the bluff is the charming flower-of-an-hour. Growing only about four inches tall, and with fleshy, cylindrical leaves, each rose-colored flower lasts for only an hour or two before it withers.

It is only proper to discuss the ferns of Ferne Clyffe, even though they are much less plentiful today than they were in bygone days. At one time great masses of ferns hung from crevices in the box canyon, but these have been badly decimated through the years.

Today there are twenty-five different kinds of ferns in the park, ranging from the exceedingly rare hay-scented fern to the common rattlesnake, fragile, and maidenhair ferns.

WHAT TO SEE AND DO

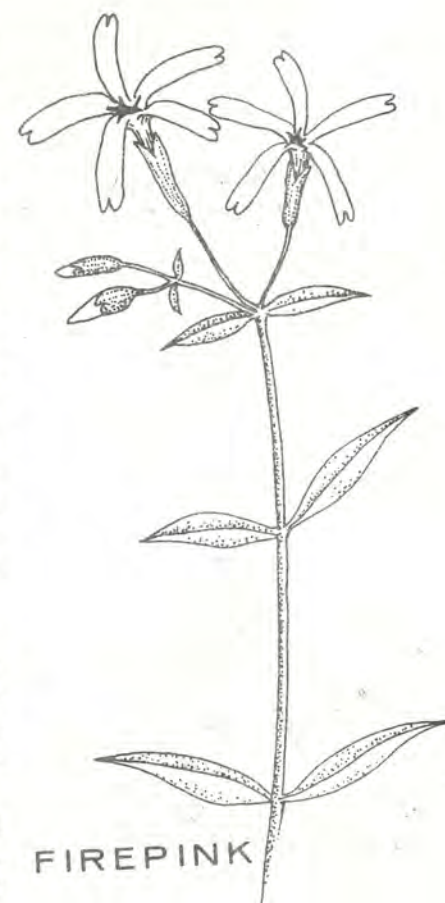
FISHING. An eighteen acre lake nestled at the foot of Round Bluff provides

enjoyment for the angler. The lake, built in 1960, is stocked with largemouth bass and bluegill. Boats are not permitted on the lake, which has a maximum depth of 21 feet.

CAMPING. A large campground is located on top of a high bluff between the box canyon and the fishing lake. Because of its location, the campground is only a short hiking distance from each of these attractions. Each campsite is provided with an electrical hook-up. A modern shower and rest room facility is adjacent to the campground. During the summer, park naturalists give classes in weaving, candlemaking, and basket-making. A variety of activities, from movies to watermelon feasts to hayrides, is available on summer weekend evenings at the campground.

PICNICKING. Picnic tables are scattered throughout the park. Fireplaces or outdoor grills are available near most picnic tables. A large group picnic shelter overlooks the lake near the northwestern foot of Round Bluff.

PLAYGROUND EQUIPMENT. Several areas in the park, including the campground, are provided with a variety of playground equipment.



FIREPINK

past the fishing lake. Beautiful vistas can be found on either side of the road as it winds through the valley. To the south, Round Bluff looms above the fishing lake. Farther along, Happy Hollow can be viewed to the south. A long range of sandstone cliffs can be seen off

in the distance to the north. An interesting side-trip can be taken to the south side of Round Bluff by taking the gravel road which leads south from the black-top just west of the fishing lake. The turn-around at the end of the gravel road provides a good place to park and

climb the dry, exposed sandstone southern end of Round Bluff.

HIKING. There are many places to hike in Ferne Clyffe State Park, but three well-marked trails are recommended. Each of these trails, less than a mile in length, is described in detail below.

TRAIL TO HAWKS CAVE

Hawks Cave is one of the most marvelous sandstone shelter bluffs in all of Illinois. Leading to it, over a distance of about one-half mile, is a rather easy, scenic trail. Those wishing to hike to

Hawks Cave will find the beginning of it a short distance southwest of the rustic concession stand. A sign points the way.

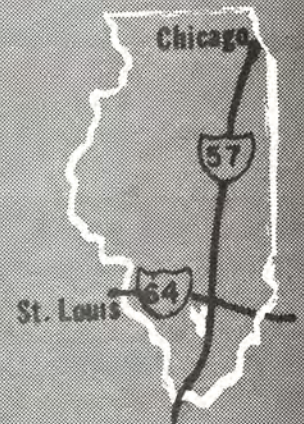
After passing the sign, the trail dips down to cross a narrow, rocky stream. A large shagbark hickory stands along

the left hand side of the trail near the creek. Readily distinguished by its bark which peels off in long, gray strips, the shagbark has each of its leaves divided into five large, toothed segments, or leaflets. In early spring, as the unfolding of its leaves occurs, the large buds peel



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MARCH, 1975

back their waxy golden and russet scales. From a distance, the shagbark appears to be in full bloom. By autumn, large, spherical nuts begin to mature. Within the thickish, four-parted husk is a pale tan nut, and within this very hard-shelled nut is the sweet, delicious nutmeat of the shagbark hickory. Squirrels and other four-legged animals compete with man for these tasty morsels.

Beyond the creek the trail moves gradually upslope, past a row of young sugar maples on the right. The sugar maple is a dominant tree of forested valleys. Its deep green leaves of summer give no hint of the vivid display of colors to be evident in October — colors ranging from clear yellow through orange. These maples are the same trees which can be tapped when sufficiently old enough for maple syrup.

As the trail enters the woods, it is evident from the absence of large, stately trees that this part of the forest had been timbered several years ago. Sassafras, flowering dogwood, and hop hornbeam, all trees generally of rather small stature, are seemingly overcrowded across the forest. An occasional oak or hickory stands conspicuously above them.

As the trail makes a sharp right-angle turn, several larger trees come into



RED OAK

view. A good-sized pignut hickory and a white oak are adjacent to the trail on the left, while a large, typical shagbark hickory is on the right.

The pignut hickory is distinguished from the shagbark by its smaller leaflets and its non-shaggy bark. Both trees usually have five leaflets per leaf. Although the nut of the pignut is tasty, its small size usually discourages its use.

The white oak is the most frequently encountered oak on the Hawks Cave Trail, although both red and black oak occur sporadically. The divisions of the white oak leaf are broadly rounded, while those of the red and black taper to bristle-pointed tips.

A service trail branches to the left, but the main trail to Hawks Cave continues straight ahead. After a short distance, a low sandstone ridge parallels the trail on the right. This low cliff is destined to become much higher as Hawks Cave is approached.

The trail next passes beneath an overhang in which forces of erosion have carved out hollows in the sandstone. The jutting sandstone cliff above has provided protection for man and beast for centuries. Indians undoubtedly made great use of overhangs like these, and some of today's campers do likewise. Many an animal has taken shelter beneath the overhanging cliff.

I fear many travelers along the trail to Hawks Cave stop at this first overhang, believing they have reached their destination. But this overhang is miniscule compared to Hawks Cave which is still a few hundred feet ahead.

Not enough can be said of the awesome grandeur of Hawks Cave. The overhang is like a giant amphitheatre carved from gray sandstone. From side to side across the front, the cave measures 300 feet. The height of the opening at its center is 50 feet, while the distance to the base of the sloping inner wall is 35 feet. Acoustics are excellent, and programs of various kinds were

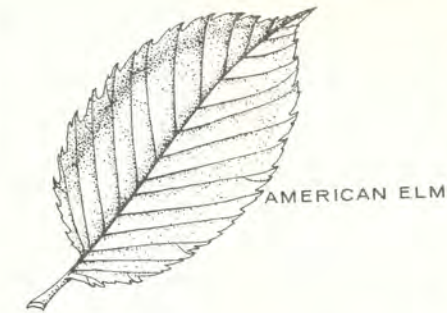
presented from here in the past. Standing in the amphitheatre and looking east across the forested valley, one sees a large, smooth-trunked beech near the left-hand edge of the overhang. This tree is balanced by a similar-sized pignut hickory on the right-hand side. Even larger is a huge white oak just to the left of center. A tangle of spiny cat-briers forms a nearly impenetrable facade across the front of the overhang.

Numerous boulders have fallen into the dry, powdery dirt at the broad mouth of Hawks Cave. Small, inch-deep funnel-like depressions with inwardly sloping sides are frequent in this powdery soil. At the bottom of this miniature pit is an ant-lion in hiding, waiting for an unwary ant to fall into the trap for lunch. The ant-lion is actually the larva of an insect.

Hawks Cave stands among the greatest of the sandstone overhangs in southern Illinois. The short trail which leads to it, one-half mile each way, is worth the effort.

TRAIL TO WATERFALLS

One of the best known features of the park, and the feature which gives the park its name, is a beautiful box canyon laden with pendulous fern fronds. After a rain, sparkling water cas-



AMERICAN ELM

cade over a segment of the cliff's rim and white-splashes to the rocks sixty feet below. The box canyon may be reached via a scenic trail which begins opposite campsite number 23 or via a flat trail from the park concession stand. Both trails join for the last 150 yards to the canyon.

Leaving the campground, the trail proceeds for twenty-five yards through a disturbed grassy area before coming to a wooded slope. From here the trail descends gradually as it passes beneath black locusts, persimmons, shagbark hickories, winged elms, redbuds, sugar maples, and white oaks. Virginia creeper, with its five-parted leaves, grows abundantly along either side of the trail.

In another hundred yards, rocky outcroppings come into view along the

right-hand side of the trail. A small fissure in the rock, transporting water after a rainfall, widens with each foot of descent. A narrow gorge develops in the rock face, permitting the flow of runoff water to plummet suddenly to a rocky basin in the ravine below.

The trail skirts around the left side of this crevasse, crosses a rocky exposure (caution, slippery when moist), and then continues toward the ravine. By now, a bank of sandstone cliffs has developed on the left, becoming higher with each descending foot of the trail. Small overhangs are common, and several of them have the rare and showy French's shooting star growing beneath the shelter bluff.

This shooting star, differing from the common shooting star essentially only by its leaf shape, is confined to the base of overhanging cliffs across southern Illinois and at single locations in Arkansas and Kentucky. It was named for its discoverer, George Hazen French, the first biologist at old Southern Illinois Normal University, who found this species for the first time in the Giant City area in 1873.

The trail has now become extremely scenic. Overtopping it are good-sized beeches, sugar maples, and tulip poplars.

NARROW CREVICE gradually deepens between the blocks of sandstone.



FROM BENEATH the overhang at Hawks' Cave the outlook is bright before summer foliage closes in.



ERRATIC BOULDER on forest floor was once attached to nearby sandstone bluff.



FISHING LAKE at the park is seen from scenic trail near the campground.





RED CEDAR survives with little sustenance at top of picturesque lichen-laden cliff.



GIGANTIC SANDSTONE cliffs are the major geological feature in the park, which was given to the state by a school superintendent.

Moist, moss-draped sandstone boulders of all sizes, having broken away in ages past from the surrounding eighty-foot cliffs, are strewn across the forest floor. In April and May, this area teems with wildflowers — wild geranium, red trillium, jack-in-the-pulpit, wild ginger, bloodroot, dutchman's breeches, trout lily, and dozens of other kinds. Spicebushes and bladdernuts form an attrac-

tive layer between the herbs beneath and the trees overhead.

In the ravine, the trail crosses a rocky stream and intersects with the lowland waterfall trail from the concession stand. Now both trails become one on their way to the box canyon of ferns and waterfalls.

Near the junction of these two trails, smooth-barked trees with sinewy ridges

appear on either side of the trail. One of the largest of its kind in Illinois is immediately to the left of the trail. These are blue beeches, or musclewood trees. The latter name is particularly appropriate because of the muscular appearance of the trunk. The hardness of the wood gives this plant still another common name — ironwood — but this name is confusing because of the occurrence of other ironwoods in the state.

All the way to the box canyon, the trail parallels the creek, shaded by white ash, sugar maple, and redbud. Clusters of pawpaw trees are here and there. In April, the leafless branches of the pawpaw bear strange, inch-long maroon flowers. By late summer, long after the leaves have matured to their nearly foot long length, the golden-fruited pawpaws ripen. The sweet mellow flesh of the fruits provides a tasty treat for raccoons, as well as man.

Summertime brings another interesting plant into prominence along the stream bank. The orange-flowered touch-me-not grows in dense, three-foot tall stands. Each part of the plant is fascinating. The stems are translucent and it is sometimes possible to see through



SPICE BUSH



SUGAR MAPLE

them. The flowers have a small curled spur at their back, reminiscent of the tail of a pub dog. But it is the fruit which attracts the most attention. By the last week in July, green, spindle-shaped, tightly inflated capsules about an inch long appear. Each of these capsules contains from two to five seeds. When these seeds are mature and ready for dissemination, the slightest movement or touch will cause the capsule to explode and catapult the seeds up to twelve feet away.

High cliffs to the right and high cliffs to the left converge on the trail to form a lovely box canyon at the end of the ravine. Closed in on three sides by eighty foot cliffs, and sheltered by American elms, sugar maples, white ashes, and musclewood trees, the canyon is deeply shaded, even during the brightest summer days. Following a rain, water rushes over the cliff at the far end of the canyon, forming a picturesque waterfall. Long-fronded ferns hang precariously from crevices in the sandstone walls. Those who have visited this fern canyon two or more decades ago can recall perhaps three or four times as many of these graceful plants then than now. Human destruction, partly related to the campground and large picnic area near the canyon until a few years ago, caused much of the demise of the ferns. The State Department of Conservation, in response to conservationists' pleas, developed a new campground and picnic

areas and blocked off the road access which used to lead toward the canyon.

The Waterfalls Trail from the campground to the box canyon is just short of one mile. From the concession stand, the trail to the box canyon is slightly shorter and traverses flat terrain.

SCENIC TRAIL

(From Campground to Lake Overlook)

Shortly after the entrance to the campground at Ferne Clyffe is a small marker along the left side of the blacktop road which says Scenic Trail and Trail to Lake. For a short way, a single trail serves as the route for both.

Passing through a once highly disturbed area, the beginning of the trail is now heavily shaded by a dense growth of vegetation. The plants grow so close together that they comprise a thicket of blackberries, pokeweed, black locust, red cedar, persimmon, winged elm, and slippery elm. Many of the species, all common in southern Illinois, have provided local inhabitants with various necessities and luxuries.

Wild blackberries have been gathered for food for centuries. Plump, deep purple berries, ripening during early and mid-July, provide temptations difficult to turn away as you hike.

Persimmon likewise has edible fruits. The orange, spherical morsels, with a distinctive flavor, ripen in October and can be eaten raw or as a major ingredi-

ent in puddings and pies. Persimmon trees in southern Illinois rarely exceed thirty feet in height. They have rather large, toothless, alternately arranged leaves.

Pokeweed has different kinds of virtues. The plant is recognized by its elongated stalk of small white flowers in mid-July which are followed by small, spherical, purple berries. Non-woody but robust stems, sometimes reaching ten feet tall and either purple or purple-tinged, bear several thin, pointed, toothless leaves.

The new shoots of the pokeweed, while they are still less than one foot tall, can be gathered and prepared much the way you would prepare asparagus. Care should be taken not to gather the roots or the mature stems of the pokeweed since both of these are poisonous. Purple juice from the berries has been used as food coloring and as ink.

Slippery elm has long been chewed and spat by southern Illinoisans since the time of settlement. Small chunks of the inner bark, when chewed for only a few minutes, become exceedingly slick and produce a distinctive taste. Slippery elm lozenges, made from slippery elm powder, is sold commercially as a throat lubricant. The slippery elm is a large-leaved elm with very asymmetrical leaf bases. Ironically the slippery elm is best recognized by its sandpaper-rough upper leaf surfaces.

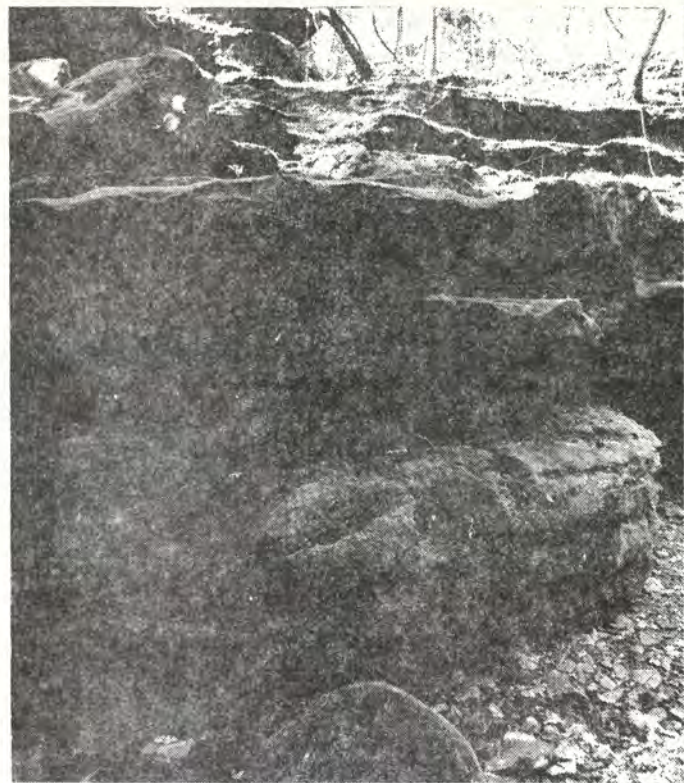
Red cedar is known for its richly scented, red wood used in the manufacture of cedar chests and other similar items. This species, which shows a wide tolerance of environmental conditions from dry, exposed bluff-tops to old fields to wooded slopes, produces bluish "berries" which are eagerly sought by birds.

After emerging from the grove of black locusts and slippery elms, the trail immediately comes to the cliff edge. At this point the trail divides, with the left branch leading to the lake below the bluff and the right branch continuing along the rim of the cliff. Following along the rim and looking southeastward, one sees Round Bluff looming above the lake. This view ranks among the finest in the state.

The rim trail leads for a considerable distance, never straying more than a few feet from the edge, but never

CAMPGROUND atop high-standing knob with wide-ranging views is deceptive in this photograph.





GIANT STAIRSTEPS border one of the park's scenic streams. The park attracted many visitors before it became public.

ting close enough to make hiking dangerous.

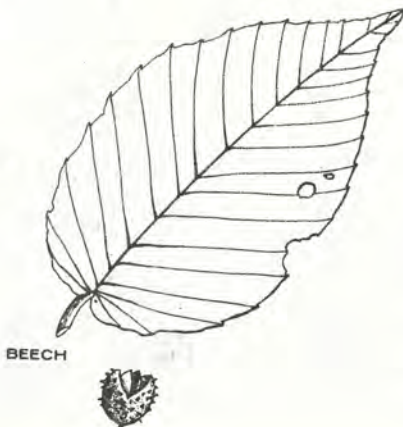
The area is typical of exposed sandstone cliffs across the Shawneetown Ridge of southern Illinois. Moisture is scarce and is a major factor in limiting the size of the trees. Blackjack oaks and post oaks betray their rather youthful age by their gnarled, twisted appearances. Both oaks have thick, leathery, glossy leaves. The leaves of the blackjack oak have shallow lobes which are bristle-tipped, while the leaves of the post oak have deeper lobes which are rounded at the tip. In addition, black-

jack oak has dark bark while post oak has light bark. Associated with these scrub oaks are red cedars and winged elms. Examine the branchlets of the winged elm and note the flat wings of cork which develop along the sides of some of the branchlets. When an occasional winged elm has all of its twigs heavily winged, it presents a most grotesque appearance.

Much of the sandstone of the cliff's rim is seemingly barren. Close examination will reveal, instead, that the rock is often covered with a variety of black, gray, white, brown, or greenish crust.



BLACK WILLOW



BEECH



WHITE OAK

Most of this crust is living matter known as lichens. Strangely enough, a lichen is a combination of two kinds of plants—a greenish alga and a non-green fungus, living together and providing necessities which are important for the survival of each. To many, lichens probably look alike, but microscopic observation of them by a specialist will reveal many, many different kinds present on bluffs like the ones at Ferne Clyffe.

Careful observation of the lichen-covered rocks might reveal a gray-blotched grasshopper whose coloration has been developed to mimic perfectly the lichens over which it hops. This protective coloration serves to conceal the grasshopper from its predators.

Scurrying across the cliffs and up the far side of the tree trunks are the fence lizard and the more colorful blue-tailed skink. These reptiles are adapted to survive the blistering dry heat of the bluff-tops.

This hot, dry condition is further realized when prickly pear cactus and the semi-succulent Illinois agave are found beneath the scrub oaks.

If the rim trail is hiked during the summer months, care should be taken not to become overheated through over-exertion since temperatures are often well in excess of 100° by mid-afternoon.



The Shrews of Illinois

Written and Illustrated by . . .
RAYMOND CHARLES ZOANETTI

WOULD YOU believe an animal whose voracious appetite and runaway metabolism required that it consume its own weight in food every 24 hours? Further, that the tips of its primitive but numerous teeth are red and that it is capable of killing an animal of more than twice its own weight? And lastly, that this animal's saliva contains a neurotoxic poison?

Sound like something from the pen of Edgar Allen Poe? Well, not quite. It is probable that even if you live on a small suburban lot in Illinois one of these creatures may be stirring in your garden right now, as you read these words.

This seemingly impossible animal, or to be more correct, mammal, is familiar, to some degree at least, to biologists but almost unknown to the layman. The animal is none other than the often misunderstood shrew.

In general, shrews belong to the group of mammals known as the *Insectivores*, or insect eaters. They are among the most primitive of mammals, dating back to the late Cretaceous Period (70 million years) and are considered by paleontologists to be the base of further mammalian evolution. Indeed, many of the primitive primates show characteristics in common with the shrews.

In Illinois, we have five species of shrews covering all parts of the state. Each requires a specific type of habitat but because of its small size, its territory is correspondingly small. Their ecology is of great interest and benefit to man and his economy. Although capable of overcoming adult mice, their usual prey consists of insects, larvae and worms with occasional feasts on nests of newborn mice.

In the valuable timberlands of the northeast, shrews are considered to be of great assistance to foresters in controlling larch sawflies, a serious threat to lumber production.

Even in areas of little value in timber production, shrews play an important part in regional ecology. They constitute, along with a host of rodents, the broad energy

Short-tailed shrew with skull showing details of teeth.

base that sustains upper levels of energy consumption. In other words, for a balanced population of meat-eaters to exist in any area, there must be as a food supply, a varied and reliable quantity of plant-eaters. Shrews, although technically meat-eaters, frequently end up in the stomach of larger meat-eaters.

SHORT-TAILED SHREW

Let's start our survey of the shrews of Illinois by looking at the most common of them, the short-tailed shrew, *Blarina brevicauda*. This active, three to four-inch, slate-colored dynamo is found from Chicago to Cairo in one of two forms which are strikingly different even to the layman.

The form inhabiting the northern portions of the state is considerably larger than the one found in southern Illinois. The southern form is known as the Carolina Short-tailed Shrew; known to the naturalist as *Blarina brevicauda carolinensis*. It is quite small but of the same dark slate color and only slightly lighter underneath. One fall specimen I measured was exactly three inches from tip of nose to tip of tail (76 mm.) and had a tail length of 11/16ths of an inch (17.5 mm.).

The Carolina short-tailed shrew is an inhabitant of mature forests. In southern Illinois it is found for the most part in climax second-growth oak-hickory forests, although I have noticed that it is likewise very common along woodland edge. In New York I have found it, however, to be present in old field-shrub stages. One Illinois researcher found it to be almost the sole mammal inhabitant on the top of limestone and sandstone bluffs in the bluff-top communities of southern Illinois.

The population dynamics and reproductive biology of *Blarina* is of special interest and appears fairly characteristic of shrews in general. Most researchers agree that this species breeds in spring, from April to probably June and the five to eight young are mature in two to three months. From their grass-lined nests in burrows and logs the young seek out new territories after weaning and set up nests and seek mates the following spring. The shrew's fast-paced metabolism makes him an old man by 13 months. Very few shrews are found that reach the age of 19 months and those that are have almost no teeth left, as they wear down with age.

Shrews are usually considered to be difficult to maintain in captivity but the short-tailed is the easiest if it is allowed plenty of room and even more food. One I kept in captivity for three months in a terrarium with natural vegetation constantly dug tunnels and finally built a nest under a stone. It ate anything given to it: hamburger, grubs, spiders and crickets. To catch the latter it had to try to chase it, and jump. However, this is difficult for a shrew since it can just barely attain its own height for a jump-shot. It was kept as an aid to conservation education at a camp in southern Illinois and never failed to arouse the interest of the youth studying it.

To show that nature seldom wastes natural resources, it was once fed a window-killed cardinal, which it attacked with all abandon. It finished the meal in less than three days. It was finally released in good condition at the end of camp.

As mentioned in the introduction, shrews are indeed poisonous but this varies from species to species. Apparently the short-tailed shrews have the most potent poison which is secreted from the salivary gland and enables this pint-sized killer to overcome, by paralysis, prey larger than itself. The solution is injected into cuts made by the needle sharp teeth and acts upon the nerves of the would-be victim that control muscle movement and coordination. It is then easy for the shrew to dispatch his meal.

The poison in itself can kill if enough is injected; however, in the wilds the shrew probably starts feasting before the poison finishes the job.

In relation to man, the poison will affect him but the shrew's teeth are so small that it would be impossible for it to break through the epidermis. However, one zoologist was bitten by a short-tailed shrew and experienced pain and burning throughout his arm. It took his arm over a week to regain normalcy.

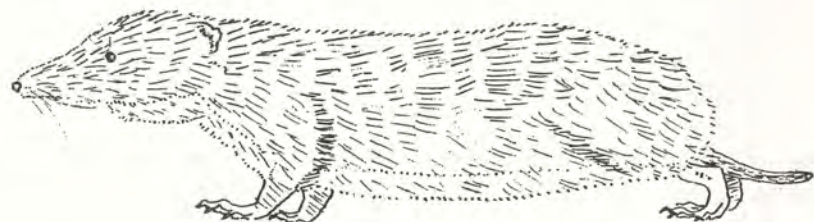
LEAST SHREW

Even smaller than the short-tailed shrew is its close relative, the least shrew, which is about as good a name as an animal can get. One I measured in Union County measured a little more than two and one-half inches (69 mm.) and had a tail of only 9/16 inch (9 mm.). It is readily discernible from *Blarina* by its relatively shorter tail and by its gray-brown pelage. However, some of the darker least shrews resemble some of the lighter short-tailed shrews.

If identification is uncertain the specimen should be sent to a museum of natural history. With care even the amateur naturalist can identify the two shrews. On a dead specimen count all the teeth in the upper jaw, using a magnifying lens or glass. If it has only 18 teeth in the upper jaw (both sides) it is the least shrew (*Cryptotis parva*); if it has twenty, it is a short-tailed shrew. Be sure to look closely, because their teeth are very minute and what appears to be only a cusp, may turn out to be a whole tooth.

Most people find it hard to believe that shrews exist, simply because they never see them. Actually, shrews are among the easiest of mammals to see. An experienced naturalist, always on the alert when in the field, frequently finds them on dirt roads and trails, more so than the more common deer mice and prairie voles. The reason is that the least shrew, and all shrews for that matter, do not taste good. They may be eaten once by a fox or cat, but that is enough to learn the lesson.

Least Shrew with skull showing details of teeth.



Shrews, when attacked, emit a musky substance, which renders them unpalatable. If you live in an area blessed with a healthy fox population, you will have a greater probability of finding a dead shrew. Foxes, being very fastidious about their appearance, tend to hunt from dirt roads and trails, if possible. If they accidentally kill a shrew, they will more than likely leave it on the trail with only a puncture at the base of the crania. They will definitely reject this item from their menu. I have found several dead shrews in this manner with fox tracks nearby.

Hoffmeister and Mohr's fine book on the mammals of Illinois indicates that there are no records for the reproduction of least shrews in Illinois. A least shrew that was given to me alive and kept in a dry terrarium gave birth to three babies during the night of November 23rd. Unfortunately she was very upset about being captured and as many animals do in response to danger to their young, she ate them. She died two days later, despite the large quantities of hamburger she was fed.

The typical home of the least shrew consists of old fields, pasturelands and probably marshes. The female mentioned above was captured by hand in a plowed field.

One group of researchers working in western Pennsylvania did not capture any *Cryptotis* in their traps, since the average trap is too large to successfully snare this small species. However, an analysis of available owl pellets revealed their presence. Bone elements are usually regurgitated intact by owls in their pellets.

Several years ago while conducting faunal surveys along the Mississippi River we collected pellets from the roosts of short-eared owls. Analysis showed that they fed mainly on prairie voles but one element of a jaw of this least shrew was found. We had not trapped any in this area and this was our only evidence that the least shrew occurred here.

MASKED SHREW

Found only in portions of northern Illinois, the Masked Shrew (*Sorex cinereus*), is a light brown hue above and gray below. It is larger than the two previous shrews, measuring from three to four and one-quarter inches with a characteristic *Sorex* tail of one and one-quarter to one and



OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

three-fourths inches. For this reason the *Sorex* shrews are often called the long-tailed shrews.

This shrew is an inhabitant of wooded areas, both deciduous and coniferous, but as with the other shrews is difficult to capture. In this case the naturalist resorts to tin can traps. By simply placing "number ten" tin cans in a hole the size of the can in a likely spot, perhaps next to a log, an inquisitive Masked Shrew may fall into the can. Unable to jump very high it will not escape. To prevent starvation, some food should be left in the bottom of the can and some can be used as bait, since they have a highly developed olfactory system. However, if two are trapped, only one will remain in the morning. For this reason some naturalists, specializing in shrews, run their traps every two hours throughout the night.

C. Hart Merriam demonstrated that three shrews, confined together, quickly become one well-fed shrew. Mammalogists working in northwestern Pennsylvania found that a masked shrew will rob their traps of mice and other shrews, leaving only the skeleton behind.

Fur trappers of the far north go to elaborate extremes to protect their valuable cache of furs from these creatures. Actually, all shrews will do this, as my colleagues and I have found out in southern Illinois and Missouri.

Peculiar animals and mutants, although usually of little scientific value, arouse considerable interest. Townsend, while trapping small mammals in central New York, collected a *Sorex cinereus* with a ring of white fur from its neck to the middle of the body and extending around it and including the front two feet. It is of interest to note that W. H. Osgood, of the Field Museum in Chicago, described a pocket gopher from Costa Rica which possessed a white ring around the posterior portion of the body.

Off hand I know of no other animal collected with such a ring, although the gopher was a species and not a mutant, as our shrew was. I suppose the possibility exists that the rough similarity in habits may lead to the tendency in this aberration.

PYGMY SHREW AND SOUTHEASTERN SHREW

Included among the soricid fauna of the Prairie State are two shrews which are quite rare.

The Pygmy Shrew (*Microsorex hoyi*), a light brown little mite, is considered to be the smallest mammal in North America, although among the mammals of the world there are several shrews and bats which are smaller. Several specimens from New York weighed 2.2 to 2.5 grams or about one-eighth of an ounce. This species appears quite rare, but because of their small size they are exceedingly difficult to capture by conventional methods. Most are caught in the sunken can trap described earlier, but most field naturalists agree that *Microsorex* is probably more common than their trapping records indicate.

The first Illinois record was collected from a garage in Cook County during the winter of 1949. Eastern records indicate that the pygmy shrew is most plentiful in semi-open situations along woodland edges from 1600 to 2300 feet in elevation.

MARCH, 1975

In 1837, John Bachman, who was later in collaboration with John James Audubon to write *The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America*, described the Southeastern Shrew (*Sorex longirostris*), ranging from South Carolina north to Indiana and Illinois. This rare soricid is about three and one-quarter inches long with a one-inch tail and a red-brown coat. According to Hoffmeister and Mohr, it has been collected only in Alexander, Coles, Fayette, and Johnson counties. Specimens from Coles County infer a reliance upon a moist environment.

Because of the uncommonness of this interesting southern mammal, it is listed by the Illinois Department of Conservation as rare. A lot more concentrated field work is required before the life history, status and ecological distribution of the southeastern shrew can be adequately understood.

As can be seen, our native shrews comprise an exciting spectrum of animal life, from rare to common; from relatively large to the smallest on the continent; from tolerant of their environment to exacting. However, they are all beneficial, not only as important elements of the ecosystem but as factors in the reduction of insect pests, some of which are detrimental to the efforts of man.

As a mammalian insecticide their value can be assessed in economic terms, but as part of our natural heritage, they are priceless.

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OLD TIME

Recipes

By Mrs. Laura H. Holman

GREEN SALAD BOWL

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 peeled clove garlic | 1 head lettuce |
| 1 small bunch romaine | ¼ bunch escarole |
| ¼ cup onion, diced | 1 green pepper |
| 1 cup cauliflowerettes, sliced | ½ cup French dressing |

Rub salad bowl with garlic. Break washed, drained greens into pieces. Place in bowl with next three ingredients. Just before serving, sprinkle French dressing over greens. Toss. Serves six.

SUET PUDDING

- | | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| ¼ pound suet | 3 tablespoons flour |
| 2 eggs | ½ pint milk |
- A little grated ginger

Mince the suet as fine as possible, roll it with the rolling pin so as to mix it well with the flour; beat up the eggs, mix them with the milk, and then mix all together; wet your cloth well in boiling water, flour it, tie it loose, put into boiling water, and boil an hour and a quarter.

If the recession thins your budget, let the puddings roll.

MURPHYSBORO APPLE PUDDING

Peel 1½ dozen good apples, take out the cores, cut them small and put into a stewpan that will just hold them, with a little water, a little cinnamon, two cloves and the peel of a lemon. Stew over a slow fire till quite soft, then sweeten with moist sugar, and pass it through a hair sieve.

Add to it the yolks of four eggs and one white, a quarter of a pound of good butter, half a nutmeg, the peel of a lemon grated, and the juice of one lemon. Beat all well together, line the inside of a pie-dish with good puff paste, put in the pudding, and bake half an hour.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 level cups (10 ounces) corn meal | 1 level cup (2½ oz.) barley flour |
| 1 cup (½ pint) molasses | 1 level teaspoon salt |
| 2 cups cold water | 2 level teaspoons baking powder |
| ½ level teaspoon soda | |

Sift corn meal, barley flour, baking powder, soda and salt together twice. Mix molasses and water, stir into dry ingredients until thoroughly mixed. Pour in greased mold, and steam four hours. Sufficient for one medium-sized loaf.

TO MAKE A PUFF PASTE

Take a quarter of a peck of flour, and rub it into a pound of butter very fine. Make it up into a light paste with cold water just stiff enough to work it up.

Then lay it out about as thick as a crown piece; put a layer of butter all over, then sprinkle on a little flour, double it up, and roll it out again.

Double and roll it with layers of butter three times and it will be fit for use.

GERMAN CABBAGE

Slice red cabbage and soak in cold water. Put one quart in stewpan with two tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, one tablespoon finely chopped onion, few gratings of nutmeg, and few grains cayenne. Cover, and cook until cabbage is tender. Add two tablespoons vinegar and one-half tablespoon sugar, and cook five minutes.

FRENCH CABBAGE

Chop cold boiled white cabbage and let it drain till perfectly dry. Stir in some melted butter to taste. Add pepper, salt and four tablespoons cream. After it is heated through, add two well-beaten eggs. Then turn the mixture into a buttered frying pan, stirring until it is very hot and becomes a delicate brown on the other side. Place a hot dish over the pan, which must be reversed when turned out to be served.

LAMB STEW

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1½ lbs. boned lamb shoulder | 2½ tablespoons flour |
| 2 teaspoons salt | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 tablespoons salad oil | 3½ cups boiling water |
| 1 large clove garlic | 2 pared medium carrots, quartered |
| 1½ cups peeled small white onions | 2 pared large potatoes, quartered |
| ½ cup slivered celery | ½ cup cooked or canned peas |
| ¼ teaspoon bottled, thick meat sauce | 3 tablespoons chopped parsley |

Remove fat and gristle from lamb, then cut meat into 1¼-inch cubes. Combine with flour the ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Roll meat in this mixture, then brown on all sides in the hot fat in a Dutch oven for 10 minutes.

Add boiling water and garlic, cover and simmer for one hour.

Skim off surface fat. Then add carrots, onions, potatoes, celery, remaining 1½ teaspoons salt and ½ teaspoon pepper, and simmer, covered, for 30 minutes or until meat and vegetables are tender. Stir in peas and reheat. Remove meat and vegetables to a hot platter and keep hot. Meanwhile, add meat sauce to liquid left in Dutch oven. Then thicken with a flour paste made by blending 2 tablespoons flour with 3 tablespoons water for each cup of gravy. Pour over meat and vegetables, sprinkle parsley over all. Makes 4 servings.

If preferred, the potatoes may be omitted and dumplings steamed on top of the stew about 15 minutes before serving.

EGG SOUP (WON TON)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1½ cups sifted flour | ½ cup water |
| 1 egg, slightly beaten | ½ teaspoon salt |
| ½ lb. raw or cooked pork, beef or shrimp, minced | Dash of pepper |
| 4 cups chicken bouillon | 2 teaspoons minced scallions |
| ½ cup finely-shredded cooked meat | ½ cup diced celery |
| | ½ cup cleaned fresh spinach, tightly packed |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |

In a mixing bowl combine flour and salt. Add slightly beaten egg and water; blend. Turn out on floured board and knead until smooth. Cover and let stand 15 minutes.

Roll out paper thin. Cut into 3 inch squares. Combine minced cooked pork and three ingredients (salt, pepper, scallions), and place 1 teaspoon of this mixture in center of each 3 inch square. Fold squares in half, diagonally, and press edges together with fork.

Cook in 1 quart boiling salted water for 15 minutes. These are called won ton.

Meanwhile, place chicken bouillon in a saucepan and bring to a boil. Add minced celery and cook over medium heat for five minutes. Add shredded cooked meat and spinach and cook one minute. Pour over won ton, which have been placed in soup bowls. Serve at once. Serves four.

COFFEE RICE PUDDING

- | | |
|-----------------------|--|
| ¼ cup unpolished rice | 1½ cups coffee |
| ¾ teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla extract or rose extract |
| 2 cups milk | |
| ½ cup sugar | |

Wash the rice and place it in a well-oiled pudding dish. Add the sugar, salt, the extract, the coffee and milk, stir thoroughly together and set to cook in a slow oven, not more than 300° F. Stir every 20 minutes for three times then cover and bake very gently for an hour longer. Serve with sweetened whipped cream, with plain cream, or with coffee caramel sauce.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS CABBAGE

Steal a head of cabbage. Run for home. If anyone stops you, say you took it off of Mayor Daley.

They'll give you a medal and you still got the cabbage. Eat it raw.

HOT SLAW

Shave ½ medium-sized head of white cabbage as fine as possible. Serve with a dressing made as follows:

Beat the yolks of 2 eggs slightly, add slowly ¼ cup each of hot water and hot vinegar, beating constantly. Add 3 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt sifted with ½ teaspoon of mustard and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Add grated onion to season delicately. Stir mixture over hot water until it thickens to the consistency of cream. Add cabbage, mix well, place on range. Stir until thoroughly heated. If desired, add 2 tablespoons sugar.

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A Richer Awareness

A Casual Hike in Any Illinois Woodland Offers a Laboratory of Mosses and Liverwort

By D. J. Royse and C. B. Arzeni
Eastern Illinois University

A CASUAL WALK through any Illinois woods will reveal greenish or brownish patches on the bark of trees, and on the fallen logs. These simple, or not so simple plants are referred to as mosses and liverworts, or technically as bryophytes.

On closer inspection, one can discern little erect tufts nestled in the fissures

of the bark, or creeping, stringy masses of other mosses. A careful look will reveal flattened greenish or reddish-brown tracteries of leafy liverworts. It is generally true that mosses are tufted or erect in their growth habit, while liverworts often appear to be flattened or prostrate on the substrata.

Some bryophytes have a preference

for bark habitats, occurring on living trees or on fallen decaying logs. Several mosses and liverworts seem happier at the bases of trees, on exposed roots, and prefer to remain at that level within a small micro-climatic community. Others enjoy mid-tree levels, while some are more comfortable at the higher altitudes on the tree trunk. Some bryophytes choose hardwood trees or coniferous trees as their particular habitat or environmental preference.

Mosses and liverworts represent a group of smallish plants that occupy a place between the algæ, which are simple plants found in water, and the ferns. Mosses and liverworts are distinguished by the fact that they have no roots, stems, or leaves, and never produce flowers.

Perhaps the best known of the mosses is Peat Moss (*Sphagnum*), which is used as a fuel in a way similar to coal. It is also used as an additive to soil to increase its porosity, and in some places in the world as an absorptive medium in a bandage for wounds.

Some mosses find their way in ornamental table decorations or are combined with leaves and fruits in a variety of craft uses. Florists sometimes seat their bouquets in mosses.

Liverworts, which are perhaps less conspicuous, have little or no economic value although they may have some future importance as air pollution indicators. Mosses and liverworts that occur on trees and logs, or any other wood substratum are referred to as corticolous bryophytes. There are more than 57 different kinds in East-Central Illinois.

Perhaps the most common corticolous mosses and liverworts occur on the old-

er oaks, ashes, maples, and hickories in Illinois. These hardwood trees almost always have *Leskea grascilescens* on their main trunk, as well as the less common *Orthotrichum* species. More about these two mosses later.

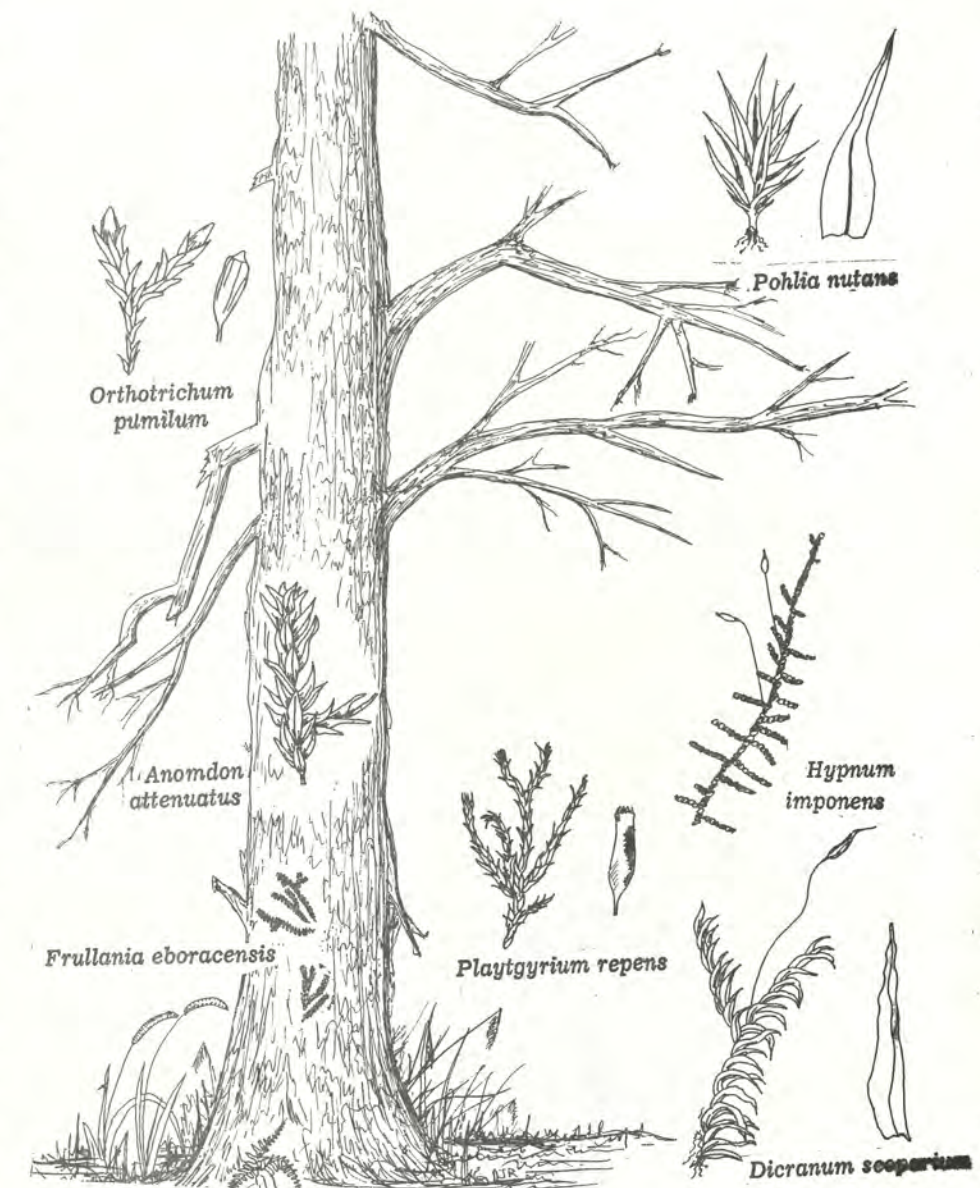
Unfortunately, the bryophytes are rarely referred to by common names, and many do not even have a common name. Those that do are generally the "weedy" species, such as the Broom Moss or Windswept Moss (*Dicranum scoparium*), so called because the leaves appear to be swept to one side. (See Plate 1). The plants sometimes occur on exposed roots of oaks and ashes in our woodlands, are rather large, up to 4-5 inches in height, and are strikingly golden, glossy green. The Broom Moss is one of the most beautiful elements in our Illinois woodland scenery.

Leucobryum glaucum, the Pin Cushion moss, or White Moss, forms dense grayish-white pin cushions sometimes on exposed roots along with the Broom Moss.

Mosses often occur in communities, enjoying the company of certain species over others. The Broom Moss and the Pin Cushion Moss seem to "hit it off" in a very community-minded way.

Other mosses that live at the bases of trees are the very common, plushy, blue-green or yellowish, *Platygyrium repens*, and *Entodon seductrix*. *Platygyrium* is not restricted to the lower levels of living trees, but is also found on dead decaying logs, with or without bark, rotten wood, and wooden fence posts. It is probably the most common of all our stringy corticolous mosses. *Entodon* is glossy yellow-green, and is much less frequent. The stems and branches are round and rather worm-like, and for this reason has been referred to as the Round Stemmed Moss.

The bases of trees in cool woods along steep ravine banks frequently wear an "apron" of dark or yellowish green, which may extend from the exposed roots to 3 or 4 feet above the ground and often encircles the trunk. This "apron" is usually composed of one or more species of *Anomodon*, often mixed with a leafy liverwort, *Porella*. The mats of *Anomodon* are quite thick and are composed of a network of nearly leafless stems adhering closely to the bark and sending out crowded branches that com-



pose the "pile" of the mat—something like a tightly woven nylon rug. Some species of *Leskea* grow in similar situations, but they are much smaller and do not usually form such dense mats.

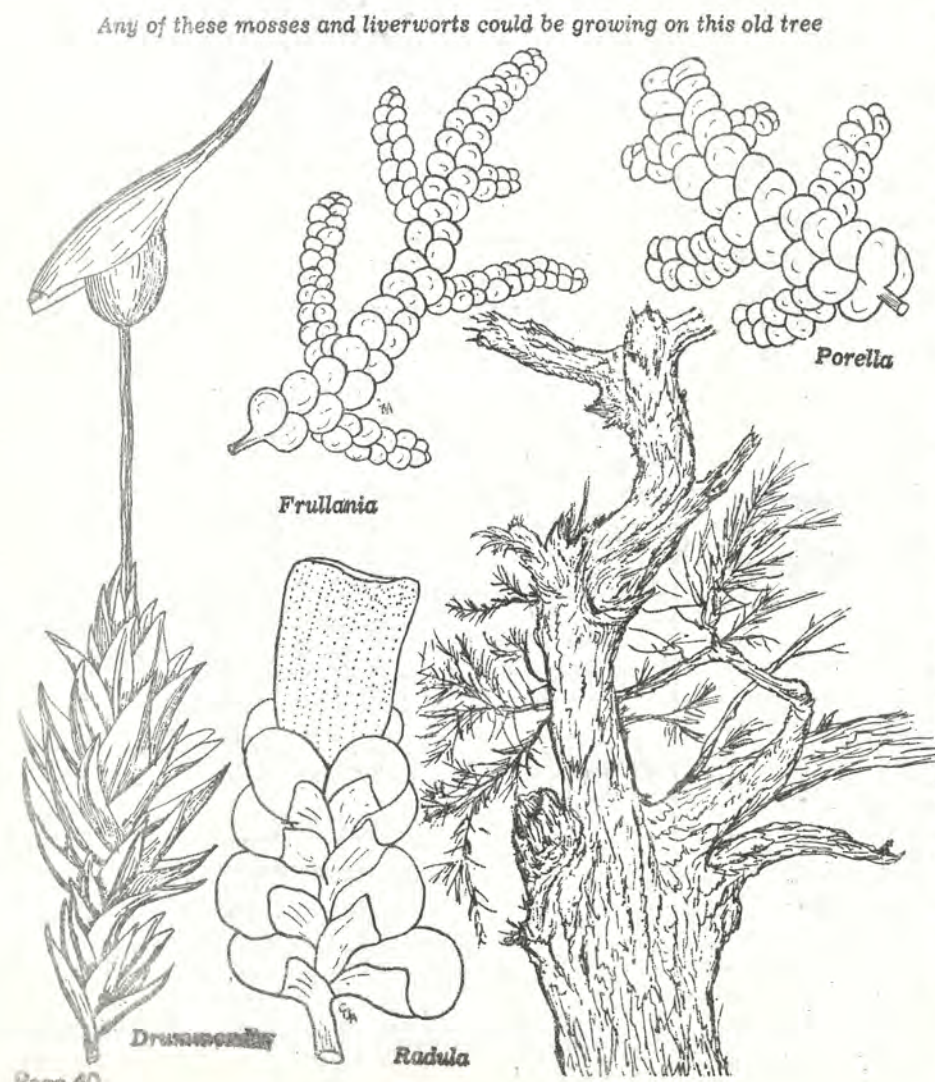
Both *Anomodon* and *Leskea* appear to have been painted over with a flat or matte finish green paint, unlike the shiny glossy, enamelled look of *Entodon*. *Eissidens* has leaves in two rows on opposite sides of the stem, and both rows lie in the same plane, giving the plants a peculiar flattened appearance. Large clumps of *Fissidens* may be seen on the moist exposed roots of Illinois woodland trees that border stream banks.

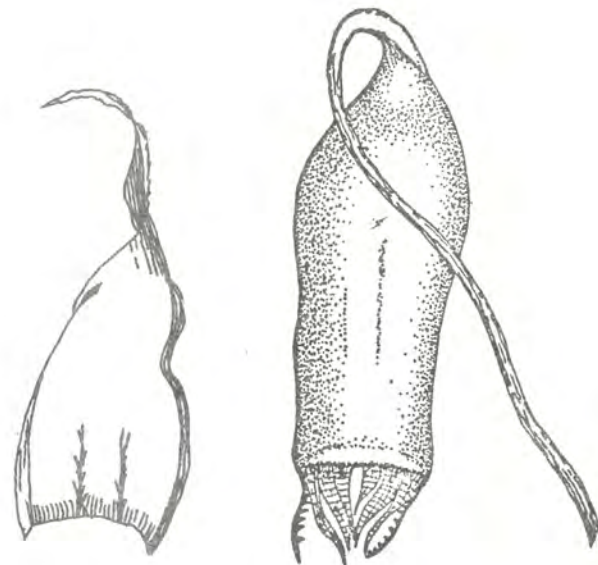
The *Orthotrichums* are most frequent on shade trees around houses and buildings, unless the air is heavily polluted. They are also found on orchard or fruit trees and to a lesser degree on wood-

land trees. The plants are small, rarely reaching an inch in height and usually much shorter, dull blackish or brownish green. Members of *Orthotrichum* may become dry and brittle as to crumble to dust in the fingers, and yet retain their vitality unimpaired, springing into renewed growth with the next rain.

Hypnum imponens grows almost exclusively on rotten wood in moist shady places, and has curly leaves turned to one side, more or less shaped like a sickle. It forms dense, dark green mats, sometimes found with the erect tufts of *Pohlia nutans*, although the latter prefers a drier, rotted log habitat.

We come next to the liverworts on our walk through our Illinois woodlands. These plants are even less conspicuous than the mosses, but anyone who has been in the woods at all must





Hypnum
moss leaf

Bryum
moss capsule



Bryum
moss plant



Mnium
moss plant

have noticed tiny, pretty designs and traceries over the bark of the trees or on rotten logs.

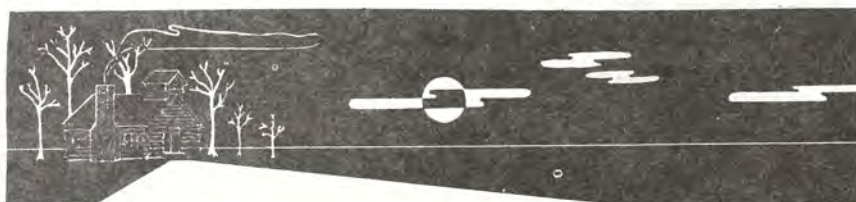
The smallest of these is the leafy liverwort, *Frullania*, usually reddish-brown or very dark green. It grows happily in the furrows of the bark, where it branches out over the ridges. From a distance, *Frullania* appears as a blackish region on the trees, but closer inspection reveals the tiny leaf-like structures of this delicate plant. Relatives are *Porella*, much larger, greener, and usually at the foot of trees along with its companion, *Radula*, which forms dark

green mats on the roots in moist situations along creek banks.

Almost any rotted log we would stumble over would have the watery, yellow-green *Lophocolea heterophylla* growing on it. The leafy stems of this liverwort are about 1/16 of an inch wide. The leaves are usually shallowly-notched at the tip.

On your next walk through an Illinois woodland, do not miss these fascinating liliputians of the plant world. Look closely on the bark of trees, on fallen and decaying logs. Your reward will be a richer awareness of your en-

vironment. Perhaps these tiny plants will become more and more important to us as we continue the battle to save our environment relatively free of pollution.



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A Coles County Family Emigrated to Texas and The Tragedy of Cynthia Parker

By Larry Underwood

FEW ILLINOIS pioneers experienced the hardship and tragedy suffered by the Parker family of Coles County. Led by Elder John Parker, sometimes known as High John, this family led a typical pioneer life until fate worked one of its strange twists.

John Parker, a Baptist preacher, was born in Virginia, lived for a time in Georgia, moved to Bedford County, Tennessee, then journeyed to Illinois, settling in Crawford County along the Wabash River about 1818. Six years later, Parker and his family trekked to Coles County and his son Benjamin built the county's first log cabin along the east bank of the Embarrass River in present Hutton Township.

Life flowed along normally for the Parkers until some time in 1833 when High John led his wife, affectionately called Granny, and sons, Benjamin, Silas and James west to Mexican Texas.

They claimed land on the Navasota River near present Groesbeck in Limestone County east of Waco. Without delay, they erected a cedar stockade with two blockhouses and built their cabins inside. The Parker sons all had families, except Benjamin, and there were in-laws married to Parker offspring and their families. Too, there were other families with the Parkers, who joined in tilling the beautiful, virgin farmland of the area. Wild game graced their tables; it was a bountiful land.

In 1835 the Mexican government decided to oust Texas colonists like the Parkers. There was cause for deep concern. The colonists fled Fort Parker at one time, but returned when word came in April, 1836 that the Mexican dictator

Santa Ana's army was defeated at San Jacinto.

Less than a month later, on Thursday, May 19, tragedy struck. Several hundred Indians appeared at the little fort. Nearly all the men had left for the fields; it was planting time. Benjamin and Silas Parker and their father, High John, along with two other men stayed behind that morning.

Silas peered through a slit in the cedar posts, unsure of what he confronted. There were Comanches, Caddos and Kiowas in the group; he was sure of that. One of the Indians nudged his horse forward and, from a spear, displayed a soiled white cloth. Then suddenly, Silas saw his brother Benjamin outside the fort walking to meet the flag bearer!

CYNTHIA PARKER'S early captivity by Plains Indians led to adoption of their ways. She is shown with her daughter, Topsannah.



MARCH, 1975

Using sign language, Benjamin conversed with the dark men. Spinning on his heel, he walked back to the gate where he met the anxious Silas. They only want beef and water, Benjamin told his brother.

Silas warned Benjamin not to go outside the gate again. Heedlessly, Benjamin walked from the fort. Seconds later, he lay dead, speared to the ground. The hostiles stormed the tiny fort and in minutes Silas and two other men lay dead. High John, Granny and another woman fled the fort. They were caught and tortured. Granny survived and the woman, Elizabeth Kellogg, was taken captive. Silas' wife was rescued along with two of her children, but her nine-year-old daughter Cynthia Ann and six-year-old son John were taken by the fleeing hostiles. Rachel Plummer, James Parker's eldest daughter, and her son James were also captured.

Six months later Elizabeth Kellogg was free; Sam Houston bought her from a friendly Indian for \$150. Rachel Plummer was ransomed nearly two years later. Her son James and Silas' son, John, remained captive for six years before being ransomed in 1842. But what of the blonde-haired, blue-eyed Cynthia Ann Parker?

Taken by a band of Kwahadi Comanches, Cynthia Ann was adopted by a family and grew up learning their ways. She was seen several times by whites, but either refused to return to her white relatives or was not offered for sale. In 1846, Colonel Leonard Williams attempted to ransom her. She refused to speak to him, then ran off. In 1847, an Indian Agent tried to barter for her release; he failed. Captain Victor M. Rose offered to buy her in 1851. The blue-eyed Cynthia Ann, now called Naduah, refused to return with him.

By 1852, an Army officer reported that a white woman called Parker lived among the Comanches and was married and had children. Her husband was Pete Nacona, a Kwahadi Comanche war chief. She had two sons, Quanah and Pecos — and she was happy!

Over the next several years, her white family continued their efforts to gain her return. But it was not until the late

1850s that the beginning of the end came for her Indian life. In 1859, Sam Houston was elected Governor of Texas. A plank in his campaign platform called for swift and punitive action against hostiles harassing Texans. Governor Houston authorized militia in frontier counties and by March, 1860 had about 500 men in service.

During the fall of 1860, Cynthia Ann's husband Peta Nacona made the mistake of raiding through Parker County near Weatherford. The countryside was alarmed and soon a large force of volunteers, Rangers and soldiers were in the field on the trail of the Comanches. On December 18, 1860, during a blowing dust storm, the aroused citizens, militia and Rangers, led by Tonkawa scouts, came onto a Comanche hunting camp on the Pease River northeast of present Crowell, Texas. They found only women and a few captive Mexican men loading buffalo meat on pack horses, but rode down in a lightning raid on the village. Several Comanche women and a few Mexican slaves were slain. One woman carrying a baby was spared and taken captive; someone had noticed her blue eyes.

All through that first night of captivity, the blue-eyed Comanche woman called Naduah cried. Her captors asked themselves: could this be Cynthia Ann Parker? Naduah was sent to Camp Cooper near present Albany, Texas. Isaac Parker, an uncle to Cynthia Ann was sent for.

When Parker arrived, he was depressed at what he saw. The blue-eyed Comanche woman's hair was cropped and greasy. Her skin was much darker than he expected. She understood only a Mexican interpreter; she spoke no English. Isaac Parker asked questions about the Parker family. No response. Always, Naduah held the baby girl, Topsannah, to her, almost cowering at this strange white man.

Finally, sad and disgusted, Parker sighed, "Maybe we were wrong." Then, shaking his head, "Poor Cynthia Ann."

The blue eyes brightened! Naduah cocked her head, staring at the man. Then, patting her breast, she responded, "Cynthia Ann! Cynthia Ann!"

The drama played out, Isaac Parker returned his niece and the baby Topsannah (Prairie Flower) to his home. Slowly she re-learned the English language. For a time, Parker was even encouraged, thinking Cynthia Ann might regain her lost culture. But it was no use.

Cynthia Ann yearned for her family and the Comanche ways which were her true life. Where were her sons? Her husband, Pete Nacona? On several occasions she slipped her little daughter from the house and grabbing a nearby horse attempted an escape back to her "people." Each time she was discovered. Some say she spent long hours weeping, miserable in her "captive" life.

Neither could Topsannah adjust to the new way. The little dark-skinned girl died in 1864 after a bout with the fever, and her mother, while at the home of her brother-in-law Rufe O'Quinn in Anderson County, soon joined her daughter in death.

According to custom, members of a Comanche family often starved themselves for days following the death of a loved one. Cynthia Ann was heartbroken and bitter at the civilization that had taken her daughter and her freedom. An Indian informant, a member of her family, said years later that "she literally starved herself to death."

Cynthia Ann Parker lies buried with her son, Quanah, and daughter Topsannah at Fort Sill, Oklahoma in the Military Cemetery. The grave is just inside the cemetery gate.

Born in Illinois about 1824, Cynthia Ann was only forty when she died. Her son, Pecos, and husband Peta Nacona died a few years after she was captured. Quanah, the oldest son, became prominent in both Indian and white circles. He was present at the Battle of Adobe Wells and one of the last of his tribe to surrender. He seemed to have little trouble adjusting to white civilization. He became an Indian Judge, visited Washington, D. C. and other cities, once riding in an inaugural parade for Theodore Roosevelt.

The U. S. government built him a large house in Cache, Oklahoma where he and his "seven or eight wives" lived out their lives. Once, when Roosevelt

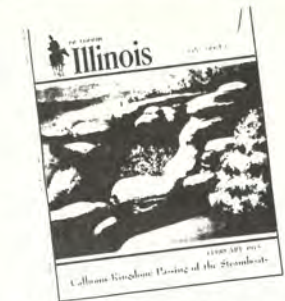
suggested that he get rid of all but one of his wives, Quanah told the President: "You tell them which one I keep!" On Quanah Parker's death, he left three wives and fifteen children.

The inscription on the seventeen-foot granite monument erected by the U. S. Congress above his grave reads:

RESTING HERE UNTIL DAY BREAKS AND
DARKNESS DISAPPEARS
IS QUANAH PARKER,
THE LAST CHIEF OF THE COMMANCHES.
DIED FEB. 21, 1911, AGE 64 YEARS.

A Parker family reunion honoring Quanah and his mother is held alternately each year at Cache, Oklahoma and at the restored old Fort Parker in Texas. Descendants of the Parkers of Coles County gather at one or the other of the sites annually on July the Fourth.

THE END



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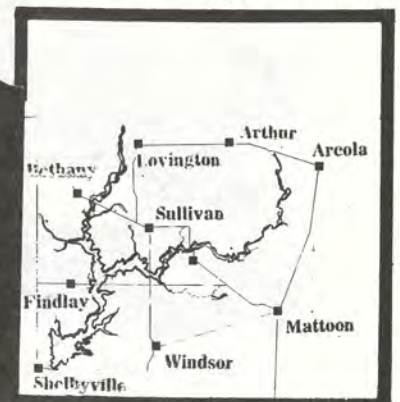
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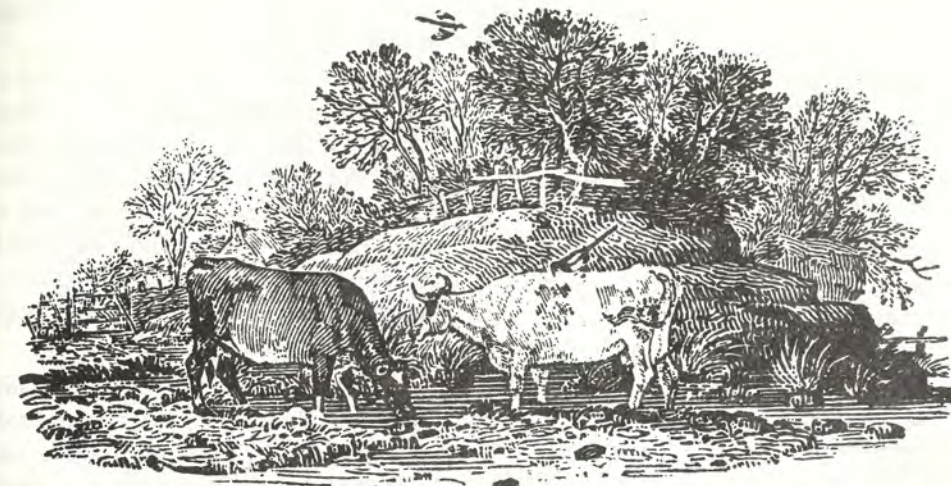
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The Old Order Changes To the New

By Raymond E. Lee

IT IS DOUBTFUL if any of the farmers in our community in the 1920's had the remotest idea that in a few short years their way of life would be so totally changed. Farms then were small and largely self sufficient. Labor was cheap, about a dollar a day with "dinner", but most of the farmers swapped work at harvest time and saved the dollar.

Few of us realized that farm mechanization was just around the corner. The only notable machinery we had at that

time was a 1921 Model T Ford touring car which Father had bought from Ed West for \$150.00. This car had a self-starter which West had installed on the car himself, and it really worked. Father had dug coal most of the winter of 1922 at the Little Muddy Coal Co. in Tamaroa, so we had a few extra dollars to buy this modern wonder of wonders, a slightly used Model T.

We used this car many times in the summer months when the clay roads were dry and dusty. In winter times it

rested in the barn shed and we used our horse and buggy. We also had an old Sharples cream separator, hand-cranked, and it sure beat skimming the cream off the milk after it had cooled in the wide milk crocks.

Father, like most of the neighbors, still farmed with horses and mules. Pete and Mike, two young, stout, mischievous, but willing mules did much of the harder work, but when extra horse power was needed our two saddle and buggy horses got harnessed to such things as the disc, binder, sulkey plow, etc. which required more than two animals.

In the neighborhood there was at that time as I recall, one Hart-Parr tractor, one balky Fordson, and one farmer who went broke when he borrowed heavily and purchased a J. I. Case tractor with much of the machinery to go with it. Being oriented to farming with horses, this poor fellow just couldn't keep his modern equipment in satisfactory operating condition. He ultimately sold at a great loss his new tractor and related machinery and returned to farming the way he knew best, with horses.

I doubt if any of us had the remotest dream that in a few short years the huge steam engine and its threshing rig and crew would no longer come around and thresh our great stacks of wheat in summer and our hundreds of shocks of Whippoorwill peas in the fall. We wouldn't have believed that John Lemmon and Fred Springer would no longer

bring their monstrous proud behemoths puffing and panting to our homes to thresh our grain and then majestically move on to another farm, shrilling their whistles to announce that they were on the way.

But the combine was coming in a few short years, and the horse-drawn binder would no longer struggle with the complications of cutting, tying, and binding the oats and wheat into bundles and kicking them out of the machine to be hand shocked, and stacked and then threshed. The timothy hay would no longer be cut by a team-drawn mower, bunched with a hay rake, and shocked with a pitchfork. New and powerful machinery was "on the way" to take care of the haying and many other tedious farm operations. Better gasoline tractors were soon to be made, and the diesel was not too many years away on the planning boards.

Change was on the way. We just didn't know it.

There were still farmers making a fair living on forty acres of land. Each rural community had its own country school. These schools still taught school. Children were still learning to read, to spell, to write, to figure and to know something about the world. History and geography were separate subjects and had not been watered down into a thing called "Social Studies". Physiology was taught and not hygiene (brush your teeth, take your vitamins, and don't worry about pimples).

Educational gimmickry was unknown. No boy or girl who grew up on the farm with the farm animals needed a course in sex education with pictures, slides, and birds and bees stories. The John Birch Society wasn't necessary in those days, either, to keep the text books "moral".

Homemade wine and hard cider had not been replaced by "hard liquor", heroin, marijuana, and the fantastic, "exciting" and plastic new super drug culture which was to flourish in years yet to come.

Folks in the twenties were happy in the innocence of their scientific ignorance. No one questioned the fact of God or Satan. There was nothing like Watergate. It was "keep cool with Coolidge."

We lived close to nature, a part and parcel of it, many of our quaint ideas derived directly from it and colored by our rich Elizabethan heritage and background.

Every farm had horses or it wasn't a farm. Consequently even horse hairs played a part in our cultural background. For example, any school mate of mine attending the old Williams country school in those days would have told you that it was best to have some horse hairs in your hand when teacher gave you a caning. This would without fail cause the cane to split or break and the victim would feel no pain. (Two pairs of pants or a book for padding helped too!) And any of my fellow school mates would have told you most positively that horse hairs when placed in water will turn into eels. This last notion has really been a hard one for cold, scientific fact to kill! Grownups firmly believed this too!

The mid-wives and elderly women of the 'twenties were most especially learned in effective folk lore treatments for the sick. Old Aunt Susie Allerton had some real good remedies which were connected with horses. My dog, Bruno, and I used to traipse two miles down Reece's Creek to her two-room cabin where I'd sit on her doorstep and listen to her talk. Here are some of the things she told me:

Most young people are wormy. They can be cured in this manner: Take the hairs from a horse's mane or tail, cut these hairs up very finely to resemble the worms. Press them into bread and butter and feed them to the wormy child. This will cure him.

If you know anyone who has goiter, have her weave a necklace from the long hairs of a stallion and wear this constantly around the neck until the goiter disappears.

One of the best cures for cancer is to take horses spurs, (calliostes formed inside the horse's leg), dry, powder, and mix with fresh milk. Take every six hours.

If a child has whopping cough he can be completely cured by letting a piebald horse breathe on him.

I can only wish I had listened more

often to the things old Susie Allerton had to say, or that I had had some way to record the old folk songs she used to sing. Her folk songs, tales, and sayings seemed to me then to be inexhaustible. But she was not the only one who knew about the mysterious ways and doings of life.

Grandfather Lee once told me that a mare in foal must never be used to draw the hearse bearing the corpse to the grave. For to do this would likely cause death to the mare, the foal, or even a member of the family. And Father told me one time that he'd heard it was unlucky to harness a horse to the buggy on Good Friday or New Year's Day.

I would surely be remiss if I left this discussion about old beliefs connected with horses if I said nothing about the horse shoe, for the horse shoe as a good luck charm seems to be with us even today. There is horseshoe jewelry, and people still hang horse shoes over the doors and the fireplace. So I'll mention these two superstitions.

First, a person with ague (malaria) might be restored to health if three horseshoes were hung at the foot of the bed and crossed with a hammer. (This was more effective than quinine.)

It is still held by many to be good luck to find a horseshoe lying in the road. But be sure to pick it up, make a wish, throw it over the left shoulder, walk on, and don't look back. (If you hang a horseshoe for luck, remember that it must never be hung with the horns down. This will spill the luck. Rather, the points of the horseshoe must be upward to keep the good luck in.)

The horse for hundreds of years was the one who did the hard labor about the field and farm. He was deeply involved in the doings of man in all of his peaceful and war-making activities. Now he has been replaced by the machine in farming and war and peace. Of course the machine can do more things better. But it is still just a machine. In its day the horse was more than a machine can ever be. It was a friend of man! Surely man lost a vital part of his heritage when he gave up his horse for all of his wonderful man-made machines.



On Nature's Trail

By Joyce Marshall Brukoff

WHO'S AFRAID of the little grey bat? A lot of people are, and very unjustly so. Like other maligned animals . . . the snake, the wolf, the spider . . . the bat has always carried false legends of evil on its swooping flight through life. In truth, this mammal, the only one to actually fly, is a fascinating and very shy creature. (Note, flying squirrels, etc., do not fly, rather they glide from one spot to the next, without being able to regulate flight as birds and bats . . . and insects.)

As in most regions of the world, the bat is a fairly common mammal in Illinois. Of the sixteen families known to science, three occur in the United States. It is important that they survive as their role in the chain of life is a vital one.

They contact rabies, but are the only animal which can do this and survive, making them important to research in this area. They are an important factor in the control of our vast insect population. Yet, recent studies show they are now declining at an alarming number.

In Illinois, the little gray bat is found in a few scattered caves. We hesitate to pinpoint their location, as the wanton destruction of these easily disturbed mammals has become alarming. Suffice it to say, when a cave habitat is sufficiently disturbed, the bat population will move out, often to a homeless wandering that results in death by hunger, from the elements or by predators from whom a cave offers protection. When disturbed, the little animal will take wing because it is one of the animals in our state most highly intolerant of disturbance to its environment.

The life of an undisturbed bat is a quiet one, marked by a singular lack of activity. The animal hibernates—in warm climates sporadically, in cold climates, up to eight months. It is also migratory, moving to winter quarters at the end of July or the beginning of Au-

gust, sometimes traveling as much as 1,000 miles. Yet, they do not necessarily move north or south, they just go to a cave which is and has been suitable to hibernation.

Like other animals which hibernate, the bat must prepare for his winter sleep by developing layers of fat which will eventually total about one-third of his body weight. Most bats then choose a cave which may be close to freezing in temperature, although the gray bat of Illinois seems to prefer a cave somewhat warmer in temperature, by about one or two degrees.

It is urgent that these animals are not disturbed during the period of hibernation as, unlike some other species, they will waken and use up vital resources of body fat which should be held in reserve for the long slumber ahead. This type of winter disturbance has accounted for many deaths of bats which would otherwise easily survive a long winter.

It should be noted that the gray bat, one of the types found in Illinois, is extremely rare in this state, with major population areas found in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri and Alabama. To date, there is only one cave where scientists have discovered a sizable population in our state.

Another reason bats have been losing ground, here and elsewhere, is due the extensive destruction in the name of rabies control, and for experimental projects. It has been established, however, that the bat rarely transmits this disease, although it contacts it readily.

Fatalities also are mounting due to insecticide poisoning, a common killer for many other species as well. And to top it off, the harmless, misunderstood bat reproduces at a relatively slow rate, delivering usually only one baby at a time.

Their lifestyle is pretty serene. Days, they just hang about upside down in their caves, resting up for the flight that will take them out at night in search of food. As evening approaches, they become restless, squeaking and crawling about the cave. Then they leave the roost, in a marvelously mysterious-looking flight that is long remembered by one fortunate enough to see a trail of black wings against a moonlit sky.

After leaving the cave, the bats seek out a pond, where they may quench their thirst. They drink while flying, skimming lightly over the water and scooping up moisture in their lower jaw. Following this they feed, primarily on insects. The misconception of ravenous bats sucking blood from innocent



children or animals is totally ridiculous. They feed for about one hour and return to the roost to rest. Then, just before day light they go out again for a second feeding.

Bats locate their food by a unique method. They utter supersonic cries when food is within scope, then catch it by scooping the insect into the mouth with a wingtip. This eating process takes place while the bat is in flight, as does the drinking of water. Only if the meal is a large one will the bat alight to feed. One species forages on the ground for beetles and crickets.

The mating of bats takes place in the fall and early winter, with young arriving in May or June. These young develop quickly and are able to fly in approximately three weeks. They are fed by the mother, as she returns from her nightly forages for food. As the juveniles grow, she returns less frequently, until like other young wildlife, they are completely on their own.

Illinois plays host to a number of little brown species, both plants and animals. We should do our best to understand and protect them all, from the spectacular, booming prairie chicken to the harmless little bat, a fascinating and misunderstood member of the Illinois animal community.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *The above article was made possible through research provided by indefatigable members of the Illinois Chapter of the Nature Conservancy, who as ever continue in their tireless efforts to protect the wilderness areas of our state and the species for which they provide a natural habitat. We are especially grateful to Ms. Cindy Stein for the factual information regarding bats contained in this piece. At present an effort to save an endangered area which contains bats is in progress. When these efforts may be announced to*

the general public, we will keep our readers informed as to the location and how they can support the project if they so desire.

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Letters . . .

Dear Sir:

As a long time subscriber to, and a great admirer of, Outdoor Illinois, may I suggest that it would not be amiss in some future issue of O.I. to have an article on the County Forest Preserve systems in Illinois. To the best of my knowledge at present, there are only about twelve counties that have established forest preserves out of the 102 counties, where the need is greatest.

You are undoubtedly aware of the fact that any community can establish a city park for recreational purposes, and counties or townships can do the same, but a forest preserve is a special breed of cat organized under state statute to preserve open space.

I presume the best known is the Cook County Forest Preserve system of now some 65,000 acres, which is a model for many other counties in the United States to follow. I think the Cook County effort dates back to about 1926 when there was still land available.

Here in Lake County we got a late start about 1959 and to date the county has acquired about 4,000 acres. More land is being considered for acquisition. There is a certain ratio of land in open space per population in a given area, but I am not sure just what it is.

The statute is rather vague in its wording in that it defines a forest preserve as natural space to be preserved as such for the recreation of the public. This term "recreation" has been subject to various interpretations. In Cook County, it has been construed to mean that certain areas can be converted into golf courses, swimming pools, toboggan slides, etc. But on the whole the wooded areas have been kept intact and have limited facilities for picnicking, ball playing, etc.

It required a special act of the legislature to permit the Chicago Zoological Society to Build the Brookfield Zoo on district property donated by Edith Rockefeller McCormick for that purpose.

Here in Lake County we are fortunate in having been given a tract of about 500 acres by the late Edward L. Ryerson, and it has since been added to by a few neighbors retaining a life interest. Under the terms of this bequest the use of this property is strictly limited and it is known as the Edward L. Ryerson Conservation Area. Horseback riding is not permitted, nor snowmobiles and various other activities, though hiking is encouraged along the trails and canoeing along the Des Plaines river.

I know from personal knowledge that many others have given, or plan to give, their lands to the District.

It would seem to me that if you ran an article on the forest preserves it might stimulate other counties to start such a project, and it might encourage certain individuals to donate land.

It's outdoor Illinois that we are concerned about whether it's in lower case, italics or capitals. You may not like me

for this but I have contributed many years of issues of O.I. to the Ryerson Nature Library, but maybe in due time the library will enter a subscription. In the meantime I feel that I am sharing the wealth of your publication where it will reach many more than just in my home.

Sincerely,
James R. Getz
Lake Forest, Ill.

The Cook County Forest Preserve system, under the leadership of Cap Sauers and his eminently qualified successor, Arthur Janura, has been an exceptional model for others to follow across the nation. In an area which is not unknown for 24-hour politicking, the Forest Preserve system has maintained a highly professional approach to preservation of open spaces and in providing recreational land to Chicago's large population. The high esteem in which the Forest Preserve is held is a tribute to the firm foundation put down by Mr. Sauers, and an added tribute to the strength of character of both he and Mr. Janura.

Your suggestion is a very good one, both as to the merits of forest preserves and to their sister system, county conservation districts.

May we add that we are continually impressed by our readers, and your contribution of issues to the nature library gives added impetus to the feeling.

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on a GREAT February issue! The article about Mr. Pullman and his city was outstanding. Well written, interesting and informative, is a good way to describe it.

Illinois is full of interesting railroad history. I hope that you will continue to give your readers railroad history along with other informative articles about the Land of Lincoln.

Your advertising department might be interested to know that my family plans to visit the Shawnee Hills country and Rend Lake because of the ads we saw in the February issue.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
Stephen Shoe, President
Midwest Region, National Model
Railroad Assn.
West Chicago, Ill.

We have a friend who remarked to us that he could tell our mood at the time we wrote the rejoinders to letters, up, down or coasting. Well, he's wrong.

Besides, some days we simply prefer to call it the Land of Henri Tonti and other days the Land of George Rogers Clark. And on certain other occasions we like best the Land of Rouensa, or the Land of Checagou, both noted Indian personages of early Illinois. Which is, mainly, to say we are not enthralled each day with the moniker, Land of Lincoln.

Dear Sir:

The Marissa U. S. BiCentennial Commission has chosen the restoration of the Academy Building in our City Park as its bicentennial project and has named the Marissa Historical and Genealogical Society as director of that project.

Our purpose for writing is to gather information and authenticate the fact that it is "the last of an era" in public education, and near to being one-of-a-kind.

Our building was erected in 1886. It is of frame construction and has a belfry. Tuition was charged and it provided a three-year college preparatory curriculum. Courses included arithmetic, algebra, geometry, Greek, Latin grammar, English grammar, geography, U. S. history, painting, drawing, music, civil government, natural philosophy, spelling, penmanship, physiology, geology, botany, zoology and general exercises. This building served the community in this capacity for about twenty years. After the high school was built it was used for school emergencies, a community meeting place and eventually as the park community-use building.

We would like to have knowledge of any other academies comparable in vintage, building and use still in existence in the state of Illinois—or, could you direct us to a more likely source for this information?

With sincere thanks,
Gloria Frantz Cox
Marissa, Ill.

Can anyone help?

Dear Sirs:

We are enclosing check for one year subscriptions to our son and our own. Have received our picture of the Thompson Covered Bridge near Cowden, and have it framed.

Thanking you,

Sincerely yours,
Luther E. Martz
Windsor, Ill.

One of our prouder achievements is the creation of the avenue our covers have become for exhibition of the talent of Illinois artists, and the wide display they are getting in many Illinois homes and public places.

We have often been nettled by the public display of scenes from other parts of the country in restaurants and motels, and the lack of Illinois awareness. Maybe this will stimulate a different course in the future.

Dear Sir:

Will you please send me ten copies of the February Outdoor Illinois containing Mr. Dearing's interesting article on Pullman.

Please tell him that we both enjoyed it very much.

Very sincerely yours,
C. Phillip Miller
Chicago, Ill.

We hate to puff him up. But will.



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Dear Sir:

John Voigt's article on "Sinister Plants and Nature's Spirals" is excellent and informative . . . I'm having my students in economic botany classes read it. We get pretty excited about plant curiosities. John, as you probably already know, is also an alumnus of Eastern's botany department, and one of our most outstanding "Sons".

Very truly yours,
Charles B. Arzeni, Prof.
Eastern Illinois University
Charleston, Ill.

John Voigt's articles are great stimulation for the thought processes. We can't pass them up, and usually end up wandering at length into the reasons for actions of certain plants. Why, indeed, do some plants spiral left and others right?

We were pleased to note that Dr. Arzeni was recently awarded a second Fulbright grant to give seminars and workshops in Colombia, S. A., upgrading the curriculum at five universities including the national university at Bogota.

An expert of economic botany and ethnobotany, Dr. Arzeni has directed Eastern's summer study program in Mexico for five years.

Dear Sir:

While waiting in the vet's office this week, I picked up a 2-year-old copy of Outdoor Illinois and enjoyed it very much. Please send me up-to-date information regarding your subscription rates.

Sincerely,
Lillian Freeman
Lake in the Hills, Ill.

Our professional friends tell us we are tops in the category, "quickest magazine to disappear from the waiting room".

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is my check for a gift subscription for my parents.

We at The Nature Conservancy truly enjoy OI and I think my parents will enjoy it as much. Would you please start their subscription with the March 1975 issue?

Best wishes,
Cindy Stein
Evanston, Ill.

High praise, indeed.

Dear Sir:

Lowell Dearing's Pullman story is most exciting, as on a sunny day in 1915

a distinguished gentleman approached the Methodist parsonage at Ashley (Illinois) and said: "Good afternoon, I am Frank Lowden, an old friend of your father's."

He had walked from the center of town where George M. Pullman's old private car and two others more modern had been shunted to a remote I. C. siding. My father, the late Rev. S. S. Smith, was in his study and soon I could hear them talking.

Mr. Lowden was running for governor and next morning we boarded the train on the L & N for Mt. Vernon. I had been invited to go along as there was to be talk of my going to work for the Pullman Company while attending Northwestern University. We had a long day at Mt. Vernon and saw many people, including Lou Emmerson, who took us to the car shops for a tour. We returned to Ashley in the afternoon and we had a brief introduction to Mrs. Lowden, who had friends with her.

The cover picture on the February issue almost threw me, as that outermost rock had a special meaning to me. In 1912, when we were living in Equality, a group of young Methodists had an outing in that area and Lonnie Brannon decided to show me where Indians had in early times sent smoke signals. We got

to the top of the second rock from the left by climbing a vertical log with notches in it. Then Lonnie said, "I double-dare you to jump over to that other rock! We got across alright, and sure enough there was a sort of hollowed-out basin where Indians may have built signal fires."

Cordially,
Gerald C. Smith
Homelake, Colo.

Dear Sir:

People who think they know everything are particularly aggravating to those of us who do.

Your friend,
John Bandy,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear O. I.:

I am enclosing my subscription renewal check.

To avoid confusion, it looked like the prudent course was to send it now.

Incidentally, I have nominated you for the Recycled Paper Institute's "Publication of the Year Award" for your devotion to sound business and ecology practices.

Also in your favor is your having beaten many literary endeavors to a pulp.

Jim Bruner
Clearwater, Fla.

Darn!

We about wore out our left hand flinging that pox, and you've popped to the surface already.

As you well know, you're headed straight for confusion when you send anything toward us. Unfortunately, you got the whole thing bollixed up. It's not the paper that's been recycled around here, it's the Superintendent In Charge of All Maintenance. He's a reformed stockbroker. Naturally, if it's a cash award we'll accept it to keep you from bollixing up the Institute's fiscal records. Otherwise, tell them to go hang . . . er, we won't have time to accept in person.

To: Edioter

FROM: Superintendent In Charge of All Maintenance

I knowed you would glom onto that award. I took it up with the shop steward and we fixed up a petition demanding our rights to a share of the money, but won't get it to you until it dries out. We spilled coffee on it.

And another thing, quit insulting him

until the money gets here. Even a stockbroker has some feelings. We don't want to turn off our tap before it starts to flow, do we?

Somebody around here has got to get some business sense before we're all out there floating upstream with Bruner.

Dear Sirs:

I purchased your magazine for the first time today and wanted to tell you how enjoyable and informative I found it.

I am enclosing my check for a one-year subscription and the map of Illinois. I hope my subscription can begin with the March issue since I don't want to miss any more of your fine magazine. Even the "ads" are interesting.

Yours truly,
Lois Frasher
Springfield, Ill.

You are a good girl, Lois, and will never become a stockbroker.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to compliment you on running Lowell Dearing's story on George Pullman. It is a gem in my estimation and really sets a high standard for your publication. I also enjoy the

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MARCH, 1975

monthly letters, of which the February issue was loaded.

I have also written Lowell to praise him on his latest. He certainly knows Chicago well and the story indicates a lot of research involving time and hard work. Thanks for running the story.

Very truly yours,
D. A. Purdy
Du Quoin, Ill.

Dear Sir:

A good friend sent me the January 1975 copy of Outdoor Illinois and I'm so thrilled with it that I want the back copies and the future copies plus the map. I'm taking such good care of the copy I have that I don't want to tear the back cover off so will list what I want.

I guess I'm a Texan, having lived here for almost 30 years but Illinois is "home". My Dad was Dick Chapman and a descendant of all those Johnson County Chapmans you spoke of in the January issue. My Mother was Regina Moss and her family were Watsons, Paces, and Mosses from Jefferson and Washington counties.

My Dad's mother was Kate Thomas Chapman, who taught school at Southern Illinois (Normal) University many years ago. The family story is that her father, Richard Thomas, built the first coke ovens in the U. S. at Grand Tower. I don't know much about the Thomas family and sure would like to. Maybe in your

issue about Jackson County there is a mention of these coke ovens.

Thanks,
Mrs. H. C. LaMaster
Amarillo, Tex.

One of the Chapmans we somehow overlooked was Ralph Chapman, a noted Big Ten football player and later a stockbroker in Chicago, who hailed from Johnson County.

We haven't run across a good source for the iron industry at Grand Tower — and at Illinois and Martha Furnaces in Hardin County — but we're still looking. Can anyone help?

Dear Sirs:

The depot pictured on page 4 of the February issue is located in the "cultural town" of Benton, Illinois.

We look forward each month to reading your magazine. We enjoyed the Johnson County story—our favorite county.

Yours truly,
Janet Lewis
Edwardsville, Ill.

You got the depot right, and you were certainly right about the culture, but you were a little late.

Dear Sirs:

The "What and Where" picture in your February issue is the I.C. Depot in Effingham, Illinois. It is now serving the Pennsylvania (?) also. We appreciate

the reference to its location near the center of the cultural capital of Illinois.

Sincerely,
Josephine Burtschi
The Little Brick House
Vandalia, Ill.

Everyone tries to steal our thunder. Face it folks, even if you're successful, all you'll have is a hand full of noise.

Sirs:

We have enjoyed learning the history of Illinois through your lovely magazine, and we are learning more of today's Illinois. Keep it coming.

Mrs. Edmond Williams
Seattle, Washington

Dear Sirs:

Will there be a chapter on McLean County? I have ancestors who lived there in the 1850's.

Thank you in advance,
Mrs. Tom J. McClendon
Westminster, Calif.

We have scheduled a chapter on McLean County for late this year. Others upcoming include Calhoun, Wayne, Perry and Williamson.

Dear Sir:

After 38 years of teaching school I have retired. Since I spent most of my early life and teaching in Saline and

Hamilton Counties, I think your magazine is the most "down home."

The last 16 years I have been unit superintendent of schools in Bement, Illinois, Piatt County. I believe I purchased the first subscription of your magazine for the Bement Unit 5 schools.

We have a very active historical society in Piatt County. Perhaps you would like to do a series on our county.

Benton will always be dear to my heart because my favorite cousin lived there before he passed away, Earl Ferguson. Earl was assistant postmaster. I have hunted and fished with him many times in your area.

Sincerely,
J. E. Hargrove
Bement, Ill.

Earl helped us considerably with our mailing problems in the early years of the magazine. He was a super guy and a noted bass fisherman.

To: Supt. In Charge of
All Maintenance:

Since my communication will probably end up in your office (?) anyway, I shall direct my communication directly to you. I believe that the picture in the February issue is the I. C. station in Carbondale. Being a history teacher you will readily recognize my need for your magazine, but also my pecuniary shortcomings.

In view of these facts, plus that I must rely upon our school's copy to read your

fine magazine, if I am late or wrong, please be understanding and I'll try again.

Gene Schnierle
Bement, Ill.

You done and ruin yourself with me when you said the depot was at Carbondale. They ain't nothing at Carbondale quite like this place, and that includes the rate of pay, which is even higher than Hargrove paid teachers at Bement. And everyone knows THAT is the best around. — SICAM

Gentlemen:

Is it still possible to get a print of the magazine cover reprint on your January issue — the Thompson Covered Bridge near Cowden? Mrs. Donna Atwood, who painted the picture, is a friend of mine and our son is especially interested in covered bridges, so I would like to have the picture.

Yours truly,
Katharine Grobengieser
Altamont, Illinois

We have reprints available.

Dear Editor:

The story about George Pullman was of tremendous interest to me and the pictures accompanying that story represent a tremendous amount of research in numerous plates. I also noted that you mentioned the fact that Governor Frank

Lowden, who I barely knew after World War I, married one of the Pullman girls. Governor Lowden created the departmental form of state government which was remarkably efficient and has continued to the present time * * *

We truly enjoy receiving Outdoor Illinois and we wish for you increasing success in its publication and distribution.

Sincerely yours,
Carter Jenkins
Springfield, Ill.

We liked the look of Gv. Lowden and the attitude he brought to state government. He had an alert look about the eye, as we say in the hinterland.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed check is for two county history issues.

I sure do enjoy your magazine, especially the history articles and family genealogical histories.

Thanks much,
Everett Hoebbel
Wauconda, Ill.

Dear Editor:

In regard to the "erroneous rabbit tracks" — I'm afraid I like your idea of the yeti better than my excuse. I could plead far-sightedness, astigmatism, or a heavy hand, but I'm afraid none of them would do.

Not ever having followed a rabbit around in the snow (or anyplace else for

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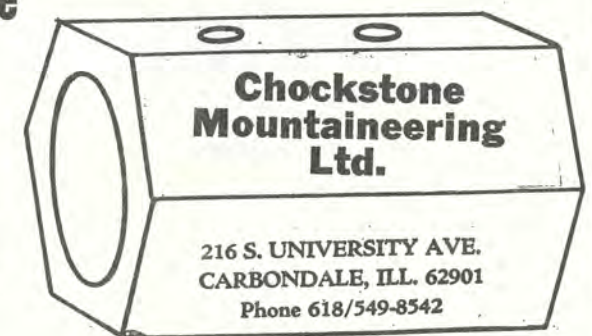
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PHOENIX KAYAKS

that matter), I had to grope into my imagination for what I thought would look like rabbit tracks. I humbly apologize for being incorrect.

I thank the gentleman from Urbana for bringing this to my attention and I shall try to be more precise in the future.

I would also like to thank the other readers for their remarks about the painting. They sincerely "touched" my heart.

Thank you so much,
Donna Atwood
St. Elmo, Ill.

While it does not rate a place as high as the editor's famous discovery—or creation—of an upside-down tree at Bell Smith Springs, you have earned a place on the Readers' All-Time Let's Whomp 'Em Again list. From time to time in future months, reference to the yeti tracks will fall in here like snowflakes.

Don't worry about it. We trade them pox-for-flake.

Dear Sir:

I like especially the February article on "Mosses and Liverworts."

Mrs. Garver O. Frazier
Marshall, Ill.

Both of us.

Dear Sirs:

How I have enjoyed these two recent back copies of Outdoor Illinois, especially the February 1974 issue.

It seems in reading each issue my attention is drawn to yet another interesting feature from "my old stomping ground", in another issue.

I am referring to the February 1974 issue concerning Paul Sprague's architecture and the promise that in the next month's issue an "exquisite, little-known church in Anna will be the feature." Am wondering if this is the church I see in my "mind's eye" some place near the Stinson Library in Anna. I was a regular visitor to the library and loving to walk as well as read, would often walk around in that vicinity. We lived at the other end of town out near the Anna Hospital, so the area around the library was not too familiar to me and I liked to explore and see the lovely homes and lawns. I must have been between 10 and 12 years of age, as we moved to Indianapolis when I was 13. So now, hopefully, I can know the story of this little church. Maybe.

Also, I wonder if any of your writers know the history of the little village of Union Point in Preston Precinct, Union County, that I understood was inundated with water, or that it disappeared. Also, I have heard that the area around where it used to be is still a part of the Spanish

Land Grant. This town of Union Point was in existence in 1869 as my grandmother resided and was married from there. I have wondered when and what caused its disappearance. So far, I haven't been able to get hold of any book giving this history.

Looking forward to next Outdoor Illinois,

Sincerely,
Mrs. M. A. Newhouse
Rochester, Indiana

In the June-July issue, Union Point post office was shown on the map of Union County at the location of the old town of Preston in 1876. Preston was one of the few villages attempted on the Mississippi flood plain and frequent flooding of the town apparently convinced the villagers that floating was not the best way to arise in the morning. The community, laid out by John Garner in 1842, has been ravaged by the Mississippi River.

Dear Sir:

I'm well into my second year of subscription to your excellent magazine, and wanted to tell you how much it's enjoyed in my household, even though we are far below the Mason-Dixon. Illinois will always be home, even though I've not had an official residence in Brown County since 1945.

Also, though I'm far too late to win a prize, I did want to identify the steamboat on page 4 of your January issue. She's now the "Belle of Louisville", with Louisville, Ky., as her home port. Prior to that, she was the "Avalon", and before that the "Idlewilde."

I suppose I knew her best as the Idlewilde during my high school days. It was practically a manhood rite to take the moonlight excursion from Beardstown, Illinois back in the mid- to late 40's. Those were the days when little more than \$5 would handle an evening afloat.

As a nostalgia kick, I rode her out of Louisville a couple of years ago, and despite the inflationary trend, the crowd was the same. Only the costumes, music and prices had changed.

Keep these great issues coming — they're my window on Illinois.

Cordially,
Philip V. Gaddis
Atlanta, Ga.

That is a very nice compliment.

Dear Editor:

What and Where: The old I. C. Depot on South Main street, Benton, Illinois. It is now the home of Outdoor Illinois.

Sincerely,
Ellen Baker
Benton, Illinois

You win the Provincial First Prize, limited to residents of the Big Muddy River valley, for getting in first with the correct answer.

Hello O.I.:

If that isn't the present home of O.I., I'm badly mistaken. However, I always considered the cultural capital of southern Illinois to be nearer Marion, Illinois.

Robert J. Sutherland
Pekin, Ill.

Like at Dog Trot?

Never-mind, you win the Rest-of-the-World International Super Prize for discerning the present home of Outdoor Illinois when it was cleverly disguised as a working railroad depot.

On second glance, you may be right.

Marion might well be noted in some circles as the cultural center of southern Illinois. However, we were discussing the cultural center of Illinois, which is a rather larger horse of different hue.

Dear Sir:

You have been listening to Secretary of Treasury Simon too much. I watched him on TV when he just sat there smiling and saying you can expect the price of gas to go up. Not only the gasoline, but sugar and everything else. And now Outdoor Illinois.

We don't need the sugar and we can save gasoline by staying at home reading Outdoor Illinois. But take it easy, we may have to turn off our lights and turn down our heat and go to bed.

Pax vobiscum.

A reader
Effingham, Ill.

Listen, fella, no kind of pox works on us, vobiscum or otherwise. If you're another one of them stockbrokers like James Bruner or Grey Warrner, just forget it. Your ENTIRE union ain't strong enough to throw a pox on us.

But we're with you, the least Mr. Simon could have done was broke down and cried.

Dear Sirs:

We live near an old crooked road that went from Danville to Bloomington back in the early days of this area. It is now a blacktopped county road. We enjoy looking up interesting back roads when the weather and road conditions permit us to get around.

Sincerely,
June Van Holland
Gibson City, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I have been receiving your magazine for several months now, and I enjoy reading it very much. I loaned the January 1975 issue to a friend to read, who is interested in tracing her family tree. Several southern Illinois locations were involved, and I thought it might help her.

It resulted in a new subscriber for you and some back copies, I believe.

Now for some information for myself, if I may. Do you have a back copy which covers Gallatin County? Or will it be in a future issue? Your article in the January 1975 issue about Dr. Andy Hall of Mt. Vernon brought this to mind.

On my wife's mother's side of their family, they lived many years in that area. My wife's grandfather was an old-time family doctor at Ridgway, Illinois, Dr. W. H. Riley. He told me one time I visited him before he died, about making long trips by horse and buggy answering sick calls. Dr. Riley had a very large private library. If you do any research on Gallatin, you may find something about Dr. Riley.

Thank you and keep that magazine coming.

Respectfully,
George D. Frame, Sr.
Collinsville, Ill.

Gallatin is in future plans, but not quite near future. Lowell Dearing is doing a story on Dr. Andy Hall for an upcoming edition.

Dear Sir:

I am sending a money order for a copy of the February 1974 issue of Jackson County. If there is any extra charge as to the money order, keep it toward "stamp money".

This is a wonderful magazine.

Thank you,
Miss Georgia Vorce
Champaign, Ill.

Outdoor Illinois:

Is the I. C. Depot the right answer? Why don't you write about Pulaski County? There are some fine farms, et cetera, here.

I have been receiving your magazine since 1965 and have them all and enjoy them much. I get so angry when someone calls Southern Illinois folks hillbillies. That is so wrong.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Lula Churchill
Perks, Ill.

Listen, Guyula Moreland told us they

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wasn't nothing in Pulaski County but spring peepers, mistletoe, and relatives of Ken Martin. Or was it Ralph Gibson told us that? We have trouble remembering things, sometimes.

Dear Sir:

Having become interested in your magazine, I am enclosing a check for the cost of the subscription and one of David H. Burr's maps of Illinois.

Howard Bennett
Golden, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Refer: picture in February issue of Outdoor Illinois. I will identify this as the I. C. Depot, Marion, Illinois.

Yours very truly,
Webb Gram
Murphysboro, Ill.

You're wrong, but you're not the first one to be wrong about the Marion depot. When it was built, it was built on a larger scale than in other towns the size of Marion. The railroad's construction department apparently mis-sent the plans for the Marion, Indiana depot to Marion, Illinois and the mistake wasn't discovered until after the building was completed.

The old depot in Marion now houses the Crab Orchard and Egyptian Railroad, which offers steam-engine railroad rides to visitors during the warm months of the year, and an old-fashioned ice cream parlor year 'round.

Gentlemen:

For friends who are originally from Europe and will retire to Switzerland

next month, I should like a copy of the cover reprint of the December 1974 cover for which my check is attached. The friends have hiked with us to Draper's Bluff, and I am sure they would enjoy this memento of their years in southern Illinois.

Sincerely yours,
Cynthia Olmsted
Carbondale, Illinois

We're sure artist Ken Martin is as complimented by your gesture as we are.

Sirs,

Please send me the single issue of Outdoor Illinois February 1975, Volume XIV, Number 2. I am enclosing a check for \$1.10. Thank you.

Ruth Ann Metzger
Rosary College
River Forest, Ill.

Your addition of 10c for postage suddenly reminded us of the high cost of mailing anything nowadays—the high cost of anything, mailed or otherwise, for that matter. We'll have to think about that for while.

Dear Sirs,

This is a WONDERFUL magazine but this is too much money. Try to cut some corners!!!

Enclosed \$16 is for renewal.

Mrs. W. A. B.
Springfield, Ill.

Listen, you've got to be logical. You're either for us or agin us. If you're for us, say them good things. If you're agin us, don't send us a

two-year price. Just send a one-year price. The whole bottom may drop out by this time next year and you'll have us at your mercy, sniveling around beggin you to renew for \$2.13! On the other hand, thanks for the extra year, although you actually tuck us fer a \$1 we'll never see.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is check for \$8.50. Please renew my subscription.

I have every issue published, including the very first one. Your magazine gets better all the time.

Sincerely yours,
Geneva Newman
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Aw, we just kid a lot. Most poets are perfectly harmless. It's them poetesses that drive us nuts.

Dear Sir:

We enjoy the magazine very much so please send the February issue.

Your magazine covers in full color are beautiful, but personally I would prefer a black & white cover and a cheaper price.

When are you going to get to the history of a county north of Springfield?

Sincerely,
Mrs. Donald Portner
Sterling, Ill.

Take that and that and that, full-color cover mongers.

McLean County is scheduled for late fall.

Gladys, did anyone ever tell you, you get to the point in a hurry?

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But you get the idea. We do like to keep our readers up to date. Even if the date was 400 million years ago in Illinois. For Illinois is the subject and the object of *Outdoor Illinois Magazine*. Everything and anything that makes our state different, unusual, enjoyable, interesting. Everything we think you would enjoy or need to know.

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320 South Main, Benton, Illinois 62812

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320 South Main Street
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- ☐ Enclosed is my check for \$8.50 for one-year subscription.
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- ☐ Enclosed is my check for \$2.00 for map only.

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