

Historic Indiana Uncovered

Delivering the truth behind historic sites in Indiana

Historic Indiana: South Bend Chocolate Company

This delectable destination has long been a mecca for obese individuals and heartbroken spinsters the world over. With daily tours comprised of hopelessly corpulent virgins and ratty-haired forty-somethings in Keds, the South Bend Chocolate Company's delicious treats continually attract the least-delicious people.

The unattractive women usually mope in to the factory around 2 in the afternoon, still in the high-waisted jeans they slept in, unibrow growing out of control, a roll of toilet paper (they have used all their Kleenex) hanging limply in one hand. By this time, the fatties are already on their first round of diarrhea, but their moans of intestinal pain are nothing compared to the gut-wrenching sobs of a lonely divorcee.

Apart from their pain, the dichotomy of visitors to SBCC share only one thing in common: They never, EVER get laid. And that is why they are at a chocolate company. So, if your baby-making parts are drooping from lack of use, head on over to South Bend Chocolate Company. I guarantee you'll end up here eventually.

Historic Indiana: Strassenfest

Do you hate Jews? Then Strassenfest is for you! This celebration of German Heritage is Jasper, Indiana's biggest homage to the Fuhrer, and they want YOU to join in on the fun!

Throw on your lederhosen and head on over to downtown Jasper for all sorts of frivolity. Let your kids frolic and play in the miniature Auschwitz, a to-scale replica of the REAL concentration camp, complete with gas chambers! Try your hand at coloring with our Nazi Propaganda Arts and Crafts station! Attend a showing of our live theatre performance *The Doctor Who May Or May Not Have Been A Real Doctor: The Joseph Goebbels Story!*

Don't miss out on the Swastika Corn Maze, Pin The Wheelchair On the Crippled President Bastard (with a real Roosevelt impersonator!) and Blitzkrieg Target Practice, where each orphan you kill gets you a free soft pretzel!

And perhaps Strassenfest's most popular event, the Anne Frank Scavenger Hunt! Join Fritz the Strassenfest Mascot in locating Anne Frank, who is hiding somewhere in the city of Jasper, and be crowned Konig du Strassenfest.

Historic Indiana: Silk Stocking District

This historic neighborhood in Kokomo is known for its rich architecture, elite citizens and, of course, its silk stockings. What isn't known about this upper class mecca was that "silk stocking" was code for the silk stockings worn by Kokomo's prostitutes. WHAT? YES!

The Silk Stocking District was the central nervous system of Kokomo's booming sex trade that earned the town its nickname, KokoHO. Originally called the Herpes District, Silk Stocking changed its name once gas light was discovered and the prostitutes' cold sores were clearly visible. With gas lighting came a decrease in dimly lit corners and dark alleyways, and soon the human trafficking industry saw a loss in profits. Gentlemen no longer paid for sex with the uggs.

In an attempt to salvage Herpes District, the city renamed the area to Silk Stocking District, hoping to lure wealthy socialites with two things they loved most: silk and stocks. However, "silk stocking" was a clever allusion to the hookers' silk stockings. If you heard the swish-swish of that oriental luxury, you knew a prozzie was nearby. You also knew that your ears were a little too accustomed to the

sound made by different kinds of fabric.

Historic Indiana: Seiberling Mansion

Seiberling Mansion was an integral part of Silk Stocking's underground sex trade, serving as the only brothel to offer amputated, disfigured and diseased ladies. At half the cost (and half the body) of a regular prostitute, Seiberling's Spoiled Doves were favored amongst Kokomo's farmers, particularly during a dry season.

Monroe Seiberling saw the opportunity to make a fortune when his daughter lost her leg in a tragic anteatery accident and was no longer marriage material. He found that by discounting the cost of a lady's touch to equivocate the discount of her disfigurement, he could attract those who could not afford the four-limbed whores. By opening up a new market to the middle and lower class, Seiberling's bordello became the most popular place in Silk Stocking.

Word of Seiberling's spread, and soon the cripple sluts were pouring in from every corner of the world, their fingerless knubs and bald spots eager to become one of Seiberling's Spoiled Doves. Demand and supply boomed, and soon Seiberling built the Seiberling Mansion, the nation's largest house of ill repute at that time. The Mansion saw great success during the depression, when no one could afford healthy prostitutes. He also profited during epidemics like the Spanish Influenza and Polio, being the only brothel in operation that catered to prostitutes in iron lungs.

Seiberling Mansion is no longer a bordello, but gimpy whores still make annual pilgrimages to the first place they could ever call home.

Historic Indiana: Sechler's Pickles

If you ever thought 60,000 square feet dedicated to pickles was a bit of an overreaction, you were WRONG. These phallus-shaped bundles of salt and genital warts are considered important enough to have over an acre of quickly-disappearing farmland just for them!

People needing to be reminded of how disgusting pickles are come from near and nearer to see how a penis-esque cucumber becomes a penis-esque pickle. The tour is filled with sexual innuendo and dick jokes, ideal for twelve-year-old boys and pedophiles. Gays would also enjoy this tour, but it is in rural Indiana and their rainbow flag-waving asses would be lynched before you can say, "FAB-U-LOUS."

Sechler's success inspired Suckler's Pickles, a sex toy manufacturer two miles north of the pickling factory that is brother companies with Sechler's. Suckler's business model is an exact replica of Sechler's, with their 54 flavors of dildos mirroring their brother's 54 flavors of pickles. A discount is offered at Suckler's Pickles if you purchase anything at Sechler's, and vice versa.

Suckler's has far exceeded Sechler's in popularity amongst the closeted rednecks of Northern Indiana, but Sechler's is still a must-see for anyone looking to hear or give a quality dick joke.

Historic Indiana: Squire Boone Caverns and Village: Grist Mill

If you thought watching a hydro-powered one thousand-pound stone crush corn into flour was boring, then you were right. Really super right. But the operators of Squire Boone Grist Mill have yet to discover how right you are, so until that revelation occurs, the Grist Mill at Squire Boone Caverns and Village is open for tourists that can't afford to go somewhere interesting.

If you never want to forget the day you wasted at Squire Boone, souvenir cornmeal is available for purchase. This will also be a constant reminder of the money you wasted at Squire Boone. This is only recommended for the self-pitying saps who wish to wallow in their own worthlessness.

It is suggested that any visitor of Squire Boone brings a loaded pistol. Whether he or she chooses to use it on oneself or to create a hostage situation is irrelevant. The point is, it will make the trip to Squire Boone at least a little bit memorable.

Historic Indiana: Spirit of Jasper

Those Jasper hooligans are at it again! This time they offer you the exclusive opportunity to see how the Jews felt when being transported from their homes to their new, better homes at concentration camps. Hop aboard the Spirit of Jasper, which some have described as “satan’s asshole, only more crowded” and “no, really, I’m going to throw up!”

Stripped of your belongings and dignity, you will ride the Spirit of Jasper to an undisclosed location. Once there, you will be forced off the train that sits at about 800% capacity and then huddle around your family for warmth from the crisp and biting air. But don’t get too comfortable! Within seconds, Jasper historians dressed as Nazis will violently separate you from your family—and this is where the fun begins!

It is at this point that you will either be sent to the concentration camp or somewhere else, and therein lies the surprise promised to every passenger on the Spirit of Jasper!

Historic Indiana: Schnitzelbank Restaurant

Ever wonder what those Nazi heroes ate while hard at work getting rid of the earth’s plague (Jews)? Well, wonder no more! Fine Third Reich cuisine finds its home at Schnitzelbank Restaurant, Jasper’s number one kitchen for the supreme race.

With dishes such as The Sauerkrauschwitz Sandwich, The Hitler Strudel and Potato P-aryan-cakes, Schnitzelbank recreates a better time, a time prior to the Fuhrer’s tragic murder. (Schnitzelbank and the town of Jasper does not believe Adolf Hitler committed suicide, as there is no actual proof.)

According to Schnitzelbank’s website, the highlight of the menu is their Kraut Balls, a “one of a kind sensation.” Sensationally racist, the Kraut Balls fit right in with the rest of Schnitzelbank. The Glockenspiel chimes on the hour and half hour, playing the beloved “My Little Pony” theme song.

The restaurant’s name loosely translates to “carving bench” or “it’s the Jew’s fault,” the latter translation being the inspiration for choosing this name. Other names included Hitler, Adolf Hitler, Hitler is my Bitch, and Applebee’s.

The restaurant’s gift shop is a must-see for all visitors, filled with items from Hitler mustaches to temporary Swastika tattoos. Also, blonde wigs and blue contacts are available as only blue-eyed blondes are admitted into the restaurant.

Historic Indiana: Ruthmere

What is this historic mansion hiding beneath its ritzy façade? What secrets lurk beyond its stained glass ceilings? What voices of the past are silenced in the botanical gardens?

Is Ruthmere the final resting place of Amelia Earhart? Elvis? Tupac? Jesus Christ himself???

No.

No it is not.

It is just a boring old mansion that rich white girls get married in.

Historic Indiana: Providence Home Geode Grotto

The Nazi citizens of Jasper were running out of Jews to persecute, and as such had decided to concentrate their efforts on Catholics. Using their impressive Geode collection, the Aryan faithful of Indiana constructed a big, shiny grotto, one to replicate the grotto at Lourdes, France, where a lying orphan on methamphetamine said she saw the Virgin Mary.

Using the shiny crystals of the grotto as bait, Jasper attracted wide-eyed and gullible Catholics from all over. Rosaries in hand, the migrating fag-haters were soon flooding Jasper with their pro-life bumper stickers and Notre Dame sweatshirts. Phase One of Plan Geode Grotto Cobra Attack was complete.

Once lured into the two-block spanning grotto, Catholics began dropping to the Geode-covered floor after being exposed to Ether-spiked Holy Water. Once the Catholics started piling up, the townspeople of Jasper loaded them onto the Spirit of Jasper, which promptly delivered them to an undisclosed location to the sound of Schnitzelbank’s glockenspiel.

My little pony, my little pony...

Historic Indiana: Warsaw Cut Glass Factory

This little factory-that-could has transformed from an emo teenager's hideout to the cutters' world headquarters. Come on by this suicidal deathtrap of angst, grab the first shard of glass you see, retrieve those repressed childhood memories and start cutting like crazy.

Warsaw Cut Glass Factory was founded in 1912 following the Titanic disaster as an outlet for survivors or victims' family members. The coping mechanism of watching oneself bleed, giving abstract depression a concrete existence in the pain, proved to be very popular.

Without Linkin Park or Avenged Sevenfold to get us through the Great Depression, Americans flocked to Warsaw Cut Glass just so that they could feel something, anything. This boom in popularity brought new dollars to the factory, and soon they expanded their business.

With personal cutters that will slice your artery for you, workshops on how to carve fun designs into your own flesh (like your favorite presidents' caricature or maybe even a swan!), and the opportunity to use the same glass fragment that Ricky used to kill Lucille Ball, Warsaw Cut Glass Factory has something for every lost soul.

Vevay

More like Ve-GAY.

This 200-year-old wannabe Switzerland is teeming with homosexuals. Homos in pleather pants, homos in sequin vests, homos in billowing blouses, homos in paisley ascots...

The gays are drawn to Ve-Gay for two reasons: the wine, and those tight Amish asses. As home of the first successful commercial winery in America, Ve-Gay has barrel after barrel of FABULOUS wine—the kind of wine that washes that extra jizz right out of your mouth.

The homos sip their wine on the veranda while watching the suspender-clad Amish eye candy buggy on down the dirt road, selling their furniture and retarded children. As a big fan of wood polished by rough, working man hands, the homos love the Amish' rocking chairs and shelves.

Finally, Ve-Gay's strong Swiss heritage is upheld by the locals' tradition of making Swiss cheese out of every fine, smooth round of dairy they come across...cum across.

Vera Mae's Bistro

Vera Mae's of Muncie, Indiana, is the last commercial location in the united states to employ slaves. Thanks to Martin Luther King's civil rights crap, Vera Mae's has trouble finding and keeping slaves.

But, year after year, crazy old Vera makes sure the African natives manage to get shackled onto slave ships, survive a grueling and disease-ridden three-month journey across the Atlantic, get auctioned off in Charleston, then mozy on up to their new home in Muncie.

The slave cabins usually house anywhere from 16 to 24 families, all of whom comfortably sing their crazy old gospel songs in the roomy 8 foot by 10 foot cabin. Vera Mae's only beats the slaves that try to talk back or feel that they are at least 3/5 as much of a person as the white customers. Apart from the occasional "lesson" slave (the rebellious leader that must be killed in order to teach those other rapscallions a lesson), Vera Mae's wares live an average 35 years, an unheard of life span for slaves.

White college students truly enjoy Vera Mae's Bistro, not for its food, but for its low costs. Thanks to slave labor, the mediocre meals are no strain on the coeds' wallets, which coincidentally are made by slaves in Vera Mae's Wallet Bistro a few blocks down the road.

Old Ben and The Stump

What the fuck? I mean. Really. A stuffed ox, and a really big tree trunk.

No, seriously, that's all this is.

Can someone explain this — please?

Mr. Weenie

Need a quick circumcision? Go to a Rabbi. But where do you go if you need an uncircumcision? Mr. Weenie, of course.

Mr. Weenie's hot dog parlor is the only uncircumcision clinic in the world, offering the unique service of uncircumcising a penis. Thanks to an exclusive business arrangement with the Association of Jewish Family and Children's Agencies, Mr. Weenie's has a vast supply of foreskin samples. Using these samples, Mr. Weenie attaches the foreskin to circumcised penises, giving them the extra casing that girls fucking hate.

Mr. Weenie's also offers Foreskin Augmentation, a surgical operation that adds foreskin to the entire penis, giving it the appearance of a Shar Pei puppy. There is also Testicle Foreskin Enhancement, a procedure that gives each testicle its own foreskin.

Mr. Weenie's hopes that someday the medical community will accept uncircumcision as a tried and true science. Until that day, Mr. Weenie's will continue being the only business giving America the foreskin it deserves.

Mid-America Windmill Museum

This pointless collection of windmills is home to over 50 historic windmills, fully restored to their original glory. Guests at the museum pay hundreds of pesos to watch Don Quixote run from windmill to windmill, singing wildly that he is the man of La Mancha, his destiny calls, and he goes.

On average, Don Quixote destroys three and a half windmills a day, giving museum keepers a sense of purpose. Without his steadfast will and schizophrenia, guests would be staring at big wooden wheels turning slowly in the wind. Which is weak as shit.

Thanks to the delusional Spaniard, these oversized pinwheels are still considered useful, despite generating only five watts of electrical energy annually. But the real tragedy here is that Don Quixote and Sancho Panza cannot legally be married in the state of Indiana.

Miami County Museum

Yeah, don't get excited. This has nothing to do with the cool Miami, filled with Brazilian waxed beauties and Cuban drug lords. This museum is just about the stupid county in Indiana, named after the Miami Indians.

The Miami Indians never did anything worthy of having a county in their namesake. All they did was die of small pox and then blame their lack of immunity on the white folk.

And then they try to say that pioneers stole their land?

Bull fucking shit, Chief Cry Me A River.

This land belongs to God, and seeing as you don't believe in Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior, it sure as hell isn't yours. This is Amurica, so you can shut the fuck up.

Anyway, Miami County Museum is just a government-issued apology letter to Pocahontas and her immune system-challenged friends. Why can't we just give them a month, like the blacks? Now there's a quality way to apologize for years of intolerance, violence, and prejudice.

Metamora

Nicknamed Metha-more-a, this quaint canal town is the central nervous system of Midwest America's Methamphetamine underground drug trade.

You'd never think that a state like Indiana (where sacrifices are made to Toby Keith only three times a year as opposed to seventeen times a year in places like Texas) would be home to rednecks' favorite pastime, but year after year, Metha-more-a imports and exports more methamphetamine than all of the remaining redneck states — combined!

Serving as headquarters for the major Meth movers and shakers such as Hell's Angels and Cracker Barrel, Metha-more-a is quite literally the meth headquarters of the world. With a permanent population of 9,000 people and a fluctuating population of about 18 teeth, this small town has taken the

entire meth underground by surprise.

What's the secret?

The canal.

Metha-more-a uses methamphetamine filters to cycle the canal water into clean drinking water for its citizens, meaning that every single Metha-more-ian, from little Patsy Ruth to Big Bubba, gets their daily serving of Methamphetamine in just one cup of water. This ensures that all citizens are addicted by the age of 6—proving that Meth is not just for adults. Take one hit at Patsy Ruth's corner Meth Stand (she calls it Methonade Stand, and explains it as being just as popular as a lemonade stand, but much more profitable), and you'll see that the future of Meth everywhere is right here in Metha-more-a, Indiana.

Masonic Temple

A final resting place for pedophiles, the Masonic Temple constantly sings with little children's laughter and the creaking of rusty walkers sliding along tile floors. Often times the children's laughter is mistaken strangled cries of, "NO! WHY?!" The children's pleas for help are drowned out by the numerous hover rounds and singing kitsch décor, like the mounted wall bass that sings, "Don't Worry, Be Happy."

The Masons are very happy at the Masonic Temple, thanks to the healthy selection of cardigan-clad boy scouts aged 7 to 12. They have all earned their Senior Citizens Assistance badge, as well as the This Is Our Little Secret Badge and Good Touch-Bad Touch Badge. With the Fun Uncle/Dark Secrets program (based on the Big Brother/Big Sister programs), Masonic Temple patrons are guaranteed a twice-monthly companion that is underage. Since most Masons are already senile, it is easy to believe that their Fun Uncle/Dark Secrets companion is their real nephew, making it more fun and rewarding for everyone...except the nephew.

Though the Masonic Temple's funds are dwindling from an increased number in lawsuits (mostly dealing with molestation, pedophilia, and overdue library fees), the Masons have still been able to expand their facility and resources, which now include three white, windowless vans that more often than not haul a precious cargo of candy, puppies, and, after a successful day out, gullible children.



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