





Thirty one-year-old Solon Robinson swiftly strode from the Michigan City post office and stopped before the steep decline of stairs. He tucked the letter from Harriet Warner Holton into the breast pocket of his coat. The widow of his friend had seemingly received his early November letter in good time. She and her family would join him to claim this hospitable country.

country. But Robinson was grim. Her letter indicated arrival in February. She had not heeded his advice to travel during this month of December

or wait until early spring. The blond Yank who hailed from Tolland, Connecticut turned his attention to the trading post where he intended to pass around his latest issue of the Albany. New York *Cultivator*, the farm paper for which he was a correspondent. The editor had published the first of his letters that he hoped would prompt settlers to

come to the new prarie in northwest Indiana. Throughout his travel that day though, his thoughts were on the Holton family. February was often bitter. Harriet Holton was traveling from Madison, in the southernmost region of Indiana, along the oft warmed banks of the Ohio River. And though she hailed from Massachusetts, she and her sons did not seem to realize the changeableness of the western weather. Now there was not time to caution them again.

Could it be that January and February months to tr

That was the day Solon Robinson took his hatchet to the woodpile and roughed out several long signs. As he had done with the signs for the New York travelers following the Old Sauk Trail, he used an ember of oak to burn into the wood until he had crafted a pointer for directions and the words:

Fifteen miles to Robinson's Prairie Ten Miles to Robinson's Prairie Robinson's Prairie, five miles north North to Robinson's Prairie . .

He had posted the Old Sauk Trail signs with the help of Henry Wells, who was commis-sioned the new Lake County sheriff. A month before, Wells had posted the furthest of the signs when he departed, to spend the winter with his wife and child in Detroit, Michigan.

In order to post the signs for southern travelers, Robinson traveled into the Grand Marsh with Lyman Fowler, who had arrived with Wells and was spending the winter with the Robinson family. They nailed the last sign to an oak deep in the swamp, northwest of Fator's Farry

Eaton's Ferry. Uneasy about the safety of his friends, Robinson also instructed Mariah to keep a beacon fire to alert travelers to their home in the oakgrove on the prairie.

Clark knew his family hoped he would stop for the night but they would have to travel for as long as the daylight was supplied to them. Cold and wet as the storm had left them. Clark knew there would be precious hours ahead when they would need shelter and food. If they stopped now, the trip would be dangerously prolonged.

The family, who were hours away from where they would cross at Eaton's Ferry, maneuvered along the southern side of the Kankakee River on that afternoon in early February of 1835. Slush spewed from the wheels as the heaving wagon pounded across the frozen land of the swamp.



Harriet Warner Holton held the soaked and freezing blanket over her mouth so she could catch her breath but the wind beat her with a force to which she had never been exposed. Her eyes watered from the extreme cold that

permeated her body and clothing. The dark of another day was settling sooner than ever before. She called to her sons and they didn't hear because the furious storm roared about them and whipped their coats.

anticipated? After all, now the land was so boggy that Robinson and his wife, Mariah, had been concerned. Christmas was near and the marshes were fuller than he had seen them since he arrived nearly two months before on the last day of October. Surely, Robinson thought, the traveling party would take shelter or turn back before

they came to peril.

Two days later, Solon Robinson's intense blue gaze watched as his old friend and neighbor from Jennings County, Indiana. left the prairie. Clark passed through the grove, his wide back swaying above the prairie until he disappeared from the Robinson claim.

William Clark was on his return to southern Indiana. He had completed the cabin and stock shelters, after spending nearly six weeks on the prairie to do so, and was restless to return for Ann and the children.

Though Clark had said he supposed they might have to wait until spring before they made the trip, Robinson was not convinced that his friend would heed the possibility of bitter weather settling onto the central and northernmost regions of Indiana.



William Clark leaned against the swift February wind as he guided the frightened team of horses further into the marshland that he had crossed over just two months before. Sleet stung his face and neck. His boots were soaked with rain and slush. But at least the ground was solid and the wheels rolled easily over frozen grasses.

Clark's oldest son tramped along the other side of the team. The third child of the Clark family, twelve-year-old Alexandar, was beside the wagon, pulling with all his might on a loose end of the canvas cover that the wind threated to tear free. The heavy cover was sodden from the rain and sleet. The other four children rode in the wagon that their mother handled.

He turned to see if his wife was in need of a temporary reprieve. Ann was wet from the storm hitting her with its full force because of where she sat on the wagon bench. Her shawl was covered with ice and snow and her wet hands were firey red. He motioned for his eldest to climb on the bench beside his mother and take the reins.

had felt her call. Harriet waved for him to stop their team of oxen so they could begin preparation earlier than usual for the night that awaited them. Tomorrow maybe they would awared them Tomorrow maybe they would cross the frozen river since they had not been able to use Eton's Ferry on the south end of Porter County. For tonight, they would have to remain where the day of travel had left them. There was not a fire that evening because the woods were dripping with the aftermath of rain and the sluth on the march dround had because

and the slush on the marsh ground had begun to grow heavy with cold. The young Holton sons, Warner and William,

prepared the oxen for a night in the open. Their team had been frightened by the howling of the marsh winds but calmed when they were no longer urged forward into the pelting rain. They turned their huge heads away from the force and ate the hay from the wagon box. At dark the family was huddled in the wagon, their clothes changed so they were dry and more comfortable. Harriet's daughter passed bowls of cold stew to her brothers and mother. Then she began to rub the boots of her brothers with heavy toweling so that they would be drier for the morning travel

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Entertainment of the Seasons Around the Heart of the Northwest Valley

way from the Hearth

Letters between Meredith of Winamac & Bobbi of Chesterton

Dear Bobbi,

Kathy told me about the Prarie Pride at Christmas Country Folk Art Show'. Wish we Christmas Country Folk Art Show. Wish we had known. I was told that the promoter, Marcy Dailey arranged live dulcimer music and there was a great selection of antiques and folk art. There were hand-forged iron works and grape-vine trees. This was one of those small town gatherings that has the spirit of the season and I really hope we can meet there next year. The day of the folk art show I was in Plymouth. George and I spent a late afternoon shopping and had dinner at the Hayloft. That evening we went to the high school for "Babes in Toyland" by the Performing Arts Commission. The girls met us. It's a favorite of theirs! George and I still love the simple concerts. We're headed to the Gala Christmas Concert at Saint Mary's College in South Bend on December 19th. But I'll see you before then. Merry Christmas, my friend.

Love, Meredith

Dear Meredith,

I love the hustle and bustle of Christmastime I love the hustle and bustle of Christmastime and already it's shaping up to be a very busy season. On Friday, December 10th, John and I are taking the kids to Valparaiso for the Downtown Openhouse Around the Square. I'm looking forward to the live Nativity scene and the performance of the Porter County Children's Choir. The kids can't wait to take a ride around

the square on the horse drawn buggy. And, as usual, John is going to munch his way through all the openhouses in the shops while I search for a sweater for my sister. I hope you haven't forgotten our plans for December 11th and 12th. I have arranged for Mom

December lith and 12th. I have arranged for Mom and Dad to watch your five and our two children on Saturday evening. As soon as we get the kids settled, we can leave for Christmas at Barker Mansion in Michigan City. I can't wait for you to see this gorgeous English home all dressed up for Christmas. When you walk through you will feel like the lady of the manor, especially since we will be dressed for the Mandrigal Dinner. We need to leave Michigan City early enough to arrive at Valparaiso University around 6:30. We don't want to miss the trumpet fanfare and the procession of lords and ladies. and ladies.

The kids are looking forward to the next day

when we will take them to the Indiana Dunes for the Chellburg Farm Swedish celebration. It's always nice to celebrate Christmas with close friends and family. And I consider you. George and the girls as both. Can't wait to see you! I'll close for now. Merry Christmas to you, too.

Love, Bobbi



Christmas Tree Farms







Adams Hearth Publications Presents THE COUNTRY HEARTH STAFF Journal of the Northwest Indiana Valley Publisher / Editor Diane S. Adams Chronicler of the Office Vicki Lowman Penpersons C. Bane Robinson's Prairie Ilah Miller The Farm Wife Meredith & Bobbi Away from the Hearth Shopkeeps Vicki Lowman Cheryl Ponder Shopkeeps Diane Adams Shopkeeps Dining Without Dishes Elise Photo Credits Wisconsin State Historical Society Cover Logo for Country Hearth Laney Griffin **Country Hearth Journal Adams Hearth Publications** Post Office Box 550 Kouts, Indiana 46347 (219) 766-3982





Country Hearth's Christmas Shopping Guide



LESSONS ARE AVAILABLE

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HARP -PSALTRY - MOUNTAIN BANIO



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hopkeeps Christmas Shops Around the Heart of the Valley

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Glimpses of the Past by D. Adams

I discovered this country gallery of Monon quite by accident, when I traveled to the Miller Tree Farm Harvest Festival. Nancy Bush had brought her famous limited-edition photographic prints of historic grist mills, barns, covered bridges, lighthouses, scenic vistas and Indiana round barns. I was enraptured with the hand cast and painted sculptures of authentic grist mills and lighthouses but I think the most fascinating was railroad memorabilia. You will find Glimpses of the Past at the end of a wooded country lane. The In-Barn gellery is located between Renssealer and Monon. Take S.R. 16 to 500 West and travel north. When you reach 850 North turn west and follow signs to the wooded lane. You will find posters, prints, hearalds, drum heads, medicine tins and bottles, treasures that take you to the past. 253-7606.

Shikley's Merle Nowman by Vicki Lowman

Whether you're planning a romantic candlelit Christmas dinner or looking forward to a glitzy night on the town, this shop has everything you need to make your dreams come true. Nestled in downtown Valparaiso at 7 North Franklin, Shirley's Merle Norman offers personalized makeup for that special occassion, as well as a lovely selection of day and evening clothing in sizes S, M. L and some XL. Many beautiful and unusual jewelry pieces can also be found there and they offer a complete line of Merle Norman skin care and cosmetics. Shirley Williams will have her shop open during the Valparaiso Christmas Openhouse the evening of December 10th. . 462-4887.

Bearly Work by D. Adams

When you drive by the window of this Lowell shop your head turns. Red velvet dresses, decked-out teddy bears, coats, tinsels and trees are in the Christmas spirit. Kathy Toy opened Bearly Worn so she could offer children's toys and clothing (sizes O to 14), equipment and maternity wear on consignment. The shop offers a beautiful selection and a deal for your family! Kathy also offers some nice gift items, Bear Family, Cow Collection and ornaments for Christmas. You will find Bearly Worn at 408 East Commercial in Lowell 696-2357.

Woods 'N Things by Cheryl Ponder Woods 'N Things of DeMotte is a little bit off the beaten path but the trip is truly worth it Just take Division St west to 950 W, then south approximately one half a mile. You will have discovered Woods N Things The proprietors are Jack and Marilyn Zeilenga. Jack creates in wood and Marilyn is in charge of the things Those things include pillows, pictures, dolls, stuffed animals, and she also does stains the wood items and paints with a needle and thread The finished product is special A picture that she made is now in Sweden, and a doll is in Germany. For Marilyn, that is exciting. Open Saturday or hours by appointment 987-4521.

Watkins by Vicki Lowman

Remember when the Watkin's man once visited your home with a valise full of household neccessities? You can still use their home delivery service. Or before you begin your holiday baking plan to visit this new shop. Watkin's offers a tantalizing variety of gournet extracts and spices, including their famous double-strength white vanilla and Gold Medal Award winning cinnamon. Entertaining is made simple and delicious with their assortment of snack and dip mixes. Watkin's proprietor, Rodney Ray, also has a shop full of gifts, balms, salves, linaments, tonics, creme soaps, colognes, and baking items that people have used and trusted since. 1868. The shop is open seven days a week. Located at 1202 Formula Dr., Suite E in Valparaiso (directly across from the VFW on Roosevelt). 464-8126.

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SETTLERS OF ROBINSION'S PRAIRIE

SOLON ROBINSON was born in Tolland. Connecticut on October 21. 1803. He is considered by most to be the founder of Crown Point. He was married to MARIAH EVANS of Philadelphia in 1830. They moved to Jennings County in Indiana, where their children Solon Oscar and Josephine were born in 1831 and 1833 respectively. The family moved to northern Indiana, locating their cabin across from the northwest corner of the court house in Crown Point. They arrived October 31, 1834. Three other children were born in Crown Point; Charles Tracy in 1836. Leila Gertrude in 1838, and Allen Downing in 1842. Robinson was in partnership with his brother MILO. They operated a trading post and other businesses.

HENRY WELLS, a native of Massachusetts, was appointed the first sheriff of Lake County. Wells is reported to have traveled from Detroit with LUMAN A. FOWLER. They left their oxen team and wagon on Twenty Mile Prarie and completed the journey to Robinson's Prarie on foot. Wells returned to his wife and child in Detroit. Fowler stayed the winter of 1834-35 with the Robinson family then returned to Detroit the following spring and married. Fowler returned to Robinson's Prairie before Wells, bringing his new wife and the wife and child of Wells. Henry Wells joined his family before the winter of 1835-36.

HARRIET WARNER HOLTON was also a native of Massachusetts, where she was educated and married to an attorney. She and her husband settled in Madison. Indiana where he practiced law until his death. Harriet Warner Holton was the first school teacher in Crown Point Her children were near the age of twenty when they settled in Lake County. Sons, W. A. W. HOLTON (WARNER). J. W. HOLTON (WILLIAM), and daughter, possibly named JANNA.

WILLIAM CLARK, who was later known as Judge Clark, arrived in the area very near to the time when Solon Robinson staked his claim. Clark and his wife Ann were friends of the Robinson's. Both migrated from Jennings County. His wife was ANN CAMPBELL CLARK.

THE INFORMATION ABOVE IS PARTIAL. INTERESTING READING IS AVAILABLE IN AREA LIBRARIES. FOR THE COUNTRY HEARTH FEATURE, INFORMATION WAS TAKEN FROM NUMEROUS HISTORICALS OF LAKE COUNTY. CONFLICTING ACCOUNTS MAKES THE ACTUAL RETELLING OF THE STORY IMPOSSIBLE.

'I'm Max. I might sound grumpy but I'm friendly enough.

A purring bundle of fur

makes a great gift.

The Shelter has so many cats and young ones that can be adopted for Christmas. There's Nellie, Alan, Lolee, Katrina, Pretty Girl and lots of others. I hope you will stop for a visit. I'm available, too. Just in case you were wondering. " MAX

219-785-4936 for appt/hrs Independent Cat Society Ach A place for adopting - not for dropping. Please find a home for your unwanted cat. Dun't leave it defenseless and frightened in boxes at the K

TALES OF HOOSIER PIONEERS WRITTEN BY C. BANE JOURNEY TO ROBINSON'S PRAIRIE

Harriet could not sleep. By midnight, she thought they would surely freeze to death before morning. She roused her sons and daughter throughout the night so they could move around to keep some warmth in their arms, legs, and

feet The only thing that kept them from the bitterness of the wind on that February night was the ridge on the southside of the Kankakee River, in Jasper County, and the once soaked wagon cover, which was now frozen and as stiff and unyielding as a wall

Miles south and east of the Holton family, on the same side of the Kankakee River, William Clark's wagon was frozen where it had come to rest just before dark, with the wheels deep in the slush covering the marsh scrub land. Such cold he had never experienced when he

was not in a shelter with a fire on the hearth and quilts over the bedframe. He had nearly frozen his hands and feet in an attempt to make a fire. There was not a possibility of one on this night. His children shivered where they were curled, against each other in the center of the wagon. The younger four whimpered with hunger and fear. He and his wife rested on each side of them holding a quilt above their heads so the heat from their bodies would be captured beneath. They hoped this and the heat provided from their own bodies would be enough so none would perish, suffer ill or frostbite. Before dawn the family at last slept, shivering but too exhausted to awaken from their discomfort. Morning crept upon them, still and grey, then bright with the yellow rise of a winter sun. William Clark opened his eyes and squinted against the boldness of the rays that, through a frayed opening, invaded the wagon cover. He rolled to his left side and pushed the solidly frozen flap until it yielded and opened. Golden, shimmering light rushed into his face. The scrub marshland shone with the look of wet. clear glass. The extreme cold had frozen ice on every tree, scrub, dried grass blade and inch of ground for as far as he could see. He knew that before evening he must find shelter for his family

Clark pulled his wet boots over the dry, wool foot warmers that Ann had made. But his feet were damp before he climbed down from the wagonbed. He attempted to walk around the wagon and repeatedly slid onto his knees as he inspected the wheels which were now imbedded in ice. Clark raised his pick and began to hack the ice from the wheels wheels.

His sons awakened from the pounding and lended assistance. An hour later they were making their way over the land, where along smooth paths the boys secured footing for their team by breaking off scrubs and tossing them in front of the horses the horses

The cold was excruciating. Exposure left the family breathless as they expended their energy to make the way forward to Robinson's Prarie. Clark decided that they would cross at the

point west of Eton's Ferry since now the river had been solidly frozen for more than a week. He estimated their arrival time at the crossing would be within that afternoon, and the day of their arrival at Robinson's Prarie would be delayed after the storm. If possible, with quick travel under the circumstances, they would only have to withstand another full day of the weather. Clark did not know if they could. The sign he



SOLON ROBINSON



lungs as he tried to breathe. Warner attempted to prepare a sling that would attach to the wagon and possibly offer support for the oxen. Because of the extreme temperature and the exposure they had suffered the day before, the young Holton men would not be able to take much more of this great exertion. Harriet knew they could not be too far from the Solon Robinson claim. She considered sending her sons for a rescue party but feared they would not reach safety and her entire family would perish in the swamp. So their struggle continued, It was far into the day before the frantic and It was far into the day before the frantic and a exhausted oxen were urged to their feet again. only to drop before they had been led to the center of the frozen Kankakee River. The family accepted their fate and, as the temperature dropped below the extremes of the night before, they prepared for another night. The sons ran from bank to bank, trying to locate branches or wood to burn. None could be found. Warner ran further along the river bank and over the ridge. There he found a pile of logs that had been peeled and stood ready for a cabin. Nearby was a pile of firewood! He shouted for his family and they carried what they needed back to the team and wagon. That night, the heat of the fire on the bank was enough to keep them from freezing to death. The next morning. Warner discovered the team had a better footing when they stood on scattered hay that had fallen as they ate. The brothers made a path and sprinkled water over the hay so the team would have a rough path to cross. Within a few hours they were headed north and found a sign, crude but welcome. THIS WAY TO ROBINSON'S PRARIE Heartened because the extreme weather had broken, the family traveled into the dark until they saw a beacon fire at the Solon Robinson home.

found, put on a tree by his friend Solon Robinson. indicated that they were twenty miles from the prarie. He had to find shelter. Just after dark the Clark family saw a light from the tiny hut of Shobar. He had guided his

family nearly ten miles south of the Kankakee River, to the shelter of the Frenchman and his half-Indian family. There they remained for two days before at last reaching their destination of Robinson's Prarie.



The Holtons were struggling for their lives. They had found a low bank to cross the Kankakee River and now the oxen were stranded on the solid ice. Their team of oxen was on its knees for the second time and they still had not traveled more than two rods. They could not be urged forward or to turn back to the bank. William leaned against the wagon, gasping the frigid air into his

Country Hearth

The Farm Wife by **Ilah** Millen

"When I get big, and stand so high. I'll speak a piece, at least I'll try."

There is an old saying that says *Christmas is for children*. Alot of people believe this is true. I don't! Christmas is sharing - love, home, hugs, church and school programs, family get-togethers, and good food Notice that I didn't say gifts - not worldly anyhow. The first Christmas after Katy, our oldest daughter was born, was very special. We had purchased one of the "chicken coop" houses from the farm dealer, Chick Arty. He sold brooder houses, and yes, the first prefabs in the area. We had worked to erect the house from September through mid-November. With great excitement we moved into it in early December. Our first Christmas tree was an artificial one from the Woolworth Dime Store in Valparaiso.

It was about a foot tall and was the most beautiful tree in the whole world. The next year we were in yet another new home. We moved to the Warren Farm. That Christmas was both happy and sad. Mom and Dad had sold the old house in Kouts and moved to Tennessee. I thought the end of the world had come when they left Kouts. Mom gave me the old artificial tree we had at home when I was a kid. It was super tall compared to our little one - about two and a half feet! Katy was about a year and a half old, so she was quite a walker and a toucher. The tree had to be put on the sewing machine to keep it away

kith it was super tail compared to out interone anoth two finds and the first restrict the determine to keep it away old, so she was quite a walker and a toucher. The tree had to be put on the sewing machine to keep it away from tiny fingers. Each Christmas, as our family grew, has been a milestone in my life. One Christmas season I-remember dearly was when the girls had their first recitations for the church program. Katy was probably five and Wilma was a three year old. The girls were very shy, so their teacher gave them a piece to say together. The girls slept downstairs with us during the cold winters. Many winter nights after we went to bed the pieces were practiced. I can still hear them as Katy said, "When I get big and stand so tall, I'll speak a piece, to please you all." Then Wilma would come in with, When I get big, and stand so high. I'll speak a piece, at least I'll try." And then together they would say, But today we are so small, so we'll say to one and all MERRY CHRISTMAS!" No matter how much we practiced, Merry Christmas was "Merry Christmas program dresses out of material that had come from Junior's sister. Harriett's, hand-me-downs. They thought the red plaid and green velvet outfits were just great. Sometimes the girls got new dolls, sometimes they just got new doll clothes. They would always try to see what I was sewing so I had to be very careful to keep things hidden. Games don't have to cost money to be enjoyed. One thing my girls liked to do was play 'Pick' out of the Sears Christmas catalog. They would sit on the davenport with the catalog on both their laps and choose what they wanted from the page that was on their side. Many arguments ensued about 'picking first' so I had them change sides every other night. That way each could have first pick on some special page. We made alot of Christmas cookies to share with our family, the school teachers, and just to eat ourselves. How each of the would cookies to share with our family, the school teachers, and just to eat ourselves.

How excited the kids were when they got to cut out gingerbread men, trees, stars and even Santa Claus. There were alot of burned cookies at our house because we got too busy with cutting to think about the oven. One of our favorite things to do at Christmas time was to dip coconut balls or peanut butter balls into melted chocolate. What a mess when the kids were little, but oh, how they enjoyed licking the spoons and bowls, let alone their

What a mess when the kids were nine, but out out the help and the state of the stat

Ilah Sandberg Miller and her husband Junior reside southeast of Kouts, near the Kankakee River. Farming has been a way of life for them during the past fifty years. Ilah's articles are often published in The Kouts Journal and other publications.



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NEXT ISSUE OF COUNTRY HEARTH

3RD WEEKEND **V JANUARY**

pumpkin pies.

A Christmas restaurant would have an idorned Christmas tree and there would be treasures all around the room that reminded you of the holiday. the owner and the snowy prarie countryside. A Christmas place would have to remind you

of the days of cranberry strings, black and white family portarits, hat boxes with a green velvet Sunday hat for mother, and candy cames for the children

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When I thought of where that Christmas place hid in northwest Indiana, I realized I had visited recently, one of the most intimate family restaurants. And they will be open on the day before Christmas Imagine, traveling to town on the morning of Christmas Eve, stomping snow from your boots, and entering such a Christmas place. The home away from home for breakfast and lunch on such a christmas place. every day of the year would be a treasured meeting place for neighboring families on this special day. Peppins Country Corner Restaurant is the place of fine, homemade foods.

The prices, service and value of partaking at this restaurant are well served for the diner. Even if you don't five near or in Rensselaer, you may visit sooner or later for shopping or a festival Take a few extra minutes to find this corner family restaurant on the north side of town, located a few blocks west of 231. The hours are Monday through Saturday from 6am until 2pm. Jeri said they will be closed Christmas Day but she is looking forward to serving breakfast and an early lunch on the day before Christmas Elise Elise

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