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TALL JERRY  
AND THE  
DELPHI FALLS TRILOGY

ECHOED LEGENDS

Legend Three

TALL JERRY  
*in*  
*Heaven Sends for Hemingway*

First Edition

JEROME MARK ANTIL

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(Thanksgiving week.)

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*This is a work of fiction. Names, characters and incidents either  
are a product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously  
and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business es-  
tablishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.*

Some characters are made from combinations of Jerry's siblings  
(James, Paul, Richard, Frederick, Michael, Dorothy, and Mary)

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 1.....	1
A LETTER TO DELPHI FALLS FROM LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS	
CHAPTER 2.....	2
IT WAS A SIGN	
CHAPTER 3.....	5
IT HAD TO START SOMEWHERE	
CHAPTER 4.....	17
CAN'T HAVE BEEN NEAR DELPHI FALLS AND NOT KNOW THE STORY	
CHAPTER 5.....	22
MARY READS THE SECRETS	
CHAPTER 6.....	34
MARTY'S GOT THE KEYS	
CHAPTER 7.....	42
MARY SHARES A TABLE	
CHAPTER 8.....	51
MIDNIGHT IN ARKANSAS	
CHAPTER 9.....	58
NIGHT VISITORS	
CHAPTER 10 .....	64
YOU NEED TO KNOW	
CHAPTER 11 .....	72
TALL JERRY'S WAKE-UP CALL	
CHAPTER 12 .....	81
HEMINGWAY READS	
CHAPTER 13 .....	90
DON CARVES AND JERRY READS	

CHAPTER 14 .....	96
SECRET CODES AND ANGEL MESSAGES	
CHAPTER 15 .....	114
THE DELPHI FALLS, A WELCOME SIGHT AND SOUND	
CHAPTER 16 .....	121
THE CHRISTMAS DANCE	
CHAPTER 17 .....	125
THE MONDAY AFTER	
CHAPTER 18 .....	129
MARSHMALLOWS AND MESSAGES	
CHAPTER 19 .....	143
TALL JERRY SAYS GOOD BYE	
CHAPTER 20 .....	148
CORNED BEEF HASH AND EGGS OVER EASY	
CHAPTER 21 .....	159
DOT ON THE WALL AND VOLUNTEERS	
CHAPTER 22 .....	176
PREFLIGHT PLANNING	
CHAPTER 23 .....	182
LAST CHANCE TO CHICKEN OUT	
CHAPTER 24 .....	191
ALL SYSTEMS GO	
CHAPTER 25 .....	200
SNOW STORMS AND FEARS	
CHAPTER 26 .....	211
TENSIONS GROW	
CHAPTER 27 .....	223
CHRISTMAS IS HERE, NEW FRIENDS ARE NEAR	
EPILOGUE .....	229
MESSAGE FROM THE AUTHOR.....	233



*12-year-old Tall Jerry, his mom and dad. 1953*

Legends of Tall Jerry in the Delphi Falls Trilogy are of a time filled with characters that show true heroism. Of legends that happened after the war and before there were cell phones and an internet, and not every house had a telephone or television. Of a time when a full, hot meal at school cost a quarter. The people are real, and the fictionalized legends are based in truth, give or take a stretch or two. The Delphi Falls with its shale-crusted cliffs, big white rock, my boyhood home, campsite and barn garage are there to see today if you have a mind to head on up to the town of Cazenovia, New York—near the hamlet of Delphi. Both waterfalls are magical to this day, I promise. Oh, they may not grant a wish or turn tin into gold, but they will make you feel good about yourself and give you confidence.

JMA



*The Jim Crow south.*

*(Library of Congress archives)*



## CHAPTER 1

### A LETTER TO DELPHI FALLS FROM LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

NOVEMBER 22, 1953

*Dear Dad,*

*Can you please telephone Mom here and tell her I'm 12 and I'm old enough to ride on a Greyhound bus alone? Please Dad? I want to come home. I hate Arkansas. It is scary. Get me out of here. Please, please, please.*

*Call Mom and tell her.*

*Love,  
Jerry*



## CHAPTER 2

### IT WAS A SIGN

Something mean in howls of the wind this night. Threatening it was, with ole Charlie setting on a limb hanging over the creek up between the two Delphi Falls. I was meditating an early evening prayer when the upper falls got my full attention with a bolder from its top breaking loose and crashing down at the foot of the falls trying to tell me something. A bolt of white lightning struck the stone midair and rode it down to its perdition. The rock flashed brightly at the bottom, and I could see the two waterfalls looking at me, as if they both had eyes and were trying to say something to me. With another crack, lightning struck the rock a second time, sending it flying, while another electric bolt lit up, ricocheting off it and veering into the shale side of the cliff.

Legend three was stirring, and ain't no better place than Delphi Falls for legends to brew.

Ole Charlie here enjoys the solitude setting on a branch above and behind the first falls in the rain with a view down to Tall Jerry's house and the barn garage, water pounding and lightning crashing all sides of me.

November had so far been a month of golden sunsets, full-wafer moons, a brisk scarf and sweater cold. The brilliant reds, yellows, burnt oranges, and the smell of chimney smoke reminded folks of minced meat pie, turkey stuffing and cranberry jams.

Flying Eddie made it home and was working at a bakery in Binghamton. He'd carve a turkey this Thanksgiving. Missus drove

Dick and Tall Jerry to Little Rock to help out while their aunt Mary has a new baby.

Lightning cracked again, this time splitting the tree I was sitting on like a pickaxe clear through the middle. Half the tree trunk and my branch were left standing, the other half splashing down into the creek. The ground was shaking while the trunk floated over the falls and into Tall Jerry's backyard.

Until this storm, all had been quiet in the Crown. This was a sign.