

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 2

Fun-Filled Fall Fables 1995

IS THERE A HEAVEN FOR PIGS?

"My razorback strolled down your track a week ago today.

Your 29 came down the line and smuffed his light away.

You can't blame me--the hog, you see, slipped through a cattle gate

So kindly pen a check for 10, the debt to liquidate.

A few days later, he received a reply:

Old 29 came down the line and killed your hog, we know,

But razorbacks on railroad tracks quite often meet with woe.

Therefore, my friend, we cannot send the check for which you pine.

Just plant the dead, place o'er his head, "Here lies a foolish swine"."



A friend found this poem in one of the Reiman magazines. I think it was sent to them by W. R. Stonebarker of Attica, Indiana. In a letter he told me the poem was first taken from a 1902 West Lebanon Indiana Gazette. He found it in a magazine named "The Good Old Days" by Mary Ann Publishers Inc., Williamsport, Indiana. Mr. Stonebarker commented, "I was a railroad engineer for 20 years and have seen a lot of things. Pigs really get on railroad tracks. It's terrible what 100 tons of steel does to them." The poem was supposed to have been sent to the railroad by a farmer who had lost a pig this way.

-Gene Holt

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

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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

This Is What It's All About

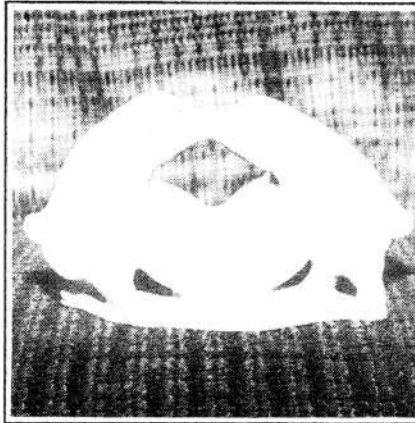
I think I have a love for pigs because I grew up on a farm. I would sit and talk to the pigs for hours and watch them eat. Pigs are very friendly. We had one old pig that my twin sister and I named "Smiley." He always looked liked he was smiling as he came running to the fence to greet us. Smiley eventually went to the meat

market. We wouldn't eat hot dogs, ham or any pig product for months.

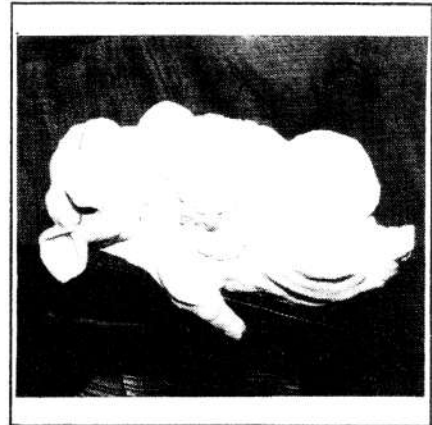
I have enclosed pictures of some of my favorite pigs. The first are the kissing pigs given to me by a friend. She told me that her parents used to keep these pigs on their fireplace with toothpicks in it. My favorite pigs are the ones that remind me of the person that gave me the gift.

The sleeping pig is brand new. I just recieved it from my twin sister for my 39th birthday in October. (No, I'm not kidding. I'm really 39!) It is a music box.

The pig that sports a T-shirt saying, "For my Cadillac," was



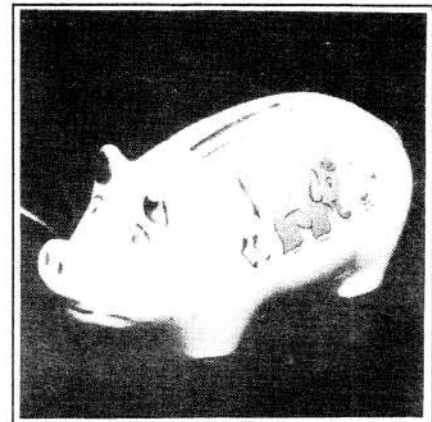
above: The Toothpick Holder



above: Sleepy Time Gal Musicbox



above: Maybe if I were 3 feet wide and 4 feet tall!



below: I found a good home. Keep me forever!

below: California Baby



given to me by my dad. He gave it to me about five years ago. He figured even full it wouldn't hold enough for a Cadillac with inflation the way it is today. I'm happy to say he finally got the Cadillac he wanted last year. He must have filled the pig more than once!

The pig with the circus animals on its side is a piggy bank that I bought up at a sale at the Oaks. It looks very old although I am no expert on antiques. Even if it isn't an antique, it has pleading eyes that say, "I need a good home. Will you buy me?"

While in California this past summer, I bought the ceramic pig in Sacramento at Old Town. Old Town is a historic part of Sacramento. The streets are closed to through traffic and there are old western looking stores and restaurants that fill several blocks.

This quiet area of town is a nice break to the city life that surrounds it. She has on a watermelon dress with red slacks. Of course, it is breakable so you should have seen how carefully I carried my "baby" back with me on the plane ride home.

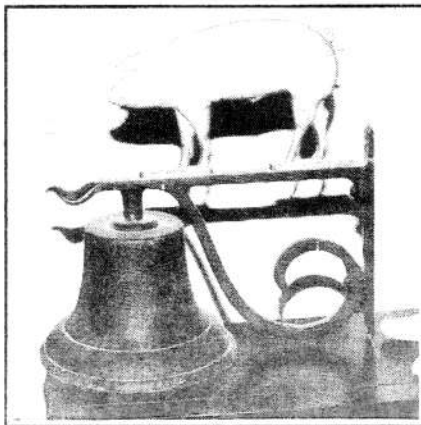
The cast iron pig bell was given to me by a friend that I work with. He was driving home one night in the country and saw this on a pile of junk. It has a nice deep ring to it. I haven't missed a meal since.

The dancing pig teapot was given to me by my sister, too. Everyone tells me everytime they see a pig they think of me.

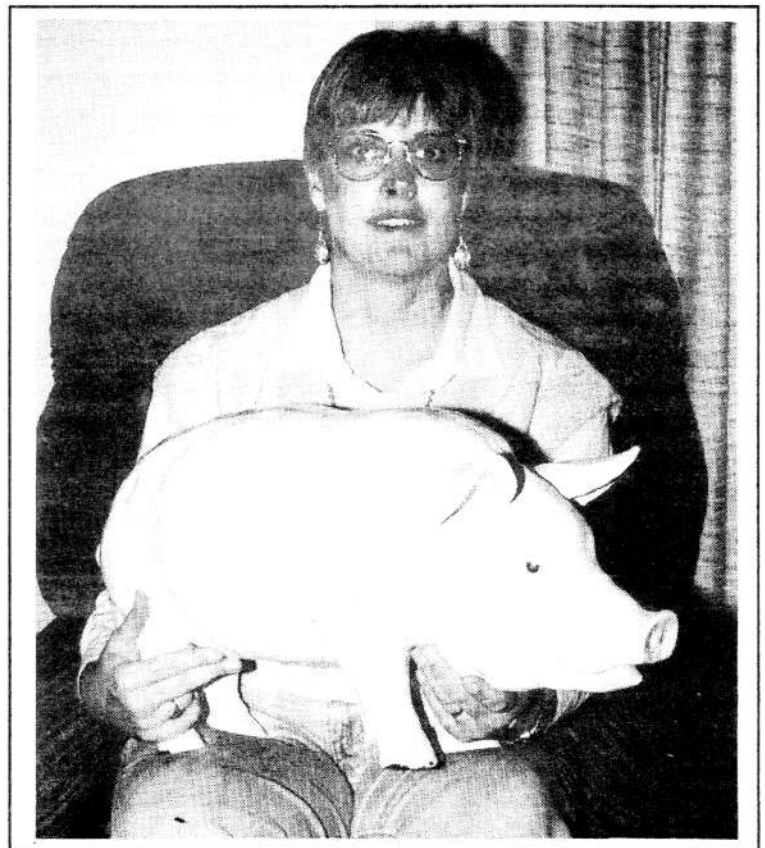
The last picture is of me and "Roscoe." We bought him from the old Black Hardware store that used to be on Main Street in Galesburg. My dad said I spent enough on him to have a freezer full of useful pork!

—Ellen Klump, Galesburg, Illinois

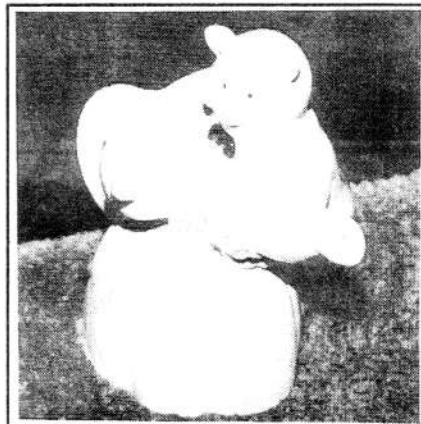
below: Prize from a junkpile



right: Ellen holding "Roscoe"



below: The Waltz You Saved For Me



Aficionado Collectors

It takes a long time and a lot of work to graduate from being merely a "gatherer of pigs" to the status of a "true pig aficionado collector," but Hugh and Sylvia McMaster of rural Altona, Illinois, have served their apprenticeship as their pig collection testifies.

Hugh and Sylvia were hospitality personified during a recent visit to their old Centennial Farm home with Gene and Betty Lou Holt and my husband, Lowell.

The McMasters, truly special people, met at the University of Illinois and avid Illini fans and have a raft of other interests besides their pig collection.

Sylvia is an accomplished musician with a lovely singing voice and Hugh has wide interests including local history - his family were some of the earliest settlers in the area - and publishing a commodities newsletter.

So, when two such extraordinary people as these began a collection, it just had to develop into something unusual.

They began collecting pig salt and pepper shakers in the early 1960's making their finds in flea markets and antique stores.

But they soon moved past that into a more rarefied and expanded field. Today they seek out the out-of-the-ordinary lest they duplicate one they already have.

Hugh's favorite is a pig paper-weight made by the Zimmerman Art Glass Co. of Corydon, Indiana. Sylvia's is a sentimental favorite, a piggy bank passed on by her late father Gottlieb Kruse, a memento of

the St. Louis World's Fair and Sylvia believes it to be at least 90 years-old. "I couldn't play with it as a child, but after Hugh and I began collecting he wanted me to have it," she said. She also has two small metal child's cups passed down through her family with the nursery rhyme, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's son," on one and a boy driving a pig cart on the other.

A full description of the collection is impossible because of its size, - they guess about 1,000- but some unusual items include whiskey nips, small, very old porcelain pig statues used by whiskey salesmen who would fill the statue with whiskey and offer the prospective buyer "a nip" of his product.

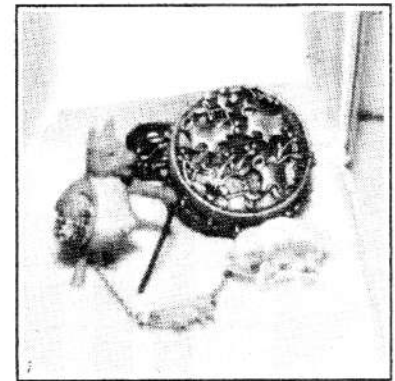
The collection ranges from the minuscule - tiny jewelry or glass pigs; a tiny pewter box with a fine-chained necklace with a tiny pig and matching tiny pierced earrings; a one-inch high Pigling Bland character with a fancy flared coat and walking stick, to the largest one, a plastic pig about three-feet high. "But, we try to limit size," Hugh laughs.

With a collection of this vast size just finding places to put things can be problem, Hugh and Sylvia say.

"We have filled several glass-fronted cabinets, which cut down on the dusting chores," says Sylvia. Many more are scattered throughout the house and some haven't even been unpacked since they moved to their



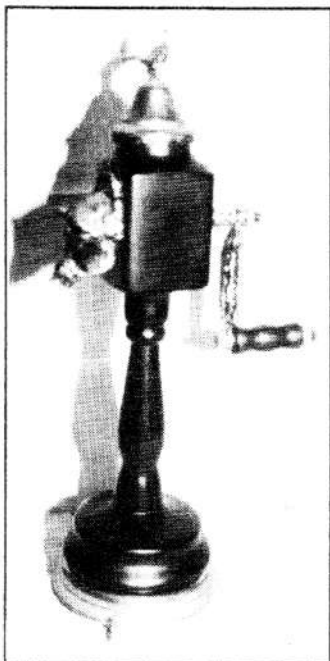
Hugh and Sylvia McMaster with their favorites.



*above: Small but precious
above right: Peppermill where
the pepper comes out of the pig's
nose. No, it doesn't make him
sneeze*

below: The flag-waving Illini pig





present home several years ago because there was no place to put them. Some need special handling.

Some items are so unique they stand out in the crowd. The music collection with the Three Little Pigs and the Big Bad Wolf plays "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf." A hobo pig playing "King of the Road" fascinates the visitors.

A musical sanddollar seashell is adorned with pigs and motto: "If God wanted us to be thin he would have made Sara Lee a Bricklayer." Another plays "Old McDonald Had a Farm."

There are pigs made of unusual materials in the collection. One pig is made of Illinois coal. A Lladro porcelain pig was a gift from a nephew stationed in Spain and Portugal in 1974. They have pigs from many countries including England, France, Germany, Japan, India and friends continue to bring home pigs from around the world.

Sylvia thinks one of the most unusual materials used in their

MATT

Matthew is one of my grand grandsons. He is the second son of our daughter Barb and her mate Dan Snyder. He's been around for a young guy. Born in Champaign, Illinois, moved to Auburn, Alabama, where he learned to swim in state competition. Then to Overland Park, Kansas, and is now well settled just east of Indianapolis, Indiana. He enjoys nature. There are tropical fish and gerbils in his room and cares for a favorite cat when he's not practicing his violin or just being a boy. Matt will start 7th grade this fall.

Riddle by Matthew Snyder

One day a man asked a farmer how many pigs he had. The farmer said "Yesterday morning I saw a pig in front of two pigs, then in the afternoon I saw a pig between two pigs, then yesterday night I saw two pigs in front of a pig. How many pigs did the farmer have?"

Answer on page 36

collection is a marzipan candy pig. Another edible porker is a Hershey's chocolate pig in the freezer, but she says, "chocolate doesn't have good staying power."

They also have pigs made from brass, copper, silver, crystal, many kinds of exotic wood, and aptly, comshucks.

A "Jasper" pig, which was considered the ideal type pig by hog raisers in the 1960s along with Beatrix Potter pigs are in the collection. They have collected enough pig Christmas tree ornaments that they are thinking of decorating a



PIGS by Matthew Snyder

Pigs can be fat, pigs can be thin,
Pigs can eat out of a bucket or bin.
Some eat corn, some eat clover,
Some eat so much that they slump over.

Pigs can be deprived, pigs can be spoiled.

Pigs can have long tails or tails that are coiled.

Some are messy, some are neat,
Which ever they are their ham is a treat.

whole tree with them in the future. They even have an Avon bottle pig.

A unique ebony and brass musical peppermill pig plays "Laura's Theme" from the movie, "Dr. Zhivago". Another of Sylvia's favorites is a pig made by the famous Steff teddy bear people which sports a button in its ear just like the bears.

Their family keeps a sharp eye out for special pigs for presents to add to their collection. Sylvia's sister found a Hershey Ice cream mold and Hugh received a pig basket for Christmas.

They now have enough pig napkin rings to set a full table. Also in the

(Continued on page 36)

TOYS!

I'll have to admit that the toys in my collection are the favorite part. I'm still a kid at heart.

The whirley gig came from Pasadena. We were visiting my sister-in-law and there was a humongous flea market/craft show at the Rose Bowl. After 3 hours, I'd seen only half of it. A young couple had lots of whirley gigs that were clowns, elephants and other animals. No pigs! I asked if they would make a pig and about half size. It works fine if it's lined up to start. Tap down on it's nose or tail and it spins up to the end and stops. Then rolls back to the other end. It will go across three times before it runs out of gas. Below on the left is a little plastic windup. He walks along beating on a harp. The one in the center came from a discount store. Wind it up and it walks. The two on the right are joined solid together. Pull the string and they waddle along. You can't help breaking out in a grin.

Porky In the Box didn't work when I got him. This was OK. He was lots cheaper that way. Turn the

crank and nothing happened. He would still pop out if the catch was undone by hand. A man in Galesburg fixed him for free. It played "Round and Round the Mulberry Bush" like all the others. The repair job lasted until the grandkids found out it worked. Now it's like it was before. I'll get it fixed again. The little guy standing by Porky's a tin windup. He hops up and down but is so old and rickety that he falls over easily so mainly just get looked at.

There is no indication where Waddles Family Car was made. I would guess England because of the crown on the front. He is plastic, the car is tin. Load him up with two big flashlight batteries and when switched on he will cruise across the room until he bumps into something, then backs up in a turn and is off again in another direction. He'll drive all day if you let him.

The big wooden spotted pig was a gift. A tag said it wasn't meant to be played with. A replica for nostalgia or something like that. It's gotten lots of exercise and stays in top shape. In the center is Pudgy(also wood) made by Fisher Price. He's indestructible. When he's pulled along the tail spins

around and makes that clicking noise that probably drove a lot of mom's up the wall. The front one is also Fisher Price, made of plastic, it just trails along. The biggest one says (on it's tummy) "This Little Pig Went To Market". The smaller ones say "Squeeze Me" (on their tummies). A reed tooter is in their noses. It takes a hard quick squeeze to get any sound. Maybe they worked easier when they were new.

The Piggy Cook was hard to find and it set me back a bit when I did find it. This one is mechanical. Some have batteries. He pretends to shake salt into the skillet with his left hand. Then flips a little tin egg up out of the skillet and catches it with his right hand. Quite a showman!

I saw the "Jingle Scooter" (I don't know it's name) in Wal-Mart and told Santa that's what I want for Christmas. Santa looked at me like there's no hope, but that's what she got me for Christmas. It's the toy the grandkids go for first. When the big button on top is pushed down and released this guy takes off across the floor jingling bells and ears spinning. It's tough plastic and looks as good now as it did when

Whirly gig and more



Porky in a box



Waddles Family Car



Santa brought it.

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles were the rage for a while. One of my grandsons had a toy TMNT with a pig head. I told him that sure would go great in my collection. No luck there. Gramps had to go buy his own. I also found a couple of Barnyard Commandos. All of these look very dangerous.

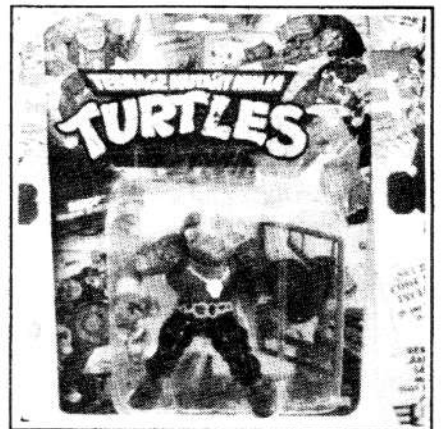
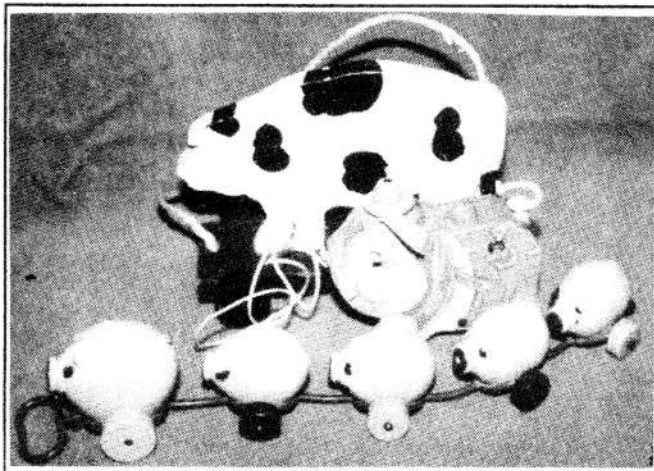
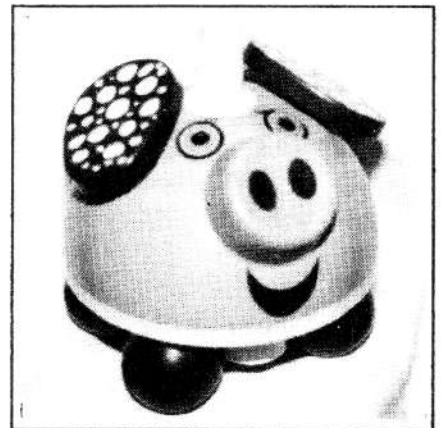
The three fuzzy pigs look soft and cuddly. They're not. Under the fake fur is a hard plastic body. This holds their shape and gives them strength. The white one came first at Christmas time. He's jolly good fun when his batteries are included. He takes six steps forward then stops and "Oinks" while wiggling his nose. Then starts off again. Somehow, somewhere in this cruel world of ours, his hip got broken. So he was on the D.L. shelf. In the mail one day arrived a buddy for him. This one also had a broken hip and the battery compartment was seriously corroded. I have a friend who lives near Cape Cod, we trade things, like I get pigs and she gets an old rusty apple peeler. She found this pig at a garage sale. One winter evening I went to work on this pig. It was a major operation, taking the glued on cloth off the plastic body. Once it was apart I found some

fascinating machinery. Krazy glue fixed the fractured hip. Then it was a good trick getting it all back together again. Both pigs have glued hip bones now. The larger pig in the back came from the Caribbean Islands. Note the sunglasses. We went on a cruise and aboard ship each evening during the entertainment we would get a commercial about shopping duty free (no tax) on tomorrow's island. This pig was in an elaborate toy store. I brought him home tucked safely away in my suitcase. Back in the real world, I found the same pig without sunglasses, \$5 cheaper than on the famous duty free island. What I had done was shell out \$5 for those little pig sunshades. Oh well, he can wiggle his tail when he wiggles his nose when he stops to "oink".

I've saved the best for last in this story. These batter operated guys skip rope (hard plastic rope). They really do and crack everybody up when they perform. There is a mechanism which gives them a tiny jump just before the rope goes under, just like a kid skips a rope. As they skip they move forward, if they bump into anything or each

(Continued on page 24)

*From top to bottom:
Piggy Cook, Jingle Scooter and
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*



(Continued from page 23)

other, they fall flat on their back. As the action continues they finish the somersault and are standing upright again, going merrily on their way. I should explain why there are two of them.

I bought the first one from one of those small catalogs that come in the mail. Only cost \$5 which I thought was a great price. Then always the shipping and handling, \$3.50. Well, still not bad. It came in a nicely decorated box which was inside a snug padded envelope. The pig was fine but the box was ripped from top to bottom. I got on the phone complaining that I was a collector and really needed a good box. They promised to make it right. Nothing happened. I called again. They just didn't know what to do. They would have to take a pig out of it's box to get a good box for me. I said I didn't care if they left the pig in the box just as long as I got a good box. They thought that was a great idea and did it. Your bound to win one once a while. Later we stopped at a Cracker Barrel restaurant and in the gift shop found the same rope skipping pigs for \$5, no shipping and handling charge.

I'm sounding a bit grumpy as I end this. Guess I should go play with my rope skipping pigs.

—Gene Holt

Right: My furry friends
Far right: My favorites, the rope
skippers

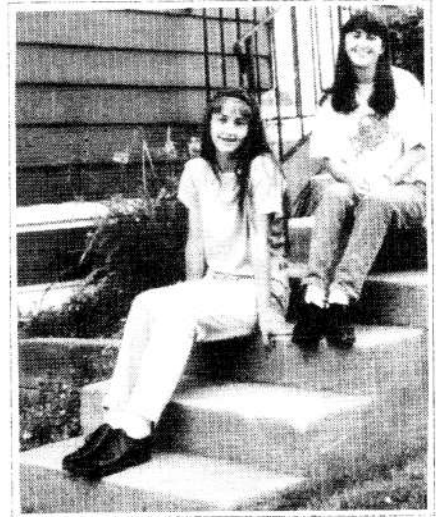
SIX LITTLE PIGLETS by Andrea Blessum

Six little piglets all wrapped up,
One named Fred and one named Jup.
One named Jack and one named Jill
And two more called Claud and Phil.

One fat sow, the "Bacon Queen"
Walked over to them, fat and clean.
Then she turned and said to Jup,
"Hurry boy, and get on up!
The farmer's comin' over here!
It's OK son, have no fear!"
Then Jup turned and said to Fred,
"If we don't move, we'll be dead!"

Jack and Jill heard this all,
They go scared and took a fall!
When Jack and Jill took their spill,
They fell off right onto Phil!
Claud felt lonely all by himself
So he climbed up onto a shelf.
He yelled at them to quiet down,
But they told him to go to town.

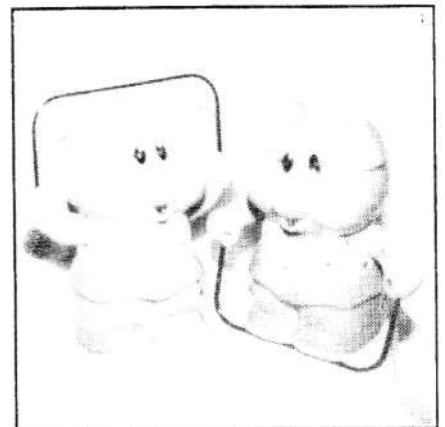
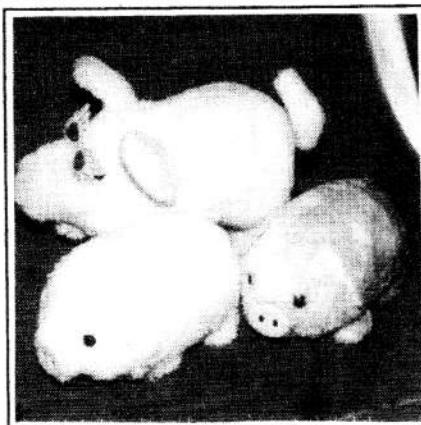
So Claud was mad, and upset.
He went to the farmer,
he didn't regret.
And told him the story.
Claud was rewarded,
proud with glory.
The other five piglets all agreed
That they should just eat their feed.
All was well that night.
Indeed.



Andrea is on the left in this photo
with her sister Julie

Here's a sweetheart of a gal for you.
Rugby, North Dakota must be proud
of her. Here's why. This High
Honor 8th grader is a smart cookie
winning spelling bees and writing
stories and poems for publication.
Her school schedule includes
advanced Math, Literature, Art,
Spanish, World History and Earth
Science. If that wasn't enough she
plays clarinet in Marching Band
and also goes out for volleyball and
track and field.

—Gene Holt



PIG WHISTLES— FROM ZERO TO THREE

One thing I watched for at flea markets was a pig whistle. I'd never seen one but thought there must be such a thing.

I noticed a pig collection listed in an Orion, Illinois, auction sale bill. We found a dozen or so pigs piled on top of each other in a cardboard box. It was hard to see them without holding 5 or 6 in hand. Nothing very exciting. When the auctioneers got to them they took out a couple to sell separately. I got them and they sold all the rest in one shot. They went cheap and I got them, too. They gave me the box and I was pawing through it for a better look at my loot. In the bottom was an ugly looking thing. It had been hand painted in a big hurry. It stood on two front legs. The back legs had been squeezed together and stretched out. My instant thought was to throw that one away. Then my bride said, "Oh, look at that!" They were holding up a pig we hadn't noticed before. I couldn't see it very well with my cataracts. My bride doesn't often get fascinated with a pig, so I put down the box and bid on the one being sold. A woman behind us started talking like I was absolutely crazy to bid that high. I checked prices later and found I had saved 35%. It was a 7" tall Lladro figurine made in Spain. A pretty young girl holding a contented pig in her arms. This pleasant surprise upstaged the other pigs.

As I took them out of the box a couple days later, a better look at the ugly one revealed it was a whistle. What I had been hunting for and I was ready to pitch it. A paper

sticker on it's belly has the name SOMBOL and Handmade in Guatemala. Blow into the end where the would-be back legs are squeezed together. The toot comes out a 3/8" hole in the middle of its back.

Another pig in that box also was a whistle. Just a plain looking piggy bank standing on all four legs with the traditional slot in its back for coins and a big fat hollow tail to blow into. It's tail got broken in that box. I could find only one chip, so I did reconstructive surgery with epoxy glue.

A couple months later I received a cute little pink pig as a gift. You guessed it, another whistle. With it came the following story.

— Gene Holt

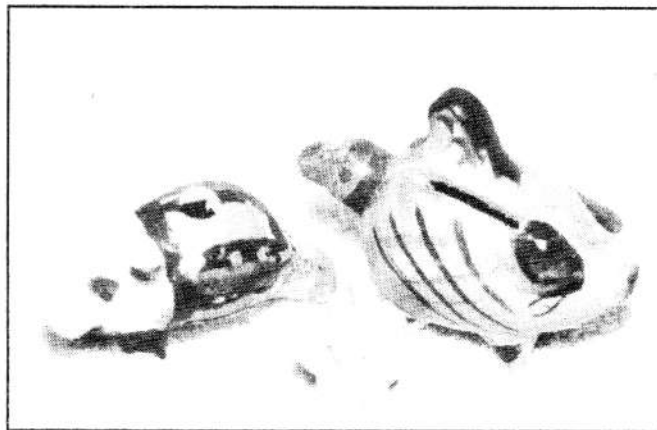
CLAY WHISTLES

Tiny clay whistles in the shape of animals are a traditional folk art centuries old. The oldest and most traditional are bird whistles, little changed in their basic shape since prehistoric times, when they were

believed to possess magical powers perhaps ensuring success in the hunt.

Clay whistles later became associated with festivals and celebrations, when young and old alike would blow whistles to symbolize good fortune. Birds and chickens were associated with peace, prosperity, and protection of hearth and home. Fish were early Christian symbols. In northern Europe, other animals were thought to guard against misfortune and to ward off the "evil eye". Then they became cherished toys.

Whole villages in Finland and across the border in northern Russia specialized in making clay whistles, while in other parts of Europe whistles were sometimes given to children to announce the arrival in town of the pottery peddler. Today it is an almost forgotten art, however, being revived by only a few dedicated whistle-makers. *Copyright 1988 Reprinted with permission of Linda Soeby, 7402 Salmon River Highway, Otis, Oregon 97368*



My three pig whistles

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS BEFORE DISNEY

One time I put an ad in the *Antique Trader* for unusual pigs. Most of the response didn't interest me, like old cast iron piggy banks for \$100, etc. A lady in California had 2 old books for sale. *Three Little Pigs*, *May Belle* series and *Five Little Pigs*, *Dame Trot* series. She said they weren't in the best shape. That was true. I found a man in Rock Island, Illinois, who fixed them up. There is no copyright date in either one and I don't know if *May Belle* and *Dame Trot* were the authors of these books. It's my guess that these are the original stories. Here it is word for word.

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time there was an old pig with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house," which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently came along a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said,--

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in." To which the pig answered,--
"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

The wolf then answered to that,--
"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and eat up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with bundle of furze, and said, "Please, man, give me that furze to build a house," which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said,--

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

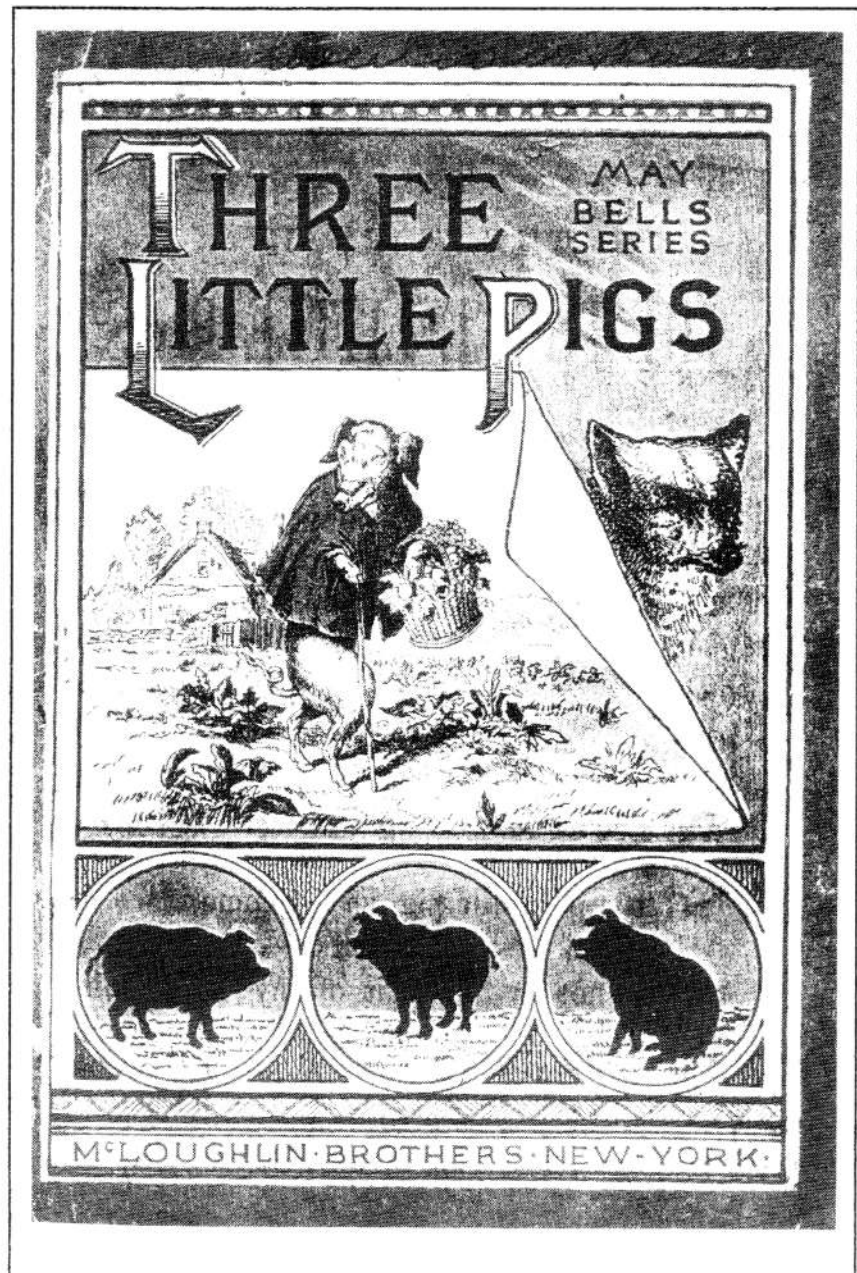
"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house in."

"So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he eat up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said, "Please, man give me those bricks to build a house with," so the man gave him the bricks, and build his house with them. So the wolf come, as he did to the other little pigs, and said,--

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."



"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed and puffed and he huffed; but he could not get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he

said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips." "Where?" said the little pig. "Oh, in Mr. Smith's Home-field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner." "Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?" "Oh, at six o'clock." Well, the

little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came--(which he did about six)--and said, "Little pig, are you ready?" The little pig said, "Ready! I have been, and come back again, and got a nice pot-full for dinner." The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree." "Where?" said the pig. "Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you, at five o'clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some apples." Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, What! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?" "Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one," and he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was going to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon; will you go?" "Oh yes," said the pig, "I will go, what time shall you be ready?" "At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time, as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it round, and it rolled down the hill with the

(Continued on page 28)



LITTLE PIG ESCAPING.

pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much, that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said, "Ha! I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you, I got into

it and rolled down the hill." Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he would eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf, so the

little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and eat him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.

—Gene Holt

Watch the next issue for:
The History of Five Little Pigs.

Odds, Ends and Ads

There was a pig farmer from Knox
He had a big head full of rocks.
He started a newsletter
To know pig folks better.
Good times and fun this unlocks.
—Gene Holt

Pig collectors I'd like to find.
To all of you I would be kind.
I know your out there having fun,
I'd hate to miss just even one.
If you're not hooked, never mind.
—Gene Holt

HOW BIG'S BIG?

What's the heaviest hog ever recorded? A Poland China hog named "Big Bill" weighing 2,552 lbs. and measuring 9 ft. long with a belly that dragged the ground, owned by Burford Butler of Jackson, Tennessee in 1933.

From *LARGE ANIMAL VETERINARIAN* (September/October 1995)

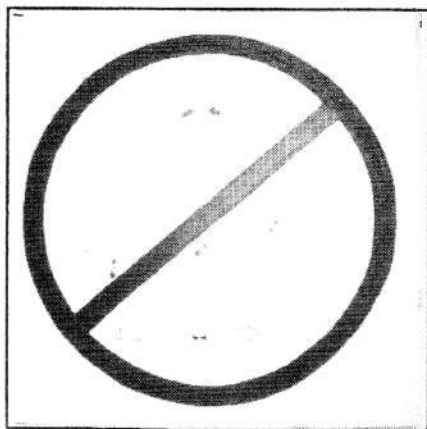


THE FATE OF THE WOLF.

(Continued on page 34)

MEXICO

Our farm is in a co-op, so we can get better prices on equipment and feed ingredients. This co-op buys from a larger company. They decided to have a drawing and the prize was a trip to Mexico. We won! Neither of my sons could get away so Mom and Dad got to go. Of course, there were seminars and sales meetings, but mostly relaxed and party time. You could really fatten up if you wanted to. We were about half way down the west coast of Mexico, Xtapa. The hotel was very luxurious. Up the road from the hotel near a main intersection was a large sign with a pig on it. I just couldn't figure out what it meant or what it was there for. It was very simple after I had been told. It meant "DON'T LITTER". From the looks of things around there no ever paid any attention to it. I had been trying to find a pig for my collection and not having much luck. So I was thinking it would be something to bring home a pig sign. We found three policeman in their patrol car parked at the curb. They were lounging around. One had his feet out the window. They couldn't speak English very well (or didn't care to). I finally found out that the highway garage where the



signs were kept was about 5 miles away and we didn't have a car. It was probably too big for my suitcase and would have taken too much room on the wall. So next best thing to do was take a picture of it. Back home I took the picture and a smaller board

to Liz Litton of rural Woodhull, IL. She painted the sign and it looks as neat as the real one. In a market place there was big wooden box painted white with a black pig on the side. I don't know if it was for trash or not, it was nailed shut.—GH

TEXANS STAND TALL BEHIND THEIR WORDS

Are Texans really taller-or is it just those boots that make them seem so? Well, I'll tell you.

Kara Horton of Paradise, Texas, had looked forward all year to the youth fair in Wise County. Kara, 17, had been nurturing a young pink piglet into a splendid specimen as a 4-H project. Surely, her pig would be worthy of the competition and - who knows? - perhaps a ribbon.

But then, last August, there was an accident at the intersection of two highways. Kara was hurt. She survived, but she was in a coma - unable to move and unable even to speak.

Month after month, family and friends prayed.

After four months, Kara opened her eyes.

Rehabilitation was tedious and slow. Strapped into a wheelchair, Kara directed the care, feeding grooming of her pig and anticipated this year's youth fair, when the best of the county's 4-H and Future Farmers of America animals would compete.

Now winning meant even more - a chance to win a prize and, perhaps, to bring a price at auction that would help with the family medical bills, because the family's reserves had been all but exhausted.

The cattle had been judged, and the lambs had been judged, and in the competition for "best pig" only one was entered. Somehow, all the

other pigs had been withdrawn by their young owners. Assuring a blue ribbon for Kara.

The auction came. Kara's eyes were shining as she watched from alongside the arena. And when all the other 89 4-H and FFA animals had been sold, it was time for Kara's pink pig.

Many of the winning animals had been adorned by their owners with funny hats or pink bows. But Kara's pig was just a plain pink pig.

"What am I offered for this splendid animal?" the auctioneer began. "I see 5, will you give me 10, will you give 10? Ten! Do I hear 15?"

Until, "Sold to James Wood Motors for \$200!"

The buyer came forward to confer in whispers with the auctioneer. Then he shouted, "Sell her again!"

Bidders out-shouted one another, and a girl's sparkling young eyes began to stream tears. The sale went on until Kara's pig had been sold 35 times -- for a total of \$25,000.

The money will go for Kara's rehabilitation, but the best therapy of all for the beautiful girl in the wheelchair was to be in that arena in the midst of so many friends she never knew she had.

Are Texans really taller? Yes.

— PAUL HARVEY

(I found this in the Grit Magazine June 4, 1995, reprinted with permission of the author.)

NEW ZEALAND

We had already taken our vacation of a lifetime. It was to Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales. We thought that would be it for the big one. Then someone asked my bride where else she would like to go? She said "New Zealand via Hong Kong". Several years went by and then for our 40th anniversary, our kids gave us a nice pot of money and said it was for a trip to New Zealand. A couple of years later we decided we should either go or give them their money back.

We started talking to travel agents and soon decided to leave out Hong Kong. We bought a fully escorted bus tour of both islands. The hotels and all accommodations were very nice. This was an experience beyond compare. I passed out my business card to everyone on the bus so they all knew I was nuts about pigs.

In Wellington we had all morning on our own because the ferry to the South Island didn't leave till 2 PM.

We had previous plans to meet a girl from Galva. We go to church with her mom and dad. She had been there several years with her college professor husband and son and was a bit homesick. After a delightful visit with her, we were walking back to our hotel. There in the middle of the sidewalk was a "big Pig sign". It said "The Loaded Hog". That was the name of a mini brewery and fancy sandwich bar. Had to check this out! The tanks and equipment for making four kinds of beer were in plain sight on the first floor. The bar and restaurant were upstairs. Sitting at the bar on stools were these people-like pigs (life size mannequins). Boy and girl all posed like he was about to pick her up. The bartender welcomed us with a free glass of beer and said we could take all the pictures we wanted. They had T-shirts and other souvenirs for sale. That place had gone all out decorating with pigs. My son-in-law,

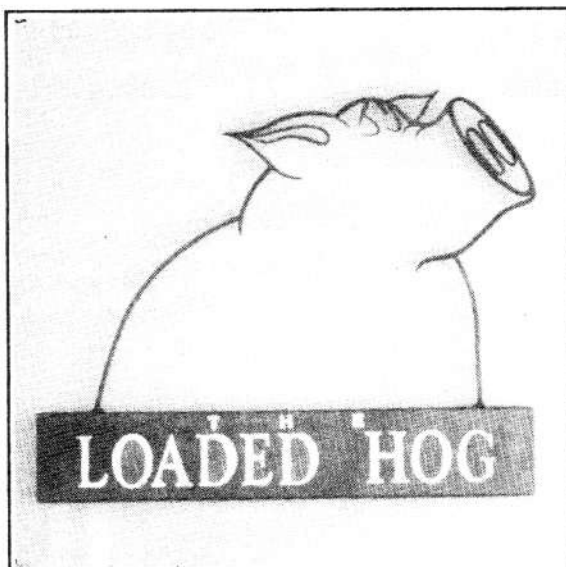
Dan, my son-in-law, spotted a Loaded Hog in Auckland and shot this picture when he was there on business for Eli Lilly.

As our bus pulled into Queenstown one evening we saw a restaurant sign, Pig & Whistle. On investigation it didn't amount to much. No pigs inside.

On the South Island the bus driver told me we would stop where there was a large pig collection. A couple of days later, our midmorning break was at sort of a truck stop. Inside were 40 or 50 pigs ranging from small ceramics to a large stuffed cloth "Miss Piggy". They said the owner had gone to the dentist that morning and she had a lot more at home. Outside were three pot-bellied pigs with some goats and a donkey.

An old gold mining site called "Shantytown" was built up for tourism. Blacksmith shop and Post Office and etc. One store said Antiques. Among the things on display was an old tin bacon can. It was rather dark in there. I was pleased that the flash on my camera

A sign like this was on the sidewalk in Weelington



The sign for the Pig & Whistle restaurant in Queenstown. But, as Porky Pig said, "That's all folks!"



made a clear picture.

At Rotorua, we were supposed to stay overnight with a farm family. As it turned out our host lived in a lovely home on 10 acres in the country. We had a memorable evening with them and later he sent an advertisement telling about his business sponsoring a "pig race".

One afternoon rest stop was at or near the small town of Mosgiel. We found several attractive shops in a mini-mall. Nice merchandise, not the usual Taiwan trash. What caught my eye were animals hatching out of eggs. They looked like strange cows. When I asked about them, the shopkeeper informed me they were dragons, not cows. OK, real friendly dragons. I told him I would buy one in a minute if it was a pig. Well, he didn't know. The sculpturer was getting old and had arthritis and didn't care to work very hard anymore and besides she never made pigs, but he would ask. I left my name and other vital information. Six weeks later my newly hatched pig arrived safe in the mail. That

made my day. A card tied around it's neck read: Original Pottery, each piece individually hand-crafted by Janet Rogers, Made in New Zealand.

In Dunedin they treated us to the traditional Scottish supper and ceremony with the Haggis (which I was privileged to take part) and great entertainment. The next morning we had our choice of touring the town on the bus or going through a monstrous old house where a rich family had lived. We chose the house. In the daughter's bedroom were some old toys and one was a wooden pig with a boy riding on it. The battery in my camera had gone KAPUT and I thought I was just plain out of luck. As we left I was telling my sorry tale to a couple of ladies who worked in the gift shop. Our driver had taken his final headcount and was shifting into gear when one of those ladies come running out and hailed us down. Someone had taken a Polaroid picture of the pig for me. That act of kindness sure made an impression on me.

I saw a large truck loaded with white hogs on their way to market. This was in an area about 40 miles across. The land wasn't so mountainous so they could raise wheat and other small grains. All the corn was planted very thick for silage. At a small town lunch stop was a veterinary clinic. The office girl told me their practice included some large confinement hog farms. This is the only problem with a bus tour. You go where the bus goes.

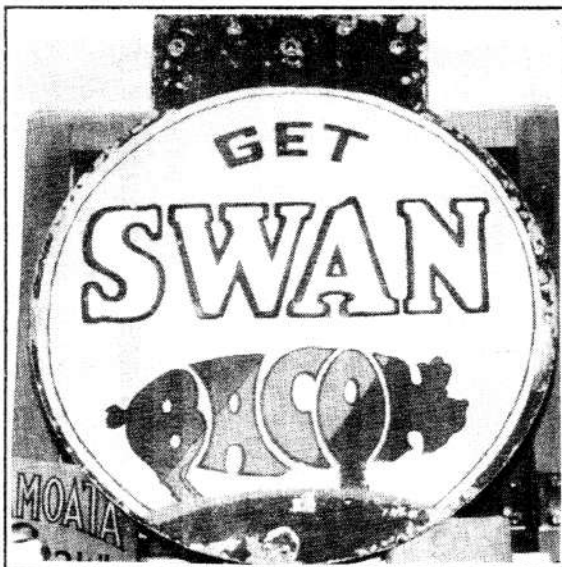
—Gene Holt

Top: What does this strange world hold for me?

Bottom: The pig toy in the museum in Dunedin



Tin bacon can at Shantytown. It's about 12" across and 4" deep.



ELEANOR HENDERSON

I took a jaunt over to Knoxville to meet Eleanor Henderson. She had painted a pig picture, a print of that painting was given to me as a gift. It's a small world! This lady knew two of my older brothers from Rural Youth, that's gotta go back about 50 years. Also is relation to some good friends who live nearby.

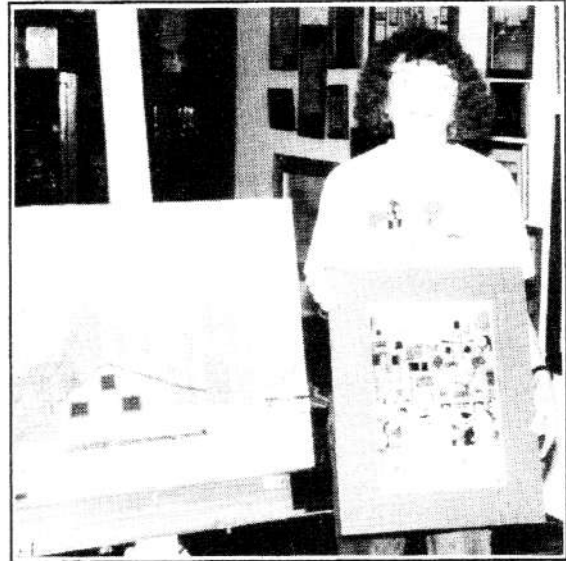
She had painted a whole bunch of pictures since starting art lessons. The lessons were to improve a talent that was already there. Many of the pictures are of family or have been done for special friends. After each is done a photo is taken and then a larger print is made from the photo. The original is usually given away.

One of the paintings was from a photo of her great-grandfather, who she never knew. She had heard stories about him from an aunt who he came to live with in later years. He was an active man, kept a supply of wood chopped for the stoves and did lots of chores. One summer day he was eating something and went out in the yard and sat down under a shade tree. The chickens must have been hungry because they kept crowding around. He kept shooing them away, about the third time he shooed too hard and out came his lower denture. A chicken grabbed it and ran away. They were never able to find great-grandfather's teeth. Something like that doesn't happen every day.

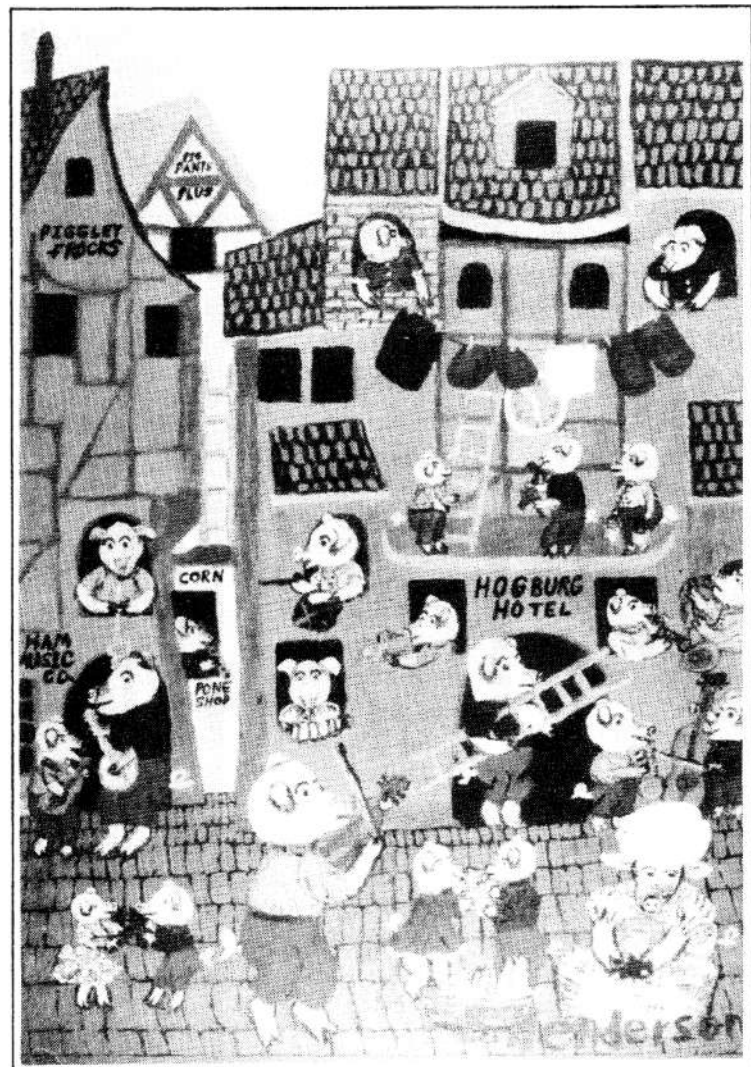
Eleven years of art lessons came to a halt only because the teacher retired. In time, she was able to improve on her own distinctive style. Now her husband, Franklin, has also started to paint. I'm sure this lady's talent has brought pleasure to many people over the years.

The Hendersons live in a lovely well kept home. They say it's too big until their 4 daughters, a few sons-in-law and 6 grandchildren all come home at once for week. Then things get kind of wild.

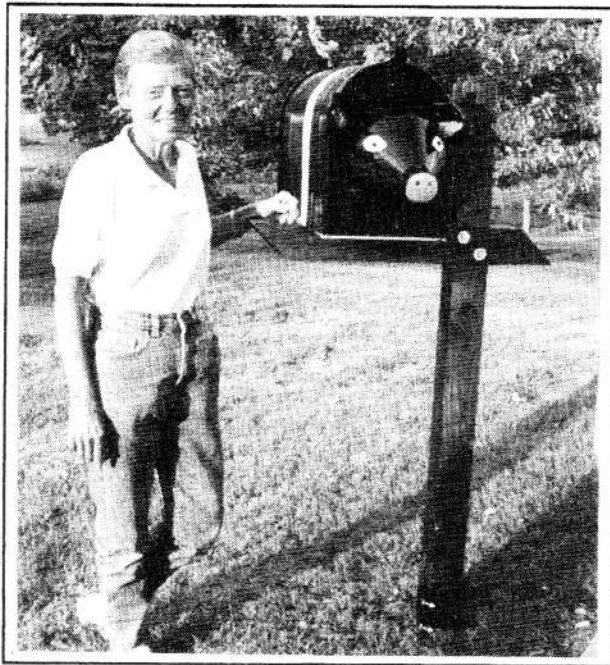
—Gene Holt



Eleanor in her studio and below, Jam Session in Hogburg



Oink at the mailman



Kewanee Star Courier photo by Martha Szalo

A piggy postal box complete with corkscrew tail and a light-activated recording of "Oink, I'm a pig" that plays when the box is opened was Arlene McNaught's Hog Days surprise for her mail carrier this year. This exceptional lady was the first one to plunk down her money and join the Happy Pig Collectors Club.

Thanks, Arlene!

A Poem for Jam Session in Hogburg

I drew you, Rhonda, for a prayer pal last year.
 Wanted to paint you a picture, but Oh Dear!
 You love to go shopping, but live on a farm.
 Connecting dress shops and pigs was an alarm.
 To worry and stew was not the answer.
 This called for prayer, believe me, Sir!
 Time went on and no answer came, yet.
 I was beginning to work up a sweat.
 I waited and waited till God's timing was right!
 He sent the answer in the middle of the night.
 I had a snapshot Lisa took of Germany's wares,
 Of a whole storefront filled with Teddy Bears.
 The painting would not be of Bears, clothes or
 wigs,
 But lots of stores in a town filled with pigs!

Imagination took over and my pencil just flew.
 Musical Instruments were added, along with pigs,
 too.

Of goats, there's not even on Billy.
 It's all pigs and it's just silly.
 My "Jam Session at Hogburg" is silly pittle.
 Hope it tickles your funny bone, just a little.

Love,

Eleanor

Eleanor Henderson wrote this poem for the lady who received the original painting of *Jam Session in Hogburg* as gift.

The Big Fat Pigs!

by Julie Robinson

One day pigs started to fly! It was amazing. They could talk and everything. They started going to school, reading, writing, singing, dancing, and driving. They got jobs and drove to work.

"I love this life!" said Thomas J. Pig.

I do, too," said Jane Marie Oink.

"Do you want to go to a movie?" Joe asked Lynn.

Sure, I would love to!" Lynn Piggy Pig said.

Joe and Lynn went to a movie. Later, they got married and had seven little piglets. They named the Dana, Jim, Nicole, Alan, Trisha, Kirk, and LaShawna. Their last name was Pinkey. Mr. and Mrs. Pinkey grew old and passed away. Their children are still alive, though. And so are their grandchildren. LaShawna got married to a pig named Billy Miller. She had seven little piglets. Her sister Trisha got hitched to Tony Sausage; Nicole married Jonathon Curly; Dana married Timmy Spots. Dana's oldest girl, Teresa, married Kevin Bacon. They went to a movie, dinner, and dancing. Later, they got married and had seven little piglets.

Then someone came and said, "You dirty pigs, get out of our town now!"

"It's as much oink ours as it is



yours," LaShawna said.

All right, let's take this to court," Kevin the pig said. So they did that.

The judge said, "If you don't like pigs, YOU leave." So the stranger paid a \$150 fine and left town.

I think Jesus was testing them to see if they would do what Jesus wanted them to do. They never doubted Him. They all lived happily ever after, because of the good work of Jesus!

He loves everyone — even Pigs!

Julie Robinson, daughter of John and Sue Robinson, was a sixth grader and an honor student in Alexis, Illinois, when she wrote this story. Born in Galesburg, she lived in Ellisville before coming to Alexis at age three. Julie likes all animals, especially horses and cates. She plays flute and loves to write.

(Continued from page 28)

MORE Odds, Ends and Ads

WHOLE HOG

What's the origin of the saying to "go whole hog?" The expression came from the 18th Century when the English shilling was at one time called a "hog". Thus, a spendthrift, one willing to spend a entire shilling on the entertainment of a friend in a pub, was willing to "go whole hog."

From *LARGE ANIMAL VETERINARIAN*

(September/October 1995)

AN AD

—WANTED—

Did you ever notice? All wooden cutting boards are boys. Is this more proof of the male chauvinist pig syndrome? WANTED: A girl cutting board. Contact:

Connie Flack

R.R. Rio, Il.61472

—YOUR FREE AD COULD— HAVE APPEARED HERE

Before the next issue, send me an ad stating your piggy heart's desire. c/o The Happy Pig Collectors Club P.O. Box 17 Oneida, IL 61467

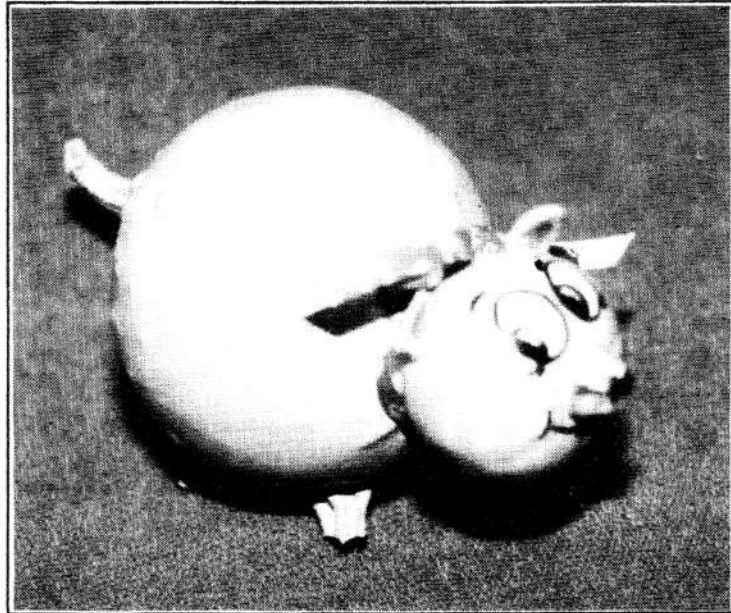
FROM BILL DECKER OF WOODBURN, OREGON

In 1930, Will Rogers said a friend of his wanted him to come back to Oklahoma to join a hog calling contest. He said, "I hollered for 20 minutes this morning for two strips of bacon. It would take too long to get a whole hog". Thanks, Bill.

THIS LITTLE PIG CAME FROM THE MARKET

If you should happen some nice fall day, to stop at Tanner Orchard at the Junction of Routes 88 & 17 north of Peoria, it's a good bet you'll see a large eye-catching display of scarecrows, farm animals or you name it, all made of pumpkins, squash, cornstalks and other seasonal produce. All have faces painted happy. Well, the jack-o'-lanterns can be scary. This is the artwork of Bonnie Wiedeman. I asked this friendly lady to make a pig for my collection using gourds. She did and painted it pink. It's a cutie.

—Gene Holt



A Super Start for Kristy Lynn



Hi!

My name is Kristy Lynn Landers. I am 11 years old, in the 6th grade and live on a farm near Portland, Indiana.

I got my first pig at the age of 3 and have been collecting them ever since! I now have over 60 stuffed and glass pigs, plus T-shirts, bookmarks, and other small items.

One of my pigs was sent to me as a gift from relatives when they visited Germany on vacation.

I'm looking forward to reading about other pig collectors in *The Happy Pig*.

(Continued from page 21)

collection are pig thimbles, pig games, glass tobacco jars, tea kettles, a Galesburg stone pottery jar, candle holders, condiment set, clocks, Swedish crystal, pigs in hula skirts, Harley Hog on a "hog" (motorcycle), and a long skinny pig knife rest. Of course, the McMaster's Illini can't be forgotten and they proudly display an Illini pig complete with flag.

- Mary Bjorling

Watch for more about these fascinating people and their collection in the next issue.

Answer to Matthew's riddle from page 22: Three pigs

Recipe From Audrey Shaw

LITTLE PIG SOUFFLÉ

6 slices bread (cubed or not)
2 cups shredded cheese (Cheddar)
1 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 sausage (cooked and drained)

Beat eggs. Add milk and mustard. Spray 9x13 inch pan with nonstick cooking spray. Mix bread cubes and cheese together. (I just cover the bottom with slices of bread and sprinkle the cheese on top.) Layer the sausage next. Pour milk & eggs over next. Refrigerate overnight. Bake 1 hour at 325 degrees.

Serves 8.

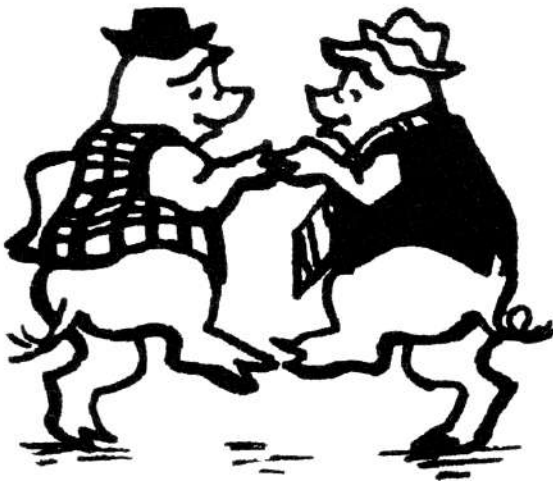
Try this! You'll like it!

The Happy Pig Collectors Club

c/o Gene Holt

P.O. Box 17

Oneida, IL 61467



copyright 1995

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