

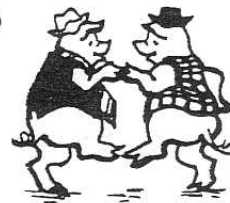
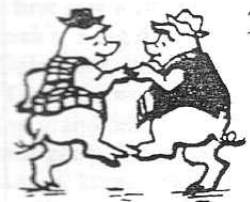
# The Happy Pig

*The Official Publication of the Happy Pig Collectors Club*

*A Club Dedicated to People Who Collect Pigs,  
So That They May Gain More Enjoyment from Their Hobby  
and to Meet and Mingle with Others  
Cursed with the Same Strange Affliction*

Volume 1, Issue 1

Summer 1995



## The Fun is Just Beginning!

Welcome to the premier issue of *The Happy Pig!* I've been thinking about doing this for some time and am very excited that we've finally completed the first issue. Because you're a crazy pig fan like me, I probably don't need really to explain why I decided to do this, but somehow I didn't think we'd have a proper beginning if there wasn't some sort of foreword—so here goes:

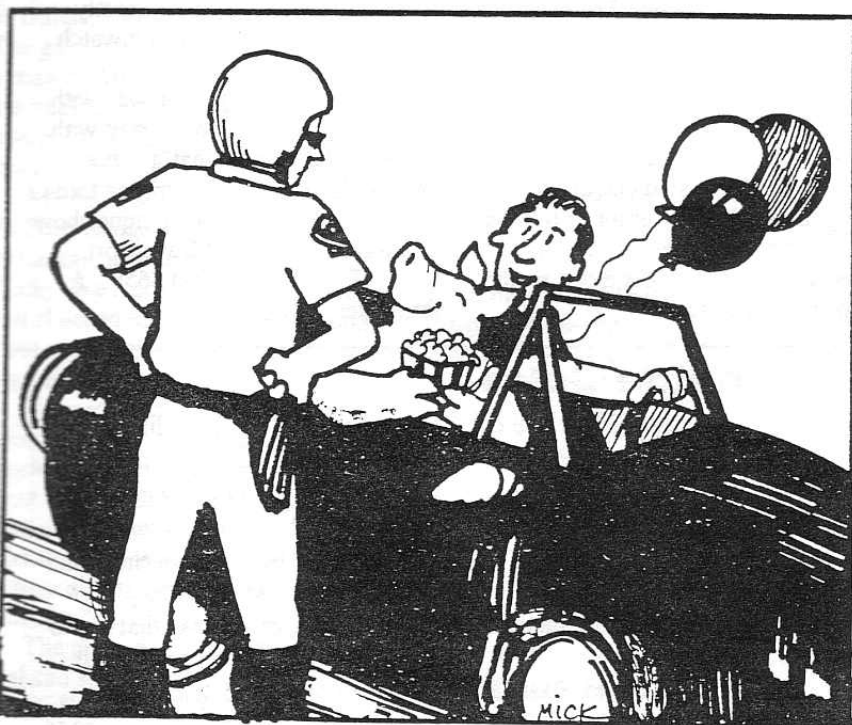
### *Why Bother With a Club?*

Ten or more years ago, my bride started collecting Tea Leaf Ironstone China. She had memories of some way back in her childhood and was fascinated with it. Then, my bride heard about a club for Tea Leaf collectors and we joined. We met a load of interesting people and had a lot of fun. I kept thinking it was a dirty shame that there wasn't a fun club for pig nuts like me.

So, now that I'm retired, there is no excuse not to do the things I want to do. I've had lots of help and encouragement. If this venture survives, *this newsletter* will be the glue that holds it together. To have a good newsletter, every member will have to send in stories and pictures and jokes and advice and ideas! If you're like me and think you could never write a story, then just write down the facts about yourself and your special pigs and we will run it by our award-winning editor (Mary Bjorling) and see what she comes up with. If it wasn't for her positive attitude, unfailing good humor, and constant encouragement, this club would never have hatched. Betsy is also one of the main reasons. She doesn't need the extra work, but from the first has agreed to do the layout. It must be great to have talent. I also plan to use my bride with her new computer. It will keep her off the streets.

We'll need lots of members, too. Everyone knows somebody who collects pigs. So how do we reach everyone? The plans are to do some advertising, but that could get expensive. I hope you'll enjoy the "Happy Pig Collectors Club" enough to get actively involved -- and get your friends involved, too.

Let's see where it goes and how it grows. Is this what all red-blooded American Pig Collectors need? I think so!!



*But, Officer! I did take the pig to the zoo and we had so much fun that now we're going to Six Flags!*

-- Gene Holt

## Who's Who and What's What at The Happy Pig

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Gene Holt

### Editor

Mary Bjorling

### Layout

Betsy J. Holt

### Art Editor

Michelina Nicotera

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Mary Bjorling

Gary Main

Susan Main

The Happy Pig Collectors Club is a not-for-profit corporation in the State of Illinois.

Annual dues are \$20 and they entitle the member to newsletters and laughs. Maybe someday in the future we can all get together and know each other personally, but until then we can share through this newsletter.

Please send your dues and stories and photos and ideas and advice and comments to The Happy Pig Collectors Club, c/o Gene Holt, P.O. Box 17, Oneida, IL 61467

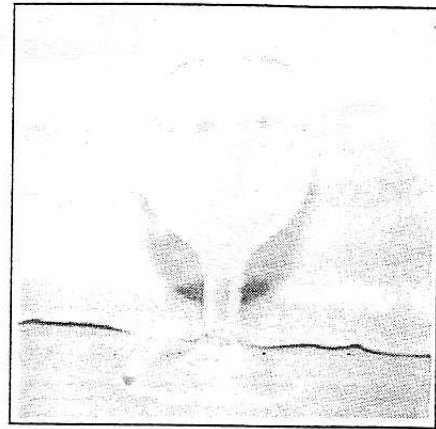
## Pigs and Corn

Ten or twelve years ago, on a visit to Uncle Bill's (my brother -in-law) house in Iowa City, Iowa, he showed me an old goblet. Its name is *Pigs and Corn*. It couldn't be named anything else, because there are three pigs and three ears of corn on the main bowl.

The ears of corn have some shucks on them. Only part of the ear shows. On two of the ears the shucks point straight up; the other ear has one shuck that droops. From the *Price Guide to Pattern Glass* (Miles and Miller, Wallace-Homestead publishers): 1875-1885, clear, goblet only. Comes with corn bent to right or left.

Uncle Bill had spent most of his life in the furniture business-- interior decorator, the whole ball of wax. He's nuts about antiques and had been out snooping around in small shops in Iowa, so of course after this tease, I started looking for a *Pigs and Corn* goblet of my own.

Most people didn't know what I was talking about. At a show in Peoria I talked to a neat lady from Highland Park, Illinois. She told me that she had just sold one to Jim Thompson, then governor of Illinois. She told me to write him to see if it was for sale. I did, but didn't really expect an answer.



People were saying he was going to run for US President. How busy could a man get? About three months later I was surprised by a letter from him stating: "Because the *Pig and Corn* pattern goblets are much too rare to part with, mine are not for sale."

I wonder how many "mine" are?

Somewhere along the line I left my card with a man from West Des Moines, Iowa. His specialty is pattern glass and he knew exactly what I wanted. He said he'd watch for one.

Time went by and luck was with me. My goblet has been tested with black light to ensure that it is not damaged and IS old. Someone told about one of these at an antique show in the River Center at Davenport, Iowa. The price tag said \$650. A little later, it was gone.

## The Inside Joke

My favorite pig joke is illustrated on the front by Michelina Nicotera, a wonderful artist, whose effort in a very busy life earned her the post of Art Editor. Here it is completely:

A man, driving down the road saw a large pig loose on the shoulder. He stopped and very soon a policeman stopped. The man asked, "What should I do with this pig?" The officer thought for a moment and said, "Gee, I don't know. I guess you should take it to the zoo."

So the man put the pig in his car and left. Later on the cop saw the man going the other way and with the pig sitting up in the front seat with a seatbelt on. The cop gave chase and stopped them. He said, "Hey! I thought I told you to take that pig to the zoo!" The man replied, "Well, we did go to the zoo, and we had such a good time we decided to go to Six Flags!"

Send in your favorite pig joke or cartoon!

## One of My Favorites--Hi, Ho Porky

I first saw a riding pig in the lobby at Jack's, a big discount store near Galesburg, Illinois, and thought, "Gee, that would be just the thing for my grandkids to ride." But then, it was gone. Wal-Mart, in nearby Ke-wanee, known as the "Hog Capital of the World," had one for awhile. Man! I knew I never could afford anything like that, so I put it out of my mind for a year or two.

Each of those machines has a phone number on it, so I started calling. People weren't too interested in helping me when they found out I wasn't in the carnival business. I ended up getting a catalog with all kinds of rides. The pigs were listed as N.A. -- not available. The price was listed, too, and I was right -- forget it!

In the meantime, these grandkids are growing up!

A couple of years later, I was on the phone again talking with a woman in Dallas, Texas. What a sweetheart! She gave me the name and number of a man in Arkansas who had one in the back of his shop without a coin-box on it. He agreed to wire it up so it would run, and we made a deal.

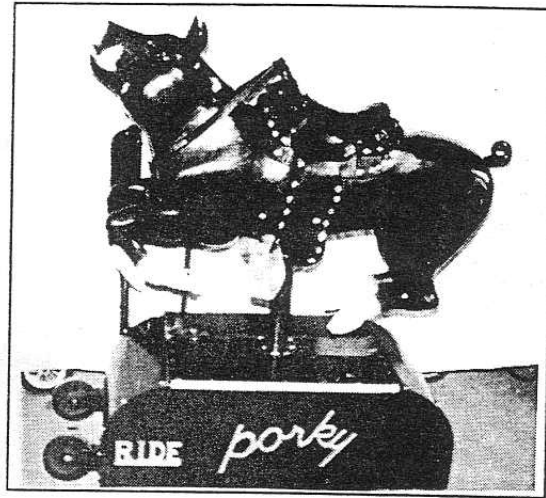
My bride and I were off in my little Ford Ranger Pickup to Searsey, Arkansas, just up the road from Little Rock. We made it there after dark and checked into the Shoney Motel. Next morning we called Chad, my pig man.

He said, "Stay right there," and soon drove up with Porky in his little truck. Before we started home we went into the bank across the street. I casually asked the teller if she knew Chad. "Oh yes," she said, "He comes in here all the time with big sacks of quarters."

The pig's leather saddle was in real sad shape--dry and dirty. Back home, Bill Wessel, Sr., is the cowboy in our community. "Bring it over," he said. His wife had gone off somewhere with her sister and I guess he

needed a job. He scrubbed the saddle, oiled it and then put on a sealer, which kept in the oil. He also got a pair of little stirrups from some people in Iowa. That saddle now looks great!

The main body of the pig is cast aluminum covered with baked-on enamel. On the base are the cast aluminum words "Ride Porky." I took them off and polished them up and repainted the base. Last winter, I had Porky in the basement trying to find the source of a squeak. Drove me nuts before I found it. So now all the bearings are new or have grease zerks. I also installed a timer/ switch where the coinbox used to be.

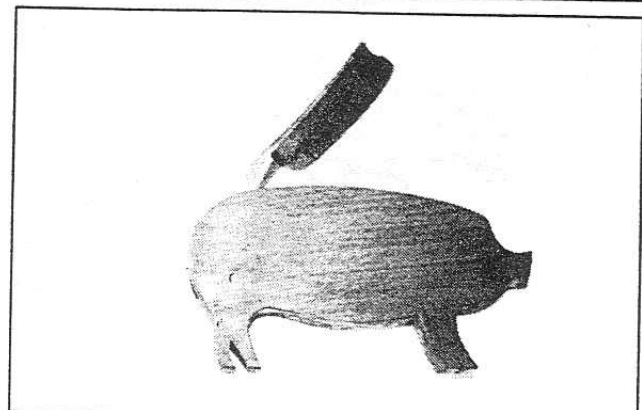
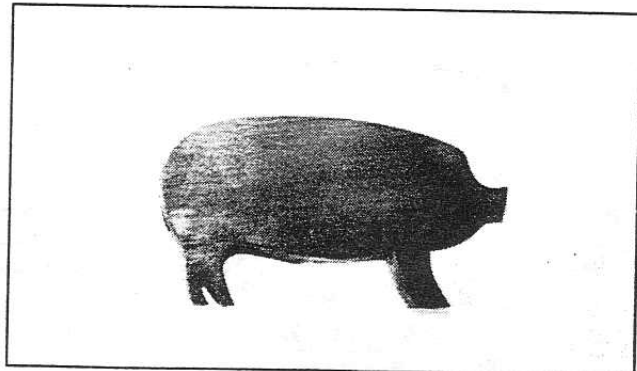


Now, I'm the real proud owner of this pig. The grandkids like it, too. The only thing I can't figure out is why my wife flatly refuses to let me keep it in one corner of the kitchen!

## A True Razor-back Pig

*For a long time I had this idea in the back of my mind--I could make a real "razor-back" pig. So, here it is. The razor in the pig's back is genuine and the pig is made of walnut. By flipping the pig's tail, the razor is revealed. I keep it out of reach of my grandkids. Most people seem to like it. Or maybe they just try to humor me.*

*Do you have a pig in the whimsy category?*



## Artist

In 1992, we went to the World Pork Expo at the Iowa State Fairgrounds. It was a "first" for me. A big thrill! I had my camera and got a couple of gals with T-shirts, but not as many as at Kewanee's Hog Days.

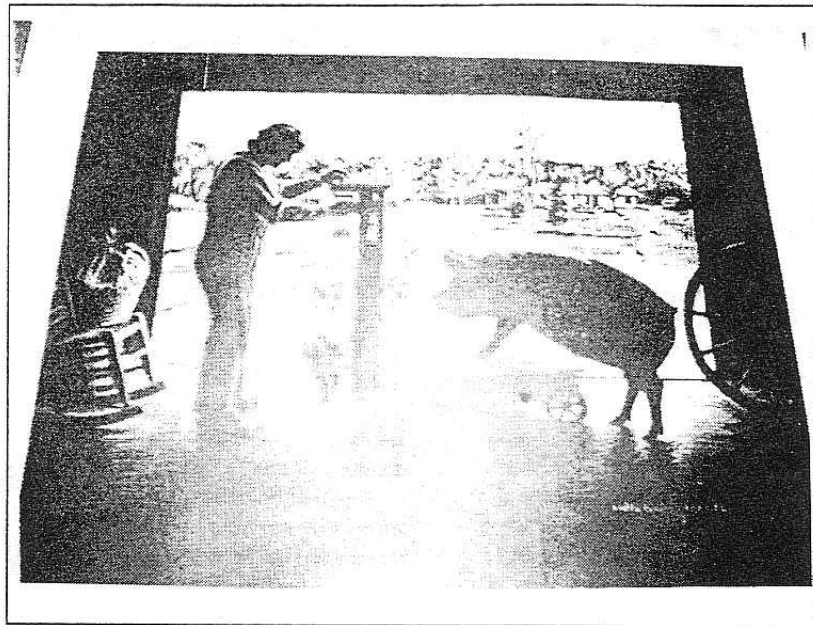
One thing for sure I wanted to see was the art and craft show. The crafts were nice enough, but nothing I couldn't live without. The winning picture in the art show was drawn with white chalk on black paper. I liked it.

In the picture, you're looking out of a big barn door. A man is balancing the beam on a platform scale. This big old pig is standing loose with only its front feet on the scale. A bit whimsical, but what does that matter? It's a real neat picture.

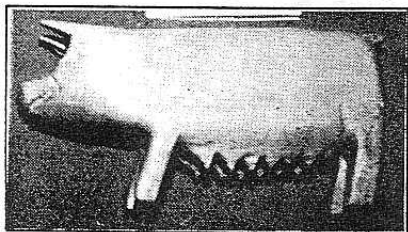
A couple of years before, there was an ad in a farm magazine selling reprints of the art show winner. Some ladies' group was the sponsor. No reprints this year. If you wanted the picture, you had to talk to the

artist. The woman on duty gave me the name and phone number. This is how we met Rhonda Whittaker. The picture was already sold, but all was not lost. She simply drew another one.

In my picture, I got a pick-up truck and a younger looking man. Part of the deal was that she had to deliver it and stay for supper. My wife and I spent a most pleasant evening with this interesting artist.



## A Special Pig for Christmas, or *I Gave Away A Daughter and Got a Pig*



Barb is my second daughter and Dan Snyder is my second son-in-law. They were married on a hot summer day in 1978. I couldn't be prouder of those two, but that goes for all my kids and their mates.

Barb and Dan's two sons are state-level competitive swimmers. Also, Matthew plays the violin and Jonathan plays the clarinet. Barb is a nurse who graduated from the University of Iowa (she said she was going to learn to play bridge when Dan finished school, but she is still nursing part-time, preferring the nursery and pediatrics). Dan started at Western Illinois University and finished at the University of Illinois. He had to wait for a spot in Veterinary school, so he earned a

PhD in Parasitology -- and then got into Vet school. He taught a course to the other vet students, so when it came time for grading, another professor had to write the exam. He hung in there, got his DVM, and now manages research for Eli Lilly. Lucky for me, he brings me pigs from places like Paris and Brazil. This gives a little background.

Because I'm such a nut about pigs, I love to get them for Christmas or anytime. This year, for Christmas, Dan carved a sow for me out of basswood. She's a beauty! She even has enough places at the dinner table and sort of a smile on her face.

There is no other like her anywhere! Thanks, Dr. Dan and keep on taking good care of my daughter!

## Hog Heaven

The most important thing in Gene and Betty Lou Holt's life is family. "It's important to make memories," Gene says, and proved it by "marrying" his two interests--family and pigs-- into a memory none of his 12 grandchildren will ever forget.

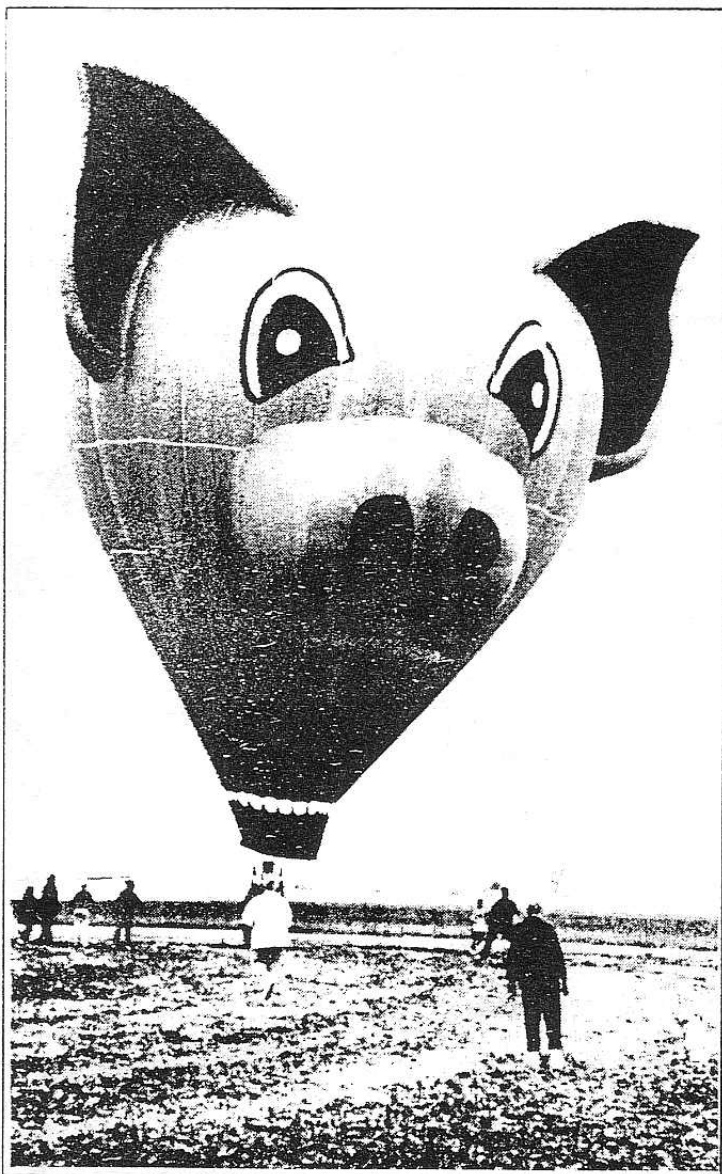
It all began a couple of years ago when Gene spied an ad for a hot air balloon sales and flight company. A bright pink balloon, named the "Hog Heaven Balloon," made in the image of a pig's face was in the company's stable of items. The ad said it was an "attention-getter." Gene's fertile mind took over and he set the event for July Fourth when all the grandchildren would be at the Holt farm.

All 12 grandchildren were on hand, when the 80-foot, 8 story tall balloon arrived but weather and safety considerations prevented any untethered flights. With the balloon securely anchored, each of the children along with other family members and friends took the opportunity to see the world from the vantage point of a hog-shaped hot air balloon.

Gene has been a hog farmer since 1955 and now retired, has turned the farm reins to sons, Gary and Mike. However, his abiding interest in pigs is varied and unusual forms has led to an extensive pig collection made up of every conceivable shape, size, and fabrication.

-- Mary Bjorling

**No one should  
be allowed  
to be president  
unless they  
understand  
hogs.  
Harry Truman**



## Italian Pork Burgers

1 lb ground pork  
2 T red wine  
1 clove garlic, crushed  
1 1/2 tsp crushed fennel seed  
salt and pepper to taste  
olive oil

1. Mix pork, wine garlic, fennel seeds and salt and pepper.

2. Pat gently into 4 patties  
Brush with oil..Place directly over hot coals in kettle type grill.

3. Close for 5 minutes, then turn and cook 4 minutes longer on 2nd side.

Enjoy!!

## Kewanee T-Shirts

I enjoy taking my camera to Kewanee, Illinois on Labor Day weekend. They call it *Hog Days* and with many years of practice, they really know how to do it: big parade, grilled butterfly pork chop sandwiches, flea market. In fact, it's hard to think of anything they don't do.

There are loads of people wearing pig T-shirts and they all seem willing to pose for a snapshot. I've only been refused once, and that was by a 10-year old boy.

I like to get some chops and go over to Lloyd's Bar and have a beer with them. That place has the most beautiful back bar I have ever seen. It must date back to the '20s. It's worth a trip alone. The problem is to get inside and find a place to sit down. Two years ago, there was a classy gal helping tend bar there. She was tastefully, but definitely dressed for the occasion--earrings, bracelets, pins in her straw hat, and big pink pigs on her necktie. I asked to take her picture, which turned out okay, but I wished it was better.

The next year, we went earlier in the weekend to beat the big crowd. The gal was at Lloyd's and dressed as "piggy perfect" as before. I got my light and focus right and felt pretty pleased with myself. Then my bride and I wandered around town getting more great poses. After awhile, I looked at my camera and it read "27." Oh, oh! How can you get 27 shots from film that has only 24 frames? You guessed it. I messed up. I had no film in my camera. That ruined my day! And by then, we were both tired and went home.

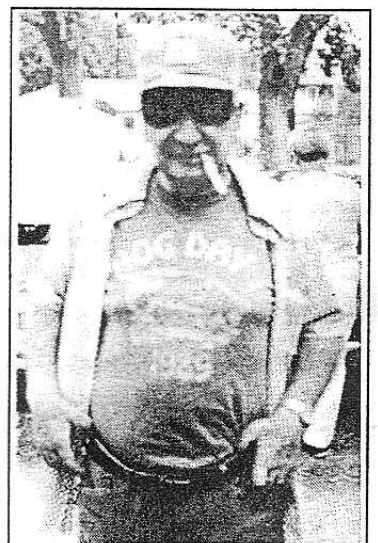
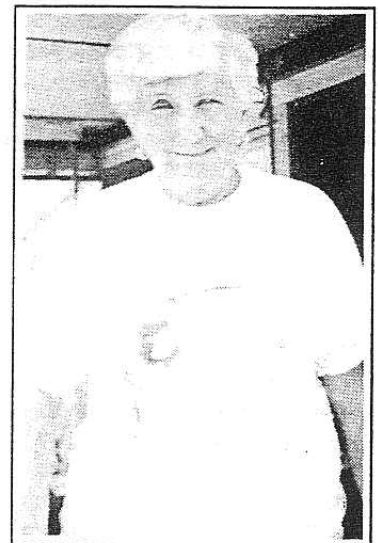
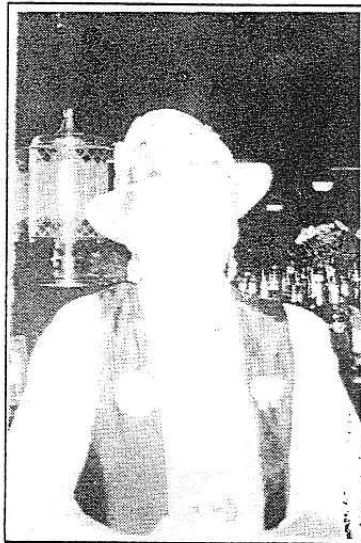
Next fall, if that gal is still there, I'll try again. Third time should be a charm.

There is a store in downtown Kewanee named Breedlove's. They come up with lots of new T-shirt designs each year. Of course,

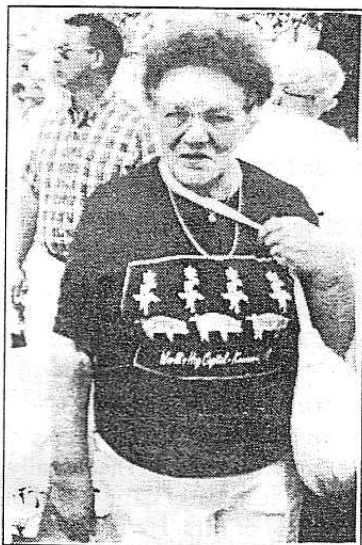
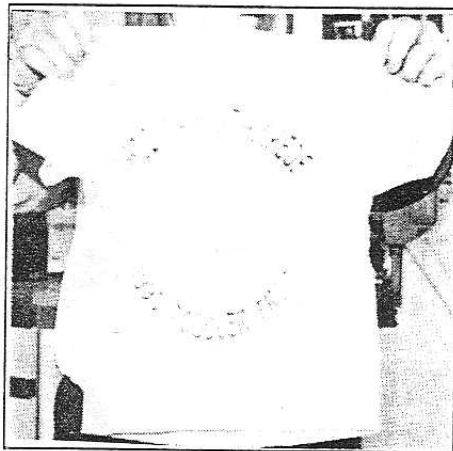
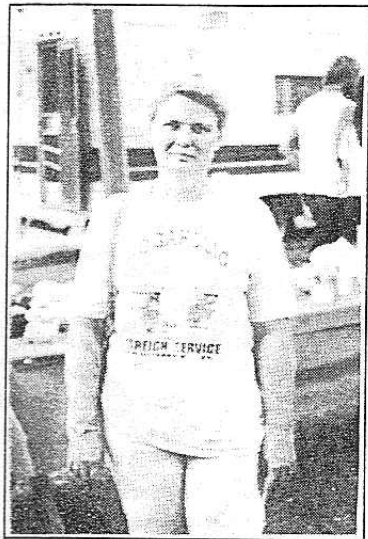
everyone needs a new one. An old one would never do!

One year, I heard this story about an old boy who had gotten tipsy too many times and the police has taken away his driver's license. He wouldn't be outdone and drove his riding lawn mower to town for his booze. On the

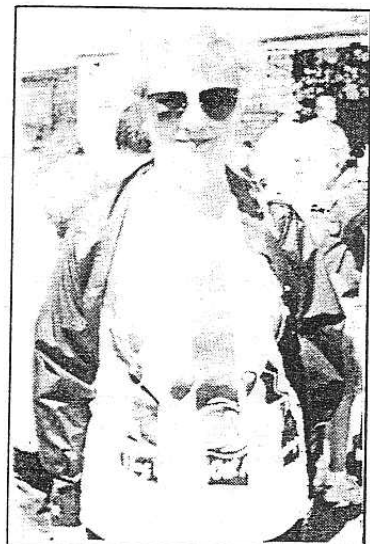
way home one afternoon, he tried to beat a train to the crossing. The train won! Someone made a T-shirt with a picture of a train running down the guy on his lawn mower. I asked if the old man got hurt very seriously. The last they anyone heard, he was home trying to fix up another lawn mower.



*A few of the many many pig t-shirt designs and celebrants at the annual Labor Day festivities in Kewanee, Illinois!*



## More Pig T-shirt Fun



# The Chase After the Phantom Pig

I was looking through my February '95 issue of *The Collector*, which is a nice little monthly paper about antiques and collectibles published at Hayworth, Illinois. On page three was a full-page sale bill promising three fun-filled days, March 10 - 12 at the Holiday Inn at Normal, Illinois. The auction was to be conducted by Mark Younger and Kermit Goslee of Maryville, Missouri. I got my magnifying glass and started to search the fine print. Surely a sale that big has to have a few pigs.

Lo and behold! There WAS something. To be sold during the first day was a Lancaster shaving mug, "W/Sairey Gamp Entertains Betsy Pig" transfer.

Now, I have several hundred pigs, but no shaving mug. I also have a charming daughter named Betsy. But, who on the green earth was "Betsy Pig?" I just had to check it out.

The sale bill said some color photos were available. The first auctioneer didn't return my call. The second did, but he wasn't able to tell me much except that no photo had been taken of that item and that "transfer" was the way the printing had been applied.

We went to the public library to try to solve the puzzle. The helpful man there found a book about shaving mugs, but no information on this one. Dead end.

I marked March 10 on my calendar. A couple of days before I asked my bride if she was going to go with me. She'd forgotten about it and sort of wanted to go to a ladies' day at the church, but, decided to go with me. We allowed plenty of time and got there early. I've never seen so much stuff on display at a sale. I asked a pleasant lady if she knew where the Lancaster shaving mug was. She knew. In fact, she was the one who owned the whole shebang. I gave her one of my business cards,

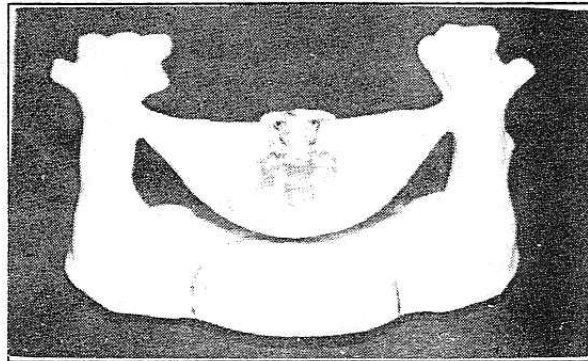
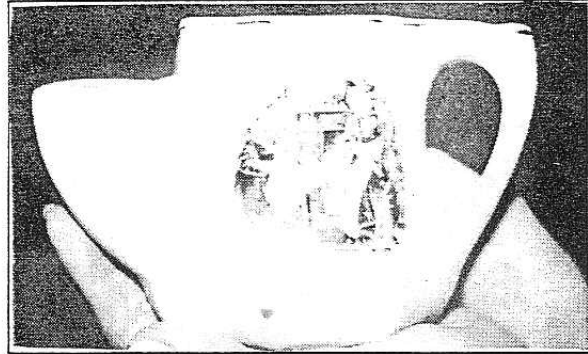
and she got a buzz out of it. She told me that she had been a nurse and that Sairey Gamp was the name of an old floozy nurse in a Charles Dickens story. She had received the mug as a gift.

I wanted to take a picture of her with the mug, but she didn't want to, so another held it up so I could take the picture.

Still, I didn't have this deal figured out. My bride was slowly working her way looking at everything. When she got to where the mug was, we looked at it closer. There was a picture on the side of the mug with two ladies standing on opposite sides of a table set with dishes. Underneath the picture was printed, "Sairey Gamp Entertains Betsy Prig." There was no PIG about it at all.

In the meantime, back at the farm, I had recycled my February *Collector* with the sale bill in it. I didn't waste any time sending for another. It came promptly. I could keep my marbles. The sale bill said Betsy Pig as I thought it had.

At the sale, when I found the shaving mug had nothing to do with pigs, I was ready to come home. But, my better half had seen things that were interesting. Before long they sold the shaving mug for \$17.50. I didn't bid. Evidently, there weren't two shaving mug collectors there. We didn't buy the mug, but we didn't leave empty handed. My wife collects mailboxes and California Raisin characters and we found some things to make her time worthwhile. I bid on a few small pictures of the Cubs for a son-in-law and I finally got a pig -- a



small gold one made in Germany that says "Souvenir of Bloomington" on the base.

Back at home, we returned to the library for more research. From the *Encyclopedia of Literary Characters*, the Charles Dickens story is Martin Chuzzlewit. Sairey Gamp was a cockney midwife and nurse who "Displays the same zest at a lying-in or a laying-out. She is fat, husky voiced, moist-eyed, red-nosed, and overly fond of drink, so that she is always surrounded by the odor of spirits." Her fabrications she credits to her completely imaginary friend, Mrs. Harris. She is one of Dickens' great comic characters.

Mrs. Betsy Prig, a Cockney day nurse and Sairey Gamp's bosom friend with whom she often nurses "Turn and turn about." They finally quarrel because Betsy dares to doubt the existence of Mrs. Harris.

One thing leads to another. Now I have to read Martin Chuzzlewit.



# So You Think We Have Dirty Politics Now

Polk City is a small sleepy town in Iowa just north of Des Moines and across the prairie from Ankeny, which is famous for its state-winning girls' basketball team.

My son-in-law, Jerry Karbeling, owns the Big Creek Pharmacy on the square of Polk City. He's a popular guy because he's a hard worker for the town and helps everyone out. Our daughter, Margaret is also a pharmacist. She works for Iowa State University in Ames, a little way north. Their daughter Sara-- a cheerleader and trumpet player-- and my bride help support the telephone company.

On a recent visit, Jerry said we had to see the mural on the wall in the bank. They allowed us to take pictures and gave us the story.

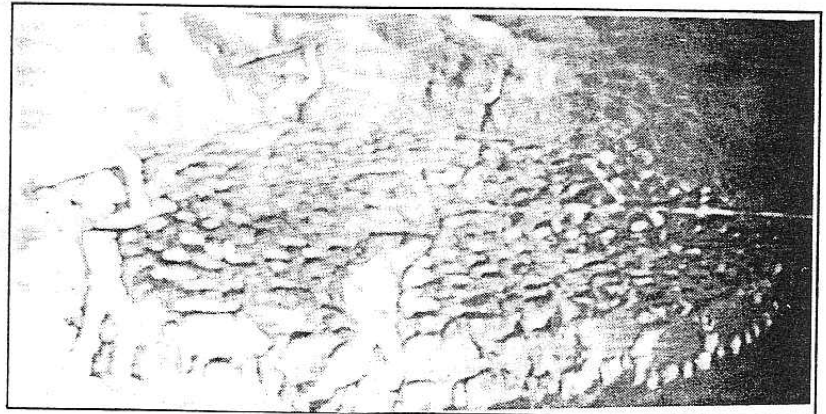
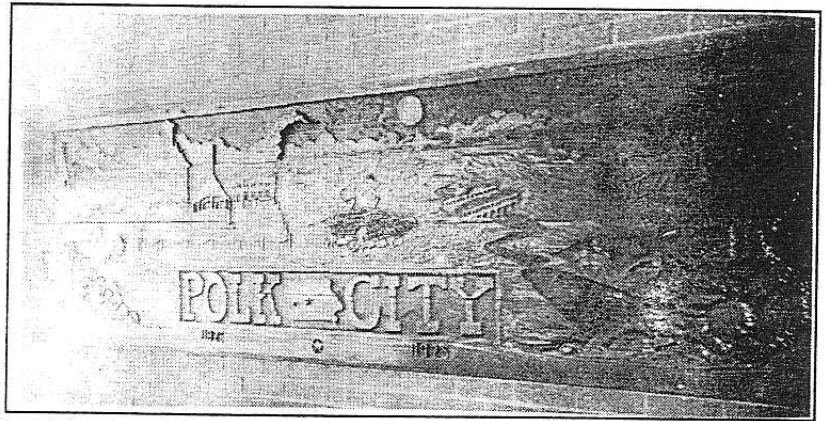
It really is something. The hand-carved 3-foot by 11 1/4-foot wooden mural depicting significant historical events in Polk City's history was originally carved for and hung in the Broken Arrow Bar. For several years in the 1970s the Broken Arrow was a tremendously popular watering hole in the greater Des Moines area. Whether a college student from Drake or ISU, hippie, construction worker, or business professional, over the years, many central Iowans visited the Broken Arrow. The founders and owners, Gregg Bush, Ralph Penley, and Nancy Dunker came up with the idea of the mural. They commissioned Lee Thompson and Randy Devel to do a wood relief carving. Lee, Randy, Michael White, and Lee's brother Jim Thompson went to work. It took six weeks to complete the project, including a week of research.

The mural was done for Polk City's Centennial, which was celebrated in 1975. Scenes depicted on the carving include coal mines, which proliferated in northern Polk

County and southern Boone County; a herd of buffalo, which roamed the early Iowa prairie; the Waukonsa Indians, who lived in the area; the town square with the bandstand; and the landmark City Hall. The hotel, which was located where the Broken Arrow building now stands, is shown in flames as it burned many years ago. Big Creek meanders through the mural as early settlers arrive in a Conestoga wagon.

In talking with Lee Thompson, he related the legend of "The Pig Drive," which is a scene showing several people driving a large herd of pigs. The original capitol of Iowa was located in Iowa City. Iowans

determined that the capitol should be more centrally located -- Des Moines and Polk City were in contention. Apparently, the issue was decided by a vote. Allegedly, an opponent to locating the capitol in Polk City had a scheme. He offered a high price for pigs on election day, attempting to lure potential voters away from the polls. Apparently, too many area residents were busy driving their pigs to the railhead, so the capitol was located in Des Moines. We are appreciative that in this 90th year of the Polk City Savings Bank, they are able to display this mural in a prominent spot, where both locals and visitors can enjoy it!!



*The top picture shows the mural, the bottom picture details the pig drive, over the letter C*

# Smoke, Smoke, Smoke

The cigar box caught my eye in an antique mall in Iowa City, Iowa. I don't know its age, would guess 1920 or before. The inside of the lid is shown. I've never seen a picture of a fatter pig.

The Cherrywood pipe was carved by a Galesburg, Illinois native. I bought it in Gilson, Illinois during the Know County Scenic Drive. One day in downtown Rock Island or Moline, I went in a tobacco shop for help locating an address. Somehow the conversation got around to pigs (I probably gave the proprietor my card). I didn't get out of there without buying a 1/2 meerschaum pipe. The bowl is a neat head of a pig. My dictionary: (mer'shum) a light clay-like mineral substance found in Spain and Asia Minor. I had been told it was powdered sea shells from the ocean floor.

Anyway, if it's made into a pipe, the pipe is supposed to smoke cool. A 100% Meerschaum pipe is rather expensive. Although I did smoke pipes for 3 or 4 years when I was young and tough, I haven't tried either of these.

To fill your pipe, you need a humidor full of tobacco. This is the pig with the little ones riding on top. The little pigs are the handle to the lid and inside the lid is a hole where a damp sponge will fit. This is to keep the tobacco fresh. I believe this pig is Majolica. I bought it at a show at the Knoxville Fairgrounds from a very nice couple from Appleton, Wisconsin. They have a collection of Majolica pigs and invited me to come see. We haven't made the connection yet. Hopefully, someday.

To light your pipe you need a match. I have a small brass pig. It is a pocket match safe. At the back and bottom of the pig's neck is hinge so the head can flip forward opening up the hollow inside. A corrugated strip on it's tummy is for striking matches. There is a small hole in the

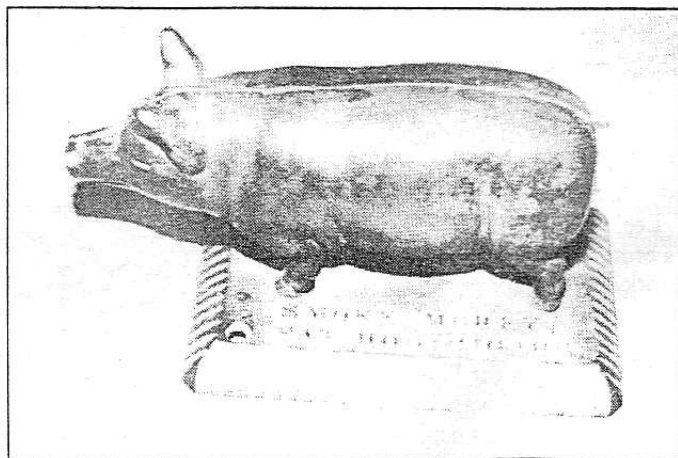
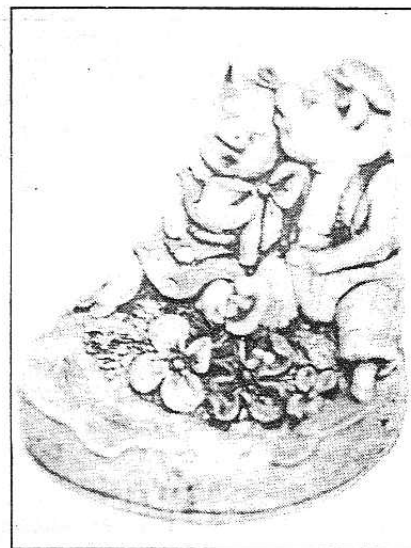
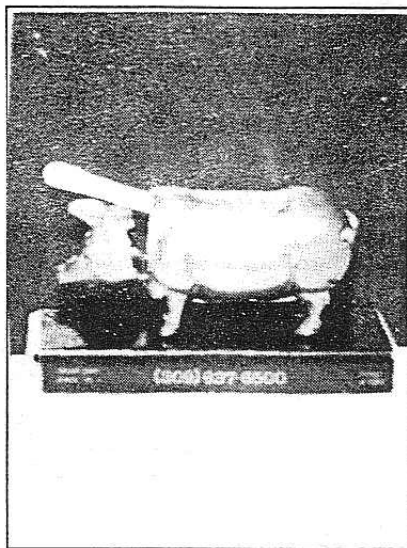
top of it's snout, back from it's nose a bit. This hole is a mystery to me. It's cute but that's about as far as it goes.

The black pig head ashtray is more for cigarettes. There is a hole for each nostril so if you laid a cigarette on it's tongue, the smoke would come out the holes in its nose.

I like the smooching pigs ashtray. It's cheap plaster cast. The paint job is nice. On the back between some

flowers are the letters FARO. Can you tell me what FARO stands for? The pigs are even playing "footie-footie."

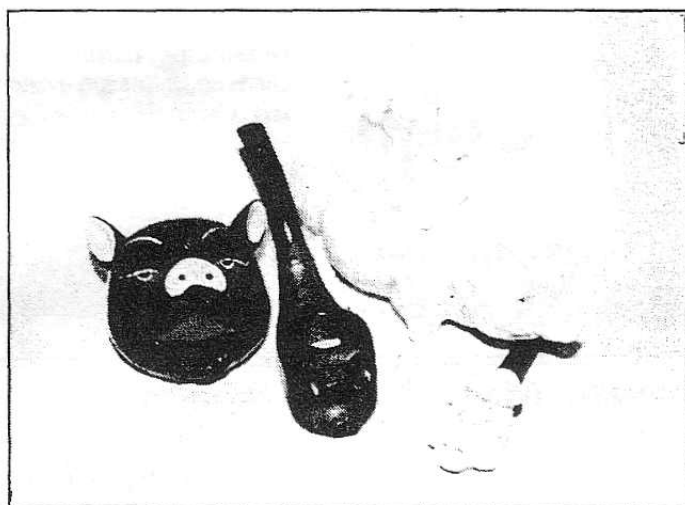
And so the story goes: There was a judge in Galesburg who had a cast iron pig screwed down to the top of his office desk. A cigar clipper! Pop the cigar end into a hole under the pig's tail and then push it's tail down. A knife inside clips off the end so the smoker wouldn't have to bite it off



## More Smoke

and spit it on the floor. For high class people, no doubt. A pig collector from Altona, Illinois, bought it on the estate sale when the judge passed on. No one can recall his name or just when this took place. Not even the auctioneer who settled the estate. This collector told me about his pig, but said it wasn't for sale. I hinted around and got myself invited to come see it. A while later I told my friend, "If I

can't buy that pig, I need to take a picture of it." So back again. One day after church, I asked my friend if he thought I might go to hell if I coveted my neighbor's pig? He said he didn't think so. We finally got together. I got several other nice pigs as well. I sent a picture of my cigar clipper pig to a big antique dealer in NE Iowa for an appraisal. They were stumped because they couldn't find it in any book!



*From opposite page, upper left, clockwise: match safe; smooching pigs ashtray; inside of the cigar box lid; pig head cigarette ashtray, cherrywood pipe, humidor, and 1/2 Meerschaum pipe*

## Odds, Ends, and Ads

Would you want your name and address to be available only to other Happy Pig Club members? It would not be without your permission, so let us know your wishes when you apply for membership. Sometime in the future, a list could be printed and sent to members only.

**FREE ADS - BUY, SELL or TRADE**, another advantage of being member of The Happy Pig Collectors Club. If there is a special pig or two that you would like to have but can't find or if you have duplicates in your collection that you could part with, put a reasonable price on them. Send in an ad with your name and address, we'll print it in the next newsletter.

**WANTED** - an old Christmas tree light bulb in the shape of a pig. I've seen birds and other animals, but never a pig. Gene Holt

**WANTED** - Freddy the Pig books by Walter R. Brooks. There were 26 titles printed, I have only one, Freddy the Detective. Gene Holt

**WANTED** - a push-up pig. This is a toy with a spring in a block bottom and strings that go up through it's jointed legs so when you push up from underneath it collapses. I've seen horses, dogs, etc., there should be a pig out there somewhere. Gene Holt

# The Old Woman and Her Pig

A forgotten story from my childhood came back when I found this book in an antique store in Viola, Illinois. Time and hard use had taken its toll. It would have been long gone except for the way it was made.

On the front cover it says, "Mounted on Linen." You can see the threads where the paper has chipped away at the corner. The pages are cloth with paper on both sides.

The story goes: The old woman found a sixpence. She went to market and bought a pig. On the way home, piggy wouldn't get over a stile. The old woman didn't think she would get home that night, so a dog was told to bite the pig. But, no, the dog wouldn't. Then a stick was told to beat the dog. Nope.

The a fire was told to burn the stick, but no luck. Water was asked to put out the fire. Then an ox to drink the water. A butcher was told to kill the ox; a rope to hang the butcher; a rat to gnaw the rope and a cat to kill the rat.

The cat was willing to kill the rat if it got some milk from a cow. The cow said okay if it got some hay; the hayman would trade the hay for a cool drink of water. So, the old woman found a bucket and went to a stream and brought back a drink.

The cow ate the hay and give milk for the cat.

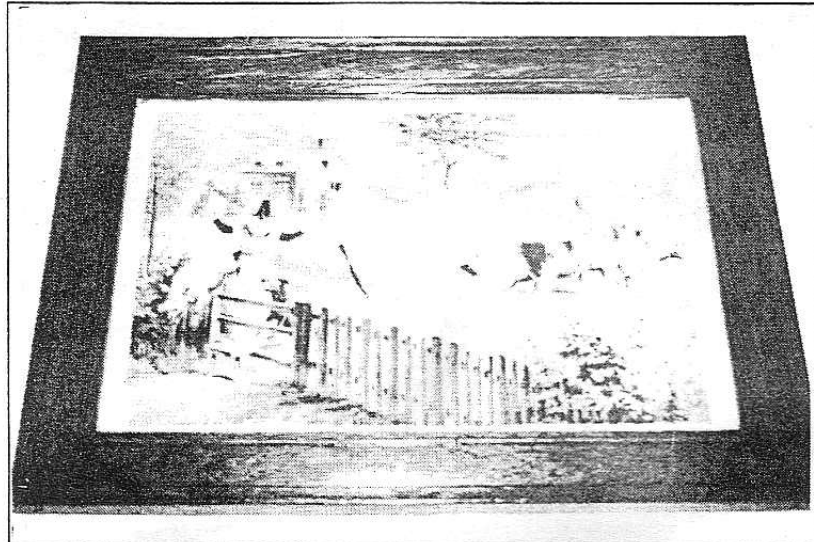
Then, all heck broke loose. The cat went after the rat, who started after the rope. The butcher saw the rope coming and got after the ox. The ox decided to drink the water; the water splashed at the fire, which got hot after the stick. The stick tried to

whip the dog. The pig saw the dog coming and ZIP!! jumped over the stile.

And the old woman got home that night.

If you're like me, you thought

centerfolds were just in magazines. But, this old book has a centerfold that shows the whole story. I fixed an old picture frame so the open book can slip in and out. This keeps it safe, as you see the picture story.



**From Paul Harvey News, March 31, 1995:**

*Senator Jessie Helms had a heart valve go bad. It was replaced with the heart valve of a pig. Everything was fine until he walked past a BBQ stand. Then, he said, "I cry. It might be one of my relatives!"*

# Good Old Days?

The following is taken from a diary my dad kept for a while. He farmed a quarter section in Rio Township, Knox County, Illinois, the farm where my seven brothers and sisters and I were raised. A fine farm, God's Country. The year he began to write this was 1918 and my dad was 35 years old. A listing of the people mentioned includes Will Wetmore who farmed one-fourth mile south on the other side of the road; Philip was hired help; Allie (Albert) and George were older brothers who farmed the home place two-and-one-half miles away, which is the farm where I live today. I copied only the portions of the diary that mention pigs.

Sept. 18. Finished drilling wheat about 2:30. Picked a little corn for pigs.

Oct. 14. Delivered two old sows to Oneida. Got a load of Franklin coal.

Oct. 15. Picked some pig corn.  
Oct. 21. Bot (sic) 3 sows and 1 boar from W.W. Wetmore

Nov. 6. Philip took crippled pig to town. Later (weighed 120#, shrunk 10# and brot (sic) 14 cents a pound \$14.91.

Nov. 20. Patched some fence around 21 acres to hold pigs in.

Nov. 21. Hauled a load of straw to bed the hog & cattle shed.

Nov. 25. Burned a few cobs for charcoal for pigs

Nov. 27. Will Wetmore was here for a little visit. Talked on the hog question some. Went to Oneida. Got 500# tankage and 100# oilmeal.

Dec. 9. Hauled an old sow to Oneida for Will Wetmore. She weighed 650 pounds.

Dec. 16. Took a load of hogs to Woodhull for Allie and did some trading.

Dec. 17. Delivered boar pig to Isaac Henderson

Jan. 10, 1919 Brot home Joe (Rainbow Joe, the boar) from W.W.

Wetmore, wt. 127#

Jan. 23. Helped Will W. a little while in morning with pigs.

Feb. 5 Helped Will unload some sows after dinner.

Feb. 7. Took 14 light hogs to Oneida. Wt. 232 each. Shipped to Peoria.

Feb. 12. Butchered pig

Feb. 20. Geo. and I hauled away 8 hogs, 7 March pigs and Sally. Ave. 387 1/2

Feb. 28. Snow storm, turned brood sows to big shed

March 2. Best black sow injured

March 3. Another sow injured, hemorrhage. Shut up two forward sows.

March 4. Took bull home p.m. White sow died

March 5. Worked around. Burned white sow.

March 7. First white sow farrowed litter of 11, saved 9

March 8. Went with Will Wetmore to Rio after Hancherdale sow.

March 20. Went to Rio with Will. Shipped back one sow M.P.

Hancher, Rolfe, Ia., and rec'd another.

March 29. Dr. Tomlinson of Galesburg came up to see my pigs, and said they had quinsy, gave the sows some salts

March 31. Black sow with swirl had 4 pigs

April 4. Cleaned out some hog pens

April 23. Brot Handecker sow and pigs home from Wetmores

April 25. Worked at cleaning hog shed p.m.

April 26. Worked at cleaning out hog shed and did chores

April 30. Will and I delivered boar pig (Rainbow Joe) to James Tillis, Rio.

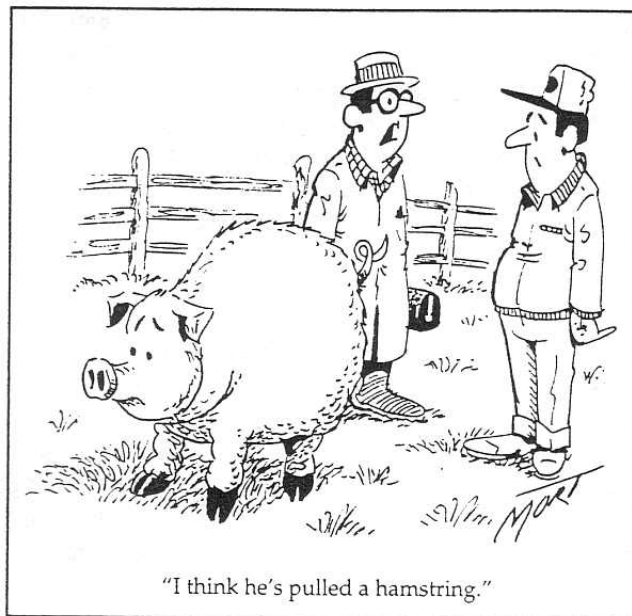
May 1. Got Gertsdale pig home from Wetmores (Nothing entered from May 6 to Dec 28.)

Dec. 29. Hauled a load of hogs for John Ecksted acct. Holt Bros. Did some trading in Woodhull.

Dec. 30. Philip and I cleaned out chicken house and hog shed.

Tomlinson vaccinated pig, summer fall and boar.

Jan. 2, 1920 Final entry



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## Pig Corner

On U.S. Highway 150, four and one-half miles north of the Galesburg, Illinois city limits and on the west side of the road, a lonesome pig is standing watch at the country crossroads.

He or one of his brothers, has been on guard there for more than 45 years. Claire and Pearl Pottorf bought a farm down the road west. They were raising purebred Hampshire hogs and a good sign on the nearby highway was the best way for their customers to find them.

When the Pottorfs retired and moved to town in 1992, some folks asked, "Why don't you take your sign down? You don't sell hogs out there any more." But others said, "No! No don't take it down. We couldn't tell our friend where to turn off to find us."

The pig sign had become a landmark. Before going very far west down that road you pass the homes of 28 families. No wonder a good marker is needed. The Pottorfs did take their sign down, partly for sentimental reasons; it had been painted by their daughter, Jo.

That sign now has a safe home in their garage. Before long, though, another pig sign appeared. This sign was the handiwork of Bill Johnson, a busy house builder who lives nearby. Bill saw a need and filled it.

This pig would never win a carcass contest, but it was large enough not to be missed or leave any doubt in anyone's mind. The shape of a pig was cut out in the middle and "Pig Sign" painted in large letters over it.

It caught my eye every time I went by. but soon it was gone.

Stolen! Ripped-off! Who did it or why, no one really knows. Some guess it is in a college kid's dorm room.

So once again, the corner was missing a pig. Before long someone came to the rescue and erected another pig sign and it remains there today.

But would you believe it? No one will take credit for putting the pig sign back up on the corner. Another unsolved mystery!

Claire and Pearl Pottorf are the kind of people you can visit with all day if you're not careful. Claire tells of when he was nine-years old. His dad bought two bred sows for him for \$11 each. Later his dad got him started with registered stock. One gilt farrowed a litter of six. The first night she laid on three. Of the three pigs left, one was blind. One was all black (so it couldn't be shown) but the last one was a winner and was later named Grand Champion at the Knox County Fair.

With that beginning, it's no wonder that hog shows have been a big, big part of Claire's life. He wonders now how he ever got his other farm work done.

For several years the Pottorfs would hold a purebred sale at their farm. Farmers and other breeders would come in the evening and look over the stock to be offered and load up on pork burgers, baked beans, and coffee or pop.

Then, the auctioneer and men from the Hamp association would go to work. Many 4-H and FFA kids have gotten a start at one of these sales.

The first pig sign put up in 1948

was a large meaty Hamp that the breed association approved. Even a tough old Hamp couldn't withstand our Illinois weather forever, so every few years a new hog sign would take over. The corner is on another man's land, so the "lease" for the sign area was sweetened by an occasional \$10 bill or a fifth of whiskey. At one time, Lady Bird Johnson wanted all signs moved back from U.S. highways, but nothing ever came of that and the pig stands fast.

Today, it's hard for Claire to break that early morning "get up and get going" habit. So he heads up Route 150 past the pig corner and on to Ed's Family Restaurant in Rio to meet his golf buddies or just keep the good old boys in line.

I wonder what goes through his mind as he drives by pig corner. This is Americana at it's best.

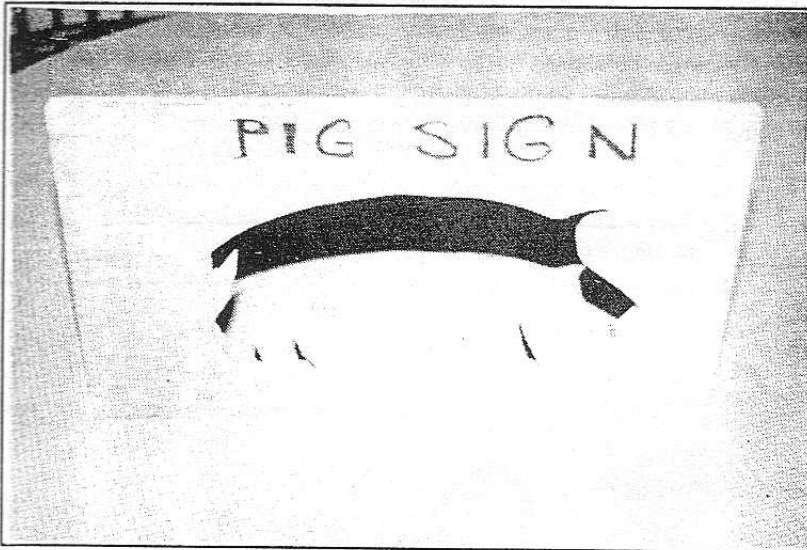
*Thanks to Claire and Pearl Pottorf, Joan Johnson, Bill Johnson, Sandy Legrand and Don Legrand for their input to this story!*

*Winston Churchill once said:*

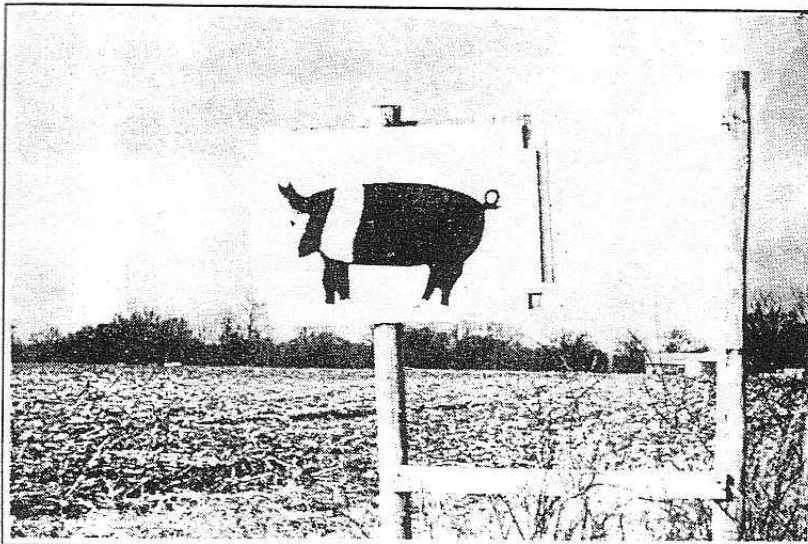
**"Cats look down on you. Dogs look up to you. Pigs treat you as an equal."**



*Claire and Pearl in their garage with the last of their pig signs. The smaller sign on the left was used at fairs.*



*A replica of the sign that was stolen.*



*Today's sign. Not the best artwork, but that curly tail helps!*

## What Is It?

*I'd like to know*

At the flea market in the park during Kewanee, Illinois' Hog Days celebration, an old man sat behind his table heaped with "junk." He saw me coming.

Said something like: "I knew you were looking for pigs," as he held up this thing. He admitted that it just resembled a pig. But he knew it had found a good home with me.

It cost a little more than I wanted to pay, but what's a dollar if you've never seen a thing like that before?

It is made of cast iron, with a blackish tint, which seems to prevent rust. It is ten inches long and six and one-half inches high and seven sixteenths inches thick. A hole is

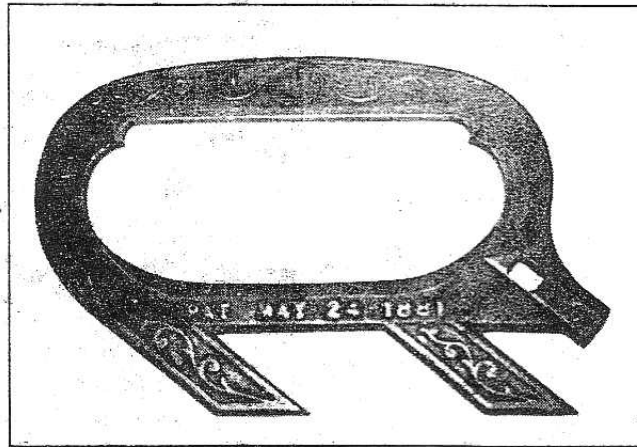
drilled in the end of the nose and threaded for a one-fourth inch bolt.

The square hole in the back of the nose would take a one-fourth inch nut, but it couldn't be tightened for a lock nut.

The inside of the top has been machined square. The inside of the bottom is tapered to a point, but is not sharp. I can see no way to fasten it to anything. The designs in the casting are neat, and someone thought enough of it to have a patent issued May 23,

1881. That's back there a long way. The opposite side is identical except there is no date.

No one who has seen it has come up with a clue to what it was used for, or was a part of. It now hangs over a door out in our back hall. Maybe, it's a good luck charm!

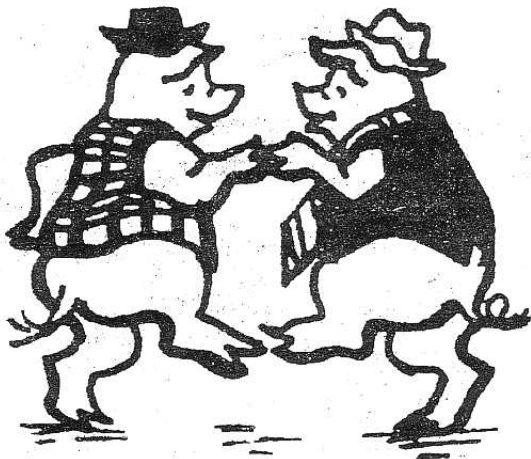


### *The Happy Pig Collectors Club*

c/o Gene Holt

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*Don't forget to send your dues, your stories, and the names of other similarly afflicted friends!*