

INKLINGS and IDLINGS

The Newsletter of the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association

313 East Third Street • Galesburg, Illinois 61401 • (309) 342-2361

Spring 2001

The Address Label

If you are a member of the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association, you are asked to examine the address label on your copy of *Inklings and Idlings*. You will see the first line consists of a three-letter abbreviation of a month, and a two-digit number, usually 01 or 02.

It represents the expiration date of your membership. For example, Apr01 indicates an expiration date of April, 2001. An earlier date, such as Feb01, denotes a membership which is in arrears.

If your expiration date does not correspond with your records, please notify the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association.

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Welcome to Our New Members

It is always a source of real pleasure to welcome those who have honored the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association by affiliating with it. The new members are:

Paul Beckley
Glenda Rickords
Corinne Sherwood

If you have joined the Association recently, and your name is not listed above, please notify *Inkling and Idlings* of the omission so it may be rectified.

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The Songbag Is Still Open

The Songbag Concert Series will continue in April and May. The venue for the programs is the Carl Sandburg Historic Site at 313 East Third Street, Galesburg.

On Thursday, April 19th, Larry Penn will once again help inaugurate the Sandburg Days festival. Mr. Penn last appeared at the Site two years ago.

His performances have delighted audiences from 3 to 103 at schools, museums, music festivals, and just about every place between the Hobo campfires at the Hobo Convention at Britt, Iowa, and the Musica E Lavora in Torino, Italy.

Noted for their elegance and simplicity, Mr. Penn's songs are not only popular with audiences, but are acclaimed by other artists, many of whom have recorded their own renditions of his songs.

The featured artists on Thursday, May 17th will be Bob and Kristie Black. They have bluegrass roots going back to Bill Monroe, "The Father of Bluegrass Music."

Mr. Black toured and recorded with the late great musical master during the 1970s, learning much about songwriting and performing which he now brings to his audiences with his wife Kristie.

Together they draw on country music tradition to enliven their shows, which feature many original duets

and instrumentals. Going beyond bluegrass, Bob and Kristie blend mountain soul with their own creative musical style, giving each performance a uniquely individual flavor.

All of the concerts, which are coordinated by John Heasly, begin at 7 p.m., in the smoke and alcohol free atmosphere of the Site.

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At Last! The Grand Opening!

On April 21, at 2 p.m., Helga Sandburg Crile, Carl Sandburg's daughter, will cut the ribbon to open the new permanent exhibit of Carl Sandburg's life "Carl Sandburg, Galesburg and Beyond."

Several exhibit designers and writers have been working on this project since last May when the request to have new exhibits covering the entirety of Sandburg's remarkable life was approved by the Illinois Historic Preservation Agency. Until now, the exhibits dealt only with Sandburg's early years in Galesburg.

Besides Helga Sandburg Crile, (who is the author of several books), the Site will host Penelope Niven, Sandburg biographer, and Emily McCully, children's book author and illustrator who wrote *Popcorn at the Palace*, the story of a Galesburg father and daughter who brought popcorn to England's Queen Victoria.

Events of the day include:

11:00--Knox College Poetry Contest Award Ceremony
11:30--Galesburg Area Memoir Writing Contest Award Ceremony
1:00 to 2:00--Poetry share performance by Sandburg College students
2:00--Ribbon Cutting Ceremony
2:15 to 3:30--Meet the Three

Authors; chat and have a book or two autographed.

Ongoing during the day:

Free buffet
Barbershop Quartette Music
Free popcorn
Tours of Sandburg's birthplace home
Tours of the perennial garden and gravesite including Quotation Walk, which has quotes from the poet engraved on stepping stones.

- Carol Nelson

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From the Superintendent

We have been busy doing outdoor spring cleanup at the Carl Sandburg Historic Site, and preparing for the April 21st opening of the new exhibit.

In addition, the Songbag Concert series continues. Inclement weather held down attendance for the March 15th program. Those who braved the elements were treated to outstanding performances by Charlie Hayes and John Heasly.

Charlie Hayes is one of the architects of acoustic music in the Galesburg area. He has been a professional musician all of his adult life. During his appearance, he offered dazzling guitar playing and excellent vocals.

John Heasly was already familiar to the audience from his work with the folk trio, Morning Star. As a soloist, it was apparent he performed some of the best country blues the audience had heard.

The next Songbag concert, on April 19th, will open the annual Sandburg Days Festival. The featured artist will be Larry Penn.

A new CD has been issued with the

title *The Lover: The Love Poetry of Carl Sandburg*. Here is a quote from critic Terry Wood: "The Lover features 18 Sandburg poems, softly and thoughtfully read by flautist Tim Wheater in his handsome English baritone, and underscored with subdued audio backdrops shaped by Michael Hoppe.

"The disc projects a hushed atmosphere and an earnest, intimate tone, though it is less about music and more about the poetry. A few of the selections, such as the lamenting "Mag" are unusual inclusions, yet the disc's overall impact is touching and, at times, memorable. It includes a 28-page booklet (which provides the full text of all poems, plus notes from Sandburg biographer Penelope Niven.)"

The disc is available at our museum store. Its price is \$17. The disc can be ordered by mail, as can any of the other items. Members of the Association can deduct 10% from the price, and then add 15% for shipping and handling.

- Carol Nelson

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Wrinklings & Wild Things

*"Inch worm, inch worm measuring the marigolds
Seems to me you'd stop and see how beautiful they are."*

Thank you, Frank Loesser.

As completion of our new site exhibit blooms imminently on the horizon, these words stick in what is remaining of my brain. It has been a very long haul to get to where we are with the exhibits, and I am sure you will want to "stop and see...."

The song's lyrics also remind me of a humorous encounter Sandburg wrote of in "How The Caterpillar Told Secrets to a Spink Bug and a Huck."

A spink bug and a huck who learned how to be good pals were taking a trip to the famous moon baths in the hill country halfway north of the Village of Liver-and-Onions and the Village of Cream Puffs. They met a seven-ring caterpillar. "Where are you going?" they said.

"You mean what place I'm going?"

"Exactly."

"Caterpillars don't go no place, I thought you knowed that much, you being a spink bug," and he waved his head in the air and waved a long wavy salute to the spink bug, "and you being a huck bug," and he waved his head in the air and waved a long wavy salute to the huck bug.

"Caterpillars can be nice when they want to, can't they?" whispered the spink bug to the huck. But to the caterpillar, speaking out loud, the spink said, "Why do you do this if you ain't got no place to go to? You keep a-moving and a-moving and you look like you wanted to get from one place to go to another place. That was why we asked you where you was going."

"I'm listening, go on," said the caterpillar.

"Don't you feel yourself going somewhere? Don't you know if you keep on going like you're going, in a million years you'll be a thousand miles from here?"

"I know all about it. I stand by what I said to you first. I ain't going no place at all. I'm just a-mooching along. Being a caterpillar, I was born to mooch. If I didn't mooch like this I couldn't live with the caterpillars and be one. All

caterpillars mooch."

"This is a very intelligent caterpillar," said the huck bug out of the side of his mouth, whispering to the spink. "Yes, he's onto himself--ask him more," said the spink out of the side of his mouth, whispering it with syllables.

"Most respectfully we ask you to tell us more about mooching," spoke the spink out loud to the caterpillar.

"Mooching is how caterpillars measure," was the answer from the seven-ring caterpillar. "There would never be no inches if it wasn't for the caterpillar mooching. Two inches came from two caterpillar mooches. Look--" and the caterpillar mooched two mooches. "And six inches came from six caterpillar mooches." And the caterpillar mooched six mooches. "The first inch ever was a mooch inch," he said as he mooched one mooch to show how much. "All the millions of miles and mileses in the world is inches and every inch is just a mooch. Wherever you go it's must so many mooches. Caterpillars don't care where they are going or what places there are to go to. It's how far, how many inches and every inch a mooch, that's all caterpillars ask about...."

Pardon me now while I get back to the final centi-mooches and milli-mooches of exhibit preparation. If you would like the full measure of this story, please see *More Rootabagas* (published in 1993, but no longer in print) at your local library.

- Steve Holden

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Janet Sandburg, 1916-2001

Janet Sandburg, the middle daughter of Carl and Lilian Sandburg, died

February 17, 2001, at her home at Spring Harbor in Henderson, North Carolina.

She was born in Maywood, Illinois, in July, 1916. She was raised in the midwest and graduated from New Troy High School, in Michigan.

Ms. Sandburg had a learning disability, probably as a result of having been struck and severely injured by an automobile in September, 1932. Consequently, she made her home with her parents well into her adult life. When they moved in 1945 from Harbert, Michigan, to Connemara Farm near Flat Rock, North Carolina, she accompanied them.

There she assisted her mother in the care of an internationally recognized Chikaming goat herd. In her spare time, she was an avid bird-watcher. She also corresponded extensively with friends in all parts of the world.

She is survived by her younger sister Helga Sandburg Crile, who is a distinguished author. Her older sister, Margaret, preceded her in death.

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Carl Sandburg Tells A Story About His Nephew

(Editor's note: In the following article, Dr. Richard Sandburg writes of a wartime meeting with his famous uncle, and how it provided material for Carl Sandburg's newspaper column and later, for inclusion in a book.)

During the early stages of World War II, many of us were rushed to Ft. McDowell, on Angel Island, near San Francisco. The Army brass had visions of halting Japan's invasion of the Philippines, but later rejected the idea.

Our stay on Angel Island had its

bright moments: for one, Carl Sandburg gave a lecture at the Veteran's Auditorium in San Francisco, just across the bay.

I don't recall his subject matter, but he drew a full house, and I had difficulty working my way backstage to greet him.

Upon seeing me in uniform, Uncle Carl became wide-eyed, and gave me his traditional bear hug. He said he was taking a bus shortly to his next destination, but could I ride with him and his hosts to the station? I assured him I would, even if I had to go "over the hill" for the night.

Our driver tolerantly allowed Uncle Carl and me to visit on our short trip to the station. He was curious as to my Army status, my classification, and if I knew my destination.

I had no answers except for the inevitable rumors that we were headed for Hawaii, and surely not to the E.T.O., the European Theater of Operations.

At this time, the Russians were involved in a fierce struggle with Germany, which took much of the pressure off England. During a brief lull during our ride, I queried Uncle Carl with, "Do you believe if we can eventually defeat Germany, we should continue on and conquer Russia as well?"

Carl paused and replied, "Dick, I wouldn't think of the idea; the Russians are saving us from a 50-year war with Germany, and they will need all the help they can get to defeat the Nazis."

(Recently, upon reading the book, *The Other Carl Sandburg*, which portrays Carl as pro-communist, one might feel the author had a point. However, as a youth, Sandburg and his family agonized through meager

salaries and long working hours. He did have socialistic ideas, but he was not a Communist.)

I obtained Carl's luggage and he embarked for his next stop. He preferred riding on buses as it gave him opportunities to visit with strangers.

Several weeks later, I was awakened in my bunk by a buddy with the morning edition of the *San Francisco Examiner*. It carried a syndicated column by Carl. As I read it, I was reminded anew of the hazards of having an uncle who was a distinguished man of letters, for whom an innocent conversation provided grist for his literary mill.

It was apparent I was the subject of the column, although I was not mentioned by name. Uncle Carl noted he had known the unidentified soldier when the young man derived most of his nourishment from milk, and wore only skirts.

Uncle Carl proceeded to assert I had complained life in the Army was hard, and the food provided was poor, but that somehow I had managed to add 37 pounds to my frame.

He also implied that I had been less than happy to be drafted into the Army, as it meant leaving a professional practice which was just beginning to thrive.

In spite of the aforementioned sources of discontent, he went on to declare I now believed I was a part of the sweep of history; a participant in a great adventure.

I wasn't aware that I admired the service that much, but he wrote a good "story" about it and our enjoyable evening in San Francisco.

The article was later a part of a confluence of many of his newspaper

columns in a book, *Home Front Memo*. It was dedicated to the life, works and memory of Stephen Vincent Benet.

- Richard Sandburg

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Carl Sandburg in Sweden

(Tomas Junglander is a Swedish citizen and businessman based in Stockholm. He grew up in Mjoelby only a few miles from Appuna and Aasbo, the birthplaces of Carl Sandburg's parents. Between 1988 and 1992 he lived in Chicago where he was in charge of Scandinavian Airlines. He is a great admirer of Carl Sandburg and he will contribute articles to this newsletter.)

As you may know Carl Sandburg visited "Hemlandet" Sweden only twice, 1918 and 1959. During his first trip he never visited the region where his parents were born.

In Stockholm in 1959, he was invited by the Swedish King and by the Swedish Prime Minister and he recited his mother's famous testament on the Swedish television...in Swedish!

Above all he visited Appuna and Aasbo where his parents were born. Located south of Stockholm, the distance to Stockholm is approximately the same as between Chicago and Galesburg. In Appuna where his mother Clara Mathilda Andersdotter was born on July 20, 1850, he visited the church, he met with a lot of relatives and he believed he visited the house where his mother was born. As a matter of fact, he visited the house next to his mother's birthplace. Why?

I have regular contacts with one of the present relatives. His explanation is that the other house was in much better shape and therefore the famous relative was

guided to the other house.

When you visit Carl Sandburg's last home in Connemarra, North Carolina, you can still find on the wall a photograph from his visit to Appuna. He is standing in a wheat field. You will find it on the stairs to his workroom on the third floor.

Carl Sandburg, who knew very little about his father's family, knew that his father was born in Aasbo parish. By the way, Aasbo is located only 11 miles from Appuna. When he visited Aasbo he was put on the wrong track again and was not guided to the correct birthplace of his father.

A local researcher told him that his father was born in 1846, the son of Daniel Nilsson of Aenghemmet, who had emigrated with his family in 1857. The fact that this son of Daniel was baptized Alfred was explained by the suggestion that he had changed his name to August in the United States.

These errors about Carl Sandburg's background have appeared in writings in Sweden as well as the United States. In different biographies you can still find other errors, e.g., that August Danielson emigrated from the north of Sweden.

The true relationship was discovered during the 1990s by an American researcher Norman Bergstrom together with a Swedish researcher Bo Lindwall. They found out that August Danielsson was born on September 28, 1843, in Boetinge, Aasbo as a son of Daniel Gustafsson and his wife Maria Danielsdotter.

Carl Sandburg mentioned in his book, *Always the Young Strangers*, that his father had a cousin Magnus Holmes. This Magnus Holmes shows up in the Swedish records as a cousin to August Danielsson, not to Alfred Danielsson.

August Danielsson worked as a farmhand on different farms between 1858 and 1870. He emigrated, probably to the United States, in July, 1870. Clara Mathilda Andersdotter worked on a farm up to 1873 and emigrated to Galesburg on June 6, 1873, from Gothenburg.

Other similarities in their background are that August Danielsson lost his father when he was 4 years old and Clara Mathilda Andersdotter lost her mother when she was 6 years old. August had four sisters and brothers. Three of them died at an early age. Clara also had four sisters and brothers. Two of them died at an early age.

Clara and August had a lot in common when they met at the hotel in Bushnell, Illinois, where Clara was working. They were married in Galesburg on August 7, 1874. The rest is history!

Next time I will write about our efforts to reintroduce Carl Sandburg to Sweden and why Carl Sandburg never received the Nobel Prize.

- Tomas Junglander

(Editor's Note: Mr. Junglander asked us to put in his e-mail address in case readers wish to communicate with him. The address is <stjaernorp@telia.com>.)

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Popcorn for the Queen

A new childrens' book is available at the museum store. Emily Arnold McCully, a former resident of Galesburg, has written and illustrated *Popcorn at the Palace*.

The book is based on the true story of Olmstead Ferris who took popcorn he had grown on his Knox County farm to England. He hoped to sell lots of it over there.

The English people were amazed to see corn put into a hot pot and come out as "snow." A command performance before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert was a great success, but popcorn never became a popular snack in Great Britain.

The pictures in the book are a pleasure to behold--adults will enjoy them as well. The price of the book is \$16. Pick up a copy today and enjoy a little Galesburg history with your children or grandchildren.

The drawings will be on display through April 21st at the Galesburg Public Library, 40 East Simmons Street, Galesburg, Illinois.

- Barbara Schock

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Some Traditional Swedish Desserts

Many people think soup should be hot, but a cold fruit soup is a real treat. Give it a try and see what you have been missing. Fruit soup is served as a light dessert all year round in Sweden. Besides, it is rich in nutrients.

Old Fashioned Fruit Soup

3/4 cup dried apricots
3/4 cup dried pitted prunes
6 cups cold water
1 cinnamon stick
2 lemon slices, 1/4 inch thick
3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons raisins
1 tablespoon dried currants
1 tart cooking apple, peeled, cored and cut into 1/2 inch slices

Soak the apricots and prunes in the cold water for 30 minutes using a 3 quart stainless steel saucepan. Add the cinnamon stick, lemon slices, tapioca and sugar and bring the mixture to boiling. Lower the heat

to medium, cover the pan and simmer for 10 minutes. Stir occasionally with a wooden spoon to prevent the fruits from sticking. Stir in the raisins, currants and apple slices and simmer another 5 minutes. Pour into a large serving bowl and cool to room temperature. Remove the cinnamon stick, cover and chill. Serve the soup in sauce dishes or soup bowls. Makes 4 servings.

Swedish pancakes are served most often with lingonberries, fresh or canned. Strawberry preserves also make a good accompaniment to the little pancakes. In the wintertime, pancakes are part of a traditional evening meal in Sweden. The main course usually is pea soup.

Swedish Pancakes

3 eggs
2 cups milk
1 cup flour
6 tablespoons unsalted butter,
melted

1/2 teaspoon salt

Beat eggs with 1/2 cup of the milk using a rotary beater or whisk. Add the flour all at once and beat until the batter has a thick, smooth consistency. Beat in the remaining milk, butter and salt.

Since the batter is rich, the Swedish pancake pan or a cast-iron skillet doesn't need additional fat. Heat the pan on medium-high heat. Drop 1 tablespoon of batter onto the pan for each pancake. The pancake edges will brown in 1 or 2 minutes; turn and brown the other side.

In Swedish households the pancakes are served "from pan to plate," but if necessary, set each batch of pancakes aside on a platter and keep them warm in a 200 degrees F. oven while you cook the rest of the batter.

- Barbara Schock

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