

The Land Between the Lakes Heritage Geocache Challenge 2025 Grocery Stores in LBL

In each geocache box, you should find a sign in sheet, date logbook and 150+ aluminum tree tags. We have stamped each tag with numbering specific to that cache location. Collect 1 tree tag per geocache from each of the 7 locations.

- Bring your 7 different tree tags to the Golden Pond Visitor Center.
- Exchange them for a special Challenge Coin created just for this event.
- For extra bragging rights, each Challenge Coin is individually numbered from 1-150.
- Once participants have redeemed all tree tags and collected all Challenge Coins, this years geocache challenge ends.
- After closing the challenge, we collect the boxes to prepare for next years event.

Contact Chris Thornock with any suggestions and comments 270-924-2015 or christopher.thornock@usda.gov



GEOCACHING

Congratulations, you've found it! (Intentionally or not)

It's part of a worldwide game loved by GPS (Global Positioning System) users who are on the internet. It's like a scavenger hunt—it's called geocaching. A GPS user hides a "treasure" (this container) and publishes the exact coordinates so other GPS users can go on a "treasure hunt" to find it.

IF YOU FOUND THIS CONTAINER BY ACCIDENT
Great! You can join us! We only ask:

- Please don't move or vandalize the container. The real fun is just finding it and recording the visit.
- Go ahead and take something if you like. But also leave something too.

www.geocaching.com

Please respect and protect our local heritage by leaving all the cultural material in its current location. Do not remove or disturb the artifacts.



Hucksters

Due to the rough and hilly terrain and the expense of automobiles in the early 1900s, hucksters were an integral part of small rural communities like those in Between the Rivers.

Many grocery store owners began or operated as hucksters and some doubled as mailmen. They brought news, goods, and pre-ordered supplies to those who could not make it to town. For some individuals, these delivery men were the only connection they had to the rest of the community.



Lewis Dill and his Huckster truck circa 1930s

Hucksters were embedded within the working-class neighborhoods they served. They provided a vital service by offering credit, small purchase options to those in need and provided trading opportunities which promoted the rural economy and cultivated a sense of solidarity and mutual support. These individuals and their stories reveal how they navigated poverty and enriched the social fabric of their communities.

J.B. Richardson and English Hill

Mr. Rich was a huckster who managed routes in the Golden Pond area. He also owned a store in Aurora called Rich's Supermarket. But he got his start with his wife's family store on English Hill. In 1912,

D. W. English and his wife Mary, settled in the area now known as English Hill (approximately 1 mile east of here off 68/80). Mr. English initially sold goods from a wagon pulled by a horse. Then he saw an opportunity to make some money in Michigan so they moved and came back to English Hill in 1932.

JB, who may have already fallen in love with their daughter Mary Letha, followed them to Michigan and married her. Since Mr. Rich came from a family that operated a store in Tennessee, he took over his father-in-law's business and became renown for his dedication and compassion.



Rich's Supermarket, Aurora KY

Delivery Man

Poem by Willette Richardson Oliverio



J.B. and Mary L. Richardson with the last huckster truck, Between the Rivers, 1961

We checked the mail for letters sent,
From people across the way
They mailed the orders to our store
And waited for delivery day.

We filled the groceries into a box.
Someone asked, "did we sell socks?"
I need sugar and a can of sardines.
Please bring a new broom and a bag of dried beans.

We'd go together, just Grandfather and me,
Laughing and singing in the warm summer breeze.
Happy and carefree, as happy as could be,
Bringing groceries to the families, who lived among the trees.

"Did you have that spool of thread?"
"Did you bring my can of beans?"
"I've made a quilt for Mother dear."
And "Johnny got new jeans."

I never knew the children's names
Or where they went to school
But know that they were all polite
And knew the Golden Rule.

We rode among the clouds of dust
And through the swampy marsh.
In search of the little house
Sometimes it looked so dark.

Some boxes we left upon the porch,
Others we carried in.
But through it all, he had a big smile
And God given grace, within.

Into the yards, some big and some small
I saw family pictures hanging on the wall.
Seeing the smiles and a waive of a hand
Knowing Mr. Rich was the delivery man.

Sitting so proud and high in the truck
Laughing and singing in tune
We had a tight schedule to keep for the day,
We have to get to the Jone's by noon!

Dust a-swirling down the road, flowers growing in the dell
Sometimes we traveled up a hill and down passed Johnson's well.
A fence along the roadside, a standing dinner bell
All along the gravel path, the families did dwell.

How many lived there in those hills?
Well, that I never knew.
I know we had a stop to make
To deliver groceries to.

Somehow they didn't go to town,
Somehow they didn't shop
They waited for Grandfather's truck
and knew he'd always stop.

No money ever passed through hands
A handshake was all that was needed.
"Could you write it in the book, Mr. Rich?"
"You know we surely need it."

He never had a frown or disappointing look.
He'd say, "wont be a problem and don't you worry, Mr. Hook."
We traveled through the summer haze or in the teaming rain.
People were awaiting for their food and sometimes grain.

So the story goes, he was once stopped by the Feds,
"Did he know any moonshiners?" "No!" he shook his head.
Never be afraid my dear, they look for you each week.,
Because without Grandfather's route they might not get to eat.

Finished by the end of the day, we headed to the old homeplace.
Grandmother would be waiting there, with a smile upon her face
Mom and Dad would meet us, in the cool of the summer shade
And we talk about our travels and the route we made.

We dimmed the lights and said our prayers
And waited for the next day
Then once again at sunrise,
We'd be off and on our way.

It was just the two of us together,
Jut my Grandfather and me
Bringing groceries to the families,
Who lived among the trees.



Long before banks gave children suckers or candy canes, Mr.
Rich gave each and every child he met while traveling house to
house a piece of candy or gum. Mr. Rich's kindness forged
friendships for a lifetime.