

# MOROCCO TIMES

“When tongue and pen alike are free; Safe from all foes dwells Liberty” Tom Gundy

## Around Town

Dave Hensel underwent a triple by-pass and is now home recovering. He stood the seven hour operation very well and looks forward to a brighter new year.

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Donna Rush is home recuperating from a severe case of bronchitis.

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The youth service and the Christmas Cantata at the United Methodist Church went off without a hitch the Sunday before Christmas. The events had been cancelled because of inclement weather and were incorporated into the Sunday worship service. A number of the singers were absent due to illness.

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It seems that the Christmas decorations become more numerous and clever each year. Andy Andersons always have a new addition to their elaborate display. And did you notice the Santa on the northwest corner of George and Pearl Schanlaub’s home. He could hardly get up the chimney because of the dog who grabbed onto his pants.

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Santa’s Chefs had their annual Christmas dinner with all the fixings at the Fire House for those who were alone and sought the fellowship of the community. They also delivered over 185 meals to shut-ins and senior citizens. They, with the help of concerned citizens cooked 26 turkeys to fill the orders.

Ye Editor sat next to Wiladene Camblin and caught up on news of her family. On the other side were Wayne and Louise Holley, and across the table were Ernie and Edwina Merriman. We all had a nice visit and it was the first time that I had met Edwina, even though we both had lived in an around

Morocco for a long time. Seems we both share an interest in the Southwest and turquoise jewelry.

Spotted among the guests were Vic and Betty Carlson, Marvin and Helen Miller, Merlin Woods, Grant and Tina Christenson, and among Santa’s helpers were Connie Sell, Mary K. Emmrich, Dave and Deb Clements, and many others unknown to me by name, but whose faces I recognized.

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Calvin and Cleva Whaley’s grandson, Nat Hyde, son of daughter, Laura, home from his tour of duty was seen at Greenfields visiting with his grandparents and George and Pearl Schanlaub..

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Bill Lone underwent a five hour surgery in Lafayette at the Home Hospital to fuse three discs in his lower spine, the disc pads having disintegrated and resulted in pain every time he moved. He was transferred from the Home Hospital in Lafayette to George Ade to fulfill insurance requirements, but had to be evacuated to Jasper County Hospital due to the flood waters.

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Juanita Sellars fell and broke her leg below the hip as she and daughter, Peg Lindlow, were leaving to join Dave in Florida. She underwent surgery and they have repaired the leg. She is doing well. Dave has returned and plans to go back to the job. His office is in Sherrillville where two of his sons work for him. They do repair work on large storage tanks and other large equipment and their business comes from as far away as Minnesota and Alabama.

A new Assistant for the Utilities Department is now on the job. Her name is Ms. Pass. The newly formatted water bills came out recently;

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Gerald Born, Editor and Publisher

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and they are an improvement over the old bills. Every charge is detailed in plain English (no acronyms) and it is easy to see at a glance where the money is going. It appears that there still is a minimum charge for water usage. It is not clear with the new meters whether this may change and the water bills will be based on actual usage, but the bill is much easier to understand than in the past.

Steve Gibson Jr. has been contracted till the end of January to fill the vacancy created when Brian Runyon resigned his job as Town Marshall. Gibson will be considered for a permanent position when the Town Board starts the hiring process. In the meantime it is reassuring having him patrol the streets.

## Morocco Cooks

(The *Morocco Times* has asked Jan Yoder to be a regular contributor to the paper. Jan loves to cook and is dedicated to preparing good food. Unless specified otherwise, the recipes appearing in this column are ones she has discovered and are worth repeating)

### Lemon Butter Snowbars

Crust: ½ cup (1 stick) butter, softened  
1 1/3 cups. flour  
¼ cup. sugar.

Mix with a fork and press into an 8” square baking pan and bake at 350 degrees 15-20 minutes until light brown on edges.

Filling: 2 eggs

¾ cups sugar  
2 tablespoons flour  
¼ teaspoon  
on baking powder  
3 tablespoons fresh lemon juice  
(or Real Lemon)

Wish together and pour over crust. Bake again at 350 degrees for 18-20 minutes till set. Sprinkle with confectioner’s sugar, cool and enjoy.

Jan brought these to the Tea Room and everyone agreed that they were simply delicious. The recipe comes from a cookbook given to her by one of her best friends and has become a signature for her as her sons ask for them often.

### Yummy Meatballs

1 bag of frozen meatballs  
1 can of cranberry sauce  
1 can of chili sauce  
½ cup of brown sugar  
1 can of water  
1 can of sour kraut

Mix together and cook in a crock pot four to six hours. They can be an appetizer or served as a main course. These were served at a Bible Study group in Kentland and Jan took the liberty of changing their name as they are yummy and are, oh, so easy.

### Thin Swedish Pancakes

(This recipe was shared with my mother by Byron Sandberg’s mother, as my brother, Gordon Born used to be a frequent visitor at their farm home and would rave about Mrs. Sandberg’s pancakes. Ed.)

5 eggs  
¾ cup of flour  
2 cups of milk  
1 t. of sugar

Whisk eggs until golden, add milk and flour and sugar and blend. The batter will be very thin, and should cover the bottom of a very hot skillet. Swirl around until whole bottom is covered, about ¼ cup at a time. Cook until

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small bubble form, turn and cook 2 or 3 minutes longer. Remove to a warm plate, coat with butter. Serve with warm maple syrup or strawberries or fresh fruit in season.

## Happenings

On Saturday, December 15<sup>th</sup> a number of children gathered at the T & C Tea Room to meet Santa Claus and tell him of their Christmas wishes. About 35 children had their picture taken with Santa, who bore a strong resemblance to Steve Blann, but we all know it was Santa himself.

On Friday, December 21<sup>st</sup> Brenda Edison and Wendy Morgan, Margaret Protsman’s caregivers, gifted her with a delicious meal for her Christmas present, and invited some of her friends to share in the bounty. Ye Editor was among the guests, as were Joan Triplett and Georgia Johnson. Carrie Evelyn Linduska was unable to attend, but sent her greetings.

Later on the same day, Ye Editor escorted Margaret to the T & C Tea Room to hear the special music that had been arranged for the day. Diana Elijah gave a special reading on the ritual of tea followed by a Christmas song that was new to many of us. Neil Riley played the trumpet in a Christmas rendition. Everyone assembled then joined in singing Christmas carols. And of course tea was served with Christmas cookies. Traditions are good.

### Morocco Main Street

As reported last month the Morocco Main Street Committee met and as an activity listed the adjectives that they though best described their town, their main street, and their

commerce. The results were interesting and the survey was distributed with the last Morocco Times to see what our readers might add to our list which was divided into positive and negative comments about our town. We only got a 2% return, which is about average for any survey (seems that our readers hate them as much as we do). We added to our survey goods and services and government, just to make it more interesting.

Here are the results:

Adjectives that describe the town of Morocco--positive and negative.

<b>Positive</b>	<b>Negative</b>
1. Friendly	1. Desolate
2. Safe	2. Run Down
3. Clean	3. Outdated
4. Colorful Park	4. Low Income
5. Quaint	5. Struggling
6. Peaceful	6. Sparse
7. Historic	7. Empty Bldgs
8. Sense of Community	8. Old
9. Small	9. No Signs
10. Quiet	10. Rough Streets
11. A Gem	11. Depressed
12. Ready to help	12. Backward
13. Great Library	13. Boring
14. Nice Churches	14.No Activities
15. Many parks	15. Drab
16. Convenient	16. Inconsistent
17. Potential	17. Dying

### Downtown

1. Potential	1. Sloppy
2. Hopeful	2. Empty
3. Centrally located	3. Boring
4. Possibilities	4.Dreary
5. Compact	5. Unkempt
6. Parking O.K.	6. Uninteresting
7. Improving	7. Desolate
8. Historic	8. Dingy
9. Familiar	9. Not unified

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- 10.Clean
- 11.
- 12.
- 13.

- 10. Unattractive
- 11. Run Down
- 12. Vacant
- 13. Outdated

### Government

- 1. Efficient
- 2. School orientated
- 3. Concerned
- 4. Informed
- 5. Involved
- 6. Knowledgeable
- 7. Political
- 8. Aggressive
- 9. Action oriented
- 10. Have the good of town at heart
- 1. Secretive
- 2. Arrogant
- 3. Unconcerned
- 4. Aloof
- 5. Need better communications
- 6. Too political
- 7. Too pushy
- 8. Too timid
- 9. Too school oriented

### Commerce

- 1. Basics
- 2. Friendly
- 3. Determined
- 4. Convenient
- 5. Helpful
- 6.What we have is great
- 7.Well Rounded
- 8. Desire to improve
- 9.Optimistic
- 10. Good restaurants
- 11. Good gas stations
- 12. Good grocery store

- 1. Small
- 2. Outdated
- 3. Struggling
- 4. No Variety
- 5.Unmotivated
- 6.Lacsidaisical
- 7. Unsupported
- 8. Frugal
- 9. Other towns  
Have more
- 10.No Dime Store
- 11. No Dollar St.
- 12.No Fast Food

So there you have it. The results of a very informal survey, not scientifically constructed and the results are just what they are--opinions of the reader. We draw no conclusions and leave that to our readers. Now don't you wish you had gotten your two cents included..

### Goods

- 1.Basics
- 2.Good quality
- 3. Fair prices
- 4. Friendly Service
- 5. Much available  
From resale
- 1. Not much available
- 2. Under stock Shelves
- 3. Unimaginative
- 4 Lack of variety
- 5. Uncompetitive
- 6 Rely on Internet

### Services

- 1.Good garbage pickup
- 2.Good street cleaning
- 3.Good ideas( rails & trails)
- 4. Good roofing
- 5. Good construction
- 6. Good transportation for Seniors
- 7. Council on Aging provides good services
- 8. Good police protection
- 9. Good fire protection
- 10. Swimming pool for kids
- 11. Skate Park a plus
- 12. Good furniture repair
- 1. Limited electric
- 2. Limited medical
- 3. Limited plumbing
- 4. Limited mechanical
- 5. Services overpriced
- 6. Needs a curfew
- 7.More policing
- 8. More services
- 9. Greater variety

### Neighborhood Watch

A large crowd gathered at the Morocco Library on January 18<sup>th</sup> for the organizational meeting of Neighborhood Watch, chaired by Jill Mullikin, aka Jill Hood, who is in the process of having her maiden name of Mullikin restored. She and several concerned citizens had initiated the effort when incidents of vandalism and theft occurred in their neighborhood.

The featured speaker, Judge Jerry Leach, had sent word that he might be having a party for his mother, and could not commit to the planned date.

Those around the table, Jill Mullikin, and her companion, Scott Deneau, Doc Schanlaub, Assistant Newton County Auditor, Danielle McCann (Mrs. Nicholas), Joy McCann, Jason Cornell, Steve Gibson, Acting Marshall, and Officer Bill Perry, Jeff Hayles and his wife Sonya.

Also in attendance were: Bobby Gonczy,

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Randy Decker, Mike Carden, Steve Brandt, Roger and Mary K. Emmrich, Rev. Angel La Torres, Bob and Mary Steele, and Gerald Born Mullikin had prepared handouts. One was a listing of the scanner frequencies for many Newton County agencies. It is a good way to keep abreast of happenings in the county.

Another dealt with the duties of block captains. A list of recommended activities included suggestions to keep Neighborhood Watch vital including developing a system to distribute information, meeting socially a few times a year, encouraging neighbors to alert you to any criminal activity, and to report from a place of safety.

The Block Captain has no law enforcement authority, but can facilitate effective crime prevention.

When you report a potential crime write down: what happened, when it happened, where it occurred (note nearest cross street, home address, or landmark in relation to the event), whether injuries are involved, and whether weapons were observed.

When describing vehicles, write down, license number and state, make of vehicle, color, and approximate age, and the direction it traveled.

Mullikin also said that utility lights are a good deterrent and are available for \$7.99 a month from NIPSCO. They only need the pole number where it is to be installed.

Officer Perry told of the Neighborhood Watch that exists in the northern part of the county and extends from Sumava Resorts to Lake Village to Blue Grass down to Mt. Ayr and it has been quite effective. It was reported that Lake Village has 17 Block Captains and they each report to the President, who in turn is the contact for the State Police. Some 67 people attended the meetings.

Morocco is different in that it has a Town

Marshall. Reports from the Block Captains would go to Gibson. A question arose as to what would happen if the Marshall were unavailable or on vacation. It was suggested that he has the power to deputize and that in case of an extended absence or vacation a deputy could be in charge.

A map of Morocco was passed around and each person there indicated with a high lite dot where they lived in order to see how the town might be divided and how many Block Captains might be needed. It was suggested that the town was already divided into four Wards with the intersection of State Street and Main Street defining the four quarters.

The next step would be to elect positions, President, Vice President, Treasurer, Secretary and Block Captains.

Gonczy suggested that since it appears that the problems seem to be in one locality that it might not be necessary to have a full blown organization, but to start out with one ward, and use the Ward Rep as the contact person. Mullikin said that that had been done, that their Ward Rep, Marlene Taden, had taken the matter to the town board and that no action had ensued.

There seemed to be general agreement that the present system was not working in regard to juveniles. Decker and Gonczy reported that they had actually caught some of the offenders, but that the legal system released them without any punishment.

Doc Schanlaub said that he had to sleep on a couch in his living room due to the disturbances of teens wandering the streets late at night in his neighborhood and that was his only alternative to make sure nothing would be damaged or stolen.

Since the town of Morocco is incorporated, it can make its own ordinances. Many at the meeting thought having an enforceable curfew

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would be helpful. Brook’s curfew was discussed. It provides that teens not be in public places after 10:30. It does not apply if they are accompanied by a parent or guardian or are going to lawful employment, religious functions, etc.

Questions and comments were heard from those in attendance. Rev. Angel La Torres, who lives in the yellow house at Walnut and Polk streets stated that he hoped the Neighborhood Watch would be organized and that a directory be prepared on where to go to have services performed, like getting street lights replaced.

It was suggested by a number of those present that Judge Leach’s presence be requested again and that it be at his pleasure as to date and time. D. McCann said it would be a courtesy to prepare questions ahead of time, so the judge would know what he needed to address.

One of the group said they did not know that Ward Representatives existed, or how they functioned. Those present were urged to attend the Town Board meetings to observe how town government works. Being courteous in what you say and do was stressed.

## Features

### **The Swede Community**

By Bryon Sandberg

(The Swede Community has been an integral part of Morocco, even though for the most part it was located in Illinois, just over the State Line. They came to Morocco to shop, to go to school and to marry, and many residents of the town can claim Swedish ancestry.

Byron Sandberg captures much of the old culture in the following article.)

### **The Old Swede Culture**

“My grandfather, Charles Swanson, won the John Grant award for frugality and industry. Mr. Grant loaned grandfather the high risk part of the loan for his farm, the part the bank wouldn’t cover. Mr. Grant figured grandfather was a good risk because he had seen him move up the ladder from one tenant farm to another and because grandfather was an immigrant from Smoland, Sweden, like himself. Those not frugal and industrious in Smoland risked death from starvation. It bothered my aunts that Mr. Grant came over regularly to make sure that his investment was not being dissipated by high or slothful living. He was not disappointed. The first thing grandfather did was to take out the windmill powered water system and replace it with a bucket on a stool. It was a good decision because it saved repair money and the bucket doubled as the fire extinguisher when the Christmas tree caught fire from the candles.

“Grandfather and Uncle Ernest farmed 340 acres while they were paying for the farm. I don’t see how they did it. The equipment was still around when I was a boy, two bottom gang plow, one bottom sulky plow, one row cultivators, etc.

“Aunt Etta and Olga were good cooks. There was never any shortage of food and it didn’t cost any money. All they needed was the garden plowed and chicken feed. What the garden didn’t raise, they traded eggs for on Saturday night. The Swedes all went to Morocco on Saturday night so they could save time and gas by getting the news, doing their visiting and trading all at once.

The latest news came over the party line. Elida Johnson had two phones so she could rubber on both the Indiana and Illinois Swedes. With all the latest news, Elida was a very important lady in the Swede community. Everybody had their own personal ring on the

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party line that they generated by cranking the phone. That saved the telephone batteries. Six shorts was the emergency ring and then everybody could talk. For all other rings, the proper etiquette was to hold the hand over the phone so the talking parties could not hear your breathing or otherwise know you were listening. I used to click the phone like I had hung up and then count the other parties hanging up. It was kind of a popularity poll.

“An Irish American couldn’t understand why the Old Swedes kept threshing oats after others started using combines. If he had complained to an Old Swede about that, he would have discovered that: “Your Time Is Not Worth Anything” Considering this fact, it is not logical that they also valued work efficiency. If you did not hold the hammer efficiently at the end of the handle, you were told that, “You Hammer Like an Old Lady”. Putting this together, I come up with two different theories of Old Swede farming: (1) Hand work is higher quality than machine work and quality is more important than cost and efficiency. (2) Inefficient work is superior to efficient work when there is not enough work to keep everyone out of mischief and from spending money. Both theories explain why my father would pick all the corn he could by hand before he would let me use the tractor corn picker at Thanksgiving school vacation.

“My aunts started me out in my work life mowing lawns with a push mower and weeding gardens for a dollar a day. Then they taught me to put most of the money into savings instead of squandering it on ice cream cones. It is a shame that more of this Old Swede culture did not rub off on the grandson who went into politics and drives a Mercedes Benz. This grandson had a buddy who was awarded a million dollar grant for producing just 300 votes. Grandfather would have a

tough time understanding that.

“The Old Swede culture died because they were mostly brothers and sisters living together. One of these old bachelors warned me women were starting to get divorces that cost money. They probably also figured out that even the Old Swede women complained after they got married. My aunts never complained, but my mother sure did and I was told my grandmother did as well. It was so peaceful at my aunts’ house.

## World War II Stories

Recently Dave Carlson and his sister-in-law, Joan Carlson, paid a visit to Ye Editor. After taking them on the “grand tour” of my new digs and shop, we sat and discussed many things, since Dave has been a moving force in the revitalization of his adopted town, Manistee, Michigan.

They faced some of the same problems Morocco is now struggling with and they have been successful in turning the city of 5,000 around. They have a few assets that Morocco does not possess, like having Lake Michigan at their doorstep and a large industry like Morton Salt located there. Yet, we share some of the same problems.

Conversation turned to the alarming rate we are losing our veterans and the stories that they have to tell. It is estimated that we are losing about 2,000 per day. The Manistee Advocate has been having a series of remembrances written by World War II Veterans and they are published two times a week in their daily paper.

Dave promised to send some examples when he returned home and Joan brought the copies to the Tea Room. They have made fascinating reading and we have many veterans who served during World War II and I am sure they have

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interesting stories to tell.

I approached Vic Carlson, Dave’s brother, and he has already written his. I will publish it in installments, and encourage others to write their memories. So here is Victor E. Carlson’s story, exactly as he wrote it in April, 1988.

## **World War II; As It Happened To Me Introduction**

“I am positive my wife and family feel they have been burdened over the years with many of my World War II stories. I am sure they became somewhat repetitious over the years and I must face the fact that almost a half century has passed since I took part in that war.

“However, several years ago my wife did remark to me, “Why don’t you write some of your WWII experiences for your grandchildren to enjoy?” I doubt if she really thought I ever would, but I shall endeavor to relate experiences I recall about my part in that global war.

“I was seventeen years of age and a senior in high school when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. The United State immediately declared war on the Japanese Empire and shortly we were at war with Germany and the axis powers as well.

“I had less than one year of high school to complete at which time I would be eighteen years of age which was the minimum draft age. I reasoned that in all probability I would spend some time in the military, but now that the U.S. was fully committed to the war effort, I was of the opinion that the war would be concluded before I could be trained and become a participant. I was wrong as events happened because I was destined to spend almost three years in the service and reach almost twenty-two years of age before I could resume civilian life.

“After graduating from high school in 1942, during the summer and fall I worked at various jobs such as section gang laborer on the railroad, construction work in East Chicago, carpenter work in Morocco and also farm work. I received my call for the military in January, 1943, but had to request a short deferment because my father had broken both bones in one wrist while cranking a gasoline engine and he was unable to care for the livestock and farm for several months.

“There are a few instances of profanity expressed in this story, which I hope you will not be offended by. Profanity was used profusely in the Military and much of it was more offensive than the few passages I have used.

“I am grateful to daughter, Kim, for editing and computer services in preparing this manuscript.

## **Fort Benjamin Harrison**

“After passing the Army physical I entered the Army on May 19, 1943. I reported for duty at Fort Benjamin Harrison at Indianapolis and was processed. I spent about a month at Ft. Ben and during this period was assigned duty as a guide in processing new inductees. I would be assigned a group of about twenty-five and it was my responsibility to see that they received their clothing issue, were given intelligence and aptitude tests, receive shots, attend several lectures and view indoctrination films.

“One of these films was a training film on venereal diseases. Shades were drawn on the windows of the frame building to make it dark enough to view the film and this was Indiana in May and with a room full of G.I.’s, it got rather hot ! Parts of the film were somewhat gruesome and with the extreme heat we invariably had a couple of young inductees pass out. We simply carried the victims



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outside for some cooler air which revived them.

“I had one 24 hour pass from Ft. Ben and did come home via Greyhound bus for a few hours, even though the pass stated it was good only within a 25 mile radius of Indianapolis. I suppose this was my first infraction of Army regulation but not the last!

### **Camp Cooke, California**

“In June of 1943 I was assigned to the 281<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion and boarded a westbound troop train. We didn’t know our destination but as usual, rumors were plentiful. After passing through Kansas City and later the Rocky Mountains, we guessed we were heading for California. This proved to be correct as we disembarked at Camp Cooke, California. Camp Cooke was located north of Santa Barbara near the Pacific Coast. The small towns of Lompoc and Santa Maria were nearby. The summers here are dry and rather warm, but the nights were always cool and we usually sleep under a blanket. We would fall out for the morning formation wearing field jackets. After breakfast we left the jackets in the barracks and by noon you wished you could shed the fatigue (army work uniform) top because of the heat.

“With the exception of the “cadre” which were officers and non-commissioned officers we were all new recruits. Our platoon Sergeant was a big, gruff soldier of Polish extraction; Sgt. Toholsky. At our first formation he gave us quite a speech and laid it on us pretty good. He said, I’m your father, your mother, your preacher, and your boss. I’m all you need and if you treat me fairly, I’ll treat you fairly. When I holler shit, you all squat and strain and when I blow this goddamned whistle, I want you out of that barracks fast. If you can’t get out of that door fast, make a new door.” We found

his bark was worse than his bite and although the basic training was tough, if you did your job to the best of your ability, you had no problem with St. Toholsky.

“Most of us were 18 and 19 year olds, but we had a few older men and they had trouble keeping up sometimes. After a hard day’s training the younger men might head for the post exchange and some 3.2 beer after supper, while the older fellows usually hit the sack pretty early.

“In a short time we were placed in job training for a specific duty in the battery. I was in headquarters battery and was trained as a radio operator and learned to send and receive Morse code as well as voice transmissions. It is interesting to note that each operator had little unique differences in sending code on the key and you could pick out an operator by his style or “fist”.

“This training seemed to come rather easily to me and when the course was completed I was tops in words per minute in both sending and receiving Morse code. When the first promotion list came out I was made a Technician Fifth Grade which is a Corporal with two stripes and a “T” under the stripes. If my memory serves me correctly, a Private was paid \$51.00 a month and a Corporal drew \$66.00.

“The 281<sup>st</sup> Field Artillery Battalion was equipped with 105 millimeter Howitzers which were pulled by 6 x 6 2 ½ ton trucks. All wheels pulled as did most Army vehicles. When on field maneuvers I was assigned as radio operator in the command car, a 4 x 4, used by the Battalion Commander, a Colonel. The driver was young and not too experienced as a driver. I recall one time we were on a rough road and the Colonel remarked to the driver, “Son, you are a pretty good driver; it takes a damned good one to hit EVERY hole

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in the road!” Another incident you might find amusing happened on one of our first overnight bivouacs, The Colonel chose to stay in camp but the driver and I as radio operator, rode in the command car as usual. After pulling into position each driver was required to camouflage his vehicle with tree branches in an effort to deter detection from the air. We were in a wooded area where branches were plentiful and the driver overdid himself in piling branches on the command car. In fact, it was complete hidden from view. Rather than pitch a pup tent and sleep on the ground, we crawled into the command car and slept on the seats. We must have been a distance from the others and must have been very heavy sleepers because when we awoke and emerged from the brush covered vehicle, we were utterly amazed to discover the outfit had pulled out and we were all alone!! We frantically threw off the branches and I got on the radio and contacted the unit and learned they were almost back to the base, a distance of several miles. We lost no time in high tailing it back to camp and got away with it. I believe the driver deserved an “A” for his camouflage efforts!

“Some of the more pleasant memories I have of Camp Cooke were passes to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. We visited the Hollywood Canteen where movie celebrities entertained and served refreshments to service men. California in wartime seemed to be overrun with Sailors, Marines and G.I.’s.

“Some of the not so pleasant memories were the obstacle courses with live ammunition passing overhead. Digging foxholes in the hard dry earth and having a tank drive over the hole with you in it, 25 mile forced marches with full field pack and rifle, and the boredom of spending hours waiting in line for just about everything.

“After several months had elapsed most of us received furloughs and could go home for a short visit. The three day train ride with chair coach accommodations were not too luxurious, I recall. Al Newman, Curt Graves, and I traveled to Chicago together. The return trip proved more enjoyable as we became acquainted with three young Sailors’ wives enroute to San Diego to visit their husbands. I doubt if the sailors would quite have approved of the “socializing” we enjoyed with their wives.

“Another memorable weekend pass was with Al Newman at his parents’ home in Berkeley, near San Francisco, Christmas, 1943. His family were Hoosiers, but during the war Al’s father worked in the shipyards building Liberty ships. We were hitch hiking and got stranded in a small town about one half way towards our destination. We had a lot of company as there were about fifty servicemen in the little town and there weren’t that many rides. Someone checked at the local train depot and learned a northbound passenger train would arrive in about an hour. We bought tickets and boarded the crowded train with standing room only and not much of that. In fact it was so crowded the Conductor was unable to get through the coach to punch out tickets and we later cashed them in at Frisco so we got a free ride, such as it was. We had a lovely Christmas dinner with Al’s family and I was pleased to meet Al’s younger sister, who wrote me many letters which I enjoyed so much, especially while I was overseas. (To be continued)

## Letters to the Editor

Mr. Born:

I’m writing this letter regarding a one year subscription. I would like it starting January

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2008. I understand the cost is \$25.00

My mother, Myra DeGroot is a snow bird and spends her winters with us. Please send the paper to Florida.

I have very fond memories of Morocco, Indiana as a child and a young adult. Our grandparents, James and Katie Cory and Anton and Pearl DeGroot and Lester and Rinkie DeKoker (aunt and uncle) were a few relatives we visited frequently.

Grandpa Cory would be in his chair in the living room with his big cigar in hand. Grandma Cory would always have her apron on and in the kitchen preparing some good food.

Grandma & Grandpa DeGroot lived down the road and I remember they had chickens in the back yard. I didn't like “gatherin' eggs“. I remember their unique stair case in the house.

And a trip to Morocco wasn't complete without going to the DeKoker's Morocco Ford Sales. Aunt Rinkie and Uncle Lester always happy to see us kids. Uncle Lester would go to the red Coca Cola machine and get us kids our cold beverage and we would hop into a new car in the showroom and thought we were hot stuff.

I would ask to go into the office so I could play on the adding machine. I guess that was my beginning of office work. Little did I know later I would do this for 30 years.

Aunt Rinkie would always be behind the counter getting parts for the mechanics. We were never allowed behind the counter or in the garage.

My husband and I purchased our first Mustang from them. We were so proud of our 1965 Mustang. Wish we still had it.

I can't tell you how many pictures were taken at Aunt Rinkies'--in the swing, under the weeping willow tree and all the pictures of us kids on their front porch. Great Memories!!!

Bobbie (DeGroot) Burton  
Crestview, Florida

## Backward Glance

### The Passing Scene

by  
Gerald Born

We take much for granted, especially those things that are familiar to us, which we encounter on a daily basis. They are so much a part of the background that we hardly notice them, unless they are removed and somehow we sense a vague void. A good case in point is the hedgerow. We have all grown up with the familiar sight of rows of hedge surrounding the fields around Morocco and Beaver Township in Newton County. One sure harbinger of fall is the large green, rough skinned hedge apple that litters the ground along a hedgerow. But the hedge tree, or Osage orange, is not a native of Indiana. Any tree that is found here has been planted. Few of us have asked the question, why?

Before the invention of barbed wire in 1865 they served a definite purpose. They were used to contain or exclude. Cattle roamed more or less freely once the prairies had been cleared and farmers needed a fenced in areas to contain their cattle, and others needed a barrier to exclude cattle and other farm animals from their fields. The fast growing, Osage orange was the answer to an economic way of making a fence without the intensive labor the another type would occur. The thrifty Scotsmen were the ones who popularized this solution, and brought the idea with them when they came from Europe. They had pioneered many innovations in agriculture.

Although the Osage orange tree is a native

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species to the United States, it was only found in a band from southwest Arkansas into southwestern Oklahoma and south into central Texas. Because it was widely planted and naturalized by farmers from the east coast to mid-America, it is now common not only in our region, but into Canada as well. Abraham Halleck, father of Congressman, Charles Halleck, operated an early nursery between Roselawn and Lake Village and supplied many of the trees in our county to early farmers.

The hedgerow is a high maintenance item as it needs to be trimmed. Many a farmer has cursed the thorns as he got bloody knuckles while trimming the trees. Many regret its passing, for it provides shelter for wild game, and protects against erosion..

It is very hardy, being heat and drought resistant, it tolerates salt in the soil and is shade intolerant. Its very rugged nature has been both a boon to its intended purpose, but also has sown the seeds of its destruction. Its hardy and rugged nature and its ability to adapt to harsh conditions turns it into a competitor for water and nutrients. The root system of a well-developed hedgerow may reach between 20 and 25 feet out into the field, thus competing for resources that are also needed by crops. So one by one they are being eliminated. Not a month goes by that yet another hedgerow falls victim to the chain saw and bonfire.

It is a handsome tree. Fully grown it reaches 50 feet and has a short trunk with spiny branches. The bark on older trees is shaggy with deep crevices. The pointed leaves are shiny dark green above and paler below, turning yellow in autumn. The flowers are individually very tiny, green and densely packed into round clusters. There are male and female trees. The fruit on the female trees is a hard, heavy, fleshy ball green-yellow in

color with fibrous hairs covering it. The flowers appear in summer and the fruit, which resembles a rough-skinned green orange, matures in the fall. It is not suitable for human consumption, but occasionally is eaten by livestock, which gives rise to another common name, horse apple.

When exposed, the roots of the tree appear bright orange and the root covering separates into thin, papery scales, which the early pioneers used as a dye, producing a lovely shade of yellow. The wood of the tree was used by the American Indians to make bows, hence another popular name, "Bodark", a corruption of the French word, *bois d'arc*, or bow wood. Anyone who has seen a fence post made of Osage orange knows that it is very strong and will "last forever." Currently woodworkers use the wood as a turning material. It's gnarled wood also makes wonderful walking sticks.

During the 40's and 50's there were two rows of Osage orange trees that served a very different function. The overarching branches of a mile long stretch of trees formed a perfect lover's lane, east of Morocco. I'm sure those who frequented it could have cared less about the name of the tree or its purpose in the distant past. Suffice it to say that the trees blocked out all light from the night sky, and formed a bower unequalled by any other natural formation.

Soon there will be no more hedgerows and the sights and feel of this most familiar landmark will be only a memory. So next time you see a hedgerow, send a silent salute for a job well done, and an era that will be no more.

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**Morocco Girl Guides**

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Girl Guides is a parallel movement to Scouting. When Scouting was founded in 1907 by Robert Baden-Powell it was intended for boys only. As early as 1909, girls wanted to join the scout program. Baden-Powell rejected these wishes and asked his sister, Agnes, to start a parallel movement for girls.

Early programs for Girl Guides included educating the girls in home economics with things like nutrition, cooking or nursing, as well as camping, sailing, knotting and signaling.

Even when most Scout organizations became co-educational Guiding remained separate in most countries to provide a female centered program. Internationally it is governed by the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts with organizations in 144 countries.

(The above photo was supplied to me by a distant cousin, Charles “Butch” Derflinger of Noblesville, Indiana, the son of Delmer and Annabelle (Graves) Derflinger.

## Government In Action

The Morocco Town Board met on December 8<sup>th</sup> at the Town Hall. Bobby Gonczy introduced the new board members, Dave Gagnon and Rick McCann who were sworn in and the minutes (e-mail) were approved. Duties were assigned. Rick McCann will handle KIRPC .

Two installments of \$25,000 each for fire protection were approved. The hiring of an assistant to the clerk was approved and the position has been filled.

Much of the discussion centered around the flooding issues. It was estimated that 400,000 gallons fell in a 24 hour period. There was a break in the water main at West and Halleck Streets. Employees have been hard at work

repairing the damage.

There will be a preliminary report for the hydrant and mains project.

Brian Runyon’s resignation was accepted and Steve Gibson was contracted until the end of the month to fill the position. He will be considered for the position when the Board starts the hiring process.

There will be a meeting of the New Neighborhood Watch that Jill Hood is organizing on January 18<sup>th</sup> .

Ward IV is vacant and Jim Elijah, Jr. recommended Jack Anderson to fill the position.

A session to train personnel will be held by IATC and Rick McCann and Randy Decker plan to attend.

Donna Cady has been hired for six sessions to train Sheri Rainford in the computer system that is currently being used. She will be paid \$25.00 per hour. They may have to purchase a new printer as the old one does not align properly to the new water bills.

The Utility Board Report was not given due to Decker’s absence while working on problems of flooded basements and water breaks.

The meeting on January 9<sup>th</sup> was mentioned. It is a very important meeting and all were urged to attend.

The next Board Meeting is scheduled for February 5<sup>th</sup> at 7:00 p.m. at the Town Hall.

## Community Calendar

Morocco Main Street will meet on Tuesday January 22<sup>nd</sup> at 5:30 p.m. at the Morocco Library to hear Jo Grandel from OCRA give a presentation on the Main Street project. Natalie Gibson will arrange for sandwiches, chips and pop.

A follow up meeting is being planned by the

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group on January 30 at 6:00 p.m. at the Tea Room. Be sure to attend both as they are important for the our town.

## Transitions

### Dorothy E. Barnett

Dorothy E. Barnett, 96, of 3803 Pennypacker Road, died Thursday afternoon January 17, 2008 at Home Hospital. Born November 11, 1911 in Lisbon, Ramson County, North Dakota.

She was the daughter of the late Herman A. and Nellie N. (Jarvis) Mason of Lafayette. She attended grade school in Attica, Ford school and Linwood school, both in Lafayette, and graduated from Jefferson High School in 1928.

She received a Bachelor of Science degree in mathematics and science at Purdue University in 1932.

She married Herbert Eugene Barnett on May 1, 1936 in the chapel at Methodist Trinity Church. They lived in Earl Park and Fowler and spent most of their married life in Morocco, where her husband worked at Barnett Grain Company. Later they moved to Frankfort and since his death in 1985 she has lived with her daughter in Lafayette.

Mrs. Barnett worked at Lafayette Life Insurance Company, taught at Morocco and North Newton High Schools and later in life was on the staff at the *Frankfort Times*. She was an active member of Faith Baptist Church, a past member of the Eastern Star in Morocco, a volunteer worker at the Tippecanoe County Library, and the organizer of the annual Barnett Reunion.

Mrs. Barnett was an active gardener, reader, traveler, mushroom hunter, and an avid Purdue sports fan. She enjoyed playing cards and board games.

Surviving are three sons, Neal Mason

Barnett (wife; Linda) of Green Belt Maryland, Herbert Eugene Barnett, Jr. (wife; Frances) of Cordova Tennessee, and Randall Floyd Barnett (wife; Charlotte) of rural Frankfort, and two daughters, Bonnie Jean Storey (husband, Jack) of Morocco, and Janet Lewis Armstrong, of Lafayette, with whom she resided.

Visitations will be from 4:00 to 7:00 p.m. Sunday, January 20<sup>th</sup> at Soller-Baker Funeral Home, 400 Twyckenham at 11:00 a.m. Monday, January 21<sup>st</sup> at Faith Baptist Church 5526 Indiana, 26 East, Lafayette. The Rev. Andy Woodall officiating. Interment at a later date at Grandview Cemetery in West Lafayette.

Also surviving are sixteen grandchildren, 17 great grandchildren, and one great-great grandchild and a companion, Jackson Viol. Dorothy was preceded in death by her daughter Judy Joan in 1947, her brother Harry Jarvis Mason in 1988 and her granddaughter, Jill Naomi Armstrong in 1992. Dorothy was a vigorous, forward looking woman with traditional values, which included a strong faith, a strong work ethic and thriftiness. She was self confident, outspoken, and competitive, but was warm hearted and had a keen sense of humor. She was a role model to many who knew her. [www.soller-baker.com](http://www.soller-baker.com)

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The community was saddened on learning of the death of Marlene Taden's brother, Michael deRobertis, aged 53, who died in Eugene, Oregon of brain cancer. He put up a valiant fight and worked up to the end in a wheel chair

## This and That

Flossie Strader stopped by the tea room last month. She and her husband are renovating the old Charles Martin house on State Street,

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which was more recently occupied by Al and Janet Lindahl. She was hoping to find a photo of the old barn that stood on the east side of the property and is now gone. If anybody has one, she would appreciate getting a copy.

She and her husband moved here from New Harmony, Indiana, where they renovated a house. That historic community in southern Indiana was the home of Robert Owen, a famous naturalist.

Flossie is interested in antiques and is looking for a mantel for her remodeled home. She and her sister, Tina Vanderborg, who lives to the south of her property visited Ye Editor at his home to view and discuss antiques.

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A wave of vandalism has hit the town. We reported last month on the replacement of broken covers on posters at Betty Kessler Park. Recently they gained access to the roof of the building housing Sue Casa restaurant and caused the roof to fracture allowing water to enter the seating area. They were caught and are now in custody. Later a cache of expensive whiskey was found at the location and an investigation is underway to find its source.

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Soon after Morocco’s old grade school opened in 1901 this 8<sup>th</sup> grade class posed for their pictures. Four years later members of this class became the first graduates of the Morocco High School.

Top and L-R Ada Ewan, Bernice Gay, Hazel Law, Theresa Tuggle, Harry Peck, Orville Moore, Guy Holley, John Martin

Second Row: Ada Camblin, Irene Roadruck, Gertrude Deardurff, Macie Camblin, John Roadruck, Harley Kennedy, Elmer Ainsworth (teacher)

The brick school seen in the background was built in 1900 and later housed the grade school on the bottom floors and the high school on the top floor.

It was a substantial structure and many of us who attended classes there were saddened when it was deemed no longer useful. Alas.

Third Row: Dot Pierce, Alma Martin, Ethel Cook, Bernice Bell, Myron Hope, ?, John Biesicker, Carl Templeton

Fourth Row: Opal Bridgeman, Gail Stotts, Bessie Hix, Flossie Smart, Bessie Moore, Ethel Smart, Carrie Kessler, Andrew Mattocks.