

The Magazine of Illinois

MAY 1977



OUTDOOR

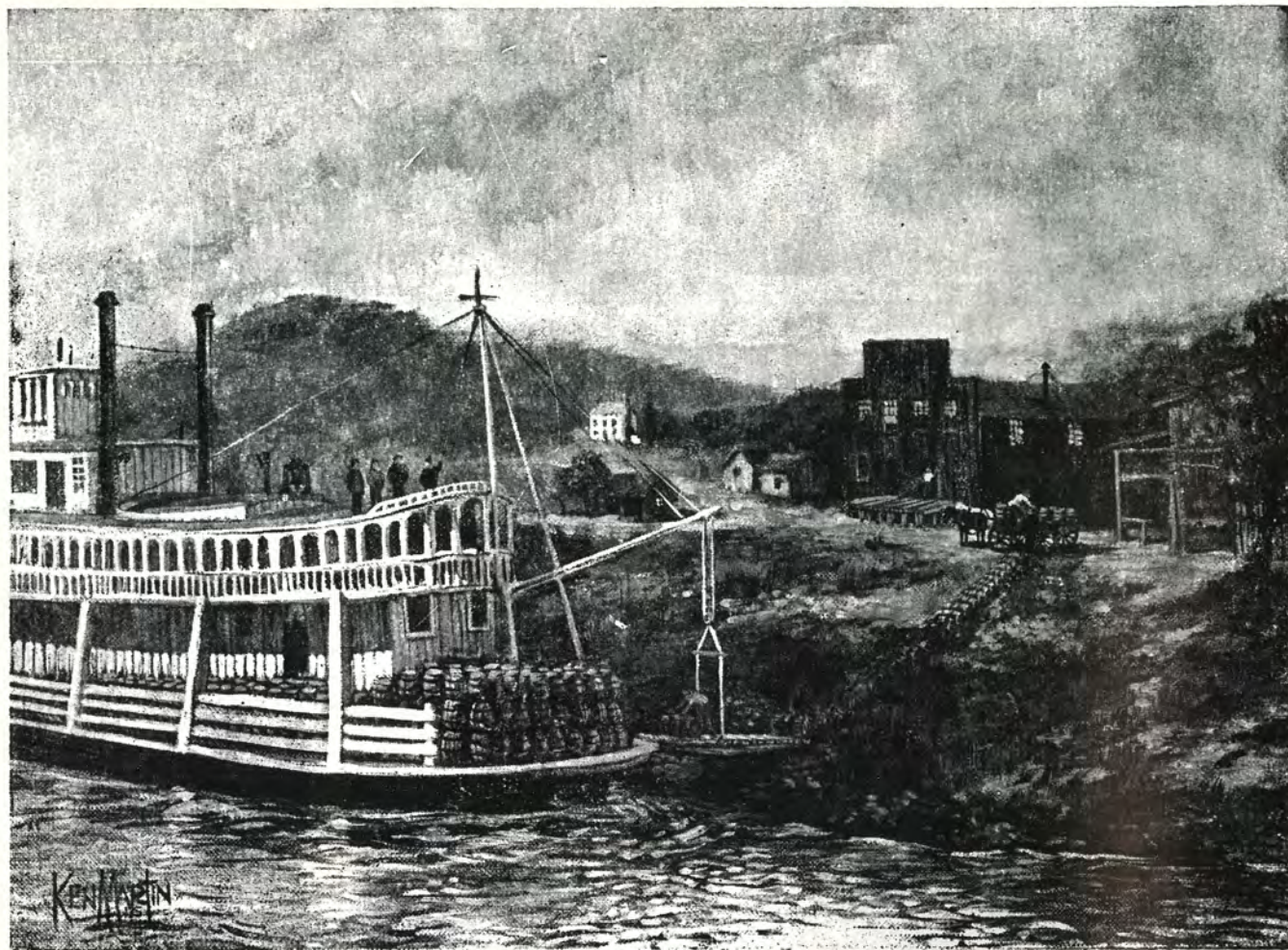
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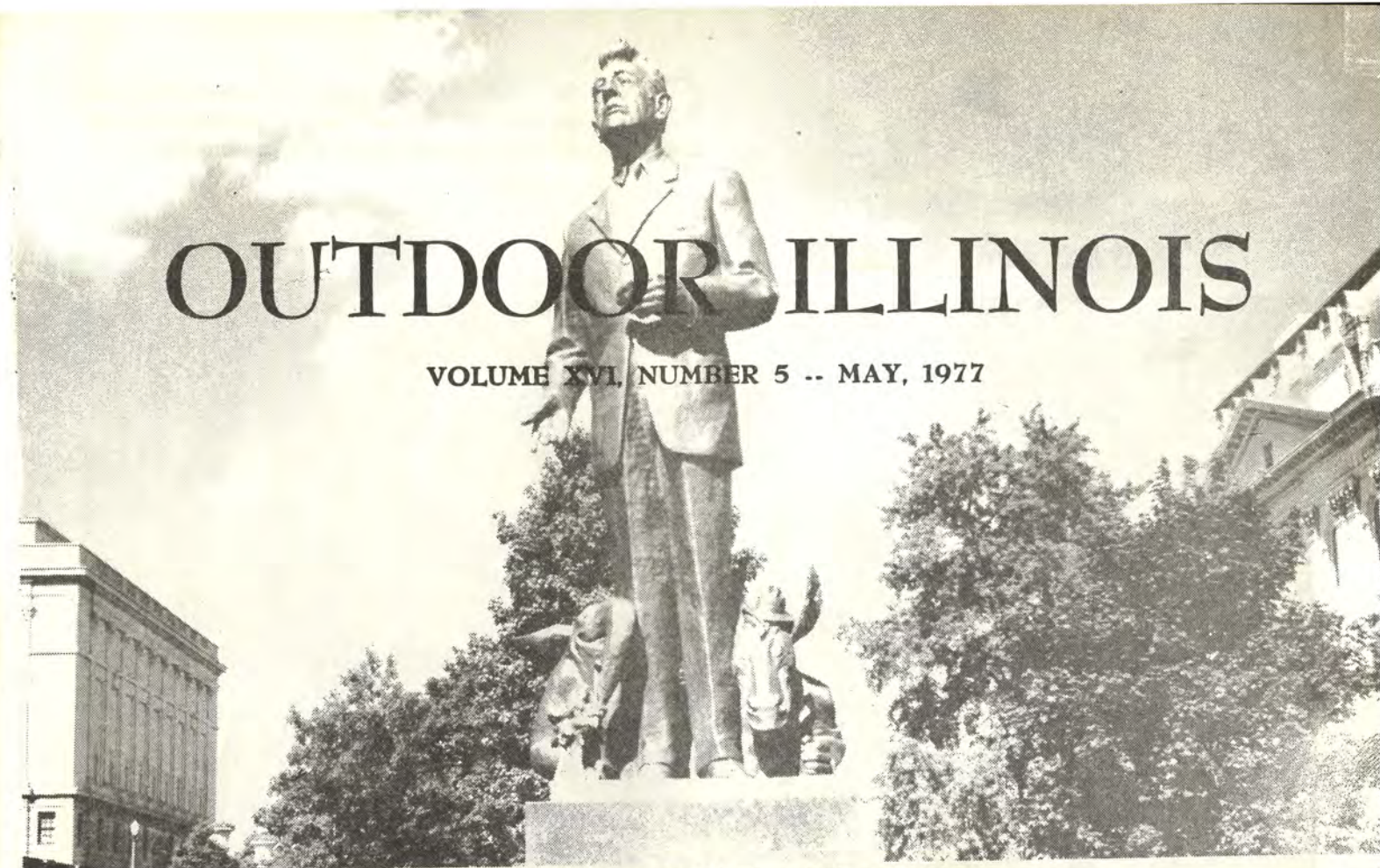
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VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 5 -- MAY, 1977

DIRKSEN AT THE CAPITOL, Wayne Bridges of Delavan

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COVER PICTURE

STATE TROOPER Don Donahue of Centralia, whose watercolor graces this month's cover, will be remembered for the previous painting on the November 1976 cover. This nostalgic scene reminiscent of a May day in the country is one of the few OI covers available for sale.

May, 1977

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WHAT and WHERE

CAN YOU IDENTIFY this statue of a most famous Illinoisan, the location of the work and the approximate time it was erected? The first part should offer no problem.



Last Month's Picture

The Nicholas Jarrot mansion in Cahokia was correctly identified by several readers, some who were quick and others who were no less correct but too slow to collect. (See Letters.)



A Second Look

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

Cahokia Field School

AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL field school for non-professional archaeologists will be sponsored this summer by the Cahokia Mounds Museum Society. The field school will excavate the stockade east of Monks Mound.

Students will receive training in the various phases of field archaeology including surveying, excavation techniques, photography and artifact processing. It is not designed to produce professional archaeologists but to stimulate a greater appreciation of the craft.

The summer will be divided into six sessions of two weeks, each with 5½ days (44 hours) per week. Sessions will be limited to 12-15 students who will work and learn under the supervision of university students with archaeological experience at Cahokia and Cahokia Mounds Museum staff members.

The tuition fee, \$75, will be required a week in advance of the beginning of the session desired. Tools and other excavation supplies will be provided. All food, lodging, transportation and other personal expenses will be the responsibility of the individual. Field school students must be at least 18 and in good physical condition. Additional

information can be obtained from the society at 7850 Collinsville Road, East St. Louis, IL 62201.

Little Black Slough

THE NATURE Conservancy's latest report on purchase of Little Black Slough shows \$175,000 remains to be paid of the total of \$400,000 which the Conservancy has underwritten of the \$1.2 million cost.

The natural area consisting of cypress and tupelo swamps south of Vienna in Johnson County was purchased in cooperation with the Illinois Department of Conservation.

More Ferries

IN LAST month's magazine we published Francis Koenig's list of ferries which disappeared between the 1940s and the 1970s. This month's *Letters* brings more information on the same subject, and a late-arriving letter from W. H. Welch of Denver, refers to an Illinois Ameri-

can Auto Association state highway map issued from Chicago as of July 1976 which adds the Grand Tower Ferry — which is indeed in business, and another from Bellevue, Iowa to the Savanna Army Depot on the Upper Mississippi.

He lists two others, but both are "internal" ferries, not on the state's borders, which was the original premise explored by Koenig.

Playing Post Office

WE HAVE been besieged of late with mail detailing the late arrival or non-arrival of copies of Outdoor Illinois, and we hesitate to place the blame other than on the U.S. Postal Service. We talked a while back to one postmaster in the system, who lamented the deterioration of service for all but first-class mail. Anything from second-class, which is the heading we mail under, down through fourth class is sort of left up to grabs, according to our informant.

It's a sorry thing to hear, but it is even worse to experience it. Would you kindly mention that to your local postmaster the next time your magazine is obviously late beyond what it should be? We think our local post office is getting their part of the job done.

King Tut Special

IN ALL the time we have been printing *Outdoor Illinois* we have made a conscious effort to keep down the superlatives, knowing that sooner or later something comes along that deserves a superlative and we'll reach back there for it and it will have been removed for a description that seemed reasonable at the time.

Now it has happened. We encountered the King Tutankhamun exhibit at the Field Museum in Chicago on a recent spring day but words fail to come up with an adequate description of the collection of Egyptian works of art and metalsmithing which were buried with the boy king more than three thousand years ago.

The artistry of the beautifully crafted pieces confronted this viewer with such a massive impression of excellence that for days afterward we kept returning to the exhibition catalogue to look again at the color plates and each time we found that we discovered additional facets to the exhibition.

The staff of museum director E. Leland Webber is to be congratulated for organizing the exhibit in a manner which eliminated the long, tedious waiting line we had seen at the exhibit earlier in Washington, D.C. The display itself is prepared in a remarkable series of steps which for the most part eliminated crowding, although some of the exhibits were so stunning it was not difficult to see why the patrons tended to congregate.

Well-done photomurals from original glass negatives taken by Harry Burton at the time the tomb was opened aided in moving chronologically through the display, and audio sets which guide the viewer through the exhibit, narrated by Webber, are first-rate. A feature which struck us particularly were the clear, bell-like and slightly exotic notes which issued forth from the 3,000-year-old trumpet wielded by a modern musician.

If you're in Chicago during the summer, we recommend the King Tutankhamun exhibit at the Field Museum. Admission is nominal — \$3.50 for family, \$1.50 for adult or .50 for student or child under 17.

One More Time

SEVERAL RECENT appointments to the Illinois Department of Conservation give us a vaguely uneasy feeling — or perhaps it is *deja vu* moving rapidly through our system.

Having seen the place turn away from the old "trading peanuts for elephants" era, when the conservation game was played in-house and primarily for the benefit of legislators and lesser politicians, we think we may be sniffing the faint aroma of the elephants again.

We noted a recent news release which spoke glowingly of the hiring of a central Illinois man as a \$1,000-a-month "conservation consultant" to the director. The last time we saw the noted conservationist he was presiding at a conservation hearing in early 1969. During the day he mentioned he and some friends had hunted ducks one morning in California and limited out, but it was only four or five ducks. But that afternoon, according to his story, they were much luckier since they crossed over into Mexico and were able to kill a far greater number of ducks under the greatly relaxed regulations in Mexico.

We think we've had enough of that sort of conservation in Illinois. That's what all the changes have been about in recent years. Since the appointment was apparently made directly out of the governor's office, we hope it was just an oversight on the part of some underling, and does not denote the direction of Governor James Thompson. But barring any assurances from that quarter to the contrary, we're going to harbor the suspicion that this is going to be a state administration that returns us to the highly political and lowly motivated conservation days of yesteryear.

Good luck, environmental folks, we think you may have it all to do over again.

Let's Do It

WE HAVE gained the reputation, deservedly so it appears, of speaking out in a forthright and persistent manner when we encounter something not to our particular set of prejudices, and the foregoing can be a good example of that. We had a visitor today who mentioned the same thing in another manner. He noted that he had spoken about the magazine to several persons who were readers and in each case they tended to speak about the magazine as though it were a living entity.

We haven't done that through prearranged effort on our part. We simply aim to say what we have to say when we need to say it, and neither friend nor foe has much success in getting us to leave it unsaid.

We do not believe in counting the costs when we have something to say. It does, indeed, cost considerably to maintain that attitude. But not having discovered a method of staying in this world beyond a certain allotted number of years, we figure that if all we're interested in is a

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safe and reasonably comfortable passage, why make the trip?

Looking at it in simple terms, which gets it to where we can understand it, the question remains with us: what have you done to make this a better civilization?

Amassing money is not significant in this context. Nor does winning popularity among the natives serve as a bolster when the ego is not the sole reason for living.

What have you done? How have you contributed to your culture?

We have had the most marvelous and rewarding friendship by mail with our favorite California reader, E. Ethel Harris, for a number of years now. She is an upbeat and remarkably bright lady who has maintained her youthful mind despite having reached the age of 91 the other day. Her store of tales about earlier times in Illinois has entertained us and her recounting of past events, and the attitude of both she and her late husband, Henry Harris, in pushing against numerous obstacles in their lives, has served to remind us that there are others out there, a great number of them, who share our attitude toward life.

That's why, as we mentioned earlier, when the gentleman noted the fervid attitude toward the magazine by readers he had encountered, it elicited a grin and a quick, "Yeah, they're something else."

A Nice Place

KNOWING THAT our readers in large part are also people who enjoy traveling Illinois' many byways, we think you'd like to know about the very nice privately owned and maintained camping and recreational area slated for opening on May 25, near New Burnside in Johnson County.

Lake Thunderhawk has been the dream of Vienna's Frank Nutty for a number of years, and it is easily seen that his heart is in the project whether or not he makes a dime out of it, ever.

We toured it not long ago. A deep and crystal-clear spring-fed lake boasts diving boards, high platforms, and slide along with a sand beach. The jewel of a lake has been well-stocked with bass, bluegill, crappie and catfish. Camping sites are modern, with electricity and water, not jammed together but secluded one from another. Campers can rest easy that lifeguards will be provided at the swimming beach, along with a dressing room with hot and cold water showers, a concession area and a small grocery for food and fishing supplies.

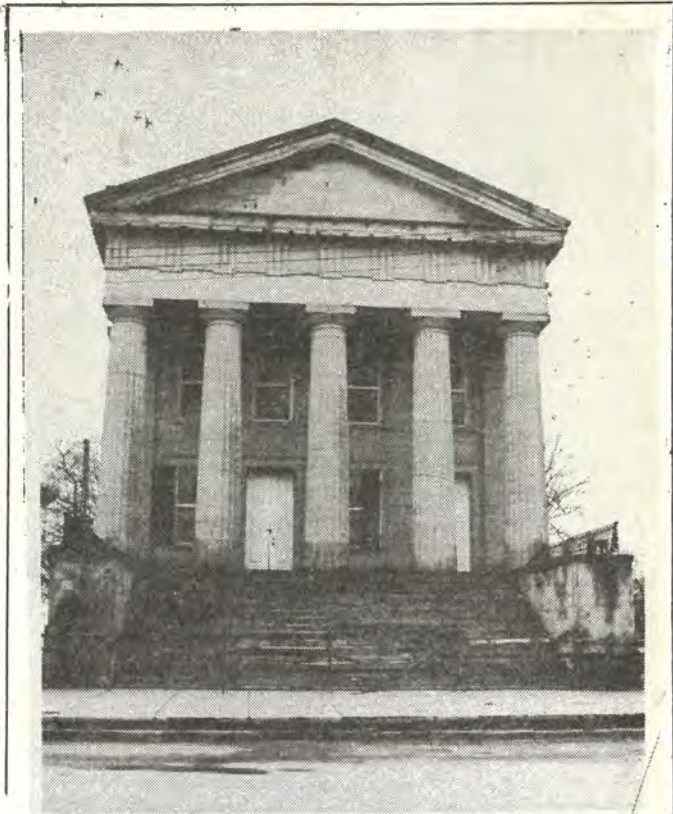
Fishermen may rent boats with electric trolling motors or oars, and bathers and others may rent paddleboats to tour the lake.

A picnic area is available for day visitors, and a rustic water wheel has been erected.

Horseback trails on the 1,600 acres of land in the Thunderhawk spread are connected with horseback trails in the Shawnee National Forest.

We like Frank Nutty's attitude and think that if you're looking for a restful vacation or weekend amid the scenic hill country of deep southern Illinois, you'll enjoy this Outdoor Illinois reader's effort at providing just such a place.

The address for Lake Thunderhawk — Rural route, Ozark, Illinois — is enough to make the place with us.



Help Needed

The Bank of Illinois at Shawneetown was chartered in 1816 and the building was built during the 1830's or 1840's. It is one of the most outstanding examples of Classical Revival architecture in the Midwest. The Shawneetown Bank was once the State Bank and financial capital of Illinois.

The Illinois Department of Conservation is preparing to restore the Shawneetown Bank to its original appearance. In order for the Department to do an accurate restoration, they need the help of interested Illinoisans in obtaining information on this Bank's appearance. Sources such as diaries, photographs, newspaper articles, tax records, and business records (especially the records of the Bank itself), could provide useful information to aid in this restoration effort. Many OI readers may have such information.

The Department would like the opportunity to study and copy any original or pertinent information that you may have. If you even remember the appearance of the building from an earlier era, they would like to talk with you about it. If you have, or think you have, any such materials; please contact:

Mr. John A. Patterson
Illinois Department of Conservation
Division of Historic Sites
405 East Washington Street
Springfield, Illinois
(217) 782-1801

The originals will be returned to you.

Your interest in, and help with the preservation and restoration of the Shawneetown Bank will assist tremendously in helping the State to show the public the significance and historical value of this fine structure.



POLYGONAL BAY WITH projecting sun porch on south side of Taylor Mansion has door awning obviously out of place with the original design, as are plain steps leading to back yard.

A Wealthy Merchant-Banker Constructed An Italian Villa in Freeport

Famous Illinois Architecture: XXX

By Paul E. Sprague

IT WAS in 1856 that the prosperous Freeport merchant and banker, Oscar Taylor, went to Chicago in search of an architect to design a country house for him. The architectural firm he selected was Boyington and Wheelock, whose principals then occupied a leading position among the early architects of Chicago. The house they designed for Taylor in the popular Italianate style of architecture was soon built on a large tract of land at the southern edge of the city.

Constructed of a rough-textured stone that made impossible the rich polychromy and complex details of the exactly contemporaneous William Reddick house at Ottawa (*Outdoor Illinois* Feb. 1976), the Taylor House

was, in fact, a bit unusual for its stylistic type. No doubt its general reserve, both outside and in, as compared with the elaborate Reddick House, is also partly to be explained by its modest cost of \$5,000 compared with the \$25,000 expended on the Ottawa mansion.

Typical of mid-Nineteenth Century Italianate residences are the segmental and round window heads of the Taylor House, and the paired brackets supporting the wide eaves of its nearly flat hip roof. Because of its somewhat complex massing with polygonal bays on the north and south sides, sun porch en-

veloping the southern bay, elaborate cupola, and two-story kitchen wing at the rear, the symmetrical planning of the house is not very obvious.

Centered on its east front is an ornate wooden porch giving access through double doors into a longitudinal hall with staircase. The hall is illuminated by a chandelier suspended from a rich plaster centerpiece of a vaguely Greek Revival design. Two parlors, separated by sliding doors and furnished with typical Italianate marble mantels, are on the north side. Opposite are a drawing room and a dining room, the latter

HIGH CEILINGED PARLORS on north side aided in keeping cool during summer heat. Note unusual window treatment.





HALLWAY IS LIGHTED by hanging chandelier suspended from lovely Greek Revival centerpiece.

UPSTAIRS HALL IS graceful addition to the overall good sense in the house plan.

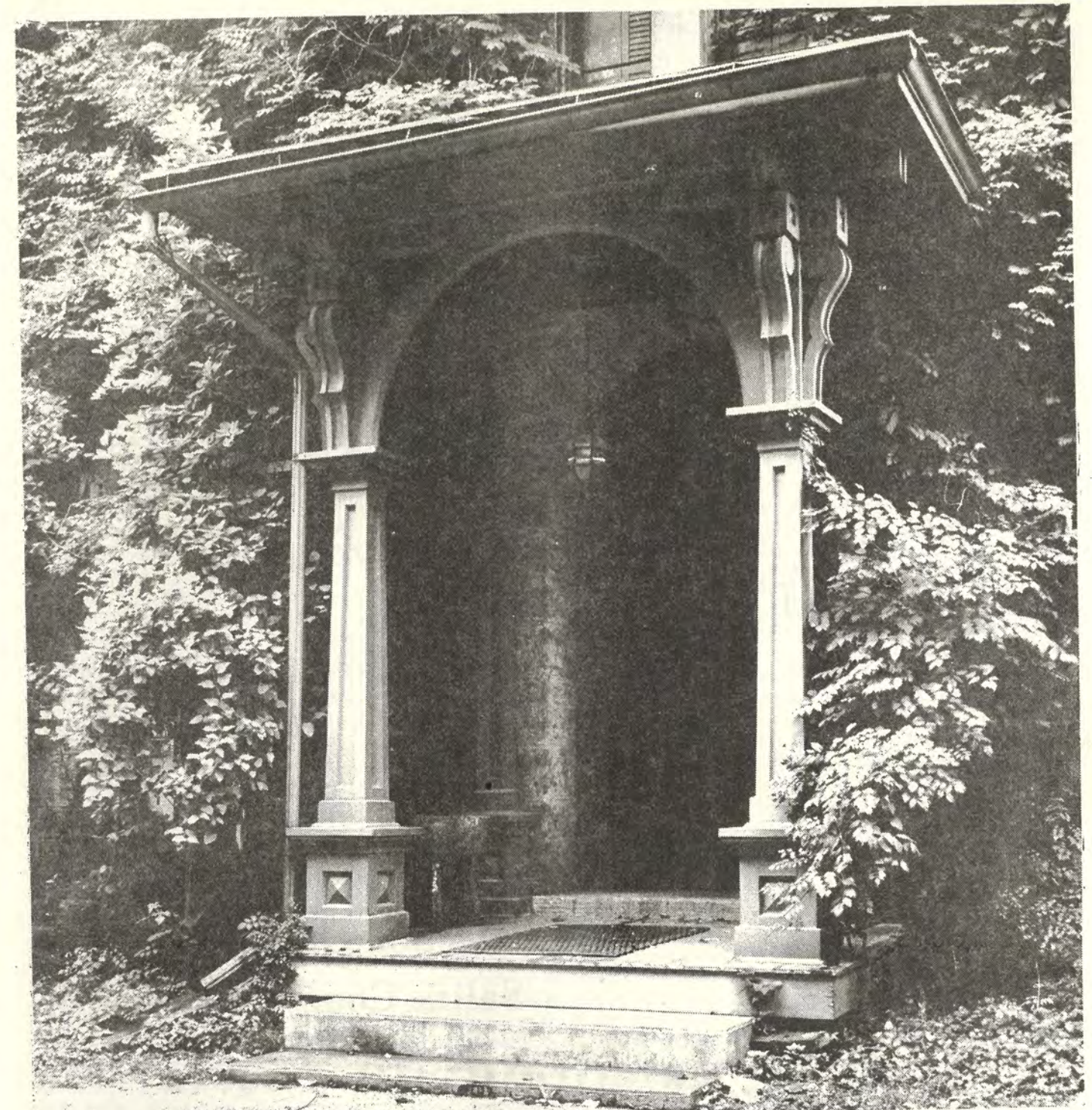
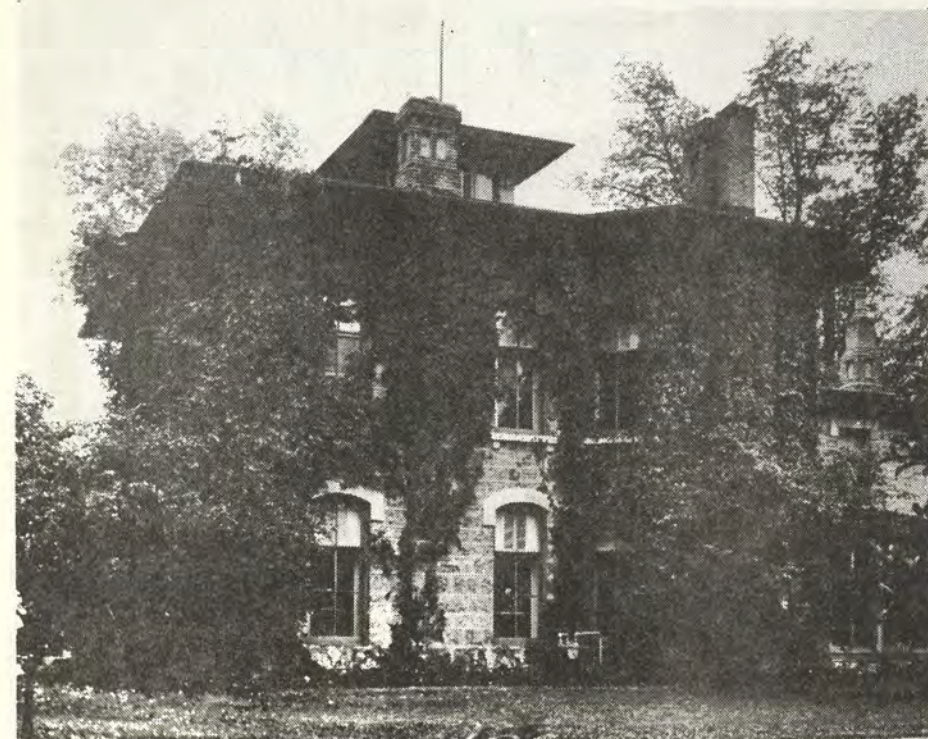
IVIED WALLS on north side of the mansion, looking southwest.

opening onto the sun porch. Completing the downstairs is a kitchen at the rear.

Taylor, a native of Ballston Spa, Saratoga Springs, New York, had a varied business and professional career in Freeport. He opened the first bank in the town, practiced law after being admitted to the bar in 1850, and later worked at real estate and commerce.

After Taylor's death in 1909 the house remained in the hands of his heirs until 1953 when they donated the house and its grounds to the county historical

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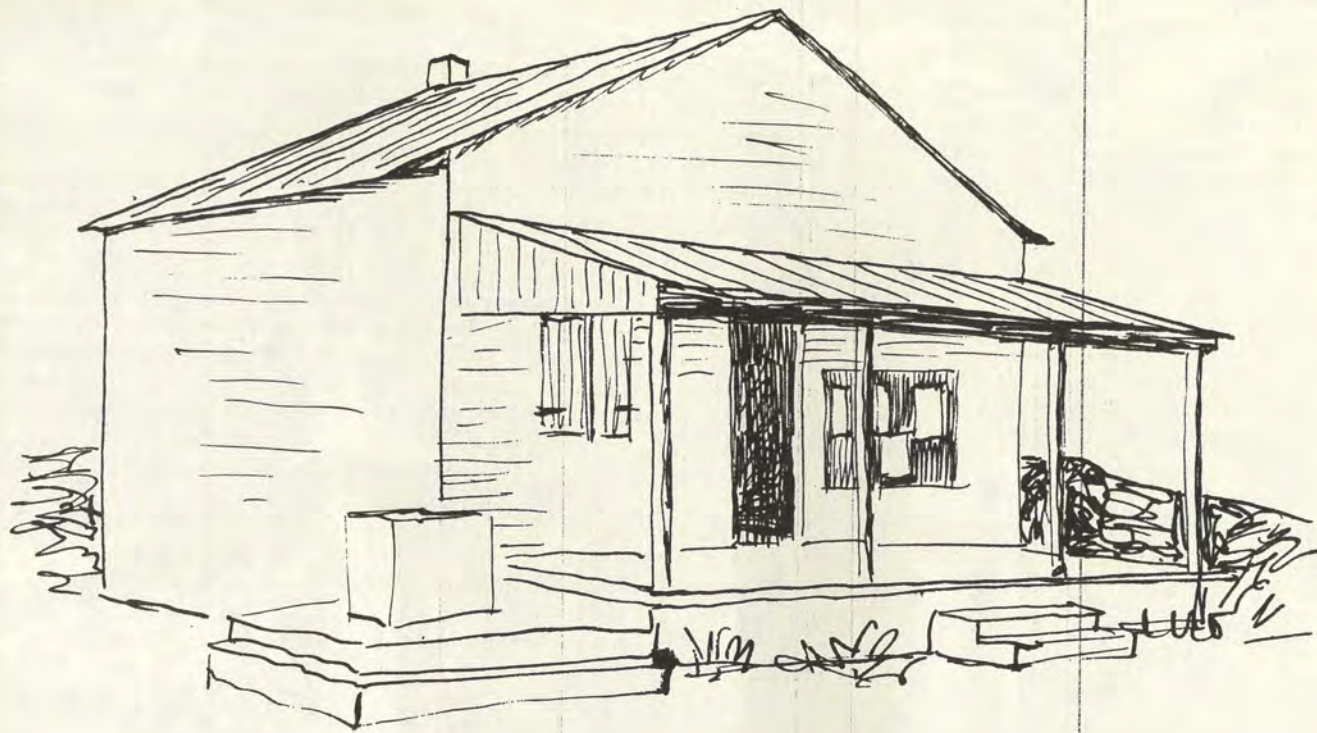
society. Since then it has been operated as the Stephenson County Historical Museum and the grounds maintained by the Freeport Park System as an arboretum.

The Taylor House remains a fine well-proportioned example of an Italian villa fabricated in stone. It is one of the larger homes in Freeport which, with its extensive grounds, provides an informative glimpse of aristocratic life in that city during the middle years of the last century.

FREEPORT



GRACEFULLY proportioned entrance to Taylor Mansion, 120-year-old Freeport home maintained by Stephenson County Historical Society.



FROM THE PLAIN old election quarters the judges and voters could view a spectacular panorama of nearby Cave Mountain ridge.

An Election Day in the Saline County Hills Judging the Mountain Voters

By Gary A. DeNeal

SOMEWHERE atop a weathered fence post, with squiggles of barbed wire where the fence once stretched, a banty rooster lifted his multi-colored throat and crowed in another election day. Nearer at hand, the alarm clock jarred me awake. Somewhat. Minutes later Judy and I were off to my parent's home for a pre-dawn breakfast of sausage and eggs. She drove.

The sausage was good and the eggs were better but the steam-wraiths emanating from the coffee cups did not obscure the clock above the kitchen stove. Five forty-five it said, or just time enough for a quick bath before the long ordeal.

Freshly bathed and tolerably awake now, with the monotonous but musical hum of the car motor holding its own

with an equally monotonous but equally musical crunch of the gravel below, we soon arrived at the somewhat faded Saline County village of Somerset. This was the big day, no doubt about it. How else to account for the three or four cars parked in front of the polling place? Less than grand, architecturally, this small gray building standing at the site of the old Somerset store and lodge

hall served well enough the needs of the hundred or so voters who periodically filed in to scrawl their "x's" upon the ballot sheets.

Approaching the political center of Mountain Township, we saw a scattering of tom turkeys in the yard just south of the building. They belonged to one of the election judges, a man whose knowledge of local doings past and present was all but encyclopedic. Call him Thurman.

One election day a year or so before, during a lull in the balloting, Thurman directed me to that section of the concrete porch where, back in 1912 when the concrete was still wet, some enterprising soul had scratched "Bull Moose." The sixty years since had not obliterated Teddy Roosevelt's rallying cry and, in fact, the discerning eye should be able to read it decades hence.

Speaking of decades, the four other judges had between them approximately as many of those as I had years at the time — twenty-eight. The next youngest was a sixty-five-year-old great-grandfather whose hyperactive nervous system often sent him pacing the plank floor. In those rare moments when he remained seated on one of the ancient benches he could be seen crooning snatches from the current country hit, the one about loosening ribbons and watching them flutter to the floor while the Devil takes tomorrow, one of his specialties. Call him Oscar.

Sixty-four and the first ballot had yet to receive the first "x." Since the old gentlemen had just about exhausted their repertoire of dirty jokes and since I had precious little forced laughter left to spare, we were all grateful when the door swung open. In strode a hog farmer who had taken time out from mending fence to wrestle with his conscience. But conscience wasn't his only foe that warm first day of spring for in both booths there buzzed a variety of red and black wasps, along with a sprinkling of yellow jackets.

A good sport at heart, the man didn't complain. Indeed, most of the voters were considerate enough not to gripe about having to share their booths with a near-spectrum of stingers. But, as in every "crowd," there were one or two who had to say something smart, like, "Say, what are you guys going to do about them wasps?" and, "There must be two dozen of them little buggers in there." Remarks such as these — and worse — prompted Oscar to do something he said should have been done long ago. He stormed out to get some gas.

Now forget for a moment the stove

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Here in the hills, where the mists are many and the dollars are few, we take our politics very seriously indeed.

Not long ago one of the local wheels admonished me not to let the lack of opposition keep me from waging a hard campaign for the office of Town Clerk. Before I could ask, "Why bother?" the bottom line glittered in mid-air:

"Don't you see," he said, "we have to break them from sucking eggs."

From hairline to toenail I saw, but for those inclined to wrinkle their brows at his quaint choice of words an explanation may be helpful:

"Them" means the rascally Republicans, specifically those who have the audacity to run for office here in Mountain Two; that is, "suck eggs."

Now personally I see no harm in the two-party system. Even the old pol now and then allows for it in its place.

"BUT" — and here his eyes grow steely hard, falcon-like; his forefinger, or talon, slices air — "that place is not now, never was and never will be Mountain Two!"

Paraphrasing Gertrude Stein, of whom he has probably never heard and just as well, he is a Democrat, is a Democrat, is a banner-waving, blizzard-braving, born-again Democrat and that's all there is to it. And he's not the only one.

Not to single out fellow Democrats, it must be said there are Republicans in neighboring townships and a token few in ours — iron-jawed, those in Mountain Two, from waging one too many lost campaigns — who are no less adamant. One fellow's often-repeated brag is that he won't even speak to a Democrat on election day. Like I said, down here where daylight is shorn at both ends by hills we proud but ignorant natives stubbornly refer to as "mountains," politics is no laughing matter.

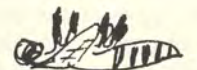
What the foregoing has to do with the following vignette would require the skills of a backwoods metaphysician, reeking of sassafras and reeling yet from the incessant shouts of last night's whip-poorwills. But at least, in itself, it does make sense. No such claim will be made for the rest of this piece.

that flickered not six feet from either booth. Disregard the fact that a voter might decide to light up a cigarette while debating where to scratch his or her half of a cross-hatch. Good grief, just the fumes alone would make most heroes blanch! There had to be another solution.

There was. It was nothing more than a red plastic fly swatter with the swat nearly torn off. Grabbing it up, I started bruising away among that fierce squadron and in three minutes they were all dead except for one black wasp that lay kicking next to the blue election pencil. About this time Oscar swept in sloshing gasoline from a coffee can but one glance at the carnage said it all. "Well, I'll be dad gum," he grimaced, "you got 'em all."

Dead right he was, for once. Of course fifteen minutes later there were carbon copies to fill the ranks but by that time the gas had been, luckily for the electorate, flung out the door to evaporate among the gravel.

Any election without a little horseplay is a slur on our native ingenuity, which is another way of saying later in the day Oscar managed to drop a black wasp down the dress of one of the lady voters. It struck home.* "Gosh I'm sorry," he said, as the humor of the situation vanished before his eyes. So sobered, in fact, was this lively sexagenarian, he then and there declared the left booth closed on account of the winged varmints. This was precisely the time the voters finally began arriving in droves. While clearing that booth would have been child's play, there were forms to be filled. Besides, Oscar's eye had that peculiar glint like he was about to bolt for more gasoline. All he needed was for me to reach for that pathetic fly swat. Better to have a bottle-neck and even somebody get stung than that.



What our little polling place lacked in the niceties, the view more than made up for it. Two windows and a door opened to an eastern landscape that was, well, one long blue hill — our "mountain." (Note: A change of tense is in order here, along with a personal observation. An Everest by several miles

* Not one to accuse anyone of anything, I am more than willing to believe he was only "horsing around," as they say, and not as it seemed to me, encouraging the enemy. Possibly he figured it was only a dead wasp anyway; possibly he just happened to be in the right place at the wrong time and my imagination did the rest. Perhaps the woman was not even stung in the first place but "let on" just to make poor Oscar look bad. Anything is possible.

it isn't, this "mountain" of ours, but catch it in the Spring when the creeks are running cold and the redbud glows like a pale-purple smoke; and then try calling it a fourth-rate foothill.)

In short, this world away from suburban sprawl afforded a view worth staring at long and thoughtfully, which is exactly what the youngest election judge there did every chance he got. Problem was though, I had concentrated so long on the election forms, dating them and so forth, that blue auras began appearing on some of the cloud shadows sailing placidly across the slopes. But then the stove had one, too, and so did the oldest man in the room, the one with his social security number printed in ink on the palm of his left hand. Blaming the phenomenon merely on eyestrain, I lowered those eyes once again to the maddening forms and continued scribbling.

Time crawled like a wounded wasp.

If nothing else, a year and a half of local election judgeship had shown that certain individuals like to linger at the polling place on election day. It's not that we judges are such sparkling conversationalists and it's not the free cigars, either, because the time before the only thing we had to offer the voters was a bucket of water and that not until after three when Thurman remembered to draw one on his way back from milking the cow. Perhaps these lingering persons believe someone interesting will pop through the door any moment. More likely it's simply wanting "to be where it's at" that draws them in to sit, smoke, talk, stare at the ballot box or the ever-changing face of their "mountain." Usually no one stays longer than ten minutes.

The afternoon inched toward four, then four-thirty. Having survived the wasps and human folly we apparently had only one hurdle ahead to conquer — sorting and counting the ballots at closing time. That is until someone remarked how dark it seemed in the west. I went out. Sure enough kettle drums boomed dimly in the distance and there was no denying the snake tongues of white light flicking now and then against the deepening backdrop — but call that a storm?

As if drawn by invisible pulleys this toy turbulence one could cradle in his hands when it was two counties over suddenly assumed an immensity, a luminosity all shot with aquamarine, a breath-sucking intensity that was frightful and beautiful beyond words. Of course it was just a thunderstorm: flash after flickering flash . . . CRASH N' BOOM . . . and then the splattering



rain. Their timing perfect, voters managed to arrive by the carload now, making this the second and last rush of the day.

Some time earlier we had finally persuaded Oscar to open the left booth, the argument being wasps hardly ever sting people in the afternoon anyway and besides it didn't look right not using both; it was like we were trying to hide something: People were bound to talk.

Slowly, painfully but surely, we, a Democracy in miniature, were solving our problems. There was hope for the free world yet.

Voters poured in, rain poured down, and in — both booths leaked — and the tide of conversation turned inevitably from the wasps to the indoor pour. Handing a thoroughly damp ballot to the judge guarding the padlocked ballot box, one prominent "wit" thanked one and all for the free shower. A crack like that demanded a response. That demand was met. After listening to the drone in the ceiling and walls, to the ballots "big as bedsheets" being folded down to billfold size then scrunched through the slot in the wooden box, to jokes that would have made General Grant's beard blush (and probably had) we were ready to laugh at anything — the day, the week, the phase of the moon.

Speaking of the moon, Oscar had given his solemn word earlier in the day not one drop of rain would fall because the night before "that old moon sliver" had hung in the sky like a silver bowl. "As long as that bowl hangs in the sky," he said, "you can look for dry weather." Apparently he figured all the rain was in the bowl . . . like the gasoline in the coffee can. It rained. Hard. In gray and hissing curtains it rained and the tin roof separating some of us from those curtains made it astonish-

ingly clear we were in for a real goose drowner. Even so, Oscar was on his toes. Reminded of his earlier "perdition" he pled the bowl might have suddenly flipped over for all he knew. Not one voice rose to refute that wily fellow's improvement on the laws of astronomy.

Over the mild protests of the others, Oscar boldly declared the polls closed at 5:45, then barred the door and ordered that the tally sheets be pulled out and distributed.

No point in dwelling on the slaughter of names which ensued that night except to say McCarthy (Eugene, not Charlie) came out MacArthur every time. While I don't claim to have a particularly sophisticated sense of humor this creative approach to pronunciation did damage to my composure. Alas, each half-suppressed guffaw brought with it a flush of shame, for the one calling the names out was a really nice old gentleman whose word was gold. Cornered by the inevitable, there was only one decent thing to do: bite my lips, bury my head in the tally sheet, and pray. Those prayers must have been answered because just when things were sliding past any semblance of decorum, Oscar cried out, "Tally ho for old Ludlow." Laughter broke from every throat then, bridging the generation gap.

It was nearly nine before the votes were counted, bundled, and on their way. Since it was not my responsibility to help shepherd the ballots and tally sheets into the county seat at Harrisburg, no time was lost in putting night air and wet gravel between Somerset and the steering wheel.

Five years have brought few changes to that modest little building with the mighty view. Not so with the fellows who "sat" therein. Two are dead and so is the man who replaced one of them. As for the view, it was neatly blocked by a feed store, now out of business. If rumor carries any weight we "judges" will soon be out of business also, owing to the voting machines' increasing popularity.

Maybe someday when I'm old and brittle and tottering on the brink of The Great Unknown some young person will kindly inquire, "By the way what was it like back in the Dark Ages when you counted the votes one by one?"

"Someday I'll tell you," I'll quaver (never intending to, of course). "But for now ask easy questions like 'What's life all about?' or 'Where's Borneo' or, better yet, 'Why don't the polar caps hurry up and melt?' Shoot!"



"GET THE LAWNMOWER, Maud, they won't stay in the danged test plots!"

"Search under apple trees . . . in aspen groves . . . along wet ravines . . . wherever a forest fire has recently left ashes . . ."

EXPERIENCED MUSHROOM hunters will recognize these words of advice about likely hiding places for the elusive orel. Early each spring thousands of mushroomers search our woods and orchards for morels, and each mushroom hunter has his favorite hunting spot. The skilled and fortunate hunter returns with many pounds of delicious mushrooms as reward for a few hours' search. But often even experienced searchers return empty-handed, and rarely find as many morels as they would like.

Some years are poor years for morels. Even in good years, other mushroom hunters often pick over likely spots, especially the limited number of old orchards available. And many would-be morel fanciers go without because public or private lands open and suitable for the search are too far from home.

Why not grow your own morels? Commercial cultivation of other mushrooms has a long and successful history, and certainly there should be a market for fresh morels. In theory, it should be possible to grow morels and harvest your own crop. In practice, scientists have not yet developed successful techniques for reliable production of morels. We believe that the time is ripe for laymen to try their hand, that methods will eventually be developed for cultivating morels, and it is reasonable to expect that application of native wisdom and ingenuity to this task could achieve success. Success, wisely managed, could bring financial rewards to the individual and to the state of Illinois.

An Age-old Challenge: Can Scientists - or Amateurs Nail Down The Elusive Morel?

By Michael R. Tansey
and
Christopher H. Haufler

Department of Plant Services
Indiana, University

Many people have tried to cultivate morels, probably many more people than have cared to publicize the details of their failures. The amount of published information available on growing morels is not great, and is scattered widely in the scientific literature. We have tried to locate these publications and have read and evaluated them for suggestions for those who want to try to grow morels.

Let us first describe the life history of the morel. There are several different species of morels, but the species do not differ significantly in their life histories. The fruit of the morel is only one portion of this fungus; an important portion is a mass of tiny threads growing in soil, rotting leaves, and other dead plant material. This mass of threads, called the *mycelium*, is the feeding stage of the morel; by decaying dead plant material, it obtains food needed for its own growth. Under appropriate conditions, the mycelium produces fruits. These fruits contain on their surface thousands of microscopically small seed-like spores, which are shot a short distance into the air, fall to the ground, germinate, and grow to form a new mycelium.

It is not difficult to grow the mycelium in a biological laboratory. No one, however, has yet found the appropriate conditions for reliable and repeatable production of fruits, in the laboratory, orchard, basement, cave, or anywhere else that this has been attempted.

We shall suggest how you might go about trying to grow your own morels. To summarize our suggestions in advance: we propose that you plant appropriate fruits in suitably prepared plots on your land, obtain good growth of the mycelium, and then stimulate the mycelium to fruit.

We assume that there are three main aspects of cultivation of morels which can be considered and manipulated: (1) the presence of necessary strains of morels giving the potential for fruiting, (2) abundant growth of the mycelium, and (3) the switch from growth of the mycelium to formation of fruits.

Our present ignorance of the biology of morels confronts us in very practical terms when we consider whether or not the presence of different strains of morels is essential for production of fruits. It is tempting to compare morels with fruit trees and other crop plants for which it is necessary to have suitable pollinizer varieties in the vicinity to insure maximum levels of fruit setting, even if plants of a single variety show a

certain degree of self-fertility. The situation in the case of mushrooms is, in general, quite analogous, but we do not know for certain that this holds true for morels. But it is safest to assume that it is so, and that the chances of producing fruits is greatest if several different strains are present. This is an assumption, based upon consideration of several aspects of the biology of mushrooms in general; it is not a scientifically established fact. Our first suggestion, then, is that several fruits, collected from each of several different locations, be used for planting.

But which species of morel should you choose? Several different species of morel do occur in Illinois. There is the Thick-Footed Morel, the Yellow Morel,

the Black Morel, and others. Our morels are described by Laura Thompson in an article in the April, 1975, issue of *Outdoor Illinois*, pages 35-38. We suggest that the species which you choose should be one which fruits naturally in your own region; we strongly recommend that you do not import any fruits from outside the state or even from outside your own county. There are several reasons for these recommendations. First, it is reasonable to assume that there is enough diversity in the hereditary material of morels from even a single county to provide whatever differences that might be needed when they are mixed in your plantings. Secondly, it is obvious that the species which fruit naturally in your region have found the

soil, climate, and other important conditions of your region to be suitable for their growth and fruiting; species from other regions might not be so well adapted to these conditions. And finally, we must assume that any introduced species might threaten the well-being of plants and animals which already live in your region. There are ethical (and perhaps legal) restraints on introducing a species or strain of morel into a region where it does not naturally occur.

This raises the question of whether there are any real hazards in trying to grow your own morels. We have searched scientific and popular literature and have sought the advice of colleagues who specialize in the study and regulation of plant diseases and other hazards which morels might create. Morels are reportedly a parasite of Jerusalem artichoke plants, a common weed in Illinois. There are a very few reports of poisoning of people by morels, especially when morels have been eaten in conjunction with drinking of alcoholic beverages. We find no reason to believe, however, that there are any prohibitive hazards in trying to grow your own morels. Nevertheless, we disclaim any responsibility for any harm which our suggestions might cause!

There are a few more points to be considered in choosing the species to plant. Only a single species need be planted; there is no advantage to be gained by mixing two or more different species. The species chosen should, of course, be one which you prefer to eat. And finally, we suggest that you do not choose the so-called Early Morel. The Early Morel is commonly collected and eaten in Illinois and elsewhere, but occasionally people do become ill from eating it, especially if they eat it in large quantities.

The second aspect of cultivation of morels is obtaining abundant growth of the mycelium. Here again, there is no proof that abundant growth of the mycelium is required for production of a good crop of morels; we assume that it is, based upon what is known about cultivation of other species of mushrooms. A great deal is known about nutritional and other factors which affect growth of the mycelium of morels. Many articles have been published on this subject, patents have been issued for procedures for producing the mycelium, and at one time the mycelium was produced commercially in the United States for use as a food flavoring. Our problem has been to distill the available data into specific suggestions which you

can apply to your own experimental efforts. We have put together a variety of suggestions which you will want to consider as they relate to your own conditions.

One point is clear: the mycelium of morels, unlike that of most other mushrooms and moulds, grows best under non-acidic conditions. We therefore suggest that the reaction (pH) of the soil where morels are planted be adjusted to neutrality (pH 7), so that it is neither acid nor strongly alkaline. For acid soils, this can be done by addition of lime.

Actually, there are several factors to consider when dealing with the soil reaction. Addition of compost and wood ash, which we shall soon discuss, can affect the soil reaction. Furthermore, the growing mycelium may change the reaction by producing acids. And there is a range of values of the soil reaction which are suitable for growth of the mycelium. In practical terms, we suggest that the soil reaction never be allowed to become extremely acid (a pH value of 5 or lower would be bad); we doubt that, in Illinois soils, there is much chance that the soil reaction would be so alkaline (above pH 8.5 or so) as to significantly restrict growth of the mycelium. But beware of unwanted side effects of changing the soil reaction! If you are growing other plants which cannot tolerate the suggested soil reactions, be careful that you do not injure them by your experiments.

Another point that is clear is that there are substances in wood ash which stimulate growth of the mycelium. Common experience teaches that morels often fruit abundantly where there has been a fire. But these observations could be misleading; a fire not only results in ashes, it also directly affects soil chemicals and microorganisms. Fortunately, laboratory experiments have shown that there are substances in wood ash which themselves stimulate growth of the mycelium of morels. The minerals manganese and calcium are among these substances, as are certain substances called chelators, which have the effect of holding minerals in the soil, keeping them from being leached out rapidly.

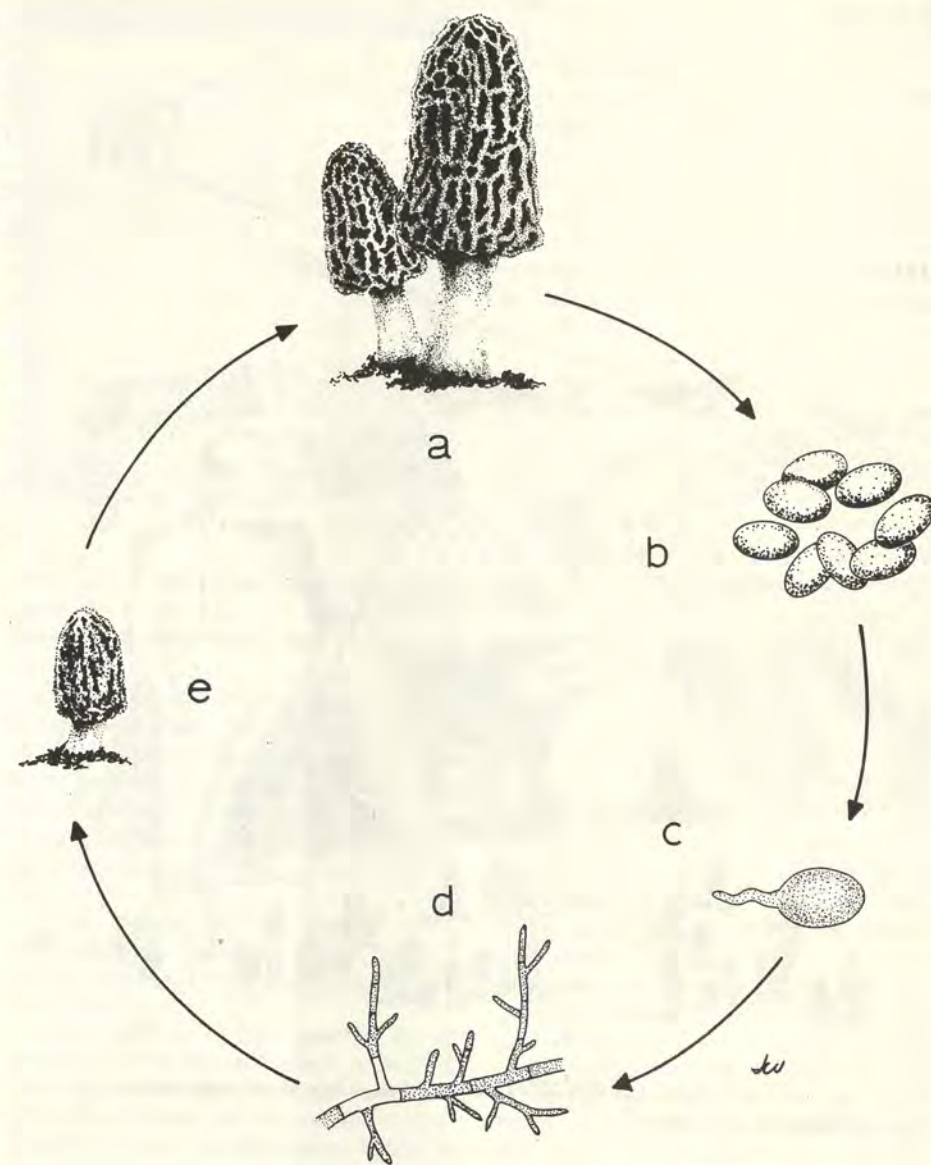
The interactions of manganese, calcium, and chelators are complex and poorly understood, and, to a certain extent, it appears that the adverse effects of an acidic soil reaction can be overcome by the addition of wood ash. We do suggest that wood ash be added to your experimental plots. Beechwood

ash is known to be suitable. There is quite a bit of leeway in the amount of ash which should be added, and your soil will already contain some of the chemical substances of ash. Our calculations based upon the available laboratory data lead us to suggest that the ashes from three to five pounds of wood should be added per square yard of your experimental plot; mix the ashes with the top few inches of soil.

A more troublesome point is the addition of dead plant material to your experimental plots. Should any dead plant material be added to the soil? Are some plants preferable to others? Should the material be composted first? How will addition of plant material change the relative amounts of different food substances needed by the growing mycelium, and what effects will this have on growth of the mycelium and on fruiting? Not only are we ignorant about many of these matters, but we are also confronted by contradictions in scientific publications concerning some of them. You will have to consider the facts and opinions which we shall offer here, and then decide which of several possible approaches you wish to take. We believe that it is at this point that your own experience, wisdom, and lucky guesses may be most important in helping you succeed.

Digging dead plant material into your plots has several effects. It loosens the soil and provides increased aeration; the growing mycelium does require air. The plant material may provide the foods which the mycelium requires for growth. Certainly this is true for other species of mushrooms which are cultivated. Some species of mushrooms are grown in a rich compost of horse manure and straw; others are grown in composted straw alone. The chemical composition of these composts is important, and it is possible to manipulate the chemical composition in ways which will result in increased production of mushrooms. So we do assume that it is best to add dead plant materials to your experimental plots. How much should be added is unclear, but the amount is surely important.

The growth, and probably the fruiting, of mushroom mycelium in general is affected by the forms and relative amounts of the chemical elements carbon and nitrogen which are available. In this regard, we do know that the rate and amount of growth of the mycelium of morels are no exception. Dead plant material contains much carbon and some nitrogen; both elements are pres-



LIFE HISTORY OF a morel: (a) mature fruits, (b) spores, (c) germinating spore, (d) portion of a mycelium, (e) young fruit.

ent in various forms and therefore in greater or lesser degrees of usefulness as foods for the mycelium. Different types of plant material contain greatly different ratios of carbon to nitrogen; thus a typical carbon:nitrogen ratio of alfalfa straw is 18:1 (i.e., 18 parts carbon to one part nitrogen), for barley and wheat straw it is about 80:1, and for soybean residues it is 7:1. Several studies have shown that the mycelium of various species of morels grows best when the carbon:nitrogen ratio is about 5-10:1.

What does all of this mean to you? Probably the best suggestion is that you mix different amounts of dead plant material of different types with the soil in different sections of your experimental plots, and keep a careful record of what you have done. As a check, or "control," you will want to have some sections without any additions.

If you think that was an invitation to experimentation, consider our answer to this next question! What *types* of dead plant material should be added? There are good arguments both for composting your plant material first, and for not composting it. Our inclination would be to test both, but not for all plant materials: there are indications that apple pomace, newspaper, and Jerusalem artichoke plants would make good soil additives, and we believe that the chemical changes that would occur during composting of these materials might destroy their usefulness. Horse manure mixed with straw is a good candidate as a soil additive; this should be composted first, with addition of lime to prevent acidification during composting.

Where should your experimental plots be located? Obviously, it would be wisest to select a location where you have found at least a few morels in the past. Different species of morels fruit in somewhat different locations, but there is much difference of opinion as to how necessary are nearness of particular species of trees, the soil texture and moisture, etc., for fruiting of morels.

"Morels are where you find them" seems to be about true, so you might as well maximize your chances of success by selecting a location which has been at least somewhat productive in the past. The main purpose of your experiments is to bring about a *major* increase in the year-to-year reliability and yield of fruiting, not necessarily to make morels grow and fruit where they have never been seen before.

If you cannot use land on which morels have fruited in the past, try to select

a section of your land which is as similar as possible to that on which you have found morels in your area; match them for soil type, drainage, exposure, types of plants growing there, and whatever else you feel is needed for growth and fruiting of morels. Remember that you will be changing important characteristics of the plots in your experiments; hopefully, your addition of suitable strains of morels, lime, ashes, and dead plant material, plus a few other changes which we shall suggest, will give your non-productive plots the unknown requirements for production of crops of morels.

If you do not have land available for your experiments, consider this: morels have fruited in basements and in caves; furthermore, fruiting in these places has not always been tied to the early-spring fruiting schedule of "wild" morels, an important consideration if commercial production of fresh morels is contemplated.

Morels usually fruit in early spring in Illinois. Suppose you decide to enrich your plots with apple pomace or some other material which is not usually available until autumn. Should you air-dry your morels (no heat!) in the spring, store them until autumn in a *dry* place free of insects, and then dig the fruits into your plots at that time?

Behind this question lies the line of reasoning that it might be best for spore germination and growth of the mycelium if these occurred under conditions

which were the most advantageous for morels, as opposed to planting your morels in incompletely prepared plots in early spring, which might force the morels to compete for several months with the bacteria, moulds, other species of mushrooms, spore- and mycelium-eating mites, and the many other organisms which are always present in soil.

Suffice it to say, the air-dried spores of morels *should* remain alive for several months. We have not been able to find published reports that this is definitely true, but there is indirect evidence that it is. But the rest of the tissue of the fruiting body will presumably die when dried. Just as many plants can be started from their seeds or from their stems, leaves, roots, or other parts, so the morel mycelium can be started from the spores or from other parts of the fruiting body. We personally believe that it would be best to start with spores, but there is no evidence that this is true. Whether or not the mycelium can grow enough during the autumn, winter, and early spring to produce a crop of morels in the first spring is unknown; we doubt that it could, but at least the mycelium could get well established in your plots.

This raises the question of *time*. How long should you tend your plots before you might expect morels, or conclude that you are not going to succeed with a particular experiment? Based upon what others have claimed, we could

THE FRUIT OF A MOREL. Beneath it the mycelium grows through soil and litter, absorbing foods and water needed for production of the fruit.

(Photo by Larry Prather)



OUTDOOR LIFE

predict anything from one year to several years. But the published information is so unclear, so unreliable in this regard, that we cannot be certain about the time period to predict. Prepare your plots, plant them with morels (and replant them, if you feel especially ambitious), then be patient. That's the best we can advise!

We have mentioned competition. In soil, there is much competition — for space, food, and all the other necessities of life of the many organisms which live there. Why not increase the chances of spore germination and growth of the mycelium of your morels by fumigating your soil with a *temporary* soil sterilizing chemical, such as methyl bromide (not with a long-lasting fungicide such as a sulfur- or mercury-containing soil drenches, because morels are fungi), or by heating or steaming your soil? Both are common practices in orchards and greenhouses. Why not, indeed?!

We can think of as many well founded reasons for temporarily sterilizing your plots as for not sterilizing them; your guess is as good as ours as to the best procedure here, but it is interesting to note that commercial mushroom growers do sometimes sterilize their composts. If you do decide to use a temporary soil sterilizing chemical, remember that most of them are highly poisonous to you; use these chemicals carefully, and follow the directions on the container.

Finally, how might you stimulate the change from growth of the mycelium to production of fruits? Some of the steps already suggested for encouraging growth of the mycelium might also stimulate fruiting. For example, some mushroom species are stimulated to fruit when their mycelium, which was growing luxuriously, encounters conditions of moisture, air, or nutrient supply which are *not* especially suitable for growth: growth then stops, and fruiting occurs.

At the edges of your experimental plots, the growing morel mycelium will encounter dramatically different conditions. Perhaps these changed conditions will be of the type which stimulate fruiting. For this reason, it would be wise to keep your plots fairly small — perhaps three feet by six feet — so that there will be "lots of edges." What might, in effect, be a similar technique is the all-important procedure of *casing*, which is essential for good crops of the common cultivated mushroom — the only mushroom species which is commonly sold in this country.

MAY, 1977

After the mycelium has grown into and through the beds of compost used for cultivation of this mushroom (fifteen to twenty days after the beds are planted with mycelium growing on grain), a cover, or casing of soil is spread in a thin layer (approximately one inch deep, and very smooth) over the surface of the beds of compost. The texture and chemistry of the casing soil is important if a good crop of mushrooms is to result, and there is great preference among growers for a particular type of soil — it should not be acid, should not be too sandy or clayey (loams are preferred), should contain very little organic matter, should not be contaminated with uncomposted manure or other sources of mushroom disease germs, and should be uniform in texture. The reason why casing is needed for fruiting is unknown. We suggest that you do apply a casing soil on at least some of your plots, perhaps two weeks before morels usually fruit in your area. This is a highly speculative suggestion, however, so don't follow it for all of your plots.

Two factors which must be important for growth of the morel mycelium and for the change from growth to fruiting are *temperature* and *moisture*. But so little is known about the effects of these factors that there is little that we can suggest to guide you. You might as well let natural temperatures prevail unless you intuitively feel that heat-trapping methods such as cold frames, plastic sheeting, or thick coverings of mulch are worth the effort; the same goes for cooling methods such as shading.

For growth and fruiting of some mushrooms, moisture levels seem to be much more important than temperature. But watering your plots might be a bad idea: you might do more harm than good. Too much watering during the time of growth of the mycelium might make the soil devoid of the air needed for growth, by filling the natural air spaces in soil.

On the other hand, perhaps fruiting is stimulated by some change in air supply that restricts growth of the mycelium (as by "starving" it for air). It seems to us that the safest thing to do is to assume that your plots will do best if they have the same amount and sequence of watering as naturally productive places get in good morel years. If you have some feeling for what this means in your area, and then see that the rainfall on your plots is not what

you believe is needed (as perhaps in an unusually dry autumn or early spring), then you might water your plots to the extent that they would be getting a more normal amount of water.

One suggestion which might seem a bit far-fetched is based upon the observation that some species of mushrooms are stimulated to fruit when the mycelium is disturbed, as by cutting the mycelium; fruiting occurs where the mycelium has been injured. Several authors have commented that morels fruited most frequently where the ground has been disturbed. During and after World War I, the sites of destroyed houses and abandoned trenches in northern France produced remarkably heavy crops of morels.

Perhaps there is a lesson here for us. The disturbance caused by preparation of your plots might in itself provide an adequate stimulus for fruiting. But we have a suggestion: in very early spring, two or three weeks before morels usually fruit in your area, jab a shovel here and there in the soil of your plots. More than that, based upon observations of fruiting of other species of mushrooms, it might not be too far-fetched to suggest that you make a circle of cuts about two feet in diameter in your plot, pushing the shovel blade deep into the soil, then removing the blade and tapping the soil with your foot.

Fire itself might stimulate growth and fruiting of other species of mushrooms and related soil organisms) or the *ashes* which might be involved. Long ago in old Prussia, the peasants, noting that morels favored places in forests where there had been fires, gathered together branches, twigs, and leaves and burned them to provide a suitable place for morels (so many forest fires resulted that a royal mandate forbidding this practice was issued). We don't know what to suggest here, but we mention the occasional reports of association of fire with the production of morels. We are inclined to believe that the ashes are more important than the heat, but reports of effects of heat itself on other soil organisms do make us wonder.

We hope that you will think about our suggestions and will consider trying some of them. Your time and your ingenuity would be the major requirements for your experiments. The cost of any lime or fertilizers needed should be minimal; you probably already have these materials available for other purposes.

(Continued Page 38)



OLD TIME

Recipes

By Mrs. Laura H. Holman

LEBKUCHEN (Marion County Style)

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 3 cups brown sugar
(pressed in) | 1 teaspoon cloves |
| ½ cup butter | 2 teaspoons ginger |
| 4 tablespoons lard or
substitute | 1 teaspoon allspice |
| 1 egg, well beaten | 2 teaspoons nutmeg |
| 2 teaspoons cinnamon | 1 teaspoon salt |
| About 7 cups of flour | 2 cups strained honey |
| | 1 cup buttermilk |
| | 2 teaspoons soda |

Evenly blend the sugar, butter and lard, to which add the unbeaten egg and mix well. Add the spices and honey and beat for 2 minutes. Sift the soda and flour together and add alternately to the mixture with the buttermilk. The dough should be firm and soft. When thoroughly mixed set it away in a covered dish and let it stand for a week or longer in the refrigerator. Roll and bake like cookies. As the cookies are taken from the oven, brush the tops over while hot with beaten egg, then place a blanched almond in the center. These cakes may be kept indefinitely. Additional flour may be needed while rolling the cookies.

HEALTH BISCUITS

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2¼ cups flour | 3½ tablespoons butter |
| 3 teaspoons baking
powder | ½ cup chopped and
floured raisins |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ¼ cup chopped nuts |
| ¼ cup bran | 1 cup sour milk |

Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together, then add the bran and mix it evenly through. Mix the butter in evenly, then add nuts and raisins. Add the sour milk and stir, mixing as quickly as possible. Scrape out on floured board and knead lightly, then roll and cut as for plain biscuits. Bake at 475° F. for about 15 minutes, or until well browned.

TO DRY CHERRIES

Pit them, and to 1 pound add ½ pound sugar, and boil 20 minutes. Spread on dishes to dry. They may be dried without sugar, if preferred. Keep in a close sack or jar.

CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP

Get a fat hen. After washing, put it whole into a porcelain kettle with a gallon of water; boil two hours. Slice three or four Irish potatoes, 1 large onion, 1 or 2

tablespoons of chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon of celery seed and a bit of summer savory if you have it; ½ a red pepper-pod, salt to taste. When the soup has boiled one hour, add the vegetables and when nearly done put in a pint of sweet milk.

CRANBERRY PUNCH

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup ginger ale | 3 cups cranberry
juice |
| Juice of 1 lemon | Juice of 2 oranges |
| Sugar to taste | |

Mix well and pour into glasses over ice cubes. Refreshing.

DANDELION AND EGGS

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 qt. washed dandelion
leaves, mashed
down good | 2 eggs, beaten
Salt and pepper
to taste |
| 2 tablespoons butter | |

Put the dandelion leaves in salt water about 15 minutes, then drain water all out. Place the butter in a skillet and add dandelion leaves. Cook, until tender (stir often). When cooked until wilted down, add the beaten eggs, salt and pepper, and when eggs are slightly cooked, remove. Stir like scrambled eggs.

This dish is very healthful.

ROSE FRUIT SALAD

This recipe is very good and contains a lot of stored up vitamins:

- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1 cup of rose hip
puree | 2 cups sliced
apricots, bananas,
pears |
| ½ cup lemon juice | 2 cups hot fruit
juice (apple is best) |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 1 cup of sugar |
| 1 cup cold fruit
juice | |

2 envelopes Knox gelatine

Soften gelatine in cold fruit juice, add hot juice, sugar and salt, and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and rose hip puree. Chill until mixture begins to set, then add your sliced fruit.

Let set in dish or molds.

OXTAIL SOUP

Take two oxtails and two whole onions, two carrots, a small turnip, two tablespoons flour and a little hot pepper. Add a gallon of water, let all boil for two hours. Then take out the oxtails, and cut the meat into small pieces. Return the bones to the pot for a short time. Boil for another hour, then strain the soup, and rinse two spoons of arrowroot to add to it with the meat cut from the bones, and let boil for a quarter of an hour.

DUMPLINGS FOR THE ABOVE SOUP

One pint of flour, 1 dessert-spoon of lard, a pinch of salt. Mix with cold water and roll thin, cut in small pieces, put in soup and let them boil about 20 minutes. Thicken with a tablespoon of flour and cream. Boil up once and serve.

LILAC WINE

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|--|--|
| 1 quart lilac
flowers, picked
from stems | 1 gallon water
¼ cake yeast
2 tbs. sugar |
| 1 lemon | |

Heat water to boiling point, pour over lilacs and let stand for three hours. Drain water from lilacs and to this water add sugar and cook 15 minutes. Let cool until lukewarm, then add yeast and lemon, cut in pieces. Let this stand in a warm place for three days.

Strain through a cloth and fill a jug and let stand until October.

COLD SOAP

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 5½ lbs. clean grease
or tallow or lard | 2½ pints cold
water (rainwater) |
| 1 can lye | |

Dissolve lye in water and set aside until temperature is not over 80° F. Melt the grease and set aside until temperature is 115°. Slowly pour dissolved lye into the grease. Stir until thoroughly combined and begins to get thick.

When making cold soap, it will be better if a tablespoon of powdered borax and a tablespoon of ammonia is added to the dry lye before adding water. Use a granite dishpan, but never use a granite vessel that is chipped.

Soap may be "flavored" with sassafras or other extracts.

BOILED SOAP

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|
| 2 gallons rainwater | 1 can of lye |
| 5 lbs. meat scraps and cracklings | |

Heat the water and meat scraps together, then add the lye. Boil two hours, or until meat scraps dissolve.

It is best to boil the soap outside in an iron kettle. Remember, lye is a caustic material and should be treated with care.

ROSE HIP PUREE

(If you make rose hip recipes, make certain the rose hips have not been sprayed with chemicals. Rose hips are the seedpods, after the petals have fallen and the seeds formed.)

Cook 2 lbs. of cleaned rose hips with seeds in 2 pints of water until tender. Be sure to use enamel saucepan, because metal will add taste to the puree.

Run the rose hips through a sieve. It will be the same consistency as jam. It is best kept in the refrigerator or sealed in jars.

LYONNAISE POTATOES

Boil, peel and slice 6 potatoes. Put a sliced onion into a hot buttered frying-pan. When a little brown, put in the potatoes. Season, and when a golden brown, sprinkle over them a tablespoon of chopped parsley. A combination of onion and parsley always means Lyonnaise.

WILD PLUM MARMALADE

Take the plums that remain in the jelly-bag and rub through a sieve. To this, take a pound of sugar to each pint, and cook thoroughly. Watch, and stir almost constantly. Try it in a dish and when it will harden like jelly it is done.

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Pokeweed (*Phytolacca americana*) family *Phytolaccaceae*

OTHER NAMES: Pokesallet, Gorget, Pigeonberry, Cancer jalap, Soko, Inkberry, Pocan, Virginia Poke, Caokum, Poke.

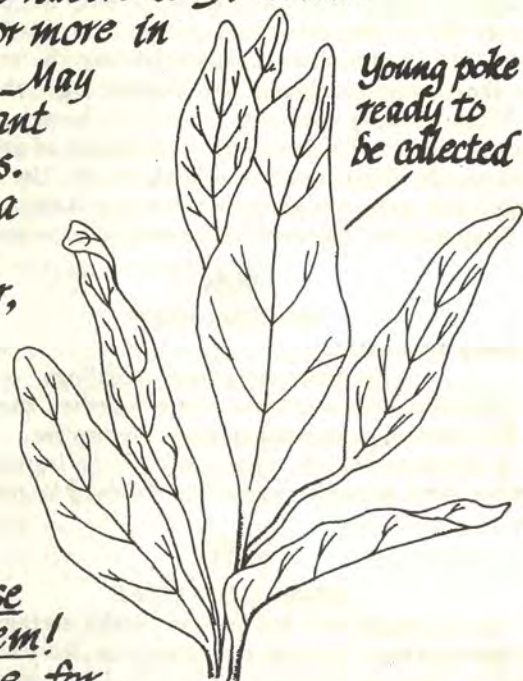
HABITAT: Roadside, Fencerows, Railroad tracks, Open fields, Moist ground.

DESCRIPTION: Pokeweed is a handsome plant native to America. Sometimes it reaches heights of eight feet or more in an undisturbed area. In late April or early May the first young shoots appear. The young plant forms a rosette of long spear-shaped leaves. Usually lying next to these young shoots is a remnant of last year's adult plant. These remains are often dry, light brown in color, and hollow. Pokeweed shoots are edible when very young but should be avoided when the stems take on a reddish-purple color and the plant is 10-12 inches high.

As the plant matures it forms a pretty white flower stalk which in turn yields beautiful purple-red berries. These berries are POISONOUS, do not eat them! The root stocks must also be left alone for they are also poisonous.

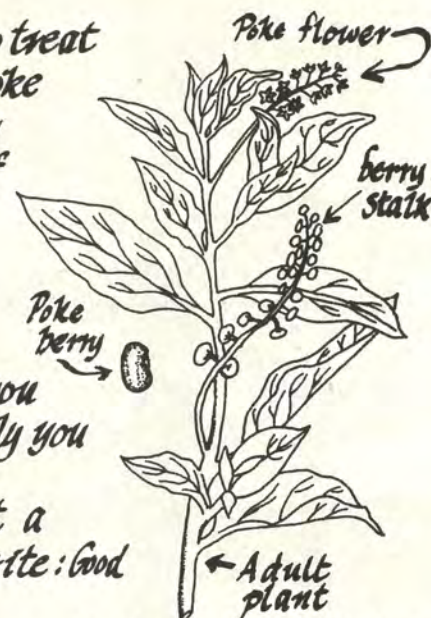
It is of interest to note that the dried root of poke was officially listed in the U.S. Pharmacopoeia from 1820-1916; it was used to ease pain and to allay inflammation. Also according to the Dispensatory of the United States, the dried root has been used in domestic American medicine in the treatment of skin parasites and rheumatism.

HISTORY and USES: Several soldiers writing home during the Civil War found that a turkey wing and juice from the berries of the poke made excellent writing material. A handful of these letters, still legible, can be found in museums today. Appalachian folk



practitioners have used pokeweed berry wine to treat rheumatism. The Pennsylvania Dutch used the poke for its laxative properties. Pokeweed is presently being researched for its possible use in control of fresh-water snails in the U.S.

How to Harvest: An old poke plant can yield 3 crops of greens a year, young plants only one. These three cuttings should be made about mid-May, early June and late June. If you harvest your own seed and handle them properly you can grow your own crop in your basement or out-of-doors. One could enjoy poke throughout a large part of the year. For more information write: Good Earth Harvest, % O.I.



RECIPES: Poke greens - collect the tender young shoots of pok-6-8 inches high-in spring (late April, early May). Do not cut below surface of soil as the root is poisonous. Wash and cook leaves and stems together, parboiling two times (pour off the water after each boiling). Boil in third water until tender, salt to taste. Drain and top with slices of a hard-boiled egg. Or, put three tablespoons of bacon drippings in an iron frying pan, add salt. Fry greens. You can scramble three eggs in it, or cook with a strip of fat or strip of lean bacon. Or, add a little spring green onions. Or, add pepper sauce or Apple vinegar!

Fried Poke Stalks: cut young poke plant level with ground. Wash. Slice like okra. Roll in a mixture of salt, pepper, flour. Fry in grease until brown on outside and tender on inside. Great with beef roast and potatoes.

Poke sallet: put greens in a boiler of cold water; wash two or three times. Drain off all the water. Then fry in a pan of hot bacon grease, then add a half-teaspoon of salt. Let cool. Beat two eggs and stir in after greens have cooled. They can be served with vinegar or pickle juice.

Poke Soup: young leaves and stalks, 6-8 inches tall. Boil, adding meat gravy and a little corn meal to thicken, until tender.

Poke Tuna Roll: spread cooked poke leaves flat. Place tuna fish along middle, roll leaves to enclose tuna fish.

Poke Pickles: Collect young stalks, remove the leaves and pack in jars. Combine 1 cup of vinegar with 1/2 cup of sugar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 cinnamon stick, several whole cloves. Boil the solution, pour over poke stalks and seal.

R.S. Buffington



MAGNIFICENT Frank Lloyd Wright designed home on the Kankakee River in Kankakee has been converted into a gracious dining place.

Kankakee's Yesteryear

By Nancy Davis

DIM LIGHT shimmers through Tiffany lamps that hang above an intimate alcove, casting a soft glow on ornate brocade wallpaper, antique china and Victorian ferns.

Before a lavish buffet, expectant faces reflect high appetite. A dinner out of 'yesteryear' is about to begin.

'Yesteryear' is the name that owners Marvin Hammack, Ray Schimel and Antoine Dessolis have given to the restaurant they operate in a setting of landmark architecture. Since 1954 the partners have been restoring Frank Lloyd Wright's original 'prairie' house in Kankakee, Illinois for its present use.

Located in a quiet residential district

where Harrison Street meets the Kankakee River, the mansion boasts this famous architect's trademarks including sweeping rooflines, expanses of woodwork and an affinity for the setting.

Its cantilevered roof with wide, overhanging eaves are a commonplace sight these days, but in 1900, when Wright used the structural form for the first time, it was considered very radical indeed.

"A 'prairie' house should look like it grew on the spot," explains Hammack, noting that this period in Wright's work featured sprawling, horizontal lines that echo the flat Illinois plains. Dark-

OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

beamed oaken interiors, stained glass windows and extensive gardens—all created by the architect himself—help bring the riverside landscape into every room.

The mansion was built as a home for Bradley J. Harley, a wealthy manufacturer of farm equipment who became famous for the innovation of the manure spreader. However his fortunes declined shortly after construction was completed. According to Hammack, the historic landmark was a shambles by the time the partners acquired it.

In consultation with the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation, the partners have enlarged the kitchen and added an entrance from the house to the old barn, turning it into a series of gift shops, a travel agency and a luxurious inn for overnight guests.

I remember being taken to Yesteryear as a 7-year-old and dining happily on the unlikely combination of cottage cheese and spicy apple butter mixed together as a spread on buttered garlic toast. The dish was accompanied by the equally unusual colonial beverage known as 'apple shrub,' made with apple juice and a generous scoop of orange sherbet.

The appetizers are a Yesteryear tradition. They are still the distinctive beginning to enormous, typically midwestern and well-prepared meals served here.

Today the restaurant continues to delight not only because of its interesting menu, but because the inn is

a welcome diversion into a nostalgic Victorian atmosphere, a romantic interlude after hours of driving on an otherwise uneventful stretch of highway that connects one end of Illinois to the other. Yesteryear is only a few miles from the Kankakee exit of Interstate 57. It is open for a buffet lunch (from \$2.95) or dinner (from \$6.50) from 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m., seven days a week. For reservations call (815) 939-3131.

Hammack, 58, and Schimel, 59, worked in a number of fine restaurants before they met each other while working at the Spinning Wheel Restaurant in Wheaton, Illinois. Shortly after World War II they began collecting table service and antiques for their own venture. "We haven't specifically copied anyone, but we have taken menu ideas and serving suggestions from different places where we worked, and in this way the menu has grown throughout the years," Hammack said. Recently, French-born Delossis, 27, has joined them, and often fills in as *maitre d'*.

His elegantly-clad form fills the doorway as he seats dinner guests in dim alcoves intimately set off from one another by bookcases, arches and bay window seats.

Immediately, waitresses clad in period costumes come bearing menus, appetizers, and accompaniments in quick succession. Most of the dishes served here have some unique touch that make it special.

There is, for example, real hickory-

smoked ham from Michigan. Milk-fed chicken is neither fried nor baked nor broiled, but 'smothered' in its own gravy, then enriched with sherry and topped with crunchy almonds. Pork chops are cut two inches thick. Entrees are served with wild rice, baked potatoes or fruit garnishes. The bread plate is highlighted by fresh, hot kuchen, date-nut bread plus glazed cinnamon rum rolls (although on some occasions one or more of the items were less than fresh).

Hammack's preference for pleasantly incongruous combinations of foodstuffs is also indicated by some of the intriguing vegetable dishes that are prepared family-style and passed around the tables. Some of his favorites: carrots in peanut butter sauce and spinach with grapefruit. A generous helping of horseradish provides the mysterious bite in a house salad dressing that looks like otherwise ordinary Thousand Island.

"Duncan Hines once called our menu 'Midwest Aplenty' because every item on it is the very finest quality we can obtain. Our cooking is plain and simple, but we make a conscientious effort to search for the best," Hammack said.

The partners also like to travel, and whenever they discover a particularly interesting idea, it too, is incorporated in the menu.

"Won't you have a dessert? It comes with the meal," the waitress asks—sweetly. A souvenir dessert menu is an appropriate memento for this meal, because it adequately illustrates that most people's eyes are bigger than their stomach. After the hearty fare that has gone before, serving sizes of these rich desserts are more than ample.

The "Yesteryear Special" is a graham cracker crumb, marshmallow and nut roll served with a scoop of ice cream and maple syrup topping. Similarly, in another combination, chocolate cake crumbs and pecans are rolled around a ball of ice cream which is then covered with very hot fudge sauce. There are thirteen selections in all, each of them equally rich and gooey.

Kankakee, of course, was named after the Indian tribe indigenous to the region. There is an old Indian legend of theirs that says that if you drink the waters as it flows across the plains, you will return to this beautiful spot. Personally, I'd forget the water, I'm coming back to Yesteryear until I've tasted every one of the desserts!

YESTERYEAR, AS DRAWN by famed pencil sketch artist Roscoe Misselhorn.



MAY, 1977

Fairy Goblets - - Woodland Curiosities

By Barbara J. Parady and Walter J. Sundberg

Department of Botany, Southern Illinois University

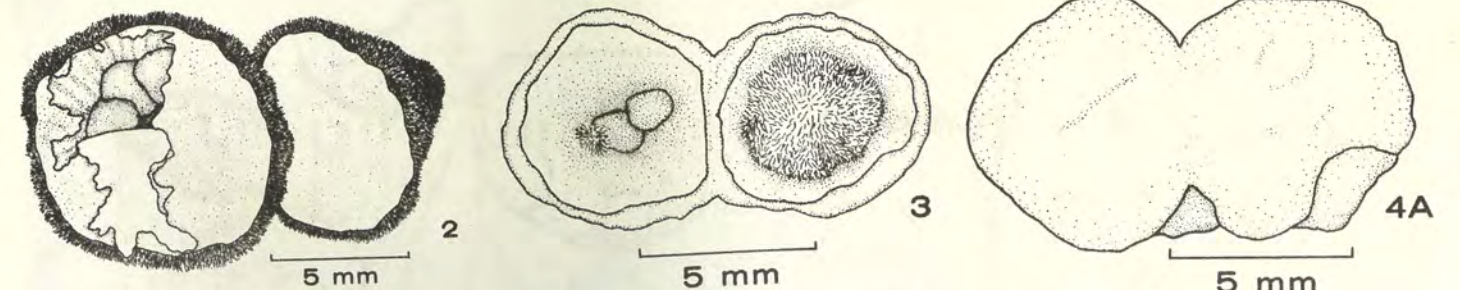
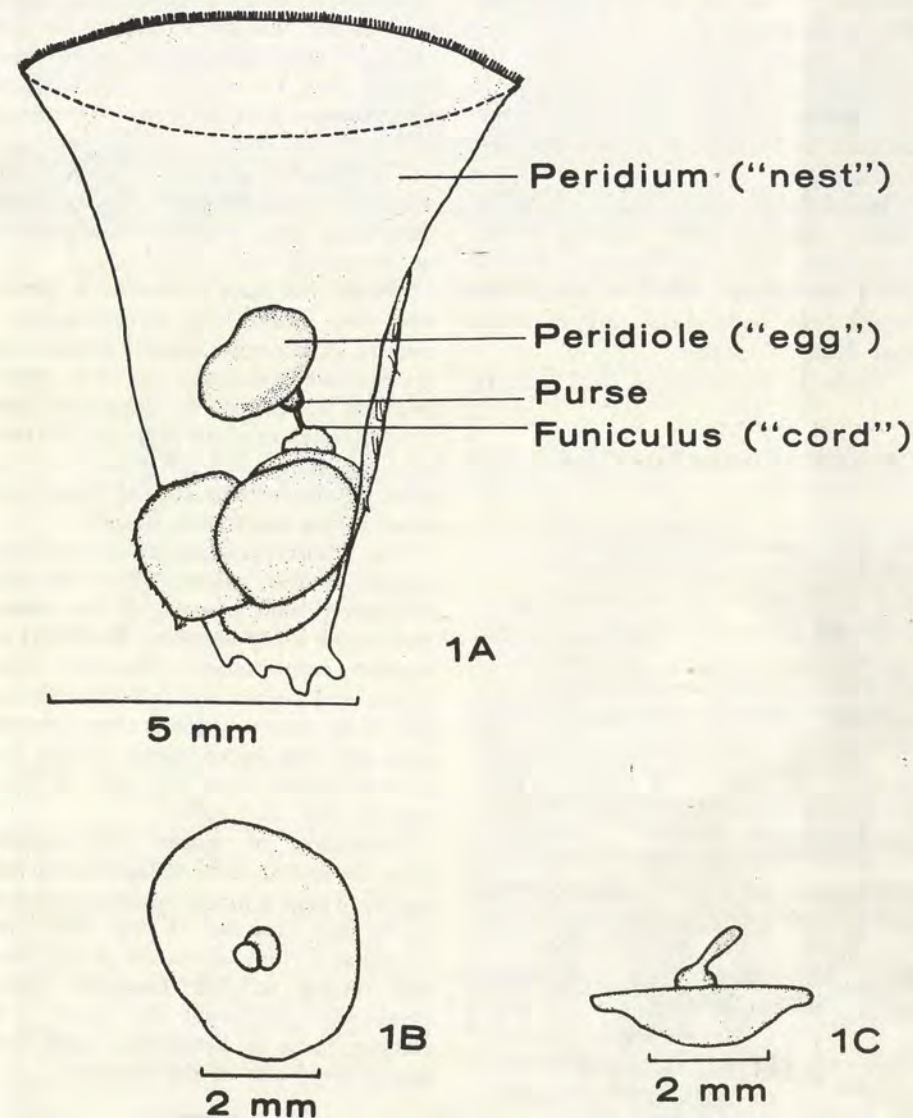
INCONSPICUOUS because of their small size, the exquisite and often overlooked fairy goblets or bird's nest fungi are not only unusual but also play a role in the ecology of the woodland habitat in Illinois. Like many other fungi, their tubular and thread-like vegetative parts — the fungal mycelium — remain unseen, nourishing themselves by growing in and decomposing

wood, leaves, or dung. Only in the summer and fall do they show themselves by forming the curious cup-shaped "bird's nests" or fairy goblets. Like mushrooms and toadstools, each "bird's nest" is actually a fruiting body, or reproductive structure, of the fungus. Closer examination reveals its intricate nature (Figure 1). The cup-like outer part is known as the "nest" or

peridium. Nestled inside the cup-like peridium are the "eggs" or *peridioles*. These "eggs" are really cases containing the spores (the fungal equivalent of seeds). In some, each egg is attached to the wall of the nest by a cord (the *funiculus*). While the eggs develop, the top of the nest, and thus the eggs, are covered by a thin, membrane-like layer — the *epiphragm* (Figure 2) — which breaks down and disappears when the eggs are mature. Occasionally, new nests develop inside old ones left over from the previous year (Figure 3). Also, some nests share a wall with one another, forming what is known as "twins" (Figure 3).

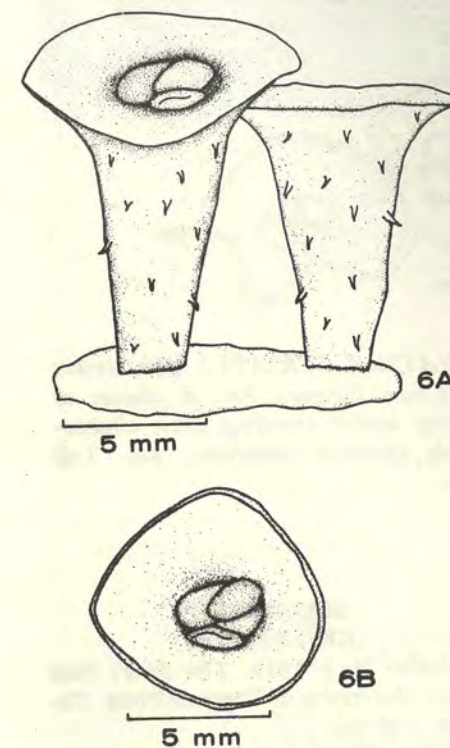
The unique shape of the little fairy goblets is related to a most fascinating mechanism of dispersal — the splash cup. For example, in the bird's nest fungus genus *Cyathus*, the cups fill with water during a rain storm. Because of the shape of the nest, the impact of additional falling rain droplets, or drippings from overhanging trees, splashes the eggs up, out of, and away from the cup. As this happens, the somewhat elastic cord, which was previously wound up inside a pouch-like case or purse (Figure 1), uncoils until it is several millimeters long and trails out behind the flying egg like a tail. The free end of the trailing cord is sticky and attaches to anything it touches. If it catches on a stem or blade of grass, centrifugal force swings the egg around and around the stem or blade, often until it is wound up tightly. There the egg hangs until it germinates or perhaps decays and the spores inside are released. Alternatively, the dangling egg may inadvertently be eaten by an animal along with the plant to which it is attached, and may then be

CYATHUS STRIATUS (the striate bird's nest fungus). Vertical sectional view of the peridium with peridioles. 1B. Undersurface of a peridiole showing the location of the purse. 1C. Side view of a peridiole.



Top view of the nests of *CYATHUS STRIATUS* showing the membrane-like layer (epiphragm; partially torn open exposing the eggs on left) which covers the cup when young.

Top view of the nests of *CRUCIBULUM LAEVE* showing both the development of new nests inside old ones and "twins" — nests sharing a common wall.



CYATHUS OLLA (the varnished *CYATHUS* or the black-egg bird's nest fungus). 6A. Some fruiting bodies showing the conspicuously flared rims. 6B. Top view.

deposited elsewhere in the animal's dung.

In *Crucibulum*, the eggs themselves are also sticky, adding to the chance of their adhering to plant parts once splashed out of the cup. The eggs of the pea-shaped *Nidularia* on the other hand, lack a cord, and rely entirely on their surface stickiness for adhesion.

At present, five species of the bird's nest family, the Nidulariaceae, described below are known in Illinois. Perhaps, if one keeps a sharp eye, additional species may be found.

The pea-shaped *Nidularia* (Figure 4), *Nidularia pulvinata*, is compara-

tively small, and irregularly shaped somewhat like a cushion. Usually cinnamon colored, its small, black eggs are enclosed in a dark, gelatinous material. This fairy goblet occurs on decaying hardwood in wet lowlands during the summer.

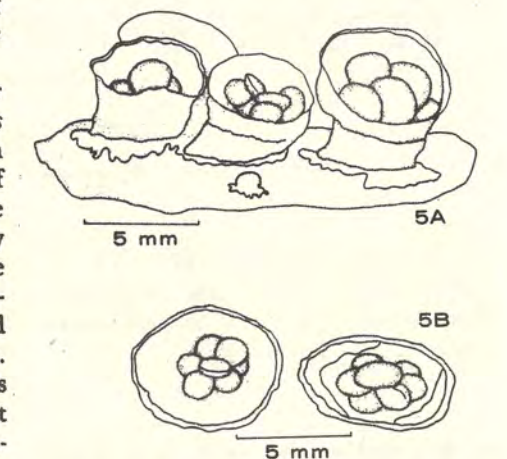
Crucibulum laeve (Figures 3, 5) is one of our two most common species and can be readily distinguished by its whitish eggs. Its buff to ochre colored cups are usually found on dead wood or leaves, or more rarely on dung throughout the summer and into the fall.

The black-egg bird's nest fungus or varnished *Cyathus* (Figure 6), *Cyathus olla*, forms a large grey nest which often has a shiny inner surface. The rim of the nest usually flares out widely like the end of a trumpet, and the dark grey to almost black eggs it contains are large and rhomboid in shape. This species occurs during the summer and early fall on compost, twigs, and refuse.

Cyathus stercoreus (Figure 6) is almost always found on dung, but occasionally grows on cultivated, manured soil throughout the summer into October. Light to dark brown and funnel-shaped, its nests have a silvery inner surface. Their dark grey eggs each possess a cord, which may or may not be attached to the nest wall.

Perhaps the most beautiful fairy goblet is the striate bird's nest fungus, *Cyathus striatus* (Figures 1, 2, 8). One of our most common species in Illinois, it is distinctive because of the striations on the wall of the nest. This apparent striping, which is most obvious on the inner surface, results from small, accordion-like folds in the nest wall. Also, the top edge of the nest usually has a fringe of reddish brown colored hairs, whose beauty is best observed with a hand-lens or magnifying glass. The inner surface is buff to grey, while the outer surface, which is usually cov-

NIDULARIE PULVINATA (the pea-shaped *NIDULARIA*). 4A Surface view of the cushion-shaped fruiting body prior to opening. 4B. Appearance of the cluster of eggs after the surface layer (peridium) breaks down.

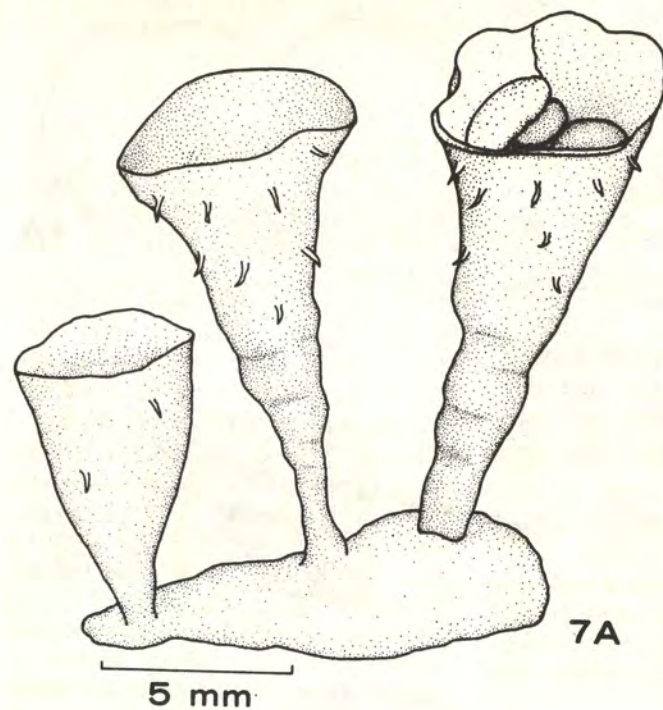


CRUCIBULUM LAEVE. 5A. A cluster of fruiting bodies illustrating their broad bases. 5B. Top view.

ered with large coarse hairs, is cinnamon to dark brown. The eggs are slate grey. Found on decaying hardwood and leaves, the striate bird's nest fungus has been collected from July through late October.

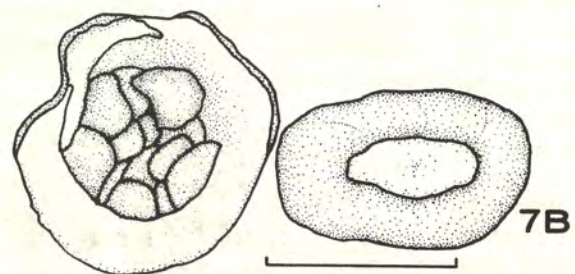
As can be seen in the accompanying maps (Figure 9), bird's nest fungi appear to be rare in Illinois. However, many of these species most likely occur in most counties throughout the state, and have simply gone unnoticed.

The best time to look for bird's nest fungi is in the late summer or fall. Search for them in the woods, especially



7A

5 mm



7B

5 mm

CYATHUS STERCOREUS. 7A. A cluster of fruiting bodies illustrating their tapered bases and smooth inner surfaces. 7B. Top view.

on decaying logs and other large pieces of debris. Empty goblets — those without eggs — can occasionally be found even in the winter or spring.

Their bizarre nature makes the bird's nest fungi or fairy goblets curiously

interesting, and they certainly add to the delight of a woodland walk. Upon finding them, it is not difficult to imagine the revelry in miniature on nights past suggested by old forest folklore.

Presently known distribution of bird's nest fungi in Illinois. 9A. *NIDULARIA PULVINATA*. 9B. *CRUCIBULUM LAEVE*. 9C. *CYATHUS OLLA*. 9D. *CYATHUS STERCOREUS*. 9E. *CYATHUS STRIATUS*.



9A



9B



9C

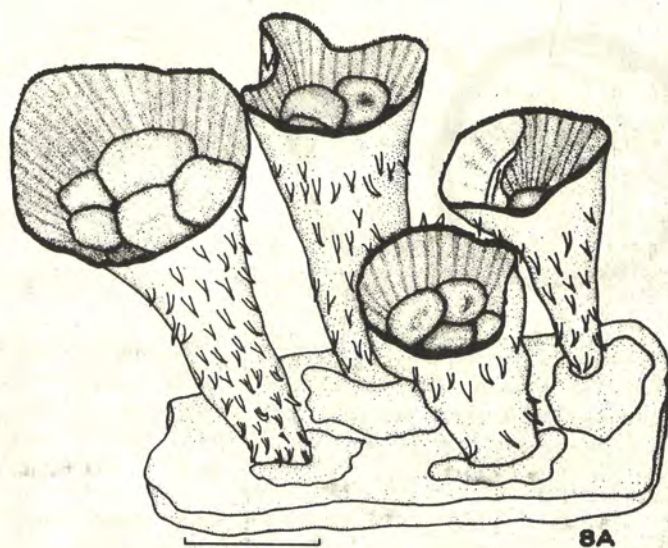


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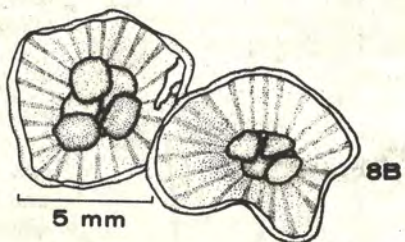
9E

OUTDOOR ILLINOIS



8A

5 mm



8B

5 mm

CYATHUS STRIATUS (the striate bird's nest fungus). 8A. A cluster of fruiting bodies showing their characteristic internal striations. 8B. Top view.

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SILENT CRAFT ON a still river, the DesPlaines of the early '30s.

ing it, wiping a summer brow with it, swimming in it and boating its back. Sauntering the ever-changing shore-lines and observing its seasonal moods represent the byplay that further excited a budding suitor to the charms of a river mistress.

The coal mines where dad and older brothers, Tony, Ramage and Bill, toiled relinquished their non-renewable resources, and the mines closed for good. We had to give up our ten-acre mini-farm, selling, but mostly giving away to friends, the livestock of Jersey cows, hogs, chickens, geese, a greyhound dog, cats and household items. In 1923 our family of seven children left the land once the Pawnee Indian hunting grounds, the gently rolling hills and the Neosha River of southeastern Ringo, Kansas. Earlier the brothers during slowdowns at the mines, or just raccoon curiosity about a more stimulating world, had visited Chicago and realized its advantages, particularly the potential for work. My older brothers and dad immediately got jobs, while Matilda, Helen, Christy and I enrolled at James Otis Elementary School.

With the unfolding of exciting weeks and months, family members sensed that although we were economically viable and happy in Chicago, the hard smooth surfaces, crowds, hustle and bustle had to be tempered in keeping with rooted needs. At every opportunity we retreated to Humboldt Park, Lincoln Park, Lake Michigan, the soft green fields and vegetable farms that flourished beyond the end of the Milwaukee Avenue street car line. Then Tony bought a Model A Ford which immediately extended our range of experiences as it rattled us to the Cook County Forest Preserve and especially the DesPlaines River.

Summer vacations led to wider horizons: fields and farms, lakes and forests in Wisconsin, Michigan and later, Minnesota and Canada. The wanderings very often included mother, who loved every living thing; human and subhuman, plant and animal. She was as excited as we at the prospect of discovering a new piece of exciting geography; the mother hen, as it were, taking her brood to distant fields, to feed their varied and individual hungers. These were soft interludes that sustained us, long before the traffic dragon grew ferocious, the air hazard and newly-adopted brothers became suspect.

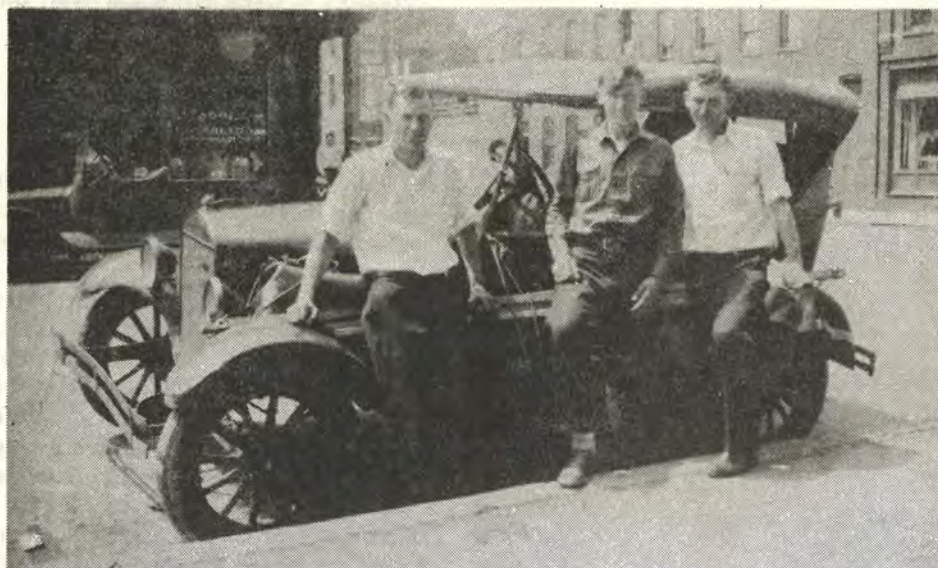
Love Affair With A River

By John W. Malo

A Reminiscence of the DesPlaines River In The Depression Years of the '30s

THE HOW and why were providential, but exactly when it happened is vague; love affairs are that way. Perhaps a Kansas Jayhawker childhood with the Neosha River many miles from

home was the puppy love stage. The pre-adolescent experiences were fleeting and unfulfilled; they did not satiate the hunger of river adventure, the lore and romance of eternal water, splash-



THE MODEL A Ford extended the range of outdoor adventures.

As in most families, older brothers are not known to recruit younger ones for companionship on outdoor trips. Thus, Christy and I had to suffer it out, wait for the dynamic of hierarchy to moderate . . . which of course it did many years later, after we learned the necessary camping and fishing skills. In the meantime we asked questions and listened, eyes wide open, mouths agape as the brothers recounted their adventures afield; seasonal hunting of rabbits, quail, squirrel, pheasant and duck, fishing far-away waters, picking mushrooms and walnuts, picnicking in the Forest Preserve with their friends and sweethearts, many from Kansas. Their sport clothes included white trousers and shirt, a straw hat, and Tony always included his banjo or ukelele. The brothers seemed compatible in either Daniel Boone or troubador roles, extracting much from life, exhibiting a zest for the activity at hand, whether it be practicing the violin or piano, repairing a piece of furniture or dancing wildly with the short-skirted flappers.

A few times the brothers did, however, take us to the DesPlaines River, the Forest Preserve between Grand Ave. and Irving Park Road, for overnight fishing trips. (Camping was legal then.) The overnights to this nearby semi-wild area required the planning and logistics of an extensive trip; firewood, pots, pans, utensils, food, axe, rope, tent and the mattress of hay that we picked from a nearby field.

After camp was set up we cast throw lines, anchored bank poles, and sometimes the experts would set out trot lines across a shallow part of the river and tend them all night. Once, cousin John caught a strange fish; it was a northern

pike, and Kansas-style, he stringered the 19-inch prize through the gills and mouth. The Jayhawker technique was remiss, for in the morning when we went to inspect the fish, found but a limp stringer. None of us realized that during the night the sharp teeth of the pike would fray the line and give the fish its freedom.

How slow the youthful years pass. High school years according to mother gave the maturity and permission to roam without family supervision. I was fortunate in finding glowingly-active, outdoor-oriented and adventure-seeking friends, mostly from Lane Tech High School. Our daily habit, from September to June, was to hike to and from school over two miles away.

The passions of puppy love led us more and more to the trails and river. On our own we went pup tent camping to the Che-che-pin-qua Woods, playing touch football in the field, taking sides in crabapple fights, drinking water from a river bank spring, calling a barred owl to our night campfire, and sleeping in the warmth of smoldering coals.

The East Lake Ave. Woods offered a high bank campfire, which Al baptized "Camp Snorker." It gave a view of lots of river, and westward an open view of the sun's sweep all the way to the horizon. Nearby, two tall trees became intimate landmarks: the "Five-Fingered Tree" with massive branches flaring from a single trunk, the thumb position one sheared and stubbed by a storm to suggest a giant hand reaching out of the soil. A short distance downstream some love-struck canoeist, probably, resting on the grass, found time to



ONE WAY TO tranquility, the other to confusion.

carve in deeply precise letters, "Tree of Romance" in the large, dead and bleached cottonwood. I hope that his romance outlived the tree; it was blown over a few years later.

We dated the DesPlaines in the winter too, its current seemingly stilled, but peering through the crystalline surface the water could be seen; moving, alive and clean. The muskrat leaving his cupcake-domed house of sticks and mud in the connecting slough to swim under the ice in search of plant food was a common sight. If you were willing to wait over its well-defined route you gained a nature observation for your collection.

Many times we skated the meandering river for miles and miles, the body generating welcome heat in the low temperatures. Periodically we sat on the fallen trees that extended over the water and experienced a bird's roosting perch on a frozen river. At day's end we continued to enjoy the ice by playing shinny, sometimes till the moon came out.

Always contriving new activities, we cut the thick ice in a series of rectangular slabs, and left them free-floating in place. Then walking across the five or six unstable stepping stones we dared not tarry on any one slab that would sink under our weight. With practice, you learned the proper speed to negotiate the erratic ice; tarrying too long on a single square would sink it and result in wet shoes, and running too fast would result in taking a spill.

Ed was an engineering student and to temper the confinement of the study desk and drafting board he, too, became an aficionado of the river. Once,

in his need for the long view, he roused and prodded me, and we went via the Grand Ave. street car line to its terminus. We hiked past a few homes, through open fields, along the railroad track, and finally to the Indian Boundary Preserve and along the banks of the river . . . all this, in the middle of winter when eight inches of snow covered the countryside.

Continued dalliance with a river inexorably deepens to a stronger and grander relationship. For the young that relationship can be nourished by buying a used wood-canvas canoe in Willow Springs and with a pal, Yem, paddling it for over 35 miles up the DesPlaines to Allison Woods. This was the site of the "House in the Wood," (today the site of River Trail Nature Center), that served as the Northwestern University Settlement summer camp, where we were to work through high school and college years.

As counselors we enjoyed our summer setting. The camp was situated on a bend of the DesPlaines River, the kitchen an original farm house, dining hall and dorms beautifully set off by tall oaks, maples, and hickories, and beyond, the low-growing hawthorn and crabapple. From the dining hall an open field sloped gently to the river.

A few of us worked the entire summer; a four-week period with the girls and four with the boys. During the depression years we had little in the way of budget, equipment or craft supplies, thus we had to use our own resources to evolve an interesting program. We did it with nature study, swimming, dramatics, sports, extended hikes and simple hammer and saw maintenance projects. Stimulation came from each other's company and the rousing activities that challenged the counselors as



A SUMMER DAY on the placid DesPlaines.

well as the inner-city campers. There was a verve to the daily program, the recurring adventures representing for many, the high point of their, and our, year.

Our swimming hole was the DesPlaines River at Dam #2, which held the water to about four feet; it was over a mile away, and the 40 to 50 campers hiked the distance every day. The swimming facility was well appointed and supervised: upriver restraining rope, diving board, slide, refreshment stand, and lifeguards in boats who regularly applied chlorine to the water. The swim period over, campers would dry off, then hike wearily to camp, sometimes munching a candy bar for an energy lift.

One day Yam and I planned a swim upstream to camp. We stroked and kicked, floated on our backs periodically for a rest, reached the camp objective, but decided to continue. We eventually finished at the Milwaukee Ave. bridge, a distance judged at over three miles.

How placid and tranquil the DesPlaines looked under the summer sun, but on occasion she could become capricious, even burst out in tantrum. After a copious rain on Saturday, the river became a surging, undisciplined force, racing over its banks, its fingers probing new places, grasping all in its wake, and evoking a dirge. On the following day during a picnic a teenage boy went swimming alone and, in the maelstrom, drowned. His body was recovered many miles downstream and several days later.

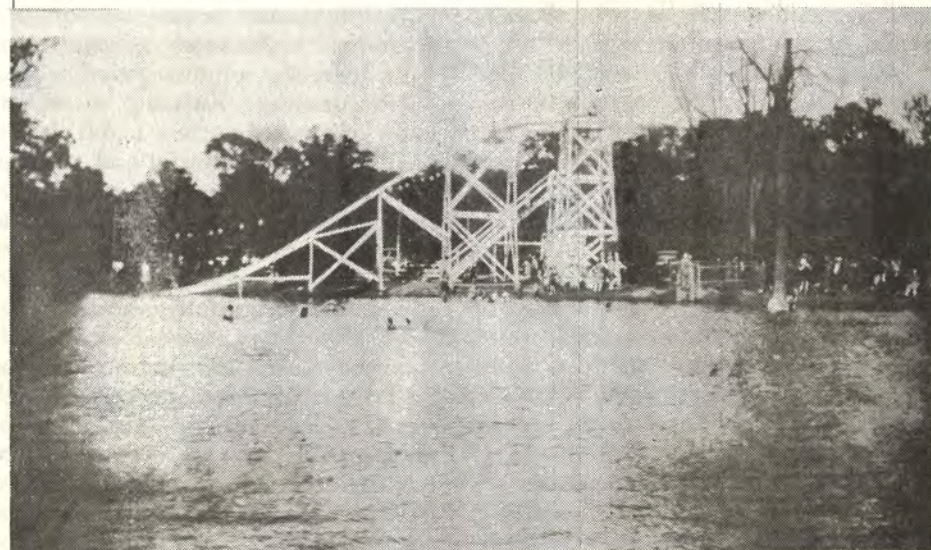
On occasion, after a hectic day, we paddled upstream at night to Villa Venice, a plush road house where gondolas were rented by couples and poled upriver that was over-hung with wil-

lows. We became acquainted with the gondolier, a Canadian canoeist, and when there was a lull in action he borrowed our canoe. Kneeling in the bottom, our exciting new-found friend paddled solo in powerful and graceful strokes, then burst into a voyageur song, his booming voice projecting to the tree-tops. Our craft never knew such expert handling, paddling and skimming so beautifully over the water.

We didn't tarry on the dock; instead, we crept to the back windows near the floor show stage and peeked through the curtained windows. Thus, in return for a loaned canoe we were treated to Papa Bouche's expensive entertainment. The band beat out the routine cues for thinly-clad chorus girls and, for some of us, we saw in public for the first time a bare female navel.

One makes love best by moonlight . . . even to a river. After taps and our charges asleep the counselors convened at the river bank. On sweltering nights the talk sessions gave way to a nighttime swim. In the nude, surface diving and swimming underwater, opening the eyes to ink-black water gave an eerie feeling. The experience offered a fleeting apprehension, and we didn't stay underwater very long.

Some nights we launched the canoe and floated the calm current in total darkness. There was little concern about safety as we were expert swimmers and knew every foot of the shorelines. In the middle of the river we just laid back, paddles at rest, drifting with the current, time and history . . . akin to the aboriginal Indians, Marquette, Jolliet, LaSalle and Tonti, intrepid voyageurs who cruised the earlier river.



IN WINTER THE DesPlaines became a huge hockey rink for shinny games.



BEFORE TIMES GOT good improvisation was the name of the game, even with Indian lore.

WATERSLIDE AT Dam No. 2 on the DesPlaines, a real treat for kids.

In kinship with these explorer-patriots we listened to the same night sounds: the plop of a rising fish, the squawk of a night bird, the pee-yeeps of tree frogs, the compulsive droning of insects, the soft swirl of a paddle.

Periodically, our nighttime freedom turned to gustatory treats; Louis Shaw, the patron saint of camp directors, surprised us with an ice cream and cookie party . . . when he sensed that a boost in morale was necessary.

There were some attractions that took us from the river, but the Des-Plaines was not jealous. She understood the temporary flirtations of capricious youth.

The twilight treasure hunt (for watermelons) became traditional. The quest took the entire group on a meandering path through the woods that ended in a clearing, then the easily-found melons were sliced, served and devoured. To the rising campfire flames stories were told and songs were sung. Ed and Frank with their trained voices led the group in community singing, and we never knew if the squawk of a disturbed great blue heron was a bravo or a bronx cheer.

One twilight hike with over forty boys we spotted a barred owl sitting high on a dead cottonwood tree, silhouetted against the light sky in hallowe'en glory. So orderly and silent were the group that all were able to observe the legendary oracle of the forest.

Chuck, today a noted Chicagoland ornithologist, made his first bird list observations at camp, and his recurring and exciting reports inspired most of us to keep faithful bird lists, which we do to this day.

The DesPlaines River today remains a slim thread of nature winding through rural woods and pastoral vistas. Much of her heritage survives, the riverine eco-systems cuffed a bit but not destroyed. It still proclaims a vestige of ancient wildness and freedom that must be loved and cherished. As R. L. Stevenson indicated,

"There's no music like a little river's . . . It takes the mind out of doors . . . and . . . sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers."



Climbing the Genealogical Tree

with Carol Sims Rademacher

WE HAVE for some time felt that belonging to the Indiana Historical Society was the "best buy" around, historically and genealogically speaking. For the fifteen-dollars yearly dues you receive the "Indiana Magazine of History" and "The Hoosier Genealogist," each published quarterly; the "Indiana History Bulletin" published monthly; and the incomparable Willard Heiss' "Genealogy," published ten times a year. Then about once or twice a year you receive one of the little extras.

Recently we received, free of charge, two small books, *To The West In 1894*, *Travel Journal of Dr. James Douglass English*, and *The French, The Indians, and George Rogers Clark in the Illinois Country*. This was a lecture given at the May, 1976, Indiana American Revolution Bicentennial Symposium.

Included in one of the lectures were inventories of items belonging to some unfortunate people in the 1770's. From these, a picture of social life of that era begins to take form. The notes on the references used for each lecture are worth the price of the book. John H. Long, a specialist in early maps and geography of the United States at Newberry Library and Assistant Editor of *Atlas of Early American History*, used as a reference Lowell A. Dearing's "An Analysis of the Marches of George Rogers Clark in the Illinois Country 1778-1779" in *Outdoor Illinois*, VII (1968) 27-34.

The above mentioned books may be purchased from Indiana Historical Society, 315 West Ohio St., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Price \$2 each.

Why couldn't we have studied the history of our own state when we were in school, instead of all about the Pilgrims? It would be far more interesting to study about what happened in the hills and rivers that are near our home.

MORE HELP!

Barbara Smith Wampler, 310 May, 1977

Thayer Ave., Joliet, IL 60432 writes, "I have the printed 1850 Census of both Jefferson and Washington Counties IL and will search for anyone wishing anything looked up, for S.A.S.E." Thanks Barbara, that's what this column is all about, helping each other. Sometimes the smallest bit of information is all that is needed to complete the puzzle.

Memo to: S.I.C.A.M. Please inform ye old edioter that if he is going to kibitze in the middle of this article, to do so in italics, so we won't be blamed for any idiosyncrasies other than our own. "Nothing nowhere like OI." We know that.



THE MAILBOX

(Queries and answers on genealogy should be addressed to: Carol Sims Rademacher, 705 Cathy Lane, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056. Queries must contain 50 words or less; a name, date and locality; and an Illinois connection. Answers are forwarded, enclose S.A.S.E. please.)

Q 25-77 — Chuck Hankins. I am doing some family research and would appreciate any help I could get from anyone that would shed light on my GG Grandpappy William HANKINS, and a brother of his, Robert HANDKINS, both of whom came to So IL from somewhere in TN between 1848 and 1853. Robert settled in Williamson Co and inserted the d in the last name, while William took his family to the Harrisburg area. Haven't been able to find much about either brother, so any help would be most appreciated.

A 25-77. Be sure to search land records for these areas. We found no

HAN(D)KINS listed in the 1860 Federal Census of Williamson Co.*

Q 26-77 — Mrs. Allan R. Carlson. I am interested in finding out location of the home of my paternal grandfather, Alex McGREGOR in LaGrange. The only McGREGOR, listed in the oldest LaGrange telephone book is a Mrs. C. McGREGOR, whom I think is the wife of one of my father's uncles. My grandfather, or rather my great grandfather lived in LaGrange sometime prior to 1897. I have also tried to find a record of the marriage of my grandparents in Chicago about 1889 but writing to the Presbyter of Chicago produced only the answer that they no longer had the records of the Scotch Pres. Church. I would appreciate any suggestions you might be able to give me concerning these two matters. Also, can you tell me the correct procedure to use to check records in Scotland? I know the city of birth but no exact dates are available.

A 26-77. The 1900 Federal Census would give you the address of your Great-grandfather. The County Clerk's Office, 118 N. Clark St., Chicago, IL 60602, should be able to give you the marriage records. We cannot help without the name of the area in which your family was located in Scotland. Search for 'How-to' books on Scotland. One such book is *Key to Parochial Registers of Scotland*, Blackson, BYU, \$9.95 plus \$1 postage and tax. Order from Genealogy Unlimited, 1714 Flentie Ln, Arlington Heights, IL 60004.

Q 27-77 — Gladys F. Werth. Am trying to trace great-grandmother and ancestors. Her name was CARTER nee CHEEK. Daughter Martha A CARTER married Geo. W. WILLIFORD May 19, 1878 at Vienna. Three daughters from this union — Bettie, Fannie, Madge; Martha died when Madge was born and Madge was adopted by a Dr. in Vienna. She married a CLIVER. Bettie, A. Z. BOATWRIGHT and Fannie, F. FURLONG. Our grandmother CHEEK or (CARTER) was a Cherokee Indian, and we need to have proof of this fact and would like to get any help from you, and how to go about finding this information.

A 27-77. We assume from your query that you do not know where your grandmother was b. The "Metis Ge-

*The 1860 Census of Williamson Co., IL, is \$10.00. Order from Jo Ann Hatfield, Rt. 1, Box 357A, Herrin, IL 62948.

nealogical Society," Walter K. Miles, N 6707 Lincoln St, Spokane, WA 99208, is sponsored by the Eastern Washington Genealogical Society. We suggest you write to Miles requesting information. 'Metis,' a French word, means 'to mix.' In this instance to mix Caucasian and Indian ancestry. It was formed to "furnish mutual aid and assistance in genealogy regarding the North American Indian." From *Genealogy*, Jan. '77 issue, Willard Heiss. The Federal Archives, Washington, D.C. 20408, may have some information.

There should be a census listing of the Doctor and his family with your grandmother in residence. You should be able to find guardianship records. We found a CARTER family in the Johnson Co 1850 census.* 325/44 page 6 Rix 70, m Farmer NC; Sarah 65 f SC; Asa W. 28 m Physician IL. There were several other CARTERS on the same page which could be the brothers of Asa. On page 73 371/375 we found the only CHEEK family listed. Patsy 37 f TN; James 12 m IL; Melvina 11 f IL; Martha C 4 f IL; Sarah E. 3 f IL; Granville A 6 m IL. Maybe this will help some.

Q 28-77 — E. Crader. What happened to Joshua HARRIS who was living in Sangamon Co IL, in 1830, along with his brother Caleb HARRIS and his brother-in-law, William Ray? Joshua HARRIS came from Clark Co, KY: may have moved to Missouri. What was Joshua's son's name (b 1825-30).

Q 29-77 — Mrs. Dale A. Hilyard. I would like information on any of the family of Levi M. Moore, his wife Margaret VENTREES. Levi was listed in Morgan Co, IL in 1830 Census. He and Margaret were m Jan 1831. They must have lived in IL until around 1840. Then they were found in Desha Co, Ark, where they must have died 1848-49.

Their 2 youngest children were yet minors — Josephus and Nancy MOORE. Their oldest dau Apsla Ann MOORE m H. H. Marsh and divorced him. In 1853 she m Thomas QUARTON in Morgan Co, IL. They were my great-grandparents. They lived in Macoupin Co, IL where Apsla Ann died in 1871.

*The 1850 Federal Census of Johnson County, IL \$5 and may be ordered from: Tri-City Genealogical Society, Route 1, Box 191, Richland, WA 99352.

Josephus m Cartenia HOBBS. They had Harry, Lee, Wendell May (m Fred GORKER), and Ida Maude. They lived in Kansas, I think. Nancy MOORE m Wm FANNING and lived in Greene Co, IL and Kansas.

Q 30-77 — Mrs. Doris Wiedle. Would like any information on Joseph GALBRAITH b 1819, PA. GILBERTH and wife Susan A. DAVIS came to Enfield area, White Co, IL from OH. Would like to know what year they arrived. Need names of his children. James b 1842, several girls not too sure of names, like Ann, Anna-bell, Margaret, Cecilia M, Charles J. and Thomas GALBRAITH.

How would you go about finding where they are buried. Can't find any records, not even the father. The mother, Susan, remarried and is buried in Tamaroa, IL. Appreciate any information at all.

Q 31-77 — Louise Howard Stewart. Searching for parents and birthplace of WILL HOWARD b in OH 13 Feb 1814; m Margaret Jane LEWIS, Feb 1842 in Pikes Co, OH; moved family to Christian Co, IL ca 1860. Will HOWARD was grandfather of Charlie (Chalk) HOWARD of Moweaqua, IL and my g-grandfather.

Q 32-77 — Mrs. Jeanne Bergin. Information appreciated on Theo CORMIER b 1840. Came to Chicago from Plessisville, Canada, son of Bruno and _____ Frigon. m Delima CYRIER, dau of Noel and _____ from Montreal, Canada. When and where were they married?

A 2-77 — Bernard W. Moore. I am enclosing p 1 of Cottage Twp, Saline Co, IL 1870 Census. Note the date is 5 July 1870, and in household 3 family 3 is a John W. FOX family. This is the only FOX family in Cottage twp in 1870. I found no death, probate, or will records for John W. or Hannah FOX. Can't answer your question on John William FOX, this is what I found in Saline co, IL 22 Feb 1977.

1870 Federal Census, Saline Co., IL, Twp 9S-R7E (Cottage Grove Twp) Post office: Harrisburg, IL S.S. Stricklin, Ass't Marshal 3/3 Fox, John W. 45 m w Farmer, 600 TN; Hannah 38 f w Keeping House TN; Mary E 17 f w at home TN; John W. 16 m w at home TN; Martha J. 10 f w at home IL; Nancy R 8 f w at home IL; Sarah 6 f w at home IL; Joseph 3 m w at home IL.

Big Ridge Cemetery, Cottage Twp., Saline Co., IL. Copied 22 Feb 1977,

BWM. Wriley Fox, 1881-1973. J. Wesley Fox, Sept 26, 1853-March 28, 1924; Mary E., April 5, 1853-Oct 23, 1935; Same lot—Ollie Fox, Feb 11, 1886-Oct 14, 1889. Charles R. Fox, June 11, 1931-Dec 7, 1933. Walter Fox, 1877-1961, Annie M., 1879-1962; same lot Mary I. Fox, Feb 19, 1913-Jan 1, 1925.

The above are all stones with the surname FOX which were located. The following information is on record at the County Clerk's Office, Saline Co, IL:

Wriley Fox, son of John Wesley Fox and Mary Ellen Borders, was b March 9, 1881 in Saline Co, IL. Died May 8, 1960 at Lightner Hosp, Harrisburg, IL. The informant was Maggie Walls, his daughter.

Maude Evelina, wife of Wriley Fox and dau. of Alfred P. Brown and Olivia Williams, b Oct. 23, 1885 in Indiana and d March 20, 1955 at Lightner Hosp., Harrisburg, IL. The informant was Wriley Fox, husband.

No death records Saline Co. for George A. Fox or Flora A.

John Wesley Fox, son of John Franklin Fox (b Tenn.) and Phirada Borden (b Ohio), was b Sept. 26, 1854(?) in IL (?). He d March 28, 1924, Harrisburg, IL. The informant was George Fox, Eldorado, IL. Record in Book 6, page 494 of deaths.

Mary E., wife of John Wesley Fox, dau. of Frank Borders (b IL) and Zorelda Rawlings (b IL), was b April 5, 1853 in IL, and d Oct. 23, 1935, Eldorado, IL. The informant was Walter Fox. Record in Book 9, page 381 of deaths.

Ollie Fox, b 2-11-1886, d 10-14-1889. No record Saline Co. Court House.

Charles Roy Fox, son of Marion A. Fox and Charlotte Davis (both b IL), was born June 10, 1931, Harrisburg, IL and d Dec. 7, 1933 in Cottage Twp. Informant Marion Fox.

Walter Fox, son of John Wesley Fox and Mary Ellen Borders, was b Dec. 3, 1877, Raleigh, Saline Co., and d May 30, 1961, rural Harrisburg, IL. The informant was his son Ellis Fox.

Annie Mariah, wife of Walter Fox, and dau. of John McCormick and Nancy Galispy, was born Dec. 12, 1879, Princeton, Gibson Co, Ind. and d Dec. 20, 1962 in Harrisburg Twp., Saline Co. Informant Ellis Fox, son, of Harrisburg, IL.

Mary I. Fox, dau of Walter Fox and Annie McCormick, was b Feb. 19, 1913 in IL., and d January 1, 1925, Eldorado, IL. Informant Walter Fox. Book 4, page 62.

The Complete Listing of All Previous Issues of Outdoor Illinois

For the convenience of readers interested in ordering previous issues of *Outdoor Illinois* Magazine, the following listing identifies the issue and the feature articles in the issue. Those past issues which are no longer available have been marked "out of print." When ordering, check the box of each issue desired, and enclose \$1 for each issue ordered.

The Following Issues Are Available (although some are not available in quantity):

Volume I

- ☐ How the West Was Won, Movie, (March '62)
- ☐ Let's Take a Tour (April '62)
- ☐ Iron Kettles and Early Salt Giant City State Park
- ☐ The Axe Was Tool of Pioneers (May '62)
- ☐ Fabulous Jackson Hollow The Trigg Ozark Trail Black Hawk State Park Vanishing Species: Prairie Chicken
- ☐ Pilgrimage to Pleasant Ridge, Bogota (June '62)
- ☐ Scenic Southern Illinois Tour Fern Clyffe State Park
- ☐ Lost Stream (July '62)
- ☐ Weekend Auto Tour Quakoon's Hollyhocks Old Cahokia
- ☐ DuQuoin State Fair (August '62)
- ☐ Ohio River Tour New Salem State Park Wildlife in Chicago Lake Murphysboro Niagara of the West: Starved Rock
- ☐ Sorghum Time (Sept. '62)
- ☐ Pounds Hollow U.S. Grant State Memorial Cave in Rock Country (Oct. '62)
- ☐ Apple Butter: A Fall Tradition On the Trail of the White-tail
- ☐ White-Tail Tips for Beginners (Nov. '62)
- ☐ Hungarian Partridge The Natives Return: Indian Rendezvous The Post on Wheels Cairo, World's Goose Capital Illinois Beach State Park

Volume II

- ☐ Grand Tower (March '63)
- ☐ Illinois Deer History Illinois Boating Adventures Clerk's Trail Retraced
- ☐ Pierre Menard Home (April '63)
- ☐ Clark's Trail Record Illinois Fish Fropping
- ☐ Mrs. Holman's First Recipes
- ☐ Tales from H. Allen Smith (May '63)
- ☐ Emerald Mound Apple River Canyon State Park Little Man of Ferns Clyffe
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- ☐ Weekend Tour Siloam Springs State Park River to River Road
- ☐ Millstone Knob (July '63)
- ☐ Kickapoo State Park To the Bridge at Boscobel Lincoln Log Cabin State Park
- ☐ Big Lakes on the Way (Aug. '63)
- ☐ Lincoln Heritage Trail Limb-Grippers
- ☐ Earthquake in Illinois
- ☐ Big Lakes on the Way (ii) (Sept. '63)
- ☐ Western Trail Tour New Salem Catechisms and Confusion (i) Skinning a Squirrel

Volume III

- ☐ Va Beche: Far Outpost (March '64)
- ☐ Some Early Spring Flowers Southern Illinois Scenic Map Weldon Springs State Park Metamora Court House
- ☐ Wild Bill Hickok (April '64)
- ☐ More Early Spring Flowers Illinois' Smallest Church Vandellia Court House Abraham Lincoln Home Mt. Pulaski State Memorial Rocky Branch Natural Area
- ☐ (May '64) Out of Print
- ☐ Tent: Iron Hand (June '64)
- ☐ The Morton Arboretum June Wildflowers Des Plaines Canoe Marathon Settling of the Red Sun (July '64)
- ☐ Illinois Prairie (ii) July Wildflowers Changing the Sugar and Flag House
- ☐ The Albion Chowder (August '64)
- ☐ Scenic Tour, Northwest August Wildflowers Fort Massac State Park
- ☐ An Illinois Central Prairie (Sept. '64)
- ☐ Scenic Tour, North Central Cahokia Court House The Crossroads Store: Macedonia Civil War Revisited
- ☐ Illinois Covered Bridges (Oct. '64)
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- ☐ Hotspots: Ringnecked Pheasant (Nov. '64)
- ☐ A Look at Evergreens Pierre Menard Home William Farley Portfolio Sierrans Discover Southern Illinois
- ☐ Whitetail Primer
- ☐ The American Bottom (Dec. '64)
- ☐ Christmas Mistletoe and Ferns Lewis and Clark Memorial

Volume IV

- ☐ Partly Voyageur, Lake Michigan (March '65)
- ☐ Spring Time, Piquette The Albion Story (ii)
- ☐ Recreation Map of Southern Ill. The Art of Making Maple Syrup
- ☐ Illinois' Big Earthquake (April '65)
- ☐ The Albion Story (ii)
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- ☐ Cap Grant's Mule (May '65)
- ☐ Kishwaukee: Clear Waters The Albion Story (iii)
- ☐ A Few of May's Flowers Lincoln Heritage Canoe Trail (June '65)
- ☐ Charleston, Land of Lincoln Hardin County Portfolio: Map A Cactus of Illinois
- ☐ Bishop Hill Colony (July '65)
- ☐ July and Summer Flowers Apple River Canyon State Park Mississippi River Trail
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- ☐ Pike County Sketches (i) (April '66)
- ☐ Coonhound Water Race Preserve the I & M A Note from England
- ☐ Pike County Sketches (ii) (May '66)
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- ☐ The Marvelous Morel
- ☐ A Visit to Lincolnland (June '66)
- ☐ But Who Speaks for the Spider The Story of John Ing Kick a Bucket! Unusual Illinois Natural Areas John Duff, Once a Hero
- ☐ Cantonment Wilkinsonville (July '66)
- ☐ Gourmet View of Northern Ill. A Memorial to James Hall In Defense of Planning Some Unusual Natural Areas
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ping of the trail)
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Utopian Dream
- **Carbondale in the Great Depres-**
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Harvest

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nois Adventure (IV), Southern
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Tracking Down A Lost Lincoln
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versity of Illinois.
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Illinois State Capitol; Willard
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Making Tracks; The Art of
Science.
- **Anna's Stinson Library** (March
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Gates Dawes Mansion, Evanston,
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Brick, Pileated Woodpecker,
Woodland Housing Contractor.
- **LeRoy Spiritualist Church** (April
'77), A Perception of Nature,
Pere Marquette State Park, The
Cowing House.

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John Franklin Fox, wife Elva, son of J. W. Fox (b Tenn.) and Mary E. Borders (b Ohio), was b Oct. 29, 1897 near Harrisburg, IL and d May 16, 1922, Harrisburg, IL. Bur. Big Ridge Cem., Cottage Twp., Saline Co., IL. Informant J. W. Fox, Harrisburg, Book 6, page 181.

Marriages in Saline Co.:

John Wesley Fox, age 20 of Cottage Prec., m Mary Ellen Borders, age 20 of Cottage Prec., December 13, 1874 by James Johnson, M.G. Book D, page 412.

George Fox, age 22 of Harrisburg, son of J. W. Fox and _____ Borders, m Flora Brown, age 18 of Cottage Prec., dau. of A. P. Brown and _____ Williams, July 8, 1906 by A. J. Yates, M.G.

Riley Fox, age 20 of Cottage Prec., son of J. W. Fox and Mary Borders, m Maud Brown, dau of Alfred Perry Brown and Olivia Williams, Oct. 22, 1901 at Harrisburg by James Johnson, M.G. Book D-minor, page 133.

A 9-77 — Barbara Smith Wampler. Now—Ms. Warren asked for James Roark. This is the only Roark on the 1850 census for Jeff. Co.; #921/921

ROARK, William	54 M	N.C.
Laborer		
" Martha	26 F	N.C.
" Sarah A.	12 F	Ky.
" Nancy S.	10 F	Ky.
" Mary A.	8 F	Ky.
" James J.	6 M	Ky.
" Joseph L.	5 M	Ky.
" Martha E.	3 F	Ky.
" Julia A.	1 F	Ill.

As you can see by the dates of the children — they'd only been in Illinois for about a year, and came from Kentucky. Hope this will be of some small help to her in her search. Your column has been a great help to me.

A 14-77 — Sally Savage Cole. The first legal notice in the 17 Dec 1817 issue of the *Illinois Intelligencer* was James PIGGOTT, deceased; Joseph PIGGOTT, Administrator and one of the heirs. This is on Micro film No. R550, from the Illinois State Historical Society, Old Capitol Bldg., Springfield, IL 62756.

REVIEWS

Saline County, Illinois Marriages 1847-1880, Bernard W. Moore. 208 pages plus an every-name index, soft cover. The county was formed in 1847, prior to that marriages would have been registered in Gallatin Co.

Included in the book is an 1852 map and an 1876 fold-out map of Saline County, photocopies of an early marriage or two, historical sketches and line drawings of some churches of the area, which adds to the over-all picture. Listed with each marriage is the one who performed the ceremony, and if given, where performed, and where resided. A separate list of Justices of the Peace is provided. Some were residents of another county. This book is a must for anyone doing research in Southeastern Illinois. Price \$15.50. Order from Heritage House, Rt. 1, Box 211, Thomson, IL 61285. (We understand that Mr. Moore has given the proceeds from this book to the Genealogical Society of Southern Illinois.)

Glen Ellyn's Story and Her Neighbors in DuPage, by Blythe P. Kaiser and Dorothy I. Vandercook. 377 pages plus an every name index. The book begins with the History of the area from the Ice Age to 1803. Here begins a chronology from that time to the present; interspersed in the text are pictures and maps, old and new. There are transcriptions of two of the cemeteries in the area. Genealogies of some of the prominent families of the area are included. Price \$12.50. Order from Mrs. Blythe Kaiser, 468 Hill Ave., Glyn Ellyn, IL 60137.

(Continued from Page 19)

Anyone seriously concerned with raising plants has already worked out methods for having the reaction of his soil measured; this measurement is routinely included in assays of soils made by private and government testing services. For the more serious experimenter, it should be remembered that a well equipped soil laboratory can determine manganese, carbon, nitrogen, and other soil characteristics with little extra effort beyond the usual assays.

One "expense" in your experiments is of course those morels which you will plant in your plots. The sad thought of allowing even a single fruit to escape its usual and proper fate in your kitchen may perhaps be alleviated by remembering that if you do succeed in growing morels, not only your kitchen but also your pocketbook may be more than amply rewarded. We do not want to make too much of this last point, because it would be reckless to suggest that you go about trying to grow morels solely to become wealthy. The chances of success are too unpredictable for mo-

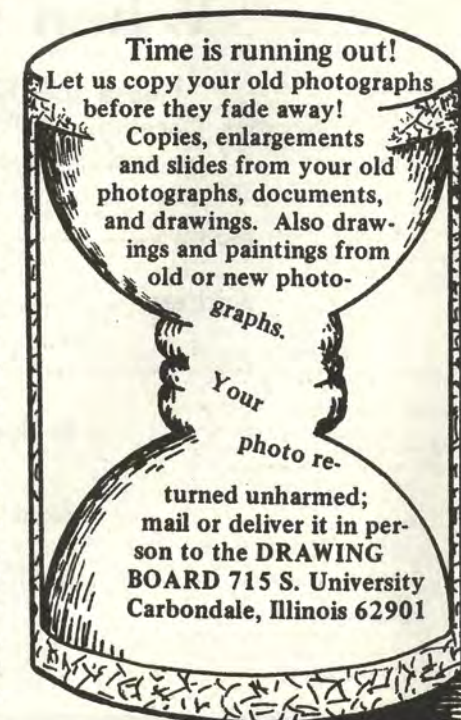
rel farming to be considered as a business investment; it should instead be viewed as a pleasant hobby. But real successes in your experiments might bring you financial rewards. This possibility makes it all the more important that you keep a careful, written, dated, record of your experiments, not only to help you remember exactly what you have done, but also for possible legal documentation of your experiments.

The proud American tradition of making things happen finds its purest expression in efforts to increase the productivity of our food crops, perhaps because it is in this endeavor that the labor, wisdom, and experience of individuals can be applied to their utmost. Successful cultivation of morels offers no more and no less a challenge than has cultivation of the other crops upon which all mankind depends; all crops were once fully as wild and untamable as the elusive morel. It is high time to add morels to the conquests of cultivation!

A book which contains much information about raising other kinds of mushrooms is *Mushrooms and Truffles; Botany, Cultivation, and Utilization*, by Dr. Rolf Singer (World Crops Books, Interscience Publishers, Inc., New York, 1961).

We offer thanks to the many scientists, morel hunters, and farmers who have helped us with their comments and advice. And to you:

Good luck!



OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

Looking Back at a Disappearing Craft Joseph Petarde, Immigrant Stonecarver

By Adelaide N. Cooley

FOLLOWING THE Columbian Exposition in 1893 in Chicago and until the depression in the late 1920's, many of the larger buildings constructed in Illinois were adorned with hand-carved stone designs. Elaborate capitals topped Grecian columns and swags of flowers or fruit were often used.

Although architects could either design such trimming or order it from a book, the elegant carvings were made by artist-craftsmen who remained anonymous. They were usually employed by stone companies who sent them to cities where their work was needed. Sometimes in their spare time these artists accepted commissions for cemetery monuments which they designed and carved to the customer's taste.

A stonecarver was distinguished from a stone cutter in that the former carved designs and figures, while the latter merely shaped blocks for building. Stonecarving was a trade in which only a few apprenticeships were available in America.

Peoria was fortunate to have a stonecarver who left some unique examples of an Italian stonecarver's work in the carved stone porch and curved love seat at 623 Fairholm Street. The house belongs to the family of Joseph Petarde, a stonecarver who lived there from about 1900 until his death in 1942. At one time he was known as "Peoria's forgotten sculptor," although he carved stone for many other buildings and in other cities as well as for his own home.

He might have disappeared from memory except that his house attracted newspaper writers and photographers when it was first completed in 1922. At that time the neighbors were shocked and angry about the semi-nude figures at the porch corners, but gradually they became accustomed to it.

The Petarde house is in a section of Peoria once known as Averyville because it surrounded the Avery Machine Company, makers of threshing ma-

chine motors. Fairholm Street, where the house is located, crosses Madison Street six blocks south of McCluggage Bridge and ends in a small road circling Springdale Cemetery hill. The Petarde family's parish church, St. Peter's, has examples of Joseph's carvings. He made the copy of DaVinci's Last Super above the doorway and a Crucifixion for the belfry of the church in 1924.

The Averyville firehouse has been demolished but a few of the stone faces that once decorated that building were rescued and saved by Petarde admirers. A family snapshot shows Joseph posing with similar faces that he carved.

Originally spelled "Petardi," the family came from the little town of Vinchiaturio, Italy, an area where many of the men were stonecarvers as far back as the Middle Ages. Joseph's fam-

ily lived in Rome, near the Colosseum, when he was born. In one of his newspaper interviews in the 1920's he described his first stone carving as "a grotesque little stone imp" and said that he made it at the age of five when his mother asked him to find something to prop up the front step. He said that his father was so pleased with the carving that he took the boy into his shop to work.

A few years later, when Joseph was thirteen, he accidentally damaged a marble figure on which he was working and ran away from home to escape punishment. He first stowed away on a ship bound for Piraeus, the port of Athens, then went on to Tunis in North Africa. There he was apprehended and returned home. Four years later, at seventeen, the young stonecarver ran away



JOSEPH PETARDE CARVED the intricate adornment for Peoria's Grand Army of the Republic Hall.

MAY, 1977

again because of a tragic accident. When one of his sisters was teasing him, he playfully struck at her with a tool which he happened to be holding, blinding her in one eye. Afraid of being arrested and imprisoned the boy disappeared. When later he contacted his family from Paris, he told his father that he was out of funds but wanted to go to America. Dominic Petarde

THIS CARATID FIGURE at the southeast corner of the Petarde front porch aroused the ire of some neighbors. Photo by Alan D. Harkrader.



Petard Stonecarving Found In Many Illinois Cities

The following list of cities which have carvings by Joseph Petarde was composed from conversations with his son, Clyde and from snapshots of the artist showing him with his work.

ILLINOIS

- Aledo—**
Farmer's Bank
- Aurora—**
Catholic Church (panel over door)
- Bloomington—**
Illinois Wesleyan School of Music, harp and violin designs.
Lafayette Apartments.
Consistory.
Courthouse Columns.
Buck Memorial Library.
McBarnes Building.
- Champaign—**
Huff Gymnasium.
Newman Foundation.
Church of St. John the Divine, doorway and interior carvings.
- Chicago—**
Central Insurance Building.
- Decatur—**
A school.
- Galesburg—**
Armory and Railway Station.
- Farmington—**
Bank building.
- Galva—**
Swedish Lutheran Church, steeple and doors.
- LaSalle-Peru—**
High School, designs above doors and on flagpole base.
- LeRoy—** Crumbaugh Library
- Lincoln—**
J. D. G. Hill Residence, entrance and fireplace.
Jack Harrison residence, seated cat figure.

understood and sent money to his son. A 1926 newspaper interview in Peoria mentioned figures of saints that he carved for Paris churches, but did not mention their exact location.

Upon his arrival in New York, Joseph found work with bridge builders and soon came to the midwest to cut stone for a bridge across the Illinois River at Peoria.

The bridge was built on land donated by Captain Alexander Partridge, one of Peoria's first ferry boat owners.

- Normal—**
Gymnasium, ISU.
- Onarga—**
Township High School
- Pana—**
St. Patrick's Church, panel over door.
- Peoria—**
LaRocca and Crandell monuments in Springdale Cemetery.
St. Peter's Church, panel over door and cross.
Kingman School, replica of Lincoln figure.
G.A.R. Hall, facade.
Nelson Barrick residence, lion and birdbath.
Petarde home, stone porch and love-seat in front yard, fireplace in basement.
Old Courthouse, now destroyed.
Old Post Office, now destroyed.
Dime Savings and Trust Co., covered up.
- Spring Bay—**
Monuments to Captain and Mrs. Partridge, in Pioneer Cemetery, north of Ten-mile Creek.
- Springfield—**
Large seated figure of Abraham Lincoln, stored in park.
Entrance building for grandstand at fairgrounds.
- Streator—**
High school building, griffons and other carvings.
- Strawn—**
Church.
- Washington—**
Stormer and Schmidt monuments in Glendale Cemetery.
Other works are in Missouri, Pennsylvania, Mexico, Paris, Montreal, New York and San Francisco, but not identified.

He specified that no fees were to be charged for using the bridge, so it was always known locally as the Upper Free Bridge. Joliet stone was used for the pilings and the bridge remained in use until after World War II when it was replaced by the McCluggage Bridge.

While helping build the bridge, Joseph Petarde stayed at the home of Alexander and Margaret Partridge and fell in love with their daughter, Hannah (1876-1932), who was about thirteen years old when they married.

OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

THE PORCH ALSO included Atlas, at left, holding up a loincloth and the roof, and draped female figure at right. Photo by Alan Harkrader.

After Captain Partridge and his wife died in the early 1890's, Joseph carved elaborate monuments for each of their graves in a pioneer cemetery on a hill south of Spring Bay, Illinois.

The first home of Joseph and Hannah Petarde was a small house at 637 Fairholm Street in Peoria, not half a mile south of the bridge that Joseph had helped to build. When their second child, Clyde, was about five or six years old they bought the house a few doors east at 623 Fairholm, keeping the first house as rental property. They had eight children in all, but only six lived to adulthood. These were Clyde, Teresa, Romeo, Beatrice, Christine and Mardell. Clyde was the only one who tried to become a carver.

Although his home was in Peoria, Joseph was employed at the Alexander King and Company stoneyard in Galesburg while his children were growing up. He stayed in Galesburg all week, then returned home on weekends. The children were somewhat in awe of their father. The girls remember that he had a violent temper and that everyone tried not to upset him when he was at home. Sometimes impulse led him into accidents which later seemed funny but which were pathetic at the time they occurred. He once went out onto the river in a rowboat with his accordion and tipped over. He was a lover of music and taught himself to play both accordion and mandolin, talents which several of his children inherited.

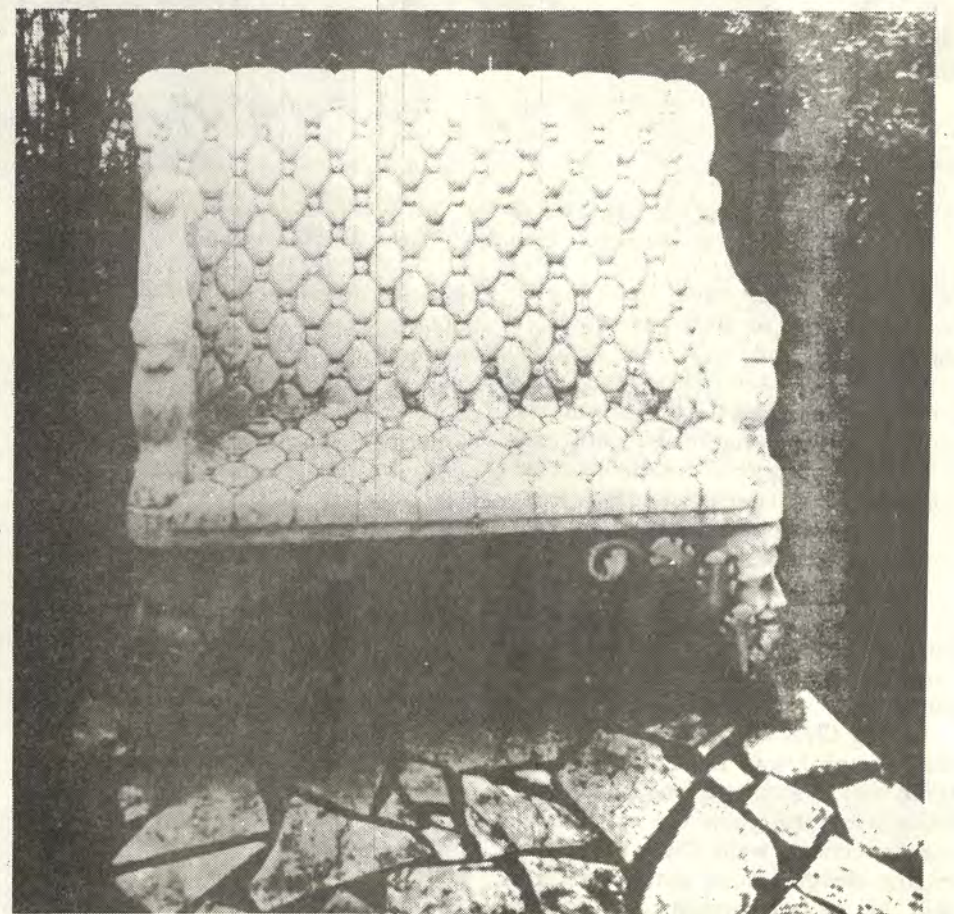
Joseph's language difficulties were such that many people could not understand him. He used a liberal sprinkling of profanity in any conversation. When chided about it, he said that swearing was the first language he learned in America.

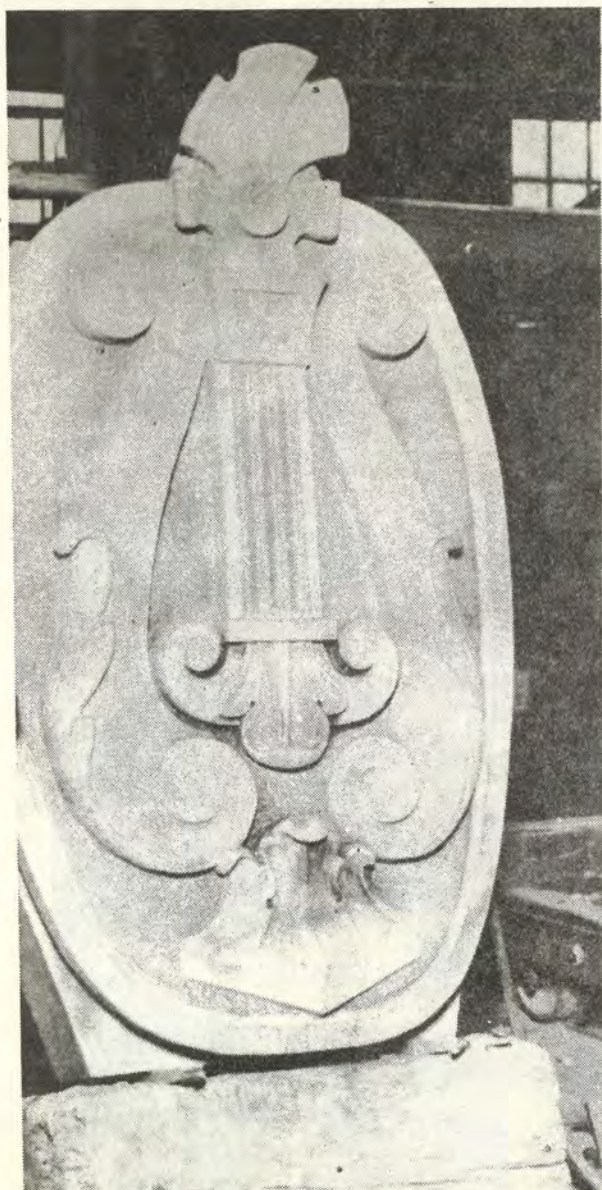
His fellow craftsmen had great respect for him. After he died in 1942, one of the men with whom he worked in Galesburg sent a letter to his son which said, "... He was sure a gentleman and a fine carver. He did most of the carvings for the company."

The same letter describes the making of the elaborate LaRocca monument which is in Peoria's Springdale Cemetery.

TUFTED STONE BENCH made for a cemetery plot was not accepted by family of the deceased, possibly objecting to the good humor men carved on the legs. Photo by Lynn Swigart.

MAY, 1977





MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WERE carved to adorn the Illinois Wesleyan School of Music at Bloomington.

tery. The writer said that Joseph worked on such projects after hours at the stoneyard and "folks used to come every evening to watch him carve." The facade of Peoria's G.A.R. Building (now designated a national historic site) is Petarde's work. The Galesburg stone company went bankrupt in 1911, however, and its records were lost along with records of work done by Petarde.

After the bankruptcy, Joseph started to work in Peoria at the Enterprise Stone Company and his son Clyde became an apprentice there at about the same time.

During Clyde's four-year apprenticeship, Joseph began work on the sculptured stone porch at his house on Fairholm Street. He made the major carvings in sections, while Clyde carved the edging designs from patterns. Clyde said that his father could carve directly

into stone without drawings or models, but occasionally made a clay model if he wanted to repeat a design. Most stone carvers used a book of patterns taken from European architecture of earlier periods, copying it in any size to adjust to the architect's plan.

In 1918, before the porch was finished, Clyde was drafted into the army and sent abroad shortly before the end of World War I. After his return he and his father worked on the largest and most difficult job of their careers. It was the Consistory in Bloomington, Illinois, which had to be carved after the stone was in place. They worked on it for three months, from scaffolding, in win-

MONUMENTS IN PIONEER cemetery south of Spring Bay are to Petarde's father and mother-in-law, Alexander and Margaret Partridge.



OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

PETARDE ON THE scaffold erected for the stonecarving at the Consistory Building in Bloomington, which was done in place.

ter. It was not only cold, but very dangerous. After that Clyde found that he could not work at heights without dizziness so his father encouraged him to study to become a draftsman. Soon he was working for the M. Walsh Stone Co. in Bloomington in a new and safer profession. Joseph worked at Walsh's, too, for the remainder of his career. He again drove back and forth to Peoria on weekends, staying with Clyde and Luella in Bloomington during the week.

During the 1920's a large number of churches, schools and other public buildings were built in Illinois, many decorated with stone designs carved by Joseph Petarde. A partial listing of these were made with the help of Clyde Petarde before he died in May, 1976.

It was probably about 1920 that Joseph changed his name to Petarde and

DESIGN FOR HUFF Gymnasium, at the University of Illinois. Note misspelling of Petarde's name.



MAY. 1977



FIGURE WITH BOOK adorns the Buck Memorial Library in Bloomington.

dropped the "i" ending of his Italian forebears. His son said that most of the people they knew spelled the name with an "e" because it sounded that way.

When the depression came in the late 'twenties new construction slowed until there was seldom work for stonecarvers. The invention of the planer and the diamond drill made handcut stone obsolete. Joseph Petarde refused to work with power tools after a lifetime of using mallet and chisels. To make matters worse, architects began to specify terracotta ornaments on buildings because they were cheaper and could be easily duplicated. They did not last as long, however, as the Indiana limestone used by the Petardes, but then many of those buildings are gone now, too.

In 1932 Joseph's patient wife, Hannah, died. He continued to work in Bloomington. Because the house in Peoria was empty during the week, some of the small sculptures in the yard and workshop were vandalized. The Peoria G.A.R. Auxiliary commissioned Joseph to carve a life size seated figure of Abraham Lincoln for the Illinois State Capital in Springfield. He carved it in Bloomington, for \$600, and it was then placed on the old State House grounds. When the remodeling project took place a few years ago, the sculpture was moved to a park and then disappeared. Several family members searched for it periodically until they located it in 1975 in a maintenance shed belonging to the park. Its head was missing. Efforts to get more information from a Spring-

field newspaper and the State Museum have been unsuccessful. Kingman School in Peoria has a small replica of the Springfield sculpture, which was given to them by Petarde.

In 1940 Joseph had to abandon his last job on a Springfield building because of failing eyesight. He died in Peoria on February 12, 1942 and he and his wife are buried in Springdale Cemetery with simple gravestones. That year the M. Walsh and Company stoneyard in Bloomington burned and all records of Joseph Petarde's later carvings were destroyed.

An exhibition of works and photos of

work by Joseph and his son Clyde (who became a woodcarver during the last ten years of his life) was held at the Peoria Art Guild in May, 1976. Clyde Petarde's sudden death just before the exhibit ended was a shock to everyone. Proper documents have been assembled, however, with the hope that this unique work by an Italian stonecarver can be preserved after it is no longer used as a residence. It is remarkable evidence of the contribution of skilled artisans from Europe to the cultural heritage of Illinois.



FAMILY PORTRAIT, ABOUT 1901. Hannah and Joseph Petarde pose with Clyde, Teresa and Romeo.



OUTDOOR ILLINOIS

Little Stories Which Are Sometimes History Creek Fishing Was For Real

By Wayne Reynolds

AS I SAT in my boat, dry-shod and reasonably comfortable, waiting for a fish to do something definitive about getting caught, my mind drifted back to childhood fishing expeditions with my father and maternal grandfather.

I'd be ashamed to face their sadly condescending smiles if they could see how far I've strayed from their piscatorial tutoring. They'd contemptuously spurn such paraphernalia as rods, reels, boats, motors, and dip nets. Their fishing gear consisted chiefly of a Model T Ford and a few gunny sacks. When they decided to go fishing, they expected to catch fish and they didn't burden themselves with unnecessary equipment.

Dad and Granddad were born and raised on a farm and though they lived all their adult lives in town, their friends and relatives still lived in the "country." Their fishing colleagues were from their connections back "home" and close friends and neighbors in town.

Dad always kept an old Model T Ford for use on his hunting and fishing expeditions. (In those days \$15.00 was a big price to pay for one. He slipped up once and paid \$25.00 for an especially good one and then brooded for a month because he'd paid such a high price.) When he had a holiday or free Saturday coming up, he'd start contacting his friends and send word through the grapevine to his rural compatriots. I'd count the days and "sleeps" till time to go. When the day finally came, we'd pile into the Model T very early (often before daylight) and go rattling off down the dusty road to the rendezvous.

When all the fishermen were gathered at the appointed place, there'd be from six to twelve in the party. They brought no bait, hooks, or other gear beyond three or four gunny sacks in which to carry the fish. They fully expected to fill them all and, in fact, seldom failed to do so.

The fishing method was simple — go in the creek and pull the fish out by hand. My part in the endeavor was to be quiet and help carry the sacks of fish. I'm afraid I accomplished my assignment with only indifferent success.

We'd change to old clothing, including cast-off shoes or boots, and all descend into the water to catch fish by the "logging" method. This operation was performed by moving quietly in the water until a submerged log, pile of driftwood, or brush was encountered. Then they'd proceed to feel about the log or brush with their hands. This was done very gently and quietly. When a fish was encountered, the fisherman would literally caress it until he could get a good grip, usually with his fingers in the gills, and take it out of the water. It still seems incredible to me that they could get a fish to remain inert while it was being touched by human hands, but they had a knack for doing it without disturbing their quarry.

In deep water they'd have to go under to bring up their catch. Granddad had tremendous lung power and could stay under water for two minutes at a time. Many times my father would put his foot on Granddad's shoulders to combat his buoyancy in deep water while he got his fish in hand. He brought up some enormous fish by such collaboration.

They caught fish by the bags full. Fish that I consider a good catch today were discarded by those experts. I've heard them debate the advisability of keeping anything weighing less than two pounds.

The group would work their way down the creek till the sacks were full — then we'd make our way back to the car. There we'd get into dry clothes and divide up the catch. We'd have catfish, bass, perch, drum, carp, and buffalo sorted into equal piles. Each man would take his share and head home for a fish feast. I've seen two or three hundred pounds of fish divided up after an afternoon in the water.

Another thoroughly enjoyable fishing method was the night-time expedition. The party usually consisted of Dad, Granddad, and an uncle or two. We'd get to the fishing spot before sundown. A campfire would be lighted and a great pile of dry leaves raked together and covered with a blanket — a comfortable bed in anticipation of a leisurely evening.

Next, fifty to seventy-five poles were stuck into the bank and the fishermen would retire to the campfire to eat, smoke, and tell yarns as they awaited results. Every thirty minutes or so we'd "run the lines," taking the fish that were caught and rebaiting hooks that had been successfully raided by the more elusive fish.

I especially enjoyed this type of fishing. My Granddad was an excellent raconteur. He seemed to pull the night about us like a warm blanket as he told tales of his youth and legends of the area. In addition, we'd often hear the dogs of a hunter as they followed a warm scent. More often than not the hunter would see our fire and join us until the dogs' barking announced they'd "treed" their quarry.

We'd stay till 1:30 or 2:00 a.m. Of course, I'd be asleep in my leafy bower by then, but it was a carefree I'd always see Dad or Granddad by the fire if I happened to waken briefly. They'd chide me gently for going to sleep instead of doing my share of hook baiting. I'd demonstrate my remorse by promptly going back to sleep.

The worst part of the expedition was collecting the poles and lugging the fish back to the car, but even so I never turned down an opportunity to be a part (burdensome at times, I'm sure) of one of the fishing trips that only Dad and Granddad could turn into a delicious experience.



Letters . . .

Gentlemen:

When OI failed to arrive by the 20th I accused the postman of holding out until he had read it. He was vehement, saying he didn't even know where Illinois was! Next, I thought you hadn't received my renewal check and was afraid I would miss an issue. At last, OI plopped into the box and all is now well.

Each year we visit southern Illinois, headquartered at Shawneetown. Last summer we tried to find the archaeological site at or near Modoc and Prairie du Rocher. Naturally, the local people knew nothing about it! As evidence that we were there I can show you a photo of me staggering out of the only bar in Modoc.

I wonder if one of your readers can tell me how to reach that site? The directions must be in simple terms as I

am not very bright.

Another question to one of your knowledgeable readers: Is there a way to drive to where the old French stockade was, at the mouth of the Wabash?

On our last visit we passed through Benton and thought about stopping at your depot but accustomed to the quiet, calm freeways around Detroit we just couldn't cope with the traffic in mid-town Benton. We'll try again next time.

Cordially,
Paul Terry
Royal Oak, Mich.

If you fell left out of the tavern, you most likely tumbled almost on the site. It's not far from the village, along the high limestone bluff immediately adjacent to the blacktop and you will recognize it by the brass plaque attached thereto which identifies it.

Can anyone help with the French stockade site?

Dear People:

Thank you for all the pleasure you have given me. May I add an additional "thank you" to Sherry Wempen for her "Letter from the Prairie." It is a lovely article, leaves me with such a quiet peace of mind.

Sincerely,
Mrs. W. L. Dinwiddie
Greenville, IL

Dear "Edioter":

I've just recently been introduced to *Outdoor Illinois* (where have I been?). Do I need to say that I enjoy it tremendously?

I grew up in Madison County; my ancestry is from St. Clair and Monroe counties. Johnson County has entrenched my husband's family. I've enjoyed over three-quarters of our counties (at my young age) and I especially enjoy the southern Ohio River counties.

Living now in Cook County, I miss southern Illinois and OI eases my homesickness. As a new member of the Northwest Suburban Council of Genealogists, I especially enjoy Carol Rademacher's genealogy column. I look forward to many issues of OI.

Is there a history of Monroe County? There's a different Illinois outside of Cook County!

Sincerely,
Mrs. Carol Hight
Mt. Prospect, IL

There are several histories of Monroe County available in most larger libraries, and you might contact Al Hartman or Al Mueller at Waterloo, Illinois to purchase some of the very thorough material they have put together in booklet form on places of interest in Monroe County.

Dear Editor:

I have enjoyed your magazine in the past — had a subscription, but in moving, getting adjusted to new surroundings, etc. did not get around to keeping my copies of OI coming. Am I mad! I missed the one on my ancestors in Coles County. Please hurry and get me back on the mailing list and find the cost of the March 1975 issue included with the amount for a year of OI.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Jane Parker Brown
Genoa, IL

Dear Sir:

I recently saw a copy of your magazine in the Lake-Cook Farm Supply Store and tried to purchase their copy but they would not part with it and I could not blame them, I have been searching a long time for a magazine such as this one. I will be looking forward to my first copy.

Yours very truly,
Thomas A. Rhoades
Schaumburg, IL

You'll find our regular readers to be quick with a hammerlock when you try to sneak a look at OI.

Dear Sir:

I am seeking information that was contained in an article about a Nancy Sutton that was published in 1957. I was told this article was in *Outdoor Illinois*, but since your Volume I, Number 1 was March 1962, this is not possible. Did you ever publish under a different name? Or do you know a magazine about Illinois that was in print in '56 or '57? Would appreciate any help you could give.

Alice Berry
Harrisburg, IL

It was, indeed, in Outdoor Illinois, the November 1967 issue, which is available for \$1. The story, "An Illinois Family," by Lowell A. Dearing mentioned her as the wife of J. B. Choiser.

We have never published under a different name, but you can rest satisfied that we have been called a number of other names.

Dear Sir:

Found your delightful magazine in the waiting room of one of my customers downstate.

Please start my subscription as soon as possible.

Sincerely,
T. B. Wanberg
Evanston, IL

Dere Outdoor Mag:

Wood chu pleeze sind my dyrections tu whar this hear Dere Marquette State Park is.

Yours Trooly,
R. L. Rogers
Oblong, IL

Why yes, it's over in Indiana someplace around St. Meinrad. Lest you feel you have gotten by with a pass, our favorite headline remains: Oblong Boy Marries Normal Girl.

Editor O.I.:

The last four issues of *Outdoor Illinois* have ended with Sherry Wempen's "A Letter from the Prairie," and an appropriate verse to head each one.

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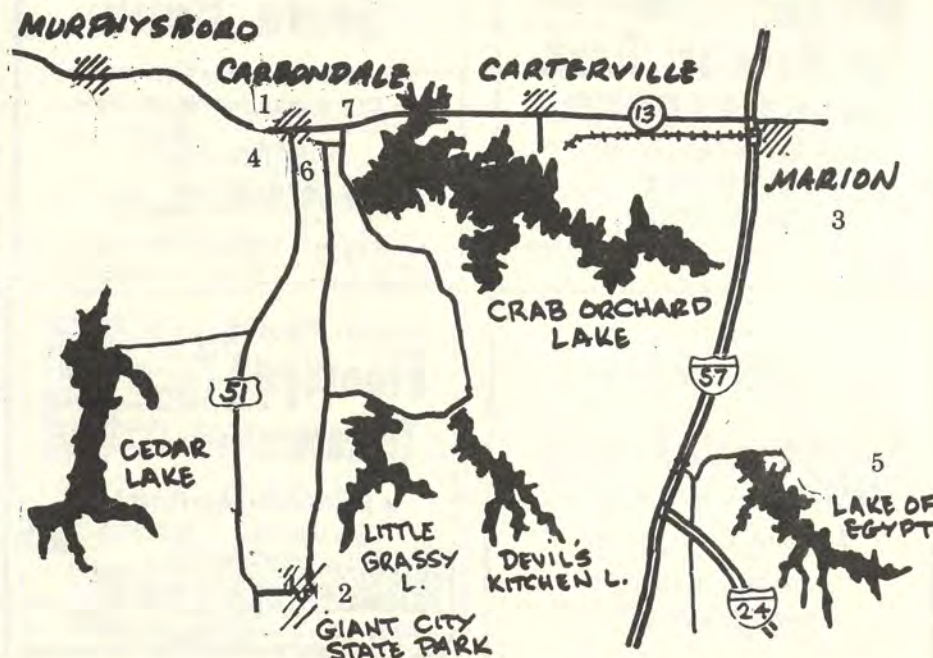
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We're sure we can depend upon your good judgment to continue this feature indefinitely. It's delightful.

The Mavises of Macomb
We agree. Our judgment is good. It's our thinking that goes awry at times.

Gentlemen:

I recently purchased a parcel of ground on the Macoupin-Madison line. Cahokia creek runs through the ground and on a hill overlooking the creek I have come across a number of Indian artifacts, pieces of pottery, arrowheads, etc. The "old-timers" inform me that this was a campground at one time, and I am anxious to find more about it.

Walter Haase, Jr.

Editor, Staunton Star-Times
Staunton, IL

You might check with Chuck Bareis, Illinois Archaeological Survey, 109 Davenport Hall, University of Illinois, Champaign to see if he has the site located from a survey of the area. He might be willing to trade information with you.

Dear Sir,

Thanks so much for reminding me of my expiring subscription. We like *Outdoor Illinois* very much and would not want to be without it.

Sincerely,
Fred Grothoff
Opdyke, IL

You, and the many like you, are the ones who make the magazine. We just keep busy trying to churn out what you ask for.

Gentlemen:

I saw your magazine for the first time this week — "The McHenry County Special Issue." It is so very interesting. I have just retired and am interested in local and state history. Also, I am going to be working on family history. I am sure I may be able to get some help.

Are there any back issues that pertain to Boone County? My grandfather came first to Woodstock (McHenry County) and then settled in Boone

County (Manchester Twp.). So if there are any issues available I would be interested in them.

Thank you,
Sylvia Barber
South Beloit, IL

We haven't done Boone County as yet, but hope springs often if not eternally.

Sir:

The illustration is of O'Conner's Lincoln in front of the State Capitol in Springfield. Writers of several standard texts and references on Illinois should be dismayed that their clan fails to include the information. As a librarian, I am. I might have been searching at school — for someone else.

Luckily (if I'm correct) I am home

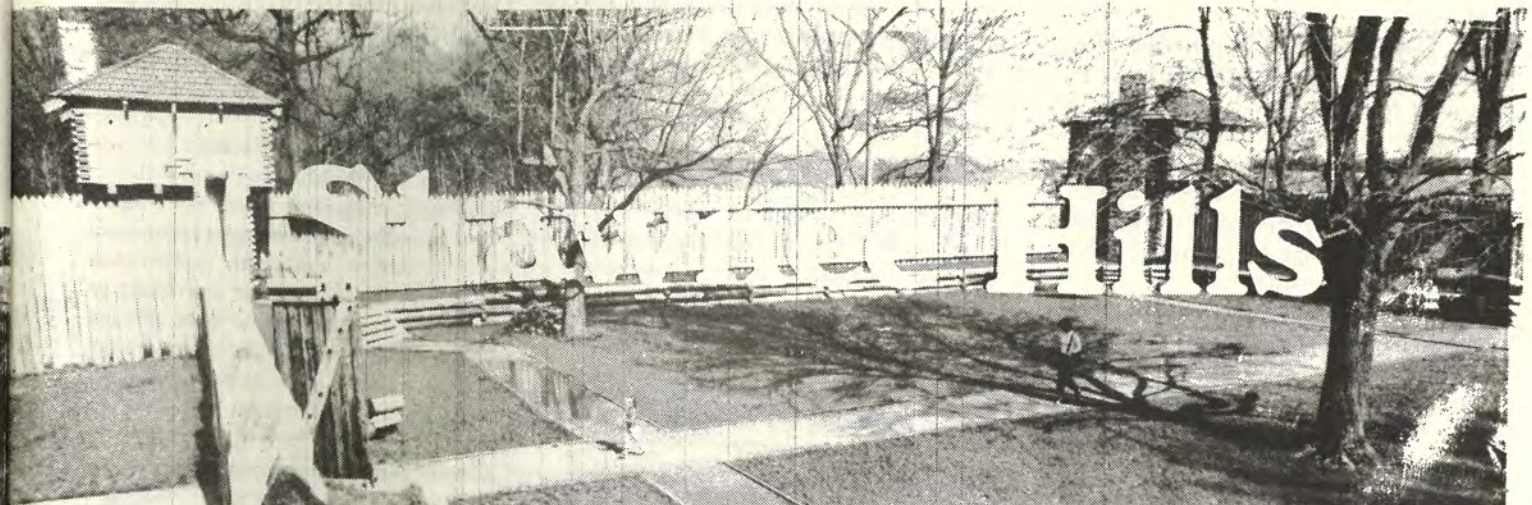
and have finally found the sculptor's name on a postcard.

Robert A. Thomas, Sr.
Sauk Valley College
Dixon, IL

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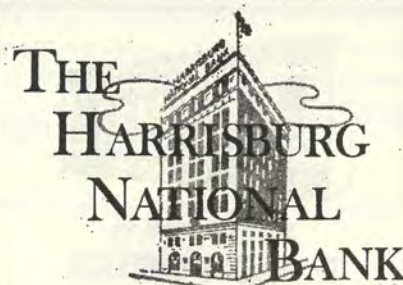
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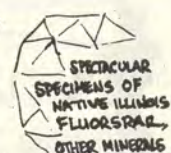
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Gentlemen:

I am returning a copy of the November 1976 issue of your magazine and wish to ask if you would send me in exchange another copy of Illinois Outdoors. The copy I wish in exchange is the one that has a centerfold double page spread about papaws, similar to that in the November issue about mushrooms. Only, I don't know whether it is the October issue, or December! I'll explain:

In late November, while visiting my cousin in Charleston, Illinois for a few days we stopped in to call upon one of her neighbors I had known years ago. While visiting I picked up some copies of the Illinois magazine from the coffee table and in idly leafing through them noticed this article re: papaws, botany and growth of same.

The next day I left by plane from Charleston for Chicago and then back to Albuquerque. After my return home I wrote to my cousin and asked her if she would borrow the magazine from

her neighbor, take it to the local library, make a Xerox copy and send me the xerox about the papaw article, at a total cost of 10c plus postage.

Simply and to the point? Not so! Evidently thinking I might like one of the issues as a gift she sent an order to your office, mailing \$1 and asked you to send me a copy. Presumably, she didn't check which magazine had the papaw article before she ordered it, but only ordered the November issue. She sent me a card saying she had ordered one copy of the magazine. However, I didn't receive the particular magazine until January 25, 1977 at which time I was ill with the flu, so didn't look at it right away.

When I did open the envelope and looked at it I was quite disappointed. And, I didn't want to write to my cousin and tell her she had sent the "wrong" gift but thought I would write to you instead. So, here I am, with my dilemma. How do I get the copy I want?

I only want one copy of Outdoor Illi-

nois containing the double-fold spread with illustrations re: growth and culture of papaws. How can you help me? I'm sorry my wish for that particular article with illustrations has caused such "a tempest in a teapot." I have some seeds which I want to start in flower-pots and later on take them to a friend of mine who lives south of Albuquerque, which place will be quite suitable for their growth, I believe.

I am returning the magazine you sent since it has nothing in it I want; in fact, I didn't even read it, so it isn't even second-hand!

Very truly yours,
(Mrs.) Maud W. Piester
Santa Fe, N.M.

Listen, lady, they ain't never nothing in it. Ever month, no coondog stories! Ever month another editorial conference and ever month the editor overlooks us again. You and me know that if they was a coondog story in that November issue you couldn't have said they wasn't nothing in it you wanted.

Stay with him, lady, maybe we can get a nakid coondog on that centerfold.

*Yore friend,
Superintendent In Charge
of All Maintainance*

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

Quite obviously you misread this lady's letter as you misread many things, such as your obligations to this firm, to name a few.

I have personally sent to her the papaw article which appeared in October 1976. Please desist from taking it upon yourself to answer the mail, a duty not in your job description, and let those of us steeped in courtesy and good will handle the odious task of mollifying readers who have not received satisfac-

tory service from this institution.

I hope you understand what I am saying.

MEMO: Ediotor
FROM: S.I.C.A.M.

You're right, this gal don't like musharoon pickers, either. But you got to admit we will almost break even on her order. Coondog stories wouldn't cause you no trouble. Coon hunters will just roll the magazine up and carry it around with them and never mind the thistles.

Dear Sirs,

The house depicted in the What and Where column of April 01 is the Jarrot Mansion in Cahokia, built 1799-1806.

The date of the photograph I would guess to be c. 1890.

R. G. Ferguson
Urbana, IL

You are correct and were in the three winners whose letters (postcards) arrived in the earliest mail. You win a chance at the oblong ring.

Dear Sirs:

I am willing to guess that the What and Where is that of the Jarrot Mansion on Rt. 157 in Cahokia, right next to the Holy Family Church.

Yours truly,
Bill Schuh
Cahokia, IL

You're another . . . winner.



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FORT CHARTRES

Fort Chartres, France's most expensive fortress in the new world was built originally in 1720 along the rapidly encroaching Mississippi River. It was twice destroyed by floodwaters and in 1753 the present huge stone fort was constructed a half mile from the river. This reconstructed barracks now serves as a museum. This state park includes picnic grounds and a play yard near the huge gate tower. On Route No. 155 near Prairie Du Rocher.

PIERRE MENARD HOME

The early French architecture of this stately old mansion built in 1802 by slave labor was the home of the first Lieutenant Governor of the State of Illinois. It is now maintained by the State of Illinois, and is located just below Ft. Kaskaskia State Park.

KASKASKIA PARK

This beautiful park overlooks the confluence of the Mississippi and Kaskaskia rivers. Here one of Gen. George Rogers Clark's famous expeditions known as the Shawneetown trail ended, and the trail to Vincennes, Indiana began, in the year 1778. Camping sites are available here.

STEELEVILLE LUMBER COMPANY
PHONE 965-3131

Sirs,
I believe that the picture is the Nicholas Jarrot house in Cahokia — the oldest brick building in Illinois.

Sincerely,
Denis Crivello
Elsah, IL

You complete the all-winning triumvirate, whatever that means and even though you might not want to be associated with someone from Urbana.

Dear Sir:

The What and Where picture is the Jarrot Mansion located on East 1st Street in Cahokia, Illinois.

It is generally considered here, in Cahokia, that the building looked like this in the 1860's. A similar picture appears in *Our Own Country* which was published in St. Louis in 1913.

In November 1975 the building was purchased by the Village of Cahokia and preservation work is being done.

If any of your readers have photographs of the interior of the building taken before 1949 they would be helpful to the preservation work.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Wylo Spicer
Cahokia, IL

You were late for the grand prize but the information was good, nevertheless. Can anyone help the village, with old engravings or photographs? Let's hear it for doing the job right.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed find my check for a subscription and for a print.

I would like to comment about Mr. Koenig's letter re the ferries in Illinois. The fallacy in his study is that he used the official State map, which does not list all of the operating ferries.

For example, the most dependable ferry is the one we call "The West Point" ferry between Batchtown, Illinois and Winfield, Missouri. The reason it is the most dependable is because it is right below a dam and the water does not freeze at that point, so it can operate, sometimes every day of the year, while other ferries can offer their service only when the ice is kept broken. The West Point ferry has operated for many years, as well as the Hamburg ferry which is not given on the State map. Only this year has it closed until a buyer can be found.

I also think that the Meyr ferry at Canton, Missouri operates.

Sincerely,
(Rev.) Roy R. Bauer
Hardin, IL

You nailed us pretty good. We have even crossed on the Hamburg ferry from Missouri, on the way to climbing that bluff at the north edge of the village for a truly spectacular view of the Mississippi River and surrounding countryside. And the "West Point" ferry is the one which takes you to the Apple Shed at Batchtown for a great meal if you're stuck across the river in that desert called Missouri.

Dear Editor Dan,

Enclosed is a check for two one-year subscriptions: my renewal and a gift subscription for a couple living outside of the city of Peoria.

I am happy you are creeping north with your articles and features. Maybe one of these days Bureau County will be in the Table of Contents.

Sincerely,
Rev. Harold F. Schmitt
St. Mary's Church
DePue, IL

We know it will be so. But would you mind not using "creeping"? How about "walking upright but slightly stooped?"

Dear Sirs:

We enjoy your magazine very much and wish you would put Clinton County on your list. We have some interesting history in Carlyle.

Since working with the Hunter's Home Museum, I have found lots of very good story material, which I would like to share with you and your readers.

In Carlyle we also have another historical building in addition to the Museum; Sydney Breese's home is here. He was so prominent in early Illinois history and he is buried in Carlyle.

Yours truly,
Eva Ann Schulte
Hunter's Home Museum
Carlyle, IL

... Not just Ned Buntline was a resident of Carlyle for a while, but readers

will be happy to know that Black Jack Slade was a native and rose to great fame out west, assisting travelers on their way by relieving them of their burdens.

our hearts are southern Illinois.

Would like to see more early county histories. Especially around Pope County.

Keep up the good work!
Bill and Wanda Fatheree
Decatur, IL

Dear Sir,

Just a note to let you know we enjoy OI very much. We're natives of Iuka — Marion County. Will retire there in about 11 years. We live in Decatur but

Dear Sir:

I am very much interested in the *Outdoor Illinois Magazine*.

Just off the press

HISTORY OF EARLY CARBONDALE, 1852-1905, by JOHN W. D. WRIGHT
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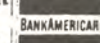
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Our two fourth grades at Moweaqua 6A are attempting to study Illinois for the coming year as a Social Studies topic.

It is hard to try and collect enough material for a year's work. I am hoping your magazine will help. We have about exhausted all the sources we know about.

Would you have any free literature or places to write for more literature? I am glad to see we can get back issues.

We will study early Indians, wars, Abe Lincoln, resources, etc.

Thank you,
Phyllis Mattics
Assumption, IL

The Illinois State Museum has a number of books and pamphlets which would be helpful, and the Illinois State Historical Library has some good material, if you are unfamiliar with it.

The best form you can find us in is our bound volumes, which are indexed and thereby considerably easier to use.



Dear People:

I have borrowed this magazine from a friend for some time, but I always have to return it; and I would like to keep so many of them, so I'm going to get my own subscription.

Thank you for all the pleasure you have given me. May I add an additional "thank you" to Sherry Wempen for her "Letter from the Prairie." It is a lovely article, leaves me with such a quiet peace-of-mind.

Sincerely,
Mrs. W. L. Dinwiddie
Greenville, IL



Dear Sirs,

While visiting in Illinois recently I picked up a copy of the January *Outdoor Illinois*. I have enjoyed reading the magazine articles and wish to subscribe to future issues.

My husband and I are formerly from Illinois, he being born at Vermont and I at Macomb. Our ancestors were farmers in Schuyler and McDonough Counties, so we look forward to obtaining your Geography of Illinois series and the chapters on these two counties.

Very truly yours,
Betty McKee Lybarger
Bellevue, Wash.

We had forgotten that our intrepid Jefferson County associate is busily engaged in putting together a treatise on Schuyler and Brown counties, which will probably run as an entry.

Dear Sirs:

I found your story on the Birger gang very interesting. A friend loaned me the copies and I'm using their coupon to enter my subscription for your magazine.

I have a gun (shotgun) that was supposed to belong to someone in the Birger gang. My dad was supposedly third owner of the gun. In the stock of the gun was a hunting license issued in 1930. I believe he was the man who bought the gun from someone in the Birger gang. (I don't believe he was a gang member). My dad bought it from a man's widow who sold cars in Nashville.

Sincerely,
Wanda Groennert
Nashville, IL

It's amazing the amount of interest that period aroused, and the artifacts that still survive.



Gentlemen:

Enclosed is my check. This is an addiction I don't want to give up — coffee, sugar, etc. I can do without. They only make me fat.



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When will you come out with a history of Washington County — or Hamilton County, or Wayne County — or Franklin!

Sincerely,
Mrs. Evelyn N. Dalenberg
South Holland, IL

Hamilton County is in the works, as are Du Page, Richland, and Coles. We aren't going to bet on when each will appear, however. Franklin and Washington are a little further back on the stove. As is Wayne. And Schuyler-Brown.



Dear Editor,

As granddaughter of S. H. West, was most interested in April issue regarding J. S. Crumbaugh and LeRoy Spiritualist Church. Found the article well written and factual.

However, I want to correct one statement of the author. On page 198 of *Life and Times of S. H. West*, the following quote: "So, that within two years from the time this property was offered to me at a low price it was worth millions of dollars. [Sour Lake near Beaumont]. This was one of the times that I had a narrow escape from becoming a

rich man."

The gold mine ventures were never successful, but his love of nature and his adventurous spirit gave him great pleasure. The land in McLean County was the basis of material gains.

Sincerely,
Martha McCulloch
Bloomington, IL

We compliment you on your choice of a grandfather. His attitude struck favor with us.



Dear Sir,

During the Great Depression I worked for the National Park Service and handled some 17,000 men and boys in the CCC camps. My territory was all of the Great Lake states west of Ohio and in addition the state of Missouri and parts of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

This story about Pere Marquette is extremely interesting and we had many experiences in developing that huge area. I had two CCC Camps on the project, both of them being composed of veterans who also worked very closely with the publisher of the paper and



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BOOKS

Twenty Illinoisans told Bob Hastings what
it was like to be a Baptist from 1907 to
1976, and he put their stories together in
a new book, "We Were There." Similar
in style to his award-winning book, "A
Nickel's Worth of Skim Milk." Robert
Howard says, "This is more than a book

Calendar of Illinois Events

Compiled by the Illinois Division of Tourism

May

- 1-31 **Chicago**—"America's Inventive Genius," Mus. of Sci. & Ind. (Thru Dec.)
Chicago—"The Antiquarian Society: The First 100 Years," Art Institute. (Thru June 19)
Chicago—"The ArchiCenter," architectural tour & exhibit ctr., 111 S. Dearborn. (Thru Dec.)
Chicago—"Illinois: Land of Innovation," Mus. of Sci. & Ind. (Thru Dec.)
Chicago—"The Magic of Egyptian Art," Oriental Institute. (Thru Aug. 15)
Chicago—"Treasures of Tutankhamun," Field Mus. of Nat. Hist. (Thru Aug. 15)
Cook County—Northwest Sub. H.S. Arts Festival, throughout District #214 High Schools.
Decatur—Traveling Art Exhibits, Kirkland Fine Arts Ctr. Gallery, Millikin Univ. (Thru Sept.)
Freeport—Fine Arts Festival, Highland Coll. Campus.
Galena—Legitimate Theatre, Historical Slideshows, Classical Movies & Art Gallery, Gallery Playhouse Theatre. (1-10 p.m.) (Thru Oct.)
Macomb—"Watercolors"/Omer Seaman, Univ. Union Galleries, WIU.
Mt. Vernon—Three Artists Photo Exhibit, Mitchell Mus. (1-5 p.m.) (Thru June 5)
Peoria—"Illusion in Nature & Art" Exhibit, Lakeview Ctr. for the Arts & Sciences Bldg. (Thru June 5)
Springfield—Richard Hunt Sculpture, Ill. State Mus. Art Galleries. (Thru June 5)
1-15 **Champaign**—"Grass Roots Preservation" Exhibition, Champaign Co. Hist. Mus.
Chicago—"Androcles & the Lion," Goodman Theatre.
Chicago—Kinetic Art Exhibit, Mus. of Sci. & Ind.
14-31 **Peoria**—Verne Funk Ceramics, Peoria Art Guild. (Thru June 11)
15 **Amboy**—Antique Show & Flea Market, 4-H Fairgrds. (9-5 p.m.)
Bloomington—American Passion Play, Scottish Rite Temple. (2 p.m.)
Chicago—Coll. Chorus Spring Concert, Aud., Mundelein Coll. (7:30 p.m.)
Danville—Symphony Ball, Danville Jr. Coll. (9 p.m.)
Decatur—"Pops Concert" w/Dave Brubeck & Sons, Kirkland Fine Arts Ctr., Millikin Univ. (8 p.m.)
Elgin—Elgin Choral Union, Hemmen's Mem. Bldg. (3:30 p.m.)
Granite City—House Tour, begin at 2250 Cleveland Blvd.
Macomb—Western Chamber Ensemble, Univ. Union, Sandburg Theatre, WIU. (8 p.m.)
Oak Park—"Art in the Park," Mills Pk., Home & Pleasant. (12-6 p.m.)
Rockford—"Mother's Day Brunch," Jenny's, 1313 E. State. (11-1:30 p.m.)
Shelbyville—Ill. Oldtime Fiddlers Assn. Jam Session, Shelby Co. 4-H Bldg. (2-8 p.m.)
Vandalia—Horse Show, Okaw Saddle Club, Rt. 185 No. (2 p.m.)
16-20 **Macomb**—Art Exhibit: Harold Gregor/An Installation Piece, Browne Hall 200, WIU.
18 **Macomb**—Horn Ensemble Concert, Browne Hall Aud., WIU. (8 p.m.)
Rock Island—Symphony Orch. Concert, Centennial Hall, Augustana Coll. (8 p.m.)
19 **Macomb**—Vocal Honors Concert, Browne Hall Aud., WIU. (8 p.m.)
19-20 **Jacksonville**—"The Devil's Disciple," Ames Woodland Stage, Ill. Coll. (9 p.m.)
19-21 **Decatur**—"Finishing Touches," MacArthur H.S. Aud. (8 p.m.)
Elgin—Arts & Crafts Exhibit, downtown Elgin Mall.
19-22 **Galesburg**—"No Man's Land" (Harold Pinter play), Harback Theatre, Knox Coll. (8 p.m.)
19-28 **Chicago**—"Fear Strikes Out," Body Politic Theater. (8 p.m.)

- 20-22 **Springfield**—"No Sex Please, We're British" (comedy), Springfield Theatre Guild. (8:30 p.m.; Sun: 7:30 p.m.)
21-31 **Elsah**—Art Exhibit & Sale/Glenn Felch, Village Hall. (Thru June 4)
22 **Greenup**—Genealogical Society's Open House, Municipal Bldg. (1-5 p.m.)
Park Forest—So. Sub. Symphony Concert, Freedom Hall, Nathan Manilow Theatre. (7:30 p.m.)
Peotone—Antique Show, Will Co. Fairgrds. (9-5 p.m.)
Ruma—Strawberry Festival, St. Patrick's Hall. (1-6 p.m.)
Skokie—Skokie Valley Symphony Orch. Concert, Niles West H.S. Aud. (7:30 p.m.)
Utica—Land Cruise (1:30 p.m.) & Anniversary Reception (5:30 p.m.), LaSalle Co. Hist. Mus.
25 **Evanston**—Camerata Society of Chicago, Weinstein Ctr. for Perf. Arts. (8:15 p.m.)
26-27 **Edwardsville**—Verdi's "Requiem," Comm. Bldg. Theater, SIUE. (8:15 p.m.)
26-28 **Springfield**—"No Sex Please, We're British" (comedy), Springfield Theatre Guild. (8:30 p.m.; Sun: 7:30 p.m.)
26-30 **Chillicothe**—"Rescue 33 days," City Park, downtown. (Parade, Sat.)
27-28 **Wheaton**—"Sunshine Boys" (play), Edison Jr. H.S. (8:30 p.m.)
27-29 **Peoria**—"Arts Weekend" (theatre, dance, arts & crafts), downtown. (11-8 p.m.)
28 **Elmhurst**—"Rock & Fossil Collecting" (slide/lecture), Lizzadro Mus. of Lapidary Art. (2 p.m.)
Evanston—Spring Carnival & Playday, Chandler Pk., Lincoln St. near Ridge. (1-5 p.m.)
Hennepin—Square Dance/Hank Lingenfelter, caller, Hennepin Pool. (8-11 p.m.)
New Berlin—Annual Dog Show, Sangamon Co. Fairgrds. (8-6 p.m.)
Quincy—Statler Bros., T. G. Shepard & Margo Smith, Quincy Jr. H.S. Aud. (5-9:30 p.m.)
Rock Island—Augustana Coll. Choir Concert, Centennial Hall, Augustana Coll. (8:30 p.m.)
Shelbyville—Mid-America Bass Tournament, Lithia Springs Marina.
West Chicago—"Night of Harmony," Comm. H.S. (8 p.m.)
28-29 **Arcola**—Railsplitting Days, Rockome Gardens. (10-5 p.m.)
Lombard—Tall Beared Iris Show, Yorktown Shopping Ctr. (11-5 p.m.)
Woodstock—Springfest, Woodstock City Pk. (11-11 p.m.)
28-30 **Goodfield**—Flea Market, Timberline Campgrd. Rec. Hall. (10 a.m.)
28-31 **Freeport**—"Theodosia Park Breed Retrospective," Freeport Art Mus. (Thru June 24)

Springfield—"Sound & Light Program," Old State Capitol, South Mall. Voices, sound effects and music bring back the age of Lincoln, Grant and Douglas during this nightly electronic extravaganza which re-creates the political arena of 19th-Century Illinois. Held nightly at 9 p.m., weather permitting, at the restored Old State Capitol Building. (Thru Sept. 10)

29 **Chicago**—Chicago Chamber Orch. Lagoon Concert, Mus. of Sci. & Ind., South Portico, outside. (3:30 p.m.)
Elgin—German American Summer Festival, Hemmen's Mem. Bldg. (1-4 p.m.)
Peoria—Dog Show, Expo Gardens.
29-30 **St. Augustine**—Horse Show, Indian Point Campgrd. (Noon)
Decatur—Summer Nat'l Boat Race — Inboard, Lake Decatur, Basin 2. (Noon-4:30 p.m.)
Sepo/Waterford—"Memorial Day near the Spoon," So. entry to Spoon River Drive, near Dickson Mounds. Pioneer events & flea market. (9-5 p.m.)
30 **Forest Park**—Memorial Day Celebration, Madison St. (12:30 p.m.)
London Mills—Memorial Day Celebration & Parade, Park & Ross Hotel-Museum. (10-4 p.m.)
Monticello—World Championship Oldtime Piano Playing Contest, Monticello & Sangamon Valley Railway Mus. (1 p.m.)
Rockford—Late Model Stock Car Championship. Road-runners, Rockford Speedway. (8 p.m.)
31 **Pontiac**—Jaycee's Carnival, Vermillion Plaza. (Thru June 4)

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ANNOUNCING publication of "Ghost Towns of Southern Illinois," by Glenn J.



By Sherry Wempen

A Letter from the Prairie

MAY

Just when we think the showers,
Just when we think the chill
Will never depart, the flowers
Cover the meadow and hill.

AS I MOW in May, the heady fragrance of blooming apple trees fills the air. If I were a bee, I'd wallow in that scent and fall into a state of ecstasy. One of our trees has only a few scattered blooms, but it bends its branches down just as low as the others anticipating heavy fruit.

I see and hear we have a woodpecker! And the friendly little wrens are back cascading cheery notes like musical waterfalls. A dove tries to build a nest in the fork of the maple tree by the kitchen windows. He seems to think a few carelessly placed bits of straw and sticks constitute an adequate nest.

Oriental poppies flower overnight. Tight green buds on fuzzy, crooked stems open into huge sun-colored flounces of silk organza. Their centers resemble straw flowers surrounded by smoke ring. A poppy is super-beautiful, but it doesn't last long and you have to be quick to look or you'll miss it.

About the 15th, we see lightning bugs...at twilight the yard twinkles with a vigorous new generation of chartreuse sparklers. Flying low, they bespangle the lawn with a showy display of intermittent flashing.

A spring rainbow is another spirit-lifter. After a storm when the sun comes out — late in the afternoon, and there still is a small shower of rain, the great prismatic arc appears. It begins with rose-peach, then comes pale yellow, light turquoise, sapphire blue. It ends with violet. The area inside the semicircle is luminous grey, while the outer sky is steel blue. We watch it with bated breath.

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Like, when we have a story on the famous old Goshen Road from Shawneetown to Edwardsville, we want an illustration to show the historic trail at its zenith. So why not David H. Burr's map of Illinois of the 1830's showing the four-horse mail post coach roads, the two-horse mail stage roads, the one-horse mail or sulkey roads, the crossroads, and the distance between towns and stage stops.

Where else are you going to get that kind of information nowadays if you don't use David Burr's map? Or, excuse me, if *we* don't use his map to illustrate Tales Along the Historic Goshen Road in *Outdoor Illinois Magazine*?

Nowhere, that's where!

And it's the same with everything else we do in the pages of *Outdoor Illinois* as we bring to our readers the *people* and *places* and *times* and *things* which have made—and will continue to make—Illinois different.

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. . . .

Places like Lusk Creek Canyon and Kincaid Mounds and Nauvoo and Galena and Maramech Hill and Prairie Albion and Zion and Creal Springs and the Koster Site and Jubilee College and Bishop Hill . . .

Times like the Pennsylvanian period, 400 million years ago, when bituminous coal was beginning its long process of formation with the decaying vegetation in the widespread swamp forests which covered much of Illinois or times like the Middle Woodland when skilled Indian artisans were turning out marvelously shaped and smoothed effigies and statuary. . . .

Things like the New Madrid earthquake and wild Illinois orchids and early trails in Illinois and lists of the biggest trees in Illinois and where to find them and how to create a wildflower garden under glass and U-Boats on the prairie and the Great Sauk Trail . . .

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.

That's *Outdoor Illinois Magazine*.

If you have read this far, then we know you are like the growing number of people who find *Outdoor Illinois* "my favorite magazine." And we want to number you among them.

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- ☐ Enclosed is my check for \$8.50 for one-year subscription.
- ☐ Enclosed is my check for \$9.50 for one-year subscription AND a 18" x 25" copy of David H. Burr's handsome 1830's map of Illinois, (suitable for framing), so I can be up-to-date.
- ☐ Enclosed is my check for \$2.50 for map only.

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