

MOROCCO TIMES

Vol. 2 No. 4

Gerald Born, Editor and Publisher

April 2008

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

Around Town

Anyone returning to Morocco from the South for homecoming and traveling Old 41, will probably be as surprised as Ye Editor was when he recently drove to West Lafayette to visit his brother and wife.

From Earl Park to Kentland wind machines have sprung up like mushrooms on a warm spring day. For as far as the eye can see to the West there are huge white machines with propellers like old prop planes happily turning their blades and generating electricity.

I had first encountered such an array when I spent the winter at Twenty-nine Palms, California several years ago. Between there and Palm Springs can be seen hundreds of the high-tech machines, run by computers, catching the wind and making electricity.

By actual count there were 50 machines that Ye Editor could see. Word on the street is that each machine costs in excess of a million dollars and occupies about a quarter of an acre of land, excluding the road way to get to them. Hoping to find exact figures the Internet was consulted, but due to the wide variety of machines and the escalating costs at differing locations, and various heights no figures were forthcoming. Some were as high as a 15 story building and had a propeller span of 200 feet.

Again rumor has it that by the time they are done there will be over 300 of these huge, environmentally friendly machines located in Benton County. Even though Newton county has as much wind (sometimes I think more) no machines have been built here as yet.

The first indicator that there might be

something in the works was a huge electrical relay plant constructed just off Highway 24 on the road that leads to Raub, across from Lon Rhanor's Auction Barn. Seemingly out in the middle of nowhere, it will convey the generated electricity into the grid.

That was built last Fall, and it seems that over night the whole landscape has been changed. The dump has also altered the whole lay of the land around Morocco and now the wind machines. More than an handful in one location constitutes a wind farm, so it seems that Indiana may be in for a different kind of farming.

Some complain about the noise the propellers make, but it doesn't compare with other machines from the past. The worst side effect is on migrating birds. Thousands of them are killed in California and Texas as the wind machines are in the direct route of migration.

C. B. Holley Co. -- Agent

During the recent rains standing water could be seen at many locations. The road at Main and Beaver streets seems to hold water longer than most. It was a week before it drained away.

The Corner Tea Room has been closed for the past couple of weeks. Betty Kessler fell in her bath tub and pulled some ligaments in her ribs and has been out of commission since. We look forward to her return. (She has recently returned and is doing much better.)

Extensive remodeling is taking place at the former Dave Pufahl home on West Beaver Street. An ancient maple tree that was well

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over 100 years old in front of the house has been cut and a new porch added as well as rooms to the rear of the house. Over the years it has housed Ross Padgett, Harold Heyer, Gordon White, and Ezra Castongia, and seems to be getting ready for another hundred.

Randy Decker and crew have been digging up the streets in several locations, looking for leaks and studying the problems of getting the water to drain off the streets after the rains, which never seem to end.

Many of the snow birds are returning from the sunny South. Among them are Allen & Nancy Myers, Shirley Storey, Dave & Bonnie Wagner, Ruth Ann Shirer, Dave & Lois Hensel, Dale & Kathy Wiseman and John & Carol Kessler. However, the Kesslers will be returning as Carol's sister just passed away in Florida.

Word has been received that Shirley Mahin married Dick Kaesja in Florida and that they will be returning to Morocco sometime in May.

John and Candy Hively have sold their home in Kentland and purchased the cabin behind Gene James and plan to become permanent residents of our fair community.

David Ross visited the Webbs last Wednesday, the 9th. He is planning on returning on Thursday April 17th at 6:30 with Don DeKoker for the Main Street Meeting at the Corner Tea Room. Anyone interested in the improvement of the business community is invited to come.

An interim minister, Walter Terry and his wife Bonnie are now at the United Church and plan to stay until a permanent minister can be

found. They are a retired couple from Crawfordsville, Indiana and will be in town from Thursday until Sunday.

Steve Hively is recuperating from his recent surgery, has returned home and is doing fine.

Roger and Harriet Webb have returned from Campbellsville, Kentucky, where they attended the funeral of Roger's 97 year-old great Aunt, Iva Harden. Harriet reports that the forsythia, Bradford pear trees, and daffodils were all in bloom and the grass very green.

Ye Editor was in Rensselaer on Sunday, April 9th visiting Debbie & Josh Eastlund in their new home. Debbie is the daughter of Kathy Hewitt, who operates the hair and tanning salon east of town. The Eastlunds have purchased an elegant old Victorian home and are in the process of restoring it.

Betty Kessler learned that her grandson, Jeff Kessler, Wes' son, has accepted a position with Hat World in Toronto, Canada and will soon be moving to that city. The Indianapolis based firm manufactures caps of all kinds.

Norm and Sally Glassburn were in town briefly and stopped by the Tea Room. The former Methodist minister and his wife had come from Pleasant Lake, Indiana to view the Fair Oaks Farms dairy farm. Sally, who worked at Allens IGA and The Lunch Box, visited with Allen and Nancy Myers as well.

Vickey Hershman, Betty Kessler's daughter, had a surprise when attending a meeting in Boston. Across the room she spotted John Henry Hess, former Morocco resident, who now lives in California. It is indeed a small

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world.

Vane Harrison had an accident in Rensselaer the other day. Someone hit his car with him in it. He was seen at the Doctor’s office covered with shattered glass.

Kathleen (Hayes) Clark was helping serve dessert at the pork chop dinner and I thought I recognized her. It seems that she and her husband had moved back to town a year ago and Ye Editor missed it. Clark has purchased the old Brandt’s Garage and has set up shop as a machinist. They are living in the former Clay & Martha Blaney home across from Recher Park.

Morocco Cooks - Jan Yoder

Golden Potato Casserole

- 6 large potatoes
- 1 pint of sour cream
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 stick of butter, divided (2-3 tablespoons for topping)
- 1 bunch of green onions, chopped
- 3 tablespoons milk
- 1 tablespoon salt (or to taste)
- 1 1/8 teaspoons black pepper
- 1 cup or so crushed corn flakes

Butter 13” x 9” pan, set aside. Boil potatoes and cube them when done. Mix with remaining ingredients. Bake for 50 minutes at 350 degrees, then add corn flakes with butter mixture to top and bake an additional 15-20 minutes.

This is one of the best potato casseroles I’ve ever had and thought it would go great with ham.

Basic Quiche

- 1-9 inch baked shell
- ½ - 1 cup shredded cheese
- ½ - 1 cup chopped drained cooked vegetable, meat, seafood or poultry (no more than 1 ½ cups total)
- 6 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- ½ teaspoon herbs of choice
- ½ teaspoon salt

Sprinkle cheese & vegetable into pie shell. Beat together remaining ingredients until well blended. Pour over cheese & veggies.

Bake 375 degrees until knife inserted near center comes out clean--about 30-40 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes before cutting and serving.

I have used this quiche recipe for twenty years because everyone loves it. Our favorite is bacon, Swiss, onion and spinach, but ham and cheddar are great too.

Marshall Field’s Mushroom Soup

- 1/3 pound mushrooms, chopped
- ½ teaspoon onion
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon chicken fat
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups milk
- ½ cup chicken broth
- 1/3 cup half and half
- Salt to taste

Heat butter and fat in large kettle , add onion, mushrooms and sauté till tender. Sprinkle flour in and add heated milk slowly. Stir constantly till thickened. Add heated chicken broth and half and half. Blend and add salt. Do **NOT** let boil

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The editor shared this cherished recipe with me and since it's soon mushroom picking season, I thought it would be a good selection.

(Many of us who regularly visit the Walnut Room at Marshall Field's State Street store remember wonderful meals served in style. The room got its name from the Circassian walnut paneling. The wood comes from a tree that grows only in Southwest Russia and its warm tones have helped make the Walnut Room world famous. You will not be disappointed. Ed.)

Happenings

A pork chop dinner was held on April 11th for the benefit of Habitat for Humanity. It was well attended and sponsored by the Methodist church, who members provided home made pies for the occasion. The Editor found a cream pie made by Shirley Storey from an old family recipe

By a strange fluke, the American Legion had a pork chop dinner on the same night. There was some worry that having two on the same day might limit the crowd at each, but the fears were groundless. Both dinners sold out.

Projects Unlimited held their annual Longaburger Bingo extravaganza on Tuesday, April 1st at the firehouse with great success. A salad and dessert bar were also available. Only 100 tickets were sold; 93 ladies showed up to enjoy the evening. Many prizes of baskets were awarded to the winners.

The money from this event will furnish four new flag poles and flags on the town square.

The organization celebrates its 50th anniversary this year and has started discussing the event.

Action circle was held at the home of Harriet Webb on April 7th with seven ladies attending, Shirley Thompson, Grace Martin, Louise Holley, Georgiana Roadruck, Pat James, Myra Davidson and Harriet Webb. Refreshments of Krispy Kremes, popcorn and beverages were served.

Morocco Main Street Committee

On April 17th the Main Street Committee, a community based group comprised of business people, business property owners, and concerned citizens met at the Corner Tea Room to discuss ideas that will help revitalize the business community in Morocco.

Present were Co-Chairs, Natalie Gibson, and Don DeKoker, Betty Kessler, Jim Elijah, Jr., Jack Willier, Harriet Webb, David Ross, Gerald Born and later, Dan Blaney.

Since the Town of Morocco has made its priorities clear, the Committee has its work cut out for it. Most of the time and energy of the town board goes to the school issue, and to the hydrants and mains concerns of the utility board. This is not to say the Board is uninterested in the commercial well being of the town, but there are only so many hours in the day and the jobs, for the most part, are volunteer. This committee will concentrate on the business aspect of Morocco.

DeKoker presented some good ideas on how to make Morocco's presence more visible. Chief among these was the use of signage. No signs presently direct travelers to Morocco and its businesses. Much of the Willow Slough traffic from the North on 41 turns west at State Highway 14 on to the State Line then south to the Slough. On the South end, no signs are

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visible that directs people to the downtown. The committee hopes to remedy this.

Also businesses were not shown on any sign that might clue the traveler to the fact that we have a grocery store, a gas station, and other businesses in town.

There was general consensus that providing signs that these vital intersection would be a good idea and Jack Willier is going to check with state officials to see what the constraints are and what constitutes advertising.

DeKoker continued with other ways of making the downtown more attractive and a money making scheme selling inscribed bricks with the donor’s name to be used in cross walks on the downtown intersection.

Born reminded the group that in order to raise funds and give people a tax break, the group needs to become a 201, c-3 charitable organization.

Gibson indicated that she had checked with legal counsel and that we did not need this designation to sell things. Born questioned if there would be any incentive to donate, if there were not a tax benefit, and reminded the group that at a previous meeting the Committee had voted to go ahead and seek that status for the group.

Blaney reminded the group that it now costs \$600.00 in fees to get the designation. Born stated that he thought that might be a good use for the donation that Rex Hagen made to the Committee, which is now being held by the Lion’s Club, because the Committee did not have its tax number for his donation. Born said this should cover the fees and have

enough left over to restore the front of one building.

Blaney said that he would proceed filling out the papers and apply. Still to be decided are the names of the trustees of this 201 c 3 organization.

After the meeting adjourned the group went to view Dan Blaney’s new office and the restoration work that transformed the former library and before that Spradling’s store into office space. It has become a very handsome space with a painted tin ceiling and an exposed brick wall. And let’s not forget the Snowmobile Museum, which is housed in the rear of the building. Perhaps we need a sign directing tourists to that designation as well. Ye Editor learned more about snowmobiles in that short tour than he ever knew before.

A brief tour of the downtown stores was then taken by the group and the potential of each one considered. David Ross said that his daughter is looking for a space for her crafts business, if he relocates in Morocco.

It appears that the Morocco Main Street Committee is the only active committee that was engendered during the 20/20 imitative of a year or so ago, and it has it work cut out for it.

Features

Vic Carlson; World War II As It Happened To Me

We left Vic on his Trek Through Burma and pick up his story at that point.

“After leaving the road our route was mostly jungle and mountain trails. Some of the mountain ranges we crossed were quite

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high and the trails steep. The valleys were jungles with a stream in the bottom almost invariably, some small, some were rivers. With the exception of an occasional footbridge, all were forded. If you were leading a mule, you always had to wade the streams.

Every few days we received an air drop of supplies. Usually a rice paddy or other open terrain was selected for the drop field. Supplies were carefully packed and floated to ground supported by a parachute. The train for mule feed was double sacked about ½ full and free dropped. On one occasion the “kicker” in the cargo plane released a sack late and it struck a pack mule in the neck, breaking it, and we had one dead mule.

Sometimes if poor flying weather persisted for an extended period we did run low on food and we might have to forage off the land and trade a bit with the natives. We fished by throwing hand grenades in the deeper pools, the concussion would stun the fish temporarily. We ate about anything we could shoot, including the water buffalo belonging to the natives, although this was against regulations. The First Squadron Commander, a Colonel, observed a group kill a young calf once and sent his orderly down with the word that if he received a quarter, nothing would be said. Needless to say he got his quarter. Game was fairly abundant in this terrain, including Asian tigers and wild elephants. There were plenty of snakes, many of them the poisonous varieties. We were always concerned about snakes while sleeping on the ground, but I never heard of anyone finding a snake in his bed.

I believe eight or ten miles was about average for a day’s march under these conditions. It was rough and arduous going up the mountains and almost as bad descending

the steep slopes on the way down. We used both front and rear breeching on the mules to keep the pack saddle in place.

There were a few saddle horses in each unit available for older senior officers and the sick and wounded. It is interesting to note that after we had been on the march several weeks the horses had lost a lot of flesh and were rather thin while the hardier mules fared much better. The grain for the mules, mostly barley I think, was of rather poor quality. The bamboo branches we fed for roughage were fairly palatable, but probably not as nutritious as grass or hay.

I would like to make a few observations about the pack mules. They were big type Missouri mules weighing about 1000 to 1400 pounds. It took big mules to carry the disassembled pack 75 millimeter Howitzers, especially the tube or barrel. The best mule usually carried the tube, one mule carried the wooden wheels and it took about three to carry the carriage of the Howitzer which were of World War I vintage, I believe.

We found there were good mules and bad ones occasionally. The one that carried my radio was of the first variety. Most of the mules could be ridden. Mine rode well. I recall that on one occasion we were to be reviewed by the Commanding General of the Mars Task Force. The best saddle horse available had been saddled and fitted for him while some of the lesser brass had saddled mules. The general looked at the fine horse, walked over to a picket line where several mules were tied, picked out a mule and took the saddle off the horse and put it on the mule. This act didn’t hurt his standing with us!

We had one mule in the outfit who always resisted putting on the pack saddle. When we left on the campaign it took several mule skinners to apply a nose and ear twitch, several

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immobilization ropes and blood sweat and tears to cinch down the saddle. After the second cinch was tightened the mule was fine in every way. The bad part was that he never got easier to saddle throughout the entire campaign of several months. I can still hear the Texas mule skinner approach this mule each morning and holler, “You g---dam--d hammer-headed SOB, I going to knock seven kinds of h--l out of you if I have to get this g---dam--d pack saddle on your g---dam--d back!”

I will say that without the pack mules a mission such as ours could not have been undertaken. We were to penetrate several hundred miles into Jap occupied territory and intercept Jap forces being pushed south down the Burma Road by Chinese forces.

First Contact with the Enemy

It was several weeks after our departure before we contacted an enemy force of much size. A few Jap patrols had been encountered, but in this vast, God-forsaken and primitive area, there was no reason for the Japanese to have many garrisoned troops. On this occasion our reconnaissance platoon encountered a sizable number of Japs near a small village, about late afternoon. After a skirmish the Japs retreated, but intelligence had no firm information as to their strength. We were strung out on a narrow mountain trail and it was decided to bivouac in this position as it would become dark before we could assemble in a group and with the enemy close, in unknown strength, this was done. Normally the line troops furnished our headquarters troop with security, but in this situation we had to furnish our own. We set up our radio and when not on radio duty we pulled guard duty on the perimeter. This night was long and nerve racking because of our vulnerable position. The radio and the hand cranked generator which powered our equipment both

made quite a bit of noise and I reasoned if the Japs attacked or infiltrated our position, probably the communications would be their first objective. Daylight surely looked good the next morning. Reconnaissance revealed a small garrison of Jap troops had evacuated the village during the night. We were nearing our objective by this time and it was not too long before enemy resistance was met about two miles from the Burma Road. Tokyo Rose broadcast that we had been dropped in by parachute as that was the only way we could have gotten there. She also said if we remained we would be annihilated.

Battle to Control the Burma Road

The enemy was entrenched in hills between the road and a broad flat valley. The 124th Cavalry was assigned several hills as objectives and to the south the 475th Infantry were assigned objectives. The Line troops were deployed on the slope on the east side of the valley and our Headquarters troop was set up on the west slope. Just behind us on higher ground, the Pack 75 Artillery was set up.

As soon as the artillery opened fire on the Jap positions, we began to receive enemy artillery fire, mostly from the road. It didn't take us long to dig in and seek cover. We were located in a small rice paddy with an earthen retaining wall which helped somewhat. The portable surgical hospital was set up on the other side of the valley which was about ¼ mile wide.

Soon small L-4 and L-5 planes were landing on the valley floor to evacuate wounded. I believe they carried two casualties per trip. A short distance in back of our position a drop field was selected and C-47 cargo planes were dropping supplies and ammunition.

Our radio section was kept busy with Mars communications and also advising the cargo planes at the drop field. It got rather hectic

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when we received enemy artillery fire from the Japs over on the road. They had one larger gun that had a unique sound which we called “Whistlin’ Willie”. We had more mule casualties than soldiers in one exchange. The mules were on a picket line in a draw and while we were in this position it was known as “dead mule gulch”.

Later when the line troops attempted to capture the hills, casualties were sometimes heavy and we in communications, when not on radio duty, helped evacuate the wounded and dead to the little hospital. The trails were narrow and steep and there was usually the danger of sniper fire. I remember helping carry a very tall Sargent whit a hit in his chest down. It was difficult to stay between the litter handles because he was so tall. I was saddened to learn the next day that he didn’t survive surgery. A small cemetery was prepared near the hospital.

The Japs were firmly entrenched in the hills and were difficult to dislodge. At night they tried to infiltrate our positions and occasionally launched “Banzi” attacks. The Japs were fanatical fighters and deemed it an honor to die for the Emperor. We Americans felt more like General Patton did who once said when addressing his troops, It’s no honor to die for your country. Let the other poor son-of-a b---ch die for his country.” It was difficult to capture prisoners because the Jap soldier would commit Hari-Kari (suicide) rather than accept capture. In Burma the Japs almost always executed allied prisoners and expected like treatment. I remember seeing the first Jap prisoner our unit captured for intelligence interrogation. He was totally terrified, and I am sure he expected execution when the Nesi interpreters had finished their interrogation.

The Japs were being harassed quite heavily

by the Mars unit. Finally the Japs completed a temporary road just to the east of the Burma Road and some traffic was escaping south on this road. Our unit was not of sufficient size to advance to the road and seize and hold it against a motorized enemy. For about two weeks the situation remained on of harassment. The Chinese were making progress southwards down the road and as they got closer the Mars units advanced to the road and those Japs who couldn’t retreat down the Burma road towards Lashio fell to the Chinese and Americans.

The motorized Chinese pushed the enemy south down the road and the Mars units enjoyed a needed rest. Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Supreme Allied Southeast Asia Commander, flew in one of the little L-5 plane and spoke to the 124th Cavalry Regiment, which was in formation for dedication ceremonies at our cemetery. He told us our casualties ration against the Japanese was around 1 2 to 1 in our favor.

After a short rest period we loaded up and headed south on the Burma Road towards Lashio, a distance of around 60 - 80 miles I would guess. By the time we arrived it had fallen to the Chinese and British forces and they were pursuing the enemy south. We were foot soldiers leading mules and were out of place at this point.

Lashio, Burma

We went into an encampment situation just north of Lashio and hired natives to build Bashas (shelters) with bamboo as building materials. We made bed frames with bamboo and used parachute webbing for springs. It felt good to sleep on something besides the ground. To our surprise and our dismay, the officers put their insignia back on and in this garrison type situation we were required to salute and observe other army customs which

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ha been disregarded while in combat. The G.I term for this was “chicken s--t”. We all pulled guard duty with formations and this was my first experience as a Sergeant of the guard.

We were encamped here for several weeks and looking back it appears they just didn’t know what to do with us. The fighting which remained in Burma was not compatible with a mule-borne unit such as ours. There were always political considerations when dealing with the Chinese and for some reason they didn’t want any American ground combat units in China. Rumors were numerous as to our fate and we just waited. We went on hunting expeditions and held a Texas style rodeo with the mules.

Finally we learned orders had been cut and the Mars units were to be flown to China, deactivated, and the troops assimilated into units mostly supply. Troopers of the 124th said, “They can’t do this to us. We’re a Texas Nation Guard Unit”. But they did.

We received word of President Roosevelt’s death at about this point and I remember wondering how Harry Truman would do in bringing the war to a conclusion.

Over the “Hump” to Yunanni, China

I was a bit apprehensive as I gazed at the beat up C-47 (DC-3) which was to take me to China. All engines showed evidence of having been on fire and oil leaks were very apparent. The fuselage was missing paint and full of dents. The inside looked even worse from hauling cargo. Parachutes were nonexistent and the oxygen equipment we would have to use in the high altitude to clear the mountains looked pretty well beat up. I was assigned with a radio to go in the first plane and attempt radio communication with the unit after we landed in China. It was doubtful if we could succeed as our radios were not designed for this distance of several hundred miles with a

high mountain range between. After landing in Yunanni, China, I set up the unit, got on the radio and was surprised to reach Lashio, Burma with a fair signal. This was to be the last time I made a radio transmission using Morse code.

At this point in the war the Japanese controlled all of Eastern China and of course all of the coast. The Chinese army had never been able to sustain much of an offensive effort in the interior and without U.S. supplies and our Air Force not doubt the Japs would have taken all of China. Yunanni was just across the Burma-China border and Kunming, the wartime capitol of China, was several hundred miles to the northeast.

Our H.Q. troop was in limbo here for a time and it became rather boring doing nothing. The Ledo-Burma road passed through here and convoy after convoy of trucks laden with war materials were on the road from India to Kunming. The road was rather primitive and very rough and the terrain tortuous, therefore many trucks developed mechanical problems. They were repaired here at Yunanni and then joined the next convoy. A friend, Troy Ray of Mississippi, and I learned we could volunteer to drive a truck to Kunming. Being young and ready for about anything we decided to give it a whirl.

We were assigned a 6 X 6, 2 1/2 ton truck loaded with ammunition and took off with the next convoy. Neither of us had much experience as truck drivers and we couldn’t have found a more rugged and rough road to acquire experience. This part of China is very mountainous and I remember one particular mountain had twenty-seven cut-backs to reach the top. It was just as steep coming down and you had to use a low gear for braking as brake linings couldn’t take that much braking.

We were soon eating the dust of the convoy

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and couldn't seem to stay with them. We were an hour late in reaching our stopover hostel and looked up the motor SSgt. We explained our problem and told him we thought something was wrong with the trucks. He just laughed and said the problem was probably the driver. He told us to “Select the highest gear possible without losing RPM's. On the steep inclines downshift to keep the RPM's up. Gaining experience, but the time we reached Kunming, we could pretty well stay with the convoy.

We had not been in Kunming long when one of the 124th Majors contacted us with the news that our unit was to proceed to Kweiyang, China. We were to go ahead towards Kweiyang and make stopover arrangements for the unit. We procured a 6 X 6 and headed north. We didn't have much cargo and the road was better than the Burma road had been.

I remember one incident on this trip which was somewhat amusing. We were practically ran off the road by two colored quartermaster truck drivers. They had removed the canvas cab and folded the windshield down. They had their fatigue caps on backwards and were wearing goggles. They were sending the old 6 X 6 down the road for about all she was worth and soon left us in a cloud of dust. About an hour later we came around a small mountain and beheld a strange sight. The black drivers had tried to negotiate the curve too fast and had laid the truck on its side in a steep ravine. As we approached we saw them sitting on the truck bed still wearing their goggles. I asked the major if he wanted us to stop and he said, “H--I no, I don't care if those two b--t--rds spend the rest of the war sitting on that g--dam--ed truck”.

(Vic Carlson's story will be concluded in the next issue.)

Letters to the Editor

Dear Gerald,

It was nice to receive the Christmas letter and the news article with the Roselawn depot photo.

I always enjoy reading the *Morocco Times*; as soon as I am finished, I send it to Aunt Stella Rainford, at this time she is at her winter home in San Bonito, Texas.

As always, I am knee deep in Bailey history projects. My research at this time involves Ross & Pickaway counties in Ohio. After those connections are complete, then the search is on in Delaware/Maryland, 1800's and earlier.

We have had five “Bailey” babies since the reunion in August.

Hettie's son-in-law, Jeff Johnson, who was married to her daughter Lois, died at Christmas. However, the family keeps on growing. Hettie's granddaughter Melissa had a baby boy at Christmas.

We hope to get up to Morocco sometime, when the weather is just a little better and will try to look you up then.

I've enclosed a Spring story; if you would like to quote part of it in the paper, you have my permission.

Sincerely,
Eleanor Bailey
Lafayette, Indiana

The story brought back so many memories, as my grandmother, Maude Nichols, was one of those who shared her flowers with Aggie Bailey, Eleanor's grandmother and vice versa. I also recall when they “sat up” the quilting frame and spent hours quilting and chatting. I quote the article in its entirety.

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Spring Means a Renewal of Life and Grandmother's Tradition

Spring's arrival means that when the snow is gone, I can follow my grandmother's tradition of watching the different plants start to emerge from the deep sleep of winter. My grandparents, Perry and Aggie Bailey lived on Walker Street in Morocco. During the 1940's and 1950's we would go to visit them. When we were ready to leave, Grandma would always take us on a tour outside. She would point out to us each flower or plant and tell us which friend or neighbor had give her a start of each one. Grandpa would sometimes take one of us by the hand and go into the gladiola garden on the back of the property. He had been a gladiola grower and hybridizer for many years. In the 1930's he had shipped plants by mail order and on the train all over the USA.

My grandparents are gone now, but the house is still there. The last time I looked, the old tree where the rope swing had been was still standing tall next to the house. I am sure that some of Grandma's flowers are still coming up in the yard, and maybe in yours too.

I now have a yard in Lafayette and my neighbors will walk by and the children will ask about the gourds and the hens and chicks that are planted in old shoes. Spring is a chance to renew Grandmother's tradition

Dear Gerald,

Enclosed is my check for \$25.00 for a year's subscription to the *Morocco Times*.

Also I have a Morocco Lion's Club bell 6 ½ high and 5 inches across at the base that was given to my Father, James Daddow, when the 1st charter club was abandoned, by the then president, Walter Atkinson, for being the only

gold key member and for his service. I would gladly give this bell to the club now, if they are interested in it, but I don't know who to contact.

Does anyone remember Morocco's "Little German Band" consisting of Charles Harrison, Henry Brandt, Evan Deardurff and Charlie Bassett? They dressed in costume and played at different activities in Morocco and neighboring towns. I believe they were in the Lion's club at the time. I had a picture of the group, but I gave it to Galen (Deardurff), now I wish I had a copy.

Sincerely,
Alberta Johnson
Donovan, Illinois

Yes, Ye Editor has heard of the Little German Band, but has never seen a picture of them. Perhaps one of our readers has one and would be willing to share it with not only you, but the readers of the *Morocco Times*.

The person you need to contact about the bell is Jim Elijah, Jr., current President of the Lion's Club, P.O. Box 45, Morocco, Indiana, 47963.

Backward Glance

John Dillinger

There was quite a stir in Crown Point the other day when Ye Editor was in the town doing business at the Old Town Antique Mall. They were making a film about John Dillinger and had the streets cordoned off while shooting scenes at the courthouse and jail. Johnnie Depp is in the starring role of the film, "Public Enemies".

Even saw a man dressed as a pirate hanging from the clock tower of the courthouse. Not sure if it was a publicity stunt, or just another nut wanting publicity, but it did cause some excitement in the old town.

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Gerald Born, Editor and Publisher

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

I couldn't help thinking of the Morocco connection with the incident when Dillinger escaped from the county jail located at Crown Point. Lillian Holley was the sheriff at the time. Her then late husband, Roy Holley, was the son of Charles B. and Alla Alice (Smith) Holley, who were Morocco residents for a number of years. Roy's nephew, Wayne Holley, still lives at Morocco and at 90 years still has vivid recollections of the incident.

Lillian, was one of the few women, who filled a law enforcement job in the 1930's. It came about because her husband, Roy or “Doc” was killed while doing his job as sheriff.

“Doc” got his nick name from the fact that he was a dentist before becoming sheriff

Many of the newspapers of the day had headlined his killing as a “shoot out” playing on the fascination with gangsters during the era. However, Wayne's story is quite different:

“Doc” had been sent out to arrest a man, who had cut his neighbor's apple tree. When he got there the man asked to go upstairs and get his hat, which the Sheriff allowed him to do. From the upstairs the man said, “Come on up and get me,” which Doc proceeded to do. Half-way up the stairs the man blew off the top of his head with a shotgun blast.”

Lillian Holley had then been asked to fill out his term as sheriff, which she did. Her husband's nephew, Carroll Holley, was her Chief of Police at the time and had been sent out west to pick up Dillinger, who had gone on a crime spree after being paroled in 1933 from the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City where he had been sentenced to an 8 year term on assault and robbery charges and had brought him back in handcuffs.

However on March 3rd 1934, while a prisoner at the Lake County Jail, Dillinger

somehow got a gun (some say it was carved of wood and painted black with shoe polish) and escaped. He made the mistake of taking Sheriff Holley's brand new V-8 Ford as his get-away car and when he crossed the state line, it became a federal offense and federal officers entered the case which eventually lead to his demise.

Lillian Holley, who was 42 at the time and the mother of twin girls, Janice and Janet, refused to talk about the escape, and even as late as her 92nd year still maintained her silence.

Alla (Smith) Holley and her sons, Ray “Bill”, Guy, and Roy “Doc” while residents of Morocco

Bill and Doc Holley-Courtesy Wayne Holley

Government In Action

Lovers Lane Threatened

“Lover's Lane” a mile long stretch of road connecting Highway 114 and the Old Buncomb road to Rensselaer and lined on either side by overarching Osage Orange or hedge trees and known for over fifty years as a trysting place for local lovers is being threatened with extinction.

Due to the harsh winter and frequent rains, some nearby residents have had water problems in their basements and have complained long and loud to the county asking for help

County Surveyor, Chris Knockle, blamed the flooding on the roots of the trees interfering with the water flow and said that the only way to solve the problem is to replace the old tiles with new plastic PVC..

A few of the trees have already been cut, since they are in the right-of-way of the county roads. Barbara (Elijah) Borrett, of Las Cruces,

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New Mexico, Trustee of the Elijah Estate, had received a letter stating that the trees needed to be cut and that she was responsible for the cost.

Borrett arrived at the last Commissioner’s meeting pulling a section of one of the trees on a skate board with her lawyer, Eric Neff from Crown Point and her daughter Kathy Hewitt by her side to protest the actions taken and to appeal to the Commissioners to save the trees.

Some question had been raised about the age of the trees and that they could stay, if she proved their age. The tree section contained 95 rings attesting to their age. Commissioner Hanford got up to examine the tree section.

When Ye Editor asked Florence Storey, who recently celebrated her 90th birthday and lived in the vicinity if she remembered the trees, she replied, “They were full grown trees when I was a child.”

Borrett dismissed the charge that the basement of the neighbors was flooded by water backed-up from the ditch near the trees, with the comment that there was nothing new about their basement flooding, as the house in question had water in the basement fifty years ago. She thought the water might be coming from surface water from a nearby dormant pond that had been recently filled again by the flood waters.

Commissioner, Jim Pistello, assured Borrett that they did not want to destroy her trees, but that something needed to be done to solve the water problem.

Borrett’s attorney, Neff, pointed out that proper maintenance had not been done and that many of the tiles were broken adding to the problem. He also said that Borrett should not have to bear the cost of having the trees removed.

The Commissioners are looking into the costs to each of the landowners in the

watershed to see what it would cost to resolve the problem.

Morocco Town Board/Council

The Morocco Town Board/Council met on April 1st Bob Gonczy, Board President, set the theme for the meeting, “Turning Change into Opportunity“.

He gave an update on the grade school issue and presented a letter to the editor which is as follows:

Now is the Time

With Allied’s announcement of 300 + new jobs coming to our community--now is the time! If you have been considering a landscape project, roof project, siding or any other home improvement project--now is the time! If we (the town of Morocco) are going to be able to take full advantage of the opportunities that come with change; attract new residents and businesses... we need to be aggressive in recovering from a long, tough winter season.

Our Town Employees (in between fixing water main breaks) have been busy patching potholes and picking up limbs. The are gearing up to begin putting fresh gravel on our alley ways and cleaning up our parks.

The Town Council has identified several places around town and has implemented a plan to start paving sections of roads, fixing sidewalks as well as removing and replanting a few trees.

Our Planning Commission has identified a couple of “eye-sore” structures within our town limits that they would like to see removed They have also requested the authority to access fines for residents that do not comply with the town’s ordinances.

The Town Marshall and Town Manager have been instructed to tag vehicles that are not properly licensed, insured, or are determined inoperable. They were also asked to address residents that are currently parking across sidewalks.

Our Ward Representatives will be announcing their annual “clean-up” day in early May. The

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town will again be providing dumpsters and assisting residents with transporting and/or lifting heavier items.

Let’s all pull together and do our part; clean up our yards, improve our properties, take advantage of the town’s clean-up day, pile our limbs out by the road so the town employees cans remove them, take old appliances to the county garage and participate in the community-wide hazardous chemical collection held by the county each year. Now is the time--Working together (aggressively) we can take full advantage of the opportunities that come with change!

Bob Gonczy, President
Morocco Town Council

Spring Clean-up day has been scheduled for April 21st- 25th.

Sherri Rainford asked for the transfer of monies from the tipping fees to the Utilities budget. This necessitated by the truck and car payments for the Utility Department and the Police Car.

Flushing of the Fire Hydrants is set for April 21st - 25th.

Bids are being taken for the drilling of the 3rd water well north of town. Simpson’s bid to locate and exercise water valves along the line is being considered.

There was a resolution to stop the “pass through” of fire protection to the township, thus eliminating the costs from the water bill and placing it in the general budget. No action was taken.

The Hydrant and Main Project is proceeding with different board members assigned to different areas. Rick McCann is working with KIRPC with the CCF Grant. Bob Gonczy if bird dogging the SRF application process and the public hearings fall into Sherri Rainford’s realm, while Duke Gagnon and Rick McCann and working on the \$100,000 request from the County.

A new appointment was made to represent

the 4th Ward, Ivan “Gil” Glancy. “Gil” is the husband of Cheri Glancy, the managing editor of the *Newton County Enterprise* and the *Morocco Courier*.

(Thanks to Dale Kressen for this report, as Ye Editor was unable to be at the meeting due to a bout with the flu.)

Schools

On April 21st two options developed by the Feasibility Committee for the three elementary schools in the north end of the county, Morocco, Lake Village, and Lincoln township will be presented at the North Newton School Board meeting. The committee is composed of 15 members from the north end. Those from Morocco are Scott Carlson, Kelly Clark, Larry Bingham, and Bonnie Storey.

The School Board is composed of Debra Rossiter, Rick Elijah, Dale Morgan, Dave Hayes, Paul Sheldon, Jim Ferry and Nate Gibson. An architect has already been hired and he participated in the Feasibility Committee’s study.

The Feasibility Committee did not come to a consensus, therefore they are presenting two options. The first is to remodel all three schools and the existing Morocco elementary school into an administration building, constructing a two story school in the present parking lot.

The second option is for the consolidation of all three schools, to be located in a state-of-the-art building in a central location, near the present junior/ high school.

The choices would range from \$20,000,000 to \$36,000,000 depending on how elaborate the final plan. The group looked into many factors; there would be no savings on utilities of a consolidated school; the staff would differ only by one or two; and transportation would

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be higher. There are currently 220 students enrolled in Morocco elementary. Total enrollment in a consolidated school would top 800.

It was not anticipated that a vote would be taken on Monday night. A couple of the School Board positions are up for reelection and would be seated sometime in July.

This and That

Kankakee Valley Families

Ye editor has “jumped out of the frying pan into the fire” to quote a saying from my grandmother’s time. In April the first issue of *Kankakee Valley Families* was published.

For the past few years he has met regularly with a group of interested citizens at the Lincoln Township Volunteer Fire House in Thayer to discuss the history of the area and to gather facts for the publication of a history of that area (primarily Roselawn, Shelby and Thayer), although not limited to those towns alone, but along the course of the Kankakee River. My father and his siblings were born at Roselawn while my grandfather, Roscoe Born, or “Shorty”, was station agent there for the Monon Rail Road around the turn of the last century.

Mounting costs of publication has precluded doing a book at this time. So a serial publication, similar in format to the *Morocco Times* was chosen to disseminate the information collected. The sixteen page booklet will sell for \$3.00 and may be found at the Roselawn IGA and the Tru-Value Hardware in Roselawn, thanks to Tim Myers and John Morgin. It is hoped to publish one each month till the material is exhausted.

Ye Editor is working with Tim Myers and Grant Christenson to find photos suitable for enlarging to hang in their soon to be

remodeled IGA stores at Roselawn and Morocco. History is alive and well.

Tim Storey has been hard at work on the old Laundromat, removing bricks that had fallen inside the building so that structural engineers can assess the foundation and test to see if it is stable and safe. He also has been seen at the old Sellers Gas Station, which he tells us he has also purchased to remodel.