
INKLINGS AND IDLINGS

The Newsletter of the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association

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Spring 2016

FROM SITE SUPERINTENDENT MARTHA DOWNEY

The mild days of winter are fading into the milder days of spring. Spring means the Carl Sandburg Festival is coming. April 25-30 are the dates, and the festival committee has organized a variety of activities for all ages. There will be a 5-mile bike ride, a special production by the Vitalist Theatre of Chicago, photo contest, Sandburg statue dedication, and poetry slam.

Before the festival even begins, clean-up needs to be done. On April 20 (rain date, April 21) the Knox County Master Gardeners will be leading a clean-up day at the Carl Sandburg State Historic Site. The work will begin at 9 am and will last until 4 pm with a lunch break. Come for an hour, the morning, the afternoon, or the entire day. Bring gloves and gardening tools.

The Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association and Central Congregational Church will hold a mutual fundraising concert on Wednesday, April 27. Funds from this concert will go to the CSHSA's and Central's newly established endowment funds. Chris Vallillo will be performing his wonderful concert "Parallel Paths; The Poetry of Carl Sandburg, the Music of Chris Vallillo." This concert will be at Central Congregational at 6:30 pm. Bring the family for this wonderful concert.

John Hallwas will be the featured speaker at this year's Festival. He is the Distinguished Professor emeritus at Western Illinois University. He has written and edited books on Illinois, the Midwest, literature, and history. His titles include *Bootlegger: A Story of Small-Town America*, *Keokuk and The Great Dam*, and *Dime Novel Desperadoes: The Notorious Maxwell Brothers*.

Dr. Hallwas will be speaking Thursday, April 28 at 12:15 pm at Carl Sandburg College and at 4 pm at the Galesburg Public Library. In between those presentations he will meet with Galesburg High School students. A writers' workshop "Writing Nonfiction" will be led by Dr. Hallwas at the Site's Barn on Saturday, April 30, 1:30 pm.

In addition to this writers' workshop the Carl Sandburg State Historic Site will host a number of Festival activities. On Friday, April 29 at 1 pm the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association will hold its annual Penny Parade. On Saturday morning the Girl Scouts will spend time at the Site learning about Carl before heading

out on a 3 or 5-mile hike.

The April Songbag Concert will be Saturday evening at 7 pm. The Roundstone Buskers will return to Galesburg for the concert. This acoustic trio performs traditional and contemporary Celtic music.

Following this concert will be the 10th annual Rootabaga Poetry Slam. Marc K. Smith returns to lead this raucous event. Smith originated the Poetry Slam movement, and we are so very fortunate that he returns annually to lead Galesburg's Slam.

For the full Carl Sandburg Festival schedule and updates, visit <http://apps.sandburg.edu/festival>.

CARL SANDBURG REMEMBERED – AUGUST W. BERGGREN

By Rex Cherrington

The building that now houses the Galesburg Antiques Mall Co. has a history integral to downtown Galesburg that spans approximately one hundred and twenty years. There were businesses located on this part of East Main Street before the construction of the present building. It was on October 1, 1887 that August W. Berggren, J. F. Anderson, a realtor, and N. O. G. Johnson purchased lots 9, 10, and 11 of Block 15 of the Original Plat of Galesburg for \$15,000. In time lots 10 and 11 would be developed into the building that is the subject of this story.

August W. Berggren and the others secured a mortgage from the Covenant Mutual Life Association on April 9, 1896. Berggren and W. H. Smollinger had served as president and secretary of the CMLA at different times. The start and completion dates of construction are unknown, but based upon available information it would seem to have been built in 1896, perhaps not completed until 1897. In that year we find the building referred to as "American Hall," a fitting name for a building put up by Swedes, an immigrant group struggling to assimilate and show their loyalties to the new homeland.

Among the earliest documentation we have is an 1897 photograph of this building when Main Street was well decorated in a patriotic motif for a Grand Army of the Republic Convention, which included a parade down Main Street. Other early documentation lists the Scandinavian Mutual Aid Association as headquartered in this building in 1897. The building is on the list of works attributed to architect William Wolf. No elaboration about this work, including the year of Mr. Wolf's design, appears to exist. A sign in a second floor window of the round turret, visible in the 1897 photo below, states the building was the location of the armory of Company C of the Sixth Illinois National Guard. This was the organization that Carl Sandburg joined in 1898 when he went off to the Spanish-American War. Over a period of years Mr. Berggren acquired sole ownership of the building, and no doubt he was the most influential of the partners.



Galesburg Main St. decorated for 1897 Grand Army of the Republic Convention. Building on right at 349 E. Main St. later was Odd Fellows Building. Now Galesburg Antiques Mall Co. Photo courtesy of Knox College.

August W. Berggren was born at Amots Bruk in the parish of Ockelbo, Sweden. This town is located in Gavleborg, the principal city of which is Gavle. Here in the United States, Galva, Illinois is named for this place. Berggren came from the same region that many of the Bishop Hill settlers and other Swedes in this part of Illinois came from. August Berggren's father's family name at birth was Person, but the father and one of his brothers adopted the surname of Berggren.

Up to the age of fourteen young August had attended the village schools and helped on the family farm, but his father arranged to have him serve an apprenticeship to a tailor. The terms of this

apprenticeship seem harsh by modern standards and amounted to indentured servitude for a period of five years. It was the customary way to learn a trade in Sweden, England, and perhaps other European countries. However, if young August had died before completing the five-year apprenticeship, his father would have owed the master tailor some money for his losses.

At age sixteen August's mother died, and the father considered a possible move for himself and his family to the United States. In order to bring August with him to the United States the father had to pay the master tailor fifty riksdaler to have him released from the apprenticeship, which he did, and the widowed father with his six children emigrated.

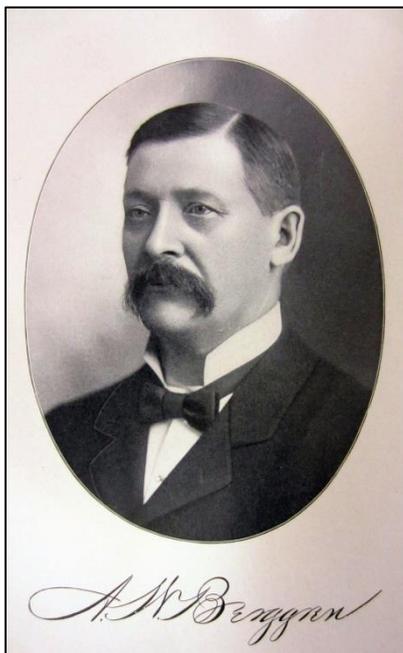
Upon arrival in the United States August W. Berggren first came to Oneida, Illinois but quickly found employment in Victoria where he was hired by the tailor Jonas Hallstrom. From there he came to Galesburg and continued the tailoring trade.

August made an effort to serve his new country in the Civil War and answered the first call for volunteers when he joined a Swedish company organized in Knoxville by Captain Holmberg, a Swede with military experience. It seems another group that organized at the same time was put into service, and the quota was met, so this first Swedish group was disbanded. A.W. Berggren, dismissed from service, chose to go to Monmouth where he further pursued tailoring and worked for Captain Denman. Near the end of the war Berggren returned to Galesburg and became a solicitor of life insurance. An awareness of mortality was atmospheric, and people were reminded on nearly a daily basis of the fragile nature of life. While Berggren entered into the life insurance business in these troubled times, he did not abandon tailoring or the clothing trade.

In 1869 Berggren launched what would become a successful political career, elected as a Justice of the Peace, later Sheriff of Knox County, and State Senator. He served as president pro tempore of the Senate in 1887. On May 1, 1889 he was appointed Warden of the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet. In 1891 he resigned that position to take over the presidency of the Covenant Mutual Life Association of Illinois. Covenant Mutual Life was affiliated with the International Order of Odd Fellows.

A. W. Berggren was both an Odd Fellow and a Mason and held many offices in both organizations. He was an active member and supporter of the Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church and donated regularly to Knox College. He also donated to Galesburg Cottage Hospital and Lombard College.

Through the course of his lifetime August W. Berggren took a significant part in numerous businesses, including Galesburg Stoneware Company, Galesburg Paving Brick Company, Illinois Canadian Land Company, National Perefoyd Company, Galesburg National Bank, and Bank of Galesburg. Berggren owned tailoring and clothing companies, some with a partner, J. A. Lundeen. Mr. Berggren married Christina Naslund at Knoxville in 1866. She was from a family that had settled in Bishop Hill in 1854.



August W. Berggren

We are fortunate that Carl Sandburg left us with his recollections of August W. Berggren in connection with his account of the trial and subsequent incarceration of Ed Jackson for murder, "I could have got straight on how they did things in Joliet if I had gone to August W. Berggren and asked him. He was learning to be a tailor when he was fourteen years old in Sweden and his father brought him to Knox County, where he worked as a tailor. He played the violin, organized string bands, and wrote music arrangements. All the time he had an eye on business and politics and got to be a director and Vice-president of the Galesburg National Bank, taking a hand in nominating

candidates and electing them. I first saw him when my father took me to the clothing store of Berggren & Lundeen on Main between Seminary and Kellogg and I was maybe eight or nine years old. Mr. Berggren held a coat for me to put my arms into, and my father picked the suit he wanted for me. It wasn't all wool, but Berggren was kind, showed respect for my father and me even though he was Sheriff of Knox County for eight years, a state senator for eight years and president of the Covenant Mutual Life Association of Illinois. He was a born tailor and liked fitting me and boys into clothes. From May 1889 to March 1891 he was warden of the Joliet Penitentiary and ran the prison." (Carl Sandburg, p. 173 *Always the Young Strangers*).

It is apparent from Carl Sandburg's recollection written when he was approaching seventy-five years of age that Berggren had made a lasting impression upon him. Berggren had once been a Swede boy from unassuming origins who went on to occupy positions of responsibility and importance. Carl expressed affectionate admiration for Berggren and likely his thinking about Berggren gave him some encouragement in his youth.

Over the years Berggren, sometimes with others, owned the building that now houses Galesburg Antiques Mall Company. There have been many occupants, too many to list in this story. It was on October 8, 1925 that the five surviving children of August and Christina Berggren sold the building to Knox Lodge No. 446 of the International Order of Odd Fellows. This lodge was organized in 1871 as the First Scandinavian Lodge of the Odd Fellows with A. W. Berggren's assistance. The building then served as the Odd Fellows building for the next fifty years and in September 1996 became the Galesburg Antiques Mall Company. The Galesburg Historical Society has been on the third floor since 2005. In 2015 the museum expanded into a larger room.

IMAGINARY FRIENDS & ROOTABAGA STORIES

By Cheryl Harlan

(Ed. Note: Cheryl Harlan is a CSHSA member who lives on Lopez Island off the coast of Washington State. A couple years ago she told this story involving her son Jesse at a gathering where people got up and told about an incident in their lives.)

It was a beautiful early summer day. Jesse was preschool age and playing outside with his four imaginary friends. The first imaginary friend, he informed me one day, was his daughter, Mountain

Climber. In time, his daughter had her own daughter, Tree Tops, and a son, Branch, which made me a great, great grandmother at a very early age. But the imaginary friend that he played with most often was another boy named, simply, John.

Well, on this particular day Jesse was playing with John, pretending that they were sword fighting with fallen alder branches. I was doing a thorough house cleaning. He came running in to tell me something about his friend John and then ran out again. I started a tape of Carl Sandburg reading in his deep and commanding voice his *Rootabaga Stories* about the Potato Face Blind Man and the Left Handed Monkey Wrenches and the Right Handed Monkey Wrenches. I placed the tape player in the big overstuffed chair that took up all the space in our small bay window in the living room, and I turned the volume up so that I could hear it as I cleaned the bathroom. While I listened, Sandburg intoned, "And sliding, sliding, down from the moon on this toboggan were the White Gold Boys and the Blue Silver Girls. I could pick up a whole handful of them and hold them in my hand and talk to them..."

From behind the door in the bathroom, where I was scrubbing the floor, I heard Jesse's little feet running up the steps and across the porch, and I heard the screen door open and slam. There he stopped for a moment. I heard the screen door open and slam again and his little feet running back across the porch and down the steps, and then I heard him scream.

I was up and out the door at a speed I couldn't even approach now. He was standing in front of the house like the little boy in the movie "Home Alone," eyes wide open, hands at his cheeks, emitting a strange hoarse noise of pure terror.

So, put yourself in his shoes. You're deep in the land of imagination, playing with your friend John, who does not really exist, and yet he does. You come into the room where your mother was when you last saw her, and she is gone, but someone else is there, a man, a big man, by the sound of voice, and he is obviously talking from the big chair, but he is NOT THERE! Obviously, hitherto never-before-encountered supernatural forces are at work here.

When I reached him, I knelt down on the ground and held him tight and tried not to laugh. I'm pretty sure that eventually I just gave in and laid down on

the ground and laughed till I cried.

I've often had the chance to reflect, while working with kids basically my whole life, that we assume they know reality. How could they? So many things are new and unbelievable. And that space, that fuzzy line between what is known and what is unknown, what is real and what is make-believe? It would do us good to visit that space more often.

CARL SANDBURG, MY AMERICA, OR SING, THE BELOVED COUNTRY

By Pierre Brackman

(Ed. Note: Pierre Brackman lives in Lille, France. He is an English teacher with a "passion for American literature and even more particularly American poetry." He studied for a year at Amherst College, Amherst, MA and received a Master of Arts Degree in American Literature and Civilization.)

Keen on America poetry, I first read some of Carl Sandburg's poems in an anthology of American literature. I was immediately moved by this man who was writing so exquisitely in free verse, giving a Whitmanesque hue to his lines about America and its people. Wanting to know more about Sandburg and his heritage, I started searching the internet to know how he was considered in America, as I wondered whether he was looked upon as a classic in the United States, whether every single American had *The People, Yes* or *Good Morning America*, and whether every young American still studied his poetry at school. That is how I got in touch with the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association, having the chance to be in contact via e-mails with a couple of men who are passionate about this brilliant American poet. I have thoroughly enjoyed reading these e-mails written by men committed to preserve Sandburg's heritage. I was asked to explain why I liked this poet as a French citizen living in a country where, I must unfortunately acknowledge, few people have ever heard of Sandburg. I am happy to share these reasons here.

One of the first things that appealed to me even before starting to read was what I could see on the page--that is, free verse. Indeed, after reading quite a lot of poetry, I know that I am inclined to prefer free verse. It must date back to the days when I was in school, as I remember I was not exactly moved by poetry. Back then, I thought we could not care less if a poet wrote an alexandrin (twelve syllables for the line) or a décamètre (ten syllables). I did not have the words to express it, but I had the intuition that when the rules of mathematics were applied to

poetry, then poetry was bereft of what is to me its raison d'être--grace.

Now, when I visit places, I remember the feeling I had as a child. Let's take the examples of the Gardens of Versailles, or the famous Jardin du Luxembourg in Paris. There is no denying that these gardens are spotlessly clean, perfectly symmetrical, flawlessly geometrical. But they lack something--the wonderful imperfection of the human hand. Indeed, these French formal gardens definitely leave me cold. Now, I feel so moved by landscapes men have not touched but left unsullied, landscapes where nature is the only master, and where nothing is controlled, where plants, trees, flowers, and even rocks move according to the winds and the rains. These are the American landscapes I fell in love with--the trees and the colorful leaves of New England in fall, the rocks and the river in Colorado, the prairie and corn fields in Illinois. I can understand my friends who are keen on flawless and regular lines, admiring the surgical precision of the poet writing, whittling, polishing his verses. Yet, I feel more attracted to the purity of a thought, to the rawness of free verse in which the poet feels free to write exactly what he thought and felt without feeling compelled to have his thought diminished, because it had to abide by a certain form. What I am more interested in is the matter, only expecting the manner of writing to suit the content of the verse. I do not want to admire a painting, because I am impressed by the work of the painter, by the time he spent on this detail or on that other detail; I want to admire a painting because it takes me away. This is all I am expecting of poetry. By that measure Carl Sandburg is to be ranked among the best poets ever.

In the book *Spontaneous Mind*, a collection of interviews of Allen Ginsberg, the poet said to Tom Clark, in *The Paris Review* in spring 1966, "See, the difference is between someone sitting down to write a poem in a definite preconceived metrical pattern and filling in that pattern, and someone working with his physiological movements and arriving at a pattern, and perhaps even arriving at a pattern which might even have a name, or might even have a classical usage, but arriving at it organically rather than synthetically. Nobody's got any objection to even iambic pentameter if it comes from a source deeper than the mind--that is to say, if it comes from the breathing and the belly and the lungs." In his poems Sandburg makes the most of that freedom of style which I love so much in the American tradition.

Perhaps it has to do with the sincere and deep attachment the Americans have for their freedom of speech. Indeed, maybe I can say that the corollary of that notion is a certain attachment to the freedom of speech in its manner of being pronounced as much as in its matter.

Then, when I read Sandburg's poems, I found in his words the spirit of a country. His family story is a perfect example of what America makes possible, just as his political persuasion can be linked to the deep faith he had in the American people and in America itself. Indeed, Sandburg writes about the best the United States has to offer and about what it should offer. After all, the United States was born from a utopia and Winthrop's "city upon a hill." It is no wonder that there are men who have kept the utopia alive as the utopia is never reached, but enlighten the road of men willing to get closer to it. That is why Sandburg is deeply American, crystalizing the American psyche in my eyes. He is an idealist. This spirit of America permeates through Sandburg's poetry, for instance when I read,

One of the early Chicago poets,
Having one lead pencil to spare, wrote:
I am credulous about the destiny of man,
and I believe more than I can ever prove
of the future of the human race
and the importance of illusions....

Archibald MacLeish, in the introduction to *Complete Poems*, wrote that "Sandburg too was credulous about the destiny of man and believed more than he could ever prove of the future of the human race." That is undoubtedly what caused him to be called "the voice of America." He is the voice of the America I love.
(to be continued.)

WHAT APPEALS TO ME ABOUT SANDBURG

By Pat Kane

(Ed. Note: This is part of a series of stories written by CSHSA members about why they like Sandburg. Pat Kane is CSHSA Secretary.)

My father first introduced me to Carl Sandburg in January 1962 as our car roared over the Illinois state line, with the snow and slush of Ludington, Michigan clinging to its seafoam green fenders. I was eleven years old and returning to southern Illinois to live in yet another Superior Oil company bungalow. This move was going to be my 8th in those eleven years. My life began in the oilfields of Custer, Michigan, moving on to a Naval base Quonset Hut in San Diego, California, back to the oilfields of Michigan, on to life away from the oilfields

in Tulsa, Oklahoma, on to the oilfields of southern Illinois, on to life away from the oilfields in Bristow, Oklahoma, back to the oilfields of southern Illinois, back to the oilfields of Michigan, and now finally back to the oilfields of southern Illinois. By the halfway point of my 6th grade year, I had been “always the young stranger” everywhere I landed. On this particular trip, my father stopped the car at each roadside historical marker that surfaced on the two-day odyssey. I was car sick. I was not pleased.



Pat Kane

We had just finished our standard eat-in-the-car travel lunch of pimento loaf on sliced white bread with mayo and pickles. I had been lucky enough to get a “soda pop” at the last gas fill-up. My family always honked the car horn when we crossed state lines in our travels. Upon hearing that honk, I remember making a smart remark that must have rankled my father, because he began a strong reprimand listing all the reasons that Illinois was a special place in which to live. His first words were about Abraham Lincoln, and then came the words about a guy named Carl Sandburg. I had studied Abraham Lincoln, of course, but this guy Sandburg was new. My father proceeded to talk about Sandburg as an everyday person who spoke through his writings, songs, and poems for the common man...much like Lincoln. I remember that he quoted “Fog” and promptly promised to take me to the wild, wonderful city of Chicago. He told me that we were traveling through the prairies that our ancestors had traveled during the Oklahoma Land Rush when they settled in Kingfisher County, and that Sandburg understood the prairie life I saw speeding past my window better than any author or poet he had ever read. He called him a “man of letters” which I thought was a term that I needed to keep in my Red Chief tablet where I wrote down

words or sayings that I wanted to keep in my head. I can’t remember the song my father then sang, but I do remember that it was about riding a train...something I had not yet done. That diatribe of his began nineteen years of conversation between my father and me about Carl Sandburg.

I always considered my father to be a “man of letters” as well, even though he only attained a high school diploma. But in 1932 graduating from high school was a grand achievement for him. There never was a conversation, book, piece, or place of history that failed to interest my father. When I first read Sandburg’s words that he “got education in scraps and pieces of many kinds, not knowing they were part of my education,” I knew that he was talking about my father as well. Thomas Howard Carpenter had worked at many things in his life, most hovering around the oil business. He had drilled the first oil field in Illinois and understood oil wells and gasoline plants evidently on a plane far above most other men. The Navy recruited him and sent him on a classified mission to Burma to build and operate an oxygen plant which would allow our military pilots to fly for the first time over the Himalayan Mountain range. He worked seven days a week but managed to read Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, O. Henry, and Henry David Thoreau. He liked to fish, rebuild antique motors, and was a self-made scholar of North American Indian lore. He and I together restored an abandoned metal houseboat that washed up on shore during a Wabash River flood. We named it the “Derelict,” and we floated down that river on Sunday afternoons. We would find a quiet spot to anchor, and throw our lines in the water. His patience with my casting prowess is the stuff legends are made of. I would lean back in the prow of the boat and stick my nose deep into some mystery book while my father proceeded with the business end of fishing—baiting hooks, untangling braided fishing lines, and alerting me to nibbling activity on my pole or rod. I would put my book down long enough to pull the catfish in, promptly hand it back to my father to take the fish off, and retreat back to my book. Certainly, becoming a “person of letters” was a natural transition growing up as my father’s daughter.

When I married and moved to Galesburg, my father was wild with anticipation. We would visit nearby Lewiston to see the headstones and bridges of Edgar Lee Master’s *Spoon River Anthology* or stand in the very spot that Lincoln debated Douglas at Knox College. But the crowning joy for him was

visiting Carl's birthplace and Remembrance Rock. We would play the quote game where one of us began a quote and the other had to finish it. So many connections to Carl Sandburg framed our conversations. I would share with him the Sandburg lessons I used with my students that ranged from high school seniors to 2nd graders.

My very first class, a 1972 American Literature class of juniors, had to read the poem "Skyscraper" and "Fog," and then relate those poems to their life experiences growing up in Spring Valley, IL, a blue-collar river town. Sandburg wrote about people he met and faces he remembered which led to assigning "Phizzog" to my creative writing classes who then had to "read" the photos of human faces put before them to try to describe what that person had "gone and done with it." I read the only American fairy tales, Sandburg's *Rootabaga Stories*, and his poem "Arithmetic" to 4th graders, as well as "The Huckabuck Family and How They Raised Popcorn in Nebraska and Quit and Came Back" to 2nd graders whose classroom windows looked out on the cornfields of the story. I read "We Must be Polite" to 450 children when I was working within a schoolwide initiative to teach children how people should treat other people. And so it has gone....for the past 54 years.

Never did I anticipate being on the Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association Board. It is both a joy and mandate to me. Every single time I set foot on the Site, or talk to a new generation of students about Sandburg, I feel that I am home and that my father is whispering in my ear. The day that Carl's statue came to town, I pulled my father's great-grandchildren, Braden and Finley, out of school, so that they would be a part of that special day. My hope is that someday they will, in turn, be able to tell their children, my great grandchildren, that they were with me riding in Sandburg's parade to the center of town, sitting beside Nellie the goat and listening to accolades about their "Native Son, National Treasure," and that they had the privilege of meeting Sandburg's renowned, elegant biographer Penelope Niven. Carl Sandburg for me is not only a passion but a legacy that began with my father and continues through me to the generation of my grandchildren. And so it goes....

JAIL

By Barbara Schock

Carl Sandburg had some knowledge of jails. As a boy, he and seven other boys had been arrested on a hot Sunday afternoon for swimming naked. They were taken in the paddy wagon to the Galesburg Jail on Cherry Street. Three of the boys were put in a cell with four drunks. The others were put in another cell. There were no chairs or benches. The boys had to sit on the floor or stand. The heat and fetid smell of the cells was enough to make one feel ill. They were released after four hours of detention and told to report to the Justice of the Peace B.F. Holcomb the next morning.

In 1903 Sandburg was again confined to jail. This time the imprisonment was for ten days. He had been living in Haddenfield, New Jersey. His friend Fred Dickinson wrote, suggesting Sandburg come to Freeport, Illinois for the summer to sell stereoscopic views. After expressing his belongings to Freeport he climbed aboard a Pennsylvania Railroad freight train. He fell sleep aboard a box car and woke up to daylight in Wilmerding, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Pittsburgh.

He rode a trolley to the city, ate, and asked around for the best way west. He took another trolley to McKees Rocks on the south bank of the Ohio River and walked to the rail yard. He spotted a train that looked like it was ready to pull out. He climbed into a gondola coal car to find there were five other men in it. Two men with clubs also climbed into the car. They were constables who marched the group to a house on a side street. A sign on the side of the house read "Justice of the Peace."

The Justice said he must fine the men \$10 or send them to jail for ten days for trying to ride a train without a ticket. In Pennsylvania that was a violation of state law. Several of the men tried to gain sympathy because of their age or service in the Civil War. Sandburg pointed out he had served in the Spanish-American War. The Justice sent all of them to jail for ten days. Sandburg still had \$10 in his pocket, but chose not to spend it on the fine. He needed it to get to Freeport.

The Sheriff of Allegheny County was paid fifty cents a day to feed prisoners in the jail. The breakfast consisted of a cup of stale coffee and two slices of dried-out bread. The noon meal was thin

soup with strings of unknown meat in it, bread, and coffee. Supper was a repeat of breakfast. The men were allowed out of their cells for half an hour each day. They could buy tobacco and newspapers to help pass the time.

It was clear the sheriff, constables, and low-level officials intended to keep the jail full and make as much money as possible from the system. Sandburg carried hard feelings about the experience the rest of his life.

After being released, Sandburg bought a hearty meal and caught a freight for Gallion, Ohio. He traveled by freight train to Chicago and then to Freeport. His friend, Dickinson, greeted him with great joy. Carl bathed, put on fresh clothes, and they went out to eat a good meal. They spent a happy summer together selling stereoscopic views.

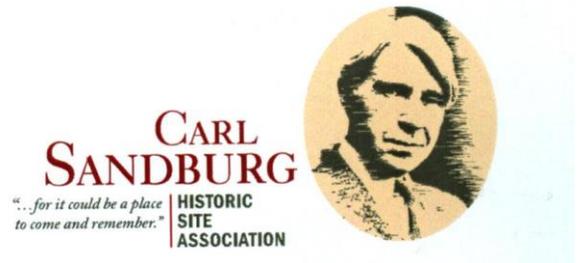
GOT A SANDBURG STORY?

Do you have a story about Carl Sandburg that you would like to submit for publication in *Inklings and Idlings*? If you do, please e-mail it to editor Mike Hobbs at mhobbs@grics.net.

NATIVE SON, NATIONAL TREASURE

The Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association recently began the Native Son, National Treasure endowment campaign. Its goal is to raise \$10,000 in donations by June 30, 2016. Upon reaching this goal the Galesburg Community Foundation will match this amount. We then intend to aggressively add to the endowment, so that it will generate income to make needed repairs to the Carl Sandburg State Historic Site, maintain it, and assure year-round staffing by a site interpreter. Unreliable funding for the Site from the State of Illinois has called into question whether these needs will be taken care of.

If you care to make a tax-deductible donation to the Native Son, National Treasure endowment fund, please make out your check to the **Carl Sandburg Historic Site Association** and mail it to **CSHSA, PO Box 585, Galesburg, IL 61402-0585**. To make an online donation go to www.sandburg.org, the CSHSA website.



RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

