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Paul R. Wonning

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Sample Chapters

Published Paul R. Wonning

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Sample Chapters

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Sample Chapters

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Sample Chapter

Chapter title – January 7, 1698 – Fire Destroys Jamestown Virginia

After its establishment in May of 1607, the colonists in Jamestown faced a harrowing existence. Salt poisoning from the briny river water they drank, dysentery and typhoid ravaged the men of the colony. The relationship with the surrounding native tribes ranged from hostility to reluctant friendship. There was the constant threat of attack by the Spanish, who often explored the area. Their arrival coincided with the beginning of a seven-year drought, thus adding to their difficulties.

A Commercial Venture

Since the settlement was primarily a commercial venture, the men had not expected to hunt or grow food. They expected provisions from England or trade for supplies with the local native tribes. These men did not wish to spend time hunting or growing crops. Additionally, the directive from the King that the first five years be an experiment in communal living had failed. They depended upon the exploration and scavenging ability of Captain John Smith, whom a few months earlier, they had condemned to death for accused insurrection. Only the intervention of Bartholomew Gosnold saved his life, but they kept him in shackles. They only released him upon discovery that his name was on a list of seven names, handpicked in England and placed in a sealed box. This list named him a member of the seven-member council that would lead the colony.

Progress

In spite of the difficulties, by January 1608 the men managed to build a storehouse, church, and several houses. They surrounded this settlement with a log palisade for protection from the Spanish and the native tribes.

Capture

Captain John Smith engaged in frequent explorations of the area surrounding them. He usually returned with corn and other foodstuffs acquired by trade or theft from the Algonquin tribes. It was on one of these missions that a party of Powhatan captured Smith after killing his two companions. The Powhatan chief threatened to kill Smith also. This was the fabled encounter with Pocahontas. Smith later claimed the eleven-year-old girl saved his life.

Return

They allowed him to return after agreeing to give the colonists food in exchange for iron hatchets and copper trinkets.

Condemned Again

When he returned, what remained of the population accused him of causing his companions death. The Council condemned him to death.

Supply Ship Returns

Captain Christopher Newport, after leaving the previous summer to gather supplies, returned. Captain Newport found a colony in collapse. Of the original 104 men, only 38 survived and of these, only ten were able to work. Disease and hunger had so weakened the rest that they could not walk. One of the leaders, John Smith, was under sentence of death and food was in short supply. His ship's arrival with fresh supplies and a new contingent of colonists revived the colony.

Disaster

Then, on January 7, a few days after the ship arrived, disaster struck. A spark somewhere in the colony started a fire. It took little time for the fire to spread and consume the buildings, the new supplies and the fort.

Captain Smith again saved the colony by returning to the Powhatans and negotiating for food and supplies.

Perseverance

The colony persevered, rebuilding the buildings and the fort by spring. The colonists eventually elected Smith leader of the colony and it was his leadership that saved the colony.

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Sample Chapter

Chapter title – Franklin Humiliated Before British Privy Council

It only took one hour for British Solicitor General Alexander Wedderburn to turn Benjamin Franklin from a conciliator that wanted to smooth over differences between Britain and her North American Colonies to a flaming rebel that worked incessantly for independence. Wedderburn's one-hour tirade against Franklin before the British Privy Council very possibly cost him the Colonies.

Alexander Wedderburn (February 3, 1733 – January 2, 1805)

A native of Edinburgh, Alexander was the oldest son of Peter Wedderburn and Janet Ogilvy. He attended the Royal High School, Edinburgh, and graduated from the University of Edinburgh. He developed his famous rhetorical skills at the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He joined the British bar in 1757. He worked to improve his oratorical skills more and lose his Scottish accent using the services of actors Thomas Sheridan and Charles Macklin.He served as a Member of Parliament several times, and gained election as representative of Richmond, Yorkshire in 1768. He had gained a reputation as a combative speaker who attacked opponents without mercy. Many members loathed and distrusted him. In January 1771, he became solicitor-general. His role was to advise the Crown and the Cabinet on legal matters. In this role, he proved both combative and argumentative, traits he used with loathsome skill in his nasty attack on Benjamin Franklin on January 29, 1774.

Buildup to the Attack

Franklin had confessed his role in the Hutchinson letters on December 25, 1773. In the letters he had leaked to American colonial leaders, he had revealed Massachusetts Governor Thomas Hutchinson as the source of much of the misunderstanding between the British and the Colonists. He had tried to diffuse the slow breakdown in relations between the colonies and the British. The strategy backfired badly. His colonial friends had kept his identity a secret; however, the resulting controversy had led to press speculation and accusations. Two men fought duels over the matter after one accused the other of the leak. Finally, to end the dissention, Franklin had confessed. He passed the matter off and figured the matter had passed. It hadn't. On December 16, 1773, a group of Bostonians had boarded a British ship and tossed the shipment of tea overboard. The Boston Tea party enraged the British when they heard the news in early January, 1774. Combined with the growing Colonial resistance to British rule, many of the hard liners in the British government had had enough. Wedderburg was one of these hardliners. He decided to make an example of Benjamin Franklin.

First Meeting

He had Franklin summoned to a meeting before the Privy Council on January 8, 1774. Franklin, assuming the meeting was about some matter over his representative status with Pennsylvania, attended the meeting on January 11, 1774. The Privy Council, Wedderburn presiding, met him in a room called the Cockpit. It was so called because the room had formerly been used to stage cockfights. As soon as Wedderburn went to

work on Franklin during that meeting, Franklin realized the reason for it was different than he anticipated. Instead of a meeting to advise the British government on Pennsylvania affairs, it was an inquisition into the Hutchinson affair and the colonial request to remove Hutchinson from office. He requested legal council. The meeting adjourned so he could obtain it.

Conversion to a Rebel

Franklin had been in England for almost fifteen years, serving as representative to Pennsylvania. He had learned to love British customs and traditions during his two stays in England. He had watched the gathering storm between England and her colonies with dismay. His plan to heal the discord had failed miserably. Franklin had achieved many honors during his stay in England and had acquired many friends. He engaged his friend John Dunning as solicitor.. Unfortunately, for Doctor Franklin, Dunning was ill and could barely speak. When Franklin stepped into the meeting on January 29, 1774, he could sense a storm gathering. Thirty-five men, including hardliner Lord North, were in attendance. Wedderburn, master of the attack, brushed aside Dunning's well-phrased but barely audible defenses. He was there to destroy Doctor Franklin. He launched into an hour-long tirade, broken only at times by light applause from the spectators in the gallery. Franklin, clad in an immaculate spotted Manchester velvet suit, stood silent during the attack. When the meeting ended, Franklin left the chamber. He was now a committed rebel.

Loss of Office

Franklin had been the Postmasters-General. The Privy Council had recommended that he be removed to allow someone with a less rebellious nature take its place. They wanted someone that would watch the Colonial posts for seditious letters. In addition, the Privy Council had rejected the request to dismiss Hutchinson as Massachusetts Governor. The letter that had dismissed Franklin from his service ended with the ominous warning, "Fleets and Troops are talked of, to be sent to America…"

Franklin would not wear that suit again until he attended the signing of the Treaty of Paris on April 15, 1783 that ended the war. He wore it "to give it a little revenge."

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A Year in Wildflowers

Southern Indiana Wildflowers

Sample Chapter

This wildflower identification guide includes a full season of common spring, summer and autumn blooming wildflowers with photographs. Southern Indiana Wildflowers

allows easier identification of wildflowers in the field because it is arranged by order of bloom and color.

Though written for southern Indiana, the guide should be useful for those living in southern Ohio and Illinois as well, though there will certainly be regional variations in color and bloom time.

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Common Names

Most people know plants by their common names. It is quite natural that everyone within a locality or region uses these common names. The problem with common names is that they can change from region to region. An example is Belamcanda chinensis. In some areas as people, call it the Leopard Flower, in others as Blackberry Lily. Both are descriptive names, one about the flower, the other referring to the blackberry like seed cluster. However, the name might confuse a scientist or gardener looking for that specific plant by the name, and may not be able to find the right plant for his garden.

Scientific or Botanical Plant Names

In light of this problem, botanists have developed a system of scientific or botanical names. These scientific names are bestowed an International Botanical Congress which meets periodically to devise a new International Code of Botanical Nomenclature (ICBN). The International Association for Plant Taxonomy supplies the support for the meetings of this Congress. Scientists use the names bestowed by this Congress are accepted all over the world. The names ensure uniformity for the plant in question.

Scientific, or botanical, names for plants might seem intimidating to the average gardener. Botanic names comprise Latin, or Latinized versions of words and are used to classify plants in a logical order that tells us where the plant belongs in the vast Plant Kingdom. Common names of plants may change from locality to locality but the botanical name remains the same for plants all over the world. This eliminates confusion if you know the botanical name for the plant you are looking for.

Carl Linnaeus, who lived between 1707 and 1778, devised the system of botanical names. During his lifetime explorers discovered, many new plant species in the Americas and all over the world. He published the first edition of his Systema Naturae in 1735. It is worth noting that Linnaeus devised a scientific system for naming both plants and animals, but his primary love was of plants and gardening.

A gardener need not learn Latin to utilize the knowledge contained within the botanical name of a plant. But it does help the gardener to know the basics of the scientific naming system that Linnaeus devised. Plants are classified according to criteria laid down by this system. The basic system is this - Plant Kingdom/phylum/class/family/genus/species. There are also subkingdoms, subphylums, subfamilies and the like. The only portion of the botanical name that should concern most gardeners is the genus/species portion of the botanical name. This is the labels on the plants in the garden center may include it. Most of the plants in this guide will have the genus species name, as well as the family to which it belongs. If the plant is a hybrid or variety, that designation will follow the species name.

Thus a popular garden perennial, the New England Aster will be called Aster novae-angliae, Family Compositae or Daisy. Note that the genus name is always capitalized; the species name is lower case. An “X” will designate a hybrid after the species name. A specific variety will have is name preceded by the letters "var" after the species name. A serious gardener should arm themselves with a good plant name dictionary or even a copy of Hortus Third because the authors use botanical names of the various plants in these guides.

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American Short Biography Series

Learn the life stories of many of the celebrated explorers and leaders that came to the New World.

The New World Discoverers

Description

Readers will find short biographies of many of the famous and some little known men that led voyages to the New World during the Age of Discovery. Learn the stories of early explorers like Christopher Columbus, John Cabot, Henry Hudson and John White. Learn how explorer Amerigo Vespuci became the namesake of the new continent that Christopher Columbus discovered.

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Prince Henry the Navigator

Infante Dom Henrique of Portugal, Duke of Viseu - (March 4, 1394 – November 13, 1460)

The son of Portuguese King John I and his wife Philippa of Lancaster, Henrique was probably native to Porto, Portugal. King John, Henrique and his brother laid the foundation for the Portuguese Empire in Africa when they captured the Moorish port of Ceuta, which is along the Moroccan Coast on the northwestern coast of Africa. The port had served as a base for pirates that raided Mediterranean Coast capturing people to sell in the African slave market.

Further Explorations

Henrique used this success to undertake further explorations along the unknown African coast. He wanted to stop pirate incursions from other African ports and discover the source of gold on the continent. Portuguese ships at this time were heavy, slow and not very maneuverable. Henrique began the development of a smaller, more maneuverable ship called a caravel.

Caravel

The Portuguese, probably influenced by the Arabic ship called the qarib and early Portuguese fishing boats, designed and built the first caravel in or about 1541. The earliest caravels had two or three masts that could support either square rigged or lateen sails. They also featured hulls using the carvel construction method, as opposed to the clinker type construction used on earlier vessels. In clinker construction, the boards used for hull construction overlapped, like shingles, and the builders used wooden pegs to fasten the boards to the hull frame. In carvel construction, the boards used to cover the hull were edge to edge with nails used to fasten them to the hull. Using carvel construction, ships could be built longer and were much sturdier than the older clinker type construction. This construction method was used in later ships, like the carrack, galleon and frigates. Navigators used the lateen sails to maneuver near the

coast or up rivers. The square rigged ocean sails found use on the open Atlantic. The small, powerful ships also had shallow drafts which enabled them to navigate into shallower coastal waters and up rivers. Many of the early explorer, like Christopher Columbus, favored the vessels for their explorations. The limited cargo capacity eventually paved the way for their replacement by the larger carrack.

Volta do Mar

The caravel made it possible for Henrique's ships to range further from home. He sponsored explorations that hugged the West African coast, however some ventured further out to sea. The discovered the pattern of trade winds that they would call the North Atlantic Volta do Mar, or "Return of the Seas". This pattern was a dependable flow of winds that blew from the east African coast near the equator and the westerlies, that blew from west to east just north of the equator. It was knowledge that Christopher Columbus would use to his advantage almost a half century later.

Prince Henry the Navigator

Before his death in 1460 Henrique sponsored voyages that reached far along the West African Coast as far as modern-day Sierra Leone. Though he was not a navigator, he has become known as the main instigator of the Age of Discovery. The Portuguese credit him as the father of their navigation efforts. Portuguese discovery of the equatorial trade winds and the development of the caravel played a huge role in Christopher Columbus' voyages three decades later. German historians Heinrich Schaefer and Gustave de Veer bestowed the nickname Prince Henry the Navigator in the 19th Century.

The Early Explorers Book 1

Description:

The years after Christopher Columbus and other early North American explorers, European nations like Spain, England, the Netherlands and France began serious colonizing efforts. The leaders and the first colonists settling in North America during these times laid the foundations for the thirteen colonies that eventually became the United States later in history.

Ebook – $2.99

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Sample Chapter

Conquistadors and Missionaries

Dispute Between Spain and Portugal

Columbus had stopped to consult with Portugal's John II before returning to Spain on his first voyage. Feeling threatened by the Spanish sponsored voyage, the Portuguese king had dispatched a letter to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella warning that all lands south of the Canary Islands belonged to Portugal, as stated by the Treaty of Alcáçovas.

Treaty of Alcáçovas

Spain and Portugal had fought a war, known as the War of the Castilian Succession, in which the Portuguese defeated the Castilians in the mostly inconclusive war in the 1478 Battle of Guinea. The Treaty of Alcáçovas ended the war. The Treaty gave the Portuguese control of the Azores, Madeira, the Cape Verde islands and "*lands discovered and to be discovered...and any other island which might be found and conquered from the Canary islands beyond toward Guinea.*" The Castilians retained control of the Canary Islands, which they had begun colonizing in 1402. The treaty was noteworthy as it was the first treaty that bestowed upon European powers the authority to create spheres of influence in overseas territories without input from the natives living there.

Christopher Columbus Changed the Situation

King John's letter to the Spanish monarchs alarmed them, as they did not have sufficient naval forces in the Atlantic to back up the claims that Columbus had made in their behalf. They decided to consult with Spanish-born pope Alexander VI to issue a decision on the new discoveries.

Treaty of Tordesillas

The Treaty of Tordesillas divided the New World between Spain and Portugal. It divided it along a line drawn up along a line drawn from pole to pole that passed about 320 miles west of the Cape Verde Islands. Spanish-born pope Alexander VI had issued a papal bull that established this line. The two countries agreed to this on June 7, 1494. Spain received the lands to the west of the line, Portugal to the east. The Spanish King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella commissioned Columbus to return for a third voyage. Part of his mission was to try to discover the extent of their new possessions.

Spain ratified the Treaty on July 2, 1494, Portugal on September 5, 1494.

Spanish Conquistadors

The Age of the Conquistadores lasted about three decades and left an indelible mark on South, Central and North America. The Conquistadors, literally "conqueror," in Spanish, conquered and explored large tracts of territory in all three continents. The reader may wonder what sort of men made up this compelling force, what motivated them, what was the structure of their armies and what sort of weapons they used. This section will attempt to answer those questions.

Who They Were

A conquistador army was not part of the Spanish military, it was an independent force authorized by the Spanish king and queen. The men that comprised a conquistador force came from a wide variety of backgrounds. Many were military veterans, released from service when Spain reduced the size of its army after the Reconquista and other wars. Others had non military backgrounds, having been sailors, fishermen, and nobles in the past. Many poor men whose future was not promising also enlisted in the conquistador force. Recruits received education in reading, writing, math and languages. They learned military arts from their officers and, with luck and valor in battle, could gain election as officers from their peers. Spanish law forbade single Spanish women from settling in the new lands, thus most women that accompanied a Spanish force would be in company with their husbands. Many of the soldiers would thus marry native women and settle in the new lands. Spanish law also forbade anyone that was not Spanish from immigrating, thus men of other nationalities often changed their name to a Spanish one to qualify for enlistment. Even though the Spanish government encouraged these expeditions, they did not finance them. Generally, a group of former military types would gather, form a company and organize the expedition, picking up other recruits as needed. They financed the expedition themselves. Most conquistadores did not gain vast riches through these expeditions. Many times the Spanish government took over the administration, and tax revenue, of the lands they conquered, forcing them to continue exploring, and conquering, new lands.

Motivation - Gold and Riches

The quest for gold fueled the motivations of the conquistadores. Europe had very little native gold. Kings needed gold to pay their armies. Spain's smaller population and inferior resources made it more dependent upon foreign mercenaries than their traditional rivals of France and Italy. The conquests of the conquistadores and the discovery of gold in the Inca and Aztec empires led to Spain becoming the leading holder of gold in Europe. Historians estimate that somewhat less than 100 tons of gold made its way across the Atlantic from the New World to the old within 60 years after Columbus' last voyages. The Spanish government effectively confiscated this rich supply of gold when they replaced the conquistadors as leaders of the various regions with Spanish bureaucrats. This action led the conquistadores to travel further into the interior in search of more gold.

Weaponry

Conquistador weaponry for hand to hand combat consisted mainly of the steel sword, halberds and spears. Most of the conquistadores would have been classed as rodeleros. These men were expert swordsmen that could use their steel swords and shields to great effect against the numerically superior Aztec and Inca warriors. The Aztecs and Incas did have body armor that they made of cotton sandwiched between layers of leather and cloth. It was effective against the arrows launched by warriors of

conflicting tribes, but Spanish steel swords penetrated it easily. Halberdiers used a weapon called the halberd, which was sort of a cross between a battle axe and sword, the halberd was effective as either an offensive or defensive weapon in the hands of a skilled user. The stabbing tip could be used as a pike against charging foes and the sharp battle axe used to inflict vicious cutting lacerations against an enemy. The spear could be used as either a defensive weapon or thrown as an offensive one.

Firearms

European weaponry at the time consisted mainly of a weapon called an arquebus. This was a defensive weapon whose name derives from the German word Hakenbüchse, or "hook gun." The gun was mounted on hook like projection that steadied the weapon when the shooter fired the gun. Historians think that the arquebus first appeared in the Ottoman Empire sometime around 1465 and in Europe sometime around 1475. These early guns had to be fired by holding a lit match to a firepan filled with gunpowder. This operation required a great deal of preparation at a time when the soldier was probably under attack. The weapon was effective in European wars when enemies in formation attacked. However, the natives of America used unconventional guerrilla tactics, making them much less useful.

Crossbow

The cross bow uses a bow mounted on a frame to propel an arrow, called a bolt, at a high rate of speed towards its target. The crossbowman draws the bowstring back and secures it into place on the lock. He then loads the bolt, aims the weapon and releases the lock by pulling the trigger. The crossbow is much more accurate than the arqebuss. The crossbowmen, used in conjunction with the arqebuss, could provide an effective covering fire for artillerymen and swordsmen in a fight. Maintenance was easier for the crossbow than the firearm.

Cannon

Conventional military cannon were too big for the conquistadores to transport through dense jungle and mountainous terrain. Thus, they used the smaller cannon from their ships. They mounted the guns on makeshift carriers. The thunderous explosion when a cannon discharged created dismay among native warriors and the devastating impact of the shell as it landed created many injuries, deaths and mayhem. These cannon had a range of about 2000 yards and caused much destruction among massed native troops. The warriors adapted to the cannon, becoming accustomed to the sound and changing tactics to lessen the impact of artillery.

Armor

European soldiers often wore full body armor, however most of the conquistadors could not afford this type of armor. Those that could found it impractical in the hot, humid environment of South and Central America. The extreme humidity also tended

to rust the armor quickly. Thus, over time the conquistadors adopted some of the armor types used by the Inca and Aztec warriors. Mounted calvary tended to wear more armor than foot soldiers. Mounted soldiers' horses could bear the extra weight of the armor with little problem. The armor provided vital protection for the soldiers while charging the ranks of native warriors flinging spears, shooting arrows and throwing stones. Many foot soldiers wore chain mail or just a breast plate to protect vital organs.

Helmets

The natives prolific use of slings, arrows, clubs and other bludgeoning weapons made the wearing of a helmet imperative. Many conquistadores wore helmets that covered the top and sides of the head as well as the neck region of the body. The soldiers also made ample use of curved metal shields to deflect spears, arrows and other weapons. Many of these shields featured a spike in the middle that they could use to stab an opponent.

Horses

The Spanish brought horses to the New World, first by Christopher Columbus on his second voyage in 1493, and by later Spanish conquistadors and settlers. The natives did not have horses and had not seen them prior to contact with the Spanish. The Spaniards brought their own particular breed, known as the Spanish Colonial Horse, to the New World. This breed was a mix of two ancestral horses, the Iberian horse and the Berber horse. The Iberian horse consists of a number breeds of horses native to the Iberian peninsula. These horses bred with the Bard, or Berber, horse of North Africa which the Moors introduced after their invasion. The Barb horse possesses great stamina and a fiery temperament. These horses form the breeding stock for most horses found today in North America. Many broke free and roamed the vast desert areas of the West. Natives obtained stocks of these horses, which improved their lives by improving the efficiency of their hunting activities. Initially, however, they did not have them, lending the Spanish a major advantage in their military campaigns against the Aztec, Maya and Inca Empires. Spanish Heavy and Light Cavalry played an essential role in subduing these civilizations.

Heavy Calvary

With the rise of firearms and skilled pikemen, the heavy cavalry had become less effective in European wars. However in the New World the situation was different. The Amerindian warriors did not have firearms or experience in defending against a charge by heavy cavalry. The quick, powerful charge by mounted cavalry troops in full armor able to thrust downward with his lance at his less mobile foe was an important advantage. The psychological impact on the native troops was negative, to say the least. The heavy cavalry, supported by infantry armed with crossbows and firearms, allowed a small number of Spaniards to dominate a force far superior in numbers.

Light Calvary

Light cavalry consisted of troops trained in more agile movements than heavy calvary. These troops wore lighter armor, helmets and limb guards. They used the lance favored by heavy calvary as their offensive weapon. Their training allowed them to move quickly around enemy positions, mount fast charges and retreat quickly. These troops also served as scouts for the main conquistador force.

Rodeleros

Rodeleros, also called Sword-and-Buckler Soldiers or shield bearers, formed the backbone of the conquistadores force. These solders carried straight Spanish swords as their main offensive weapons and used shields to ward off swords and projectiles. Well drilled in the art of fencing, these soldiers could pierce the cotton armor of their native adversaries easily and fend off the razor sharp obsidian bladed macuahuitl of their attackers. Together with the calvary, bowmen and gunners the much smaller conquistador forces laid waste to the Aztec, Mayan and Incan Empires.

The Mission System of Spanish Colonization in the United States

As the conquistadors conquered the huge empires of South and Central America, Catholic missionary priests and friars accompanied the solders as they explored and conquered. After the conquistadors had completed the subjugation of the natives, the missionaries moved in to convert the to Christianity and educate them.

The System

The system that evolved consisted of three basic elements, the garrison, the mission and the town hall. Spanish soldiers garrisoned the fort, keeping order and protecting the territory. Priests and friars inhabited the mission building where they instructed the natives in the ways of Catholicism. The missionaries taught the natives how to raise crops, livestock and instructed them in many other trades. The town hall served as a meeting place where residents could gather to voice their needs and grievances. This system continued as the Spanish moved into the region that would become the United States southwestern states of Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, California and others. Many of the oldest towns in these states began as Spanish missions.

The First Colonial American Leaders

Description:

The years after Christopher Columbus and other early North American explorers, European nations like Spain, England, the Netherlands and France began serious colonizing efforts. The leaders and the first colonists settling in North America during these times laid the foundations for the thirteen colonies that eventually became the United States later in history.

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September 29, 1526 - Spanish Explorer Lucas Vázquez de Ayllón Lands in South Carolina to Found Colony

Lucas Vazquez de Ayllón (c. 1480 – October 18, 1526)

The son of Juan Vázquez de Ayllón and Inés de Villalobos, Lucas was native to Toledo, Spain. Ayllón studied law and received instruction in Spanish politics from his city councilman father. In 1502 he accompanied a flotilla of ships that carried the new Spanish governor of Hispaniola, Nicolás de Ovando, to the island. Ovando appointed Ayllón as alcalde mayor with the responsibility to establish order in the gold mining region of the island.

Recall to Spain

Ayllón and several other Spanish officials faced charges of corruption and were recalled to Spain to defend themselves. While in Spain, Ayllón successfully defended himself and earned a Master's Degree in law from the University of Salamanca.

Real Audiencia

King Ferdinand appointed Ayllón as one of the 3 judges on a panel of judges he created called the *Real Audienca*. Ayllón arrived at Hispaniola in May 1512 and commenced his duty of enforcing Royal authority in the island.

Suspended

King Ferdinand died in 1516, leaving Cardinal Francisco Jiménez de Cisneros as regent for Charles V, who was still too young to govern. The Cardinal distrusted the judges on the panel and suspended all of them. After a turbulent trip to Mexico Ayllón gained reinstatement.

South Carolina

After returning to Hispaniola, he listened to stories related by pilots of two slave carrying Spanish ships that Ayllón had dispatched into the Bahamas. The men, Francisco Gordillo and Pedro de Quejo, had found no slaves on those islands, so they sailed to Winyah Bay in current South Carolina. The men captured 60 natives to serve as slaves and returned to Hispaniola. The men regaled Ayllón with tales of the wonderful land they had seen.

Contract to Establish a Settlement

Ayllón returned to Spain to settle some business in the *Audienca,* but while he was there he pressed the king to allow him to found a colony in this new land. The King relented and granted him a contract on June 12, 1523. After his return to Hispaniola, he began making arrangements for this new colony.

Preparations

He began preparations by sending Pedro de Quejo on a peacekeeping mission to the area in 1525. De Quejo explored an area between the thirtieth and fortieth parallel. During this expedition, he erected several stone markers, claiming the area for Spain. The expedition possibly went as far north as the Chesapeake Bay. The explorer also persuaded a number of the natives to return with him to learn Spanish and serve as interpreters on later missions.

Expedition

By July 1526, Ayllón was ready to establish his colony. He set out from Hispaniola with 6 ships, 600 settlers and 100 horses. After losing one of his ships in a collision with a sand bar, he had members of his expedition build a new ship, possibly the first ship built in North America. During this time he continued the search for a suitable site for a settlement. After an unsuccessful attempt at Pawleys Island, he decided on another site, in present-day Georgia.

San Miguel de Gualdape

He established this colony on September 29, 1526, which he would call San Miguel de Gualdape. Historians still debate the location of this settlement, as no one has discovered any physical remains and Ayllón's records are scanty. There are several conflicting theories, but no hard evidence as to where Ayllón established the colony. Most scholars believe that the most likely location was on Sapelo Island, off the coast of Georgia. Some feel that is was in the present Harris Neck National Wildlife Refuge. At any rate, the colony failed to maintain a permanent existence. Ayllón died there and the colonists fled the town after spending three months of winter, which was a harsh one. The colonists also suffered from disease, supply shortages and problems with the native tribes. Prior to returning one of his three ships sank, forcing the refugees to crowd onto two ships. Since the Spanish used African slaves to do much of the work, the first use of these slaves in North America was at this settlement. It is also the first documented slave rebellion, as the slaves revolted during a period of dissention among the Spanish settlers.

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Dark Fantasy Novel Series

A series of dark fantasy novels that will chill your soul.

The Wizard's Magic Pipe

Description

Beware the evil wizard that offers the magic pipe.
He promises power and immortality. Instead, he will give you a gift of evil horror that will terrorize you down to the bottom of your soul.

Ebook Price
$ 4.99
Softbound Price
$ 12.99

Paul R. Wonning

Chapter One

The initial shock of cold water slapped Cecil Barnes awake. As the water heated, he stuck his head under the stream and wetted his hair. He reached for the shampoo, squeezed a small puddle of it into his palm and lathered his hair. The rich smell of the shampoo permeated the steamy air. He felt the hot water sooth the stiff muscles in his neck and back. He hadn't been sleeping well. He needed a new mattress. As this thought settled into his mind, he knew that his mattress wasn't all that he needed to change.

As he worked the shampoo through his hair, his mind drifted back to grade school. He remembered something his history teacher, Mrs. Herman, had said many years ago.

"History is more than events which happened long ago. Our lives are a part of this collection of stories. Where we are born, the way we live our lives, those we love and how we die are all elements of this unique story."

Cecil rinsed the rich lather from his hair. The sudsy water ran down his body and into the drain. His hand sought the washcloth and soap. While he washed himself, he remembered the rest of her lecture.

"Our children, parents and friends are all ingredients of this montage, and we of theirs. In addition to this, we are also part of a much older story, the chronicle of the earth and its people. Each person who ever lived is a thread in this tapestry, and these threads weave together like threads in a tapestry. These tales combine to create the history of our world."

Cecil felt that if that were true, then his story would be a boring chapter in that history. His job was humdrum, his love life nonexistent, and his chief entertainment consisted of going to flea markets.

Cecil had a plan, though. He would get that new job in Indianapolis, get married, buy a house in the suburbs, and sire a couple of kids. He would also have a cat and a nice car to haul everything. Cecil had no idea as he sat down on the edge of his bed to put on his shoes that his story was about to change. It would change in a way that he could never have anticipated. He slipped on his shoes and began tying the laces.

"Darnn," Cecil said aloud, as his shoestring broke with a snap.

Since this was his favorite pair of shoes and he had no spare laces, he would have to improvise until he could buy more. As he began loosening the laces, his cell phone rang. His mother's number was flashing on the display screen.

He picked up the phone and said, "Hey, Mom, what's up?"

"Hello, Cecil. How are you this morning?" she asked.

"Okay. I am just getting ready to go out."

"Are you going to the flea market?"

"Yes, Mom, you know I like to go there on Sundays."

"And eat all that greasy, unhealthy food?"

"Yes, Mom, and eat all that greasy, unhealthy food."

“I hope you eat healthier the rest of the week.”

“I do,” Cecil said, feeling guilty about the lie.

"Are you still collecting and smoking those nasty old pipes?"

"Yes, Mom, I still collect them, and I do smoke one occasionally." He cringed inwardly at the fib. He loved relaxing to music and a pipe of tobacco each evening after work.

"That is a nasty, vile habit. I don't know how you ever got started with that. You certainly didn’t learn it from me."

“No, Mom, I didn’t.” A memory of sitting in his grandfather’s lap while the old man smoked his favorite pipe crowded into his head. The pipe had a horse’s head, and Cecil could still smell the wonderful fragrance of the tobacco as the old man told him stories.

"Did you talk to that company in Indianapolis again?" His mother’s voice shattered the memory.

"Yes, I am still talking to them. One of their sales reps is going to retire, leaving a position open. It won't start for two months, and then there is a one year training period before I can start."

"Why so long? Surely it isn't that complicated."

"The owner is a stickler for starting at the bottom. He wants all his sales people to work three months on the receiving dock. Then they work for three months in the warehouse. After that they put in three months processing orders. I work with the retiring sales rep the last three months."

"But you've already done some of that stuff in your current job."

"Yes, but the owner wants his sales people to know the entire operation so they are knowledgeable with customers."

As he talked, he managed to get his shoe laces loosened up. He pulled the broken end out far enough to tie it. Then he tightened up the laces again and tied his shoe. The frayed end of the shoelace looked somewhat shabby, but it would have to do.

"Are you going to that flea market alone?"

"Yes, Mom. No, I don’t have a girlfriend yet,” he answered, anticipating her next question. “I don't want to get tied into a relationship with a girl and then move to Indy."

"But that isn't far from Columbus. A girl would move there with you, if you had a good job."

"There are girls in Indianapolis, too, Mom."

"Well, maybe," her tone was uncertain. "They are probably all farm girls with straw sticking out of their ears."

Cecil rolled his eyes and said, "Hey, Mom, it's been nice talking, but I have to go."

"So soon, dear? Gosh, we just got started talking."

"My cell phone battery is about to die."

"If you would get a normal phone, we could talk longer. That always happens when I call."

"Sorry, Mom, but..." he hit the cut off button.

He lay back on the bed, exhausted. She always had that effect on him. A few minutes on the phone with her and he felt like he had run a marathon. He realized that in just a few minutes she had extracted everything that happened of note during the last week.

It hadn't always been like that. After Cecil's father died in the car wreck, his mother became overprotective. When he graduated from high school, he left New Jersey for Ohio to gain his freedom. His mother never forgave him for leaving her protective reach.

He lay there musing about their conversation and the state of his life. He was ready for a change and hoped the job in Indianapolis worked out. Then maybe he could find a lady and settle down. He got up, gathered his things, donned his flat hat, and left his apartment.

As he walked out to his car, he reveled in the exhilarating weather. The chill in the air and falling leaves' fragrance hinted at a fine autumn day. He would find fresh apple cider at the orchard's stand, which was always one of his favorite treats. There would be honey for his toast as well. He licked his lips in anticipation as he got in his car and drove off.

Cecil loved flea markets. The sights, the sounds and the smells all combined to create a festive, exciting atmosphere. As he entered the savory aroma of sausages broiling behind a greasy glass case greeted him. This smell accompanied pungent, spicy barbecued pork and musky smelling roast beef. He sniffed at the odors of the other high fat, zillion-calorie fare offered. Of medium height and slightly pudgy, he didn't eat this stuff often, but at the flea market he always partook. It was one of his few guilty pleasures.

Cecil stopped in front of one of the glass cases to peruse the offerings. He decided to start with a beer brat. He would return for one of those cheesy, spicy tacos before going home. He stepped to the back of the line. The woman behind the counter smiled at him when he stepped up to place his order.

"I'll have one of those beer brats, some onion rings, and a root beer," he said.

"Sure enough," she replied as she slapped a brat into a bun. She tossed some of the juicy onion rings into a bag, sloshed some ice into a cup and filled it with the fragrant beverage.

Thus armed, Cecil sat down at a table to eat.

This was what he loved. Watching the people go by as he ate, he saw a rich diversity of people. Young parents with children, excited by the merchandise, waltzed by. There were also older couples enjoying each other's company as they browsed the vendor's tables. He watched one young couple stroll by, holding hands. To be like that would be wonderful. He finished the brat, threw his paper plate and cup in the trash bin, and started out down the first aisle.

Vendors lined the aisles hawking every imaginable type of merchandise. He stopped periodically to look at offerings that interested him. As he rounded the end of one aisle and started down the next, the corner booth opposite him attracted his attention. A swarthy young man was standing behind a richly carved wooden table crowded with a stunning variety of pipes. He stopped to look. These pipes were neat, but expensive. But it would be fun to look and he just might find one to add to his collection.

Sarna's apprehension grew as he watched the crowd flow by his table. His wares at the flea market this weekend had attracted little attention. Only two elderly men had stopped to peruse his selection of pipes. His master could not use an elderly man.

The anti-tobacco craze, which had surfaced in recent years, was making things difficult. Young men were no longer attracted to pipe smoking the way they once were.

His time was running short. He had to find someone to purchase it. He must find this person soon. Not only did he have to find a buyer, the purchaser must be the right sort of person. He had very little time to make another error.

He noticed a young man coming into view. This young man saw Sarna's table and stopped. His face displayed interest as he began walking over to the table. Sarna studied him carefully. Over the centuries, Sarna learned to judge character types well. This man displayed the necessary interest. A quick read of his personality revealed that he could be problematic. Sarna didn't have time for problems.

He glanced at the thinning crowd. Sarna's experience at flea markets taught him many things. Early arrivals at the market were buyers. Later in the day, the browsers replaced the buyers. This day was drawing to a close. Soon, the market would be empty and he would have to wait another week.

He watched as Cecil approached the table. Sarna made a quick decision. He reached under the table, pulled out a carved wooden box and placed it at the rear of the table.

Cecil studied the pipes. Most were ornate and didn't appeal to his taste.

His roving eye stopped at a carved wooden box at the rear of the table.

What's in that one? "

"This is my best pipe," answered the man, handing the case to Cecil.

Cecil opened the case. A beautifully colored meerschaum pipe lay inside. He felt something stir in him as he rubbed the pipe with his fingers.

“That is a magic pipe,” the vendor said with a wink. “It brings good fortune to its owner.”

“Good fortune,” said Cecil. “I could use some of that.”

As Cecil felt the smoothness of the pipe, he entered a story that began hundreds of years ago and thousands of miles away. This story was about to catch up with him.

Demon of Death

Description

The demon spirit had waited centuries for his resurrection and struck with a violent spasm of hate as he possessed his victim. His new thrall recoiled in horror at the sight of his beloved slipping, dead, beneath the waves.

Ebook Price
$ 2.99
Softbound Price
$ 6.99
Paul R. Wonning

Chapter One

Jason Derr clicked on his calendar and studied the posts. The rest of the day was open. The computer clock read eleven thirty. It had been a busy morning in his small office on Main Street and the afternoon would be a pleasant relief. He decided to take an early lunch and then come back and work on the policy applications he had written up in the morning. He minimized the screen. Cindy's face peered at him from the desktop. He smiled as he thought of her. Her name was Lucinda Meir, but everyone called her Cindy because she hated her real name.

She would be on duty today, making a perfect excuse to eat lunch at the German Haus where she worked as a waitress. He ate there often. He hit on her several times before she finally agreed to go on a date with him. They had been together now for about five months. He could see her over lunch and perhaps even make a date with her for the evening. He put the computer to sleep, got up from his desk and locked the door on the way out after changing the door sign to "Back at 1:00."

He crossed the street to the restaurant. The sun was shining and it promised to be a warm day. It was too nice a day to spend cooped up in his office. He walked up the ramp to the entry, opened the door and walked in. The place was just starting to fill up with the lunchtime crowd but there were still numerous tables available. Cindy saw him as he stood in the waiting area. She smiled and walked over to greet him.

"Hey, Jason," she said, her eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Do you want a table?"

Jason nodded, and Cindy led him to one near the rear of the dining room. He watched her hips swivel in the short dress she wore as she strode along. She had her long black hair drawn back into a ponytail and silver hoop earrings that jingled at each step. She slid a menu on the table as he sat down. He ran his hand over the back of her smooth nylon clad thigh as he slid into his chair. She gave him a menacing look as she gave his hand a light slap. "Not now, finger man."

"Sorry Cindy, but you look so damned fine I just can't resist you."

The menacing look disappeared, replaced by a sly smile. "Hey, I get off at 1:30. How about we hook up for the afternoon?"

A warm thrill ran through Jason's body. "That sounds good, Cindy. I have had a crazy morning and could use a bit of a break. Should I pick you up here?"

"Yes, my car is in the shop until tomorrow. Mary was going to take me home, but you can do that."

Jason nodded, saying, "That will give me time to tie up some loose ends in the office."

"I'll just walk across the street and meet you there, then. What do you want to eat?"

Jason glanced at Cindy, a mischievous smile on his face as he whispered, "You."

Her eyes narrowed as she replied, "You can't do that here, steam boat. What sort of food do you want?"

Jason glanced at the menu and answered, "I'll just have the special. That will be quick. I can eat fast and go to the office to finish up."

"Okay," she said. She swirled and walked away. A few minutes later, she returned with his food. She put the plate on the table and bent to give him a light kiss as she did.

Jason caught the faint scent of her coconut body oil as her lips brushed his. He took her fingers in one hand and peered into her eyes.

"God, I love you," he said.

She smiled and purred, "I bet you say that to all the girls."

"Just one."

He watched her as she walked away. The afternoon had suddenly taken on a quite different flavor.

They rode along the country road, Cindy's hair flying free in the breeze. The band that had held it in the ponytail lay on the console between them. She had slipped her shoes off and sat, one foot tucked up under her thigh as the convertible hummed along. Her pretty voice was singing along with a song playing on the radio. Jason wanted it to be this way always.

"You could have at least taken me home to change," she said.

"I have this thing for waitress uniforms," he replied.

"Where are we going?"

"There is a little quarry pond just off this road I know of. We can toss out a blanket and just lie in the grass and enjoy the day."

"Don't the owners ever come here?"

"No."

He slowed the car and turned in a narrow gravel lane. Jason could hear the faint rush of the grass in the green strip in the middle of the lane hissing as it brushed against the bottom of the car.

"It doesn't seem like too many people come back here."

"They don't. The owners live in Ohio and only come here on holiday weekends in the summer."

The reached the end of the lane and Jason pulled the car into grassy spot which overlooked a small lake.

"This is a beautiful spot, Jason. And quiet."

She slipped her shoes back on, tied them and then brushed her hair back behind her shoulders with both hands.

"This convertible is wonderful, Jason, but it makes a mess of my hair."

"I think your hair looks wonderful."

"You would," she said. She opened the door and got out of the car. She walked to the edge of the pond and asked, "Who mows it?"

"There is a neighbor who likes to come out here in the evenings to fish. He takes care of the place for them. He keeps a close eye on the place on weekends now, to keep the partiers out."

She stooped to smell some pink flowers that were blooming at the edge of the water.

"These smell divine. I wonder what they are."

"My mom likes to garden. She has some like that in her flowerbeds. I think they are sweet peas."

They watched as a butterfly landed on one. Its wings pulsed as it drank the nectar.

"I don't know what is prettier," she said, "the butterfly or the flower."

Jason opened the trunk and pulled out a large blanket.

"Welcome to my pad," he said as he spread it out over the fragrant grass next to the water. He pulled a cooler from the back seat and laid it beside the blanket.

"I had time to pick up some cold beer at the liquor store," he said as he reached inside, pulled two out. He untwisted one and handed it to Cindy. She raised the bottle and took a generous drink, the bottle gurgling as air bubbles replaced the liquid inside the bottle.

"That is good," she said as she sat the bottle down.

Jason took a sip of his.

Cindy sat down on the blanket and took another pull.

"Gosh, Jason, it is quiet out here."

"We could be the only two people in the whole world, Cindy."

"Yes, you can't hear anything except crickets and those cicadas singing in the trees."

They drank their beers in silence, enjoying the sun and the light breeze that rustled the leaves on the trees.

"It is getting a little warm," Cindy said as she finished the beer. She reached down and began untying her shoe.

Jason reached for her hand and pulled it away.

"I want to do that," he said. "I want to take my time with you."

Their eyes met, both sets filled with anticipation.

He pushed her back on the blanket and kissed her. He felt her hand at the back of his neck as she pulled him closer. He could smell her fragrance and feel the softness of her hair as he stroked it.

He unbuttoned her blouse and felt the warmness of her breasts as he stroked them. The nipples hardened under his gentle caress. She rose slightly, allowing him to unbutton her bra. He removed her blouse and then the bra, laying them in the green grass by the blanket. He unbuttoned the skirt and slid the zipper down. She tilted her buttocks and he slid it off. Then he untied her shoes and removed them. Running his fingers along her long legs, he reached the top of her pantyhose. He pulled them down, sliding them off her soft, pretty feet. He ran his eyes over her, as she lay naked in the shade of the tree.

He removed his own clothing and lay beside her. They made gentle love in the soft breeze of the summer afternoon.

When Jason awoke, he felt Cindy's soft fingers caressing his cheek. He sat up.

"How long did I sleep?"

"Not long. I did too. But I heard some fish slapping at the surface of the pond and I woke up."

Jason sat up and looked at the water.

"Why does this pond seem different than other ponds? I don't see a dam."

"It is an old quarry pond."

"What's a quarry pond?"

"They used to quarry limestone here in the old days. When they quit digging out the stone, it filled with water. There are lots of these around here. Limestone underlies this whole area."

"The water looks nice and clear. We could go swimming."

"We don't have suits."

"Who needs suits?"

Cindy stood up and walked to the edge of the water. She sat on a large rock at the waters edge.

She looked back at him and noted hesitation on his face.

"What's wrong, Jason? You look afraid."

"This pond is haunted."

Cindy smiled and teased, "Haunted? I have never heard of a haunted pond."

"They say a man hurled himself in here a long time ago, drowning himself. They say that on dark nights, you can see his ghost as it moves along the surface of the water."

"Cool, a haunted pond."

"I saw the ghost myself, Cindy."

Her fascinated eyes focused on his as she said, "You actually saw this ghost?"

"Yeah. A few of us came out here one Saturday night when I was in high school. We had beer and were having a good time. It was summer and it was a warm night. A couple of the girls suggested skinny-dipping. We all stripped down. Just as I started to get in the water, we saw it."

"What did it look like?"

Jason paused, remembering.

"It looked like a face. A horrible face. It was sort of misty and illuminated by the moonlight."

"What happened?"

"We watched it as it sort of slid along under the water. Then it just sort of sank and disappeared."

"Did you swim?"

"No, we all got dressed, gathered our stuff and left."

Cindy smiled and said, "End of the party."

"That's not all, Cindy. There have been a couple of other drowning accidents here, too. Both were young men and both were good swimmers."

Cindy touched the water with a bare toe.

"It feels nice and cool, Jason. It would be fun. I have never been skinny dipping before."

She plunged both feet into the water and said, "Ooh, that feels good, Jason. Come on. It will be cool."

Jason hesitated. The deaths, after all, were had been a few years ago.

"What about the ghost?"

"Jason, what you saw was mist rising over the water in the moonlight. You had all been drinking."

"But we all saw it."

"It was mass hysteria, Jason. One of you thought you saw a ghost and the others thought they saw what you saw. There is no ghost, Jason."

"What about the drowning deaths?"

"Drownings happen, Jason. Maybe they had been drinking. Maybe they got cramps. There are a lot of reasons, Jason."

Jason looked at Cindy as she sat on the bank, her long dark hair flowing over her naked shoulders. He caught a glimpse of her breasts as they glowed in the late afternoon sun.

"Okay, we'll do it."

Cindy smiled and pushed herself into the cool water. She began swimming towards the center of the pond.

Jason sat on the edge, and followed her in. He swam just behind her. She stopped and stood up.

"There is a big rock out here, Jason."

Jason was soon standing beside her. They were in the middle of the quarry pond. All around the forest loomed. He could see his little red convertible parked under the tree by the lane.

"Neat," he said.

Cindy found the edge of the rock and sat down. The water immersed her from the waist down. Water dripped from her nipples, creating small concentric rings as they impacted the water. Jason jumped back into the deeper water, swam in a circle, and approached Cindy who smiled at him from her perch on the rock.

She reached for him as he approached. He felt her arms around him. She bent and they kissed. His feet found a ledge to stand on. Their eyes met. He could feel his body reacting to her body. He felt her long legs encircle him.

They kissed again. She moaned as he entered her.

A Stranger Lurks

Description

Always at a distance, he lurked, waiting.

The stalker would marry her. He would consummate that marriage with blood. To kill her was better than letting that other one have her.Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 9.99

Paul R. Wonning

Chapter One

Memories fluttered around Margaret's mind like the butterflies hovering over the buddleia bush. She remembered that it was her mother's favorite flower. Those were long gone, but the fragrant sweet peas survived, covering the slope below the old house. Black eyes Susan's, Queen Anne's lace and other wildflowers also occupied the formerly well-kept lawn. Trees had encroached here, as well. Nature threatened to swallow up what remained of her parent's life.

Her girlhood home had vanished in a cloud of smoke and fire. Its charred remnants remained, littering the blackened stone foundation. She turned to face the other structure that remained. The round barn built by her great grandfather remained in

good shape over a century later. Its stone walls and wooden shingled roof had withstood the storms, rains and snow which nature had thrown at it.

She glanced at the watch on her wrist. He would be here soon. Their appointment was at ten o'clock and it was now five minutes before the hour. She walked down the overgrown sidewalk to her car, parked at the base of the hill below the neglected home site. The July sun was starting to beat down, promising a scorcher of a day.

The southern Indiana forested hills surrounded the old farm. It was a beautiful spot. Additionally the property was close to town and on a good road, not too far off the main highway. It should bring a good price. In some ways, she wished she could sell some of the memories with it. Some of those memories she would like to shuck off and bid farewell.

Selling this place was not something that came easy. It had been in the family for generations. Another glance at the unkempt lawn and fields told the story, though. It was time to let go. She could not keep it up anymore and since the death of her mother, she had lost interest.

The crunch of rubber tires on the gravel driveway announced the arrival of the realtor. He was on time, anyway. She watched as his car bounced down the driveway and pull up beside hers. His arrival marked the end of another chapter of her life. Another would soon open.

Reuben Steen slowed down as he approached the driveway and turned in. He saw that the seller was there awaiting him. Behind her, he could see the old round barn. It was an imposing structure that dominated the scene before him.

He slowed still more as his car bounced. The neglected driveway had grown a good crop of potholes and muddy water splashed over his newly washed car.

Damn, he would have to have it washed again.

His mood brightened as he drew up beside the other car and saw the attractive brunette who awaited him. He had seen her before in the diner he frequented and also at the library. He had not known her name, but now he did.

He opened the door and smiled as he extended his hand.

"Margaret Dreu? My name is Reuben Steen," he said as he shook the smooth, firm hand she extended to him.

"Yes, I am Margaret Drue," she replied. "But my friends all call me Peggy."

"Nice to meet you, Peggy," Reuben said. "I think I have seen you working in the library."

"Yes, I handle the kid's reading programs so I mostly work afternoons and evenings. However, through the summer we switch to a daytime program. I think I have seen you in the library at times in the evening."

"Yes, I sometimes go in there for research. The courthouse closes at four o'clock. Sometimes I can find the information I need for a property in the old town records in the library. I think I have also seen you in Benny's Diner."

"I like to eat breakfast in there. He has some divine Danish rolls. Wanda recommended you to me when I told her I wanted to sell the old farm. She said you sold her brother's house and he liked you."

"I will have to give Wanda a bigger tip the next time I go in there."

"Yes, you will. I am sorry about the driveway but I haven't been maintaining it. A few months back someone set fire to the house. I thought if the driveway was in bad shape it might deter other trespassers."

Reuben glanced up the slope at the burned out farmhouse.

"Darn shame," he said. "It was probably just kids out on a lark."

"The house was pretty well shot, anyway. No one lived in it for years. I took an apartment in town when Mom moved out and to the nursing home. I needed to be near her. This was too big a place for me to rattle around in anyway. It has become a party place for the local kids. I guess I will have to put up a locked gate to keep them out."

"At least they didn't burn this barn. This is a great building. You don't see many round barns around anymore. I love the windmill on top."

"My great-grandfather built this barn around 1900. Purdue University was touting it at the time as a great time saver. Grandfather added the windmill later on. He laid a pipe from the well by the house. The windmill pumped water into some big water tanks on the third level. A pipe fed water back to the house. We had great water pressure."

"Ingenious," said Reuben. "Does the windmill still work?"

"As far as I know it does. I don't know about the pump. The water company laid water lines past here a few years back, so there is city water available making the well unnecessary. It is still up by the house, though."

Reuben pulled a notepad from his pocket and jotted it down, saying, "I will take notes as we go."

Peggy opened the door and Reuben followed her inside.

"It is wonderful in here. The stone foundation keeps it nice and cool," said Reuben.

"They built the first level into the side of the hill which rises behind the barn. It is always cool in here in the summer, and warm in the winter."

Reuben turned in a slow circle, taking it all in.

"It is like a huge, circular tunnel."

"This lower level was where we kept the livestock. This outer circle goes all the way around the stable area. You can see the openings for the stalls. They pulled wagons in here to load manure on. You could run the cattle around from one stall to another without going out into the weather. You could also run a team of horses around it without having to back up. Of course, my dad had a tractor. It wasn't on of the big ones you see now. It was small enough to navigate around in here."

"This was one efficient barn."

"Yes it was. But the one reason my great grandfather built it he wouldn't talk about much."

"What was that?"

"It was an old superstition. The old timers said that in a round barn there weren't any corners for evil spirits to hide in."

Reuben laughed and said, "That would be true. There are no corners in here."

As they walked, one stall door was open. Reuben glanced inside.

"This is the one my father died in. He was forking manure out into the spreader when he died. Mom found him when he didn't come in for lunch."

Reuben glanced at a pitchfork that stood against the one wall.

"He left it right there. He had a heart attack. None of us felt like moving that fork, so it is right there where he left it. Mom sold the cows after he died."

"This place holds some bad memories for you, then?"

"It does. However, it holds many good ones too. One of our cats had kittens in that manger. I wouldn't let Dad use it until they were big enough to move."

She smiled, her voice deep in memory, "It was my favorite cat. She was a big calico I named Butterboot, because she was white and black with huge yellow splotches and white boots."

"It does sound like there were good ones then, too."

"We were happy here when I was a girl. It is the later ones that are bad. Dad died. Then Mom took sick and I had to take care of her. An aunt moved in to help when I went to college. I moved back after college. Then my aunt got sick and died after that. Mom had a bad stroke and had to go to the nursing home. I moved into town to be near her. That was three years ago and Mom has since passed on. It has set empty ever since. And as you can see, it is too much for me to take care of. So I decided to sell it."

"I will try my best," said Reuben. "But it is a slow market right now. It may take some time."

"I understand," said Peggy.

They walked down a passageway to the center of the barn.

"This was the feeding area," Peggy said. There are chutes which they dumped the grain and feed down here, and hay and they lowered the straw using a winch fastened on the roof."

They climbed a spiral staircase that rose to the second level.

"This floor has a ground level door. They brought the wagons in here for unloading. They raised the hay to the haymow with a winch. They stored grain in the second level."

"It sounds like an efficient way to farm."

"It was. Dad still used it. But now, with the larger equipment and different way of housing the animals, it is obsolete."

Reuben again turned in a circle, studying the barn.

“It looks like the structure is still good. It seems to be the old mortis and tendon construction.”

“It is all native timber.”

Reuben wrote some more in his notepad, musing “I can see this having commercial applications. It would make a great winery. This second level could be a restaurant, tasting room and gift shop.”

“I had the same thought.” Peggy replied with a smile. “It looks like we are on the same page.”

“I think we are,” said Reuben. “I bet there is a great view from up there?”

“There is,” said Peggy as she began ascending the stair. Soon they were looking out one of the windows at the hilly landscape that surrounded the barn.

“This is a great piece of property,” said Reuben. “I would like to get it on the market as soon as possible.”

He looked at the center of the barn. There is where the water tank was. There was a large enclosure near the tank. A door, fastened with a latch, faced him.

“What’s in there?”

“That is where the pump was, as well as tools and other things they needed up here. It still has everything in it, as far as I know.”

Reuben pulled on the latch. The door would not budge. “

“It must be stuck,” he said.

“It shouldn’t be.”

Peggy tugged on the door, but it remained jammed.

“H’mm. It seems to be stuck pretty well,” she said.

“I will have to come back later,” said Reuben. “I forgot my camera. I think I left it by my computer at home. I will bring a few tools along and see if I can get it open. I would like to see that pump.”

The two moved back to the window.

“I will draw up the contract this afternoon,” said Reuben. “Can you stop by the office tomorrow morning to look it over and sign it?”

“I don’t go to work until one o’clock. I can stop by in the morning.”

“Great. Let’s say around 10:30, is that okay?”

Peggy nodded. “I will stop on the way to work.”

“Good. I will get the photos later tonight, and if we can get the paperwork done in the morning I can have it listed by afternoon.”

“That sounds great. The sooner the better,” said Peggy. “It may sound crazy, but the last time I came in here a few days ago, I was alone. It seemed that I felt an evil presence here. I haven't come back until now." She shuddered visibly.

The two walked back down the staircase and back to their cars. They stood talking for a while, as Peggy indicated the property lines and told him more things about the property.

After a bit more conversation, they got in their cars and both bounced out the driveway and into town.

In the enclosure in the haymow, the reason the door wouldn't open waited. As he heard the car doors close, he opened the door and walked to the outer edge of the barn. He watched as the cars drove out the driveway.

It was she. His Margaret. She looked just the same as she looked many years before. That man would be coming back. He would be waiting.

Evil does not always need a corner in which to hide.

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Gatherer of Souls

Description

Spirits quailed before the horror of the Gatherer of Souls as he neared completion of his evil quest. One last soul stood between him and conquest of the Underworld.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 9.99

Sample Chapter

Kelley Dawes had no inkling of the terror that would soon explode upon her contented world. It all began in a most exciting way, the day she started her new job and made a new friend.

Kelley walked down the hallway and stopped in front of the door at which the receptionist had indicated. The gold plaque on the door indicated it was the right office. Kelly gave a light knock and entered when a voice from within said, "Come on in."

She pushed the door open.

Her new boss, Jason Bell, greeted her with a smile," Good morning, Kelley, how are you this morning?"

"Fine," said Kelley, with a nervous tinge to her voice. "I am ready to start, Mr. Bell."

"Good, I think you'll like working here, Ms. Dawes." Jason replied as he reached across his desk and punched a button on his phone.

"Yes, Mr. Bell," a feminine voice answered.

“Betsy, Kelley Dawes is in here. She is ready to start. Can you come in and show her to her cubicle and get her started?”

“Sure, Mr. Bell, I’ll be right in.”

A moment later, the door opened and a dark haired young lady stepped inside.

“This is Kelley Dawes, Betsy. Kelley, this is my administrative assistant Betsy Neyer.”

The young ladies smiled at each other as Jason Bell continued, “Betsy, show Kelley to her office and help her get started.”

“Okay, Mr. Bell. Come on Kelley, just follow me.”

The two young women left the office and began walking down the hall, which soon opened into a large room with a dozen or so cubicles. Overhead fluorescent lights lit it. The place had the normal office smells of electronic equipment and paper.

“You’ll be working in this cubicle right here,” said Betsy, indicating a small office right across from the hall.

Kelley went in and sat down at her new desk, powered up the computer and watched as it booted up.

“Where are you from?” asked Betsy as they waited for the computer to connect to the network.

“Centertown. It’s down south.”

“I know where it is. I am from Turkeyfoot.”

“Turkeyfoot, why that is just a few miles from Centertown. We played you guys in basketball.”

“So we are neighbors,” Betsy said with a smile. “Are you living here in Indianapolis?”

“Yes, I have an apartment here on the south side on Madison Avenue. It's not too far from the office.”

“Really? I live nearby, in an apartment on Stop 11. We are just a few minutes from each other.”

By now, the computer was ready, and Betsy spent the next two hours showing Betsy her new duties. When Kelley looked like she could continue, Betsy said, “I have a report to file for Mr. Bell. I will go do that and come back. It will take me about an hour.”

“Okay, I think I will be fine here awhile.”

“If you have any questions, just call me. All you have to do is dial my extension, which is 002.”

Betsy walked away, while Kelley pecked at her computer. She studied the files before here and completing the tasks Betsy told her to do.

Time passed quickly, and before Kelley knew it, Betsy was standing by her desk, studying her work.

"That is great, Kelley. It looks like you are doing just fine."

Kelley looked up, and brushed her black hair back behind her shoulders.

"I think I understand what I am doing."

"Say, it is almost lunchtime. What do you say we do lunch? When we come back and I will show you the rest of your duties?"

Kelley stood up and powered the machine down as she answered, "That sounds wonderful, I am famished."

"How do you like living in the city so far," asked Betsy as the two walked down the hall and out into the street.

"I haven't been here long," said Kelley. "My brother lives up here and helped me find an apartment. I really have not had time to enjoy the city much yet. I just moved and got most of my stuff unpacked. I am still exploring this part of town, trying to find the right stores and restaurants."

"Tell you what," said Betsy. "I am not doing anything tonight. How about we go shopping and I can show you around town."

"That sounds great," said Kelley, smiling. "Thank you."

Over the next several weeks, the two young women spent a great deal of time together. They explored the downtown nightspots of Indianapolis and shopped.

A few weeks later, in early October, the hint of falling autumn leaves scented the air. The two were enjoying a beer at a popular downtown tavern, basking in the golden sun from their table on the sidewalk. They watched as traffic and passersby went by. The sun glinted off the Artsgarden that spanned Washington Street nearby.

"Gosh, Betsy, this is great. Don't you miss Turkeyfoot, though?"

"Sometimes," she said. "This city is wonderful, but sometimes I get tired of it. It is so busy all the time, and the traffic is crazy."

"Maybe you and I should find a place in a small town nearby to rent. We could save some money by renting one place."

"That sounds like fun," said Betsy. "It would have to be close, though."

"Lets pick up some beer and go to my apartment and spend some time searching the internet and see what we can find."

“Okay, let’s,” said Betsy. She drained her mug, finished the last crumbs of the pie on her plate and the two left.

Hours later, Betsy pointed at the computer screen as she observed, “That looks promising.”

“Yes, it is in Amackville, just an hour east on the interstate. It looks like an old farmhouse. I’ll call the owner and see how much they want for it.”

She dialed her phone, listened to it ring. A brief conversation followed. She held her hand over the phone and leaned across to Betsy and whispered in excitement, “They want less for a whole house than I pay for my apartment alone.”

She told Kelley the amount.

“We can ride in together most days. Even with the extra gas, we would still save money.”

“That, and live in a neat old house.”

“Set up an appointment for this Saturday for us to look at it.”

Kelley set up the appointment, her face lit by a smile.

“We can meet with him at 11:00 Saturday morning.”

“Great. Say, there is a Comforsuite Hotel there, just off the interstate. What say we make a weekend of it? We can look at the house and decide if we want it while we explore the town. We can come back Sunday.”

"That sounds wonderful.”

Kelley surfed to the chain’s website and made the necessary reservations.

Saturday morning found them at the house, looking at it from the driveway with appraising eyes.

“The garage isn’t attached, but it is a two car so there is room for both our cars.”

“It has a great big yard, and there is a huge tree in the back yard.”

Another car pulled up behind them, and they got out of the car. A man got out, walked towards them and held out his hand.

“Good morning, ladies,” he said as he shook Betsy’s hand.

“I am Betsy Neyer,” she said, “and this,” she glanced at Kelley, “is Kelley Dawes.”

“Good to meet you both,” he said. “My name is Ralph Wittbach, but you can just call me Buck,”

He put his hands behind his back as he asked, “I just finished restoring it a few weeks back. Are you two ready to look at the house?”

Betsy nodded, and the man took out his keys and walked up the stone steps that led to the front door. The two women followed. He opened the door and they stepped inside.

"Wow," Kelley gushed as she glanced around the room. Buck had done a masterful job of restoring the old home. The scent of fresh paint still clung to the air and new cabinets gleamed in the kitchen. An oak staircase rose majestically in the center of the foyer. Huge windows allowed the golden autumn sun to fill the room.

"The windows are all new, and I insulated it before putting the siding back on," informed Buck. "It's not bad at all to heat. In addition, there is a wood burning stove, if you choose to use it, which cuts back on the heating bills quite a bit. I can supply the wood if you want it."

They toured the rest of the house, and both loved it. It was charming, and still smelled of fresh paint and carpet.

When they finished, Betsy said, "We are staying in town this weekend at the Comfort Suite. Can we call you tomorrow morning to let you know what we decide?"

"Sure," said Buck. "I am not busy tomorrow. I can meet you here again in the morning or afternoon, whichever you settle on."

"That sounds great," said Kelley. "I will call you in the morning to let you know what we decide."

"There is a bowling alley and a theatre downtown," said Kelley as she tipped a cold glass of beer to her lips.

"I saw a BigMart at the last exit, about ten minutes back on the interstate. The town looks clean and there are lots of places to eat."

"And it is only about fifty five minutes from the office."

"It takes thirty minutes to get there from my apartment."

"We can take the interstate to the Acton exit and go in on Southport, avoiding some of the worst traffic. Heck Bets, I like it."

Betsy smiled as she eyed the chicken dinner the waitress placed in front of her.

"So do I. I think we should take it, Bets."

"So do I. I will call Buck in the morning with our decision."

Bacon, coffee, sausage filled the restaurant with their comforting blend of aromas. The hostess seated Betsy and Kelley at a table that overlooked the busy highway.

"I'll have a coffee," said Kelley. "Cream and sugar also, please."

“Me, too,” Betsy said. She picked up a menu and perused the selections.

“What do you think, Kel? Do you want to rent the house?”

“I would like to,” she said. “The lease would be for a year. If we hate it that much, we can surely last that long.”

Betsy took a sip of her coffee, saying with satisfaction, “My, that is delicious.

She looked up at her friend and said, “I think it will be fun, Kel.”

Kelley placed her menu back down and gave her order to the waitress who stood; pad in hand, by their table. Then she looked at Betsy. “Then I will call Buck. We can meet him there this afternoon, sign the lease and go back to the city.”

She pulled out her cell phone, punched the number and after a brief pause, said, “Yes, Buck? It’s Kelley. Say, we would like to take the house. Can we meet you there later and sign the lease? We can? Okay, see you later.”

She returned the phone to her purse, saying, “He will be there at 12:30.”

“Cool,” said Betsy. “Enough time to eat our breakfast and go for a walk in that park we saw yesterday.”

“That was nice, Bets. We have everything here we want, and we are close enough to the city to walk there to enjoy it.”

By then their orders arrived and the two young women dived into their breakfasts.

Betsy took the sheaf of papers from Kelley and scribbled her signature below Kelley’s name. Then she handed the papers to Buck, who took them and placed them in a yellow envelope.

Kelley glanced at him and asked, “When can we move in?”

Buck smiled as he answered, “The lease runs from November 1 to October 31 next year. However, the house is empty now. You can move in any time you like. Here are the keys.”

He slid six keys across the Formica counter top towards Betsy.

“There are two keys for the front and back doors and two for the garage. The remote garage door openers are on the shelf by the door in the garage.”

“It is a wonderful house,” Betsy said as she picked the keys up. She separated two off and handed them to Kelley. Then she slipped the other three in her purse.

Buck stepped back and looked around.

“It was my mom’s house,” he said. “She passed away about a year ago.”

“I’m sorry,” said Betsy.

Buck shrugged as he said, “She was old and sick. She had been in the nursing home for about a year. No one has lived in this house for about two years. I have been taking care of it. Last summer I had it remodeled, so all the improvements are new. I didn’t have the heart to sell it. I am just glad I got two people in it I can trust.”

His eyes wandered to Kelley as he said, “I hope you two young ladies enjoy living here.”

“Oh, we will,” said Kelley. “Both Betsy and I are from small towns. We like the city, but miss the slower pace of a town like this.”

“It can get pretty hectic here, too,” said Buck. “But I know what you are saying. I lived in Pittsburg for a while. I couldn’t wait to get back here.”

At this, he glanced at his watch.

“I want to get over to the orchard before it closes. I want some fresh apple cider and the wife wants a bushel of apples.”

Betsy’s eyes lit at the mention of an orchard as she queried, “Where is the orchard?”

Buck pointed north.

“It is north of Bremen, on the highway. It is about a ten-minute drive from the interstate. You can’t miss it.”

Kelley looked at Betsy, saying, “I would like a jug of cider before we go back.”

Betsy smiled and said, “Some apples would be nice, too.”

After Buck left, the women went over the house, planning their move. “We can move Halloween weekend,” said Kelley. “My brother Bruce and his girlfriend will help us. He has a couple of buddies that I am sure would help out too,”

“We can have a little party afterwards,” said Betsy. “That restaurant that we ate at last night caters. I saw the sign. We can have them bring some of that fried chicken. We can have some beer cold. There is enough room for everyone to sleep over before going back on Sunday.”

“That sounds like fun,” said Kelley. “Halloween is on Sunday this year. We will find out on our first night alone if this house is haunted.”

With a toss of her head, Betsy snorted, “Hah. I don’t believe in ghosts.”

“Neither do I,” said Kelley, with a laugh. “But you never know about these old houses. I am sure someone has died in here. Maybe they are trapped and can’t get away.”

“Yeah, right.” Betsy glanced at her phone. “Buck said the orchard closes at three. We can just make it before heading back.”

“Then let’s go. We can come back down next Friday night, bring some things down and get the house ready.”

With that, the two locked up, got the garage remotes from the garage and drove off.

Betsy moved about the living room, gathering beer bottles and tossing them in a garbage bag. From the kitchen, she could hear the sound of the water running from the faucet as Kelley cleaned up the dishes.

The move had gone smoothly. Bruce, his girlfriend and his buddies had stayed the night, partying well into it. Bruce was an excellent cook and had whipped up a delicious breakfast, followed by more beer. By mid afternoon, the party had left, taking their trucks and laughter with them.

“Great party,” she called out.

“Yeah, it was a wonderful way to break in our new house.”

Betsy glanced out at the sun, which was lowering on the horizon. “I think I am going to walk over to that little park. Do you want to go along?”

“Yeah, give me a minute. I want to finish up here. We can stop at a burger place and bring some burgers. The cable is working so we can watch a movie before going to bed.”

“That sounds great. I’ll back the car out and get some water bottles.”

“We better pick up some candy, in case we have some trick or treaters.”

“I think the town did that on Friday, Kel. We missed it.”

“We can still get candy. We can treat ourselves.”

Betsy laughed, “I am sure there is plenty of candy left at the store.”

She went outside, feeling satisfied. This was a good move. They would enjoy it here.

Later that night after they finished the burgers and movie Betsy and Kelley readied for bed. Kelley turned out the light and glanced out her bedroom window at the gentle scene that unfolded beneath it. She was happy and relaxed. This was better than seeing cars, people, and streetlights. She lay down and pulled the covers over her. Sleep came quickly, driven by good food and beer.

As the lights went out, and the two young women slept, the house was still. The two young ladies lay asleep in their beds. Outside, a full moon covered the late fall landscape with its silver blanket of light. The last of the katydids chirped in the bushes, and crickets joined them in their noisy symphony.

The spirits of the house gathered and watched the women sleep. A wave of agreement swept amongst the house spirits. They liked these young women. They would weave a protective net around them and protect them from harm.

Outside, the giant oak in the backyard shivered. The spirit that lived within it sensed changes in the autumn wind. It was an ancient spirit that had seen many changes. The spirit knew that not all changes were good.

A Stranger Lurks

Description

Always at a distance, he lurked, waiting.

The stalker would marry her. He would consummate that marriage with blood. To kill her was better than letting that other one have her.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

Memories fluttered around Margaret's mind like the butterflies hovering over the buddleia bush. She remembered that it was her mother's favorite flower. Those were long gone, but the fragrant sweet peas survived, covering the slope below the old house. Black eyes Susan's, Queen Anne's lace and other wildflowers also occupied the formerly well-kept lawn. Trees had encroached here, as well. Nature threatened to swallow up what remained of her parent's life.

Her girlhood home had vanished in a cloud of smoke and fire. Its charred remnants remained, littering the blackened stone foundation. She turned to face the other structure that remained. The round barn built by her great grandfather remained in good shape over a century later. Its stone walls and wooden shingled roof had withstood the storms, rains and snow which nature had thrown at it.

She glanced at the watch on her wrist. He would be here soon. Their appointment was at ten o'clock and it was now five minutes before the hour. She walked down the overgrown sidewalk to her car, parked at the base of the hill below the neglected home site. The July sun was starting to beat down, promising a scorcher of a day.

The southern Indiana forested hills surrounded the old farm. It was a beautiful spot. Additionally the property was close to town and on a good road, not too far off the main highway. It should bring a good price. In some ways, she wished she could sell some of the memories with it. Some of those memories she would like to shuck off and bid farewell.

Selling this place was not something that came easy. It had been in the family for generations. Another glance at the unkempt lawn and fields told the story, though. It

was time to let go. She could not keep it up anymore and since the death of her mother, she had lost interest.

The crunch of rubber tires on the gravel driveway announced the arrival of the realtor. He was on time, anyway. She watched as his car bounced down the driveway and pull up beside hers. His arrival marked the end of another chapter of her life. Another would soon open.

Reuben Steen slowed down as he approached the driveway and turned in. He saw that the seller was there awaiting him. Behind her, he could see the old round barn. It was an imposing structure that dominated the scene before him.

He slowed still more as his car bounced. The neglected driveway had grown a good crop of potholes and muddy water splashed over his newly washed car.

Damn, he would have to have it washed again.

His mood brightened as he drew up beside the other car and saw the attractive brunette who awaited him. He had seen her before in the diner he frequented and also at the library. He had not known her name, but now he did.

He opened the door and smiled as he extended his hand.

"Margaret Dreu? My name is Reuben Steen," he said as he shook the smooth, firm hand she extended to him.

"Yes, I am Margaret Drue," she replied. "But my friends all call me Peggy."

"Nice to meet you, Peggy," Reuben said. "I think I have seen you working in the library."

"Yes, I handle the kid's reading programs so I mostly work afternoons and evenings. However, through the summer we switch to a daytime program. I think I have seen you in the library at times in the evening."

"Yes, I sometimes go in there for research. The courthouse closes at four o'clock. Sometimes I can find the information I need for a property in the old town records in the library. I think I have also seen you in Benny's Diner."

"I like to eat breakfast in there. He has some divine Danish rolls. Wanda recommended you to me when I told her I wanted to sell the old farm. She said you sold her brother's house and he liked you."

"I will have to give Wanda a bigger tip the next time I go in there."

"Yes, you will. I am sorry about the driveway but I haven't been maintaining it. A few months back someone set fire to the house. I thought if the driveway was in bad shape it might deter other trespassers."

Reuben glanced up the slope at the burned out farmhouse.

"Darn shame," he said. "It was probably just kids out on a lark."

"The house was pretty well shot, anyway. No one lived in it for years. I took an apartment in town when Mom moved out and to the nursing home. I needed to be near her. This was too big a place for me to rattle around in anyway. It has become a party place for the local kids. I guess I will have to put up a locked gate to keep them out."

"At least they didn't burn this barn. This is a great building. You don't see many round barns around anymore. I love the windmill on top."

"My great-grandfather built this barn around 1900. Purdue University was touting it at the time as a great time saver. Grandfather added the windmill later on. He laid a pipe from the well by the house. The windmill pumped water into some big water tanks on the third level. A pipe fed water back to the house. We had great water pressure."

"Ingenious," said Reuben. "Does the windmill still work?"

"As far as I know it does. I don't know about the pump. The water company laid water lines past here a few years back, so there is city water available making the well unnecessary. It is still up by the house, though."

Reuben pulled a notepad from his pocket and jotted it down, saying, "I will take notes as we go."

Peggy opened the door and Reuben followed her inside.

"It is wonderful in here. The stone foundation keeps it nice and cool," said Reuben.

"They built the first level into the side of the hill which rises behind the barn. It is always cool in here in the summer, and warm in the winter."

Reuben turned in a slow circle, taking it all in.

"It is like a huge, circular tunnel."

"This lower level was where we kept the livestock. This outer circle goes all the way around the stable area. You can see the openings for the stalls. They pulled wagons in here to load manure on. You could run the cattle around from one stall to another without going out into the weather. You could also run a team of horses around it without having to back up. Of course, my dad had a tractor. It wasn't on of the big ones you see now. It was small enough to navigate around in here."

"This was one efficient barn."

"Yes it was. But the one reason my great grandfather built it he wouldn't talk about much."

"What was that?"

“It was an old superstition. The old timers said that in a round barn there weren’t any corners for evil spirits to hide in.”

Reuben laughed and said, “That would be true. There are no corners in here.”

As they walked, one stall door was open. Reuben glanced inside.

“This is the one my father died in. He was forking manure out into the spreader when he died. Mom found him when he didn’t come in for lunch.”

Reuben glanced at a pitchfork that stood against the one wall.

“He left it right there. He had a heart attack. None of us felt like moving that fork, so it is right there where he left it. Mom sold the cows after he died.”

“This place holds some bad memories for you, then?”

“It does. However, it holds many good ones too. One of our cats had kittens in that manger. I wouldn’t let Dad use it until they were big enough to move.”

She smiled, her voice deep in memory, “It was my favorite cat. She was a big calico I named Butterboot, because she was white and black with huge yellow splotches and white boots.”

“It does sound like there were good ones then, too.”

“We were happy here when I was a girl. It is the later ones that are bad. Dad died. Then Mom took sick and I had to take care of her. An aunt moved in to help when I went to college. I moved back after college. Then my aunt got sick and died after that. Mom had a bad stroke and had to go to the nursing home. I moved into town to be near her. That was three years ago and Mom has since passed on. It has set empty ever since. And as you can see, it is too much for me to take care of. So I decided to sell it.”

“I will try my best,” said Reuben. “But it is a slow market right now. It may take some time.”

“I understand,” said Peggy.

They walked down a passageway to the center of the barn.

“This was the feeding area,” Peggy said. There are chutes which they dumped the grain and feed down here, and hay and they lowered the straw using a winch fastened on the roof.”

They climbed a spiral staircase that rose to the second level.

“This floor has a ground level door. They brought the wagons in here for unloading. They raised the hay to the haymow with a winch. They stored grain in the second level.”

“It sounds like an efficient way to farm.”

“It was. Dad still used it. But now, with the larger equipment and different way of housing the animals, it is obsolete.”

Reuben again turned in a circle, studying the barn.

“It looks like the structure is still good. It seems to be the old mortis and tendon construction.”

“It is all native timber.”

Reuben wrote some more in his notepad, musing “I can see this having commercial applications. It would make a great winery. This second level could be a restaurant, tasting room and gift shop.”

“I had the same thought.” Peggy replied with a smile. “It looks like we are on the same page.”

“I think we are,” said Reuben. “I bet there is a great view from up there?”

“There is,” said Peggy as she began ascending the stair. Soon they were looking out one of the windows at the hilly landscape that surrounded the barn.

“This is a great piece of property,” said Reuben. “I would like to get it on the market as soon as possible.”

He looked at the center of the barn. There is where the water tank was. There was a large enclosure near the tank. A door, fastened with a latch, faced him.

“What’s in there?”

“That is where the pump was, as well as tools and other things they needed up here. It still has everything in it, as far as I know.”

Reuben pulled on the latch. The door would not budge. “

“It must be stuck,” he said.

“It shouldn’t be.”

Peggy tugged on the door, but it remained jammed.

“H’mm. It seems to be stuck pretty well,” she said.

“I will have to come back later,” said Reuben. “I forgot my camera. I think I left it by my computer at home. I will bring a few tools along and see if I can get it open. I would like to see that pump.”

The two moved back to the window.

“I will draw up the contract this afternoon,” said Reuben. “Can you stop by the office tomorrow morning to look it over and sign it?”

“I don’t go to work until one o’clock. I can stop by in the morning.”

“Great. Let’s say around 10:30, is that okay?”

Peggy nodded. “I will stop on the way to work.”

“Good. I will get the photos later tonight, and if we can get the paperwork done in the morning I can have it listed by afternoon.”

“That sounds great. The sooner the better,” said Peggy. “It may sound crazy, but the last time I came in here a few days ago, I was alone. It seemed that I felt an evil presence here. I haven’t come back until now.” She shuddered visibly.

The two walked back down the staircase and back to their cars. They stood talking for a while, as Peggy indicated the property lines and told him more things about the property.

After a bit more conversation, they got in their cars and both bounced out the driveway and into town.

In the enclosure in the haymow, the reason the door wouldn’t open waited. As he heard the car doors close, he opened the door and walked to the outer edge of the barn. He watched as the cars drove out the driveway.

It was she. His Margaret. She looked just the same as she looked many years before. That man would be coming back. He would be waiting.

Evil does not always need a corner in which to hide.

Campout

Description

An abandoned town, a forgotten graveyard and sleeping demons waiting to trap the unwary await a group of teens preparing for a memorable summer campout.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 7.99

Sample Chapter

Johnny Berg pressed down on the brake pedal, bringing his bike to a rasping halt as the tire scratched a deep gash in the gravel. The smell of fresh mown summer hay from the field on one side of the road filled his nostrils. The June heat of summer had brought a fresh coating of perspiration to wet his shirt. Summer vacation was just

starting and already the boys were searching for fresh adventures. Johnny was twelve and at an age that adventures came readily to mind.

His friend, Jim Wester stopped beside him. Jim was a couple of years younger than Johnny, however, the boys hung together because they were neighbors and the only boys that lived along the rural highway that went past their houses.

The boys peered through the summer heat at an abandoned road that poked into the forest, disappearing in a mysterious shadow of darkness.

"Let's go down that road, Jim," Johnny said.

"Wow, you can hardly tell it's a road, Johnny."

"It's an old county road that has not been used in a long time. It goes through to the road that the Hicks farm is located on."

Jim nodded and replied, "I know where it comes out. The other end is as overgrown as this end is. I wonder why they stopped using it."

"It goes through Laughery Creek," said Johnny. "Old Charley Nudson said there was a little town back there at one time, right along the creek."

"It looks like its open enough to ride our bikes through," said Jim.

"Some of the farmers use it to get to the back of their farms," Johnny said.

"Have you ever been back there, Johnny?"

Johnny shook his head and answered, "Nope. Grandpa was telling me the other day that him and his friends used to go back once in a while to swim in the creek. But they stopped after a while."

"Why did they stop?"

Johnny hesitated, and then said, "He didn't really say. Let's go on back. I want to see that swimming hole."

With that, Johnny pedaled off and entered the road with Jim in close pursuit.

The burst of speed did not last long. The roadbed began to descend into the creek valley and became a series of rock ledges that the bikes could not negotiate easily. There were briars and roots obstructing their path. They had to stop frequently to lower the bikes down from one ledge to another.

"Apparently the tractors don't come back this far, Johnny," Jim observed as he stopped to survey the abandoned road ahead of them.

"Apparently not," Johnny said in answer. "We are almost down the creek, though."

Indeed, they could see water ahead of them through the underbrush.

The rest of the way down was a bit easier as the terrain leveled out as they reached the creek.

"There is the crossing," said Johnny, pointing to a spot below them. "They slip scraped the banks away. You can see the road continue on the other side of the creek."

Jim nodded as he wondered, "I wonder where the old town was."

"I don't know. Charley said all that is left are stone pillars they used for foundations for some of the buildings and a couple of boarded up old wells."

"The boards on the wells will be rotted away by now, Johnny."

"Uh, huh," the boy agreed as he dismounted his bike. He flipped the kickstand down and rested it on the bedrock slab they were standing on.

"Lets see if we can find it."

Jim extended his kickstand, put his bike beside Johnny's, and followed the older boy as he plunged into the forest beside the old road. In just a moment he stopped.

"Here it is," he said, pointing to a rectangular configuration of stone pillars that jutted up from the forest floor. There were several other remains of similar type scattered along the old road.

"It looks like there may have only been three or four buildings here," said Johnny.

"There may have been some on the other side of the road," Jim said as he surveyed the area.

"Maybe. We can look later."

Johnny walked to the edge of the bank and peered down musing, "This would be a great place for our summer camp out, Jim."

"It would, but it is a bit hard to get to."

"We can work on the road, Jim. I saw some spots that we can make it easier to get our bikes down."

"That would be a lot of work, Johnny."

"We have all summer, Jim. We usually have our big camp out in August. That gives us almost two months to get a campsite ready down here. Heck, we can camp down here ourselves a couple of times."

Jim nodded and said, "It does sound like fun if our parents let us." His face clouded at the thought.

Johnny glanced at Jim saying, "We can't tell our parents," he said. They won't let us camp down here. We have to keep this place secret. It can be our own little hideaway."

Jim's face lightened as he said, "That would be neat. No one comes here. We can make a secret camp here. But what about your grandpa? We have to ride past his place to get here."

Johnny thought a moment before saying, "We can work down here on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. Grandpa always goes into town to see his friend Bill Watson on those days. They spend the afternoon talking and always go out for supper at The Dinner Bell and he doesn't get home until at least seven o'clock. That gives up plenty of time to ride over, get his tools and return them before supper."

Jim nodded and said, "I like that plan. We should do it."

The two boys walked about the abandoned town. At length Johnny stopped on a level area near a huge beech tree.

"We can put the tent up here, on this bank overlooking the creek. There is a pretty good hole there that I bet is chock full of bluegill," Johnny said.

"Yup, we can catch some fish and cook them over the fire. I see a good spot for a campfire on that sandbar. There are a lot of old logs and limbs to use for firewood and we can swim in there when we are done fishing."

"This is going to be a great spot, Jim. I can't wait."

The afternoon was wearing on and the two boys had finished their exploration.

As they got on their bikes, Jim glanced back towards the deserted town and asked, "I wonder why they abandoned this town."

Johnny shrugged as he replied, "Charley Nudson said that something scared the people off. He didn't say what."

Jim shot a quick glance at Johnny and queried, "You mean this place is haunted?"

Johnny, knowing Jim's aversion to all things supernatural, said carefully, "He didn't say haunted. He just said something scared the people off. But that was a long time ago, Jim. This place has been deserted for a hundred years. The log cabins that were here have rotted away and all the wooden structures are gone. Whatever scared them is gone a long time ago."

He glanced at his friend and observed, "This will be a great place for our camp out, Jim."

Jim, with an unsure smile on his face said, "Yeah, it will. When do you want to start working on that road?"

"Tomorrow. I can't wait to get us a path down here."

Their summer project set, the two boys made their way slowly back up the road.

The beech tree near where the boys had laid their plans held a secret of its own. Its innards had, over the many years it stood here, hollowed out, forming a cavernous crevice within it. This crevice, dark and damp, was large enough to hide a person. From this crevice, a figure stepped out and watched as the boys moved off. It watched as they faded from view, listening to the creaking of the bicycle chains as they strained from their labors of propelling the boys up the hill.

The eyes were not happy at this intrusion.

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Exploring Indiana Series

Explore Indiana's highways and back roads, learn Hoosier history and finding exciting things to see. The Exploring Indiana's Highways and Back Roads Series will help you find many hidden gems for you to enjoy.

Fun Indiana Road Trips

Description

What could be more fun than a cross-country road trip across Indiana? Discover Indiana's covered bridges, wineries, caves and much more by taking one of the auto tours listed in this guidebook. The book lists over thirty Indiana road trips for Hoosiers to take while they learn the history, culture, arts and natural wonders of the Hoosier State. Fun Indiana Road Trips includes a description of the Auto Trail, contact information, Indiana county tourism sites and a guide to navigating Indiana's system of back roads.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Beer, Wine and Spirits Trail

Johnson County

Festival Country is home to a legendary craft brew, wine and spirits scene. Follow the trail to discover your new favorite.

1. Taxman Brewing Company

Famous for their Belgian-style brews, this brewpub is nationally renowned.

13 S. Baldwin St., Bargersville

317-458-0210

www.taxmanbrewing.com

2. Mallow Run Winery

Their rhubarb wine is their best seller, but their entire lineup of wines and ciders is stellar. Plus, they host a fun summer and fall concert series at their amphitheater.

6964 W. Whiteland Road, Bargersville

317-422-15565

www.mallowrun.com

3. Chilly Water Brewing Company

Established in Indianapolis in 2014, this brewery is known for its relaxed atmosphere and great brews.

1480 Olive Branch Parke Lane, Greenwood

317-360-9020

www.chillywaterbrewing.com

4. MashCraft Brewing Company

Offering a variety of consistently great handcrafted ales and lagers.

1140 N. State Road 135, Greenwood

317-215-4578

www.mashcraft.com

5. Vino Villa

Although not necessarily a winery, this store and bistro has a famous wine list and great food. They also have music on the patio and a bocce ball court for guests' enjoyment.

200 N. Madison Ave., Greenwood

317-882-9463

www.vinovilla.com

6. Planetary Brewing Company

This outer-space-themed brewpub's mission is to provide a variety of supremely crafted ales so people can travel the universe of craft beer.

188 S. Madison Ave., Greenwood

317-215-4941

www.planetarybrewing.com

7. Hoosier Brewing Company

Creating great beer, kombucha and spirits using locally grown ingredients. Be sure to check out their axe throwing area as well.

147 S. Madison Ave., Grenwood

317-215-4753

www.hoosier.beer

8. SIP Cocktails on Main

SIP offers the perfect atmosphere to socialize, gather and experience outside-the-box drinks.

250 W. Main St., Greenwood

317-210-1006

www.meetyouatsip.com

9. SmockTown Brewery

This brewery features great pours, an outdoor deck with igloos in the winter and an upstairs speakeasy.

223 W. Main St., Greenwood

317-215-4836

www.smocktown.com

10. Oaken Barrel Brewing Company

Festival Country's first independent brewery, they boast an extensive selection of craft brews.

50 Airport Pkwy., Greenwood

317-887-2287

www.oakenbarrel.com

11. Nailers Brewing Company

Serving flagship brews and specialty brews, as well as their own gin, vodka, run and agave spirits.

6001 N. U.S. 31, Whiteland

317-214-9244

www.nailersbrewing.com

12. Big Woods/Quaff ON! Brewing Company

Serving Indiana's Quaff ON! brews, locally made Hard Truth spirits and great food in a country club setting.

1800 E. King St., Franklin

317-739-0378

www.bigwoodsrestaurants.com

13. Shale Creek Brewing

Great beers in a cool downtown building with corn hole boards and space to hang out.

178 W. Jefferson St., Franklin

317-868-2200

www.shalecreekbrewing.com

14. Old Towne Beer Hall & Growler Company

Although not a craft brewpub, Old Towne offers the chance to use the self-serve iPourIt system to sample 40 beers from across the world, 10 cocktails and five wines.

53 East Court St., Franklin

317-739-0158

www.oldtownebeer.com

15. Haberdasher Artisan Distillery

Specializing in small batch whiskey and gin. Try their spirits and cocktails at their tasting room.

81 E. Wayne St., Franklin

317-526-3679

www.haberdasherdistillery.com

https://www.festivalcountryindiana.com/beer-wine-and-spirits-trail

Short Indiana Road Trips

Description

Embark on a voyage of discovery with this travel guide that reveals some of Indiana's finest treasures. From parks to museums and other gems from all over the state, let Short Indiana Road Trips be your guide.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 9.99

Sample Chapter

Nature Preserve

Sample Chapter

Short Indiana Road Trips

Calli Nature Preserve

To visit the Violet and Louis Calli Nature Preserve you will need to find County Road 40E. This road is about a mile east of downtown North Vernon, Indiana on US 50. The gravel road begins just east of the bridge across the Vernon Fork of the Muscatatuck River. After turning south on the gravel road, you will travel about a quarter mile to the parking lot, which is on the left. The road comes to a dead end at this point.

Dr. Louis and Violet Calli

Dr. Louis Calli and his wife Violet owned the land for the Violet and Louis Calli Nature Preserve. Dr. Calli was a physician who practiced for over fifty years in North Vernon. His wife Violet established the first Youth Center in North Vernon. She was awarded the Governor's Award for Community Service. The Jennings County Community Foundation owns the Nature Preserve. The Foundation manages the place in cooperation with the Indiana Department of Natural Resources.

The Nature Trail Head

The Violet and Louis Calli Nature Preserve consists of 180 acres. The trailhead for the self-guiding trail is adjacent to the parking lot on the same side of the road. The trail is just a bit over two miles long. There is a brochure available in a box at the trailhead that describes 18 stations along the course of the trail. There is also a notepad for you to register, just for fun.

The Trail

The trail begins with a pleasant stroll in the forest. It then follows the course of a spring fed stream. The best part of this hike is the extensive section that follows the course of the Vernon Fork of the Muscatatuck River. Some of the hike is along high bluffs overlooking the river. However, there are spots that allow access to sand bars extending out into the river. In early to mid April this portion of the trail is emblazoned with thousands of Virginia bluebells in full bloom. These flowers line the riverbank, the trail sometimes passing through vast beds of them. There are also some old hemlock stands along the river on these limestone bluffs.

Great Hike

The trail finishes up by passing through some open fields before finally exiting at the parking lot on the opposite side of the road. The Violet and Louis Calli Nature Preserve Nature Trail is a fun and pretty place to visit for a hike.

Exploring Indiana's Museums

Description

Discover the rich historical heritage of Indiana using this comprehensive directory of the state's diverse assortment of museums. Exploring Indiana's Museums includes the complete book, Short History of Museums, as well as a history of the Indiana State Museum and its State Historic Sites. The Short History of Museums relates the history of the ancient museums and includes a listing of the world's leading museums. This guide in an invaluable aid to homeschool parents on a quest to educate their children in the history and culture of Indiana. The guide includes history, art, train, fire department, children's and many other types of museums.

At the time of this book's publishing Indiana had approximately 348 museums located in most of its counties.

Ebook Price

$4.99

Softbound Price

$12.99

Sample Chapter

Visiting the Wilbur Wright Birthplace & Museum

The Wilbur Wright Birthplace and Museum affords visitors an excellent place to learn about one of Indiana's most famous native sons, Wilbur Wright. The Wright family had extensive ties to the Hoosier state, having resided at various places in Indiana during Orville and Wilbur's formative years. The home is the site of Wilbur Wright's birth. It is where he spent his early childhood.

Wilbur Wright (April 16, 1867 – May 30, 1912)

His father Milton and mother Susan moved a lot while Wilbur was a child due to Milton's job. When Wilbur was two, the family moved from Indiana to Dayton, Ohio. Here, in 1871, Orville Wright was born. It was during their stay at Dayton that Milton brought home a toy helicopter in 1878 that enthralled the two boys. This toy helicopter spurred the boy's interest in their quest to fly. In 1881, the family moved to Richmond, Indiana where Wilbur attended high school. During this time, the boys had tried to build flying helicopters from the model their father had given them. These did not fly well, so the brothers began building kites. Wilbur had accrued enough credits to graduate, but their sudden move back to Dayton prevented him receiving his diploma. He planned on going to college at Yale, but his mother became sick with tuberculosis and he stayed home to care for her.

Flight Experiments

After stints in the printing and bicycle repair and manufacturing businesses, the brothers return to studying flight from after learning of Octave Chanute's glider experiments on the shore of Lake Michigan near Miller Beach, Indiana. The Wrights based their design on Chanute's biplane glider he tested there.

The Wilbur Wright Home

The house on the site is not the original home in which Wilbur Wright was born. The house was constructed in 1845 and purchased by Milton in 1865. The home went through several owners and renters by the time the State of Indiana purchased the home on April 21, 1929 it was in a state of disrepair. The state razed the house in 1955, replacing it with a monument. Efforts at reconstruction began in 1971 when archeologists located the original foundation. Workers constructed the present house in 1973 using materials and design elements of the original house as much as possible. On November 3, 1995, the State of Indiana deeded the property to the Wilbur Wright Birthplace Preservation Society. The home is furnished with period furniture, many original to the Wright family.

The Museum

Adjacent to the home visitors will find a fabulous museum that includes photos, memorabilia and artifacts from the Wright brother's quest for flight. The museum has a reproduction of the Wright brothers bicycle shop in Dayton and the shops nearby.

Visitors can also visit a reproduction of the camp the brothers set up at Kitty Hawk to conduct their experiments. The only full size reproduction of the Wright Flyer built to fly is also on display in the museum. The museum is self-guided; however, the visitor will find numerous signs, charts and other informational material to afford an educational and enjoyable tour. The staff does offer guided tours for school groups, buses and other groups.

Wilbur Wright Birthplace & Museum

1525 N. 750 E.

Hagerstown, IN 47346

(765) 332-2495

wilbur@nltc.net

Camping Across Indiana

Monday, May 23, 2022

On Monday I woke up to sunny and cool weather conditions. We used the furnace in the camper to warm it up, which it did, nicely.

Our normal traveling routine involves me going on a morning hike, eating lunch in the camper and then spending the afternoon taking in local attractions. My wife used to be an avid hiker; however, health issues have limited her ability to hike to short, easy trails. On this morning she felt like a hike early so we hiked Trail 5. This trail, 2.5 miles, is the longest in the park and is rated a moderate hike. This is a pretty trail which follows along the White River for perhaps a quarter of its length. A loop, it circles most of the park and passes the mounds and the Bronnenburg House before returning to the campground.

Afternoon Excursion

Our afternoon excursion was light, we drove down to the Madison County Visitor Center, as I wanted a map of the county. I also picked up a bit of other information. After obtaining the information I wanted we drove out to find the World's Largest Ball of Paint.

World's Largest Ball of Paint

We drove north on Indiana State Road 9 to Alexandria and turned west on County Road 1000 N. When County Road 1000 intersected County Road 200 E we turned right. As you drive along you will soon come to a house on the right with colorful "sun" yard signs and a house next door with a small sign by the road announcing the "*World's Largest Ball of Paint*". A large barn shaped building houses this curiosity. The man that created this monstrous paintball has been working on this thing for decades. At this

time there are 27,839 coats of paint on the ball, which has been recognized in the Guinness Book of World Records. He has visitors from all over the world that come to see is ball of paint. It is massive, with steel beams and a heavy chain to support it. The Sherwin Williams paint company donated funds to house the ball in the building next to his house. The walls of the interior are covered with signatures of people that have given the ball a coat of paint. He has mounted pieces of drywall on the ceiling to create room for more signatures. There are probably 4 pieces on the ceiling with another on the wall collecting more signatures. He will move it to the ceiling when it is full. Visitors are permitted to paint a coat on the ball, there is no charge, however there is an old coffee can with a slit cut in the lid and a hand-written sign asking for donations. He has coat racks made from paint brushes hardened with dried paint on the wall for winter visitors to hang their coats. After admiring the massive paintball and engaging in conversation with its creator, we returned to Anderson to dine at a local restaurant after which we retired to the camper.

World's Largest Ball of Paint

10696 N. 200 W.,

Alexandria, IN

https://www.roadsideamerica.com/story/9792

Fun Indiana Road Trips

The Guidebook to Indiana Cross Country Auto Tours

What could be more fun than a cross-country road trip across Indiana? Discover Indiana's covered bridges, wineries, caves and much more by taking one of the auto tours listed in this guidebook. The book lists over thirty Indiana road trips for Hoosiers to take while they learn the history, culture, arts and natural wonders of the Hoosier State. Fun Indiana Road Trips includes a description of the Auto Trail, contact information, Indiana county tourism sites and a guide to navigating Indiana's system of back roads.

Ice Cream Trail

Cool off this summer with the Southern Indiana Ice Cream Trail! Pick up the Ice Cream Trail Pass which features 14 of Southern Indiana's ice cream shops. Get your pass stamped at each location and turn it in to get a free t-shirt!

Ice Cream Shops Along the Trail:

1. Jiffy Treet, Linton - Green County

389 A St. NE,

Linton, IN,
(812) 847-8119
https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100037423069159&ref=page_internal

2. YoHo General Store, Solsberry - Green County
10043 E Tulip Rd,
Solsberry, IN 47459
(812) 825-7834
www.yohogeneralstore.com

3. Let it Snow Creamery, Odon - Davies County
618 W Elnora St.,
Odon, IN
https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100031453039397

4. Bomac's Drive In, Shoals - Martin County
408 4th St,
Shoals, IN 47581
(812) 247-3241
https://order.toasttab.com/online/bo-mac-s-drive-in-408-4th-st

5. Zax Creamery, Jasper - Dubois County
2603 N Newton St,
Jasper, IN 47546
(812) 482-7069
https://www.zaxcreamery.com/

6. Windmill Chill,
Holland - Dubois County
(812) 536-2176
903 N Meridian St, Holland, IN

https://www.facebook.com/p/Windmill-Chill-100063636607808/

7. The Happy Hive, Marengo - Crawford County
2834 South State Road 66
Marengo, IN 47140
812-365-3202
https://www.happyhive.net/

8. Stephenson's General Store, Leavenworth - Crawford County
618 W State Road 62,
Leavenworth, IN
(812) 739-4242
https://www.facebook.com/stephensonsgeneralstore/

9. French Licks, French Lick - Orange County
469 S Maple St,
French Lick, IN 47432
(812) 936-3131
https://frenchlicks.com/

10. Superburger, Paoli - Orange County
600 W Main St,
Paoli, IN
(812) 723-4445
https://www.facebook.com/p/The-Superburger-100063550184507/

11. Dairy Bell, Mitchell - Lawrence County
2478 IN-60
Mitchell, IN 47446
(812) 849-3950
https://www.facebook.com/pages/Dairy%20Bell/665522246881553/

12. Jiffy Treet, Bedford - Lawrence County

142 16th Street

Bedford, IN 47421

(812) 279-8803

https://jiffytreet.com/

13. Little Twirl, Livonia - Washington County

58 W Main St/Hwy 56 W,

Livonia, IN

(812) 755-4000

https://www.facebook.com/LittleTwirlLivonia/

14. Six Scoops, Salem - Washington County

200 N Water St,

Salem, IN

(812) 697-3736

https://www.facebook.com/Sixscoopsicecreamshop/

Ice Cream Trail

https://limestonecountry.com/attraction/ice-cream-trail/

Visiting Indiana's Public and Botanical Gardens

Ebook Price – $11.99

Softbound Price - $5.99

Audio Book Price - $8.99

Indiana possesses a wealth of botanical gardens, allowing plant researchers to study the plants growing there as well as provide casual visitors a place to learn about, and enjoy, them. Readers of Indiana Botanical Gardens will discover the history of botanical gardens in addition to listings of the world's, United States and Indiana's botanical gardens.

Sample Chapter

Jesse H. and Beulah Chanley Cox Arboretum

Located on the Indiana University campus in Bloomington between the Herman B Wells Library, the Eskenazi Museum of Art, and the School of Public Health, the 11-acre arboretum occupies what was the IU football field 10th Street Stadium. The arboretum is named to honor Jesse H. and Beulah Chanley Cox.

Jesse H Cox (March 18, 1918 - May 12, 2008)

The son of James Dow Cox and Zola Magruder Cox, Jesse was native to Monticello, San Juan County, Utah. The family moved to Indiana, and he attended Washington High School. While there he met Beulah Rose Chanley, whom he would later marry.

College

He attended Indiana University, working at various jobs to pay his tuition. He graduated in 1942 and became involved in the textile industry.

Business Career

He established J. H. Cox Manufacturing Company sometime around 1946, which owned the Aero Drapery Company. He was president of this company from 1946 until 1982. He would own 6 drapery plants in the Midwest. He also purchased property in Florida and established a citrus farm.

Philanthropist

His business activities made him quite wealthy. He donated the funds to construct the Cox Pavilion at IU and established the Jesse and Beulah Chanley Cox Scholarship Fund at IU. This scholarship fund provides funds for students that work their way through college. He and Beulah also donated $70 million dollars to the University.

Cox Hall Gardens

He developed Cox Hall Park and Gardens in Carmel, Indiana. He purchased this property in 1961 from the Williams family, whose ancestor John Williams had purchased in 1855. The couple built a Graystone house on the property and moved in in 1962. In the basement of this house, they had a mural depicting the Governor's Mansion in Williamsburg, Virginia. They would use his mural as the model for a house they built in 1974 just west of the gray stone house. They donated the property to the Hamilton County Parks and Recreation Department. After his death he was interred at Zionsville Cemetery, Zionsville, Boone County, Indiana. Jesse H. and Beulah Chanley Cox Arboretum is named after the couple. The arboretum grounds include the Cox Pavilion and the Metz Grand Carillion.

Metz Grand Carillion

The carillon stands 128 feet tall and was installed in 2020. It has 65 bells whose melodies can be heard all over the campus.

Jesse H. and Beulah Chanley Cox Arboretum

Indiana University

https://coxscholars.indiana.edu/about/arboretum/index.html

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Fiction Short Story Collection

The tales in these short story collections will tickle your funny bone or scare you into a quivering puddle.

The Ricky Huening Stories

The ten slice of life stories in this short story collection are about a young boy growing up and coming of age during the decade of the Sixties. Some of the stories are funny, some are sad and some may just make you think. The Ricky Huening Stories are semi-autobiographical stories all based on some event in the author's life as a boy growing up in a southern Indiana farm.

Ebook Price
$ 2.99
Softbound Price
$ 6.99

Paul R. Wonning
Sample Chapter

Hauling Out the Trash

Ricky hurried to get the last of his tasks finished. He swore that old lady Barnald hid around a corner by the milk cooler, just waiting for him to clean the slicer. She always came to the counter after he finished it, and then sprang on him, wanting him to slice one of those messy, gooey canned hams. He then had to dissemble it and clean it again. As he finished cleaning it the second time, the last job for the night was waiting for him by the back door of the grocery store he worked in.

He glanced at the two twenty gallon galvanized trash cans which stood side by side near the door. Loaded with meat scraps, the cans were heavy. Ricky didn't care. He was a big boy and he enjoyed the challenge of carrying the heavy cans out and dumping them. He paused and looked around before hefting the cans. The machinery gleamed in the dim light of the workroom. The sterile, pungent smell of the disinfectant he used to mop the floors permeated the air.

His job of cleaning the meat department was satisfying. When he started things a mess after the meat cutters finished for the day. He enjoyed bantering with the customers as he sliced lunch meat for them as he completed his cleaning chores. The lunchmeat slicer he always saved for last, but still the Barnald woman always managed to make him clean it twice.

He glanced down at himself. His mother hadn't done the laundry yet this week and he needed his snow white uniform for tomorrow morning when he came in at seven. He had been careful all night to avoid getting the uniform dirty by wearing one apron across his front and another across his back. He had wrapped towels about his knees to avoid soiling the, and had worn a meat cutters jacket to cover his shirt.

He was pleased that the uniform was spotless. He was also pleased that he managed to complete his Friday night cleaning a bit early. He would be able to go to the second half of the basketball game at the high school gym. His other clothes were waiting for him in the car. All he had to do was dump these cans, get his stuff from his car and change. Then off to spend the rest of the night partying with his friends.

Ricky picked up the cans, one in each hand. His body swayed slightly from the weight. He walked through the open door, kicked it closed with his heel and plodded along the sidewalk.

As he rounded the parking lot he could see his destination. He needed to dump the meat scraps in one of two fifty five gallon drums which sat in the lawn behind the store. It was a dark, rainy night and the lawn leading to the scrap barrels was wet and laced with mud puddles. Carrying the cans, Ricky threaded his way through the puddles until he reached the cans. He put the cans down. One of the cans tilted precipitously as it perched on the edge of a large, deep puddle which curved around behind Ricky.

Ricky's mind was far away, hearing the crowd at the basketball game and thinking about the fun he would have afterward at the bowling alley, the standard meeting place of the teenage crowd after the game.

He lifted the lid of one of the cans.

Some prankster had thought it funny to catch a cat and imprison it in one of the drums. When Ricky lifted the lid of the can, the cat shot out of the can like a black, hairy meteor streaking across the night sky.

With a loud "Hhisssss," the cat, its tail fluffed out and its eyes desperate for freedom, jumped three feet in the air, somersaulted and hit the ground running into some shrubbery which lined the store's lawn.

The hissing cat brought Ricky down from the clouds. Startled, he jumped back, tripping over the leaning garbage can. He fell flat on his back in the deep mud puddle, the thick, oozy water splashing in all directions from the force of his fall.

The can he kicked teetered, then fell, spreading bloody, greasy meat scraps across his legs. Ricky lay in the mud puddle, his face dripping from the water which ran down from his mud soaked hair. His snow white uniform was now soaked, dripping

and filthy. His legs were stained red from the bloody meat scraps. His shoes were soaked. As he looked down at himself, he was sure of one thing. Contemplating life from the bottom of a mud hole was not the way to spend a Friday night.
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Adventures of Toby and Wilbur Complete Short Story Collection

Trouble delights in following Toby and Wilbur around. These two delightful bears drift from one adventure to another in these surprising and funny bear stories.

These nine great short stories about Toby and Wilbur's funny adventures in the forests of Indiana will captive and amuse you.

Author's Note – These are not children's tales

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

The Beginning Begins

The Adventures of Toby and Wilbur Bear

There are no bears in Indiana, let's get this clear from the beginning. At least that is what everyone says. But the next time you hear an odd rustling in the forest at night, or find strange tracks, remember this tale of how bears came to Indiana.

This story centers on the peaceful little village of Trestletown. Trestletown is in the southeastern corner of Indiana. Here the wild hills tower over Laughery Creek as it meanders through the hills of southern Indiana on its journey to the Ohio River.

Trestletown is on the banks of Laughery Creek, just where the rail line crosses the creek on a bridge high above the stream. The town features all the ordinary homes and businesses common to a small Midwestern town. It has a grocery store, gas stations, restaurants, taverns, and most important of all – a hobby shop.

The adventure begins when Ferguson, "Fergy" to his friends, and owner of the hobby shop, decided he needed a vacation. So he closed the shop, hurried home and began tossing all the necessary gear into the camper. Then he stood scratching his head, thinking that he forgot something. He looked around and then remembered the most important thing of all. He picked up his bewildered wife Laura and threw her in the camper, too.

Vroom! They were off to Tennessee for some hiking and camping, in the Great Smoky Mountains. They found a nice mountain campground and set up camp.

Since it was late when they arrived, Laura and Fergy were tired. They ate dinner, watched the fire awhile and got ready for bed. Fergy was too tired to take the scraps left from their meal to the garbage can. So he just wrapped them in a napkin, and left them on the table, beside the cooler, thinking he could clean up in the morning.

Toby and Wilbur are two small bears that frequent the forested mountains near the campground. They are smaller than normal bears, just cubs that never grew up. Some say it is because they ate the rare leprechaun berries when they were cubs. Mischievous and hungry, they stayed near the campground because the food was agreeable. They also found that there was always something interesting to see. They watched with interest as the tired couple went to bed. Northerners were always easy, they usually left something good to eat out, at least until they learned about bears.

As soon as the lights in the camper went out, the two small bears scampered out of the brush and began rummaging through the leftovers. Toby found a cooler, which he promptly overturned. It came open, and the two bears felt like lottery winners. They were having a good time making a big mess, when the noise they were making woke up the campers. Fergy came out with a flashlight, sighted the two marauders, and began yelling at them.

The bears grabbed what they could and made out for the forest. Laura and Fergy watched them scamper, a little wiser about bears, and with a big mess to clean up. It wouldn't be as easy for the bears on their next visit.

Fergy liked to set up some of toys from his shop at the campsite. He always lined the picnic up with drinking birds, radiometers, Newton's Swings and gyroscopes. It amused him and the children in the campground. He set up his usual menagerie of novelties and set the drinking birds in motion. The early morning light took care of the radiometers. He and his wife then took off for a mountain hike.

Toby and Wilbur were out foraging that morning. Toby's stomach remembered the large cream pie he had seen at Fergy's campsite. They returned, finding the campsite deserted, and no food in sight. But the stuff on the picnic table caught their eyes. What was all this? The two bears had seen nothing like it in their lives. They watched the incredible drinking bird bob up and down at a glass of water. The radiometers spun, and the Newton's swing fascinated Toby. All those gadgets enthralled Toby. Wilbur had an unpleasant premonition that life was about to take an unpleasant turn.

Toby looked at all the stuff on the table. He watched the radiometers and drinking birds, and wondered at how they worked. He picked up a hand boiler. The liquid inside boiled at his touch, amusing him. The two bears were absorbed in all the interesting toys. They didn't hear Fergy and his wife until they entered the campsite.

Startled, the bears took off into the brush leaving two bewildered campers behind. Bears!

Over the next several days, the bears scored hits on some of the other nearby campsites. They continually checked out Fergy's site as well, but the couple had learned their lesson and had everything put away. It was the cooler that Toby had eyes for though. Toby remembered that it held ham, chicken, some wonderful cookies, and some of Laura's special home made cream pie! The pie especially made Toby and Wilbur's stomachs growl whenever they thought of it!

On their last day, the couple was cleaning up the campsite, getting ready to leave. With everything put away, they decided to take one last stroll around the campground before leaving. It was such a beautiful place and they couldn't get enough of it.

As they left, Laura forgot to close the camper door. The two hungry bears were watching from the forests edge, and they saw their opportunity. The bears entered the camper in search of the cooler. There it was.

But before the bears could knock the cooler down, they heard Fergy and Laura returning. A broken shoelace had cut the walk short, and now the return to Indiana was imminent. Fergy closed the camper door, jumped in the driver's seat and started the camper. From their hiding place under the bed, the bears watched Laura change shoes and get in the passengers seat of the camper.

And they were off! Toby and Wilbur looked at each other in consternation. What were they to do now? They decided to hide until the camper stopped, and jump out at the first available opportunity.

Only the camper didn't stop! Gassed up and ready to go, the trip from Tennessee to Indiana took about six hours to complete. It was the longest six hours in the two bear's life. Pulling into their driveway, Fergy suggested waiting until morning to clean out the camper, as it was late. Laura agreed, taking only the cooler and other food along to the house.

"Leave the camper door open overnight to air out," Laura said, "It smells like musty socks in there".

Fergy agreed, and the left the door open to air it out.

The two bears left their hiding place, and looked out the door. It was night, but they could tell they were a long way from home. They left the camper and scampered off into the Indiana countryside.

There are no bears in Indiana? There are now, but is Indiana ready for Toby and Wilbur?

Ten Funny Stories Complete Collection

The ten short stories in this humorous collection will send your funny bone into overdrive.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

Rich Woman's Dog
Paul R. Wonning

Bernie Fuller was a dog. He enjoyed women. In fact, Bernie enjoyed a lot of women. Being a dog did create problems. Right now his problems were named Kate and Melanie. His amorous activities with Kate the previous night extended into the morning hours. He overslept. He awoke, looked at the clock and bolted from bed. He could tell from the look on her face that Kate wanted him to stay. He showered, dressed and roared off on his motorcycle, leaving Kate pouting in her bed.

Now he was late for his breakfast date with Melanie. His head was still clouded with wine, and his judgment was hazy. He gunned the motorcycle as he sped down the straightaway. The curve came up faster than he anticipated.

Too fast, the motorcycle entered the curve. Its rubber tires clawed at the loose gravel. The bike left the road, vaulted the ditch and slammed into a massive oak tree. A flock of crows resting in the tree were startled into flight by the impact, crying "caw, caw, caw," as they flew off. Centrifugal force flung Bernie into a woven wire fence, which was nailed to the base of the tree. A honeysuckle vine covered the fence, bright with yellow blooms. It hummed with bees gathering the nectar. He fell at the base of the fence. His blood flowed, enriching the fragrant green grass beneath him. He was conscious only of pain. Blackness swallowed his last vision of the blue summer sky.

Bernie opened his eyes. He raised his head and glanced around at an unfamiliar room. Why was everything so tall? He realized that he was lying on a pillow in a box on the floor. He looked down at his hands. Instead of hands he saw furry little white paws.

"Strange," he said. But what he heard was "Arf."

A heavy set woman wearing a brightly flowered dress entered the room. The crow's feet around her eyes betrayed a much different age than indicated by her youthful looking blond hair.

"What's wrong, Cuddles. Is my little baby hungry?" she asked as she looked at him through eyes heavy with mascara. The air was thick with her perfume.

Cuddles? What kind of a name was that?

"Arf," he heard himself reply.

The woman left the room. Bernie could hear the sound of a cupboard door opening. The whirring sound of an electric can opener was followed by the clink of a can lid snapping open.

As he pondered his predicament, a scene which happened a few weeks earlier played through his memory.

The room above the Lester's garage smelled of cigar smoke and stale beer. Bernie was playing poker with the boys, a cigar clenched between his teeth. The cards in his hand formed the worst hand of the night, and that was an accomplishment. His rent money lay in front of Moocher. He glanced at his remaining cash, strewn on the table in front of him.

He removed the cigar from his mouth and tapped it on the ashtray, knocking loose the powdery ashes on the end.

"I'm out," he said, throwing his cards down. "This hand stinks."

"You can't quit after the cards are dealt," Moocher said. "You have to play this one out."

"I already lost my rent. If I lose this hand, the power company will shut off my electric."

"You should have thought of that before you called that last bet," Davy said.

Bernie looked at his tiny pile of cash on the table and thought about the dilapidated state of his finances. "When I die, I want to come back as some rich fat old lady's dog," he said. "Just lie around and sleep all day. Then eat chopped steak out of a silver bowl. What a life."

His mind fast forwarded to the last thing he remembered. His motorcycle was a twisted wreck. He could see the blue, cloud studded sky. The scent of honeysuckle filled his senses. He could hear the sound of buzzing bees. Pain devoured his soul. Then there was blackness. He looked again at his furry little white paws. His lighthearted wish had come true. He hated yappy little dogs. And now he was one.

He looked back up at the lady. This is a dream. He wanted to pinch himself. But he had no fingers. Only furry little white paws.

"Come on, Cuddles, I've put your favorite treat in your bowl," he heard the woman call.

He went into the kitchen, his claws clacking on the hard tile floor.

"There you go, Cuddles," she said, placing the dish in front of him.

He looked at the disgusting mess in the bowl. He wasn't going to eat that. It didn't even smell good. His sensitive dog nose detected a savory fragrance emanating from the nearby dining table. He jumped up on a chair. A steak and baked potato stared up at him from a plate on the table. He lunged at it.

"Bad boy, bad Cuddles." exclaimed the lady, as she swatted him on the behind. "Go eat your own food and get off the table."

Bernie sulked back to his dish, looked at the contents, and turned up his nose.

A short time later, he heard the lady calling, "Cuddles, Cuddles, come here. We have company coming this afternoon. It's time for you to get dressed."

She began tying a lacy blue ribbon around his neck.

What the hell. This sissy stuff wasn't going to fly. He snarled and snapped at her.

"What is with you today?" asked the woman. After a brief struggle she got the ribbon on him. She slipped some lacy little socks on his feet.

He ran into another room and tried to gnaw the ribbon off, but he couldn't get to it with his teeth. The socks prevented him from digging his claws into it. He wondered what his poker buddies would say if they saw him in this sissy attire.

The doorbell rang, and he scampered off. He found himself staring up at the doorknob, jumping and barking in excitement.

The woman went to the door and opened it. A lady with frizzy red hair stood smiling on the step. Bernie, or Cuddles as he was now known, could see another lady with gray streaked dark hair pulled into a pony tail standing behind her.

"Hello, Buella," said the red haired one through lips heavy with scarlet lipstick.

"Hello Myrtle. Hello Gert. Come on in," Buella said.

The two entered the house, purses hooked on their arms. Gert pressed her host's hand as she entered, and said, "It's so nice of you to have us over."

"It is my pleasure. I really enjoy our little weekly games. We are still waiting on Kay. I do hope she can make it."

Great. A hen party. He wanted to gnaw a chair leg.

The doorbell rang again.

"That must be Kay," Buella said as she opened the door. Outside stood the hottest chick Bernie had ever seen. Short skirt, black stocking covered long legs and high stiletto heels. He could feel his juices boiling. This party was starting to liven up.

As the women chatted, Buella served refreshments. This prompted discussions about recipes and other topics of little interest to Bernie.

Finally, the women sat down to play cards. Bernie laid down where he could get a good look at Kay's long legs, her slim ankles crossed under the card table. Finally his hormones got the better of him. He scampered under the table mounted the legs and started humping furiously.

"My word," exclaimed Kay. She kicked him off, her spike heel digging into his side. "What a naughty dog."

He retreated with a squeal.

Buella was horrified. "Oh, I am so sorry," she exclaimed. "Cuddles hasn't been acting himself today." She picked him up and carried him to a closet. She put him inside and closed the door.

Well, this was a really crappy day. First he got killed. Then he woke up as a stupid poodle and had to eat dog food. When he finally got a hot chick in his clutches, he got kicked and stuck in a closet. What else could go wrong?

After a while, the conversation and laughter outside stopped. The closet door opened.

"Come out, Cuddles, you bad dog. I guess I have to make that appointment after all".

Buella crossed the room, picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"Hello, Family Vet Services? I need to make an appointment for my doggy, Cuddles. Yes, I need to get him neutered."

Neutered. Now wait a minute. This wasn't working out at all the way he thought it should.

Tall Stories From the Liar's Bench

These funny tall tales are anything but true. This classic collection of homespun humor as told by the two men on the Liar's Bench in Seldon's Barbershop amuses and sometimes astounds the other occupant of the barbershop, Jason Wells. You will laugh at the hilarious tales spun by the rascals on the liar's bench.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

Practical Joke
Paul R. Wonning

Jason Wells enjoyed the independence of having his own real estate brokerage. He could keep his own hours and set his own pace. Since he was always meeting new clients to list or show homes, he was a stickler for maintaining his appearance. This fickleness led to his frequent visits to the barbershop. While in the shop, he struck up a casual acquaintance with the two old farmers, Ben and Wally that frequented the shop. The men always perched on the Liar's Bench spinning stories and poking fun at each other.

It was a familiar scene that met Jason's gaze as he sat in the chair with Seldon clipping away at his growth of hair. The two old gentlemen were sitting on the Liar's Bench. Each had a section of the newspaper. They grunted, laughed or snorted as they read the stories embedded in the inky smelling pages.

Wally leaned forward, his eyes glistening with interest.

"There's something I never heard of," he said to no one in particular.

Ben peered over his glasses and asked, "What's that?"

"Something called 'flocking.' There is a company that will flood a person's yard with pink flamingos at night. The flockee gets up in the morning to find several hundred pink flamingos on their yard."

Ben scowled, and said, "Um, if I woke up to all those flamingos I would probably go plumb crazy. Then back up my truck, load them up and take them to the dump."

"According to this story that is what happened. The guy they flocked got rid of the flamingos. The company wants compensation for their flamingos. Say they would have picked them up in a day or so, so there was no reason for the people to throw them away. They said they had signs up with the flamingos with a phone number and company name. They just want their flamingos back."

"They are probably in a landfill by now with three foot of dirt over them," Ben said.

He rubbed his chin and sat back in his chair. "That does remind me of what happened to Snake Thompson a few weeks back."

Wally sat back and continued to read his paper, saying, "Everything reminds you of something."

Ben talked on, ignoring his friend, "Snake and his buddies were out all night drinking at the Death Watch Bar."

"Fancy that," interrupted Wally. "Snake and his buddies keep that place in business."

Ben glanced at Wally and said, "It ain't such a bad place. I was in there one night with Billy Jonders and his crowd. That was the night they poured detergent into the town fountain. It flooded the whole damn parking lot with suds. Then they hung Walt Jurgens naked over that horse sculpture with a tulip sticking out of his ass when he passed out. But that is another story."

Jason smiled as Wally looked up to toss an incredulous glance at Ben. "I can't wait to hear that one."

Ben chuckled and went on, "Snake was drunk, as usual, and decided to go home early. The fellows tried to persuade him to stay, but he said no, he had to go. He had to get up early to go somewhere, so he left and went home around ten o'clock."

"That is early for Snake," Wally said.

"It was way too early. It gave that bunch of boneheads time to think up some mischief."

"What did they do?"

"You remember Clete Watkins, don't you?"

"Yeah, he runs that internet business and flea market. He has a lot of odd junk down at his warehouse."

"It seems he just came into a bunch of mannequins. The ones they use in those clothing stores to model clothes."

"Yeah, I know what a mannequin is. I have been in one or two stores in my time."

Ben cast a bemused glance at Wally and continued. "Well, Clete started talking about those mannequins, wondering how he would get rid of them. He picked them

up cheap somewhere, they were taking up a lot of space and he wanted to move them fast. One of the fellows in the bar said they should put those mannequins in front of Snake's house as a joke."

After a short burst of laughter Wally said, "I'm guessing that they did that."

"Oh, yeah. They got a couple cases of beer to take along and drove over to Clete's warehouse. The loaded every truck in the group with those mannequins."

"That is a lot of mannequins," Wally said.

"Yeah, it took a while. 'Course it didn't help that those worthless dogs was all drunk as blackbirds eating overripe gooseberries. They loaded them all on, drove over to Snake's house, and scattered them out over the lawn in different positions. It just happened to be a full moon night so when they got done it was spooky as hell."

Wally's eyes sparkled as he thought about the 'different positions' part of Ben's story.

He said, "And probably pornographic as well."

Ben's eyes sparkled. "There was a lot of that, too. There were both male and female mannequins and none had clothes on."

"I can imagine," Wally said, mock indignation oiling his voice.

"They had all kinds of stuff going on. There was a bunch of heads used to model hats and stuff. They lined them up along the driveway and mounded gravel up to them like they was buried. There were hands used for modeling rings and jewelry that they put by the heads like they were trying to reach for help. They had them under trees, peering out of bushes and in his car. Hell, Missy Jones even climbed a tree and had someone hand her a few to stick in the branches."

"There's nothing more inventive than a bunch of drunks with time on their hands."

"They had it fixed up right."

"It's a wonder they didn't wake Snake up with all that commotion."

Ben smiled and said, "They had a goal, to scare the hell out of Snake, so they were quiet. They didn't even wake up Heather Mason, who lives next door."

Wally let loose a cackle of laughter, and then said, "Heather Mason. I bet she had kittens when she got up."

"Oh, she plays into this before it's all over, Ben. The story isn't over yet."

"I didn't think it was," Wally said, dryly.

Jason listened to the story with a bemused smile on his face. This was one reason for his visits to the barbershop. His brother Dustin went to a women's style shop to get his done. Jason just couldn't see himself going there even though he knew many of his male friends that did. It seemed like a travesty to him, to go where the women went. The barbershop was a male domain, one of the few places left that women almost never went in. He couldn't imagine sitting in a beauty parlor listening to two old men exchanging tales on the Liar's Bench. He imagined more stories about dresses, weddings, kids and new stores that just opened. Ich.

Ben cleared his throat and resumed his story, "They finished up putting those dummies out and everyone got in their cars to leave. Moose Clandon's car backfired as he started it."

"That damn car always backfires," Wally said with a shake of his head. "It looks like he'd get that thing fixed."

"He probably will now," Ben said. "At any rate, the crack of that backfire woke Heather Mason up. She got out of bed, thinking it was a gun shot. When she looked out the window she saw all those naked mannequins in the moonlight."

Wally slapped his thigh and gave a cackle of laughter. "Oh, man, I would love to have been there just to see her face. I bet she had a hissy fit that would make a cat proud."

"She thought that Snake was having a party, things got out of hand and someone got shot. She ran straight to the telephone and called 911."

Wally snorted and said, "Oh, Luke Draws is on night duty. He's been trying to get Snake on something for years. I bet he overreacted like he always does."

"He played it for what it was worth. Before he even went over to see what the problem was, he notified the Sheriff's department that there was a big party going on. He said that there were shots fired and that he needed back up. They only have one deputy on duty at night, so they put a call into the State Police."

"Holy crap," Wally said. "All for a bunch of dummies."

It was Ben's turn to cackle. "It was a scene," he said. "First Luke comes in, lights flashing, sirens wailing. A few minutes a dozen cop cars, every one of them had their sirens going and lights flashing lighted up later the whole place. A couple of officers went up to his door and started pounding on it, hollering his name and shouting 'It's the police.'"

"Snake woke up, still drunk, got out of bed and stumbled to the door in his underwear. When he opened the door, he saw a dozen police cars, light flashing and what appeared to be dozens of naked people in his yard. Needless to say, this confused him a little. They told him to step out of the house to answer some questions."

"Didn't they let him put his pants on?"

"No, they just hauled him out in the yard and started hammering him with questions. Heather Mason came out in a night robe. She watched him stammer and stutter that he didn't know what all those mannequins were. That he had been home and in bed for hours and that he had no idea what the hell was going on."

Wally leaned forward, looked down at the floor and laughed. When he looked up he asked, "What did they do to him?"

"Well, they hemmed and hawed and tried to make something out of it. The State Police said that there was no crime beyond disturbing the peace. Since Snake clearly had no hand in the gun shot, if there even was a gun shot, they weren't going to arrest him."

"So they let him go?"

"Yeah, after an hour of haggling the cops finally all left. Snake started to go back in the house with Heather Mason following him all the way. She kept haranguing him about late night parties, him being no good and that he should keep better friends. She was so busy barking at him that she didn't notice that her night robe had gapped open. He turned around before going in the house and saw her robe was open. He told her to shut up, go home and cover her tits and that they looked like overripe bananas."

Wally leaned back in the bench and laughed until tears appeared at the corners of his eyes. "Oh, Lordy, I bet she had a fit."

"She just pulled her robe together, snorted something about him being just a smart ass good for nothing and went home."

Wally suddenly peered at Ben through slitted eyes. "You sure seem to know a lot about this."

Ben's eyes sparkled as he rustled the newspaper and began reading again as he said, "I ought to. It was my idea."

Ten Science Fiction Short Stories

Description

How many ways can you spell peril?

This collection of ten dark science fiction short stories explores a dystopian future in which humans may find more questions than answers. Some of the answers might be better off unlearned.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

Paul R. Wonning
Ad Campaign

Randy Bellows studied the proposal from his top project leader, Skip Jenson. He had, against his best intuition, okayed the project. After looking at the costs involved he was having second thoughts. This was totally new technology and he would not pretend to understand it. He shrugged. It was too late; the project was already ready to test. He closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead and thought of Sarah Billings. He longed to be walking the beach with her at Cancun. Maybe if this project were successful it would be time to hand the company over to someone younger. Skip and his assistant Barbara Dinker were the obvious choices. He would call Bob, his lawyer

and oldest friend. He would have the papers drawn up and ready. All he could do now was hope for success.

The cold rain running off his cap reinforced an already damp mood. Carl Lutz slogged along the street, his shoes and the bottom of his pant legs wet from the rain. The words of his boss, Jake Swinn, swam in his head like the cigarette butts swirling around the storm drains he passed. It wasn't his fault that the Meany account had been lost. His boss knew it wasn't his fault. It was that interfering idiot Walter Knoss that lost it. However, Carl was Walter's immediate supervisor and so it reflected on him.

A street light blinked on as he passed in response to the deepening gloom. Carl glanced at his cell phone and noted the time. 5:30. It was hard to get used to the time change this time of year and the earlier nightfall. He turned up his collar against the wind. A woman swung into step beside him. He glanced at her and noted the long brown hair tucked into the scarf that wrapped her neck and the deep brown eyes, which glanced up at him for one brief moment. He was aware of the light coconut fragrance of her body in the cold, wet air.

"You don't remember me do you," she said.

He glanced down again, a question in his eyes. "No," he said, "I can't say that I do."

A low, musical laugh escaped her full, red lips. "I didn't think you did. We are close to Applebaum's. Why don't we go in out of the cold and get a drink."

Carl hesitated for a moment. Applebaum's was his favorite bar and he frequented the place at least twice a week. It was only Tuesday. He usually went on Wednesday with his wife for lunch and Friday nights after work.

"Sure," he found himself saying. "I guess it will be a guessing game."

"You got it," she said with another laugh. "I am not telling you. You have to remember my name."

The crossed the street and went into the bar. He glanced at the woman as the maitre de approached. "I think I would like to sit at a booth," she said.

Carl looked at the maitre de and said, "Do you have a booth near the back?"

The woman smiled and nodded, then walked off at a brisk step with Carl and his mystery woman following close behind.

Skip Jenson peered into the monitor on his desk, watching the proceedings as they unfolded. His assistant, Barbara Dinker, sitting beside him, was also engrossed in the scene.

"It's working, Barb," Skip said, his voice tight with excitement. "He followed her in."

"Remember, Skip, he has to spend at least one hundred bucks to make the advertiser happy."

"He is intrigued by this woman," said Skip. "He will spend that much and more."

"We had better hope so, Skip. We are the ones who went out on a limb with this project. Randy has spent a lot of money developing this prototype and will not be happy if it doesn't deliver."

"It will deliver, Barb. Look, the mark is buying her another drink and they are looking at the menu."

"So she has finagled dinner with him," said Barb. "This could be a gold mine for us, Skip."

"It had better be, Barb. We have spent a gold mine developing this thing. It has to work."

Carl ordered a couple of more drinks as the waitress took the plates away. His eyes wandered over the woman across the table from him.

"I still haven't guessed your name or where I have met you."

The woman leaned forward, the top of her sweater falling away revealing a hint of the soft, white mounds of flesh it concealed. "Carl, how can you not remember me?"

Her hands lay on the table in front of her. Carl reached for her hand and said, "I should remember you, and I wish I could. But I swear I can't"

As his hand touched her, the woman flickered and disintegrated into a million shards of light which swirled around, growing smaller and smaller until they were gone.

Carl watched in disbelief. A small, silver craft of some sort hummed in space across from him. The thing blinked once, and then flew off, leaving Carl with two drinks to drink. The waitress laid the check on his table. Carl glanced at it in disbelief. The tab was just over one hundred dollars. The woman was gone.

It took both of those drinks for him to convince himself that the incident did not happen.

Skip studied the computer screen. What the hell just happened there?"

Barbara had a puzzled look on her face. She answered, "I don't know. She was supposed to just get up, use the restroom and not return. Instead she disintegrated when he touched her."

Skip frowned. "We never anticipated that. It was never part of the test. Should we abort the test?"

Barbara shook her head. "No. We have too much research invested in this. We have been tracking this guy for a month and have logged all his movements using the GPS in his cell phone. We know where he is all the time. We know all the places he visited. We have advertisers who paid good money to be part of the pilot period of this project. We calibrated the device to the GPS in his phone. We can't just lose all of that time and expense because of a minor glitch."

Skip glanced again at the computer monitor. "He usually has lunch with his wife on Wednesdays and that is our next target."

"I say we continue, Skip. We have it all set up. There is now way that anything can go wrong there."

Skip shrugged. In reality, he did not relish going into Randy Merth's office to tell him that they were aborting the project.

"Okay, we will continue." He glanced at the clock on the computer. "It's been a long day, Barb. Let's shut down and go home."

Barb stood up. "Yes, it has. We will have to get in tomorrow early to set this thing up again."

Skip powered the computer down, got up and put on his coat. Tomorrow would be another day."

Carl sipped at the glass of water the waitress placed in front of him as he waited for his wife, Caitlin. The incident from the night before still haunted him. He realized that he was in the same booth as he and the mysterious woman sat at last night. For a brief moment, he considered moving, and then berated himself for his fear. His wife's smiling face caught his attention and he smiled back. She sat down.

"Sorry I'm late," she said, as she brushed her hair back from her face.

"That's okay," Carl said. "I got here a bit late myself and haven't been waiting long."

The conversation that followed was pure husband and wife talk that has no bearing on the story. As they talked, Carl noticed a woman approaching their table. She resembled Caitlin a bit, but there was something funny about her that he could not quite focus on. As she swept by their table, she stopped suddenly and turned to face them.

"Hi Carl," she said. She opened her coat, revealing a very sexy teddy complete with garter belt and black stockings. "I just wanted you to know that Penelope's Secret Drawer is running a 25% sale off on all lingerie. It's a great time to purchase something to go with that little thing you bought Caitlin last month."

The woman glanced at Caitlin. "I know you looked just divine in that little camisole and matching stockings. Wouldn't you just love another?"

The woman started to close the coat when Caitlin stood up and grabbed at the woman's arm. "Who are you," she said, her voice cutting like a chainsaw.

As Caitlin's hand touched the woman, she faded and flickered. A cascade of shimmering lights replaced her, swirling around and finally disappearing. The silver craft that Carl remembered seeing the night before hovered a moment, then flew off. As the woman disappeared, several diners cried out in alarm as they watched the device whirr towards the door. It hovered by the door for a moment until someone entered Applebaum's, and flew out into the street.

Carl jumped up and followed it out. He watched in helpless frustration as the device disappeared from sight.

Caitlin appeared beside him. "What was that thing?"

Carl shrugged. "I don't know. I have never seen anything like it before."

The two reentered the establishment and walked towards their table. "I don't know anything about what just happened," Carl said to the onlookers as he and Caitlin returned to their seats.

As they sat down, Caitlin glanced at him. "What did you buy me at Penelope's Secret Drawer?"

Carl fidgeted inside. The lingerie had not been for Caitlin. It had been for Carol Donovan. She had looked fabulous in it. His eyes met Caitlin's eyes. Thinking fast, he said, "It was supposed to be a surprise. Our anniversary is next week."

"You never buy anything that far ahead, Carl."

"I know, I know," he said. "I looked at the calendar and realized it was coming up. I decided to buy something while I was thinking about it. I usually forget and didn't want to this year."

Caitlin smiled. "Okay, I will forget, so it is still a surprise."

Carl smiled back at her, after making a mental note to go back to Penelope's Secret Drawer to buy more lingerie.

"It happened again, Barbara. Caitlin Lutz touched it and it just disintegrated. That cannot keep happening. It attracts too much attention. We have to recall the unit and find out what is going on."

"You're the boss, Skip. That makes you the one to go in and tell Randy that the project is a failure and we have to abort."

Skip paused and considered Barbara's words. To abort, after the resources invested in this project would probably mean Randy would fire him, something Skip did not want.

He clicked an icon on the program and studied the scheduled events.

"There are only two more items left on the itinerary before it is over. If we can get through those final segments of the test, then we can safely pull the unit back in for evaluation."

"That will give us time to investigate this glitch and get it fixed."

"Look at the tracking screen, Barbara. Carl is going into Penelope's Secret Drawer. He is going to buy something."

Barbara opened another program on the computer. Carl's credit card account came into view. After about thirty minutes, a charge appeared for Penelope's Secret Drawer for three hundred sixty three dollars and seventeen cents.

"It's working, Skip. So far we have generated over four hundred dollars in sales for our clients."

"This is sweet, Barb. I can't wait to study all the data from the unit so we can fine tune our ad campaigns."

"We have to get that hologram generator fixed so it stops disintegrating when someone touches it."

"Yes, but the homing device works great. It finds the target with unerring accuracy."

"As long as their cell phone is on, it can find them anywhere."

"Isn't technology great," said Skip with a smile. "We are going to make a fortune with this thing."

"The possibilities are endless," said Barbara. "Let's compile the information we have so far. I can't wait to show this report to Randy."

As they worked on their report, the device waited until its next assignment.

As he exited the store, box of lingerie and a special blend of chocolates under his arm, Carl's mind were on the flying device that was haunting him. As he wondered, what was going on a man came up beside him and matched his stride step for step. Carl at first paid no attention to the man other than a cursory glance at him. It was a young man, well dressed and with short blond hair. As they strode along the young man struck up a conversation.

"Have you seen those stupid commercials for ZapBoy, the new video game?"

With another glance at the man, Carl said, "Yes, I have."

"I just bought one of those games at Zueller's Electronics. It is a great game, in spite of those stupid commercials."

"I was just in Zueller's the other day. I bought a new game console and looked at that game. I didn't buy it though."

"You have to go get it," the man said. "They are running it on sale and the sale ends tonight at seven. I got it yesterday and played it when I got home. I stayed up until three o'clock. I just couldn't put it down."

"I may have to go back in there and check it out," said Carl.

"Hey, man, you won't regret it."

As he said this, the man dropped behind Carl and disappeared into the crowd. A moment later Carl heard a shout arise in the crowd behind him. He stopped and turned around. He saw a small silver craft rising above the crowd, turn and vanish behind a building.

The coincidence was just too much for Carl. This was the third time he saw that thing. Each time it zeroed right in on him. Whatever it was, it knew where he was and what he spent money on. A chill coursed down his spine. Who was controlling that thing? How could it project those images making it look like a person? Could it be a hologram?

Carl shook his head. No hologram projectors that he knew of would be small enough to fit on a craft so small. They needed a special platform to project up from and the images, though realistic, were nowhere as realistic as the ones surrounding this craft.

The puzzle receded in his mind as he got to his office.

"It happened again," said Skip. "The thing disintegrated."

Barb studied the computer screen. She pointed to it with a red polished nail. "But it happened a distance away from the target. It's possible that he didn't see it."

"All the same, he has to be getting suspicious. I think we should abort."

"There is only one more test, Skip. I think we should complete the project. We will have more data to study."

"The unit is defective, Barb. Someone jostled the hologram in the crowd and it disappeared again.

Hours passed as the two discussed and argued. A low beep from the computer caught their attention. Barb again pointed at the screen.

"The target is on the move," she said.

"He has gotten off work, Barb. Let's see what he does next."

The two watched as the screen shifted, matching Carl's movements as he went to the parking garage and got in his car.

"Look, he's going into the strip mall that Zueller's Electronics is in."

Skip watched as Carl's car parked and the blip that marked the location of Carl Lutz advanced into the electronics store. A half hour later the credit card account indicated that, he had indeed purchased the electronic game.

"Fabulous," said Skip as he and Barb exchanged high fives.

"One more test, Skip, and we bring it in. I cannot wait to show Randy the report. We are three for three."

"Wait, he is going into another store in the mall."

"H'mm that is Nature's Way. He has never gone in there before."

"It might be another account," said Barb.

About twenty minutes later, the credit card account indicated another sale.

"I hate stores that use abbreviations instead of the full name of the item," said Barb. "What the hell id BF NT3600?"

"I don't know," said Skip. "When the test is done we can go on their web site and look it up. There is a stock number there too."

"It looks like the target is going home now," said Barb. "I say we call it a night."

"Righto, Barb. I am tired. I will complete this preliminary report Randy asked for and we can go."

Barb powered the computers down and Skip flipped off the lights. They both eagerly anticipated the results of the final test. Skip laid the preliminary report on Randy's desk as the two walked out into the night.

As he walked down the street towards his office, Carl got many a strange glance from passersby. Indeed, he did feel a bit foolish carrying a child's toy under his arm. He wanted to be at the ready if someone accosted him again.

A young lady soon came alongside him as he walked. She glanced at him and smiled.

"Your anniversary is next week," she said.

Carl glanced at her and said, "How would you know that?"

"I am Cindy, a friend of Catkin's. She said you always forget. I just wanted to remind you."

"Well you did and I already have something."

"The lingerie?" She said, and then added when Carl glanced at her, "We talked last night. She will love it I am sure, but that is really for you. You want to get her something nice.

"And I suppose you have something in mind," said Carl, suspicion darting across his mind.

"Truin's Jewelry is having a sensational sale," Cindy said.

"I suppose they are," said Carl. He pulled the butterfly net from under his arm and brought it down over Cindy's head. The woman flickered at the touch of the net, then faded and exploded into a million shards of light. Carl looked at the small silver craft now nestled in the folds of the net. He had it. Now what should he do with it?

"We lost it, Barb. What happened?"

"I don't know. If it crashed for some reason the safety switch would have shut it off."

"What do we do now?"

"We know where it was when it disappeared from the monitor. I say we go look for it."

"Let's grab our coats and go," said Skip.

Carl examined the small craft. He found an inscription on the side that read, "Property of Merth Marketing Company."

Carl smiled. He knew just what to do.

Barb and Skip, after performing an exhaustive search of the area the craft was last known to be, returned to their office empty handed.

As they walked by Randy Swinn's office, he called out to them from the open door.

"Skip, Barb, you are the ones I have been wanting to talk to. Come on in."

They entered. A decanter of wine and three glasses stood in the center of his desk. "Do you like wine," Randy asked.

Both Skip and Barb nodded. Randy poured the glasses full and indicated that they should drink up.

As Skip sipped his wine, he asked, "What's the occasion?"

"I have been going over the preliminary report you handed in yesterday on this new project. It seems that it really has been going well."

Barb and Skip nodded. "Yes it is, Randy. It is quite successful so far."

"Um, I have been thinking about this. This little project of yours beckons the dawn of a new day in advertising. It is a new day that I know very little about."

"I am sure you could learn, sir," said Barb.

"No, I am getting to the age where it would be too much. I am now a dinosaur in my own company."

"No you aren't, sir," said Skip. "Your experience is needed."

"No, Skip, my experience doesn't mean anything anymore. It is a new day with new ways of reaching customers. You two, on the other hand, are ripe with ideas and are fully knowledgeable about this new technology."

"Thank you, sir," said Barb as she wondered where all of this was going.

"That is why I have decided to turn the company over to you two."

"What? I don't think I understand, sir," said Skip.

"I am handing over all operations to you two," said Randy. He thrust a paper across the table. "Just sign it and you two are the two new owners of Merth Marketing."

"What about you, sir?" Barb's eyes flickered from the paper in front of them and to Randy's impassive face.

"Oh, don't worry about me. I have received adequate compensation. When you sign you can have my office."

Skip picked up the pen and scanned the paper. He signed and dated it and slid it over in front of Barb who followed his lead."

Randy held his glass of wine out. "I propose a toast to the new owners of Merth Marketing."

Barb and Skip clinked their glasses with his and all took a drink.

Randy then opened his drawer and took out an envelope. He slid it across the table.

Skip glanced at it. The letter was addressed simply to the owner or owners of Swinn Marketing and had a local law firm on the return address.

Skip picked it up and asked, "What is that?"

"Oh, that is a lawsuit directed at the owners of this company by a man named Carl Lutz. It is for over 100 million dollars."

Barb jumped up. "A lawsuit?" She grabbed at the paper that Randy swept away.

"I will fax this to my lawyer immediately. By the way, one of the provisions of this agreement absolves me of all legal obligations due to creditors, lawsuits and other claims. It also pays me a severance package of one hundred million dollars. That is all the cash assets of the company."

Skip jumped up and shouted, "You can't do that."

"I just did," said Randy. He pushed a button on his phone. "That directed my lawyer that the transaction is now complete and he has cashed a cashiers check and deposited it in my account."

"We will fight this," said Barbara.

"Good luck," said Randy. He glanced at his phone. "If I hurry, I can just make my flight to Cancun with Sarah."

He glanced at his two former employees. "Good luck, you two. I am off."

Randy strode out the door.

As he walked down the hallway towards the street, he was glad of the luck that guided this Carl Lutz to the same lawyer that Randy used and that this lawyer was an old high school friend. The contracts were all ironclad. He was free and those two were left to hold the bag of crap they had filled.

The Flea Market Tales

Description

The old man had treasures to sell and a scary secret to keep. This collection of eleven short occult stories tells his tale of bloodcurdling horror.

Ten people buy treasures from the flea market with one common thread. The vendor is a mysterious old man selling off his collection of old stuff. This short story collection chronicles the nightmare of the buyers endured.

One by one, the buyers discover that their treasure is really a horror in disguise. One scary story after another in this collection of supernatural stories reveals the old man's secret as well as the buyer's nightmare

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 9.99

Sample Chapter

Paul R. Wonning
The Collection

Rheumatism they used to call it. The new fangled name was arthritis. No matter what the name, the old man knew it was more than an inconvenience. His knees hurt and it stiffened his fingers.

He faced a campfire and felt the warmth of the flames penetrate his skin. He glanced at his van, filled with his collection. It had taken many years to accumulate. Now it was time to sell it. It was time to end this collection so he could start anew.

He reached in the cardboard box and placed the last item on the table. Then he straightened up and admired his offerings. There weren't many. He only had ten things to sell at this flea market. His table looked bare compared to many of the other vendors. His items were different, though. Each had its own story and its own power.

He could hear the babble of voices and knew the doors were open. The crowd was beginning to filter in. In a few minutes, they would begin filing past his table. Anticipation of selling his collection swelled within him. Several people walked past his table, giving only a cursory glance at its contents. A thirtyish woman, wearing an enormous wedding ring, drifted by. She stopped and stepped back towards his table. An oil wall lamp, made of tarnished pewter with a clear glass globe, was the object of her attention. She fingered the globe.

"This globe has wavy glass. Is it the original globe?"

The old man nodded. "It is, ma'am. It is one of my earliest acquisitions."

She regarded it with appraising eyes. "I like this. How much do you want for it?"

The old man folded his hands in front of him and lowered his head. His eyes sought for, and found, her eyes. "Ten dollars."

The woman opened her purse, withdrew a wallet and took out a ten-dollar bill that she pressed into his hands.

"Thank you. I think you will find that the lamp will illuminate many things you thought hidden."

With a bemused smile, she glanced at him. "You mean it will help me find things that I have lost."

With a mysterious smile, the old man said, "In a matter of speaking, yes."

"It will look wonderful in my bedroom," she said as she picked it up. "I shall take it out to my car so I don't break it."

She turned and walked away.

The old man's attention returned to the crowd, which was growing larger. He noted a young couple studying his table from across the aisle. The woman was pointing to a wooden mantel clock that stood in the center of the old man's table. The two crossed the aisle and stopped in front of it.

The young woman stooped to study its finely carved face. She glanced at her companion and asked, "Isn't it charming?"

The man nodded. "Yes, it is quite an interesting clock."

He reached up and pushed his flat hat back, revealing a balding forehead. Then he glanced at the old man. "Is this an old clock?"

The old man smiled and said, "Yes, it is old. I think there is a paper on the inside dated 1913. It was a wedding present from a man named Harry to his wife Dorothy."

"Any relation to you?"

The old man shook his head. "No, I actually bought this at a garage sale several years back."

"May I open it?"

Again, the old man nodded. "Yes, you may."

Unclasping a brass hook that held the glass door shut, the young man opened the clock and peered inside.

He reached into the bottom and found a brass key used to wind up the clock.

He asked, "Does it run?"

"Yes, it does. And I think that after you wind it and start it you will have only as much time as it can keep."

The young man smiled at what he comprehended was a joke. "How much do you want for it?"

"Twenty dollars, sir."

Reaching for his wallet, the young man said, "That's a fair price. I have seen them online for a lot more than that."

Removing a twenty-dollar bill from his wallet, he handed it to the old man who folded it and put it in his own wallet. "Thank you."

The man picked it up, smiled at his wife and said, "Well, we found something for our shelf in the family room."

"I just love it," she said as they walked away.

The old man watched them stride away, a slightly sad smile on his face.

Then his attention returned to the crowd. In the first hour, he had sold two things. Eight items remained. He had to get rid of everything today.

Lunchtime approached and the aroma of broiling sausages from the food vendor at the end of the aisle tugged at his stomach. He had just about decided to walk to the vendor and purchase a sausage sandwich when a gray-haired man approached. He glanced over the table and his eyes lit on the old brown radio in the center of the table.

His eyes lit up as he said, "My granddad had a radio like that."

He stepped closer and studied it closer. "It was just like that. Same brand, same model. Where did you get this?"

The old man thought a minute before replying, "I don't exactly remember. I pick up most of my stuff at garage sales and the like. When I get enough stuff to bring to the flea market, I bring it."

"How much is the radio?"

"Ten dollars."

The gray-haired man smiled. "That is probably more than it cost new."

He pulled out his wallet, peeled a ten-dollar bill out and handed it to the old man. "I will just take it along," he said.

"I am sure you will hear many memories on that old radio, sir," the old man said as the gray-haired man picked up the radio.

"Oh, I am sure I will," he said. Then he strode off carrying his treasure.

Another item gone. His collection had shrunk to seven and the hours dwindled. He cast an eye to the still growing crowd. He had been to these markets many times over the years and he knew that just after lunch the crowd would peak. By mid afternoon

the numbers would begin to decline and by five o'clock only stragglers would remain. His heart quickened as a girl approached his table. She had the bored, teen-aged look of an adolescent pulled along on a task that they abhorred by parents that didn't understand them. She studied his table with a bored expression until a carved wooden box on the table caught her attention. She walked up and picked up the box.

"Cool," she said. "What is it for?"

"It will hold your deepest, darkest secrets," the old man said.

The girl tried to open the box, to no avail.

"You have to have a secret to hide before it will open, young lady."

She gave him a furtive smile as an older woman stepped up behind her. She looked at the woman and asked, "Can I have this box, Mom? It is cool."

"What will you do with that thing, Miranda?"

"I can put stuff in it," the girl said. "Please, Mom, I want it."

"What kind of stuff will you put in there? It isn't very big."

"I can put my rings in it. Please, Mom, can I have it?"

"I don't know, honey. How much is it?" The woman glanced at the old man, who said, "Ten dollars, ma'am."

The woman opened her handbag and fished a bill out of her wallet, which she handed to the man.

"Try not to break it before we get home, Miranda," the woman said as they walked away. The old man watched as the two walked along, the mother haranguing the daughter. He thought about the secret that the box might someday hold.

The old man rearranged the items on his table, moving them towards the front. He had sold four of his items and six remained. There remained enough time and the crowd was still thick with buyers. A silver-haired, well-dressed woman strode by his table, her nose inclined upwards as she glided along. She continued for a few feet, then stopped, as something in her peripheral vision struck her imagination. She stepped towards the table and stopped.

"This wine goblet is interesting," she said as she picked it up. "It appears genuine crystal."

"It is, ma'am. It is one of the finest items in my collection."

"How much do you want for it?"

"For that set I would like fifty dollars."

The woman set her voluminous purse on the table and fished a green bill out of her wallet. A second later, the visage of Ulysses S. Grant stared up from the palm of his hand. The old man slipped the money in his pocket. He pulled the box that he had packed the goblet in from under the table and carefully wrapped it in the white tissue paper. He handed the box to the silver-haired woman.

"Thank you, ma'am. The spirits that the glasses hold may not always be good spirits."

"I assure you, sir, I always buy excellent wines."

She sniffed and walked away. The old man watched her, remembering he had not specified that the spirits would be alcoholic in nature.

He stepped back from his table after rearranging his offerings and scanned the crowd.

He saw her looking at his table from across the aisle, her eyes narrowed with interest. She crossed over at a rapid clip, nearly bowling over teenage boy.

"Sorry," she said, as she glanced at him. Then she resumed her course.

"I have looked all over for one of these," she said as she picked up the receiver of a telephone in the center of the table.

It was an old-fashioned wall phone of an earlier age. In that, time callers had first to ring the operator, who then placed the call.

"Ooohh, I just have to have this." She raised her excited eyes to him. "How much is this?"

"I would like thirty dollars for that," he said.

"Gosh, I hope I have that much," she said as she opened her purse. "I wasn't planning on buying anything."

She rooted around, finding a ten, three fives and two singles, which she laid on the table.

"That's close enough," said the old man.

"No, I have it. It will be change if that is okay."

"Change is fine," he said with a smile.

She dumped the change on the table and counted out the three dollars in quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies.

"There, I have it," she said as she pushed the change towards him.

"I have a box for it," he said as he reached under the table and pulled out a large cardboard box. He packed it in, stuffed it full of the wadding he had used to protect it and put it on the table.

"My, that is heavy," she said as she picked up the box. "Thank you."

"Thank you," he said. "Beware of calls after midnight."

"Oh, I won't hook it up," she said. "I just want it for decoration.

The old man watched her stride away and hoped she would heed his advice.

A glance at his watch told him he still had three hours left. Four items to sell in three hours. He was cutting it close.

One of the items appeared to catch the eye of a man who was slowly walking by. Clad in a tweed jacket and flat hat, he had the nerdish aura of one that loved gadgets. The old box camera that laid one end of the table bore the brunt of his interest. He picked it up and examined it.

Without looking at the old man, he asked, "How much do you want for the camera?"

"Ten dollars."

Without putting the camera down, the man pulled a money clip from his belt. He deftly unfolded the bills, slipped a ten from the bundle to the table. Again, without a glance at the old man he turned and walked away.

"The picture that develops may not be the one that you take," the old man called after him.

The man turned and smiled. "I don't think I could even find film for this old camera, let alone take a picture," he said. Thereupon he turned and continued on his way.

Three items still lay in the table, awaiting someone to purchase them. Nervously the old man switched the items around, still hoping to clear everything out.

An unlikely customer approached the table. A young man with tattoos adorning his arms approached. He had the blackened fingers of a man that worked on cars for a living. He did not look the bookish sort.

The man stopped in front of an old book with unadorned cover.

"What's the book about," he said as he flipped the cover open.

"It is an old story," said the old man.

"How much?"

The old man reflected that the man was just being friendly. He finally said, "Five dollars."

The man reached into his pocket and withdrew a wad of cash. He pulled a five-dollar bill out, tossed it carelessly on the table and said, "Thanks, old man."

He picked up the book and began to walk off.

"Be careful when the story changes."

The man turned and continued to walk backwards, saying, "Books don't change, old man."

The man turned and continued on his way.

The old man watched him. If only that were true, he thought.

Two items still lay on his table and the crowd was beginning to thin. Despair flooded his soul as he studied the items left. These might be difficult to sell. A young man in wire-rimmed spectacles approached, his eyes riveted to one of the items.

"Absolutely enchanting," the man said as he gazed at the portrait of the young lady in the picture. "Who is she?"

"I don't know," said the old man. "I picked that portrait up at a garage sale. The woman who sold it had bought it at a small gallery in Ohio but couldn't remember who it was of."

"How much is it?"

"Ten dollars, sir."

The man fished two five-dollar bills out of a bulging wallet and handed it to the old man.

"I'll take it," he said.

"I have a blanket that I had it wrapped in. Would you like that?"

"Yes, please."

The old man pulled the old blanket from under the table and wrapped it around the painting, securing it with some cord string. As he handed it to the man he said, "There you are, sir. Just be careful that you don't become the person in the portrait."

"Oh, I assure you, I won't do that," the man said with a smile.

I am not so sure about that, the old man thought as the man walked away with his treasure.

Pulling a folding chair out from the wall the old man sat down, folded his hands on his knees and studied the age spots on his hands. Maybe he wouldn't sell the last item. The curse could end. It could end right here, now. A rueful smile played upon his lips as his memory traveled back over the years to that time long ago when the curse seemed a blessing. But the years passed and he gathered his collection. Now it was time to sell it. He looked up. Closing time for the market was fast approaching. The last item would not sell. Maybe the curse would end.

One last browser moved among the tables. She drank in the offerings still displayed by the vendors. Some of them were already boxing up their leftover offerings.

The late shopper, a woman who appeared in her forties, approached the old man's table. Her eyes lit up in delight as she saw it.

"Oh, I just love doll houses," she said as she hurried over to his table. Opening the various doors and windows she peered inside at the furnishings it held.

"This is amazing," she said. "How much do you want for it?"

"Twenty dollars, ma'am."

"Oh, I just have to buy it." Her voice bubbled with excitement.

She withdrew a twenty from her purse and handed it to the old man, who pocketed it.

"That is my last item," he said. "I can help you carry it out to your car."

"Oh, would you?"

The old man picked up the house and followed her as she walked towards the exit. He could hear her keys jingling as she pulled them from her purse. The dull clunk that pressed in on his ears indicated she had unlocked the door with the remote. She lifted the back door open."

"Just set it in there," she said.

She looked at it again, a delighted smile on her face.

"That house is captivating," she said.

The old man smiled and said, "Just don't become captivated by it."

"Oh, I already am," she said.

He smiled at her mistaken interpretation of his words as he walked back towards the building.

Ten Tales for the Campfire

Description

Ten creepy, scary dark fantasy short stories that will turn you blood to ice.

The hour is getting late. A fire crackles and pops and the group huddles together closer to the fire, basking in the comfort of its warmth and light. The s'mores are a pleasant memory.

Somewhere off in the distance an owl hoots. Crickets are chirping and the eerie howl of the coyote punctuates the symphony of night sounds.

It is time for spooky campfire stories. You know, the kind of scary stories that will chill your spine and flip your heart up into your mouth. The kind of stories you shouldn't tell in the dark. But you do anyway

Ebook Price

$ 3.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

The Skull Garden
Paul R. Wonning

Her garden was beginning to grow, the tips of the skulls just emerging from the forest mould. The Skull Tender glided, soundless, over the dried leaves, waiting. The forest was quiet and she was impatient. The time of harvest was nearing. Her eyes and ears scanned the forest in the gathering evening gloom. There was no sound or movement to gladden her senses. There was still time. She would wait.

Craig Nunn shouted to his mother, "I am going to hunt puff-balls, mom."
"Okay, Craig. Just make sure you are home before it gets dark," his mother said.
"I will Mom," Craig said as he darted out the door.
Craig loved his mom's fried puffballs. The shortening days of autumn signaled that soon the puffballs would be emerging from the forest soil. Recent rains ensured that there would be a good crop this year and Craig knew the places to hunt them. He entered the forest and went straight to his favorite spot. His eyes roved the ground in disappointment. There were puffballs here but they were still too small. It would be a couple of days before he could harvest them.

He continued his search to a couple of more spots that had always provided some. The story was the same in both those spots. He glanced at the creek that flowed through the woods. The damp bottoms provided the best habitat for the puffballs. Downstream led into a part of the forest he had not visited before. He paused, undecided. The sun lay low on the horizon, casting long shadows across the leaf-carpeted floor. Clumps of white snakeroot and zigzag goldenrod glowed in the evening light.

He plunged ahead. He wouldn't go far and maybe he would at least find a new patch of puffballs. A clump of green briar blocked his path, so he climbed higher up the hill that bordered the small creek. At the top, he paused. It was a high bluff that afforded a wonderful view of the valley of the small creek. Just a bit further along he could see a small glade along the creek. It looked like a promising spot, so he skirted a sinkhole and began a slipping, sliding descent down the steep hill. Once more on the creek bank, he followed it until he came to the glade.

Craig's heart skipped a beat. He could see the white tips of the puffballs beginning to emerge from the soil. He moved among them. This was a big patch, bigger than any he had ever seen. They were also different. Most of the puffballs started as small, white globes, their white tips pushing their ways out of the rich forest soil. These were bigger. Much bigger. He stooped to examine one closer. These were not ready yet, but in a few days they would be. His mouth watered. These would be much nicer than what he usually found. The darkening shroud of night warned him that it was time to go home. Once he had been on the woods after dark and he did not care to repeat the experience.

The distant bark of coyotes broke the forest's silence and it sped his steps along. In a couple of days, he would return for a bumper crop of puffballs.

Rains overnight awakened all the fragrances of the forest. Craig grasped the pillowcase in his hand as he traipsed into the woods. He was eager for the puffballs. The pungent smell of them as they fried in the pan wafted across his memory. Only once a year was this treat available, in the early fall when the delectable fungi emerged from the forest floor. He found his favorite bed. They were now ready, spurred into growth by the cool autumn rain and the warm sunshine.

He knelt and began picking them, dropping them one by one into the pillowcase. When he had picked as many as he needed for a meal, he stopped. Craig remembered the new bed of big ones that lay further into the woods. He followed the creek, now gurgling with the merry song of its rain freshened flow.

A few minutes of scampering up and down the forested hills brought him to the place. He stopped. These puffballs were huge. They looked just like a field of skulls. He decided, since these appeared different from the others, to try just one. He pulled a second pillowcase from his pocket and walked to the middle of the puffball patch. One nice one nestled in the leaves at his feet. He bent to inspect it. There were no holes or

gashes to indicate insect activity. That was odd. He straightened up and looked over the patch. Puffballs were a favorite food of box turtles and other denizens of the forest. It was strange that a bounty of food of this size remained untouched by any animals, insects or birds.

He knelt again and put his hands on the puffball. As he touched it, the puffball moved. Craig fell back in surprise. It was a skull. Two hollow black eyes stared at him. The blackness of the eyes was as a limitless void. Craig tried to stand. His knees, weak with fear, betrayed him. The eyes disappeared. A puffball remained. Was it an illusion?

"He has seen you," a voice from behind him said in a voice that grated like fingernails on a blackboard.

Craig jumped to his feet and turned. A figure, cloaked in black, stood peering at him. The sun, breaking through a gap in the tree leaves, broke with radiance across the figure, hiding its face. If the figure had a face. Craig could not discern one.

"He has seen you," the figure repeated. "He will not forget you."

Craig dropped his sack of puffballs and ran. The voice followed him as he fled.

"He has seen you and he will come for you. On the night of the spirits, he will seek you. Be ready."

The figure filled the forest with its shrieking laughter that added further fuel to Craig's feet. Once he tripped over a fallen tree branch and he tumbled head over heels down a hill. After picking himself up, he continued his flight through the puffball patches. He ignored them as his fear propelled him on. A sharp stitch in his side did not slow him. He finally emerged from the forest into his yard. He collapsed on the cool green grass. His breath returned after many minutes.

After he rested, Craig sat up. He felt foolish. That couldn't have occurred. It was the product of an overzealous imagination. He considered going back into the woods for the puffballs he had discarded. Then he remembered where he had dropped them. He quailed inside. He would not return. He could not return. He would tell his mother that he dropped them accidentally into the creek, ruining them.

The words of the creature haunted him. That thing would not forget him. He would seek him out on the night of spirits. What did that mean?

Craig went into the house. He had never been afraid of the woods. Now he was.

The Skull Tender watched as the boy fled. Let him run. He could not get away. Not now that the Skull Master had peered into his soul. There was no escape. There would be a bountiful harvest for the garden this year.

In the days of this tale, it was common for the children to form small groups in costume on Halloween. These groups dispersed into the streets at night to spread their own brand of terror across the town. Going from house to house, they would ring the doorbells and make spooky sounds as the residents of the house opened the door.

Properly terrified, inhabitants dispensed candy, apples and other small treats into the proffered bags. The little goblins, ghosts and other brigands laughed and squealed outside their door as the bags filled.

Craig and his parents lived in the country. Each Halloween Craig's parents would take Craig into town to his friend Todd's house. Todd and Craig would then, in costume, join other vagabonds of their band and rush into the streets to spread terror far and wide. Craig's parents were friends with Todd's parents. They spent the evening partying and dispensing booty to the bands of ghouls that called on their house. This year was no different from any other. Halloween evening found Craig at his friend Todd's house accompanied by his mother and father.

Craig's mother, as Craig and Todd ran from the doorstep said, "Have fun, Craig. Remember, the porch lights go off at ten. Be back here by ten thirty."

"Okay, Mom," said Craig as he and Todd walked off into the gathering gloom.

Craig's mother watched, remembering the Halloween's of her childhood and the fond memories she had of it. Craig was getting older. How many more of these nights would he enjoy? At his age, every one of them could be the last. She sighed. This remembrance would join many others on the shelves of her memory, a larder that grew larger with each passing year.

Humans love to change things to suit their own needs. They dam rivers, level hills and erect great structures to serve their needs. Humans even try to exert their mastery over time itself. They changed the clocks that mastered them from the time dictated by nature to times that suited human desires. Humans worshiped at the alter of Daylight Savings Time. The forces of nature, however, operate at the times dictated by nature. The birds and animals adjust their schedules to the changing fortunes of the sun, rising when it rises and bedding down as it sets. The nocturnal creatures, not bound by the artificial clock, arise after night invades the land. The spirits are no different. Their schedule is different from man's, bound by the natural forces of the cosmos. The natural clock is off by two hours at the site of our tale. Thus, the Witching Hour of midnight arrives almost two hours before the time indicated on the human clock.

As the sun went down and shadows advanced over the forest the Skull Tender walked in the Skull Garden. The full moon arose in the east, a huge, silver globe that sent its soft light down into the forested lands. Owls hooted in the gathering darkness and in the sky, bats wove and twisted as they feasted on the last insects of the season. The eerie cry of the coyotes echoed across the hills. The Skull Tender stood over the Skull master and extended its hands over it.

"Arise, Skull Master. It is your time. You have seen your quarry. It is time to arise, call your legions and hunt. You have until the witching hour to complete your quest."

The skull began to glow. It rose, revealing the skeletal body beneath it. Upon arising, the Skull Master turned, uttered an incantation in an ancient, forgotten language. He raised his bony arms. All around the other skulls came to life and the

glow of dead life fluoresced, casting an eerie glow on the fallen leaves and trunks of trees. A low howl arose, causing the owls, coyotes and other denizens of the forest to fall silent. The silver moon cast its rays upon the bony skeletons that reflected it back, creating an even brighter glow. The forest had become a place of fear.

The Skull Master turned to face the distant town.

"Go, go and hunt your quarry, Skull Master. Bring back fresh skulls for my Skull Garden," said the Skull Tender.

The troupe moved off towards the town. The sound of the clittering and clattering of their bone bodies groped across the forest. Through forest, thicket and field they swept, always with one target in mind. In less than an hour's time, the horrible legion stood at the outskirts of the town. Groups of children filled the streets, moving from house to house. The Skull Master gazed at each group and as he did, he sent part of his legion off to follow different groups of children. The Skull Master's teeth sparkled. There would be many additions to the Skull Garden this year.

It all depended upon his locating his quarry. He moved down the street, followed by many of his legion. As they penetrated the town, children saw them and shrieked in terror. His minions surrounded and isolated many of these groups of children. Still, the Skull Master had not located his prey and the witching hour was drawing close.

They stood at the edge of a vacant lot. A group of costumed children came into view. The Skull Master's teeth again glittered. He had found him.

Craig, Todd and the group of boys moved from house to house, spreading their childish terror. Their bags of treasure grew with each stop. One kindly old man, upon answering his door, stepped back in mock terror. Each of the boys dutifully said his name.

"Lo and behold," said the old man, "Spooks really do have names. I do, I think, recognize a couple of the voices."

He pulled a basket from the table by the door and dispensed his booty, skull necklaces filled with candy.

"Cool," said Craig as he took the necklace. Instead of putting it in his bag, he placed it around his neck.

"You look like a dork," said Todd as they walked down the sidewalk towards the street, after thanking the old man.

"I think it looks cool," said Craig.

"Shoot," said one of the other boys. "The lights are starting to go out."

Craig glanced at his watch. "It is almost ten o'clock. Let's hurry over to Mrs. Dewson's house. She always has the best stuff and she always keeps her lights on later than the rest."

The troupe of boys headed out, crossing a vacant lot as a shortcut.

Craig glanced ahead into the shadows and stopped short.

Todd also stopped, his eyes fastened on something just visible in the darkness ahead of them. "What is that?"

"I don't know," said Craig.

The shadowy figures stepped forward into the street lamp's illumination. The Skull Masters face came into view. The black, soulless eyes stared into Craig's eyes. He knew where he had seen those eyes before.

In a moment, the tall, skeletal creatures surrounded Craig and his friends. Their hollow eyes bound them into fearful silence. The Skull Master advanced. In a moment, he towered over the boy. His hand extended. Its eye fell on the skull necklace and its hand hesitated. Craig saw what happened and understood.

"Put on those skull necklaces," he said.

Trembling hands searched the bounty-filled bags. Each boy withdrew a necklace and a moment later, all the boys wore the glowing necklaces.

"Stand in a circle," said Craig. The boys formed up, each looking outward at their antagonists like musk oxen facing down a pack of wolves. In the distance, the church clock began its mournful tolling.

Bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong, bong. At the last bong, the Skull Master looked towards the sky. His feet darkened, and then vanished. The rest of the skeletal structure melted away into nothingness. Only the black, soulless eyes remained. Darker than darkness they glared at Craig. Then they were gone.

As he disappeared, so did his companions, leaving Craig and his friends alone in the vacant lot.

Todd, his voice quivering in fear, asked, "Are they gone?"

"I think so," said Craig.

Indeed they were. All over town, the skeletons vanished.

Craig never ate the candy in that horrid plastic skull. Nor did he ever throw it away. Each year on Halloween, he put it on at dusk and kept it on until ten o'clock. He didn't know if the Skull Master would come again to seek him out.

If he did, Craig would be ready.

Ten Fantastic Fantasy Tales

Description

This collection of ten fantasy short stories in this collection covers the dark, the funny and the scary.

Sample Chapter

Paul R. Wonning
Benny, Benny, Short as a Penny

Modern technology be damned. Benny first shook the machine and then pounded on the side of it with his fist. What was taking so long? Did that dratted contraption have to mint the coins first?

He bent over and peered in the coin slot of the dollar changer in the seedy little Laundromat at the edge of town. In the dim light inside the machine, he saw, no that was impossible. He straightened up, closed his eyes and rubbed them. Blinking to clear his sight, he bent to peer in the coin slot again.

He really had seen it.

There was a small table with four little men seated around it, playing cards in the confined space of the interior. A little whiskey bottle, half-empty, occupied the center of the table. The men were all dressed in green and sported long beards. Two were smoking little black cigars.

Benny stood up and glanced over his shoulder. He could see his car idling by the curb outside. He needed that change for the condom machine in the restroom. He finally had Billy Rae in the mood, and now this blamed change machine was messing with him. He bent over again, pounded on the side of the machine again and shouted, "I want my change. You bunch of little creeps are gumming up the works. Get out of the way and let it give me my change."

At this, one of the little men stood up, put down his cards, stuck his cigar in his mouth and stomped over to the hole. He peered out at Benny's eyeball.

"We are on break, crap wad. You have to wait until break time is over. Then you will get your stinking change."

"I want my change now, you little toads."

"We are leprechauns, for your information, not toads. You will get your change when we are darn good and ready to give it to you, ding head." The leprechaun blew a puff of smoke out through the coin slot into Benny's eye.

Benny drew back cursing, his eye watering in pain.

"That does it," he said, kicking the machine and pounding on it harder. "I want my change. Since when do I have to wait on a bunch of little toilet paper tubes to get my change? Who left you mouse turds in charge?"

"Yeah, we are in charge of dispensing the change. Everyone thinks these machines are marvels of technology, but it is us leprechauns who make it all work. We also handle vending machines, and the hand dryers in restrooms. We control those supposedly automatic urinals, too." At this, the little guy stopped talking and looked at Benny through the slot in the hole.

"Hey, I know you. My cousin Vince operates the urinal in your office. I know all about you."

"What do you mean you know all about me?"

"Hey guys," shouted the leprechaun. "This is the fellow Vince was telling us about. Remember, 'Benny, Benny, short as a penny.' This is the guy."

The other leprechauns roared with laughter. One of them held up his thumb and forefinger about a half-inch apart and yelled, “Benny, Benny, short as a penny.”

The other leprechauns guffawed, slapping their knees, tears streaming from their eyes.

Angered by the sassy leprechauns, Benny started pounding on the machine and swearing at it. A policeman happened to walk by the door and watched the display for a few minutes. He opened the door and walked over to Benny.

“Are you having a problem, sir?”

Benny turned around and saw the policeman.

“The leprechauns in there won’t give me my change. They are a bunch of thieves. They took my dollar and won’t give me my change.” Benny stomped his foot in anger.

The police officer looked at Benny. Then he looked at the changer.

“Leprechauns? Thieves? No change?”

The policeman inched closer and sniffed Benny's breath. His suspicious eye fastened on Benny. “Have you been drinking?”

Benny backed away. “I have had one or two beers. But I am not drunk.”

“H’mm, I think you had better come downtown with me.”

The policeman cuffed Benny and led him from the Laundromat.

The leprechauns returned to their card game, still laughing with glee. The officer led Benny past Billy Rae. She watched with widened eyes from Benny’s car as the policeman put him in the police cruiser.

Benny’s cheeks burned in shame. Leprechauns had humiliated him. Before his girlfriend's watchful gaze the policemen handcuffed him and led him away. And those little mouse turd leprechauns had kept his dollar. He hoped that they wouldn't mention his deficiency to Billie Rae.

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Gardener’s Guide Series

Everything the beginning gardener needs to plant their vegetable garden.

Gardener’s Guide to Composting

Description

Compost is an invaluable ingredient for garden soil. It enriches the ground with minerals and other nutrients and can provide ideal mulch for growing plants. The Gardener's Guide to Making Compost is a primer that both gardening beginners and veterans can use to help them make better compost. The book covers most popular types of compost systems, making compost with worm, mulching and green manures. It is an excellent primer on making and using compost.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

Garden Soil Types - A Quick Soil Primer

Soil is the top several inches of the earth's crust. Soil is necessary for civilization to exist, as it supports the plant life that sustains forests, plains, agriculture and other habitats. Five basic factors influence the formation of soil, the bedrock, climate, local fauna and flora, topography and the passage of time. The gardener will find three layers of soils underlying their garden, the topsoil, and subsoil and parent material. The parent material is the minerals that originally formed the soil. The subsoil is the intermediate level between topsoil and the parent material and will have some qualities of both. The topsoil is the part that concerns most gardeners.

In the Dirt

On average a soil will contain about twenty-five percent air, forty-five percent mineral matter, twenty-five percent water and about five percent organic matter. These levels can vary according to soil type, location, rainfall and other factors. The average soil will include a number of organisms that live in it. These include earthworms, grubs, fungus, bacteria and plant roots.

Topsoil

Topsoil is the first layer of soil, and is the major concern of the gardener. Topsoil can range from a thin layer over the underlying subsoil, or several inches. Good garden topsoil can contain between two and ten percent organic matter. A good garden soil must have the following qualities:

Good aeration, to allow root penetration and allow oxygen to penetrate the soil

Porous enough to allow drainage, but not so porous as to allow soils to dry quickly

Moisture retentive

Soil Composition

Improving Topsoil

The major effort of the gardener should be to work constantly to improve the topsoil quality and fertility. Fertile, loose topsoil will produce healthy, fast growing plants. Healthy plants will suffer less insect damage, have fewer diseases and produce top quality vegetables with maximum nutrition. Poor management of topsoil can cause them to erode away quickly, exposing the less desirable subsoil.

The gardener will encounter six basic types of soils:

Loam

Clay

Silt

Chalk

Sand

Saline

Note, there are other soil types, but these are the most common.

Loam

Loam is the ideal type of soil for most types of agriculture. This soil will have about equal quantities of sand, silt and clay. It will also boast a high organic content. A good loam has all the qualities listed above, will warm quickly in the spring, be easy to cultivate and is ideal for the greatest number of plant types. The gardener constantly replenishes the organic, humus content of the soil. The gardener can use his fingers to test loam soil. The soil should be dark in color that is smooth to the feel and have a slightly gritty feel. A ball formed by pressing the soil together should crumble easily.

Clay

Clay particles are quite fine and create a tightly packed soil. Clay is high in nutrients and retains water well. It will take clay soils longer to warm in the spring and since these soils have good water retention, they tend to dry out slow. A clay soil will form a ball that does not crumble easily. Damp or wet clay soil is sticky to the touch. It is harder to cultivate, especially when wet as it has a tendency to stick to garden tools. Clay soils will grow good plants, as it is fertile. Improve using mulches, compost or green manure crops to add organic matter. Adding organic matter will also improve drainage.

Silt

Silty soils are silky to the touch and will leave a soil stain on the fingers. These soils heat up slowly in the spring. These soils are quite fertile and have excellent water retention. However, because of this trait, they compact easily and sometimes plants have a hard time extracting nutrients from the dense soil structure. Some plant roots will rot in these soils. If better drainage can be achieved, possibly by using raised beds, silt soils can make an excellent garden site. As with other soils, use compost, mulches and green manures to add organic content.

Sand

Made up of quartz, silica and other minerals, sandy soils feel gritty to the touch. Sandy soils allow water to drain away quickly and escape by evaporation. They tend to be low in fertility. It will not form a ball when rolled between the hands. Plants have difficulty using any nutrients in the soil, as they drain away quickly. These soils do warm up in the spring quickly and are easy to cultivate. Adding compost, using green manures and mulches can increase the quality of a sandy soil.

Peaty Soils

Peaty soils are dark and have a spongy, damp feel when compressed. Its high acidic content leads to slower decomposition of plant matter, leading to lower soil fertility. These soils also heat up quickly in the spring and have excellent water retention. Because they tend to stay wet, the gardener should supply some drainage like tiling it or use raised beds. Using lime or wood ashes can raise the ph level. Add compost or manure to increase soil fertility. These soils make excellent garden soils.

Quick Soil Type Test

Pour a trowel full of soil into a glass jar. Fill with water and shake well. Allow this to settle for several hours. In clay and silt soils, the water will remain cloudy. A layer of soil particles will form on the bottom of the jar. In peaty soils, several particles will float on the surface, some will sink to the bottom and the water will remain cloudy. In sandy soils, the water will be clear and a layer of sand will form at the bottom of the jar. A loam soil will leave the water mostly clear. The bottom should have several layers of soil particles on the bottom of the jar.

Soil PH

The ph scale indicates whether a soil is acid, neutral or alkaline. The ph range scale runs from 0 - 14, with soils below 7 classified as acidic and over 7 as alkaline. Most vegetable crops prefer a range between 5.5 and 7.0. The gardener can use a test kit from a garden supply store to test the ph. Use lime, or wood ashes to correct soil that is too acidic. Use aluminum sulfate to correct alkaline soils. Use care using these materials, as it is easy to overcorrect.

Reasons to Make and Use Compost

Compost is a humus and nutrient rich natural fertilizer and soil conditioner to use in the garden around vegetables and flowers.

Making your own compost helps dispose of lawn, garden and kitchen wastes, transforming them into a usable nutrient rich addition for the garden. These wastes will help reduce the amount of landfill waste. Leaves, grass clippings and shrubbery trimmings all make good compost ingredients. Compost can also serve as a mulch to spread over garden beds, helping preserve soil moisture and stifle weeds.

Gardener's Guide to Garden Tools

Description

The Gardener's Guide to Gardening Tools serves as a primer of hand and power tools, for the beginning or veteran gardener. Basic information about most home garden tools such as trowels, pruners and shovels are included as well as some information about garden tillers, weed eaters and blower/vacuums. Use the Gardener's Guide to Gardening Tools as a primer on garden tools to help you decide which ones to include in your gardening arsenal.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

Garden Trowels

A garden trowel is an indispensable tool for every gardener. All gardeners should have one trowel and it is best to have several for different purposes. The word trowel derives from the Latin word "truella", which means "small ladle". A trowel can serve as a ladle but that is really just one use for a trowel. Indeed, a trowel is the most used tool in the gardener's toolbox so it is important to get a good one. Nothing is as aggravating as a poor quality trowel that bends when you try to dig. Additionally, a poorly designed handle tires the hand and causes blisters.

There is an incredible variety of hand trowels available to the modern gardener. The gardener will find wood handle trowels and plastic composite trowels. Also available are aluminum and stainless steel trowels. New ergonomic designs make gardening easier on the hands. They also make it more accessible to those with repetitive stress injury and arthritis. These new designs include gel filled handles and curved designs that are more natural for the hand to hold while using them.

Finding a good garden hand trowel from this vast selection of trowels is a bit confusing. So take your time and then choose the garden hand trowel best suited for your needs.

Ergonomic Trowels

Ergonomic trowels use a new design to provide ergonomic ease of use. Some of the new ergonomic trowels help gardeners with arthritis continue their garden activities. These tools also help gardeners without those disorders to garden with less stress to their hands and wrists.

The ergonomic design of the trowel's handle allows the gardener to use a more natural position while working. A cushioned grip helps prevent blisters. These trowels are usually composed of an alloy consisting of cast aluminum and magnesium so they are light and strong. The blade's design allows you to punch into the soil easily and lift a manageable load of soil. The curved shapes provide a more balanced transfer of energy from the hand and wrist to the trowel. This reduces hand fatigue common when using a hand garden trowel.

Gel Ergonomic Trowels

Gel ergonomic trowels provide a cushioned grip that prevent blisters and make working in the garden more fun. Gardeners abuse their hands a lot with all that digging, pruning and chopping. Any tool which helps reduce that abuse is a welcome addition to any gardener's tool chest. A gel grip trowel helps your hands by incorporating a cushioned, gel filled handle into the garden trowel's design.

This gel flexes and provides cushioning to hard-working fingers while digging. Some of these feature a serrated edge to open bags of fertilizer or other gardening material and to cut roots while digging. Others have stainless steel blades.

Stainless Steel Trowels

Stainless steel is an ideal component to use to make trowels. It is strong, durable and resists rust. They also polish to a high sheen so they are attractive as well. The shiny metal is easy to spot if the gardener misplaced the tool while pursuing other projects in the garden. Stainless steel trowels usually have wood handles. These trowels are prone to rusting over time.

Nursery Trowels

The small, lightweight nursery trowel works well in tight spaces. The long handle of the nursery trowel allows you to reach into tight spots and the small, light blade makes it an ideal trowel for women to use.

Soil Scoop Trowels

A soil scoop is a specialized trowel that will certainly find many uses in and around the garden. The scoop is great for those who mix their own potting soil, as it will allow you to scoop vermiculate, peat moss and other soil components. The scoop will also work great to pot up plants and fill bedding packs for small transplants. Using the scoop, you can pick up potting soil from the bag or bin and place it where you want it. This help to fill in around roots under and around stems and leaves.

A soil scoop will work better than a trowel to fill in soil around newly transplanted shrubs and flowers in the garden. It can also scoop fertilizer and other bulk garden products into spreaders. Specialized bonsai soil scoops work great to fill soil in and around the small pots used in bonsai. Their unique shape fits in under the leaves and branches of these miniature trees better than a trowel. The right soil scoop fills a void

left by the hand trowel. Standard trowels are great for digging and weeding. However, their shape is usually not suitable for scooping soil for potting and bonsai needs.

Aluminum Trowel

Aluminum trowels are strong, durable and lightweight. Aluminum resists corrosion, so if you accidentally leave your trowel out in the rain it will not rust. Since aluminum trowels are cast in one piece, the blade will not separate from the handle, as it will with some other types of trowels. Aluminum is a soft metal and it will not hold a sharp edge as a steel trowel will. Since it is not a strong as steel, aluminum garden trowels may bend easier if you are digging in heavy soil. The blades of an aluminum trowel may also chip if you strike a rock while digging. Aluminum trowels usually have a plastic grip on the handle to cushion your hand. Rubberized grips are easier on the hand than the polypropylene ones.

Wood Handle Trowels

The traditional handle for a garden trowel has been wood. Wood, usually a hardwood like ash or hickory, is the traditional choice for a handle for a trowel. Attractive, strong and durable many manufacturers still make trowels with wood handles. However, it tends to split, especially if you accidentally leave the trowel out in the weather.

Trowel Maintenance

Protect the trowel from rust with a coating of old motor oil or cooking oil when not in use. A good spray with aerosol cooking oil before using will make the trowel easier to clean when finished with it. Alternatively, fill a bucket with sand and saturate it with oil. Use this to dip your hand tools in to clean them and add a protective sheen of oil to help prevent rust. Sometimes it is helpful to file or grind the edges of steel trowels to a sharp edge to make it easier to cut into soil. Paint the handles or blades a bright orange or yellow to make them more visible. This makes it less likely to lose the trowel or leave it out in the weather.

The wide variety of trowels on the market can intimidate even the most seasoned gardener. Trowels come in different shapes, sizes, materials and colors. Picking the right type of trowel is easier if the gardener is aware of the many different types available and the uses of each.

Gardener's Guide to Starting Seeds

Description

The Gardener's Guide to Starting Seeds is the complete guide to starting seeds. From direct sow to planting under grow lamps this guidebook provides loads of information about growing seeds. Information on LED, incandescent and fluorescent lighting as well.

Storing Seeds

The guide also provides information about storing seeds. Most seeds will stay viable for several years, if stored properly.

Saving Seed

Those into saving seed will find valuable information on saving seed from your vegetable and flower plants.

Growing Supplies

Information about potting media, labels, bedding packs and other planting containers.

Catalog of Seed Catalogs

The book also includes an extensive list of seed catalogs, well over 100. The list includes companies selling not only seed, but gardening supplies, trees, shrubs, live plants and many other gardening needs. Web sites and other contact information are provided as well.

The Gardener's Guide to Seed Catalogs contains an extensive list of seed and nursery catalogs. This valuable garden reference includes web sites and other contact information as well.

Ebook Price

$ 4.49

Softbound Price

$ 8.99

The Amazing Plant Seed

A seed is kind of an amazing thing. Everything needed to grow a plant is packed into such a small package. The type of plant, how big it will grow, what kind of leaves it will have, and its flower color.

Literally the entire blueprint of the plant is contained within that tiny little package we call a seed.

All flowering plants grow from seeds, and that includes just about everything found in the flower and vegetable garden, excluding ferns, fungi, and mosses. The tiny seed produces everything from the diminutive moss roses to the massive sequoia tree. Seed size has virtually no impact upon the size of plant which grows from it. Some of the largest plants may grow from seeds the size of dust, and smaller plants may sometimes be produced from large seeds.

Seeds in the wild depend upon several different mechanisms to allow them to reach the proper locations and conditions for them to germinate. Some have fluffy wings to allow the wind to disperse over a wide area. Others have Velcro-like spurs to stick to animal's fur. Others clothe themselves in fleshy fruit which in turn is eaten by birds and animals and thus dispersed. Many of these need the harsh enzymes produced by the digestive systems of these animals to dissolve the seed coat sufficiently to allow germination.

Commercial Value

Seeds are of immense commercial value to us. Corn supplies both food for us and the livestock we depend upon for meat and protein. Corn is now also being explored as a heat source, too. Soybeans supply plastics, cooking oils and other important products. Other grain crops are used to make bread, beer, and other items we use in our everyday life.

The amazing seed packs everything needed to grow a plant into a compact package. Seeds are produced by all flowering plants and supply both man and animal with food. Seeds are an indispensable part of our world.

Gardener's Guide to Botany

Description

Gardener's Guide to Botany is a basic manual to botanical information. Written for gardeners by a gardener this manual teaches the gardener about plant seeds, flowers, roots and leaves.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 9.99

Sample Chapter

Formation and Structure of the Seed in Angiosperms

This article deals strictly with seed formation in the class of plants called angiosperms, or "enclosed seeds." It also deals with the further division of the dicots, or plants with two seed leaves.

The seed is the structure that develops from the fertilized ovule of the flower. The seed comprises all of the genetic information required to produce a new plant like the plant

from which it originated. It is composed of three distinct structures, the embryo, the endosperm and the seed coat. The formation of these structures occurs during the process called fertilization. Fertilization occurs, as it does with all flowering plants, after a grain of pollen, produced by the anther of a flower, lands on the stigma of a flower of the same species. When this occurs the pollen grains grow a tube that extends down through the style into the ovary. The sperm cells from the pollen travel down the tube and then fuse with the nuclei of an egg cell that is within the ovary.

In angiosperms double fertilization occurs during this process. One fertilization method involves the fusion of sperm cell nuclei with an egg cell. This part of the fertilization forms the zygote which develops into a pro zygote and then into the embryo. A secondary fertilization involves second sperm cell nuclei and the polar nuclei. This fertilization forms the endosperm.

This double fertilization has formed two of the three parts of the seed, the embryo and the endosperm. The seed coat develops over the endosperm and the embryo, protecting them from the elements and holding the parts together.

A zygote is the cell, which forms after sexual fertilization, occurs. This zygote contained within the seed is the undeveloped plant and within it is all the genetic information needed for the plant to grow. This genetic information, or DNA, comes from both parent plants that contributed to the initial fertilization. If self-fertilization has occurred, which happens in many types of plants, the genetic material comes from a single plant. After formation of the seed the zygote develops into a pro zygote that then develops into the embryo. The embryo becomes inactive, waiting for conditions to become satisfactory for germination. Depending upon the plant species and storage conditions a zygote can remain in this inactive state for a period of hours to many, many years after the seed forms. Some plant seeds will germinate immediately after they fall from the plant. Other plant seeds will need a complicated series of developments to trigger germination. The zygote consists of two portions, one of which will form the stem and leaves. The other portion will form the root of the plant. In dicot plants there are two seed leaves present which will emerge upon germination and produce food for the plant until the true leaves develop.

The endosperm is quick to develop after fertilization. Once the endosperm develops it too will remain inactive until after germination occurs. The purpose of the endosperm in the seed structure is to serve as a food source for the embryo to use once germination begins. The embryo will draw upon this food source until the roots and the leaves develop well enough to draw nutrients from the soil and gather light from the sun and manufacture the food the plant needs to survive.

The seed coat's purpose in the structure of the seed is to protect the embryo and endosperm. Seed coats develop from the ovule of the flower and it will remain in place until germination occurs. The seed coat sheds off at this point. Once the seed forms it

enters a state of dormancy. Dormancy can last for hours, days, weeks or years, depending upon the species of the plants and its growth requirements.

Gardener's Guide to the Raised Bed Garden

Description

The Gardener's Guide to the Raised Garden Bed provides a wealth of information about growing vegetables in raised beds. The book includes chapters about building materials, siting, plant nutrients, soil amendments, irrigation, soils, composting and much more. Gardeners will find a monthly journal of garden activities to guide them along. Gardeners using row style gardens will find the information useful, as well

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 10.99

Sample Chapter

Introduction to Raised Bed Gardens

What Are Raised Garden Beds?

A raised bed is any elevated growing area used to grow plants in soil. You can grow vegetables, flowers, herbs or small fruits like strawberries in a raised garden. The bed's construction can be from a variety of materials and be of just about any size and shape that suits the whim of the gardener or space available.

Advantages of Raised Garden Beds

Gardening in a raised bed presents many advantages over standard row gardening. These advantages include:

Planting, weeding and maintaining the elevated beds is easier.

Closer spacing of plants increases yields and decreases weeds.

Reduced soil compaction allows the plant's roots to grow unimpeded.

Irrigation is easier.

Since you hand cultivate the garden beds, or use mulches, expensive, heavy garden equipment is not needed.

Soil amendments and mulches go further in a raised bed since you do not apply them to the paths as if you would in a row garden.

Raised beds confine the soil to the bed. The beds are more attractive, especially if the garden is symmetrically designed.

If you mulch, pebble or pave the paths they will stay neat and attractive and provide an all-weather surface in the garden.

Weeds are easier to control in a raised bed and grass cannot easily invade from neighboring lawn areas.

Raised beds can also be easier to insert into odd-shaped yards, as all the beds do not necessarily have to be in one spot.

The gardener cultivates with hand tools. Since heavy equipment, like tractors and garden tillers are not used soil compaction is not a problem.

The soil stays loose as a result and plant roots are free to grow better in the looser, richer soil.

The beds can be constructed to a height that makes tending them easier.

Beds can be spaced and raised so wheelchair bound gardeners can access them.

Raised beds can be a solution for gardeners cursed with rocky or poor soil in the garden site. The gardener can fill the beds with good topsoil.

Waiting for the soil to dry out in the spring to work it is not necessary. The author has planted things while it is raining.

Disadvantages of Garden Beds

Elevated beds may need more irrigation

High initial cost of installing the beds

Gardeners Guide to Growing Vegetables

Description

Beginning and veteran gardeners will find the Gardeners Guide to Growing Vegetables an essential manual for the culture, harvest, storage and pest control of almost thirty popular garden vegetables.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 24.99

Sample Chapter

Arugula

Common Name:

Common names for this salad green include rocket salad, garden rocket, arugul, rucola, rucoli, rugula, colewort, and roquette. The rocket names derive from the French name, roquette.

Botanical Name:

Eruca sativa

Eruca vesicaria

The word "*eruca,*" derives from the Latin term, "burner," which refers to the "burning" sensation that arises in the body after consuming arugula. Some botanists consider the two species as very closely related, with *vesicaria* a subspecies of *sativa*. Other botanists do not consider them two species. The term "*sativa*" derives from the Latin word "*sero*", which means "to sow." The word *vesicaria* describes the vesicles that appear on the leaves.

Family:

Brassicaceae - Botrytis Group

Brassicaceae

The name *Brassicaceae* derives from the genus *Brassica*, which the family includes. The name *Brassica* means "cabbage" in Latin. The genus contains cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower among others. The family *Brassicaceae* contains over 330 genera and about 3,700 species, many of which are of economic importance as food crops. An older name for the family, *Cruciferae*, refers to the flowers that are standard across the family. The four-petaled flowers resemble a crucifix, thus the name *Cruciferae*. The older name is still sometimes used in place of *Brassicaceae*.

The Botrytis Group includes cauliflower, Romanesco broccoli and broccoflower.

Light:

Arugula does best in full sun, but it will tolerate some shade.

Soil:

Arugula likes fertile, moist, light and well-drained soil with a ph around 6 - 6.5.

Hardiness Zone:

Arugula can survive winter temperatures south of USDA Zone 8.

Origins and History:

Harvested as a food crop at least since the Sixth Century, BC, arugula has a long history. Originating in the Mediterranean area, arugula had the reputation of being a sexual stimulant. This reputation was so strong that growing it in monasteries during the Middle Ages was forbidden. Many writers at the time recommended mixing it with lettuce to lessen the aphrodisiac effect. Arugula also found use as an anesthetic. Traditionally, people gathered arugula from the wild or home gardens to add to their salads.

Propagation:

Arugula is propagated by seed only.

Flower Time:

Arugula is an annual and will flower in late spring to early summer if left un-harvested.

Plant Height, Spread, Spacing:

Arugula, depending on the variety, will grow from six to twelve inches tall and should be spaced about twelve to eighteen inches apart in the garden. The plant will reach from fifteen to twenty-four inches tall if allowed to bolt.

Flower Color, Description and Fragrance:

The white or light yellow, cross-shaped flowers have four petals and are from one quarter to one half inch in diameter. The flower clusters appear at the top of the plant on a long stalk.

Pollination:

Arugula flowers will not self-pollinate, so they rely upon insects for pollination. They will now cross-pollinate with other members of the Brassica family like cabbage, broccoli or cauliflower. You can save the seed to use to plant more arugula.

Plant Description:

Arugula will grow from fifteen to thirty inches tall. The deeply divided leaves will be from eight to eighteen inches long. Leaves on young plants are edible, but become strong and bitter on plants left to bolt to flower. A central stalk, covered with rough hair, will grow up to thirty inches tall and developed the flower heads. Beak shaped seed pods develop after flowering. These one to three inch long pods will bear small, round seeds. Arugula is an annual plant that will complete its cycle the same year it is planted.

Planting Seeds:

Plant arugula seeds about two weeks before the last expected spring frost in the spring. Arugula seed can handle cool weather and soil, so early sowings will probably

germinate. Cover the seed with a light covering of soil. Press in, then mist with water. Plant seed every two weeks to assure a continuous supply of leaves. Stop sowing by mid to late spring, then continue again in late summer for fall crops.

Growing Seedlings:

Keep the soil moist, but not soggy, until the seeds germinate. Germination should occur in seven to fourteen days. Keep the soil moist while the seedlings grow. If the seedlings dry out, they will become stressed and may bolt to flower. Plant later crops of arugula in the shade of tomatoes, peppers or other tall plants to keep them from getting too hot.

Garden Culture:

Supplying an adequate supply of water to arugula is crucial to success, especially if the weather turns hot and dry. During hot spells, shade arugula to keep it from bolting.

Problems:

Arugula's growing season is short enough that few pests have time to cause problems for gardeners growing it. However, it is a member of the Brassicaceae family and subject to most of the problems associated with it.

Cabbage Loopers

The cabbage looper is a caterpillar that is about one to one and one half inches long. They move by "looping" their bodies and using their front and rear legs to walk. The adults are moths that are active at night. They do not over winter in the north, but migrate in annually when the winter warms. They feed on cauliflower and other members of the cole family. Their feeding can completely defoliate a plant.

Controls:

Hand pick the caterpillars

Neem

Bacillus thuringiensis

Slugs

Slugs are slimy creatures that look like shell less snails. They eat the leaves and can defoliate the plants, especially young ones. Controls:

Slug traps

Diatomaceous Earth

Handpicking

Imported Cabbageworms

These caterpillars are the larval stage of cabbage butterflies. These small yellow or white butterflies lay their eggs on cabbage and other cole crops. The resulting caterpillars eat voraciously and can defoliate plants.

To Control them:

Hand pick the caterpillars

Neem

Bacillus thuringiensis

Rotenone

Cabbage Root Maggots

The cabbage root maggot is the larval stage of the cabbage root fly. Control of the maggot is difficult. Control of the fly is easier. The fly lays its eggs near the base of the plant and is only active in cool weather. The eggs hatch and the larvae burrow into the roots, leaving channels in them. The plant will wilt and possibly die. Insecticides are largely ineffective. The best control is to use a row cover over the plants during cool weather. This prevents the flies from laying eggs.

Aphids

You will find these small insects on the undersides of the leaves or on new growth. They feed by sticking their snouts into the plant and sucking out the juices. Plants can become stunted and grow slowly. Severe infestations can kill the plant. Ants sometimes tend aphids for their waste products, a sticky substance called honeydew. Rub small infestations off with the fingers. Control larger infestations with insecticidal soap, neem, rotenone or diatomaceous earth.

Flea Beetles

These small, black insects appear on the plant's leaves. When they feed, the leaves look like a shotgun blasted them, leaving scores of tiny holes. The insects jump quickly from leaf to leaf when disturbed. Flea beetles attack many different kinds of plants in the garden.

Insecticides include:

Rotenone

Sevin

Natural controls include:

Row covers placed over the rows as a barrier to keep the insects away from the plants.

A trap crop like radish or daikon may draw them away.

Disease Problems Include

Black Leg

This fungal disease begins as small, black dots. The dots expand and develop a grayish colored center. It can spread during wet weather. Small plants and seedlings will die. Larger plants will develop unsightly lesions on the heads, making them unmarketable. They are still edible, but you must cut the bad parts away and wash the remainder well. The fungus can infect the roots. There are no controls for this disease. There are only preventative measures. The disease can live in the soil for three years, so rotating crops so you do not plant cabbage in a bed for four years should eradicate it. Sterilizing the soil in a bed can also eradicate it. Work the soil well and wet it down. Place black plastic over the bed and allow the hot, summer sun to heat the soil. This may kill the fungus. Do not compost infected plants. It will attack all cole crops like broccoli, kohlrabi, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts.

Black Rot

A bacterium that can enter the leaf margins causes Black Rot. It can also enter damaged areas of the leaf and infect seed. There is no control once the disease begins. It begins at the leaf margins, which turn yellow. The yellowing continues to form a "V" shaped lesion. Once it starts, it will spread to the rest of the plant.

Clubroot

The problem manifests itself above ground by yellowing leaves and stunted growth. Pulling the plants reveals club shaped roots instead of the fine root system of a normal plant. There is no control for this fungal disease. The only control is prevention. Once in the soil, it is difficult to get rid of. Buy only uninfected seedlings or grow your own. Liming the soil can tame the disease, but should be done with care. Raising the ph of the soil to 7.2 or higher can help the plants resist the disease. Use a soil test to determine your soils ph. Do this before and after treatment to see how much it helped. Use hydrated lime. This is ineffective on muck or sandy soils.

Yellows

This fungal disease infects cabbage grown in warm temperatures. During cool weather it usually does not develop. The leaves turn yellow, curl or warp. Usually the effect is more noticeable on one side of the plant. The vascular vessels of the plant may turn brown and the leaves become brittle and dry. Some varieties are more susceptible than others are. Summer planted varieties may show symptoms, and then recover as the weather cools. There are no controls and once it is in the soil it can live for many years. Use resistant varieties and practice crop rotation.

Medicinal uses:

Arugula contains high levels of dietary nitrate, which can help lower blood pressure and enhance athletic performance. The high levels of Vitamin K can help prevent

osteoporosis and its alpha-lipoic acid levels can help those with diabetes. Arugula also has sulforaphanes, which can help prevent certain types of cancer.

Food Uses:

The primary use for arugula is fresh, in salads and on sandwiches. Young leaves are best for this. Some cooks like to add older leaves, which are stronger in flavor, to soups, stir fries and egg dishes when the dishes are almost done cooking.

Harvesting:

Harvest young leaves when they reach two to three inches long, starting at the outer edge of the plant. Leave the center leaves and the plant will continue producing leaves. Alternatively, harvest the entire head when it reaches maturity. If weather conditions are favorable, the plant may sprout again.

Storage:

Arugula should keep well for three to four days after harvest. Rinse the leaves, towel dry and store in a plastic bag placed in the crisper drawer in the refrigerator.

Cultivars:

Apollo - A Dutch heirloom with smooth, oval leaves and a milder flavor. It holds up fairly well in heat. (40 – 45 days)

Astro II - Another milder arugula that matures early. (35 – 38 days)

Olive Leaf aka Rucola Selvatica - A Foglia Di Oliva - a wild, Italian type. It has an intense flavor, but not overpowering. (45 –50 days)

Sylvetta - Narrow, spicy leaves. Slow to bolt. (45 – 50 days)

Esmee

Beautiful, three-dimensional, oak-type leaves add loft to salad mix.

Astro Arugula (Roquette)

Astro

Organic Seeds, Plants, and Supplies

This variety is early, heat-tolerant standard variety with more shallowly-lobed leaf.

Sylvetta Arugula (Roquette)

Sylvetta

This is a wild arugula variety popular with chefs; also known as Wild Rocket.

Bellezia Arugula (Roquette)

Bellezia

It has dark-green, deeply-lobed leaves on upright plant for easier harvest.

Sylvetta Arugula (Roquette)

Sylvetta

This is a wild arugula variety popular with chefs; also known as 'Wild Rocket.'

Arugula (Roquette)

Arugula

This is a standard salad arugula for salad mix, bunching, and edible flowers.

Wasabi Arugula (Roquette)

This has the same nose-tingling sensation as wasabi condiment in Japanese cuisine.

Bellezia

This variety has dark-green, deeply-lobed leaves on upright plant for easier harvest.

Surrey Arugula (Roquette)

Achieve wild arugula appearance with faster, easier-to-grow variety.

Astro Arugula (Roquette)

Astro

Arugula Seed

This is an Early, heat-tolerant standard variety with more shallowly-lobed leaf.

Dragon's Tongue Arugula (Roquette)

Unique salad mix component due to unusual coloring and piquant flavor.

Nutrition:

Principle - Nutrient Value - Percentage of RDA

Energy - 25 Kcal - 1%

Carbohydrates - 3.65 g - 3%

Protein - 2.58 g - 5%

Total Fat - 0.66 g - 3%

Cholesterol - 0 mg - 0%

Dietary Fiber - 1.6 g - 4%

Vitamins

Folates - 97 µg - 24%

Niacin - 0.305 mg- 2%

Pantothenic acid - 0.437 mg - 8%

Pyridoxine - 0.073 mg - 6%

Riboflavin - 0.086 mg - 7%

Thiamin - 0.044 mg - 4%

Vitamin C - 15 mg - 25%

Vitamin A - 2373 IU - 79%

Vitamin E - 0.43 mg - 3%

Vitamin K - 108.6 µg - 90%

Electrolytes

Sodium - 27 mg - 2%

Potassium - 369 mg - 7.5%

Minerals

Calcium - 160 mg - 16%

Copper - 0.076 mg - 8%

Iron - 1.46 mg - 18%

Magnesium - 47 mg - 12%

Manganese - 0.321 mg - 14%

Phosphorus - 52 mg - 7.5%

Selenium - 0.3 µg - <1%

Zinc - 0.47 mg - 5%

Phyto-nutrients

Carotene-ß - 1424 µg

Carotene-a - 0 µg

Lutein-zeaxanthin - 3555 µg

Source:

https://www.nutrition-and-you.com/arugula.html

Cooking and Preparing:

Other than adding arugula to stir fries, soups and stews, arugula is normally consumed raw in salads and on sandwiches.

Gardener's Guide to Full Sun Perennial Flowers

Description

Gardener's Guide to Full Sun Perennials contains complete cultural and propagation information on nineteen perennial flowers suitable for full sun. Gardeners will also find a list of the most popular commercially available varieties for each of the perennial flowers as well.

Ebook Price

$4.99

Softbound Price

$ 39.99

Sample Chapter

Alyssum – Botanical Information

Common Name:

Basket of Gold, Goldentuft Alyssum, Golden Alyssum, Gold-Dust, Golden-Tuft Alyssum, Golden-Tuft Madwort, Rock Madwort, Cloth of Gold, Goldentuft

Back to Alyssum

Botanical Name:

Aurinia saxatilis

The genus name, Aurinia, derives from the Latin word aureus, which means golden. The species name, saxatilis, means, "Growing among rocks." Formerly classed as Alyssum, botanists have changed the classification and the name. Most gardeners, though, still refer to it as Alyssum.

Back to Alyssum

Family:

Brassicaceae

The name *Brassicaceae* derives from the genus Brassica, which the family includes. The name Brassica means "cabbage" in Latin. The genus contains cabbage, Brussels' sprouts and cauliflower, among others. The family *Brassicaceae* contains over 330 genera and about 3,700 species, many of which are of economic importance as food crops. An older name for the family, *Cruciferae*, refers to the flowers that are standard across the family. The four petals of the flowers resemble a crucifix, thus the name *Cruciferae*. This older name still finds use in place of *Brassicaceae* in some texts. The species name, saxatilis, means, "found among rocks" and refers to the plant's habitat of rocky, well-drained soils. Both names have Latin origins.

Light:

Aurinia saxatilis requires full sun, though in areas of intense heat alyssum will appreciate some shade, especially in the hot part of the day.

Soil:

Alyssum will tolerate a wide range of soil types as long as they drain well. Gritty or sandy soils are best but the plant will do well in clay as long as it is not soggy. Alyssum will tolerate drought and all ph levels.

Origins:

Aurinia saxatilis is native to northern Asia Minor, central and Eastern Europe.

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Gardener's Guide to Growing Your Vegetable Garden

Gardener's Guide to Growing Beets

Beets are one of the most popular vegetables to grow in the garden. Vegetable gardening is a valuable way to provide nutritious food for the table, and the beet culture is ideal for the beginner garden. The sweet earthy root vegetables are a nutritious source of vitamins, minerals and other nutrients. The Gardeners' Guide to Growing Beets serves as a valuable resource on the culture of growing beets as well as instructions on how to preserve the vegetable. No vegetable garden is complete without a patch of beets to offer its share of summery sweetness.

Ebook Price - $4.99

Softbound Price - $9.99

Audio Book - $7.49

Sample Chapter

Propagation:

Beets are propagated by planting seeds. The beet seed is what botanists call a multi-germ seed. This is because the "seed," is actually two or three seeds attached to each other. This happens because beet flowers occur in a cluster and the petals of two or more flowers fuse together as the seeds mature. The result is the multi-germ seed that the gardener plants. Most of the time, both seeds germinate together, resulting in two, or even three, seedlings occupying the spot where one seedling should be. For this reason, the gardener needs to thin the seedlings to give the plants more room to grow. The thinned seedlings may be added to a salad, so they do not go to waste.

Planting the Seeds

Begin planting beets when the soil temperature has reached about 50 degrees. In the garden, plant the seeds from one to two inches apart in shallow depressions in the soil. Space the rows about one foot apart. If planted in raised beds, the rows can be two to three inches apart. Cover the seeds with about 1/4 inch of soil and water with a fine mist. Keep the soil moist until the seeds germinate. The seed should germinate in seven to ten days. When the seedlings reach about one to two inches tall, thin the seedlings to about two to three inches apart.

Gardener's Guide to Annuals

Gardener's Guide to Growing Marigolds

Propagation:

Marigolds may be propagated by planting seed, layering the plans or taking cuttings.

Seed

Plant marigold seed about six to eight weeks before the last spring frost. Use a soilless potting mix, available at garden, hardware or farm stores, to plant he seeds. Fill bedding packs, pots or other suitable container with the soil, place the seeds about 1 inch apart on the soil surface and cover with about 1/4 inch of soil. Use a fine mister or watering can with a fine rose (sprinkler head) to wet the soil thoroughly and place the pot in a sunny window or grow light. Marigold seeds need a temperature of 70 - 75 degrees and should germinate in five to seven days. Once the seeds have germinated, remove the plastic and continue growing on until the first true leaves have emerged.

Here is a general guide for starting plants from seed.

You will need a few essentials to get started, such as a container to start the seeds in, some potting soil, labels, a south facing window, and, of course, the seeds.

Containers

Containers for starting seeds indoors can be purchased from a garden center or from seed catalogs. Typically, a seed starting pot will be shallow and have a clear plastic lid which fits tightly. The clear cover admits needed light; and creates the humid environment which is required by the germinating seeds.

Soil Mix

Choose a commercial soil germination media to fill your indoor seed containers. Commercial seed starting media is sterile, which is essential to prevent diseases like damping off from wiping out newly germinated seedlings. Seed starting media will have a fine texture, which allows the seedlings to push through easily.

Labels

It is important to label the seeds when they are planted, especially if you are new to growing seeds indoors and are starting several different types at the same time. The labels should be impervious to the damp conditions they will be exposed to. Be careful what type of pen you write with, as some types of ink may run or fade in the moist air under the cover. Suitable labels can be purchased from a garden center or seed merchant, as well as marker pens.

Seed

When purchasing seed, make sure that the seed is fresh and has been packaged for the current year. There should be a notation somewhere on the label stating the year the seed was packaged for. Fresh seed usually germinates quickly, with a high percentage of seeds sprouting. Older seed, especially if not stored properly, may germinate poorly, if at all. Purchase the seed from a reputable garden center or seed catalog.

Preparing the Containers

Fill the seed containers with the sterile potting media. The soil should be moistened well, but not soaked. Use a spray bottle or a watering can with a very fine rose to water the soil. A spray bottle with an adjustable nozzle works best, especially when the seedlings first emerge and are quite tender.

Sowing the Seeds

Sow the seeds in the media using the seed package as a guide. Most seed packets will have a lot of valuable information printed on the back, so don't throw it away. There will be information about how to sow the seed, lighting conditions the plant needs, spacing, etc. After sowing the seed, cover the seed thinly and water with a fine mist of water.

Aftercare

Once the seeds are sown, the containers should be covered and placed in a south facing window for maximum sunlight. Failing that, a west or east window will work, but the resulting seedlings may get leggy if not given additional light. A fluorescent fixture is best for this, as it will provide the needed spectrum of light. Incandescent bulbs will not provide suitable light for most seeds started indoors. Gro lights that provide the ideal lighting conditions for growing plants are also available at home improvement and big box stores.

Rewarding

Starting seeds indoors can be a fun and rewarding experience. So many types and varieties of garden plants can be grown from seed, dwarfing the selections of bedding packs and pots available from garden stores. When you decide to grow your own seeds, you truly enter a whole new world of gardening.

Gardener's Guide to Fruit and Vegetable Preservation

Subtitle:

Complete Guide to Canning, Dehydrating, Freezing, Pickling and More

Series:

Gardener's Guide Series

Softbound Price

$10.99

Audio Books

$8.99

Ebook Price

$5.50

Root Cellar

A root cellar is a structure, usually constructed underground, that is used to store various types of vegetables, fruits and nuts for long periods of time. The name derives from the use of the cellar to store root crops like potatoes, turnips and carrots.

History of the Root Cellar

People have stored food underground since ancient times. Many times, this practice involved simply placing the food in an urn or barrel and burying it or digging trenches and mounding the earth over the food. The first walk in root cellars didn't appear in England until the 17th Century. The North American English colonists took the concept along with them and used root cellars extensively to store food. The Jamestown settlers constructed the first root cellars in the New World in 1607. Nearly every colonial farm had a root cellar to store vegetables, fruits and other foods. The use of root cellars continued as the dominant food preservation device until the advent of refrigeration in the 19th and 20th Centuries.

The history of root cellars can be traced back to ancient civilizations, indigenous Australians, and European settlers in North America:

Ancient civilizations

The Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians all used cellars for various purposes, including storing wine in Greece and keeping food cool in Egypt.

Indigenous Australians

Some of the first people known to preserve food by burying it were the indigenous people of Australia.

European settlers in North America

English and Irish settlers built root cellars shortly after arriving in North America, realizing that the climates were different from what they were used to. For example, settlers at the Colony of Virginia in Jamestown built cellars in 1607.

Use in the New World

Root cellars became more common in the New World, especially in the 17th and 18th centuries. In New England, almost every farmstead had a root cellar to keep produce cool in the summer and above freezing in the winter.

Use by slaves

Slaves used root cellars to hide food and personal possessions from their owners. Some slave owners raised their cabins off the ground to prevent slaves from creating hidden spaces under them.

Root cellars were a critical part of farm subsistence strategies, especially during the winter when eating was seasonal. They were used to preserve food year-round until the refrigeration era.

How a Root Cellar Works

The root cellar functions best when it maintains temperatures between 32º to 40º Fahrenheit and humidity levels of 85 to 95 percent. The cool temperatures and high humidity slow the release of ethylene gas from the fresh produce. These temperatures also retard the growth of bacteria which can spoil the food. The high humidity slows the release of water from the crops, preventing them from withering.

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Home Guides

The Home Guide Basics Series of books will explain the basic operation, options and systems of many appliances used in the home.

Home Water Systems

Home Water Systems

Description

Home Water Systems is a primer for the homeowner about water sources like lakes, streams and wells. It provides a basic overview of water filtration systems, wells and other water sources for the home.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

Introduction

Water is essential to life on earth. It is the major component of all the world's oceans, lakes, streams, glaciers and rivers. You can see it in the sky, as clouds and feel it on your skin as rain or snow. Water, dissolved in the air, creates the humidity that can

make a hot summer day seem unbearable. Water is the only substance that appears in all its forms, solid, gas and liquid, on the earth's surface.

Safe, pure drinking water is a valuable resource. Since its chemical properties make it an ideal solvent, indeed, scientists call it the universal solvent. It can dissolve hundreds of substances. While chemically convenient in many cases, this trait can also imperil its use as useful to drink or use as a food ingredient.

Water's superior solvent properties make water treatment necessary. Water softeners remove dissolved minerals that make water "hard." Water filters remove impurities and, depending upon the type of filter, bacteria that can cause disease. This guide will explain the different common types of water treatment available to the average homeowner as well as common home sources of water.

Water definition

Pure water, at room temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit is a colorless, tasteless and odorless liquid. Two elements, substances made up only of them selves, combine to make a water molecule. A molecule is a group of atoms that have bonded. This is the smallest chemical compound that can take part in a chemical reaction. Two hydrogen atoms combine with one oxygen atom forming the compound, H_2O, which we call water. Each of these elements is a gas at room temperature. Water is an essential ingredient for life, as we know it on earth. Seventy-one percent of the earth's surface is covered with water in one from or another. These different forms include:

Oceans - 96.5%

Glaciers - 1.6%

Freshwater- 2.5%

Freshwater Rivers and Lakes - Less than 0.3% of Freshwater, the rest is in glaciers or ground water

Atmospheric Water Vapor - 0.001%

Water is an essential part of the human body. Water makes up about 90% of the body's weight. Blood, lymphatic fluids, digestive enzymes and other bodily fluids have water as their main constitution. This is true for every biological life form on earth, as most are composed primarily of water. Water regulates the body's temperature, lubricates joints, flushes bodily wastes from the body and acts as a shock absorber for many of the body's vital organs. The amount of water required each day by an adult human varies by age, weight, sex, environment and physical activity. The average male will need to take in approximately 3.17 quarts of water per day, the average female 2.32 quarts. Water can be consumed as a liquid or in food.

Water as a liquid

Water exists as a liquid from the temperatures of thirty-two degrees to 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Water below thirty-two degrees will freeze and turn into a solid. Over 212 degrees and it will boil and turn to steam, a vapor.

Water as a Gas

Liquid water turns to a gas, called water vapor, by a process called evaporation. Heat is necessary for evaporation to occur. Water evaporates rapidly at its boiling point of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, turning to steam as the molecules separate and escapes into the atmosphere. The lower the temperature, the slower the evaporation rate, thus water at the freezing point evaporates very slowly. Water vapor in the atmosphere condenses into clouds as tiny droplets of water combine with fine dust, smoke or salt in the atmosphere. When the water vapor reaches a state of saturation, the droplets can fall as precipitation, thus driving the water cycle. The saturation point, or dew point, is reached when the air temperatures reach a point that is below the temperature needed for the water vapor to remain saturated.

Water as a solid

At temperatures below 32 degrees Fahrenheit, water freezes and becomes a solid. Most substances become denser as temperatures fall as their molecules or atoms become closer together. Water's molecules, on the other hand, grow further apart, making it less dense than liquid water. Ice, therefore, will float on water. Most other substances, the solid form will fall to the bottom. Ice exists in a semi-permanent state in earth's glaciers and at the poles. In dry, warm air, ice can dissipate into the air by a means called sublimation. Normally, ice melts into a liquid state in warm temperatures and the liquid water then evaporates. During sublimation, the warm, dry air can cause ice to skip the liquid state and enter the atmosphere as a vapor.

Water as a Solvent

Scientists call water a "Universal Solvent," because of its ability to absorb a vast number of substances. As water moves through the air, ground or water, it absorbs most minerals, nutrients and other substances it contacts. The human body uses this absorptive ability to use water to remove wastes from the body. When the substances, carried by the blood, enter the kidneys, water moving through them absorbs theses substances and flushes them out. This absorptive ability is created by the molecular structure of water. Each of the hydrogen atoms has a positive charge, while the oxygen a negative one. This means that the hydrogen atom attracts substances with a negative charge and the negatively charged oxygen attracts substances with a positive charge. This bond can be quite strong, such as the one that binds salt, sodium chloride, to the water molecule.

Fresh water

Fresh water is naturally occurring water that falls as precipitation and occurs on the earth's surface as ice sheets, ice caps, glaciers, icebergs, bogs, ponds, lakes, rivers and streams, and underground as groundwater. Freshwater is only about 3% of the earth's supply of water. The other 97% is salt, or ocean water. Humans cannot ingest ocean water, except in very small quantities. The salt level in seawater is too high for the human body to process. Since the kidneys can only make urine that is less salty than seawater, the kidneys must process more water than is ingested. Thus, drinking large quantities of salt water will cause dehydration and death.

Seawater

Seawater comprises about 97% of earth's water. It has a salinity level of about 3.5%. This is about the same level as the salt level in the human body. Each liter of seawater (33.814 ounces) of seawater contains about 1.2 ounces of salt. Seawater will freeze at a much lower temperature than pure water, about 28 degrees Fahrenheit. The salinity level is not the same everywhere on earth. At the mouths of rivers, the salinity is usually lower, as fresh water mixes with it. Areas around melting glaciers and at times of heavy precipitation can also lower the salinity level.

A Guide to the Home Electric System

Description

The A Guide to the Home Electric System provides readers with a complete handbook to the home electric system. The book includes sections on wiring, lighting, outlets, doorbells, garage doors, security systems and water heaters. Tankless water heaters are included as well as storage types. The book includes a comprehensive guide to batteries commonly used in the home, including rechargeable batteries and chargers. Readers will also find a glossary of electric terms like amp, volt, etc. as well as an explanation of electric circuits, the circuit panel and the various outlets, plugs and wiring. The book provides readers with a basic understanding of the home's electric circuits and how the power company supplies it to the residence.

Ebook Price

$2.99

Softbound Price

$8.99

Sample Chapter

Utility Service

Distribution Transformer

The electric utility company supplies power to the utility wires that are strung along the roadways at voltages that can range from 2300 to 35,000 volts. The companies use a device called a distribution transformer to cut this power down to 220 volts to supply the typical home or business. The distribution transformer can supply either one or several residences, depending upon local needs. The transformer will be called either pole mounted or pad mounted, depending upon their mounting method.

Pole-Mount Transformers

The pole mount transformer is the most common and is used when residential electrical connections are above ground.

Pad-Mount Transformers

If the underground connection to the residence is underground, the distribution transformer may be mounted at ground level on a concrete pad. These are called pad mount transformers.

Service Drop

Utility companies use a connection called a service drop to connect electrical wires running from the transformer to the home. The name service drop derives from the fact that the wires "drop," from the higher electric pole to the lower residential connection. The service drop is composed of three wires, two are insulated "hot," wires and the third is usually an uninsulated aluminum wire. The aluminum wire provides a "ground," connection to the electrical system. Being stronger than the other two wires, it also supplies support to the suspended wires. Typically, the "hot," wires each have a splice connection near the service head. Below the splices, the wires loop first down, then up to the service head. This is called a "drip loop." It allows rainwater to drip down from the wires and keeps it from entering the service head. Homes that have the utility wires connection supplied with an underground connection will not have a service drop. Instead, they will have a service lateral.

Service Lateral

The electrical service lateral is the electrical conducting conduit that runs underground from the transformer, either overhead or pad, to the electrical service head.

Service Point

The term service point defines the point at which the utility company's responsibilities end and the homeowner's responsibilities begin. In an underground installation this typically is the utility meter. The utility company will generally provide the conduit, wiring to the top power lug on the meter. The homeowner is responsible for the connection to the circuit panel, as well as the circuit panel and all wiring beyond. In an overhead connection the service point is at the point that the service drop connectors connect to the service conductor. The homeowner is responsible for all wiring beyond this point. Bear in mind, this is only a basic explanation. Service point definitions can

vary from utility company to utility company, state between state and even between local governing municipalities. A licensed electrician in your area, building inspector or utility company representative can explain your situation to you in greater detail.

Electric Meter

Typically, the utility company installs and owns the electric meter. The electric meter measures the amount of electricity used by the consumer so they can bill the account correctly. Some utility companies require the user to read their own meter while others have workers that read them on a regular basis. Smart meters have eliminated the need for manual reading of the electric meter. Meters measure electricity use in kilowatt hours. All electric meters will have two things in common, a meter number an a way to display the total number of kilowatt hours used. The meter number is a unique number assigned to each meter. Users can find the number displayed prominently on the front of the meter. If the user is required to read their own meter, they must provide the meter number to the utility company when they report their reading so they are billed correctly. There are three basic types of meters designed for residential use, the electromechanical, smart and bi-directional meter. A close inspection of the electric meter will reveal a small tag looped padlock style crimp hanging from the tab that allows utility people to open the meter for service. The tag provides a visual indication of anyone opening the meter for tampering. The wire comprising the loop are generally made from plastic or stainless steel and require only a small wire cutters to cut. The labels are available in a variety of colors. The labels are embossed with a series of numbers that comprise a code that relates information about the meter, when it was last opened and other data. A utility worker that opens the meter for maintenance will cut the tag and replace it with a new one upon completion of his task.

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Hoosier History Chronicles

A Year of Indiana History Stories - Book 1

A Year of Indiana History Stories - Book 1

Description

A Year of Indiana History Stories Book 1 includes three hundred and sixty-five stories of Indiana history. Hoosier history buffs will enjoy this journal of historic tales, some of which are obscure and little known. Others chronicle important benchmark historical Indiana events.

536 Pages

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 19.99

Sample Chapter

January 1, 1909 - Manufacture of Steel in Gary, Indiana by Indiana Steel Company Begins

Judge and industrialist Elbert H. Gary's vision of turning northwest Indiana's lakeshore into a steel building center culminated with the opening of the Indiana Steel Company's plant on January 1, 1909 in the new city of Gary, Indiana.

Elbert H. Gary (October 8, 1846 – August 15, 1927)

Erastus Gary and Susan A. Vallette welcomed their son Elbert into the world near Wheaton, Illinois on October 8, 1846. Elbert attended Wheaton College, then the Union College of Law, from which he graduated after earning a law degree in 1868. He practiced law, employed by the newly developing railroad companies. During this time, he also served as president of Wheaton, Illinois, then as mayor after Wheaton became a city. He moved to Chicago where he practiced law, becoming president of the Chicago Bar Association during the years 1893 to 1894. After hearing a case dealing with steel mills, he became interested in the steel industry and retired from his law practice. He became President of the Federal Steel Corporation in 1898. He envisioned the dune country of northwest Indiana as a steel industry hub because of its closeness to the Chicago steel mills, Lake Michigan's harbor facilities and the rail lines that had developed in the area. He envisioned that Gary would become a model community for steel workers.

Gary, Indiana

The land chosen for Gary was unsuitable for farming and thus unoccupied. The prime farmlands to the south had already attracted farmers and were a developing agricultural area. The sand dunes of the Lake Michigan seashore had been stripped of most of the sand to use for constructing many of the buildings in Chicago and were a prime candidate for construction of a steel mill. Because there were no houses yet, workers at the mill constructed shacks and tents to live in during construction. Between the years 1906 to 1909, the workers constructed over 500 houses in the town. The residents chose the name Gary to honor the man whose vision made the jobs and opportunities possible. The town had attracted about 16,000 residents when it became a city in 1909.

Indiana Steel Company

The Indiana Steel Company was created as a subsidiary of the Illinois Steel Company, which in turn was a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. Indiana Steel purchased over 9000 acres of land for the project. The company built twelve blast furnaces and forty-seven steel furnaces. They also excavated the harbor and constructed a lighthouse and breakwater. Construction began in 1906 on 700 acres with another 1000 acres slated for expansion. G. G. Thorpe designed the plant and oversaw its construction. Eugene J. Buffington was the first president of the corporation when operations commenced on January 1, 1909.

A Year of Indiana History Stories - Book 2

Description

A Year of Indiana History Stories Book 2 includes three hundred and sixty-five stories of Indiana history. Hoosier history buffs will enjoy this journal of historic tales, some of which are obscure and little known. Others chronicle important benchmark historical Indiana events.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 22.99

Sample Chapter

January 01, 1827 - Reverend John Finley Crowe Founded Hanover College

Presbyterian Minister John Finley Crowe founded Hanover College on January 1, 1827 on the banks of the Ohio River.

John Finley Crowe (June 16, 1787 - January 17, 1860)

The son of Benjamin Crowe and Ann Gregg, John was native to Green County, Tennessee. The family moved to Bellevue, Missouri. As a young man, Crowe heard the sermons preached by Reverend Robert Montgomery Young Stevenson, Jr. The sermons influenced Crowe to become a minister. In 1809, Crowe moved to Danville, Kentucky to begin his studies, and then entered Transylvania University. He graduated in 1813. John married Esther Alexander in 1813, with whom he would have twelve children. The Crowe family moved to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania where he entered Princeton Theological Seminary. He would gain ordination as a minister in 1815. His first post was teaching at the Academy in Shelbyville, Kentucky, where he also ministered to the Fox Run and Bullskin churches. His anti-slavery sentiments forced him to move to Hanover, Indiana to the church there in 1823.

Hanover College

Crowe sensed the need for education and began his efforts to start a college in Hanover. The Presbytery granted him permission in 1825; however, Crowe could find no one to teach. Thus, on January 1, 1827, Crowe began his Academy in a log cabin with two students. Crowe served as both President and teacher. Hanover is Indiana's oldest private college. The campus comprises 650 acres along the beautiful Ohio River. There are approximately 1000 students attending the school. Hanover College offers over 31 areas of major study. There are more than 50 student organizations, NCAA Division III athletics and active fraternities and sororities. Located along the main drive back to the college one of the most stunning views is available for the public to see. Visitors may take the scenic drive through the Hanover College campus or contact the Public Relations Office for guided campus tours.

Hanover College

Mailing Address

517 Ball Drive

Hanover, IN 47243

Street Address

484 Ball Drive

Hanover, IN 47243

Indiana County Short History Series

Provides home school parents and local history buffs with a concise history of each Indiana county. They will provide a thumbnail history, historical markers, museums and sites within the county. The books will also note National Register of Historic Places sites, historic bridges and auto tours.

A History of Dearborn County, Indiana

Description

A History of Dearborn County serves as a great historical resource for home school students and Indiana history buffs. It includes information on museums, historical markers, National Register of Historic Sites and other areas of historical interest in Dearborn County, Indiana. The guide is a great help in planning field trips as local parks and nature preserves are included in the book, as well. Readers will discover historical information on Dearborn County cities and towns like Aurora, Lawrenceburg, Greendale the smaller communities in the county. Home schooling

parents and local history buffs can use the book as a guide to finding Dearborn County's historical treasure for fun and educational field trips.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 10.99

Sample Chapter

Thumbnail History

1798 - Israel Ludlow Surveys True Meridian That Became Indiana/Ohio State Line

By October 1798 Ludlow had completed surveying the Greenville Treaty line and was ready to begin surveying the Symmes tract in the region of the Great Miami River. Before he could begin surveying this, he needed to have a true north/south meridian from which he could base the remainder of the survey. The Northwest Territory Act had mandated that 5, and not more than 7, states be created from the vast territory. It had stated that the border between an "eastern state," and a "middle," state consist of a true meridian that proceeded due north from a point where the Great Miami River enters the Ohio River. thus, Ludlow began surveying the true meridian that would become the line between the new Indiana Territory and the old Northwest Territory in 1800. In 1803 Ohio would become a state. The meridian survives today as the border between Ohio and Indiana.

Early Settlement

The first reported settlers began filtering into what is now Dearborn County along the Ohio River in 1794. Local lore suggests George Groves built the first log cabin on the banks of Laughery Creek. Another early settler, Nicholas Cheek, settled along Wilson Creek. Other accounts hold that Adam Flade was the first settler on land along South Hogan Creek in January 1796. Revolutionary War Veteran Ephraim Morrison followed, building the first log cabin and clearing the first trees along Hogan Creek somewhere in present day Aurora. Other settlers followed these first pioneers. These first settlers were squatters who did not have clear title to the land they occupied.

April 06, 1801 - Land Office in Cincinnati Began Selling Land

Already Settled

Settlers had already "squatted," on much of the land that was now on the market. The Whitewater and Laughery Creek valleys already contained cabins, farms and small settlements. The people that lived on these tracts did not own title to the lands, rather they possibly hoped to purchase their selections when the land office opened.

Nonetheless, when the land office opened in Cincinnati people did not flock to the land office. The first purchases in what is now Dearborn County did not occur until April 9.

The opening of the land office gave people their first chance at purchasing the lands in southeastern Indiana. Joseph Hayes made the first recorded land purchase in Dearborn County on April 9, 1801. Many of the early squatters had to leave their land, as most could not afford the $2.00 per acre. In 1796 the minimum tract of land that the government would sell was 640 acres, which put the price of land far above what the average pioneer could afford. The Harrison Land Act of 1800 reduced this amount to 320 acres, which was still more than most cash strapped pioneers could pay. Thus, many of those moving into the area before 1801 had to leave their homesteads when others purchased the land.

The Gore

When the Indiana Territory formed in 1800, the region that is now Dearborn County remained part of the Northwest Territory which had Cincinnati as its capitol. It lay west of the Prime Meridian surveyed by Israel Ludlow in 1798. The triangular area of land west of this line included all of what is now Dearborn and Ohio Counties, was called the Gore. Parts of Switzerland, Ripley, Franklin, Wayne, Union and Randolph Counties were also in the Gore. When Congress passed the enabling act on April 2, 1802, that allowed Ohio to begin the statehood process, they detached the Gore from the Northwest Territory and attached it to the Indiana Territory. The Prime Meridian surveyed by Ludlow in 1798 became the line separating Ohio from the Indiana Territory.

Formation of Dearborn County

Indiana Territorial Governor William Henry Harrison attached the region that became Dearborn County to Wayne County on January 24, 1803. Before this the region had no governmental organization. Harrison organized Dearborn County on March 7, 1803, naming it after Dr. Henry Dearborn who served as President Thomas Jefferson's Secretary of War at the time Harrison formed the county. The first court took place in September 1803. One of the earliest offenders was found guilty of striking a judge with a clap board. His sentence included confinement in a pen constructed of logs and rails. His neck was placed in a stock made from two wooden rails. The first Dearborn County jail was built in 1804. The county line followed the Greenville Treaty line, which separated it from Jefferson County. The original Dearborn County included current Ohio and Franklin Counties.

Lawrenceburg County Seat

Harrison deemed Lawrenceburg, platted in 1802, as the county seat. Lawrenceburg would remain the county seat until 1835, when it moved to Wilmington. The county seat remained in Wilmington for eight years.

Separation

Franklin County was separated from Dearborn County in 1811, establishing the current northern boundary. Ripley County separated from Dearborn County 1818Disputes between Rising Sun and Lawrenceburg over the location of the county seat caused the county seat to be moved from Lawrenceburg to Wilmington in 1835, as that town was closer to the center of the county. A new brick court house was constructed in Wilmington. Ohio County was created and separated from Dearborn County in 1844 and the Dearborn County seat shifted back to Lawrenceburg.

A History of Ohio County, Indiana

Learn the history of the Hoosier State's smallest county with this historical guide to Ohio County and Rising Sun, Indiana. The book covers the early settlement, involvement in the underground railroad and events of Ohio County. The book includes a time line of events as well.

Ebook – $2.99

Soft Bound - $11.99

Sample Chapter

Thumbnail History of Rising Sun, Indiana

Official surveying crews led Benjamin Chambers and William Ludlow began the first government surveys in the region that would become Rising Sun in 1798 - 1779.

The first known settlers, the Samuel Fulton family, filtered into the Rising Sun area in 1798. Samuel Fulton was an uncle to Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steam boat.

Samuel Fulton (July 01, 1762 - January 15, 1849)

The son of John and Jane Dills Fulton, Samuel was native to Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. Samuel joined a band of militia that was patrolling the area in 1778, searching for Amerindian warriors that had been in the area. While he was out patrolling, a band of warriors attached his family, capturing his father, mother, aunt and siblings. Two of his siblings were later killed. His parents and aunt survived, but suffered horribly at the hands of he Amerindians. At the end of the war, they were released and returned to settle near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Revolutionary War Soldier

Samuel enlisted in the militia and served until the end of the war. At war's end he married Mary Huston. The couple would have one son.

Settlement At Rising Sun

In the summer of 1794 they couple departed Pennsylvania and moved west, settling in Washington County, Pennsylvania. After a stay of about two years they departed that area and voyaged down the Monongahela River to the Ohio and on to Newport, in Kentucky. Initially, they wanted to go to Lexington, Kentucky, where Fulton's brother kept a store, however after about two years they continued down the Ohio River, eventually settling at the future site of Rising Sun in 1798. He constructed a cabin that was located about where Sixth Street is located in Rising Sun. Fulton and his wife remained at this site until their deaths. Their son, William, was born there in 1802. After their deaths they were buried in the Fulton Burying Ground near Rising Sun, Ohio County, Indiana.

A History of Switzerland County, Indiana

Switzerland County has its origins in the original wine making Swiss immigrants that migrated into the Ohio River Valley in the early Nineteenth Century. These families were an important part of United States wine making history, as they produced the first commercial wines in the nation.

New Switzerland

The immigrants named their principal town Vevay, after the Swiss town from which most of them originated. The industrious settlers soon turned the hills and valleys of their new settlement, often called New Switzerland, into productive farms and vineyards.

Hay Farming

Blight ruined the vines and as wine making declined, Switzerland County became a major hay farming region. Hay presses turned out huge quantities of hay to feed the horses that were vital to the agriculture and transportation needs of the era.

Ebook $6.49

Softbound $12.99

Audio Book $8.99

Sample Chapter

Switzerland County History

The Indiana Territorial Assembly created Switzerland County two years before Indiana became a state in 1814. The legislature named the county for the native land of many of its early inhabitants, Switzerland. The first commercial wineries in the United States were located here, and the county considers itself the birthplace of commercial

winemaking in America. Residents celebrate this heritage yearly during the Swiss Wine Festival in late August.

Early Settlement

The first known settlers to migrate into what is now Switzerland County were escapees from the whipping post in Kentucky. These settlers came to Posey County where they cleared small plots of ground to plant crops. They also hunted game and fished in the rivers and streams. James H. Merit, Sr. and his family came into the area, also from Kentucky, in 1809. Other families followed, native to Ireland, purchasing 2100 acres of land in the region just upriver of Patriot on the banks of the Ohio River. Prior to its organization as an independent county, the region that now comprises Switzerland County had been part of Dearborn County, when it was attached to Dearborn County. Sometime in 1810 the region was attached to Jefferson County. In the years before the Swiss began migrating in pioneers had settled in the region at the mouth of Hunts Creek and around the site Vevay now occupies. The Cotton and Dickason families followed in 1798.

Swiss Settlement

June 11, 1802 - Swiss Colony Lands Selected - Southern Indiana

John James Dufour immigrated to the United States to develop European style wines from American grown grapes. Thus far, American attempts to make a good wine had been a failure. Due to the efforts of John James Dufour, the commercial wine industry in the United States began in Switzerland County, Indiana.

John James Dufour (1763 - 1827)

A native of Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, Dufour studied viticulture for twenty years in Switzerland before coming to the United States in 1796. He had come representing the Vineyard Society of Switzerland and purchased 2560 acres near the future town of Vevay. The members of the organization were considering immigrating to America to make wine, escaping war torn Europe. He landed in Philadelphia in 1796 and embarked on a tour of vineyards across America that included stops at Thomas Jefferson's Monticello, St. Louis, Missouri, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Kentucky. He eventually ended up at a site on the Big Bend of the Kentucky River about twenty-five miles south of Lexington. He established an experimental vineyard at this site, planting thirty-five varieties of European grapes.

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Indiana's Governors - Book 1

Learn about Indiana's early governors by reading the book, Indiana's Governors - Book 1. The book provides biographies for the Territorial governors Arthur St. Claire of the Northwestern Territory to Indiana Territory governors William Henry Harrison and Thomas Posey of the Indiana Territory. The first seven governors of the State of Indiana from Jonathan Jennings to Paris C. Denning are also included. These were the governors that served Indiana residents from the time of the 1816 Constitution until the 1851 Constitution took effect.

Ebook Price

$ 5.99

Softbound Price

$ 11.49

Audio Book

8.99

Sample Chapter

Thomas Posey (July 9, 1750 – March 19, 1818)
The details of Thomas Posey's parentage are uncertain. Historians know that he was native to a farm on the banks of the Potomac River near Mount Vernon. Rumors persist that he was the illegitimate son of George Washington, however no one has ever been able to either prove or disprove it. We know little of his early childhood except that Thomas enjoyed George Washington’s patronage as a child.

Education and Early Adulthood
His education was that of a typical pioneer child. His formal education, as such, was limited. At nineteen, he enlisted in the Virginia militia where he fought against the native tribes. When the Revolutionary War broke out, Posey enlisted in the Continental Army. His service included Valley Forge, the Battle of Monmouth, and siege of Yorktown.

After the War

Posey returned to Virginia after resigning from the army. He ran unsuccessfully for the House of Representatives in 1797 and reentered the Army as a Brigadier general. Disturbed by suspected malfeasance by General James Wilkinson, Posey resigned in 1794. As a reward for his military service, the United States Government awarded him 7000 acres of land. He chose land near Henderson, Kentucky and promptly gained

election to the Kentucky State Senate in 1804. He ran for governor of Kentucky in 1808 but withdrew to support another candidate. He rejoined the army and successfully organized a 100,000-militia force gathered in preparation for a possible war with the French and British. He resigned his commission once again to move to Louisiana. The Louisiana governor appointed him to the United States Senate, where he served until 1813. During his term, he assisted the Acting Secretary of War.

New Governor of Indiana Territory

In February 1813 President James Madison appointed him as governor of the Indiana Territory. During the interim between Harrison's resignation and Posey taking the helm, the Territorial Assembly approved the move from Vincennes to Corydon. They also passed several pieces of legislation that Harrison had opposed. The assembly was disappointed with his appointment as he favored slavery, and most members of the assembly opposed it. Posey did not arrive in Corydon until December 1813.

Opposition to Statehood

Posey's health was deteriorating during these years, and he disliked the small town that now served as Indiana's capital. He spent most of his term living in Jeffersonville, near the Louisville doctors. The Legislature disapproved of his pro-slavery stance and considered him aristocratic. His opposition to statehood for the Indiana Territory in 1816 did not help him among those that favored it. He felt that the population of the state was still too small to support the taxation necessary to support a state government and favored delaying statehood until the population increased. The achievement of Statehood status for Indiana came with his opposition and most do not consider him instrumental to it in any way. His biggest achievement was the reorganization of the Territory's courts.

Statehood was achieved during his tenure of Territorial Governor. He ran for governor; however, Jonathan Jennings defeated him.

1816 Indiana Gubernatorial Election

It is possible that Jennings had announced his candidacy for governor at the Constitutional Convention at Corydon in June 1816, however he did not announce officially until July. Posey announced his candidacy on June 29, 1816. The election would take place on August 5, 1816, just five weeks in the future. The candidates did very little campaigning. Jennings had been pro-statehood while Posey had been anti-statehood, which made him unpopular. Posey was also pro-slavery and Jennings anti-slavery. Since Jennings had represented the Indiana Territory in the Congress as a non-voting member, he was well known to Indiana residents.

Election Results

PartyCandidate - Votes - % - ±%

Nonpartisan - Jonathan Jennings - 5,211 - 56.98% - +56.98%

Nonpartisan - Thomas Posey (incumbent) - 3,934 - 43.02% - +43.02%

Total votes - 9,145 - 100.00%

Turnout - 9,145 - 75.50%

Registered electors - 12,112

Indian Agent

After his defeat he received appointment as Indian Agent for Illinois. He successfully negotiated treaties with the Wea, Kickapoo, and Pottawatomie tribes. He ran unsuccessfully for the Senate in Indiana in 1817. He contracted typhus and passed away on March 19, 1818. He is interred at Westwood Cemetery, Shawneetown, Gallatin County, Illinois. Posey County is named for him.

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Indiana History Series

This Indiana History Series includes short histories on various topics about Indiana

Short History of Libraries, Printing and Language - Indiana Edition

Description

The Short History of Libraries, Printing and Language tells the story of printing, language, books, writing and libraries. Learn about the development of ink, papyrus, parchment, paper and the story of Johannes Gutenberg's printing press. This Indiana Edition relates the history of early Indiana libraries, the Indiana State Library and Indiana library laws.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 9.99

Sample Chapter

Carnegie Libraries in Indiana

The Carnegie Foundation distributed grants to build libraries from 1890 to 1917. The first Indiana community to successfully satisfy the conditions for the grant was Goshen, Indiana.

The Goshen Carnegie Library

Construction on the Goshen Carnegie Library commenced after the approval of the grant of $15,000 was announced in January 1901. After interviewing five architectural firms, Goshen officials chose the firm of Patton, Fisher & Miller from Chicago. The firm designed a Beaux-Arts style building and used Bedford limestone to cover the 1 1/2 story building. It has a red tile roof. Goshen officials managed to convince the Carnegie Foundation to increase the grant to $25,000, which was the final cost of construction. Local citizens dedicated the building at the corner of Washington and Fifth Streets on January 15, 1903. The National Register of Historic Places listed the building on January 2, 1983. the Indiana Historic Commission has placed an historic marker at the building's location.

Title of Marker:

Goshen's Carnegie Library

Location:

202 S. Fifth Street, Goshen. (Elkhart County, Indiana)

Installed by:

Installed: 2003 Indiana Historical Bureau, City of Goshen, Elkhart County Historical Soc., Goshen Historical Soc., and Friends of the Goshen Public Library

Marker ID #:

20.2003.1

Marker Text:

Side one:

Indiana's first Carnegie library opened here 1903 with 3, 000 volumes. Goshen Library Association received $25, 000 in Carnegie grants 1901. Public donations, land purchase, and tax levy met Carnegie grant conditions. Architects Patton & Miller, Chicago, designed Beaux-Arts style structure. Library moved 1968; commercial and nonprofit uses followed.

Side two:

Listed in National Register of Historic Places 1983. Renovated building reopened 2001 housing city offices. Original features of decorative marble, fireplaces, and domed rotunda retained. One of 1, 679 libraries built in U.S. with funds from philanthropist Andrew Carnegie. Indiana built more Carnegie libraries than any other state.

Patton & Miller

The Patton and Miller architectural firm consisted of two men, Normand Smith Patton and Grant C. Miller, who designed over 100 Carnegie Libraries across the United States. Established in 1885 by Reynolds Fisher and Normand Smith Patton, the firm first operated under the name of Patton and Fisher. It became Patton, Fisher & Miller in 1899 when Grant C. Miller joined the firm. In 1901 Fisher left and the firm became Patton & Miller in 1901. The firm built several of the Carnegie Libraries in Indiana. the National Register of Historic Places has listed many of the firm's buildings.

Most Carnegie Libraries in the Nation

Indiana's communities received grants to build 164 libraries across the state, the largest delegation of Carnegie Libraries in the United States. The first was the Goshen Carnegie Library in 1901. The last two were the Lowell and North Vernon, who received grants in 1918. Across the United States over half of the library's started as Carnegie Libraries still operate under that name and many more of the buildings still exist, though serving other purposes.

Short History of Fire Fighting - Indiana Edition

Learn the story of the fire fighters, companies and fire towers in Indiana. The book includes the histories and locations of the Hoosier State's remaining fire towers and a full listing of the fire fighting museums in the United States and Indiana.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 9.99

Sample Chapter

Indiana Fire Department History

Act to Form Fire Companies

The Indiana General Assembly approved an act on January 5, 1821 which authorized any town or corporation with a population greater than forty to form a company, or companies, to extinguish fires. The act allowed these companies to create bylaws and purchase the equipment and supplies to fight a fire.

September 15, 1849 - Charter Granted to Madison's Fair Play Fire Company Number One

Platted in 1809, Madison had no fire company until 1821, when local citizens formed the United Volunteer Fire Company. City officials decided to create a paid fire company in 1826. This company lasted less than a year and the project was abandoned. Many of the former members of the original United Volunteer Fire Company joined

together and organized the Fair Play Fire Company No. 1, charter granted on September 15, 1849. The Fair Play Fire Company Number One still exists in a station made from converted street car barn. The Ones, as locals call them, occupied that site in 1888. They added a fifty-five foot bell tower topped by a weather vane they called "Little Jimmy." A storm in 1997 damaged this vane, and it has been replaced by a new hand made copper vane. The Fair Play Fire Company Number One is the oldest active fire volunteer fire company in Indiana.

Short History of Railroads- Indiana Edition

Short History of Railroads- Indiana Edition

Description

Learn about the first United States train robbery as well the story of Indiana's trains, electric traction railways and accidents. The book includes an extensive listing of train museums in the Hoosier State.

Ebook Price

$2.99

Softbound Price

$9.99

Sample Chapter

History of Railroads in Indiana

An historical marker in Shelbyville, Indiana notes the spot of the first railroad built west of the Allegheny Mountains.

Title of Marker:

Indiana's First Railroad

Location:

SR 44 between E. Broadway & McLane Streets, east of downtown Shelbyville. (Shelby County, Indiana)

Installed by:

Erected by Indiana Sesquicentennial Commission, 1966

Marker ID #:

73.1966.2

Marker Text:

An experimental two mile road was completed to this point on July 4, 1834. A horse-drawn car carried Hoosiers on a railroad for the first time.

Short History by the Author

The Indiana Sesquicentennial Commission dedicated a marker on July 3 1966 in Shelbyville, Indiana, on the site of the first railroad built west of the Allegheny Mountains. Judge W. J. Peasley, one of the early settlers in Shelby County, during the early part of the year 1834, built a road one and one-half miles long just east of Shelbyville, consisting of wooden ties and rails, on which the cars were drawn by horse power. The formal opening of the road occurred July 4, 1834, and a parade which formed at the courthouse marched to the western terminus of the road. A company of light infantry followed by Revolutionary soldiers and a committee of citizens formed the parade. Also twenty-five little girls dressed in white, trimmed with

Blue, bearing the banners of the several states at that time, were in the line of march.

Short History of Roads and Highways - Indiana Edition

Description

From the first rude ridgeways to the modern interstate superhighway, the evolution of the road is a fascinating story. Readers will learn the progression of roads from the first ridgeways, roads in the ancient world, Roman roads and the development of the revolutionary McAdam Road. Native Americans developed an extensive system of trails for both trade and war. The Short History of Roads and Highways - Indiana Edition includes information on early Amerindian trails, pioneer traces and the beginnings of the modern Indiana highway system.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 9.99

Sample Chapter

Indiana Pioneer Traces

Kibbey's Road

Major Ephraim Kibbey carved the first road to cross what would become the State of Indiana. The two-year task began in 1799 and finished in 1800.

Major Ephraim Kibbey (1754 - 1809)

New Jersey native Ephraim Kibbey joined the army during the American Revolution at the beginning of the conflict and served until it ended. A trained land surveyor, he traveled west to the mouth of the Little Miami River on the Ohio River in 1788 and became one of the first settlers of Columbia, Ohio. He joined the team of surveyors that worked at surveying the Symmes Purchase, exposed to harsh conditions and attacks by the natives. He joined the forces of General Anthony Wayne in his efforts to subdue the Amerindian tribes of the area. He served as Captain of the rangers that scouted the vast forests, keeping track of the warriors movements for the General. After the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794, peace returned to the Ohio River Valley area and Kibbey returned to his surveying work.

Kibbey's Road

In 1799 he began cutting a road through the forests that would lead from the Great Miami River to Vincennes on the Wabash River. After surveying and cutting about seventy miles of road, Kibbey and his crew became separated. he hunted for his companions unsuccessfully and returned to Columbia starved and thin. he had subsisted on roots for several days while traveling through the forest. Kibbey returned to surveying the road and completed it sometime in 1800. He reported the road as being somewhat over 155 miles in length. The route of this road is known in several places. It went through present day French Lick and portions of it survive in the Hoosier National Forest. A one-half mile section of Old Trail in Martin County is part of this old road. It met the Buffalo Trace, following that ancient route to Vincennes.

Short History of Public Parks - Indiana Edition

Description

Connoisseurs of Indiana State Parks will learn the history of the Indiana State Park system as well as the individual state parks. The book includes a history of public parks and a list of Indiana county tourism sites to find local park information. The book includes an extensive list of state park systems in the United States.

Ebook Price

$ 3.99

Softbound Price

$ 10.99

Sample Chapter

Indiana State Park System

Indiana currently has 28 state parks located throughout the state. The goal of the Department of Natural Resources is to have a state park located within an hour's drive of every Hoosier. As part of its resource management plan, the state park system strives to provide parks that allow Hoosiers to experience the mature forests and prairies that existed prior to settlement and to interpret the state's early history. Richard Lieber provided the early vision and drive to establish the park system and is considered the founder of the Indiana state park system.

Founder of the Indiana State Park System

Richard Lieber (September 5, 1869 – April 15, 1944)

The son of son of wealthy parents, Otto and Maria Henriette Julie Richter Lieber, Richard was native to St. Johann-Saarbrucken, Germany. As a child, he suffered a chest injury, which led to an illness that made it difficult to attend school. Thus, he received much of his education from private tutors.

Immigration to Indiana

To fulfill his parent's desire to learn English, he traveled to London, England after graduating from secondary school. In England, he visited various museums and historic sites. In 1891, he came to Indianapolis, Indiana in to join two uncles who had immigrated there. He eventually became an American citizen. He worked as a reporter for the Indiana Tribune and married the owner's daughter, Emma Rappaport. After visiting Yosemite National Park, the Rocky Mountains of Idaho and Montana in 1900, he became an ardent conservationist. President Theodore Roosevelt held the Conference of Governors in 1908, which Lieber attended as a delegate. He wrote a series of articles promoting Indianapolis as the site for the Fourth National Conservation Congress in 1912. He succeeded in his effort, and served as the chairman. During World War I, Indiana governor James Goodrich appointed Lieber as his military secretary. He bestowed the rank of Colonel on him, which Lieber used from then on.

Founder of Indiana State Park System

As Indiana's centennial approached, Lieber began advocating for a state park system. Because of his efforts, Turkey Run and McCormick's Creek State Park were established in 1916 without public funds. Lieber believed that the state park system should be self-supporting as much as possible. To help achieve this he advocated that the parks charge visitors a fee to enter. He established the state park inn system to help add to the state park system's cash flow. The admission policy and state park inn system were revolutionary concepts during that time.

Director of Indiana State Department of Conservation

Lieber received the appointment of Director of the Indiana State Department of Conservation at its inception in 1919. He served in that post until 1933. Lieber gained a

national reputation as the architect of the Indiana State Park System, which many other states modeled. He acted as a consultant for many of the states that wished to set up a similar system and organized the first gathering of state park personnel on a national level. He hosted the convention at Turkey Run State Park in 1921. During his tenure, the state park system grew to ten parks and five state memorials.

Death at McCormick's Creek

Lieber passed away while visiting McCormick's Creek in 1944. Visitors to Turkey Run State Park will find the Richard Lieber Memorial east of Turkey Run Inn behind the Log Church. The Memorial contains the ashes of the founder of the Indiana State Park system.

The Stories of Indiana's Counties

Description:

Hoosier County and Courthouse Histories includes thumbnail sketches of Indiana's 92 counties, the courthouses as well as a biographical sketch of the county's namesakes. The book includes tourism information for each of the counties as well.

Ebook Price

$3.99

Softbound Price

$14.99

Sample Chapter

Adams County

County Facts:

County Seat - Decatur

Area - 339.97 sq mi

Population - 35,491 (2017)

Founded - March 1, 1836

Named for - John Quincy Adams

County Government

Adams County Indiana Government

313 W. Jefferson Street

Decatur, IN 46733

https://www.co.adams.in.us/

260-724-5300

Tourism Information

Visiting Adams County

https://www.co.adams.in.us/35/Visiting

Short History

Settlers began arriving in the area from New England around 1835. Most were descended from New England Puritan ancestors and were drawn to the cheap land and the final expulsion of the native tribes at the end of the Black Hawk War. Many came via the newly completed Erie Canal. When these settlers arrived, northeast Indiana was still covered with prairie and virgin forests.

The Indiana General Assembly created Adams County on January 23,1836, naming it for John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States.

Erie Canal

Begun in 1817, construction on the main canal ended in 1825 and the canal opened for business on October 26, 1825. The canal ran from a connection with the Hudson River at Albany New York to a connection with Lake Erie in Buffalo, New York. The canal connected the Atlantic Ocean with the Great Lakes and reduced the cost of transportation.

Black Hawk War

The 1832 Black Hawk War Black Hawk War ended at the Battle of Bad Ax on August 2, 1832. William Henry Harrison had negotiated a treaty in St. Louis in 1804 which the Sauk tribe disputed. Claiming that the Americans claimed more land than the treaty intended, a Sauk band under the leadership of Black Hawk entered Illinois to reclaim ancestral territory. The dispute became a war, which Black Hawk's band lost at the Battle of Bad Axe. After the war, President Andrew Jackson persuaded the remaining Amerindian tribes that remained east of the Mississippi River to sell their lands and move west of the Mississippi. Most remaining tribes in Indiana were forced out of the state in the mid 1830's.

Creation of the County

Resident Samuel Rugg offered to donate land, $3100, and temporarily pay the expenses for housing the county commissioners if they would use his land for the county seat. He also offered the use of a house for use as a court house until one could

be built. The county commissioners accepted the offer, calling the new town Decatur, probably after naval hero Stephen Decatur.

Adams County Courthouse

First Courthouse

Adams County officials contracted to construct the first courthouse in May 1839. The contract stipulated that the courthouse would be,

"*...shall be a framed house built of good material, thirty by forty feet in size and two stories high; the lower story or room to be left without any partitions, and the upper story or room divided into rooms to accommodate the grand and petit juries...The weather boarding on the two sides next to the streets shall be planed.*"

This building served as courthouse until 1873, when it was sold and moved to another site on Front Street in Decatur.

Current Courthouse

By 1870 the courthouse was no longer sufficient to fit the needs of the county, thus Adams County officials began discussing building a new structure. The county commissioners appointed a committee composed of four men to visit various buildings in other counties to determine the style of the new courthouse. The committee members performed as requested and filed a report on February 8,1872, recommending Second Empire-style structure based upon the design of the Defiance Court House in Defiance, Ohio. The commissioners agreed with this recommendation and their proposal to contract with architect J. C. Johnson to design the building. Later that year contracts were signed with the target date of December 1, 1873 for the building to be completed. Construction did not complete on that date, but was on January 29, 1874. The National Register of Historic Places listed the Adams County Courthouse on August 6, 2008.

The Story of the Indiana Constitution

Description:

Composed in the summer heat in the shade of a huge elm tree in Corydon, Indiana the 1816 Constitution served Indiana's needs until replaced by a new document in 1851. The Story of the Indiana Constitution serves as a handbook and guide to the foundation of Indiana law. It includes the text of the original 1816 Constitution as well as the original text and amendments of its 1851 replacement.

Ebook – $3.99

Soft Bound - $16.99

Sample Chapter

December 11, 1815 - Indiana Territorial Assembly Petitions Congress for Statehood

On December 11, 1811 the Indiana Territorial Assembly had sent a petition to Congress requesting statehood status. The Congress denied the request, stating that the territory was not yet ready for statehood.

Factions Evolved

By 1815 two political factions had evolved in Indiana, the western and the eastern factions. The western faction was led by Indiana Territorial Governor William Henry Harrison and Thomas Posey. This Vincennes based group wanted to remain at territorial status and retain the governor's power as well as keep the limited slavery that existed in the territory. The eastern, Corydon based group, led by Jonathan Jennings, wanted statehood, establish a government with an elected governor with limited power and to abolish slavery. The Territorial Assembly met on December 11, 1815 and voted to send a petition to the United States Congress, requesting Statehood.

A Short History of Basketball - Indiana Edition

Description:

The Short History of Basketball leads readers through the fascinating history of the sport of basketball. The book includes a history of the game and Indiana basketball sports highlights. Readers will discover a complete listing of Indiana high school championship winners and Mr. and Miss Basketball awards. The book also covers the Kentucky/Indiana High School All Star Series as well as some of the iconic high school gymnasiums in the state.

Ebook – $2.99

Soft Bound - $10.99

Sample Chapter

A History of Basketball in Indiana

Early Days of Basketball in Indiana

An early pioneer of the sport of basketball in Indiana, Ralph Jones played an important role in the growth of the sport in Indiana.

Ralph Jones (September 22, 1880 – July 26, 1951)

Considered by many to be the "Father of Indiana Basketball," Jones played an instrumental role in the evolution of basketball in Indiana. Native to Martinsville in Morgan County, Indiana, many believe that Jones was the first basketball coach in Indiana. While a senior at Shortridge High School, he organized the first Indiana High School basketball team in 1899. Following this he helped the Indianapolis YMCA program to a state championship in. He next joined the program at the Crawfordsville

YMCA leading them to a state YMCA championship. Butler University would hire him to be their basketball coach, his first paid coaching position, in 1903. During this time he continued his coaching duties at Crawfordsville High School and also at Wabash College. His teams were highly successful. He compiled a 2-2 record at Butler and a 75-6 record at Wabash. He coached at Purdue from 1910 - 1913, compiling a 32-9 record. From Purdue he moved on to the University of Illinois, where he went 85-34, winning two Big Ten titles from 1913 - 1920. An athletic jack of all trades, Jones had also lettered in football in high school and took the job of coach at Lake Forest Academy in Lake Forest, Illinois. he coached both the football and basketball teams. He posted a combined record in basketball of 94-9 and football 76-6. The Chicago Bears hired him as a player/coach in 1930. This was during the Depression. Even though he compiled a 24–10–7 record in two seasons, owner George Halas laid him off and took over as coach to save the cost of a coach's salary. Jones went on to coach football at Lake Forest. Overall his records were:

54–37–10 (college football)

232–106 (college basketball)

32–15 (college baseball)

24–10–7 (NFL)

After his death he was interred at Crown Hill Cemetery in Indianapolis. He received induction into the Indiana Basketball Hall of Fame in 2011.

Glass Backboards

Evidence shows that glass backboards began replacing wooden backboards in 1919 when Bluffton High School installed them in 1919.

The Interurban and Basketball

The development of the interurban railway coincided with the rise of basketball across the nation and undoubtedly influenced the increased popularity of basketball in the state. The new mass transit system made it easier for teams to travel to distant towns to play basketball games.

First Mass Transit

The Interurban rail lines of the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries provided the first mass transit system connecting the rural areas with the cities. In the era before the automobile and paved highways, the interurban lines provided fast, cheap transportation across not just Indiana, but the nation as well. The interurban railways rose in the late 1880's and reached their prominence by 1925. The rise of the automobile and paved highways started their demise.

Interurban

An interurban was a rail line that used electricity for power and operated between cities. The 1905 Census definition was "a street railway having more than half its trackage outside municipal limits." this definition separated an interurban from suburban railroads. Indiana State Senator Charles L. Henry coined the term interurban at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 while watching a demonstration railway.

Charles L. Henry (July 1, 1849 - May 2, 1927)

A native of Green Township, Indiana Henry served three terms in the Indiana State Senate, then two terms in the United States House of Representatives. He declined a third term in Congress to pursue his interest in the new interurban trains. He managed the Indianapolis & Cincinnati Traction Co in Indianapolis, Indiana until his death in 1923.

The increasing popularity of the automobile caused the decline of the interurban railroad as teams began using automobiles and busses to travel.

Indiana's Role in Civil War

Ebook – $4.99

Soft Bound - $14.99

Sample Chapter

Artillery

1st Independent Battery Indiana Light Artillery

The 1st Independent Battery Indiana Light Artillery initially organized in Evansville, Vanderburgh County on August 5, 1861 and mustered in at Indianapolis on August 16, 1861 with Captain Martin Klauss in command. The regiment deployed to St. Louis, Missouri and operated mainly west of the Mississippi River during most of the war. It saw action in Missouri, Arkansas and participated in the Siege of Vicksburg from May 18-July 4 1863. The regiment fought at many fierce battles, including Battle of Thompson's Hill, Port Gibson, Battle of Champion's Hill, Big Black River and in the campaign against Mobile, Alabama. At war's end it was stationed in Montgomery, Alabama. The unit mustered out on August 22, 1865. During the course of the war the unit suffered three killed in battle, 31 enlisted men and one officer dying of disease.

For a detailed roster and record of activities, visit:

https://civilwarindex.com/armyin/officers/1st_in_light_battery_officers.pdf

1st Indiana Heavy Artillery Regiment – Jackass Regiment

Company A - La Grange County, Elkhart County, Clay County, Perry County, Steuben County, and Miami County

Company B - Owen County, Hendricks County, La Porte County, Marion County, and Morgan County

Company C - Greene County, Floyd County, Vigo County, and Owen County

Company D - Sullivan County and Boone County

Company E - Putnam County, Parke County, and Clay County

Company F - Martin County

Company G - Knox County

Company H - Parke County, Montgomery County, Jay County, and Vermillion County

Company I - Clay County

Company K - Clay County, Parke County, Howard County, and Sullivan County

Company L - Marion County, Howard County, Sullivan County, Shelby County, Johnson County, Parke County, Tipton County, Jefferson County, and Morgan County

Short History

Formed as the 21st Indiana Infantry in Indianapolis, it later became the 1st Indiana Heavy Artillery Regiment. The regiment mustered on July 24, 1861 with Colonel James W. McMillan in command. The name derives from the fact that the regiment used hundreds of mules, or jackasses, to pull it train of cannon. This was the first regiment from Indiana that the Army certified ready for battle. The regiment traveled to Baltimore, Maryland to join General Henry Hayes Lockwood for action on Virginia's eastern coast. They boarded Union gunboats and sailed from Newport News, Virginia on February 23, 1862. Their mission was to assist in the capture of Forts St. Philip and Jackson at the mouth of the Mississippi River. Fort Jackson was on the west bank, Fort St. Phillip on the east. A portion of the regiment landed to the east of Fort St. Phillip and took the fort. This action played a key role in taking New Orleans. The other portion of the regiment landed in New Orleans. The regiment remained in camp in Algiers on New Orleans south side, where it managed to capture several Confederate steamers. It participated in several actions in Louisiana until February, 1863 when the regiment was transferred to artillery service, receiving as it designation the 1st Indiana Heavy Artillery Regiment. The regiment continued fighting in Louisiana until 1864 when it moved against Confederate positions during the Texas Red River campaign. The regiment mustered out on January 13, 1866, suffering 392 dead, 228 desertions and 200 missing in action.

For a detailed account of the regiment's roster and activities, visit:

https://civilwarindex.com/armyin/officers/21st_in_infantry_officers.pdf

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Indiana History Time Line

Discover Indiana's history as it unfolds from pre-history until the beginning of the American experiment. The Indiana History Time Line Series presents the unfolding saga of Indiana's fascinating history in an easy to follow time line. Readers will learn both famous and forgotten, obscure events in Indiana's story.

Indiana's Timeless Tales - Pre-History to 1781

Description

Discover Indiana's history as it unfolds from pre-history until the beginning of the American experiment. Indiana's Timeless Tales - Pre-History to 1781 presents the unfolding saga of Indiana's fascinating history in an easy to follow time line. Readers will learn both famous and forgotten, obscure events in Indiana's story.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 12.99

Sample Chapter

Illinoisan Glacier Boundary

Visitors to Washington County on south central Indiana will find this marker placed by the Indiana Historical Bureau.

Title of Marker:

Illinoisan Glacier Boundary

Location:

NE corner of SR 135 & Lick Skillet Road, 8 miles north of Salem (Washington County, Indiana)

Installed by:

Erected 1995 Indiana Historical Bureau

Marker ID #:

88.1995.1

Marker Text:

Nearby is the boundary of the Illinoisan Glacier, which covered all but approximately 6,250 square miles in south, central area of Indiana. Most of Indiana's topography was affected by four separate glacial advancements during Pleistocene epoch, circa one million years ago.

Brief History By the Author:

Pleistocene Era

The Pleistocene Age began roughly two million years ago and ended about 10,000 years ago. During this vast period, at least three episodes of extensive glaciations covered most of what is now Indiana. These glacial events are called the Pre-Illinoisan, Illinoisan, and the Wisconsinan Ages.

The Ice Ages

The Pre-Illinoisan began about 1,200,000 years ago and ended about 550,000 years ago. An interglacial period followed that lasted several thousand years. The Illinoisan began approximately 350,000 years ago and lasted about 50,000 years. Another interglacial period followed this glacial event, followed by the last glacial period, the Wisconsin, which began about 150,000 years ago and ended approximately 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. A period of global warming has produced the climate we know today.

Different Landscapes

These glaciers created two vastly different landscapes in Indiana. The northern two thirds comprise what geologists call the Tipton Till. Glaciers covered this area during all four glacial events. The glaciers probably never touched the southern third. A hilly, heavily forested land still bears the marks of the vast water runoff that occurred when the Ice Age finally ended around 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. If the glaciers had never formed, all of Indiana would probably look like the southern third of the state.

The Glaciers Form

The Huron-Erie Lobe is the glacier that covered Indiana during the last glacial event. Scientists estimate that the average temperature of the earth was about six to twelve degrees Celsius colder than it is now. Sometime about two million years ago, Earth's climate cooled. Over vast regions of what is now Canada and North America the temperature dropped below freezing and remained there thorough the year. Snow fell and did not melt. More layers of snow covered this un-melted snow, building up layer after layer of snow. This weight of the accumulated snow turned the snow to ice. The ice formed layers up to two miles thick in the Great Lakes region. Over central Indiana, the glaciers were probably a mile thick. This gradually diminished as the ice reached its margins.

Flowing Ice

The pressure deep in the ice field caused the ice to become almost fluid in its movements. The ice flowed over the landscape, carving out rivers and lakes. It also created hills and the dune area around Lake Michigan. The weight of the ice sheet created the Great Lakes basin, and then filled that basin with melt water when the temperatures warmed and the ice melted. Geologist estimate that the ice moved about

a foot a day, first advancing, and then retreating. Always grinding the terrain beneath it and changing it.

Southern Indiana

Most of the southern portion of the state had glaciers at different times; however, there is a segment in the south central region that has never, as far as scientists can tell, ever had glaciers. During the last episode, the boundary was a ragged line from approximately Terre Haute in the West to Brookville in the east. Below that, the older Karst topography of caves, sinkholes, knobs and disappearing steams that are not found in the northern areas

Indiana Geology

The glaciers' presence created the two basic landscapes we find today in Indiana. The northern two thirds of the state that the glaciers covered consists of a flat landscape that geologist refer to as the Tipton Till Plain, covering the bedrock. As the glaciers advanced and retreated over the eons, they carried dirt, rocks and other debris with them. When the last glaciers melted, they dropped this dirt and rock mixture right where they were. Geologists refer to four basic types of deposits left by the glaciers as till, outwash, Lacustrine and Silt.

The Four Types

Sand, silt, and clay combine with gravel and boulders are the main components fo glacial till. Till was deposited directly by the glacier and has remained largely in the same location. As the glaciers melted, the melt water formed layers of outwash. Heavier components like gravel and rock were deposited first. The silt, sand and clay particles were carried greater distances by the flowing melt water. The glaciers had carved out depressions in the landscape, which formed the many lakes found in northern Indiana. The silts deposited at the bottoms of these lakes are called Lacustrine. Winds carried the finer materials, called silt, and deposited them further away. These silt layers, called loess, were blown mostly from the Wabash and White River valleys. Near the river valleys, this loess sometimes formed thick layers.

Southern Indiana

Glaciers have never covered the southern one third of the state, as far as geologists can tell. This region has some of Indiana's most ancient soils and terrain. Most of the state's bedrock layer consists of limestone, dolostone, sandstone, and shale. Much of southern Indiana is under laid with limestone. Much of the southern area consists of Karst landscape. In this type of landscape acidic groundwater flows through the limestone bedrock, dissolving it. This action over time creates sinkholes in the surface, underground caverns and disappearing streams. One predominant feature of south central Indiana is the Knobstone Escarpment

Knobstone Escarpment

Geologists call the knobs the Knobstone Escarpment. They include some of Indiana's most rugged terrain. It stretches from Brown County State Park in the north to the Ohio River. Elevations range from 360 feet near the mouth of the Wabash River to Weed Patch Hill, which has an elevation of 1,056 feet above sea level. This hill is in Brown County State Park and is the third highest area in Indiana.

Limestone

Much of the limestone that Indiana is famous for is also found in the southern part of the state. Indiana's limestone deposits formed during the Ordovician period, about 1.5 million years ago when the land that is now Indiana lay near the tropics, covered with a warm, shallow sea. This sea was rich with marine organisms, such as brachiopods, bryozoans, trilobites, and corals. These organisms died and settled on the bottom of this sea. Through Continental drift, this land migrated north and around 40 million years ago, this sea dried up. Geologic forces lifted the land mass out of the sea. The limestone deposits became covered with sediment over the ages. Glaciers scoured the countryside during the Ice Age, exposing some of this rock.

Oolitic Limestone

Oolitic Limestone is made up of particles called ooliths. These small, carbonate particles are composed of concentric rings of calcium carbonate. Sand or shell fragments rolled around on the floor of this warm, shallow sea collecting a layer of limestone. The rocks consistent structure allows it to be easily sculpted or carved. The stone is almost perfect building material.

The Quarries of Indiana

Indiana's quarries produce rock known by many names, Indiana Limestone, Indiana Oolitic Limestone, Bedford Oolitic Limestone, and Bedford Rock. The limestone belt that produces this high quality stone encompasses most of Monroe and Lawrence Counties. Limestone of lesser quality underlies much of the rest of central and east central Indiana. Hoosiers began quarrying limestone during the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Indiana has been at the forefront of limestone production. Limestone from Indiana has been the preferred building material for many buildings from New York to Washington DC and other places. The Empire State Building has Indiana limestone as a major component of its structure.

Indiana’s Timeless Tales - 1782 - 1791

Description

Explore Indiana’s early history using this journal of history stories from the beginning days of the Northwest Territory. Indiana’s Timeless Tales - 1782 - 1791 is a time line of early events that shaped Indiana today.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 12.99

Sample Chapter

March 1, 1784 - Virginia Cedes Claim to Virginia Territory to United States

After a legal tug of war and many compromises, Virginia ceded the lands that became the Northwest Territory to the United States. The struggle had imperiled the ratification of the Articles of Confederation and threatened to turn the newly independent colonies into a struggle for land and power. Because of the cession, Maryland became the thirteenth state to ratify the Confederation and set the stage for Congress to form the Northwest Territory and eventual admittance of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota as states on equal footing with the original thirteen states.

Maryland Stalls Ratification

During the Revolutionary War, the Federal Government ran up debts of almost eight million dollars, a staggering sum for that day. The various States also had debts due to the war. Many of the States held claims to the lands west of the Appalachian Mountains. New York and Virginia had the largest claims. However, Massachusetts, Connecticut, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia also had extensive holdings. These claims totaled more than 222 million acres, a huge expanse.

Virginia’s Huge Advantage

Maryland's chief complaint was that these states held a huge advantage over the landless states. This was because they could sell these lands to pay their debts. Marylanders felt that landless states like Maryland would have to levy heavy taxes to pay theirs off, stifling their growth.

Maryland feared that land rich states could operate with out any taxes, relying on the sale of these western lands for revenue. Maryland's residents would flee to the tax-free states. The impasse lasted almost four years.

Royal Charters

Virginia's claims originated in the second Royal Charter, granted by King James I. In it, he granted Virginia the lands of Maine south to the current North Carolina/South Carolina border. The lands were to extend "from sea to sea, west and northwest." this grant extended all the way to the Pacific Ocean, a staggering expanse of land. Revisions to this grant occurred over the years, but by the time of the Revolution, they still included lands claimed by Pennsylvania, New York and other colonies. When Virginian George Rogers Clark conquered Vincennes, Kaskaskia, Cahokia and other

western outposts, he strengthened Virginia's claims to these regions. The Treaty of Paris had cut off the boundaries of the new nation at the Mississippi River. This still left Virginia and the other states with a vast territory to squabble over.

The Compromise

Congress and the states worked tirelessly to resolve the problems. New York, in a show of good faith, abandoned its land claims on January 17, 1780. Virginia followed suit on January 2, 1781, but they laid down conditions under which they would make it official. They wanted the Continental Congress to reimburse Virginia for the cost of George Rogers Clark's expedition, affirm all boundaries, affirm Virginia land claims in the disputed territories and reject all private claims in the cession area. This satisfied Maryland, which ratified the Articles on January 30, 1781. Congress did not accept the conditions, because many of the states still maintained their claims west of the Mississippi River. It took more negotiations to work out the problems and once again, Virginia renewed its offer on October 20, 1783, accepting Congress' recommendations. Congress accepted Virginia's cession on March 1, 1784. They had set the stage for the formation of the Northwest Territory and westward expansion.

Indiana's Timeless Tales - 1792 – 1794

Description

Explore Indiana's early history using this journal of history stories from the beginning days of the Northwest Territory. A Timeline of Indiana History - 1792 - 1794 relates the time line of events that occurred between St. Clair's Defeat to, and including the Battles of Fort Recovery and Fallen Timbers. Many of these stories of the Northwest Indian War are little known and obscure historical tales that the reader will enjoy learning.

Ebook Price

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Sample Chapter

January 01, 1792 - Early Indiana

In early 1792, the region that would become Indiana consisted of land claimed by the various Indian tribes that lived in the dense forests, swamps and prairies, traveling and using the fishes of the rivers and streams as a valuable food source.

Settlements

In 1792, only three settlements existed in the future state, Vincennes, Clarksville and Jeffersonville. Cincinnati, located in the southwest corner of the future state of Ohio served as capital of the Northwest Territory. All of these settlements lay along major rivers.

Northwest Territory

Major John Hamtramck commanded Fort Knox I at Vincennes, constructed in 1787, was the westernmost fort of the United States. Arthur St. Clair governor of the Northwest Territory, which included the lands comprising the future states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and a portion of Minnesota.

Settlement

The great cost of waging the Revolutionary War had left the government of the United States with an almost overwhelming debt that the new nation could not pay. The lands of the Northwest Territory beckoned, providing a means of paying the soldiers that fought the war. The United States granted land to Revolutionary War veterans, who began moving into the areas north of the Ohio River granted to them. The land also provided a much needed cash flow medium, as the government could have tracts of land surveyed and sold off to the public. The government established land offices for people to buy this land. These people also moved into their new holdings, many of which were north of the Ohio River. Amerindian tribes that lived in the region saw these new settlers as a threat to their way of life. They also viewed them as a violation Treaty of Fort Stanwix, signed in 1768, that set the border between the whites and the Amerindians at the Ohio River. The United States, with great reluctance, created an army to deal with the threat. However, the government did not give this early army the resources it needed to succeed. This policy led to the disasters of General Harmar in 1790 and St. Clair's Defeat (Battle of the Wabash) in 1791. After the disastrous Battle of the Wabash, the United States set out on a different course to enlarge its settled territory.

A Timeline of Indiana History - 1795 – 1800

Description

The 1795 Treaty of Greenville opened up most of the lands in the future state of Ohio to settlement, forcing the native tribes further west. The treaty line also opened up a small area in what would become the southeast corner of Indiana. In the years after the signing of the treaty the population of the Northwest Territory grew as the future state of Ohio neared birth.

Ebook Price

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Sample Chapter

January 1795 - Native Leaders Gather at Fort Greenville

Sometime in mid to late January three influential Miami chiefs, including Pinšiwa or Jean Baptiste Richardville, and Blue Jacket, arrived at Fort Greenville to discuss peace terms.

Jean Baptiste Richardville (c. 1761 – August 13, 1841)

The son of French fur trader Joseph Drouet de Richardville and a Miami woman, Tacumwah Chief Richardville was a native of the Miami village of Kekionga. Kekionga was on the site of the present city of Fort Wayne. His mother was the sister of Miami chief Pacanne. His mother and sister were chiefs in the Miami tribe, a tribe that used a matrilineal system to trace family lines. A matrilineal system is a female based system. Chief Richardville gained his tribal status from his mother. His name, Pinšiwa, means Wildcat in the Miami language.

He received a good education, learning to speak four languages, English, Miami, Iroquois and French. He was a signer of both the 1818 Treaty of the Miami and the 1826 Treaty of Mississinwas. Though the Miami had lost control of the portage between the Maumee River and Little River as per the Treaty of Greenville in 1795, Richardville managed to acquire a trade license granting him a monopoly over the carry-over trade at the portage. The profits from this license and his acquisition of almost twenty square miles of property along the rivers made him one of the richest men in Indiana at his death in 1841. In 1827 he constructed the Richardville House in Fort Wayne, the first Greek Revival-style in that part of the state. Richardville tendered the use of his lands for the Miami tribe, which allowed almost half the tribe to remain in Indiana when the Federal Government removed the Amerindian from Indiana in 1846.

The Richardville home in Fort Wayne currently serves as a museum and interpretive center for Amerindian culture. It is the oldest Amerindian structure in the Midwest. Listed with the National Historic Landmarks, the home is open to the public. For information, contact:

The History Center

302 East Berry Street

Fort Wayne, Indiana, 46802

260-426-2882 |

A Timeline of Indiana History – 1795 – 1800

Description

Moravian and Quaker missionaries made extensive attempts to teach Native Americans in the science of agriculture. In this volume of Indiana's Timeless Tales readers will discover the history of these attempts as well as the importance of the fur industry in early Indiana. During this historical time William Clark and Meriwether Lewis began their historic mission as the Corps of Discovery departed from George Rogers Clark's cabin in Clarksville, Indiana.

Ebook Price

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Sample Chapter

May 7, 07 1800 - Congress Splits Northwest Territory in Two Territories - First Stage - Indiana Territory

Congress organized the Northwest Territory by passing the Ordinance of 1787. Six states eventually arose from this huge expanse of land, including Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and a portion of Minnesota. By 1800 the easternmost portion of the region had gained enough population to begin the statehood process. The Act split the western portion of the Northwest Territory off, forming the Indiana Territory in the process. Ohio contained the remnants of the Northwest Territory until it gained statehood on March 1, 1803.

The Indiana Territory

The capitol of the Indiana Territory would be located at Vincennes. At its inception, the Indiana Territory had only 4 white settlements, Vincennes, along the Wabash, Clarksburg, along the Ohio River and Kaskaskia and Cohokia, along the Mississippi River. The population in the new territory totaled approximately 5641. The Act gave the governor of the territory the power to appoint all local and territorial officials. The governor and three judges appointed by Congress would make all laws for the territory. It extended the right to vote to all white males over the age of 21 that owned at least 50 acres of land.

Indiana's Timeless Tales - 1800 - 1804

Description

Moravian and Quaker missionaries made extensive attempts to teach Native Americans in the science of agriculture. In this volume of Indiana's Timeless Tales readers will discover the history of these attempts as well as the importance of the fur industry in early Indiana. During this historical time William Clark and Meriwether Lewis began their historic mission as the Corps of Discovery departed from George Rogers Clark's cabin in Clarksville, Indiana

Sample Chapter

September 11, 1804 - Election to Decide Second Stage

The election took place for the Indiana Territory to enter the second stage of Territorial government on September 11, 1804. The only county that did not vote was Wayne County in current Michigan. As it appeared that a majority of freeholders in that county favored the change and the remainder of the counties had voted 198 - 51 to move ahead. Harrison deemed that the citizens had approved the move to second stage, which entitled them to have an elected assembly to replace the current appointed one. Harrison decreed that the nine members of this assembly would be allocated in this manner:

Knox County - 2

St. Clair - 1

Randolph County - 1

Wayne County - 3

Clark County - 1

Wayne County - 3

Dearborn County - 1

The election would take place on January 3, with the elected representatives meeting at Vincennes on February 1. At that time the Assembly would choose members to sit on the Legislative Council.

Indiana's Timeless Tales - 1805 – 1811

Softbound Pages:

250

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$5.99

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Description:

The conflict between the American Indian tribes in the Indiana Territory increased in the years leading up to the War of 1812. The three dominant personalities, William Henry Harrison, Tecumseh and Tenskwatawa, the Prophet, came to a head at the November 7, 1811 Battle of Tippecanoe.

Tenskwatawa

Also called the Prophet, Tenskwatawa's vision while awakening from a drunken stupor foretold two paths for the Indians. One path was to adopt White man's ways and endure lives of pain and torment; the other to forsake their ways and return to their own customs and lifestyles. Preaching to the natives, his following grew and helped strengthen his brother Tecumseh's dream of a wider confederacy of tribes to resist White encroachment into their territory.

Tecumseh

The great Shawnee leader arose in the turbulent years before the War of 1812. Tecumseh worked incessantly to unite the tribes of the Eastern United States into a great confederacy to resist White encroachment into the native lands. He and his brother Tenskwatawa established a great village on the banks of the Wabash called Prophetstown, which became a collection point of warriors that worked to resist the Whites. His efforts brought him into direct conflict with the Governor of the Indiana Territory, William Henry Harrison.

William Henry Harrison

The son of a Founding Father and Virginia planter, Harrison used an army career to advance to his position to the powerful governorship of the Indiana Territory. His desire to acquire more Indian land and increase White settlement in the Indiana Territory put him at odds with Tecumseh and the Prophet.

Indian War

The strife between the three men led to increased Indian raids on the populace of the Indiana and Illinois Territories. As the threat of war increased and the population of Indians grew at Prophetstown, Harrison feared an outbreak of war. To stifle Tecumseh's confederacy, he gathered an army and marched on Prophetstown, leading to the Battle of Tippecanoe and the crippling of Tecumseh's dream.

July 15, 1805 - Buffalo Trace Surveyed

The 1804 Treaty of Vincennes had included a clause in which the tribes ceded a tract of land that extended from a point on the eastern edge of the Vincennes Tract and extended on a southeasterly direction towards the Falls of the Ohio. The northern boundary would parallel the course of the Buffalo Trace as a straight line that would be no further than 1/2 mile north of the Buffalo Trace. To locate the course of this boundary line, someone would have to survey the Buffalo Trace. Surveyor William Rector began the task of surveying the Buffalo Trace on July 15, 1805.

William Rector (1773-1826)

The son of Frederick and Elizabeth Connor Rector, William was native to Rectortown, Fauquier, Virginia. A noted frontiersman and surveyor, in 1805 Rector received appointment to survey the Buffalo Trace. The survey work Rector completed in Indiana provided the foundation for later surveys in the state. After completing this survey, William settled in Perry County, becoming the first recorded settler in the region. He encouraged his five brothers to settle in the area and join his surveying business, which they did. They continued doing survey work in Indiana and in Illinois.

William and Constance Lee married in 1821. The couple had eight children. Rector later moved to Illinois and received the appointment as a brigadier general in the Illinois militia, during the War of 1812. He continued his survey work in Illinois and later in Missouri and Arkansas. Considered one of the best surveyors in the West, he received appointment as the Surveyor General of the Illinois, Missouri, and Arkansas Territories in 1816, after moving to St. Louis. He also gained election to the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis in 1817 and served as a delegate to the State's constitutional convention in 1820. In 1824 a conflict between Joshua Barton and William led to Rector's challenging Barton to a duel. Rector killed Barton in the duel, after which his surveying license was revoked. He passed away in 1826.

Algonquin Tribes of Indiana

Print Book – $9.99

Ebook – $5.49

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Description:

The Algonquin, or Eastern Woodlands Indian, tribes inhabited Indiana as the Europeans began penetrating the region in the 17th Century. The tribes in Indiana included the Shawnee, Lenape (Delaware), Miami, Potawatomie, Kickapoo, and others.

The Algonquin Tribes of Indiana relates the general culture, lifestyle, and agriculture of this vast family of Amerindian tribes.

Sample Chapter

Native Amerindian Tribes in Indiana in 1812

On the eve of the war of 1812 native tribes still occupied the northern two thirds of the future state of Indiana. These tribes belong to the Algonquian grouping of North American tribes and included the Shawnee, Miami, Wea, Pottawatomie, Lenape (Delaware), Kickapoo, and Piankashaw.

Algonquian Tribes

The Algonquin tribes of Amerindians is a grouping of several tribes in North America with similar language and culture. The Algonquin family was the most widespread group in North America, with tribes located from the northeast to the western United States and into the south. Individual tribes of the Algonquin group originally numbered in the hundreds. Many of these tribes are extinct These tribes spoke different dialects of the language group. These tribes are classified according to geographic regions. These are:

Western Region

These tribes occupied the eastern Slope of the Rocky Mountains.

Blackfoot confederacy, which included the Siksika, Kainah, and Piegan; and other eastern states there are no liv Arapaho and Cheyenne.

Northern Region

This includes the tribes occupying the St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes region.

Chippewa group, Ottawa, Chippewa, and Missisauga; Algonkin group, comprising the Nipissing, Temiscaming, into the Ohio valley, together with the Abittibi, and Algonkin.

Northeastern Division

This region includes the eastern part of Quebec, the Maritime Provinces, and eastern Maine in the United States. These tribes included the:

Montagnais group, composed of the Nascapee, Montagnais, Mistassin, Bersiamite, Abnaki group,the Micmac, Malecite, Passamaquoddy , Arosaguntacook, Sokoki, Penobscot, and Norridgewock.

Central Region

This region included the states of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio.

Menominee; the Sauk group, including the Sauk, Fox, and Kickapoo; Mascouten ; Potawatomi; Illinois branch of the Miami group, comprising the Peoria , Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Tamaroa, and and Michigamea ; Miami branch, composed of the Miami, Piankashaw and Wea.

Eastern Division

The Eastern division included the area along the Atlantic Coast. These tribes included Pennacook, Massachuset, Wampanoag, Narraganset, Nipmuc, Montauk, Mahican, Wappinger, Delaware, Shawnee, Nanticoke, Conoy, Powhatan, and Pamlico.

The Lenape Tribe in Indiana

The Lenape, or Delaware, Indian tribe was native to the Eastern Seaboard, however pressure from European settlement forced them west, first to Ohio and then to Indiana. On the eve of the War of 1812 the tribe occupied several villages along the White River what would become the East Central region of the State of Indiana. They had migrated into the area in the mid 1790's and would remain until about 1818 when they were forced further west. The Lenape Tribe in Indiana relates their history, mythology, lifestyle as well as the chiefs that lived in Indiana during this time.

Ebook - $5.49

Softbound - $11.49

Sample Chapter

Lenape History

The Lenape tribe's English name, Delaware, derives from their original homeland at the time of European settlement, the Delaware River Valley. Their name for this region was "Lenapehoking", which means, "The Land of the Lenape". The river was named for Thomas West, Lord de la Warr, who served as the first governor of the Jamestown colony. The tribe called themselves the Lenape, or Leni-lenápé. The name means "real men, or native-genuine men." The French called them "Loups", or "Wolves". During these years of early European settlement, the Delaware had three clans, each with its own dialect of the language. These clans were the Unami (Turtle), Unalachtgo (Turkey) and Minsi (Munsee) (Wolf). The animal names represented the protective totem for the tribe. The other Algonquin tribes referred to the Lenape as "Grandfather," in reference to the belief that all these tribes originated from the Lenape.

Munsee

The Lenape word for Munsee, Min - asin - ink, means "at the place

where stones are gathered together." The Munsee occupied the region of the headwaters of the Delaware River in what is now Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York at the time of first contact with the Europeans. The Munsee in turn had sub clans Minisink, Warranawonkong, Mamekoting, Wawareink, and Catskill. Of these, the Minisink were the principal division. The villages situated along the Hudson River in New York were the principal bands, however the pressure of European settlement forced them to move along the Delaware River near the other clans of the Lenape.

After the Walking Stick treaty, they moved to the region of the Allegheny River in Pennsylvania. There the Moravians began their missions among them, and many converted to Christianity. Many of these people moved to sites in the current state of Ohio. Others migrated into the Indiana Territory. During these years the Munsee mostly merged with the other bands of the Lenape or joined the Chippawa, Shawnee and other tribes. At this time, the Munsee as a division of the Lenape faded into obscurity. Scattered bands of Munsee still exist.

First Contact with the Europeans

Dutch settlers under leader Peter Minuet were the first known Europeans to encounter the Lenape. In 1638 the Dutch purchased a tract of land from the tribe which is near Wilmington, Delaware. The Dutch established a settlement on Tinicum Island, which is near the Philadelphia International Airport.

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Indiana State Park Travel Guide Series

Complete tourism and state park information guides to Indiana State Parks and the surrounding area.

McCormick's Creek State Park

Description

Explore the rugged beauty of McCormick's Creek State Park as it cascades over the rocky canyon bed. Taste the beauty of McCormick's Creek waterfall as you hike the wonderful trails. Camp or stay at McCormick's Creek Inn as you enjoy the park and tour Spencer and the surrounding Owen County countryside using this handy tourism guide.

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Sample Chapter

General Geography

Two historic events that occurred eons ago created the landscape contained in McCormick's Creek State Park. The first was a shallow sea that covered the region that is now Indiana about 250 million years ago. Dead sea creatures, corals and sand settled at the bottom of this sea. The rock present in the canyon of McCormick's Creek is in three layers, the oldest at the bottom is called Salem Limestone. Hikers can find this layer in the Limestone Quarry near the canyon's mouth on the Quarry Loop that branches off from Trail 2 and 7. The next layer is the sixty foot thick St. Louis Limestone, which makes up the majority of the canyon walls. Near the top of the falls this layer ends, topped by the Ste. Genevieve Limestone.

Uplifting

The earth's surface is not static and various forces like continental drift and uplifting are constantly occurring. Uplifting of the earth's surface drained the shallow sea, exposing the seabed to atmospheric forces.

The Illinoisan Glacier Forms

During the Pleistocene Era a vast glacial sheet covered most of North America.

Pleistocene Era

The Pleistocene Age began roughly two million years ago and ended about 10,000 years ago. During this vast period of time four episodes of extensive glaciations covered most of what is now Indiana. These glaciers created two vastly different landscapes. Roughly the northern two thirds comprise what geologists call the Tipton Till. Glaciers covered this area during all four glacial events. The southern third was probably never touched by the ice. It is a hilly, heavily forested land that still bears the marks of the vast water runoff that occurred when the Ice Age ended around 10,000 to 12,000 years ago.

The Glaciers Form

The Huron-Erie Lobe is the glacier that covered Indiana during the last glacial event. Scientists estimate that the average temperature of the earth was about six to twelve degrees Celsius colder than it is now. Sometime about two million years ago, Earth's climate cooled. Over vast regions of what is now Canada and North America the temperature dropped below freezing and remained there thorough the year. Snow fell and did not melt. More layers of snow covered this un-melted snow, building up layer after layer of snow. This weight of the accumulated snow turned the snow to ice. The ice formed layers up to two miles thick in the Great Lakes region. Over central Indiana the glaciers were probably a mile thick. This gradually diminished as the ice reached its margins.

Flowing Ice

The pressure deep in the ice field caused the ice to become almost fluid in its movements. The ice flowed over the landscape, carving out rivers and lakes. It also

created hills and the dune area around Lake Michigan. The weight of the ice sheet created the Great Lakes basin, and then filled that basin with melt water when the temperatures warmed and the ice melted. Geologist estimate that the ice moved about a foot a day, first advancing, and then retreating. Always it compressed and crushed the terrain beneath it and.

Southern Indiana

Most of the southern portion of the state had glaciers at different times; however there is a segment in the south central region that has never, as far as scientists can tell, had glaciers. During the last episode the boundary was a ragged line from approximately Terre Haute in the West to Brookville in the west. Below that the older Karst topography of caves, sinkholes, knobs and disappearing steams that are not found in the northern areas.

Formation of the Canyon

The ice did not reach the site of McCormick's Creek State Park. When the ice began melting about 50,000 years ago the melt waters began eroding the earth's surface carving the canyon that now forms the majority of McCormick's Creek. The climate during that time was wetter and colder, thus the erosion took place at a faster rate than occurs today. The Falls is still eroding the creek bed, but at a much slower rate than during historic times. The running water eroded some of the areas of the softer limestone formations faster than some of the harder formations. This type of geological formation is called Karst Geography. Visitors will find numbers sinkholes, caves and natural bridges formed over the ages. The canyon at McCormick's Creek is about one mile long and almost 100 feet deep.

Karst Geography

Karst terrain forms when water with a slight acid content dissolves underground layers of carbonite based limestone, dolomite, or gypsum which are slightly basic. The flowing water creates caves, springs, disappearing rivers or streams and sinkholes. Most Karst landscape occurs in southern Indiana, though other areas of the state also have it.

Turkey Run State Park

Description

Hikers will love the rugged, magnificent trails at Turkey Run State Park in Parke County, Indiana. Stay at Turkey Run Inn and dine in the restaurant or camp in the beautiful campground. Canoeists can float down Sugar Creek, which traverses two State Parks. Considered the Covered Bridge Capitol of Indiana, Parke County maintains several lovely covered bridge auto tours which allow visitors to drive through the countryside and see the 31 surviving covered bridges in the county.

Ebook Price

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Sample Chapter

Brief History

Turkey Run State Park

Established in 1916 as Indiana's second state park, Turkey Run is on Indiana State Road 47 about two miles east of its intersection with US 47. The state acquired the property from the Hoosier Veneer company for $40,000 after receiving a $20,000 grant from the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. The wild canyons of the park create challenging hiking and beautiful scenery. Hikers can cross Sugar Creek on the Suspension Bridge while watching canoeists ply the waters on their way downstream. The park contains a number of historic buildings, including the home of John Lusk, a prominent early owner of the property. Overnight visitors may stay at one of the campgrounds in the park or at Turkey Run Inn.

Richard Lieber Memorial

Visitors to Turkey Run will find the Richard Lieber Memorial east of Turkey Run Inn behind the Log Church. The Memorial contains the ashes of the founder of the Indiana State Park system.

Richard Lieber (September 5, 1869 – April 15, 1944)

The son of son of wealthy parents, Otto and Maria Henriette Julie Richter Lieber, Richard was native to St. Johann-Saarbrucken, Germany. As a child he suffered a chest injury, which led to an illness that made it difficult to attend school. Thus, he received much of his education from private tutors.

Immigration to Indiana

To fulfill his parent's desire to learn English, he traveled to London, England after graduating from secondary school. In England he visited various museums and historic sites. In 1891, he came to Indianapolis, Indiana in to join two uncles who had immigrated there. He eventually became an American citizen. He worked as a reporter for the *Indiana Tribune* and married the owner's daughter, Emma Rappaport. After visiting Yosemite National Park, the Rocky Mountains of Idaho and Montana in 1900, he became an ardent conservationist. President Theodore Roosevelt held Conference of Governors in 1908, which Lieber attended as a delegate. He wrote a series of articles promoting Indianapolis as the site for the Fourth National Conservation Congress in 1912. He succeeded in his effort, and served as the chairman. During World War I,

Indiana governor James Goodrich appointed Lieber as his military secretary. He bestowed the rank of Colonel on him, which Lieber used from then on.

Founder of Indiana State Park System

As Indiana's centennial approached, Lieber began advocating for a state park system. Because of his efforts, Turkey Run and McCormick's Creek State Park were established in 1916 without public funds. Lieber believed that the state park system should be self-supporting as much as possible. To help achieve this he advocated that the parks charge visitors a fee to enter. He established the state park inn system to help add to the state park system's cash flow. The admission policy and state park inn system were revolutionary concepts during that time.

Director of Indiana State Department of Conservation

Lieber received the appointment of Director of the Indiana State Department of Conservation at its inception in 1919. He served in that post until 1933. Lieber gained a national reputation as the architect of the Indiana State Park System, which many other states modeled. He acted as a consultant for many of the states that wished to set up a similar system and organized the first gathering of state park personnel on a national level. He hosted the convention at Turkey Run State Park in 1921. During his tenure the state park system grew to ten parks and five state memorials.

Death at McCormick's Creek

Lieber passed away while visiting McCormick's Creek in 1944. Visitors to Turkey Run State Park will find the Richard Lieber Memorial east of Turkey Run Inn behind the Log Church. The Memorial contains the ashes of the founder of the Indiana State Park system.

Clifty Falls Indiana State Park

Description

Clifty Falls State Park offers visitors a premier hiking experience as well as wonderful camping opportunities. This guide includes the history of the park as well as historical and tourism information for Madison and Jefferson County, Indiana.

Ebook Price

$2.99

Softbound Price

$6.99

Sample Chapter

General Geology Clifty Falls State Park

The area of Clifty Falls State Park lies on an area geologists call the Cincinnati Arch. This geological formation stretches between the Illinois Basin, in south central Illinois, and the Appalachian Basin, which slants southwest through eastern Virginia. The rock layers in the area of the park slant towards the west with the younger rock faces to the west and the older to the east. The exposed rock is mostly composed of a substance geologists call Laurel Dolomite. This rock is more resistant to erosion that the rocks on either side of the park, thus it formed a ridge through the park and nearby Madison. This ridge created a drainage divide. Precipitation falling east of this divide flows eastward and that falling west of the divide fell west. Rains that fell in the Madison area cascaded over the harder Dolomite, forming waterfalls and cascades that tumbled into the deeper Ohio River. The falls at Clifty Falls originally fell directly into the river, however over the centuries the running water carved the current canyon that runs from the falls to the Ohio River, about 2 miles to the south. The falls is at an elevation of 658 feet above sea level and the Ohio River is at 432 feet above sea level, so the stream bed is about 226 feet below the canyon rim near the river. Since the rock on both sides of the canyon slants west, rainwater on the east percolates down through the rock on the eastern canyon wall, forming springs that freeze into the beautiful frozen waterfalls on the east face of the canyon. This percolating water creates openings in the rock that over many years break it apart, causing the large boulders seen at the canyons base. The water on the western rim falls to the west, thus the western face is more stable as the water does not percolate through it.

Brown County State Park

Description

Clifty Falls State Park offers visitors a premier hiking experience as well as wonderful camping opportunities. This guide includes the history of the park as well as historical and tourism information for Madison and Jefferson County, Indiana.

Ebook Price

$2.99

Softbound Price

$6.99

Sample Chapter

Brown County Geology

Southern Indiana

The southern one third of the state has never, as far as geologists can tell, been covered by glaciers. This region has some of Indiana's most ancient soils and terrain. Most of the state's bedrock layer consists of limestone, dolostone, sandstone, and shale. Much of southern Indiana is underlaid with limestone. Much of the southern area consists of Karst landscape. In this type of landscape acidic groundwater flows through the limestone bedrock, dissolving it. This action over time creates sinkholes in the surface, underground caverns and disappearing streams. One predominant feature of south central Indiana is the Knobstone Escarpment. Brown County State Park is located in the an area that bears the name Knobstone Escarpment, which in turn is one of four parts of a region termed the Norman Upland.

Knobstone Escarpment

The Knobstone Escarpment includes some of Indiana's most rugged terrain. It stretches from Brown County State Park in the north to the Ohio River. The region's main geologic features include steep hills, deep ravines and rock composed mostly of silica rich siltstone. Elevations range from 360 feet near the mouth of the Wabash River to Weed Patch Hill, which has an elevation of 1,056 feet above sea level. This hill is in Brown County State Park and is the third highest area in Indiana. The Brown County Fire Tower is located on this hill.

Brown County State Park

Description

Brown County Indiana State Park offers visitors a premier hiking experience as well as wonderful camping opportunities. This guide includes the history of the park as well as historical and tourism information for Brown County, and Nashville Indiana.

Ebook Price

$2.99

Softbound Price

$6.99

Sample Chapter

Abe Martin Lodge

Address - P O Box 608

Nashville IN 47448

1-877-265-6343

84 rooms, two meeting rooms and dining room.

Constructed in 1932 from hand hewn logs and stone quarried inside the park, Abe Martin Lodge is located within Brown County State Park in south-central Indiana. The park is on State Road 46 about one mile east of Nashville, Indiana and twelve miles west of Columbus Indiana. It is named for a Abe Martin, a popular cartoon character created by Kin Hubbard in the early part of the twentieth century. A complete history of the comic is located on the second level of the lodge.

Lodge

The eighty four rooms are located in two sections, the main lodge and the nearby complex called the Annex. The Annex is three stories tall with sixteen rooms in each floor. Each floor has an ice machine in a utility area on one end. The middle floor also has a coffee machine which also dispenses hot water. You may get hot chocolate packets from the main lobby of Abe Martin's Lodge.

Meeting Rooms

The main lodge has two spacious meeting rooms available to rent for weddings, meetings and other special occasions. Abe's Dining Room is located on the second level, and features full menu dining seven days a week. Buffets are available during specified times.

Gift Shop

There is a large gift shop at Abe Martin's Lodge which features nature related gifts.

Lounge

The upper level, in addition to housing Abe's Dining Room, also features a large stone fireplace. During the winter months guests may sit in front of a roaring fire reading or playing games. There are rocking chairs, sofas, love seats and a card table here. This area overlooks the main lobby and is a great place to read and relax while enjoying the fire. A room alongside the downstairs lobby also has a fireplace with seating facing the fire.

The dining room is up a short flight of stairs (there is also an elevator) from the main lobby. The upstairs lobby includes an exhibit that honors Kin Hubbard, who created the character Abe Martin for whom the lodge derives its name.

Kin Hubbard (September 1, 1868 – December 26, 1930)

The son of Thomas and Sarah Jane Miller Hubbard, Kin was native to Bellefontaine, Ohio. His full name was Frank McKinney Hubbard, however, everyone called him Kin. Hubbard displayed an early artistic aptitude as a child. He liked to cut scraps of paper from whatever newspapers or other blank sheets he could find to draw on. He like to make silhouette cut outs of neighbors, animals and relatives from paper, using his scissors. When he was 5 his parents took him to a circus, which left him for a love of the big top and dreams of running a circus.

Circus to Minstrel

Kin's artistic behavior did not duplicate itself in the classroom, so he quit school in the 7th grade. Beyond that brief exposure to education, Hubbard had little more and no training in art. He took a job in a paint shop at first and performed odd jobs at the Grand Opera House. Kin loved theatre and changed his dream job from circus owner to leading a minstrel troupe.

First Drawings Published

Kin continued to draw, however and had his first drawings published in 1884 during the presidential campaign. He created woodcuts of the Republican vice presidential and presidential nominees. During these years Hubbard worked as an apprentice photographer and learned typesetting at the local newspaper. His father became a postmaster at this time and gave him a job as a clerk. Kin began sketching on envelopes. These sketches were the embryonic beginnings of his later Abe Martin character that would bring him fame. His sister offered to pay his way through art school. Kin would attend the Jefferson School of Art in Detroit, Michigan for just a few weeks before quitting.

Artist Career

Hubbard obtained a job as an artist for the Indianapolis News in 1891. He quit after 3 years, frustrated at the low pay. He returned to Ohio. He returned to the News in 1901, where he would remain for the rest of his career. His specialty was drawing political caricatures of Indiana politicians and lobbyists. He produced a book, Collection of Indiana Lawmaker and Lobbyists, in 1903. He met Josephine Jackson, of Greencastle, Indiana, whom he would marry on October 12, 1905.. The couple would have 4 children, only two of which would survive to adulthood.

Abe Martin

The character Abe Martin evolved out of a series of political cartoons he drew in 1904. The first Abe Martin, featuring homespun humor and sayings appeared on December 17, 1904. The series would continue six days a week for the next 25 years. On February 3, 1905 Hubbard set Abe Martin's residence in Brown County, Indiana, where it would remain as the rural countryside lent credibility to Abe's rustic country philosophy and humor. Abe Martin proved popular across the country, as by 1910 it had been syndicated by over 200 newspapers across the country. In addition to the strip, Hubbard published numerous books. He would die of a heart attack on December 26, 1930. He is interred at Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, Indiana.

A recent addition is an aquatic center which provides a great place for kids to have fun any time of the year.

Rustic Sleeping Cabin Rooms

Abe Martin Lodge also has twenty-four rustic cabins with fifty-six total bedrooms. These cabin units each have either two or four individual cabins. These cabins were build in the 1930's are are paneled. Some cabins have connecting doors which guests may unlock to create a two bedroom suite. There is air conditioning, carpet, television and full bathroom. There are no kitchens in these cabins. The sleeping cabins are open from April through October. There are bed linens, towels furnished.

Abe Martin Lodge also offers 24 sleeping cabins with a total of 56 bedrooms. Sleeping cabins contain either 2 or 4 complete motel units. In many cases, there are connecting doors which can be unlocked to make a suite of 2 bedrooms.

The cabins take their names from the Abe Martin cartoon series written by Hoosier cartoonist Ken Hubbard.

Pokagon State Park

Description:

Pokagon Indiana State Park, A Tourism and History Guide to the Park relates the history of the park as well as a thorough tourism guide to the park and surrounding area. The book includes local museums, wildlife refuges, hiking and other Steuben County attractions in Angola and other towns in the county.

Ebook Price – $2.99

Soft Bound Price - $6.99

Sample Chapter

History of the Park

The Potawatomi tribe lived in the region now occupied by Pokagon The original name of the park was to be Lake James State Park, however that was changed to reflect the history and heritage of the Potawatomi tribe that had inhabited the region. State Park. The name of the park derives from two tribal leaders, Leopold and Simon Pokagon, that led the tribe in the early 1800's.

Potawatomi Tribe in Indiana

The word "Potawatomi" derives from the Ojibwe word, "Boodewaadamii." The Potawatomi used the name "Bodéwadmi ," which means "Keeper of the Fire." This name is in reference to the alliance between the Potawatomi, Ojibwe and Ottawa tribes, referred to as the Council of Three Fires. The tribe speaks a form of Algonquian, which makes the tribe akin to the Delaware, Illiniwek, Kickapoo, Menominee, Miami, and Sauk and Fox tribes.

Migrations

Early in the Seventeenth Century, the Potawatomi tribe lived in southwestern Michigan. Iroquois expansion during the Beaver Wars with the Iroquois in the Seventeenth Century drove them out. This war was fueled by Dutch and English desire for furs, which were abundant in the northern regions. The tribes of the Iroquois League initiated a series of wars to expand their territory into the Great Lakes area in the Seventeenth Century. The wars displaced many tribes, including elements of the Shawnee, the Huron, Odawa, Ojibwe, Mississaugas, Potawatomi, and the Miami. The forced migration left Michigan's Lower Peninsula and parts of the Ohio country almost depopulated of native tribes. Sometime around 1687 the Algonquin tribes of the Great Lakes area struck back against the Iroquois and began taking back their lands. During this period, the tribe moved into the Green Bay area. During the middle part of the Eighteenth Century, they expanded into what is now northern Indiana. The Potawatomi villages in Indiana were Abercronk, Ashkum, Aubbeenaubbee, Checkawkose, Chekase, Chichipe Outipe, Chippoy (Chipaille), Comoza, Elkhart (Miami), Kethtippecagnunk (Wea), Kinkash, Macon, Massac, Mamotway, Maukekose, Menominee, Menoquet, Mesquawbuck, Metea, Moran, Mota, Muskwawasepeotan, Pierrish, Rum, Tassinong, Tippecanoe, Toisa, Wanatah, Wimego, Winamac, and Wonongoseak.

Tribal Organization

Each member of a tribal community belonged to a clan, which is a group of families. Clan relatives raised the children, imparting them with the traditions of the clan. Normally, one of the clan leaders became the village chief. Among the Potawatomi, the village chief could be either a man or woman.

Potawatomi Lifestyle

Potawatomi women wore long deerskin dresses, the men breechcloths, leggings, and deerskin shirts. Both men and women wore moccasins to protect the feet. Many men wore a leather headband with one or two feathers stuck in the back. Some men also wore otter-fur turbans. Both men and women had long hair, but during times of war, the men would shave their heads Mohawk style. The tribe used both wigwams and rectangular lodges as houses. Wigwams were oval huts constructed from woven reeds. The wigwams served as winter homes in the hunting camps. They built the lodges using bent saplings and covered them with birch bark. The tribe lived in these lodges in the summer when they occupied their villages. They also used birch bark to build canoes. They would also build dugout canoes. For overland travel, the tribe used dogs to pack supplies. The tribe migrated frequently after the soil in their gardens became depleted. Men cleared the fields for planting, hunted and served as warriors to protect the tribe. Women tended the garden and raised the children. In the fall, the men hunted buffalo. After this hunt, the tribal members left the villages and formed smaller hunting camps.

Potawatomi Diet

The Potawatomi women grew corn, beans, squash, and tobacco. They also gathered wild rice, nuts, berries and other fruits for the tribe. Men hunted whitetail deer and elk. They used traps and snares for smaller game like rabbits, squirrels and birds. In the spring, they tapped sugar maple trees and boiled the sap to make maple sugar. They also grew medicinal herbs in their gardens.

September 02, 1838 - Father Benjamin Petit Requested Permission to Accompany Potawatomie West on Trail of Death

Benjamin Petit (April 8, 1811 – February 10, 1839)

The son of Chauvin Petit and his wife, Benjamin was native to Rennes, in Brittany, France. After graduating from the University of Rennes law school, he practiced as an attorney for three years before deciding to enter the priesthood. After graduating from the Seminary of Saint Sulpice in 1836, he left France to perform missionary work in the United States among the Amerindian tribes. Assigned to the Catholic Diocese of Vincennes, Indiana, Vincennes Bishop Simon Bruté ordained him as a priest on October 14, 1837 in Vincennes. Petit took up his mission among the Potawatomie at Twin Lakes, Indiana in November 1837. He managed to learn their language by June, 1838. Beloved by his new charges, the Potawatomie called him "Chichipe-Outipe" (Little Duck). General John Tipton and his militia troops showed up unexpectantly on August 29, 1838 to remove the Potawatomie to Oklahoma. Members of the tribe entreated the priest to accompany them on their perilous journey. On September 2, Petit requested Bishop Brute for permission to accompany the tribe. The bishop at first refused, but relented on September 7.

On January 9, he started back to Vincennes. Terribly sick and with open sores that drained his strength, he made it as far as St. Louis and the Jesuit Seminary there. The fathers in the seminary cared for him the best they could, but he died of the fever on February 10, 1839. His remains are interred under the Log Chapel at the University of Notre Dame.

Indiana Dunes State Park

Description

Visitors to Indiana Dunes State Park can hike the sand mountains that tower over beautiful Lake Michigan and see the city of Chicago in the distance. Bird watchers can find a copious number of waterfowls, songbirds and other avian treats in the marshes in the park. Sun worshipers can swim and lounge along the immense sand beaches that line the Lake Michigan shoreline. Visitors will also discover camping, fishing and picnicking opportunities in this tourism guide..

Ebook Price – $4.99

Soft Bound Price - $10.99

Sample Chapter

Dune State Park Geology

The geologic features of Dune State Park have their origins in the rising and falling water levels of Lake Michigan as well as the winds coming off the lake.

As the Ice Age ended between 12,000 to 18,000 years ago, the Wisconsin glacier began to melt and the basin carved by the immense ice sheets filled with water. This immense sheet of ice was as much as a mile thick in many places. As the waters rose a ridge of sand and gravel developed beneath it. About 4500 years ago the lake water levels began falling. As they fell the sand ridge became exposed to the winds, which formed them into the dunes we see today. The wind also created the sand beaches that line the lake's shore. The winds continue to drive these dunes inland. Plants especially suited for this environment protect the dunes from this wind erosion, further influencing the landscape. A number of geologic features make up the terrain of Indiana Dunes State Park and the Indiana Dunes National Park.

Dunes

The sand dunes at Dunes State Park and the Indiana Dunes National Park begin with rock formations that lie along the Lake Michigan shoreline. Wind, rain, freezing and thawing along with wave action from the water erodes these formations, creating silt that currents deposit along the beach, which forms an ideal place for sand dunes to form. The incessant winds coming in off the lake drive the sand particles to form drifts of sand that form the embryos of the dunes along the lake. Sand dunes are active, mobile landforms that move and change over time.

The Role of Vegetation in Dune Formation

The dunes rely on the existence of a plant called beachgrass (*Ammophila breviligulata*), which grows in abundance along the beach. The beachgrass slows the wind, allowing the sand to begin piling up. When clumps of beachgrass are located close together, the clumps of sand drifts unite, creating a structure called a foredune. This is a long sand ridge that forms when the wind blows sand, in a process called saltation.

Foredunes

In the initial stage the dune, called an incipient foredune, the fast growing roots of the beachgrass stabilize the growing foredune, creating an environment where other vegetation can grow. This includes shrubbery, trees huckleberry, wintergreen, goldenrod, and smaller plants. Once the foredune becomes stable, it is called an established foredune which will not change noticeably over time unless other events like blowouts occur.

Blowouts

A blowout occurs when something removes the vegetation from a portion of the foredune. This could be human foot traffic or erosion from heavy wind or rain. When the blowout occurs, the opening presents wind with an opening through which it accelerates and drives sand along the leeward (side towards the land), forming a large pile of sand. Huge blowouts can reveal the remains of trees buried by the sand many years ago.

Anatomy of a Dune

A sand dune consists of several parts, which include the stoss slope, the crest and the slip face. The stoss (windward) side is the side facing the prevailing wind and features a gentle slope that extends to the crest, or top, of the dune's ridgeline. The sheltered leeward side has a steeper slope, called a slip slope.

Migrating Dunes

The removal of vegetation from a dune or an increase in the prevailing wind can create a migrating dune. These dunes can move several feet a year and can bury entire forests as they move. Lowering winds and an increase of vegetation can stabilize a migrating dune.

Tolleston Dunes

Located in Indiana Dunes National Park, this grouping of sand dunes formed about 4700 years ago when water levels in Lake Michigan was about 25 feet higher than today. Visitors to the park can explore these dunes on the Tollston Dunes Trail, which has an elevation of about 605 feet above sea level.

Trail and overlook are located at:

5634 U.S. Highway 12 (Dunes Highway),

Portage, IN 46368

Calumet Dunes

The Calumet Dunes, also located in the Indiana Dunes National Park, formed about 12,000 years ago when the dunes lay along the shoreline of Lake Michigan. These dunes are about 620 feet above sea level. A short, paved .5 mile trail allows hikers to explore the dune system. The trail head is located at:

1596 North Kemil Road (300E)

Chesterton, IN 46304

Glenwood Dunes

The Glenwood Dunes are 640 feet above sea level and formed about 11,000 years ago.

The Glenwood Dune Trail is 6.8 miles and connects to a trail system that offers over 15 miles of hiking opportunities. The trail is easy to moderate in skill level with packed dirt, sand or boardwalk surface.

Glenwood Dunes Lot (main):

1475 North Brummitt Road

Chesterton, IN 46304

Indiana Dunes State Park Dunes

The dune system at the park developed between 4500 and 3500 years ago. Visitors to the park can explore many of the dunes in this system.

Other Features of the Park

Moraines

A moraine forms as a glacier retreats, leaving behind a pile of gravel, sand and earth.

Marshes

A marsh forms in low lying areas next to a body of water and mostly consists of herbaceous plants as opposed to woody trees and shrubs. The marshes in the dunes area include a wide variety of waterfowl, other scores of other birds. The plants in the marshes include a wide variety of sedges, grasses, cattails and rare algal species.

Forest

The forests include black gum, white oak, and white pine trees as well as Jack pines, black oaks, basswoods, and ashes.

Savannahs

A savannah is defined as a mix of forest and grassland where the trees are widely spaced and do not form a closed canopy. The Black oak savannas of the dunes area are some of the last remaining savannah of this type in the world.

Bog/fen

A bog differs from a fen in that the water in a bog is acidic in nature and a fen is alkaline. Bogs have rainfall or snow melt as their water source, and have low nutrient levels. Underground springs or seeps feed fens, which generally have higher nutrient levels. The different ph. levels of the water lead to differing types of plants that inhabit them. Visitors will find bogs and fens throughout the area.

Fresh Water Swamp

The swamp is a lowland permanently saturated with water that has trees as the predominant vegetation.

Swale

Generally, swales are low lying wet or water filled areas that runs parallel to a beach.

Prairies

A prairie is a level or rolling grassland area. Visitors to the park can explore Dune Prairie, described later in the book, while hiking in the park.

Spring Mill State Park

Experience history first hand with a road trip to Spring Mill State Park near Mitchell, Indiana in Lawrence County. The park features a modern electric campground and a great system of hiking trails. Stay in style in Spring Mill Inn. The pioneer village features a working gristmill, blacksmith shop, woodworking shop and weaving looms. Visitors may take a boat tour into one of the parks two caves.

Pioneer Village

Visitors to Spring Mill State Park during the summer months will find reenactors in period dress performing various tasks common to village life in the Nineteenth Century. Weavers using looms to weave cloth, a blacksmith forges iron into various implements and a carpenter crafts projects on a foot powered lathe and other traditional tools.

Gristmill and Sawmill

The gristmill in Spring Mill State Park grinds corn into cornmeal that visitors may purchase. Much of the meal finds its way to Spring Mill Inn's restaurant for use in many of the dishes served in the Inn. The gristmill includes a water powered saw mill that saws logs into lumber.

Hiking

There are almost 10 miles of hiking trails at Spring Mill State Park ranging from rugged to easy on seven trails. Most of these trails traverse through forested area. Two trails pass caves, and one passes through one of Indiana's last virgin forest stands. Trail 6 is a handicap accessible paved trail that goes through a portion of the Donaldson Nature Preserve. The trailhead is at the Grissom Memorial.

Camping

The 187 site modern campground has electric outlets and access to water as well as comfort stations equipped with toilets and showers.

Caves

Spring Mill has four caves, Hamer, Twin, Donaldson and Bronson Caves. Visitors that register at the park office may tour Donaldson and Bronson Caves. DNR guides conduct guided boat tours into Twin Caves during the summer months.

Lawrence County

The book includes a visitor guide to Lawrence County, Indiana. The guide includes museums, historical markers, local parks, nature preserves and many other attractions found in the county. Available at the link in softbound, ebook or audio book.

Ebook - $3.99

Softbound $10.99

Sample Chapter

First White Settler

Samuel Jackson is the first recorded white settler in the area that would become Spring Mill State Park sometime around 1815.

Samuel Jackson (? - ?)

History has recorded little of Spring Mill's first recorded White settler, Samuel Jackson. He first appears on the muster roll of the War Of 1812 Upper Canadian Volunteers when he enlisted as an ensign on July 12, 1812.

Upper Canadian Volunteers

This regiment included 44 soldiers and 9 officers, commanded by Colonel Joseph Willicocks. Many of the men that volunteered for service in the Upper Canadian Volunteers were Americans that had immigrated to Canada to take advantage of the cheap land available there, while others were native Canadians that disliked England. The unit mustered into service in July 1813. The unit fought in all of the major battles of the War of 1812. Since the British government considered them traitors, they faced hanging if captured. When the regiment mustered out on, or about, June 15, 1815 the United States Government issued them land grants in the United States as compensation for their services.

First Mill

Samuel Jackson migrated into the Indiana Territory, wandering about the dense, forested land of southern Indiana. He discovered the valley now occupied by Spring Mill State Park, and noted the generous, constant flow of water originating from a cave. This water source would provide the power needed for a successful gristmill. He also observed the dense forest land, knowing it to be an important resource for constructing buildings. Additionally, the existence of the immense limestone slabs would provide a valuable building material that could be easily quarried. He took a 480-acre tract of land in the southwest quarter of section 32 in Orange County, now Lawrence County. Jackson moved his family to a site near Hamer Cave, now in Spring Mill State Park. He built a cabin and a log gristmill powered by water flowing from the

small pool formed from the dam he constructed across the creek. The water flowed to the mill through hollowed out poplar logs hewn out into troughs, providing power to the mill. He ground wheat and corn into flour for the nearby pioneers. During his occupancy of the site William Wright, of Orange county constructed a corn mill near the site of the current gristmill. Jackson apparently opened a small stone quarry, with plans to build a stone gristmill on he property. Jackson disappears from history when he sold his land to the Bullitt brothers in 1818.

Shakamak Indiana State Park

Description:

Established in 1929, the 1766-acre Shakamak State Park features wonderful fishing, camping, hiking and swimming recreational activities. This book includes an extensive history of the park and a wealth of information about the park's facilities as well as tourism guides to the surrounding area.

Hiking

Hikers will find 7.88 miles of hiking in Shakamak State Park ranging from easy to moderate.

Camping

The 122-site modern campground is located in the southeast corner of the park with some campsites overlooking Lake Lenape.

Fishing

Anglers have three lakes, Lake Shakamak, Lake Kickapoo and Lake Lenape totaling nearly 400 acres in which to cast their lines.

Swimming

The public swimming pool is located near the center of the park adjacent to Lake Shakamak and the Nature Center. Trail 1 provides hiking access to the pool. The pool is open from Memorial Day through Labor Day.

Indiana County Guide

An extensive tourism guide for the three counties with land in the park, Greene County, Sullivan County and Clay County is included in this book as well.

History of Shakamak State Park

The land that makes up Shakamak State Park has its origins in abandoned coal mines in Sullivan, Clay and Greene Counties. These three counties donated the land to the state from 1927 - 1929. The name derives from the Kickapoo tribe's word, “shakamak”, which means "river of long fish," a term which applies to the numerous eels that live in the river, which the tribe considered a dietary delicacy.

Sample Chapter

Indiana's Coal

300 million years ago Portions of the region we know as Indiana was covered at one time by huge swamps. Indiana was much warmer at this time, an environment that was ideal for plants to grow. Vast quantities of dead vegetation accumulated over the centuries to form a layer of brown, spongy peat at the bottom. Geologic and climatic changes over the centuries allowed soil and rock to form over this layer of peat. As time passed the heat and pressure of this buildup converted the peat, hardening it into the substance we know as coal. Each ten-foot layer of peat will generate about one foot of coal from this pressure and heat buildup. The coal in Indiana is of a type called bituminous coal which is very low in moisture and is an ideal fuel for using in electricity generating plants and to make coke for the steel industry. The earliest records of commercial mining in Indiana date from the mid-Nineteenth Century. Most of the coal in Indiana is found in the southwestern part of the state.

The Indiana Coal Fields

Indiana's coal fields are part of the Eastern Interior Coal Basin, which includes southwestern Indiana, part of northwestern Kentucky and nearly all of Illinois. The Indiana portion includes about 6,500 square miles. The Indiana portion of this field originally possessed about 37,293 million tons of usable reserves of coal. The layers in these beds range from 14 inches thick to 42 inches thick. Two specialized forms of bituminous coal are, or were, present in the state, block coal and Cannel coal. Block coal has divisions from 24 inches to 48 inches apart marked by vertical joints and horizontal splits. Most of this coal has already been mined out of the state. Cannel coal is composed of finely divided plant material and has a high gas value. It burns clean, with a yellow flame and lights quickly.

History Coal Mining in Indiana

Explorers traveling along the Wabash River were the first people to note the existence of coal in the region that would become Indiana. Robert Fulton mined a small amount of coal along the Ohio River in 1812. Twenty years later, in 1832, ads began to appear in newspapers offering quantities of coal for sale. The American Cannel Coal Company of Cannelton, Perry County, Indiana became the first company to receive a charter to mine coal in 1837. Flatboat operators began shipping small quantities of coal on the White, Wabash and Ohio Rivers. These early mining operations involved the miner using a pick and shovel to remove the coal, after which he loaded it on a horse drawn wagon to transport it to market. Later, miners began using horse powered scrapers to remove the coal. During these early years miners produced about 9700 tons of coal. The primary use for this coal would have been to provide power to steamboats, home heating and blacksmith's forges. Most of this coal came from Perry and Warrick Counties. The rise of railroads in the 1850's created a new market for coal and an easier

means of transporting it as well. During the years after the expansion of the rail lines mining operations, and employment, expanded rapidly in the state. Production would eventually grow to encompass 18 counties in the southwestern part of the state.

Mounds Indiana State Park

Native American Mound Builders

During the Early and Late Woodland Periods the early Native American tribes built mounds, mostly in the Mississippi and Ohio River Valleys. There are no written records about the purpose of these mounds, so the reasons for building them remain largely speculative.

Adena and Hopewell Culture and Mounds

People of both the Adena and later Hopewell cultures inhabited the White River region of Mounds State Park. They constructed several mounds on the bluffs above the river. The mounds are well preserved due to the efforts of some of the earliest American settlers in the area, thus the mounds at the park in in good condition.

Camping

Mounds State Park has a modern campground equipped with modern restrooms and electric hook ups. A camping trip to the park allows visitors the chance to delve into the history of some of Indiana's earliest inhabitants.

Hiking

Two of the hiking trails in the park lead through the heart of the mounds complex as well as to the nearby visitor center in the park.

Geology of Mounds State Park

The terrain of central and northern Indiana was principally shaped by the glaciers that covered Indiana many thousands of years ago. The central portion of the state features a type of landscape known as the Tipton Till.

Tipton Till

The glaciers' presence created the two basic landscapes we find today in Indiana. The northern two thirds of the state that the glaciers covered consists of a flat landscape that geologist refer to as the Tipton Till Plain covering the bedrock. As the glaciers advanced and retreated over the eons, they carried dirt, rocks, and other debris with them. When the last glaciers melted, they dropped this dirt and rock mixture right where they were. Geologists refer to four basic types of deposits left by the glaciers as till, outwash, Lacustrine and Silt.

The Four Types

Sand, silt, and clay combined with gravel and boulders are the main components of glacial till. Till was deposited directly by the glacier and has remained largely in the same location. As the glaciers melted, the meltwater formed layers of outwash. Heavier components like gravel and rock were deposited first. The silt, sand and clay particles were carried greater distances by the flowing melt water. The glaciers had carved out depressions in the landscape, which formed the many lakes found in northern Indiana. The silt deposited at the bottoms of these lakes are called Lacustrine. Winds carried the finer materials, called silt, and deposited them further away. These silt layers, called loess, were blown mostly from the Wabash and White River valleys. Near the river valleys this loess sometimes formed thick layers.

Southern Indiana

The southern one third of the state has never, as far as geologists can tell, been covered by glaciers. This region has some of Indiana's most ancient soils and terrain. Most of the state's bedrock layer consists of limestone, dolostone, sandstone, and shale. Much of southern Indiana is underlaid with limestone. Much of the southern area consists of Karst landscape. In this type of landscape acidic groundwater flows through the limestone bedrock, dissolving it. This action over time creates sinkholes in the surface, underground caverns and disappearing streams. One predominant feature of south-central Indiana is the Knobstone Escarpment

Knobstone Escarpment

Geologists call the knobs the Knobstone Escarpment. They include some of Indiana's most rugged terrain. It stretches from Brown County State Park in the north to the Ohio River. Elevations range from 360 feet near the mouth of the Wabash River to Weed Patch Hill, which has an elevation of 1,056 feet above sea level. This hill is in Brown County State Park and is the third highest area in Indiana.

Mounds State Park

The mounds located in the park are more of an historic structure than geologic, however they are the most interesting feature in the park. The builders constructed them on a high bank about 85 feet above the White River. Glacial till forms the surface of the ground, however a 25 – 30-foot layer of gravel underlies this, which is in turn underlain by another layer of glacial till that appears to extend down to the river's level. Northwest of the biggest mound a series of springs emanate from the base of the gravel layer and flow down to the river. The builders may have chosen the site based on the existence of these springs, as they would have provided a water source.

Lincoln State Park

Subtitle:

Exploring the Boyhood Home of Abraham Lincoln

Series:

Indiana State Park Travel Guide Series

In Series

10

Ebook - $ 4.99

Softbound - $ 10.99

Description:

Explore the boyhood haunts of the nation's 16th President, Abraham Lincoln, at Lincoln Indiana State Park. Many of the hiking trails in the park visit places Lincoln would have walked. Watch a play based upon Lincoln's life in Indiana at the Lincoln Amphitheater or fish in beautiful Lincoln Lake. Near the state park visitors can enjoy the Abraham Lincoln Boyhood Home and National Museum. See artifacts, documents and photos related to the Lincoln family. The grounds include the Sarah Hanks Lincoln gravesite, the Tom Lincoln cabin site and a pioneer farm with period actors performing tasks like those done on an 19th Century Indiana farm. The book includes a guide to the tourism sites in Spencer County, Indiana.

Sample Chapter

Abraham Lincoln (February 12, 1809 – April 15, 1865)

The son of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Abraham was native to Sinking Spring Farm near Hodgenville, Kentucky. He entered the world on February 12, 1809.

Lincoln's Boyhood in Indiana

The Lincoln family moved to Indiana in 1816 from Kentucky after Abraham's father Thomas Lincoln lost his land due to faulty land titles. After learning that Indiana had better land title laws, Thomas moved the family north of the Ohio River to Indiana. The Lincolns were also strongly opposed to slavery. Kentucky was a slave state, Indiana a free state, so Thomas chose Indiana. The Lincoln's squatted on public land in Spencer County while Thomas worked as a cabinet maker, carpenter and farmer. Eventually he acquired clear title to 80 acres of this land in Spencer County.

Death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln

Thomas Lincoln's wife, Nancy, died on October 5, 1818, leaving Thomas Lincoln and his children Abraham and Sarah motherless. Sarah Bush Johnson's husband, Daniel Johnston, died of cholera in 1816, leaving Sarah and her three children destitute.

Hearing of her plight, Thomas Lincoln traveled to Kentucky, proposed to her and the two married on December 2, 1819.

Sarah Bush Johnson (December 13, 1788 – April 12, 1869)

The daughter of Christopher and Hannah Bush, Sarah was native to Hardin County, Kentucky. Thomas and Sarah had become acquainted while they both lived near Elizabethtown, Kentucky before Lincoln moved his family to Indiana in 1816. When Nancy died two years later, Thomas heard that Sarah was a widow. Sarah's husband, Daniel, had accumulated some debts, which Sarah could not pay. Thomas reportedly traveled to Kentucky, arrived at her door and knocked. He proposed to Sarah and offered to pay her debts. She accepted the proposal, the two married on December 2, 1819, and Sarah traveled to Spencer County Indiana with her three children. She took over as mother to young Abraham and Sarah Lincoln. Sarah was illiterate, however, she encouraged young Abraham with his studies. Abraham would address Sarah as "mama," right from the start. At her insistence, Thomas had wooden planks planed and installed them in the cabin to cover the dirt floor. He also installed greased paper windows. A greased paper window consisted of grease coated paper. Many frontier families used this inexpensive window in lieu of expensive glass to admit light to dimly lighted cabins and to keep birds, insects, wind and other unwanted intruders from the cabin. After Lincoln attained his law practice, and later the presidency, he continued to visit Sarah for the rest of his life as circumstances permitted.

Self-Educated

Abraham loved to read and write, a skill that Sarah, his new stepmother, encouraged. Lincolns received very little formal education. He would walk miles to borrow a neighbor's book, which were in short supply in the frontier areas of Indiana. Thus, the education Lincoln received on the frontier was largely what he could learn by reading books.

Great Physical Strength

Lincoln grew to 6 foot, 4 inches tall and possessed great physical strength. He learned to wield an ax, becoming an expert rail splitter, an important skill on the frontier. His wrestling skills were also unmatched, as displayed when he bested the leader of a group of local ruffians known as the Clary's Grove boys.

Abraham Lincoln's Early Employment

At around fifteen years old Abraham Lincoln worked as a hired hand for local farmer James Taylor. The rough work included butchering and other farm chores. He also operated Taylor's Ferry ferrying passengers across the Anderson River, which served as a key transportation link during that era. Inspired, young Abe built a rowboat, which he used to ferry passengers across the river. He earned a dollar on his first trip, which seemed almost a fortune to the boy.

Taylor's Ferry

Taylor's Ferry crossed the Anderson River, which is a fifty-mile-long river that forms the boundary of Perry and Spencer Counties. Lincoln greatly enjoyed ferrying people across the river. It gave him the opportunity to converse with many people as they went about their affairs. Lincoln Ferry Park, on Indiana State Road 66 just west of Troy, Indiana, is the location of an historical marker denoting the site of the ferry. Tradition also says that it was here that the Lincolns crossed the Ohio River from Kentucky in 1818. It is also the spot where Lincoln earned money ferrying passengers to and from the riverboats anchored offshore. His business angered local ferry owners, who tried to stop him. He decided to study law and went on to defend himself in court against the ferry owners. He won the case, sparking a lifelong quest for knowledge and fairness. His love affair with the law began with this case. It was his flatboat voyages to New Orleans that firmed up his revulsion against slavery.

Lincoln, New Orleans and Slavery

While a child in Kentucky, Lincoln was exposed to slavery, as there was dissention in the area the Lincoln's lived in. The Lincoln's were anti-slavery, but there were many slave owners in the area. The division created many conflicts. So many that the church the Lincolns attended had to close due to conflict over the practice. Thomas Lincoln had lost two farms in Kentucky due to land title confusion. He had bought the farms and established homesteads, then lost them when he found he did not hold a clear title to them. The Lincolns left Kentucky for Indiana because the new state had better land survey and title laws. They also wanted to live in a free state. The Northwest Ordinance had forbidden slavery in the Indiana Territory, but there were slaves in the Territory when Thomas came to the area in 1815 to locate a suitable farm. When the family moved in 1816, Indiana was on the way to Statehood and would be a free state. Though some slaves remained in Indiana for several years, there were probably few, if any, in the area in which the Lincoln's settled. Thus, Lincoln's first real exposure to slavery was on his flatboat trips to New Orleans. It was the second that firmed his stance against it. During that trip, he saw slaves whipped and beaten. It was a slave auction that revolted him the most. During the auction, a mulatto girl was examined like a buyer inspecting a horse. Revolted by the scene, he said to his companions, "By God, boys, let's get away from this. If ever I get a chance to hit that thing (meaning slavery), I'll hit it hard."

Versailles State Park

Versailles State Park is a prime destination for those that enjoy mountain biking, hiking, camping and picnicking. Over 30 miles of mountain bike trails that double as hiking trails and 6 miles of dedicated hiking trails, those seeking a nature adventure

will find a mecca of enjoyment. The 226-site electric campground offers a wonderful, relaxing way to spend time in the great outdoors.

The book Versailles State Park book also serves as a tourism guide for Ripley County, Indiana as it includes an extensive listing of local attractions like museums, movie theaters, golf courses and many other fun day trip ideas.

Ebook - $5.99

Softbound - $11.99

Audio Book - $8.99

Versailles State Park Geology

The geology of Versailles State Park is interesting because Laughery Creek at this point is the dividing line between two geologic provinces, the Muscatatuck

Regional Slope and the Dearborn Upland. There are also two layers of fossils that originate from two separate geologic eras, the Silurian and the Ordovician ages. The park also has a cave, dubbed the Bat Cave. Laughery Creek forms the mid-section of the northern half of the park and flows along the western boundary of the southern half. Laughery Creek is the main feeder of Laughery Lake, though Fallen Timbers Creek, which flows into the lake from the east, also contributes. Cedar Creek flows into the lake on its western shore.

Muscatatuck Regional Slope

The Muscatatuck Regional Slope stretches from southern Shelby and Bartholomew Counties to the Ohio River. It encompasses most of Decatur and Jennings Counties, western Ripley County, western Jefferson County and eastern Clark County. The soil consists of a thin layer of glacial drift. The land gradually falls away from east to west. Elevations along the eastern edge range from 1000 feet above sea level to about 500 feet at the Ohio River. Where it meets the Scottsburg Lowland, it is about 700 feet. Most of the streams in this region flow through steep walled valleys. The land between the streams is mostly flat. Carbonate rocks, mostly limestone, form the bedrock of the region. The Laughery Escarpment forms the dividing line between the Slope and the Dearborn Upland to the east.

Laughery Escarpment

An escarpment is a long cliff or steep slope that separates two areas that have differing elevations. Erosion or faulting forms an escarpment. The Laughery escarpment formed because of erosion of Cincinnatian shales which overlay a layer of Niagara limestone.

Dearborn Upland

The Dearborn Upland region occupies the territory roughly east of Laughery Creek and south of the Whitewater River and proceeds to the Ohio River. The terrain is rugged with steep hills and valleys that have very little bottom land. The higher

elevations have also been largely dissected by water erosion, leaving little flat land. Much of the land has glacial till leftover from glacial ice left over several ice ages.

Ice Ages

Climate change is a naturally occurring phenomenon, with periodic warming and cooling of the earth's climate consisting of alternating warm periods as well as ice ages in which glacial ice covers large portions of the earth's surface. There have been numerous ice ages in the earth's 4.6-billion-year history as well as numerous times when the earth was warmer than it is now.

Ordovician Age

The Ordovician Age lasted from 485.4 million years ago until 443.8 years ago, about 41.6 million years. English geologist Charle Lapworth studied rocks from this period in the 1860's and proposed that the period be named the Ordovician Age in 1879. A Welsh tribe, the Ordovice, lived near the region in which he studied the rocks. During this age continental drift forced several smaller ancient continents to form a large continent called Gondwana. Continental drift involves the theory of plate tectonics, a theory which postulates that the continents drift on tectonic plates and move, a process that takes millions of years. Gondwana moved to a position in the South Pole, which caused a period of intense global cooling. The entire age suffered from climate extremes during which there were periods of extremely warm temperatures and periods of extreme cold. The temperature extremes and sea level changes caused mass extinction events. The largest mass extinction event took place at the end of the Age in which about 85% of the species that lived during that era became extinct.

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Ripley County History Series

This Ripley County History Series includes short histories on Ripley County and its towns.

Historic Travel Guide to Ripley County

Description

Discover the historic nooks and crannies in Ripley County, Indiana. The Historic Travel Guide to Ripley County reveals the many places history has touched in the county. The author's included Ripley County History Auto Tour takes the traveler through the many historic places in the county. The book covers many Ripley County towns including Batesville, Versailles, Osgood, Napoleon, Sunman and Milan.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 22.99

Sample Chapter

Biographical Sketch of County's Namesake

Ripley County Historical Marker

Location:

Ripley County Court House

Eleazer Wheelock Ripley (April 15, 1782 – March 2, 1839)

The son of Sylvanus Ripley and Abigail Wheelock, Eleazer was native to Hanover, New Hampshire. Ripley attended Dartmouth College, graduating in 1800 with a law degree. He opened a practice in Portland, Maine, when Maine was still part of Massachusetts. He served in both the Massachusetts House Representatives and the Massachusetts Senate. When the War of 1812 broke out, he organized the 21st United States Infantry Regiment. He received a commission as a lieutenant colonel. In 1813, he was awarded a promotion to colonel. His brigade took part in several battles, including the Battles of York, Sacketts Harbor, Crysler's Farm and Lundy's Lane. He was wounded in the Battle of York and at the Battle of Lundy's Lane; his brigade captured the British artillery until the Americans withdrew. At war's end, Congress awarded Ripley the Congressional Gold Medal, which was the predecessor of the Congressional Medal of Honor. After the war, Ripley migrated to Louisiana, where he practiced law and served in the Louisiana House of Representatives and later the United States House of Representatives.

A Brief History of Napoleon

Description

Named for Napoleon Bonaparte, the town of Napoleon was platted in 1820, the second town in Ripley County, Indiana. Early in its history, Napoleon was a center of transportation and an important hub in the Underground Railroad. Berry's Trace, the Michigan Road and the Brookville/Napoleon Road connected the village to distant towns in Indiana as well as with the new state capitol in Indianapolis.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 11.99

Sample Chapter

On February 9, 1820 the town of Napoleon was laid out by William Wilson from a 160 acre government land grant. The village takes its name from the former French Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte. Seven days later he started selling lots. Ten first 32 lots were purchased by George Craig of Vevay, Indiana. Craig went on to build the first Ripley County Court House in Versailles. He later represented Ripley and Switzerland Counties in the Indiana Senate from 1822 - 1824.

Early Transportation

The first recorded "road," leading to the region that would become Napoleon was simply a blazed path called the Chambers Trace, made about 1805. It commenced somewhere near Indian Creek's junction with the Ohio River in Switzerland County and proceeded towards the site that would eventually become Greensburg in Decatur County. This trace consisted of marks, or blazes, made on tree trunks with an axe.

An oak plank road connected Versailles with Napoleon sometime before the town of Osgood was platted in 1855. John T. Royce, a resident of Brooksburg in Jefferson County, established the first recorded sawmill in Ripley County and cut many of the planks used for this road. This type of road achieved a degree of popularity in the 1840's. Construction was cheap, however maintenance costs were high. To build this type of road, workers first installed "stringers," which were thick boards laid parallel to each other about six feet apart. They then laid three inch thick planks cut eight feet long across the stringers and nailed down. Private companies typically build these roads and generally charged tolls for travelers to use them. Apparently a John Glass, who lived north of Napoleon, received authorization to collect tolls on September 6, 1858. Historical lore notes that Indiana's first telegraph line in 1847 was built along this road using poles cut by Mr. Royce. The telegraph system connected Indianapolis with Madison. The road was converted to stone in 1898. The route eventually became part of US 421.

The Post Office was established on January 19, 1821, William Wilson serving as the first Postmaster. The Post Office is still in operation.

Napoleon was the second town established in Ripley County, Versailles being the first. Napoleon became a center of travel for this area during the 1820 - 1850 periods. The Michigan Road connected it with Madison on the Ohio River. Brownstown Road, which earlier had been known as Berry's Trace, emanated towards the west. There were also roads to Versailles and Vevay. In 1821, the town had a weekly horseback mail route to Vevay and stage coach service on the route between Indianapolis and Cincinnati. Napoleon was home to several inns and other vital businesses.

Sparta and Napoleon Turnpike Company

Napoleon resident Elias Conwell joined with Diab Pratt, Joshua Brown, Stephen S. Harding in Ripley county and John Brumblay, James W. Gaff and Thompson Dean to form the Sparta and Napoleon Turnpike Company. This road, approved by the Indiana Legislature on January 22, 1851, authorized the company to view, mark, locate and construct a turnpike from Napoleon to Sparta, in Dearborn County. The route would include Milan (now Old Milan) and Prattsburg. The road would connect with a previously approved road in Dearborn County, authorized to the Moore's Hill And Aurora Turnpike Company. The combined roads would connect Napoleon with Aurora, Indiana on the Ohio River.

Napoleon-Brookville Road

Approved in 1832, the Napoleon/Brookville Road connected Brookville in Franklin County with Napoleon.

During the period before the Civil War Napoleon was a center of activity for the Underground Railroad which spirited escaped slaves to freedom further north. The building that the restaurant named Bonaparte's Retreat (Now Love's Railroad Inn) on US Route 421 has been in existence since Napoleon's founding. During this period it was known as the Railroad Inn. There was no railroad in Napoleon. The name was an indicator of what the Inn's side purpose was; assisting in the process of aiding escaped slaves escape servitude using the Underground Railroad. The basement has hidden rooms which are still in existence.

Napoleon is located at the intersection of Indiana State Road 229 and US Route 421. Napoleon Incorporated November 3, 1958.

William Wilson, Ripley Bill (October 11, 1783 - December 20, 1838)

The son of Isaac and Katherine Griner, William was native to South Carolina. The Wilson family migrated into Kentucky, settling near Franklin, Kentucky in south central Kentucky near the Tennessee border, sometime around 1796.

Surveyor of Public Lands

Wilson migrated into the Indiana Territory sometime after that. William Henry Harrison appointed Wilson as Surveyor of Public Lands of St. Clair County on March 2, 1802. St. Clair County, which ran approximately on a line from Vincennes northeast to the southern tip of Lake Michigan. Another line ran southwest to the Mississippi River. The county, formed on July 4, 1800, included a portion of Indiana and large regions of what would become Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. It no longer exists in Indiana but is still a county in Illinois.

Marriage

Wilson was appointed Justice of the Peace of Dearborn County, established in 1803, on December 2, 1807. Sometime in this period the family, settled in Franklin County, Indiana. Wilson built a cabin overlooking the west fork of the Whitewater River.

William and Frances "Franky" Craig married in 1811. The couple would have four children.

Napoleon

Wilson and his family migrated into Ripley County where Wilson received the first land tract, the site of the present Central House, on September 16, 1819. Wilson platted Napoleon on February 9, 1820. In Napoleon he would serve as the first postmaster when the post office was established on January 19, 1821. Wilson began selling lots for between $10.00 and $12.00 each in the new town after he completed and recorded the plat. He continued developing the town and sometime during its first four years made an unsuccessful bid to be elected to the Indiana House of Representatives. He was also a Justice of the Peace from 1821 through 1822. That year Wilson sold Hiram and David Hendricks the land that became the Enterprise Mill. Wilson migrated away from Ripley County, dying on December 20, 1838 in Morgan County. He is interred in the Hastings Cemetery Martinsville, Morgan County.

A Road, A Well and A Train

Description:

Nestled at the northern tip of Ripley County, Indiana, Batesville's origins begin with the construction of the Napoleon/Brookville Road, Teunis Amack's Well and the need for a railroad connecting Indianapolis Indiana and Cincinnati, Ohio. A Road, a Well and a Train is the history of the birth, growth and institutions of Batesville, Indiana.

Ebook - $4.99

Soft Bound $24.99

Sample Chapter

A History of Batesville, Indiana

Batesville City Government

Town Government

In accordance with laws passed by the Indiana legislature for the preparation of villages to incorporate as towns, a census was taken, a town plat prepared and an application prepared. The necessary documents assembled, Mr. Charles Johnson, Sr. Christian Schwier, William Hillenbrand, Theodore Greeman filed them at Versailles, signed by 96 residents of the prospective town in September 1882. The census was required to have the names and addresses of all residents listed in the proposed town.

Elections

The application was approved on November 17, 1882, followed by immediate preparations for the first town election. State law stipulated that town officials would

include one trustee for each district, or ward, a clerk and a treasurer. The officers elected at this election would hold their office until the following first Monday in May or until their successors elected and installed. The first election apparently took place during the first week in December and the officers sworn in around December 11, 1882.

Town Government Begins

Charles Johnson, Justice of the Peace, swore this first slate of town officials into office. Apparently, there is no written record of these events, however state law mandated this timetable and procedure, so it is assumed that that is what happened. The first town board members were Jacob Blank Jr. John Lehmkueler, John Hillenbrand, William Hillenbrand and Christian Schwier. R. N. Papet gained election as the first town clerk and the town marshal was Frederick Schrader. Jacob Blank was chosen as president of the Town Board. The council's first act was to adopt a town seal. This would be called the "Corporation Seal of Batesville." John Lehmkueler received the assignment to acquire a book to use to record the Board's activities. The board held their second meeting on December 15 when Henry Decker was appointed Treasurer.

Town Jail

The Town Board contracted with several local men to build a jail. The men completed the work, the town council paying a total of $211.50 to the men on January 9,1885.

Incorporation Not Legal

During the summer of 1887 questions arose over the legality of the town's incorporation. Ripley County Circuit Judge John G. Barkshire examined the case and ruled since the town's incorporation had been approved during a special Board of Commissioners meeting on November 17, 1782, the incorporation was not valid since state law states that town incorporations must be approved during a regular Commissioner meeting. The men that petitioned for incorporation had not wanted to wait for the December meeting when they presented their petition after the meeting had officially ended. Thus, the commissioners had convened a special meeting after the regular meeting and granted approval to the petition. The judge ruled that if the town would present the petition again at the next regular Commissioner's meeting the incorporation would be legal. Batesville officials complied with this request and the Board officially approved the town's incorporation on December 9, 1887.

Questions Over Legality Continued

Despite the action of the County Council in December 1887, many continued to question whether the town's charter was legal. This state of affairs could be troublesome, leading to litigation over statutes the Town Board had passed prior to the official approval by the county council. Batesville resident Donald McCallum, who was a member of the Indiana legislature, introduced a bill into the legislature that would

legalize the incorporation and solve the problem. The legislation would ratify all statutes, ordinances, legal contracts, minutes and other proceedings conducted by the Town Board. The legislature approved this bill on June 24, 1907. A full reading of this legislation can be found on page 135, Book II, of Minnie Wycoff's *Builders of a City*.

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Road Trip Indiana Series

Southeastern Indiana Road Trips

Southeastern Indiana Cities and Towns

Southeastern Indiana has some wonderful cities and towns ranging from charming river towns like Rising Sun, Vevay, and Patriot to the larger cities like Lawrenceburg, Aurora and Madison. Each of these towns and cities has many things to do for your family as it explores the regions roads and highways.

Southeastern Indiana Wineries

Southeastern Indiana has several interesting wineries that produce some fascinating wines. The Indiana Uplands Wine Trail information included in the book allows wine buffs to explore them and taste their offerings.

Southeastern Indiana State and Local Parks

From parks along the Ohio River to wonderful woodland hikes, the parks in southeastern Indiana include four state parks, several nature preserves and some relaxing local parks. These provide a some great day trips for people to explore to hike, picnic or just plain enjoy nature. They provide fun things to do in Southeastern Indiana.

Southeastern Indiana Museums and Historic Sites

Explorers in the area can stage a day trip to learn the region's rich history by visiting the 31 museums located in the various cities and towns of Southeastern Indiana. Many stage interesting family events that are fun and educational.

Sample Chapter

Chapter title – Grave of Jonathan Jennings

Title of Marker:

Grave of Jonathan Jennings 1784-1834

Location:

Market Street/Indiana State Road 3 at Pleasant Street, Charlestown. Indiana State Road 3 intersects Indiana State Road 62 near the center of town. (Clark County, Indiana) Pleasant Street intersects Market Street/Indiana State Road 3 just south of Jonathan Jennings Elementary School.

Installed by:

Indiana Sesquicentennial Commission, 1966

Marker ID #:

10.1966.1

Marker Text:

Indiana Territorial Delegate to Congress, 1809-1816. President of Indiana Constitutional Convention, June 1816. First Governor of Indiana, 1816-1822. Member of Congress, 1822-1830.

Brief History By the Author

Jonathan Jennings (1784-1834)

Jonathan Jennings became the sixth child of Jacob and Mary Kennedy Jennings when he was born in New Jersey. he attended grammar school at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, and studied law at Washington, Pennsylvania. he immigrated to the Indiana Territory in 1806 and became a lawyer in Jeffersonville, later moving to Vincennes. There were not enough clients in the new territory to make a living, so he served in various government offices and participated in several land speculation deals. These deals brought him some wealth. He and Territorial Governor Benjamin Harrison had a series of political disputes after Jennings became a clerk at Vincennes University.

Jonathan Jennings – First Indiana Congressional Representative

As a territory, the Indiana Territory was entitled to non-voting representation in Congress. Jennings gained election to the Eleventh Congress in 1809. In 1815, Jennings introduced a petition for Statehood to Congress. The 1815 census indicated that the population exceeded the 63,000 requirement laid down by the Northwest Ordinance of 1787. Congress passed the Enabling Act on April 11, 1816, authorizing Indiana's authority to form a government. .

1816 Constitutional Convention

He became a delegate to the Constitutional Convention in Corydon in June 1816. He was a leading advocate to ban slavery in the state. In this endeavor, he succeeded. The convention adjourned on June 29 and Jennings announced his candidacy for governor. He used the slogan "No Slavery in Indiana" during his campaign.

First Indiana Governor – Jonathan Jennings

Jennings beat the other candidate, the former pro slavery Territorial Governor Thomas Posey handily. He served as governor for two terms and returned to Congress as Indiana's elected representative in 1822. Jennings retired to his Charlestown home in 1831 after leaving Congress. He died at his Charlestown farm of a heart attack.

South Central Indiana Day Trips

South Central Indiana Cities and Towns

South Central Indiana has some wonderful cities and towns ranging from charming river towns like Henryville, Charlestown and French Lick to the larger cities like New Albany, Columbus and Bloomington. Each of these towns and cities has many things to do for your family as it explores the regions roads and highways.

South Central Indiana Wineries

South Central Indiana has several interesting wineries that produce some fascinating wines. The Indiana Uplands Wine Trail information included in the book allows wine buffs to explore them and taste their offerings.

South Central Indiana State and Local Parks

From parks along the Ohio River to wonderful woodland hikes, the parks in South Central Indiana include four state parks, several nature preserves and some relaxing local parks. These provide a some great day trips for people to explore to hike, picnic or just plain enjoy nature. They provide fun things to do in South Central Indiana.

South Central Indiana Museums and Historic Sites

Explorers in the area can stage a day trip to learn the region's rich history by visiting the museums and markers located in the various cities and towns of South Central Indiana. Many stage interesting family events that are fun and educational.

Bartholomew County

Brown County

Crawford County

Floyd County

Harrison County

Jackson County

Lawrence County

Monroe County

Orange County

Washington County

Sample Chapter

South Central Indiana Day Trips

Private Barton W. Mitchell

Title of Marker:

Private Barton W. Mitchell

Location:

SW corner of town square, SR 46/East Harrison Street & North Washington, Hartsville. (Bartholomew County, Indiana)

Installed by:

1992 by Indiana Historical Bureau

Marker ID #:

03.1992.1

Marker Text:

Mitchell, Co. F, 27th Indiana Volunteers, is buried in Hartsville Baptist Cemetery. He found Confederate General Lee's "Lost" Special orders No. 191 Near Frederick, MD, September 13, 1862. Union General McClellan then engaged Lee at the Battle of Antietam.

Barton W. Mitchell (1816 – 1868)

Mitchell joined the Union Army on Sept. 12, 1861. He reported to the 27th Indiana Volunteers. His unit was at Frederick, Maryland. They were resting from a previous battle near a campground previously occupied by Confederate Major General Daniel Harvey Hill's troops. It was around noon on September 13, 1862, when Mitchell noticed a packet lying in the grass in the campground Hill's troops had occupied. Picking up the packet, he found three cigars. Wrapped around the cigars he found a piece of paper. Upon examining the contents of the letter, he realized he had made an important find. He turned the letter (no word on the fate of the cigars) to his sergeant. The letter made its way up the chain of command until it reached the Commander of the Union Troops, Major General George B. McClellan. The contents of the letter delighted General McClellan, who told a subordinate officer, "Here is a paper with which, if I cannot whip Bobby Lee, I will be willing to go home."

Special Order 191

Mitchell had happened upon a letter that was of great importance to the Confederate Army. Many historians consider his find to have changed the course of the war. Confederate Army General Robert E. Lee drafted the letter on September 9, 1862. It

contained detailed troop movements that Lee planned to make during the next few days. The intelligence contained in the letters contributed greatly to the Union victories at the Battle of South Mountain and Battle of Antietam.

Wounded at Antietam

Mitchell received a leg wound at the Battle of Antietam. Due to the lack of antibiotics at the time, many wounds became infected. This was the case with Mitchell, and he mustered out on Sept. 1, 1864. He died in 1868, possibly because of the infected leg, which probably never healed properly.

Southwest Indiana Day Trips

Illinoisan Glacier Boundary

Visitors to Washington County on south central Indiana will find this marker placed by the Indiana Historical Bureau.

Title of Marker:

Illinoisan Glacier Boundary

Location:

NE corner of SR 135 & Lick Skillet Road, 8 miles north of Salem (Washington County, Indiana)

Installed by:

Erected 1995 Indiana Historical Bureau

Marker ID #:

88.1995.1

Marker Text:

Nearby is the boundary of the Illinoisan Glacier, which covered all but approximately 6, 250 square miles in south, central area of Indiana. Most of Indiana's topography was affected by four separate glacial advancements during Pleistocene epoch, circa one million years ago.

Brief History By the Author:

Pleistocene Era

The Pleistocene Age began roughly two million years ago and ended about 10,000 years ago. During this vast period, at least three episodes of extensive glaciations

covered most of what is now Indiana. These glacial events are called the Pre-Illinoisan, Illinoisan, and the Wisconsinan Ages.

The Ice Ages

The Pre-Illinoisan began about 1,200,000 years ago and ended about 550,000 years ago. An interglacial period followed that lasted several thousand years. The Illinoisan began approximately 350,000 years ago and lasted about 50,000 years. Another interglacial period followed this glacial event, followed by the last glacial period, the Wisconsin, which began about 150,000 years ago and ended approximately 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. A period of global warming has produced the climate we know today.

Different Landscapes

These glaciers created two vastly different landscapes in Indiana. The northern two thirds comprise what geologists call the Tipton Till. Glaciers covered this area during all four glacial events. The glaciers probably never touched the southern third. A hilly, heavily forested land still bears the marks of the vast water runoff that occurred when the Ice Age finally ended around 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. If the glaciers had never formed, all of Indiana would probably look like the southern third of the state.

The Glaciers Form

The Huron-Erie Lobe is the glacier that covered Indiana during the last glacial event. Scientists estimate that the average temperature of the earth was about six to twelve degrees Celsius colder than it is now. Sometime about two million years ago, Earth's climate cooled. Over vast regions of what is now Canada and North America the temperature dropped below freezing and remained there thorough the year. Snow fell and did not melt. More layers of snow covered this un-melted snow, building up layer after layer of snow. This weight of the accumulated snow turned the snow to ice. The ice formed layers up to two miles thick in the Great Lakes region. Over central Indiana, the glaciers were probably a mile thick. This gradually diminished as the ice reached its margins.

Flowing Ice

The pressure deep in the ice field caused the ice to become almost fluid in its movements. The ice flowed over the landscape, carving out rivers and lakes. It also created hills and the dune area around Lake Michigan. The weight of the ice sheet created the Great Lakes basin, and then filled that basin with melt water when the temperatures warmed and the ice melted. Geologist estimate that the ice moved about a foot a day, first advancing, and then retreating. Always grinding the terrain beneath it and changing it.

Southern Indiana

Most of the southern portion of the state had glaciers at different times; however, there is a segment in the south central region that has never, as far as scientists can tell, ever had glaciers. During the last episode, the boundary was a ragged line from approximately Terre Haute in the West to Brookville in the east. Below that, the older Karst topography of caves, sinkholes, knobs and disappearing steams that are not found in the northern areas

Indiana Geology

The glaciers' presence created the two basic landscapes we find today in Indiana. The northern two thirds of the state that the glaciers covered consists of a flat landscape that geologist refer to as the Tipton Till Plain, covering the bedrock. As the glaciers advanced and retreated over the eons, they carried dirt, rocks and other debris with them. When the last glaciers melted, they dropped this dirt and rock mixture right where they were. Geologists refer to four basic types of deposits left by the glaciers as till, outwash, Lacustrine and Silt.

The Four Types

Sand, silt, and clay combine with gravel and boulders are the main components fo glacial till. Till was deposited directly by the glacier and has remained largely in the same location. As the glaciers melted, the melt water formed layers of outwash. Heavier components like gravel and rock were deposited first. The silt, sand and clay particles were carried greater distances by the flowing melt water. The glaciers had carved out depressions in the landscape, which formed the many lakes found in northern Indiana. The silts deposited at the bottoms of these lakes are called Lacustrine. Winds carried the finer materials, called silt, and deposited them further away. These silt layers, called loess, were blown mostly from the Wabash and White River valleys. Near the river valleys, this loess sometimes formed thick layers.

Southern Indiana

Glaciers have never covered the southern one third of the state, as far as geologists can tell. This region has some of Indiana's most ancient soils and terrain. Most of the state's bedrock layer consists of limestone, dolostone, sandstone, and shale. Much of southern Indiana is under laid with limestone. Much of the southern area consists of Karst landscape. In this type of landscape acidic groundwater flows through the limestone bedrock, dissolving it. This action over time creates sinkholes in the surface, underground caverns and disappearing streams. One predominant feature of south central Indiana is the Knobstone Escarpment

Knobstone Escarpment

Geologists call the knobs the Knobstone Escarpment. They include some of Indiana's most rugged terrain. It stretches from Brown County State Park in the north to the Ohio River. Elevations range from 360 feet near the mouth of the Wabash River to

Weed Patch Hill, which has an elevation of 1,056 feet above sea level. This hill is in Brown County State Park and is the third highest area in Indiana.

Limestone

Much of the limestone that Indiana is famous for is also found in the southern part of the state. Indiana's limestone deposits formed during the Ordovician period, about 1.5 million years ago when the land that is now Indiana lay near the tropics, covered with a warm, shallow sea. This sea was rich with marine organisms, such as brachiopods, bryozoans, trilobites, and corals. These organisms died and settled on the bottom of this sea. Through Continental drift, this land migrated north and around 40 million years ago, this sea dried up. Geologic forces lifted the land mass out of the sea. The limestone deposits became covered with sediment over the ages. Glaciers scoured the countryside during the Ice Age, exposing some of this rock.

Oolitic Limestone

Oolitic Limestone is made up of particles called ooliths. These small, carbonate particles are composed of concentric rings of calcium carbonate. Sand or shell fragments rolled around on the floor of this warm, shallow sea collecting a layer of limestone. The rocks consistent structure allows it to be easily sculpted or carved. The stone is almost perfect building material.

The Quarries of Indiana

Indiana's quarries produce rock known by many names, Indiana Limestone, Indiana Oolitic Limestone, Bedford Oolitic Limestone, and Bedford Rock. The limestone belt that produces this high quality stone encompasses most of Monroe and Lawrence Counties. Limestone of lesser quality underlies much of the rest of central and east central Indiana. Hoosiers began quarrying limestone during the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Indiana has been at the forefront of limestone production. Limestone from Indiana has been the preferred building material for many buildings from New York to Washington DC and other places. The Empire State Building has Indiana limestone as a major component of its structure.

East Central Indiana Day Trips

Sample Chapter

Title of Marker:

First Indiana Gas Well

Location:

Norsemen Park in front of town hall at 600 East Harris Street, Eaton. (Delaware County, Indiana)

Installed by:

Placed by the Indiana Historical Bureau under grant from Panhandle Eastern Pipe Line Company

Marker ID #:

18.1981.1

Marker Text:

The first significant commercial gas well came in Sept.15, 1886, near here south of the Mississinewa River and East of the railroad, ushering in the gas boom era. Almeron H. Crannell, a Civil War veteran and later resident of Hartford City, drilled the well.

Brief History by the Author

Note: The Indiana Historical Bureau has noted only one problem with this marker in that it was not the “first” gas well in Indiana. That honor belongs to Portland, Indiana. The flow of this well was insignificant so the Eaton well was the first “significant” well.

Inexpensive Energy

Inexpensive energy is the lifeblood of the modern economy and by the middle of the Nineteenth Century; people began large-scale use of fossil fuels. The first fossil fuels used were coal, kerosene and a gas derived from bituminous coal called coal gas.

Bituminous Coal

Bituminous coal is a soft black coal that contains a tar-like substance called bitumen. Bituminous coal is a middle grade coal, higher in quality than lignite coal but not as high quality as anthracite coal. Bituminous coal usually forms from lignite coal from the high pressures exerted by geologic forces. Lignite coal is a soft, brown coal. Its heat output is lower than bibulous coal and is the lowest quality of coal available. Anthracite is harder than bituminous coal and has a higher heat output.

Coal Gas

Processors make this flammable gas from coal and deliver it via pipelines. Commonly called town gas, coal gas became popular during the mid Eighteenth Century because it was easy to handle and better than kerosene for heating, cooking, lighting and manufacturing. By the late 1800's gas streetlights in towns and cities were a common sight. The light produced by coal gas is bright yellow.

Kerosene

Refiners processed kerosene from crude oil. Kerosene is a liquid and found use mostly in lighting and heating. A byproduct of kerosene, gasoline, many considered a nuisance not useful for anything.

Natural Gas

Drillers searching for coal usually found natural gas in the process. This gas was highly flammable, hard to handle and considered a nuisance gas. Steel maker Andrew Carnegie pioneered using natural gas in his foundries in the 1880's and proved that using natural gas was feasible. In 1885, he claimed that using natural gas saved 10,000 tons of coal a day in his huge blast furnaces. On January 20, 1886, drillers discovered a huge gas well in Findlay, Ohio that drillers could not control, so great was its gas flow. The flame plume from the well burned for four months.

Gas in Indiana

A man named G. Bates found the first major deposit of natural gas in 1867 while drilling for coal. A decade later W. W. Worthington found another huge deposit in his futile search for coal. Both men, disappointed by the lack of coal, capped their wells. A man named George W. Carter had traveled to Findley, Ohio, witnessed the huge gas plume and was struck by the possibilities. After returning to Indiana, he convinced investors in Fort Wayne and Eaton Indiana that the hole drilled by W. W. Worthington was worth drilling. His persistence led to the formation of the Eaton Mining & Gas Company on February 26, 1886.

Day Trip Indiana – Central

Price

$15.99

Description:

Readers of Indiana's Timeless Tales – 1782 – 1791 will discover a wealth of early Indiana history with this timeline of events that cover Indiana history from the formation of the Northwest Territory until General St. Claire's disastrous campaign during Little Turtle's War at the Battle of the Wabash.

Northwest Territory

Pressure on the native tribes that inhabited the Ohio River Valley region increased after the formation of the Northwest Territory by the Congress. Pioneers began moving into southern Ohio and to a lesser extent the area that would become southern Indiana.

Little Turtle's War, or the Northwest Indian War

The Miami Chief Little Turtle led the tribes that had united in the Northwestern Confederacy and launched raids against the settlements that encroached on native lands. The violence sparked a number of U. S. military expeditions into Ohio and Indiana. General Arthur St. Claire's expedition in 1791 ended in disaster and the largest United States military defeat, by ratio, in the nation's history at the Battle of the Wabash, sometimes called St. Claire's Defeat.

249 pages

Sample Chapter

Historic Marker

Ryan White

Location:

Hamilton Heights Middle School, 420 West North St., Arcadia (Hamilton County, Indiana) 46030

Installed

2019 Indiana Historical Bureau and Hamilton Heights School Corporation

ID#:

29.2019.1

Visit the Indiana History Blog or listen to the Talking Hoosier History podcast to learn more about how Ryan White and Tony Cook, Hamilton Heights principal, used education to overcome AIDS stigma.

Text

Side One

Kokomo native Ryan White was diagnosed with AIDS in 1984 after contracting the virus from a contaminated hemophilia treatment. He faced intense discrimination from his community in a time of fear and misunderstanding about AIDS and was prevented from attending school in his hometown. Hamilton Heights High School welcomed White in 1987 after the family moved to Cicero.

Side Two

Anticipating White’s arrival, Hamilton Heights developed an acclaimed AIDS education campaign. White raised national AIDS awareness while battling the disease and spoke before the Presidential Commission on the HIV Epidemic. He was named Sagamore of the Wabash for his advocacy. The Ryan White CARE Act, providing funds for HIV/AIDS treatment, passed soon after his death.

Ryan White (December 6, 1971 – April 8, 1990)

The son of Hubert Wayne and Jeanne Elaine (Hale) White, Ryan was native to Kokomo, Indiana. When his parents had him circumcised at birth, the bleeding continued long after it should have stopped. The medical staff at St. Joseph Memorial Hospital diagnosed him with severe hemophilia A. The diagnosis required him to be treated with weekly transfusions of a pooled plasma blood product called factor VIII.

Hemophilia

Hemophilia is more prevalent in males and is usually genetic in origin. It is caused by a lack of blood clotting proteins in the blood. Prolonged bleeding after an injury, deep or large bruises, pain and swelling in the joints. In most patients bleeding only occurs after a cut, scratch or surgery. In severe cases bleeding can occur for no reason. One concern is internal bleeding which may go undetected for a long time. Bleeding into the brain after a head bump is also a concern. There is no cure for the disease. Treatment includes regular injections of a clotting agent specific to the form of hemophilia the patient has.

Factor VIII

Factor VIII is a protein which is manufactured in the liver. It is a key element in the body's ability to coagulate blood after an injury. Blood plasma donations from blood donors can be used to provide Factor VIII to patients suffering from certain types of hemophilia.

HIV

A virus causes the disease called HIV (human immunodeficiency virus). This virus attacks cells in the human body that help fight off infection. The disease makes those afflicted more vulnerable to other diseases and infections. Left untreated, HIV progresses into AIDS.

AIDS (Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome)

AIDS is the late-stage form of HIV after it had damaged the body’s immune system to a large degree.

Causes

HIV is caused by unprotected sex with an infected person or intravenous drug use in which users share needles with an infected person. It can also come from contaminated blood products, which is how Ryan White contracted the disease. Left untreated, the average life span is about three years. Once AIDS sets in, life expectancy is about one year. Once a patient contracts HIV, there is no cure. Modern HIV drugs can delay or prevent people with the disease from progressing to AIDS. Today donated blood is tested for HIV, however testing was not available in the 1980's, as AIDS was a completely new disease.

History

The condition known as AIDS was first discovered in 1981. As it was such a new disease there was a lot of fear about it, as it was a fatal disease with unknown causes. It was not until the cause of the condition, the HIV virus, was not discovered until 1984. Researchers believe that the disease originated in chimpanzees and migrated to humans sometime before 1930. Chimpanzees are a source of food in Africa. Researchers think that hunters came into contact with infected blood during hunting expeditions during that time in the region around Cameroon. Some contracted the disease, and it began spreading. Sometime in the early 1980's the disease began to appear in Western countries. The means of transmission was not well understood, and many doctors believed it could spread by casual transmission. Because the disease was so new and since it was fatal it was natural for people to fear those that had it. This was the case for Ryan.

Ryan Diagnosed With AIDS

Ryan was diagnosed with AIDS on December 17, 1984, during a lung biopsy. At that point, doctors believed he had only six months to live. He did improve and requested readmittance to his school at Western Middle School in Russiaville. Concerned parents at the school pressured the school board to deny his request. He was allowed to attend for one day, however half of the school's students stayed home on that day. In April he was allowed to return, however many of the parents withheld them from school and started an alternative school.

Schism in the Community

Division within the community continued. The school required him to use a separate bathroom and eat his lunch with disposable utensils. He had few friends, and he was unhappy. The family received death threats. The situation peaked when someone fired a bullet through a living room window when the family was not at home. The White family decided to leave Kokomo.

Move to Arcadia

Hamilton Heights High School welcomed him to classes August 31, 1986. The school had held educational sessions with the students prior to his admission and some students shook his hand when he appeared.

National AIDS Spokesman

Ryan became a national spokesman for AIDS during the last years of his life. He appeared on several national television shows and spoke to the President's Commission on the HIV Epidemic in 1988. His last public appearance was with former President Ronald Reagan and his wife Nancy during the Oscar ceremony on March 29, 1989. His health deteriorated further, and he passed away on April 8, 1990

West Central Indiana Day Trips

Price

$15.99

Description:

Title of Marker

James R. "Jimmy" Hoffa

Location:

Crawfordsville (Montgomery County), Indiana 47933

Installed 2022 Indiana Historical Bureau, Clay County Historical Society, and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters

ID#:

11.2022.1

Text

Side One

Jimmy Hoffa was born in Brazil, Indiana in 1913. His family struggled with poverty, inspiring him to become an organized labor leader during the Great Depression. He became active in the International Brotherhood of Teamsters in the 1930s and served as General President, 1957-71. In 1964, he forged a national trucking agreement, raising wages for over 400,000 workers.

Side Two

As General President, Hoffa opposed discrimination, supported efforts to reduce poverty, and organized a political action committee for Teamsters' families to lobby for labor issues. Under his leadership, Teamsters membership rose to over two million workers. Hoffa was the subject of many investigations and was convicted of jury tampering in 1964. He disappeared in 1975.

Short History by the Author

James R. "Jimmy" Hoffa (February 14, 1913 – disappeared July 30, 1975)

The son of John and Viola Riddle Hoffa, James was native to Brazil, Indiana. His father, a coal miner, died of lung disease when Jimmy was seven years old. His early education was sporadic, due the the necessity of his having to work to help support the family. His mother went to work upon the death of her husband and eventually moved the family to Detroit.

Early Labor Movement

Hoffa went to work for a major grocery chain on the loading docks. The workers were poorly paid and suffered bad working conditions. He used the arrival of a large shipment of strawberries that needed timely unloading to stage his first strike. The workers threatened to not unload the berries unless the received a favorable deal. He negotiated a favorable worker's contract in 1932 when he was 19 years old.

International Brotherhood of Teamsters

The International Brotherhood of Teamsters noted his success and admitted him as a member in 1933. His efforts in the union led to a rapid rise, to business agent for Local 299 in Detroit and then to president in of the local in 1937. He organized the Michigan Conference of Teamsters in 1959. During this time he met Josephine Poszywak, during a labor strike in 1936. The couple married the next year and would have two children.

Teamsters President

Teamster members elected him president of the national organization in 1957. He continued his tireless efforts to organize workers into unions and grew the membership to become the largest union in the United States.

Mafia Connections

Hoffa gained several connections with organized crime, which led to scrutiny by the FBI. He first faced arrest in 1957 when he was charged with trying to bribe a member of the Senate's McClellan Committee, which was investigating improper activities by labor unions. He was eventually acquitted of this charge, however the arrest led to more investigations and more charges, all of which led to nothing.

Conviction

The election of John F. Kennedy as President of the United States in 1960 led to the appointment of Kennedy's brother Robert as Attorney General. Robert had been on the McClellan Committee. Numerous attempts were made to charge and convict Hoffa, but none succeeded until he was arrested on jury tampering charges in Tennessee. He was convicted on this charge on March 4, 1964 and sentenced to eight years in prison. Next he was charged with improper use of Teamster funds and convicted on July 26, 1964. He was sentenced to an additional five years for this.

Nixon Pardon

President Richard Nixon commuted Hoffa's sentence on December 23, 1971, under the condition that Hoffa refrain from all union activities until 1980. In spite of this, he began efforts to regain control of the Teamsters.

Disappearance

His efforts ran afoul of the mafia, which opposed his leadership plans. A planned reconciliation meeting was to take place on July 30, 1975 led to his disappearance on that date. His car was found in the parking lot of the restaurant where the meeting was to take place. His wife reported him missing the next morning. Hoffa's body has never been found. He was declared dead on July 30, 1982. No charges in his death have ever been filed.

Northeast Indiana Day Trips

A Tourism Guidebook and Travel Guide

Sample Chapter

Adams County Courthouse

First Courthouse

Adams County officials contracted to construct the first courthouse in May 1839. The contract stipulated that the courthouse would be,

"...shall be a framed house built of good material, thirty by forty feet in size and two stories high; the lower story or room to be left without any partitions, and the upper story or room divided into rooms to accommodate the grand and petit juries...The weather boarding on the

two sides next to the streets shall be planed." This building served as courthouse until 1873, when it was sold and moved to another site on Front Street in Decatur.

Current Courthouse

By 1870 the courthouse was no longer sufficient to fit the needs of the county, thus Adams County officials began discussing building a new structure. The county commissioners appointed a committee composed of four men to visit various buildings in other counties to determine the style of the new courthouse. The committee members performed as requested and filed a report on February 8,1872, recommending Second

Empire-style structure based upon the design of the Defiance Court House in Defiance, Ohio. The commissioners agreed with this recommendation and their proposal to contract with architect J. C. Johnson to design the building. Later that year contracts were signed with the target date of December 1, 1873, for the building to be completed. Construction did not complete on that date; but was on January 29, 1874. The National Register of Historic Places listed the Adams County Courthouse on August 6, 2008.

The Indiana General Assembly created Adams County on February 12, 1821, naming it for John Quincy Adams, sixth President of the United States. Settlers began arriving in

the area from New England around 1835. Most were descended from New England Puritan ancestors and were drawn to the cheap land and the final expulsion of the native tribes at the end of the Black Hawk War drew. Many came via the newly completed Erie Canal. When these settlers arrived, prairie and virgin forests still covered the northeast Indiana landscape.

Erie Canal

Begun in 1817, construction on the main canal ended in 1825 and the canal opened for business on October 26, 1825. The canal ran from a connection with the Hudson River at Albany New York to a connection with Lake Erie in Buffalo, New York. The canal connected the Atlantic Ocean with the Great Lakes and reduced the cost of transportation.

Black Hawk War

The 1832 Black Hawk War Black Hawk War ended at the Battle of Bad Ax on August 2, 1832. William Henry Harrison had negotiated a treaty in St. Louis in 1804 that the Sauk tribe disputed. Claiming that the Americans claimed more land than the treaty intended, a Sauk band under the leadership of Black Hawk entered Illinois to reclaim ancestral territory. The dispute became a war, which Black Hawk's band lost at the Battle of Bad Axe. After the war, President Andrew Jackson persuaded the remaining Amerindian tribes that remained east of the Mississippi River to sell their lands and move west of the Mississippi. Most remaining tribes in Indiana were forced out of the state in the mid 1830's.

John Quincy Adams (July 11, 1767 – February 23, 1848)

The son of the second President of the United States, John Adams and his wife Abigail Adams, John was native to Braintree, Massachusetts. He never attended school, instead tutored by a cousin, James Thax and Nathan Rice, his father's law clerk. When Adams learned of the Declaration of Independence at age eleven, he began keeping a journal. He added to this journal until he died in 1848. The fifty-volume journal is an important source of information about the early republic for historians and scholars. Adams served in the United States House of Representatives, United States Senate, and the first minister to Russia, Secretary of State and President of the United States. Adams negotiated treaties that ended the War of 1812 and acquired Florida from Spain. He also drafted the Monroe Doctrine for President James Monroe in 1823.

North Central Indiana Day Trips

Road Trips in North Central Indiana

Take a fun tour through the rich history of Indiana using North Central Indiana Day Trips as your guidebook. This tourism guide will help visitors find all the historical treasures in south central Indiana.

North Central Indiana Cities and Towns

North Central Indiana has some wonderful cities and towns ranging from charming small towns like Kokomo, Wabash and Peru to larger cities like South Bend, and Elkhart. Each of these towns and cities has many things to do for your family as it explores the regions roads and highways.

North Central Indiana Wineries

North Central Indiana has several interesting wineries that produce some fascinating wines.

North Central Indiana State and Local Parks

The region has several state parks and forests including Potato Creek and Mississinewa Reservoir.

North Central Indiana Museums and Historic Sites

Explorers in the area can stage a day trip to learn the region's rich history by visiting the museums and markers located in the various cities and towns of North Central Indiana. Many host interesting family events that are fun and educational

The counties included in this historical travel book include:

Carroll

Cass

Clinton

Elkhart

Fulton

Kosciusko

Marshall

Miami

St. Joseph

Wabash

Howard

History of Carroll County

The Indiana General Assembly created Carrol County on May 1, 1828, naming it for Charles Carroll, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence at the time the county was formed.

Charles Carroll (September 19, 1737 – November 14, 1832)
The son of Charles Carroll and Elizabeth Brooke, Charles was a native of Annapolis, Maryland. His parents were not married at the time of his birth due to legal issues over their respective estates. The couple would marry in 1757 when Charles was twenty. At age eleven, his parents sent him to France for his education. He returned to Annapolis in 1755. Since the family was Catholic, Maryland laws prevented his entry into politics. He became a successful farmer, becoming one of the richest men in Maryland and the Colonies. An early supporter of American independence, he was active in pre-revolutionary activities. He gained election to the Continental Congress on July 4, 1776. he arrived in Philadelphia after the vote on the Declaration of Independence, but he was in time to sign the first official document. He would become the last surviving signer of the Document after after Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died the same day, July 4, 1826. Carroll remained a delegate at the Continental Congress until 1778. he would gain election to the Maryland State Senate in 1781. The Senators elected him as Maryland's first Senator after the passage of the United States Constitution. Carroll retired from public life in 1801 and died in Baltimore on November 14, 1832.
Adjacent counties
Cass County (northeast)
Howard County (east)
Clinton County (south)
Tippecanoe County (southwest)
White County (northwest)
Cities and towns
Burlington
Camden
Delphi
Flora
Yeoman
Major highways
U.S. Route 421
Indiana State Road 18
Indiana State Road 22
Indiana State Road 25
Indiana State Road 29
Indiana State Road 75
Indiana State Road 218

Road Trips in Northwest Indiana

Take a fun tour through the rich history of Indiana using Northwest Indiana Day Trips as your guidebook. This tourism guide will help visitors find all the historical treasures in south central Indiana.

Northwest Indiana Day Trips

A Tourism Guidebook and Travel Guide

Softbound – $15.99

Ebook – $8.99

Audio Book - $11.99

Take a fun tour through the rich history of Indiana using Northwest Indiana Day Trips as your guidebook. This tourism guide will help visitors find all the historical treasures in northwest Indiana.

Title of Marker:
Fountain Park Chautauqua
Location:
Fountain Park Chautauqua central grounds, CR 1600 S, 0.3 mile west of US 231, Remington. (Jasper County, Indiana)
Installed by:
Erected 1992 by Indiana Historical Bureau and Fountain Park Chautauqua
Marker ID #:
37.1992.1
Marker Text:
Fountain Park has been the site of annual Chautauqua sessions since 1895. The Chautauqua continues to promote traditional values and the religious, social, and educational activities upon which it was founded
Brief History by the Author
Popular in the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries, Chautauqua's were events that sought to deliver top quality entertainment, culture and education. The Merome Bluff Chautauqua brought this movement to Indiana on the banks of the Wabash River.
Chautauqua Movement
Methodist minister John Heyl Vincent and businessman Lewis Miller organized the first Chautauqua event in New York on the banks of Chautauqua Lake. The event featured speakers, musicians and other entertainers as well as lecturers of various topics. In an era of limited transportation and communication, the events provided valuable educational and entertainment opportunities to an America hungry for both. The rise of the automobile, which expanded transportation opportunities, and radio,

which enabled people to listen to music and culture at home, ended the Chautauqua movement before the middle of the Twentieth Century.

Fountain Park Chautauqua

Bank of Remington President Robert Parker purchased the property in 1893 from a Kokomo glass factory. Parker planned for this to be a permanent facility. He had constructed a tabernacle and restaurant. In 1898, the summer hotel was constructed and is still in use. The Fountain Park Chautauqua still runs in mid-July and is open to the public. For information, contact:

Fountain Park Chautauqua
6244 W 1600 S
Remington, IN 47977

Back to Table of Contents

Short History Series

The books in this series endeavor to provide the reader with a historical background of modern conveniences and institutions that are part of their everyday life.

A History of the Transportation Revolution

Description

A History of the Transportation Revolution covers the history of the evolution of major modes of human transportation. The book provides interesting events in the development of walking, roads, airships, bicycles, aviation, kites, railroads, jet engines and rockets. Additional sections cover the history of canals, boats, ships and more.

Ebook Price

$ 5.49

Softbound Price

$10.99

Sample Chapter

Walking

Unlike many of the other revolutions in travel, walking cannot have a precise date attached to it as to when the first hominid stood upon its legs and walked upright.

Scientists have not determined exactly when this occurred, or even an exact geographic location. This will probably never be known, as fossil records are incomplete, and the tremendous amount of time which has passed since it occurred. The oldest hominid fossil found to date which walked upright is the famous 'Lucy', discovered by American paleontologist Donald Johnson in East Africa, near the Red Sea. Lucy has been dated to about 3.1 million years old, and her species may not be the first hominids which walked upright.

Fundamental to Being Human

Most scientists agree that walking is fundamental to our development into the beings we are today. Scientists tell us the ability to walk has to do more with the curvature of the spine than any other physical characteristic. The human spine has a distinct 'S' curve to it that makes walking upright comfortable and natural to the human. No other animal has this physical feature. Apes can walk upright, but not for long periods, and are not comfortable doing so, scientists tell us. So, walking upright is a uniquely human achievement among Earth's creatures.

Complicated Ability

Science has not figured out how humans walk, let alone run. Studies on the interaction between the ankle, knee, muscles and tendons have resulted in increased understanding of how the leg works with such efficiency that produces the smooth stride that marks modern humans. Engineers are using the knowledge they accumulate to produce better prosthetics for amputees and to provide a smoother walking motion to robots.

Babies Learn to Walk

Regardless of how complex the operation of walking is, human babies begin experimenting with walking early and take their first steps sometime between nine and twelve months of age. The time can vary greatly, but children have mostly mastered the ability to walk by the time they are fourteen or fifteen months old. Babies learn to walk slowly, beginning by pushing their feet against a hard surface while an adult holds them upright under their arms. Over time, the child builds strength in their legs and can support themselves by standing. Bouncing the baby on their feet helps them build strength until finally, they take those first steps.

Primary Means of Transportation

Walking remained the primary mode of transportation for millions of years. Travel was slow, limited to the distance a person could walk. While walking, close watch had to be kept for predators seeking a meal. Walking remained an important means of transportation into relatively modern times. My grandfather often told about his teen years in the early 1900's, walking behind a horse all day plowing or planting crops. Wanting to go to a dance on Saturday night, he would ask his father if he could borrow

the horse to ride. He was always told, "The horse worked all day pulling a plow. It needs to rest. If you want to go to a dance, you can walk". This, I was told, was a pretty common response. If you wanted to go somewhere, you walked.

History of the Telephone

Description

The telephone has come a long way from the primitive “Lover’s Phones” invented in 1667 to today’s sophisticated cell phone and satellite communication systems.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 8.99

Sample Chapter

Lover's Phone

British scientist Robert Hooke's experiments in acoustics led to his developing a device that became known as the "Lover's Phone," or tin can phone in 1667.

How It Works

Hooke used two tin cans with a wire fastened through a hole in the bottoms. If stretched taut, users can talk into one of the cans, allowing another user on the opposite end to place his ear inside the other can and hear what the speaker says. The can acts as a diaphragm which collects the sound wave created by the speaker, converts them mechanical vibrations. The vibrations vary in intensity in response to the speakers words. These vibrations travel along the wire and cause the can to vibrate and covert them back into sound waves, which the listener can hear. The device, known technically as a “mechanical acoustic device,” allows people to communicate over longer distances than they could conveniently converse. By tying additional wires, or strings, perpendicular to the main string, other users can join in the network.

Short History of Libraries, Printing and Language

Description

The Short History of Libraries, Printing and Language tells the story of printing, language, books, writing and libraries. Learn about the development of ink, papyrus, parchment, paper and the story of Johannes Gutenberg's printing press.

Ebook Price

$5.49

Softbound Price

$9.99

Sample Chapter

Chapter title – Origin of Language

Before there could be the written word, books and libraries, an oral language had to develop among humans. The origin of language remains one of history's deep-set mysteries. Linguists, psychologists, and biologists researching the origin of language have few clues to aid them in their quest. Obviously, no fossilized remains of spoken words remain, however scientists do have fossilized human remains to study. From this evidence, researchers can study the changes of human brain size, vocal cord development and other key factors in language development. Most researchers agree that sometime around 50,000 – 100,000 years ago something important happened because during that period art, ritualized objects and certain aspects of a civilized culture begin appearing. Around that time the vocal tract, which includes the mouth, tongue, and throat, changed shape. This permitted the human to use language like we know it. Many scientists think that language developed during that time, though it could have existed earlier in some form. Some think people learned to speak over a short period of time, however others believe it developed over a longer time, possibly arising out of sign language. They believe this system still exists among humans on certain levels. Others believe the ability to speak derived from a 'proto-language' that arose, allowing individuals to string individual words together to form a cogent thought. A form of protolanguage still survives in young children learning to speak and in many people that try to communicate when they do not speak each others language. Scientists continue to research the origins of language and someday may discover how humans learned to master this important ingredient to human civilization.

A History of Time

Description

Discover the fascinating history of time, clocks, calendars and time zones. A History of Time reveals the journal of the development of how humans keep track of time, including daylight saving time.

Ebook Price

$4.59

Softbound Price

$8.99

Sample Chapter

Calendar - First Timekeeping Device

The word "calendar," has five definitions, according to Dictionary.com:

1. table or register with the days of each month and week in a year: Example - He marked the date on his calendar.

2. any of various systems of reckoning time, especially with reference to the beginning, length, and divisions of the year. Compare Chinese calendar, Gregorian calendar, Hindu calendar, Jewish calendar, Julian calendar, Muslim calendar.

3. a list or register: especially one arranged chronologically, as of appointments, work to be done, or cases to be tried in a court.

4. a list: in the order to be considered, of bills, resolutions, etc., brought before a legislative body.

5. Obsolete: a guide or example.

This book will cover definition # 2, the systems humans have developed to reckon, or divide, time into useful units. The word calendar derives from a Middle English word that arose in the late Twelfth Century. The word has origins in the Latin word "kalendarium," which means, "account book."

Short History of Fire Fighting

Description

Discover the fascinating story of the fire fighter and fire departments with the Short History of Fire Fighting. The book includes historical information on fire engines, bunker gear and other equipment needed by a fire department. The book includes an extensive listing of fire fighting museums in the United States as well as section on fire towers.

Ebook Price

$4.99

Softbound Price

$9.99

Sample Chapter

Ancient Firefighting

Historical evidence indicates that the first fire fighting equipment surfaced in the Egyptian city of Alexandria sometime in the Third Century BC. A Greek inventor named Ctesibius invented a water pump with which firefighters could spray water on a fire.

Ctesibius (C. 285 - 222 BC)

History knows little about Ctesibius' origins. Tradition holds that his father was a barber in Aspondia, a site near or in the Egyptian city of Alexandria. Tradition suggests that he took up his father's career early in life and invented a counterweight-adjustable mirror. His greatest reputation is as a mathematician, engineer and inventor. Historical lore suggests he was the founder of the Alexandrian school of mathematics and engineering and served as the head of the Museum of Alexandria. Inventions credited to Ctesibius include the water pump, water organ, an improved water clock and several types of automated machines. His force pump found use in pumping water from wells and as one of the first primitive fire fighting machines.

Firefighting did not become organized until the Romans began organizing fire brigades.

Short History of Gardening and Agriculture

Description

Explore the beginnings of farming and gardening. The Short history of Gardening and Agriculture includes sections on the Cradle of Civilization, Egyptian, Greek and Roman agriculture as well as the rise of steam power. Discover the beginnings of gardening as humans planted forest gardens of fruits, vegetables and herbs. Readers will also discover the history of many of the vegetable crops we grow and eat.

Ebook Price

$2.99

Softbound Price

$10.99

Description

Explore the beginnings of farming and gardening. The Short history of Gardening and Agriculture includes sections on the Cradle of Civilization, Egyptian, Greek and Roman agriculture as well as the rise of steam power. Discover the beginnings of gardening as humans planted forest gardens of fruits, vegetables and herbs. Readers will also discover the history of many of the vegetable crops we grow and eat.

Ebook Price

$2.99

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Sample Chapter

Ancient Gardens - Forest Gardens

The first efforts at gardening appeared in the equatorial regions of Africa, South Asia, and Southeast Asia. No one knows when humans first started cultivating plants, however archeological evidence exists that suggests human first began choosing plants to grow to provide food around 45,000 years ago in forest gardens. These gardens were usually in tracts of land bordering rivers. A forest garden is still a forest, however it contains a large percentage of edible fruit species.

The First Gardens

The first forest gardens likely were plant collections composed of fruit trees, brambles and vines that provided sustenance for humans. Gradually these first gardeners chose improved varieties, eliminated "weed" species and took steps to protect their crops. These early garden crops would have been native, however, over time they began importing species from other areas.

Forest Gardening Evolved

Sometime during the development of these early gardens and the beginning of the Neolithic Revolution, humans began burning back selected tropical forest areas to plant food crops and build villages. In these gardens they planted yam, taro, sweet potato, chili pepper, black pepper, mango, and bananas in addition to the early fruit crops. Sometime around 12,500 years ago humans began the transition from hunting and gathering to developing agriculture and forming larger settlements. Thus began the Neolithic Revolution.

Modern Forest Gardens

Many cultures still plant forest gardens. The garden form is common in tropical regions of the world. These gardeners incorporate trees, crops and livestock in the same tract of land. Crops include coconut, black pepper, cocoa and pineapple. Many varieties are heirloom crops that are grown nowhere else. They are becoming popular in temperate areas, planted with crops like apples, pears, peaches, plums, mulberries, chestnuts, walnuts, and butternuts. They may also include currents, gooseberries, raspberries, blueberries grapes and kiwi fruits. Ponds within the garden can provide water for irrigation and a place to grow edible fish.

Short History of Roads and Highways

Description

From the first rude ridgeways to the modern interstate superhighway, the evolution of the road is a fascinating story. Readers will learn the progression of roads from the first ridgeways, roads in the ancient world, Roman roads and the development of the revolutionary McAdam Road. Native Americans developed an extensive system of trails for both trade and war. The pioneers used parts of these trails to forge the first traces that penetrated the interior of the developing United States. Readers can also follow the progression of the United States highway system from the first named highways to the modern interstate system first established in the late 1950's.

Ebook Price

$2.99

Softbound Price

$6.99

Sample Chapter

Evolution of Road Building Materials

The first roads developed from well used places like stream and river fords, mountain passes and other high traffic areas. From there these early roads most likely followed game trails and natural features of the land. Sometimes extensive networks developed which connected settlements for trade and travel, though they were little more than dirt paths in most cases. The predominant traffic on these early roads would have been foot traffic. Later on horses with travois and then wagons would have used them.

Ridgeways

Early roads tended to follow hill ridges, as these natural features were already well drained and usually have less dense vegetation. The soil is usually already exposed from wind action and already densely packed. These roads have come to be called ridgeways. They developed above flood plains, marshes and swamps and were important in human history as conduits of trade and communication. These primitive roads tended to follow the tops of hills where wind, rain and other environmental factors had eroded away the topsoil, exposing harder, rocky subsoil, rocks and boulders. The roads mostly stayed on the southern side of hills, probably because the increased exposure to sunlight made them warmer and dryer and less exposed to the weather. Ridgeways only descended into valleys when it was necessary to cross a stream or river. Inclines tended to be steep because little, if any, excavating was done. The road's route could vary considerably on large, rounded hills as the ridgeline was wider there and people tended to follow the easiest route, which could change with

weather conditions. Loads on the two wheeled carts in use at the time tended to shift during ascents and descents, necessitating constant adjustment of the cargo.

Dirt Roads

Dirt roads were among the earliest roads used by humans. Most began as game trails that humans began using and expanding. Sometimes extensive networks of these roads developed. At first there would have been no improvements to these roads, however, over time men would clear trees and create fords across streams. Also called dry weather roads or mud roads, these types of unimproved roads still exist, mostly in rural areas in the United States. In other countries they may be the only route into certain areas. Generally passable only in dry weather, the roads vary as to quality due to whether they pass over clay, loam, sandy or rocky soil. They tend to become hard packed over time and subject to erosion during rainy weather.

Timber or Corduroy Roads

The timber, or corduroy road, was one of the earliest improvements to the mud, or dirt, road. Simple to construct, they consisted of a series of logs laid side by side on the ground. The logs sometimes shifted in position, creating a hazard to horses traveling on one. They were mainly used in low, wet areas to provide a solid roadbed.

Plank Roads

To build a plank road, workers first graded and leveled the dirt road. Once level, they then laid a log superstructure lengthwise along the course of the road. Once the foundation was in place, they filled in between the logs with gravel or dirt to support the planks. They would then cut two to three inch thick wooden planks and lay them along the top of the superstructure, nailing them down. Workers dug ditches along both sides of the road to carry rain water away. They would also build plank bridges to cross streams. The finished road provided a much improved traveling surface. The sound of the horses' hooves clip clopping along the surface made a sound similar to high heels walking on a modern boardwalk. Sometimes the vibration of the horse’s hooves would work some of the nails loose, creating a plank that flopped up and down as horses and wagon wheels traveled along. During the wet season, this "log action" would catapult mud up and over both horses and travelers.

Stone Paving

Archeologists have discovered the first known paved streets in the Middle Eastern region of Mesopotamia. The Sumerians, Assyrians and Babylonians dominated the region at different times. The oldest roads found to date are at the Tell Arpachiyah in Northern Mesopotamia which dates from 6100 to 5400 BC. The earliest paved streets were in cities where heavy traffic soon churned the streets into clouds of dust or rivers of mud, depending upon the weather. It was up to Darius of Persia to build the first long, paved roads.

McAdam and Telford Roads

Telford Road

Scottish engineers Thomas Telford and John Loudon McAdam developed a simple, more economically built road in the early Nineteenth Century that revolutionized the road building industry. Telford scientifically analyzed road traffic, alignment, slopes and stone thickness to design a better road. His design eventually became universal. A Telford Road was expensive to build, as it required skilled stonemasons to lay the foundation of the road. Maintenance of these roads was also expensive. However, John Louden McAdam used many of the principals developed by Telford to design his road.

McAdam Roads

John Loudon McAdam improved on this system by designing a road constructed using a base of crushed, coarse stones overlaid by smaller, crushed stones. Vehicular traffic would pack this crushed stone tightly, allowing it to shed water instead of absorbing it. This kept water from penetrating the surface and allowing frost to break up the roadway. The center of the road was graded to be higher than the edges, allowing water runoff into ditches constructed along the outer edge of the roads. This "McAdam" road soon became recognized as a superior road and its use became quite common by the late 1800's. The Boonsborough Turnpike Road was the first recorded McAdam Road in the United States, constructed between Hagerstown Maryland and Boonesboro Maryland in 1823. Many consider the McAdam Road to be the biggest advance in road building since the great roads of the Roman Empire.

Thomas Telford (August 9, 1757 – September 2, 1834)

The son of John and Janet Jackson Telford, Thomas was native to Glendinning, Westerkirk, Scotland. At fourteen years of age he apprenticed to a stonemason. In 1782 he migrated to London, England where he fell into company with architects Robert Adam and Sir William Chambers. Telford, who had little formal education, helped build some additions to the Somerset House in south-central London. After this project, he began designing and building his own projects. In 1787 he gained the position of Surveyor of Public Works in Shropshire, England. In this position, he designed several bridges and roads. His reputation as an architect led to his appointment as manager of the construction of the Ellesmere Canal. At the conclusion of this project he went on to design many other bridges and act as a consultant to the King of Sweden on a canal project in that country. He gained his best reputation as a builder of roads, leading to the nickname 'Colossus of Roads,' bestowed by the poet Robert Southey in reference to the statue on the Greek island of Rhodes, named the Colossus of Rhodes.

John Loudon McAdam (September 23, 1756 – November 26, 1836)

The son of James and Susanna Cochrane McAdam, John was native to Ayr, Scotland. His family was of the minor gentry class. The family lived in Lagwyne Castle until a fire destroyed it, after which they moved to Blairquhan Castle. McAdam received his education at the McDoick's School of Maybole, which he attended until he was fourteen years old. In 1770 his father's business, the Bank of Ayr, failed, taking the family fortune with it. His father died shortly thereafter and he went to live with an uncle, a wealthy merchant, in New York. During the years of the revolution, McAdam supported the British. During the war he became a partner in a privateering ship, the *General Matthew*, which captured rebel ships and confiscated the cargo. They would then sell the captured cargo, pocketing the profits. He became quite wealthy in this activity, but at war's end most of his assets were seized and New York authorities put him and his family on a boat for Scotland. He had salvaged enough wealth to purchase an estate in his home town of Ayr. Family links with the 9th Earl of Dundonald gave him part interest in an iron foundry and a company that made products from a byproduct of coal, tar. The need to build better, cheaper roads on his estate led to an interest in road building. He began experimenting with different methods of road building. By 1819 he had written two papers on road building, *Remarks on the Present System of Road-Making and Practical Essay on the Scientific Repair and Preservation of Roads*. His construction methods emphasized good drainage and carefully grading of the roadbed before and during construction. His roads, cheaper, quicker to build and easier to maintain, became a hit. Soon, McAdam Roads became the standard road all over the world.

Asphalt Roads

The word asphalt derives from the Middle English word *asphalte*, which was in turn of French origins. The French word derives from the Latin word *asphalton* or *asphaltum*. The Romans adapted the Greek word *ásphaltos* to name the substance.

Sources

Asphalt comes from a variety of sources. Natural deposits of asphalt occur in lakes exposed on the surface. Other deposits occur in natural seeps called tar pits. Oil sands in Canada and Utah also form rich deposits.

Historic Uses for Asphalt

The Babylonians have the first recorded use of asphalt as a road covering. King Nabopolassar (c. 658 BC – 605 BC) used the material in 615 BC. Historians can date it from an inscription on a brick that is part of the Procession Street of Babylon Nabopolassar had constructed from a mixture of asphalt and burned brick. The Sumerians used asphalt as a mortar to seal the cracks between building bricks. Bitumen, a form of asphalt, found use as one of the substances the Egyptians used to embalm mummies. European shipbuilders used pitch to tar ships to make them seaworthy.

Modern Road Building

An Englishman, Richard Tappin Claridge, received the first patent for road building on November 25, 1837. Many roadbuilders began using tar to cover McAdam Roads to cut down the dust raised by wheels crossing over gravel. This type of road became known as the “tarmacadam” pavement.

In the United States

The modern asphalt road was developed at Columbia University by a Belgian emigrant named Edward de Smedt. He developed an asphalt mix which was well suited for road construction. Roads using his methods was in Battery Park and on Fifth Avenue in New York City in 1872. Called by various names, including asphalt pavement, blacktop, tarmac, macadam, plant mix, asphalt concrete, or bituminous concrete today about 94 % of roads in the United States have an asphalt covering.

Short History of Traditional Crafts

Description

Discover the story behind many of the traditional handicrafts like blacksmithing, weaving, quilting, sewing, basketmaking and pottery. The book covers the history of those crafts as well as metalsmiths, brewers and woodworkers.

Ebook Price

$2.99

Softbound Price

$6.99

Sample Chapter

Basket-Making History

Many historians think that the art of basket-making is as old as civilization. There is no way of knowing, as baskets are made from materials that decompose, so archeological evidence of their origin is absent. Much of the evidence archeologists do have is from the impressions on clay shards from clay pots, indicating that potters used baskets as molds for their pots and as liners. These baskets left imprints on the pots after firing. The oldest evidence we have of baskets dates back 10,000 to 12,000 years. People used the art of basket making for many things. Warriors used wickerwork shields in ancient times, babies slept in wickerwork cribs and people lined baskets with clay to make them waterproof. Since merchants used baskets to transport trade goods from region to region, people in far regions would study the basket's construction, and then adapt the techniques learned to their own baskets. Thus, basket making technology spread

from region to region, making identification of differing construction methods difficult.

Parts

Not all baskets have every part listed here, however these terms are common to the craft of basket making.

Base

Spokes

Weavers

Sides

Border

Handle

Materials Used

Basket making is practiced all over the world, in every climate and environment. Basket makers use a wide variety of materials to make their baskets. These include:

Willow

Roots

Brambles

Vines

Oak

Ash

Hazel

Bamboo

Leaves

Straw

Rush

Bark

Grass

General Process of Basket Making

Baskets come in a wide variety of types, shapes, sizes and materials. Construction methods vary according to any of these parameters, however most baskets follow similar construction methods. Before construction begins the basket maker does any

painting, dying or soaking of materials to make them flexible as necessary. The artisan begins with the base, as it will determine the size of the basket. If the finished basket has a wood bottom, the basket maker cuts it to size and drills any necessary holes. For a wicker bottom, the artisan lays out the spokes. The spokes can serve as the sides. In this case, the basket maker cuts the spokes long enough so they can be bent up. Once the spokes have been laid out, the weavers are woven between them. If the bottom spokes have not been used to make the sides, the artisan cuts the side spokes and weaves them into the base perimeter. The side weavers are then woven between the spokes. At the top, a wider strip that serves as the border is assembled and the handle attached.

Please note, this is only a general description of the basket making process and not intended to be instructions on basket making.

Types

Basket makers categorize baskets into four main types:

Coiled

Baskets made using grasses and rushes by coiling the fibers around in a spiral pattern and stitching the fibers together. The resulting basket resembles a coiled snake.

Plaited

Basket makers use materials that are wide and braid like palm, yucca or New Zealand flax leaves. They weave these materials together in a distinctive pattern.

Twined

Using materials from roots and tree bark, twining is a weaving technique where two or more flexible weaving elements cross each other as they weave through the stiffer radial spokes.

Wicker and Splint

Using reed, cane, willow, oak, and ash branches, the basket maker weaves the flexible material over and under a stiff foundation of rods or bundles of fiber.

Short History of Public Parks

Description

European parks evolved from deer parks nobles used to raise and hunt deer to grace their banquet tables. In the United States the need for a location away from cities to bury the dead led to landscaped cemeteries. The public began using these resting places for the dead as places for recreation. City planners noted this practice and, using the cemetery as a guide, began creating parks for the public.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

English Deer Parks

The English Deer Park gave rise to the first English parks. After the successful Norman invasion in 1066, the invaders confiscated most of the lands held by the former Anglo-Saxon nobility. At first the Norman kings had exclusive right to establish a deer park. Since serving venison at banquets was a sign of great status, many of the minor nobles also desired them. The kings eventually allowed the nobles to establish their own deer parks to supply venison to their guests. To establish a deer park, the noble had to acquire a document called a "licence to empark," from the king. The noble usually placed the park inside, or near, a royal forest. They usually surrounded the park with a ditch. A high bank with a stone, brick or wooden fence at the top bounded the ditch. The construction prevented deer from leaving the park. Sometimes the noble built a device called a deer leap outside, which allowed wild deer to enter the park, but not escape. Most of the time these were illegal, as it could deprive the king of his deer that roamed the open forest. Many nobles built hunting lodges inside the park, many of which were protected by moats. Inside the park was a mix of wild pasture land, forest and heath. The trees consisted of mainly oaks, whose acorns provided winter forage for the deer. Many of the ancient oaks now living in England were preserved inside these parks. The nobles imported deer from the European continent to stock their parks. Native red deer roamed the forests outside. The usual method of hunting deer was to drive them into nets. After slaughtering them, they became the "noble meat," of feasts. Historians estimate that at their height, around 1300 AD, deer parks occupied about 2% of the English countryside. Many of these parks were abandoned after the deer park became unfashionable after the 1642 - 1651 English Civil War. Some were used as fields to grow crops, some reverted to wild lands and some found use as public parks. Many of these parks are still in existence.

A Short History of Mail Delivery

Description

A Short History of Mail Delivery tells the story of the beginnings of message and mail delivery. This saga begins in ancient Egypt and continues to the Emperor Genghis Khan. During the modern era of the United States Post Office and email have become the dominant mail delivery services, however United Parcel Service and FeEx play major roles.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

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$ 8.99

Sample Chapter

Ancient Egyptian Mail Service

The Egyptians established the first known courier service sometime around 3000 BC, when the Lower and Upper Kingdoms united. The pharaoh utilized couriers that memorized the message that the monarch wanted sent, then traveled along roads on foot, or using a boat on waterways, to take the message to the intended official. The pharaoh considered these trusted couriers important enough that they would have images of them depicted on the walls of their tombs. Up until the development of papyrus around 2000 BC clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform writing was the main method of recording information. As the Egyptian state increased in complexity, the need for a better system arose. Around 2000 BC the use of papyrus, made from papyrus reed found in the shallower waters of the Nile River, began to be used. This enabled the pharaoh to have messages written on a scroll in hieroglyphics and rolled up. The messenger could take the scroll on to its destination. Some of the earliest messages still survive. Archeologists have discovered a group of messages in the Upper Egyptian city of Tel Al A'marna that record letters written by Amino his, an Egyptian official in Thebes, to an official in Al A'marna, at the time the new Egyptian capital which was called Akhotaton at that time. These were letters written on clay tablets sometime around 1400 BC. Another letter dates from about 2000 BC was from a scribe relating to is son the importance of writing and the bright future it held for those that became scribes.

Official Use Only

The Egyptian couriers were not a regular mail service. Their function was mainly to relay decrees and messages from the pharaoh to his officials and for the officials to communicate with each other and the pharaoh. The system also allowed the pharaoh to maintain a communications line with his military commanders at remote posts.

A Short History of Museums

Description

The Short History of Museums relates the story of the museum from the early, ancient museums up to the current, leading world museums. The Smithsonian and other museums in Washington DC are also included. The book also features a listing of state museum and historical societies in every state in the United States. Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 10.99

Sample Chapter

January 12, 1773 - First Public Museum Established in the American Colonies

Members of the Charleston Library Society established the Charleston Museum on January 12, 1773. The British Museum, established in 1753, served as an inspiration for its establishment.

Charleston Library Society

The Charleston Library Society began serving Charleston in 1748. It is the third oldest library in the United States. Only the Library Company of Philadelphia (1731) and the Redwood Library and Athenaeum of Newport, Rhode Island (1747) are older. At a meeting on June 13, 1748 seventeen Charleston male citizens each contributed ten pounds sterling to purchase land for a library. By December the project had advanced far enough for them to begin acquiring books. By 1773 the Library was ready to tackle another ambitious project.

Charleston Museum

The Society established the museum in 1773, partly because of the members' inspiration with the formation of the British Museum in 1759. A fire in 1778 destroyed most of the museum's original collection. By 1852 the Museum had rebuilt the collection to be declared one of the finest in America by scientist Louis Aggasiz. The Museum closed for a time during the disruptions of the Revolutionary War. By the 1790's the museum had resumed operations and collections of artifacts. The museum again had to close during the American Civil War but again reopened after the conflict. It opened to the public in 1824. The Charlestown Museum operates three other sites:

Joseph Manigault House

Heyward-Washington House

Dill Sanctuary

Joseph Manigault House

Built in 1803, this antebellum mansion on Mission Street is a fine example of Federal period architecture. The home is open to the public.

Heyward-Washington House

A Georgian-style double house constructed in 1773, this home served as the home of Thomas Heyward, one of South Carolina's four signers of the Declaration of Independence. President George Washington stayed in the house for a week in 1791 when he stayed in Charleston.

Dill Sanctuary

Owned by the Charleston Museum, the Sanctuary is on James Island. The only visitors permitted are participants in one of the Museums educational programs.

Charleston Museum

360 Meeting Street

Charleston, SC 29403

843-722-2996

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Timeline of United States History

Discover some of the famous and almost forgotten historic stories of America. The story beginnings with the signing of the Magna Carta in 1215 and the beginnings of the concept of limited government and ends, for now, with the beginning of the American Revolution in 1775.

Colonial American History Stories - 1215 - 1664

Description

Colonial American History Stories - 1215 - 1664 contains almost 300 history stories presented in a timeline that begins in 1215 with the signing of the Magna Carta to the printing of the first Bible in Colonial America in 1664. The historical events include both famous ones as well as many forgotten stories that the mists time have obscured. These reader friendly stories include:

June 15, 1215 - King John I signs Magna Carta at Runnymede England

October 19, 1469 - Ferdinand and Isabella Marry, Uniting Aragon and Castile

August 3, 1492 - Christopher Columbus Sets Sail On His First Voyage

July 22, 1587 - Lost Colony Established

June 14, 1623 - First Breach-Of-Promise Lawsuit In Colonies

August 29, 1619 ? - First Blacks Land at Jamestown Virgini

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 14.99

Sample Chapter

October 19, 1469 - Ferdinand and Isabella Marry, Uniting Aragon and Castile

The marriage of the two sovereigns that would set Spain off on its course of colonial empire and world dominance began in a swirl of political intrigue and a secret elopement.

Isabella I of Castile (April 22, 1451 - November 26, 1504)

The daughter of John II of Castile and Isabella of Portugal, Isabella was native to the city of Madrigal de las Altas Torres, Ávila in west central Spain. She had a brother, Alfonso. This was a tumultuous era in Spain's history and resources were stretched thin, even for those of royal blood. Second in line to the throne to her half brother Henry after Alfonso, Isabella's living conditions as a child were frugal at best. At times, there was little food and sometimes the household struggled to find proper clothing. The royal household suffered an almost continuous shortage of money. Isabella received a good education in spite of the living conditions. Henry became King of Castile on July 21, 1454 three years before Isabella's birth.

Political Marriages

Henry plotted advantageous marriages for his young sister at an early age, betrothing her to Ferdinand, son of John II of Navarre when she was six. This betrothal was short lived, but Henry continued to plot. Henry married Blanche II of Navarre in 1540, but the union produced no children, as Henry was unable to consummate the marriage. Henry blamed his condition on a curse, one that only affected his relations with his wife. Pope Nicholas V annulled the marriage, paving the way for Henry's eventual marriage to Joan of Portugal. The union produced a daughter, Joanna, in 1462. Political enemies of Henry continually questioned Joanna's parentage, claiming Henry did not sire her. After Joanna's birth, Henry summoned his eleven-year-old half sister to court, where her living conditions improved.

Civil War

Henry named Joanna as his heir, but conflicts among the nobles concerning her paternity caused Henry to compromise, naming his half brother Alfonso as his heir. Civil war began when Henry reneged on this arrangement and began supporting his daughter again. The rebelling nobles conducted an insurrection during which they named Alfonso king. This dispute ended when Alfonso died suddenly of a disease, though many suspected poison. At his death, he left his throne to his sister, Isabella. Avoiding civil war, Isabella and Henry agreed that Isabella would be his official heir. She could marry only with his permission, but he could not force a marriage on her.

Ferdinand II of Aragon (March 10, 1452 – January 23, 1516)

The son of John II of Aragon and Juana Enríquez, Ferdinand was native to Sada Palace, Sos del Rey Católico, Kingdom of Aragon. John saw to it that Ferdinand received an excellent education, well grounded in the humanities and government. Ferdinand was an ardent supporter of the arts and music. John named Ferdinand his heir in 1461. He would become King of Sicily, by virtue of his father's alliances, in 1468.

Marriage to Isabella

Henry had continued to attempt to find a political union for Isabella that suited his needs. He betrothed her to Pedro Girón Acuña Pacheco, a union that repelled Isabella. Thankfully, for her, Pedro died while she was traveling to meet him. He attempted to marry her to Alfonso V of Portugal, a union she rebuffed. She made a secret promise during this time to marry the young, handsome Prince Ferdinand of Castile. He was seventeen, she eighteen. Isabella and Ferdinand were second cousins, by virtue of a common descent from John I of Castile, thus they would need a special papal dispensation. Ferdinand had his supporters prepare the document, which later turned out to be forged. Ferdinand crossed into Castile in disguise to meet Isabella, who had slipped away from her brother's court. They married on October 19, 1469 at the Palacio de los Vivero in the city of Valladolid. The union would last until Isabella's death in 1504 and produce five children.

Union, Reconquista and Columbus' Voyages of Discovery

Isabella would succeed to the throne of Castile in 1474, Ferdinand to the throne of Aragon in 1479. Neither monarch had any political power in the other's realms; however, they ran the kingdoms with united goals. Each kingdom retained its own laws; however, their efforts led to the eventual conquest of the remainder of Spain when they drove out the Muslims, completing the Reconquista in 1492. Later that year they would authorize Columbus' first voyage, forever changing the course of history on three continents.

Colonial American History Stories - 1665 - 1753

Description

Colonial American History Stories - 1665 – 1753 contains almost 300 history stories presented in a timeline that begins in 1655 with the performance of the first documented play performed in British North America and ends with the switch from the Julian to the Gregorian Calendar in 1752. The historical events include both famous ones as well as many little known, forgotten stories that the mists time have obscured. These reader friendly stories include: September 27, 1540 - Society of Jesus (Jesuits) Founded By Ignatius Loyola December 19, 1675 - The Great Swamp Fight September 19, 1676 - Bacon's Rebellion - Bacon Burns Jamestown April 18, 1689 - 1689 Boston Revolt February 29, 1692 - Sarah Good, Sarah Osborne and Tituba Accused Of

Witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts May 22, 1718 - Edward Teach - Blackbeard - Begins Blockade of Charlestown. November 02, 1734 - Daniel Boone Born December 08, 1741 - Vitus Bering Died December 23, 1750 - Ben Franklin Attempts to Electrocute a Turkey December 31, 1752 – Julian/Gregorian Calendar Switch Complete

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 14.99

Sample Chapter

September 21, 1621 – The Earliest Possible Date for the First Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving feasts were a common practice for the European settlers and their native neighbors. It was tradition for the Europeans to set aside days of thanksgiving. They celebrated for a bountiful harvest, drought-ending rains or other providential events. These events did not have any connection with their worship service. They were set during week and commonly involved fasting beforehand. After the fasting, they would have one or several days of celebratory feasting. The Indians had similar traditions. They had thanksgiving celebrations sporadically throughout the year for special events. Thus, both peoples had traditions of this type of celebration.

Difficult Year

After establishing "Plimouth Plantation," the colonists had endured a long and difficult time. Food shortages, disease and privation had taken their toll. The cemetery contained the remains of many who did not survive the dark period. The summer had proved good and the fall harvest bountiful. Therefore, the colonists declared that they would celebrate a thanksgiving feast after the harvest.

Winslow's Account

One of the Pilgrims, Edward Winslow, provides the only account we have of this feast,

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men on fowling, that we might after a more special manner rejoice together, after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the Company almost a week. At which time, amongst other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king Massasoit, with some 90 men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor, and upon the captain and others. And although it be not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God, we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

The Menu

Much of the modern menu for Thanksgiving Day would not have been present. The potato, introduced into England in 1577, was still not popular. The New World English settlers would not have brought it with them. There was no butter, sugar or flour to make pie. Pumpkins were probably on the menu. However, these they roasted whole over coals, stuffed with milk, honey and spices made into custard. The Pilgrims had not even had time to construct baking ovens, yet. No one would make use of cranberry relishes for another fifty years. They would have had cranberries, but not the way we have them now. They would have roasted turkey and other fowl like duck, goose and swans. The meal also probably included native fruits like blueberries, plums, grapes and gooseberries. Vegetables included the onions, beans, lettuce, spinach, cabbage and carrots grown in their gardens. The natives brought five deer, as related by Edward Winslow. They probably roasted them over a slow burning fire.

The Traditional Thanksgiving

Americans trace their traditional Thanksgiving Day feast back to this event in 1621. There were certainly more thanksgiving day events after this time. Historians do not know the exact date it occurred. They think it most likely occurred during the September 21 thorough November 9 period in 1621. By that time, most of the crops had been harvested and the harsh winter had not yet begun.

Colonial American History Stories - 1753 – 1763

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September 19, 1676 - Bacon's Rebellion - Bacon Burns Jamestown April 18, 1689 - 1689 Boston Revolt

February 29, 1692 - Sarah Good, Sarah Osborne and Tituba Accused Of Witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts

May 22, 1718 - Edward Teach - Blackbeard - Begins Blockade of Charlestown.

November 02, 1734 - Daniel Boone Born

December 08, 1741 - Vitus Bering Died

December 23, 1750 - Ben Franklin Attempts to Electrocute a Turkey

December 31, 1752 – Julian/Gregorian Calendar Switch Complete

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 14.99

Sample Chapter

March 10, 1753- Liberty Bell Hung

Six months after the bell arrived from England workers hung the bell that the nation would later call the "Liberty Bell." As a worker tested the bell for sound, a crack developed. The new State House bell would have to be re-cast.

Ordering the Bell

The Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania ordered a new bell for the State House on November 1, 1751 from Whitechapel Foundry in London, England. The firm was to place an inscription on the bell from Leviticus 25:10 which would read: "*Proclaim Liberty Throughout All the Land Unto All the Inhabitants thereof.*" The inscription refers to the Old Testament's Jewish tradition of the "Jubilee." During this time, which occurred every fifty years, the Jews were to return borrowed property to its owners and free slaves. Many historians think that Speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly Isaac Norris to commemorate the 1701 Charter of Privileges granted to William Penn by the King. The Charter of Privileges was Pennsylvania's first constitution and granted self-government to the colony. Whitechapel Foundry delivered the bell to Philadelphia on September 1, 1752. The bell remained in storage until March 10, 1753, when workers hung it. Upon testing its tone, the bell cracked. They would have to recast the bell.

Pass and Stow

The Assembly sent the bell to two local foundry workers, John Pass and John Stow, to recast. The men melted the bell down and recast it, adding a small quantity of copper to the bell. After workers hung the recast bell, no one was pleased with the tone. They sent the bell back to Pass and Stow again. The men obliged, recasting the bell. Workers raised this bell on June 11, 1753. The Assembly was still not happy and ordered a new bell from Whitechapel Foundry. This one, when it arrived, sounded no better than the first one, so the Statehouse Bell remained in its steeple above the Statehouse.

Ringing the Bell

The bell rang frequently after the third casting. It summoned the legislature to session, and to announce special events. The bell tolled when King George III ascended the throne and summoned the people together when the Sugar Act and the Stamp Acts passed Parliament. The bell tolled when the First Continental Congress went into session in the State House in 1774. It is unlikely that the bell tolled after passage of the Declaration of Independence because steeple that held it was in disrepair. During the Revolutionary War, workers removed the bell and moved it away from Philadelphia when the British occupied the city to prevent them from melting it down for cannonballs. It was hidden in the floorboards of the Zion Reformed Church in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

The Crack

No one knows when the crack appeared. Most agree that it developed in the 1840's. The bell had seen heavy use, summoning the Pennsylvania legislature to order, ringing on the Fourth of July and other celebrations. Workers found the crack. Since Philadelphians wanted to ring the bell on George Washington's birthday, they attempted to repair the bell. Workers drilled the crack wider to prevent it from vibrating together. The repair failed. Upon ringing, another crack developed. The bell would ring no more.

Symbol of Freedom

The bell was not always called the Liberty Bell. At first Philadelphians simply referred to it as the State House Bell, as it hung in the steeple above the State House. After the Revolution people began calling the State House Independence Hall, because it was there that, the Continental Congress passed and proclaimed the Declaration of Independence. Sometime in the 1830's the bell began being seen as a symbol of liberty. Abolitionists seeking to stamp out slavery adopted the bell as their symbol and first called it the "Liberty Bell," in 1837. The Abolitionists interpreted the inscription on the bell in a literal, biblical sense, that slaves should be freed every fifty years. After the Civil War, the Bell joined the American flag as a symbol of unity for the nation, serving as a reminder that once Americans all struggled together for a common goal, independence. For many years, the Bell went on tour around the nation, serving as a symbol of unity and freedom. The bell once again rests in Independence Hall. Those interested may visit the Liberty Bell. For information, contact:

Independence National Historical Park

143 South Third Street

Philadelphia, PA 19106

(215) 965-2305

Colonial American History Stories – 1763 – 1769

Description

Colonial American History Stories - 1763 – 1769 contains dozens of history stories presented in a time line that begins in 1663 with the first issue of the Georgia Gazette and ends with George Washington's petition for the land promised soldiers who fought in the French and Indian War. The historical events include both famous ones as well as many little known, forgotten stories that the mists time have obscured. These reader friendly stories include:

April 19, 1763 - Teedyuscung, King of the Delaware, Murdered in His Home

November 15, 1763 - Charles Mason And Jeremiah Dixon Begin Surveying Mason-Dixon Line

May 30, 1765 - First U.S. Medical College Opens In Philadelphia

October 1, 1765 - The State of British North America

May 1, 1769 - Daniel Boone Begins Exploring Kentucky

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 10.99

Sample Chapter

April 7, 1763 - Georgia Gazette Begins Publication

Scot James Johnston published Georgia's first newspaper, the Georgia Gazette, on April 7, 1763. The newspaper continued publication until 1802. There were some name changes and temporary pauses along the way. The Stamp Act caused the first halt in publication on November 21, 1765.

James Johnston (1738- 1808)

Born in Scotland, James Johnson immigrated to Georgia in 1761. A skilled printer, the Georgia assembly appointed him the public printer of the Province in 1762. He produced the first issue of the Georgia Gazette on April 7, 1763.

The Stamp Act of 1765

Parliament passed the Stamp Act in 1765. It required that all legal documents, magazines, newspapers and other types of documents be printed on stamped paper. To get the stamp required printers to pay a tax. The tax proved unpopular in the colonies and led to massive protests. Parliament repealed the Stamp Act on March 18, 1766. The costs imposed by the tax caused a temporary cessation of publication for the

Georgia Gazette. This was true for many other publications as well. After repeal, Johnson resumed publication of his paper.

Revolutionary War Fervor

Johnson continued publication until February 1776. When revolutionary fervor took root in the colonies, Johnson came down on the side of the king of England. He would not publish any of the revolutionary publications in his newspaper. The collapse of royal government in Georgia and the ensuing civil unrest caused him to halt publication. British Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Campbell took control of Augusta, Georgia on January 31, 1779. Royal rule returned later that year. Johnson resumed publication of his newspaper as the *Royal Georgia Gazette.*

War's End

After the war, ended Johnson continued publication the newspaper, now under the name of *Gazette of the State of Georgia*. The American Antiquarian Society has many of the issues of this newspaper in its archives.

Colonial American History Stories - 1770 - 1774

Description

Colonial American History Stories - 1770 – 1774 features an historical chronicle of the pre-revolutionary years of the United States. The time line presents a journal of events that led to the conflict between the British and their North American colonists. The events, some obscure and almost forgotten, played a role in the developing drama that eventually led to American independence.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$9.99

Sample Chapter

January 04, 1770 - First of the Colonist's Advocate Letters

Benjamin Franklin resided in London during the turbulent years from 1764 through 1775. From his perch in the English capital, he watched as relations between England and her North American colonies unraveled. Initially sent to persuade the King to transform Pennsylvania from a proprietary colony to a royal one, he spent much of his time trying to persuade the English parliament to repeal the Stamp Act, and later the Townshend duties. His testimony before Parliament in January 1766 probably played a role in Parliament's repeal of the hated Stamp Act.

Townshend Acts

The Townshend Acts take their name from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Charles Townshend. These acts, passed during the years 1765 through 1767. The two most objectionable to the Americans were the Quartering Act and the Townshend Duty Act. Passage of these acts angered the colonists, leading to a boycott of British goods. The increasing tensions between the two countries led Franklin to write a series of letters in an attempt to convince Parliament to repeal the acts.

Colonist's Advocate Letters

Franklin wrote these letters during a time in which he was quite busy with other duties. So important were they, in his estimation that he committed to a rare publication schedule. He wrote the letters, probably in collaboration with James Burgh, a British Whig Member of Parliament, over a two-month period. The letters commenced in January and continued at a pace of about two a week, ending in March. In April Parliament repealed all the taxes except for the tax on tea, which they left in place.

1775

Description

Discover the obscure, little known actions as well as the famous ones in the Time Line of the American Revolution - 1775. This journal of the first year of the United States War of Independence reveals the important events of the first year of the colonial rebellion.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 12.99

Sample Chapter

April 18, 1775 - Midnight Ride of Paul Revere

Leaders of the colonial resistance belonging to the Boston Committee of Correspondence and the Massachusetts Committee of Safety had heard reports of the British plans to move against Lexington. The groups had hired Paul Revere to act as a messenger to carry letters back and forth between colonial leaders in various locations around Boston. One of the leaders contacted Revere on the evening of the 18th and told him that British troops were on the move and he should ride to Lexington to warn the leaders that were staying there that the British were on the march. Since colonial leaders had already taken the precaution of moving the gunpowder, cannon and ammunition to other locations, he was not worried about the British finding them.

One If by Land, Two If By Sea

The British had two options to get to Lexington, a northern route and a southern route. If the British took the northern route, they would have to cross the Charles River, about a half-mile wide at that point, land on the north shore and take the road to Lexington. The other overland route went south and then west to cross the river over a bridge, then continue on to Lexington. Revere wanted to know which route they would take, so he tasked a church sexton at the Old North Church, and then called Christ Church, to signal him from the tower when he discerned which route the soldiers would take. His instructions to the sexton were to light one lamp if the troops were taking the land route and two lanterns if the troops were to cross the Charles River.

Narrow Escapes

Revere then went to his house to get his boots and coat. From there he proceeded to the North End waterfront to row across the river to get a horse. As he rowed, a British warship anchored on the other side came into view. Revere managed to land without anyone in the ship discovering him. As he picked up his horse, some members of the Sons of Liberty that met him warned him of the British patrols that were about. Revere borrowed a horse from a local patriot sympathizer and waited. He did not wait long. As Revere and his contacts talked, the sexton in the church tower lit two lamps and waved them about. After seeing the signal, Revere set out for Charlestown, just outside Boston, and was almost captured by a British patrol. He decided upon a different, longer route through Medford. As he rode, he warned residents that the British regulars were out and on the march to Lexington.

Lexington and Concord

Once he arrived in Lexington, about half past the midnight, he went to the places that Samuel Adams and John Hancock stayed, awakened them and warned them that British regulars were on the march. Shortly after Revere's arrival two more men arrived, William Dawes and Dr. Samuel Prescott. After a brief meal, Dawes, Prescott and Revere decided to go on to Concord and verify that the supplies had indeed been moved. The men rode off to warn Concord residents that the British were marching their way. Before they got to Concord, a British patrol captured them. Dawes and Prescott managed to escape; however, the British retained Revere. After questioning him for some time, they released him, after taking his horse. Revere walked back to Lexington in time to witness the beginning of the American Revolution.

The Armies of the Revolutionary War

Description:

The Armies of the Revolutionary War reveals to readers the complexity of the organization of the military forces of the rebelling American colonies as well as the British Army and Navy. The book also discloses the intricate intelligence gathering network both armies devised to spy on each other to gain an advantage in the titanic struggle for America's independence.

Ebook – $4.99

Softbound - $11.99

Sample Chapter

The Muskets

Soldiers on both sides commonly carried a gun called a musket, which was a type of gun also called a muzzle loader. To load, the soldier removed a cartridge from the cartridge box. The cartridge consisted of black powder and a lead ball wrapped in paper that had been twisted shut on the end. After retrieving the cartridge from the box, he tore the twisted end open with his teeth and poured a small amount of powder into the priming pan of the musket. Once he had primed the weapon, he removed a rod from the bottom of the barrel called the ram rod. He placed the cartridge, torn side down, inside the end of the muzzle, took the ram rod and pushed the cartridge and lead ball down into the gun's breech. The paper at this point is called wadding and keeps the ball and powder from falling out of the end of the barrel. Once he had loaded the gun, the soldier cocked the lock, raised the gun to his shoulder, aimed and pulled the trigger. The musket had no sighting mechanism. The soldier just looked down the barrel and pulled the trigger. This released the flint, which snapped against the frizzen, which is a small piece of steel located in the priming pan. The contact created a spark, which ignited the black powder in the priming pan, which then ignited the powder in the breech. The resulting explosion drove the lead ball out of the muzzle at a high rate of speed. Soldiers drilled constantly on firing procedure until they could perform the operation flawlessly. A well trained soldier could fire a muzzle loader three to four times a minute.

Brown Bess

Soldiers of both sides used a gun called the "Brown Bess," by the soldiers that used it, though it was standard issue for the British Army. It was available in several types. The most common were the Long Land Pattern, the Short Land Pattern, the India Pattern, the New Land Pattern Musket and the Sea Service Musket. These guns used a .75 caliber musket ball and was used for over a century by British troops. The guns had an overall length of about 60 inches and weighed in at about ten pounds. Muskets could fire either a single ball or clusters of lead shot that had a shot gun effect. Each British soldier also carried a bayonet, which he could attach to the end of the musket. The bayonet was used for close in, hand to hand fighting. Soldiers fixed their bayonets and led with them during times of intense fighting when one side charged the other.

The triangular shape of the weapon created a nasty wound that would become infected easily.

Charleville Musket

French artist and inventor Marin le Bourgeoys designed the first flintlock rifle for King Louis XIII in 1606. Over the next century French gunsmiths made a number of different weapons for use for the French army. In 1717 the French army standardized the design of the rifle, resulting in the production of a rifle that became known as the Charleville musket. Though it was produced at several armories in France, it received its name from the armory at Charleville-Mézières, Ardennes, France. This rifle underwent several modifications, 1728, 1763, 1766 and 1777 during its long life. It fired a .63 caliber ball using 189 grains of gunpowder at a speed of approximately 1200 feet per second. The Marquis du Lafayette brought 25,000 of the 1766 version of the musket with him when he arrived in the United States in 1777. This version was 60 inches long and weighed about 9.5 pounds. The French produced about 160,000 of this model, overall. Considered quite reliable on the battlefield, the gun misfired about one in nine times. Unburned powder left after firing often fouled the barrel. The gun only used about 55% of the powder when it fired, the remanding sludge could reduce the diameter of the barrel during a battle. To cool the barrel and clear the sludge soldiers often urinated down the barrel of the gun.

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Travels Across America Series

A series of books that relates the author's travels across the United States

The Hawaiian Chronicles – Our Hawaiian Adventures

Description

The Hawaiian Chronicles – Our Hawaiian Adventures serves as both a journal of our Hawaiian cruise adventure and as a guide of the various types of cruises available for visitors to tour our 50th State. It is possible for vacationers to tour all of the major islands on a single, seven-day journey. This guide does not attempt to cover all of the destination to visit on the islands. The Hawaiian Chronicles – Our Hawaiian Adventures lists the major cruise lines and the types of cruises they offer. Contact information for the cruise lines is included in the book.

Ebook Price

$ 4.99

Softbound Price

$ 7.99

Sample Chapter

Episode I - The Journey Begins

To celebrate our 25th wedding anniversary the wife and I ventured to our 50th state. Many hours of planning and deliberation went into this journey. Our first debates centered on the method of transportation. I wanted to drive while the wife felt an airplane might be better. Much discussion centered on this controversy, and I am chagrined to admit I finally had to relent. Hours of research led me to believe that there is no highway to Hawaii, a serious omission on the part of our road builders. No road, no car! The wife was right, we had to fly.

So now that we had determined our mode of travel, what to do upon arrival? The wife wanted to sightsee! You know, actually drive around and look at things! Just like a couple of tourists. My idea was to hang out at the beach and look cool, just like they do on Baywatch. The wife made some snide remarks about my unique physique. The remarks intimated that it was not conducive to looking cool on the beach, which led to more discussions. Our negotiations soon centered on a cruise or a dogsled tour. The wife seemed to think that there weren't any dogsleds on Hawaii, so the Hawaiian Cruise won out.

We would tour the Hawaiian Islands aboard the ship SS Independence of the American Cruise Lines. The tour would include four islands and five ports in seven days. Beginning on Maui in the port of Kahalui on Sunday the ship would proceed to the port of Hilo on the island of Hawaii, the Big Island. We would spend Monday in Hilo. It would then proceed to the Kona Coast port of Kailua on Tuesday. Wednesday and Thursday, we would spend on the island of Oahu in the port of Honolulu. Friday's destination would be Nawilili on the island of Kauai. Saturday we would return to Maui

for the flight home.

The AAA travel agency in Columbus, Indiana handled our travel arrangements. Our itinerary included:

Cincinnati

Ohio

Dallas

Texas

Los Angeles

California

Honolulu

Hawaii

Kahalui

Packing and other preparatory arrangements were a nightmare. The wife wanted to pack scads of clothing. I said, hell, everyone in Hawaii walks around in swimming trunks and flip-flops, we don't need any clothes. She said I been to too many Jimmy Buffet concerts, which led to more discussions. Which I lost. Again. In the weeks before departure, the wife was in a frenzy of activity - shopping and picking out clothes to take. There were clothes hanging all over the house. They hung on doors, chairs, and chandeliers. Shoot, I went to sleep watching a basketball game and awoke to find six pairs of pants and some shirts hanging from my big toe. On the day of departure, we had twenty-five suitcases, six duffels, three backpacks, her purse and my wallet. I said this seemed a little extreme as we only had two backs, how could we use three backpacks. I actually won this point! EEEhah!

The day of our departure finally arrived on February 17, 2001. Our initial flight was out of Cincinnati, Ohio on Comair Flight 6009 to Dallas, Texas at 7:00 AM. Anyone that flies a lot probably hates it. However, this was only my second flight by commercial airline and I thoroughly enjoyed the experience. We have done a fair amount of traveling, but always by car. The take off was smooth, the sunrise above the clouds just spectacular. I am amazed at how hard the flight attendants work rolling the cart up and down the aisle - always with a smile. We arrived above Dallas about 9:30, landing at 9:45. This is, as all times will be for the flight out, Indiana Time. Dallas looks nice from the air. There must have been heavy rains as the rivers and streams looked flooded. We breakfasted at the airport, and then departed Dallas at 11:25 AM for Los Angeles on Delta Flight 2119. I had a window seat so I had a good view of the landscape underneath until we got to the Rockies. Since clouds now obscured the view, we passed the time reading.

Arrival in LA was around 2:30 PM. Here we had a rather lengthy layover so we ate, read, and slept. We finally boarded the plane for Hawaii at 5:45 PM. Delta Flight 1579 left LA at 6:15 PM for Honolulu, Hawaii. The view of the receding California coast was the last thing we would see for a while, as the sky over the Pacific was mostly cloudy. Seeing the mainland slip away was both exciting and scary.

When the plane began its descent to the islands, it was about 11:30 PM Indiana time. This is about 6:30 PM Hawaii time, so it was still daylight. We passed over the island of Oahu and started our approach to Honolulu International Airport. Honolulu is impressive from the air at night. The city is lit up above the sparkling Pacific waters. The volcanic mountains constitute a striking backdrop. It is a beautiful sight.

Although we were flying on the same plane from Honolulu to Kahului, we had to leave the plane so they could clean it. I told the flight attendants that the wife enjoyed cleaning. Would the consider a discount on the far if she vacuumed while I finished

my nap? While the attendant considered this request, my shin developed a rather sharp pain. Needles to say, we left the plane. The flight crew noticed my limp.

We departed Honolulu for Kahului at about 1:00 AM. It was completely dark now, so we could see nothing of the island below us except lights. All our flights that day had been smooth, so the flight from Honolulu to Kahluiu was memorable for its uniqueness. The plane passed over two mountain ranges, and I swear the plane hit every mountain in them both. Moreover, they didn't fully pressurize the plane's cabin. My head felt like an over inflated basketball on the way up, and like the inside of a flushed toilet on the way down.

We landed at Kahului at 1:30 AM (Indiana Time) - 8:30 PM Hawaii time. Representatives of the American Hawaiian Cruise line met us at the airport. They collected our luggage, which by this time was in much better shape than we were. They herded us on a bus and took us to the port for check-in. Here another representative of the Line greeted us. By this time, my head felt like someone had stuck it in a jug, sucked out all the air, and then smashed the jug with a hammer. OOOh the joys of air travel. By 2:00 AM, nineteen hours after leaving winter in Indiana, we were in the tropics! The Cruise Line had a special lunch prepared for arrivals. We ate, found our way back to our stateroom somehow, and immediately fell asleep. Welcome to Hawaii!

NOTE: This trip occurred in 2001. Sadly, the American Cruise Lines has gone out of business and the SS Independence to the scrap heap.

The Alaska Chronicles – Our Alaskan Cruise Adventure

Description

The Hawaiian Chronicles – Our Hawaiian Adventures serves as both a journal of our Hawaiian cruise adventure and as a guide of the various types of cruises available for visitors to tour our 50th State. It is possible for vacationers to tour all of the major islands on a single, seven-day journey. This guide does not attempt to cover all of the destination to visit on the islands. The Hawaiian Chronicles – Our Hawaiian Adventures lists the major cruise lines and the types of cruises they offer. Contact information for the cruise lines is included in the book.

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Sample Chapter

Day One - Anchorage

The Alaskan cruise was several months in the planning, with help from my brother and his wife, who are travel agents. Once the cruise date was set it required several days planning the excursions we would take. There are several planned excursions available from the cruise line and we did take advantage of a couple of these. However, we like to see things at our on pace and on our own schedule. Therefore, I printed out maps and planned itineraries. I made rental car arrangements for the various ports on the internet.

Finally, travel day arrived! Arising very early, my sister in law was to take us to the airport. We showed up at her house around 5:00 AM and off to the airport we went! We checked in, whiled away the time reading until the plane started boarding. By 9:00 AM, we were in the air to Minneapolis on the first leg of our journey to the 49th state.

As the airplane descended through the clouds, the landscape of Minnesota became visible. It appears flat, the roads forming a pattern reminiscent of a tile floor. They were rectangles and squares of varying shades of green and brown. As we descended, the Mississippi River came into view. A train pulling multicolored cars was traversing tracks along the river. From our altitude, the train looked like a long beaded necklace as it moved along the pretty blue waters of the river. A lock on the river was visible and a barge was moving upriver.

We landed around 10:35 AM at Concourse G. I walked back to a food vendor to get lunch. We boarded the plane for Anchorage at 1:00 PM. We were in the air by 1:35 pm, just about one hour and forty-five minutes late.

This would be a rather long flight, about five hours. We passed the time reading and sleeping alternately. I had an aisle seat; my wife was across the aisle from me. I had a window seat, but I had surrendered it to a young lady traveling with her mother. I made the ladies' acquaintance and we engaged in conversation to help pass the time. They were from Montana, and were heading to Anchorage for a cruise, too. It was a gift from the daughter to her mother for her birthday. The young lady loaned me a National Geographic magazine about Alaska to read. We talked a bit about our home states and travels, among other things.

At 6:45 Indiana time, 3:45 PM Alaska time we landed in Anchorage, Alaska. We had caught brief glimpses of the Alaskan landscape through the clouds as we descended and what we saw was spectacular. The approach to Anchorage International Airport had taken us over Cook Inlet. Surrounding mountains were visible from the airport as we gathered our luggage. The cruise line representatives met us in the baggage claim area. They took our bags, loaded us on a bus and transported us to our hotel in downtown Anchorage.

Our trip was to consist of a three-day land tour. One day at Anchorage, two days at the Kenai Princess Lodge near Cooper Alaska in the Kenai Peninsula. We would stay tonight night at the Captain Cook Hotel in downtown Anchorage. We would travel by

bus the next day, Saturday, August 27 to the Lodge. The land tour would precede a seven-day Voyage of The Glaciers along the Western coast of Alaska.

The cruise line representative deposited us in our room by 5:10 PM. All times for the duration of the trip will be in Alaska Time, which is three hours behind Indiana time. The hotel is first class. Our luggage had not arrived yet, so we decided to take a walk in Anchorage. The city is nice and the surrounding scenery is spectacular. The Knik Arm of the Cook Inlet's blue waters are visible to the west. The mountains of the Chugach National Forest were visible to the east. From Resolution Park, a couple of blocks east of our hotel, Mt McKinley would be visible to the north if not for a shroud of clouds. The park consists of an impressive wooden deck structure overlooking the inlet.

We walked to the nearby Glacier Brewhouse for dinner. I had a delicious Salmon BLT washed down with Amber Ale. Chocolate and caramel flavor this beer and it is simply delightful. My wife chose a shrimp and salmon Caesar salad.

We continued our walk along Anchorage's streets after dinner. The weather consisted of light rain showers interspersed with sunny skies. A rainbow became visible in the east above the city and mountains. We would observe another from our hotel window later in the evening.

The length of daylight was somewhat disconcerting. The sun was still shining brightly at 9:00 PM. It finally went down around 9:30 and it was daylight until 10:00. We finally went to bed around that time, having been up almost twenty-two hours.

Riding the Great Smokey Mountain Railroad

Description

Majestic vistas, charming towns and sparking mountain streams caress the eyes of riders of the Great Smoky Mountain Railroad. Ride the rails in comfort, using this book, Riding the Great Smokey Mountain Railroad as your travel guide.

Ebook Price

$ 2.99

Softbound Price

$ 6.99

Sample Chapter

Traveling to Bryson City

As November, 2015 approached my wife and I discussed what we would like to do to celebrate our coming wedding anniversary. We decided upon an expedition we had

often talked about before, a ride on the Great Smoky Mountains Railroad. So, we made arrangements and traveled to Bryson City on November 6, 2015 to take a ride on the rails. We stayed at the Microtel Inn on Songbird Forest Road, just off US Highway 74. Potential riders to the area will find other lodging options in Bryson City; however, we chose this one because it was convenient. The room had a microwave, refrigerator and the hotel offers a continental breakfast in the morning.

Travel Through Sevierville and Gatlinburg a Bad Idea

Our trip to Bryson City would take us through Tennessee from our home in southeast Indiana. The two best options for travel were to take I-75 to the eastern side of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, catch US 74 and drive back west towards Bryson City. The other option involved driving through Sevierville, Pigeon Forge and Gatlinburg. This would take us through Newfound Gap Road inside the National Park. My thought had been that during the off-season, the Gatlinburg/Pigeon Forge area would not be busy and we could ride through the Great Smoky Mountains during the evening hours. Wrong. The traffic was heavy and it took us well over an hour to get to the Gatlinburg bypass. My hope of getting through the Newfound Gap Road before dark melted away as the sun dropped below the horizon. We arrived at the Microtel Inn in Bryson City around 7:15, checked in and unpacked. We drove back into Bryson City, which even in the dark we could tell is a neat town. We dined at the Jimmy Macs Restaurant on Main Street. We would return to this excellent restaurant on this trip, and again on our trip a year later. Thus fortified with a wonderful dinner and some local beer, we were ready to return to the room and prime for our train ride in the morning.

Choices, Choices

The Great Smoky Mountain Railroad offers two rides, the Tuckasegee River Excursion, which runs southeast to Dillsboro, North Carolina. Nantahala Gorge Excursion the Nantahala Gorge Excursion, which travels northwest to the Nantahala Gorge. The Tuckasegee River Excursion follows the course of the Tuckasegee River for sixteen miles, to the small village of Dillsboro. The Great Smoky Mountain Railroad offers several levels of packages for the ride, including First Class, Family First Class, Family Premium Open Air Gondola, Crown Class, Coach Class and Open Air Gondola. Many of these packages include food and drink. We had elected to travel Coach, which did not include a meal. This type of travel has open seating on a car with opening windows. Because of the lateness of the season, we did not choose the Open Air Gondola. Passengers in Coach may purchase meals and drinks from the Diner Car, if desired. Restrooms are available and the cars are heated or air conditioned, as the weather dictates. We had purchased our tickets online in advance, an option I would recommend.

At the Station

We arrived at the train station on Everette Street in Bryson City around ten o'clock in the morning after parking in the large lot across the street. The morning was cool and damp with a recent light rain. Passengers dressed in light jackets milled about the ticket desk. We collected our tickets from the ticket counter and joined the waiting throng in the outdoor waiting area. Around eleven o'clock the call came to board the train. We walked to our appointed boarding station and after a brief wait, boarded the train.

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United States History Series

Democracy in America - The Early Documents

Ebook – $7.49

Softbound – $14.99

Audio Book - $10.99

By the time the Founding Fathers drafted the Constitution, the colonies had a long history of self-government. Many of the members of the Constitutional Convention had drafted similar documents for their states in the tumultuous months during the early phases of the Revolution. This collection of American documents includes the colonial charters and constitutions of the original colonies. The book includes histories of these documents as well as the full text of each one. Many of these early documents directly influenced the history of United States government from the earliest days of settlement.

Sample Chapter

The Magna Carta

For the first time in English history, a band of rebel barons forced a monarch to cede much of his power when they compelled King John I to sign the Magna Carta on June 15, 1215. The Magna Carta inspired much of the revolutionary fervor for liberties that resulted in the American Revolution and the Constitution that followed.

King John II Angers the Barons

In 1209 Pope Innocent III had excommunicated King John I over a dispute over the appointment of a new Archbishop of Canterbury. During this period, he also indulged in a disastrous war against the French. His fiscal policies resulted in excessive taxation exacted from the English barons.

Rebellion

English barons had rebelled before; however, they had always been a successor in mind. By a matter of coincidences there was no clear successor available in 1215. The barons had wanted to overthrow John II, but with no successor available, they settled on negotiating with the crown. With an armed rebellion brewing, King John II agreed to meet in a meadow near London called Runnymede. At this meeting the barons presented their grievances to the king. The King signed the document, called the Magna Carta, temporarily resolving the crises.

Continued Defiance

One segment of the Magna Carta (Great Charter) called for the creation of a committee of barons to oversee the King's observance of the Charter. They would have the power to depose the King if they felt he had broken the agreement. King John II objected to this clause and rebelled against it, prompting the First Baron s War that did not end until King John died in 1216 during a siege. When the new king took power at adulthood, Henry III signed a shorter version of the Charter that did not contain the contentious article.

Influencing Political Thought

The Magna Carta did not confer rights on the common people. It only gave rights to the barons. However, over time the freedoms granted by the Charter expanded and became more important. The men that wrote the Constitution and the Bill of Rights in the aftermath of the American Revolution drew much of their inspiration from the Magna Carta and thus a document signed by a beleaguered English king in 1215 influences United States law today.

Text of the Magna Carta

Magna Carta Translation

Translation by Professor Nicholas Vincent, Copyright Sotheby's Inc.

Edward by the grace of God King of England, lord of Ireland and duke of Aquitaine sends greetings to all to whom the present letters come. We have inspected the great charter of the lord Henry, late

King of England, our father, concerning the liberties of England in these words:

Henry by the grace of God King of England, lord of Ireland, duke of Normandy and Aquitaine and count of Anjou sends greetings to his archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons, sheriffs, reeves, ministers and all his bailiffs and faithful men inspecting the present charter. Know that we, at the prompting of God and for the health of our soul and the souls of our ancestors and successors, for the glory of holy Church and the improvement of our realm, freely and out of our good will have given and granted to the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons and all of our realm these liberties written below to hold in our realm of England in perpetuity.

(1) In the first place we grant to God and confirm by this our present charter for ourselves and our heirs in perpetuity that the English Church is to be free and to have all its rights fully and its liberties

entirely. We furthermore grant and give to all the freemen of our realm for ourselves and our heirs in perpetuity the liberties written below to have and to hold to them and their heirs from us and our heirs in perpetuity.

(2) If any of our earls or barons, or anyone else holding from us in chief by military service should die, and should his heir be of full age and owe relief, the heir is to have his inheritance for the ancient relief, namely the heir or heirs of an earl for a whole county £100, the heir or heirs of a baron for a whole barony 100 marks, the heir or heirs of a knight for a whole knight's fee 100 shillings at most, and he who owes less will give less, according to the ancient custom of (knights') fees.

(3) If, however, the heir of such a person is under age, his lord is not to have custody of him and his land until he has taken homage from the heir, and after such an heir has been in custody, when he comes of age, namely at twenty-one years old, he is to have his inheritance without relief and without fine, saving that if, whilst under age, he is made a knight, his land will nonetheless remain in the custody of his lords until the aforesaid term.

(4) The keeper of the land of such an heir who is underage is only to take reasonable receipts from the heir's land and reasonable customs and reasonable services, and this without destruction or waste of men or things. And if we assign custody of any such land to a sheriff or to anyone else who should answer to us for the issues, and such a person should commit destruction or waste, we will take recompense from him and the land will be assigned to two law-worthy and discreet men of that fee who will answer to us or to the person to whom we assign such land for the land's issues. And if we give or sell to anyone custody of any such land and that person commits destruction or waste, he is to lose custody and the land is to be assigned to two law-worthy and discreet men of that fee who similarly will answer to us as is aforesaid.

(5) The keeper, for as long as he has the custody of the land of such (an heir), is to maintain the houses, parks, fishponds, ponds, mills and other things pertaining to that land from the issues of the same land, and he will restore to the heir, when the heir comes to full age, all his land stocked with ploughs and all other things in at least the same condition as when he received it. All these things are to be observed in the custodies of archbishoprics, bishoprics, abbeys, priories, churches and vacant offices which pertain to us, save that such custodies ought not to be sold.

(6) Heirs are to be married without disparagement.

(7) A widow, after the death of her husband, is immediately and without any difficulty to have her marriage portion and her inheritance, nor is she to pay anything for her

dower or her marriage portion or for her inheritance which her husband and she held on the day of her husband's death, and she shall remain in the chief dwelling place of her husband for forty days after her husband's death, within which time dower will be assigned her if it has not already been assigned, unless that house is a castle, and if it is a castle which she leaves, then a suitable house will immediately be provided for her in which she may properly dwell until her dower is assigned to her in accordance with what is aforesaid, and in the meantime she is to have her reasonable necessities (estoverium) from the common property. As dower she will be assigned the third part of all the lands of her husband which were his during his lifetime, save when she was dowered with less at the church door. No widow shall be distrained to marry for so long as she wishes to live without a husband, provided that she gives surety that she will not marry without our assent if she holds of us, or without the assent of her lord, if she holds of another.

(8) Neither we nor our bailiffs will seize any land or rent for any debt, as long as the existing chattels of the debtor suffice for the payment of the debt and as long as the debtor is ready to pay the debt, nor will the debtor's guarantors be distrained for so long as the principal debtor is able to pay the debt; and should the principal debtor default in his payment of the debt, not having the means to repay it, or should he refuse to pay it despite being able to do so, the guarantors will answer for the debt and, if they wish, they are to have the lands and rents of the debtor until they are repaid the debt that previously they paid on behalf of the debtor, unless the principal debtor can show that he is quit in respect to these guarantors.

(9) The city of London is to have all its ancient liberties and customs. Moreover we wish and grant that all other cities and boroughs and vills and the barons of the Cinque Ports and all ports are to have all their liberties and free customs.

(10) No-one is to be distrained to do more service for a knight's fee or for any other free tenement than is due from it.

(11) Common pleas are not to follow our court but are to be held in a certain fixed place.

(12) Recognisances of novel disseisin and of mort d'ancestor are not to be taken save in their particular counties and in the following way. We or, should we be outside the realm, our chief justiciar, will send our justices once a year to each county, so that, together with the knights of the counties, that may take the aforesaid assizes in the counties; and those assizes which cannot be completed in that visitation of the county by our aforesaid justices assigned to take the said assizes are to be completed elsewhere by the justices in their visitation; and those which cannot be completed by them on account of the difficulty of various articles (of law) are to be referred to our justices of the Bench and completed there.

(13) Assizes of darrein presentment are always to be taken before our justices of the Bench and are to be completed there.

(14) A freeman is not to be amerced for a small offence save in accordance with the manner of the offence, and for a major offence according to its magnitude, saving his sufficiency (salvo contenemento suo), and a merchant likewise, saving his merchandise, and any villain other than one of our own is to be amerced in the same way, saving his necessity (salvo waynagio) should he fall into our mercy, and none of the aforesaid amercements is to be imposed save by the oath of honest and law-worthy men of the neighbourhood. Earls and barons are not to be amerced save by their peers and only in accordance with the manner of their offence.

(15) No town or free man is to be distrained to make bridges or bank works save for those that ought to do so of old and by right.

(16) No bank works of any sort are to be kept up save for those that were in defense in the time of King H(enry II) our grandfather and in the same places and on the same terms as was customary in his time.

(17) No sheriff, constable, coroner or any other of our bailiffs is to hold pleas of our crown.

(18) If anyone holding a lay fee from us should die, and our sheriff or bailiff shows our letters patent containing our summons for a debt that the dead man owed us, our sheriff or bailiff is permitted to attach and enroll all the goods and chattels of the dead man found in lay fee, to the value of the said debt, by view of law-worthy men, so that nothing is to be removed thence until the debt that remains is paid to us, and the remainder is to be released to the executors to discharge the will of the dead man, and if nothing is owed to us from such a person, all the chattels are to pass to the (use of) the dead man, saving to the dead man's wife and children their reasonable portion.

(19) No constable or his bailiff is to take corn or other chattels from anyone who not themselves of a vill where a castle is built, unless the constable or his bailiff immediately offers money in payment of obtains a respite by the wish of the seller. If the person whose corn or chattels are taken is of such a vill, then the constable or his bailiff is to pay the purchase price within forty days.

(20) No constable is to distrain any knight to give money for castle guard if the knight is willing to do such guard in person or by proxy of any other honest man, should the knight be prevented from doing so by just cause. And if we take or send such a knight into the army, he is to be quit of (castle) guard in accordance with the length of time the we have him in the army for the fee for which he has done service in the army.

(21) No sheriff or bailiff of ours or of anyone else is to take anyone's horses or carts to make carriage, unless he renders the payment customarily due, namely for a two-horse cart ten pence per day, and for a three-horse cart fourteen pence per day. No demesne

cart belonging to any churchman or knight or any other lady (sic) is to be taken by our bailiffs, nor will we or our bailiffs or anyone else take someone else's timber for a castle or any other of our business save by the will of he to whom the timber belongs.

(22) We shall not hold the lands of those convicted of felony save for a year and a day, whereafter such land is to be restored to the lords of the fees.

(23) All fish weirs (kidelli) on the Thames and the Medway and throughout England are to be entirely dismantled, save on the sea coast.

(24) The writ called 'praecipe' is not to be issued to anyone in respect to any free tenement in such a way that a free man might lose his court.

(25) There is to be a single measure for wine throughout our realm, and a single measure for ale, and a single measure for Corn, that is to say the London quarter, and a single breadth for dyed cloth, russets, and haberjects, that is to say two yards within the lists. And it shall be the same for weights as for measures.

(26) Henceforth there is to be nothing given for a writ of inquest from the person seeking an inquest of life or member, but such a writ is to be given freely and is not to be denied.

(27) If any persons hold from us at fee farm or in socage or burgage, and hold land from another by knight service, we are not, by virtue of such a fee farm or socage or burgage, to have custody of the heir or their land which pertains to another's fee, nor are we to have custody of such a fee farm or socage or burgage unless this fee farm owes knight service. We are not to have the custody of an heir or of any land which is held from another by knight service on the pretext of some small serjeanty held from us by service of rendering us knives or arrows or suchlike things.

(28) No bailiff is henceforth to put any man on his open law or on oath simply by virtue of his spoken word, without reliable witnesses being produced for the same.

(29) No freeman is to be taken or imprisoned or disseised of his free tenement or of his liberties or free customs, or outlawed or exiled or in any way ruined, nor will we go against such a man or send against him save by lawful judgement of his peers or by the law of the land. To no-one will we sell or deny of delay right or justice.

(30) All merchants, unless they have been previously and publicly forbidden, are to have safe and secure conduct in leaving and coming to England and in staying and going through England both by land and by water to buy and to sell, without any evil exactions, according to the ancient and right customs, save in time of war, and if they should be from a land at war against us and be found in our land at the beginning of the war, they are to be attached without damage to their bodies or goods until it is established by us or our chief justiciar in what way the merchants of our land are treated who at such a time are found in the land that is at war with us, and if our merchants are safe there, the other merchants are to be safe in our land.

(31) If anyone dies holding of any escheat such as the honour of Wallingford, Boulogne, Nottingham, Lancaster or of other escheats which are in our hands and which are baronies, his heir is not to give any other relief or render any other service to us that would not have been rendered to the baron if the barony were still held by a baron, and we shall hold such things in the same way as the baron held them, nor, on account of such a barony or escheat, are we to have the escheat or custody of any of our men unless the man who held the barony or the escheat held elsewhere from us in chief.

(32) No free man is henceforth to give or sell any more of his land to anyone, unless the residue of his land is sufficient to render due service to the lord of the fee as pertains to that fee.

(33) All patrons of abbeys which have charters of the kings of England over advowson or ancient tenure or possession are to have the custody of such abbeys when they fall vacant just as they ought

to have and as is declared above.

(34) No-one is to be taken or imprisoned on the appeal of woman for the death of anyone save for the death of that woman's husband.

(35) No county court is to be held save from month to month, and where the greater term used to be held, so will it be in future, nor will any sheriff or his bailiff make his tourn through the hundred save for twice a year and only in the place that is due and customary, namely once after Easter and again after Michaelmas, and the view of frankpledge is to be taken at the Michaelmas term without exception, in such a way that every man is to have his liberties which he had or used to have in the time of King H(enry II) my grandfather or which he has acquired since. The view of frankpledge is to be taken so that our peace be held and so that the tithing is to be held entire as it used to be, and so that the sheriff does not seek exceptions but remains content with that which the sheriff used to have in taking the view in the time of King H(enry) our grandfather.

(36) Nor is it permitted to anyone to give his land to a religious house in such a way that he receives it back from such a house to hold, nor is it permitted to any religious house to accept the land of anyone in such way that the land is restored to the person from whom it was received to hold. If anyone henceforth gives his land in such a way to any religious house and is convicted of the same, the gift is to be entirely quashed and such land is to revert to the lord of that fee.

(37) Scutage furthermore is to be taken as it used to be in the time of King H(enry) our grandfather, and all liberties and free customs shall be preserved to archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, Templars, Hospitallers, earls, barons and all others, both ecclesiastical and secular persons, just as they formerly had.

All these aforesaid customs and liberties which we have granted to be held in our realm in so far as pertains to us are to be observed by all of our realm, both clergy and laity, in so far as pertains to them in respect to their own men. For this gift and grant of these liberties and of others contained in our charter over the liberties of the forest, the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, earls, barons, knights, fee holders and all of our realm have given us a fifteenth part of all their movable goods. Moreover we grant to them for us and our heirs that neither we nor our heirs will seek anything by which the liberties contained in this charter might be infringed or damaged, and should anything be obtained from anyone against this it is to count for nothing and to be held as nothing. With these witnesses: the lord S(tephen) archbishop of Canterbury, E(ustace) bishop of London, J(ocelin) bishop of Bath, P(eter) bishop of Winchester, H(ugh) bishop of Lincoln, R(ichard) bishop of Salisbury, W. bishop of Rochester, W(illiam) bishop of Worcester, J(ohn) bishop of Ely, H(ugh) bishop of

Hereford, R(anulf) bishop of Chichester, W(illiam) bishop of Exeter, the abbot of (Bury) St Edmunds, the abbot of St Albans, the abbot of Battle, the abbot of St Augustine's Canterbury, the abbot of Evesham, the abbot of Westminster, the abbot of Peterborough, the abbot of Reading, the abbot of Abingdon, the abbot of Malmesbury, the abbot of Winchcombe, the abbot of Hyde (Winchester), the abbot of Chertsey, the abbot of Sherborne, the abbot of Cerne, the abbot of

Abbotsbury, the abbot of Milton (Abbas), the abbot of Selby, the abbot of Cirencester, H(ubert) de Burgh the justiciar, H. earl of Chester and Lincoln, W(illiam) earl of Salisbury, W(illiam) earl Warenne, G. de Clare earl of Gloucester and Hertford, W(illiam) de Ferrers earl of Derby, W(illiam) de Mandeville earl of Essex, H(ugh) Bigod earl of Norfolk, W(illiam) earl Aumale, H(umphrey) earl of Hereford, J(ohn) constable of Chester, R(obert) de Ros, R(obert) fitz Walter, R(obert) de Vieuxpont, W(illiam) Brewer, R(ichard) de Montfiquet, P(eter) fitz Herbert, W(illiam) de Aubigné, G. Gresley, F. de Braose, J(ohn) of Monmouth, J(ohn) fitz Alan, H(ugh) de Mortemer, W(illiam) de Beauchamp, W(illiam) de St John, P(eter) de Maulay, Brian de Lisle, Th(omas) of Moulton, R(ichard) de Argentan, G(eoffrey) de Neville, W(illiam) Mauduit, J(ohn) de Baalon and others.

Given at Westminster on the eleventh day of February in the ninth year of our reign. We, holding these aforesaid gifts and grants to be right and welcome, conceed and confirm them for ourselves and our heirs and by the terms of the present (letters) renew them, wishing and granting for ourselves and our heirs that the aforesaid charter is to be firmly and inviably observed in all and each of its articles in perpetuity, including any articles contained in the same charter which by chance have not to date been observed. In testimony of which we have had made these our letters patent.

Witnessed by Edward our son, at Westminster on the twelfth day of October in the twenty-fifth year of our reign. (Chancery warranty by John of) Stowe

The First Thirteen Colonies

Description:

This is the story of the first 13 American colonies, from the time of their first settlement until the eve of the French and Indian War. This was the beginning of the colonial era when the process of creating America as we know it began. The history of the 13 colonies is the beginning of the United States History as many of our traditions, laws and much of our culture began.

Classification of the Colonies

The classifications of the colonies the British established in the New World consisted of 3 types, proprietary, charter and crown colonies.

Proprietary Colonies

Most of the colonies began life as a proprietary colony. Theoretically, the Crown owned all the land in the colony. Under the proprietary system, the monarch granted a man, or group of men via a charter, the rights to manage a defined region of land. The man, or group, were known as proprietors and the group was called a corporation. He/they had the right to appoint governors, set up courts, organize assemblies and otherwise manage the colony. This was the earliest type of colony. Many of the proprietors did not live in, or even visit, the colony they managed. This type of colony proved inefficient, and most were later converted to royal colonies.

Charter Colonies

In a charter colony the king issued a charter that contained the rules under which the government of the colony operated. Virginia, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts Bay were all charter colonies. Rhode Island and Connecticut used their charters as governing documents after the American Revolutions.

Crown, or Royal Colony

The king, under the advisement of Parliament, appointed the governor that would govern a crown colony. Some would have a limited council, or assembly, to aid in governing. Some of these councils had 2 chambers, one of which was an executive council whose members were appointed by the king. A lower house offered limited representation to the colony's citizens.

Corporations

The colony was basically a money-making venture that required huge amounts of money to establish, something that only the landed class of aristocrats could afford. To accomplish this the men involved would form "corporations," or companies, in which they would invest money to launch the venture. Basically, a corporation is a legal entity to which the government grants a charter which is a document that governs the activities of the corporation. Private citizens invest capital, usually cash money, in the corporation in hopes that the activities of the corporation will turn a profit. The corporation allows individuals to invest capital to accomplish a goal while granting

limited risk to the investor, who cannot lose more than he invested. This concept is called limited liability and allows investors to undertake risks that otherwise would have been impossible. The corporation has many of the same rights as an individual. It, or the officers that lead it, can sign contracts, sue or be sued, take out loans and own assets. Profits of the corporation are paid out as dividends to the investors.

History of the Corporation

The earliest known type of corporation was known as the commenda system in the Eleventh Century. In this system an investor, typically a merchant, invested capital with another person, typically a sea captain. The captain would undertake a trading mission and return to home port. If successful, the investor received 3/4 of the profit and the captain 1/4. The investor undertook the financial risk and the captain the physical risk. The system could be applied to other ventures; however, the sea trading mission was the most common. This system arose in Twelfth Century Italy. As the advantages of this system became apparent, multiple investors would add capital to a venture, thus limiting their risk even more. Another form of corporation developed in Toulouse, France along the Garonne River. The section of this river in the city is quite swift, falling 39 feet on its course through the city. The power of this river provided an ideal situation to build gristmills, however the task of building them took a significant amount of capital. A system called the pariage developed in the Fourteenth Century in which several investors would pool resources to build the mill and operate it. The system allowed the arrangement to survive the death of investors, as the shares could be transferred or sold. Several mills were built along the river using this system of management. At the beginning of the Seventeenth Century the first true multinational companies began to emerge. A monarch would issue a charter to a group of investors that would then form a corporation to accomplish a specific task, usually to establish a colony in Asia, Africa or the Americas. These corporations acted as agents of the monarch and were subject to the laws of the chartering company. They could build a military force, mint coins and govern the colony, all in the name of the monarch. Examples of this type of company include the British East India Company, Dutch East India Company and the Hudson's Bay Company. There were others.

Royal Charters

In Britain, the royal charter is the oldest form of incorporation. It is a formal grant by the monarch, under the advisement of the privy council, to an individual or group of individuals as letters patent that confers rights, or powers, to the corporation it governs. Their first use was to establish laws, such as the Magna Carta, but by the 14th Century came to be used to create corporations or public organizations like universities, municipalities or societies. The charter not only created the institution, it also defined its privileges and purposes. The institution created enjoys the same rights and powers as an individual.

Charter colonies were essentially colonies run by corporations.

Privy Council

The Privy Council was the private council to the monarch. The word "privy" derives from the words "private" or "secret." Thus, a privy council was composed originally of a monarch's closest and most trusted advisors. Privy councils still exist in many countries and perform several functions.

The American Revolution - 1776

The colonies suffered emotional ebbs and flows as the fateful year of 1776 unfolded. In the north the British army drove the American invasion force slowly back south. Henry Knox struggled over icy rivers and frozen terrain as he hauled his "Noble Train of Artillery," south to aid Washington's siege of Boston. When he arrived, Washington used Knox's hard-fought cannon to force General Howe to abandon Boston. Elation swept the new nation as July 4 brought in the long-anticipated Declaration of Independence. Elation turned to despair as the British invaded New York and slowly drove Washington's inexperienced army to the brink of disaster.

Read the book and learn of our nation's early struggles.

January 01, 1776 - Washington Appoints John Manley as Commodore of his Fleet

General George Washington appointed John Manley as Commodore of his fleet, which became known as George Washington's Fleet

John Manley (1733 - February 1793)

Historical lore suggests that John was the illegitimate son of Elizabeth Manley and the Duke of Bedford, however very little about Manley's life and origin can be verified. Tradition suggests he was born in Torquay, Devon in Britain, however even that is unclear. It is known that he married Hannah Cheevers in 1763, with whom he had one son.

Continental Navy

General George Washington appointed Manley as the captain of the schooner, *Lee,* on October 17, 1775. In command of the Lee, Manley captured one or two prizes, then captured the British brigantine *HMS Nancy* on November 28, 1775. The supplies, ordinance and weaponry on the *Nancy* proved valuable for Washington's army. The *Nancy* was the first ship of significance captured by the fledgling Continental Navy. Throughout the remainder of 1775 Manley continued to capture British ships, leading to his promotion to commodore of Washington's Fleet.

Washington's Fleet

General Washington assembled a small fleet of ships; beginning in late 1775. Many assert that this fleet is the beginning of the Continental Navy. Consisting at first of two small ships, the "*Lynch*" and "*Franklin*", Washington charged them with harassing British shipping entering and departing Boston Harbor. These ships did manage to capture supplies and armament for Washington's army. He added four more ships and by September 25, 1775, he had acquired the schooner *Hannah*. He appointed Nicholson Broughton to command this ship and commissioned him to "*...cruize against such vessels as may be found . . . bound inward and outward to and from Boston, in the service of the [British] army, and to take and seize all such vessels, laden with soldiers, arms, ammunition, or provisions . . . which you shall have good reason to suspect are in such service.*"

Growth of the Small Navy

Washington added four more ships to his navy, in late 1775, the *Franklin*, the *Warren*, the *Hancock*, and the *Lee*. This small fleet raided British shipping up and down the coast during late 1775 and well into 1776. On January 1, 1776, Washington appointed Manley as the commodore of this fleet, with the USS Hancock as the flagship.

USS Hannah

Owned by Marblehead, Massachusetts fisherman, merchant and lieutenant colonel John Glover and named for his daughter, Hanna, the ship became the first ship commissioned for combat by the United States on September 2, 1775. Many claim the ship was the first ship of the United States Navy. General Washington commissioned the ship and made it part of his own personal fleet. This fleet became known as Washington's Fleet. Two Massachusetts towns, Beverly Marblehead claim to be the home port of the Hanna and both claim to be the Birthplace of the United States Navy.

USS Hancock

Owned by Thomas Grant of Marblehead, Massachusetts, the Congress commissioned the schooner *Speedwell* for conversion to a warship in October 1775. Commissioned the *USS Hancock*, the ship first saw service in October of that year in company with the *USS Franklin* with orders to capture two British brigs in the St. Lawrence River. Instead, the captains took some ships of Canadian origin that proved easier prizes. General Washington dismissed the two captains and returned the prizes to their owners. Captain John Manley took command of the Hancock on January 1, 1776, when he received commission as the commodore of Washington's fleet.

A History of the United States Constitution

Description

The story of the United States Constitution begins with the Albany Plan of Union in 1754 and stretches into modern times with the Bill of Rights and subsequent amendments. A Short History of the United States Constitution relates its history as well as many of the documents leading up to it.

Ebook Price

$4.99

Softbound Price

$8.99

Sample Chapter

July 10, 1754, - Albany Plan of Union Adopted

Albany Plan of Union

When Benjamin Franklin learned that colonial leaders planned a Congress in Albany, New York in 1754 to plan united action on several issues he printed the cartoon "*Join or*

Die," in his newspaper. The cartoon appeared in The *Pennsylvania Gazette* and featured a dead snake cut into thirteen pieces, the implication being that the colonies, like a snake cut into pieces, would perish if they remained disunited.

Reasons for the Albany Congress

Originally encouraged by the King and Parliament to propose a treaty to deal with the Iroquois tribe, Colonial leaders also intended to discuss taking united action on several other issues regarding mutual defense. The French still controlled Canada and the Spanish threatened from the south. There was always the threat from the various Amerindian tribes. During this time the French were stirring up the native tribes in the Ohio Valley to attack the British settlements in Virginia and Pennsylvania. The colonies that bordered Canada suffered frequent incursions from the northern tribes. Many colonial leaders were coming to the conclusion that a plan for united defense from all colonies would be beneficial to all. Not surprisingly, Benjamin Franklin came up with a plan. The colonial assemblies in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire all sent representatives to this Congress. Pennsylvania chose Benjamin Franklin to represent the colony.

An Emerging Idea

The idea of a united Colonial government had occurred to many Colonial leaders at the time, Franklin among them. Many had published articles outlining proposals for these plans. Franklin was one of these men and during his trip from Philadelphia to Albany he penned letters to several of the New York delegates with proposals. During this trip he wrote a draft version of his plan.

The Albany Congress

The Congress held its first session on June 19, 1754. The delegates held a vote on June 24 to consider union and the result was a unanimous consensus to formulate a plan for union. The committee charged with writing it submitted a draft version on June 28. From that date until July 10, the Congress debated and revised the plan. On July 10, 1754 the delegates voted to adopt the plan and sent it out to the colonial assemblies for consideration.

Rejection by the Assemblies, the King and Parliament

Parliamentary leaders and the King studied the plan and decided not to push it in the colonies. They had initially encouraged a union of some sort but upon considering the plan they feared that they were creating a political entity that they could not control. The various assemblies considered the plan and all rejected it. They feared losing some of their power and taxing authority to a centralized government. The colonies were not quite ready for a unified government. Delegates from these colonies first met on June 19, 1754.

It is proposed that humble application be made for an act of Parliament of Great Britain, by virtue of which one general government may be formed in America, including all the said colonies, within and under which government each colony may retain its present constitution, except in the particulars wherein a change may be directed by the said act, as hereafter follows.

1. That the said general government be administered by a President-General, to be appointed and supported by the crown; and a Grand Council, to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several Colonies met in their respective assemblies.

2. That within -- months after the passing such act, the House of Representatives that happen to be sitting within that time, or that shall be especially for that purpose convened, may and shall choose members for the Grand Council, in the following proportion, that is to say,

Massachusetts Bay - 7

New Hampshire - 2

Connecticut - 5

Rhode Island - 2

New York - 4

New Jersey - 3

Pennsylvania - 6

Maryland - 4

Virginia - 7

North Carolina - 4

South Carolina - 4

Total - 48

3. -- who shall meet for the first time at the city of Philadelphia, being called by the President-General as soon as conveniently may be after his appointment.

4. That there shall be a new election of the members of the Grand Council every three years; and, on the death or resignation of any member, his place should be supplied by a new choice at the next sitting of the Assembly of the Colony he represented.

5. That after the first three years, when the proportion of money arising out of each Colony to the general treasury can be known, the number of members to be chosen for each Colony shall, from time to time, in all ensuing elections, be regulated by that proportion, yet so as that the number to be chosen by any one Province be not more than seven, nor less than two.

6. That the Grand Council shall meet once in every year, and oftener if occasion require, at such time and place as they shall adjourn to at the last preceding meeting, or as they shall be called to meet at by the President-General on any emergency; he having first obtained in writing the consent of seven of the members to such call, and sent duly and timely notice to the whole.

7. That the Grand Council have power to choose their speaker; and shall neither be dissolved, prorogued, nor continued sitting longer than six weeks at one time, without their own consent or the special command of the crown.

8. That the members of the Grand Council shall be allowed for their service ten shillings sterling per diem, during their session and journey to and from the place of meeting; twenty miles to be reckoned a day's journey.

9. That the assent of the President-General be requisite to all acts of the Grand Council, and that it be his office and duty to cause them to be carried into execution.

10. That the President-General, with the advice of the Grand Council, hold or direct all Indian treaties, in which the general interest of the Colonies may be concerned; and make peace or declare war with Indian nations.

11. That they make such laws as they judge necessary for regulating all Indian trade.

12. That they make all purchases from Indians, for the crown, of lands not now within the bounds of particular Colonies, or that shall not be within their bounds when some of them are reduced to more convenient dimensions.

13. That they make new settlements on such purchases, by granting lands in the King's name, reserving a quitrent to the crown for the use of the general treasury.

14. That they make laws for regulating and governing such new settlements, till the crown shall think fit to form them into particular governments.

15. That they raise and pay soldiers and build forts for the defence of any of the Colonies, and equip vessels of force to guard the coasts and protect the trade on the ocean, lakes, or great rivers; but they shall not impress men in any Colony, without the consent of the Legislature.

16. That for these purposes they have power to make laws, and lay and levy such general duties, imposts, or taxes, as to them shall appear most equal and just (considering the ability and other circumstances of the inhabitants in the several Colonies), and such as may be collected with the least inconvenience to the people; rather discouraging luxury, than loading industry with unnecessary burdens.

17. That they may appoint a General Treasurer and Particular Treasurer in each government when necessary; and, from time to time, may order the sums in the treasuries of each government into the general treasury; or draw on them for special payments, as they find most convenient.

18. Yet no money to issue but by joint orders of the President-General and Grand Council; except where sums have been appropriated to particular purposes, and the President-General is previously empowered by an act to draw such sums.

19. That the general accounts shall be yearly settled and reported to the several Assemblies.

20. That a quorum of the Grand Council, empowered to act with the President-General, do consist of twenty-five members; among whom there shall be one or more from a majority of the Colonies.

21. That the laws made by them for the purposes aforesaid shall not be repugnant, but, as near as may be, agreeable to the laws of England, and shall be transmitted to the King in Council for approbation, as soon as may be after their passing; and if not disapproved within three years after presentation, to remain in force.

22. That, in case of the death of the President-General, the Speaker of the Grand Council for the time being shall succeed, and be vested with the same powers and authorities, to continue till the King's pleasure be known.

23. That all military commission officers, whether for land or sea service, to act under this general constitution, shall be nominated by the President-General; but the approbation of the Grand Council is to be obtained, before they receive their commissions. And all civil officers are to be nominated by the Grand Council, and to receive the President-General's approbation before they officiate.

24. But, in case of vacancy by death or removal of any officer, civil or military, under this constitution, the Governor of the Province in which such vacancy happens may appoint, till the pleasure of the President-General and Grand Council can be known.

25. That the particular military as well as civil establishments in each Colony remain in their present state, the general constitution notwithstanding; and that on sudden emergencies any Colony may defend itself, and lay the accounts of expense thence arising before the President-General and General Council, who may allow and order payment of the same, as far as they judge such accounts just and reasonable.

A Short History of United States Politics – Book 1

Description

In this book, the US Political Parties and the Presidents - Book 1, American history buffs will learn the history of the early political parties, philosophies and campaigns in the United States. Book 1 covers the period beginning with the first Presidential campaign to the campaign of 1854, on the eve of the Civil War.

Ebook Price

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Sample Chapter

Factions and Parties

Introduction

In spite of the feelings of the Founding Fathers, political parties have existed since almost the beginning of the Republic. Political scientists tend to categorize political groups into two main types of groupings, factions and parties.

Factions

In theory, a faction consists of a group of people united in a common cause that will work solely to advance their agenda. Factions are unwilling to compromise their position and will labor to gain supremacy for their agenda. In modern politics in the United States Planned Parenthood, the National Rifle Association, pro-life groups and global warming adherents are all examples of factions, or special interest groups, as they have become known.

Political Parties

Again, in theory, a political party is the union of several factions. These factions come together to form a common set of objectives under the auspices of a "party platform." In history, the faction predates the political party by several centuries. Three main components comprise the modern political party, the voters who consider themselves as adherents to their particular party, the elected officials, including the candidates running for office and the party hierarchy, those who work for the party at some level.

A History of United States Presidential Elections - Book 2

Description:

The issue of slavery loomed ever larger in American politics as the middle of the Nineteenth Century passed. The Republican Party, birthed to destroy the institution, inaugurated its first candidate in 1856. Four years later Abraham Lincoln gained the nomination. The Democratic Party, committed to preserving and expanding slavery, nominated Stephen A. Douglas. Abraham Lincoln won the presidency, casting the nation into a bloody civil war. Abraham Lincoln's issuance of the Emaciation Proclamation did not end slavery, but it led to its demise at war's end. A History of United States Presidential Elections - Book 2, covers the critical pre Civil War years from 1856 until 1865.

Ebook – $2.99

Soft Bound - $6.99

Sample Chapter

1856 Election

The Issues

The Election of 1856 evolved into a divisive, contentious election that revolved mostly around the expansion of slavery. The Democratic Party had evolved into the party that supported the practice and advocated for its expansion. The Whig Party, divided in the matter, became irrelevant and nominated its last slate of candidates. The newly emerging Republican Party firmly opposed slavery and advocated for banning the exportation of slavery into new territories. The Democratic Party contended that if the Republicans gained power the south would secede and a civil war ensue. The Democrat Party did not want to renominate Franklin Pierce, judging him to blame for the ongoing civil war in Kansas, the result of the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854.

Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854

Led by Illinois Senator Stephen A. Douglas, who proposed the bill which would prove to be one of the most influential pieces of legislation in United States history due to the events that occurred in the aftermath of its passage.

Stephen A. Douglas (April 23, 1813 – June 3, 1861)

The son of Stephen Arnold and Sarah Fisk Douglass, Stephen was native to Brandon, Vermont. In 1846 Douglass would drop the second "s," from his surname. When he was two months old his father passed away, after which his mother moved in with her brother, Edward Fisk. He studied at the Canandaigua Academy in Canandaigua, N.Y. and apprenticed himself to a New York lawyer. Finding requirements for admission to the New York bar too stringent, he migrated to Illinois to complete his studies and open a law practice in 1833.

Politics

Becoming interested in politics, he allied with the Jacksonian Democrats, ran for a seat in the Illinois House of Representatives, and won. In 1838 he made an unsuccessful bid for a seat in the United States House of Representatives. During the 1840 election, Douglas campaigned extensively for Van Buren, helping to add Illinois to Van Buren's electoral vote total. Even though Van Buren lost to William Henry Harrison, Douglas' efforts helped him win his bid for the United States House of Representatives in 1842.

Slavery Issue

Douglas became an opponent of the Wilmont Proviso, which would have banned slavery in the region the United States gained from Mexico during the Mexican-American War. In 1847 he and Martha Martin married. The couple would have two sons. The following year Martha's father passed away. He bequeathed his 2,500-acre cotton plantation in Mississippi to Douglas. The plantation included 100 slaves. The ownership of a slave operated plantation was not politically convenient in Illinois, so he appointed a manager to run the plantation. He used his share of the profits to finance his political career.

United States Senate

After his reelection to the United States House of Representatives in 1848, the Illinois legislature elevated him to the United States Senate in 1847. During his tenure in the Senate his efforts led to the passage of the Kansas Nebraska Act of 1854. Nicknamed the "Little Giant," due to his diminutive stature and dominating manner, his desire to create a transcontinental railroad led to the act that would spark a firestorm.

Transcontinental Railroad

By 1854 all the states east of the Mississippi River had reached their current shapes. West of the Mississippi Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas had gained admission to the Union. Far to the west on the Pacific Coast California had been admitted in 1850. In the vast region in between the New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, Washington and Minnesota Territories had been organized. Directly north of Texas and stretching to the Canadian Border lay a vast region of territory that had not been organized. The railroad had begun its rise as a mode of transportation, replacing canals as the technology improved. The Mississippi River provided a convenient north/south transportation route, however an east/west transportation system did not exist. The growing state of California needed to be linked to the rest of the United States. Illinois Senator Stephen A. Douglas wanted a transcontinental railroad that would connect his state of Illinois to California and to the developing regions in between. The economic need was there, however competing political interests stood in the way. Northerners like Douglas desired a northern route that would begin at Chicago and snake across the country to the Pacific Ocean. Southern interests wanted a southern route that would cross through Texas as it went west.

Slave or Free

If Congress approved the northern route, it would traverse territories north of the 36°30' latitude. The Missouri Compromise of 1820 had decreed that new states formed from this region would be free states. Southerners knew this, and opposed this route, favoring the southern one, that would pass through the regions that would form slave states. The railroad would create an economic benefit to the region it crossed through, encouraging the development of new states, threatening to upset the delicate balance of power between slave and free. Douglas introduced a bill on January 4, 1854, that

would create the Nebraska Territory in an effort to provide civil authority to the region. Since this territory was north of the 36°30' latitude, southern senators objected.

Debate in the Congress

To settle the issue, Douglas proposed a compromise. He introduced a bill that would create two territories, the Nebraska Territory and the Kansas Territory. The legislation would allow settlers in the two territories to decide for themselves whether they would be slave or free. If passed, this legislation would effectively repeal the Missouri Compromise, as it would eliminate the 36°30' latitude as the dividing line between slave and free.

Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854

After much acrimonious debate both in Congress and in the public forum, the Senate passed the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 on March 4, 1854. The House, despite some withering opposition from northern states, passed the measure on May 22, 1854 by a 113 - 100 vote. On May 22, 1854, President Pierce, whom Douglas had persuaded to support the bill, signed it on May 30, 1854.

Bleeding Kansas

Douglas had promoted the legislation as a peaceful solution to the growing debate over slavery in the states formed from these new territories. Most presumed that citizens in the northern regions would oppose slavery and the ones in the southern regions would support it. The compromise did just the opposite. Pro slavery and anti slavery factions migrated into the regions in an effort to influence the voting. These factions formed groups that eventually began violent clashes that produced a bloody civil war in the new territories. The resulting violence tore what remained of the Whig Party to shreds and sparked the rise of the anti-slavery Republican Party.

The Parties

Democratic Party

Republican Party

Republican Party

The Republican Party has its roots in political factions opposed to the 1854 Kansas-Nebraska Act. Anti-slavery people began holding small meetings in Ripon, Wisconsin in March 1854. The movement began growing until a mass meeting of people opposed to the act and slavery on July 6, 1854 attracted over 10,000 people to Ripon, Wisconsin. Dubbed the “Under the Oaks Convention," because the heat of the July summer forced the people to move their meeting to a nearby oak grove, the group vowed that “…we will cooperate and be known as REPUBLICANS…”

Growth of the Party

The movement grew to include African-Americans, northern white Protestants, businessmen, professionals, factory workers, and farmers. Many Whigs, Free Soil party members and disaffected Democrats joined the movement. The party held its first convention in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on February 22, 1856. At this convention the fledgling party elected a governing committee, passed resolutions calling for an end to slavery and vowed to use every Constitutional means at their disposal to end the practice. They held their first presidential nominating convention in the summer of 1856, nominating John C. Frémont as their first candidate.

Native American (Know-Nothing)

The Native American Party arose in the late 1840's through the mid 1850's because of the immense influx of Irish and German Catholics into the United States. The movement consisted mainly of Protestant white men, who feared the growing influx of Catholics.

Know Nothings

The party formed in 1843 as the Native American Party in New York. Adherents began appearing in other states, using the lodge system to organize. The party attained its nickname, Know Nothings, because if anyone asked them about the party, they were to say that they "know nothing." By 1854 the movement was at its height, electing large numbers of representatives to the some state legislatures. Many members feared that Catholics were flooding the polls and formed groups to block the polls to stop them. Violence broke out in many areas. On April 19, 1855, the Democrats held their convention in Indianapolis, using their party to attack the Know Nothings. The convention became known as the Anti-Know Nothing Convention. By late 1855, the Know Nothings had begun to fade away as another issue began to take precedence. Slavery would dominate the national debate for the next decade.

Whig Party

Henry Clay, alarmed at what he considered executive excesses performed by President Andrew Jackson, began efforts to form a new party to oppose him in 1833. From his perch in the United States Senate, he began hosting dinners attended by opponents of Jackson to formulate a strategy of opposing him. His threatened use of force to end the Nullification Crises coupled with his decision to remove all the United States' deposits from the Bank of the United States led the so far loosely allied leaders to label Jackson as a near monarch with unlimited powers. They borrowed the Whig name from an earlier group of American's that had opposed the policies of King George III. These American Whigs had in turn borrowed the name from the British Whig Party that had formed in opposition position to the absolute British monarchy. The derisively termed Jackson's supporters as "Tories," because of their support for "King Andrew." This loose coalition established itself in the Senate by taking control in December, 1833. Many historians date the beginning of the Whig party to this time. The Whig Party

attracted many factions of the Anti-Masonic Party, the now defunct National Republican Party as well as some southern Democrats. The Whigs used the network built up by the Anti Masonic Party and the National Republicans to begin building a framework to field a candidate for the 1836 election. Henry Clay formed an important part of the leadership of this new party.

Collapse

Divisions over the slavery issue and the rise of the Republican Party and the Know Nothing Party bled many adherents from the Whig Party in the mid 1850's. Pro-slavery factions of the Whigs began supporting Democrats, while anti-slavery factions favored the Republicans. The 1856 election would be the last election in which the Whigs would field a candidate, Milliard Fillmore.

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Wizards of the Golden Star Series

Progeny of the dark wizard, Darnay, Gwaum arose from fire and smoke. His first meal of living human flesh sparked a hunger for that delicacy that nothing could satiate. The powerful Wizards of the Golden Star's task is to try to protect the Six nations from the horrible creature. Nerza, Arii, and Tarque, aided by his love Miralba, endeavor to contain the creature.

Quest of the Wizard

Description

The horrible monster Gwaum has the Six Kingdoms under assault. He has created a world of terror as he plunges through the land seeking his bloody diet of living humans on which he must feed. The panicked, terrified refugees hiding in the forests and mountains have little hope to end the slaughter and stop the creature that threatens to destroy their world.

Quest of the Wizard is the first compelling tale in the Wizards of the Golden Star Series

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$ 2.99

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Sample Chapter

Death in the Forest

Death moved relentlessly through the forest, making little sound as it crept along, hunger biting at its innards. Emerging into a clearing, the creature's eyes swept the meadow beyond. A cottage lay at forest's edge. A thin curl of smoke wafted from the chimney. The creature sensed the smell it sought. Humans. He would feed.

The afternoon sun caressed the land with its golden rays. Beneath its watching eyes, a boy gathered red berries at the forest's edge. His pail was almost half-full when he heard his mother's call.

"Arii. Arii honey, it is time to come home. Your father is here and dinner is ready."

Arii paused and looked in his bucket. The berries' fragrance nibbled at his nose. His mother made some of the best red berry pie in the valley. He glanced back at the cottage that stood at the edge of the meadow where he was gathering berries. He saw his mother looking for him, her hand shading her eyes as she scanned the meadow. When she sighted him, she waved and then she went back inside.

It took a full bucket of red berries for a pie. He did not have enough. He looked back at the berry patch. Fresh red berries glistened in the sun, inviting him to pick more. Overhead, he could hear the chatter of birds as they awaited his departure so they could resume their feast on the delectable fruit. Just a bit further on he could see a large clump of berries. That clump would finish his bucket. It would take just a few minutes more and he would have enough.

He worked his way further into the patch, the thorns tearing his clothes and scratching his bare arms and legs. He regretted not listening to his mother's warnings to wear thicker clothing. But the weather was warm and he did not want to get hot and sweaty.

He reached the clump and filled his bucket. Arii was happy, the bucket was full. He turned to walk back to his home. The sound of crashing trees in the forest behind his home swept across the meadow. Arii watched in terror as a huge oak fell, smashing the cottage. His feet froze to the ground as a huge red monster stepped from the forest. A single, hungry fiery red eye bored into his eyes as the creature stood towering over the meadow. He could see his mother, holding his baby sister, wriggle through a window, escaping the ruined cottage. His father followed. He looked up and saw the creature. He interposed himself between the monster and his family.

A huge red hand reached down and grabbed at the man, who turned to flee. He was too late, and the hand clasped him. Arii could hear the crunching of his father's rib cage as death cut short his scream. Blood flowed from his mouth. The monster raised the man, and with a single gulp, swallowed him. His mother backed away. Her foot caught on a log. She tripped. The monster caught her by the foot and picked her up.

With upturned maw, he dangled the screaming woman over his head, the baby dangling from the terrified woman's hand. The baby slipped from her grip and fell into the black, gaping mouth. The woman followed her child an instant later.

Terror froze Arii's breath and chilled his heart. The monster belched. He then looked at Arii. A smile played across Gwaum's face. One more small morsel would finish his meal. He began striding towards him.

Arii dropped his bucket of red berries. The bucket spilled, and the red berries stained the boy's bare feet. He backed up, slowly at first. Then he turned and ran. He could hear the giant feet of the monster thumping hard on the ground behind him. He ran faster and faster. He reached the trees and fled deep into the forest. The thumping behind him stopped, but Arii ran harder, flung on by his fear.

On and on he ran, until exhausted, he fell at the edge of a small stream. A huge log lay in front of him, dead and hollow. He crept into the log. The rotting wood was dank in his nose as it flaked away. White grubs, exposed from the disturbance, wriggled and burrowed deeper into the wood.

The sun fell. Darkness descended and the night sounds began. Narls howled in the distance. Arii pulled himself deeper into the log, tears of grief and fear falling from his eyes. Exhaustion crept upon him and he finally fell asleep.

Morning dawned in the tiny hamlet of Jarna. Nerza awoke to the chirping of birds in the garden behind his stone cottage. A few people still clung to this village, so far from the Road of Terror. As the sleep left his eyes, Nerza sat up.

The dream had left him unsettled. He had seen a vision of terror drifting through the mists of his sleeping mind. His sister's face had appeared, her eyes filled with horror. Then it had disappeared, followed by the image of the infant she held in her arms.

Worry ate at Nerza. His sister, her husband and two young children dwelt in a cottage in a protected valley near Jarna. The horror that he saw in his dream he knew well. Hoping it was a vision of the future, he dressed quickly. He would have to hasten if he were to save them.

He ate a sparse, hurried breakfast of hard cheese and bread to satisfy his hunger. He took his snow-white staff with the golden star on the tip of the hilt and strode off down the road. By noon, he reached the small stream that marked the valley. He followed the footpath upstream. His path soon reached the clearing and meadow that marked his sister's cottage. He stopped horrorstruck, as he saw the crushed cottage. He walked towards it. A bloodstain marked the ground near the cottage. The monster had fed.

Hot tears of grief filled his eyes and sobs burst from his throat. He fell to the ground and beat it with his fists. Finally he stood. Something glinting in the sun at the edge of the meadow caught his eye. He walked towards it.

As he neared it, he could see that it was a metal pail lying on its side, its contents of red berries strewn across the path. He picked it up. He looked towards the forest. Broken branches and trampled wildflowers marked the path of someone fleeing into the forest.

He could see the larger footprints of the monster, which trailed towards the woods. They appeared to follow someone who had escaped into the forest.

Nerza strode towards the woods. He noted that the huge footsteps stopped, then turned back into the meadow. Who ever it was that escaped was too small a morsel for a monster who had just fed on two adults and a baby.

Perhaps Arii had escaped. The boy loved red berries. Maybe the boy had picked red berries in the meadow and escaped into the woods when the creature appeared. Nerza stepped into the wood. He could see that disturbed leaves on the forest floor, marking the passage of someone.

He noted the distance between the footprints. A child had fled this way. Hope arose in his breast.

Nerza paused and studied the terrain before him. It was summer, and the early spring flowers had faded. The leaf litter from the previous fall was rotting, turning to the mould that would nourish the soil. Tracking the boy would require more woodcraft than wizard craft. Nerza's father had been a hunter and had imparted these skills, long unused, to Nerza when he was a boy.

He continued his trek through the wood, with an occasional pause to peruse the signs left by the fleeing boy. The trail ended near the brook downstream from his earlier path. Nerza again paused and looked upstream. Then he looked downstream. He crossed the brook and searched for the trail, with no success. It had vanished. He returned to the spot where the trail stopped. Again, he studied the stream. The boy had apparently followed the stream. Arii despaired. What if he had passed the boy earlier, and had not seen or heard him. Which way did he go?

"Arii," Nerza called. "Arii, are you here?"

A pall of silence hung over the forest.

A huge log by the stream's bank beckoned him to sit and rest. Nerza sat down to think. Silence surrounded him as he sat, deep in thought.

He became aware of a slight sound. He pricked up his ears. The sound seemed to flow around him. What was it and where was it coming from?

He stood up and glanced at the log. Was the log talking to him?

He walked to the end and saw that it was hollow. The log was big, as was the opening. It was big enough to hide a small child. He withdrew the wand from the handle of the staff. Calling the power of fire, the wizard used the wand to ignite the tip of a wooden limb that lay on the ground nearby. He picked up the flaming brand and held it near the opening, peering inside. At first, in the flickering light he could see nothing. But he heard what sounded like a whimper of fear. Peering closer, he could see a small face reflected back at him.

"Arii? It is your Uncle Nerza. Is that you? Come out, boy. Do not be afraid. You are safe, now."

The whimpering stopped, and the boy crawled out, covered with the decaying wood of the tree and leaf fragments. A wriggling grub lay on his shoulder. Clothing

torn and stained; he bore the dank smell of decaying wood. Nerza brushed the grub off.

"Uncle Nerza. Oh, Uncle Nerza."

The boy wrapped his arms around Nerza's shoulders. His sobs filled the forest. His tears stained Nerza's shoulders. He held the boy for a long time, trying to comfort him.

The boy, his voice thick with sorrow and fear, said, "Oh, Uncle Nerza, it was horrible. The monster broke our house. He killed momma and papa."

"I know, Arii. I saw your house. I tracked you through the forest. I hoped against hope that you escaped and were safe."

"We will never be safe, Uncle Nerza. Not as long as that horrible monster lives."

His sobs returned.

Finally, Nerza pushed the boy away and studied his face.

"You will come to live with me now, Arii. You will come with me to Jarna."

"Will the monster come there, too? Will he eat us there?"

Nerza shook his head. "I have protected my house with a magic spell. Gwaum cannot see my house. He will pass us by."

"Why didn't you protect my house, Uncle?"

"I wanted to, Arii. Your father did not like wizards. He would not let me place any kind of spell. He thought the valley was safe."

"But it wasn't, Uncle. The monster found us. He killed them and ate them."

"Yes, the monster did horrible things, Arii."

Nerza stood. He took Arii's hand and said, "It is time to go, Arii. We will go to my home. You will be safe there."

He and Arii strode through the forest. Nerza took a different path. He followed the stream to its junction with the larger stream, and this he followed to the road. Then, holding Arii's hand, they walked to his stone cottage near Jarna. In less than a day, Nerza's role as uncle had changed to parent of a young, growing boy. He hoped that he was equal to the task.

Kingdoms in Chaos

Description

Chaos and disorder reigned after Gwaum's fall. Kingdom strove against kingdom in a deadly quest for power. The wizards of the Six Kingdoms faced their own peril. The mysterious Order of the Mind Readers lurked in secret places, plotting their own war and rise to supremacy. Compounding the crises, the refugee Raiders of Gwaum emerged as pirates, raiding the emerging commerce of the Six Kingdoms from their hidden lair. Mired in chaos, the Six Kingdoms risked plummeting into anarchy. Only a wizard of exceptional ability could rise to the challenge and end the wizard war.

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$ 2.99

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Sample Chapter

The Fall of Torne

King Nyle Lithian watched his army's destruction from the castle tower. Red dust swirled and began to settle over his beloved kingdom, covering it with its unwholesome stench. Gwaum's roar resounded across the valley like nightmarish thunder.

"Gwaum has beaten us," he said to his First Minister, Niram Trum.

Trum's voice trembled with the fear his eyes showed as he asked,"What shall we do, Sire?"

The King's simple reply, "Flee," sent the minister scurrying away.

They descended the stone steps to the king's court. Queen Betsa stood near the window overlooking the courtyard, their young son Ruther by her side. She turned as the King entered the chamber.

"Gwaum has defeated the army," she cried, in a terror shrouded voice.

"We must get out of the castle," the King shouted.

With a glance at Niram, he said, "Gather the court aides and their families and go to the dungeons."

The castle walls rumbled. A column gave way and the stones it supported fell, filling the chamber with dust and debris. Prince Ruther's sobs mingled with the crash of falling stones.

Niram's eyes glazed as terror almost overcame him.

He cried in alarm, "The buildings will bury us, Sire."

"Just do as I order," The king said, his voice harsh with urgency, impelling the terror-stricken Niram to act. He disappeared into a corridor.

The King walked to a tapestry emblazoned with the royal coat of arms that covered the wall behind the throne. Pulling the tapestry aside, he pressed a dark-colored stone. A trap door in the floor fell away, revealing a dark passage with stone steps. Cool, dank smelling air swept up from its inky depths. His eyes swept to the Queen.

"Go, my darling. Take the Prince. You know the way."

The Queen's dark eyes lingered on her husband as she asked, "What will you do?"

The king withdrew his scabbard from its place on the wall and belted it on. He pulled on a chain that hung from his neck. A crystal hung from the chain, a crystal that glowed with a silver radiance. He handed it to the Queen. The radiance dimmed.

"I now pass the rule of the kingdom to you, Betsa. You must find a way to save our son, Ruther and sustain the kingdom. I will not give up the kingdom to Gwaum without defending it."

"You will die, Nyle. Do not do this rash thing, my husband. Escape with us. We need you."

"I will not hide like a rat while this creature ravages my kingdom, killing my subjects. My duty is to my people. Take the boy. The House of Lithian will survive. Here is the Star of Torne. Put it on."

She put the necklace around her neck. As the crystal touched her skin, the radiance returned. She was now the ruler of Torne.

Another bellow from the monster boomed across the city. Portions of the floor fell away, and the wall of the king's chamber collapsed. Red dust drifted into the room. A putrid stink filled the air.

"Go," he commanded.

The Queen, tears brimming in her eyes, paused. She threw her arms around her king, husband and lover. Their hands clasped and they bathed themselves in the glow of one last kiss. One last time he felt her smooth skin. Then he let go.

"Go, Betsa. Take our son and flee."

The queen took Ruther's hand, and she led them to the passage.

"Papa, Papa, come with us," the boy cried, a sob punctuating his plea.

"Go, my son. Someday you will return as King."

More stones fell and the Queen pulled the prince behind her as her feet clattered down the stone steps towards the dungeon. The king watched them. A moment later a stone fell, crashing into the floor, covering the passage. He could feel the palace shudder. He darted into the hall. Stones lay scattered around the passage, blocking his route. He turned and ran the other way. Threading his way through the destruction, he found another stair. Down he went. Upon reaching the bottom, he kicked at the door that led outside. A moment after he emerged into the courtyard. His feet pumped against the cobblestone street as he ran from the castle. The acrid smell of smoke choked him as he ran. A loud crash announced its fall. He turned to see his once fine palace now a heap of rubble, dust arising from its remains. A moment later, he turned and ran towards the hill, sword drawn. All around he could hear screams and moans of people caught in their fallen buildings. Fires erupted from many of the rubble piles as cooking fires spread to the wooden support beams. Smoke billowed across the rubble-filled streets, choking him and burning his eyes. People milled about, confused and terrified.

"Run for the hills," the king shouted, his voice ringing out above the din. "Save yourselves."

The creature, his task of destroying the city complete, strode into the streets. His eye roamed about, seeking more morsels for his insatiable belly. The king stopped.

Gwaum's eyes fixed on the King's royal garb.

"So, I have found the king," he said, an evil smile crossing his lips. "I love the taste of royal flesh."

His hand descended towards the king. The King drew his sword and stabbed at the palm. Gwaum bellowed in pain and his red, hot blood coated the King's upturned face.

Gwaum's eye burned in anger.

"You will die now."

"You will not get me without more of your vile blood staining my land."

Gwaum hesitated. He did not wish to fight this man. He had no desire to shed more of his own blood. Gwaum did not like pain. He pointed at a burning pile of rubble near the king with his red finger. The fire flashed, followed by a sharp crack. Flamed leaped from a nearby fire and engulfed the king. His body fell to the ground, charred and smoking.

"I prefer my meat raw," said Gwaum as he picked the king's body from the stone street. "But you I will eat cooked."

He dangled the body over his mouth for a second, and then dropped it into his maw.

The Kingdom of Torne thus ended.

High above the hills above the city a group of people hurried along a narrow path. Queen Betsa stopped for an instant to survey their surroundings. Below them, they could see the fires of the city of Cleery as it burned. Gwaum stalked the city. On occasion, he stooped to pick up some morsel to feed on. Screams, muted by distance, rose in a terrible shroud of sound from the destruction.

Ignoring the terror that slithered down her spine, she turned to search the rocky bluff that towered over the trail. A familiar landmark teased her eye. Pressing against a rock a rumbling sound announced the opening of a dark crevice in the bluff. She pushed the young prince into the dark opening.

"Go, Ruther. I will come soon."

"Enter the crevice," she said to the line of people behind her. "Go now, before Gwaum turns to see us."

One by one, the refugees scurried into the crevice. As the last one entered, she stepped inside.

Servants had lit the torches, and they lent their smoky odor to the already acrid air. She pressed a stone besides the opening and the crevice closed. She looked at the prince as he stood facing her. A torch flickered behind him, shrouding his face in darkness.

She closed her eyes for one moment. By now, the king had surely met his fate. This morning, she had awakened full of hope that the wizards would prevail and that they would defeat the monster. The horror of their fall and then the crushing defeat of the last of the king's army changed her life forever.

Queen Betsa opened her eyes. She was now the leader of her people and this dark cavern was her realm.

Wizard's Tales

Description

The Six Nations faced a new peril.

The collapse of the Order of the Mind Readers had not been complete. Gault and his mother Vella had survived. Together they plotted their revenge. Danger loomed over the Six Nations as the wizards completed their plot.

Keera and Eran toiled in frantic desperation to end the threat. Determined not to leave the Six Nations mired under the domination of Gault and his mother, they laid their own trap.

Would it be enough?

Ebook Price

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Sample Chapter

A Summons

The arrow flew straight to its mark. With a grunt, the stag charged off into the underbrush with the young wizard in close pursuit. Eran soon found the dying beast and dispatched it with a well-placed thrust of his dagger. He smiled as he thought of the savory meal that he and the other residents of the small cottage at the top of Crystalcrest would enjoy this evening. There would be plenty to smoke for storage since the animal was a big one.

After field dressing the animal he began dragging the carcass down to the trail to his waiting steed.

Eran loved the hunt. He had spent years honing his skills with the bow and prided himself on his skill.

After reaching his horse, he slung the stag across its back. The cottage was close, so he determined that he would just walk the horse along, leading it by the bridle.

As he walked along his heel caught on a protruding rock and he fell. He felt something in his ankle snap and a searing pain radiated up along his calf. He tried to stand but could not. He sat back down. The distance back to the cottage now increased in his mind. He did not want to crawl.

He lay back on the ground, closed his eyes and opened the channel that he had used so many times before. She would be here soon.

Keera paused as she tended her herb garden. She reveled in the potpourri of fragrances exuded by the multitude of flowers. She brushed her hand against the mints, releasing their delicious scent. The hum of bees filled the quiet summer evening as they tended their duties among the blossoms. Butterflies flickered about. She could hear the cries of the hawk as it flew in circles overhead in its relentless search for prey. She could hear Aunt Jara humming a sweet melody as she tended the vegetable nearby. She arose and turned. The view, though she had seen it many times, still caught her breath. The River Fleet fell into its valley, cascading across the rocks as it fled its source below the Crystalcrest just a short distance above.

Aris and Turis were away, in that far away cottage on the road to Cleery in Torne. Aris was completing his studies as a Wizard of the Golden Star. She sighed when she thought of him. Though raised as brother and sister, she knew that they were not. She wondered if he thought of her as his sister. She hoped that he did not.

A familiar feeling touched her mind. Eran. He needed her. She closed her eyes and allowed his thoughts to find her. She could see him lying along the road, pain flooding his body. She opened her eyes and glanced towards Jara.

"I have to go, Aunt Jara. Eran needs me."

Jara turned and glanced at Keera.

"What is wrong, my dear?"

"I don't know. He is lying on the trail below the cottage. He is in pain."

She hastened towards the road.

Jara stood watching the girl walk away. She was still uneasy about the girl's ability. Jara had trained Keera as a healer. She had used the knowledge to combine it with that other skill that appeared as a natural gift. Jara knew that it was not a natural gift, though. Her mother's ordeal at the hands of the Mind Readers had influenced her and had absorbed some of the magic of that forbidden order. She and Turis had managed to hide her ability from the Grand Council of the Five Orders. The training as a healer had been a ruse, a cover for her real abilities. The skill involved forbidden magic. Vella and her Order of the Mind Reader's near victory over the Council had reinforced the need for the ban. The members of that sordid order all died at the Battle of the Crystal so many years before. All died, except Vella. She had disappeared. Nuvan Gra, a Wizard of the Golden Star, had taken up the quest to find her. So far, his hunt had been unsuccessful.

She wiped her hands on her apron, stood up and hastened to follow Keera. If Eran was hurt, Keera might need her help.

Descending the road, she soon found Keera kneeling beside her brother. She watched as the girl bade her brother to lie flat on the road. She touched her brother's

forehead and closed her eyes. After a few moments, she removed her hand, stood up and took her brother's hand. The young man arose and stepped gingerly on his foot.

"It is better, Keera. Thank you."

"The bone will still be weak for a couple of days, Eran. It will be best if you do not put your full weight on it. I will help you mount the horse. You must ride back to the cottage. I will find a suitable branch from the forest for you to use as a crutch and we can prepare this stag."

Eran smiled and allowed her to help him into the saddle and the three returned to the cottage.

Morning broke across the valley, the deep shadows of the lower elevations melting away as the sun crept higher in the sky. Keera glanced at the western sky. The sun's light would not last long. Dark clouds were appearing on the western horizon. She glanced up to see Eran, hobbling on his makeshift crutch, and coming out of the house. His face lit with pleasure when he saw her.

"It is a wonderful morning, Keera."

"For not much longer, I fear, Eran. There are storm clouds to the west."

Eran's eyes flicked to the western sky behind her. "Yes, the upper slopes of Crystalcrest are already under assault from the rain."

"I have only to pick a few more sprigs of these herbs, Eran. They are so much more fragrant when gathered in the morning."

Eran lay his crutch on the ground. "I don't think I need this anymore. My foot feels fine. I will help you carry those baskets into the cottage."

Keera opened her mouth to protest when she saw a flickering bird gliding high in the sky above her. The hawk whose cries she had heard the night before circled above the bird.

"A yuhma bird is here, Eran. It was probably a message from Turis. That hawk may get it before it can deliver its message."

Eran turned and looked up to see the hawk begin its dive. He dropped the crutch, withdrew his wand and conjured a whirlwind that spun the bird around, disorienting it.

The confused hawk fell to the earth, unhurt. Eran knew that the hawk would awaken, disoriented, after he had retrieved the yuhma bird.

He lifted his hand to allow the yuhma bird to light on his finger. He unrolled the parchment and studied the writing it contained.

"It is from Turis. He requests that we come to his cottage in Torne immediately."

"I would love to go, Eran. I have never been to that cottage."

"I don't think it is good for us both to leave."

"I want to go, Eran."

"You would leave Aunt Jara alone."

A voice from behind them said, "I will be fine here. The two of you should go."

Eran turned to face Jara, who was standing behind him. "If you think you will be fine here?"

"I will be. Does Turis say why he wants you?"

"No, he doesn't. It just says we should leave as soon as I can."

"Give me that note," said Keera. She held the note in her hand, running her fingers over the parchment.

"Something worried him when he wrote it," she said. "I can sense his concern in the parchment, but I cannot tell what bothered him.

"Then the two of you should go right away," said Jara. "Whatever it was is substantial. It takes something serious to worry Turis."

The brother and sister began walking towards the cottage to prepare for their journey.

Jara said, "Just be careful, Keera. Do not let anyone see your ability."

Keera smiled and nodded. The two young people disappeared into the cottage.

Jara watched them go inside the building. She felt uneasy. She did not have Keera's ability. She did not need it. Rumors of events inside Torne had reached her ears, even here at this remote spot. There were events that involved the brother and sister's uncle Ruther. Turis had feared that something would erupt. Perhaps that something was happening now.

Legend of the Wizard Tarque

Description

The wizard Gault planned his magical assault on the Six Nations with care. One by one, he deployed the elements of his dangerous trap. At length he was ready, his insidious plan complete.

Only Tarque and Miralba stood in his way.

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Sample Chapter

Aron's Fear

The wizard Aron stood on the summit of Crystalcrest and gazed at the valley of the River Fleet. The vast green valley stretched out to the horizon as it followed the river that carved it.. Dark figures moved along the road that followed the river's course as it

wound its way along of the Crystalline Mountains on its way to the sea. The last of the pilgrims were departing and he would again soon taste the flavor of loneliness. Each year the crowds came here bringing with them their ten-year-old children as they completed the Quest of the Covenant. Then each year they departed, leaving Aron, the Guardian of the Covenant, to his solitude.

Crystalcrest glimmered in the setting sun behind him. Arii, his task complete, had vanished back into its recesses. The royal standard came into view far below him. This had been a special Quest, as Prince Karo Vin, son of King Theros Vin, had turned ten.

His thoughts centered on the boy, Prince Karo, the reminder of his problem. Aron was getting old. He had not married and had no son. There was no heir to the post of Guardian of Covenant. His mind shifted to his nephew, Bernall. The boy was now almost five. It was time to begin his training. But Bernall was far away and the boy's mother, Cyndi, would not allow him to train the boy.

His brother, Mikal, had deferred to his wife, and the boy remained unaware of his heritage and calling. He and Mikal descended from a long line of wizards, though the skill did not manifest itself in Mikal. Aron had felt the boy’s power. He knew that his essence was that of a great wizard. The legends of their family lore told of a descent from Arii himself that dated to the time of the fall of Gwaum, many generations ago. According to family legend, the stone cottage, Stone Haven, of Aron's boyhood, had been in the family for many generations. Legend said that it had been the dwelling of Arii's mentor and uncle, the great wizard Nerza.

He turned as a slight sound tickled the evening air. Arii had reappeared, the silver mist of his presence shimmering in the golden sun.

"Something is troubling you, Aron?"

Aron bowed his head, and then directed his gaze at Arii. "Yes, Arii. I am worried."

"You have no heir, Aron. Is that your concern?"

"Yes, Arii. There is no one to take my place. In not so many years, I will join the other Guardians in the place of rest. I will leave you unattended."

"Do not fear, an heir will come to you, Aron."

"How is that to be, Arii? I have no wife. I have no issue."

"You have a nephew."

"But Cyndi and Mikal will not allow me to train him."

The silver mist swirled in the setting sun, creating an iridescent halo in its fading light.

"A time of trouble is coming to Sylvanhaven, Aron. I looked into the soul of Prince Karo Someone has poisoned him against me. I could not take a part of his essence," said Arii.

"How is that possible, Arii."

"That I do not know, Aron. I know only that some wizard is at work in Vintown."

"Who could it be, Arii?"

The mist swirled, reflecting the sun in a dazzling array of iridescence. "There is only one wizard that would dare to challenge me."

Aron's mind roved over the possibilities with no wizard coming to mind. "Who would that be, Arii."

The name stirred Aron's interest as Arii said, "Gault."

"Gault? No one has heard of him of for many years. Many think that he is just a legend."

"He is not a legend, Aron. He still lives. He is the same Gault that your ancestor Aris battled so many years ago."

"He would not dare challenge your power. To weaken you is disaster. Gwaum will awaken."

"He thinks he knows how to control Gwaum. He does not know Gwaum's power as I do."

Aron allowed this thought to simmer in his mind as Arii continued, "You must travel to Vintown and visit the king."

"You want me to stop Gault?"

"I fear it is too late for that. If it truly is he, his presence has already poisoned the royal household. If it is not he then we must discover who it is that dares to meddle with the Covenant."

"It has been too long since I visited Vintown. I will leave tomorrow."

"The more haste, the better, Aron. There are other things happening that will need your attention."

Aron gazed at the silvery mist and asked,"What are these things, Arii?"

"They will reveal themselves to you as needed. There are powerful forces at work, Aron. You have much work ahead of you."

At this the silver mist spun, forming a vortex that descended into a crevice in the Crystalcrest. Aron's audience with Arii was at an end.

As twilight encompassed his mountain home, Aron completed his evening tasks. The feeding of his yuhma birds gave him great satisfaction. The magic of the birds took many years to master, but the rewards were great. He enhanced their homing characteristics with his magic. They enabled him to maintain a communication network around the Six Kingdoms. With a special incantation, he could set a bird aloft and it would find any person that Aron knew. It surprised him that his network of friends in Vintown had not alerted him that there was a problem at the palace.

If he was going to Vintown then he must inform Hale, the proprietor of the Wharf Side Inn that he was coming so he could prepare his quarters. He went in his cottage and wrote a short note. After returning to the cage of yuhma birds, he tied the rolled up note to one of the bird's legs and sent the bird aloft. The bird cooed, circled, and then flew off to the east, into the gathering darkness.

He walked the short distance to the stable. He patted the flank of his favorite horse as she fed at the trough. Again, he glanced eastward towards Vintown on the coast of the Great Sea. It was a four-day ride on a horse. But this special breed, enhanced by breeding and magic, could make the journey in two days. His ancestor, Aris, had begun the work of breeding this special horse. They were especially sensitive to the spell of the wind that propelled them along. Their special qualities made them able to gallop for long periods under the influence of this spell.

The horses had their limits, of course, as all magic had limits. If pressed too hard for too long a period, the horses would die of exhaustion.

However, these horses had rested well. He could make Bridgetown by tomorrow night. After resting in the stables and satisfying their immense hunger, they would be ready for the next day's ride. He would be at Vintown by evening of the second day.

The possibility of Gault at the palace troubled him. No tale of Gault had emerged for many years. He had seized control of the Grand Council, many thought by murdering Grand Wizard Annos. No one had ever proved the charge.

Aris had known that Gault was seeking immortality. Zerena, of the Order of Solaun, had achieved this.

He remembered Zerena from his dealings in Niru, the Hidden City. She was old. Many said she had known and been the lover of his ancestor Aris. If so, she would be quite old. Aron did not think she looked old at all. She appeared to be in her mid twenties with luxuriant golden hair and penetrating blue eyes.

She was the head of her own order, the Order of Solaun, which had become a powerful Order on Six Kingdoms. She had managed to get it represented on the Council. The women of that order used magic to maintain their youth. They worked to maintain the peace by becoming consorts and mistresses of kings and princes. They used the powerful lure of sex to influence their lovers.

Aron was not sure if it was their influence, or the power of Sylvanhaven that suppressed the warfare among the Six Kingdoms. Maybe it was both. Nothing was ever simple.

His thoughts returned to Gault. If it was he, then he had returned from obscurity and somehow discovered the secret of immortality. His ancestor Aris had driven Gault from power.

It could not be Gault. Of that he was certain.

The encompassing darkness interrupted his thoughts. He glanced towards his dark cottage. He would take his evening repast and sleep. He must get up early tomorrow and begin his journey.

[The Rise of the Pirate King]

Description

Under the vicious assault of Gwaum, the Kingdom of Sylvanhaven fell. The few that fled the catastrophe barely escaped with their lives. The wizard Tarque rescued Prince Bearl, heir to the kingdom, only to fall victim to pirates. The pirate captain Bort found the magic Sword of Vin and used its powers to become the dreaded Pirate King.

Ebook Price

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Sample Chapter

Looming Disaster

Bees hummed as they gathered nectar from fragrant wildflowers and the cadence of birdsong filled the sunny meadow. A family picnicked in this meadow, nestled near the hemline of the forest, unaware that danger lurked nearby. A small boy wandered among the wildflowers, gathering blossoms to make a bouquet for his mother. There were blue flowers, white flowers and flowers of many other colors. It would be a wonderful bouquet and the boy could not wait to see his mother's smile when he gave it to her.

A gruesome scream punctuated the golden air. He turned towards the awful sound. Before his terrified eyes, he saw a narl fling itself on his mother, ripping her throat with its sharp, canine teeth. Another jumped upon his father, killing him before he could draw his knife. The boy cried out as the narls surrounded him.

Tarque drew himself from the memory. After all these years, he still envisioned the scene. His parents were dead, eaten by narls. A peaceful, happy time had ended in sorrow and death. His last memory was of a vortex of air lifting him high in the air, away from the snarling, snapping jaws. His world evaporated into darkness.

His steed cantered down the road to Vintown. As he entered the capital city of Sylvanhaven, he sensed the excitement in the air. Workers busied themselves erecting tents. Colorful banners flew from poles along the streets. Shouts filled the city as the people prepared for the festival. Aromas of pastries, sweet meats and other culinary delights filled the air. The parallel between his memory and the state of the kingdom was apt. Peace and prosperity reigned here in the most powerful of the Six Kingdoms. The people were happy and gay, unaware of the calamity that gathered beyond the horizon.

Seven days. He had seven days. He had to convince the King to change the festival. If he could not, then catastrophe would ride through the kingdom like a knight through a potter's shop.

He rode his horse along the wharf. Ships from all over the Six Kingdoms lined the docks. Dock workers loaded and unloaded cargo. The sound of prosperity rang in the air, and the people were happy. He could see the King's Docks from his vantage on an overlook along the wharves. Crews were outfitting six ships in port for their next voyage. Banners and flags flew from the newest ship, the *Queen Sand*. After the Festival, the ships would form a flotilla that would visit each of the capitals of the other five kingdoms. The purpose was to introduce the Crown Prince to the other kingdoms. All the other nations feared Sylvanhaven's might.

He turned his path, following the Road of the Crystalcrest along the River Fleet, which led him to the palace of the King. As he entered the Courtyard of the Crystal, he looked with scorn on the heresy. The Fountain of Arii stood in the center of the plaza in front of the palace. Water brought by aqueduct from upstream gushed over the glistening crystal and fell in a cascade to the white basin below, forming a pool. A sparkling stream exited this pool and made its way back to the River Fleet. Workers toiled in the sun, erecting the platform from which King Bern Vin would oversee the festivities.

This was the source of the calamity. The kingdom had strayed from the Covenant upon which it rested. The Kings had become proud and shunned the old ways. As the people strayed, Arii's power waned. His protection would soon fail and the creature would escape.

He turned and looked again on the clear, cold waters of the River Fleet. The river sprang from the real Crystalcrest, the abode of Arii, near the crest of the Crystalline Mountains. The river coursed through the heart of the kingdom, blessing it with Arii's presence. This road, the Avenue of the Kings, followed the course of the river to its source on Crystalcrest. It led through many cities and hamlets that drew their strength from the traffic along the river.

In seven days the Crown Prince would turn ten, the Age of Awakening. He would be of age for the Quest of the Covenant. Dedication of the children to the service of Arii took place during the Quest on their tenth birthdays. This year it would be a special occasion because Crown Prince Bearl would take part.

In the old days, the Festival took place at the true Crystalcrest. Arii looked into the hearts of the children and saw their potential. He inscribed there their life's work, assigning it by the desires of their heart and their natural talents. Then that evil wizard wormed his way into the heart of Karo, the father of King Bern Vin, and the Quest of the Covenant ended.

Tarque recalled his last audience with Arii. He was growing weaker as the people drifted away. The strength of the creature he held captive grew stronger. If the Prince attained the Age of Awakening and did not come to Arii, then Arii's power would fail. When his power failed, then Gwaum would escape. The kingdom would fall.

Tarque turned his horse to look again at the Palace. His audience with the King would be this afternoon. He was not optimistic about his success. The king was

obstinate and proud. He had warned him many times in the past. This was the last warning. If he failed, in seven days Arii would pass from this realm. The monster would awaken. The Kingdom of Sylvanhaven would fall.

What would happen to the other five kingdoms was anyone's guess. The power of Sylvanhaven was all that kept the peace. Without that power, Tarque feared that the Six Kingdoms would descend into chaos. It would be a terrible time like that which preceded the Covenant. That was what he was working to prevent.

He wheeled his horse around, spurred him to a canter. It was time to secure his quarters, eat and prepare for his audience with the King. Tarque soon arrived at his destination, the Crystalcrest Inn. He dismounted and gave the reins to the livery boy who came out to greet him.

"I will need the horse in four hours," he instructed the lad.

At that, Tarque climbed the steps and entered the inn. People eating their noontime meal crowded the inn. Tarque caught the innkeeper's eye.

"Ah, Tarque, you have arrived. I received your yuhma bird with its message. I have readied your quarters."

"Thank you, Darel," said Tarque. "I need to prepare for my audience this afternoon. I will have a light lunch, and then retire to my room to clean up and dress."

"I will have fresh washing water in the bowl, some soap and clean linen. Do you want to eat now?"

"Yes, I will have some soup and cheese."

"You may dine in my private room. I know you will want privacy to rest after your long journey."

"Thank you."

Tarque followed Darel through the door at the back of the room, sat down at the plain wooden table. He looked out the window. The alley that passed beneath the window appeared dark and abandoned, matching his mood.

A plump middle-aged woman soon appeared with a bowl of soup, a plate of cheese and a glass of dark ale. Tarque ate in silence and washed the meal down with the ale. He arose and climbed the stairs to his quarters. The cooing of birds met him as he opened the door. His eyes lit on his yuhma birds, which were in a cage near the window.

He walked over to the cage and said, "Ah, my little beauties. I see you are awaiting me."

He opened the cage and withdrew one of the birds. He scooped up some grain that was in a bucket near the cage. He allowed the bird to feed from his palm while he stroked its feathers. Then he walked to the window, opened it and released the bird.

"Fly away, my friend. Fly home. I will return in a couple of days to tend you and your friends."

He watched the bird fly away. Yuhma birds were one of his specialties. The great wizard Nerza first perfected the art of using the birds.. They served as messengers

between him and the few remaining followers of Arii. There was always one here, with Darel. The innkeeper used it to communicate with Tarque in his faraway home on the mountain. Tarque had others around the kingdom. They helped him maintain contact with the small, and dwindling, adherents of the followers of Arii. Rockheads the people referred to them, with derision, in reference to the pendant adherents wore. A small piece of the Crystalcrest of Arii affixed to a chain worn on a necklace hid them from the King's Crystal Eye that he used to watch the people of his kingdom. The Rockheads only wore this adornment during the Quest, but the name stuck as word of it spread.

Devised by Tarque's predecessor, Aron, at the cost of his life, the charm's magic was all that had kept Gwaum at bay. Even that seemed now to be failing.

Tarque removed his dusty traveling clothes. He washed himself at the washing stand and toweled himself dry. He gazed at himself in the mirror. His face was still unlined, and his black hair still jet-black, with only flecks of gray. He thought of that time in Niru, almost twenty years ago, and the girl who was with him. They had accomplished much in that silver-lined time long ago. Then he had to leave. He wondered what happened to her.

He laid down on the bed to rest. His thoughts dwelled on the state of the kingdom, and he worried about his audience with the King. The Kings of Sylvanhaven had become proud and arrogant, forgetting the source of their power. King Bern Vin was the latest, and the most arrogant of the line that dated from Bearl, the first King. It seemed fitting that the King named the Crown Prince, destined to be the last of the line, Bearl, after this first heroic King.

The sun's shadows shifted to reveal the passing of the noontime to early afternoon. Tarque arose from the bed, pulled his dress robe from the bag. He shook it, pulled it on and tied the sash. He left the room and descended to the street. The livery boy saw him come down the steps and darted out the door ahead of the old wizard. He appeared in a few moments with the horse.

Tarque placed a copper coin into his dirty hand and said, "Thank you lad. I will be returning later."

"Thank you, Sir," said the boy, with a grateful look at the copper coin in his hand, and then at the wizard who rode away.

Tarque arrived at the palace and nodded to the guards. They allowed him to enter. A page appeared.

"I am Tarque, and I have an audience scheduled with the King," Tarque said.

The page nodded, intoning, "He is expecting you, Guardian. Follow me."

Tarque followed the page down a long, curtained hall. At the end of the hall were two massive wooden doors. Elaborate candelabras stood on either side of the door, guards beside them. One of the guards inspected Tarque's face.

"Your staff, please," the guard said.

"Be careful with it. It does not like unfamiliar hands."

The guard took it, his eye catching the golden star that shone bright on the handle of Tarque's staff. Fear flickered across his face as he placed the staff in a golden bucket near the wall. He then opened one of the doors. Tarque walked into the throne room. King Bern Vin sat on his throne and watched him approach, his face portraying the boredom he felt.

Tarque walked toward the king, stopped and bowed.

"Greetings, King Vin."

"Greetings, Tarque. What dire news do you bring me today?"

Tarque took a deep breath, looked into the eyes of the King, and said, "Again I bring you warning, King Bern Vin. The power of Arii grows weaker. The Quest of the Covenant has dwindled; those in his service are few. His ability to protect the Kingdom is flagging."

"You speak of old legends and tales, Wizard Priest. We are strong. No power can oppose us."

"There are ancient powers that dwell in this land," answered Tarque. "These powers are such that your knights cannot defeat. Arii has been holding these evil powers at bay. But his strength wanes."

"You have warned of these dangers," replied the King. "Your predecessor Aron carped about them, also. My father Karo grew weary of his maledictions, as I grow tired of yours. The dangers you speak of have never occurred."

The wizard drew himself up to his full height.

"Your son, Bearl, is ten years old next week. It is time that the Prince took the Quest of the Covenant. He is of age, Sire."

"You mean the trek to that forsaken rock on that faraway mountain?"

"Yes, Sire. The Prince must take up the old ways. It is the only way to avert disaster."

"Nonsense," said Bern. "The festivities are all planned. No child has taken that Quest in many years. His dedication will take place at the Fountain as planned."

"You went to Crystalcrest when you were ten. You felt the presence of Arii."

The King smiled.

"Yes, I did go on that worthless trek. This Arii you speak of, he did not appear to me. That is why my father instituted this ceremony. He sensed that Arii did not touch me. Thus, his power has waned. This ceremony is closer to the capital and brings commerce to the merchants of the city."

"Your artificial ceremony at your imitation shrine will not suffice. He must travel to the Crystalcrest of Arii at the source of the River Fleet. He must dedicate himself to Arii. This is the only way to save the Kingdom."

"No," snarled the King. "I want to hear no more of your prattle about ancient gods or nonexistent ghosts who threaten my kingdom. The time of your magic is gone, Wizard. Go back to your mountain lair and worship your god. We have our ships and

knights. No one can threaten us. It is now the Age of Men. Your time has passed. There are few wizards of your kind left, and they grow fewer by the year."

Thus dismissed, Tarque left the audience with the King with a sour taste on his tongue. He knew beforehand that his plea would be in vain, but he had to try. On the way out, he saw Aeoric, the captain of the King's guard. For a brief instant, their eyes met. Aeoric guessed the turmoil in Tarque's eyes. But he said nothing as Tarque passed on his way back out to the street.

As he exited the palace, he paused to look over the square in front of the palace. It was already busy with preparations for the festival.

His eyes rested on the Fountain. King Karo Vin, the father of the current king, constructed it under the direction of that other wizard. That wizard had caused great harm before Tarque and the girl had stopped him. His eye wandered to the great tower that rose above the plaza. It was still there, inside that tower, awaiting the rise of its creator. But Tarque had greater immediate problems.

Many of the people in the outlying communities still adhered to the old ways, at great risk. The King kept a watchful eye and persecuted any he caught going to the mountain with their children. The numbers of adherents was small and getting smaller as the years passed. His predecessor Aron had managed to shepherd a small group of Sylvanhaveners into maintaining the Quest. However, the numbers were never large and not enough. Arii needed the King and all the people or his power would fail. And if Arii failed, then danger reigned.

Tarque's mind settled on the one fact uttered by the King. His kind was getting fewer. Few Wizards of the Golden Star remained. Such was the state of things. There were other, lesser wizards and witches scattered around the Six Kingdoms. His mind lit on another Order, the Order of Solaun. He had seen one of these women lurking behind the throne. So, King Bern Vin was under the influence of one of these. The Kingdom had fallen far since the days of Bearl and the first kings.

He rode back to the Crystalcrest Inn, dismounted and handed the reins to Resh, the groom. He entered the inn. It was late afternoon. The evening crowd had not started to gather, so it was easy to find a table near the back of the great room. A small fire crackled in the fireplace, providing warmth to the room.

Darel saw him enter and soon appeared with two glasses of ale. He placed one in front of Tarque and sat down. He took a drink of the frothy liquid and sat down.

"I take it that you were not successful," he noted, seeing the displeasure on Tarque's face.

Tarque picked up the glass, took a healthy pull at the amber liquid, and said, "I have failed. There is no hope."

"What will you do now?"

Tarque's eyes wandered around the great room.

"I must confer again with Arii. You must contact the Rockheads here and tell them to get ready to flee. When the storm arises, it will flood the Kingdom. There will be little time."

"Where shall we flee? The other kingdoms will not welcome the Sylvanhaveners. The will not want us."

"I do not know, Darel. Tomorrow I will arise early and hasten back to the Mountain. I will talk to Quinn at Bridgetown, and warn him of the impending disaster. I will send word to you after consulting with Arii."

"I will contact the followers," said Darel.

"You must also contact Aeoric. He must save the Prince."

"The Prince? Why must you save him? He is a spoiled brat."

"The Prince is the heir of the Covenant between Arii and the heirs of Bearl. If there is to be hope of defeating Gwaum, it lies with the boy."

"I will send word to my cousin Aeoric. He is the only Rockhead in the King's court."

"I will dine early tonight, Darel. Then I will retire to my quarters and rest. Tomorrow I will depart before the sun rises. I must get to Bridgetown by midday."

"Most of the followers are there."

"Yes, but they are few."

"And they are getting fewer."

Tarque drained the mug of ale, placed it back on the table and stood. "I will take a walk, now," he said. "When I return, I will dine. Then I will go to bed."

"I will have a plate of food ready for you."

Tarque stood up. "Thank you, Darel. You always anticipate my needs."

"We have been friends for a long time, Tarque."

Their eyes met. "We will soon be in exile, my friend. Hard times are coming."

At that, Tarque left the table and walked into the street.

[The Wizard King]

Description

The Pirate Kingdom had fallen, foiling Gault's plan to use it to establish his Wizard Kingdom. Never mind, the evil wizard developed a new plan to impose his Magic Kingdom.

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Sample Chapter

Chapter 1

Death is an ugly visitor, sometimes ushered in by the loveliest of messengers.

The bored Guard of the King's Chambers battled sleep. On this, the eve of battle, the King had left strict instructions that no one was to bother him. He wanted a good rest, in preparation for the chaos that would reign tomorrow.

A slight sound in the hall caught his attention.

"Lucieanne. You should not be here."

He watched as the lovely young woman glided towards him. She held her heels between her delicate fingers. Her soft feet made no sound as she glided towards him across the stone floor, a smile playing across her pretty face.

"I am lonely, Darne. I want your company."

She touched his chest with a dainty white hand, rubbing it while she kissed his cheek. The other hand withdrew a dagger from the top of her stocking.

A moment later, Darne slid to the floor, blood gushing from his slashed throat. She looked down at his body, now silent on the floor. She had completed her first task. She glanced at the door. Behind the entry lay her second task.

She turned the knob, being careful to turn it slowly. She stepped inside. A window above the bed admitted the soft light of the lamps in the courtyard outside. She could see, in the dim light, the sleeping form of the king. My, he was fat.

She laid her heels on the foot of the bed. She needed both hands for her grisly task. Quiet as the moon's rays that stretched across her intended victim, she crept to the side of the bed. The King lay on his back, his eyes closed, deep in sleep.

Grasping the dagger in both hands, she drove it deep into his chest. His eyes fluttered open for a brief instant, his hand groped towards the wound. His silk nightshirt darkened in a widening circle as his life streamed from him. His eyes glazed. He was silent.

Lucieanne withdrew the dagger and wiped it clean on the bedclothes. She replaced the dagger in the sheath through the slit in her skirt.

She had struck the first blow. King Awl was dead. This would please Gault.

The darkness covered the mountains like a black ocean. The mountains regurgitated the men hiding in their recesses. They assembled in a valley, awaiting the arrival of their King. Finally, Bort arrived and all was ready. The order came down. The great pirate army began its sweep south. Stef Marne rode behind Bort, the Pirate King, and watched as the miles swept by in the darkness. A trusted member of Bort's inner circle, Stef had been with Bort since the beginning. He was riding as part of Bort's bodyguard, which followed the army on this thrust into Torne.

By morning, the army would sweep into Cleery. Bort's brother, Frak, would have the pirate fleet off the coast of Cleery. His task was to divert the Tornese from the real threat, this sweep down from the mountains.

They swept by many small hamlets that would be ripe for plunder after the battle. As they thundered through the darkness, Stef thought about the long road they had already traveled. Stef had been with Bort since the beginning on the *Death Talon* so many years ago, before Bort became the Pirate King.

Stef could see Bort's sword at his side. It was the sword of a king, and its magic aided Bort on his rise. It helped him defeat Captain Jarn when he became captain of the ship.

Bort used the sword to assemble a fleet of captured Sylvanhaven ships. He gained enough strength to challenge Captain Blocke, the Pirate King, and take the kingship from him.

Bort's strategy for gaining ascendancy of The Six Kingdoms had been flawless. One after another, five of the Six Kingdoms fell to the pirates. They enriched themselves on plunder and slaves from the kingdoms.

Only the debacle at Ghree stained the record. That disaster, caused by the wizard Tarque, Bort rectified later when they took the Kingdom of Ghrond.

The Barnish kingdom of Rhee fell next. Stef marveled at the plan Bort put together for this final push. He assembled an army in the Barnish Mountains and now this final mad dash through Torne to Cleery. Soon the pirates would be masters of five of the Six Kingdoms as Torne, the last kingdom fell. Only Sylvanhaven, now the realm of Gwaum, remained.

The hours passed, as did the night. The eastern sky began to lighten. They approached the hills that marked the small village of Jarna. This was the last town they would pass through before they arrived in Cleery.

That is when Bort's plans went awry. Stef could hear, ahead of them, the sounds of conflict. The column slowed. Trumpets blared ahead of them and the sound of swords and men dying rang out in the early morning.

He glanced from one side to the other. Soldiers appeared in the tree line at the base of the hills that lined the road. The army had ridden into an ambush.

Stef and the bodyguard drew up and surrounded Bort, who began shouting orders. A flurry of arrows fell in amongst them. Several of the bodyguard fell from their horses, their screams punctuating the dawn.

Bort wheeled his horse around. Archers, guarded by pike men had surrounded them. They could see men waiting behind the archers, swords drawn. He could see one soldier who appeared to be in command of this body of troops.

Bort withdrew his sword and pointed at the body of troops on the west side of the road behind which this man rode.

"Charge," he cried. "Ride them down."

Stef spurred his horse and the pirate force sped across the small meadow that separated them from their attackers. They hit the line of pike men, and many around Stef fell. However, they broke through. The commander of this unit moved to challenge Bort.

Stef fought a mounted swordsman and killed him. He turned to see Bort, now unhorsed, in combat with his challenger. He waited to see Bort strike the young man down.

He watched in disbelief as Bort's sword flew from his hand. The challenger held the point of his sword at Bort's throat. A second later blood spurted from the severed jugular and Bort fell.

All around him, he could hear his fellow pirates bellow in disbelief. Their leader had fallen. The tide turned against them and the Tornese pushed them back to the road. Stef saw an opening in the Tornese lines. He spurred his horse and galloped through.

Flooded with shame and terror, he fled the battlefield. He rode into the trees. Fear ruled him as he spurred his horse into greater speed.

He climbed higher and higher into the hills and finally reached the top of one. The top was clear, affording him a clear view of the surrounding countryside. He turned back towards the road. Below him, in the distance, he watched the final annihilation of the pirate army.

He rode down the hill and found a campsite. No one had used it in a long time. Rain had packed the ashes in the fire ring down. He dismounted and sat on a rock near the fire ring. The disaster he had just seen numbed his mind.

Bort was dead, the pirate force decimated. His mind ran to Frak, commanding the pirate fleet off the coast of Cleery. Helplessness overwhelmed him. The fleet was expecting to capture the Tornese fleet that tried to escape the fall of Cleery. The pirate army, after capturing Cleery, had planned to annihilate this fleet.

Instead, the pirate fleet would face the full strength of the Tornese armada. Stef was helpless to warn them.

The sun approached zenith before Stef's mind registered his predicament. The army had traveled fast. They had not burdened themselves with rations. They had expected to dine that evening on the rich fare of Cleery.

Stef arose from the rock that he had been sitting on. His muscles were stiff from inaction and his throat burned with thirst. He spied a tree-lined valley just below him. There might be a stream there for him to replenish his water skin.

He tethered his horse and walked down to the line of trees. There was a stream there. He knelt by it and washed his face. He drank from its waters and found it to be sweet. He filled his water skin.

That slaked his thirst. His stomach gnawed at him. He needed food. He could see fish in the clear water of the stream, just out of his reach. His memory stretched back to

his childhood. He was Barnish, though all allegiance to that race had left him many years ago. He remembered spearing fish in the mountain streams of his boyhood. He pulled his knife from his belt and cut a long pole from a small tree growing near the stream. He fastened his knife securely, using vines that grew along the trees.

He positioned himself on the bank of the stream and waited. The fish grew accustomed to his presence. One nice one approached him, finding small minnows in the pool to chase. His strikes at them disturbed the water's surface, creating concentric rings that spread ever outward. At length, the fish approached close enough for Stef to strike. Stef thrust downward. He missed.

After several tries, he finally speared one. He walked back to the fire ring where he cleaned the fish. He laid the fish on a stone and gathered some firewood. He lit a small, hot fire that emitted little smoke. He cooked the fish and ate it as the sun went down.

With darkness, he decided he could keep the fire, as long as he kept it small. The ring of stones that surrounded it would hide it. His mind began to work.

There would be more refugees from the pirate army roaming these hills. He would use the darkness to search for others who survived the carnage.

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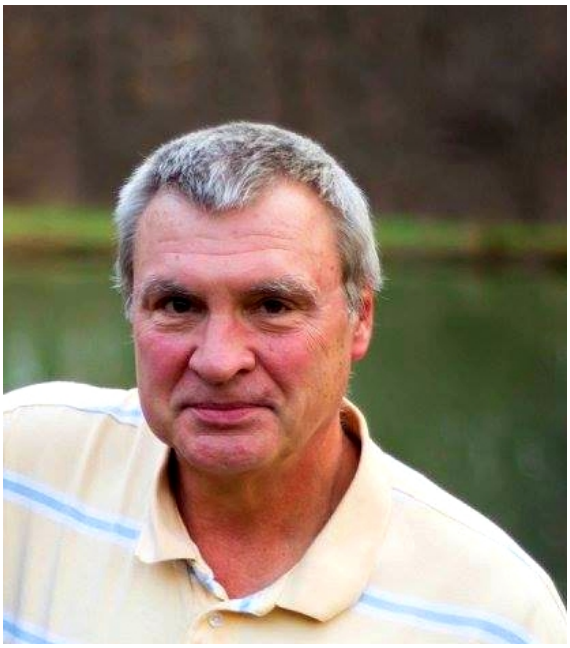

Paul considers himself a bit of an Indiana hound, in that he likes to sniff out the interesting places and history of Indiana and use his books to tell people about them.

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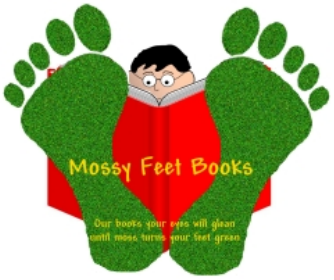
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