

INKLINGS AND IDLINGS

The Newsletter of the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association

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Spring 2017

FROM SITE SUPERINTENDENT MARTHA DOWNEY Spring Is in The Wind

Spring preparations have begun here at the Site. The Spring Carl Sandburg Songbag Concert Series has begun. The next Songbag concert will be March 25. Performing will be Zak and Erin. Zak Bugos and Erin Glasnovich are a local folk duo. The April 29 concert will feature Ada and the Shubies, also a local musical group. The final concert will be May 20. The performer is to be announced, so check the Association's website and the newspaper for more information.

April 27-29 is the annual Carl Sandburg Festival. This year the featured writer will be Galesburg native Christina Lovin. She will be conducting a writers' workshop at the Site on Saturday, April 29.

In preparation for the Festival a spring clean-up day has been scheduled at the Site for April 12, 9 am to 1 pm. (April 19 is the rain date.) The wonderful Master Gardeners will be leading this effort to have the Site looking great for the Festival. Volunteers are needed, so grab your garden gloves and tools and join us for an hour or two or the entire time. Refreshments will be provided.

At the February Songbag Mike Panther read a selection of poems that Carl Sandburg wrote about spring. A portion of "Blossom Themes" was read by Mike:

*Late in the winter came one day
When there was a whiff on the wind
a suspicion, a cry not to be heard
of perhaps blossoms, perhaps green
grass and clean hills lifting rolling shoulders.
Does the nose get the cry of spring
first of all? is the nose thankful
and thrilled first of all?*

I encourage you to pull down your Sandburg poetry book(s) and see what he has to say about spring.

CSHSA WEBSITE & FACEBOOK PAGE

For news and information about the Carl Sandburg State Historic Site and the CSHSA visit our website at sandburg.org and our Facebook page.

EDWARD STEICHEN, CARL SANDBURG, AND *THE FAMILY OF MAN*

By Rex Cherrington

"Photography is a major force in explaining man to man."
– Edward Steichen

In 1955 Edward Steichen changed the world of photography forever when he introduced the largest photography exhibit in history. It was first shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City where Steichen was the director of the department of photography from 1947 to 1961. In 1953 Steichen's friend and famous photographer Dorothea Lange had circulated a letter entitled "A Summons to Photographers All Over the World" asking for submissions for the greatest photography exhibit of all time. Steichen, the curator of the special exhibit, drew heavily on *Life* magazine archives (20% of the total) and traveled to eleven countries to personally procure 300 photographs from Europe. The exhibit consisted of 503 photographs by 273 (163 American and 70 European) photographers from 68 countries. To make an impact the images were of an impressive size, though some said they were just magazine photos blown up. Over ten million people saw the exhibit. At times Sandburg traveled with Steichen as the exhibit toured. One such famous trip was in 1959 when they went to Moscow, Russia, then part of the U.S.S.R. and behind the Iron Curtain. On that trip there was a stop in Sweden, and Carl Sandburg received a Litteris et Artibus (Letters and Arts) Medal from King Gustav.

It was not Steichen's job to be the photographer in this venture but a curator building an exhibit that would make the case for his contention that photography was the international language, the universal language, understood by all without translation. Further, this exhibit was to show the commonality of all mankind or the brotherhood and sisterhood of all humans. The exhibit toured the world for eight years. It was shown in thirty-seven countries on six continents.

The exhibit's theme closely paralleled Carl Sandburg's thinking about the common person, the direct or indirect subject of his poetry, songs, and Lincoln biographies. It was a natural fit for Sandburg to be with Steichen in this endeavor. Photographers could communicate much of what Sandburg had done through

poetry. A book was issued entitled *Family of Man* that has now sold over four million copies. The book has all 503 images from the exhibit. Sandburg wrote the prologue.



Dorothea Lange's 1936 Photograph "Migrant Mother" appeared in *Family of Man*.

This essay will detour slightly and go back to some earlier work of Carl Sandburg's to show he had given a lot of thought to faces before this exhibit:

PHIZZOG

*This face you got,
This here phizzog you carry around,
You never picked it out for yourself, at all, at all-did you?
This here phizzog-somebody handed it to you-am I right?
Somebody said, "Here's yours, now go see what you can
do with it."
Somebody slipped it to you and
it was like a package marked:
"No goods exchanged after
being taken away"-
this face you got.*

Phizzog is a slang word for "physiognomy," meaning one's appearance. However, the main sense of physiognomy has long been that of the facial features themselves. Sometimes it is shortened to "phiz."

Whether we would say it was to supplement or to complement his earlier poetry, Sandburg on the occasion of *The Family of Man*, the book, wrote some beautiful prose on the subject:

If the human face is "the masterpiece of God" it is here then in a thousand fateful registrations. Often the faces speak what words can never say. Some tell of eternity and others only the latest tattlings. Child faces of blossom smiles or mouths of hunger are followed by homely faces of majesty carved and worn by love, prayer and hope, along with others light carefree of thistledown in summer and wind. Faces having land and sea on

them, faces honest as the morning sun flooding a clean kitchen with light, faces crooked and lost and wondering where to go this afternoon or tomorrow morning. Faces in crowds, laughing and windblown leaf faces, profiles in an instant of agony, mouth in a dumbshow mocking lacking speech, faces of music in gay song or a twist of pain, a hate ready to kill, or calm and ready-for-death faces. Some of them are worth a long look now and deep contemplation later. Faces betokening a serene blue or faces dark with storm winds and lashing night rain. And faces beyond forgetting, written over with faiths in men and dreams of man surpassing himself. An alphabet here and a multiplication table of living breathing human faces.

In the prologue to the book Sandburg included this brief excerpt from *The People, Yes*:

*There is only one man in the world
And his name is All Men.
There is only one woman in the world
And her name is All Women.
There is only one child in the world
And the child's name is All Children.*

There were critics of the exhibit. Some said that Steichen had downplayed the value of photography as art, and likely he did, as he was striving for a higher purpose in the use of photography as a way of communicating feelings of commonality, and if that pleased the art community, then so be it, and if not, what of it? Some critics pointed out that the assumption was made that what looks alike is alike, forgetting the enormous differences, even among siblings.

Steichen had made it clear that this was not an anthropological or sociological study but a truly photographic study. One could argue that he allowed each viewer to play the role of anthropologist or sociologist, or not, as he or she wished. Walker Evans, the great photographer, was overtly critical and used the words "bogus heartfeeling." It is worthy to note that Walker Evans did not have any photographs in the exhibit even though those who know his work of the 1930's would have considered him a natural fit in this group. Filmmaker and one who wrote extensively on photography, Susan Sontag, used the words "oversimplification" and "sentimentalism" in her criticism.

Works by Ansel Adams, Diane Arbus, Eve Arnold, Richard Avedon, Margaret Bourke-White, Dorothea Lange, Robert Capa, David Douglas Duncan, and so on were exhibited in a rather comprehensive compendium of famous photographers. The work of unknown amateurs was also included. Criticisms were made that 233 of the 273 photographers represented were from Europe and North America, leaving roughly half of the world's population represented by only 15% of the participating photographers.

In spite of criticisms the exhibit was timely in that Cold War era when the world was so polarized, when

anything that aided in healing old wounds that festered in the thinking of people on both sides was positive. There were criticisms of socialism even in the West for this exhibit which had a very egalitarian theme, but one must remember it was in those days that many were labeled as socialists or communists who advocated nothing more than keeping an open mind.

The exhibit was very much a success and has been reconditioned and gone on tour multiple times. This collection now has a permanent home in Luxembourg, the country where Eduard Jean Steichen was born in 1879. Steichen used the original spelling of his name until after World War I. At this juncture of our United States history it is particularly worthy to point out that Steichen was an immigrant to the United States, and that Carl Sandburg was of the first generation born of parents who had recently emigrated from Sweden.

In reviewing what I had written for this article with our friend and fellow CSHSA member in Sweden, Tomas Junglander, he mentioned that one of the photos in this exhibit was created by the Swedish professional photographer, Hans Hammarskjold, a relative of Dag Hammarskjold who at that time was Secretary-General of the United Nations. Sweden was well represented in The Family of Man exhibit with three photos.

EXCERPTS FROM *THE PEOPLE, YES* (1936)

*Have you seen men handed refusals
till they began to laugh
at the notion of ever landing a job again—
Muttering with the laugh,
“It’s driving me nuts and the family too,”
Mumbling of hoodoos and jinx,
fear of defeat creeping in their vitals—
Have you never seen this?
or do you kid yourself
with the fond soothing syrup of four words “Some folks
won’t work”??
Of course some folks won’t work-
they are sick or wornout or lazy
or misled with the big idea
the idle poor should imitate the idle rich*

*From what graveyards and sepulchers have they come,
these given the public eye and ear
who chatter idly of their personal success
as though they flowered by themselves alone
saying “I,” “I,” “I,”
crediting themselves with advances and gains,
“I” did this, I did that,”
and hither and thither, “It was me, Me,”
the people, yes, the people being omitted
or being mentioned as incidental
or failing completely of honorable mention
as though what each did was by him alone
and there is a realm of personal achievement
wherein he was the boss, the big boy,
and it wasn’t luck nor the breaks
not a convenient public*

*but it was him, “I,” “Me,”
and the idea and the inference is
the pay and the praise should be his—*

*The peoplie is a monolith
a mover, a dirt farmer
a desperate hoper.*

*The prize liar comes saying, “I know how, listen to me
and I’ll bring you through.”*

*The guesser comes saying, “The way is long and hard
and maybe what I offer will work out.”*

*The people choose and the people’s choice more often
than not*

is one more washout.

*Yet the strong man, the one who wants nothing for
himself and has his roots among his people,
Comes often enough for the people to know him
and to win through into gains beyond later losing,
Comes often enough so the people can look back and
say, “We have come far and will go farther yet.”*

The people is a trunk of patience, a monolith.

*The people laugh, yes, the people laugh.
They have to in order to live and survive under lying
politicians, lying labor skates, lying racketeers of
businesss, lying newspapers, lying ads.
The people laugh even at lies that cost them toil and
bloody exactions.*

*For a long time the people may laugh, until a day when
the laughter changes key and tone and has something it
didn’t have.*

*Then there is a scurrying and a noise of discussion and
an asking of the question what is it the people want.
Then there is the pretense of giving the people what they
want, with jokers, trick clauses, delays and continuances,
with lawyers and fixers, playboys and ventriloquists,
bigtime promises.*

*Time goes by and the gains are small for the years go
slow, the people go slow, yet the gains can be counted
and the laughter of the people foretoking revolt carries
fear to those who wonder how far it will go
and where to block it.*

The people will live on.

*The learning and blundering people will live on.
They will be tricked and sold and again sold
And go back to the nourishing earth for footholds,
The people so peculiar in renewal and comeback,
You can’t laugh off their capacity to take it.*

*The people so often sleepy, weary, enigmatic,
is a vast huddle with many units saying:*

*“I earn my living,
I make enough to get by
and it takes all my time.
If I had more time
I could do more for myself
and maybe for others.
I could read and study
and talk things over
and find out about things.*

*It takes time.
I wish I had the time."*

*In the darkness with a great bundle of grief
the people march.
In the night, and overhead a shovel of stars for
keeps, the people march:
Where to? What next?"*

Carl Sandburg

MARGARET & JANET SANDBURG

By Mike Hobbs

Carl, Paula, Margaret, Janet, and Helga Sandburg experienced much happiness together as a family, but their existence was not always idyllic. Margaret and Janet both experienced health problems in their childhoods that would affect them all their lives. Carl and Paula worried a lot about these two daughters who lived with them the remainder of their lives.



The Sandburg Family. From George Swank's *Carl Sandburg Galesburg and Beyond* (1983).

Margaret was born in 1911. Sandburg's reaction to the birth of his first child was pure wonder. In an essay "My Baby Girl" written for Margaret he wrote,

Only seven days ago I saw her writhe and take breath, heard her first plaintive cry to her first morning in the world. And when I walked away from the hospital in early gray daylight and a fresh rain smell in the air, treading the blown-down and scattered catalpa blossoms under my heels, I had above all else a new sense of the sacredness of life. A grand, original something the full equal of death or first love or marriage as an experience, this I knew I had touched.

Margaret was a precocious child, but when she was nine years old, she started having pains and convulsions. She was diagnosed as having epilepsy. In late 1921 Paula accompanied Margaret to the Battle Creek Sanitarium in Michigan. Sandburg wrote Margaret this

encouraging note about her treatment,

This is only a little letter from your daddy to say he thinks about you hours and hours, and he knows there was never a princess or a fairy worth so much love. We are starting on a long journey and a hard fight—you and mother and daddy—and we are going to go on slowly, quietly, hand in hand, the three of us, never giving up. And we are going to win. Slowly, quietly, never giving up, we are going to win.

In *Carl Sandburg A Biography* Penelope Niven writes about the situation Carl and Paula found themselves in with Margaret's health problems,

From the moment Carl and Paula Sandburg discovered that Margaret had epilepsy, they were committed to providing the best possible medical care for her, and to sheltering her, if necessary far past their own lifetimes. They sought the most innovative therapy known in those days before Dilantin and other drugs to control seizures. While they kept that optimism that Margaret would get well, they prepared for the worst. Sandburg was driven more than ever to earn money. From that time on, his concern for his family's long-term security motivated every professional decision he made. He was often misunderstood by people who did not know that about him.

Proceeds from the publication of *Rootabaga Stories* in 1922 helped pay for Margaret's treatment. She never attended public schools again. Niven goes on,

*Margaret lived at home, educating herself on the talk of her parents and their stimulating friends, and in her parents' ever-growing library.... When she was twelve, Margaret read Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.... Sequestered in her parents' home all her life, she would become a scholar.... She was her father's reliable librarian, keeping order amidst the seeming chaos of his books and files.*

Janet was born in 1916. She was a robust, healthy, happy child, but she did not develop mentally. She was intimidated by other children. Her happiest times were spent playing with her sisters. When she was sixteen, she sustained a skull fracture from being struck by a car. That injury disrupted her education, which was not going smoothly, and she suffered headaches for years. In her thirties Janet loved her life with the family at Connemara.

Niven writes,

Knowing as they did that Janet would always be dependent, the Sandburgs had set up a Social Security account for her, regularly paid her a salary and paid all the required fees and taxes.... She worked endlessly, enthusiastically tending to goats, chickens, gardens, buttermaking, going to sleep early in the fragrant mountain night, and rising before dawn to begin again.

There hasn't been as much written about Margaret

and Janet as their better-known sister Helga Sandburg Crile. In his *Carl Sandburg Galesburg and Beyond* (1983) author George Swank includes some interesting comments and photos of Margaret and Janet.

He writes,

The three Sandburg daughters were together in Galesburg for the first time in the spring of 1977, when the memorial service was held for their mother, and less than one year later they returned for the Sandburg Centenary.

For Margaret it was the fourth time she was in the city where her father was born. She and her mother had stopped while enroute home from a convention in California, several years before mother and daughter were there for the 1967 memorial service.

*The busy schedule of Centenary events [in 1978] included autograph sessions for Margaret and Helga, whose books had January 6, 1978, publication dates. Margaret edited a collection of her father's previously unpublished poems, *Breathing Tokens*, and Helga's *A Great and Glorious Romance*....*

Holding a cluster of lilacs from a bush with a profusion of blooms near the birthplace, Margaret recalled that each April 15 her father would gather a few lilacs to commemorate the anniversary of Lincoln's death.

Janet has made a study of many wild flowers and birds in North Carolina.... [She] held a few sprigs of bridal wreath presented by Mary A. Creighton, of the Galesburg Post.

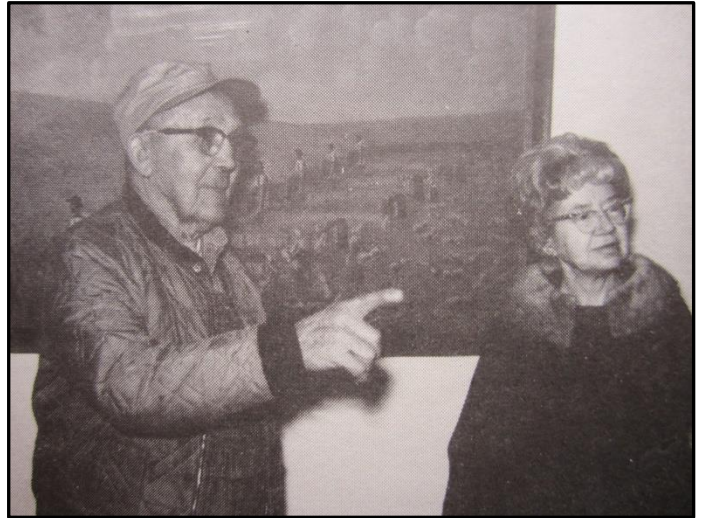
Margaret Sandburg...visited her father's birthplace on the morning of October 20, 1982, to deliver a song book that had been owned by one of her father's classmates at Lombard College and his partner in stereoscope sales work, Frederick Dickinson.

Dickinson had written inside the cover of the book, "Good-Will Songs": When I am through with it, if no one else in my family wants it, give it to the Sandburg home." His wife, Lora Townsend Dickinson, carried out his wishes, and Margaret brought it to the birthplace where Carol Nelson, curator, accepted it on behalf of the Illinois State Historical Library.

Swank showed photos of Margaret's visit to Bishop Hill on April 2, 1968. I was especially interested in these photos which also showed two interesting Bishop Hill residents—Edla Warner and Emil Ericson--whom I met in Bishop Hill in the summer of 1972 while doing a tourism study for the Resource Development Internship Project. Edla Warner was a descendent of Eric Jansson, founder of the Bishop Hill Colony in 1846. Emil Ericson was a student of Carl's sister Mary when she taught in Bishop Hill from 1899 to 1902.



In front of Colony School in Bishop Hill where Carl's sister Mary taught from 1899-1902. l-r, Mrs. Richard Larson, Illinois State Senator Richard Larson, Margaret Sandburg, & Edla Warner. From Swank's *Carl Sandburg Galesburg and Beyond*.



In Colony Church in Bishop Hill. Emil Ericson and Margaret Sandburg. From Swank's *Carl Sandburg Galesburg and Beyond*.



Penelope Niven, Martin Sandburg Jr., & Margaret Sandburg at Birthplace. From Swank's *Carl Sandburg Galesburg and Beyond*.

DEDICATION OF CARL SANDBURG PARK AND REMEMBRANCE ROCK

By Mike Hobbs

Recently Site Superintendent Martha Downey emailed an interesting story to CSHSA board members that appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* on January 8, 1967 about the dedication of the Carl Sandburg Park and Remembrance Rock on June 4, 1966. The story that Martha sent was difficult to read, so CSHSA Treasurer Rick Sayre made a more legible copy available to me from the *Tribune's* archives. Thank you to both Martha and Rick for making this story by free-lance writer Dorothy S. Hansen available. Sandburg was still living when this story appeared in the *Tribune*. He died on July 22, 1967.

Ms. Hansen writes that Remembrance Rock was a 60-inch in diameter and 36-inch high granite boulder which was unearthed on the Knox county farm of Forrest Bonham during excavation for an interstate highway [I-74] [and] had been buried 25 feet deep.... At the dedication ceremony, soil from places having significance in Sandburg's life was deposited around the base by a procession of 150 school children. The children represented 75 schools, including those Sandburg attended in Galesburg and 13 named for him thruout the country. Earth from Valley Forge came in an antique colonial silver snuff box, and was the first to be emptied. Packets also were sent from Cemetery Ridge in Gettysburg; Plymouth, Mass.; the Argonne forest in France; and from Galesburg's Knox college...

Soil came from Milwaukee and Appleton, Wis., where Sandburg worked as a reporter; from the cities in which the Sandburgs lived later—Harbert, Mich.; Maywood, Elmhurst, and Chicago, Ill.; and their present home Connemara farm in Flat Rock, N.C.

The Swedish towns of Appuna and Osbosocan where Sandburg's parents were born sent earth. A Swedish woman from his mother's town of Appuna, Mrs. Stan Blazed, now living in Dodge Center, Minn., heard about the dedication from her mother in Sweden and attended as a personal link between the two countries. Mrs. Blazed's mother now lives on the farm in Appuna where Sandburg's mother was born.

George Swank in his *Carl Sandburg Galesburg and Beyond* points out, "The lettering, "Remembrance Rock" was done by Roland Pointer and Dick Hall, of the McFall Monument Co."

Lines taken from the prolog to the novel were the inspiration for the dedication theme: "And he would go on shy, with a humility that could border on shame when he measured the little that he had given to his country, to the world, and to the Family of Man."

Dr. George L. White, director of research and educational services of Harcourt, Brace and World,

Sandburg's publisher, was the main speaker at the event. [He said] "Whenever a child picks up one of Carl's books and sees again in Carl's words a part of the vision that Carl once saw, and puts the pieces of the vision together to make his own special model of the world, this is when Carl has his full moment of remembrance."

Dr. White quoted from Jessamyn West's letter to his company when Sandburg's latest book of poetry, "Honey and Salt," was published on his 85th birthday in January, 1963. Miss West had written: "Carl has the grace and genius not to seal his poems up so tight as to prevent human entry. He leaves them open. They are as unpretentious as smoke, wind, rain, sunshine. They move like breath and the blood stream.... In Sandburg's poems so filled with the colors and shapes of our lives and landscapes, I always hear the clang of bells and the sound of every name and word."

Robert Peck, Knox county superintendent of schools, acted as master of ceremonies. Illinois state historian, Dr. Clyde C. Walton of Springfield, praised the Birthplace association for preserving the area as an historical shrine. Galesburg Mayor Robert Cabeen told the audience that "it is unique on the prairie to have a park surrounding a rock. It reminds us that we have an obligation to accomplish things while we are here."

A choral reading from the prolog of "Remembrance Rock," arranged by Mrs. James Haker and directed by Dr. Michael Fox, was given by the local Prairie Players Community Theater group. Galesburg High School's junior ensemble, directed by Roland Hegg, lifted youthful voices in song.



Seated by Remembrance Rock in 1966, Esther & Arthur C. Wachs. Standing l-r Dr. George L. White, Sandburg relative Fredrika Akerly, Dr. & Mrs. Richard Sandburg, Mr. & Mrs. Martin Sandburg Jr., & Emma Krans, widow of Charlie Krans. Leaning over rock Marianne Blazed from Minnesota. Photo from *Carl Sandburg Galesburg and Beyond*, George Swank.

In attendance at the dedication were Sandburg's only living sister, Mrs. Arthur [Esther] Wachs, Gibson City, Ill.; two nephews, Dr. Richard Sandburg, Belvidere, Ill., and Martin Sandburg Jr., Galesburg;

and Mrs. Emma Kranz [sic], widow of Carl's cousin Charlie.... Maple trees from the farm have been transplanted to the new park.

During the entire dedication week-end the Illinois State Historical society historymobile depicting "The Lincoln Story" was parked in front of the modest brown birthplace and open free to the public.

When Mark Van Doren, Pulitzer prize winning poet, was lecturer in residence at Knox college in November, 1965, he told of his 30-years' friendship with the home town son and read to his audience from "Honey and Salt." At that time Van Doren made his first visit to his friend's original home, and upon being shown the proposed new park site, commented that he hoped nothing would be done to break the solemnity and quiet, the simplicity and unpretentiousness, as he knew Sandburg would have liked it. Nothing has.

Of all "the persons," tribute must be paid to Mrs. Adda George, a Galesburg woman who first conceived the idea of the restoration of the rundown cottage. Mr. George worked tirelessly to effect this from 1941 to its dedication in 1946 and until her departure from Galesburg in 1958 to a retirement home in Philadelphia. She was the founder and first president of the Birthplace association.

Equally as enthusiastic a supporter is Mrs. Charles J. Bednar, the current president, who volunteers her services as overseer of the multitudinous duties associated with running the organization. These include supplying programs to schools and clubs, providing assistant hostesses for the birthplace, organizing group and individual tours, and creating an ever-widening awareness of the shrine's existence. It is Mrs. Bednar who supervises the keeping up of the voluminous Sandburg scrapbooks which the association makes available to the public.... She is also editor of the "331 Memo," an annual newsletter sent to donors of the association. It was she who supervised the large task of arranging for the park's dedication ceremony.

The birthplace is staffed by Mr. and Mrs. Lauren Goff, caretakers and official host and hostess, who in the adjoining "Adda George home." The shrine is open seven days a week, admission free. It attracts several thousand visitors each year.

--Dorothy S. Hansen, free-lance writer, printed in the Chicago Tribune, January 8, 1967.

SANDBURG ENCOURAGED MARTIN LITVIN

By Mike Hobbs

Novelist, biographer, and historian Martin Litvin was born in Galesburg in 1928. His *The Young Mary*, subtitled

"The Early years of Mother Bickerdyke, America's Florence Nightingale, and Patron Saint of Kansas," was published in 1976. Never one to shy away from tooting his own horn, he undoubtedly wrote the "About the Author" section in the back of the book in which he claimed,

Ten years of bedrock research into the life and career of the famed Civil War nurse, Mother Bickerdyke, including the discovery of her lost private papers by the author, have preceded the writing of the legendary heroine's definitive biography....

Also in the "About the Author" section he notes, "In 1953, Carl Sandburg met and encouraged Mr. Litvin to continue writing."

Litvin graduated from Galesburg High School in 1945 and from the University of Southern California in 1949. He served in the U.S. Army in Great Britain and then attended the University of Iowa Law School for a year. He settled in New York City where he worked for a brokerage firm and spent twenty years there where he wrote steadily, including correspondence work for *The Galesburg Post* and *Knoxville Journal*.

After his death in Knox County in 2000 the late Norm Winick, past CSHSA President, wrote an obituary in the *Zephyr* entitled "Martin Litvin, Author." Norm called Litvin a "prolific" writer. He continued,

Litvin's forte was historical fiction, and even his biographical works included dialog that served to bring characters of the past to life. For that, he was often criticized by academic historians for not being a purist. [Sandburg could relate to that criticism.] Often his work was based on painstaking research through ancient manuscripts, old newspapers and personal diaries. He was a familiar figure at many local libraries as well as several in Chicago. He often discovered details unknown by others or contradicting popular conceptions. For that, his work was often overlooked or discounted by other historians. If a fact was challenged, Litvin could cite the source and, given enough time, produce a copy of it.

Martin Litvin was not an easy person to know. He had long ago given up on traditional publishers and their demands; he wanted control over his words. That also led to a wide variance in the quality of his publications: some are near-masterpieces; other are difficult, at best, to read.

Norm reported that Litvin did not want a funeral, but a tribute was held for him in the Lincoln Room at Knox College where friends spoke about him. It was hoped that the gathering would be as "un-funeral-like" as possible.

UPCOMING EVENTS: SPRING 2017

Saturday, March 25, 7:00pm Songbag Concert: Zach & Erin

Wednesday, April 12, 9am-1pm – Sandburg Site Clean-Up / (Rain Date: April 19, 9am-1pm)

Thur-Sat, April 27-29, Carl Sandburg Festival

<http://apps.sandburg.edu/Festival/Assets/2017%20Festival%20event%20schedule.pdf>

Thursday, April 27

12:15 p.m.: Christina Lovin, Poet: Talk & Book Signing, Carl Sandburg College, Bldg B

1:30 p.m.: Christina Lovin, Poet – Talk & Book Signing, Galesburg High Scholl Library

5:00 p.m.: Cyclists of Galesburg 6-mile Bike Ride – Stops at historic Sandburg sites

6:30 p.m.: Christina Lovin, Poet – Talk & Book Signing, Galesburg Public Library

6:30 p.m.: 28th Annual Carl Sandburg College Poetry Awards, Carl Sandburg College Bldg B

TBA: Galesburg Public Arts Commission Trivia Night, Knights of Columbus Hall, Galesburg

Carl Sandburg Festival (cont.)

Saturday, April 29

9 a.m.: 3- & 5-mile Historic Site Hikes / sponsored by Galesburg Girl Scouts / Open to public. Begins & Ends at Carl Sandburg State Historic Site

10am: Photography Seminar- Dan Westergren, Nat Geo Travel Photographer/Media Consultant/Creative Director

10am & 1:30pm Carl Sandburg's Galesburg Tram Tour / Sandburg State Historic Site

TBA Writers Workshop with Christina Lovin, Sandburg State Historic Site Barn

7:00 p.m., Songbag Concert / Ada & the Shubies, Sandburg Historic Site Barn

9:00 p.m., 11th Annual Rootabaga Poetry Slam, with Marc K. Smith, 156 East, 156 E. Main St.

Saturday, May 22, Songbag Concert: Performers TBA.

**CARL
SANDBURG**
“..for it could be a place
to come and remember.”
**HISTORIC
SITE
ASSOCIATION**



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