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# The Happy Pig

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*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  
Just for the Nonsense of it All, and to Give Respect to  
"When I See a Pig I Think of You"*



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Volume 2, Issue 2

Fun-Filled Fall Fables 1996

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## ARTHUR GEISERT, ETCHER PIGS IN HIGH PLACES

In the maze of hallways in a hospital in Iowa City hangs a large colored composite etching by Arthur Geisert, titled *The Ballon Race*. It tells the story of pigs racing in hot air balloons. Some bad pigs who were in last place had a gun and started shooting down the other balloons. When pepper was thrown at them, in the process of sneezing, they shot a big hole in their own balloon. On the opposite wall were four of his black and white etchings showing how a family of pigs live in a tree house during the four seasons. My sister Dorothy and Uncle Bill Rowland pointed these out to me after a visit with our older sister who was a patient there. After a year long, on again off again, search, I found the artist lives high in the hills east of Galena, Illinois. On the phone he told me that the *Balloon Race* pictures were all sold out and he was very busy with a new book. If I could wait a while he would paint another one for me. He also agreed to an interview when I came to get it.



ARTHUR GEISERT

On August 23rd my bride and I drove up to Jo Daviess County, a part of northwestern Illinois that for some reason the ice age didn't level off. The landscape is very picturesque. We left Galena winding our way up Stage Coach Trail, the original road to Chicago. After heading up Art and Bonnie Geisert's

driveway, I understood why a 4-wheel drive Jeep was sitting in their yard. Their home was designed and built by them next to a crescent shaped limestone cliff which was left when some of the rock had been quarried from the hillside. This impressive structure is four stories high, made of stone and rustic finished wood with lots of windows. When you see it you take a second look. In the back, from the third floor to the limestone cliffside is a walkway strung on steel cables. A steep wooden stairway takes you to the top of cliff. From there look north into Wisconsin, west over Galena and on to Iowa. South and East is a spectacular view of the surrounding hills, woods and tidy farms. You're standing on the highest spot in the Galena area. They told us that they enjoy many gorgeous sunsets from here.

My knock on the beautiful wooden door was quickly answered by our host. (The rest of this

*(Continued on page 26)*

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

### Founder and Chief Storyteller

Gene Holt

### Editor

Mary Bjorling

### Layout

Betsy J. Holt

### Art Editor

Michelina Nicotera

### Officers of the Happy Pig Collectors Club

Gene Holt, President

Bill Rowland, Vice President

Betty Lou Holt, Treasurer

Loralee Adam, Secretary

### Directors

Lowell Bjorling

Mary Bjorling

Arlene McNaught

Desi Nicotera

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.

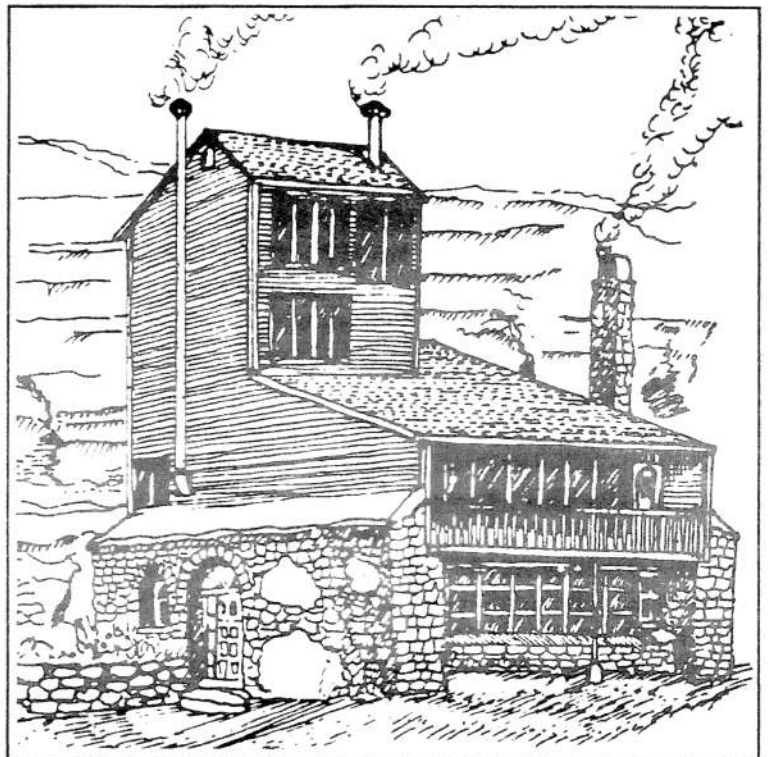
P.O. Box 17, Oneida, IL 61467

(Continued from page 25)

paragraph was stolen from Arthur Geisert's resume who) grew up in Los Angeles, moved to Galena in 1971 with his wife Bonnie and son Noah. He set up an etching studio and has written and illustrated eleven children's books with etchings for Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston. Between books and other etchings, he built two houses and studios which he occupied in the area. Geisert's *After the Flood*, 1994, debuted at the Smithsonian with a lecture by the author on illustrating children's books with etchings. Geisert has exhibited his etchings nationally and internationally and several book titles have been translated into foreign languages. The newest books are *Haystack*, 1995, *Roman Numerals I to MM*, 1996, and *The Etcher's Studio*, 1997.

We began our visit in his studio

which is the entire first floor. In the middle of the room and to one side stood a large press with a big roller. There were files and a cabinet with large shallow drawers for storage. A wood burning stove for heat. On the stove, at the far side, stood a meticulously crafted cut-away model of an old time grain elevator. This will be used in a future book, *Grain Elevator*. It will tell how they operated and also how peoples lives were involved. The book he is presently working on is *The Etching Studio*. Pages of this book which were etchings hung neatly clipped to a wire strung across the far side of the room. They were numbered but not yet painted. Art explained the fascinating process of etching to us step by step. Instead of my trying to repeat, I recommend you get the book when it comes out in 1997.



The second home and studio built by Arthur Geisert

*Haystack*, 1995, shows how the big haystacks in South Dakota are made and how they benefit hogs, as well as cattle, in the winter. It won several top awards. Art showed us a book jacket for *Haystack* that the publisher had rejected. Another of his books in my pig collection is *Roman Numerals I to MM*, 1996. All the scenes are of pigs to count if you can't read Roman numerals. Yes, all the way from 1 to 2,000. I told him I hadn't counted the 2,000. Was he sure they were all there? He explained that the pictures with multiple pigs were enlarged 150% and copies were made and given to several persons to mark each one as they counted them. He was sure none had strayed away. There are 4,864 pigs pictured in this 32 page book. If Art should forget what a pig looks like, a neighbor down round

the curve has plenty of pigs in his pasture that are anxious to pose as models.

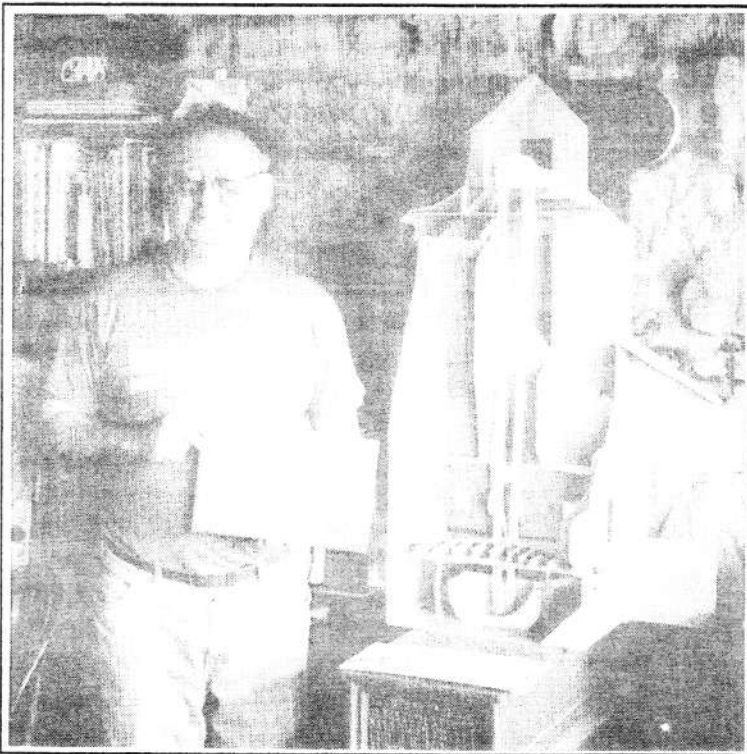
One of his earlier pig books was *Oink*, 1991 and a sequel *Oink Oink*, 1993. They were a great success and translated into Spanish and German where the spelling and pronunciation of "oink" is the same as in English. It was a different deal when it was translated into Japanese. Their "oink" is pronounced "bu" and the spelling is like chicken scratches.

Art gave me some 1996 calendars with instructions to use them fast because this year will soon be gone. They were printed by his publishing company to advertise *Roman Numerals I to MM*. All the art work is Geisert's. The top picture shows pigs in a Roman garden or park. In the upper portion of this picture appear the Latin words "LIBER DE

DIFFICILLMO COMPUTANDO NUMERORUM CALENDAE" which translates "A Book of Extreme Difficulty Counting Numbers Calendar". Each month, JANUARIS, FEBRUARIUS, etc., pictures pigs doing seasonal things. The days are Roman numerals also. I thought this was a great gift for a pig collector. Printing at the bottom (in English) lists his current books. Those not previously mentioned are *Pigs from A to Z*, *The Ark*, and *Pa's Ballon and Other Pig Tales*.

When we went up to the second floor we met Bonnie, Art's bride of 33 years, Neither of them look their age. We sat at the table drinking pop while visiting. The kitchen, dining and living rooms were all open to each other in a U-shape around the stairwell. A loft was above part of the living room. There is a woodburning cookstove in the kitchen. Art does all the cooking on it. When quizzed he said he had yet to bake an angelfood cake but does bake bread and rolls. They also have a microwave. Between the dining and living room area is a woodburner for the whole upstairs. The entire southside of this floor is windows for the breathtaking view. Bonnie has many nice houseplants showing just one of her skills. She was raised on a ranch in South Dakota. Art comes up with many of book ideas when they go back to see her folks. They met at Concordia College in Nebraska. Bonnie has recently retired from teaching fourth grade. She's an expert photographer having some of her work featured in the Chicago Tribune recently. She also loves to write fiction.

Bonnie and Art belong to the Lutheran Church in Galena. Their services are held on Saturday night because many of the merchants hve



Arthur Geisert holding his *Haystack* book by his model grain elevator

*(Continued from page 27)*

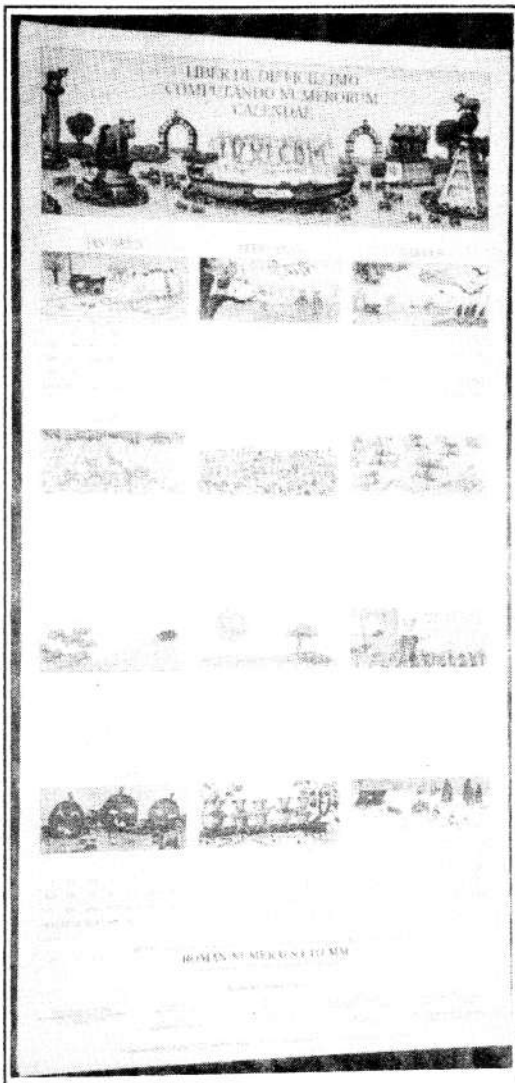
to work all day on Sunday. Art is the creator of the Rev. Baltz cartoons which appear in the Lutheran magazine. Rev. Baltz is for real. He's their minister.

Anyplace you look you know you are in the home of artistic people. One long picture is a panoramic view of Galena. Art used a telescope to get the details of every house and building just right. One corner of the living room has neatly framed drawings done by their son, Noah, as he grew up.

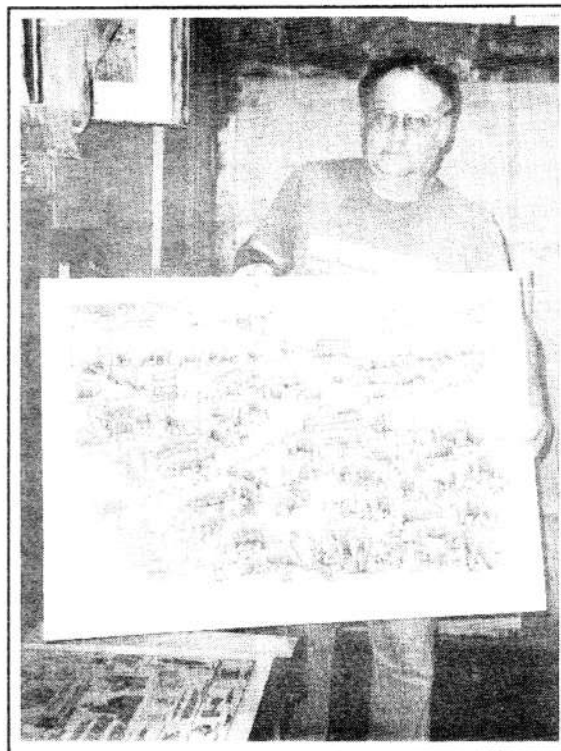
When supper time arrived, the four of us went into Galena and met Kyle Husfloen. We ate at the General, a

restaurant in the cellar of the DeSoto Hotel. During our meal we enjoyed the conversation between Art and Kyle about the changes in Galena in the past 25 years. Being president of Tea Leaf International Collectors Club, editor of the Antique Trade Price Guide and restoring three houses hasn't given Kyle time to find the right girl and settle down. He had previously invited us to sleep over in his spacious Victorian home. My bride was especially interested to see the planting and landscaping in his multilevel back yard. A year or so ago Kyle invited the Tea Leaf

Club to his unfinished Victorian home for a Regional meeting. He explained to everyone how the restoration was being done. His main hobby is collecting antique glass and has written a book *Collectors Guide to Antique Glass 1825-1950*, published by Wallace-Homestead and it is still in print. While at the Regional meeting I spied his only pig. It's spatter glass. Everytime I'd see Kyle, I'd tell him I hadn't found a spatter glass pig. When he learned we were coming to Galena, he said he'd deal with me on



*At left, is the calendar Arthur gave me to use fast before this year is gone  
Below, a typical etching by Arthur Geisert*



it. So I have it now. It's 1-1/2" high and 2-1/2" long, similar to a glass paperweight in the shape of a pig. The center is dark red spattered with white. The outside is clear. Some of the color draws out into the tail. It's one neat little pig. The next morning, Kyle was catching a plane as this was the first day of vacation. My bride and I enjoyed breakfast at the Steakburger Cafe. This is where the locals meet and solve the problems of the world. For instance: The reason our weather seems to be changing is **BILLBOARDS!** There have been so many put up in recent years that their wind-resistance is

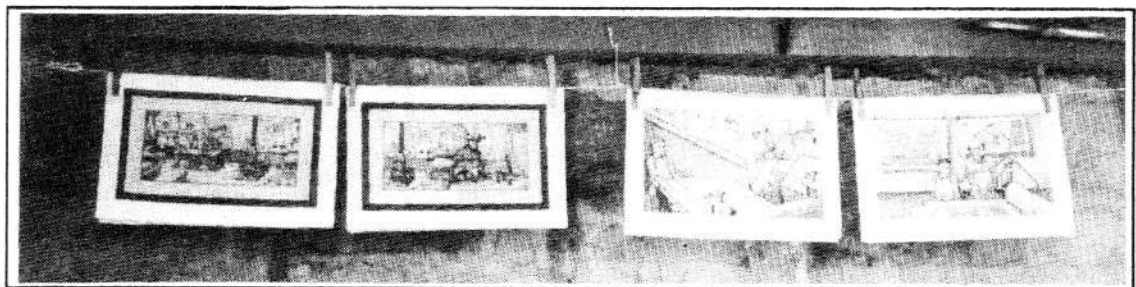
slowing down the rotation of the earth! When scientists catch on to this fact they will have the government remove the billboards. In the cafe taped to the side of a fridge, in plain view, was the front page of the National Inquirer. It featured a large photo of Mt. Rushmore, with one change, Arthur Geisert was carved in stone instead of George Washington.

After rambling and visiting our way through the Farmers Market we set out again up Stage Coach Trail and on over to Apple Canyon Lake to see Rose Mc Donald, a lady very

dear to our hearts. She is the mom of our daughter-in-law, Kitty. We share four grandchildren with Rose so there was a bit of bragging went on. We missed Mac, her husband, who recently passed away. He was our favorite Irishman and we're sure he was safe in Heaven before the devil knew he'd died. After lunch with Rose on the deck of the lake clubhouse, we headed for home, until we got stopped by an antique shop in Stockton. It was nice but there were no great finds for us. Next door a sign on the building said "Glass Museum".

I think just a tricky name for a glass  
*(Continued on page 30)*

*Above, pages of The Etching Studio hung up to dry  
 Below, from left Bonnie and Arthur, Kyle Husfloen and my bride*



(Continued from page 29)

collectable shop. There a pink handmade solid glass pig decided to come home with me. It's card says - Prestige Art Glass, Elwood, IN. It's a finiky little thing. Not to be washed in hot or warm water. Just wipe off with a damp cloth and Windex. A nice lady worked there. She was interested in and promised to

to help promote the "Happy Pig Collectors Club".

It's always good to see Kyle Husfloen and we certainly thank him for his hospitality. I'll take good care of his pig. We really enjoyed meeting Arthur and Bonnie Geisert and appreciate them welcoming us into their home. Go out and buy some of

his books for your pig collection or for the kids that are dear to you. If the bookstore doesn't have them they will be glad to order them for you.

We hope you've enjoyed this story.  
- Gene and Betty Lou Holt

## **HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!**

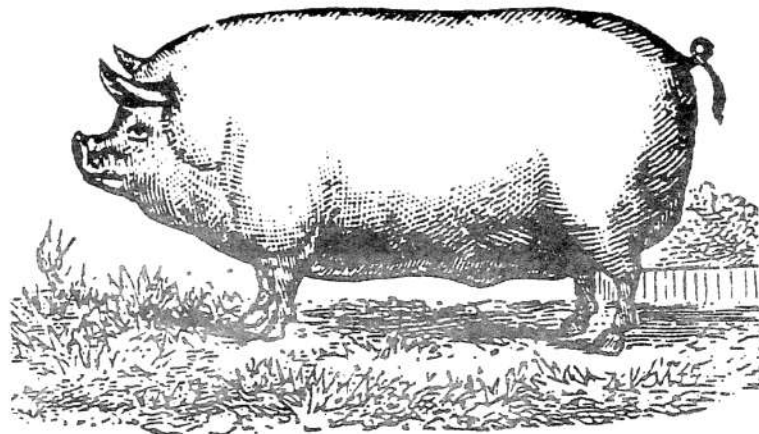
Hey! The Happy Pig made it into the White House! Jerry Karbeling's dad, Mannie, was in the diplomatic corps in Washington, D. C. until his retirement. Now he is a volunteer at the White House doing whatever is asked of him. One day he looked after Socks the cat for a couple of hours. We have a report that he took a copy of *The Happy Pig* with him to show his buddies. We haven't yet gotten a membership check from Bill, Hillary or Chelsea. If they read page 6 of the last issue we probably won't.

Gene Holt

**Watch in a  
future issue for:**

**"Pig Art in  
Illinois"  
by Merle Glick,  
curator of  
Art at Lakeview  
Museum,  
Peoria, IL.**

## Citizens Against Government Waste



## 1996 CONGRESSIONAL PIG BOOK SUMMARY

"The Book Washington Doesn't Want You to Read."

## **'PIG BOOK' SHOULD PROD CONGRESS TO GO ON FAT-FREE BUDGETING DIET**

This booklet is filled with tongue-in-cheek humor. But there's nothing funny about its target--outrageous, wasteful, unjustified "pork barrel" government spending projects enacted in violation of normal procedures that rip off every taxpayer.

The book costs \$5. Write Citizens Against Government Waste, 1301 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 400, Washington, D.C. 20004, or call toll-free 1-800-BE-ANGRY.

## A QUESTION THAT NEEDS AN ANSWER

Robert Redfern, Galesburg, IL, is an expert woodworker. He's a member of a woodworking club that makes nice toys to be given to kids at Christmas time. After reading an article in the Galesburg paper about our club, he drove to Oneida and caught one of my good buddies who told him where I live. He had a sack containing some of his handi-work. Small pigs, cows and sheep that he'd cut out and painted. The nicest gift was a 3" x 5" United States flag on a staff 12" high. The piece of wood for the flag was held on edge and cut with a bandsaw to make the flag wavy. The tiny stars on the blue field are in a circle. This proudly stands behind my mechanical banks on the kitchen counter.

The main reason he came out was a question. He asked me which way a pig's tail curls. He wanted to do it right and thought if anyone knew the answer, I would. I had to tell him I didn't have a clue. I'd never paid any attention to this. Later, taking a close look at a newborn litter, I discovered some tails curl clockwise and some counter clockwise and a couple just stuck out or up. I did know, however, that if a bunch of pigs all had their tails hanging down or limp that they weren't feeling well and needed some attention.

One weekend, when our daughter Margaret was here, we got to talking about this and she agreed that a large government grant should be obtained to research this pressing problem, so it could be solved once and for all. This should be a long term project to see if any changes occur and if they do -why. Money would be asked for one year at a time so it wouldn't seem absorbent, knowing that over time it would be. Make sure all the

money is spent in that year so the next year the same amount or more would be needed. After all, this is government money, not ours. Questions crying out for answers are: Is this trait passed on from generation to generation? Does the sex or breed of the pig have an bearing on this? Is one more dominant than another? If you moved pigs from one side of the equator to the other would their tails curl in the opposite direction? Maybe an 'Ag' college needs to get involved. The students could keep records on many lines of pigs. Records would also be kept on the weather and phase of the moon and correlate it's affect on the kinkyness. When students graduate with a master degree, they could write up the results as their thesis.

Enough hog-wash, I guess you've figured out by now this spoof is just an attempt to satisfy my weird sense of humor or do you want to contribute to this 'worthy' cause?

\$10 \_\_\_\_\_ \$25 \_\_\_\_\_ \$100 \_\_\_\_\_ ?

Gene Holt

**UPDATE:** This morning there was a coffee at a neighbors house. The occasion was to meet Mark Barker, who is running for the congressional seat in our 17th District. He asked what the coffee shop talk was in town? I told him about how the strange weather could be cured by the government removing all the billboards.

When I was about to leave he asked if I had any questions, so I asked about the likelihood of a large federal grant for research on the direction a pig's tail curl. He said he was fairly sure that if the government removed the billboards there wouldn't be enough money left for the pig tail research unless taxes were raised. So I guess this study is dead before it got started. After all, the weather is more important than "which way a pig's tail curls".



## A HAPPY PIG HELPER

We had the pleasure of a visit from Betsy Freese and her kids, Caroline, 2, Warren, 6, and Nolan, 10. This was planned for the week before, her husband Bob was coming also. The plans had to be changed so we didn't get to meet Bob, a busy veterinarian. Betsy is Livestock Editor of *Successful Farming* magazine. They live in the country south of Des Moines. She's responsible for a big chunk of our first year membership. When she put a mention about our club on the Mail & Modem page of her magazine, it worked like magic. Some days I received 4 or 5.



When I was twisting her arm to come visit, she said if she could interview Gary and Mike (our sons) about their modern hog farm. This would help justify the trip. So that was arranged. Now, the plan is that she will send a good photographer in mid-October to get pictures of the boys harvesting the crops and also some pictures of my pigs. Then Betsy will write an article about the farming operation and The Happy Pig Collectors Club. It will be published in *Successful Farming* a year from now. Ms. Freese is worth her weight in gold to us. We got another new member today. The ladie's brother clipped the mention out of Betsy's magazine and sent it to her out in the state of Washington.

The evening Betsy came, we went to Lake Storey, a park near Galesburg, for Farm-City Day. They fed us a big ribeye sandwich, baked potato, beans and cole slaw and ice cream. Then they had a good humorous speaker. This was

sponsored by the Galesburg Chamber of Commerce, Farm Bureau and others. The Freese kids tried to wear out the playground equipment. Back home the kids took showers and went to bed. We didn't hear a peep out of them all night. I couldn't believe how well behaved they were. Next morning we put away a few pancakes before going out to the farrowing house to see the new ones. Caroline wasn't afraid but really didn't care to hold a little pig. Nolan, Warren, Caroline and I went upstairs and played with my pig toys while their Mom talked with Gary and Mike. When Betsy came up, we hit the highlights of my collection. Time was getting away. She had to be back for a church meeting that night. Betsy is a pig collector. There's no question if you see her office and lots more at home. Soon after lunch, they headed back to Iowa on Rt. 34. More scenic and less stress than I-80. Good time. Good memories.

Gene Holt



*Upper left, Warren Freese smiles when big brother Nolan turned into a pig. Caroline keeps a safe distance behind.*

*Far left, Warren thinks old Porky is OK.*

*Left, Caroline gets acquainted with a brand new pig held by her Mom, Betsy Freese.*



**AN EARLY  
MERRY  
CHRISTMAS  
AND HAPPY  
NEW YEAR**

A Christmas card came from friends in Sweden to Bud and Beulah Behringer in Oneida. Beulah was sorting through some things one day and came across it. She thought I might like to have it and she sure was right. I wish I could reprint it in full color. It's the greatest. Following is the best translation available at the time.

Top 3 -

A - Sabina was the name of a young happy sow who loved outdoor life more than anything else.  
B - Blissfully went she in "the" meadow and (?fagnade) herself to the pleasant flower's scent  
C - The summer winds sang in "the" trees and the brook's murmur made her senses gentle

Middle 3 -

A - One day noticed her with pride that she was chosen to "be" Christmas Pig that year  
B - Christmas was near and Sabina "was" fat. She went for to take her departure of nature  
C - Sabina got lost full of despair wandered her around in the dark forest

Bottom 3 -

A - At last found her home, joyfully ran her direct in that comfortable kitchen  
B - What (a) sight for her eyes, an other sow had been slaughtered and prepared  
C - That became too much for Sabina, her heart broke and she was dead.

God Jul  
Gott Nytt År

*Sensibla suggan Sabina*  
Teckning av P. Lindroth. Idé och text av Dordän.



Sabina kette en ung glad sugga som älskade friluftsliv.



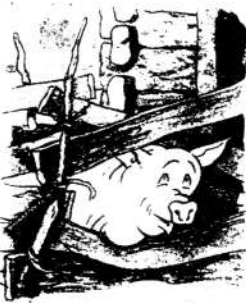
Säll gick hon i ången och fagnade sig åt de behagliga blommornas doft.



Sommarvindens sus i träden och bäckens sora stämde hennes sinne vett.



En dag märkte hon med stolthet att hon var utsedd till julgris det året.



Julen var nära och Sabina fet. Hon gick för att laga sitt avsked av naturen.



Sabina gick vilse. Full av förbitran irrade hon kring i den mörka skogen.



Till slut hittade hon hem. Jublande lopp hon direkt in i det bröna köket.

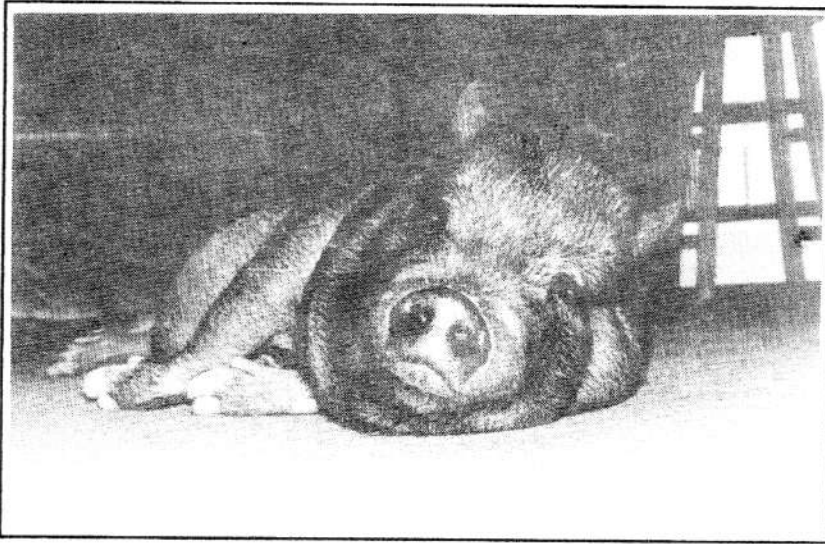


Wiken syn för hennes öga! En annan sugga hade blivit slaktad och tillredd.



Detta blev för mycket för Sabina. Hennes hjärta brast och hon vart död.

## Pot-Bellied Pig Pages



*This is T.S. Piggliot. His picture is reproduced on his return address label*

Dear Gene,

My name is Marcie Christensen and I am the Editor and Rescue Co-Chairperson for the California Potbellied Pig Association (CPPA) in Northern California. I correspond with other associations across the country and, as I am sure you are aware, The Potbellied Pig Registry Service printed an article about you and your club in the June/July 1996 issue. I was glad to see there are other fanatics out there who like to collect pig "stuff" as much as I do. My collection is around 800 pig items, not to mention 3 live Potbellied Pigs living in my home.

We have a membership of around 200 with a mailing list of over 300 from all over the country. I would be happy to put something in our next newsletter about your club if you will send me an article or whatever you would like. I hope to have the next issue out at the beginning of August. Thanks.

I am also including my membership with \$20.00. I would

love to be a member of a club where the people are as "pig whipped" as I am.

T.S. Piggliot, a Potbellied Pig, born 1/1/90, and our first Potbellied Pig, was an inquisitive little guy. He loved to get into things. All of our kitchen cabinets had to have baby locks put on them, or he would go in and open the cabinets, pull out all the dishes and play with (or clean) them.

The only item that did not have a baby lock on it was the drawer under the oven. He would come into the kitchen, hook his little snout under the handle and pull with all of his might, sliding the drawer across the kitchen floor. Then he would proceed to pull each pot and pan out until it was empty. I'm not sure what his motive was, but at times the way he would lick the clean pans, I felt he was insinuating that I was a bad dishwasher.

T.S. also knew we kept "goodies" on the end tables at each end of the sofa. One day I was in the kitchen and I heard a strange noise. I

peeked around the corner to see that T.S. had jumped up onto the sofa, was slowly making his way to the end, looking this way and that. Since pigs had bad vision he did not see me watching him. I waited until he was just about on top of the "goodies" when in a quiet voice I said "Excuse me. What do you think you're doing?" T.S. immediately pretended to be stretching and he yawned and laid down. I'm sure he thought "Oh good, I've tricked her. I'll wait till she is gone then I'll get the good stuff". Little did he know I went around to the other side of the kitchen and continued to watch. The little brat stood up, looked around, (didn't do much good) and preceded to go head first into the "goodie" bowl. This time I spoke a little harsher and told him I didn't think that was such a good idea. He immediately jumped off the sofa in a huff and went outside to see what he could get into out there.

The moral of this story, don't leave "goodies" at pig level because they are way too smart not to figure out how to get them.

Do what ever you want with this article. I have lots of T.S. stories. Unfortunately he died on July 29, 1995. The worst day of my life. He was my "first born" and changed my life forever. I now spend anywhere from 20 to 40 hours a week with the Potbellied Rescue as well as work full time at a "real" job. I love the pigs sooooo much!! Thank you for starting this club. I am looking forward to receiving my first newsletter.

Marcie Christensen  
P.O. Box 23955  
Pleasant Hill, CA 94523

*A nice addition for your collection...*

## **LULU THE VERY IMPORTANT POTBELLIED PIG**

Susan Wight read about our club in CPPA, fall newsletter. She sent a press release from her publisher wishing to sell me her book **Lulu, the Very Important Potbellied Pig**. It was one of those days, like most, when I was feeling poor. I wrote back begging for a free book in exchange for a write-up in *The Happy Pig*. Before long the book came with a nice surprise. Susan joined The Happy Pig Collectors Club. She also granted permission to reprint her poem about Lulu which first appeared in "The Chronicle of the Horse". I'm truly delighted with her book "Lulu, the Very Important Potbellied Pig". Its' 64 pages are amply illustrated with pencil sketches by Dagmar Giffen Cosby. Lulu has her own picture on the back cover. This book is for all ages. Following is a quote from her press release:

*This is a true story about Lulu, the very real potbellied pig. She really did get lost one day, and she was found and returned to her home by a lady who was out foxhunting.*

*Lulu has made many friends along the way. She was featured on the front page of the Potbellied Pigs Papers, a California newsletter all about potbellied pigs! Her story was told in a local Virginia newspaper, and a poem about Lulu was published in a premier national horse magazine, The Chronicle of the Horse. Lulu has gone coastal! She even has her own web page on the internet! <http://www.generalnet.com/pigbook/>*

*She lives with her family on Hogback Mountain Road (truly!) in Virginia. Lulu loves people, and for very special people only, she can be*

*heard to tell her story.*

*Please send a check for \$8 plus \$2.25 for postage and handling to: University Editions, Inc., 59 Oak Lane, Spring Valley, Huntington, WV. 25704*

*For further information or to arrange interviews or photo sessions, contact Susan Wight, 40415 Thomas Mill Road, Leesburg, VA 20175*

### **LULU, THE VERY IMPORTANT PIG**

by Susan Wight

On Wednesday when Sue was out hunting,  
Behind her she did hear a grunting,  
A potbellied pig, 'twas not very big,  
Just a baby in little pig bunting.

"I'm lost and so lonely for home  
I'm new here and far off have roamed.  
My home I know not, which way have I got  
I'm hungry and all so alone."

So she tucked in got behind Sue  
Who knew more than one way or two  
To turn home was her choice, behind her the voice,  
Of a pig so grateful, she mewed.

But who will believe this of Sue?  
Alone with a pig, well, would you?  
For a witness she sought, leaving pig,  
galloped off  
on her horse, in search of a witness or two.

Below, hounds screamed for a fox,  
from the woods  
Two came crashing, and crossed,  
Sue's path with the pig

Who was not very big, and  
Scared one hound so badly his mind's  
lost.

A witness I must find and soon,  
Or they'll all think I'm a perfect loon,  
I'll just go tell Harry, about our new quarry,  
In the woods to avoid with the hounds.

The huntsman, so quickly she sought,  
Leaving pig, crying out and distraught,  
"I'll be back little pig, though this day might be fraught  
With disaster, if hounds find you out."

The riders were on a hill gather'd,  
When she stopped, she was breathless, horse lathered.  
"I've just found a pig, she's not very big,  
Hounds would take her to lunch if they gather'd."

I'll take the hounds home, on the low road,  
And you gather the pig and go slowly.  
Give me time to pen hounds, then bring the pig round,  
And her owner's home we will find surely."

This was our Wednesday out hunting,  
No one else can have possibly done this.  
Go out for a fox, put a pig in a box,  
The day the Lulu out-foxed us,  
foxhunting.

*originally published in  
The Chronicle of the Horse*

**More Potbellied Pranks...****QUICK, SHUT THE DOOR**

by Stacey Andrews

My two pigs, Harley & Dakota, now 10 months old are doing real well. They get to go outside to play and absolutely love it! There are days that I'd be watching them play tag, running around the orange tree doing that barking thing and I would just be laughing my head off. They spin around on their tummies with all four legs straight out like a propeller. Then they would jump up, flip around in the air and chase each other again. I really think they know what Tag is all about because they take turns being "IT".

Anyway, I haven't even started to teach them any tricks yet. They both come when I call them or whistle, and they both know to go to their room on command. Harley, however, the little runt, has sort of picked up a little trick of his own. When it is feeding time, especially at night, it is usually a feeding frenzy with all my animals (I have 7 of them - 3 dogs, 2 cats and the 2 pigs). They all parade around the house waiting for their turn to be fed. Well, Harley's little trick is that if they get fed first this time (I usually rotate the order) both the pigs will run ahead to their room and as soon as I get there with the food Harley will hurry up and shut the

door before the dogs can come in. The very first time he did this I kind of thought it was just a coincidence in addition to laughing my head off because the dogs didn't know what hit them. They came around the corner and "slam", Harley shut the door in their face. I could hear the dogs outside the door, it was hilarious. So I opened the door just a little bit and Harley ran over again and shut it. It was then that I knew this was not a coincidence. This was Harley's room and Harley's dinner and the dogs were just not welcome. So I am working with Harley to see if I can get him to do that on command. I figure that way when it is time for bed, I can not only tell them to go to their room but hopefully also "SHUT THE DOOR". That way they can tuck themselves in for the night. The pigs really do like my dogs and co-habitate with them really well. I even catch them all laying together in the sun spot that comes through the window. I guess that they just draw the line at feeding time. I'm really not surprised.

Until next time, 'HAPPY PIGGIN'

From *California Pig Papers*  
published by **California Potbellied  
Pig Association**, P. O. Box 23955  
Pleasant Hill, CA 94523

Dear Gene,

Please sign me up for your club. It sounds great.

I have one potbellied pig named Tallulah. She is almost 3 years old. We go to 4 northern California shows a year. I have been collecting pigs for years and years. I am a member of CPPA and HAMS clubs. I am also the editor of the Humboldt Association for Miniature Swine (H.A.M.S.) newsletter. The HAMS club is based in McKinlyville, just above Eureka in northern California. Thanks,

Laura Davis  
Napa, CA

Dear Gene,

I have really been enjoying the newsletter. I'm 29 years old and have been collecting pigs nearly all my life. My great-aunt and uncle raised pigs, and I feel in love at first sight. I think the first piece in my collection, I got from my great-aunt when I was 3 or 4. She cut a picture of a mama pig with her piglets out of a magazine, framed it and gave it to me. Of course, I still have it hanging on my wall and it's one of my favorite pieces.

I would have loved to attend the annual meeting but my husband and I couldn't fit it in. But I will be there next year.

I am also the proud mother of a potbellied pig named Rudy and want to thank you for including information on the potbellied pig publications in the last issue.

I have recently tried to count my collection but I either get interrupted or just loose count. I'm estimating well over 500. My collection includes, pig mirrors, pig whistles, pig toys, pig tea service and lots more. Some of my favorites include a pig made from a nut shell, it's eyes, ears, and tail move. You have to catch a fly, remove the cork nose and put the fly inside, replace the nose, when the fly buzzes the eyes, ears and tail move. The hard part is catching a fly.

If I could only keep one pig (not including Rudy, he's family) it would be my 5 gallon glass jar in the shape of a pig, given to me by my grandpa.

I know a few people who like pigs and are half-hearted collectors, so I was thrilled to find through your club that there are others out there that are as HOG WILD as I am.

Curly tails to you,

Julie Roberts  
McPherson, KS

## PAT'S PIG PALACE

I was very disappointed when I missed the first annual meeting, even though I had traveled from San Jose, California specifically for the event. An unexpected family death prevented me from being there, but I have already marked my calendar for next year's gathering.

I first learned of The Happy Pig Collectors Club when I was in Galesburg visiting family in March '96. My parents, Dub and Maxine Taylor, had saved an article from a local newspaper, and I immediately signed up as a member. I thoroughly enjoy the newsletters.

Let me tell you a little about myself. My name is Pat White and John is my husband of 30 years. We have two grown daughters and six grandsons. Working as an executive administrative assistant for the world's largest computer chip maker in the heart of Silicon Valley, my 'pig palace' is where I retreat to at the end of a busy day to relax and unwind. I've named my home office for it's surroundings - hundreds of figurines, banks, salt & peppers, mobiles, plush pigs, and much, much more.

I began my collection about 5 years ago when I ordered a set of 8 'seasonal' pig figurines and it has grown significantly since then. The 'palace' is completely dedicated to pigs, wall-to-wall, including curtains, and corner-to-corner. They have even begun migrating to other rooms of the house. One of the things I enjoy most is being surprised constantly with 'gifts', since my friends and family cannot pass by a pig without buying it.

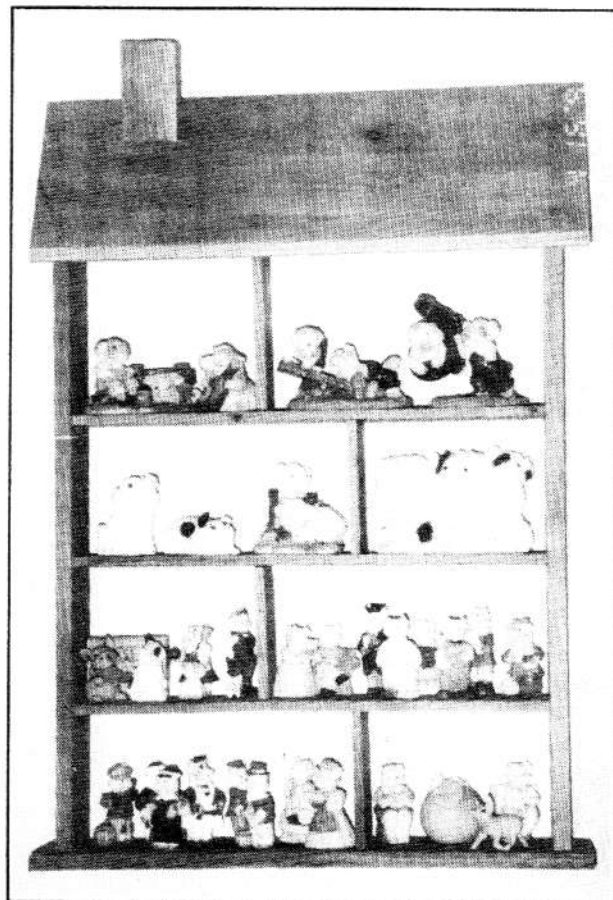
Just like Pat Stepan of Fairview, Montana, I, too, have wanted a sign made, with a slight change of wording - "Pat's Pig Palace" as opposed to 'pen', although my office is sometimes closer to being a pen than palace! The current sign on my door reads "I'm a member of a country club". One of my favorites is a farmer pig holding babies which plays "Farmer in the Dell".

Keep up the great job! My membership dues are enclosed; I continue to look forward to future newsletters. -

Pat White,  
San Jose, CA



*Above, Pat White's big farmer pig plays "Farmer in the Dell"  
Below, more neat pigs in Pat's San Jose Pig Palace*



## LOTS OF HUSTLE

If you looked up the name Arlene in one of those books about the origin and meaning of names, I'll bet 2 to 1 it would say something like: organizer, bundle of energy, never loses sight of the goal and things like that. Because all of those things describe Arlene McNaught, the first paid member of our club. And just being a member was not enough for her. First of all, she went out and cornered the Mayor of Kewanee and signed him into The Happy Pig Collectors Club. There are plenty of pigs in the Mayor's office. His wife is the most interested. Arlene is friends with the people at WKEI radio and the two of us were on the air for 15 minutes plugging the club. Keith Lucas, their personable announcer, was very helpful. My bride said we did good! This friendship paid off again at Hog Days, a four day celebration of hogs in Kewanee, IL, ending on Labor Day. We shared a great spot on the corner of Tremont and Second St. with WKEI. Free! We were their guest. We had caps and T-shirts for sale or order and passed out our club propaganda to those interested and talked about the pig club on the air several times. Arlene had an easel with her U. S. map, a pig pin for each member stuck in it. On the other side was a large display of pictures of our convention. This was a good eye catcher. Part of Arlene's pig collection filled the windows at Kewanee Cable Vision a half block down the street. Because Illinois wasn't big enough on her U. S. map she had fixed an Illinois map showing member locations. This was displayed with her pig collection.

I brought along Porky, my big red riding pig, and gave lots of kids free



*Arlene McNaught made sure her granddaughter got a good ride.*

rides. Arlene brought a pig stamp and red stamp pad so the kids could have a cute red pig stamped on the back of their hand. That gave us lots of smiles. We signed Freddie Ballentine of Mira Loma, CA, as a new member. She was originally from Kewanee and returned for Hog Days and was having a ball. There were 3 or 4 hot prospects. Even if we didn't hit the jackpot on memberships, we had lots of fun and lots of people know now that there's a club for pig nuts. I had my camera with me and took some good T-shirt pictures.

Arlene was almost rested up from this effort when out in her yard she was mauled by her neighbor's dog. The golden retriever weights 87 lbs., Arlene 98. A close match but Arlene lost and spent three days in the hospital. As soon as she got out she called Pat Woods, the woman at Illinois Pork Producers who is in charge of the pig collector show to be held at the Illinois Pork Expo in

Peoria February 5 & 6, 1997. This will be advertised in Pork Press magazine and their Hot Sheet. It will be open to any and all pig collectors. Maybe we can brainwash them all into joining The Happy Pig Collectors Club.

More help came from a friend, Martha Szalo of the Kewanee Star Courier, who wrote a nice long story about Arlene and her pigs including information about our club and convention. This was published in their regular paper. Martha wrote a similar story for the Hogsmopolitan, a 64 page supplement that goes to all regular subscribers plus being included with a Quad Cities Sunday paper.

Other exposure for our club was a talk given for the Oneida Women's Club. It was a breakfast. Before hand, I placed a couple of my mechanical banks, toys or interesting pigs on each table, then told and joked about each one. I thought it went pretty well for a first time effort. Later I used the same procedure for the Altona Senior Citizens. Next week, I'm talking to the Oneida Senior Citizens and after harvest we'll be going to the Victoria and to Coldbrook Church for some Monmouth ladies.

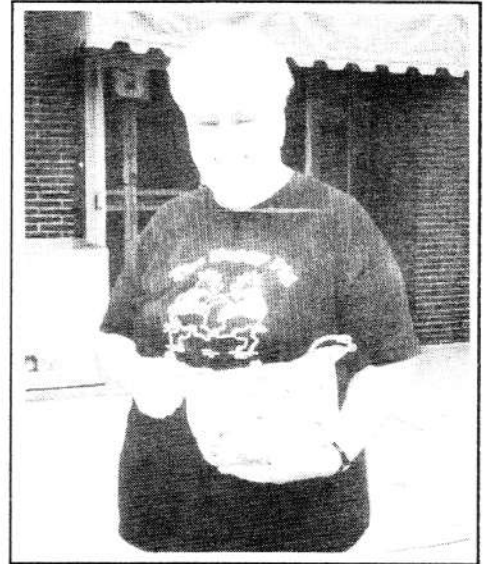
The location of our next convention isn't for sure yet. But knowing Arlene and her hustle, we'll be working hard on this soon.

Gene Holt

### Scenes from Hog Days 1996



*Holding his ears gives a better shake—just what this girl wanted.*



*Jean Sutton of Monmouth. We got the pins on her purse this time.*



*T-shirts, T-shirts, every where there were T-shirts!*

*At right: The corn dog was on hold until the ride was over.*





The Register-Mail, Galesburg, Ill. Thursday, June 13, 1996

Register-Mail photo by Randy Squires

## Babes in storyland

Rebecca Alvarado, 5, Galesburg, takes a tentative look at a baby pig being held by Gene Holt, Oneida, who is president of The Happy Pig Collectors Club, at the Galesburg Public Library Wednesday. It

was the first in a series of special events at the library on Wednesdays for the summer reading program "Travel the Reading Highway," which will include plays, storytelling and movies.

## SUMMER PIG PARTY

Krista Rakers was in charge of the summer program at the Galesburg Public Library. She asked me to bring a live baby pig for the kids to see. We also took some pig toys and my bride read a cute pig story from an old book.

That baby pig was far and away the star of the show. I didn't know

how it was all going to work but got real lucky when I chose one only 2 days old. It slept all the way to town in a borrowed dog crate. It didn't get too upset with all the little hands touching it. During story book time it slept in the crate again. When the program should have been over the pig had to make an encore appearance and was handled more

than before. It was then plumb tuckered out and slept all the way home. It didn't really seem to miss its' mother, being away 3-1/2 hours. One thing I found out is that it's impossible for a bunch of kids that age to all be quiet at once.

- Gene Holt

*Above: Unlike all the other kids, Rebecca never did touch the pig.*



## AN UNDISCOVERED SCULPTOR

We were taking Sara home to Polk City from a church youth retreat in Davenport, Iowa. Grandma thinks kids should eat breakfast and Sara, who had been up most of the night, hadn't had any. We stopped at the newly remodeled Iowa 80 truckstop to feed her before she fell asleep in the back seat. I'd been wondering what to get for supper time table favors for our convention. I noticed a display of attractive handmade pigs and asked who made them. Judy Daily who worked in their restaurant but was on her day off, was the artist. On the phone, I explained I wanted something original and reasonable. Judy said, "Give me a week and I'll send you something." What came was a little pig's head with tiny black beads for eyes and a bit of a chicken feather hanging out of the corner of its mouth. "Promote Pork, Devour the Competition," was printed on her card that the pig was glued to. When I saw the sample I thought, "This is one of the best days of my life," and ordered 50. You can glue a magnet to the back for the fridge or glue a pin to the back and wear it. It could also be made into a neat string tie or set on the shelf to look at — like I do.

There are a few left over. If you weren't smart enough to come to the convention and get one free, I'll send you one for \$3.00, postage, handling and tax included.

Judy sells most everything she makes through the Iowa 80 truckstop. It's located at the Walcott Exit 284 off Interstate 80 in eastern Iowa. If you'd like to buy some cute pigs, sight unseen, write: Judy Daily, 504 Moselle St., Blue Grass, IA. 52726 or telephone 319-381-3208.

Gene Holt



*Our Convention favor from Judy Daily*

## THE PIGS STOLE THE SHOW

The Meeker Classic, Sheepdog Championship Trials, were held at Meeker, Colorado, September 5th - 8th, 1996. Eighty-seven dogs were entered in the trials vying for \$10,000 in prize money.

But more important (at least to us) a new era of pig achievement began on September 7th, when Judge Peter Hetherington, Girvan, Scotland, took his lunch break amidst the serious semi-final competition. What had to happen did. Three pigs crashed the contest. Their owners had parted with a \$50 entry fee to place them into competition for \$500 in winnings.

An estimated two thousand curious spectators were on hand to watch the pigs in the lighthearted exhibition. A pig nicknamed "Babe" took a short rest from its work. The shade under a pick-up truck was too tempting. After all, it was a warm day. A 360 lb. Berkshire named "Hamburger" had watched the movie "Babe" for most

of it's training. His owner said, "He's going out there and talk to them. He has no intention of chasing them." And a potbellied pig named "Scooter" was right in the midst of it. His previous claim to fame was when he and his doggie sidekick, "Popcorn" scattered a flock of Charo rams who they thought were invading their home.

When the crowd was asked to decide the winner, their cheers indicated all should share the prize. All three had done their duty, providing some spice and humor to an otherwise temperate dog trial.

Even the Honorable Scottish Judge said "The pig spoofery was a lot of fun and it drew a lot of people.

Betsy, Desi and Allison went to Meeker on the 7th but missed the profoundly pleasant pig performance. They saved every scrap of news about it because they knew you would like this story.

Gene Holt

## Keep your Eyes Open and Hang Out at Hardee's

Dear Gene,

I received *The Happy Pig* issues. Didn't get much done until they were read! Had to go to work shortly after receiving them but finished them after work. I am a nurse, working for Family Practice. I was hired to work second shift. Yes, some of our docs do schedule late and one gets up to three hours off. Some nights are very interesting! We also do a lot of minor surgery.

We have three appropriate license plates. The last one we got was PIGS 18. Had to send a letter with reason for requesting it. The other two were gotten before this became a problem, 2 HAMS & 8 PIG UP. They are good for starting a conversation!

In your writing about Kewanee Hog Days, you didn't mention if you have one of the Jim Beam bottles that commemorated the 11th anniversary of the Antique Traders 1957-68. It, of course, does have a nice pig on it. We have only been to two of the celebrations a long time ago, and we were rather disappointed have not returned.

Recently there was a small ad in a little local paper advertising a small collection sale. I called but was unable to connect with the person and they were sold. However, we did find out some of it was taken to a resale shop. We did get a couple of neat pigs. I don't think alot of them made it to this shop as the lady said it contained alot of salt & peppers, and there were none there.

Your ornament tree sounds interesting. I've had a tree up for several years that is never taken down. I bought another tree as this one is so full you have a hard time

seeing what is on it. It is really surprising how many ornaments are available. NO! I have not counted the ornaments (nor any of the other pigs in the collection) I probably never will. The ornaments and tree will have to be cleaned this year, a little water and an air hose can do wonders!

Jim loafs at Hardee's. You can not believe some of the pigs that have been sent home with him. One elderly gentleman sent home an "IOWA" hog Jim Beam bottle with the seal still intact. He wanted to know it would be taken care of. He has been very generous with supplying us with pigs, including a post card with MACOMB on it, that had been mailed on a train. (no date)

Our daughter, Betsy (real name) finds a lot of interesting pigs. You name it, she probably seen it (more newer ones). We have NOT FOUND: a Christmas bulb, metal child's clicker, a bobbing head type with a spike and the head mounted on a spring, or a push up pig held together with string. You know -- the little illusive pig items like these types. I also have not seen one of your clay whistles.

One lady mentioned Stief making a pig. Raikes also made a pig last year (another teddy bear maker that makes the faces out of carved wood). This pig is a female circus performer. Also Muffy Bear has her own pig. No, I don't have the bears, just the pigs!

There are so many pigs available that I started sort of a loose leaf scrap book of the items. Just no way to have all of them! I don't keep an inventory or prices because then I would think of what they are worth.

This way I can just collect for the fun of it and the surprises of an unusual find.

I think I failed to mention that Jim has had an aortic heart valve since 1983. We also have a son, Brad. Brad has a mini-rod tractor that travels with the name of Hog Wild. He has pulled for several years. He is a full time Pioneer Hi-bred seed corn employee. Jim has a private contract with them for the grounds work (about 20 acres). Betsy is a telecommunicator for the State Police and her husband, Ted, installs their communications. They live in Norris City. This is about fifty miles west of Evansville, IN.

You mentioned that a lot of the pig collectors are with town addresses. This is true of us also, but we have raised confinement hogs. A lot of work and alot of unforgettable experiences. Much easier and fun to just collect pigs. It should be fun to compare and share out collections. I'll send a couple of pictures that you might get a kick out of.

Janiece Hammond



Janiece holds a large Raker pig dressed as a circus performer.

## WE FINALLY MADE IT AND SO GLAD WE DID

After reading letters from Janiece Hammond, I knew I couldn't live with myself until I'd seen her pig collection. We were invited and I'd promised to come as soon as the beans were planted. The beans were late. Then convention plans and the newsletter needed to get out. She saw my pigs before I saw hers.

We finally went to Macomb August 10th and got there 23 minutes late. The reason for this being, I'd left their map at home so took a wrong turn which enabled my bride to spot a Baskin-Robbins. She has an instinct telling where they are. We knew we'd found the right place when we saw Lucy, the big concrete pig Jim and Janiece decorate for all seasons. Behind it was a sign, Hello to the Holts-Meet Lucy. If Lucy

*(Continued on page 44)*

*At right: One of two Christmas trees in the home of Jim and Janiece Hammond, Macomb, IL.*

*Below: On the right are oodles of pigs in Hammond's family room and on the left on their south wall*







*(Continued from page 43)*

doesn't get decorated on time, the neighbors stop in and ask about her. Their home is one the neatest in town. The walls of the garage are covered with many pig signs and farm

antiques. As we entered the split level house, a stairway went both up and down. On these walls there wasn't room for another pig picture. Even pig paper dolls which had never been cut out. There was only one

picture the same as I have, proving again why pig collecting is so fascinating.

There were many cute pigs in the kitchen. The dining and living rooms contained some of their larger and more precious pigs plus two loaded Christmas trees that stay up year-round. In the window of the bedroom is a pink pig neon sign. A first grade boy got on the bus for home one afternoon and later told the driver, "I'm on the wrong bus, we didn't go by the pig sign." The driver checked on his radio and sure enough the boy was on the wrong bus. The lower level has a huge family room and you see nothing but pigs. Janiece has a special knack for displaying pigs using small mirrors, miniature display shelves and cases, etc. and mixing in a few antiques and other pretty little things.

They wanted to treat us to supper and Jim called his sister, Virginia, next door to go along. She invited us into her lovely home to see her collection of more than 500 teddy bears. She has also adopted a mother bear with three cubs in Yellowstone Park. Reports on the bears come often and she is thrilled about it. We took two cars to Bushnell which was part way home for us, and enjoyed eating at Delaneys. We later learned that their son, Brad, pulled his mini-rod tractor into 1st place at the Illinois State Fair.

My closing thoughts on this story are: You can't believe it if you haven't seen it.

Extraordinary Pig Collection,  
Great Friends.

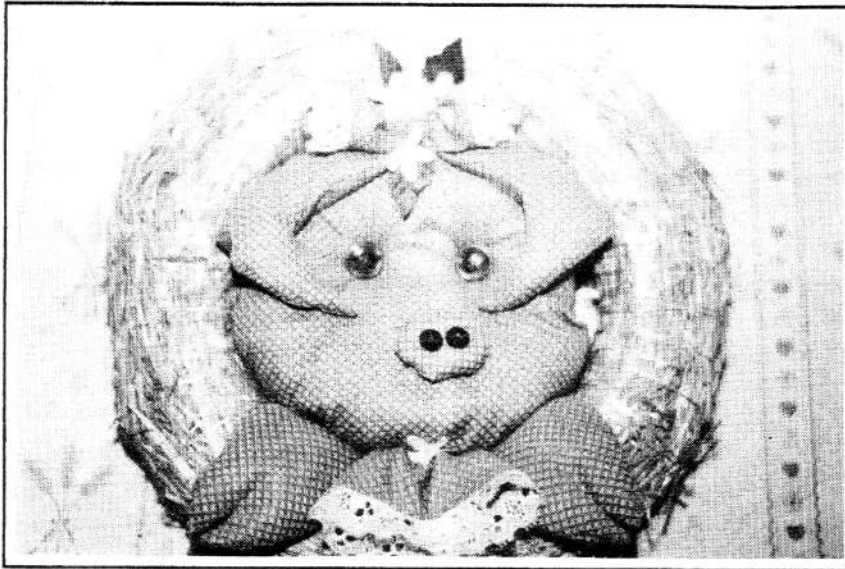
Gene Holt



*Above: My bride with Janiece Hammond  
Below: Lucy all decked out for Halloween*

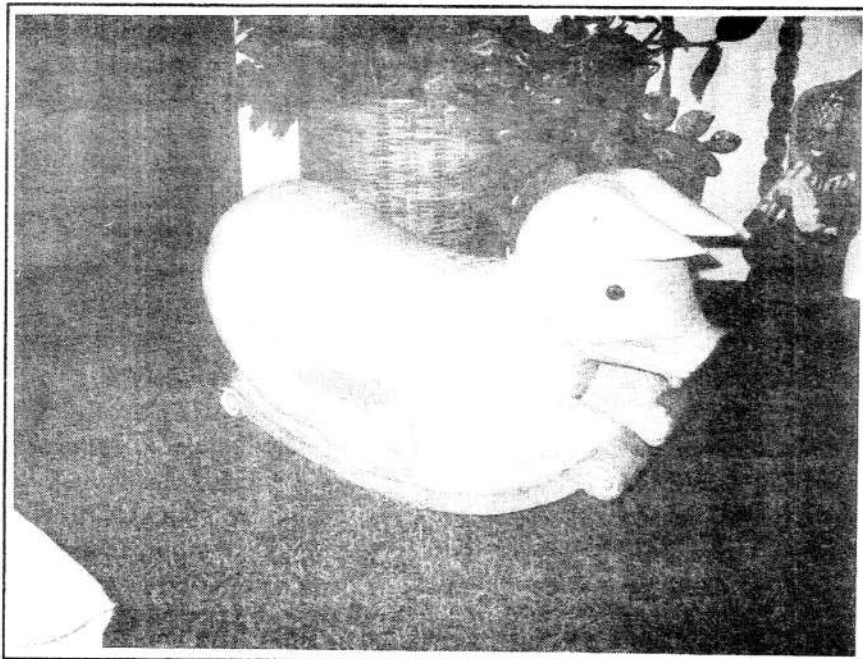


## PIG TALES



*Piggie in the straw — Ann Marks made this wreath from a picture from a craft magazine.*

*Below: A rocking pig carved from one piece of wood, shares its home with Jim and Janiece Hammond. See story at left.*



My husband, Dale, told me I could get pigs when I quit my job in town. I didn't forget his promise. I kept 3 of my 15 pigs to breed and raise hogs. After borrowing a boar, only one of my 3 pigs was pregnant. The other 2 were very obnoxious and got out of the fence a lot when they came in heat again. They were both sold as soon as possible.

The sow that I kept was very large. I had let them eat free choice and she had made a "pig" of herself. We had a young pastor at the time who used to come, help fix fence, built the farrowing stall, etc. I think he considered it easier than marriage counseling if my husband had to do extra pig work.

My sow ended up having 17 babies. Ten were aggressive and eating from their mom. I ended up being the mom to the other 7. In my effort to make the formula, I fed them a mixture that was too rich for them and they became constipated. After trying various remedies, I finally put mineral oil in the baby bottle which they drank down, never realizing that it wasn't milk. One pig died from the constipation, but the other 6 recovered and did fine on a non-fat dry milk formula.

Mother pig would "oink" her 10 over for meals. My 6 piglets never answered her call. They came to me. First I bottle fed them and soon switched them to drinking from a dish. They wasted no time at all drinking their meals. They also knew where their food came from--all six came up to the house one morning when I was late with their breakfast. My husband then decided it was time to fix the hole in the fence. It was cute watching 25 pound pigs come to

*(Continued on page 46)*

*(Continued from page 45)*

the house, but it wouldn't be so cute seeing 200 pound pigs come to the house!

One of my 6, named Strippy, developed a lump under the stomach. When I took him to the Vet, I found out that this was a hernia which could be surgically repaired. The Vet suggested that we raise him to 70 pounds and have roast pig. I told him

that I couldn't eat little Strippy. He said, "Give me a call; I could." Strippy had the surgery and grew to be a feeder pig.

This litter was born the end of July, so they weren't ready for market until after Christmas. We had snow and storms early that year. The farm had no good shelter belt to catch the snow, so it came in the yard, over the pig fence. The pigs just walked over

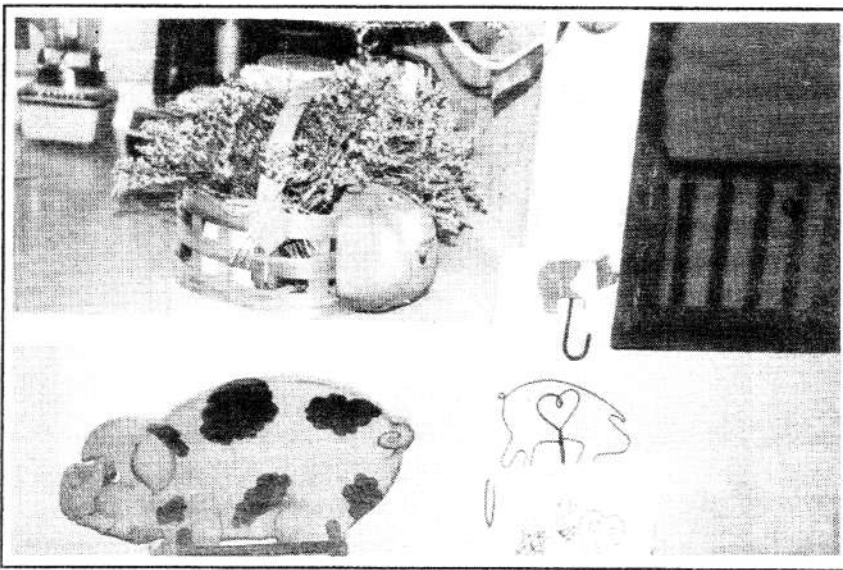
since the snow banks were hard. We built an electric fence over the snow banks. My husband watched them get a light shock and out they went to do more exploring. He finally used the "weed burner" with a very strong shock which could be felt through pig skin. Then they stayed in.

My pigs always had a knack for being able to harass my husband, Dale. They only got out when I was not at home. They seemed to enjoy a nice game of tag with him. He has had little success chasing pigs. In utter frustration, he admitted shooting them with bird shot. He then advised people not to buy ham for at least 6 weeks past sale day.

My 6 baby pigs who were the runts of the litter caught up to the others by market time. That was the only farrowing that I ever did. We moved and didn't have a pig house. Instead, I bought feeder pigs around July 4. They were then ready for market around deer hunting season. Since Dale is a taxidermist, I sold most of the feeder pigs directly to hunters who needed pork to make the venison taste better (a point Dale and I do not agree on).

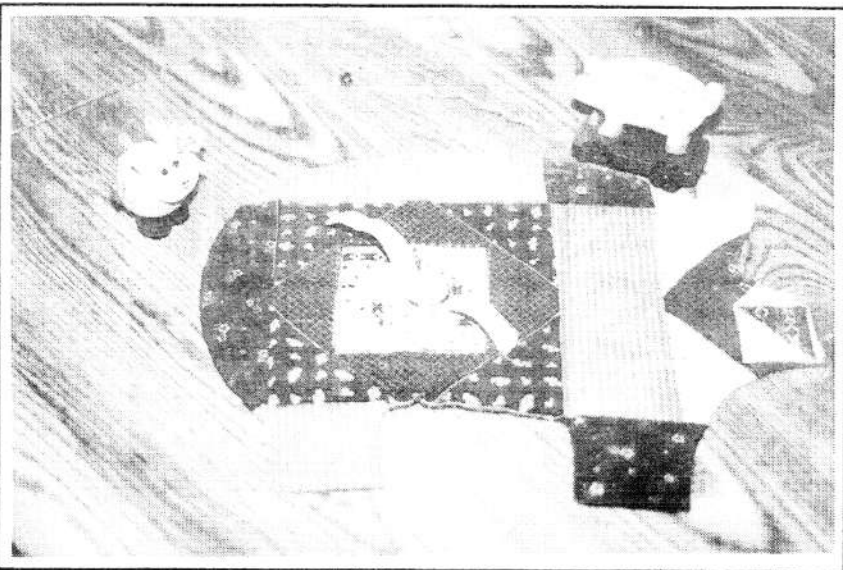
One of my favorite pigs was Arnold who would lay down and roll over so I could scratch his tummy. A favorite of my son and nephew was Big Red. Petunia was my daughters favorite. The kids could ride her. I asked Jennie how she liked the ride? She said, "Petunia didn't go anywhere."

Family obligations made pig farming inconvenient, so I went out of the pig business. Six years ago my pig pasture became a horse pasture and I have no live pigs. Pig collecting has its advantages--no fences to fix, no manure to pitch, no feed to grind, etc. I still have neat memories of my live pigs and



*Above, pigs in Ann's kitchen. The dishtowel was embroidered by her daughter Jennie*

*Below: Ann's watch on a pig placemat with 2 of her newest pigs.*





because of my fondness for them, I'm now a pig collector.

My pig collecting started 18 years ago when we were on a trip to Southern Texas. A small ceramic pig was what I chose for a souvenir. Since that time, my collection has grown to approximately 300 pigs--some purchased as souvenirs and many received as gifts from friends and relatives. The pigs range from small figurines to soft stuffed tops, a watch, a light switch cover, wall decorations, a pig phone, jewelry, banks, concrete lawn ornaments, shirts, slippers and videos.

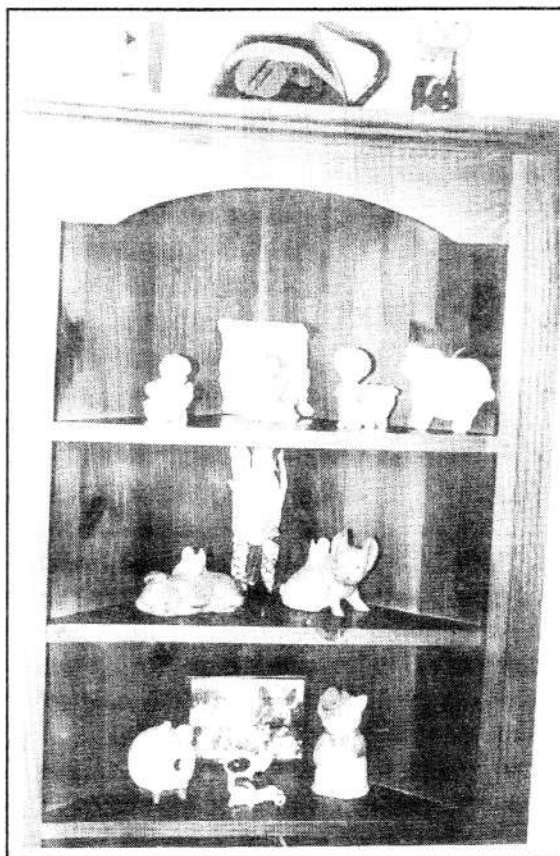
I've decided that pig collecting is hereditary since there are pig collectors on both sides of my family. I have not found any pig collectors in my husband's family so far. My husband, Dale's dislike for pigs, hasn't kept him from being a good sport and has taken me to a restaurant called "Squealy's Pub and Grub" in Mackinaw City, Michigan, while we were vacationing last summer. This restaurant, as you may have guessed, is owned by a pig collector.

I do have some neat pig wall paper border (from JCPenny) which I've not put up yet. My family will probably only allow it in the laundry room!

I know of 3 other pig collectors in the Jamestown, North Dakota area, so we trade pig ideas, enthusiasm and gifts. The pig collectors convention sounded great. I hope I can make it sometime. It sounds like good, clean fun. I enjoy receiving "The Happy Pig" and thought it was about my turn to contribute to its content.

Thanks, Gene, for all of your efforts.

Ann Marks,  
Ysilanti, ND



Ann Marks'  
pig pen

Dear Gene and Mrs. Holt,

Just a note to say how much I enjoyed the Convention. Never in one place have I been around so many enjoyable people.

I've never done anything like this before (calling Heather - someone I didn't know) driving to the convention 150 miles away to meet people of which I knew no one. I sure had cold feet but it was the most fun happy relaxing day I've had in a long time.

I enjoyed meeting your family, they are all so warm and comfortable to be around.

Your Pig Collection is something to model after. I close my eyes and can still see pigs, pigs, and more pigs.

Have you seen those Pig Lottery tickets? I hope you enjoy them and hope there is a winner.

When you get applications please send me one. I think I know several interested people.

Remember Richard - the one who set up his collection. I commented on his pig shot glass as I have a few from places I've been. He went over, got the glass, gave it to me and said, "This will look better in your collection than mine." I was so surprised and pleased. Just another thing to add to the wonderful day.

People at work waited for the verdict as to whether I went or chickened out. I talked about it for days and all were so glad I went. They knew I had a good time.

Thanks Pig Friends,

Vickie Brothers  
Springfield, IL

## **OLD HOG OILERS FRIEND**

Are hog-oilers made of iron or gold?  
It's hard to tell when they're sold.  
Many folks with better sense,  
With much money, do dispense  
For rusty hog-oilers, broken and old.

They fix them up, paint them bright.  
Tender loving care, work half the  
night.  
Research the dates and makers,  
They're truly movers and shakers.  
Another neat hog-oiler, makes it  
alright.

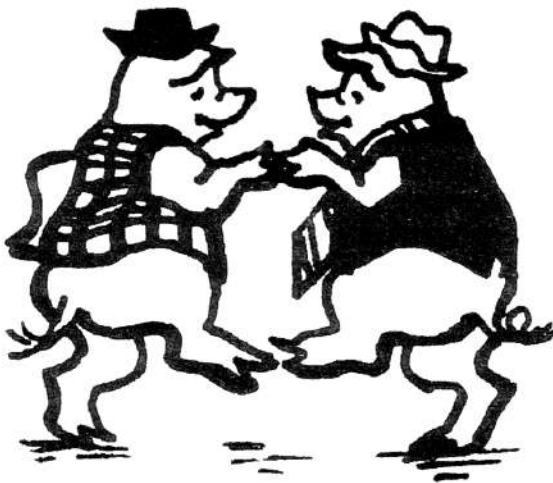
By Gene Holt



*Desi Nicotera, left and Jerry Karbeling who belong to our girls Betsy and Margaret, were upstairs dusting and arranging my pigs the day before our Convention. They were laughing and having such a good time that my bride slipped up with her camera to capture the event.*

### **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!*