

Things just weren't quite normal in summer of 1907

Perhaps there was something different in the air over Monroe County during that summer of 1907. Certainly the Bloomington *Evening World* reflected that things didn't seem normal.

Wallace Pauley, a member of the stock-buying firm of Sutphin, Mathers, Weaver and Pauley, was helping to load some sheep in the Monon Railroad stock yard near the Showers Factory. One unruly ram did not care to be loaded, thank you.

According to the *Evening World* of July 18, the ram escaped from the pen and left the premises. He was not alone, though, since some 36 bystanders gave chase.

The ram rapidly explored every street and alley near the stock yard. Finally, the men formed a shoulder-to-shoulder line to stop the frightened animal.

The newspaper took up the story, "On the vicious ram came, snorting defiance and raising so much dust that the clouds obscured Showers factory and Karsell's mill.

Everybody in the circle sidestepped except Pauley. The ram jumped seven feet straight up and veered four feet to windward and landed all spraddled out into Pauley's bay



LOOKING BACK

By Rose McIlveen

window (stomach), and ram and Pauley affectionately embraced each other and rolled over in the dust 17 times before the force of the momentum could be checked."

Pauley escaped with bruises, but he won, and the ram was chained up before being hauled off to the stock car.

People in the vicinity of Fourth and Maple streets were wakened at around midnight on July 7 by a woman screaming at the top of her lungs. Two policemen several blocks away ran to her rescue.

Mrs. Daniel Gable and her daughter had discovered a strange man under their bed. It was the groans of the man that caught their attention.

The *Evening World* reported that when Mrs. Gable turned on the light, the man crawled out from under the bed and ran away

from the house. There was a possible explanation. "A basket of empty beer bottles was left just outside the house in the Gable yard, and three men were noticed early in the evening drinking in that neighborhood.

Mrs. Gable claims she recognized the men, but she has not yet filed an affidavit."

Another Bloomingtonian, whose sleep was interrupted, heard his trousers fall to the floor of his house on East Sixth Street.

"The jingle of some keys and silver dollars told him that something had happened to the aforesaid clothes," explained the *Evening World* of June 22.

The owner of the trousers had a rather unfortunate Christian name — Cruden Spencer, which had been shortened to "Crude." He was a clerk at the Kahn Clothing Company.

Anyway, before he turned on the light, Crude decided that a thief was trying to make off with his pants, which had been left on a window seat near the open window. The trousers were, after all, gone.

Crude called the police, and they mustered out their bloodhound. The *Evening World* described what happened next. "Like a

true fugitive hunter, the dog at once took up the trail and traced the man's tracks out Sixth Street to Indiana Avenue, through the campus of Indiana University and over the Dunn Meadow." There the "trail" was lost.

Returning to Spencer's house, the police and the man had a closer look. They found the pants that had fallen between the window seat and the wall.

On June 11 there was a small article on the front page of the *Evening World*. The headline read: "INSANE FROM USING CIGARETTES. Joseph Woods Smoked Them too Freely and Lost His Mind."

In part the newspaper article stated, "Joseph Woods, aged 29, of Bloomington Township and son of William Woods, a well-known farmer, has been adjudged insane by a commission composed of Dr. Otto Rogers,

Dr. Thurston Smith and Squire J.E. Little. Woods has been an habitual cigarette smoker, and one of his symptoms is his uncontrollable fits of laughter and the belief that some one is going to kill him. He is now being held under restraint in the Owen County poor house."

H-T

11/6/95