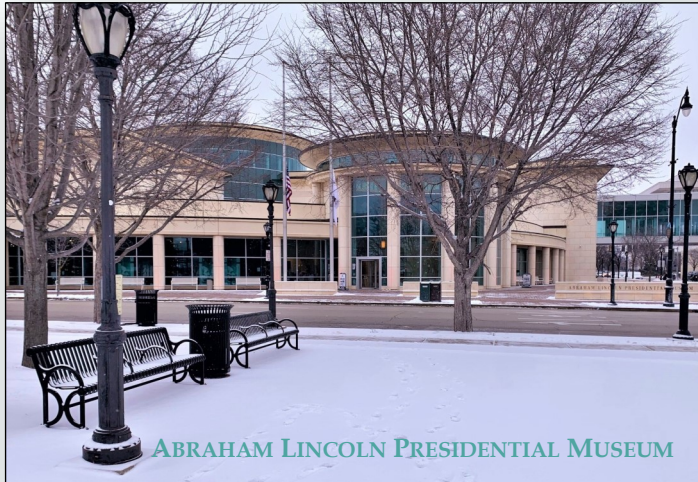


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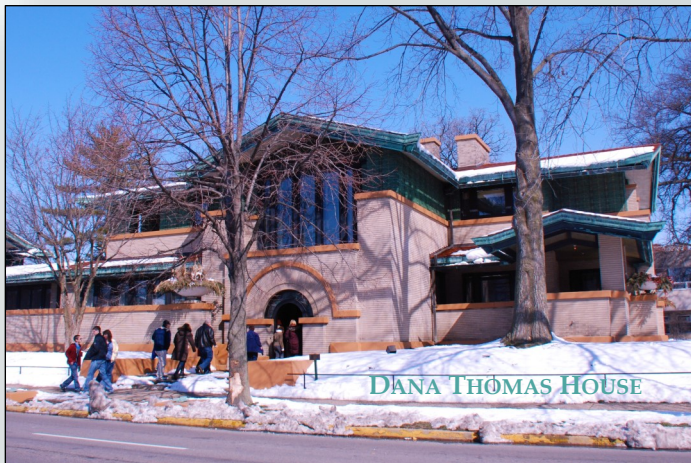


ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENTIAL MUSEUM



LINCOLN'S HOME

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS



DANA THOMAS HOUSE



LINCOLN'S NEW SALEM

In This Issue: Mr. Lincoln's Hometown

Where Do We Go From Here? 2.0

Reflections on Whirligigs

The End of the Year Soon at Hand - Christmas

The Boy Who Loved Rifles, Whistle Pigs...

Indiana Farm Life Captured in Photos

Midwest Open Air Museums Coordinating Council

Midwest Region of ALHFAM

2022 Spring Conference



Live Conference

March 17-19, 2022

Hosted by Elijah Iles House, Springfield IL

Unraveling Our Past and Moving Forward

Finding Our 21st Century Voice

The President Abraham Lincoln Hotel, Springfield, Illinois

For questions contact: Tracie Evans, Program Chair

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Jim Patton
Springfield, Illinois

Debra A. Reid
The Henry Ford



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MOMCC Magazine
P.O. Box 114
Charleston, IL 61920
(217) 549-1845
tsevance@mchsi.com

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Cover Photos - Sites in Springfield, Illinois (*from upper left, clockwise*): The Abraham Lincoln Presidential Museum (*photo credit: Lincoln Presidential Museum*); Lincoln's Home National Historic Site (*photo credit: Kenneth Watson, Flickr*); Lincoln's New Salem State Historic Site (*photo credit: Lincoln's New Salem*); and the Dana Thomas House State Historic Site (*photo credit: Steven Conger, Flickr*).



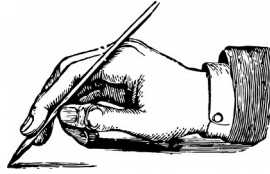
MOMCC is the Midwest Regional Affiliate of

ALHFAM 

The Association for Living History, Farm and Agricultural Museums

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

By Tom Vance



ONE of our copy editors at the magazine is retiring from editing. Jenny Sherrill has offered her editing expertise for seven editors now. We extend our sincere appreciation to Jenny for her years of service to MOMCC.

Another editor, Lesley Barker, retired a while back. I got to know Lesley when she served on the planning committee for the 2015 spring conference held in Collinsville, Ill. She helped procure speakers from the universities in St. Louis as well as the National Park Service. She led a pre-conference tour to St. Genevieve, Missouri and presented two sessions, one of which, on fund-raising, she updated and presented again at this fall's virtual conference. We also extend Lesley our appreciation for all she has done for MOMCC.

So – we are looking for a new editor or editors to join the magazine's staff. Most important is a copy editor, but a content or contributing editor would also be welcome.

During my birthday week this past October, my wife Susan and I took a road trip to three interesting sites. The first was Fair Oaks Farm located on I-65 about half way between Indianapolis and Chicago. Fair Oaks is a very large commercial farm that includes both dairy and pork production operations. In addition, the farm is open to the public and visiting school groups. A series of exhibit buildings introduce visitors to dairying, pork production, and field crops in an entertaining and educational way. No expense

has been spared. The exhibits are Disney quality and completely geared for children, although adults enjoy them also.

They also give bus tours to one of their dairy operations and one of their pork operations. We stayed at their on-site Fairfield Inn and I enjoyed my birthday diner in their first-class restaurant.

Next we made a stop at Bonneyville Mill in northern Indiana on our way to Sauder Village. The 1837 mill is part of a county park and is still in operation. The mill is a prominent part of one of the stories in this issue and is featured on the back cover.

Our motivation for visiting Sauder Village was the new 1920s Main Street exhibit. Tracie Evans gave us a personal, after-hours tour of the Speakeasy complex since it is not currently open. It was very impressive. Then the next day, we toured the site. Rounding the corner from the 1870s area and seeing the 1920s Main Street was breath-taking. Much of the construction is new, but some of the facades and the interiors came from local and area businesses. The furnishings, goods, décor, and the interpreters all create an unforgettable experience. We stayed at the Sauder Heritage Inn which is always a delight and dined at their barn restaurant. I couldn't have asked for a better birthday week. □



The 1920s barber shop at Sauder Village is interpreted by Ron Hausch, a long time barber. All of the fixtures are original, and came from an area barbershop.



The Dairy exhibits at Fair Oaks farm are both educational and child friendly with interactive activities and play areas. Diva the cow (see above) helped narrate the movie.

Asking for your input on a “pressing” matter

Jack Horbal

Both my wife Carlin and I are MOMCC members, and I collect pressing irons. Carlin has written an article on the topic previously seen in the Midwest Open Air Museums Magazine (2018 winter issue). The two of us have given a presentation about pressing irons at a MOMCC Conference in the past.

I am also a member of the Pressing Irons and Trivet Collectors of America (PITCA).

My vision is to establish some sort of a Museum of Irons and Trivets. As far as I know no such museum exists in the states. Irons have been in America since the beginning of settlement and could be found in just about every home, as well as commercially. Often overlooked, they have a rich history, reflecting changes in technology and changes in fashion. I should add that the Midwest has played the major role in their story.

Our iron collectors organization, (PITCA), does not have the resources nor the manpower to establish and maintain such an enterprise. Nor do I know of any one individual that would or could do something like that. This is the reason that I am turning to fellow members of MOMCC to see if any of their institutions might have an interest and be a good fit for such an enterprise.

I am confident that the initial collection could be started by donation of items from PITCA members, including myself. The members of PITCA have a tremendous amount of knowledge on the subject which I am convinced they would be willing to share. See our website: pressingironandtrivetcollectors.org

So, I ask fellow MOMCC members for their input, advice, suggestions, and questions on this “pressing” matter. I can be reached at: jphorbal@gmail.com or at 847-529-3832.



MIDWEST OPEN AIR MUSEUMS COORDINATING COUNCIL

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Debra Reid, *Treasurer*

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Monique Inglot, Fall

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Andi Aerbskorn

Magazine Editor

Tom Vance

MOMCC was established in 1978 with the goal of furthering the interchange of materials, information, and ideas within the history museum field.

Membership

We welcome membership and participation from administrators, volunteers, interpreters, curators, historians, educators, maintenance/facilities staff, gift shop workers, facilitators, docents, and anyone else with an interest in history and public education. Membership is \$30 per year for individuals, \$35 for families, and \$50 for institutions. Membership application can be found at www.momcc.org.

Our Purpose

The purpose of MOMCC is to further promote excellence and to provide a forum for the interchange of materials, information, ideas, and consideration of issues within the open air, interactive, and historical museum profession.

MIDWEST REGION: The Midwest is defined as the eight states of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, and Wisconsin.

OPEN-AIR MUSEUM: Interpreting life as material culture in the context of buildings, objects, and open space. A site or facility that interprets history through exhibits, living history interpretation, and/or educational programs.

Resource Committees

Interpretation, Music, Art, and Material Culture

Leadership and Supervision

Agriculture, Gardens, and Foodways

Media Resources

PRESIDENT'S PERSPECTIVE

By Gail Richardson

AS I start this journey as your newly elected president, I ponder on the next steps for MOMCC. We will continue the ongoing process of working toward making MOMCC a strong, viable, and up-to-date organization for our members. We, as a board, will continue to move the organizational practices into the 21st century by doing business and providing services that include digital and social media. VP Ann Cejka continues to lead us in using Google virtual office for the board, Google classroom for our conferences, creating and chairing the Media Resource group, and placing the spring and fall conference's videos on YouTube for our membership.

MOMCC will continue to recognize our members for their outstanding programs, interpretive talents, and other historical skill sets. We will also continue to grow where Midwest museums of all kinds can find the information, help, and support they are seeking.

Our 2021 fall virtual conference had a wonderful keynote speaker and lots of great sessions along with stimulating conversations. One session talked about setting up a network of fellow fundraisers where they can share ideas and issues. This sounds like a resource group, so the board will look into establishing that to fit another need of our member organizations.

For the 2022 Spring Conference in Springfield, Ill., we are planning a traditional conference where we will meet in person. The Elijah Iles House will be the host site for the conference. I am personally looking forward to seeing everyone again at the conference. We will be sending out a postcard to individual and institutional members with conference details and how to register, so be on the lookout for it in your mail shortly after the first of the year.

By working together, our organization, including all our board members, individual members, and institutional members can achieve our goals for the future of MOMCC.

Thank you again for your continuing support of the organization,

See you at the Spring 2022 conference,

Gail Richardson



MOMCC FELLOWSHIP APPLICATION

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DISCOVERING OUR 21ST CENTURY VOICE

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For each conference, MOMCC gives out a limited number of fellowships to help offset conference costs. Fellowships cover conference registration in addition to funds for lodging at the conference site.

All applications must be received by February 1, 2022

Please visit www.momcc.org for the full application
including necessary qualifications and selection criteria.

THE CANDACE TANGORRA MATELIC AWARDS

The Midwest Open Air Museums Coordinating Council (MOMCC) established this award in honor of MOMCC's first president, Candace Tangorra Matelic. It recognizes the best article published in the *Midwest Open Air Museum Magazine* each year.

2020

Article: "Fun is Universal – History and Interpretation of the Bilbo Catcher"

Vol. XXXXI, No. 4, Winter, 2020

Kristie Hammond – Kristie Hammond has been an Interpreter at Colonial Williamsburg since 2019. Originally from South Central Ohio, she graduated from Mount Vernon Nazarene University with a bachelor's degree in History and Integrated Social Studies. Before starting at Colonial Williamsburg, she was a substitute teacher. Her research interests include anything from children's toys and games to legal history. In her spare time, she enjoys gardening, listening to audiobooks, and working on paint-by-numbers.



PREVIOUS WINNERS

2019 – Rob Kranc "A History of Radio"	2011 – Daniel E. Jones "Broom Corn: An Introduction to the Plant that Swept America"
2018 – Andrew Kercher "When it Comes to Our Collection, The 'D' Word is Something We Embrace"	2010 – Susan Odom "Practical Perspective: Turning History into a Business"
2017 – Todd Price "Telling a Story Through a Lens – The J.C. Allen Photo Collection"	2009 – Kim Caudell "Murder Ballads in a Nutshell: Britain vs. America"
2016 – Stephanie Buchanan "Learning and Leading: Incorporating Youth Volunteers Into an Agriculture Program"	2008 – John C. Bielik "Paper Marbling as a Hands-On Activity"
2015 – Alex Stromberg "Being Disney"	2007 – Barbara Ceiga "Putting Visitors First: Journey from the Practical to the Profound"
2014 – Kyle Bagnall "Project Passenger Pigeon"	2006 – Laura E. Daughterty "Pictures of the Past: Conserving and Preserving 19th Century Photographs"
2012 – Gordon Bond "The Downside of Family-Friendly"	2005 – Merrilee Garner "Community Collaboration: Schools, Museums, Historical Societies and You"

MOMCC Board of Directors



PRESIDENT

Gail Richardson has worked at Sauder Village for 18 years as Foodways Supervisor overseeing cooking and food-related activities and helping with collections in the winter months. Her current title is Educational Specialist and Sauder Village beekeeper. She has been active in MOMCC for the past 13 years and has served as Vice President for the past two years.

VICE PRESIDENT

Ann Cejka is the Program Coordinator for Ushers Ferry Historic Village in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where she also serves as curator of collections, manages social media, and produces various forms of electronic media. She holds a Bachelor's degree in History and Public Relations from Mount Mercy College.



TREASURER

Debra A. Reid is curator of Agriculture and the Environment at The Henry Ford (since January 9, 2017). Before that, from 1999 through 2016, she taught in historical administration, history, and women's studies at Eastern Illinois University in Charleston, Illinois. She has recently written two books, *Interpreting Agriculture at Museums and Historic Sites* (2017), and *Interpreting the Environment at Museums and Historic Sites* (2019, co-authored with David Vail) both published by AASLH.



SECRETARY

Dawn Bondhus Mueller worked in a variety of professional capacities at Living History Farms in Urbandale, Iowa, for 15 years. She is now the Executive Director at the Wisconsin Automotive Museum located in Hartford, Wisconsin.



PAST PRESIDENT

Mike Follin received his undergraduate degree in Cultural Anthropology and Communication from Capital University and his graduate work was at Ohio State University in the field of Research and Performance of American History and Folklore. He recently retired as Coordinator of Interpretive Services in Public Programs at the Ohio History Connection, where he had been for 35 years.



MEMBER-AT-LARGE

Kate Garrett has been a heritage interpreter at Kline Creek Farm located in West Chicago for the past nine years. She started as a volunteer at Graue Mill in Oakbrook, Illinois, then worked at Living History Farms in Iowa and the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown before returning to DuPage County, Ill.



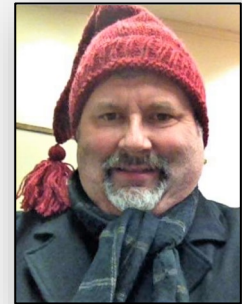


MEMBER-AT-LARGE

Jim Patton worked as lead interpreter and resident blacksmith at Lincoln's New Salem State Historic Site near Springfield, Illinois, for 21 years. He currently serves on the board of directors of the Elijah Iles House in Springfield, and is a long-time member of MOMCC.

MEMBER-AT-LARGE

Rob Burg has worked at numerous historic sites and museums and in many capacities since the late 1980s and has a passion for historical interpretation and environmental history. He is a past board member and has attended, hosted, and presented at numerous MOMCC conferences. Rob lives in Chelsea, Michigan after working for four years at the Stuhr Museum in Nebraska.

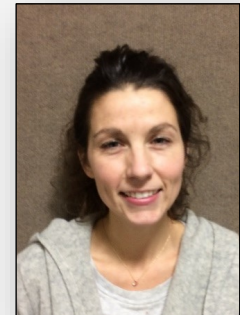


SPRING CONFERENCE COORDINATOR

Becky Crabb recently retired as Park Manager at Lake County Parks Buckley Homestead, Indiana, where she worked since 1980. She is past president of MOMCC. After being raised on an Indiana farm, Becky earned a degree in Wildlife Biology from Ball State University.

FALL CONFERENCE COORDINATOR

Monique Inglot works as the Assistant Program Coordinator for Volkening Heritage Farm in Schaumburg, Illinois. She has served as MOMCC Fall Conference Coordinator since 2014.



CONFERENCE REGISTRAR

Ed Crabb has an Associate degree in Web and Graphic Design. He has been a Volunteer for over 30 years at Buckley Homestead County Park in Lake County, Indiana, and is starting on his fourth year as the Conference Registrar.

MAGAZINE EDITOR

Tom Vance served as site manager at Lincoln Log Cabin State Historic Site south of Charleston, Illinois, for 28 years before retiring and becoming a historic consultant. He is past president of MOMCC, was editor of the magazine from 1986 through 1992, and has been current editor since 2016. He holds an M.A. in Historical Administration from Eastern Illinois University.





IF you have never been to Springfield, Illinois, this is your opportunity to visit the heart of Lincoln country. The 2022 MOMCC Spring Conference will be held at the President Abraham Lincoln Hotel in downtown Springfield. You will be a short walk away from most of the Lincoln sites described here. Pre-conference walking tours will visit several of these sites in the downtown area. Come a day early or stay an extra day after the conference to take advantage of what Springfield, Illinois has to offer. More sites will be featured in the spring issue of the magazine.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESIDENTIAL MUSEUM

This state-of-the-art facility was carefully designed with exacting historical detail. Amazingly well-preserved artifacts tell the entire life story of our nation's 16th President. Dedicated to the life and legacy of Abraham Lincoln, the presidential museum, unlike any other in the U.S., features hi-tech exhibits, interactive displays, and multimedia programs, as well as a reproduction of the White House as it looked in 1861. The holographic and special effects theatres will entertain, educate, and mesmerize you with ghostly images, live actors, and high action. Witness the 1860 Presidential Election as though it were happening today, complete with television news coverage and campaign commercials.

Items from the institution's world-class Lincoln Collection, numbering in the tens of thousands, are exhibited on a rotating basis in the Museum's Treasures Gallery, including an original hand-written copy of the Gettysburg Address, the evening gloves in President Lincoln's pocket the night he was assassinated, and the quill pen used to sign the Emancipation Proclamation. In Mrs. Lincoln's Attic, kids can play with a model of the Lincoln Home, try on period clothing, perform chores from the 1800s, and play with reproduction historic toys.

The Museum is owned and operated by the State of Illinois and is open daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.. It is located about three blocks to the northwest of the conference hotel. (Photo credit: Abraham Lincoln Presidential Museum)

LINCOLN'S HOME NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE



After Abraham and Mary Todd were married in 1842, the young couple lived in a hotel boarding house, the Globe Tavern, for a year before purchasing a one-story Greek revival house on eighth street for \$1,200 cash 1844. In 1856 they added a second story to the house. When they moved to Washington after Abraham was elected president, they put their furniture in storage and rented rather than selling the house.

In 1887, their son, Robert donated the house to the State of Illinois and it was turned over to the National Park Service in 1972. The NPS has acquired a four block area around the house and has preserved 14 houses including the Lincoln Home dating from the Lincoln era to create a sense of the relationship of the Lincolns to

their neighbors and community. A visitor center is located on the site facing 7th Street that includes a model of 1860 Springfield. The site is open daily from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. (Photo credit: Lincoln's Home NHS)

OLD STATE CAPITOL

“A house divided against itself cannot stand...” These immortal words were spoken by Abraham Lincoln in the historic Old State Capitol Hall of Representatives in the turbulent days preceding the Civil War. He tried several hundred cases in the Supreme Court, borrowed books from the state library, and read and swapped stories with other lawyers and politicians in the law library. On May 3-4, 1865, Mr. Lincoln’s body lay in state in Representatives Hall as a crowd estimated at 75,000 filed past to pay their last respects.

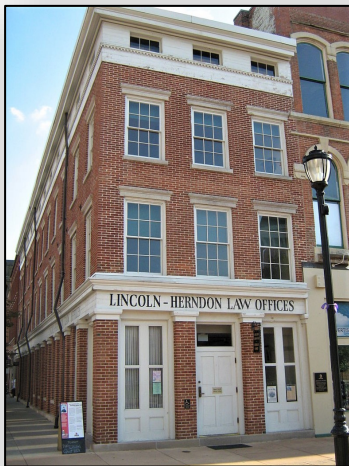
Abraham Lincoln was one of the “Long Nine” who were instrumental in the capitol being moved from Vandalia to Springfield in 1839. The new capitol building was built between 1837-1839 and served until the current capitol was built in 1876. The old capitol then served as the Sangamon County Court House until the early 1960s when it was turned over to the State of Illinois, dismantled, and rebuilt as a state historic site. The Old State Capitol is located about a block west of the conference hotel and is open 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily. (Photo credit: Old State Capitol S.H.S.)



THE LINCOLN-HERNDON LAW OFFICE

The Lincoln-Herndon Law Office is located across the street to the south of the Old State Capitol. It is located in a remnant of the Seth M. Tinsley building built in 1840-41 to provide commercial office space after the arrival of the State capitol. Lincoln’s office was on the third floor. During this time, the federal government rented the first floor for a post office and the second floor for a district courtroom.

Lincoln moved into the office in 1842 with his second law partner, Stephen T. Logan. They dissolved their partnership in 1844 and Lincoln took on William H. Herndon as a junior partner. In 1852, they moved their offices to the west side of the square. Most of the Tinsley building was torn down in 1872 leaving only the section where Lincoln’s offices were. The State of Illinois acquired the site in 1985 and after restoration, it became a state historic site. It is open 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily. (Photo credit: Lincoln-Herndon Law Office State Historic Site)



LINCOLN’S NEW SALEM

Lincoln’s New Salem is a reconstructed village that was the home of young Abraham Lincoln from 1831 to 1837. While in his twenties, the future president worked in this village as a boatman, soldier in the Black Hawk War, general store owner and operator, postmaster, surveyor, and rail-splitter. He was first elected to the Illinois General Assembly from New Salem.

Lincoln left New Salem for Springfield in 1837 and the village was generally abandoned about 1840 as other towns developed. After Lincoln’s death in 1865, historians collected memories, documents, and plans of the village from former residents and archaeology located the original building locations and other features. A state park was created in 1921 and the Civilian Conservation Corps reconstructed the village in the 1930s. The log building on the right in the photo is the Lincoln-Berry store where Lincoln served as store owner and operator. Lincoln’s New Salem is located about a half an hour’s drive northwest of Springfield, near Petersburg, Illinois. It is a state historic site and is open 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. daily. (Photo Credit: enjoyillinois.com.)



THE ELIJAH ILES HOUSE



The Elijah Iles House, host of the 2022 MOMCC Spring Conference, dates to about 1837 and is the oldest such structure in Springfield. The Greek revival cottage, built by Elijah Iles (one of the four men who founded the city), is little changed since the day he moved in. A timber-frame structure on a raised brick foundation, it has three levels: a ground-level basement, the main floor, and a finished attic which provided sleeping quarters. The interior woodwork is original and makes extensive use of black walnut.

To make room for a new church, the house was moved in 1910 and refurbished and modernized with the installation of electricity, plumbing, and radiator heating. In 1977, the house was listed on the National Register of Historic Places for its architectural and historic significance. In 1998, the house was moved again to its present location and fully restored, funded almost entirely by private donations. In 2005, with the restoration complete, the house was opened to the public and is currently owned and operated by the non-profit Elijah Iles House Foundation. The upper levels of the house are furnished with pre-Civil War furniture, and the lower level houses the Farrell and Ann Gay Museum of Springfield History. The Iles House is located at 628 S. 7th Street, about five blocks south of the Hotel and two blocks south of Lincoln's Home. (Photo credit: Iles House Foundation)

THE DANA-THOMAS HOUSE

The Dana Thomas house was designed in the Prairie School style of architecture by Frank Lloyd Wright in 1902 for Susan Lawrence Dana, a forward-thinking socialite living in Springfield, Illinois. The home, the 72nd building designed by Wright, contains the largest collection of site-specific, original Wright art glass and furniture and is believed to be one of the most intact Wright interiors in the United States. Wright's first "blank check" commission, the home has 35 rooms in 12,000 square feet of living space which includes three main levels and 16 varying levels in all.



Charles C. Thomas, a successful publisher, and his wife purchased the house in 1944. They maintained the house's original design and furnishings. Their estate sold the house to the State of Illinois in 1981 and it was restored to its 1910 appearance and opened as a state historic site. It is located at 301 E. Lawrence Ave., about 12 blocks from the hotel and is open daily. (Photo credit: Visit Springfield) □

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REFLECTIONS ON THE 2021 FALL CONFERENCE: WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? 2.0

By Kristie Hammond, Colonial Williamsburg

WHEN I was asked to do a follow-up presentation this fall after my presentation in the spring, I was flattered, but my first thought was, “Oh gosh, do I have anything new to add?” As I did with the first of these two sessions, I started out with the disclaimer, “I’m still new to the field, and while I don’t have answers, I have questions.” My biggest fear was dead silence, but I was delighted with the discussion that followed. Though we were a small group we covered a lot of ground, and I came away with the reassurance that no one has all the answers, but it’s through discussions like these that help us develop solutions. Below is a summary of that discussion:

1. What have we learned during COVID that was successful, and worth continuing even after the pandemic is over?

- Touchless payment systems – can be a limiting factor depending on who has access to the tech like smart phones, but was a much-improved system for health, safety, and ease of access
 - ◊ No paper is more sustainable.
 - ◊ Internet connectivity can be a challenge to success of electronic ticketing.
- More tools in our digital communication toolbox, ie: slack, zoom, teams, QR codes, etc.
- More accessibility, collaboration, and attendance outside of typical channels, both for visitors and professional interests – Deb was able to attend a Jewish Historical Society program and a seminar in the UK, folks are participating in this conference from a wide variety of physical locations.
- Use of new/nontraditional programs and communication methods.
- Efficient use of down time, or forced down time for some when others are doing double duty = PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT, learning new skills either because suddenly there is time or immediate necessity.

2. What continues to be a challenge and how can we overcome it?

- Money – always, how can we be creative in fundraising or cultivating donor relationships?
- Covid as an excuse to limit or cancel/discontinue expensive programming.

- Staffing and/or volunteers (varies by site) – being selective of volunteers, and who is asked back can certainly be difficult on a personal level and physically when we just need people but can strengthen the program going forward.
- Technology and the refusal to embrace or consider technology; the differences between having tech vs. using tech vs. using tech *effectively*.
- Websites that are too streamlined, not user friendly or without even listing hours or other essential information.
- Being green, yet gathering for conferences and the impact on the environment, especially where emissions are concerned.

3. So, what are the next steps? Will virtual options stick around?

- Knowing the options vs taking the actions to support identified values is a struggle but a decision that must be made.
- We’ve learned our true values throughout the pandemic.
- While striving for connection, we’ve become more flexible with technology to substitute in person connections with technology. While that is not ideal in every case, it can certainly overcome barriers in other cases.

4. How can we strengthen our museums going forward?

- It is impossible to go back to exactly how things were before; some may try but the successful museum will have to change in order to move forward and continue being relevant.
- Adapt to the changing needs and changing guest populations.
- Lean into the importance of community.
- Deb at The Henry Ford shared about her organization’s new Green Team focusing on sustainability and Lauren shared how she used to facilitate such groups. Both highlighted the importance of including everyone in the discussion, not just those who have offices and are easy to schedule, but those hourly staff in maintenance, grounds, and warehouse, etc.

- Challenge with this: scheduling the time for meeting with frontline staff when they're not office-based.

5. What questions have been sparked by discussions at this conference?

- After “Diversity: Hidden in Plain View” session: Understanding the term “minority,” are they really a minority, when taken together, they may actually form a majority, this can be subjective depending on the points of intersectionality and a number of other factors.
- After “Are We Living Through the Movie Groundhog Day? Leading Through the COVID Pandemic”: How do frontline staff make changes to “the way things have always been”?
 - ◇ Front line interpreters see the immediate issues on the ground, need a centralized place to send concerns and proposed solutions
 - ◇ Digital idea box: problem, effects of problem (why is this a problem) and proposed solution.
 - ◇ Timeline – have a set plan and timeline for follow through.
 - ◇ “Great ideas can start from anywhere,” Lauren Munez on the importance of listening and training

6. Further questions for discussion:

- How do we address institutional history, especially when it is not pretty?
- How do we address ideas like “revisionist history” as a destructive force? The act of revising is to improve, and clarify, to add to. How can we share this with guests who have a very different perspective?

One thing I love about these conferences and my job in general is that I’m always learning something new. While no one has all the answers, when we come together, we can brainstorm and support each other to face the various challenges at our sites. Each time I am reminded of the meaning of ALHFAMily and am grateful to all those that share their experiences and expertise.

I’d love to continue the discussion so please feel free to email me at khammond@cwf.org. □

ABOUT THE AUTHOR – Kristie Hammond has been an Interpreter at Colonial Williamsburg since 2019. Originally from South Central Ohio, she graduated from Mount Vernon Nazarene University with a bachelor’s degree in History and Integrated Social Studies. Before starting at Colonial Williamsburg, she was a substitute teacher. Her research interests include anything from children’s toys and games to legal history. In her spare time, she enjoys gardening, listening to audiobooks, and working on paint-by-numbers.



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Reflections on Whirligigs

WHIMSIES IN THE WIND

By Gary Foster, PhD, Eastern Illinois University

WHIRLIGIGS, as material culture, folk art, kinetic art, and sculpture are obscure, esoteric, and ephemeral. As a consequence, they are rarely encountered today, and most people lack familiarity with them. Once seen, however, observers recognize them and begin to intuit the mechanical genius of the devices.

Whirligigs reflect and reveal the world views and experiences of their makers, and offer insight into their social, economic, and political worlds. Whirligigs, dependent on science and physics, demand an innate folk genius that is unacknowledged. Their scarcity makes them collectible and explains an absence of inquiry.

Whirligigs are wind-driven, pure whimsy in motion for the sake of motion and amusement. A whirligig, in simplest terms, is a propeller (blades) that turns in the wind for the casual enjoyment of observers. They served no other purpose and were probably not present on most homesteads. Exposed to the elements, they fell into disrepair, and serving no essential task, were seldom repaired. Some ended up in the corners of outbuildings, but most were discarded, with few surviving representations today. Parts and pieces might be found at auctions of old farmsteads today, but few intact whirligigs appear now.

Whirligigs as pure whimsy have very functional relatives. Windmills (propellers turning eccentric shafts) from earlier generations on farms pumped water into livestock tanks, a labor-saving device. On the Midwest prairie, wind turbines (wind farms) produce electricity. Historically, Holland and the Netherlands used windmills to pump sea water from land reclaimed behind dikes and to grind grains grown on those lands. Wind serves various purposes. Clothes lines use the evaporating effects of wind to dry clothes. Sailing ships caught wind to move people, goods, and ideas around the world – a wind-powered internet. The range of functions, from whimsy to necessity, was a matter of folk technology. Water mills use flowing water of streams or mill races to turn large wheels to grind grain and saw timber into planks; in that energy, moving water was like wet wind harnessed for other uses. Vertical, rotary energy of the turning propeller or water wheel was converted to horizontal, rotary, and reciprocal energy with axles, eccentric cams, fulcrums, and cogs – all folk technology.

A History of Whirligigs

The history of whirligigs is lost in antiquity. Leonardo da

Vince (1452-1519) sketched propellers and mechanisms (cogs and eccentric cams) subsequently incorporated into whirligigs. Component parts existed but no whirligigs of that antiquity were constructed or none were documented and survived. The first time “whirligig” appeared in print was in Washington Irving’s short story, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, written in 1819 and published in 1820 (American Folk Art Museum 2016). It described a wooden, three-dimensional soldier with extended arms that held paddle-like swords, that would spin in the wind. The whirligig was described as a “little wooden warrior who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn” (Irving 1820). This was a common form for whirligigs of the time and several of this form survived (see fig. 1). A nearly identical whirligig, circa 1790s, was displayed in 2015 at the Mystic Seaport Maritime Museum in Connecticut.

The history of whirligigs cannot be reconstructed from written references. Not even the Library of Congress has references regarding whirligigs. Observations of museum displays, collector specimens, and scant antique-dealer inventories suggest the heyday of whirligigs was 1750s – 1940s, though fading after the 1910s. As ephemeral folk art, whirligigs garnered little attention in the literature contemporaneous with them, and few examples from earlier periods survive.



Figure 1. – The figure, painted black and white, fits Hawthorne’s description of the first-mentioned whirligig in literature. This form was probably a typical subject matter for the period, 1780-1820. Material is wood and paint. On loan from the American Folk Art Museum, New York to the St. Louis Art Museum, 2016. (Photograph courtesy of Debbie Hesterman.)

Whirligig Collectors

As folk art, whirligigs are rare and collectible. Parts and

pieces still occasionally appear at farmstead auctions, often commanding little because they are seldom recognized for what they are. However, if two or more whirligig collectors are present, bidding becomes frenzied. Whirligig collectors typically display their collections as static art, not kinetic art, and consider them folk sculptures. They are often too old or too damaged to “fly” as they were intended, and repairs might detract from the integrity and the antiquity of the pieces. The less done or modified, the better.¹ Great works of art, though damaged, would rarely be touched up for the sake of presentation without the first consideration of preservation.

The antiquity of whirligigs is only one factor establishing value among collectors. Value also depends on the vitality of original colors, types of paint (e.g., milk paint) and dyes (vegetal and mineral), condition, size, mechanical complexity (with large whirligigs or those with multiple moving characters or components commanding more), and subject matter, (anecdotally resonating with particular collectors). A few antique dealers such as Paul Madden Antiques of Sandwich Village, Mass. offer vintage whirligigs consistently and are reputable among serious collectors. Whirligigs generally found in that inventory are circa 1910s – 1930s, occasionally with a few older ones, and they command prices ranging from \$300 to \$18,000.²

Subject Matter and Dating Whirligigs

The subject matter that resonates with or attracts collectors first resonated with whirligig makers. The subject matter reflects the familiarity of makers with mundane, everyday chores to be attended to – churning butter, washing clothes on a scrub board, sawing wood, chopping wood, milking cows, fishing, blacksmiths hammering at anvils, a soldier saluting or raising a rifle to fire, and so on. Whirligigs often reflect makers’ occupational activities or the livelihoods of those around them. Subject matter alludes to traditional occupations of particular geographies, thus whirligigs were often regionally specific.

For example, along the coast of New England, whirligigs took the form of sailor jacks, or whalers harpooning whales, or men rowing dories out to lobster pots. In the north woods of the Midwest, whirligigs depicted lumberjacks sawing and chopping timber, the economic focus of the region. In the Southwest, whirligigs displayed cowboys riding bucking horses. In oil fields, oil-well pumps rocked

up and down in reciprocal motion, and oil derricks spewed gushers. Not specific to any region, patriotic themes had Uncle Sam waving the stars and stripes. Battleships with American flags rose and fell between wooden waves, driven by the mechanics of the whirligig; some represented a particular battleship like the Maine that was sunk in 1898. Later, as whirligigs began to wane, they took the form of WWII airplanes with freely spinning propellers, another gesture of patriotism (see fig. 2). That was the last hooray of whirligigs in any traditional sense. The heyday for whirligigs ended in the 1930s/1940s when planes and other forms of distraction and amusement (radio, automobiles, nightlife, and not soon after, TV, and so on) became commonplace. The subject matter of the folk were changing; the folk remained, but subject matter and interests no longer accommodated folk art expressed through whirligigs.

The subject matter of whirligigs contributes to dating them, but dating can be relative or absolute. Indications of antiquity are offered by subject matter, finishes (paints and stains), and mechanical components. In some instances, whirligigs with specific subject matter can be precisely dated. For example, the battleship Maine sank in 1898, and a whirligig commemorating that event was probably constructed within a year or two. Other subject matter, like chores of the homesteads, are relatively dated; when was



Figure 2. – The skeleton of a DC 3 (C 47 military), passenger plane and transport during WW II, a whirligig displayed on the streets of Salt Lake City in 2014. The empennage or tail section of the plane and its wings keep it turned into the wind, and the propellers spinning. The center of balance seems far forward, but there is little weight behind the point of balance. (Photograph courtesy of Debbie Hesterman)

1. The author has made repairs to vintage whirligigs over the years, with no intent to deceive or disguise repairs. They stand proud to allow whirligigs to mechanically function as intended, but to deceive no one they are in original working order.

2. See <http://www.paulmaddenantiques.com> and with thanks for permission to use photographs of their inventory over the years.

butter last routinely churned or a horse routinely broken? Dating might be further assessed by finish and patina. Buttermilk and pigment-based (iron, ocher, cobalt, and so on) paints were used in the 1700's and 1800's. Oil, lead-based paints precedes whirligigs by millennia and lead-based paints were banned only in 1977, and are of little use in dating whirligigs. Antiquity may be garnered by mechanical materials. Iron, especially hand forged, alludes to antiquity, as might tin, steel, even rusted, not as much, and stainless steel and aluminum, not at all.

Whirligigs, by subject matter, finish, and materials may indicate some date or age, but it is subjective unless the piece is signed and dated by the maker. Most whirligigs are anonymous and nameless; folk artists rarely signed their work and there was no formal training in this whimsical craft. Moreover, makers did not produce enough whirligigs in their lifetimes to establish a particular style or a "signature" body of work, and thus makers remain unrecognized, unknown, and anonymous. While makers of whirligigs are substantially unknown, and few works have survived, enough have survived to acknowledge the commonality of materials used.

Materials of whirligigs

Traditional materials of vintage whirligigs are wood and metal, usually iron, tin, or copper. Wood components were generally fashioned from secondary woods like pine, poplar, and other soft woods. It was a matter of whimsy, not an heirloom piece, and soft woods were easier to work.

While the entire whirligig could be fashioned of wood,

some moving parts were made of metal, like axles, shafts, sleeves, eccentric cams, and push rods. Metals included iron, tin, and copper. Steel was too valuable and too hard to work, requiring more heat and time. Metal against metal caused less friction and resistance than wood against wood. Silhouettes of figures and other subject matter were sometimes cut out of sheet metal, including copper, and figures were sometimes articulated or hinged to allow animation or movement. Tin is thinner and lighter than wood, and is sometimes more desirable for propeller blades and figures because of weight. A light propeller turns faster with less wind. Metal in whirligigs implied the availability of scrap on the homestead, and an ability to forge and shape iron and do other metal work.

Components and Mechanics of Whirligigs

Despite various forms that whirligigs took, they share common components that are dependent upon principles of physics and aerodynamics. Components of whirligigs are propellers, rudders, and centers of balance (see fig. 3). Mechanisms are dependent on eccentric (offset) cams (see fig. 4), cogs (intermeshing toothed gears), fulcrums, and pushrods (see fig. 5). Each component possesses its own science/physics that is understood by whirligig makers.

The propeller provides power to animate figures on the whirligig. A propeller alone with a rudder is a simple whirligig, the simplest of these is an airplane flying (see fig. 2 again). The propeller harvests wind energy. As a matter of physics, anything moving has energy, and wind moves. The more blades on a propeller, the more surface area to catch the wind, but more blades add weight and a stronger wind

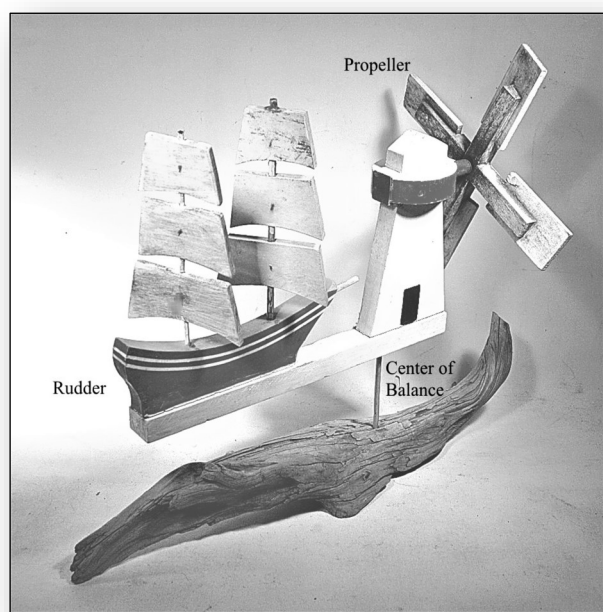


Figure 3 – The essential components of a whirligig are labeled. (Photograph courtesy of Paul Madden Antiques, Sandwich Village, Mass.)



Figure 4 – A whirligig and a close-up of the eccentric cam and pushrods that give the drummer action. (Photograph courtesy of Paul Madden Antiques)



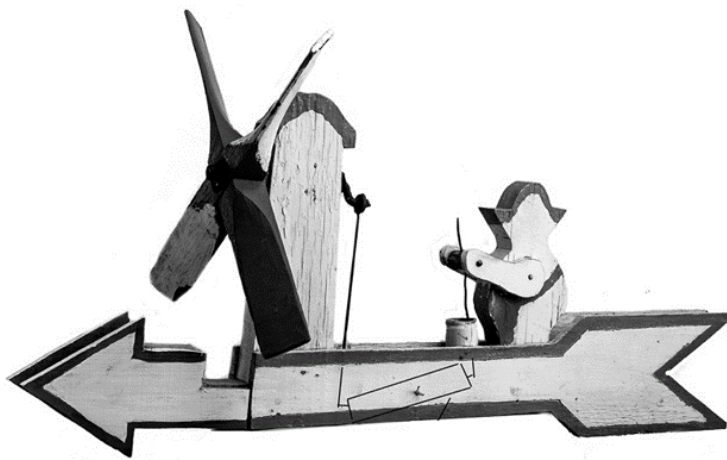


Figure 5. – A whirligig with the fulcrum and pushrods superimposed to reveal the conversion of vertical, rotary energy to reciprocal energy. The eccentric cam is attached to the left pushrod. (Photograph by the author)

is needed to turn it. Propellers, sometimes incorporated into whirligigs as blades or paddles (see fig. 6), are most efficient while minimizing the obstruction of the wind's flow through the blades if they are at an angle of 45 to 60 degrees.

The propeller turning in the wind is vertical rotary energy transformed by mechanical devices into reciprocal (up and down) energy or horizontal, rotary energy to power different animations. Direct energy is transformed into indirect energy to power horizontal or reciprocal animation. Larger blades convey greater energy, no matter how slowly they seem to turn. Blades on wind turbines on the Midwest prairie rotate slowly at the tips, but energy of the rotation at the hub or axle is considerable. Large blades on whirligigs produce enough energy to power three or four animated figures if wind is sufficient to turn the propeller, and despite the moving figures generating drag or friction.

Another component of whirligigs is rudders, integrated as part of the whirligig design, and often on the end opposite the propeller (see fig. 3 again). Rudders are flat components of a whirligigs' design that turn the propeller into the wind. Almost any structure behind the center of gravity functions as a rudder. Rudder and propeller (angles of the blades) work in tandem to achieve movement of the whirligig figures.

The rudder and propeller are the largest and heaviest components of a whirligig. Between those structures is the center of gravity or balance where the whirligig is mounted, enabling it to turn freely into the wind when mounted on a hole at or just behind the center of balance. A whirligig tail-heavy (the hole too far forward) or nose-heavy (the hole too far back) cannot turn freely in the wind. These are

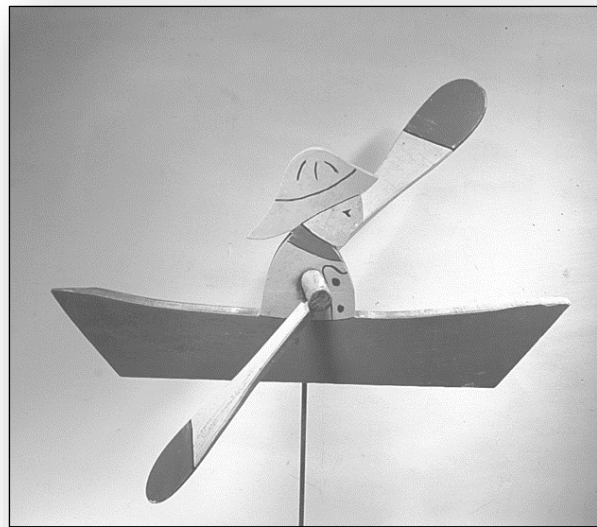


Figure 6. – Propellers/blades are sometimes incorporated into the design and subject matter of whirligigs, for example, a dory man rowing his boat. (Photograph courtesy of Paul Madden Antiques)

physics whirligig makers figured out to make whirligigs fly.

Whirligigs can have rudders and propellers adjacent to each other, or even propellers mounted on rudders (see fig. 5). The propeller is at the back of the whirligig, and the wind strikes the back of the propeller, turning it to deliver indirect energy via the fulcrum. Sailor Jacks (see fig. 6) have no rudders, but their flat bodies serve as rudders, keeping the blades or paddles 90 degrees to the wind. The wind is on their shoulders, minimizing wind resistance, and the balance point is in the figure's crotch. Blades in the hands of spinning arms turn in either direction. Balance, rudder, and propeller are the physics of whirligigs.

Some whirligig figures were three-dimensional, without rudders, per se, and used direct energy (see fig. 7). Human figures hold paddles, swords, or oars in outstretched arms. In those instances, wind slipped around them like wind slipping around silos, creating high pressure on front of the figure and low pressure on the back of the figure sufficient to turn the arms. It is this high/low pressure that give airplane wings lift, and with high pressure filling billowing sails, it is low pressure in front of the sails that pulls the boat forward. It does not matter if wind strikes the front or the back of the propeller. Either turns the blades, though in different directions, and turning animates the whirligig.

With components of whirligigs addressed, consideration turns to the mechanisms of whirligigs. Describing mechanisms of whirligigs that produce different animations of characters is tedious and complicated. Better to briefly describe each mechanism and the action provided. Direct energy of straight-line wind spins the propellers of an airplane or the paddled arms of figures such as Sailor



Figure 7. – Three-dimensional figures were often mounted on pins, but they seldom turned or rotated because of weight. Rather, the wind blew around them to animate their paddles. (Photograph courtesy of Paul Madden Antiques)

Jacks, canoeists, and Uncle Sams. If vertical propellers (or spinning blades) turn shafts with eccentric (offset) cams or cogs (meshed tooth gears), they generate reciprocal (up and down motion) so figures may churn butter or chop wood, or ships may rock on waves. They supply indirect energy for movement in different directions. Eccentric cams via push rods attached to fulcrums (like a teeter-totter) rocks boats on waves (see fig. 5). If vertical propellers drive vertical cogs/gears that turn horizontal cogs/gears, action may be horizontally rotary, like horse races or merry-go-rounds. However, this is the rarest type of whirligig mechanism. Only two have been observed in 40 years, and neither in working order.

The flight of whirligig's animation depends upon components keeping propellers turned into the wind and mechanisms animating figures as intended. When all is in order, whirligigs hum like treadle sewing machines.

Whirligig Makers

More can be said about whirligig makers than is known. It is assumed (for no good reason) that they were males, but the creative process was not hard or laborious, only tedious and contemplative. Making whirligigs were distractions and derivations filling leisure time. Did whirligig makers en-

gage the activity to escape responsibilities, did they pursue the activity to fill time without responsibilities, or were they pursuing artistic creativity they could not deny? It was distraction and production, though for no meaningful utility except creation for creation's sake. Who were whirligig makers? It was not a craft of apprenticeship or training, and it produced no homestead necessity. It was a matter of seeing a whirligig or imagining one and figuring it out. Mechanisms were thought through and reasoned out. It was try and try again until something worked, or try once and quit.

Those making whirligigs were folk artists, unknown and anonymous. They never signed (or dated) their creations, and most have not survived. It was not just the product that made them folk artists – it was the process too. They were self-taught, and improvements were experientially self-inspired. It is not likely that many makers produced a large body of works in a lifetime, thus never producing a style that was uniquely attributable or identifiable as hers/his. It is likely they did not regard themselves as artists, and only a retrospective perspective anoints them so. They are folk artists because others attach the label to them, collect their works, express artistic appreciation for their works, and those works are exhibited in galleries and museums. Folk artists, regardless of medium and expression, are socially constructed and defined as a reality (see Berger and Luckmann 1966; Thomas 1928; Thomas and Thomas 2002).

One contemporary whirligig maker who eschewed the label and the title of folk artist was Vollis Simpson of Lucama, North Carolina. He was to whirligigs what Chester Cornett was to chairs. Late in life, he began making whirligigs. His creations were large and monumental, some the size of school buses; 31 of his creations are on exhibit in the Vollis Simpson Whirligig Park in Wilson, North Carolina. Vollis died in 2013 at age 94. He intimated that what he did, he did for the wind, for the wind brought his creations to life, and it tickled him that his creations performed to the expectations of his vision and imagination. It was the joy and satisfaction other whirligig makers derived.

Conclusions

Whirligigs are whimsical, kinetic art that do nothing more than move and amuse, and are limited only by the patience and awe of the observer. If they need to be justified, they convey some climatological information, some relative indication of wind speed and direction, and if they are wet, it is raining. Whirligigs were modest in their display, lacking the prominence of weather vanes, and more likely displayed on fence posts and porch rails than barn tops.

Authentic, vintage whirligigs are rare. They were exposed to the elements, and deterioration was inevitable.

They were targets of opportunity for BB guns, air rifles, and 22s. They served no purpose, offered nothing to the economy of the homestead, and were not repaired when they fell into disrepair. Most either deteriorated *in situ*, reclaimed by the fencerow, or ended up on a burn pile. With luck, some were discarded in the corner of an outbuilding to end up on a hayrack at a farm auction a hundred years later. It is rare to see a whirligig at an auction in a recognizable form. Not made in great numbers, they did not survive in great numbers; their collections are few, without a corpus body to study as representative samples.

Whirligigs as artifact and intellectual real estate have garnered little attention and inquiry, despite the genius they required and reflect. Contemporary representations and versions of whirligigs are commercially available including plastic birds with spinning wings and nylon pinwheels available in lawn and garden sections of home-improvement centers or on the internet. They are often touted as hand-made or hand-painted, intended as lawn ornaments to bedazzle with color and movement, and perhaps thwart marauding rabbits in gardens. They are products no less commercial than a Buick, and no more folk than Bob Dylan's latest CD. Pure whimsy has more integrity and validity for intellectual inquiry and examination.

Whirligigs and makers are of the past, but there are a few contemporary makers of traditional whirligigs. They may use power tools (band saws, drill presses, jig saws), tools of their day, just as historical makers used tools of their day. The subject matter of new whirligigs are traditional and contemporary (e.g., Huey, Blackhawk, and Cobra helicopters), just as the subject matter of historical whirligig makers were contemporary to their day (e.g., churning butter, chopping wood). It is not like traditional folk artists are being replicated, but more like traditional folk artists live on. They have greater leisure time to create more whirligigs, but they make them to let them fly in the elements, unsigned and undated, intended to fool no one with latex paint, but 50 or so years from now, a collector or curator will covet a piece and wonder about its maker (see

fig. 8). Anonymity may achieve a certain status that named works cannot. They pose a mystery that creates allure. Anonymity is not advocated, but it engenders wonder. Signature is ownership, and maybe it is better to have admiration from afar than criticism from up close. □

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About the author – Gary Foster

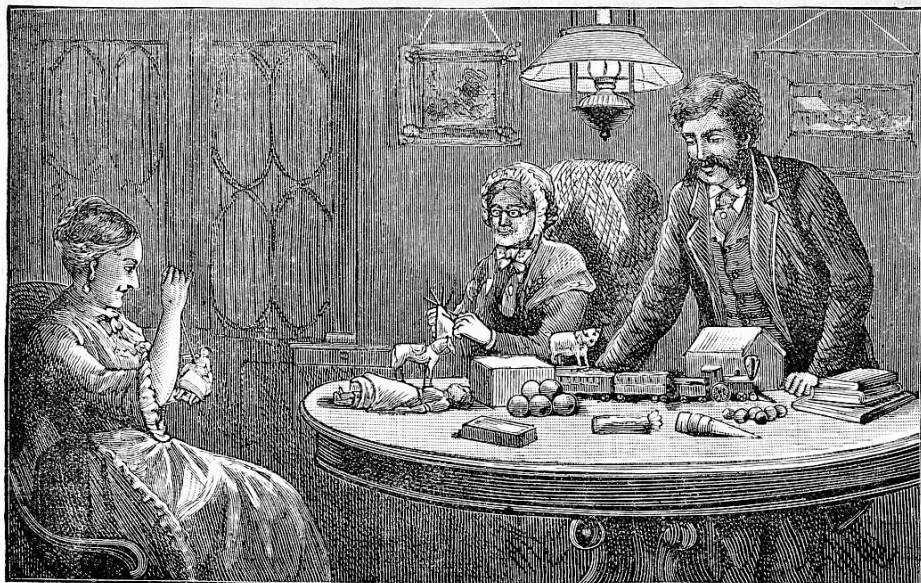
was born in southern Kentucky and was an archaeologist and sociologist with research areas in cemeteries, urban snakes, and agricultural history. The author was exposed to whirligigs in the folklore/folk life program at Western Kentucky University in 1977, and later by Roy Underhill, *The Woodwright's Workshop* (PBS) in 1981. He has researched and experientially learned about whirligigs since 1982, offered public lectures on whirligigs, exhibited his pieces in Midwestern museums, and met several times with Vollis Simpson of North Carolina, a preeminent whirligig maker until his death in 2013.



Figure 8. – A row of fence-top whirligigs on display in a neighborhood of Bloomington, Ill., 2021. Notice the historically variable subject matter, from sailing ships to helicopters. The maker was unfamiliar with the label folk artist or eschewed it, and elected anonymity. (Photograph courtesy of Debbie Hesterman)

The End of the Year Soon at Hand Christmas

There is something sad in the thought that 1880—a year so full of hopes fulfilled and youthful joys realized—is soon to take its place among the eighteen hundred and seventy-nine of its fellows in the silent halls of history and memory.



THE OLDER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY PREPARING FOR THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

The months of winter, with the skating on the pond, and the coasting on the hillside, went all too quickly away, and the warm days of spring—lengthening, lazy days—came with the singing of happy nest-building birds, almost before we thought the songsters had reached their southern winter homes. With the heated days of May many a boy sought the shade of the leafy trees by the side of the pond or stream, and as he drew, with shouts of triumph, the shining, finny swimmers from the water, he thought, if he did not say: Would that springtime might always last, and fishing and fun be my lot forever! But the days of May soon lengthened into June, and the bright spring flowers gave place to fields of waving grain, and the planted crops were hoed—perhaps somewhat reluctantly—until the monotony of the cornfield was broken by the washing and shearing of the sheep. Then came July—hot July, with its memorable day, “The Fourth”; the day when, of all the year, the “Young America” that is in one, bursts forth with trumpet blast, and the booming of the sunrise gun. This hot month ranks far above the hotter one that followed slowly on her track—the sultry August—because it is the one in which our land was made free. All through the summer the gardens furnished their abundance of fine fruits—fruits that grew close upon the ground—fruits that hung in clusters on curved and bri-

ery shrubs—fruits that were knocked from the favorite orchard trees before they are half-way ripe—and fruits that grew, but few know where, save the foraging child who found them. But when the year began to ripen into the mellow autumn, the boys and girls as well, wished the days would not shorten as they so evidently were doing. There were nuts to gather on the hillsides—the chestnuts, shagbarks, butternuts—all this preparation for winter takes time, and it needs to be done early, or the squirrels and other unfriendly animals will strip the trees. Fall is also the season of the fairs; and with the fruits, the rich tints of autumnal forests, Thanksgiving Day, the cider casks bursting full of amber sweetness, the gold pumpkins, and the staring and startling lanterns which are made from them, all these, and a thousand other attractions made the dying of the year rather a Happy “passing away” after all. The reality of the situation did not come upon the youthful mind until it awoke to the cold and chill of some dreary December morning, when all is dead without, and there is not any too much life within. It is then that the “Melancholy days to come, the saddest in the year.” It is then that the white covering that nature

has put on suggests the snowy lock of old age, and that a funeral must soon be held, and the aged year laid away in a silent grave beneath the frozen clods and still colder snow. But the picture of the end of the year is not so sad as this; it



THE YOUNGER MEMBERS AND WHAT THEY HAVE PROVIDED FOR THE COMING HOLIDAY.

has a brighter and more cheerful ending in many a household: in fact, it is a happy, joyful gathering to see “the Old Year out and the New Year in.” I think no one will dispute me when I say that into the last fortnight of the old year and

running over into a few days of the new, there is crowded more sport, fun, real solid enjoyment for both young and old, than any other equal period of the year. This is the time of the holidays, and includes that day of all days—Christmas; the anniversary of that bright dawn in the East when all creation rejoiced and “the morning stars stand together.” While this day is “yet afar off,” thousands and thousands of people, old and young, are laying their plans and making preparations for Christmas. I can not go into any details of what this one of the family, or that of some other family, is doing for Christmas, only it may be said that many hands are active over work that is hid from the public gaze. “It is more blessed to give than to receive;” but to surprise in the bestowing of gifts is better than all. It has grown to be a sort of second nature for young and old of all classes and conditions of life, to be for weeks before Christmas, so to speak, “half blind” to the movement in the family circle. The mother has her time by herself, the grandma is unusually busy and uncommonly quiet; and as for the children they are full of sly talk and fearful that the “cat will get out of the bag.” It is a sort of relief to have Christmas day come after all this suspense. The artist has let us into the “secret chambers” of a single home, and it is the type of many—would it were of all homes in the land. The “old folks” are divided from the children—it may be by a single thin wall, and each group is busy arranging the presents for the other. There is the center-table spread with the toys and the things that make the little ones rejoice; the

warm-hearted father, the careful, loving mother, and the deeply interested, good grandma. In the other room there is perhaps more wondering, as for example, how pap will like this, or what will mamma think of that as the children discuss the merits of the things which their saved money has enabled them to gather together. Christmas is a more novel thing to them than to the older members of the family, and therefore has a freshness which gives vent to smothered laughter and subdued fun. I like to see this spirit of giving early developed; it unfolds the better nature of the children, and makes them have a generous feeling and regard for others. If Christmas had no loftier meaning, and led to no higher and nobler thoughts and action, than that of pure and simple giving—giving for the good feeling that it brings to the one who receives, and the double blessing to the one that bestows—it has not become a holy Holiday in vain. I should like to be present when this family, now separated, shall be united, and there is not doubt but what the reunion will be a pleasant—a joyous one, and the old and young together will have a happy day. The three generations will have a common bond of sympathy, and all hearts will beat to the sweet music of love—a music that it is hoped will never cease to roll. May the good Father bless them all, and may the day be a merry, merry Christmas. That this may be the portion of every one of my young readers, is the wish of your **UNCLE HAL**

American Agriculturist, Dec. 1880



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THE BOY WHO LOVED RIFLES, WHISTLE PIGS, PASTURE POODLES, AND THE HEPBURN “REAPER.”

By Richard Hummel

Editor’s Note: This story is based on historical facts about the author’s grandfather, Barton Hummel. The firearms mentioned in the story are currently in the author’s collection. Most of the details, however, are historical fiction, added to complete and round out the story. This story originally ran in the June, 2019 issue of Muzzle Blasts.

Chapter 1

BARTON HUMMEL was born in 1879, the year the Remington Hepburn Model rifle was patented. He entered the world at Bonneyville Mill, Bristol, Indiana. But, we’re getting ahead of my story about a boy and the guns he grew up with and put to work for his family, especially waging war on woodchucks. War? Woodchucks?

In the beginning, before Barton was born, Barton’s father, Ensign Hummel, had purchased a .40 half-stock percussion rifle from John Rogers, Elkhart gunsmith (ca. 1870) to accompany Ensign and bride Sarah on their journey to Grand Junction, Nebraska in 1873, the year following their marriage. The rifle sported iron sights, set triggers and no cap box, being the economy grade, priced at \$7.00.

Barton’s older sister, Ellie, was born in Grand Junction, Nebraska in 1874. The family returned to Indiana several years later. Barton never heard any family stories of what happened to dampen his parents’ enthusiasm for Nebraska. Perhaps the posters from the Railroad, promising agricultural lands so rich and cheap they would pay for themselves with their abundant crops within 10 years, turned out to be overly optimistic. Perhaps the cold winters?

Regardless, his parents had enough resources to negotiate the purchase of Bonneyville Mill in 1878 on the Little Elkhart River, just east of Bristol, Indiana. The Hummels



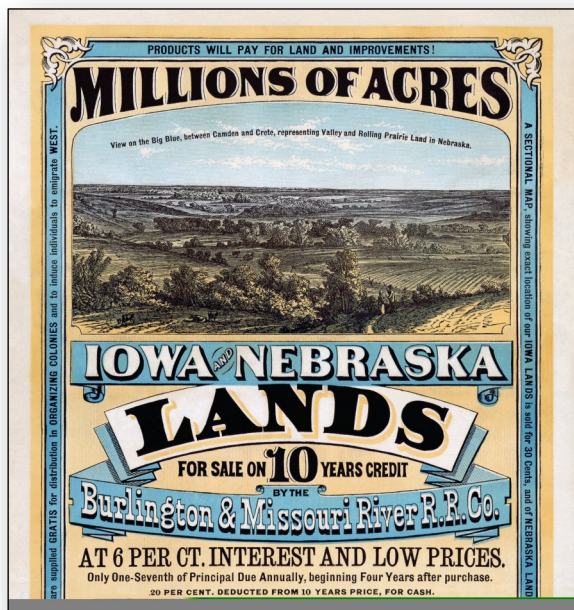
Barton Hummel – Age 16, photograph taken 1895. (All photos provided by the author)

WOODCHUCKS

Woodchucks are also known as groundhogs, whistle pigs, pasture poodles, and by their scientific name of *marmota monax*. They get crossways with humans in various ways. Woodchucks occasionally eat garden or field crops and can cause considerable damage in a very short period. The woodchuck’s burrow systems are regarded as a problem on agricultural land, because farm machines can be harmed when they run over a mound. And many horse owners fear their horses will trip over woodchuck burrows in paddocks and injure themselves. So, these rural “rogues” have long been the bane of gardeners, farmers, and livestock producers. Hence, the unrelenting warfare waged on their ranks.



The .40 caliber half-stock percussion rifle purchased by Ensign Hummel from gunsmith John Rogers in 1870. By the time it returned with the family to Indiana from Nebraska, it had acquired a brass repair plate around its wrist. The break from a fall was serious but the brass plate held the stock together as strong as new!



Poster by the Burlington & Missouri River Railroad Company advertising land-grant lands for sale in Iowa and Nebraska where Ensign Hummel settled his family in 1873.

commenced the lives of a miller's family and Barton was born at the mill in 1879. His earliest memories of life are filled with the sights and sounds of the mill environment: mill pond, mill race, cool, fast moving water, the dusty scents of freshly ground wheat, corn, and buckwheat flours. Fishing for small mouth bass in the mill pond was an especial delight.

The John Rogers percussion rifle had returned with the family to Indiana and Barton was taught how to mold lead balls, measure powder charges, and ram home patched



Bonneyville Mill, near Bristol, Indiana, is still operating today as a historical site. The men in the photo are holding a pole full of fish.

balls by his eighth birthday. His lead molding activities could be carried out on the wood stove in the mill public room where customers brought their sacks of grain to go under the mill stones for grinding. That stove was kept burning during the day all winter long, and Barton was in charge of its wood supply.

Barton early on earned the assignment of patrolling the riverbanks of the Little Elkhart with the Rogers rifle, scanning for woodchucks who burrowed into the soft riverbank mud to make their dens. The threat was that these prolific critters would threaten the banks of the mill race canal. He managed to connect with his targets at 50-75 yards with certainty and at 100 yards if lucky. Barton was also encouraged to harvest any fat squirrels that crossed his sights while on patrol. Twenty-five to thirty yards was all the distance he could manage to achieve reliable hits, however. Squirrel stew and dumplings were tasty concoctions that also lived atop the mill common room wood stove. The Dutch oven slowly tenderized the squirrel chunks by noon of the workday, if started early in the morning.

Mill customers were invited to sample the stew at will as they waited for their milling jobs to be delivered. A stack of clean wooden bowls and spoons encouraged the tasting opportunities. Rabbits also joined the stewpot on occasion. Their "invitations to dinner" were delivered by a double barrel Belgium W. Richards 12 ga. cartridge shotgun. This "cannon" was too heavy for Barton to wield, and Ensign seldom had time to hunt while farming the acres attached to the mill property and operating the milling processes.

To return to the main channel of this tale, Barton supplied squirrels regularly to the stew pot. Ensign contributed rabbits occasionally. The ground hogs were a controversial topic. Many customers claimed that young groundhogs were tasty and tender. Others always asked if groundhog bits were present in the stew.

Another customer-pleasing ritual that evolved at Bonneyville Mill was the occasional fish fry. When milling chores were slack, both Ensign and Barton would ply the mill pond with cane poles, bobbers, and earthworms for bait, trolling for small-mouth bass. On good days (meaning a respectable stringer of "keepers") Ensign would deftly fillet the bass while Barton stoked up the mill stove and positioned the huge iron skillet atop it. With bacon fat soon sizzling and popping, he was eager for the lightly floured fillets to be forked into place.

A fish fry at Bonneyville Mill always seemed to stimulate business as customers, the Hummels suspected, timed their milling trips to those days that seemed good for mill pond fish harvests. So, the service to customers of snacks (stew and occasional fish fillets) provided Barton the opportunities and excuses to hunt and fish to his heart's delight. And he was delighted to have these assignments.

Between the ages of eight and 13, Barton used the Rogers' rifle enough that its bore needed to be "freshed" out twice by John Rogers in Elkhart. The bore grew from its original .40 caliber to .42 and then .44 with the second "freshing." Each re-rifling required a new round ball mold and a resulting slightly heavier projectile.

Barton was able to finance the purchase of powder, lead, percussion caps, and the infrequent "freshing" (re-rifling) by collecting and selling the squirrel, rabbit and groundhog skins. He learned how to skin, clean, and dry the skins so that they would offer value to fur buyers. Groundhog skins were much larger than squirrel or rabbit skins and numerous local buyers had practical uses for the groundhog. Cut into narrow spiral strips, the skins made durable boot laces. John Rogers bought a half dozen skins to tan and sew into hunting bags for his customers. Barton carried a groundhog skin bag on his hunting trips, containing balls, patches, caps, and tools such as a screwdriver and ball puller for the ramrod tip.

Barton quickly learned to use a rest with the Rogers rifle, it being too heavy for offhand shots, but always shooting true when the sights could be steadied down from a stable support. The squirrels and young groundhogs in the stew pot won Barton a local reputation as a "nuisance groundhog removal" expert. Mill customers increasingly invited Barton to visit farms all over the east side of Elkhart County to collect groundhog pelts. Barton obliged willingly and effectively added to his spending money totals with sale of skins. So, it was a shock when his parents decided to sell the mill and move to full time farming on 80 acres near Granger, Indiana. (see the photo feature)

Chapter 2

Barton was 13 years old at the time of the move and immediately felt the loss of the opportunity to run the riverbanks and fish the mill pond. Squirrels and rabbits abounded on their new farm, but no swift flowing waters of the Little Elkhart River. Barton gradually found opportunities to join threshing "rings" that traveled around during harvest time, processing wheat and corn crops. In his travels he learned of local populations of troublesome groundhogs and offered his "abatement" services when he found a willing customer.

The Rogers rifle was a burden to lug around his threshing jobs. It was sturdy but heavy and the accouterments were bulky – hunting bag, powder flask, bullet bag. He kept the rifle and tools wrapped up in his bed roll, but the unpacking at night and packing up each morning on the road was a real pain.

A half dozen years rolled by as Barton helped on his family's farm in Granger and traveled to and from his threshing jobs by horse and wagon. One Sunday his family's Evangelical United Brethren church in Granger had a

visiting minister from southern Michigan. Barton thoroughly enjoyed the sermon and the closing prayer in which the minister finished off his supplication with the earnest request, *"And Lord, let me be the kind of man that when my feet hit the floor in the morning, the Devil says, 'Oh no! He's up!'"*

After the service Barton helped him repack his buggy with his preaching kit – Bible, carpet bag suitcase, etc. While stowing away these items in the buggy, Barton noticed a plain pine, wooden case nestled under the buggy seat. Barton politely asked the minister what might be inside that box. The minister's eyes brightened, and with a broad grin, replied, *"My buggy rifle! When I'm on the road, I never know when I might get a shot at a squirrel, rabbit, woodchuck, or even a slow-witted fox. I've also had good luck to pot a wild turkey and prairie chicken in my time."*

The minister lifted out the box and unlocked and opened the lid to reveal its contents. Inside Barton saw a most curious rifle. It looked like a heavy pistol with a longer barrel, maybe 15 inches long. The lock was an under-hammer design with the hammer powered by the trigger guard that also served as a mainspring.

The case contained a detachable skeleton butt stock, made of three slender sticks of walnut that attached to the pistol grip with a metal rod entering a hole tunneled through the grip. Most interesting was the full-length (18 inch) brass telescope attached to the robust rifle barrel. There were no iron sights on the rifle at all. The neat compartments inside the case contained also a "false muzzle" and bullet starters, as well as a bullet mold that cast both round balls and short elongated bullets. Patching materials, percussion cap tins, powder flask with an integral measuring spout, cleaning rods, and combination screwdriver/nipple wrench completed the list of contents.



The buggy rifle was an elongated pistol with a detachable skeleton butt stock, an 18 inch brass scope, a powder flask, bullet mold and other accouterments all in a wooden pine case.

Barton turned to the minister and asked, "What caliber?"

The minister replied, "Thirty-two, and it takes just a dab of FFFG DuPont powder to kill a 'whistle pig' at 125 yards! I named her

'Winnie,' after my favorite niece who lives just across the state

line in Edwardsburg Michigan. Her father is my brother. That's how I got the invitation to come and 'chase the devil around' these here parts. I'm a Smith and we migrated to Michigan back in '56 when I was just a tyke. We came from New York state. I grew up in Edwardsburg, got the call to serve the Lord, and went back to New York to seminary. Always was a sporting man – loved to fish and hunt. When I graduated from seminary, all my kin chipped in and bought this buggy rifle for me. Fellow who used to work for William Billingshurst of Rochester built it. Kind of a specialty with him, I guess, after learning how Billingshurst made the design. To save money, my kin knew I could bang up a carrying case for it. I made it good and deep so I could store some extra cloths inside, on top of the rifle. Holds the pieces in place and keeps my duster out of the dust and rain. I've had a grand time with it, even sometimes stopping off to join a shooting match after church some Sundays. Its telescope keeps me from serious competition, but I love to shoot and show the folks what 'Winnie' can do. Most have never seen a telescope used to shoot before. Gives them something to think about!"

Barton scratched his head and asked, "How could I find one of these outfits for myself? What do you think it would cost?"

The minister paused and a faint smile took hold of his face. "As I recall, my kin had to cough up about \$60 for the set. They saved \$10 by not ordering a fitted case for it. It so happens I've been thinking about buying a replacement for it to carry around – a Winchester Model 92 lever action in a take-down version, maybe chambered for the .25-20 W.C.F. I could still stow it under my seat but not have to bother with muzzle loading it. The self-contained cartridge sure is handy. Still be able to hit a woodchuck at 100-125 yards, even with its iron sights. So, that outfit you're looking at might be for sale soon. Might you be interested?"

Barton's heart skipped a beat as he replied, "How much



The buggy rifle had an interesting "under-hammer" design with the hammer powered by the trigger guard which also served as the main spring.

would you be asking for it?"

"Well now, I've used it for over 10 years, but took real good care of it," was the reply. "Always have to clean it with soap and water right soon after shooting it. That black powder doesn't wait around to start corroding the metal. You can see it's in tip-top shape. I figure it's got more than half its life and value left. I was thinking about \$30 ought to find it a new home. That's half of what it cost my kin."

Barton knew he had \$18 saved from his threshing earnings, and he calculated he could increase his woodchuck removal business with a better gun. What's not to like about this opportunity? "Sold," Barton declared. "I can give you \$18 today and have the rest for you in two months."

Rev. Smith smiled and hesitated before responding. "O.K. how about this? I'll leave the outfit with my brother in Edwardsburg for you to pick up in two months when you can pay it off. Edwardsburg is only about four miles north. How does that sound? Oh, another thought, when you pick it up, you get to meet its namesake, Winifred Smith, my niece. I expect you might understand why she's my favorite niece. She started teaching school over in Adamsville back in the fall. Having a rough time of it, but she's sticking it out. She's off for the summer."

Barton wanted a new rifle, not a new girl friend, but he nodded his approval of Rev. Smith's proposal. End of October would come soon enough and there would still be plenty of time before the woodchucks went into hibernation for the winter.

Barton paid off his debt to Rev. Smith by the middle of October, claimed his new woodchuck medicine, the buggy rifle, and also met and fell in love with Winifred Smith of Edwardsburg, Michigan (perhaps as her uncle, Rev. Smith had planned?) But this is a hunting tale, not a romance novel, so, suffice it to say, Barton and Winifred hit it off and became engaged to marry in late 1902. Barton looked for even more threshing jobs to generate money for his upcoming domestic responsibilities. Harvesting woodchucks from places where they weren't wanted was a minor but steady source of nickels, dimes, and quarters in the months before the wedding.

The buggy rifle traveled with Barton on his threshing travels, safely nestled in its heavy pine box. Whenever Barton assembled its separate butt stock, adjusted the telescope, inserted the pins of the false muzzle and rammed home a patched ball or bullet, using the brass bullet starter, anyone in the vicinity stopped to watch the process in wonder. Actually, the buggy rifle was more work to shoot and care for than the Rogers rifle. Its accuracy was splendid, however, and the population of "pasture poodles" in Northern Indiana declined steadily under the cross hairs of its 4X telescope. The small bounty Barton suggested being paid per pelt, 15 cents, coupled with the pelt value of 35 cents, gradually added to Barton's fund for the wedding, honey-

moon, and setting up housekeeping. Winifred did not especially approve of hunting but appreciated Barton's efforts to help them launch their lives together.

Chapter 3

On a late summer day in 1902, just a few months before the wedding, Barton happened to spy a sleek single shot rifle in the window of the Bornemann Hardware Store in Elkhart, Indiana. Barton always window shopped local hardware and sporting goods stores, eyeing the latest fishing tackle and lures typically on display. Guns rarely appeared in the windows. This rifle had a 26-inch barrel, tang-mounted fold-down sight, and windage front sight, as well as blocks on the barrel to accept a telescope. The butt stock ended with a double pronged butt plate and the trigger guard contained double-set triggers. The metal parts were color case hardened, except for the blued barrel. What a gorgeous, svelte shooting iron!

Barton fancied himself a firearms' expert, through more than a decade of continuous use of his Rogers' hunting rifle. And then with his upgrade in armament to the buggy rifle, he never let himself be tempted to go over to the "dark side" of self-contained cartridges. No load adjustment was possible without hand loading. Factory-made cartridges were outrageously expensive.

What was this gleaming new rifle in the window? Barton stepped inside the store and asked the man at the counter about the gun. *"Well now, that's a Remington Hepburn falling block, the A-Grade model,"* the answer came. *"You can order it all the way from .22 rf to .50-90 Sharps."*

Barton countered, *"So, what's the caliber of the one in the window?"*



The Remington Hepburn falling block, A-Grade model, 25-21 caliber rifle.

"Oh, that's a salesman's sample in a special caliber Remington developed to sell to small game hunters in the Northeast, since they've about run out of big game to hunt. It's a .25-21, a case a little longer than the .25-20 SS. A little more velocity. Hasn't gone over too well among shooters and so, we have this sample for sale at a discount. Great model, though. Patented in 1879 and chief rival to the Winchester 1887 Hi-Wall."

Barton, thought, *"Patented in my birth year. Seems like a sign to me!"*

The clerk added, *"Another good thing is that it's easy to reload the cartridge cases. Once you have the brass, you can use a .25-20 SS Ideal combination tool to cast bullets,*

prime the cartridge cases, resize the case necks and seat the lead bullets, same bullets used in the .25-20. Tell you what, you buy that rifle, and we'll sell you the loading tool at our cost.

"Barton asked, *"And what is the price?"*

"\$25 plus \$4 for the loading tools," was the reply.

Barton smiled and slowly shook his head, *"Gosh, I'm getting married around Christmas and got no spare dollars for such a thing. Darn, it's a beauty!"*

The clerk nodded in sympathy, *"I understand. Well, come back if you get lucky in poker or at the county fair horse races."*

Barton laughed, *"Not a chance. If my fiancé caught me gambling, she'd yank me bald."*

When they both recovered from laughing, Barton went on his way. He did have a stroke of luck, however, in his future brother-in-law, Howard Smith. Howard was slightly older than Winifred and doing quite well as a sign painter in towns and cities along the Indiana-Michigan border. Howard was also a sporting man, loving to fish and hunt, especially ducks. He wasn't a varmint hunter but sympathized with Barton's sideline of whittling away at the "whistle pigs" for fun and profit. When Barton explained his disappointment over his visit to the hardware store and encounter with the wonderful rifle, Howard knew immediately what wedding present he was going to give. His little sister would just have to understand that a gift especially for her husband would benefit them both in the long run.

And so it came to pass that the Hepburn A-Grade .25-21 was gifted to Barton who used it with pride to continue his groundhog removal business. Barton even recruited Winifred, his bride, to roam the nearby countryside on bicycles, the rifle riding in a leather case, strapped to Barton's back, in search of woodchuck country. On sunny spring days and mild summer late afternoons, the rides were very romantic, the couple carrying along a lunch or dinner for a stop in some shady roadside edge to a field holding possible woodchuck dens. Barton encouraged Winifred to help him spot likely targets. If spotted, Barton looked for nearby residences to seek permission to shoot. He also worked up a sales pitch to offer his services if the local woodchuck population was especially annoying. Harvesting the pelt for the fur and skin market (\$.35 per pelt) was the least payoff he could expect. Negotiating a bounty to be paid by the land-owner (\$.10 per head) was always a bonus.

Winifred had grown up fishing and cleaning fish for her family. She was willing to join in the skinning, scraping, and drying of the skins for the market. Barton even convinced her to try stewing up young groundhogs for their family food supply. Occasional use of the youngest and most tender woodchucks was acceptable. Winifred never wanted to learn to shoot but continued to enjoy the hunting

trips to the countryside for the first half decade of their marriage. Then family affairs and social obligations led Barton to consign his beautiful Hepburn woodchuck rifle to the attic, along with the Rogers' rifle and the "buggy" rifle, to await discovery by the next generation.

Epilogue

Barton left the farm after his marriage to Winifred in 1902 and became a delivery driver for a grocery/meat market in Elkhart. The marriage yielded no children for the first seven years. Despairing of having a child of their own, they adopted a baby girl, Marjorie, from an orphanage in Chicago in 1909. Nine years later, after 16 years of marriage, they conceived a son, Elton. Barton taught him to fish, hunt mushrooms and about 1927 bought him a .22 rf Stevens Model 14 ½ "Little Scout" rolling block rifle.

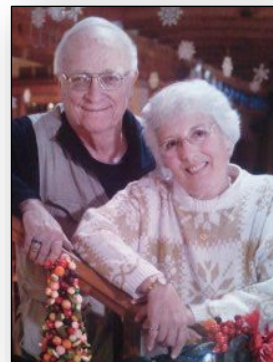
Barton taught Elton to shoot safely, and Elton spent long hours chasing squirrels along Christiana Creek, three blocks from the family home on Cherry Street, Elkhart, Indiana. Then, Elton put aside the rifle during his teenage years and Barton gradually realized that Elton's attitude toward hunting was laced with his mother's tenderness toward all living things. So, Barton feared that the family heirlooms: the Rogers Rifle, the buggy rifle, and the Remington Hepburn .25-21 "varmint" rifle, would fall by the wayside in future generations. Barton's only hope, one he did not live to witness its outcome, was that Elton would



The rf Stevens Model 14½ 22 caliber, "Little Scout" rolling block rifle.

have a son who appreciated firearms. If he could only have known! □

About the author – Dick Hummel is a retired professor of Sociology at Eastern Illinois University, where he taught from 1969 to 2001. He earned his Ph.D. in 1976 from Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. He has served as editor of and contributor to the *Waidmannsheit!*, official journal of the German Gun Collectors Association since 2001. He, with his wife Kathy, create programs for the summer open houses at the historic Five Mile House, Charleston, Illinois. Dick and Kathy have been ardent collectors of antique furniture during their 60-year marriage.





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Art by Dave Rozmarzynowski

INDIANA FARM LIFE CAPTURED IN PHOTOS

LIFE ON A NORTHERN INDIANA FARM, 1915-1916

By Richard Hummel

I have the rare good luck to have received from a cousin, a set of photographs possessed by her grandmother, Effie, taken in 1916 as a young woman on her family's farm near Granger, Indiana. Her grandmother also wrote out a set of captions for her photo archive. 105 years later we are the benefactors of her diligence.

The photos displayed here portray the rural lives and times of Ensign and Sarah Hummel and their two living children at the time the photos were taken. Other friends and family members appear occasionally; the farming and other rural activities, however, are the primary subject of this photographic essay.

The four people seated on the front porch step of this farm house are the Hummel family. Sarah and Ensign Hummel are in the back row. Their children, Barton Hummel (age 37) and Effie Hummel (age 25), are seated in front. Mable Click (age 17), daughter of deceased third child, Lillie, and granddaughter of Ensign and Sarah, was living with them at the time of these photographs and appears in many of them. Mabel and Effie are most likely the photographers in most of these pictures, except when they appear together in the same photo.

The back story of this family is perhaps worth mentioning. Ensign and Sarah Hummel were married in 1872 and shortly thereafter traveled to Grand Island, Nebraska to engage in homesteading. Their daughter Lillie was born in Nebraska in 1874. She died of tuberculosis in 1908. Ensign and Sarah returned to Indiana in 1878 and purchased a water grist and lumber mill, Bonneyville Mill, in Bristol, Indiana, and operated it for 14 years from 1878 to 1892. They sold it in 1892 and purchased the 80-acre farm in Granger, Indiana, the location of the photographs seen here.



Above - Sarah and Ensign Hummel are seen in the back row. Their son Barton and daughter Elsie are seated in front.

Their son, Barton, was born at the mill in 1879. Their daughter, Effie, was born in 1891, the year before they sold the mill. The original mill has been preserved in Bonneyville Mill County Park near Bristol, Indiana (see back cover). At the time of the pictures, Barton had married, left the farm, and was working as a delivery driver for a grocery/meat market in Elkhart, Indiana. A separate and partly historical fiction story on Barton's early years can be found in this issue (page 24-29).

Other than the two photos on this page, the original captions are in bold letters under or next to each photo followed by this author's additional comments.

Right - The Bonneyville Mill near Bristol, Indiana, was owned and operated by the Hummel family for 14 years from 1878 to 1892. The mill is now part of Bonneyville Mill County Park near Bristol, Indiana. (see the back cover)





West view of house, 1915
– The farm house at Pleasant Grove Farm, Granger, Indiana, residence of Ensign and Sarah Hummel. The farm house serves as the backdrop for many photos in this essay.



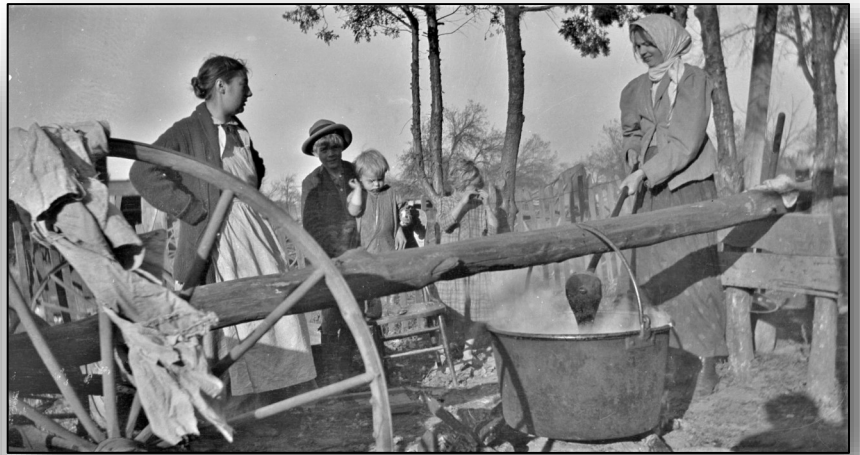
East view (west side) of the barn, 1915 – The farm was known as Pleasant Grove Farm which was announced on the sign on the west side of the barn above the double doors.

Barton & the delivery car –
By the time of the photos, Barton Hummel had married and left the farm to work as a delivery driver for G.M. Lounsberry & Co., a grocery/meat market in Elkhart, Indiana.





Apple picking time (Mable and the dog) – apple picking at the end of summer was the first step in preparing for the coming winter.



Making apple butter – Once the apples are gathered, the next step is rendering them into delicious apple butter.



A scene in the pig pen, 1915 – Pigs were present on most farms before and after the time we are visiting here. Pork was a major food source, efficiently produced and highly prized.



Corn cutting time, Effie & Father, 1915 – Pigs run on corn and corn was a major crop on the Hummel farm. Here, father and daughter cut corn stalks with hand sickles.



Father husking corn – Ensign husks corn as the pile in the foreground demonstrates.



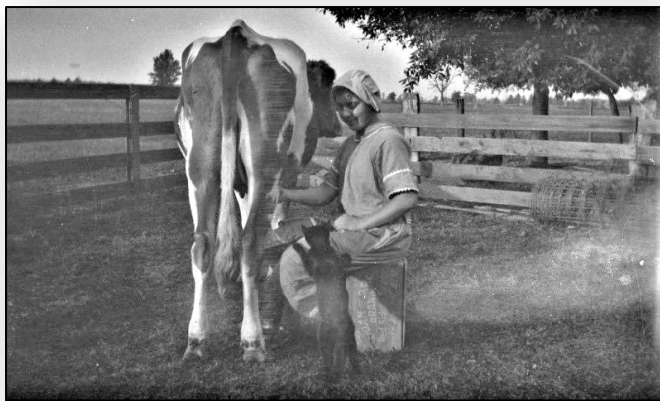
Left: Mother & father picking chickens; Right: Effie & young chickens – Chickens are another almost universal form of livestock on farms at that time, producing eggs and providing a delicious Sunday dinner menu item. Ensign and Sarah are picking chickens for their own use or perhaps for sale or barter.



Mable & chickens – Chickens were usually tended by farm children. A doable chore, even enjoyable.



Cattle eating lunch in January, 1915 – A dairy herd on every farm was typical, with exact numbers highly variable.



After Milking at Tipswords – Dairy cows had to be milked two or three times a day.



That stubborn calf – Young farm animals are hard to resist.

Putting up telephone poles

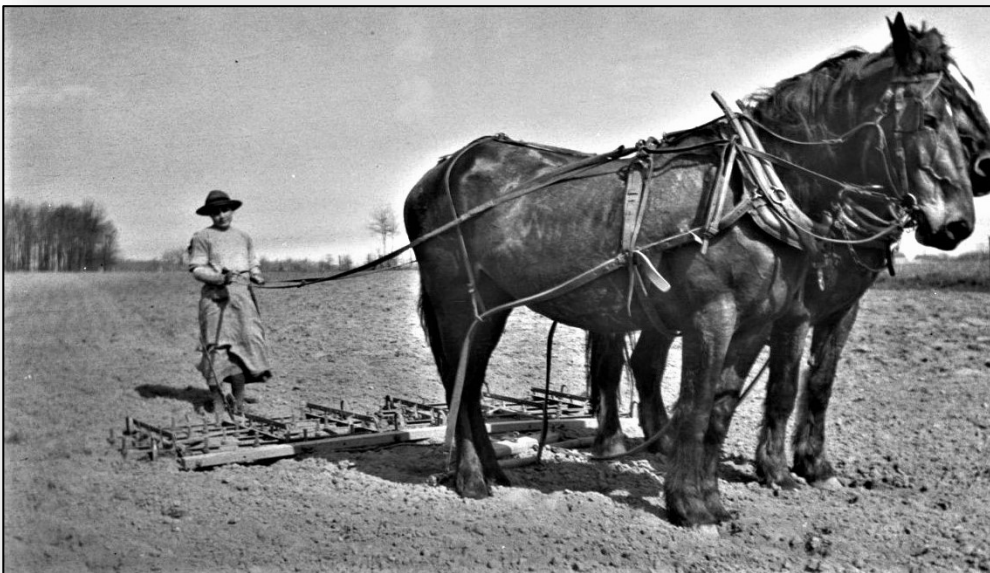
– By 1916, some form of telephone system was available, requiring substantial customer inputs. Ensign and Effie are erecting tree-trunk telephone poles along the approach to their farm.



Playing Croquet – There was time for rest and relaxation on Sunday afternoons. Ensign's son, Barton and wife Winnifred, with daughter Marjorie join in a game of croquet with the sons of Ensign and Sarah's deceased daughter. Effie, Barton's sister stands at far right. The boy on crutches has a permanent birth defect in his lower legs.



Left: All ready to pick huckleberries; Right: Noon in Thornton's huckleberry marsh – Work and recreation can be combined in rural life. Young friends gather for a session of huckleberry picking and huckleberry eating.



***Mable and the team** – All members of farm families were enlisted in farming chores. The Hummel granddaughter manages a team of horses dragging a harrow in preparation for spring planting.*

***All ready to begin threshing** – After the growing season for wheat, the crop is cut, bundled into sheaves, gathered, stacked, and ready for the threshing ring to arrive on the farm to separate the wheat kernels from the chaff.*





Effie and the cats – Young farm animals are hard to resist.



Picking grapes – Grape vineyards also served up nature's bounty.



Our Grainary, Father & Mother (Ensign & Sarah), 1916 – the granary on every farm was a critical storage facility for wheat and oats.

South view (north sides) of the barns, 1915 – A family pet borders another view of the farm

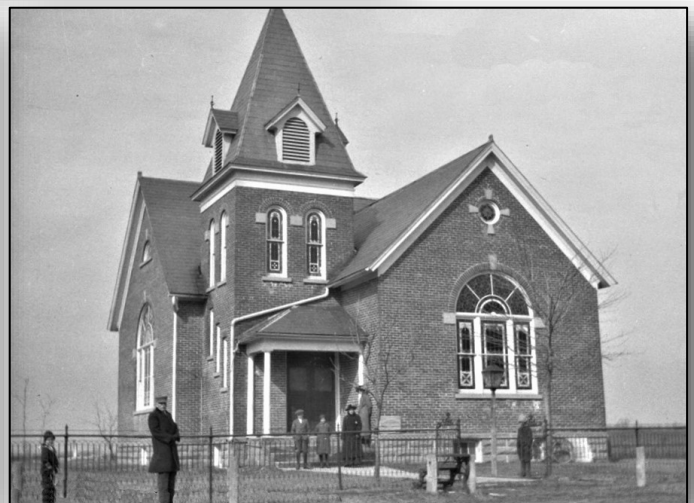




Father digging a path for the pigs –
A necessary chore in northern winters was snow removal for pigs to access the feed troughs.



Where I (Effie or Mabel) acquired all the knowledge, 1916 – Education was part of every farm community.



Salem Church – Church played a significant role in the lives of many farm families.

Father (Ensign), Uncle Nate Kline –
Holidays, such as Thanksgiving, provided opportunities for productive (food) leisure! Ensign and cousin Nate Kline return from a successful rabbit hunt on Thanksgiving Day, 1916. Who harvested the rabbit? Your guess!



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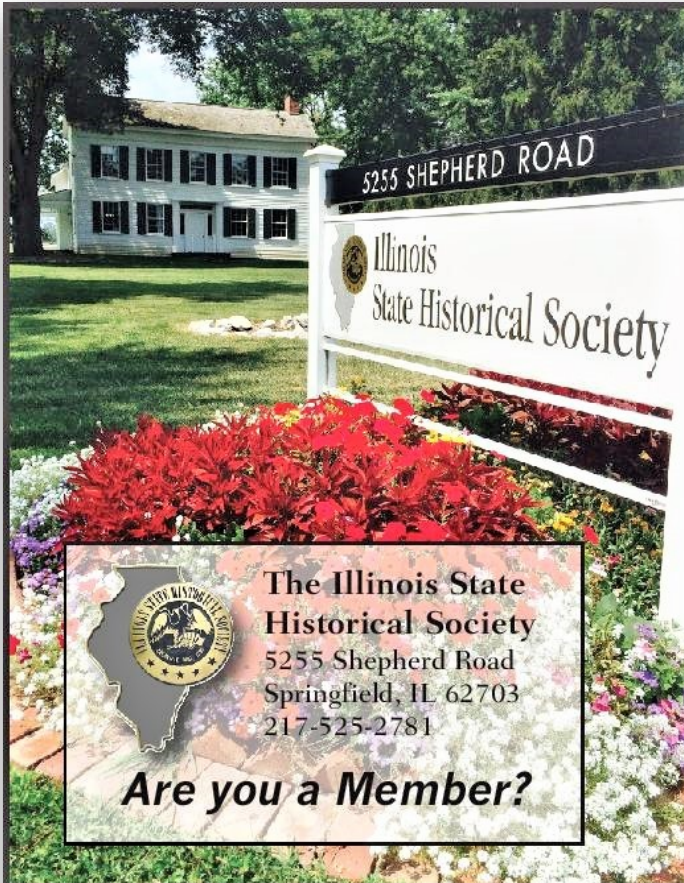
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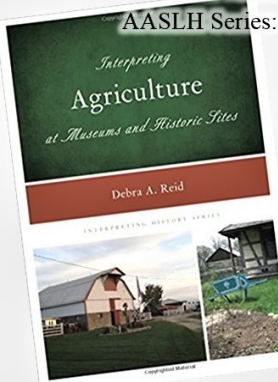
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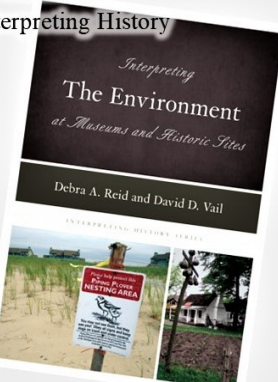
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Bonneyville Mill located near Bristol, Indiana, was built by Edward Bonney in 1837. He incorporated a horizontal water wheel which could produce larger quantities of horsepower than the traditional vertical wheels allowing it to function as a progressive mill of the era. Bypassed by the railroads and canals, he sold the mill in 1841. A succession of owners included Ensign Hummel and his family from 1878 to 1892 (see the photo feature on pages 30-37). The mill became famous for its buckwheat flour. It was acquired by Elkhart County Parks in 1969 where it is now the focal point of Bonneyville Mill County Park. The mill is the oldest operating grist mill in the state of Indiana and was listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1976. (Photo by and courtesy of Larry App. For more information, visit www.bonneyvillemill.com)