

MOROCCO TIMES

Vol. 2 No. 2

Gerald Born, Editor and Publisher

February 2008

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

Around Town

“Water, water, everywhere, And all the Boards did shrink. Water, water everywhere, nor not a drop to drink“. These famous lines from the poem, *The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner* describes the conditions in and around Morocco for the past month.

Morocco fared better than most of its neighbors. All along the Iroquois river flooding took place-- Remington, Goodland, Brook, Kentland, and on into Illinois. Watseka, Illinois was the hardest hit. Flood waters reached the eaves of the roof at Kentucky Fried Chicken at the intersection Highways 24 and 1, at the west edge of town. Water stood three feet deep in the Ford dealership and the roads were blocked from all directions.

The flood was touted as a once in 100-year affair. However, a couple of weeks later it was repeated again. People who had cleaned up the mess from the first one and had started to replace dry wall were hit again. And it may not be over yet.

The Kankakee river is as high as I have ever seen it. Water reaches the bottom of the railroad bridge east of Highway 41. A pump at Sumava Resort was destroyed in a fire and a large area was put in jeopardy. The bayous and lowlands all along the river are flooded and the overflow in the wetlands has reached the roads in many places.

Many fields have standing water, where none has existed for many years. In places along the bed of old Beaver Lake the wind created waves in the standing water, much like occurred before the lake was drained. It took very little imagination to see how the lake looked before the water was diverted to the Kankakee river.

Ye Editor had business at Watseka and attempted to find a way around the flood waters, unsuccessfully, so had to turn back. I was in Iroquois, Illinois and decided to return to Morocco via the Old Bunkum trail, or what is left of it, coming past Morris Chapel cemetery and the Mt. Zion church. Again water was standing where normally there were dry creek beds.

Morocco has not escaped this weather rampage entirely. Many have had flooded basements and crawl spaces. This has caused a great deal of anguish, especially for those who finished their basements and had to remove carpet and furnishings.

Adding to the troubles there have been breaks in the water main, frozen meters, and plugged water drains. The hydrants and main project is addressing these problems and a public hearing will be held on February 25th immediately following the Utility Board Meeting which is scheduled for 5:05 p.m. at the Town Hall. Every interested and even uninterested citizens who is concerned with utility bills should plan to attend.

Beware the pot holes. One at Clay and Michigan is axel deep and can be undetected because of the water and ice that covers it.

There also has been a wild fluctuation in temperatures. One day it was 42 degrees and the next day it was 0. It seems that there is a greater amount of sickness due to these extremes.

New Year's Eve celebrations were marred during the early morning hours of January 1st when Jennifer Bond, of Sumava Resorts was purportedly struck by a pickup truck driven by James Pistello, 31, of Sumava Resorts, the son of Commissioner, James Pistello, who also owns Greenfields restaurant at Morocco.

MOROCCO TIMES

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At approximately 3:30 a.m. the Newton County Sheriff’s Department, Lake Township Fire Department and Newton County EMS arrived at the scene along CR 1150 N. in Sumava Resorts and found Bond lying in the snow with apparent medical injuries. She was transported to St. Anthony’s hospital for treatment. Her temperature had dropped to 84 degrees during the time she was exposed to the cold temperatures. She also sustained a broken leg and internal injuries. She may have been drinking as alcohol was a factor in her medical status.

Pistello later came forward and admitted that he was the driver of the vehicle which hit Bond as she was walking along side of the road. A passerby arrived only minutes later to assist. Pistello asked him to call for medical assistance, which he did. Pistello, either in panic or to seek additional help also left the scene of the accident. A thorough investigation is currently being conducted.

Bond was hospitalized and listed in serious condition. She is the mother of two children.

It was nice having Donna Konecy back at the tea room. She had suffered a bad fall and it has been four weeks since she has been out and about.

Also ran into Mary Zelivetz at Allen’s IGA. I remarked that I had not seen her for a while. She, too, has been under the weather and was just getting out again. Good to see you haven’t lost that great smile.

Bill Lone has returned home after 32 days in various hospitals for back surgery. He is up and about with the help of a back brace and reports that most of the pain is gone.

Morocco Cooks

By Jan Yoder

“Taste of Heaven” Dessert Crescents

- 1 tube of Crescent rolls
- 1 8 oz. Cream cheese, (room temperature)
- 1 can of Cherry Pie filling
- Sugar to taste

Unroll and separate the crescent rolls into triangles . Stir together cream cheese and sugar to taste. Spread cream cheese over each triangle, then add a small amount of pie filling to center. Roll crescents as directed on package, pulling each end to form a crescent. Bake at temperature & time on crescent package.

Options: Any pie filling can be used, but cherry is nice for Valentine’s Day. Also a thin glaze made of confectionary sugar and a couple tablespoons of water may be drizzled over the top and sprinkled with cinnamon.

A co-worker made this and I loved it. It is truly “heavenly” and, oh, so quick and easy.

The following dessert is a double header, as the same ingredients may be prepared and served in different ways, both delicious and easy for Valentine’s Day.

Pink Cherry Pudding

- 1 16 oz. can Cherry Pie filling
- 1 14 oz. can crushed pineapple (or chunk)
- 1 14 oz. can condensed milk
- 1 13½ oz. container Cool Whip

Options: 1 cup miniature marshmallows and 1 cup pecans may also be added, if desired.

MOROCCO TIMES

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Mix all together and chill. This is my mother, Doris Swartz’s favorite to take to a carry-in because it is so simple.

Pink Cherry Squares.

The same recipe above may also be frozen. Just mix together the ingredients and freeze in a 9” x 13” pan. Then cut into squares and garnish

Red Hot Apples

Here is another dessert that is appropriate for Valentine’s Day.

½ package red hot candies

2 cups water

1 cup sugar

5 or 6 apples (I find Grimes Golden, Granny Smith or Jonathan apples work very well for this recipe).

In a large, sauce pan, (13 inch diameter by 3 inches deep) bring red hot candies, sugar and water to a rolling boil and stir until candies are dissolved. Carefully place the apples, which have been cut into halves and cored (I use a melon baller), skin side down and baste with the liquid. Lower heat and simmer for 15 to 20 minutes until the apples are done--soft, but not mushy. Turn the halves over so open flesh of the apple is in the sauce. Turn off heat. They will absorb the red sauce and blush a delightful pink to red. Serve hot or cold.

Garnish with some of the sauce, crème fresh, ice cream, or clabbered cream.

The above recipe may also be baked, but reduce the water to 1 cup. It takes a little longer to bake, but the results are just as mouth watering. Again turn the apples when about ½ done (15 minutes or so).

Recipe developed by Ye Editor over the

years.

Happenings

Main Street Committee

Jo Grandel braved the snow and cold to meet with Morocco’s Main Street Committee to explain the ins and outs of becoming a State Main Street designation. She was scheduled to meet in January, but illness kept her in Indianapolis. She is with the Office of Community and Rural Affairs (OCRA) and also the contact for the National Organization of Main Street America.

Her presentation was very well received by the few in attendance, and she seemed happy with the progress Morocco is making in revitalizing its Main Street. She was interested in the informal survey that had circulated in the *Morocco Times* and said that it could be used in future plans. She noted that it was good that it contained not only positive, but negative feedback as well, for that, too, is important to see what a community is thinking about itself. She answered many of the questions and concerns that the group had.

Natalie Gibson, Co-Chair, had arranged for sandwiches and many good things to eat, as the meeting was held at 5:00 p.m. at the Morocco Library. A tray of meats and cheese offered a good variety for those who were hungry.

Natalie is also in the thick of preparing a report to be submitted to the state agency by the end of the month.

On Thursday, February 7th the Homecoming Committee met at the T & C Tea Room. Dave Clements presided in the absence of Committee Chair, Lois Hensel, who is on

MOROCCO TIMES

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vacation. Plans are already afoot for the 2008 Homecoming. The committee will meet again in two weeks (February 21st to discuss programs and events for this year’s Homecoming.

Free Health Care Clinic

A meeting to discuss the possibility of a federally funded “Free Health Care Clinic” for Newton County was held on January 28th at the Newton County Government Center, Morocco. Several influential and regular citizens were there to discuss whether or not there would be a need for or interest in such a facility.

Two guest speakers talked about the benefits of the clinics they had helped create in Northern Indiana. They brought up points that the clinic not only services the uninsured on a sliding scale, but Medicare, Medicaid, and insured patients as well. It takes a combination of all of the groups to insure a clinic’s success. They also indicated that these facilities provide some of the best health care to be found.

A few were concerned as to where such a facility would be located in the county and the availability of transportation. It was noted Newton County already has transportation services. Newton County Community Services provides transportation and depending on the length of the trip and whether it can be billed for medical purposed determines the rates. To find more information, call Holly Porter, Transportation Director, at (219) 285-2246 and she will provide the information you seek.

A Committee was formed to determine how well Newton County residents would respond to such a clinic. I am one of those on the Committee. So if you have any comments for

or against such a clinic, you can drop by the Smart Stop (the Mobil station north of Morocco on Highway 41) and talk to me personally or send me a letter at P.O. Box 614, Morocco, IN 47963. I will look forward to taking as much information back to the committee as possible. No next meeting has yet been scheduled, so till then no action will be taken. Look forward to hearing from you!

(Written by Patty Kwiatkowski)

Town Board President, Bobby Gonczy, also attended the meeting and sits on the committee as well. He, too, may be contacted with questions and concerns for the establishment of a “free health care clinic”. He may be reached through the Town Hall.

Editorial

Features

Mel’s Diner

Ye Editor interviewed Mel shortly after the diner had been closed for remodeling, when the place was painted, some carpentry done and new carpeting installed. That was on July 23, 2007, and I promptly misplaced my notes. Recently found them under a stack of papers. I send my apologies to Mel and her crew for being so tardy in writing this feature story about a truly good place to eat..

Melanie or “Mel” is married to Michael Novack and they have two children, Nathan and Chanel. They have lived in Morocco for ten years and have owned the restaurant for 3 going on 4 years. They purchased it from Jack and Rita Willier, who currently own the gas station on Polk Street. Prior to that it was the Lunch Box, operated by Betty Kessler and Selma Smart.

MOROCCO TIMES

Vol. 2 No. 2

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Mel has had some 20 years experience in the restaurant business. She has worked at the Fireside in Lake Village, Dante’s and Jacks or Better in Schneider. She really enjoys her work and is a hands on manager, often seen cooking and preparing food in Mel’s Kitchen.

She bills herself as Mel’s Diner; a Good Place to Eat. And from the many customers and regulars who daily visit the establishment they agree with her.

Her dinner menu features Pizza on Monday, Spaghetti on Wednesday, and Lake Perch on Friday, and if you are lucky they serve Blue Gills for lunch on Friday’s as well.. Besides these dinners she always has Italian Beef, Steaks, and Colossal Shrimp that are to die for.

Why did she choose to open a restaurant in Morocco? Mel said she had gotten tired of working for someone else and since they were right here and it became available it was a natural thing to do. Her grandmother lives on a farm in Lake Village and its nice to be near relatives.

She is very satisfied with her clientele and regulars can be seen there every day, from the koffee klatches who arrive early in the morning (the men sit at the large rectangular table and the women at the big round table) to those who come for their meals. Almost any day one can encounter Speed Harrison and his brother, Stan, when he is in town, Jake and Brenda Dawson, Warren Graefnitz, Gary Burley, and Ruth Ellen Hayworth and many others, including the new Town Marshall, Steve Gibson and his wife.

The only downside Mel mentioned to her business was when niece, Megan Nelson, who worked for her died in March of last year.

No restaurant runs without a good staff. Waiting on tables are Patti Morgan, Diana James, Tonya Dale, Sheryl Zenor, and April

Nystrom. In the kitchen one finds besides Mel and her mom, Judith Sain, Melody Burmeister, Kim Deardurff, Jeremy Severs, Cody Merga. Cathy Bates and Brittany..

Mel is very involved in community affairs, being a member of the Downtown Redevelopment Group, kids baseball and cheerleading. Husband Michael or “Mike” has worked for Rector Automotive and old Globe Industries in Lowell for 25 years. Mel started working in restaurants at the age of 13 and can’t imagine doing anything else.

Her hours are from 6:00 a. to 9:00 p.m. on Monday through Thursday, from 6:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. on Friday and Saturday and 8:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. on Sunday.

On a final note Ye Editor had one of the best pieces of rhubarb pie there that he ever had tasted--even better than mom’s.

In Vic Carlson’s **World War II; As It Happened to Me** we left Vic at Camp Cooke, California having spent a weekend pass with the family of Al Newman. We take up the story at this point.

“ It must have been about this time when Al Newman, Curt Graves and I decided to take the Air Corps Cadet test. If your IQ was above a certain level, you had an opportunity to take this test. The Air Corps appeared to us to be much more glamorous than the field artillery. We were all successful in passing the test and were attached unassigned to the Air Corps and were to remain with our artillery unit until we received orders to report to an Air Corps base for pre-flight training. Before they arrived, our outfit was sent to Fort Sill Oklahoma and we could not accompany them as Ft. Sill was in another service command.

MOROCCO TIMES

Vol. 2 No. 2

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We were placed in the Camp Cooke military police post to await our Air Corps orders. Of course we had to putt M.P. duty while attached here. It consisted of guard duty around the camp and occasionally “chasing” prisoners in work details. When in charge of prisoner details we carried shotguns and were instructed to shoot at any prisoner who attempted to escape. Luckily I never had to.

“Finally we received orders to report to Buckley Field Colorado for our pre-flight training. We packed our duffel bags, turned in our bedding, and awaited our transportation to spirit us off to the air corps. Instead of transportation, to our dismay, we were informed that new orders had just been received explaining that the Air Corps Cadet program was filled to capacity at this time and our previous Buckley Field orders were rescinded. We came close, but we were not destined to be fly-boys! So it was back to the M.P. unit, the billy club, 45 revolver, and more guard and M.P. duty. However, in a short time we received orders to report to the Presidio of Monterey which was an induction and re-assignment center.

Presidio of Monterey, Monterey, California

“The Presidio of Monterey was a permanent U.S. Army installation with mostly permanent type brick buildings. The barracks here were luxurious compared to the temporary frame buildings at Camp Cooke.

“I soon found myself assigned to duty teaching new recruits close order drill. I hadn’t at this point had much experience as a drill Sgt., but as the recruits learned, I learned. It was a challenge to take a platoon of green inductees that couldn’t tell their left foot from their right, spend a couple of days instructing them and marching them to the evening retreat

formation (I won’t say how GOOD they could march!). At the retreat ceremony an Army band played military marches which took me back to my High School band days.

I looked up the bandmaster and inquired of him if he could use an experienced and talented baritone or alto horn player. After assuring him how good I was, he agreed to request I be assigned band duty. I don’t think he was impressed with my talents, but I got along okay. This duty was much more fun than drilling recruits and I had a lot of leisure time to spend in Monterey which was a beautiful and clean little city. I enjoyed my stay there immensely.

“Good times in the military must always come to an end and I received orders to report to Camp Beale, California to join a company of “casuals” for overseas shipment. A casual company was simply a group of soldiers of varied background put together for administrative purposes. Al Newman, Curt Graves and several others and myself traveled together. I being the only non-com in the group, I was put in charge. We crossed the bay between Oakland and Berkeley on a large ferry and believe it or not, Curt got seasick. Later I was to learn he was sent to the South Pacific theater of war and he was sick from the time he boarded ship until he disembarked, a period of several weeks.

Camp Beale, California

“Camp Beale was located near Sacramento, the state capitol. Sacramento is inland and I remember it was rather hot there. Although I was here for but a short time, I did spend some time in a teletype school. The army did its best to keep you busy and as they always said “Do something even it it’s wrong”. I soon decided that I much preferred radio

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communication over teletype.

“I was happy when we boarded a train which headed east but not so happy with our WWI Vintage troop coaches. We went through several tunnels in the Rockies and the smoke and soot from the coal burning locomotives permeated the old coaches to the point we could hardly breathe. It took several days to cross the United States and reach Newport News, Virginia, our point of embarkation.

Newport News, Virginia

“I had been in the army about one year. We were processed for overseas shipment which included receiving all new clothing, more physicals, and a multitude of shots and vaccines. The army always had a system to apply to a situation. It was necessary to visit several locations to complete the physical examinations and in the interest of simplifying the disrobing process, we were to strip down to our shoes, don our raincoat and be marched to the several locations to complete our physicals. This was Virginia in June and both the temperature and humidity were high. The raincoats were nonporous and the pavement was hot, so you can imagine how much we enjoyed this idea.

“I recall the presence of Italian prisoners of war performing maintenance work around this base. They seemed a happy lot. Perhaps this life was better than the African desert where they were captured.

“Finally we were ready to board ship and head overseas; where, we were not told.

A Forty-two Day Voyage

“We marched to the ship carrying our belongings in a duffel bag. I don’t recall the name of the ship, but I remember it carried around five thousand troops. The hold, or

compartment, to which my company was assigned was about on the water line. I recall the hold just below ours was filled with black troops. During WWII the blacks were not integrated and served in strictly black units.

“Rumors were rampant as to our destination. We assumed we were heading for Europe since we left the East coast but this theory was shot to hell when we found our ship entering the Panama Canal. This passage was an unforgettable experience as it was both scenic and interesting. Part of the route is through a large lake and we were informed that this was the last opportunity to enjoy a fresh water shower as only salt water showers could be had after entering the Pacific Ocean. Anyone who had attempted to rinse soap from your hair with salt water will tell you it is practically impossible. Special soap was available but it left a lot to be desired.

“Several days after entering the Pacific Ocean we encountered some rather violent weather and the ship began to roll and list some in the rough water. Soon many of the troops began to experience seasickness with the inevitable results. Barrels were placed randomly around the ship, but with 5000 troops aboard it was soon evident there weren’t enough barrels. Picture a hot and rather poorly ventilated hold full of sick G.I.’s many vomiting their guts out, and you can imagine what the situation was like. Luckily I never got seasick, but did lose a meal to the barrels after taking the required salt table given to you with each meal. After that experience, I spit the table out after getting out of view of the fellow whose responsibility it was to see that we took the salt tablet. I just couldn’t tolerate that much salt.

“Our troopship was unescorted as we crossed the Pacific. Our only armament was

MOROCCO TIMES

Vol. 2 No. 2

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anti-aircraft guns manned by Marine gun crews. There were a few guns manned by soldiers with anti-aircraft gun experience. Periodically gun practice was held and balloons were released and the gun crews attempted to hit them. I say attempted because I didn't witness many hits! This wasn't a very comforting feeling as I wondered how they could hit a fast plane when it was a problem to hit a floating balloon. At this stage of the war the Japanese Imperial Navy was a formidable force in the Pacific and we wondered why we were ailing the vast reaches of the ocean all alone.

“When we crossed the equator, the troops took part in a ceremony and turned the “poly-wogs” to “shell-backs”. The Navy has a tradition concerning the first time a sailor crosses the equator and we were each issued a certificate which proclaimed we were duly initiated “shell-backs”.

“After several weeks we docked at Melbourne, Australia. We were very disappointed to learn there would be no shore leave as our stay would be very short after supplies and fuel were loaded. We could view the dock and land looked good. However several “wrens” (British equivalent of our “waves”) looked even better. Some enjoyable conversation from the railing was all we got and soon we sailed out to sea again.

“I believe we knew at this point that our destination was India. Forty-two days after our departure we reached the port of Bombay, India. We soon disembarked and boarded a troop train. My first impression of Bombay was of teeming numbers of rather dirty and unkempt people, crowded and poverty stricken conditions, countless numbers of beggars almost everywhere, and even the air smell unclean.

“The passenger coaches were smaller than ours and we were rather crowded in the coaches. Each car had a restroom which was a small cubicle with a hole in the floor and two small foot platforms on either side of the hole. You simply placed your feet on the raised pads, centered yourself over the hole, and you were ready for business!

“We traveled east from Bombay towards Calcutta. I don't remember how long the trip took, but remember we passed through countless towns and villages and seemed to stop at many of them. Immediately the beggars appeared and vendors of all kinds hawking everything from bananas to monkeys. Young boys offered their “sister” for a fee. Everybody wanted the American dollar and after 42 days on board, the crazy G.I.'s would buy just about anything.

Camp Kanshapara, India

“Camp Kanshapara was located just north of Calcutta and we were billeted there for a short time until we were assigned to a unit. We were assigned 6-man pyramidal tents and luckily, I drew a British tent, which was cooler than the U.S. model because the roof had two layers of canvas with an air space between. However, I rated British food and most other supplies and equipment as below standard when compared to ours. The climate was hot and the humidity high, especially during the rainy or monsoon season. During the wet season shoes and clothing would collect mildew overnight. The air around the populous areas had a somewhat nauseous odor mainly from the outside cooking with dried cow dung utilized for fuel. Of course the “outside” plumbing didn't help much either. All wastes including human excrement, were hauled to the field for fertilizer. With this

MOROCCO TIMES

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thought in mind, your vegetables didn't seem to tasty!

“Although my stay at Kanshapara was rather short I did manage to get a couple of passes to Calcutta. The ride to the city was an experience in itself. The roads and streets were narrow and crowded with people, ox carts, bicycles, sacred cows, and pedi-cabs which were a three wheeled affair pedaled by a coolie and capable of carrying two passengers. People seemed reluctant to move off the roads and the G.I. Truck drivers were just as reluctant to slow down.

“It was mass confusion and the drivers were considered “virgins” until they had hit something or somebody. I found Calcutta to be a sprawling, incredibly poor and dirty city, but very interesting. I observed the caste system and I believe our dogs get better treatment than the lower castes in India did at this time. There seemed to be no middle class of people in the Orient and I was struck by the lack of compassion for the less fortunate by the few who were more affluent. People died everyday in the streets and the railroad stations were always full of the dying because if death occurred on the railroad property, the railroad company was required to cremate the bodies and cremation was a religious belief of the Hindu's. It seemed to me that many of the religious and cultural customs of the Indians were a definite deterrent for progress. (To be continued).

Letters to the Editor

This e-mail from Matthew Bishop, AME1 (VFA 105) to his brother, John H. Fitzgerald, was shared with us by their mother, Jan Yoder. It is a poignant reminder of the war that is being waged in the Middle East and of the way

it touches the lives of those of us at home.

Hello Guys,

Yeah it's me. Sorry about not writing for a while. Things have been high tempo over here. I am doing O.K., I still have all my fingers and toes. We have been doing a lot in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom. We have been in AOR since December. On the way we stopped in Italy for six days which was neat to see Rome.

So far we have only had one ejection in our squadron which the pilot made it out alive. The ejection seat is one of the systems my shop works on, so that's a pretty big deal for us. The pilot, who happened to be our division officer, came to us and thanked us for saving his life.

We are projected to come home as planned June 5th. We have dropped a lot of ammo on the bad guys over here just to let you guys know your tax dollars are going to a good cause. Of course being out to sea for an extended amount of time is less than desirable, but we all just hold on to the belief that your all supporting what we are doing out here.

A word of advice for you is to ignore the media. They are not reporting the whole truth, only what they want to show you, and we are winning this war--slowly but surely.

The guys on the ground are doing a lot of great things and they love the sound of our jets when they identify and call in a target, then watch us take it out. IED's are taking out the majority of the troops and our jets are used to blow up any that are identified before they kill any of our guys. The insurgents are using children as shields, as one of our pilots told us they called in to take out a building housing terrorists and as they got closer the terrorist heard the planes and ran into the building and

MOROCCO TIMES

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brought out a bunch of kids knowing that the jets would not bomb them which they didn't.

How are all you guys doing back home? Hi mom! Letting you know I love you. I am O.K. Take care of yourself and take care of grandma and grandpa for us. As for the rest of you watch out for my mom for me while I am away. Let me know if you want anything and I'll see if I can get it to you. Well, I am going to do better at sending e-mails to John, I hope he will forward them to everyone for me. Love, Matthew (Bishop) Somewhere in Iraq.

Dear Gerald,

The article “Morocco Girl Guides” and photo from Charles Derflinger was of special interest to me. Pictured were my mother, Caroline (Herriman) Garrard, Aunt Elsie (Herriman) Jones, and two friends of our family--Mrs. Ella Carmichael and her daughter, Jessie. Estimated date of the photo would be circa 1923. I believe both Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael were teachers and neighbors of the Herrimans on West Beaver Street. The Carmichaels relocated to and retired at Oak Creek, Colorado in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Jessie Carmichael married Theodore “Ted” Larson, a geologist who did oil exploration for Conoco-Phillips Petroleum Co. Ted and Jessie had two boys and one girl.

My mother maintained a life-long friendship with the Carmichaels and Larsons. She and I visited both families on several summer vacations in the 1930s and 40s, traveling on the streamliner (passenger train) “City of Denver,” from Chicago to Denver. We had a compartment with two seats that converted into a bed at night. Everyone dressed in their Sunday best to go to the dining car, where male waiters in white jackets served fancy meals. At Denver, large touring cars took us

to the gold-domed Capitol building and the Buffalo Bill Museum and his grave high atop Lookout mountain. The gravel road to the top of Pike's Peak was narrow and scary. The red rock formations at Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs, were a far cry from the prairie and corn fields around Morocco. A local steam train transported us from Denver to Oak Creek. Traveling through the six-mile Moffat Tunnel under the mountain and continental divide was quite an experience for a ten-year-old boy who was fascinated by trains.

The Larsons built--and Jessie operated--a Best Western Motel at Steamboat Springs not far from Oak Creek. Ted was a great outdoorsman and took us mountain climbing (Hahn's Peak, elevation 11,000 ft.) and fly-fishing for rainbow trout in the mountain streams. Climbing the last thousand feet in elevation of Hahn's Peak involved scrambling up the slope of fractured boulders that were too rugged for our tennis shoes. Nevertheless, Mom and I made it to the hut at the summit, signed the visitor book there, and then had a snowball fight with Ted on the 4th of July, 1939.

On one of these vacations, I was introduced to surveying by serving as Ted's rodman. He made topographical maps by the plane table method that showed the various rock formations. Later Mom and the Larsons went on a group pack trip on horseback, riding in the mountains for several days, camping out, and taking meals from a chuck wagon. In 1956 or 1957, the Larsons visited Mom and Aunt Elsie at Chicago and then Marjorie and me at St. Ignace, Michigan, where I was working on the construction of the Mackinac

MOROCCO TIMES

Vol. 2 No. 2

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Straits Bridge. I took Ted on a tour of the bridge and sport fishing on the St. Mary’s River. Eventually the Larsons moved to the company headquarters at Bartlesville, OK and retired there.

Russell Garrard
Springfield, Illinois

As a post script to Russell’s wonderful letter, he commented on articles in last month’s *Morocco Times* that held special interest for him.

The Old Swede Culture by Byron Sandberg. My wife Marjorie (Carlson) Garrard is 5/8 Swedish

World War II As it Happened to Me, by Victor E. Carlson. Marjorie’s brother and my brother-in-law.

The Passing Scene, by Gerald Born on Osage orange trees. As a youth, I set a trapline in the creek that flowed through Arch Elijah’s pasture east of lovers’ lane. At daylight, a trapped animal will chew its foot off and escape, so trappers must check their traps before daylight. While cutting through the east hedge row to run my trapline in the dark, a thorn penetrated my right foot. I have carried that scar for 70 years.

The clearing and removal of a *double* row of Osage orange trees was an issue used by environmentalists to block the construction of two bridges carrying Interstate 72 over the Illinois River for 15 to 20 years.

As a footnote, Russell attended Purdue University and has his degree in Civil Engineering, which explains his role in the building of the Mackinac Straits Bridge, a truly magnificent bridge, and a marvel for its

day. From there he went to Springfield, Illinois and worked for the state highway department and was responsible for much of the bridge and interstate construction in Illinois. His knowledge of the blocking of construction of the bridges over the Illinois River was from first hand experience.

Backward Glance

Ye Editor attended the January meeting of the Newton County Historical Society at the Resource Center at Kentland and the above photo was on display. It is from the collection of Fanny (Perry) Kessler Collins and details a familiar scene in Morocco’s downtown around the turn of the last century, a hundred years ago.

When a wife said, “Honey, I’m going to the meat market” that is exactly what she meant. For the market contained only meat, which the butcher’s, cut, weighed and wrapped in butcher’s paper. The slaughter house was located near Beaver Creek north of town, and most likely the men behind the counter were the ones that killed and cleaned the animals.

From the photo one can identify beef, pig, and sheep carcasses. Smoked hams may be seen on the top row.

This was before there was great concern about sanitation. See the dog by the little girl? It is enough to make Ruth Ellen Hayworth cringe at the sight and write up a citation or two from the Health Department.

Over the counter are the long horns of cattle that they probably had slaughtered.

Only two of the ladies have been tentatively identified. The tall lady on the right is a young Laura Hale, and the third lady from the left may be Mrs. Charles Triplett .

MOROCCO TIMES

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Government In Action

Community Calendar

Beginning Knitting Lessons February 27th and 29th, 2008 from 2-4 p.m. at the Morocco Community Library (219)285-2664

Blood Donation at Newton County Public Library Community Room, 944 N. 315 W., Lake Village, 1-6 p.m. Questions call 1-800-Give Life or www.givelife.org

Meeting to approve \$1,000,000 bond issue for hydrants and mains project on February 25th at the Town Hall immediately following the Utility Board Meeting at 5:05 p.m. All citizens are urged to attend.

Transitions

Eugene E. Bushman

Eugene E. “Gene” Bushman, 73, of Mount Ayr, died Monday, January 21, 2008, at Jasper County Hospital, Rensselaer.

He was born in Lake Village on December 23, 1934, the son of the late Elva and Nellie (Yott) Bushman. He was educated at Morocco Public schools and had been a lifetime Newton County resident.

On August 1, 1992, in Newton County, he married Nola “Jan” Yoder, and she survives.

He was assistant superintendent at LTV Steel for 34 years and a service technician at Hicks Gas in Rensselaer for 17 years. He had served in the Army.

Mr. Bushman was a member of Fellowship of Living Hope Church in Rensselaer and the

Lake Village Archery Club. He was a Boy Scout leader for Pack 53, a former trustee of Lake Township in Newton County and a Little League coach in Morocco.

He was a avid NASCAR fan and enjoyed hunting and fishing.

Surviving with his wife are six children, Kevin Bushman of Morocco, Steve Bushman (wife, Becky) of Roselawn, Kelly DeYoung (husband Kevin) of Lake Village, Lisa Bateman (husband, Mike) of Rensselaer, Harold Yoder, (wife, Nancy) of Hobart and Allen Cook (wife, Dianne) of Tennessee.

Also surviving are 10 siblings, Don Bushman (wife, Shirley), Webb Bushman (wife, Judy), Evelyn Telford (husband, Norman), Linda Midkiff (husband, Larry), Christine Nunn (husband, Wayne), Bud Bushman (wife, Sherry), Angie Lomax (husband, Dale), and Nancy Hayes (husband, Rich), all of Lake Village, Carol George (husband, Larry) of Washington state and Gene Bushman (wife, Connie) of Arkansas.

Friends may call at Steinke Funeral Home in Rensselaer on Wednesday, January 23, from 4 till 8 p.m. Funeral services at Fellowship of Living Hope Church, Rensselaer, Thursday, January 24, at 10 a.m.; Pastor Edwin Bontreger officiating. Interment will follow at Lake Village Cemetery with Military Graveside Rites. Memorials are suggested to Jasper County Hospital, Home Health & Hospice. Steinke Funeral Home of Rensselaer is in charge of arrangements.

This and That

If you have been a regular contributor to the Lion’s aluminum can bin located near the skate park and the Lion’s den and have been

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looking for where they moved the bin, look no further. It was determined that the bin was unsightly and that it hardly paid for the time and effort in redeeming the cans, so they have abandoned the project according to Lion’s President, Jim Elijah, Jr.

The following photo was found by Betty Kessler as she was sorting through some of her old pictures. It has special meaning for Ye Editor as it was taken in the second school house built in Morocco, which was constructed of wood and occupied the site where the brick school house was later built. When construction started on the brick school in 1899, the old wooden school house which was formed in an “L” shape, was divided into two buildings. The larger part was taken to the north end of town and became the P.O. Bailey home. The smaller portion was purchased by Capt. Dan Graves, my grandmother’s uncle, and moved to the east side of town. His family which consisted of Orth, Mildred Merle, Raye and Lola Graves occupied the rooms while a square addition was added to the school house portion on the west side. Completed in 1902 this is the house in which Uncle Dan and his third wife, Aunt Rachel, reared their children and later became the home of Mildred Merle for the rest of her life. In 1963, I bought the house and remodeled it for my mother, Gay, who lived there until her death in 2002.

It was the first school in which Mildred Merle Graves taught, and she was probably 19 years old at the time. (She stands on the right side of the rear door).

The following students were identified on the back of the photo:

- Sam Murphey
- Earl Kessler
- Harry Chizum
- Carl Sinks
- Jake Snick (perhaps Schnickenberger)
- Harley Kennedy
- Lemol Jencin (perhaps Jensen)
- John Roadruck
- Ott Handley
- George Flowers
- Roy Baldwin
- Levy Smart
- Anna Handley
- Irene Roadruck
- Ada Perrion
- Carrie Kessler
- Gertie Bell
- Della Hosier
- Amy Purkey
- Macy Camblin
- Hazel Archibald
- Maud Archibald
- Violet Dearmond
- Katie Clark
- Bernice Bell
- Margaret Kessler
- Katie Broadruck
- Elsie Cummings, next to Della
- Opal Bridgeman
- Gertie Deardurff
- Maude Lowe
- Ada Camblin
- Bernice Gay
- Blanche James
- Flossie Smart