

\$2.25

THE CHARITON COLLECTOR

NORTHEAST MISSOURI
HISTORY AND FOLKLORE
December 1980

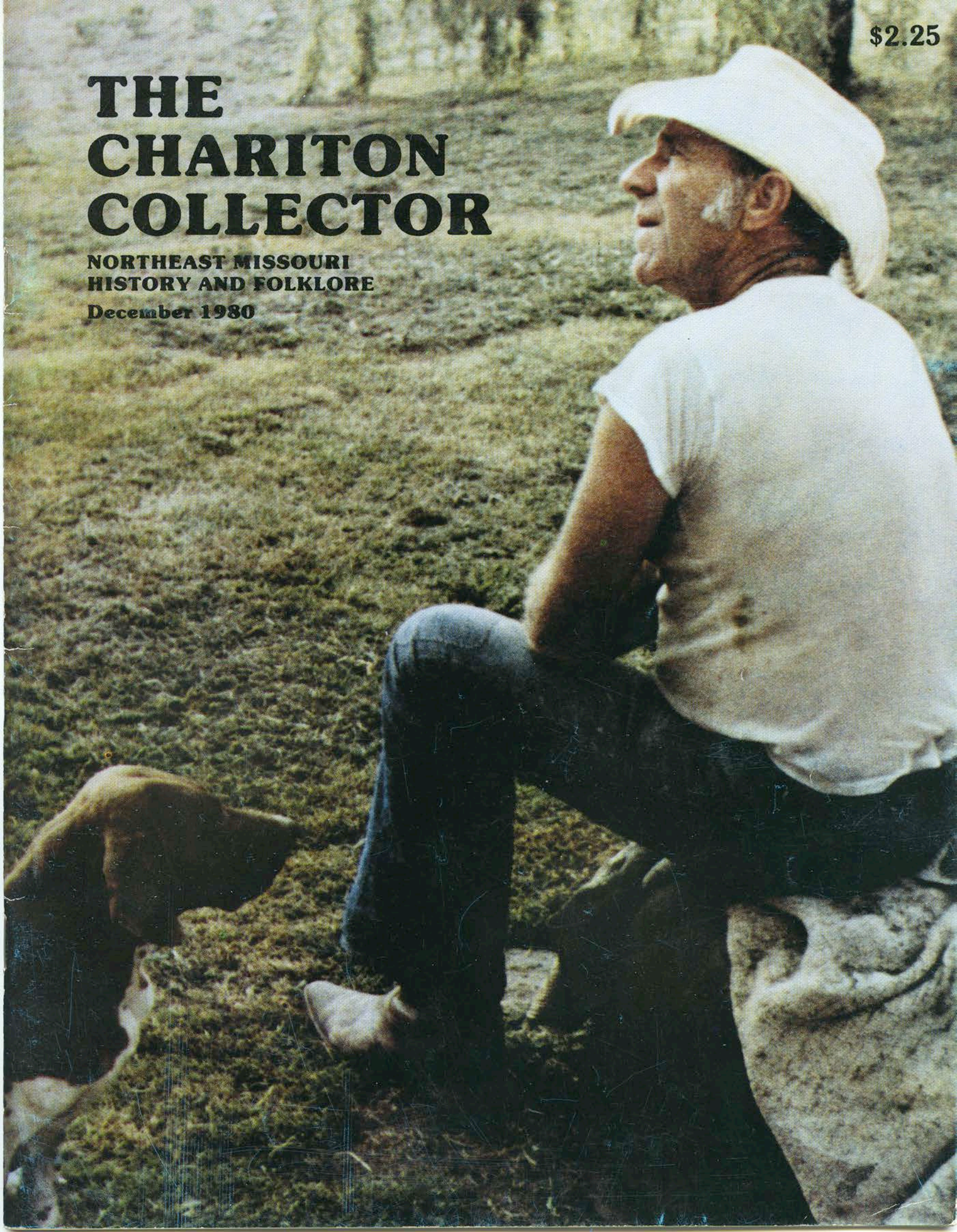


TABLE OF CONTENTS

In Search of Kellwood by John Thomas ...2
The Chase is On! by Tammy Ogle ...5
Bocce by Joe Novinger and Adam Still ...6
Eugene Casey—Views of a Changed Land
by Wayne Hubbard and Roger Lloyd ...8
Northeast Missouri Folklore ...10
Paul Straight by Denise Whittle and Angie Neff ...11
The Flaming Circle by Rene Bonfoey and Michelle Bonfoey ...15
Basket Weaving by Kim Newman ...18
It's a Long Way to Tipperary
by Terry England, Greg Barnes and Brian Winslow ...20
Frank Truitt's Novinger by Annette Greer ...22
Play it by Ear by Tom Van Vleck ...24

STAFF FOR DECEMBER 1980 ISSUE

Table with 4 columns: Editors, Writers, Lettering, and Photography. Lists names of staff members and their roles.

ADVISOR'S COMMENTS

Italians, Croations, settlers from Alsace-Lorraine, England, Ireland, Germany, and the Slavic countries merged in Northeast Missouri to provide a unique folklore and history. Even today, Kirksville is an interesting blend of different cultures.

In an effort to define our past and understand the present, the local history class of the Kirksville Senior High School embarked on an oral history project. This publication is the work of the 1979-80 class.

We are pleased to be able to contribute to the community's understanding of local history and culture. A major objective of the course was to establish an empathetic relationship between students and persons of the community. These relationships were developed between strangers and were also established between the students and their own family heritage.

Our mission was:

- 1. To preserve a heritage: To develop an oral history library consisting of taped interviews with local residents. Since much history is passed on by word

of mouth, it was our intention to capture the stories that might otherwise have been lost. We have also built a photographic library of personalities and historical sites in Northeast Missouri.

- 2. To become contributors to history as well as learners: Students were able to use all their skills and talents in creating this magazine.
3. To foster better relations between the students and their community.

We would like to thank the community and the school administration for their support. We deeply appreciate the time spent in granting interviews and the moral and financial support extended.

One of the spinoffs of the class was the fun we had putting the magazine together, getting to know one another better, and appreciating each other's unique talents. We hope that you enjoy reading the Chariton Collector as much as we enjoyed producing it.

Carol Trowbridge

In Search Of KELLWOOD

What once stood among the close maples in the center of what is known today as the Kellwood subdivision, called the attention of many people in, and past its zenith. Kellwood, the three-story brick mansion stood in the center of a large farm, which included portions of today's Highway 63 north, and the swimming pool park, as well as all of Kellwood Hills. A sheriff's sale in the 1960's sealed the fate of the mansion and its grounds, but the tales of it and the people who resided there shall perhaps never end.

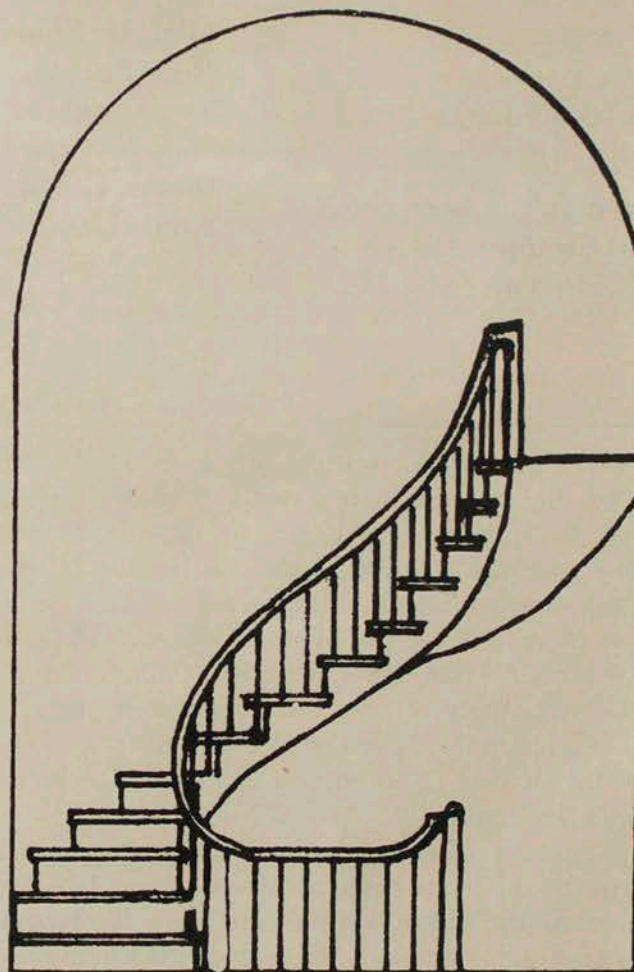
Eccentric Emma, the beautiful stairs, Charles and Fred . . . the mention of the Kellogg name in Kirksville stirs up many fragmented memories, but unfortunately, very little is remembered.

Often the information was second-hand, "I didn't know them but my mother did," or more often merely rumor. Yet from the rumors come a few facts which, when paired with the deeds, court cases, and other documents, showed something of the elusive history of the house and its owners.

The house was built on a property deeded to the Rowland family in 1848, but the date of the home's completion, and who built it, is a point of controversy. Many maintain that it was built after the Civil War in 1873, when the land was owned by John Smith. Others give the date as 1877 when the McQuires took possession of the land. Still others insist it was built in 1881 by the people who gave the mansion its name, the Warren J. Kellogg family. It seem that the names of the people who really built the home are perhaps now lost or forgotten.

Architecturally, all of the given dates are plausible. The front lower two stories of the facade were stiff, almost severe, with the classical modeled sidelights and transoms over the upper and lower main doors. Also, on the front, were quoins, pillasters, and brackets, elements of the architecture of Colonial, Greek Revival and Victorian, respectively. The two-storied, pedimented porch shows similar restraint, pointing to an ante-bellum influence. Yet, the third floor is built into a mansard, which is considered a Victorian innovation. Also on the eastern side of the house was an octagonal bay window, usually considered Victorian. Thus, the exterior of the house is a combination of so many elements, of so many time periods, it is impossible to date it on architecture alone.

Of the interior of the house even less is known. Still existing, however, is a photograph taken from the top of the spiral stairs constructed by a Kirksville man, Harry Tull. The floor plan for all that is known follows the usual ante-bellum tradition, altered perhaps by the reconstruction period's transition. The east parlor was noted for its hand-painted wallpaper and both it and the adjacent parlor, hall, and dining room were remembered for their parquet (inlaid wood) floors. Perhaps the greatest glory, it might be ventured, was the domed skylight at the top of the staircase.



The solid walnut staircase was built by Harry Tull. Stair-building was a specialty trade. It often took six months or longer to complete a stairway.

Story by John Thomas



The huge, three-story brick Kellogg home was set back from the road, almost hidden by large trees. It stood on the land which is now the swim-

ming pool park, Kellwood Hills, and part of Highway 63 North. (Photo Courtesy of Northeast Missouri State University.)

Because of the lack of written or oral records, the owners of the property from 1848-1877 are almost unknown, except as names in legal records. The McQuires, who moved into the property in 1877 and who were rumored to have built the house, left it four years later after experiencing a series of tragic events. Those events began with the loss of all their chickens and cows (which later led to bankruptcy) and ended with the tragic death of their first child, Hubert. Later, the McQuire's daughter, Ivie, described their story as "they couldn't get out fast enough." Perhaps the animating force behind the house would be better left unspoken.

Probably the most rumored and famous owners of the house were the eccentric and reclusive Kellogg family. Coming from Ohio in 1881, they took possession of the land from the McQuires. Warren and Susan Kellogg had seven children, James, Ray W., George, Fred O., Emma, Ross, and Charlie. Of James, Ray, George, and Ross Kellogg, very little is known. Ross died when he was one year old. James married and left for Ohio, and Ray and George lived secluded, reclusive lives, as did Fred, Charles and Emma.

The huge brick house was set back from the road, almost hidden by huge trees. Here abode the last of the Kellogg family: Emily, Charles and Fred. "They were fine old men, short in stature, very quiet and rather reclusive," as one Kirksville historian said of Charles and Fred. "Up until the 1940's and 50's, they drove their horse and buggy up town and parked on the square. Apparently, they did not like change. When the house changed hands after the Kelloggs,

it was found to have neither modern plumbing nor electricity, no phone, and no interior bathrooms. They lived their lives simply and quietly, content."

Of Emma Kellogg much less is known, but much more is said. The Kelloggs, though reclusive, were hospitable, often allowing people to pick hickory nuts and wild flowers from their woods. Sometimes, people would find Emma deeply engrossed and unaware of watching eyes, preaching to the open fields and woods. Upon realizing people were watching, she ran back to the confines of the house, looking "rather like a witch." The Kelloggs also did a small business selling strawberries from a large patch east of the house, where occasionally someone saw a fleeting glimpse of Emma running for the safety of the verandah or the summer kitchen. At best, the only thing known of Emma is that she was extremely shy, using the walls of the house as a shelter against the world.

During the middle years of the twentieth century, the finances and health of the Kelloggs were failing, one of the brothers already having been claimed. Emma and Charles were made to leave the house sometime during the 1950's. Charles apparently went berserk, taking an axe and chopping up the parlor organ and breaking the Haviland china in the dining room; just how the sheriff finally calmed him down is unknown, or if this episode ever really happened at all.

Emma's reaction to leaving was much different, though rather predictable. She locked herself in her room and refused to come out. The sheriff finally broke the door down and

she was taken from the house—her spirit broken. Before she died in Stickler Hospital, one nurse became close to her and remembered her as being very sweet and quiet, and very shy.

All the Kelloggs, excepting James, are laid to rest in Forest-Llewellyn Cemetery. Of the stones, one remains an enigma. Fred Kellogg's tombstone is marked only 1880-19__.

After the Kelloggs moved away, the lean years came upon the house, which, though in poor repair, was finally allowed to lapse into ruin. While still standing, the house changed hands twice. Finally, it was demolished because of its extremely poor condition. A modern house was built on the site of the old in Kellwood Hills. This name is the only written tribute to a family now dead—the family that gave the development its name.

During the 1960's a brief and unsuccessful campaign was started in order to save the house as a landmark. Even if it had been saved, many of the interior features were gone, all of which were irreplaceable. The staircase, during the time the house stood unoccupied, was destroyed by vandals wielding axes. Also, the parquet floors and handpainted wallpaper were in extremely poor condition.

Today the house is remembered only when asked about. Often it is confused with the Parcell's Plantation, the site of which is nearby. Though the Parcell house was frame, whereas Kellwood was brick, the door and window arrangement was similar. At one time the houses were both owned by the Kelloggs. Finally, various mentions of a fenced-in causeway or walkway between the two homes led to further confusion. Unfortunately, today both houses remain only as yellowing newspaper clippings and cracked, fading photographs.



Fred Kellogg's tombstone in Forest-Llewellyn Cemetery is one of the unexplained mysteries of the Kellogg family story. The stone reads only 1880-19__.

According to local legend, a curse was somehow fastened upon the house. Each of its owners was scourged by pestilence, death, madness, or bankruptcy, until the property again changed hands. The reason for the curse, or this rumor, is unknown, like so many other things . . . they vanished with the house. Back at the cemetery . . . the leaves sigh over the Kellogg plot, and if the trees know, they don't tell.



The Kellogg house is often confused with this large frame house known as the Parcell Plantation. The Parcell home was similar in architecture to the Kellogg place, and both homes were at one time owned by the Kelloggs. The plantation, built before the Civil War, was reportedly damaged by cannon fire during the Battle of Kirksville. (Photo Courtesy of Kirksville Daily Express.)



Lewis Ogle proudly poses with his hounds.

The Chase Is On!

By Tracy Ogle

My grandfather, Lewis Ogle, has hunted foxes for many years. He has been a police officer for the city of Kirksville for 15 years. Although the deer population in the county drove him out of the fox hunting business, he still has many fond memories about the chases that he shared with us.

Q. When did you start out hunting fox?

A. I have been a fox hunter and have had hounds for approximately thirty-five years. There are four different breeds of fox hounds. Walkers, July's, Goodman's and Triggs, but the Walker breed is my favorite fox hound.

Q. Were most of your dogs Walkers?

A. Yes, they were Walkers. Of course, years back we hunted in Adair County where Forest Lake is now. It was just woods then, and there were lots of foxes. We had a lot of good chases. A good true fox hunter ran his hounds—chased the foxes—but didn't believe in killing the foxes. We did have an abundance of foxes. There were a lot of fox hunters in Adair County, but a lot of those old-timers are deceased now. Some of the men I hunted with were Artie Howell, Merl Shoemaker, Dean Lewis, George Williams, and John Salaski, to name a few. Leonard Crow, chief of police in Kirksville for 30 years, was also a fox hound man who raised and traded hounds. Some are dead, some are still alive and just quit hunting, like myself. We didn't have any deer in Adair County then. This was one of the main things that caused me to quit hunting. It was hard to keep your hounds from chasing deer. You were very lucky if you ever had one, even one, hound that wouldn't chase them.

The foxes raised their young, most generally, in the latter part of March and April. Five or six foxes were the usual litter. Of course, myself and a lot of other hunters would get out in the woods and look for the dens to find out where they were. Of course, we'd keep check on them and you was darenst to disturb the den or they would move.

Q. Did the male fox run longer and farther than the female fox?

A. Yes, we'd always try to pick a good night—watch when the sun went down to see that it was a nice sun setting in the evening—no wind—the ground should be damp, not dry. We've went many times, back in those days, turned our hounds loose about the time the sun went down. Most generally, the hounds would jump the she, the mother fox, and the hounds would chase her for probably an hour—sometimes longer. Then the old dog fox would come in and take over and lead the dogs away from the young and the den, and the fox race was on! Lots of times, back in those days, a fox chase lasted all night—they'd still be running the next morning when the sun came up.

It took good hounds—you had to feed your hounds. Of

course, they didn't look like show dogs when you run them. You wanted them so that you could count their ribs down the side, because if you tried to chase with fat dogs (too much flesh on them) of course, you'd break them down—make them quit. You had to have a dog in good shape to stand the chase all night long.

Q. How many times a week did you hunt them?

A. To have a good running hound, he needed to be run twice a week, that is, if you kept him corraled up. A lot of hunters living in the country didn't have corrals to shut their dogs up—they ran loose all the time. They'd run to suit themselves. In later years, they had to go to building corrals or tie them up, because your hounds would be out and someone would come in from town with their hounds and they'd be fresh dogs and they's set in on your dogs and make it awfully rough on them, and if they wasn't the right kind of running hounds, they'd make them quit and that was one thing a good fox hunter didn't like. He wouldn't own a hound that would quit. He wanted one that would stay in there until they holed that fox or the old fox just trailed them out.

Q. Can you remember any interesting or amusing stories that happened to you during your fox hunting days?

A. Yes, I can. Of course, the main object in fox hunting was when you went out with a bunch of other good hunters, you wanted a hound with a good mouth, one with an outstanding bark that you could tell from the others. One time, I remember, several of us fox hunters went and we took a Baptist preacher with us. He was one of the old-time Baptists. I can't remember which hunter, but I remember he would say, "Listen, listen, man, listen to that heavenly music." And this preacher said, "I—I can't hear that music for those god-damned hounds!"

Max Randolph, from Carrollton, Missouri, was another good breeder of Walkers. I had a good gyp that I took down there to breed to his stud dog and I raised just a litter of three pups. You couldn't hardly call it a litter. Of course, I raised those dogs out. One particular time, these three young dogs were in a chase one night west of Kirksville out on No. 11 where Route N junctions to go to Yarrow. I stayed all night. By morning, the hounds were still running fox, but I had to go home and later that day I checked on my hounds. One young dog had come in. I found out later that one of my good neighbors had shot this one young dog with a bow and arrow. He came home with this arrow in him. I took him to the vet, but he died.

This is one more thing about the deer situation that drove me out of the fox hound business. I still think that when I retire, I will get into Walker fox hounds and try to enjoy a few more chases.

BOCCE

In the past 20 years or so, the game of bocce has all but disappeared from this area. Bill Baiotto, the owner of Baiotto Concrete, has the only authentic set of bocce balls in this area that he knows of. "There is another set in Novinger, but the guys don't play anymore," he said. Bocce, pronounced "boat-chee," is a lawn game of Italian origin. It is played in most European countries and is big in Australia and New Zealand. At one time it was played in the USA on a much larger scale than it is now. Bill says that it is played in rest homes in Arizona and New Mexico and there is one club in St. Louis where all ages play.

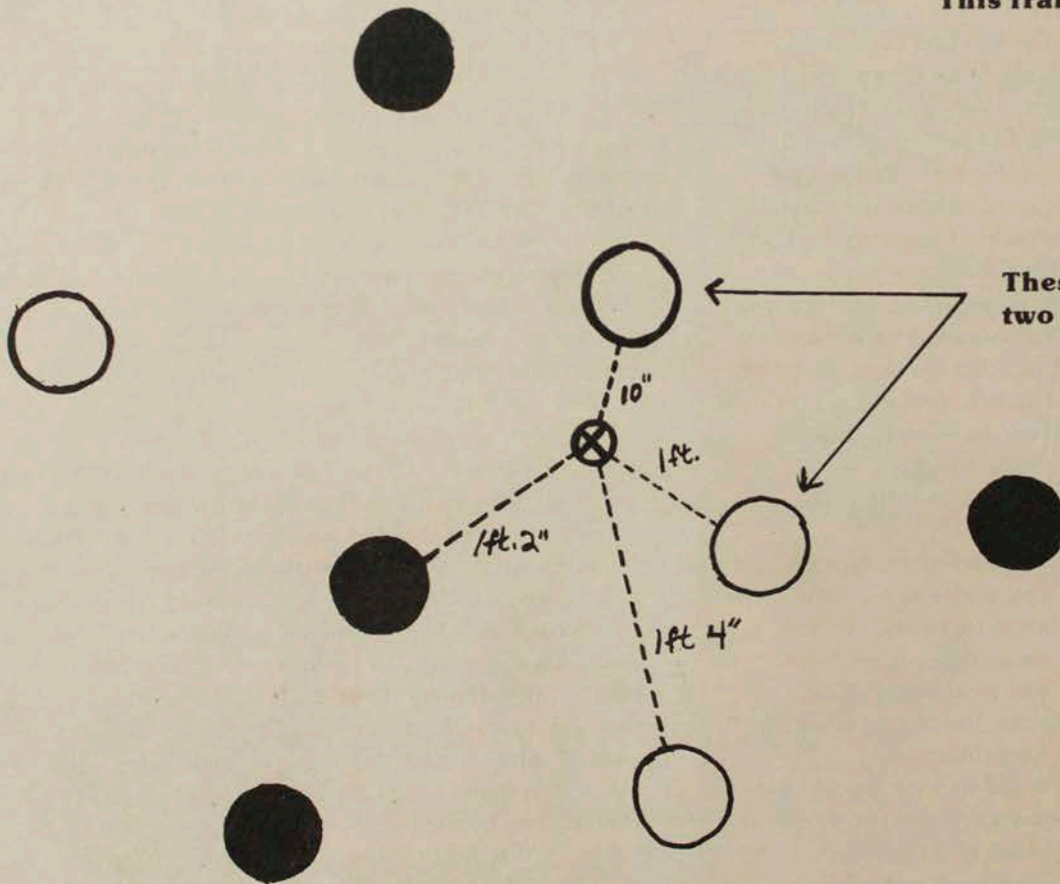
Baiotto is of Italian decent. His grandparents moved from Utah to Novinger around the turn of the century. Bill said there were several different nationalities that used to live in what were called the bottoms of Novinger. Most of them worked in the mines and for recreation they played bocce at the "Novinger Bocce Club," he said they would gather there every Sunday to play and later they put up lights and played into the night. They also played in Northwest Kirksville at the Jaycee Park. Older people who were too old for baseball or other active sports especially enjoyed playing bocce.

Bocce is widespread around the world and the rules, regulations and terms vary in different places. The game is similar to horse shoes. Instead of throwing horse shoes at a pin, balls are rolled at a smaller ball called a jack or palino, or as Bill calls it, "balline." The playing balls are about the size of a grapefruit and are made out of wood or plastic and vary in weight. The balls are different colors and have different designs for the two different teams. When you roll the ball there is either a line you cannot cross or a pad you must keep your foot on. Some different sets have one side slightly flattened and/or weighted to allow the ball to curve. These are especially common in Australia and New Zealand. Even the official court layout dimensions vary from 13 ft. to 19½ ft. wide, by 78 ft. to 92 ft. long. The surface can be turf or clay or packed sand. Bill said most people wouldn't want to take that big of a chunk out of their yard for a court. He has a long paved driveway on which he places a long piece of artificial turf to make a long narrow court.

Two people can play on two teams which play each other. The players take turns rolling their balls toward the Jack. The object, of course, is to get closer to the Jack than your opponent. Some variations of the game provide a penalty for

This frame: white-2 black-0

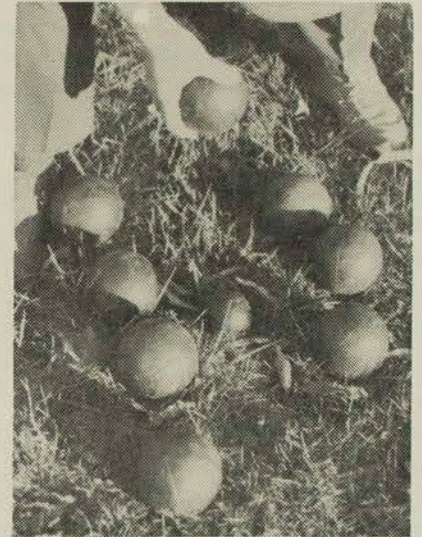
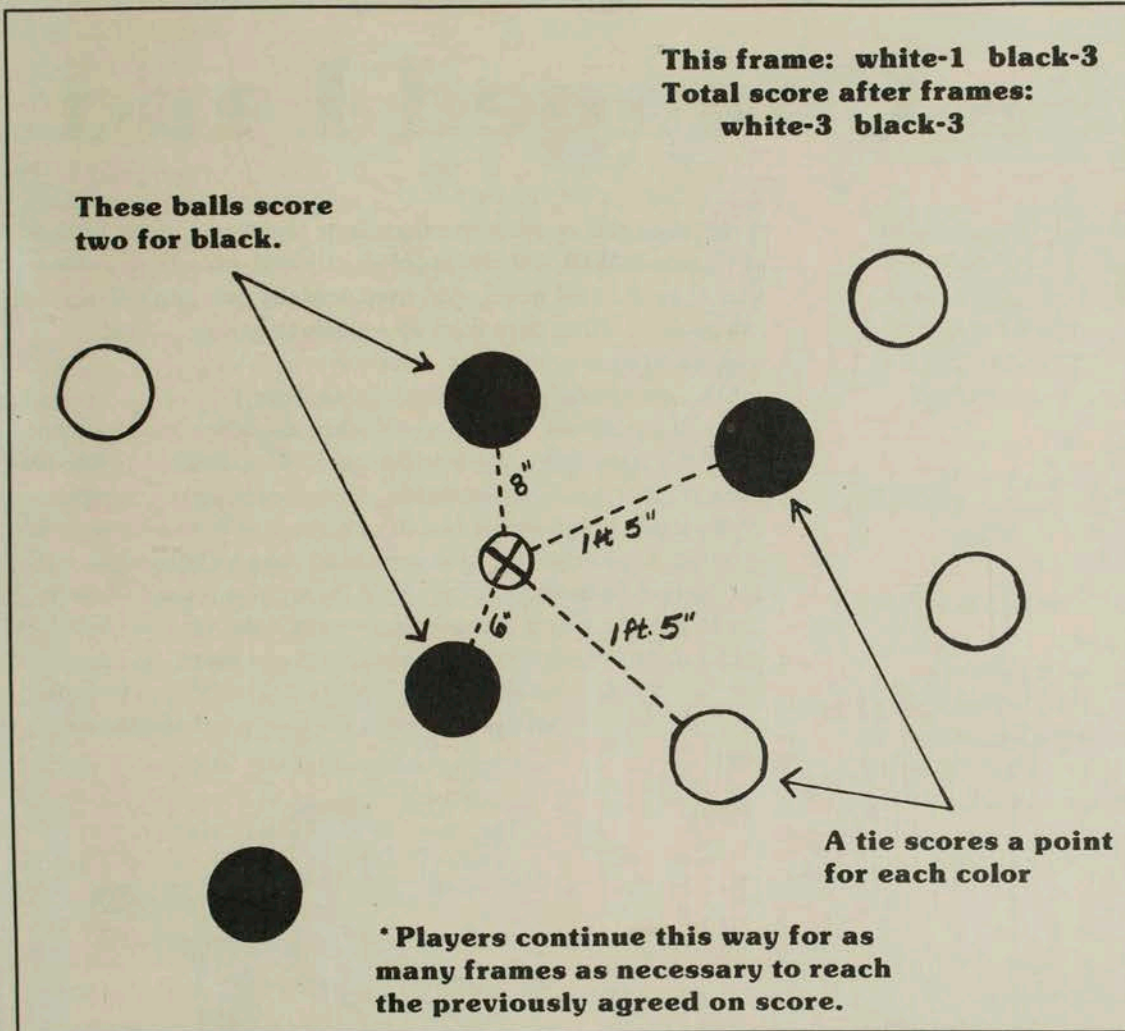
These balls score two for white.



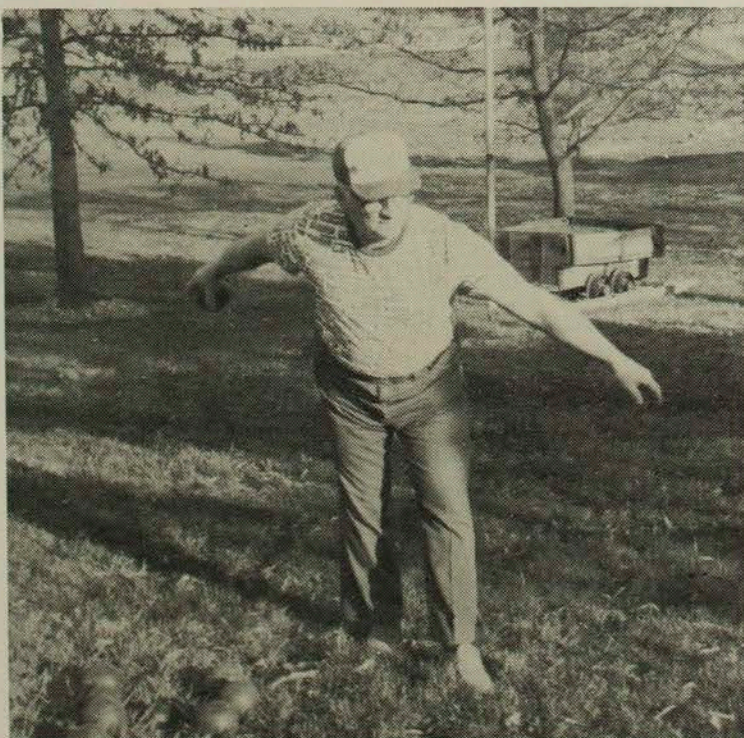
hitting the Jack. Scoring is accomplished by receiving one point for every ball you have closer to the Jack than your opponent. If two opposing balls are the same distance from the Jack, both score. You can play to 15 or 21 or whatever is agreed on before the game begins.

Bocce is an easy going lawn game. Besides his original set of Italian balls, Bill also has a set from Australia that are somewhat smaller and flat on one side. He said that he has seen manufactured plastic bocce sets for sale in sporting goods stores.

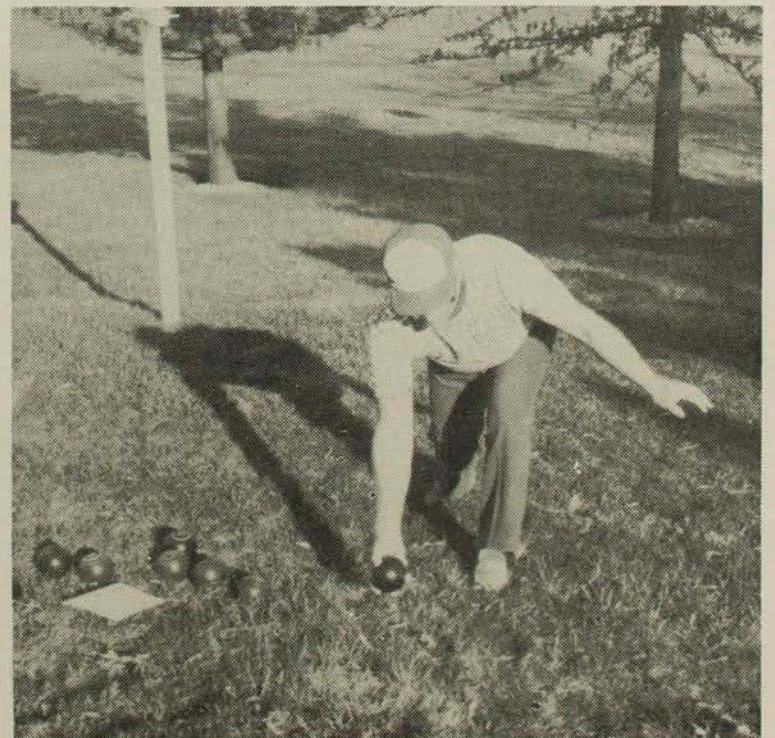
**Story by
Joe Novinger
and Adam Still**



Bill shows his authentic Italian set of wooden bocce balls and the jack.



Bill prepares to throw one of the bocce balls.



This is how the Italian balls are thrown.

EUGENE CASEY

Views of a Changed Land

Eugene Casey is 58 years old and was born and raised in Adair County. When he was 17 years old he enlisted in the army and served during World War II. When he came back he married and started farming. He likes the outdoors, hunting and fishing. Eugene likes to joke around a lot and he's always ready to help when needed. He is always ready to give us hints on hunting.

In this interview we asked him to tell about the changes he has seen in the hunting and fishing through the years.

Q. Has the wildlife changed all that much since you were a child?

A. Well, yes. In a sense of wildlife fish, birds, it's all changed. For instance, back when I was a young boy I used to go on the river with my father fishing. None of the rivers at that time in this area were straightened and we would go over there and fish until night. Normally we would come home with a good mess of fish to eat, or more. The straightening of the rivers also straightened out the fish, too. You seldom can catch any more fish.

As far as game is concerned, there are only a couple of things that I know of that have gained ground, and that would be deer and turkey. I think the first season on that was something like ten or eleven years ago when they had the first deer season here in this area. Back up to the time I was 30 years old I never saw a deer in this area, or any turkeys.

Q. What about pheasants?

A. Pheasants? When I was about 14 years old, a man by the name of Grim Lowe hatched out a bunch of them and for about five years they prospered pretty good. That was back in hard times and I think the money shooters or the game shooters hunted them for profit. The pheasant kind of disappeared.

Q. Are there animals now that weren't here before?

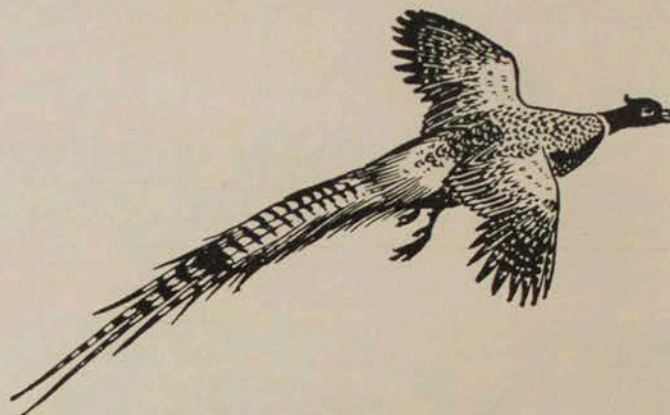
A. Well, for instance, back when I was a kid you seldom saw a ground hog in this area, which was an odd kind of situation, since there are a lot of ground hogs now. But they are on the decline since the coyotes have come in. Coyotes—back when I was young, about your age and younger, you seldom ever saw a coyote. I don't know what it was at that time, but anyway there weren't too many of them around then. But a coyote now is well, a little over plentiful as far as I'm concerned.

Foxes were numerous. Back when I was a young man about you guys' age, I know of one three-year period, for instance right here in this area. People used to make fox drives. There was 139 killed the first year, 150 killed the next, and 140 some, I think it was, the next year. Even then you could never tell you'd hunted them, there were so many of them. Often in the long run they got the mange, which

most often they would lose their hair and they simply died off of diseases. Well, I think people just killed enough of them that they did real good, and they actually overpopulated themselves. Then they died off—when they didn't have enough to eat.

Q. How would you go about a fox drive?

A. Well, almost the same way they do now-a-days, except we didn't have four-wheel drives back then, and all going was done on foot, or on good roads. They would simply quarter off a piece of land and a bunch of guys would go in and walk through it and the rest of them would stay on the outer perimeter. Sometimes they would have dogs turned loose to chase the fox, but if there were enough holes and enough brush around sometimes the fox would get away. In other words they were more than enough to re-populate, even after they got done shooting. The ones that were left simply did better.



Q. When did you get your first permit?

A. That is a good question. I honestly can't tell you. I was about 16 or 17 years old when I started trapping and you had to have a permit then to sell fur. I generally got a hunting/trapping permit and all that stuff about the same time. I think one of the first ones I ever bought only cost about a dollar and twenty-five cents something like that. It gradually went up to something like \$10.90, of course, everything else has gone up so they have to go up too.

Q. You say you did some trapping?

A. I did quite a little bit of trapping. My father trapped quite a bit. He had TB of the bone and he couldn't work at the mines at that time so he simply got out and walked trap lines. I started to walk with him, before I ever started to school, when I was about six years old. At the time, of course, we never had a kid sandbox then, I call it. In other words, a prestart school. I started out in first grade. My birthday came wrong for me to start out at seven years old, so I started when I was eight years old. So I walked traplines a lot with my father.

Q. What all did you trap?

A. Well, mostly muskrat, a few coon and mink. There were quite a few mink, a lot of muskrat, and several coon. However coon was not very plentiful. Then they brought seventy-five cents to a dollar apiece which was not much then, about forty years ago.

Q. They've gone up quite a bit since then?

A. Considering the fact that a lot of them brought \$40.00 to \$50.00 per hide!

Q. What kind of traps did you use?

A. Well, mostly the type they call the simple spring type. Some of them had a long spring. Some of them had a coil spring, which most of them were called leg hold trap. They hadn't come up with the bear or killer traps. My preference today is to use the single spring bear trap because very few animals get in ever gets out—simply kills them in no matter of seconds.

Q. Did you ever use horses when fox hunting?

A. No. No, I never saw anybody use a horse at that time. Those who couldn't walk very good would drive to the outer perimeter, where they could get out and have a shot at any fox that got out, some of the older men, for instance. Young guys that could walk good would take off through the field and flush them out.

Q. What kind of gun did they use?

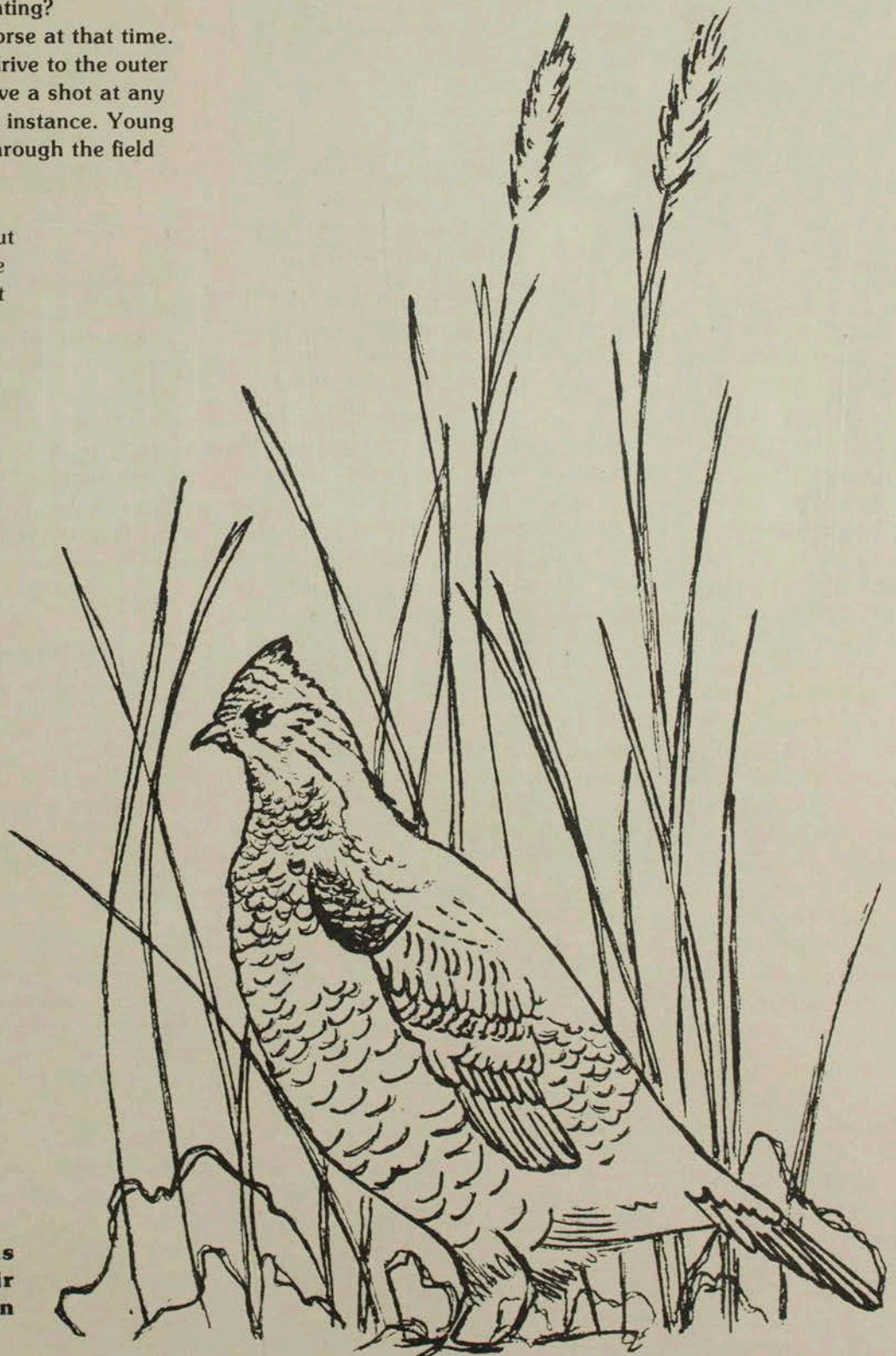
A. They used a little bit of everything. But most of your drives were organized by some leader. Shag Grossnickle was sheriff at that time, and in most cases specified nothing larger than No. 2 shot for a very good reason. They stray too far and might hurt somebody, if they had to shoot through the brush and some of the shot bounced off the ground. In a lot of cases they use rifles, and when I say rifles I mean rifles. Rifles of every description, every kind, shape, bore, and caliber, including shotguns.

Q. Have you seen very many changes in the conservation program?

A. Well, yes I have. I guess you could say they have dedicated themselves more thoroughly to get things done to help people plus themselves. This is a good thing in the long

run. Without the conservation program we wouldn't have turkey or deer. Even since we've had the conservation program around some of the things like the prairie chicken, and the grouse have disappeared. I think somewhere along about '52 or '53 was the last time I saw a prairie chicken. I was taking my kids to school one morning and I saw two of them. They were flying straight north and never did light. That's something out of the ordinary for a prairie chicken to do. In other words they were just passing through.

Story by Wayne Hubbard and Roger Lloyd



The Ruffed Grouse has disappeared from Adair County. (Sketch by John Thomas.)

Northeast Missouri Folklore

Local Legends and Tales

Bridge Creek and the Panthers

Rumors of black panthers roaming in Northeast Missouri persist even today. Bobby Poston, a member of this year's history class, shared this story with us. This is a story that has been passed down in his family for many years.

There was a little settlement north of Rutledge, Missouri, situated in the deepest woods and windingest roads. Situated here is Bridge Creek. This is where my ancestors first settled after coming here from Germany. The forests were so thick that every treetop interlocked with the other trees. So this meant that animals could travel overhead in the treetops. One of the animals that traveled, rumor has it, was the black panther.

My great uncle Bill, who was single, was travelling into town at a late hour for some unknown reason. He was coming from Bridge Creek to Edina, and since it was looking like rain, and with no top on the wagon, he wanted to get to town before it started raining. He always wore a stovepipe hat and smoked a pipe.

As the road entered the densest of the forest, my uncle kept noticing forms in the treetops as the lightning exploded. He was aware of the rumors of panthers, so he was starting to get on edge to get to town.



As he crossed a culvert, a loud echo was heard which raised the hair on my uncles toes, and did worse things to the horse's blood pressure. My uncle started to sing to calm both his and the horse's nerves.

Suddenly from the adjoining treetops, his hat was swiped from his head. Let me tell you—that did it! From then on, it was a race to see if the horse or uncle Bill would get to Edina first. He gave the horse the reins.

The next day a hunting party was formed and they spent two full days and nights hunting. Tracks were seen, but no panther. This story still carries on.

The White Horse



One afternoon back in the time we went to grandma's house for dinner every Sunday, my father and his two brothers were a-sittin' on the porch after the meal. They saw from a distance a large, beautiful, white horse, with a long flowing tail galloping across the fields, jumpin' every fence. When it came along to my grandfather's fence, it jumped, but its back feet were caught in the wire—it was held fast. My father and his brothers went and laid hold of its legs, which surprisingly 'nough it didn't kick us, and freed it. The horse then stopped, turned, looked at them, and then vanished into mid-air!

No, they hadn't been drinkin' corn whiskey.

—Adapted from a tale told by a resident of LaPlata.

Route P

This is Adair County's version of a gory legend that is also found in many parts of the United States. The legend always follows the same theme, but is usually localized, (meaning that a particular local geographic spot becomes the setting), in this case a dirt road off Route P.

A while back on a dirt road by Route P, a couple were parked. When it was time to leave the man tried to start the car but couldn't because he was out of gas. So the man decided that he was going to walk to the nearest house and get a can of gas to fill the car enough to get them to town. He told his girl friend to lock the doors and lie down and never look up for any reason. Later that night she heard scratching on the car and many thuds. Finally the next morning a patrolman knocked out the window and identified himself. The lady unlocked the door and the patrolman told her to close her eyes and and not to turn around, but she did and saw her boyfriend strung all over the car—limbs dangling, and the decapitated head on the hood ornament.

PAUL STRAIGHT

Yarrow, like many of the towns in Northeast Missouri, was once a thriving, bustling little town. With the improvement of the highway systems, many of these towns began to die.

Most of the residents left for better jobs, but in almost every town there remain a few who stay behind to become the caretakers of the land, the town, and its history.

Paul Straight is one of those caretakers and we were pleased when he consented to let us visit and interview him at his home in Yarrow.

"Com'on in," Paul said as we started toward the house. Just as we got to the back door we could hear fiddling music coming from the living room.

Before we could sit down and talk, we had to have a cup of his "brew," meaning some of his Folgers coffee. After we had tilted our cups we went in and sat down in the living room to listen to the music for a while.

Paul put on a record of "old Pete Mahan," one of Paul's friends that he had met at a fiddling contest. He has all of Pete's records. According to Paul it is "mighty fine music."

With, "Now listen kids she's comin' up loud and clear," we heard some of the best music around, in Paul's opinion, and we all enjoyed it, too!

Just as the music started, he began dancing, but before he really got started he sat down and said he'd be quiet.

We asked him if he'd show us how his type of dancing, which is called clogging, is done. So, with our teacher as a partner he danced around stomping his feet to the beat of the music.

We heard some of the best music around . . .

When the song was ended, Paul got out his rattle bones to play to the beat of the music of the next song. For someone who has never seen them or heard them played, it is a whole new experience. The set he had was brought from Illinois by his grandfather.

"The first rattle bones used to be made out of cow ribs—these are mahagonj here." Paul learned to play the rattle bones from his father who learned from his father before him.

Then Paul said, "You say you want to hear that Jew's Harp played?"

With that he played three different harps—a tenor, an alto, and a deep bass (which he called Elmo). When he first started playing Elmo he said it "sounds like a bullfrog."

He then passed the Jews harps out to the boys for them to try. Before their attempts, Paul gave them a few pointers. "See the sharp of your teeth? Just set your teeth right there, see. Like that, then kinda close your lips and hold out this way. Kinda judge it with your tongue."

After the boys caught their tongues on the harps they gave it up pretty quick. Paul said a lot of Jews harps were made out of cast iron, but those weren't very good. His came in a set of three from Sweden and were made out of steel.

"They're just right, I say the tune's just right."



He took up the Jews harp because "us country boys didn't have much to do." One of his brothers plays the fiddle and the other plays the banjo. His two sisters both play the piano and violin. He was "kinda left with the rattle bones and the Jews harp."

There are five children in Paul's family: a big brother John out in Los Angeles with the Sante Fe; then an older sister, Ruth, in Statesboro, Georgia, teaching school; the next sister, Clara, in Ithaca, New York; Paul came after her; and a younger brother down in Columbia, Missouri, with the M.F.A. Oil Company.

Paul and his younger brother were both born in the house he lives in now. His oldest brother was born in Portland, Oregon. The oldest sister was born in Boise, Idaho. The next sister was born in Walla Walla, Washington.

"I was born right here in this bedroom in here. Doc Muiner came up on the old C-B-Q Railroad. Put me on earth here in high shape."

"Then he went on to Unionville. The railroad ran from Centerville, Iowa to Elmer, Missouri. This little train ran through here. The fact is he came up on the hand car the mornin' he delivered me."

His ancestors came from Scotland and Cork, Ireland. They all moved to America and the Straight family lived in Green, New York.

Paul said that they ". . . migrated west and went plum as far as they could go. They all married women out there and then they started back. This is as far as they got. Kinda settled down and raised a family here."

When he was asked where he went to school, his comment was, "Well, most of it was out behind the barn."

"Spent eight years up here in this little school house you just passed by. Seven years, I was pretty bright so I got out early."

His two sisters had to walk five miles to Gifford each day to go to school and five miles back each night for two years. Then they started going to high school at Kirksville.

When Paul first started to work shucking corn, stripping cane, and cutting brush, he was paid a dollar a day.

Paul's History of Yarrow

"There was some settlers come up the river and they saw all these beautiful, little white flowers on the hillside and they decided that they were the little flower called Yarrow, so that's where it started from, was from that little flower."

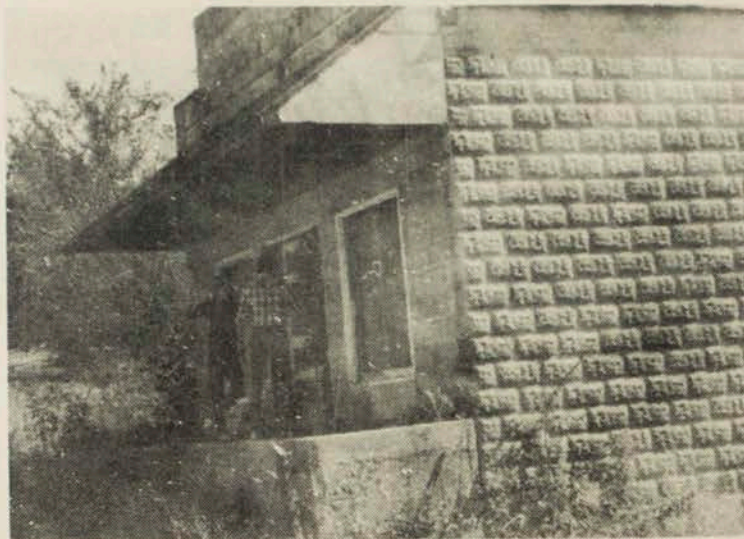
"On west of Yarrow, the first fork was Linderville. And that little town of Linderville kinda moved over to Yarrow."

The old mill was Doomy's Mill to begin with. Weber's bought it off Doomy. Lawrence Hayes and Henry Cook, they bought it off Weber and run it for a little while.

Down below the Yarrow mill there was a sawmill and also a big sorghum mill. "They run that sorghum through clay, . . . made the purtiest sorghum you ever ate. And they sawed out all the logs there for country wide."

And on up a little bit, just a piece across the river, there was a little restaurant and that was the only thing on that side besides the ballfield. Vernon Weber's wife, Novena, run that.

Then on the east side of the river, the first place they built was a big brick building. That was the M.F.A. Exchange. They built that when I was just a little boy, there at the foot of the hill. Tom Mendenhal was the first man to run it and I presume the last. He stayed there quite a spell.



The M.F.A. Exchange

Then the next building was down in that draw, they had a nice spring well there, fine water. It was also a skating rink and dance hall. They had a lot of good times down there.

Then the next buiding was up on the hill, there ain't nothing there now, but just the foundation. The building is gone. Ellis Carter run it.

Right at the foot of the hill across from Carter's place was a blacksmith shop. Charlie Payton, he was the blacksmith and Oscar Boley was the mechanic there on those old model T's. That's where I kinda started shoe'in. I done the nailin' for Charlie—he did the fittin'. I got twenty-five cents a foot—that was a dollar a horse on them big ole Belgiums. A dollar a horse back there in the 30's.

Then the next place up from the blacksmith shop was the bank. It's still there and they kinda made a recreation room out of it. Also they built a fireplace there on it. The back end there—that's where the vault is—that big cement place there. Mary Weber was the cashier and president of the bank. She ran that several years until the depression struck and the bank went broke and was closed.

The next place up the road was a poultry house. Emmett Wood run it. That's where Bill Trader lives now. On the north side there was a big chicken coop made out of wire. They bought cream in there and also chickens. They had a little trap door on the north side, and they'd buy these hens and they'd toss 'em out in this pen and then a truck would come and pick them up.

Then up on the hill just a piece, why there was a little brick coated house. That was the minister of the Methodist Church in Yarrow. That was Sam Bullards. We had a lot of prayer meetings there at the church.



Paul's cowboy-boots mailbox advertises his horse shoeing business in an unusual way.

And also down the line where my old friend Charlie Hayes (he just passed away) lived, there's a bunch of evergreen trees and they had lanterns and these big planks on wooden blocks. There were a couple of boys that held prayer meetings in the moonlight by lantern light, Merle and Marvin Green.

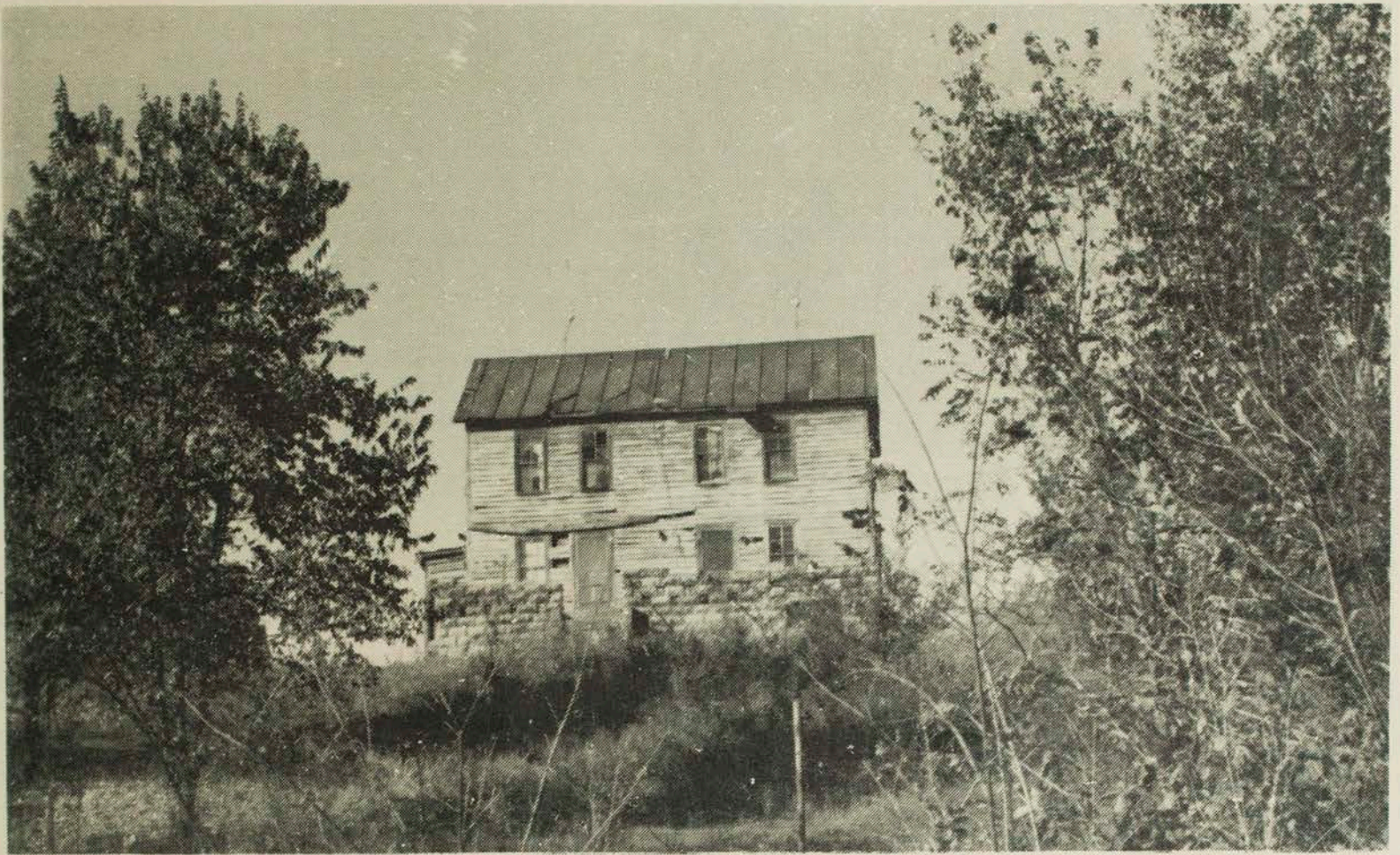
Then on up the hill there was where the old retired railroad man lived and that was Mister Mack.

And then the next building was a brand new building, a two-story. It had four rooms—two in the basement and two in the attic. Below was a blacksmith shop on the north side and on the south side they had a little mechanical shop in there, they worked on old model T's in there, too. Then upstairs they had the Wilson Produce. They bought cream and chickens. In the next room over was where they ground feed.

Then right across from the poultry house was old George Boley that was the granddaddy of all the Boley folks there.

And then we went on up the hill and across and we came to the little church there. Old daddy Prather was the superintendent. We had a lot of fine prayer meetings there, too.

**Stories by Denise Whittle
and Angie Neff**



Mike Weber's House

There where the church was they call it the Yarrow Cemetery. Where the Yarrow school was, it was called Tick Hill School then. It burnt down twice and then they moved it up to where Doc Prather lived . . . and it burnt, too, so they moved it down to where it now stands.

"So that about covers the town of Yarrow, I guess."

After talking to Paul inside, he took us to see his big Brahma bull, which he is very proud of. We then got in his truck and he showed us where everything was located in Yarrow and how it looks now.

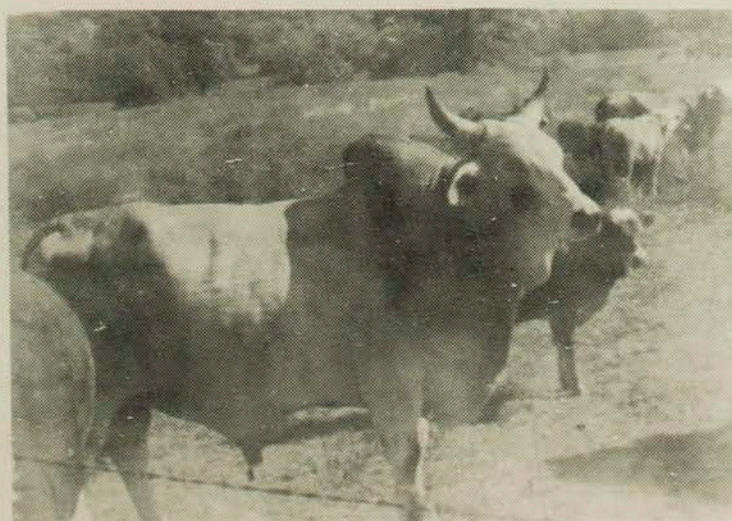
We all left with a better understanding of Paul and the past history of the little town of Yarrow.

Paul told us on our first visit that he could tell us some stories that would make our hair stand on end. On our second visit he related the following:

"I went over to (a neighbor's house) one Saturday to help him build a cistern. So (we) were out there and I was digging. I think it was eight feet across and twelve foot deep.

At twelve feet . . . we hit quicksand. So (my neighbor) said, 'Let's just quit right there now and we'll just pour our cement bottom in it and brick it up and then you come on Sunday morning and we'll plaster it.' So on Sunday, I cut across here afoot . . . went over there and plastered that cistern up and then put a top on it and about that time it was noon. So (the wife) said, 'Come on in boys and let's eat,' so we went in and the table was set. It just looked like a threshin' outfit table and we had fried chicken . . . big old washpan plumb full! Well, we just ate and ate and ate. We had a little cherry pie and coffee . . . we pushed our chairs back and (my friend) said, 'Well, boys, you might as well go ahead and eat all the chicken you can hold, they're dyin' faster of the cholera than we can eat them!'"

Another neighbor's wife milked Guernsies. "One night a cow gored her. She carried her guts up to the house in her apron. They put them back in and sewed her up. She lived.



Far left, Paul posed for this photo at the time of his interview for the Chariton Collector. Left, Paul is proud of his cattle, especially this big Brahma bull.

Photographs by Andy Lochbaum.

Paul's History of the Yarrow Bridge and the C-B-Q Railroad

The C-B-Q Railroad ran from Centerville, Iowa to Mercerville, Missouri, which is next to Elmer. It followed the river that distance. They couldn't go any farther south with the railroad because the Sante Fe wouldn't let them have the underpass.

The train was an old steamer with Jockey Green as its last engineer. The depot is still standing down there by the road that runs along the old railroad right-of-way. After the ties were taken out, the land was given back to the original owner which was Jockey Green. Paul thought it was probably thirty years ago that the railroad had been taken out.

The bridge at Yarrow was destroyed when Ike Novinger went through it with a load of cattle, also about thirty years ago. They didn't build a new one for eight years and the local people had to pay for it when it was built. During those eight years people had to ford the river and in the spring Paul would take his team of mules down to pull the trucks out when they got bogged down in the mud.

A new bridge is going to be put in by the state in the near future. Paul's comment to this was, . . . "put in a two lane, I guess. A two lane bridge with a one lane road."

"There was a windmill at Mike Weber's house that pumped

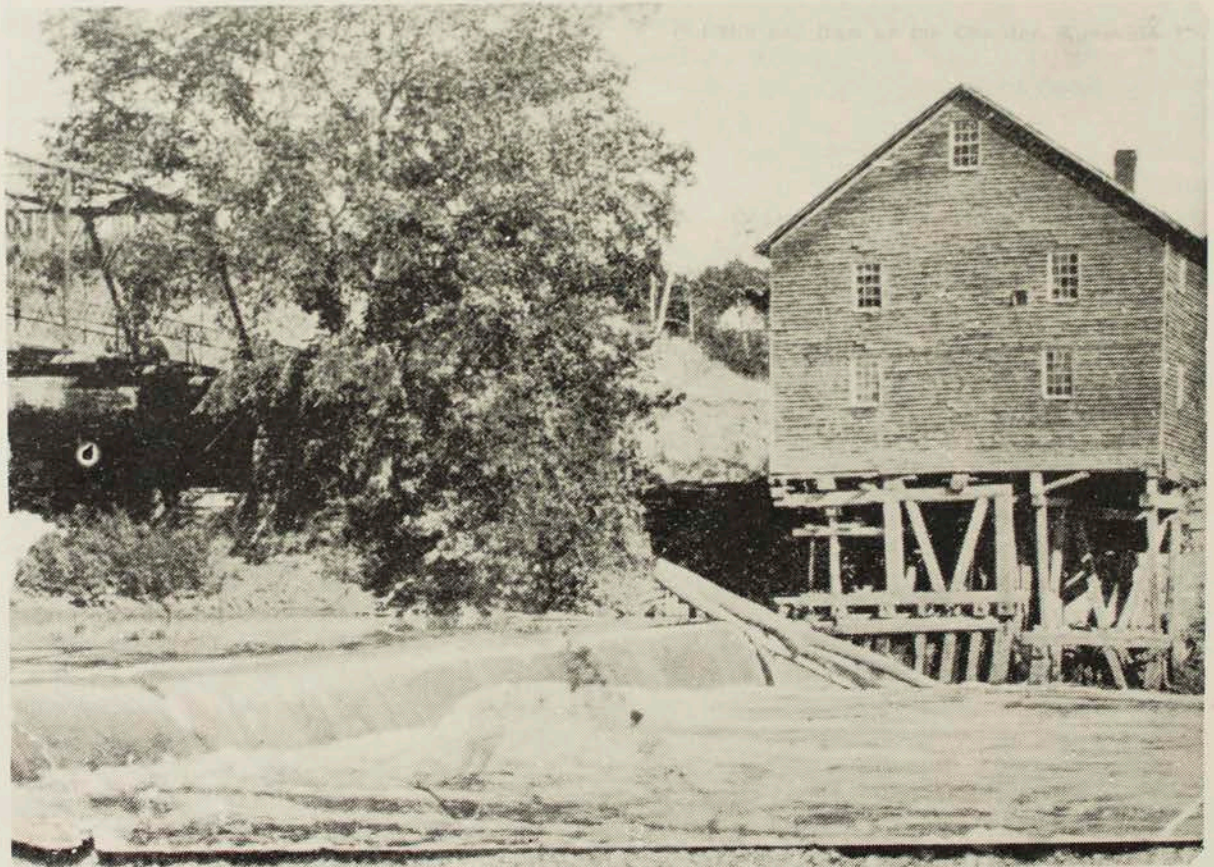


It took the people of Yarrow eight years to collect enough money to build the present Yarrow Bridge.

water all over the little town of Yarrow. There was a mill run by the current of the Chariton down on the river. It ground corn, carded wool, and produced electricity for Yarrow along with many other things. Mike Weber ran it, too."

Paul and his friends used to throw corn cobs at the fishermen on the river. When the old miller wasn't there, they'd slip one of the double gates on the forbed (waterwheel) and let the water come around and then they'd back a wagon down in there and get a whole wagonload of big channelcat about four feet long. The fish would come in with the water. The mill was located on the south side of the river. Some of it is still there.

This old mill pumped water to Yarrow, and also produced the electricity for the town.



The Flaming Circle

The Ku Klux Klan started during the reconstruction period following the Civil War, when a group of young ex-Confederate officers from Pulaski, Tennessee, got together because they were bored. They chose the name "Kyklos," meaning circle. They added the word "clan," spelling it with a "K." The present name of the group has remained for more than a hundred years. There are other stories that the mysterious order was named after an Indian Chief or the cocking sound of a rifle, but these are later variations.

The KKK first appeared in Kirksville in 1924. The "Flaming Circle," the name of the Kirksville Chapter then, was anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish, and anti-Negro.

Dr. Pauline Knobbs related a story of the Kirksville Ku Klux Klan.

Pauline Bates Dingle Knobbs, Ph.D., was born in Palmyra, Missouri, September 11, 1903. After attending Centenary Academy at Palmyra, upon its closing she transferred to the public schools from which she graduated as valedictorian of her class in 1921 from Palmyra High School.

In the fall of 1921 she began her college work at the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College.

Pauline began her teaching career in the Demonstration Junior High School of the Northeast Missouri State Teachers College in the fall of 1924. She transferred to the Kirksville Senior High School as head of the Social Science Department in 1925 and continued to teach there until 1939, teaching social science, history, government, and sociology.

In 1939 she became a member of the faculty of the NMSTC as an instructor in Social Science Education. Pauline Knobbs was granted a leave of absence from NMSTC

in the fall of 1942 to work toward the doctoral degree at George Peabody College for Teachers, Nashville, Tennessee. In June, 1943, she received the Master of Arts degree from George Peabody College and on August 9, 1946, she graduated magna cum laude with the Doctor of Philosophy degree with a major in Social Science Education from George Peabody College.

On June 28, 1926, she married Wallace Joseph Knobbs, Professor of Agronomy and Soils, NMSTC. Mr. Knobbs died in Kirksville on December 18, 1940.

Dr. Knobbs had an interesting adventure during the revival of the Ku Klux Klan in Kirksville. This is the story she related:

In 1924, Pauline was living in a boarding house in Kirksville while she was attending college. She did not know that her landlord was one of the local leaders of the Ku Klux Klan.

One cool spring Saturday evening, Pauline noticed that they were having "company food" for supper. She also noticed that there was a very tall, good looking, stately man who had come to have supper with the boarders and the landlord of the home. Her landlord introduced the stranger at the table as the Grand Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan with headquarters in Montgomery, Alabama.

Laughing, Dr. Knobbs said she looked at one of the girls whom she roomed with at the boarding house and through their exchanging glances the girls realized they were in the hands of the Grand Cyclops of the Ku Klux Klan. The Grand Cyclops, who talked with a definite southern accent, proceeded to talk all through the dinner of getting the Negroes,

The Flaming Circle

Immigrants, and the Catholics out of important jobs in the country. He also told everyone at the table that the KKK was going to have a parade that night.

After dinner, when the others had retired to the living room, Pauline and her roommate decided they definitely must go to the KKK parade that night. She and her roommate went to their room while the others were in the living room talking. They wanted to devise a plan to see if their landlord was a member of the local KKK.

They decided that they would paint small white tempera crosses on the outside of their landlord's overshoes. (Overshoes would be necessary because it had been raining earlier.)

The gathering place for the Klan was Kellogg Woods (now known as Kellwood Hills which is located in the northern section of Kirksville). Several of the students from the College and the High School had gathered together. The students went out to the Klan's gathering but had to watch from a distance on what is now probably the south hill of the

Kellwood addition, just above the railroad tracks. All that the students could see over in the woods from where they were standing was a number of fiery crosses and the pine torches the Klansmen were carrying.

Some of the Klansmen were on horses and a group rode over to the students and asked them what they were doing there. The students told them that they were just so interested in the KK and their activities that they were watching to see what they did at one of their meetings.

The Klansmen asked the students if any of them were members. The students told them no.

The Klansmen also asked if they wanted to be KKK members. One of the students asked how much the memberships cost and the Klansmen told the students that the membership fees were a dollar a piece. Pauline decided she would buy one because she thought it would be worth it to get in on the KKK. The Klansman asked her what church she belonged to and she told him that she was a Baptist and that her father was a Baptist minister. He told her that that was all right and that he would give her a card.

All the other students received cards that wanted them. The Klansmen told them they would have to leave because they were going through some of their secret ceremonies. Since that is what the students wanted to see, they pretended they were going to leave but instead they went down the railroad tracks (to about where the first railroad crossing is now) and then the students snuck back up and laid down flat on the bank and watched the KKK's secret ceremonies until they were over.

When the secret ceremonies were over, the Klan then paraded downtown. They rode around the square several times throwing out leaflets of different kinds which everyone dove for.

During the parade, Dr. Knobbs and her roommate noticed the apparel of the KKK. The horses wore white sheets with red circles around their eyes and mouths. The men wore the traditional white hooded robes.

After the Klan rode around the square several times, they went to the third floor of the Heinzman-Swigert building (Beard's Store) and had their meeting, then they dispersed.

Pauline and her roommate went home and read the literature the KKK threw out during the parade around town



About the Photographs- These photographs, though from the 1924 Ku Klux Klan revival era, do not depict the Adair County Flaming Circle Chapter. We feel very fortunate to have original 1924 Klan pictures taken in the Midwest. Photographs supplied by Kim Scott.



which was very anti-Negro and anti-Immigrant.

The next morning at breakfast, the tall, stately man was still at the boarding house. He asked the boarders what they thought of the KKK parade the night before. The Grand Cyclops told them that the KKK was going to take the United States back from the Negroes, foreigners and the Pope.

The Grand Cyclops left the next day. Pauline and her friend watched their landlord from that time on to see the various movements that he made which were associated with the KKK.

There were a number of immigrants in town then that were newly come from the old countries—mainly Greeks and Italians. Some of these families had worked at the mines in Novinger. Dr. Knobbs named several of the families and said that they knew that this was definitely pitted against them. Most of the people in town were all very fond of the immigrant children that she taught. She knew there was not any truth in the claims that the Klan had made against these immigrants. She also commented that they were perfectly good American citizens and that they intended to become citizens when they had been in the United States long enough.

There were only a few Negro families in town at that time, one of which was the Sherman Linn family. Sherm was an excellent bootblack and had a place in Hayward's Shoe Store, on the South side of the square where Brown's Shoe Store is now. Sherm was also the minister of the Black Bap-

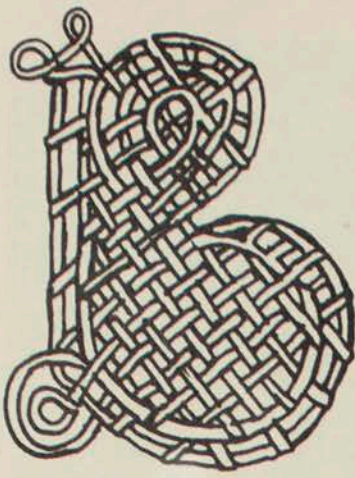
tist Church in town at that time. Sherm and his family were very fine people.

The week after the Ku Klux Klan had their parade, Pauline had gone up to get her shoes shined and she asked Sherm if he had seen the parade last Saturday night. Sherm laughed and told her, "Yeah, I saw it." Dr. Knobbs also asked him if he recognized anybody in the parade and he told her, "Don't you think I didn't know them feet?"

The KKK acquired two thousand members in Adair County. The KKK had large parades through the streets of town, had a number of demonstrations, and held at least two mass meetings which were so large that they amazed non-members. When the organization got into trouble nationally, because of the burning and mass destruction, it began fading out in Adair County.



**Story by Rene Bonfoey
and Michelle Bonfoey**



asket Weaving

Any basket that is woven of split oak wood is a true folk artifact. While modern mass production has all but replaced baskets with plastic, cardboard and glass containers, it has never developed a method for actually making baskets. The only split oak baskets in existence, and ever likely to be, are handmade.

Marjorie Prewitt of Moberly, Missouri is one of a few people left who still weaves the original split white oak baskets. Sturdy handmade (Prewitt) baskets are becoming more valuable because the demand for them far exceeds the supply. Compared to most other containers, these baskets are light, strong, reusable, and extremely durable. What makes them like this, you ask?

Top grade white oak trees from six to eight inches in diameter are used to make the baskets. If the trees are cut in the fall they can be split any time, but if they are cut in the spring after the sap rises it is best if they are split immediately. When asked if these trees are hard to find, Mrs. Prewitt replied, "Yes, it really is because you have to have a straight tree and one without too many knots and there aren't too many good native white oaks left." She went on to say that you can't always tell a good native white oak just by looking at one. You usually have to split the tree open first before you know for sure whether or not it is going to work. But sometimes you can tell if it has many knots just by the outside.

Earl Westfall, of Higbee, Missouri, Prewitt's older brother, has been making baskets longer than she has. He doesn't make them any longer, but his method of making baskets is slower than the popular method used by other basketmakers, but he says his method produces a sturdier basket. (Mrs. Prewitt's method is the same as Westfall's.) Their "splits", the almost paper thin strips that are woven to make the baskets, are split with the grain out of the rough wood.

Splits used by volume basketmakers are shaved from the wood stock somewhat as a piece of lumber is shaved from a board by a wood plane. After they scrape the splits with a pocket knife, the strips are woven through round ribs, slightly larger in diameter than a lead pencil, that are part of a strong frame.

Years ago, the hand splitting method was used "all the time," Westfall says, but he doesn't know of anyone in the state (except his sister) who uses this method. Westfall said that to split the stock, scrape it, and weave it on a frame requires approximately two days for him to make three baskets.

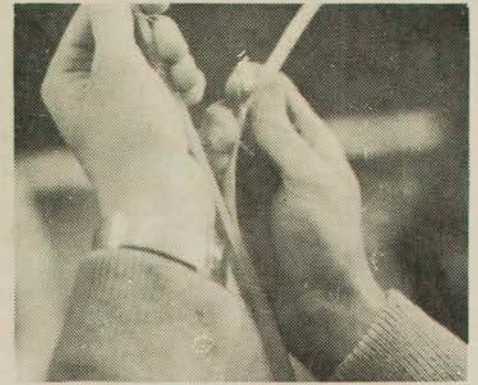
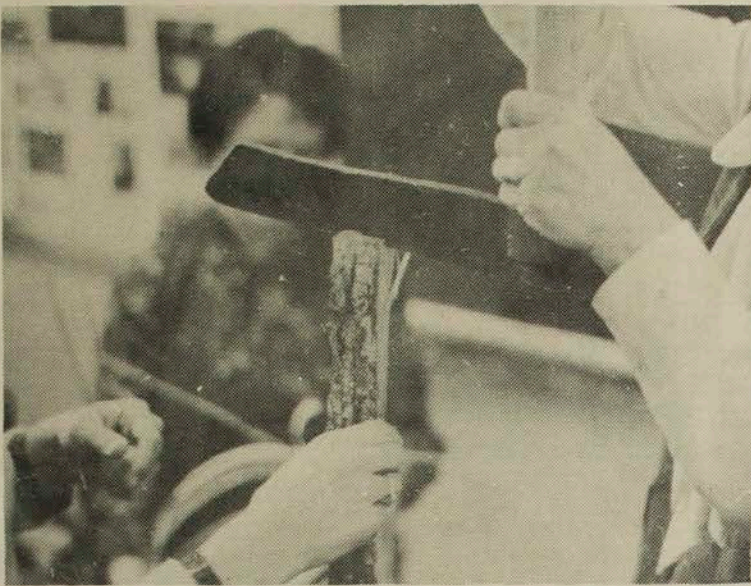
In pioneer America, baskets were used for carrying and storing eggs, fruits, flowers, laundry, and almost everything from berries to babies. Nowadays the few traditional baskets being made in America are bought for nostalgic reasons and used for such things as picnic lunches, sewing supplies, or

magazines. When asked what kind of different baskets she makes, Mrs. Prewitt replied, "Well, when my father made them he made them during the depression years. Making baskets is one thing we did for a living, and all the children helped make them. In those days he made them by certain sizes because farmers used them to carry feed in and they wanted a certain size. We made a peck size, half a bushel, a bushel, and then smaller, which would be half a peck, but now I don't go so much by measurements, just by the size that is handy to use." The different types of baskets are from clothes and picnic baskets to egg and magazine baskets. The bushel basket is the "original old time basket." It holds a bushel and has been popular with farmers.

The process of making baskets is not as easy as it appears. There are a variety of tools used. The tools Prewitt uses



Marjorie Prewitt demonstrates the hand splitting method.



Far left, Marjorie uses the froe to split the white oak. Left, even pressure must be applied while splitting the wood. Above, Marjorie demonstrates hand splitting.

include: a felling ax, iron sledge, wedge for splitting sticks into quarters and then into eighths, an antique tool called a froe to split the strips smaller and then a variety of pocket knives to get them even thinner.

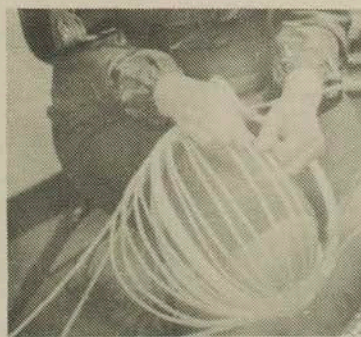
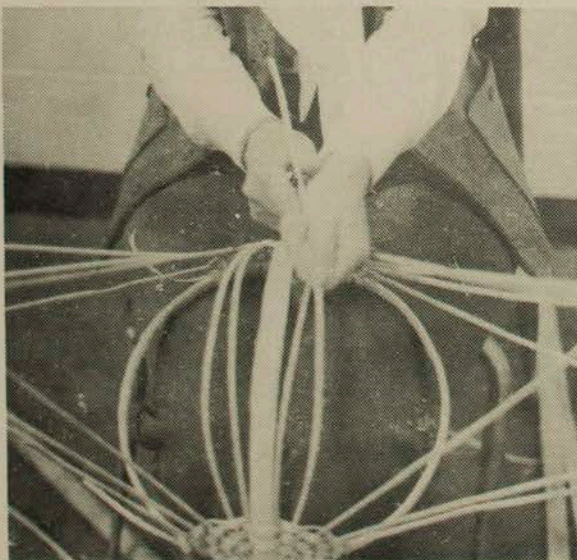
There are three main parts to a basket: the loops, ribs, and strips, or "splits", as the weaver calls them. Loops are the thickest pieces, used to form the loop of the basket as well as providing a handle. Ribs are used to give the basket shape. They provide a "skeleton" to weave on. Splits are the thin strips of wood that are woven between the ribs. Loops and splits come from the lighter-colored portion of a log. Ribs are cut from heartwood.

Prewitt said putting the basket together is the easiest part of making baskets. But further said it would be difficult to teach someone to find the right timber and how to make it down in small parts. She said she makes the parts of the basket beforehand and usually never puts it together all at once because you have to work the timber while it's green.

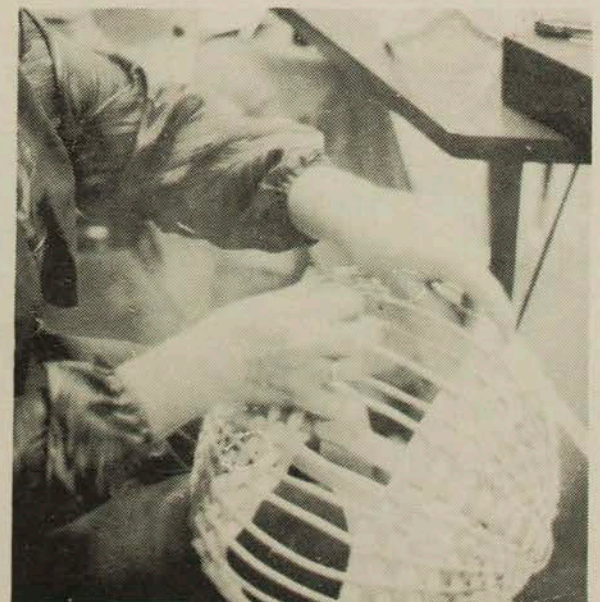
The first step is to find the right tree and cut it. Then the process of splitting it into quarters, eighths, sixteenths and further with your wedge and froe. When it is as thin as you can split it, she takes a pocket knife and smooths the splits. You always split the tree by the grain of the wood. The next step is to start shaving and assembling the "hoops" for the frames, making "ribs" and weaving the basket itself together.

Mrs. Prewitt learned how to make baskets as she was growing up. Her father and grandfather both made baskets and the art has been in the family for generations. She makes them mostly as a hobby, but does make them for her own use and uses them as gifts. Mrs. Prewitt said the larger baskets are harder to make because they take a lot more material which amounts to a lot more work. When she has a surplus of baskets, she sells them. The half bushel sells for \$25.00 and the price goes down as the basket gets smaller. Her favorite basket is the peck size because they are fairly easy to make and there is a lot you can do with one that size.

Basket making is a unique craft. Each basket is done by hand, and each basket has its own uniqueness. No basket is the same, unlike those made by machinery where each goes through the line and is made identical. Basket making came into existence on the frontier and only a few exceptional craftsmen remain. This increases the value of Prewitt's and Westfall's baskets and others like them who have continued in the practice of their craft in the face of certain extinction. The future of traditional craftsmanship in America is thus perceived to be uncertain. Let us be thankful some craftsmen haven't given it up and it is still not too late to preserve these crafts. Let us not let the modern technology take over all traditional crafts. They are worth preserving.



Left, Marjorie starts shaving and assembling the "hoops" for the frame. Above, the frame is nearly complete. Right, Marjorie demonstrates the weaving process.



It's a long way to

Tipperary

Many of the small towns in Adair County have interesting histories. Some are now near ghost towns, but were once bustling with life. Many of them have names that have aroused our curiosity—like Tipperary.

Fred Kob once ran a general store in Tipperary and was generous enough to share with us his knowledge of the history of Tipperary.

The town of Tipperary, formerly known as Midland Camp No. 4, is currently located two miles south of Novinger on Route K. The only buildings left now are six houses and the old schoolhouse. At one time, Tipperary was noted for its boot-leg joints. Some called it the boot-leg capital of the world.

About 1915, thirty-four houses owned by Emmett Corrigan, were moved by coal-burning tractors to 52 acres owned by Joshua Cook and bought by Corrigan to set the houses on. This camp was on the Adair County map at the courthouse in Kirksville as Midland No. 4 camp. This mine produced as high as 1200 tons of coal a day.

The new camp had twenty-nine 4-room houses and six 6-room houses. After the homes were moved, each house had to be replastered and a new chimney added. These homes were occupied by people of different nationalities—mostly Italians.

This town was really up with the times, having two outdoor dance halls, where they held dances every Saturday night and Sunday afternoons. These dances drew a lot of business from all around, including Kirksville.

One night, a carload of people from Kirksville came to Joe Morlin's dance floor about midnight, but they left for

Kirksville leaving behind a young girl. This girl was inebriated and had no way home, so she called a cab from Kirksville. When the cab driver asked where she was, she replied, "I'm in Tipperary." Since the song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" was popular at that time, the name stuck.

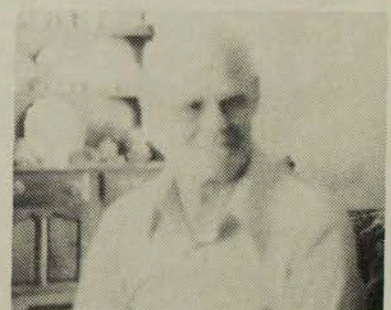
The other dance floor was owned by Jim Nardina who also owned the general store there. Fred Kob bought out Morlin's general store and also purchased Morlin's house. The prices in the store were really hard to believe! Pop was 5 cents a bottle, sugar was 25 cents for three pounds, men's work shoes were \$1.50 a pair, mens overalls were 75 cents a pair, and men's silk B.V.D.'s were 55 cents a pair.

Fred operated the store for only a short time, then sold the stock to Jim Nardina. One Sunday afternoon Nardina's store burned down.

On the outskirts of Tipperary was a one-room schoolhouse called West Center School. One more room and one teacher was added when the houses at the camp began to fill up.

The main attractions in Tipperary were the Bocce games played with hard wooden balls, an Italian game similar to lawn bowling (See story on Page 6), and the dances called "Kitchen Sweats." Coal miners and their wives liked to dance, so they had a lot of "Kitchen Sweats." Sometimes the only music for the dance would be a French harp. At other times it would be an accordion or a concertina.

When the mine closed down, most of the Tipperary houses were sold to individuals and moved to Kirksville.



Left, an Adair County Coal Mining Camp. The two photos above show Della and Fred Kob.

**Story by Terry England,
Greg Barnes and Brian Winslow**

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

By JACK JUDGE and
HARRY WILLIAMS

Allegro con spirito

p-f It's a long way to Tip-per - ar - y It's a

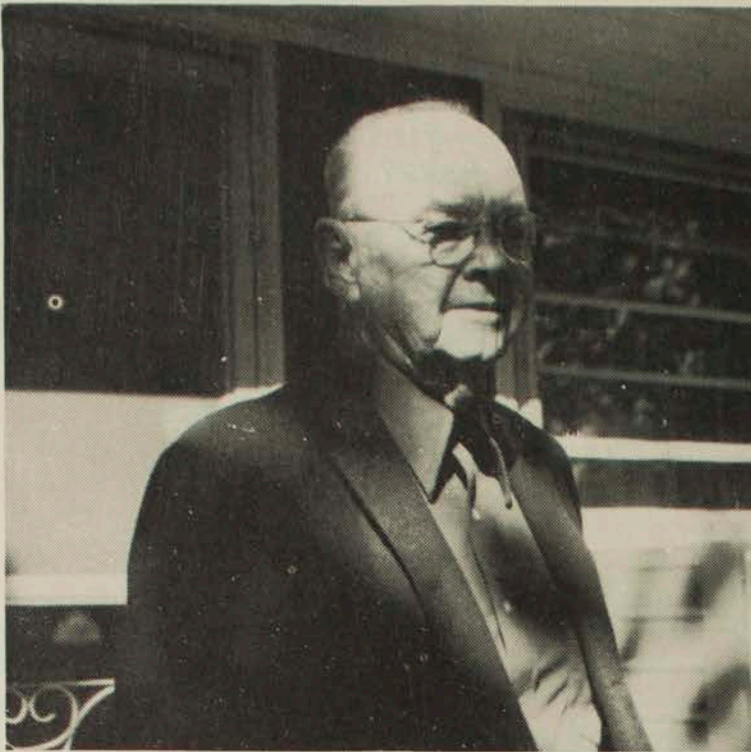
long way to go; It's a long way to Tip-per-

ar - y, To the sweet - est girl I know!

Good - bye Pic-ca - dil - ly, Fare-well, Leices - ter

Square, It's a long, long way to Tip-per - ar - y, But

1. my heart's - right there!" 2. It's a there!" *sf*



Frank Truitt's Novinger

By Annette Greer

Frank Truitt, native of Novinger, was born in 1900. His father was a wagon maker in Novinger and also built the building in which he worked. The building is still standing and the sign, H. C. Truitt, Blacksmith and Wagonmaker, is still visible. Truitt wagons were used all over the western part of Adair County. Frank's father died when he was young and he and his brothers helped his mother make a living by selling milk for five cents a quart, delivered. "I carried enough milk in my two hands and syrup buckets to float the courthouse!" Frank said.

Frank started working as a weigh boss in the coal mines at the age of 19. It was Frank's job as weigh boss to weigh the coal as it came out of the mine in cars and mark the numbers down. The miners were paid by the tons of coal that they sent up in the cars and each car had a number that corresponded with the miner's number. It was said that Frank was the youngest ever to hold this position. Frank worked eight hours a day for a salary of \$7.50 per day.

When asked how much money a miner could make, Frank stated that during World War I, a good miner could make forty to fifty dollars a week.

At one time there were twenty-seven mines in the Novinger area. All these mines were shaft mines with a depth that averaged one hundred to a hundred and twenty feet.

Coal mining around Novinger did not prove profitable. Frank cites two reasons for this:

First of all, the coal vein was not thick or pure enough. Only during World War I (1914-1919) did mines make a profit. At this time, there was a great demand for coal and no ceiling price. The mines produced 2,000 to 2,500 tons of coal per day.

Secondly, in spite of the improved working conditions that the unions brought to the mines, they also led to the downfall of the mines. Frank stated that the unions imposed many unfair restrictions and that the Novinger mine operators had much trouble with unauthorized strikes. If one man didn't want to work, all he had to do was tell the others,

"Let's go home." Then he would throw his water bucket down and they would all go home for the day. This kind of striking was expensive for the operators, for it could cost 400-500 dollars a day to pay the office help and the day workers.

The original settlers of Novinger were the Germans or the Pennsylvania Dutch. They settled on the best farming areas up and down the creeks and rivers.

When coal mining began, there was a great flux of Italians, Croations, Irish, Scotch, English, and French.

*"Novinger was just as wild as
these towns that you see on
television stories . . ."*

The Germans and the southern Europeans did not mix well; as a matter of fact, they did not even intermarry during Mr. Truitt's childhood. The Scotch, Irish, and French did get along well with the original settlers.

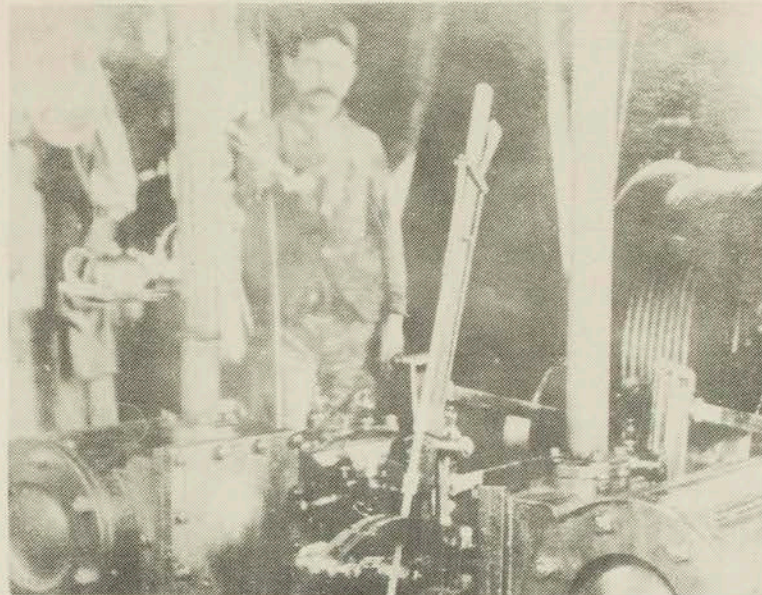
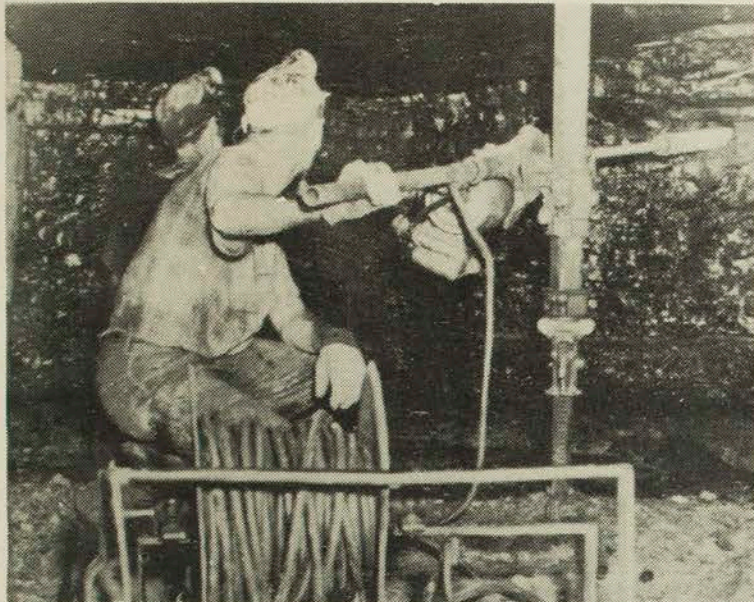
"Novinger was just as wild as these towns that you see on television stories, like Gunsmoke. However, instead of using guns to fight, they used knives and clubs. The fights they had over there were terrific. There was little law enforcement. I've seen fights in the streets of Novinger last for four or five hours at a time with no interference whatsoever. They fought until they were totally exhausted or until someone got completely whipped.

"Novinger had a town marshal but the sheriff was located in Kirksville. However, the dirt roads connecting Novinger and Kirksville were so poor that it might take the sheriff several hours to answer a call from Novinger.

"There were lots of killings and few people were ever prosecuted for the crimes. In fact, there were few attempts to find out who did it. You were pretty much on your own and had to protect yourself.

"The drinking and gambling were just as prolific as anything seen in the western towns on television. There were a half a dozen saloons in Novinger at one time, but most of them burned down.

"Fires almost obliterated Novinger because of the lack of fire-fighting equipment. If a merchant became financially strapped and needed to collect his insurance money, he just burned his building down and burned a half a block along with it.



"Some of the same people who helped burn down Connelville moved down to Novinger and helped burn it down. It finally got to the point where you couldn't buy insurance because the insurance companies wouldn't insure anyone.

"It was a pretty rough town and life was rough, but there were many good people—sincere religious Christians.

"Coal mining in the Novinger area was a good source of making a living for the immigrants. Conditions were not perfect, but they were not perfect in any job."

Top left, the electric drill at the "Face" in Billy Creek Mine in 1959. The miners used an electric drill in preparing the coal for blasting. It drilled a hole in the upper part of the seam of the coal. After it was undercut the hole was charged with powder, and set off to blast the coal loose so it could be loaded by hand on the cars for transporting out of the mine. The cars held a ton each and were drawn by mules. (Photo by William Baiotto.) **Top Right**, the hoisting engine and engineer Billy Kelso, about 1910 at Rambauer Coal Company Mine No. 2. This engine held the record for tons hoisted in one day for several years. It was an Eagle Engine, geared type. (Photo by Cyrus Floyd, 1959.) **Center left**, the best trained official rescue team ever operating in the Novinger coal field was composed of local men who were trained under the supervision of the U.S. Department of Mine Inspection and Safety, and was on stand-by basis in case of a disaster. Luckily its services were never needed, thanks to the efficient operation of the local mines. (Photo by Roy Williams, 1959.) **Center Right**, Workers at Ronbauer Mine No. 2 about 1912-1914: left to right, Arley Bradshaw, top man; John Barron, mine foreman; (seated) Jack Warwick, face boss; O.M. Perry, face boss; Emery Jones, weigh boss; Mina Truitt, top man; Cy Floyd, engineer; Henry Jones, top man. (Photo by William Drakes, 1959.) **Bottom left**, Construction gang working on grading for tracks and mine for Mine No. 2 at Kansas City—Midland Coal Co., 1909. **All Photographs Courtesy of Cyrus Truitt.**



Play It By Ear

By Tom Van Vleck

Dalton Jackson plays the guitar by ear. He owns a twelve string harp guitar that is eighty years old. Dalton doesn't know a single note of written music, but he can pick up any song completely by ear in a matter of an hour or so practice. He and his wife, Doris (pictured with Dalton in photo above), used to sing at Osgood, Missouri, when people gathered there for their Saturday night entertainment. After moving to Kirksville, they were given a fifteen-minute show on KIRX radio for several years on Sunday nights.

Dalton has recently made an effort to record several of his songs on paper.

It has taken many years to develop his skill. When he first started singing, his father, Arthur, didn't like it because he thought work was more important.

The first song on tape is "Go Along Mule," which Dalton thinks is about eighty years old. He sang it from memory as he does all of his songs. The next song on the tape is "Golden Slippers," which he thinks is about one hundred years old. He learned both of these songs when he was very young.

The next two songs are "Great Grandad" and "Great Grandma." He believes both of these songs are about seventy years old and he learned them from his uncle.

"The Sweet Bye and Bye" is around one hundred years old according to Dalton. He learned this song from the radio when the Grand Old Opry lasted up to six hours on Saturdays—all the way past midnight.

GREAT GRANDAD & GREAT GRANDMA

Great Grandad, when the West was young
Barred his door with a wagon tongue.
Times were tough and the redskins fought
And he said his prayers with a shotgun cocked.
Great Grandad was a busy man.
Cooked his grub in a frying pan.
Picked his teeth with a hunting knife,
And wore the same suit all his life.
Twenty-one children came to bless
The old man's house in the wilderness.
Twenty-one boys, not one bad,
But they didn't get fresh with ol' Grandad.
For if they had he'd been right glad
To tan their hides with a hickory gad.
He raised them rough, but he raised them well.
When their feet took hold of the road to hell,
He filled them full of the fear of God,
And straightened them out with the old ramrod.

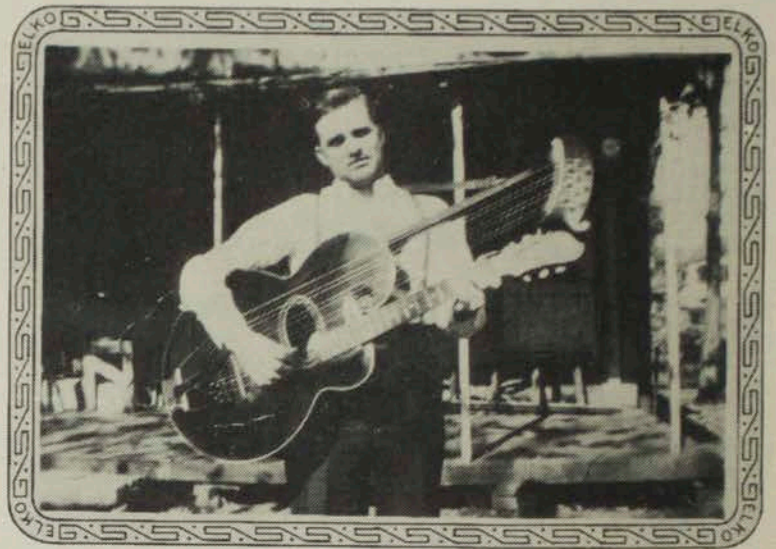
Great Grandma, when the West was new
Wore hoop skirts and a bustle, too.
When the Indians came and things looked bad,
She fought along of great Grandad.
Twenty-one necks she had to scrub,
Wash twenty-one shirts in the old wash tub,
Cooked twenty-one meals three times a day,
There is no wonder her hair turned gray.
She worked all day and slept all night,
Which seems to me is just about right.
With great-grand-daughter it's the other way,
She's up all night, and sleeps all day.



The next tune is an old Spanish song. Dalton can't remember right off where he learned it, but he thinks he learned it from his uncle also.

The last song is "South Bound Freight." He picked up this song from television back in the 1950's.

Note: We think you would enjoy listening to Dalton's recordings. His singing is reminiscent of Burl Ives' style. Along with others, this tape is available to the public. Contact the local history class at the high school.



Dalton Jackson with his harp guitar.

GO ALONG MULE

I bought some biscuits for my dog
I laid them on the shelf,
They got so hard they killed my dog,
So I ate them all myself.

Refrain:

Go along mule, don't you roll them eyes
You may change a fool,
But a doggone mule
Is a mule until he dies.

There was a man so very tall,
But most of him was feet,
When he raised upon his toes,
He measured seven feet. (Repeat Refrain)

I went to see my gal last night,
I sat me down to eat,
But all she put upon my plate
Was a chicken neck to eat. (Repeat Refrain)

I took my gal to New Orleans,
I took her on to supper,
She stubbed her toe on the table leg
And stuck her nose in the butter. (Repeat Refrain)

There was a man in our town
His name was Simon Slick.
And this man, he owned a mule
And how that mule could kick.
When you walked into the barn,
He'd greet you with a smile,
Then he'd lift that right hind leg
And send you half a mile. (Repeat Refrain)

