

The Magazine of Illinois



OUTDOOR

Illinois

ONE DOLLAR



Moonshine Times Gone By

MAY 1975

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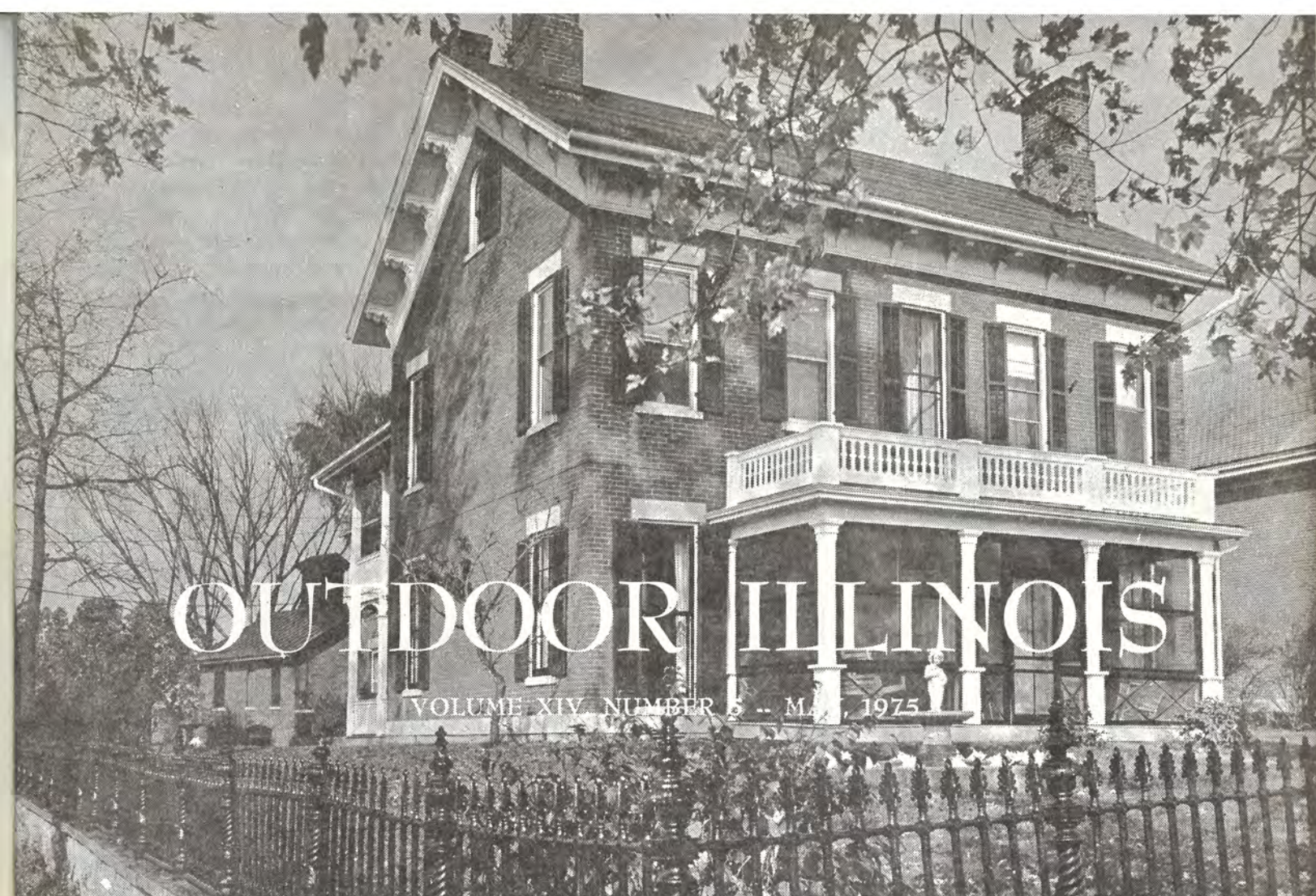
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GALENA, WHERE TIME STOOD STILL, Galena Historical Society

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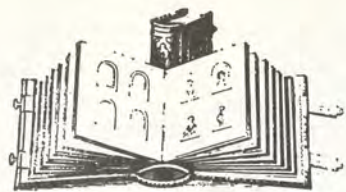
COVER PICTURE:

LITTLE MARY'S COVERED BRIDGE, about five miles northeast of Chester adjacent to Illinois 150, is considered to be Illinois' oldest covered bridge. Built in 1854, it was in everyday use until the early 1930's. It is listed in the National Register of Historic Places, and is maintained by the Illinois Department of Transportation. Acrylic watercolor by Donna Atwood, of St. Elmo.

MAY, 1975

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WHAT and WHERE

CAN YOU IDENTIFY this little tableau, the make of the phonograph machine and the name of the dog? Do not let the custom-made orange crate desk at far left, the luxurious chair belonging to the S.I.C.A.M. plopped down in the center of things, or the deep-pile carpeting ripped off from a present-day banker who once worked for a living detract from your concentration. If you want a hint, and can sprint, the originals in this picture may be seen at the River-view Mansion Hotel in Golconda. But hurry.



Last Month's Picture

Several readers correctly identified the building as the depot of the Illinois Traction System at Union, in Logan County, and thereby won the magnificent first prize of a year's subscription to the world's greatest magazine printed at Benton, Illinois.



A Second Look

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

Canoeing Friends

AND WHILE we are discussing people who prefer trudging upstream rather than floating downstream, let us point out that among that number are two individuals from Fairfield with the same name, Richard Cochran — father and son—with whom we canoed portions of Lusk Creek on an April weekend recently.

Rather than float gently down stream at some length, we opted for a very short stretch downstream, then a long stretch upstream on one of the tributaries which was running a fair current. For the uninitiated, that means that you get out of the canoe in water which is variously from ankle to hip deep and pull and tug the canoe between the short stretches of canoeable pools.

It would not be so bad, but all of the way to our designated overnight camping place, our friends the Cochrans, younger and elder, persisted in repeating the same tired refrain, "The long pool is just ahead."

When we got to the camping place, they still insisted there was a long pool ahead. Somewhere.

We have a great deal of respect for the elder Cochran. We have found him to be an attorney of uncommon determination and intelligence and integrity. We think his son is a fine young man.

As for canoeing with them in the future, we can only repeat the plaintive remark of the man sentenced by a jury to hang by the neck: "They done and ruint themselves with me."

A New Map for Touring

WE HAVE JUST finished a new map of southern Illinois places to go and things to see and do for the Region 9 Tourism Promotion Council, covering the territory from Randolph County northeast of Jasper County, and almost everything to the south of that diagonal, and individual copies of the map are available from the Tourism region if you will write the Illinois Division of Tourism, State Regional Office Bldg., Marion. They are free.

Included on the map are each of the boat launching sites on the major rivers and lakes in that area, state parks and forest service recreation areas, complete with facilities available at each, all of the historic landmarks listed in the area on the National Register of Historic Places, nature preserves owned by the State or by The Nature Conservancy, a private preservation group, major highways and minor roads which will take you to the places of interest, and a myriad of other locations of interest.

For those who wish, we printed a number of them at our cost and only the map side, so that they may be framed and put in your "Illinois Room", as a number of readers are apparently doing. These are not free, since we are not as well-heeled as the state, and we are making them available on a first-come, first-served basis at the cost of a dollar apiece. If they are mailed, please include 54c for a mailing tube, postage and handling.

Remember: they may be obtained free from the State Tourism Office in Marion. If you want one from us, printed only the map side and suitable for framing, the toll is \$1.54.

In either case, they tell us it is one of the nicest maps we have put out.

Offbeat Cadences

UNLIKE SOME persons, we take an inordinate amount of pleasure in seeing and hearing of individuals who chart a different course, who march—or lope, or walk—to the beat of a different cadence.

Two things brought that to mind in recent days.

A friend came in one balmy spring evening and inquired if we knew where he might find some horse-drawn farming equipment.

When we asked if he was jumping into the antique business with four feet, he responded, "No, my daughter and her husband are starting a home down in the hills, and they are planning to grow as much of their needs as possible without getting into the business in a big way."

Our response, instantly: "Super!"

He was surprised. He wondered why we felt better about it than did he, who worried that it would be a hard life, one without many of the frills of today.

"That's your child," we said, "and that has the same hampering effect that we get when we walk the narrow goat path into Indian Kitchen."

If there is a youngster in the party, we worry about the path and its 70-foot drop at the outer edge, a sheer wall on the inner edge. If it is a group of adults along on the hike, we have no trepidation whatsoever.

My friend's daughter and son-in-law are charting their own path. They are not moving into the midstream and floating downhill. They are taking a Jersey cow and a handful of seeds and little else, and are beginning an enormously exciting life.

As one whose children exert a great deal of independence in setting their own courses, we approve the spirit he is worried about—and, no doubt, that he is secretly more than a little proud to see, himself.

In the other matter, we received a letter from reader David Hoover, of Taylorville, and enclosed was a classified advertisement and some material on guided bike trips he will be leading to several parts of Illinois this summer.

Dave, a graduate of Michigan, has shown himself to be a remarkable young man to those of us who know him. He is an expert cyclist, having spent his undergraduate days cycling to and from school at Ann Arbor from his living quarters in all but the most bitter winter weather—a tent pitched in the woods, five miles from campus.

A photographer, environmentalist, woodsman, cyclist, and collector of past issues of *Outdoor Illinois*, he is offering four guided tours in Illinois this summer—north, south, east and west—at a very nominal cost per person. The limit on each tour is seven persons, they must be at least 14 years of age (unless accompanied by parent or older friend), and no drugs or liquor are allowed.

For a list of the tour itineraries, suggested equipment and tour fees, write David Hoover at 808 West Vine St., Taylorville, or telephone 217/824-4431.

We can recommend the tours because we recommend him as an individual, and a remarkable young man.

Wayne Bridges

READERS MAY be interested in knowing that Wayne Bridges, whose photograph of the Illinois Traction System depot at Union, Illinois was last month's What and Where picture, will be featured in the June 1975 issue of "Railroad Magazine", as Mr. Hubbard's 150th Interesting Railfan.

Wayne has been furnishing us interesting Illinois pictures for Page 3 and for What and Where for a number of years now, and has even done a full-blown picture story on a railroad museum for a past number.

His interests range from railroad memorabilia to barns, and he is often on the road from his home at Delavan in search of subjects for his photography hobby.

He is currently doing a photo story for "Railfan" Magazine.

zine on "A Railfan Guide to Peoria, Illinois." And recently he told us that, thanks to OI, the Mavises of Macomb and Dr. Pearson's (of Springfield) SOB (Save Old Barns) Committee, he has been searching out and filming old, different and, yes, ROUND barns.

He asked, too, about the number of original OI charter subscribers—20 in total—who are still subscribing to *Outdoor Illinois*. His question piqued our interest and we had one of the folks who do the work around here make a hurried count.

Would you believe that 19 of the original 20 still take the magazine?

Just for those who collect such things, the list includes: Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Pirtle, Rex D. Presson, Floyd Reed, William S. Reed, M. E. Spurgeon, Urbana Free Library, Arthur Mercer, Mary Meyer, Rowland Miller, Verne Montgomery, Peoria Public Library, Ward Phillips, Cloyd Karnes, Eldorado High School Library, Frank Eskew, Miss Margaret M. Guse, Margaret Armentrout, B. Wayne Bandy, and L. A. Dearing—whichever that is and he probably got in on a pass. If we missed anyone, we apologize.

There were a number who subscribed after the first month and have remained loyal and steady readers down through the years. Wayne Bridges, for instance, began in April 1962.

His query has caused us to commence the process of thinking about a suitable memento that we might bestow on those very good persons who subscribed the first month and during the first year, and have retained a startling degree of loyalty these 135 publishing months.

Perhaps the readers might wish to join in the process of selecting a fitting tribute. Any ideas?

We have thought about a big OI banquet—everyone coming dutch, of course. Another idea slipped through our fingers and was, hopefully, gone beyond recall: put out another June issue before we get the May in the mail. But once you've seen that, the novelty quickly wears off. Right?

Wrong? That response had to come from Clearwater, Florida.

Well, you be thinking about it and for those of you who are original subscribers from the year 1962, think rapidly. If it is left to our imagination, we may all get in trouble.

Some Dam Notes

OAKLEY RESERVOIR has long been a bone of contention among environmentalists in the state and industrialists in the Decatur area. For a number of years now, the Corps of Engineers' proposal has been supported full-strength by the Decatur Chamber of Commerce and opposed with equal strength by the Committee on Allerton Park and a number of other conservation groups.

State public officials have wavered back and forth on the proposed large lake but in the main have tended to go with the Decatur group. That's why the recent defection of Sen. Charles Percy is taken as a significant and disastrous blow against eventual construction of the lake.

Sen. Adlai Stevenson has an opportunity now to put

the deathblow on the ill-conceived project. We hope he will do so.

And while we are on the subject of ill-conceived projects, another comes readily to mind—the proposal for a lake to inundate a very fine stretch of the Middle Fork of the Vermilion River near Danville.

An environmental impact statement is expected to be in the hands of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation by the time this edition gets into the hands of the readers. The EIS, prepared by the Division of Long Range Planning of the Department of Conservation, is expected to finally arouse the opposition to the project which has been latent since Gov. Dan Walker promised in his campaign three years ago to "save the Middle Fork," according to opponents of the proposed dam.

We expect the wraps will now be taken off, the gloves removed and the fight to preserve the Middle Fork will commence. We support preservation of the Middle Fork in its present status.

We hope Gov. Walker will take a good look at both the need and the state costs, balanced against the reason for the project as advanced by local sponsors.

The time for liberal dispensation of state money for local boondoggles has passed. An assessment of priorities for the people should result in a consensus that expenditure of any money by the state on projects of purely local focus should not include an expenditure for drowning the Middle Fork.

And if that results in a long harangue by the *Danville Commercial News*, let this truism be said: Sometimes you are admired for the enemies you make.

Glimpses of Northern Illinois

Corn Field at Night

Across the field there lies a silvery glow
As dark green blades are shining in the light
Of summer's moon. We hear those corn leaves grow
And rustle in the dead calm of the night.

Cock Pheasant

His iridescent garb is gaudy, bright
With blue and green and shining amber gold,
Yet he can vanish quickly from your sight
In autumn's brown or winter's white and cold.

Chicago

People, buses, trains, and boats, and cars;
Unending streets with traffic lights above.
Great buildings hide the sun and moon and stars;
A little flower shop brings thoughts of love.

Starved Rock

Two centuries ago, upon this place,
The Illinois, besieged by neighbor clan,
Were shown no sign of mercy nor of grace.
For want of food, they perished to a man.

—G. R. Yohe



Little Mary's Covered Bridge
RANDOLPH COUNTY

ACRYLIC BY DONNA ATWOOD

THIS MONTH'S cover by St. Elmo and Vandalia's Donna Atwood portrays the old covered bridge on the Little Mary's branch of the Mary's River, about five miles northeast of Chester, shortly after the turn of the century.

The bridge was constructed about 1854 (see related story beginning Page 8) and was in constant use until 1930, when a more modern iron bridge was constructed just west on the re-routed Highway 150.

It is probably the oldest covered bridge remaining in the state, and like each of the other original bridges is listed in the National Register of Historic Places maintained by the U. S. Department of Interior.

Artist Donna Atwood captured the essence of the period and the bridge in her acrylic rendition. (We have carefully searched the landscape for different yetis dressed as rabbits, at her specific request, and find none at this time—but reserve the right to claim we really did see one if someone else spots one we may have missed. Or a four-toed sloth, for that matter).

Donna is the wife of Max Atwood, of St. Elmo, and is a native of Vandalia. Her work is beginning to establish a habit of bringing home prizes from an increasing number of shows and exhibits. Hopefully, she will not become overpriced for our budget before we complete the series of original Illinois covered bridges, which began with the excellent painting of the Thompson Covered Bridge on our January 1975 cover.

Like the others in the series on Illinois historic landmarks, reprints of the covers may be obtained, suitable for framing, for \$3 plus 15c tax and 54c for postage and mailing tube. The prints are the exact size of the reproduction on the cover, centered on 14x17-inch stock, and numbered from 1 to 1,000.

If more than one print is ordered for mailing to the same location at the same time, send only one amount for postage and mailing tube.



COVERED BRIDGE over the Little Mary's branch of the Mary's River, about five miles northeast of Chester on State 150, is possibly the oldest covered bridge in the state. It dates from 1854. View is looking south toward parking lot.

Little Mary's Covered Bridge

Famous Illinois Architecture: XX

By Paul E. Sprague

THIS COVERED bridge over the Little Mary's River is one of nine such bridges remaining in the state and, of them, it is probably the oldest. It was built in 1854 as part of a seven mile toll road between Chester and Bremen operated by a Mr. Hartmann until 1872. In that year the bridge and road were purchased by Randolph County.

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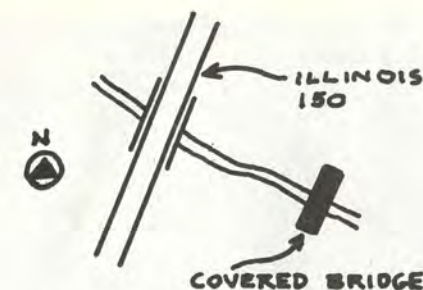
Public use continued until 1930 when Illinois 150 was rerouted over a new bridge several hundred feet to the west. In 1936 the bridge and its adjacent property was acquired by the state of Illinois as an historic site, and is maintained by the Illinois Department of Transportation.

The bridge, eleven feet in height, has a span of eighty-eight feet and a clear-



BRIDGE

OUTDOOR ILLINOIS



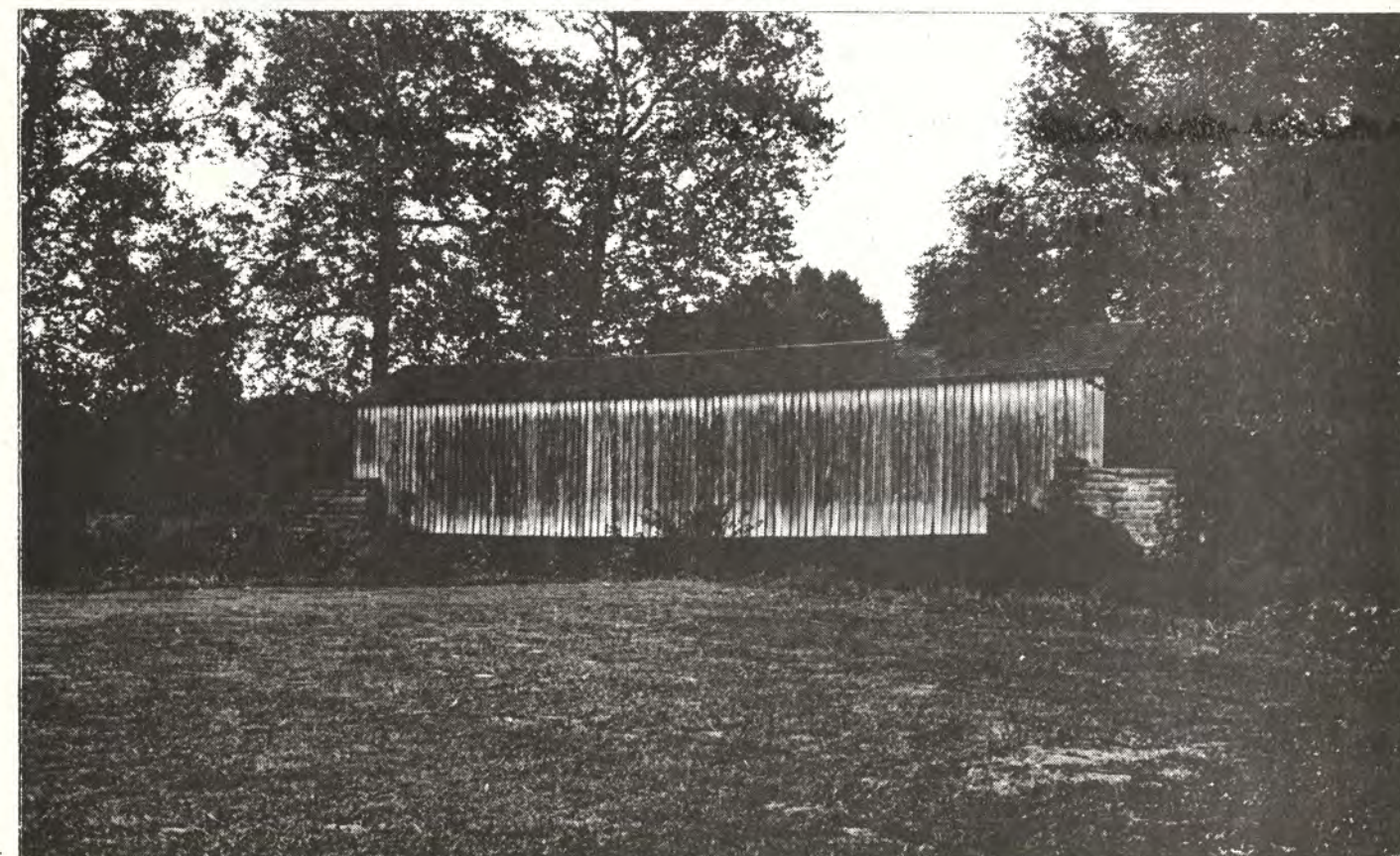
ance above the river of seventeen feet.

The structure is composed of a truss combined with a strengthening arch, a system devised by the pioneer bridge designer, Theodore Burr (1762-1822). It is enclosed or "covered" to protect the timber structure from the weather.

Except for the floor, floor joists, roof and siding, all the timber in the bridge is original. The structural members are

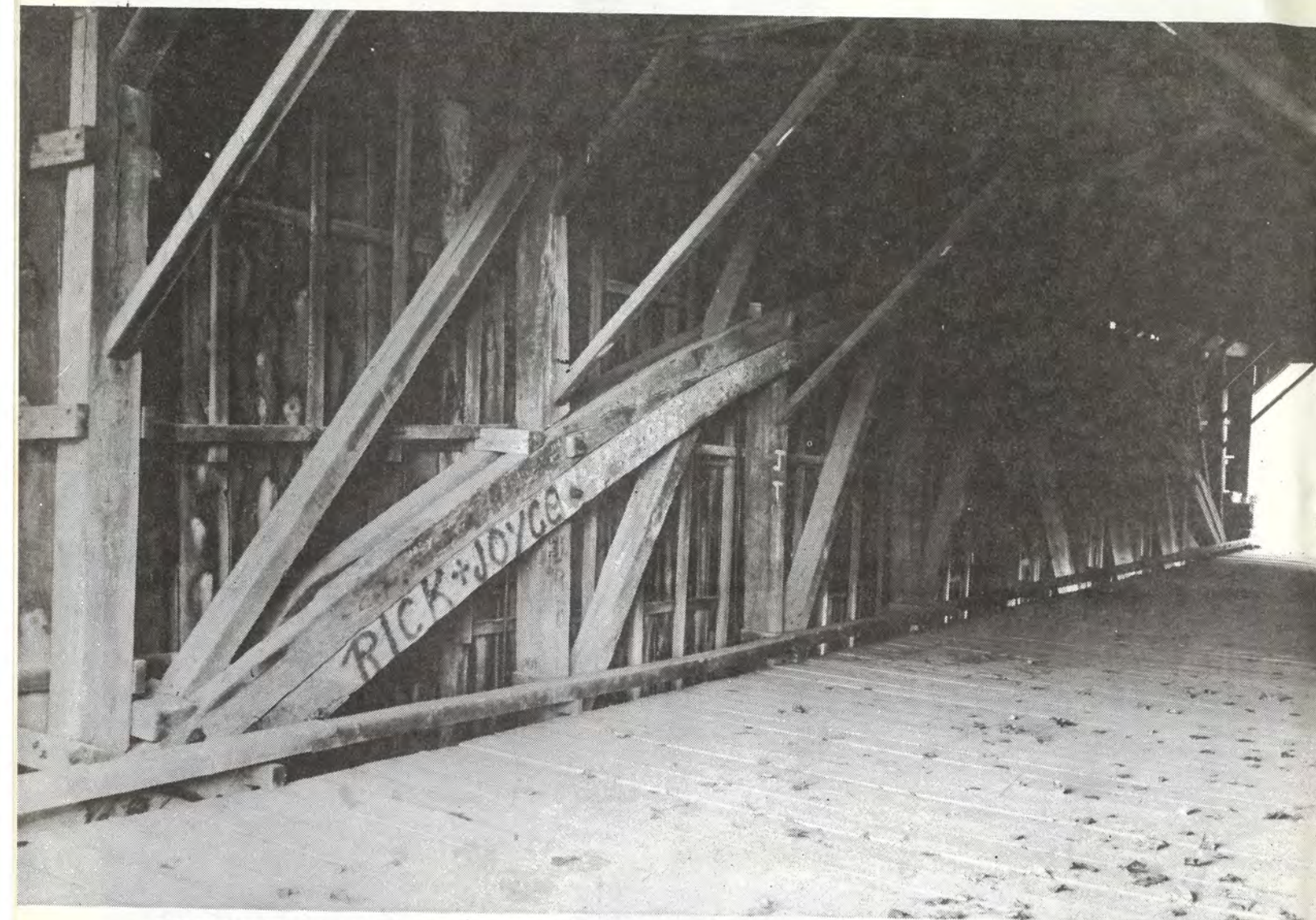
'LOOKING EAST from State 150 travelers see this view of the 121-year-old structure. This month's cover artist Donna Atwood captured the bridge from just north of this point.

AUTHOR-HISTORIAN Paul Sprague took this picture to indicate that there was no troll operating from beneath this bridge in Randolph County. The photograph also shows the sturdy stone foundation pier.



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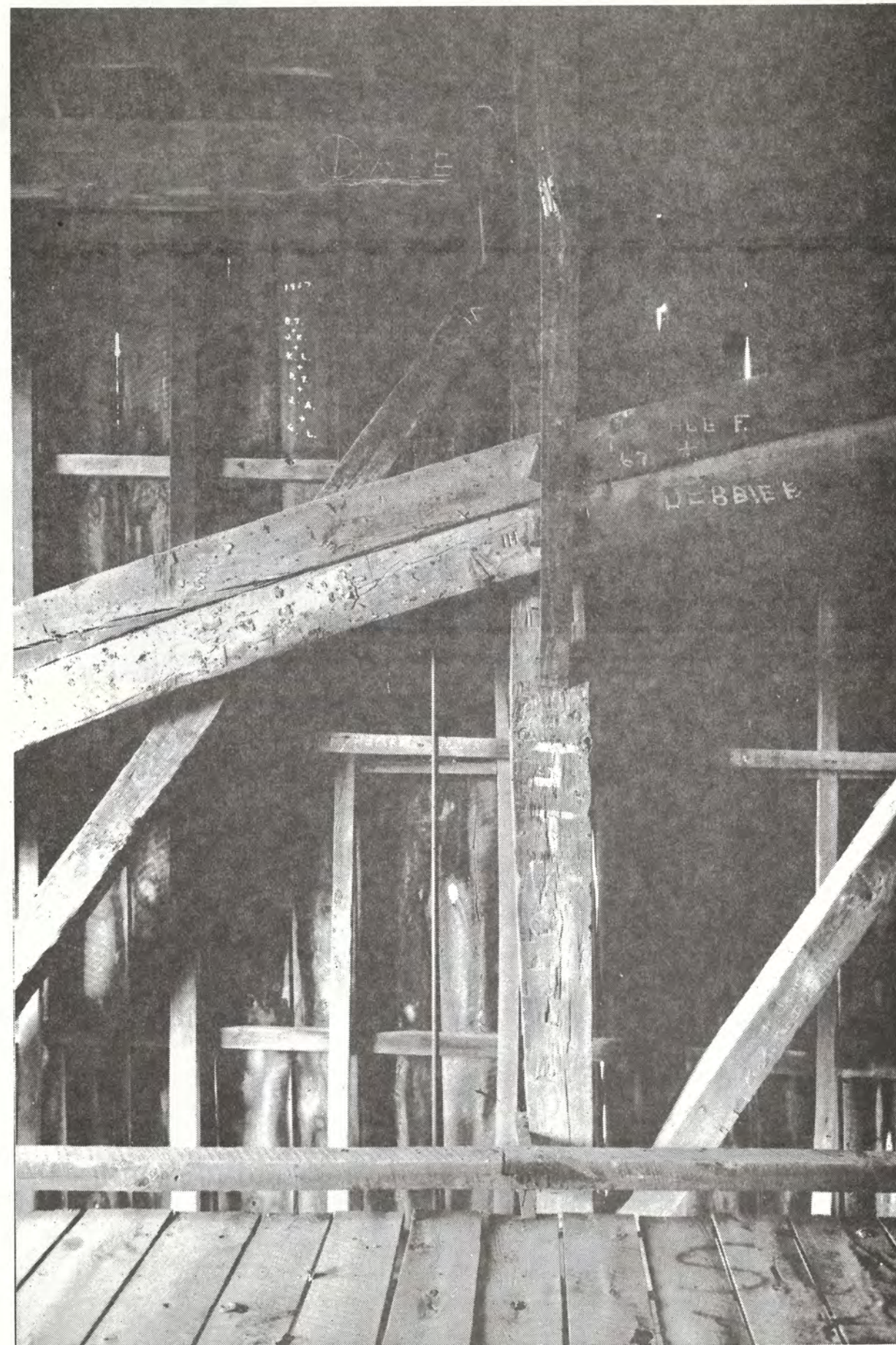
RICK AND JOYCE and countless hundreds have tried, but have been unable to mar the honest, solid craftsmanship in this truss with supporting arch. Its strength and essential goodness shines through.

hand-hewn, native white oak joined by tree nails or "trunnels." When restored in 1955 some steel reinforcement was added and the original hickory shake shingles were replaced with ones of cedar.

In addition to the romantic and picturesque associations as a covered bridge, this one near Chester is also of special significance because of its pre-Civil War date of construction.



CLOSE SCRUTINY reveals the roman numerals by which joining points were numbered by the craftsmen who prefit the timbers by hand prior to assembling at the site. Roman numeral "III" is near center of arch, roman numeral "VI" is just above it and upside down on truss support.





DR. ANDY HALL, as a major in the Philippines, on a horse which matches the description of one he used at Baler, Luzon, P. I., which had its foot caught in the halter. The horse was one of the principals in the episode Dr. Andy termed "Horse Wisdom".

A General Practitioner Who Became a Legend

Dr. Andy Hall

THE PHILIPPINES

THE PHILIPPINE Republic comprises some 7,100 islands of which about 6,400 are less than one square mile. Most of the Filipino population is of Malay descent.

The islands were discovered by Europeans in March, 1521, by the Portuguese, Ferdinand Magellan, then in service to Spain. Portugal disputed the Spanish claim, basing its position on a disposition of undiscovered lands by Pope Alexander VI, in 1493. Spain did not secure undisputed possession of the islands until after 1580, when Philip II

of Spain also became king of Portugal.

After defeat of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, and a bombardment of enemy positions at Manila, the Spanish commander surrendered the city to the Americans on August 14th, 1898. Because the cables had been cut, fighting continued with American and Filipinos against scattered Spanish forces before the news of a cease-fire agreement reached Manila.

By Lowell A. Dearing

Conclusion

Filipino groups had been in open rebellion against Spain since August 26, 1896. After acquiring possession of the islands the United States promised the Filipinos their independence, as soon as they were able to rule themselves.

The Filipinos wanted independence immediately. To illustrate, in one of the American-sponsored adult classes a man was asked to describe a cow. "A cow," the man replied, "is an animal

which has a leg at each corner, it has horns and gives milk, but, as for me, give me independence."

Emilio Aguinaldo, one of the leaders of the insurrection against Spain, was born in 1870, near Cavite, Luzon. He was educated at the University of Manila. On May 19, 1898, he proclaimed himself president of an independent Philippine Republic, and headed an insurrection against the United States.

Aguinaldo was admired by those Americans who knew him. In 1902, after his capture by General Funston, he gave his parole. "From that moment (he) became a loyal citizen, who did his utmost to help build up the islands."

Dr. Andy Hall reached Manila in September, 1899. He had been assigned to the Aztec, a slow transport, taking nine days San Francisco to Honolulu. This was before the United States had annexed Hawaii as a territory.

The Aztec remained in Honolulu five days. This gave Andy time to visit most

of "everything of interest" on the islands.

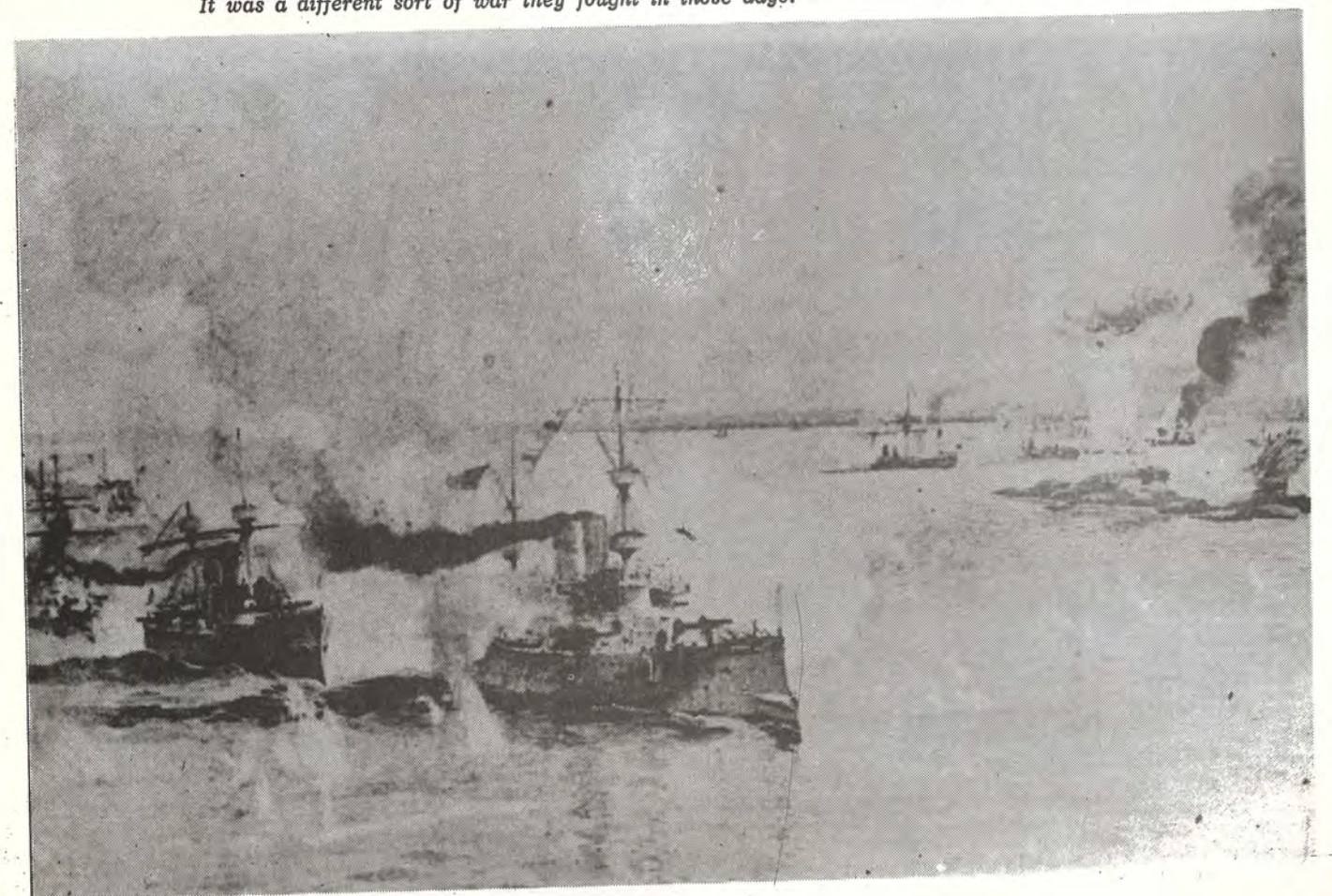
He rode the surf, bathed at Waikiki Beach, and enjoyed the view from the Punch Bowl, an extinct volcano. One night a Hawaiian band gave one of the best concerts he had ever heard.

The Aztec carried a detachment of soldiers and 500 horses. About three nights out from Honolulu a typhoon hit. Andy said the sea was as rough as it ever had been. Many horses were knocked down. Some suffered broken legs and had to be destroyed.

At times Andy thought the ship would capsize. This brought on a spell of sea-sickness, which happened just when a soldier mashed a finger, requiring amputation. While treating the hand, Andy had to take time out and rush for the nearest jar.

During 29 days on the high seas from San Francisco to Manila, not a single vessel was sighted, not until rounding the northern coast of Luzon. The speed was about 250 miles each 24 hours.

ARTIST'S SKETCH of the Battle of Manila Bay, in which the admiral damned the torpedoes and ordered "full speed ahead!" It was a different sort of war they fought in those days.



It was a monotonous trip. Andy located all the lifeboats. When told that each was provided with a bag of water, hardtack, a compass, some oars, and a mast and sail, he decided that anyone adrift in such boats would stand very little chance of being rescued.

The Aztec entered Manila Bay at midnight, passing historic Corregidor Island, and anchoring near the city of Manila. The next morning Andy was assigned to a new field hospital at San Isidro, on the Pampanga River, north of Manila. Andy took a train to Calumpit, where he was to take a boat to San Isidro. The boat was gone, so he spent the night at a local garrison.

Insurgents were active in the area. Late each night they fired into the Calumpit camp, until a few cannon rounds in response brought such disturbances to an end. At least, temporarily.

The boat Andy would have taken, had he arrived the previous day as planned, had been ambushed. The boat he did take was protected with sheet iron as high as a man's head.

At noon the second day the boat

reached Aryot. From this point Andy would have to continue in a smaller, open boat. As passage would be through an area where Insurrectos were active, Andy decided to accompany a battalion from the 34th Infantry about to march to San Isidro. He reached the San Isidro base next day. He had walked some 40 miles.

The field hospital was housed in a large, two-story building. The staff consisted of Dr. Andy and two other physicians.

At San Isidro the Americans under Gen. Lawton had been battling the Insurrectos. American and Filipino wounded were sent to the hospital. Most of the sick were infected with malaria, typhoid and tropical dysentery.

One Filipino tried to commit suicide.

He had been shot through the leg, which had to be amputated. When discovered, he had taken the bandage from his leg and had it around his neck as tight as possible. He was not breathing.

HEROIC CHARGES and the waving of sabres were part of the beauty of war at the turn of the century, in retrospect. Unlike Vietnam, in most cases neither the native forces nor the American army were expert in the hideous devices of war now current.



for Manila, where they were taken to the division hospital.

In Manila, Andy bought a large cake and sufficient wine ordered by Gen. Funston and other members of Andy's mess for their New Year's dinner.

Returning on the train to San Fernando, Andy and his corpsman joined a supply train of 20 bull wagons leaving for San Isidro.

Bull wagons were two-wheeled carts drawn by carabao, the Filipinos' beast of burden. These animals suffer from too much heat. During the middle of the day always there was a pause so the carabao could cool off in some stream.

On Christmas Day the train came to the Pampanga River and was ferried across. Dr. Andy crossed over on the first boat and ate his Christmas dinner while sitting on the bank of the river. The dinner? Oh, yes — corned beef, hardtack and tomatoes.

That afternoon Andy and a squad sergeant were riding ahead of the bull train, when they met a man riding a spotted pony, who called Andy by name.

He introduced himself as Lynn Brown, sergeant in the signal corps. He had lived in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, and had worked for the Mammoth Department Store. Andy remembered the sergeant. He had, in fact, treated his father for pneumonia.

After crossing the Pampanga the road paralleled the stream to San Isidro. Around midnight a sentry lit a cigar. This brought a prompt response from the Insurrectos across the river. Andy reported that the bullets came by "just singing." The men soon had the bull train on the road. They arrived in San Isidro the following night without further incident.

Andy delivered the wine and cake he had bought in Manila. And learned that Gen. Funston and the others of their mess had procured a turkey. "Needless to say," Andy reported, "we enjoyed our New Year's dinner hugely."

BALER

Early in January, 1900, Aguinaldo's army had disintegrated and broken up in small squads. The fighting ended near San Isidro, so the field hospital was closed.

Andy was given a short assignment at a post hospital on the peninsula where Gen. MacArthur's troops were surrounded by the Japanese during W. W. II. After sick call each morning Andy had little to do, except to pan for gold in a little stream near the post. He did not report his success.

Andy then was assigned to an expedition that Gen. Funston, then a colonel, was conducting in eastern Luzon. The destination was Baler on the east coast, 100 miles from San Isidro. The object was to intercept some Insurrectos, possibly including Aguinaldo himself, who had been operating in that section.

The few natives they met on the march seemed very friendly. Many brought fruits, eggs and chickens to sell. The chickens were brought in alive, but were picked perfectly clean.

The expedition crossed two ranges of mountains about 2,500 and 3,000 feet in height. Sometimes the trails were so narrow that those riding had to walk. Three pack horses fell over cliffs and rolled down the mountainside.

MAY, 1975



TWENTIETH KANSAS Volunteers commanded by Col. Frederick Funston on the move after firing a village during the Philippine insurrection. The colonel wanted the new generation of natives to know better than to "get in the way of Anglo-Saxon progress and decency."

The streams were very swift, and there were no bridges. The water usually was hip to waist deep. At one crossing it was up to the men's necks, forcing them to carry their watches, pistols and guns above their heads.

On entering San Jose, the entire population had deserted the town, with all their chattels — they had been told the Americans would kill them all. Only four horses and one lone rooster remained.

The rooster looked so lonely and dejected that a soldier took pity on the

poor creature and "adopted" it. Andy said that the foot sloggers had in mind to liberate the horses, but the animals were "afraid of pale faces and scampered away."

A seacoast town, Baler was situated "amid one of the most favored spots on the Island." At the time of Dewey's victory, the town had paved streets, good business and dwelling houses and a population of about 2,500. When the Americans arrived February 20th, 1900, they found but two families.

The Americans knew that the Span-



A YOUNG Filipino farm family and their carabao, before their stilted home in the Philippines.

ish garrison had been compelled to surrender to the Insurgents sometime before their arrival. Also, they had been told that after the treaty of peace between Spain and the United States had been signed, the Yorktown had been sent to Baler to rescue the Spanish garrison stationed there, but had arrived too late. And that Lt. Gilmore with 15 or 16 men from the Yorktown had been captured, some of the men having been killed.

Native farmers stated that there had been no Insurrectos in the province since the previous November. But a native, Feliciano, who had been working for the Americans, told Captain Clark Carr, Company A, 34th Infantry, the natives had lied.

Before the Americans arrived, 40 insurgents, commanded by Captain Novicio, were stationed in Baler. With the approach of the troops the insurgents had left, taking with them two Spanish priests, a Spanish school teacher, a Span-

ish doctor and two Americans, one by the name of Venville, who had been with Lt. Gilmore's group. Venville had been shot through the ankle. The other, not named, had been shot in the head.

Feliciano said the prisoners were being held near San Jose. He also gave the location of Capt. Novicio's house.

Squads were sent out, each in a different direction, with instructions to meet near San Jose. Capt. Carr invited Andy to join the expedition.

They found the lieutenant, but not Captain Novicio. The lieutenant admitted having had custody of the prisoners, but had turned them over to another insurrecto some two or three weeks previously.

Then followed a sort of fox and goose chase, should you remember your childhood games.

At each stop the Americans were told that the prisoners had been held there,

but had been moved elsewhere. Finally they came upon the two priests, who had been with the Spanish garrison. They reported that the two Spaniards and the two Americans had been murdered.

Two natives had been ordered to dig the grave. The two Spaniards were put into the pit, but the natives protested to Capt. Novicio that the two Americans were yet alive. The Captain ordered the two thrown in anyway.

The priests stated that the American who had been shot in the head had talked incoherently, and that Venville had lost considerable blood. He was conscious and kept calling, "Agua! Agua! Agua!" until he had been completely covered with dirt.

The grave was opened and four skeletons were uncovered. Capt. Novicio denied having had anything to do with the burials of the living. Nevertheless, he was tried in Baler and sentenced to be executed. Andy learned that his sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment.

THE BINO SELLERS

One afternoon while at Baler, the commanding office, Major Schunk, sent word for Dr. Andy to see him at once.

Native men had been bringing home-made bino (vino — wine) into camp. The bino not only made the men drunk, but also made them practically crazy for two or three days.

The officers arrested the bino sellers and put them to work in the streets. This did not stop them, so they tried giving a good "switching" on the bare back. That worked. But one day a guard brought in two Filipino women, one of whom had several bottles of bino concealed in her clothing.

Major Schunk hesitated switching a woman. He asked Dr. Andy if it would do her any physical harm to dunk her in the river. Andy thought it might do her a lot of good, judging from her appearance.

The Major then ordered Lt. Peterson, captain of the guard, to take the woman to the bridge and throw her into the river. On the way to the bridge the men

picked up a rope to tie around her waist so they could pull her from the stream should she be unable to swim.

When she saw the rope she thought she was going to be hanged.

She appealed to Lt. Peterson, saying she was a friend of his girl-friend. She gave her companion all her possessions, also instructions for her family.

At the bridge the soldiers tied a handkerchief around the woman's eyes, and the rope around her waist. They then threw her into the river, about 10 feet below and about 15 feet deep. As she rose to the surface one of the men shouted, "Up she comes!" Andy said she swam like a duck.

Some weeks later, the woman came to camp selling hand-made items. Andy bought some grass-mats, and asked her, "You aren't selling bino any more?"

"No," the woman replied, "If I do, they give me the 'Up-she-comes!'"

Andy gave a very appropriate title to this next sketch: Horse Wisdom.

He had been issued a little brown pony. A Lt. Nichols had been issued a bay pony. They kept the ponies near the hospital.

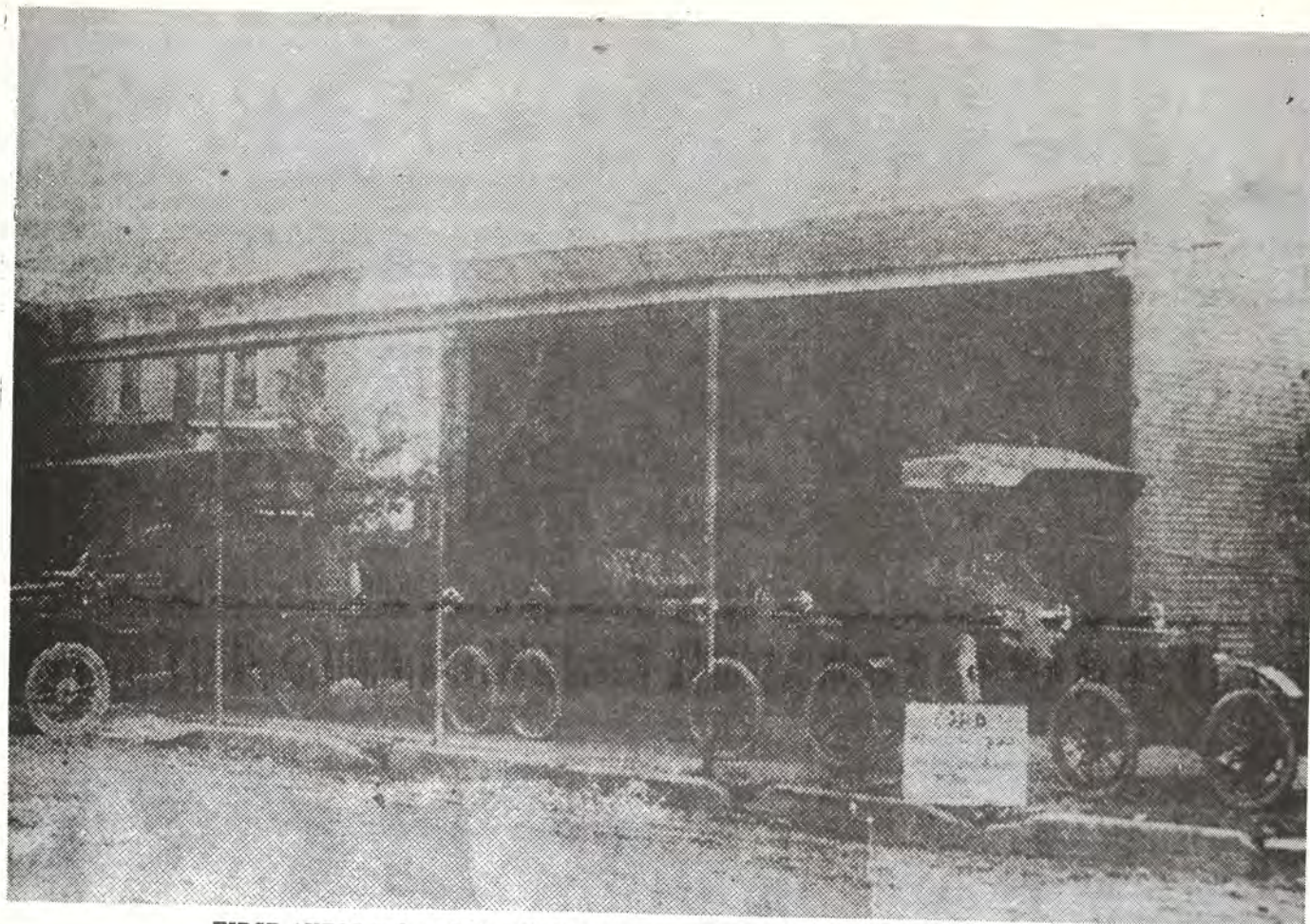
A corpsman fed them oats, morning and evening. Occasionally, the ponies would be turned loose and they would graze along Baler streets and sometimes in the edge of the surrounding forest. But always they would return to camp for their evening oats.

One evening only the bay pony showed up. This time he would not touch his oats. Instead, when Andy and the corpsman appeared, he turned, trotted along the road, often stopping, looking back and whinnying. Leaving the road the pony led the men a short distance into the jungle, where its companion lay with its fore feet caught in its halter.

The brown pony was easily released. Andy stated that both animals seemed very happy as they followed the men back to camp and their evening oats.

THE FILIPINOS in full retreat after the first fighting of the insurrection, which lasted until 1902. The Filipinos had demanded immediate independence in 1899 at the conclusion of the war between Spain and the United States. They got it in 1946.





FIRST AUTOS to be sold in Mt. Vernon were these classy 1903 Fords displayed by Patton and Ayres auto agency. The two-seat, two-cylinder touring car at left was ordered by Dr. Andy Hall. The sign reads: "Ford, Model N, \$500." Mt. Vernon Savings and Loan association now occupies the site.

It was not always work on Luzon.

Two days after arriving at Baler a soldier of the 34th Infantry spotted some mallards. He told Andy he'd get him a rifle if he wanted some ducks, an invitation Andy readily accepted. Gen. Funston gave his permission, but insisted that as many as four should go together, as insurgents might yet be in the area.

Andy shot two ducks. He then made a shot few hunters using rifles have been able to duplicate.

He saw two mallards only a few feet apart. He aimed at the nearest, when he noticed the second mallard moving into line. He waited, and when the other moved up, he fired, killing both with one bullet. He hit one in the neck and the other in the body.

Deer were plentiful in the Luzon forests, but a good shot was well nigh

impossible because the jungle was so dense.

The natives would stretch a net among the trees. Beaters would drive the deer towards the net. When the animals had become entangled, men with bolos went into action. The natives often brought hind quarters of deer into camp, selling them for 50 cents each.

Baler was within a half mile of the Pacific Ocean. One day some soldiers spotted a large turtle on the beach, depositing her eggs. They lassoed the creature and walked it into camp. It must have weighed 250-300 pounds.

When butchered, four companies dined on turtle soup. In the turtle they found 105 eggs. These were about the size of domestic guinea eggs, and, so Andy said, were equally as good.

One of Andy's friends was Lt. O. C. Nichols, who had been born in Carlyle,

Illinois. On a wild hog and wild chicken hunting expedition, Andy heard the lieutenant shooting as fast as he could pull the trigger. When he reached Nichols, the Lieutenant explained that he had been shooting at the "biggest snake you ever saw." He declared it was as long and as large as a telephone pole.

A few days later some soldiers came upon a dead snake at a water hole. The men skinned the reptile and brought the skin back to camp. The skin was 22½ feet long. All were confident it was the snake Lt. Nichols had been shooting at.

Iguanas were quite common on Luzon, some being five feet or more long. One morning Lt. Nichols shot a mallard duck with his rifle and waded into the water waist deep to retrieve it. Just as he was about to reach for the duck, a large iguana grabbed it and made off through the weeds.

The Lieutenant's comments were not reported.

ILLINOIS! ILLINOIS!

Dr. Andy did not indicate when he returned home from the Philippines.

But he did leave us stories of an historical nature and about his profession.

The first of these is about Mt. Vernon's Millionaire Hobo.

In 1893 or 1894, a tramp came to Mt. Vernon. His name was Jim Berry. He drifted into Henry Thompson's saloon on the east side of the Square. He was ragged, broke and hungry. Thompson fed him and gave him a job working on his farm. A few weeks later Jim suddenly disappeared. No one missed him.

In the summer of 1897, Jim Berry returned to Mt. Vernon.

This time he arrived in a shiny, new buggy behind a blooded, high-stepping bay mare, driven by a man in livery, George Carter. Jim wore a brown, cut-away coat, yellow shoes and a brown derby, then the mark of men of affluence. He stopped at the bank and deposited \$15,000. He said he had just inherited a million dollars.

One of Jim's favorite pastimes was to get in his buggy, with Carter driving, and make the rounds of Mt. Vernon's six saloons. He would let some boy hold the horses, giving him \$5 for the chore.

Once in the saloon, Jim would order drinks for the house. He repeated this procedure at each of the six saloons. One night he sat on Thompson's bar, pulled a handful of coins from a well-filled pocket and threw them into the crowd as "a farmer would broadcast oats."

Jim always was followed by a crowd of boys and men eager to share in his inheritance. Sometimes he would be walking along the street, and nonchalantly would toss a handful of change over his shoulder, as if he had done nothing unusual.

Broadway then was the only paved street in town. One of Jim's diversions was to drive his bay mare to the east end of Broadway and come back through town as fast as the mare could make it. She had a speed record of 2:12. The police sometimes thought she was breaking her own record.

Dr. Andy was mayor at the time. When the police complained that Jim Berry was endangering the lives and

limbs of the good people of Mt. Vernon, he told them to arrest and fine the millionaire.

Jim had threatened to leave town if they arrested him, and spend his money elsewhere. To everybody's surprise, he did not leave Mt. Vernon. He enjoyed the resulting publicity he was getting in the local press.

The story of Mt. Vernon's millionaire tramp appeared in newspapers all over the country.

According to the *Mt. Vernon Register-News*, Mt. Vernon quickly became the unwanted Mecca for every bum and hobo who had heard of Berry and his activities. Each one was anxious to help Jim to dispose of his fortune. The police force was enlarged and ordered to get rid of the Weary Willies.

Jim Berry fell in love with a local young lady — Andy suggested that his fortune was no obstacle to her acceptance when he proposed. They were married in Salem, 22 miles north of Mt. Vernon. When the clerk told Berry

DR. ANDY (left) and son, Andy Jr., display two muskies and some walleye pike caught while on a fishing trip to Canada.





DR. ANDY used a Philippine bolo to cut the cake at his 90th birthday celebration in Mt. Vernon on January 8, 1955. Also in the picture are the youngest and the oldest living babies he had delivered.

that the license fee was \$1.25, Jim tossed him a \$10 bill, saying, "Keep the change. It's cheap at any price."

The newly-weds registered at the Park Hotel in Salem. As a surprise for his bride, Jim paid the Salem band director \$50 to march the band to the Park Hotel and serenade the famous Jim Berry and his wife. The publicity in the Salem press, to Jim's way of thinking, made the cost worthwhile.

Strangely, this is the last mention of the bride in the saga of Jim Berry.

Mt. Vernon had a good semi-pro baseball team. The team, always accompanied by a host of rooters, played teams throughout the area. Occasionally it would play a St. Louis semi-pro nine on a home and home basis.

On one return game, Mt. Vernon played in a St. Louis park on Grand Avenue south of Olive Street. Many Mt. Vernon fans took advantage of special railroad fares to attend the St. Louis game and "root, root, root" for their home team.

Just before the game began everybody was surprised to see entering the grounds a team of matched, stylish

horses, drawing a carriage driven by a coachman in livery. The animals and carriage were decked out with ribbons, flags and pennants.

In the carriage, dressed in his best, was Jim Berry. Also, George Carter. Jim had the coachman make several laps before the grandstand before leaving the grounds. The crowd gave him a great ovation, "with roars of approval."

Not long after the St. Louis episode, Jim's love of notoriety began to wane. He spent less money and began to wear shabby clothes. He failed in health. Friends advised him to go to Evansville and take a steamboat down to New Orleans.

The next word of Jim came from an item in a Paducah, Ky., newspaper. Jim Berry, "known widely as the Millionaire Tramp," had fallen off a gang-plank of an Ohio River packet and had broken his leg.

The next news of Jim was that he had died in a Paducah hospital.

Relatives and alleged relatives flocked into Paducah to claim shares in his vast fortune. But when they learned that Jim's money was gone they ignored

his medical and hospital bills. "Not one cared to claim his body." Like the Arabs, they stole silently away, and Jim was buried in Potters Field.

George Carter, who drove the fancy outfit when Jim Berry made his grand entrance into Mt. Vernon, stated that Jim never inherited anything like a million dollars. It was only about \$50,000.

In 1954, while listening to the Mt. Vernon High School band play at a basketball game, Dr. Andy said that his memory reverted back to 1912, when, so far as he knew, the first high school band in Illinois was organized in Mt. Vernon.

The band was formed during the early part of the school year of 1912, through the efforts of several students who were musically inclined.

Composed of 17 pieces and directed by Gilbert Rich, the band was self-supporting. The boys furnished their own instruments and bought their own music.

The band played for every game on the home floor. Also, it accompanied the team to games in southern Illinois and at Evansville, Indiana. Early in 1913, it was selected as the official band at the state tournament in Peoria.

I have said that the band played for all the home basketball games. I should have said, "All but one."

For some reason the high school principal insisted that band members pay the regular admission fee to the games. The boys paid the fee, but left their instruments at home.

The basketball team then went on a sit-down strike, and refused to play future games, unless the band could be on and to "pep them up." After that the band boys were admitted free.

That first band of 1912-13, had 17 playing members. Of this band only Arthur Schmidt and Russell Ward now reside in Mt. Vernon. Some of the players have died.

Andy always had taken a great interest in the Mt. Vernon band and in the basketball team. When in town he seldom missed a home game. And he has a record of having attended every state tournament in which the Mt. Vernon Rams have played.

When Dr. Andy began the study of medicine in 1887, Northwestern University then was the only school in the midwest that gave a graded course and required three of six months each devoted to lectures and clinical work.

When Andy began to practice, major operations often were performed on kitchen tables, by the light of a kerosene lamp.

In 1874, the Southern Illinois Medical Society was organized. And in 1877, the Medical Practice Act was passed. At the time there were 7,400 practitioners in Illinois. Of these 3,800 were undergraduates. One hundred ninety so-called doctors were practicing with fraudulent credentials, or under assumed names.

Many practitioners had never seen a medical school. Some had married doctor's widows and had fallen heir to a horse, saddlebags, some tooth forceps and a medicine bag. Thus equipped they had begun to practice. Their knowledge of sanitation was nil.

Practically all babies were delivered in the home, and were delivered under cover, for modesty reasons.

In 1900, five of every 1,000 pregnant mothers in Illinois died from complications of childbirth. In 1955, the rate had fallen to one death for every 2,000 pregnant mothers.

MAY, 1975

In 1900, 137 babies out of every 1,000 birth failed to survive the first year of life. In 1955, of every 1,000 births only 25 failed to survive the first year of life.

Physicians of 75 years or so ago kept

Highlights and honors which marked Dr. Andy's career:

Eight years President, Board of Education, Mt. Vernon Twp. High School.

Mayor of Mt. Vernon, 1897-98.

U. S. Army Surgeon — Spanish-American War of 1898.

U. S. Army Surgeon — Philippine Insurrection, 1899-1902.

U. S. Army Surgeon — World War I. Director of Department of Health, State of Illinois — 1929-1933.

1946 — Received Mt. Vernon Civic Award for "Outstanding and Distinguished Community Service."

1949 — Award of Recognition, presented by the Illinois Medical Association, for being the Outstanding General Practitioner of Illinois.

1949 — Award of Recognition, presented by the American Medical Association, for being the Outstanding General Practitioner of the United States.

1949 — Awarded the Medical and Distinguished Service Certificate by the Alumni Association of Northwestern University, the highest honor bestowed by the Alumni.

January 8, 1955 was Dr. Andy Day in Mt. Vernon, proclaimed by Mayor O. R. Buford. The American Legion Color Guard escorted Andy to his office. Newspaper reporters and a CBS-TV crew recorded his activities throughout the day.

Dr. Andy lived to be nearly 97 years old. He delivered more than 3,700 babies. Present at the reception held that afternoon at the City Hall were the oldest and youngest babies he had delivered: Mrs. Ethel Pollard, aged 64, and little Gail Elaine Cox, aged 2.

Dr. Roland R. Cross, then Director of the Illinois Department of Public Health, spoke at a dinner that night at the Masonic Hall. The program ended promptly at 8:15 p. m., so Andy could attend the Mt. Vernon High School basketball game. Mt. Vernon won.

their own books and seldom sent out statements until the end of the year. Sometimes they were paid, quite often not.

Many of those old doctors lived from hand to mouth, and spent their last days on the charity of their friends or relatives. Today, the Illinois Medical Society has a benevolent association, membership supported, to help old doctors or their widows who are down and out physically and financially.

Andy stated that many of those old doctors had thousands of dollars on their books that were never collected. One doctor stated that he had \$40,000 in uncollected accounts. And Andy was sure that he had \$20,000 on his books that would never be collected.

In his memoirs, Dr. Andy found humor in some verses about an old doctor's dream.

This aged medic dozed and dreamed that his time had come. An Angel had been sent to escort him to Heaven, because he had worked night and day, had treated many thousands, and few had paid him.

On the way to Heaven they passed near Hades. "Wait," the Angel said, "I have something to show you."

"It's the hottest place in hell,
Where those who never paid you
In torment will always dwell.
Behold the Doctor saw there
His old patients by the score.
And grabbing up a chair and fan
He could ask for nothing more.
He was bound to sit and watch them
As they sizzled, singed and burned."

"So the Angel said, 'Come on Doctor
You've the Pearly Gates to see.'
But the Doctor only shouted,
'This is Heaven enough for me!'"

THE END

Credits

Dr. and Mrs. Marshall Hall, Mt. Vernon, Illinois.
Ralph Harrelson, M. G., McLeansboro, Illinois.
R. E. Fagerburg, Western Springs, Illinois.

Bibliography

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"Mt. Vernon Register News."
"An American Doctor's Odyssey" — V. Geiser, M. D.
"Reveille in Washington" — Margaret Leech.





FAMILIAR CONTAINERS from years past . . . and one which is a favorite with present-day moonshiners. The sack most likely has sugar in it but in a pinch can be fitted around a jug. Like hollow trees, a sack has many uses.

Moonshine Times Gone By

By Gary DeNeal

Photographs by Charles Hammond

IF YOUR ancestors hailed from Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, Georgia or Tennessee (as did many of the settlers of Illinois and most of the settlers of southern Illinois) chances are the ancestral tree is faintly obscured by the film-like smoke of ash or hickory.

Too broad a statement? Consider that the roads were few and far between, that transportation was by pack horse,

and that a pack horse could carry, at most, four bushels of ground corn to the seaboard markets. Since that same horse was capable of hauling to market the distilled equivalent of twenty-four bushels of ground corn it seemed a shame not to let him. And so, according to H. F. Willkie in *Beverage Spirits in America*: "Practically every farmer, therefore, made whiskey."

Having a moonshiner dangling from the family tree does not carry the stigma of the proverbial horse thief, dangling there or elsewhere. After all, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson owned stills. Does this mean then that the father of our country and the author of the Declaration of Independence were moonshiners? Admittedly, the mental image of Washington tending the cooking mash or of Jefferson toting a Kentucky long rifle to use if necessary on the infernal revenooers seems more than a little absurd and is.

But not more absurd than the caricature moonshiner of numerous tele-

vision dramas, movies and books. This fellow usually wears a black slouch hat and a black stringy beard, carries a rifle in one hand and a gallon of home brew in the other. Depending on the author, he is comical or heinous; he is hardly human.

Lately, thanks to books such as *Foxfire* and *Mountain Spirits*, a new version is emerging. Gone is the bumpkin and the black-hearted villain and in their place is the kindly old philosopher spouting yet another gem of folk wisdom.

While this may be an improvement, a Socrates in overalls is not quite right either. Rushing in where angels fear to tread, I offer you that elusive fellow, that scene stealer of American folklore—the moonshiner.

The tongue almost wants to say Kentucky moonshiner, for indeed those two words seem to have an affinity even though North Carolina and Georgia always led our neighboring state in the illicit production of what some call white lightning or white mule or just plain mule; and others, the balm of Gilead; and others, just plain corn whiskey.

While Kentucky moonshiners have been ably depicted by writers such as John Fox Jr. (especially in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*), Irvin S. Cobb and Jesse Stuart, their Illinois counterparts have suffered a wealth of neglect. Why is this? (Who cares?) Anyway, this narrative deals mainly (though not exclusively) with the fellow who did his distilling where the counties of Saline, Gallatin, Pope and Hardin share a common bond of hollows and hills.

Within this region lay the fabled terrain of Eagle Creek. To bisect its very heart a line would have to be drawn from the all but non-existent hamlet of Eagle, in a southeastern Saline County, to Gibsonia on Route One in southwestern Gallatin County. This would, of course, be rather pointless for Eagle Creek was as much an attitude as a particular geographical location. In its devotion to moonshining, fighting and protracted revivals it was all too typical of many isolated hill regions.

"Compared to Williamson County we were first grade stuff," complained one May, 1975

proud resident of Eagle Creek, who took offense at what he considered a "slamming" remark. He may be right but of such "stuff" comes some first class yarns, such as this one taken almost word for word from an 84-year-old gentleman who claimed he made enough whiskey in his day to "run Saline Creek."

"When we drove up to J--'s that morning I said, 'Well buddy you ready to go?'

'Yal' he said, 'I'm ready.'

We told our wives we'd be back sometime around four that evening.

Well, we went up on the ridge, got

everything going—it was just running nice you know. I said to J--, 'Hand me that tester over here.' I tested it; two gallons stood at 130. We went ahead run that five-gallon glass jar full, left it standing at 110.

Well, about 12:30-1 o'clock, a squirrel hunter came in. We were standing around talking. Pretty soon he said, 'Looky yander, two fellers comin' a runnin' right down through that weed field.' It was G-- and F--. When they got up to where we were they said two car loads of law got out at the foot of the hill yonder and they're coming up

MOONSHINE COUNTRY has a mysterious quality all its own: high ridges, deep hollows, the ever-masking forest. This scene is in the Eagle Creek area.



this deep holler, said there's two of them in white suits right here in two hundred yards of us now. They said, 'Let's run.'

'No,' I said, 'Wait a second.' About this time one of these fellers in white suits whistled down around this red plum thicket. They were coming our way. Of course we all run just like a bunch of deer a running'. F- came swiftin' down toward me and he just cut a road out from there on through that weed field when he went over the hill.

'You damn fool, you better run. They'll get you,' G- said.

I said 'No, I'm going back,' hollered to G-. 'Come on, two and two, let's go back.'

When we got back we walked right up on the bank above these white-suited fellers, looked down at them. They was looking around at this distill and it was running pretty, you know, and I said 'Who in the devil is this?' About this time J-'s wife raised up and looked at me and when she looked at me she grinned. And my wife grinned too. They was both dressed up in some of J-'s old clothes. I said, 'I've a good notion to kick' . . . and then I stopped.

We had a great big laugh, joked around a good long while. I said, 'You'd better get down the pasture to the house, the law's here in this holler and they're liable to come creeping out of these woods.' So they took off down the pasture running. Went down home. In a little bit I heard a racket over in the holler. The law was busting up one of our other stills over there. We quietened down and we sat there and waited and finally we heard these two cars pulling out, pulling the hill. I said, 'They're gone, we're all right now for the day. Sit still.'

Lester (that is what I shall call him as he prefers that his real name not be used) was, from 1928 to 1936, a very busy man. He recalled making whiskey in at least 75 different places. One time he had a still going near a residence. The people in that house never knew they had a neighbor in the nearby woods (or if they knew they didn't let on.)

"Did you ever get caught," I asked? "Well, one time I got word that some government men were coming to raid me. I just sat on a hill watching them bust up my still."

"What did you do afterwards?"

"Oh, I waited till they were gone, then come down to look at the damage. In two or three days I had another still going."

The inevitable question, of course, was how did he make the stuff. Again, altered as little as possible, is Lester's reply:

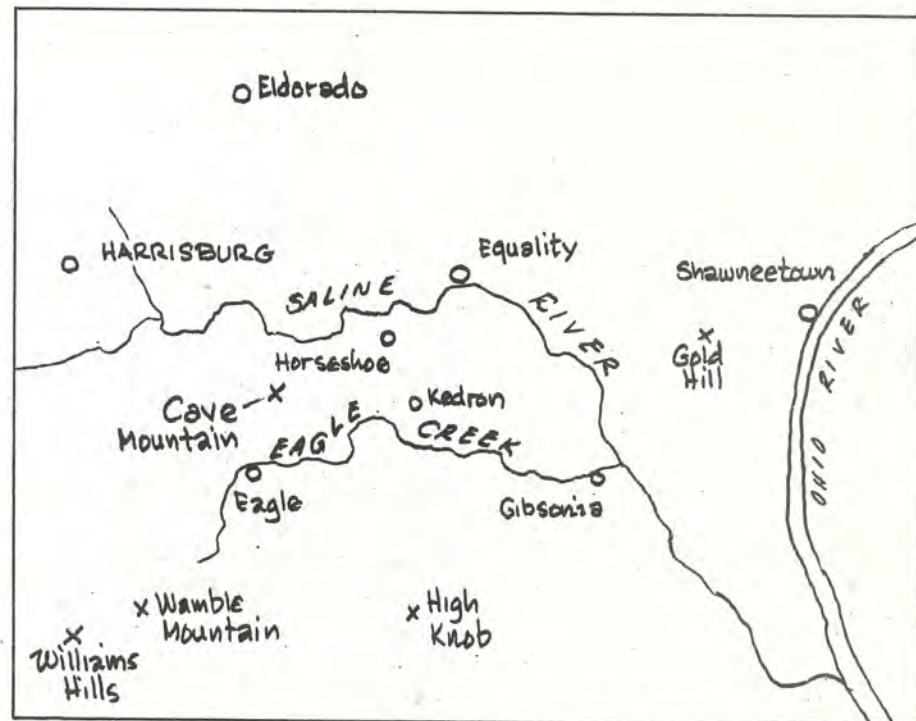
"Pour 33 lbs. of ground corn and 50 lbs. of sugar into a 50 gallon barrel. Finish filling the barrel with water, then let all this set for seven days. On the seventh day blue - looking beads will start popping up and going out. This is a sign that the liquid is ready to be cooked. It's important to cook it right then, otherwise it won't turn out right. You pour this liquid in the cooker—it has to be made of copper—then you build a fire under it. Stick a copper coil in the top of the cooker and put some dough around where the coil goes in, then wrap some

cloth around this to keep the air out. Next you extend the rest of the coil over to a barrel of cold water, running creek water is best. When the stream traveling through the coil hits this cold water it turns to liquid and what drips out in the container is whiskey. Now you want to set the whiskey in a new charred keg to let it age."

From the background reading I knew that most moonshiners used some form of malt. Why not him? There was, he said, a tendency for the glass jars to explode if the malt—often in the form of yeast cakes—was not used sparingly. If less is better, then none is best, or so he reasoned it. Most moonshiners were not so careful. Also, his ratio of corn to sugar was fairly high. Two pounds of sugar to one of corn would, I believe, have been closer to the norm.

The fire itself had to be fed with well-seasoned wood. Ash and hickory were favorites. The white oak rail fences were also popular. One fellow said he saw his father haul "many a wagon load" of these rails to feed the fire under the cooker. It is commonly said in the hills that the rail fences started

Map of Eagle Creek Area



REMAINS OF a concrete fermentation vat located a few miles southwest of Herod in Pope County. At one time the barn extended over it. Inside measurement: 10' by 6½' by 3½'. This curiosity is on private land.

going out when moonshining came in.

Once the product was ready to sell, the next step, of course, was to sell it. Very often this involved more risk than the manufacture of same, especially if the moonshiner moonlighted as a bootlegger, as was the case with Lester. Not only did he sell his own booze but, as a favor to neighbors, bought from them for two dollars a gallon and sold for four. His profit at first glance might seem excessive but, considering the risks involved in transportation and delivery, was actually quite fair. Working off in some out-of-the-way hollow, a man's chances of getting caught by some city slicker "revenooer" were rather slim. But send this same man down the open road with 50 gallons clinking in the back seat of his roadster and his chances of paying a stiff fine or having his sunshine filtered through the grill-work of the local jail are quadrupled, to say the least.

"Harrisburg on west" (west being Marion and Carbondale) was where Lester did most of his bootlegging. An-

other man, whose misadventures we shall shortly encounter, just before the end of Prohibition made a daily run that alternated between Harrisburg and Eldorado. Though twenty gallons or so was the average, he had carried as much as fifty gallons in his new '33 coupe. His son, who often accompanied him, said there were times "the bumper would almost be dragging the ground." At the farm he sold to men who came from as far away as St. Louis and Indianapolis; and at the East St. Louis stockyards he delivered more than cattle or hogs.

Unfortunately for the moonshiner, revenooers and certain local sheriffs were not the only thorns in his side. There were the other moonshiners who, not content with the fruits of their own illegal labor, preyed on their competitors. For instance a bag of salt dumped in another fellow's working mash destroyed the fermentation process. This salt,

dumped often and discreetly enough, might result in new customers for the culprit: Some simply turned the barrels over. Sometimes one moonshiner would turn another one in. If the malcontent wanted more than an extra customer or two and/or sheer vengeance, and was bold enough, he might try robbery. Some did just that.

Lester recalled the time a fellow from Eldorado ordered fifty gallons of whiskey from him to be delivered on a Wednesday night. There was "something fishy" about this deal, he said, because a stranger who came with the Eldorado man had taken down the license number of his roadster. That the men insisted he take a certain route did nothing to alleviate his fears.

With his brother beside him Lester made that delivery, but he used a different car and he came by a different route, the Billman black top road.

When he got the merchandise un-

loaded in the house, it became clear that something was very wrong, indeed, about this deal. A car pulled up and two strangers got out and came to the door. They looked in, then walked back to their car, got in and drove to a gas station across the road. Here they turned the car around so that the lights were on the house; then the lights were dimmed. Two other men got in the car. At that point, Lester said, he knew it was a hold-up.

"I had this fellow to pay off right quick, said I just got twenty minutes to get back home right now."

Once he had the money in his pocket, he and his brother jumped in the car and took off. There was some disagreement as to which road to take, the Billman road or the Equality road. They took the Equality road. The rest in his own words:

"They took after us. On a straight road they could outrun me a little but then we'd get on the curves I could leave them. We got into the edge of Equality. I just pushed the horn down on that car and held it till we got clear through. When I went over the hill they were just

coming upgrade into Equality and they didn't know which way I went. Light disappeared over the hill and they didn't know whether I went right, left or straight on and so I went straight on."

A somewhat similar incident involved another moonshiner who operated near Equality, only this time the prize was the whiskey itself:

"Jim and me were selling our whiskey about as fast as we needed to, but one day this here feller, I won't mention his name, told Jim there was a man in Carmi who wanted about 100 gallons. Well sir, this deal was too good to be true but Jim said so-and-so was a fine feller so I finally said we'd do it.

"Well, when we got it all made and had decided on a meeting place we loaded our two old Model T cars with 100 gallons of whiskey—it was all in ten gallon kegs—and headed out. If I remember right Jim carried a double-barreled shotgun and I had a Smith and Wesson. When we got to the foot of the hill where we were supposed to meet them, sure enough there they was, sitting in a Model T Roadster waiting for us. But the man from Carmi said his car was hot, something or other had burned up inside it, said he'd have to take it some other night. Right then I figured something was wrong but I didn't let on to Jim. I decided the best thing to do was take the whiskey across the Gallatin county line into Saline. I figured it would be safer there.

"Well sir, it just so happened my brother-in-law lived on the county line. When we told him about our predicament he said it would be safe out back in the orchard. That's where we ended up unloading, all but ten gallons. That ten gallons I threw in a ditch a ways on down the county line. Then Jim and I drove on into Equality.

"Well that night a man came to my brother-in-law's house and he said he wanted to buy some whiskey. Art said he didn't make or drink the stuff but he knew where 90 gallons were.

"I'll have to see it before I buy it," the man said.

"So Art let him through the gate and took him on out to the orchard and no sooner had they loaded that 90 gallons in the Model T when out of the bushes



STILLHOUSE HOLLOW in southeastern Saline County came by its name naturally at an early date. The rushing branchwater—clear and cold—was the source of one method of partaking of spirits . . . "with branchwater".

came two fellows who had on little tin badges and looked like policemen. One of them carried a billy club which he popped Art on the head with once or twice.

"This ain't my whiskey," Art said, "it belongs to Jim—." (I told him to say it belonged to Jim if they caught him because I'd already been caught once and I knew they'd make it rough on me the second time.)

"We'll be back tomorrow," one of them said, "and we'll have the Gallatin Saline county law with us."

"Art couldn't sleep that night. Finally he got so restless and fidgety he saddled up his horse and rode down here and told me what happened. I said, 'Art, don't worry, I've got enough money to pay your fine if it comes to that but I don't think it will. I think we got robbed, that's all.' But to make sure nothing went wrong I drove down to Jim's—he was in bed sick by now—got the two sacks of sugar stashed away in his house and run up to his barn and dropped them in the manger. Then I picked up the keg of whiskey we'd

thrown in the ditch and drove up in the field to get rid of it but got the car stuck in some briars. It was quite a walk before I could find somebody with a team to come pull me out.

"That afternoon when I was in Equality, I saw the sheriff in one car and some other law officers in another car and I thought to myself, Art's right, they've got my stuff. After a while they all got out and went up to the city hall. Well, I knew the judge's son and I knew they wouldn't pay any attention to him so I told him to go up where they were and see what they were talking about. He said he would. In a few minutes he ran back and told me they were just discussing somebody who had stolen a car and run off to Missouri. I was right all along, we HAD been robbed!"

But for every foe there were plenty of friends.

"You always had somebody on the outside to talk to," Lester said knowingly. His "somebody" was a close relative

of one of the law officers in Saline county.

"Of course he learned everything in Harrisburg and him and his wife, just as quick as they'd learnt anything . . . they was at my house to tell me where they was going to make the raids, who was going to make them and all about it."

One time, word came to the sheriff of one of the counties that a federal man was going to raid a certain still. This was bad news indeed, for not only was the moonshiner the sheriff's good friend, he was also his whiskey supplier. Nephew in tow, the sheriff drove his pickup truck down one of the back roads to warn the fellow.

"What do you want," the man asked when the uncle and nephew arrived.

"I only want a quart myself," the sheriff replied, "but you'd better get rid of everything because in about a half hour from now a federal agent is going to pay you a visit."

A HOLLOW TREE such as this would have been ideal for storing a few ball jars or bottles. Photograph was taken on Williams Hill in Pope County, which overlooked a number of "still" hollows.



When he heard that, the man pulled a half gallon out from under the porch and set it in the back of the pickup. They took yet another back road to town to avoid suspicion.

"Didn't charge my uncle nothing for it either," said the nephew nearly a half century later. As for the federal agent, he made his appearance as expected. "And he had all kinds of depu-

ties with him but they never found a thing."

On one occasion Lester sold three jugs of "mule" to some revenue men who were soon to leave for another

area. He was hesitant to sell until one of the men politely informed him they could have arrested him the year before when they watched him load ten gallons in the back of a man's car. So vividly

was the scene described, the reluctant Lester no longer doubted the officers' intentions. He never saw them again.

An unhurried scanning of the *Hardin County Independent* and the *Har-*

risburg Daily Register, and other newspapers of extreme southern Illinois during the prohibition era (especially during the mid-twenties), provides ample evidence that not all officers were as



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generous as the foregoing. In the Items from Anywhere column of the *Hardin County Independent* of May 28, 1925, Saline County Deputy Silas Rude claimed Saline county was making "rapid progress" against the booze makers and bootleggers but was being held back by the "slackness of enforcing officers in Pope, Gallatin, Williamson and adjoining counties." That at least some local officials were in earnest is made evident by this item from the May 3, 1924, *Harrisburg Daily Register*:

"Yesterday afternoon while Deputy United States Marshall Guy Wallace of Eldorado, Deputy Sheriff Earnest Wooding of that city and

Federal Officer Patton of Elizabethtown, were down in the mountains southeast of Harrisburg searching for a still, they were unexpectedly fired upon by parties who were hidden behind the big boulders far up on the mountain side.

The officers returned the fire and during the battle more than thirty shots were fired. None of the officers were hit though Mr. Wooding had a narrow escape from one bullet whizzed by his head. It is not known whether or not any of the supposed moonshiners were injured or not, as they made their escape.

The officers were unable to locate

the still, but they found and seized eight gallons of "white mule." Mr. Wallace was very much on the war path while visiting in Harrisburg this afternoon, and hinted that yesterday would not be the only day he and his assistants would be down in those same mountains."

This shootout in which (probably) no one was killed, has a certain dash, a certain Hollywood backlot flavor. But the moonshining era reverberates with a greater impact and a deeper resonance in the *Register* account of the shooting death of Saline County Deputy Royce Cline south of Carrier Mills, August 14, 1925. Shot by a startled moonshiner, Cline died shortly thereafter. With him, as on many previous raids, was Silas Rude.

Further evidence that the local officers were having an effect could be found in the court house in Harrisburg. The stills were stored in the attic. The confiscated whiskey was kept in another part of the building until the moonshiner's trial had ended. When it was no longer needed as evidence, this whiskey was ceremoniously poured into the sewer opening at the southeast corner of the Harrisburg square.

Not all the booze in the court house had been confiscated booze, however. At least one gallon was there because the distiller put it there. As you may have guessed, that man was Lester. It seems a fellow in Dorrisville asked Lester to bring him a gallon the next time he was in town.

"We happened to be in town late one evening and I had this gallon of whiskey setting in a little box in the back of the car. Drove up on the north side of the square and by golly seen some law standing over there at the restaurant looking out. Well, I just got up and walked over to the court house and talked to a feller (an employee) a few minutes.

"You ain't got nothing in that car have you?" he said.

"I sure have, I've got a gallon."

"They're gonna pick you up before you get off the square. Heard them say this morning they were going to get you

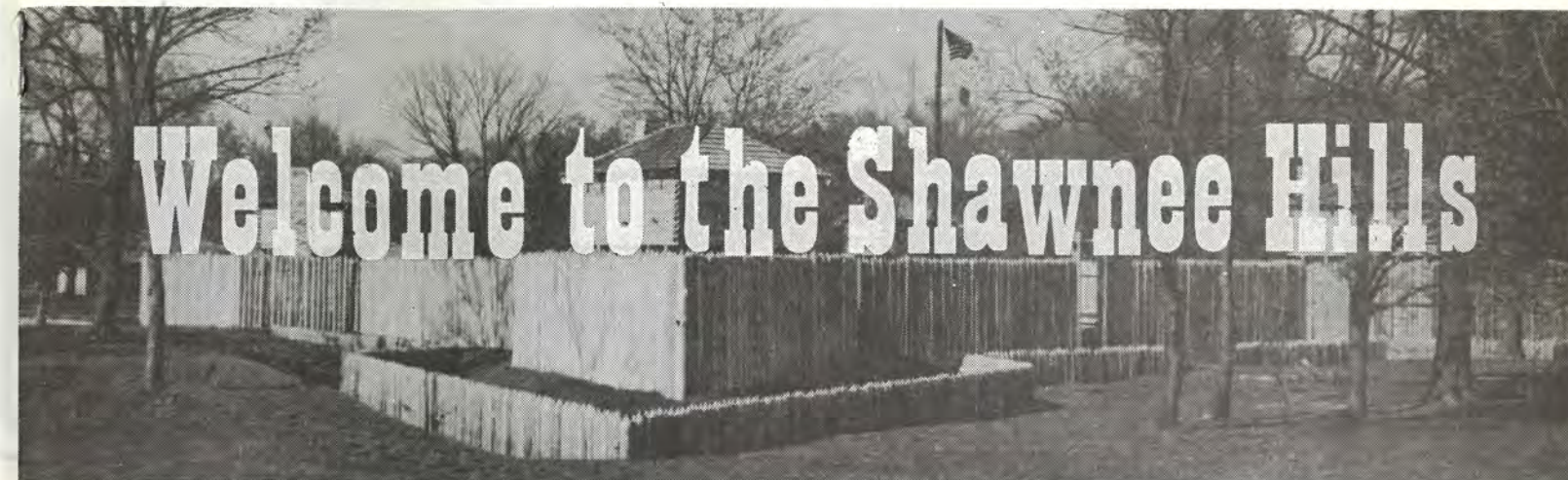
OUTDOOR, ILLINOIS

the next time you were on the square. "They just think they will," I said. "Can you put it in the court house?" I said, "You bet I can." He said, "Drive to the west side then."

I drove to the west side, and some of them drove to the west side and parked. I sat there in the car. My wife said, "Are you going to take that in?" "Sure. Get this sack ready and when

I run to this door hand me the paper sack."

"I went around, unlocked the back end, took the jug by the neck and lifted it out. Then I walked by and got that



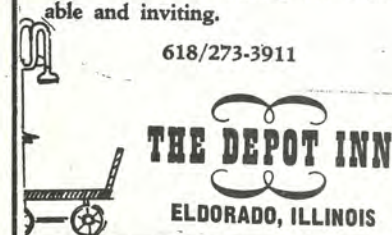
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SALINE COUNTY court house in 1947, taken from the "Saline County Centennial History, 1947." This building was demolished in 1967.

sack, put the jug down in it and ran. I ran to the court house. Run up the steps and I met a fellow going down and he stopped and looked at me, wondering what I was gonna do. I passed him sailing, up those steps and in the court house. Well, I run in and set this down where he told me to and run out and he shoved the door to and locked it. Met the sheriff then as I went through. I just spoke and went on and he never said a word, just looked down at me. I went on out the south door and back to the car.

A fellow outside there asked, "What did you do with that?"

I said, "I sold it to the county."

A STILL SITE a short distance north of Williams Hill parking area. Not so many years ago barrel hoops could be seen here. Now they are covered over by fallen slate.



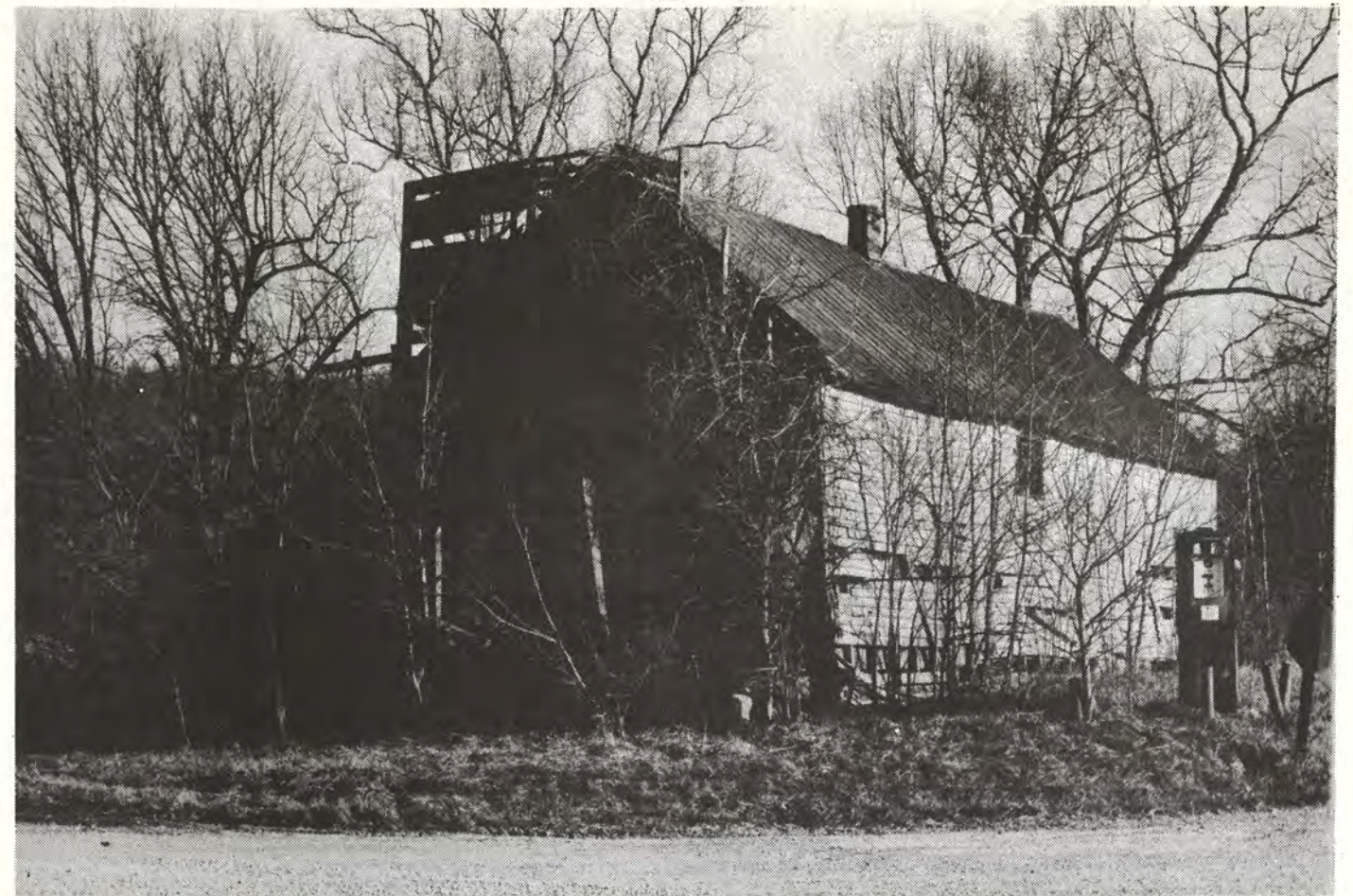
OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

How does one separate the comedy from the tragedy? Was the moonshining era mostly one prank after another, one enormous picnic attended by wily bootleggers, back-slapping backwoods distillers and grateful guzzlers? It was that at times, but more often it was a stark drama played against the leafy shadows of the hills and hollows, and the winding curves of lonely roads. There was a dark side to this business of white lightning, and at times it could be very dark indeed.

One elderly man near Delwood recalls with distaste the time he was met by a man, shotgun in hand, who ordered him to go no further, even though he was on his own land. He was well aware that activity of a certain kind was going on in the area because one afternoon while squirrel hunting he heard a terrific thumping "like some giant heart."

A quick investigation proved it to be what was known as a "thump keg."* More amazing to the hunter was the still itself, "a metal contraption big as this whole house."

**As the steam passed through the distillate in the barrel (or keg) it*



took on added strength. This action, in turn, made the distinctive thumping sound, downfall of many a southern moonshiner. The thump keg was not often used in southeastern Illinois.

"Hear nothing, see nothing, say nothing," was the unwritten code of that era, so said a life-long resident of Eagle Creek. When he was a boy in the prohibition years, parents circulated tales of wolves, panthers, bears, and the fabulous jiffy or jiffy cat, hoping these would keep young eyes out of the woods.

Some adhered to the code, some apparently didn't. Word got out that the proprietor of the store at Horseshoe was a little "mouthy" about some of the activities of his neighbors. When this man got word that some men were going to pay him a visit on a certain night, he made preparations for their coming. Late on the night in question a car pulled up in front of the store. What the proprietor was not ready for were the bullets that shattered the store win-

MAY, 1975

OLD GENERAL STORE at extinct village of Horseshoe, near entrance to Saline County Conservation Area south of Equality. The store was peppered with bullets one night after the storekeeper spoke too much of moonshine activities.

dows. His house nearby was not overlooked nor was another house up the road, both of which were occupied that night.

If deemed necessary, even more drastic steps were taken. After federal and local officers made a raid on a still in Gallatin county in the spring of 1924, they stopped at a nearby farm house for a drink of water. That hospitality was their host's undoing because a few nights later his barn burned down. When the Deputy State Fire Marshal went to investigate he got little response from the people. They were afraid that the "whiskey element" would put the torch to their house next.

"They were rough times," said the man from Eagle Creek, gazing across the winter-bare hills.

Actually the times in Eagle Creek and vicinity had always been pretty rough, though perhaps not as rough as Elihu Hall in his unpublished manu-

script *Anna's War* would have us believe:

The community which gained the widest notoriety and helped most to make the Ozarks of Illinois and Kentucky famous for their pioneer "Free for Alls of Fist and Skull" was Eagle Creek on the northern slopes of the mountains in Gallatin County. However it appears that the settlement along that famous creek and branch of the Saline very early on their own accord abandoned horse-thieving . . . (though) drinking, gambling, carousing and fighting ran rife to their zenith of terror on Eagle Creek for many years. They habitually formed horse-back raids, traveling unbelievable distances to whip out the greatest gatherings they could hear of, called together by schools, churches, charivaris, log-rollings, house-raising, or what not; till raids of Eagle Creekers became dreaded

in Ozark regions almost equal to those of Black Hawk Indians on the Northern Plains."

During the years Lester made whiskey he never carried a gun. However, years before, when courting his wife on

upper Eagle he did "pack a pistol" because, he said, the boys up there were hostile to outsiders. He lived four miles away.

Truly more than blackberries grew wild in the environs of "that famous

creek and branch of the Saline." For example, in the early years of this century it was not uncommon to hear gun shots after church let out, at Derby or Kedron. And who was being shot, you ask? The stars, the very stars! Yes, hav-

ing suffered the rigors of sitting through a long and boring sermon, the boys would gallop off into the night banging their pistols at the heavens. As the saying went (and still goes), "You could read a newspaper by the gunfire."

Of course the preacher, and the more conservative church-goers, considered such goings-on as blasphemous. Probably most folks took it in their stride, along with love, death and the seasons.

When Lester's parents moved from

Kentucky some 86 years ago, one of the first things they did was to attend church services at Kedron. No sooner had these services commenced than the squealing of a fiddle came wafting through the building. Soon the sound



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of stomping feet and laughter could be heard from the platform incongruously located near the church. Pretty soon some fox hunters came by. Now not only did the preacher have the fun-loving folks outside to contend with, but also the belling of the hounds and that final insult—the blare of fox horns within six feet of the church door! Used to the refinements of Kentucky, (Lester didn't say what part they came from), his mother was naturally appalled.

"Let's get out of here," she whispered to her husband. Undisturbed in the least, he assured her these were fine people despite their odd ways.

These "odd ways were carried over into the male attire. One time, so the story goes, a man stepped off the train at the Danville station wearing a wide-brimmed hat, a white shirt, a pair of bib overalls, a pistol, and a pair of high-

heeled boots. To "set off" this outfit he had a red bandanna tied around his neck. Among the onlookers was a fellow who knew right away that there was only one place on earth that quaintly-dresser could call home and that, of course, was Eagle Creek. The actual date of this supposedly true story is lost in the haze of folklore, but many can remember a few old men who dressed as the one who stepped off that train at Danville.

Nearer Eagle Creek there occurred another incident which may shed some light on this individualism. About the time Lester—pocket heavy with pistol—was courting his wife, the church members of Big Saline Missionary Baptist Church across the "mountain" (Cave Mountain) in Somerset, decided to buy an organ and did buy it for the then astronomical sum of \$69. Only one fellow

in that church was against it. He bided his time—for about three years as a matter of fact. Finally, he decided enough was enough and hired a young man to wire some dynamite around the cursed instrument, which the young man did. There was an explosion that night and once again Big Saline was without an organ. As for the man responsible, it seemed everybody knew who he was but no action was taken. After all, if he felt that strongly about it . . .

From this same bolt of burlap came the moonshiner.

Quick to lend a hand and just as quick to take insult, he was a man to whom personal liberty—as envisioned by Thomas Jefferson and enlarged upon by Mike Fink—was only a shade less sacred than the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost! He differed from his neighbors in this one respect: for him opportunity—knocking as, and when it did—took precedence over the law.

When the Volstead Act went into effect in 1920 he saw that the "dry old hills" were at last good for something. With a little caution, a fair amount of work and a lot of luck he could make a great deal of money. Of course, one break in this luck and he could find himself saddled with a large fine or a prison term or both. But considering that a farm hand made from 75 cents to \$1.50 a day or that any man who didn't own good farm land usually either had to go north to work in the factories or find work in the danger-laden mines, it is not too difficult to see why the non-distilling neighbors often found it difficult to condemn a fellow for running a little moonshine. As a matter of fact, greater condemnation often fell on the one who turned him in.

As to how much hard liquor was distilled in those hills, I would not hazard a guess. But a news item in the *Harrisburg Daily Register* of August 25, 1925 does, I think, give us a clue. On August 24, federal and local officers made a three-pronged raid into Gallatin county and were astonished to find in one house alone, four thousand bottles of brew, "all of which was destroyed and that required considerable time."

As one who ought to know, Lester

OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

BIG SALINE CHURCH in Somerset, an early Saline County village. The church, established in 1854, saw its services discontinued a few years ago.



recalled seeing "as high as three stills to a holler." He and another former resident agreed that at one time or another one third of Eagle Creek's popu-

lation were involved in the manufacturing or selling of spirits. There are some who would say this is an exaggeration. Pockets of accelerated moonshining

activity included the Williams Hill area in Pope county, the rugged terrain near High Knob in Gallatin and Hardin county, and the "mountain" that runs



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from Cave Hill to Wamble Mountain in Saline county.

Further east, on the road between New Haven and Shawneetown, the odor of home brew was said to be so strong that on one occasion, at least, people driving through could smell it. In fact, a news item in the *Harrisburg Daily Register* of August 13, 1925 states that the odor "permeated the whole atmosphere." An over-statement perhaps (and chances are that "four thousand bottles" was a rough guess) but it is clear from these and other accounts

that the moonshiners were plying their trade with a certain zeal.

Any account of that sometimes silly, sometimes sordid business must include some mention of the farm animals, unwitting beneficiaries of the illicit activity. Probably hogs benefited most, as they were often fattened on the mash, also called chops*. One operation near the Ohio River in Hardin county was said to have supported hundreds of hogs.

Along with hogs, cattle served as a blind. The man whose bumper all but dragged the ground when he was de-

livering to Harrisburg and Eldorado, recalls there were many gallons riding in a special compartment when he hauled his livestock to the stockyards at East St. Louis. The St. Louis and East St. Louis bootleggers would be

**This term is not found in any of the books on moonshining used for background information. Probably the origin of "chops" came from the fact that the corn was "chopped up" by the grinding process. It may be one of southern Illinois' few contributions to moonshine lore.*

waiting for him when he arrived.

Some animals had a nose for the stuff. One man remembered that every time he rode his father's mule down a certain hillside that animal would prick up his ears and head straight for a still.

"He was a real bird dog when it came to finding things like that," he said.

And then there was the milk cow, over at Spring Valley. She came down from the pasture one afternoon "drunk as a skunk." The next day the owner

followed her out to pasture. Sure enough, she was helping herself to the contents of a barrel setting near a spring. Fearful that the owners of the barrel might find him there and think the worst (although it's difficult to see how anyone could suspect a man with a cow) he drove "that sot of a beast" back to the barn and there kept her up for several days.

Finally, for what it's worth, it is said that turkeys would grow fierce when under the influence of the tainted grain and peck each other with abandon.

On December 5, 1933 the Volstead Act became history. Under a few cooks the fires continued to burn but no longer were "three stills to a holler" a common sight. White lightning which had brought as high as twenty dollars a gallon now sold for as low as a dollar a gallon, a plummet most moonshiners took with good humor. After all they had played the game when the dice were hot and now the dice were cold as creek water. They had taken a ride on the wheel of fortune—some were flung off—and now the wheel had stop-

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ped. For some there was ground to break come spring, for others there were always the mines or the northern factories.

Rusty barrel hoops half buried in the humus, and yarns retold so often they almost have the flavor of ancient history, are the heritage from those heady days. Perhaps the best way to wind up this rambling excursion would be to exhume a few more stories, the first and longest from our old friend Lester:

"There was a doctor in Harrisburg who wanted me to bring him a gallon of whiskey. I told him I'd bring it to him.

"Can you get around the square?" he asked.

I said, 'Lord, I can get around the square anywhere with a gallon of whiskey.'

Well, that morning I told my wife, I said, 'I'm going to take that doctor a gallon of whiskey.'

'You'd better not take it in the car today, and me a-going.'

I said, 'Well, it won't hurt anything. I'll just put it in pint bottles and buckle it around me.'

So when I drove up there—I drove in the back down there on an off side street—there set old Hardrock and Stinson, and two more fellows talking right on the corner. They looked me straight in the face.

My wife said, 'Lord, there's the law standing there.'

I said, 'Heck, they ain't bad.' 'You ain't going in there are you?' 'Sure.'

I just placed the bottles down real tight and drewed my belt up another notch and stepped out and walked right up by them. When I was walking up to them, them bottles all was tink tink tink. I thought to myself, 'looks like they could hear it but I don't believe they will.' Got up to them throwed up my hand, and spoke to them. Said a word or two, went right on up the street and upstairs. Went in and the doctor's office was full of people. I sat down in my chair, he opened the door and looked out and said 'Here, fellar, come on and get your medicine. You forgot it a minute ago.'

'Yal,' I said, 'I just got up and walked out and left it.' I walked on in his office and sat down in the chair and pulled them all out and handed them to him and went out the back door and left."

Near Grand Pierre lake in Northeastern Pope County some revenue men were nosing through a hillside tunnel expecting to find a still. In this, at least, they were not disappointed. But there was a catch. Venturing from his hiding place in the undergrowth, the owner of that still splashed some gasoline in the entrance of the tunnel, stepped back, tossed a match. Instant inferno! By the time the half-baked, half-choked "revenoers" staggered out their prey had vanished like a bad dream.

The prize for sheer gall should probably go to the blasphemous fellow who stored his whiskey-making apparatus in the belfry of an abandoned church near Mitchellsville. No one would have been the wiser, perhaps, had not some people decided to hold a special service in that old church and even then had not two young boys tried to ring the bell. Failing in their efforts, they climbed the ladder and found the bell wedged in by the cooker and the pungent barrels. The man who told this story had been one of those boys. It so happened, he said, the equipment belonged to his uncle.

In the southern mountains in the old days the moonshiner was alerted by a series of horn blowings. Having spied suspicious-looking strangers from his lookout on a knoll, the spy would put the horn—either a gourd or an animal horn to his lips. As the refrain echoed out amid the waves of hills, another man would take it up with his own horn and so on until the message reached the still site. In our own hills a similarly ingenious method took the form of a small boy on a pony who patrolled the road near Kedron. If he saw anyone who looked suspicious, the boy galloped back to report to his moonshining father. If the information seemed important enough his dad would break off work to investigate the matter himself.

One time he observed a tramp—stock fixture of the early thirties—three times walk the same bend in the road.

Conclusion: revenooer! (After July 1, 1930 "revenooer" was a misnomer when used in the moonshining context for it was then that the authority for curtailing the liquor traffic was shifted from the Bureau of Internal Revenue to the Department of Justice.)

Now a middle-aged man, the former boy-spy offered the following:

"About forty-three years ago one of the local distillers had two fellows down in the hollow running off moonshine for him. One day they heard somebody thrashing through the leaves so they lit out through the woods. Wary as squirrels, they got just far enough away so they could see who it was but not

be seen themselves. As it turned out it wasn't revenooers who stumbled on to the still but forest service men checking on some recently acquired forest land. You can imagine how surprised these foresters were, coming upon a bubbling still out in the middle of nowhere. Being thirsty from his long walk one of them took a drink while the other one snapped a few pictures with the camera he carried along. A short time later one of the local fellows was down at the CCC camp at Kedron and saw those pictures. One of the snapshots was especially interesting because it showed the two moonshiners peering through the leaves. This fellow

knew them, of course, and he said their faces were as plain as day.

Pepper this brew with a few gunshots and sweeten it with the mindless melody of a running creek and you will have a glimpse into the precarious world of our neighbor, the Illinois moonshiner. You may choose to take this glimpse with a grain of salt.

Better yet, make that a grain of sugar, a grain of corn.

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People

The people who had the most to tell did not want their names used.
*These books have extensive bibliographies.

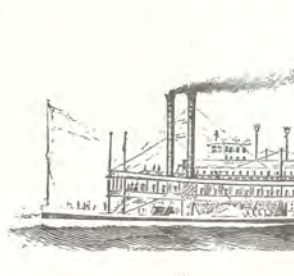




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Ipecac? Tacamahac? Wycopy?

Botanical Names Offer Some Interesting Stories

By John W. Voigt

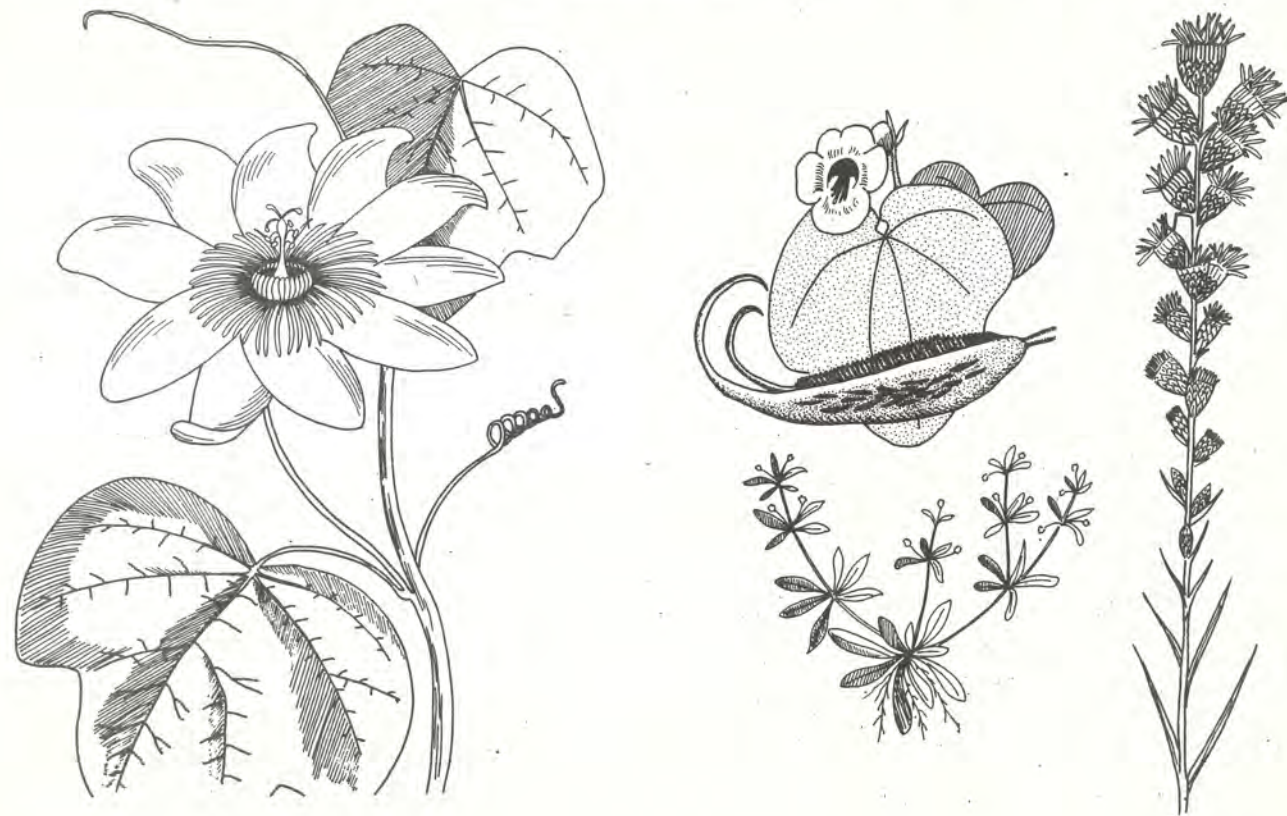
AS OBVIOUS as it may seem, it bears repeating that a name is to "fix" identity. It serves to affix certain features possessed by particular entities so that reference may be more easily made at some future point in time.

Plants have had vernacular names from the beginning of time since man became a gatherer and began to develop a culture. Such names are interesting and colorful and they speak of many things. The common name of a plant will often tell something of geography or habitat where the plant is found. As mentioned, the culture of the people is

reflected, their emotions, artistic tastes, their folklore, superstitions, medicines and remedies, religious and poetical associations, fantasies and fancies, observations, humor, commemorations, and honors to people.

THE PASSION FLOWER (left) reminded early Roman Catholic missionaries in America of Christ's passion and gave it this common name. The ten colored petals symbolized ten apostles at the crucifixion, the colored filaments a showy crown symbolic of the crown of thorns. Five pollen-bearing anthers suggested Christ's wounds, the division of the pistil nails of the cross and the blade-like leaf a spear that pierced his side. Two species fairly common are *Passiflora incarnata* and *P. lutea*. It is also known as maypops, the yellow fruit has a thin edible covering tasting something like grapes.

Right, three plants which bear the name of the Devil: Devil's horn (*Martynia proboscidea*), below, Devil's finger *Mollugo verticillata* and, right, Devil's bit (*Liatris spicata*).



Among the most colorful names given to plants are those of the aborigines. Some of the following names have been given by the American Indian: Wycopy for the Leatherwood (*Dirca palustris*), Pippissewa for the Wintergeren (*Pyrola sp.*), Ipecac for Indian Physic (*Gilenia stipulacea*), Tacamahac for the Balsam Poplar (*Populus balsamifera*), and Chinquapin for the Oak (*Quercus muhlenbergii*).

Plants with which real or fancied medicinal uses are associated would include the following, just to mention a few: Indian Physic, Pleurisy root (*Asclepias tuberosa*), Feverwort (*Triosteum perforatum*), Boneset (*Eupatorium perforatum*), Colic-root (*Liatris squarrosa*), Ague Tree (*Sassafras officinale*), Calamus (*Acorus calamus*), and some species of flax in the genus *Cathartolium*.

Both *Prunella vulgaris* and *Scrophu-*

laria marylandica are known by the common name Heal-All. The latter is also known as Pilewort. A study of a pharmaceutical manual will reveal that virtually all plants have some drug or pharmaceutical importance. Many mountain folk, in fact, gather and sell wild plants for the market as a supplemental source of income. The prices are usually attractive.

From the foregoing paragraph it has been demonstrated that often two different plants will have been called by the same common name. In that instance it was the Heal-All. Because so many people at so many different places, and during different periods of time, have applied common names to plants it is not uncommon for a single plant to have a single common name. The Bouncing Bet (*Saponaria officinalis*) is known by thirteen other names. Later in this article three separate plants will be shown to have the name, Devil's tobacco. Such conditions do not contribute to exact identity.

To overcome this problem, botanical scholars use a Latin binominal which has been carefully given to only one plant by the use of a carefully observed set of rules. A binominal system has existed for mankind from the time of origin of speech and language. For application to plants, it was the great Swedish naturalist and botanist Carolus von Linne or Linnæus, as he is most often called, who devised the system.

A series of Illinois plants have Biblical or at least religious association, and the following are most noteworthy: Passion flower (*Passiflora incarnata*) the Redbud or Judas Tree (*Cercis canadensis*) is alleged to be the one upon which Judas hanged himself; Dogwood (*Cornus florida*), Star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogalum umbellatum*), False Solomon's Seal (*Smilacina racemosa*), Smooth Solomon's Seal (*Polygonatum commutatum*), Jacob's ladder (*Polemonium reptans*), St. Andrew's Cross (*Ascyrum multicaule*), St. John's-wort (*Hypericum perforatum*), Bishop's Cap (*Mitella diphylla*), Jerusalem artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosa*), Devil's Walking Stick (*Aralia spinosa*), Devil's guts (*Cuscuta spp.*), Devil's bit (*Liatris spicata*), Devil's tobacco (*Arisæma*

MAY, 1975

foetida), and two other plants also known as Devil's tobacco. These are (*Veratrum woodii*) and (*Vebbascum thapsis*). These two plants are known respectively also as the False Helebores, and the Hairy Mullein. The Devil's name is often applied to plants which have evil or harsh looks about them.

A number of plants have been observed to have similarities or fancied similarities to familiar and mundane articles. A few of these plants would include: Dutchman's breeches (*Dicentra cucullaria*), Queen Anne's lace (*Daucus carota*), Buttercups (*Ranunculus spp.*), Bluebells (*Mertensia virginica*), Indian Pipes (*Monotropa uniflora*).

Many other plants reveal in their names certain morphological features, colors or conditions. Jack-in-the-pulpit is a well known example of such morphological fancy. The sunflower (*Helianthus annuus*) with its yellow brilliance and radial design is easily associated with the sun. Snow-on-the-mountain (*Euphorbia marginata*), a member of the Spurge family, has white margins on green leaves. The Horsetail (*Equisetum spp.*), and Mare's-tail (*Leptilon canadense*) each have branching, lengthy arrangement of organs to suggest a bushy or branched tail.

Humor or wit is often expressed or sometimes the name given to a plant will simply have graphic description. Smilax is usually known as "catbriar". In some other locales certain species of this genus have been called "wait-a-bit" because one is momentarily engaged and detained by the "claws" or stickers on its stem. We have a species of Knotweed or Polygonum (*Polygonum sagittatum*) which has been called "Tear-thumb" because of its harshly bristled stem.

A small member of the Figwort family is Blue-eyed Mary (*Collinsia verna*) which is only locally and infrequently found. It is also known as "Innocence". Another Figwort of interesting and colorful name is Bluehearts (*Buchnera americana*). To express the sudden appearance of its flowers in the Spring we have Johnny-jump-ups (*Viola raffinequii*).

The Bird's-foot violet (*Viola pedata*) is also called "Roosters". A jumping, shoulder-bumping aggressive play by



TWO PLANTS with the same common name, Heal-all, are *Prunella vulgaris* (left) and *Scrophularia marylandica*.

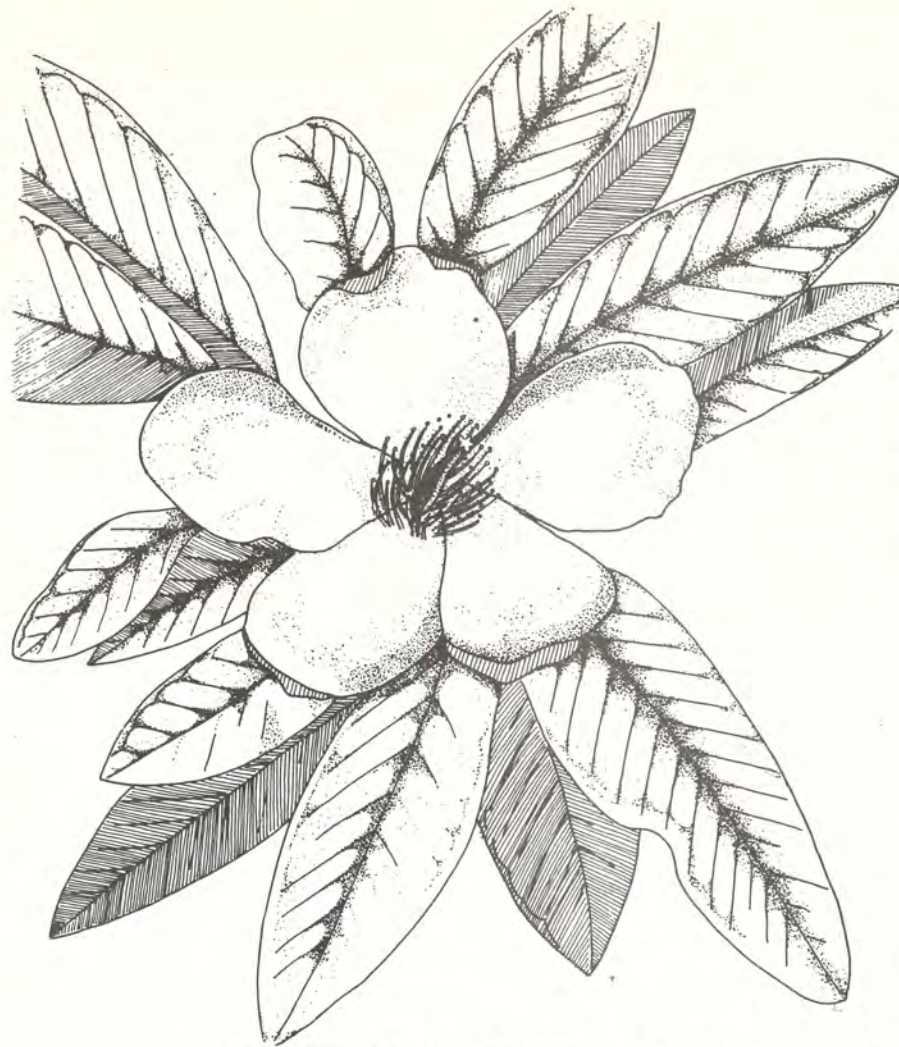
young boys on the school playground was called "rooster fighting". It is possible that bird's-foot violet is called "Roosters" for the involvement of these passive plants in an aggressive game. Two plants are hooked together below the blossom where, in violets, there is a strong curvature to the peduncle. When the plants are hooked together they are then jerked apart. The contestant holding a violet which still has its blossom (the rooster with its head) is the winner.

A delicate member of the Iris family with pale bluish flowers is called Blue-eyed grass (*Sisyrinchium angustifolium*). Because it is so precise in its time of opening during the day, a small cliff-top plant in the Purslane family has been called Flower-of-an-hour. Another, the Salsify (*Tragopogon pratensis*) is called Go-to-bed-at-noon.

Most common names are single words as in Fennel, Catnip, Tansy, and Violet. Many others are double words such as Dog-rose, Morning-glory, Mountain-mint, Moss-rose, Horse-mint, White Clover and Klamath weed.

The more colorful and poetic names are those which are whole phrases. A few of these worth mention are: Lily-of-the-valley, Jack-in-the-pulpit, Venus-looking-glass, Butter-and-eggs, Johnny-jump-up, and Go-to-bed-at-noon.

Names become humorous when cor-



THE "LOST CAMELLIA TREE", or *Franklinia*, named for Benjamin Franklin (*Franklinia alatamaha*), now grows in cultivation in Illinois gardens.

ruptions are deliberately applied. Two such corruptions of generic names applied by students are these: The Yellowwood tree is generically known as *Cladrastis*. A student who is now an eminent botanist has playfully called it "Claude-Rastus". The small member of the waterleaf family in the genus *Ellisia*, has been called "Aunt Lucy."

Some plants have an outstanding feature which causes them to be given certain names. Dandelion (*Taraxacum officinale*) gets its name from the French "dent-de-lion", which alludes to the tooth of a lion, found in the sinuate or coarsely toothed leaf of the dandelion plant. The Carrion Flower (*Smilax herbacea*), actually stinks and smells like carrion. The Goosefoot family has plants with leaves shaped like a goosefoot.

Catchfly (*Silene spp.*) have a sticky secretion on their stigma which helps them make fast to that surface a fly which might visit there. The Soapwort

or Bouncing Bet has a soapy juice. The Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria canadensis*) has a blood-red juice or sap. The Basswood tree (*Tilia americana*) is sometimes called the Bee-tree, because honeybees find it a favorite at the time of flowering.

Latin names often describe a color, shape, number or an association. Carnations were originally flesh-colored, hence the Latin, *carne*, or flesh to describe its color. A composite (daisy or sunflower type, having a radial head) known as *Heliopsis scabra* is a brilliant sun-like flower. *Lactuca* is the name for the lettuce genus. It is characterized by having milky sap (the Latin, *lac*, describes milk). *Liriodendron* is the generic designation of the tulip tree. This name describes a tree bearing lily-like flowers (*Lirios*=lily-like, and *dendron*=tree).

The *Anemone* is called the wind flower because the Latin name means a flower that is shaken by the wind. Other epithets describe numbers as indicated

in: *uniflora*, *bidentata*, *triflorum*, *quadrifolia*, *quinquefolia*, *octandra*, *dodecandra*, *decodon*, etc.

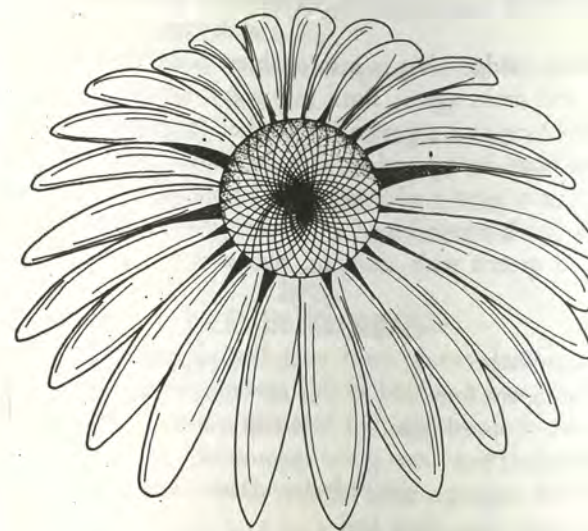
It was an early custom for botanists discovering new entities to commemorate the place where the plants were found. Perhaps the most common state to be honored in this way is Virginia. This resulted from the fact that so many of the great Colonial botanists were living and working within that state. Some examples of this kind of commemoration is found in these few selected names of plants. In Illinois, the Pecan was discovered and bears the name *Carya illinoensis*. There is a Missouri gooseberry (*Ribes missouriensis*), a Carolina buckthorn (*Rhamnus caroliniana*), and Buckley's hickory (*Carya texana*), to name a few plants whose name commemorate other states.

In a final point there are some scientific plant names which have been given to honor people. These are often for the discoverer himself, or are sometimes given by the discoverer to someone he admires and wishes to honor. Surely this is about as near to immortality as one could come, for plants will likely be around as long as anything, and surely as long as there are humans to recognize them.

Some of the better known plant names which have been given to honor people are these: Spring Beauty was named for John Clayton, a colonial botanist by Linnæus, who called it *Claytonia virginica*. Brown-eyed Susan (*Rudbeckia hirta*) was named after the botanist Rudbeck. The gardenia was named after Alexander Garden, a Charleston, South Carolina resident and botanist. The poinsettia was named after Joel R. Poinsett, an American minister to Mexico in the early 1800's.

Colonial botanist John Bartram named many plants. He was apparently an admirer of Thomas Jefferson, and named the Twin-leaf (*Jeffersonia diphylla*) in his honor.

One of the most unusual plants in this story of the lost "Camellia-tree". This tree (*Franklinia alatamaha*) was named to honor Benjamin Franklin by its discoverer, John Bartram. *Franklinia* was discovered near the Alatamaha river in Georgia. The tree was seen only in the wild in this location and exists in



SUNFLOWER is an apt name for a flower which is bright yellow and radial in design. Three plants deriving common names from utilitarian articles are at right: Dutchman's breeches (upper left), bluebells (upper right), and Indian pipe.



cultivation today from propagation of plants from that discovery.

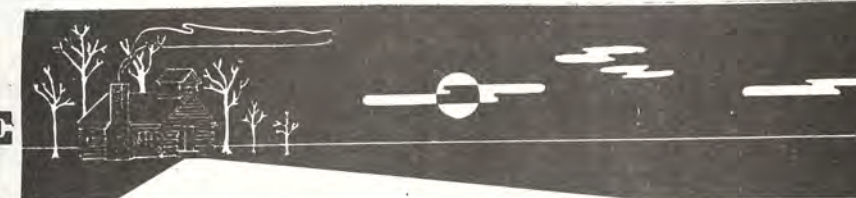
There are many other names which could be mentioned, each a story unto itself. The names of Pierre Magnol, Linnæus, and Robert Forsyth will be

mentioned. The reader will recognize the relation of these plants, Magnolia, Linnæa, and Forsythia with the above names.

Humans have borrowed from the plant world in the names they give to

their female children. Some of the more obvious female names of this nature include Violet, Viola, Rose, Lily, Pansy, Iris, Malissa, Petunia, Veronica, Cynthia, and Arethusa. The last named plant is an orchid. Arethusa is a name for a nymph from Greek mythology, and I really knew a girl with this name.

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OLD TIME

Recipes

By Mrs. Laura H. Holman

BLACK WALNUT COOKIES

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ½ cup quick-cooking oat-meal | 1 teaspoon black walnut extract |
| ¾ cup vegetable shortening | 1¼ cup sugar |
| 2 eggs | 3 cups flour |
| 1½ teaspoons salt | 2 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1 teaspoon vanilla | 2 tablespoons milk |

Sprinkle the black walnut extract over the oatmeal. Stir to mix well, put in a tight covered container and allow to stand overnight. Cream the vegetable shortening and sugar together, beat in the eggs sift together the dry ingredients and add to the sugar mixture. Add the vanilla and milk, then stir in the oatmeal. Drop by teaspoons, allowing room to spread a little. Bake at 325° for 12 to 15 minutes. This makes 4½ dozen to 5 dozen cookies.

QUINCY HOT POT

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 6 potatoes, pared and sliced | salt and pepper |
| 1½ lbs. lamb shoulder or breast | 1 cup water |
| 1 large onion, sliced | 2 tablespoons butter, melted |

Place half of potatoes in greased baking dish, then add meat, cut into cubes. Cover with sliced onion and season with salt and pepper.

Add water. Place remaining potatoes on top, covering neat completely.

Brush with melted butter, place in moderate oven (350°) and cook for two hours.

BANANA BREAD

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 cups sifted flour | 2 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ½ teaspoon soda |
| 1 cup sugar | ½ cup shortening |
| 2 eggs | 1 cup mashed bananas |
| 1 teaspoon lemon juice | 1 cup chopped nuts |

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, soda and sugar in a bowl.

Add shortening, eggs, and ½ cup bananas, stir to combine. Then beat two minutes.

Add remaining banana and lemon juice. Beat two minutes.

Fold in nuts.

Pour into a greased, paper-lined loaf pan and bake at 350° for one hour and 15 minutes. Cool before slicing. Makes one loaf of bread.

For a different taste, after the bread has been sliced and the last slices are just a bit on the dry side, serve it with a covering of lemon sauce:

NAPLES SALAD

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 can (1 lb. 4 oz.) white kidney beans | 1 can (7 oz.) solid white meat tuna |
| 3 tablespoons oil | 3 tablespoons vinegar (wine preferred) |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | ½ teaspoon salt |
| Salad greens and sliced tomatoes | 4 scallions, finely chopped with tops |

Drain kidney beans into strainer, rinse well with cold water and drain again. Turn into bowl. Drain tuna lightly, add to beans and separate into rather large pieces. At one side of bowl beat together with fork, oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, mix gently with beans and tuna. Cover and refrigerate a few hours to blend (overnight is even better). Serve on salad greens with scallions, tomatoes.

CABBAGE ROLLS

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 head cabbage | salt and pepper |
| 1 lb. lamb, cut fine | 3 to 4 tomatoes, sliced |
| 2 onions, chopped fine | ½ cup water |
| 1 cup cooked rice | meat stock |

Cook cabbage until tender. Drain and carefully separate leaves from stem end.

Combine lamb, onions, rice, salt and pepper and mix well together.

On each cabbage leaf place 1 tablespoon of meat mixture, then roll leaf over the filling and turn ends under so as to secure each roll. The mark of a good cook is the manner in which these rolls are made . . . without help of toothpicks, or other fastening aids.

Place filled leaves in greased pan, add tomatoes, water sufficient to cover rolls and cook in moderate oven (350°) about one hour or until rice is tender. Serves six.

HOT LEMON SAUCE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 9 tablespoons sugar | 3 tablespoons flour |
| Grated rind and juice of lemon | ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg |
| Pinch of salt | 1 tablespoon butter |

Mix together the sugar, flour and salt until well blended, then add the water gradually; cook, stirring constantly until thickened and creamy.

Remove from heat, beat in the juice and rind of the lemon, nutmeg and butter. Continue to beat for one minute. Serve hot over cake, puddings or cool to lukewarm and serve over vanilla ice cream.

RHUBARB WHIP

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 4 cups diced rhubarb | ½ cup water |
| Lady fingers, sponge or angel food cake | Sugar, to taste |
| | 2 cups heavy cream |

Simmer rhubarb gently with the water until soft. Add sugar to taste and when this is dissolved, press through a fine sieve and chill. Just before serving, fold in the whipped cream and serve in sherbet glasses with split lady fingers or strips of either kind of cake around the edge.

Serves six.

TO PREPARE PEMMICAN

Pemmican is made of the lean portions of venison, buffalo, or other meat. The Indian method is to remove the fat from the lean, dry the lean in the sun; then make a bag of the skin of the animal, and put the lean pieces in loosely. To this must be added the fat of the animal, rendered into tallow, and poured in quite hot.

This will cause all of the spaces to be filled. When cold, put away for future use.

In civilized life, a jar can be used in place of the bag. Pemmican may be cooked same as sausage, or eaten as dried beef. It is invaluable in long land explorations, and is of great use in sea voyages or canoe trips with Fairfield people.

TO PRESERVE EGGS

Take a colander-full at a time of new-laid eggs and pour over them a tea-kettle full of boiling water. The heat of the water cooks the white of the egg sufficiently to keep out the air. I have known eggs being used in midwinter, that were put up in the summer in this way.

They should be kept in a cool place, and may be put away in boxes or baskets, or any convenient receptacle.

Another method is to dip each egg in gum-arabic water, or in melted grease. In either case, a coating is formed on the shell, rendering it air-tight.

I have kept eggs three months in an egg case, with no preparation whatsoever. Close contact would have spoiled them.

GREEN TURTLE SOUP

Chop the entrails (some cooks do not use the entrails), bones and coarse parts of the turtle meat, and put into a gallon of water with a bunch of sweet herbs, 2 onions, pepper and salt. This must cook slowly but constantly for four hours.

In the meantime, simmer the fine parts of the turtle and the green fat for one hour in a half-gallon of water. This must be added to the above soup after straining the latter, at the end of four hours boiling.

Thicken slightly with browned flour, then simmer all together for another hour. If there are eggs in the turtle, boil them alone in clear water for three or four hours and add to the soup before serving. If not, use force-meat balls. At the last, add the juice of one lemon.

For the force-meat balls, take the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, rubbed fine with 6 tablespoons of chopped turtle meat, 1 tablespoon of butter and, if you have it, a little liquor of oysters. Season with mace, a pinch of cayenne, half a teaspoon of white sugar. Bind together with a raw egg. Roll into small balls, dip into beaten egg, then in rolled cracker, fry in butter and drop into the soup as before directed.

Money makes us comfortable, but it doesn't always make us happy.

MAY, 1975

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On Nature's Trail

Joyce Marshall Brukoff

The Great April Fool Snowstorm of 1975

ONE DOESN'T usually think of a tollroad as a nature trail, but on Wednesday, the 2nd of April, 1975, nature took over the tollroads, streets and backyards of a highly populated area of Illinois, creating a spectacle that deserves noting in any column devoted to the effects of the elements.

It was a snowstorm that made many people quail, thinking of the great 23-inch cover we experienced in 1967. Winds in gusts covered everything with multi-foot drifts of swirling snow. Cross-country skiers walked past stalled lines of cars and Lake Michigan, whipped into a frenzy by the storm, sent giant waves crashing up at the beaches of Chicago and along the highly traveled Lakeshore Drive.

The storm concentrated its fury on and near the greater Chicago area, dumping 10 inches of snow that drifted into three and four-foot impassable barriers to cars, buses and even pedestrians. A total of 54 people died from various reasons associated with the storm, with causes ranging from heart attacks of elderly snow shovelers to an exposure death of a three-and-a-half-year-old boy who wandered outside in his pajamas and was found two hours later.

All these things compose the ugly face of a nature turned violent, and are to be expected, especially in an urban environment where people are unaccustomed to dealing with raw elements. But there was a certain beauty in the very savageness of the whirling whiteness against the black sky, of roads covered with snow, of human beings' basic kindness and "grouping" instincts when confronted with an all-encompassing problem.

I was near Rockford when the storm hit on Wednesday afternoon, with my usual traveling companions, son Christopher, 11, his friend Douglas, 9, and his mother, Audrey. We were to drive to Chicago that afternoon. Amid a rela-

tively light snowfall that precipitated remarks about spring never coming, we hit the tollroad (I-90) and left the Rockford area.

Almost immediately, visibility left along with Rockford. As the road swung around to the east we were driving on what seemed to be totally unplowed roads. The only cement visible was a slight strip along the side of the road from time to time where the wind was sweeping it clear. Cars and trucks were off the road like scattered toys left by some careless child and we could only see a few car lengths ahead of us. Traffic, although fortunately light going toward Chicago, was crawling.

The windshield wipers were picking up bits of ice that constantly formed above and below the sweep of the wipers, dragging it across my line of vision until I was staring grimly through a haze of ice particles. Then we would put on the hazard blinkers, stop as far over as we dared to go and Audrey would leap out of the car and pick the ice from wipers with her hands. The wind was gusting so hard that once, when returning to the car, she shook her head like a swimmer to dislodge snow from her ear.

Once we reached Chicago (there was really no place to stop between Rockford and Elgin . . . and the ramps were all totally clogged beyond Elgin) we could not stop and instead of the weather improving, it got worse. We had left Rockford at 3 p. m. When we reached Elgin, it was already dark and the traffic had picked up. On the opposite lanes, long lines of cars coming from the city in rush hour were completely stopped. We learned later that many had been forced to spend the entire night on the tollway in their vehicles or abandon their cars and walk to the nearest shelter. A healthy percentage chose the latter course.

Driving home to Evanston on the north suburban perimeter of Chicago

was another experience. Cars were spewed everywhere and many streets were completely blocked by abandoned cars or drifts. People were helping people, giving rides to hitchhikers . . . and plenty of people hitchhiked . . . from little old ladies to entire families, pushing cars through rutted intersections and generally talking to each other in a friendly manner as they walked or inched along the long road home.

And it was a long road. Many didn't make it and holed up anywhere they could . . . offices, motels, homes and even stores. Marshall Field & Company at the Old Orchard Shopping Center, opened up their furniture department to snowbound customers and employees and many slept all night on floor samples.

We reached my unplowed street in Evanston after 10 p. m., luckier than most. We pulled into snow at the side of the street and walked in sneakers through the drifts to the door, where we spent another chilly time pulling it open against opposing snow.

The next day was unbelievably lovely. Brilliant sun streaked through the clearest blue sky I've seen in Chicago for years. (Snow is great for reducing air pollutants). Snow lay in gleaming white clumps on bushes, homes, cars, everywhere. Everyone was out shoveling their way from the door to the street and, strangely enough, everyone was in a good humor.

For a little while, Evanston looked like a country village; entire families, muffled in scarves and wielding snow shovels, worked and talked about the storm that played a big April fool's joke on the city.

There are many faces of nature as she relates to human beings. This great spring snow storm may not have been one of the most benevolent, but at night it was assuredly a portrait of nature in her most dramatic guise, with dark visage and accessories of screaming wind and blinding snow.

Then in the morning, a calm and shining face of blue, white and gold: A pure and awesome beauty that makes us catch our breath, and stop to contemplate a masterpiece.

Letters . . .

Dear Folks:

We have enjoyed getting your magazine for several months now and have successfully guessed several of the mystery pictures without writing but this picture strikes so close to home we just had to let you know it's the "Inter-Urban" Electric Train station in Fithian, Illinois.

To our knowledge, it ran from Danville to Decatur and Springfield.

We have several of the issues on display in our office so all the park visitors can take a good look.

Thank you,
The Staff at
Kickapoo State Park
Oakwood, Ill.

Sorry, it is the one at Union, Illinois, in Logan County (see next letter).

Dear Sir:

I've nearly given up trying to get letters to you in time to win a subscription, but will try once more, at least.

The What and Where picture in April 1975 issue of Outdoor Illinois is Illinois Terminal's depot at Union, in northern Logan County, Illinois. I'm guessing, but would say the photographer is Wayne Bridges.

Sorry that I never got around to writing sooner, but we certainly enjoyed the "tour" you mapped for us south of Karber's Ridge to Elizabethtown last October. Fording one creek made me think you misunderstood us, we said we should have a Jeep!

Sincerely,
Monty Powell
Peoria, Ill.

You and the following two were first in with the correct answer, and each will receive a one-year subscription to the People's Choice. The stations of the old interurban were apparently much similar in design, judging from the descriptions of other stations at Mackinaw, and Fithian.

Sir:

The What and Where picture in the April issue is of the Illinois Terminal R. R. Depot, Union, Illinois, in Logan County's Eminence Township. I think it's now owned by W. Quisenberry, who runs a general store just to the west.

William E. Bryson
Lake Fork, Ill.

Another winner.

Dear Sir:

I thought for a change that I would take a stab at identifying your "what and where" pictures. It appears to me that the building is the Illinois Traction System depot in Union, Illinois, in Logan County. It is one of many stations which dot the right-of-way of that system, established in the early 1900s by William B. McKinley, the "father of the interurban." The particular building in question was built in 1906.

I also caught page 13 of your April MAY, 1975

issue and noticed that your picture of Robert Todd Lincoln is in fact a picture of William Howard Taft. As you know, Taft was President of the U. S. between Roosevelt and Wilson. Due to his immense girth, it was usually pretty difficult for Taft to get between anything. I normally would not have caught such a grievous error, but Taft and others like him, Churchill, Cannon, et cetera, are an inspiration to all us fat folks.

Anyway, keep up the good work and don't worry about an occasional mistake. I have even made one or two myself.

By the way, I found one unique statue of a pigeon, which, according to my informants, draws generals from all over the country.

William G. Farrar
Illinois Historic Landmarks Survey
Carbondale, Ill.

If you can get a picture of the pigeon for us, that would be just super. We would suggest you keep moving while taking the picture.

Gentlemen:

Love your covers! We have some real "genooine" talent down here in southern Illinois. And it's mighty nice of you folks to "spread it around." I, for one, intend to keep mine for posterity—or whatever.

Enclosed is a check for a one-year subscription for some friends of ours I know will enjoy your magazine as much as we do.

Thank you for being "different."

Sincerely,
Mrs. Faith Thurman
Belleville, Ill.

We try to be different, every day in every way. Some say we don't need to try.

Dan:

Do I detect a little Genealogy slippin' into Ol' Outdoor Illinois? We really enjoyed Dearinger article about Dr. Andy and are looking forward to the next issue. Dr. Andy's grandmother, Nancy Shirley, had several sisters: Elizabeth married Alfred Moore (the grandparents of "Young Alf Moore" of the article), Mary married Martin Sims—the grandparents of Dr. John M. Sims of Benton in the 1920s, grandparents of Casey Sims of Benton now, and yours truly. Millie married Henry H. Irwin (the Irwins of McLeansboro). Eliza married John W. Lane, Sarah married a Cox.

After being Editor of the Chicago Genealogist for two years, I think I know why LETTERS get the answers they do, those deadlines have driven you all bananas. Sure they have.

Happy Swinging,
Carol Sims Rademacher
Mt. Prospect, Ill.

As we mentioned in an earlier edition, we are looking for someone to conduct a column for us on Illinois genealogy, of interest across the state.

Bananas and creamed, on occasion.

Dear Editor:

Renewal time already! Time does fly

when you're having fun—reading about Illinois. Guess I'll just up for two years and maybe one day I'll find you've discovered Moultrie County.

The effusion displayed in your answers to LETTERS is always delightful.

Lt. Col. Mary L. Storm, USAF-Ret.
Sullivan, Ill.

Well, we don't know that we would have used a word like that about someone who always tries to keep things clean.

Outdoor Illinois:

Are the captions about Grover Cleveland and Robert Todd Lincoln transposed—or is your SICAM sometimes a Picture-switcher? (O-I April, pp. 13, 15).

The Mavises
of Macomb

He's more like a switched picture. And yes, we did have him in charge of handling the illustrations last month and he got most of them on the right pages. No one is perfect, right?

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed the article by Lowell Dearing on Dr. Andy Hall and the remarks about Hamilton County where he lived his early years. I am looking forward to Part II. I believe the explanations under Robert Lincoln and Grover Cleveland are reversed, however.

The article on Hooper Warren, Forgot-

What's Your ? ILLINOIS QUOTIENT

By BARBARA DERRICK LUGENBEEL

TRUE or FALSE: Through the sands of time seep the myth and the truth, sometimes they mix, sometimes they don't, but when they polarize the truth often emerges the more amazing of the two.

TRUE or FALSE

1. Water has always played an important part in Illinois history.
2. Water was responsible for the disappearance of the first State Capital at Kaskaskia.
3. Abraham Lincoln was responsible for the initial suggestion of removing the Capital to Springfield.

(Answers on Page 50)

ten Illinoisan is one of the most informational I have read on pre-Civil-War Illinois. Congratulations, Barbara Derrick Lugenbeel.

Sincerely,
Mildred Rawls,
McLeansboro, Ill.

Lowell seems to get better all the time, and even the myopic Superintendent In Charge of All Maintenance cannot switch enough pictures to detract from that.

As for Barbara, that was a super piece of research on Hooper Warren; we will see more forgotten Illinoisans in the future.

Dear Editor:

For some years I have been reading your publication which we have received at our newspaper office on an exchange basis. However, a few months ago I decided to enjoy copies at home so took advantage of your subscription offer. I also took advantage of your offer to receive David H. Burr's map of Illinois in the 1830's.

Being from the north part of the state I looked at that part rather thoroughly and was amazed to discover that Mr. Burr had reversed Kane and DeKalb counties. Would you call that a topographical error?

He also lost the Fox River somewhere too. He has it rising up from some underground spring in the vicinity of Norway and completely ignores the northern half of our fair stream.

As you note, the map is undated but one of the clues that would date it in the mid-1830s is the name of LaFox on the map in Kane (DeKalb) County. LaFox was the name by which the present Geneva was known for a very short time in that era. Before that, it was known as Herrington's Ford, a very important place for crossing the Fox River as shown by the trail on the map from Napiersville (now Naperville) on west to Sycamore.

When Geneva was given its present name (probably by settlers from Geneva, New York) the name LaFox was attached to a still-existing hamlet a few miles to the west.

Greatly enjoy your magazine and am looking forward to the day when you might devote an issue to Kane County or some other county in this area.

Regards to S.I.C.A.M.

Sincerely,
Allen F. Mead
THE GENEVA REPUBLICAN
Geneva, Illinois

MEMO: To Al
FROM: Superintendent In Charge of All Maintenance

It was a good thing I was leaning in the doorway when the mailman come by or I'd have never got your letter. This way you can get your regards right back. Besides, the editor would have said he didn't know whether you was trying to lower DeKalb or just raise Kane.

You tell all them folks up there we are going to send lots of good things your

way. I seen the editor pricing persimmon seeds just the other day.

MEMO: S.I.C.A.M.
FROM: The Editor

Gawd. If we ever get money ahead, the first buy we're going to make is a real Janitor and not some hamhock who keeps the doorway so congested the representatives of the U. S. Postal Service can't fight their way past.

We apologize for your boorish behavior, to all and sundry, and specifically to Mr. Mead we apologize for what must be unwelcome familiarity as well as a low-grade effort at making a play on the name of fair Kane.

The only good thing about you is your willingness to work for a grandiose title in lieu of money, and sometimes we wonder if that is such a great bargain.

If this keeps up, we are going to ship you down to Clearwater with your cousin. You can spend your days mopping water off the floor. That place is sinking, and just before you go under you can think of us back up here on high ground.

MEMO: To Edioter
FROM: Superintendent In Charge of All Maintenance

My cousin, the stocks and bonds clipper—er, coupon clipper—says he has a place for me anytime I want to come to Florida. So I ain't too worried about no threats when I got a cushy job down there, eatin' oranges and picking up after the people he clips. Uh, the people's coupons that he clips.

Dear Sir:

I am one of your good customers, having bought all of your bound issues last year.

I am a fifth generation born in Union County, Illinois and this is somewhat unusual. My people came from North Carolina after the Revolution and settled in Union Co., Illinois. My father, the late Professor W. O. Brown, head of the Rural Education Department of Southern Illinois University, had a most interesting story concerning the Lincoln-Douglas debate in September, 1856 in Jonesboro, Illinois.

My father, Professor W. O. Brown, was then County Superintendent of Schools of

WHAT'S YOUR IQ?

1. Answer: True. Illinois was, at one time, covered by water. This moisture, in later ages, together with great fern trees and marshes formed layers of soft coal for which the state is now famous.

Today, the annual rainfall of about 36 inches enhances the rich, black soil and makes possible a great variety of crops.¹

The state itself is located at the heart

of the great interior river system of the continent. The Mississippi, Ohio, and Wabash rivers form its western, southern and eastern boundaries. Across it flows the Illinois, the Kaskaskia, the Sangamon, the Spoon, the Rock, the Embarrass, the Kankakee and the Des-Plaines — each, in its day, a highway of trade.²

2. Answer: True. Kaskaskia became the first capital after Illinois was admitted to the Union on December 3, 1818. The first State House was a rented two story brick building. After two years the capital was removed to Vandalia and Kaskaskia gradually disappeared under the water of the great Mississippi River.³

3. Answer: True. Abraham Lincoln, a fledgling young attorney who represented Sangamon County in the State Legislature introduced a bill providing for removal of the Capital of Illinois to Springfield but the people of Vandalia, in an effort to keep the Capital, tore down the old Capitol and erected a \$16,000 State House while the legislature was recessed. The Vandalia effort, however, failed. When the General Assembly reconvened, Lincoln succeeded in having Springfield named as Illinois' new Capital.

Lincoln's bill which met with marked opposition was supported by eight legislators who with Lincoln became known as the "Long Nine" because their aggregate height was 54 feet.⁴

¹The wide range of temperature is also conducive to the variety of crops for which Illinois is noted. Britannica Junior, William Benton, Publisher, Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc. Chicago, London, Toronto, Geneva. 1961, Vol. 8, p. 19.

²Michael J. Howlett, Secretary of State. Handbook of Illinois Government. Printed by authority of the State of Illinois, August 1973, p. 4.

³Ibid.

⁴Michael J. Howlett, Secretary of State. Handbook of Illinois Government. Printed by authority of the State of Illinois, August 1973, p. 4.

Union County, Illinois. He was also Secretary of the Jonesboro Fair Association. He and the Fair directors decided to put a stone at the site of the Lincoln-Douglas debate to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the debate. The stone was dedicated on the exact date 50 years later.

The interesting part of the story concerns the identification of the site. My father had charge of this project. Every citizen of Union County—or from anywhere else—who had personally attended the debate and was then still alive (September, 1906) was given a stake and asked to drive it at the exact spot where the debate was held.

You will be most interested to know that these stakes ranged in the east-west axis from east of Anna almost to Willard's Landing on the Mississippi River. On a north-south axis they ranged from near Cobden to five miles below Jonesboro. This means that anybody of voting age in 1856 (21 years old) would at the time of the dedication be 71. The one thing we know for certain is that the exact spot of the debate is not known and will probably never be known. My father selected a spot near the town of Jonesboro in a beautiful oak grove accessible by road and somewhat near the locus of all the stakes. The one thing we know for sure is that that is probably not the spot!

How fallible, indeed, is the mind and memory of man!

I recently drove by the debate "site" and found a new bronze plaque with the remainder of the old stone (which my father placed and dedicated).

Incidentally, Professor W. O. Brown has the distinction of having established two of the high schools in Union County—first at Alto Pass and then at Dongola. He came from the County Superintendentcy of schools of Union County to S. I. N. U. at the behest of the then President, H. W. Shryock, who found one of the nation's first rural education departments

in which practice teaching courses were given in the art of conducting a one-room country school. Professor Brown was a national authority on this subject.

Yours sincerely,
Leo J. Brown, M. D.
Carbondale, Ill.

If that is not the exact site, the tree-shaded grove is an attractive one for a public speaking. For those who have not visited there, it is just a few blocks north of the old "square" in Jonesboro, adjacent to the Jonesboro office of the U. S. Forest Service ranger.

Dear Editor:

I just read your fine magazine, Outdoor Illinois, for the first time. In this April issue I found the article by Mr. Zoanetti, "Wild Bird Observatory," of particular interest. I am a college student here in Illinois where a popular ornithology course is being offered this semester.

Most of the students are very enthusiastic about the class, even allowing themselves to rise at the crack of dawn, binoculars in hand, for another 5:00 a. m. bird walk.

I am sure some of these students would appreciate having the address of the Southern Illinois Bird Observatory mentioned in the article. Could you possibly print that address again?

Thank you,
Laura McVicker
Principia College
Elsah, Ill.

That was: Southern Illinois Bird Observatory, P. O. Box 241, Carbondale, Ill. 62901. They would enjoy corresponding with birders, we are sure.

Dear Sir:

On page 56 of your OI, April '75 number, Ernest Schuchert of Chester expressed an idea I've had for some time,

Joyce Marshall Brukoff

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EXPERT

IN ENVIRONMENT, SCIENCE, ARCHITECTURE, REAL ESTATE
AND FINANCE

MAY, 1975

genealogy of old time families in southern Illinois.

For instance, one of my great grandfathers was a Pender of Union County. I don't know one thing about the Penders. I have a book on Irish genealogies and it mentions that Pender is a Welsh family. Are the Penders of Union County Welsh?

Also, who were the Drapers? Did they start out in that pretty little cottage shown in your Draper's Bluff picture?

Thanks,
Clyde Anderson
Chatham, Ill.

Can anyone help?

Gentlemen:

Several years ago, when visiting our home town of Herrin, I brought back several issues of Outdoor Illinois. They are so full of Illinois history, I've saved them and read them from time to time.

Why I have never written to subscribe before now, I'll never know. Perhaps it is because of our 5-year-old son, whom I feel this information will some day have significance.

Anyway, we would like to subscribe now.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cluck
Sparks, Nevada

Don't fret. Everyone knows it takes a long time to strike a light in Sparks, Nevada.

MEMO: Edioter
FROM: SICAM

Did you really write that?

Dear Friends:

I happened upon your magazine in a patient's room at Carle Hospital, Urbana, where I work. I didn't know Illinois had a magazine of this nature—it's beautiful! Congratulations and keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
Mary Otis
Villa Grove, Ill.

We hope it was nothing we did to send the patient there.

Dear Sirs:

I got your November 1974 magazine at a drugstore in Rossville (a little "antique shoppe" village north of Danville and six miles south of Hoopeston). I went back and asked if they had a copy on Iroquois County. They said the salesman had not been back and having asked several times since, I decided to write and see if you still publish the magazine and if you would send me a copy on Iroquois County Geography.

I have lived in Hoopeston since 1929 but our families were early settlers in Iroquois County — Mayhew, Geddes, Pancake and Davis and Thomas families.

If I subscribe for a year, may I begin my subscription with December '74 issue.

I have been through Benton many times before the new Interstate 57 was opened. (I have a cousin in Woodruff County in Arkansas and visit there often). Fifty,

Page 51

Seven is nice, fast and closer, less driving hours—but I miss going through the nice small towns, it breaks up a long day's driving to stop at a restaurant along the way. On 57, you just drive and drive.

Bill me, as I don't want to cut the subscription blank from a copy of the magazine.

Hopefully,
Thelma Mayhew
Hoopeston, Ill.

We haven't attempted Iroquois County as yet, but several years back (July '69 and August '69) we had a two-part series on Trader Hubbard with a great deal of material on early Iroquois County.

Dear Sir:

For the gentleman from Madison County, the mistake appears to be in the Route number, since I have the Coles monument on 157, too. It should be Route 159, just south of Edwardsville. You might send him the enclosed cut-out from the Cottonwood Station brochure which got me off the track. . . . "As testimony to the early settlement, the first Methodist Church in Illinois, called Bethel, was located where Lakewood now is. The picture above shows the marker as it was installed in the fall of 1941 . . .

looking across the lake where trees were just planted. The church cemetery was nearby. Below, Harris Eilers examines one of the stones, found originally in disarray. The most recent burial was 1835 . . .")

Friendly,
Larry Underwood
Meppen, Illinois

Yes, you are. And we might add, that although we didn't get the picture of Father Tolton's marker in the Adams County issue, you did mention the location of the burial on page 40.

Dear Sir:

I have enjoyed your magazine for many years. Do miss the page of scheduled events and canoeing information.

Milred Trougher
Taylorville, Ill.

The calendar is being re-introduced. We didn't get much comment on it until it disappeared, and we're happy it was missed.

Dear Outdoor Illinois:

Really enjoyed your piece on Cynthia Parker. She was my great-grandfather's cousin. His name is Isaac Parker Daughtee.

When my grandmother was a little girl,

he took her for a trip to St. Louis (from Parker Township in Clark County) to meet Quannah Parker, who was making a trip to Washington, D. C.

That's all the story I know.

Are you, or have you had an article on Edgar Lee Masters?

Thanks for all the enjoyable reading.

Jack W. Newlin
Homer, Illinois

We have had several on Edgar Lee Masters, and the Spoon River Country. Those which come to mind include a very good story by the late John Depler, "Spoon River and Edgar Lee Masters" which appeared in our August 1969 edition, and another on Spoon River by Lowell A. Dearing in April 1970. Either may be ordered from our ever-shortening supply.

Dear Sir,

Enclosed is my check for the Burr map.

I read, with interest, the letters identifying the picture of the old state capitol in Kaskaskia; however, none of those responding went in to its history and further.

The bricks for this building were manufactured in Pittsburgh, put on keelboats and brought down the Ohio, "cordelled"

up the Mississippi River to Chester, then up the Okaw to Kaskaskia. This was in the year 1803.

This was one of the oldest brick houses in the state and it did survive the flood because Mr. Gustavus Pape was still conducting business and living in it as late as 1894. However, owing to the encroachment of the river, he knew he would have to leave there soon and was planning his retirement.

Your magazine has helped in the genealogy department. I picked up a name from one of the issues, wrote to the party, and gained a great deal of information to add to one of our southern Illinois families. Thanks to OI.

Sincerely,
Mrs. M. E. Spurgeon
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Apparently the oldest surviving brick house is the Jarrot mansion in Cahokia, dating shortly before 1800 if we remember correctly. We have some old pictures around here, dating from 1899, which show some of the old places poised on the brink of the Mississippi, and others partially razed by the river.

Gentlemen:

I saw a copy of your magazine when I visited White Pines State Park at Oregon, Illinois yesterday and enjoyed reading it.

I am enclosing a check for a subscription, which I hope you can start immediately.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Floyd E. Brett
Rockford, Ill.

Certainly we can. And a kind word goes forth to the folks at White Pines State Park who left the OI lying around where it fell. Thanks a lot, fellas.

Gentlemen:

I just received my latest issue of OI.—know before I open it that I can expect an evening of pleasure as I read it. One thing, though. When I sent in my last subscription I included an extra 50c for a map which I never received. Am still waiting. Will you please check and see why I never received it?

It's time to again wander the Illinois region in search of Indian artifacts and it may be of some use to me.

Thanks,
Chuck Miller
Markham, Ill.

You should have it by now—the map—and be zeroing in on Moon Poke's village.

Gentlemen:

Please send one year's sub to:***

Please start with the March issue as the above wants the covers by Mary Lou Parker, especially. Thank you. Love your magazine.

The Gilman Star
Gilman, Ill.

Dear Editor,

I liked the article on Dr. Andy Hall, May, 1975

Part I, by Lowell A. Dearing. I did notice within the article a mis-match of picture and caption involving President Grover Cleveland and Robert Todd Lincoln, pages 13 and 15.

Homer Hall's two short pieces were good as well as the article on the Morel mushroom.

Enclosed is check for renewal of O. I. May you always keep publishing this Bible of Southern and Northern Illinois.

Sincerely,
Rev. Harold F. Schmitt
Peoria, Ill.

Coming from you, that is a compliment par excellence. No, no, not the part about Cleveland and Lincoln.

Gentlemen:

Each monthly publication seems of very real personal interest but the March 1975 issue showing St. James Episcopal Church at Lewistown, Illinois was of special interest to me. As a child born in Lewistown in 1892, I passed this church many times until 1905 when my family moved to Billings, Montana. At that time I had not seen the interior of this church as my family were then active in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I recall my mother, Florence Hoffman Kolb, and her older sister, speaking with deep respect and love the name of Judd, also saying that they had attended St. James Episcopal Sunday School as children. This article in your magazine now increases my interest in and makes more valuable to me "The Book of Common Prayer printed in 1869 with fly sheet written, "Jenny Hoffman from her teacher Mrs. S. C. Judd, Christmas, 1872." The book is 2½ inches by 3¾ inches by 1 inch thick. It was given to me by my Aunt Jennie prior to her death.

My wife and I had the real pleasure of seeing the interior of this old church in October 1966 when we visited Lewistown very briefly for slightly over a day. We purchased there in the main entry a much prized colored photo of its altar and interior.

The February 1975 magazine was of great interest because of the Pullman article and my childhood spent watching the passenger trains with Pullman Coaches when we lived across from the C.B.&Q. depot in Lewistown. As a child I traveled into Iowa, Wisconsin and to Montana yet it was not until 1918 when my wife and I had the thrill of traveling on a Pullman from Billings to Seattle which, in 1957, was to become our retirement home.

Your most excellent magazine is very much enjoyed.

Sincerely,
Percy F. Kolb
Seattle, Wash.

Paul Sprague and Lowell Dearing outdid themselves with those two particular stories, we thought, and we're proud others have said the same.

Dear Sir,

I am enclosing a check for 1830 map of Illinois and November 1974 back issue.

I understand this issue had the story of Logan Belt. He was my great-great-

grandfather, so you see why I am interested in reading the story. I understand its very well written.

Also, where could I get or read the book, "The Life of Logan Belt?"

I would appreciate the back issue and the information on the book.

Thank you,
Mrs. Mary E. (Belt) Hayes
Hot Springs, Ark.

The book, by Shadrach Jackson, is out of print and we suspect it would give you indigestion if you found it and read it. It is not your normal unbiased rendition.

Dear Sir:

Since we are returning to Illinois, will you please change my address from Denver, Colo., to Bloomington, Ill.

Sure do enjoy this magazine. Born in Illinois in 1891, and lived there until 1966, so I'm coming back home.

Thank you,
Mrs. Florence Habel
Denver, Colo.

We will get a visa in the mail immediately, and welcome back.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed for renewal of my Outdoor Illinois Magazine for a year.

I enjoy it quite well and have a very extensive collection of color slides of the scenic spots in southern Illinois. The magazine furnishes me with information and articles.

Thank you,
Franklin Duckworth
Carmi, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Every person who leaves Illinois deserves to be reminded each month of all the good things they left behind, such as those described in Outdoor Illinois.

Enclosed check is for a gift to Dr. James R. Keene, Flagstaff, Ariz.

Thanks,
Mrs. Roland Keene
Carbondale, Ill.

Say hello to Roland, one of the small band of folks who can say they helped preserve Illinois' most unusual and unique natural area, Lusk Creek Canyon.

Dear Sir:

If still available, please send me one copy of the full-color reprint of Thebes Court House, Alexander County, water-color by Mary Lou Parker.

With thanks, I am.
Yours very truly,
Mrs. John D. Davis
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

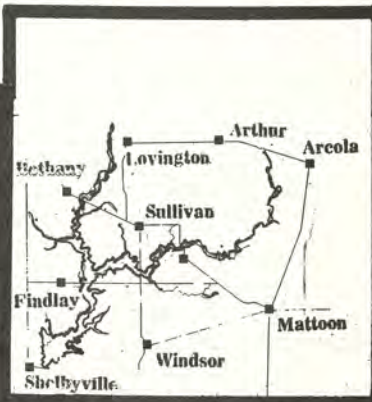
We do, indeed, have some left and yours should be on the wall by now.

Dear Sir:

The picture which appears on page 4 of the March 1975 issue of your magazine also appears on page 4 of the Handbook of Illinois Government published August 1973, by the Secretary of State; it is the

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first building used by the newly formed State of Illinois.

In 1801, William Morrison, who had gained his fortune in the wholesale and retail trade, built a fine stone house on the street of Kaskaskia known as Elm Street. The home was finely furnished and was decorated in an elegant and costly manner, also thought to be one of the best in Illinois country.

This old state house was rented and the second story was used for the territorial and state legislatures. Morrison maintained his residence in the first floor. The legislature was also said to have met in Pape's store on the second floor of that building, which lasted through the 1844 and 1881 floods.

William Morrison was the man who built the first bridge across the Kaskaskia River in 1824. He also ran a copper steam distillery and a water grist mill, was a United States justice and member of the Court of Common Pleas from 1795 to 1803, licensed to keep a ferry from opposite the "Little Rock" across the Mississippi and filed a fee rate. He was active and enterprising as was his neighbor, Nathaniel Pope.

In closing, your magazine is enjoyable at current price but some of the letters are even more enjoyable. Have you thought of famous persons to identify? These prints could be used, both buildings and individuals, in a discovery of Illinois course with a brief history of each and its (or their) contribution or significance.

Sincerely,
Merrill S. Rosenthal
Alton, Illinois

We were interested in your comments on adding famous persons to the What and Where format. Instead, we had previously arranged to embark in this issue on a series of "forgotten Illinoisans", persons of both high and low rank, who appeared at crucial times in the state's history and took part in the movements of the time.

We expect William Morrison to be among future subjects, as will Edward Coles and Morris Birkbeck and a number of other gentlemen who are little known today but played important roles in early Illinois.

One of Morrison's enterprises which sticks in our mind was the opening of the Santa Fe Trail, which originated at Kaskaskia and was bankrolled by Morrison, we understand.

We think you'll like the series, which began fittingly with Hooper Warren. We had occasion recently to

inquire as to a picture of Warren in Edwardsville, and learned his fame had not taken hold with his own kind, the folks at the current Edwardsville newspaper. Now THAT is forgotten.

Dear Editor:

Keep up your response to Letters to the editor—they are priceless.

Cordially,
Edison Fiene
Steeleville, Ill.

MEMO: Dr. Fiene
FROM: S.I.C.A.M.

We've told him that over and over. They ain't worth nothing. Glad you told him they were priceless, too.

Dear Sir:

I am the biology teacher at Sandoval High School and I need the March 1975 copy. The article you have about Ferne Clyffe State Park is essential to a study I am making. Could you start my subscription with the March issue if at all possible?

Respectfully,
Jay Baysinger
Sandoval, Ill.

Anything is possible when you are well organized like we are. It is never the possibility that is in trouble around here, it's the probability. Good luck, in either case.

Sirs:

Enclosed is a check for a year's subscription to the Outdoor Education Magazine. This subscription is a result of the articles done by Mr. Paul Sprague on historic buildings.

If the article on Reddick's Mansion in Ottawa has already been printed, we would very much like to have that issue.

Sincerely yours,
Robert D. Funk
Ottawa, Ill.

Thanks for giving us a little class.

Friends:

Just a short note to the cultural center of:

- (a) the world
- (b) the U. S.
- (c) The mid-west
- (d) Illinois
- (e) Benton, Illinois
- (f) all of the above
- (g) none of the above

... to put in my 1½ cents worth on the What and Where contest for April. I say 1½ cents worth because I know What, but not Where.

What is a combination station/substation in the standard style of the Illinois Traction System, later known as the Illinois Terminal Railroad. Location is what I am not sure of.

The one they always pictured in their advertising was at Emery, Illinois, but I took a picture of one located elsewhere, Carlinville, I believe. I would be inclined to believe the latter but am probably wrong, besides being too late for it to make any difference anyway. Besides,

this typewriter can't type as well as I can, and it's the proofreader's day off.

Instead of always picking on Hoosiers, why not mention one of their contributions (the only one?) to the world.

They have republished the county maps from 1876 Illinois Atlas, and at a reasonable price of about \$4.00 for the book. It's available from Mayhill Publications, P. O. Box 90, Knightstown, Ind. Some of your readers might be interested, although it does smack of crass commercialism to even mention it.

Are you still selling the bound volumes that you used to advertise? Six for five-year price or vice-versa? May drive down some summer day for a set.

Occupant
8018 Muskegon Ave.
Chicago, Ill. 60617

Personally, we prefer (d), since that is tantamount to claiming dominion over the larger terrain anyway.

As for picking on hoosiers, we will have none of that. We tell the truth on them, yes, and quite often it sounds stranger than fiction.

Now if you want to hear us picking on someone, we can give you five minutes on those churls across the river to the west of us. We sent Perry Roberts over here to help Kit Bond straighten them out, but they still talk with an awful twang and he seems to be losing headway.

George Baggott was a perfectly normal Illinoisan as was Marty Harrington. Now look at them. No longer the friendly, helpful, outgoing, pleasant Illinoisans. Now they are just the opposite, Missouri bankers.

Sorry, the price of the bound volumes—like most everything else—caused us to drop the special offer, which was indeed a bargain. They are now \$15 per volume, plus tax if applicable. But drive down anyway. If you'll notify us in advance, we'll go borrow some water for tea.

Dear Sirs,

Our public library has been a subscriber for many years to your fine magazine. I look forward to each issue, which immediately becomes available for public circulation.

The feature article in the February issue, "Calhoun Kingdom: Passing of the Steamboats" I particularly enjoyed as it revived a nostalgic river trip I took in August, 1922, with a group of fourteen young people from Carterville on the

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packet steamer "Paducah," up the Tennessee River to Mussel Shoals, Alabama and return to the city of Paducah, Kentucky. (We had travelled by I.C. train from Carterville to reach Paducah, the starting point, to board the boat a week before).

Now these still vivid memories are like lovely "forget-me-nots" dancing in my head.

Sincerely,
Maranda Cavanah Scoby
Carterville Public Library
Carterville, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Is it possible at this date to get a copy of the December 1974 issue of Outdoor Illinois? I would like very much to have a copy and enclose check.

Was an issue published with Hancock County its feature article? I understand that there was to be a series of articles on the counties of Illinois and if one has come out on Hancock County I should like to obtain a copy of that issue as well. I will be glad to send you the price for it on hearing that such is available.

Very truly yours,
Julia Scofield
Quincy, Ill.

The December '74 copy is available. We have not done Hancock County as yet, but we are slowly working our way that way.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hale



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Dear Sirs—

Please send me three copies of Outdoor Illinois for August-September 1974. We will be sending 2 copies to the Mercer County Historical Society at Aledo. The article on the New Boston area is splendid.

My wife was raised in that area and feels the articles are exceptionally well done. We appreciate them.

Sincerely,
Merlyn B. Buhle
Champaign, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please send the Illinois map. Some friend of mine sent me a copy of your magazine and then a year's subscription. It is a dandy.

Hope to have time to check out all the places of interest that you tell about.

Sincerely,
A. W. Whitler
Carlinville, Ill.

Dear Sir,

I almost slipped up! And I enjoy Outdoor Illinois too much to miss any issues. My last issue was March so send April. Check enclosed.

Thank you,
Evelyn N. Dalenberg
South Holland, Ill.

Dear Editor,

The March -What and Where is the

building which served as the first Illinois capitol building in Kaskaskia, 1818-1820. It, along with the rest of Kaskaskia, has been washed away by the changing Mississippi River.

On March 29, 1819 the second session of the 1st General Assembly voted "to George Fisher for the use of three rooms of his house during the present and preceding session, \$4.00 per day; also for the use of one room during the sitting of the (Constitutional) convention, \$2.00 per day." Source: 1903 Illinois Blue Book.

Thus the first state capitol was rented, not owned by the State.

Sincerely,
Paul L. Stone
Moultrie County State's Atty.
Sullivan, Ill.

Hm. Now we get into a problem of Fisher vs. Morrison. Or were they both collecting rent for the same house?

Sir,

Please renew our subscription for two more years for your magazine, Outdoor Illinois, as we enjoy it very much.

Thank you,
Mrs. G. Wayland Swan
Marion, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Do you still have any prints of Donna Atwood's painting of the Thompson Mill Covered Bridge, which was on the January cover of your magazine?

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Calendar of Illinois Events

Compiled by the Illinois Division of Tourism

- 1 **Carbondale** — Symphonic Band Concert, Shryock Aud., SIU.
Normal — ISU Symphony Orch., Union Aud., ISU.
Pana — Jr. H.S. Spring Concert (Instrumental & Chorus).
Springfield — Clayville 1975 Season opens, Clayville Rural Life Ctr., 12 mi. West of Springfield.
Union — Opening of Seven Acres Mus. & Village.
 1-2 **Chicago** — Art Fibers Exhibit, Gallery I, Mundelein Coll.
 1-3 **Carbondale** — Spring Festival, SIU Campus.
Chicago — Spring Drama Prod., Lecture Hall, No. Park Coll.
 1-11 **Chicago** — Paintings by Monet, The Art Inst.
Clinton — Community Art Exhibit (Faculty), Fine Arts Ctr.
Normal — Graduate Comprehensive Exhibits, Ctr. for Visual Arts Gallery, ISU.
Springfield — Young Artists Studio Exhibit, Springfield Art Assoc.
 1-12 **Macomb** — C. Scadron-one man retrospective exhibit, Grote Hall, WIU.
 1-16 **Normal** — ISU Student Ann. Art Exhibit, Ctr. for Vis. Arts Gallery, ISU.
 1-25 **Jacksonville** — Faculty & Senior Art Show, MacMurray Coll.
Peoria — "Our Only World" & Rembrandt Etching, Lakeview Ctr., West Gallery.
 1-31 **Canton** — Art Show (by Grandmother & Granddaughter), Fulton Co. Arts Council Gallery, Graham Hosp.
Decatur — Ann. Millikin Univ. Student Art Exhibit, Kirkland Gallery.
Mt. Vernon — Park Forest Art Ctr. Exhibit, Mitchell Art Mus.
West Frankfort — Artist of the Month—John Reaves, Frankfort Area Hist. Mus. (Wed., Thur., Sun.)
 2 **Champaign** — U of I Wind Ensemble, Krannert Ctr. for Perf. Arts.
East Moline — United Twp. H.S. Band Concert, So. Campus.
Jacksonville — DeCormier Singers Concert (Jacksonville MacMurray Music Assoc.), MacMurray Coll.
Normal — Peter Nero, Union Aud., ISU.
Olney — May Day Parade.
Peoria — Bradley U. Symphonic Wind Ensemble, Bradley Hall, 8 p.m.
Quincy — Benefit Concert—Quincy Symp. Orch., Jr. H.S. Aud.
 2-3 **Chicago** — "Life & Death of Sneaky Fitch" (drama), Kennedy-King Coll.
 4-18 **Alton** — Ann. Greater Mississippi River Arts Council Show, 520 Seminary Sq. Juried Show of local artists.
 4-25 **Quincy** — Artists Guild Show, Art Ctr.
 5-10 **Evanston** — "Quick Change"—WAA-MU, Cahn Aud. Northwestern U.
 5-30 **Chicago** — Art Faculty Exhibit, Gallery I, Main Bldg., Mundelein Coll.
 6 **East Moline** — No. Campus Spring Choral Concert, United Twp. H.S.
Normal — Madrigal Singers, Hayden Aud., ISU.
Western Springs — America Series, B.B.C. Narrated Films, First Congregational Church.
 6-31 **Evergreen Park** — "Touch of Spirits" with Elke Sommer, Drury Lane South Thtre.
 7-8 **Northfield** — Ann. Fine Arts Festival, New Trier W. Twp. H.S.
 7-9 **Northbrook** — Needlework '75 Stitchery Show (No. Suburban Embroiderers' Guild), Colby's Comm. Rm., 1001 Skokie Blvd.
 8-10 **Chicago Heights** — Bloom Twp. H.S. Blu-Fins Synchronized Swim Show, 7:30 p.m.
Hinsdale — Geranium Walk, Village Shopping Area.
Park Ridge — "Oklahoma" (Comm. play), Maine Twp. H.S., So.
 8-11 **Northbrook** — Amateur Ice Show.
 9 **Chicago** — Chicago Antiques Expo. & Collectors Fair, Conrad Hilton Hotel.

- 13-16 **Rock Island** — Minnesota Orchestras Residency, Cent. Hall, Augustana Coll.
 14 **Elgin** — Larkin H. S. Band Concert, Larkin H. S.
Shannon — Ann. School Spring Music Concert, H. S. Gym. 8 p.m.
 14-16 **Elgin** — "Godspell", Judson College Thtre. (featuring choir & drama stu.)
 15-17 **Springfield** — "Harvey", Springfield Thtre. Guild.
 15-29 **Macomb** — Ann. Juried Exhibit—Works of Art on paper, Grote Hall, WIU.
 16 **Edwardsville** — Univ. Symphony Orch. Concert, Comm. Bldg. Thtre., SIUE. 8:15 p.m.
Elgin — Elgin H.S. Band Concert, Hemmens Aud.
Glen Ellyn — Cole Marionettes-Colloquium Series, Bldg. M, Convocation Ctr., Coll. of DuPage. 8:15 p.m.
Lombard — "Cottage on Maple Street" (movie), H. M. Plum Mem. Library.
Macomb — Chamber Orchestra Concert, Browne Hall, WIU.
Piasa — Fine Arts Festival, S.W. H.S. 6:30 p.m.
 16-17 **Macomb** — "Separate Rooms" (play), Community Thtre.
Morton — Ann. Benefit Show for Kidney Foundation (Woman's Club), H.S. 8 p.m.
 16-18 **Galena** — Ann. U.S. Grant Civil War Cantonment. This 4th annual event which takes place in the city U.S. Grant called home, is quickly becoming one of the most popular festivals in Illinois. A Civil War battle re-enactment, parade and Military Ball are some of the highlights; but also included are demonstrations of musket, pistol and cannon firing. Tomahawk and knife-throwing contests are some of the other colorful 1860's activities.
Springfield — Northern Ill. Arabian Horse Club Show, Coliseum, Fairgrds.
 17 **Aurora** — Square Dance, Hall School. 8:30 p.m.
Belleville — Policemen's Ball, Belle-Clair Expo. Hall.
Belleville — Special Olympics for the Handicapped—all ages, Belleville E. Campus.
Cairo — Magnolia Ball, Magnolia Manor.
Canton — BICENTENNIAL Tea & Tour of restored Redcrest Mansion. 2 p.m.
Champaign — U of I Symphonic Band Commencement Concert, Krannert Ctr. for Perf. Arts.
Danville — Ann. Viennese Ball, Jr. Coll.
Evanston — Music Festival (dist. 65), All City band, orchestra, symphony & chorus. Twp. H.S.
Freeport — Green Fair, YWCA.
Milan — Geological Science Field Trip (assemble at Thos. Jefferson Sch. before 8:15 a.m.).
Riverton — Horse Show—100% Jackpot Western (Sang. Co. Riders). 6 p.m.
Tennessee — City Picnic, Village Park.
 17-18 **Arcola** — Railsplitting Days, Rockome Gardens.
Carmi — Scout-O-Rama of Buffalo Trace Council.
Macomb — "Separate Rooms" (play), Comm. Thtre.
Chillicothe — "Rescue 33 LTD" Festival, City Park.
Park Ridge — Choral Concert, Maine Twp. H.S. So. 8 p.m.
Salem — Spring Choral Concert, H.S. Aud.
Glen Ellyn — "The Hawk of St. Willowbies" (play), Bldg. M, Convocation Ctr., Coll. of DuPage. 8:15 p.m.
Jacksonville — "Cabaret" (thtre.), MacMurray Coll.
Chicago Heights — Diamond Jubilee Celebration, Bloom Twp. H.S. & Community.
Jacksonville — Family tradition games & contests, Crazy Horse Campground.
 24 **Centralia** — Home Show, H.S.
Dixon — Opening of Old Settler's Mem. Log Cabin for season, Lincoln Statue Drive.
East Moline — Arts & Crafts Fair.
 28-30 **Belvidere** — Green Festival (parade, Drum & Bugle Corps competition, Queen contest). (thru June 1).
Brookfield — Ann. Chamber of Comm. Carnival, Ehler Park. (thru June 1).
 29 **Oak Park** — Triton College Jazz Band, Oak P. Mall.
 29-30 **Edwardsville** — Ann. Music Scholarship Benefit Concert, Comm. Bldg. Thtre., SIUE. 8:15 p.m.
 29-31 **Belleville** — Better Living Show, Exposition Hall.
Crystal Lake — Carnival, Plaza. (thru June 1).
Glen Ellyn — "The Hawk of St. Willowbies" (play), Bldg. M, Convocation Ctr., Coll. of DuPage. 8:15 p.m.

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| ☐ CAMEL ROCK, GARDEN OF THE GODS | |

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MAGAZINES

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FOR SALE — 76½ acres, large 3-bedroom home. Family room with fireplace, glassed-in patio, carport, basement. Completely

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BUY ON contract for deed: recreational land just south of Southern Illinois University, 79 acres for \$42,500, 7% interest. Call Don Raines, Lambert Real Estate, 618/549-3375.

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SAUNA BATHS. Missouri's largest. Bring this ad for free trial. Open 30 Hours

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320 SOUTH MAIN STREET, BENTON, ILLINOIS 62812



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People like the Indians who met the first European explorers three centuries ago last year, a handsome, strong race descended from Illinoisans who had lived on this land for at least 117 centuries before that day in 1673 . . .

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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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OUTDOOR ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

In the Old I. C. Depot

320 South Main, Benton, Illinois 62812

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