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(Poetry reprinted with permission of the author: *How Men Pray* Anhinga Press)



Maureen and Danny



Phil and Althea Deaver

THE VANISHING POINT

See how the lines of this picture
seem to pull the two figures
along a rail receding to the distance?
See how the trees
and rocks along the Colorado River too are pulled?
It's a long shot, so there's depth, panorama
and vast opportunity. My dad's hand
is on my shoulder but can't remain there
and I'm too young to know it.
See the way his eyes
stare directly into the camera? He's waiting
for the flutter behind the lens
that signals the moment is over.

Family vacation, 1963,
a year before the wreck,
and even today I feel that hand on my shoulder,
not as in a dream or my imagination
but in the most real of ways.
In the rigid zone that is the difference
between photograph and reality,
I look for the ghost of some hovering premonition
we hadn't noticed before –
a predictive configuration in the clouds,
or a warning in the haze and shadow in the trees
or in the flash of the river passing just behind us.

What I find
is what we find in any picture
locked in these dimensions –
the vanishing point –
operating on us both and equally, like gravity and
that day's now forgotten weather –
pulling us away from there and then and here and now,
toward a small hole in the firmament where
even a couple of guys running all too parallel might –
and this is a real long shot –
meet again.

ALTHEA

There was a grand piano and a couch
in the large front room of the Illinois house
and a formal staircase, a double flight
with switchback that led up into the shadows
where I lurked out of sight and
listened to my mother play.

When I think of her now, I remember
all the work she did. She was being 1950's good.
She looked real nice and kept a smile.
She cleaned and made the beds
and ironed the white shirts, and she
put food on the table at the appointed time.

She had long thin fingers, long nails hard and red.
In the pause of mid-afternoon on a summer day,
she came to the piano bench, sat a moment
(I could hear the pages of the songbook turn),
and then she warmed to something with a few runs
of the right hand, nails clicking on the ivory.

She had two kids, probably just down the street,
her husband wasn't due home 'til six;
The house smelled of starch and soap and food.
I don't know what her dreams were
but she was still young and she still had them
and for a moment the work was done and

just right then, sky blue above, jays
sweeping through the yard, town leaning
toward evening, friends busy somewhere else,
there was a sign and clearing of the throat
that meant she was blissfully alone and
things were 1950's fine so far
as either of us
separately
knew.

The Gaylord and Clarice Schweighart Family

Gaylord Wayne Schweighart (son of Louis and Janetta Schweighart) moved to Tuscola with his wife, Clarice Kathryn Decker (daughter of Herman and Loretta Decker) in 1958 with his two daughters, Jan Marie and Elizabeth Ann (Beth). Their family was completed in 1961 with the birth of a third daughter: Kathryn Sue (Kathie). Gaylord had taken a job with Central Illinois Public Service Company (CIPS). Tuscola was not a strange town to him as he grew up on a farm six miles north of Tuscola near Pesotum and had graduated in 1947 from Tuscola High School which at that time was located on Sale Street. Clarice grew up on a farm south of Philo, IL. Their first home was rental property on North Parke Street as they waited for their new home being built on South Parke Street. Housing, at that time was at a premium since the USI, Panhandle, and Cabot plants were just beginning to have peak production with many new employees hired and moving to Tuscola.

Their home on South Parke Street was a mix of town and country. Some of their first neighbors included chickens and a horse! Down the street was a meat market that butchered livestock. Gaylord came home one day to warn his family to stay home because a steer had escaped from the meat market. The Schweigharts could be reached by phone at 1077-J. The Schweighart girls spent many carefree days riding their bicycles to Ervin Park to swim, catching fireflies with their neighborhood friends and playing in their playhouse built by their father. They would run to Bruce Williams' Grocery Store with 25 cents to get a loaf of bread and come home with change. They would wake up on Sunday mornings smelling doughnuts from Zane's Bakery. Their neighbors on South Parke Street included Ivy and Darryl Threet, Claude and Nel Sterling, the Richardsons, the Artie Irwins, Max and Helen Deem, Chuck and Judy Martin, and Keith and Sharon Hunt.

The Schweigharts quickly became involved in their community. They became very active in the Forty Martyrs Catholic Church. Gaylord served on the church council, enjoyed singing in the adult choir, and was an usher. Clarice joined the Altar Society, volunteering for the annual Turkey Dinner and for many committees. Gaylord served his community for many years as a volunteer fireman. The Strand Theatre fire, which set the skyline of Tuscola aglow on Christmas Eve, 1968 was his first of many fires. Long lasting friendships formed during square dancing nights at the Tuscola Community Building. If they weren't square dancing, they could be found playing pinochle with Kenny and Mary Ring, Dennis and Jeanine Dietrich, Ann and Lyle Huffman, Ruth Ann and Charlie Hausmann, and Ed and Kay Kleiss. The pinochle group continues to meet unto this day.

Gaylord was very active with the Democratic Party and for many years he served as a precinct committeeman. Clarice serves as an election judge. Gaylord became a member of the American Business Club (ABC) and Clarice, a member of the American Business Club Auxiliary. They spent many hours raising funds to build multiple wheelchair ramps for the disabled. As an ardent sports fan, Gaylord volunteered his time to coach Biddy Basketball. He volunteered to be on the 'chain gang' for the high school football team and was an usher for many basketball tournaments. As their family grew, Gaylord and Clarice were some of the grandchildren's biggest fans as they began to participate in school functions and sports activities.

The winter of 1967 included one of the worst ice storms to ever hit Central Illinois. The Schweigharts spent that winter in a rental house while their new home on Newkirk Street was being remodeled. Their phone number changed to 2975 which was a party line shared with neighbors. Some of their neighbors on Newkirk Street included Paul and Pat Flock, Forrest and Ann Mattix, Mrs. Bruce "Grandma" Teeters, the Artie Irwins, Claire and Delores Lane, Ted and Betty Cox, Don and Linda Hance, Bill and Marilyn Hancock, Gene and Jan Cornell, Raymond and Eunice Muir and Lois Moulden.

Clarice was a typical 50's housewife and had stayed home to manage the household, but as their family grew and the economy changed, Clarice began to work out of the home. She worked as a secretary at USI Polytrip Division, the Tuscola Co-operative Elevator, and in the office of Dr. John Cunningham.

The Schweighart girls continued to enjoy going to the pool, but now ventured uptown to get penny candy at Ben Franklin's, enjoy candy apples from Gus's or fountain drinks from Nick's. During high school years they would be found driving the popular cruise route through the park and the Dairy Queen with their friends. Jan and Beth enjoyed dancing to live music at The Wick (a.k.a. the Community Building) on Saturday nights. When the Youth Center opened, Kathie could be found there hanging out with her friends. Gaylord would serve as chauffeur for his daughters and their friends to their many activities. During this busy and active period, Gaylord and Clarice found the time to join the newly formed adult tennis league and played in many local tournaments. While living on Newkirk Street, Jan, Beth and Kathie graduated from Tuscola High School and all went on to college.

After many years of planning, Gaylord and Clarice moved into their newly built dream home on Main Street in 1990. The Schweighart family has grown over the years. Jan married Greg Hastings and resides in Tuscola. They have two children, Melinda (Mindee) and Aaron. Jan is a nurse educator at Carle Foundation Hospital, Urbana, IL and Greg runs his own printing business, Hastings Printing in Tuscola. Mindee is a paralegal in the Chicago area and is married to Steven Smith. They have two children, Halle Kathryn and Cade Steven. Aaron lives in Tuscola and works for an electrical contractor.

Beth married Phil Fancher. They live in Louisville, IL where they raise and board horses. Both Beth and Phil retired from the Illinois State Police. Beth is also a feature writer for The Clay County News.

Kathy is married to Curt Clapper and has two sons, Cole and Mitchell. They farm and live north of Tuscola. Kathie is a college cosmetology instructor at Lincoln College, Normal, IL. Cole is a student at Lincoln College, Lincoln, IL and Mitch is a senior at Tuscola High School.

In 1998 after a short battle with cancer, Gaylord left us. Clarice remains active with church activities, friends, and family and continues to serve as an election judge. No matter where the Schweigharts call home today, they are proud to say that Tuscola is their home town.



**Beth, Clarice, Jan (back)
Kathie, Gaylord Schweighart
1966**



**Front row: Curt Clapper, Mitch Clapper, Gaylord and
Clarice, Beth Fancher, Phil Fancher
Back row: Kathie Clapper, Cole Clapper, Steve Smith,
Mindee Smith, Aaron Hastings, Jan and Greg Hastings
November, 1997**

MELINDA DOTSON DIES AT AGE OF 99 YEARS

Rites Held Sunday from Waddington Funeral Home



Mrs. Melinda Dotson died at the age of 99 years, Thursday, March 2 1944. She was the oldest woman in the community and perhaps in Douglas County. She died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Emily Soper with whom she lived for many years.

Funeral services were held at the Waddington Funeral home Sunday and Reverend Loren H. Hooe, pastor of the Church of Christ officiated. Burial was made in the local cemetery.

Her life extended over a long period, and when she was born, Illinois and Indiana were both infant states. She lived to see marvelous changes and she could recall the time when there were few modern improvements, no railroads and wagon roads were only two tracks through the tall prairie grass. There were no telephones, no radios, no automobiles, and horse and buggy was still unknown. She lived to see the great state developed, and a great civilization built up. The prairie sod was changed into fertile fields, the "garden spot of the earth."

Mrs. Dotson had a perfect physique, a keen mind, and a noble character. She met the sorrow and joys of life with courage or pleasure as they came in her life and she endured the shock of five wars. She bore and reared eight children, five are living and three are dead.

She was proud to see her son, Rev. Charles Dotson become one of the most beloved preachers in his church, and honored in the community. She was privileged to see her other sons and daughters and grand children honored and respected, and successful in their individual lives. Her long life was a continual benediction to all who knew her.

Mrs. Melinda Dotson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson, was born in Martinsville, Indiana, August 19, 1845, and had she lived until her next birthday, would have been 99 years of age. She married William Dotson about the close of the Civil War. He was a Civil War veteran, and died January 8, 1919. After their marriage, 85 years ago, they moved to Illinois, and settled at Mr. Gilead. For the past few years she lived with Mrs. Emily Soper, Mrs. W.H. Fry and Mrs. L. M. Smith who helped in many ways in caring for their mother.

Their surviving children are Mrs. Emily Soper, Mrs. W. H. Fry, Mrs. L. M. Smith, Tuscola: Mrs. Vance Cornwell, Altamont; Joseph of Charleston. She has many grandchildren, two grandsons, **Lieut. C. W. Dotson**, of the Navy and **Paul, of Tuscola**, is also in the service.



Rev. Chas. O. Dotson Receives His Reward
Much Beloved Pastor of The Church of Christ,
Tuscola, Dies After Brief Illness.

Rev. Charles Oscar Dotson died at his home in Tuscola, Friday, April 18, 1930. As the news of his death was passed from one to another, every heart was saddened, and the praise of his noble life, character and true worth was on every tongue. It seemed impossible at first, but the report was soon confirmed, and the bitter fact accepted. The calling of this good man can only be explained by saying: "God moves in his mysterious way His wonders to perform." So we, his friends must believe that Mr. Dotson was called from his labors on earth for some good reason. Yet, all this does not heal the hurts, nor bind up the wounds of the broken hearted, who are left to miss him and mourn for him in the coming years. Mere words are inadequate to express the sorrow that his friends and all the people of this community feel at his loss.

C. O. Dotson was born on a farm in Coles County, near Charleston, being the son of W. H. and Melinda J. Dotson. He grew up in the country and attended the district schools, and also the Tuscola High School, where he proved an earnest student, and became a better scholar than the ordinary student.

After leaving school he went to Sidney, IL where he learned the business of a telegraph operator, and under the skillful instruction of this brother-in-law, Edwin Soper, he became a proficient operator. For some years he worked for the Board of Trade, holding responsible positions in Springfield, Kankakee, LaFayette, IN and Chicago. Later he became associated with the Western Union Telegraph Company, and was employed in Tuscola, and other cities, closing his career as an operator at Lawrenceville, IL.

The great change came in his life in 1914 when he was converted. Rev. Dotson was not only a preacher, but also talented as a musician, a leader of choirs and orchestras.

The remains were taken to the Tuscola Cemetery and laid to rest among the flowers in the beautiful sunshine of the early spring and all nature seemed so bright, in contrast to the sorrow and sadness in the hearts of the people, but perhaps giving us an idea of the eternal joy and sunshine in the land to which our brother and friend has gone.

Adele Jahnicke and generations of her family grew up in New Orleans, LA, including her great-grandfather, Edwin M. Stanton, President Lincoln's Secretary of War. Her family was always involved in planning the Mardi Gras. Her heritage allowed her to be one of the select few from that city invited to the Mardi Gras balls. Tradition allowed her to reign as queen of many of the Mardi Gras Balls, including the most important ball of all – Comus, to dance with some of the country's most desired bachelors who for a turn on the dance floor would bestow gifts like the platinum and diamond bracelet given to her by a young plane manufacturer, and to sit with her court on an elegant balcony looking out over the Mardi Gras parades.

It was tradition that brought her to England to be presented to Queen Mary and King George during her debut. She remembered how she and other young women were brought to the American Embassy every day for a week before they were to meet the Queen and King in order to receive instruction on how to curtsey and what to wear.

Following her trip to England, she continued her debut in Washington, D. C. since her father was serving as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President Hoover. While she was in Washington, a blind date was arranged with Charles Dotson, a young law student at George Washington University. Soon after, the couple was married. Charles moved his young bride to his home town of Tuscola.



Adele Jahnicke as she was crowned
Queen of Comus in 1932



Charles & Adele Dotson



While their children, L. Stanton, Charles and Adele, were still young, World War II broke out, and Charles was compelled to enlist in the Navy. He was gone for nearly four and a half years. During this time, Adele was left to raise the children and run the family farms. "I didn't know anything about farming – it is so confusing." She began to carry a pistol, because many of their farms were in "the middle of nowhere." She thought she needed protection from some tenants who thought they could easily cheat this former society queen.

Charles returned from the war and the family grew up.

ALEXANDER E. FULLERTON - A DOUGLAS COUNTY PIONEER AND HIS FAMILY

Alexander E. Fullerton came to Douglas County, IL, from the East before the Civil War. During the Civil War, he volunteered for duty with his friend, John Coslet. They were captured at the Battle of Chickamauga, GA and taken prisoner. This battle took place near Chattanooga, TN, and was one of the fiercest of the war, with casualties in the thousands for both Union and Confederate forces over the period September 18-20, 1963. The Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park was the first national Battlefield park established by Congress after the Civil War in 1890 and is still one of the most visited today.

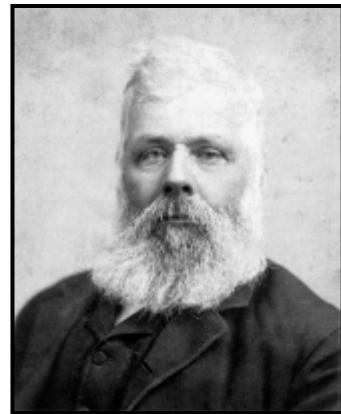
Several months after their capture, Alexander penciled a letter to Amos Coslet in Tuscola. The letter, still clearly legible, reads:

Danville, VA – March 16th Friend Amos Coslet (probably the brother of John): I take the present opportunity of writing to let you know where I am. I am in House No. H at Danville, a prisoner of war. Taken at the Battle of Chicamaga (Chickamauga) and have not yet been exchanged. I have not wrote until now since I have been a prisoner. You will please let my friends know where I am, and that I am well. Yours truly with respect, Alex E. Fullerton

Family stories say that during their time in prison in Danville, VA, John Coslet got chickenpox and pneumonia. Before he died, he asked his friend Alexander to “go home and take care of Frannie,” his wife.

Civil War prisoners were frequently transferred from one camp to another, and, Alexander was a probable prisoner in the infamous Andersonville, GA prison camp. A veterans reunion ribbon bears his name and a quotation from him, “The closest call I ever had was surviving 18 months in Andersonville prison.”

Alexander did survive and came back to Douglas County to marry the widow of John



Alexander Fullerton

Coslet. Her name was Frances Ann Entler Coslet, and she already had two sons, John and James. Frances and Alexander had four sons: George, born in 1866, Keith, born in 1868, Frank Alexander born in 1870 and Harvey, born in 1873. A daughter, born in 1879 died in infancy. Frances died around 1886 and Alexander married Alice R. Parker Johnson, a widow with one son, Charlie Johnson. Alexander and Alice had one son, William Allen Fullerton, born 1888.

Family stories of Alexander Fullerton's household say that each of the seven boys had a horse. They all worked very hard learning farming. One story tells that Frank was so fast at corn husking that he always won the county corn husking contests.

Alexander E. Fullerton's descendants have been well known in the Tuscola area. Clark, Ivan and George, all sons of Hamilton Keith, are particularly remembered. Clark was associated with the grain elevator for many years and was an accountant in town while managing his farm. Ivan was a grain, cattle, and hog farmer and received the Centennial Farm designation from the Illinois Department of Agriculture. George, father of Mary Louise Fullerton Little of Tuscola was Douglas County Sheriff for many years. Alexander's son William Allen began W. A. Fullerton Bakery, which is said to have employed the most people in Douglas County during the time of its operation in the 1940s-

1950s. Later a national bread chain came to town and the Fullerton Bakery closed.

Fern Fullerton Stinson, daughter of Ivan, helped to compile some of the above.

Frank Alexander Fullerton married Anna Slaughter on March 10, 1897. A family story tells of their wedding taking place at the Methodist Episcopal Church at Camargo, IL after a heavy snowfall. Because of the deep snow, the couple had to leave on horseback for their wedding trip instead of in a wagon or buggy. Frank and Anna Fullerton celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1947 before her death that year. One of his favorite keepsakes was the sidesaddle she used to ride away on after their wedding.



Golden Wedding Anniversary
Frank Alexander Fullerton and
Anna May Slaughter Fullerton with
granddaughter Michele, age 4

Frank farmed his land himself just outside Tuscola until heart problems forced him to move the family from the farmhouse into town in 1912, when they moved to a house located at the SW corner of S. Court and Pinzon St..

The house has been remodeled and looks much the same today except for a change of paint color and the removal of wide porches on two sides.

Frank Alexander Fullerton oversaw the management of his farm until his death in 1955. In 1932 following the Depression he had a grocery store to supplement the farm income. At one point he invented and received a U.S.

patent for a broom corn harvester. It was never built but patent papers depict a fascinating machine.

Anna and Frank had four daughters. They were: Floy Alma, the oldest, who died at the age of eight from meningitis; Faye Irene, Frances Lucinda Alice and Anna Mae. Fay married Charles Jules Michelet, Jr., and lived in Wilmette, IL. Frances married William Cabell Hopkins of Atlanta, GA and lived in his native state after they met and married during WW II. Anna Mae married Eugene Huser of Tuscola and remained there for many years. She served as regent of the Tuscola Chapter of the DAR, and was active in Eastern Star and held public office.



Faye and Frances Fullerton

Faye and Frances were honored by being included in the Tuscola High School Hall of Fame in 1993. Faye was recognized for service as national president of the Daughters of the American Colonists, an outstanding teaching career, and many civic contributions. Frances was recognized for service in the WAVES during WW II, and for her teaching career and civic involvement in Columbus, GA, where she lived most of her married life.

This account is written by Faye's daughter, Michele Michelet Boyer of Wilmette and Frances' daughter, Frances Hopkins Westbrook

of Atlanta. Following are some of the childhood memories of times in Tuscola.

As little girls, the two grandchildren, Michele and Frances, looked forward eagerly to their summer visits when the Georgia cousin and the Illinois cousin would get together for a reunion at their grandparents' home. There were always friends to see, such as Judy Wright and Eddie Cox who lived on each corner across the street.



Eddie and Sue Cox

There were countless relatives to call on including Beulah Entler, Clark and Clella Fullerton, and special visits with Aunt Doll and Uncle Will Fullerton and their son, Myron.



Aunt Doll Fullerton (Mrs. W.A. Fullerton) with Myron Fullerton. W.A. Fullerton owned Fullerton Bakery.

Following are some of these memories.

The girls attended Vacation Bible School at the Methodist Church. Best of all were the happy hours spent at the house on the corner of S. Court and Pinzon where the old pump in the front yard could still provide water after a few priming pumps of the handle. The vegetable

garden in back of the house provided all sorts of vegetables for the table and for numerous shining glass jars stored in the cellar. The cellar also was of interest because of the coalburning stoker which provided heat to the house in winter through a system of pipes and floor registers.

In addition to the vegetable garden, the Fullerton yard had apple and cherry trees which Frances and Michele could climb and sit in to eat the fruit. Pies were often made and waiting for the girls when they came for their visits. One of the best memories was hand cranking ice cream. There was a swing set in the yard. Plus, there was an adjacent smokehouse, covered with intriguing vines of various kinds, housing among other interesting things their grandfather's old car, probably a Model T or A.

Besides bike-riding everywhere, the girls could walk the short distance to the Dairy Queen to get a "cone dipped in chocolate." Other memories include the telephone on the kitchen wall and the experience of asking the operator at the town switchboard, "Please connect me with....." and then providing the three digit phone number or just the name of the person you wanted to speak with. For groceries, you would connect with Bruce's market and give your order, which would be bagged and ready for pickup or delivered to our door.

The kitchen had an old-fashioned cabinet holding large barrel-shaped glass containers of flour and sugar. And there were stacks and stacks of Reader's Digest magazines in the living room, along with the familiar sound of baseball games on the radio.

One of Frances's memories is of the voice of her grandfather and John Wiekert, then manager of the farm, as they talked into the night (or at least after her bedtime) in the living room about crops and weather and prices.

JARMAN HOSPITAL'S FIRST INCUBATOR BABY



Marjorie Mae King

Harris

Duffy

AKA "Red" Duffy

On December 7, 1935 a 6 and ½ month gestation premature baby girl was born at the home of her grandmother (Lena Abercrombie) at 305 N. Center St.. Believed to be stillborn, she was wrapped in newspaper and actually thrown onto the cob pile for later disposal. The parents took the infant to the Jarman Hospital where it was learned the infant had a heart beat and was breathing. She was given shock treatment of several dips into hot then cold water. She was diapered with her father's handkerchief as her weight was 4 pounds 7 ounces. She was given the name Marjorie Mae King. She was given the Marjorie for the raven-haired beauty Marjorie Stevens of the Stevens Farms east of Tuscola as the infant had long black hair and Mae for her great aunt. She was placed on a blanket and wrapped and put into a cardboard box with a light bulb (as all baby chicks). The Tuscola Journal reported daily as to the progress of the infant for the 26 days she was in the "incubator" and announced delightedly when she went home with her parents, Albert and Julie King. This was the first "incubator" of the Jarman Hospital.

I am that infant 70 years later. I graduated from Tuscola Community High School in 1954, married Philip E. Harris in 1956 and had five children of which two are living. Mr. Harris died from injuries in a plane crash at Arcola in 1963. I married Dan Duffy in 1965. I studied at Millikin University, Eastern Illinois State Teachers College and the University of Illinois through off campus programs. I now sell and teach art from my home studio and I've been reading tea leaves since I was 15 and my clients say I'm psychic. I'm not sure about that, but I've solved a crime, kept a teen from suicide and saved a family business from a thief among other things for which people are very grateful.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE RODE

by Sam Walter Foss

Let me live by the house by the side of the rode
Where the race of men go by ----
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I; I would not sit in the scorner's seat;
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live by the house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.



A. B. Sawyer

Published in the Tuscola Review on April 10, 1984 was an interview by Lynnita Aldridge Brown of A. B. Sawyer, Jr., age ninety-six years old. The following is excerpts from this interview. These are his memories. A.B. lived in Tuscola from 1884 until 1905. He graduated from TCHS in 1905.

A. B. Sawyer, Sr. was born in Vermont; he married Fannie Wardall in 1837. Zenofleon Leonidos Wardall was A. B.'s brother-in law. Wardall and Sawyer was a dry goods store in Tuscola next to a grocery store run by another brother, Francis Melton Wardall, on the corner where the First National Bank was on Main and N. Central Street. Uncle Joe Cannon and A. B., Sr. were directors of the First National Bank

Mr. Grat Ervin built the electric light plant. It was started up at dusk and shut down at daylight. The generator was driven by a steam engine through a long leather drive belt with a large flywheel, which extended into a pit below ground level. After a heavy rain, water filled the pit and the plant had to be shut down frequently. The light plant had a siren steam whistle, which was the fire alarm for the volunteer fire department. The night watchman, Mr. Ammen patrolled the business section with a dog that would catch and hold people, but not bite them.

BUSINESS DISTRICT

On the street along the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad was Gasman's Bakery and Von Lanken's Butcher Shop. They butchered hogs and cattle in a small building at the edge of town. There was also Bierfeldt's Restaurant and a dry goods store run by two elderly brothers whose stock was mostly several years old or older. Then came the First National Bank, a piano and music store and a farm implement store. Jones Lumber Yard was where it is now and beyond it the John Ervin Grain Elevator. North of the lumberyard was Boyce's picture gallery and across Parke Street was a drug store, which "boot-legged" whisky. The proprietor lived alone above the store and was never convicted.

Across Sale Street on the corner was Maris' Grocery. Next to him was Mrs. Flynn's Millinery Shop. Every spring she had several itinerant milliners come to work for her,

and all the ladies and girls had to have a new hat made to order for Easter. Along there somewhere was Roy Helm's Harness Shop. He also sold buggies and wagons. Across Parke Street from the elevator office was Bassett's "shooting gallery" where you could shoot rifles at targets.

There was another "so-called" drug store, mostly bootleg. Stacey's Drug Store (genuine) was the largest in town. On the northwest corner of Sale and Main was Baughman and Bragg State Bank (later Tuscola National Bank) and across Main, the Douglas Hotel. On the southwest corner was Gus Flesor, a Greek confectionery, candy and ice cream store, in a building that belonged to A. B., Sr.'s sisters: Mary, Cornelia, Sophia and Ellen Sawyer. Until the ladies had the basement dug under Gus', Flesor made his candy in the second floor of the Red Front Drug Store, which was about 3-4 doors west of the Kandy Kitchen. There was a clothing store and a bookstore between Gus and the Red Front Drug Store. The drug store was run by Doc Payne.

McCarty ran a flourmill on the S. E. corner of Main and Sale Streets. Wortham's Dry Goods store was on the East Side of Main. It was three stories high and had the only passenger elevator in town. The store later burned and was rebuilt only two stories high. On the south side of the Indiana, Decatur and Western railroad tracks was another grain elevator. On the next corner south was the first public library in Tuscola. The library was in what later became known as the Dunn's Drug or Lamb building. Paul Purcell ran the restaurant below the library. On farther south was the "Marble Yard" where granite monuments were made, polished and inscriptions chiseled. There was a combined bowling alley, pool and billiard room on the north side of Sale Street near Garneau's store. It was looked on by disfavor by parents, as a loafing place for more-or-less undesirables.

PHOTOGRAPHY - Boyce's Studio

Ellsworth Stansbury, who married Maggie Wardall, sold chewing tobacco in his store, and each 10-cent plug had a bright metal tag. If one bought a 5-cent plug, the tag was kept by the store and dropped into a wooden keg. Many others were donated, as it took hundreds and hundreds to be redeemed for a new camera. Uncle Ellsworth got the camera with the tags. It had only one speed for the shutter, universal focus, and no adjustment for light, as the sun had to be shining for a good picture. Mr. Boyce's studio had a large glass sky light with muslin curtains, which would be adjusted to regulate the light. His large camera stood on a tripod, with a black cloth on it, which Mr. Boyce placed over his head while he focused the camera through the lens. He had a wooden frame, which held two plates, each with a sliding wooden cover. After the camera was focused, the frame was put in place and the cover slid out. The exposure was made by removing a cap from the lens while he counted 1,2,3, etc. to time the exposure and then replaced. Each was put into a metal frame by Mr. Boyce in his dark room. The plates stood vertically, and after each exposure, a knob was turned and the exposed plate dropped down and a spring pushed the next one into place – 12 plates in all. Then Mr. Boyce developed the plates and made prints.

The *TUSCOLA REVIEW*

Tuscola Review, owned by Charles Wilson, was a democratic paper in a Republican community. It was much more popular than the Republican paper, run by Colonel Reat. Mr. Wilson ran a campaign to get some streets paved. I took a picture for him of a buggy pulled by two horses in a deep mud puddle on Main Street. Wilson ran it in the paper.

PAVING COMES TO TOWN

A. B., Jr. remembered watching the bricklaying first on Main Street from one end to the other. They leveled the street, then put down several inches of sand and laid the brick one by one. That was before the days of concrete -just sand scattered on top of the bricks and brushed in between them. The first concrete walk was around the business block. The cement came from Germany in papered lined barrels. The block on the north side of Daggy from Main to Parke, was the first residential area concrete sidewalk and soon became popular for roller-skating.

FIRST CARS

The first cars were a real curiosity. One had three seats for two people each and they were on three different levels. The front seat was really only a bench in the position where the dash and windshield would be later. The two occupants sat facing each other. The next two seats were a little higher for the driver and one passenger (right hand drive, of course.) The rear seat for two people was still higher and was entered by a narrow center door from the area with several steps. There was no top and its top speed was about 10 miles per hour. It was used for sight seeing trips around town on nice days.

Another car was a one cylinder, one seated, Oldsmobile. It belonged to a janitor at the courthouse who lived with an aunt. The car had no top or windshield and steered with a "tiller" rather than a wheel. They went for a drive around town on nice Sunday afternoons.

The third car I remember was a "White" steam car. It had one seat, had more speed and was more like an automobile.

MADISON'S OPERA HOUSE

Harry Madison had a men's clothing store on the north side of Sale Street and owned the Madison Opera house. It was upstairs over a store across from the C&EI station. Visiting stock companies would come for a week at a time – a different play each night. Uncle Tom's Cabin was a favorite. Evangelistic meetings by "odd balls" not connected with conventional churches were held there plus home talent shows and commencement exercises.

GROCERIES

Groceries bought many things in bulk – crackers in barrels, cheese in 50 pound round forms from which pieces were cut. Sugar came in barrels and was put into sacks of various sizes. Fresh vegetables in season were put out in front of grocery stores. Oranges from California were available only at Christmas time. The grocery store carried candy, mostly in bulk: peppermint, gum drips, licorice, and caramels.

Meat markets got oysters in buckets only in cold months. Most meat was cut from the carcass. Liver was the cheapest meat. Poultry houses bought chickens and dressed them – first rung their necks, then scalded them and removed their feathers and then the "insides."

TYPHOID

In 1915-16 there was a typhoid epidemic. Many people were stricken and died from the ailment. The state department of health located the source at a well in a vacant lot behind the Hotel Douglas. A broken sewer line allowed drainage into the well. The city water at that time was undrinkable, full of minerals and had a bad flavor. The Stacy Drug and the Red Front Drug Store used water from that well at their fountains – hence the widespread epidemic.

ICE PLANT

The ice plant had refrigerated storage rooms for the blocks of ice, and ice wagons were loaded with blocks, which were broken into smaller pieces by using ice saws and picks, to fit into refrigerators. They had a spring scale on which the tongs, holding the pieces of ice, were hooked to weigh.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

Tuscola's fire department on Parke Street was volunteer. It consisted of three metal tank wagons on wheels and one ladder wagon. The tanks held 200 gallons of water or so but the tanks had to be filled by hand with buckets of water. The tanks were pulled by men. A tongue was attached to the wagon and the men pulled it by rope. The tank had a spindle to turn it upside down to get the water to come out of the hose. To get pressure into the hose, there was a cup of soda and a cup of acid. The two mixed together when the tank was tipped and it caused the pressure to make the water come out of the hose. There was not much water – just enough to keep the roof wet and spray the neighboring house. Various towns had volunteer fire departments and they often had contests among themselves to see who could be the fastest.

UP IN THE BELFRY

It was the custom at graduation time at the high school to put the senior colors up in the belfry. It was also a custom that the juniors would try to take the colors down. My junior class got the seniors' colors down. When our class became seniors, we decided to protect our colors by spending the night in the belfry. When it got cold that night we boys decided to crawl under the inside of the bell to get away from the cold. But we had forgotten about the timer on the bell that set it off every half- hour. There was an arm on a clapper, which banged on the bell. The sound of the bell nearly took our ears off!

CHILDREN'S GAMES

Kids had their own circuses. They did not have any money, so admission price was safety pins. The kids also went out to the Frahm house to visit Cooney, a Civil War soldier. He could hang a cane on his nose. This made the kids laugh. Mr. Frahm finally got this veteran a pension. Other games the children played were fox and goose (played in the snow, chasing each other), football and baseball. They went to the railroads and watched hobos get on and off the train. Hobos went around begging food and money. Hobos opened up cans and used them as frying pans. They would mark a gate with an X to show the next hobos that that was a good place to get a handout.

The original Presbyterian Church was a frame building and when the "new" stone church was built, the old one was sold and moved across the street next to Charles Smith's livery stable. The high school boys rented it for a gymnasium to play basketball. The church floor was built much higher in the rear, so our basketball court was uphill in one direction and downhill in the other! Also, the first baskets were closed at the bottom and had two cords attached- one to turn the basket inside out to remove the ball and the other to pull it back in place. We were pioneers in high school basketball, at least indoors, and we played just among ourselves with pick-up teams. We thoroughly enjoyed it and had lots of fun. There was no great pressure to win.

We also rented the third floor of the Wortham Building for roller skating and other activities. We had a bazaar once to raise money to hire football and track coaches.

OLD COURT HOUSE

Mr. Perry Moore of Eckert and Moore was the leading trial lawyer. There was a large, wooden water trough for horses on the street next to the courthouse where many people stopped to water their horses. One of Janitor Smith's jobs was to see that it was always well filled. The jail was across the street south of the courthouse.

CITY CALABOOSE

The city "Calaboose" was at the West End of Sale Street. The sheriff, Mr. Jewell, used to round up all tramps each evening and put them in the calaboose over night. The next morning he would see them out of town, riding behind them on his horse, south on the Illinois Central Railroad. Mr. Jewell was a Union Civil War veteran. The calaboose was of medium size, and prisoners were not visible through outside windows.

Charles Allen "Chop" Rice October 23, 1900 – June 14, 1988

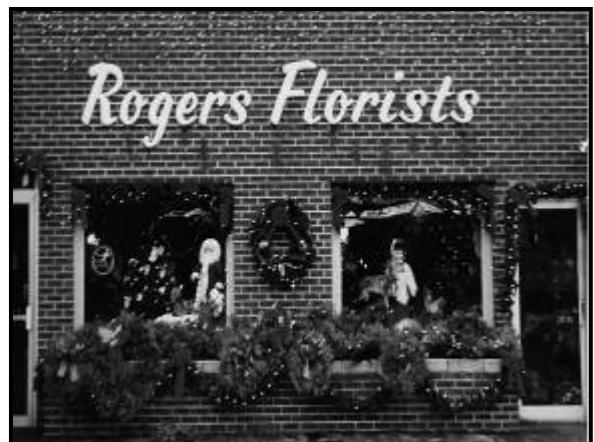
Mr. Rice was born in Hayes, IL to James S. and Laura Alice Frame Rice. He grew up on the family farm north of Newman. On January 15, 1919, he married Bethel Manning.

Chop started out following in his father's footsteps on the farm, but due to his health had to go into another line of work. He chose the automobile business. After working in many places around Illinois, Chop and Bethel settled in Tuscola in the Spring of 1940. He started out with the Dodge Agency, but switched over to Ford when it became available. He built the new Ford Garage on Route 36 in 1946, which today is home to Mooney's Ford Dealership. Also, in 1946, Chop purchased the first school buses for the Tuscola Schools. He sold the business to Bill Betzold in 1956. Mr. Rice served as the first Chairman of the National Auto Dealers Association. He retired from the Ford Agency in 1951.

Chop served the community in many different capacities, joining many clubs, organizations and served on many boards. He assisted in helping secure large donations for the erection of the Tuscola Community Building in 1956. Chop and Bethel were active members of the United Methodist Church. When he passed away, Chop and Bethel had been married over 69 years. Their son James died at age two. Their daughter Nancy is married to John Hausman and they had seven children.



Chop Rice (second from left)
pictured with all the school bus
drivers. May 23, 1949.
Pettitt Photo Service



Bill and Irene Rogers

WHAT TUSCOLA MEANS TO US:

While considering how it would be possible to put into writing my ideas about the subject, my first thoughts were, which is the topic and which is the source? Our experiences and the opportunities offered to us by the people of Tuscola have been wonderful. One could never find the comfort, caring and old fashioned neighborliness that exists anywhere but in our home town. I cannot find the words to explain the progress that I have seen, mostly by volunteer leadership.

From the education choices in our schools to the comfort of our churches, we must be grateful. I have been a part of this progress from the time of .09 cents a gallon gasoline to millions of dollars in improvement and services. From a one-way paved payment ending about two miles east of Tuscola where a dirt road began, to five stop lights on Route 36. How did this happen? It happened because many volunteers had the generosity to give their time and skills, tempered with love, respect loyalty to their community.

I wish I could list the names of the many who were so giving in my lifetime but it isn't possible. It would be a tragedy if I left out one person. What all of this boils down to is this: the City of Tuscola is the topic but THE PEOPLE OF TUSCOLA IS THE SOURCE.

Because of our energetic and resourceful leadership, I'm looking forward to many more changes during my next 86 years, but one thing that will never change is the loving, caring people of Tuscola.

Bill Rogers



Tracy Carpenter

Having lived here for many years, I have many memories about Tuscola. I think of how it is and how it was. I miss the Tuscola of the '50's and '60's.

During those years, Tuscola was THE place to shop. People came from Hindsboro, Villa Grove, Newman, Arcola, Arthur – all the nearby towns to shop. Our store, Carpenter's, had clothes for men, boys, and women. For those who sewed, fabric was available at a couple of stores. For a kid with a dollar allowance, the dime store was the perfect stop; a dollar bought a lot then. You could not only buy shoes but you could have the old ones repaired. The millinery shop and jewelry stores made dressing for special occasions so handy.

The Strand Theatre offered movies right here in Tuscola.

Best of all, people who owned and/or worked in the stores called you by name – asked about the family – and even knew your preferences.

Tuscola had two papers most of that time: *The Review* and *The Journal*. A picture or pictures from the Journal's pictorial page has to be in most Douglas County scrapbooks.

I miss having many local doctors and I've missed Jarman Hospital for many years. You knew the people who worked there and that made a difference if you or someone you loved was in the hospital.

Change happens, as it must. But I can't help missing the old days.



Boyd Henderson

As a young boy, I remember Christmas movies at the Strand Theater, four grocery stores on West Sale Street (Hoel Brothers, Hackleman, Kroger and Grab-It-Here), Stacy's Drug Store later to be Dunn's Drug Store, Nick's Candy Shop (a must for popcorn before Mr. Barber put in a concession stand at the Strand.) I would go to the Strand for 10 cents, see a B western movie or musical or "Who Done It?" on Saturday afternoon.

Sunday was church, then to the WDZ Studio to listen to Auntie Ruth Moore read the funny papers. Paul Groves, Uncle John and Clara Mae Barton, Blue Grass Ray Freeman were the regulars that I remember, also. On a special Sunday, Baldwin's Cafe was a good place for coconut cream pie – peach, cherry were also favorites.

George Land and Kenny Huber were barbers as was Jess Brock, Paul Roderick and Fred Cooch.

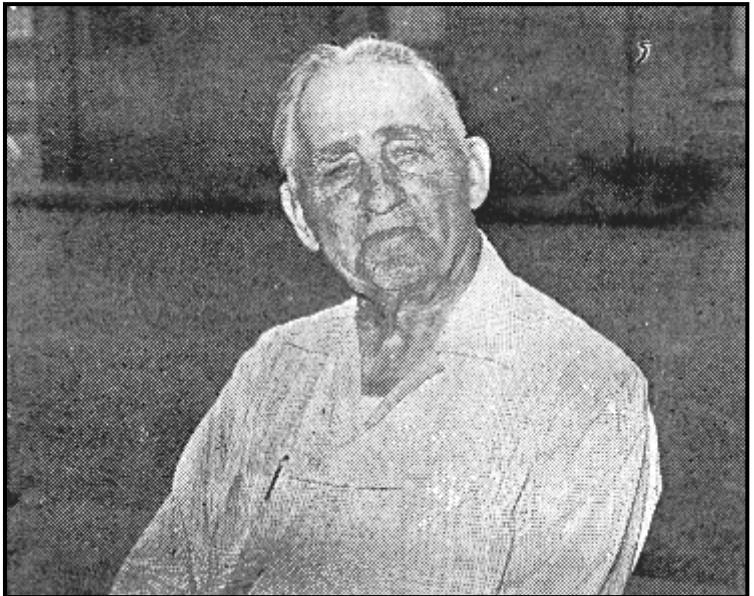
Moving into town in 1952 was a new experience. I carried the Champaign-Urbana Courier all over the south end of town.

My first date was 8th grade graduation dance. Joyce Bozarth was the apple of my eye.

I remember many teachers with great fondness: Miss Janet Southard, Sue Brown, Wilma Allen and Virginia Danner.

In 1981, I ran for City Council and was elected. I am very happy to be part of the city getting the golf course, outlet mall, new water tower and purchasing the water company. I can only hope that we are lucky enough to land the FutureGen Plant in the near future.

In closing, Tuscola is a very caring community. If you get involved, you can get back many rewards.



George M. Seip came to Illinois about 1872 with his father, mother, three brothers and two sisters. The family left Pennsylvania when George was six months old traveling by covered wagon with a team of oxen and four horses. The family settled in Decatur, IL. His father, Oliver B. Seip was a cigar maker and started a shop in Decatur. George started working for him at an early age. George worked two hours in the morning, and after school would work in his father's shop for two to three hours more. As he got older his "POP" started him delivering the boxes of cigars with a horse and buggy around Decatur and towns throughout the county.

Then his deliveries started going farther and

in time as far as Tuscola. Some time while coming to Tuscola he met Bertha Alice Hackett. On April 26, 1893 they were married. Two years later they came to Tuscola and George started his own cigar factory on the corner of Sale and Main St. in the building owned by Harriet Sawyer and Emma Wardall. At the passing of Mrs. Sawyer the building was sold to Gus Flessor.

He then moved the business to a house rented on N. Center and Barker St. At one time he had employed nine cutters, strippers and wrappers giving him more time in sales. Still with a horse and buggy he made his deliveries some time going to the northeast part of Douglas County. On one account he went as far as Georgetown and traveled south along the Wabash River.

As factory made cigars and machine production of cigarettes came along, his small operation became unprofitable. After closing his shop around 1905 or so he became a clothing salesman for Earl Parker and later became highway commissioner for three terms, and a term as police magistrate. For several years he served as Circuit Court Bailiff under Circuit Judge Martin E. Morthland. George and Bertha Seip had two sons: Harry J. Seip and H. Merle Seip. Harry married Francis Schoppie and had four children: Mary, Gerald, Lois and Bob. Merle married Eva Paul and had six children: Martha, George, Jean, Harold, Wayne and Helen. George was a 50 year member of the Tuscola Masonic Lodge, 50 year member of the Royal Arch Masons and a long time member of Melita Commandery Knight Templar. In 1932 he served as Grand Sentinel of the Illinois Grand Chapter of the royal Arch Masons. Bertha passed away March 24, 1952 and George passed away April 16, 1960.