before the Civil War. The carvings on the older headstones were interesting:

- finger pointing upwards
- hands clasped
- and a shade tree with a bed

Ginny and I strolled back to the festivities and later Carl and I spent a dollar playing bingo - the fastest games I've ever played. The whole group was tired and so at seven o'clock, we left Fulda and drove back to Kordes Hall. There we met the rest of our group including Dr. Roberts and unpacked and planned menus. At eight-thirty, Sue, Melonie, Nancy, Carl, and I went to the local eatery "The Ferdie Flyer" for a late night snack. So to bed at eleven-thirty,

Monday, August 3

This morning I awoke and got on the phone to Bloomington to arrange to have my car fixed, but my car had not been towed to the transmission repair shop. Several people went out for breakfast and those of us who stayed at the Hall feasted on English muffins and homemade applesauce, thoughtfully supplied by Dr. Roberts.

The crowd congregated in the TV lounge at nine o'clock and we divided into two cars to drive to the Lincoln Boyhood Home in Lincoln City, Indiana. I drove in Meloni's car, an arrangement I stayed with all day, while Dr. Roberts took four students in his car. (Carl and Lynn having visited the
site the year before made alternative plans.) The day was a beautiful one, and the drive over showed off all the trees in their summer morning colors. The trip down was along Route 162 southward where the land was forested, rather than farmed.

We arrived at the Visitor's Center, a building of the WPA period and style built in stone of an inverted half circle shape. WPA murals depicted Lincoln's Kentucky years 1809-1816; his Indiana boyhood years, 1816-1830; with a plaque which read, "how he belongs to the ages;" and one of his white house years.

The group took a brief tour of the museum building viewing some of the artifacts on display that were similar or typical of the ones the Lincoln family would have owned and utilized. The display included a pressed stem of snakeroot which had been the indirect cause of Nancy Hanks Lincoln's death while living in the area. A cow, used by the family for milk, was forced by a drought to eat the white snakeroot which caused the cow to become quite sick and pass the disease on to the persons drinking the milk. The president's mother died in 1818 and was buried at the site. (We later visited the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, which was marked by a large, but rather simple headstone erected in 1879, some sixty years after her death."

Also in the Visitor's Center were books of the period, as well as an interesting two-man crosscut saw used for cutting logs into boards. Also on display were spinning
Tuesday, August 9

It was difficult getting out of bed this morning after such a late night, but I managed to breakfast and arrive in the tv lounge by 8:45. There, the group divided into two cars and we drove to Jasper to pick up Mr. Julius Buettner. He took us to a very interesting site where retarded citizens had used geods, ingenuity, and concrete to produce an outdoor chapel, fountain, and walls.

We drove from there to the home of Mr. Howard Taylor which is situated near the city dump of Jasper on Rural Route 5. The drive to his home is a dirt road and we stopped in front of his log home built on a small hill. Some of the group walked with Mr. Buettner down to an old roman bridge crossing Crooked Creek near Howard Taylor's house.

Mr. Taylor was asleep having worked the night before and Dr. Roberts walked up to his house first. Around the yard were four abandoned cars, as well as an old Chevy still being driven by Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor is the thinnest man I have ever seen and he moves gracefully like a man used to the outdoors. While he worked at his shaving horse or splitting logs, he crouched in a position much like that of a tree-climbing animal. The mother instinct in me immediately focussed in on his slight form and I worried about his food intake. When we later entered his house and I saw the scarcity of food supplies my worries were confirmed.
Mr. Taylor is an intelligent man and has great pride in his craft. He began work out in his front yard, splitting hickory logs that would later be used to make walking canes. He told us that he uses 54 inch logs as he used iron wedges to split a log. He told us that a wooden wedge was called a glut.

We asked him about haunted house stories and in the course of our two and a half hour visit, he came back to that theme several times. As he worked on his logs, he explained that the wood used in his craft needed to be of a good straight grain. Going back to our interest in ghost stories, Mr. Taylor mentioned that he had heard from a Mr. Dorrs(?) several ghost stories in his youth. One was about a Mr. Snyder who could make a table walk with the table up on one leg. He had heard this same story from a Mr. Albert Kleischner in Stein Holler when he was nine years old.

In splitting a log Mr. Taylor starts at the smaller end of the log. I had been watching Mr. Taylor's work with one eye while I looked around his place with the other. His house had an overhanging roof with only two small posts holding it up in the middle. There were two doors opening into the house from the porch and one window facing out on the front. His front lawn was filled with his logs and tools and his porch was strewn with tools, such as saws and scissors, tires, an old typewriter, a chair, a discarded mattress, gas cans, tree logs, knives, etc.
Adler, and Gary Stanton arrived and I enjoyed seeing them. We ate "hamburger helpless" for dinner and I opted out of going to the convent for the departure ceremony to write in my journal, call my parents, and do my wash. From nine to eleven we had some dynamite ping pong games, and I retired at twelve o'clock.

Wednesday, August 10

Arose this morn at eight and left with Carl and Ginny at 8:30 for Jasper and the Older American Center. We arrived and I went upstairs to visit with the quilters, where I remained until their departure for lunch at eleven.

There were approximately six ladies in the brightly papered and pleasantly cooled room working on two quilts, one a patchwork, the other, a "pseudo quilt" in that the material used was a printed fabric that looked like patchwork.

I sat down at the quilt which Mrs. Brenner later described as a "crazy pattern," in other words, she could not identify the pattern as traditional. I began asking very general questions about the quilt and the center's activities. The three ladies working on the quilt were all helpful and friendly and my fears were abated. I had left my note pad downstairs purposefully, so that I would not give the quilters the impression that I was being too pokey. So the conversation was pleasant and low key.

I found out that the ladies' names were Mrs. Brenner of Jasper, Mrs. Schwartz of Ferdinand, and Mrs. Kitten of Ferdinand.
The three usually come to the Center only on Wednesday's for quilting. The women told me that they did not know who had designed this particular patchwork, but that they did their own designing at home and their own quilting. All of them had learned to quilt as girls and did other needlework besides embroidery, crocheting, and knitting. All three of the ladies had been born on farms and were of German background. When I asked them for German recipes they said they did not know any, but when asked whether they made specific traditional dishes, they all readily agreed they did.

They told Sue and Angie (who had recently arrived), and myself that they sold the group quilts for about $100 and the special ones for approximately $125. The special bicentennial quilt was sold for $200. The scraps are collected from stores. Mrs. Brenner had brought from home a patchwork in "the bowtie pattern," that had taken her about a month to make.

In making the quilts the ladies used cotton filler and lining as well as two nine hundred yard spools of cotton thread. The Center sponsors a monthly quilting bee where the ladies come for a full day and bring a dish. They keep track of their hours of work at the Center and there is an annual dinner where awards are given to the outstanding volunteers.

Mrs. Kitten was quite a traveller and described her
We judged from the number of cars as we pulled up, that this was the largest church picnic we had attended so far. It was very crowded. I immediately bought five chances on the multiple draw, and five chances on three special crosstitched quilts and bought my first of many fifty cent chances for quilts. There were bingo stands, food, and a children's booth, but I waited for lady luck, who never arrived. Ginny and I arrived back about 7:30. We had a snack and later Carl, Ann, Ginny, Dr. Roberts and I played several hearty games of pingpong, creating our own variant - triples. Meloni and Nancy had not been seen since noon and I worried a great deal. Everyone, except the missing two, and Ginny and Dr. Roberts who had retired, partook of my homemade vodka collins - then to bed.

Monday, August 15

I woke up at 5:00 and glanced over to see that Meloni was not in her proper place. I became petrified, thinking of what could have happened, but I finally fell asleep. At eight I nervously called Don Ridenour in Bloomington to report Nancy and Meloni's disappearance and Nancy answered. I was relieved.

Sue, Angie, and I arrived at Mrs. Emma Kitten's home at 825 Maryland Street, Ferdinand at 9:30. I had met Mrs. Kitten at the Wednesday quilting at the Older American Center in Jasper. Mrs. Kitten lives in a neat white cottage across from the church. When we arrived she was working on a quilt.

Mrs. Kitten is a seventy-nine year old widow. She is the
mother of seven children, four of whom are living. Two of her sons are unmarried and live in California, while her daughter and son live in the area, each having seven children. She has one grandson by a son who committed suicide five years ago. By asking her how many children she had I elicited the very sad and lengthy story of her son's death. She seemed to enjoy telling the story, though I was a bit uncomfortable.

Over the past three years, Mrs. Kitten has quilted over fifty quilts. She has kept only two for herself. One is a red and blue crossstitched quilt with a figure of a bucket and an eagle in the middle. The other is an aqua-trimmed quilt with stuffed flowers decorating it. She brought out a crossstitch patch she had worked up. She tends to enjoy quilting more than working up the patches, although she admitted that the crazy quilt being worked on at the Older American Center was one of her creation. She kept this from the other women working on it.

She has stamped her own patches in the past, but she does not go to the trouble anymore. (She purchases her patches for $4.99 a set (12) at the five and ten cent store in Ferdinand). Mrs. Kitten prefers designing quilts with embroidered patches blended with windmill or other patched squares, rather than solid fabric squares.

She told us that she saves patches of material over the years and when she decides to patch a top it takes no more than two to three days. The quilting of the piece takes approximately two weeks depending on the hours she works each day. Mrs.
Kitten normally quilts from six o'clock in the evening to eleven-thirty every night.

The quilt on her bed is in a fan pattern. The fans have been laid out in an unorthodox fashion which gives the quilt a dramatic tone. She explained that in the old days ladies did not have the leisure time to quilt as she and her friends did today. Perhaps one or two quilts were made a winter.

Throughout our visit Mrs. Kitten talked about her granddaughter, seventeen year old Norma Schue. Norma lives outside Ferdinand on a farm. By the time she was ten years old, she had patched twelve patches for her grandmother to make a quilt. Not only is Norma a talented quilter, she won grand champion on a knitted baby suit and reserved champion for a crocheted doily at the 4-H Fair. Mrs. Kitten laughed over the comment of her doctor who remarked that when her daughter Leona Kitten married Mr. Schue - it was like puss 'n boots. (kitten and schue).

Nine years ago, at the age of seventy, Mrs. Kitten moved into the present house across from the church. After her husband died, Mrs. Kitten sold her farm to her son. The farm house was a solid brick home that was over one hundred years old.

Mrs. Kitten has a small plastic "play by number" organ which she plays for relaxation. Her quilting skills cost $25, a remarkably low fee. The quilting frame that is in her living room now was made three years ago to fit in the room. It is smaller than a standard frame. She did have a frame her father
hander, but was forced to change because he couldn't sharpen right-handed plough points. He uses a wooden barrel full of water to dunk the hot pieces into cool and set. He told us that one mother many years ago used to arrive each morning to collect the water. She would use it to rub out a baby's mouth and gums to rid it of thrushmouth. (A customer overhearing this said he had heard of using the water on horses, but not babies).

Mrs. Heidet uses castor oil to aid him when he injures his eyes. Toward the end of our visit, we went upstairs to look at the harnessmaker's shop left intact for many years.

The early afternoon was spent in rest and preparing supper. Before eating, Lynn and I attended mass at St. Meinrad, a beautiful and impressive ceremony. It was early to bed.

Thursday, August 18

Up this morning to a cool, crisp morning. The group drove in a three car caravan to Birdseye to the home of Mr. Jack Chanley to find that he wasn't home. I left a note and we proceeded to the Aydeville antique barn owned by the widely known area character, ninety year old Mr. Lawrence Troesch. Mr. Troesch is known for his bawdy humor, pinching ladies, his steam engines, and toy wood figure collection. We encountered all, but the second mentioned on our visit.

Mr. Troesch immediately offered the information that his grandmother had come over at the age of twelve with no command of the English language. Mr. Troesch believed that took a
had lived next door to her in Bloomington the summer of 1937.

Miss Irene Batelt said that she remembered that years ago, when many of these quilters were young girls, that a cat would be placed on the quilt that was being worked and whoever the cat would first pounce at would be the first to get married.

Her family had come from West Germany. I inquired where the name Holland had come from. She said she did not know but that the town was formerly called Kuntztown.

We came back, relaxed, and I played several terrible games of ping pong.

Friday, August 19

It was departure day. I packed and left with Mary and Dr. Roberts. We drove first to the home of Mr. Buettner in Jasper to say goodbye. Then we had lunch at the restaurant that I had frequented the week before. After lunch we drove to the home of Mrs. Arthur Margarida, a young antique dealer. She had lovely pieces and an incredibly well-packed basement. Her quilt collection was most exciting and I took a number of pictures. Also a wood carving by Mr. Harney of St. Anthony who had died in 1942 was magnificent. Mrs. Blemker had also owned one of this men. After a lengthy and satisfying visit with Mrs. Margarida, we headed for home.
over a year ago, having rich deposits of clay on their property, they picked up a book and started making pottery. From the size of the operation and amount of merchandise, this seems hard to believe. Many of the pieces are very plain and Mr. Marshall was quite frank about his lack of artistry. However, on the whole, the pottery was attractive and very reasonable. I bought two pots, one which had been glazed in the complicated raku style by a talented friend of the Marshalls.

Angie and I drove back to Kordes and I stayed only briefly for Mary, Dr. Roberts and I drove over to Jasper to investigate the house with stencils on its upstairs walls. The owner was leaving for the day, but he had left one door open. I took several pictures of the exterior of the house which is a two-story house which has an interesting type of molding near the roof. We ventured down to the old stone cellar where it was cool and moist and very aged kegs of wine lay. Dr. Roberts estimated that the cellar had been built before the house in the 1840's or 1850's. The back porch was a substantial one and we wandered around the first floor which included a kitchen and originally three large rooms, now partitioned into four and a bathroom. Upstairs on the second floor, we found that all the walls had different stencil designs and on the third floor there was illegible scratching on the wall dated 1860. Much of the stenciling on the second floor has been hidden under a thin coat of white paint.

Earlier that afternoon, I had made a stop at the Ferdinand Five and Dime to look at their stitchwork samples. I was
INDEX OF PHOTOGRAPHS

P1-8-8  The reconstructed farmhouse at the Lincoln Boyhood home (See pages 7-9)
P2-8-8  Mary Stevens, Sue Johnson, and Ginny Lee at the Lincoln Boyhood Home
P3-8-8  Nancy Ridenour, Meloni Muir, and Dr. Roberts at the living historical farm in Lincoln City
P4-8-9  Jasper, Indiana, geod monuments constructed by disabled citizens (See page 12)
P5-8-9  Geod chapel (See page 12)
P6-8-9  The home of Mr. Howard Taylor (See pages 12-15)
P7-8-9  Mr. Howard Taylor splits logs (See pages 12-15)
P8-8-9  Mr. Howard Taylor and Dr. Roberts (See pages 12-15)
P9-8-10 Mrs. Schwartz (foreground) and Mrs. Kitten working quilt at the Older Americans Center (See pages 16-19)
P10-8-10 St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Indiana (See pages 19-20)
P11-8-10 Gravestone of Father Kundek, St. Joseph's Cemetery (See page 19)
P12-8-10 Pop top decoration on the grave of Father Kundek (See pages 19-20)
P13-8-10 Headstones with porcelain insets in St. Joseph's Cemetery (See pages 19-20)
P14-8-10 St. Joseph's Cemetery (See pages 19-20)
P15-8-11 Wheel decorations on home in Huntingburg (See page 20)
P16-8-11 Yard decoration, Jasper, Indiana (See page 20)
P17-8-11 Yard decoration, Jasper, tire planter (See page 20)
P18-8-11 Petrified wood yard decoration, Jasper, Indiana (See page 20)
P19-8-11 Tire planter, Huntingburg, Indiana (See page 20)
P20-8-11 Tire used as planter, Jasper (See page 20)
P21-8-11 Yard decoration, Ferdinand (See page 20)
P22-8-11 The home of Mr. Jack Chanley, Birdseye (See pages 20-22)
P23-8-11 Yard decorations in Jack Chanley's yard (See pages 20-22)
P24-8-11 Yard decorations in Jack Chanley's yard (See Pages 20-22)
P25-8-11 Jack Chanley's yard (See pages 20-22)
P26-8-11 Jack Chanley's yard (See pages 20-22)
P27-8-11 Jack Chanley's yard (See pages 20-22)
P28-8-14 The Old Salem Church (See pages 30-31)
P29-8-14 Interior of Old Salem Church (See Pages 30-31)
P30-8-14 Interior of Old Salem Church (See pages 30-31)
P31-8-14 Interior of Old Salem Church (See pages 30-31)
P32A8-15 Mrs. Emma Kitten at her quilting frame in her home (See pages 32-35)
P32B8-15 Quilt by Mrs. Kitten in fan pattern (See page 34)
P33-8-15 Home in Jasper (See page 36)
P34-8-15 Cellar of home (See page 36)
P35-8-15 Fishbones on side of shed (See page 36)
P36-8-ND Home in Jasper, Indiana
P37-8-ND Home near Jasper, Indiana
P38-8-16 Turnip Kraut Cutter, Salem Church, Huntingburg (See page 43)
P39-8-16 St. Meinrad Archabbey (See page 43)
P40-8-18 Mrs. Lawrence Troesch's antique barn, Aydeville (See pages 45-6)