

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN

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January 1976

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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

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Annual Dues \$3.00 Payable in October

H C H S

The Hendricks County History Bulletin is published quarterly in January, April, July, and October prior to our meeting dates. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society, to Hendricks County Public Libraries, and to Hendricks County School Libraries, as well as to a number of other libraries; individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed to our secretary. Dues should also be mailed to the secretary. Contributions or suggestions to The Bulletin should be mailed to the editor.

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H C H S

I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see. The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and the wonder of the world.

John Burroughs

President's Message

"On the Border by the Sea"

Greetings,

This is a "Sunshine Special" from Brounsville, beautiful, balmy, and booming. It is a busy town by a sleepy lagoon. Really by a hundred of Lagoons called "resacas," ancient Rio Grande river beds, looping over themselves through the centuries and now are pleasant palm shaded lakes everywhere.

A variegated assortment of peoples about 75,000 call Brounsville "home". Thousands of others, "snow birds" as winter visitors call themselves, live here. Each month more than 2½ million, visitors, tourists, shoppers cross the International Bridge to or from Mexico; Matamoron, city of 225,000 sits just across the bridge.

The Gladys Porter Zoo, one of the ten great zoological refuges of the world and called because it favors endangered species - a modern "Noah's Ark."

An international park, on the banks of the Rio Grande developed like a Disney land has a friendly name - Amigoland. The construction company was from Indianapolis. The supervisor, of the building of the mall, was Mr. Robt. Zigler of Danville.

The lower Rio Grande river, for 60 miles vegetables and fruits fill the market baskets east, west and north.

The Port of Brounsville called the fastest growing and also the cleanest (America's). The harbor is at the end of a 21 mile channel, where we spend much time teasing the "finny tribe."

Progress is evident here that the schools and streets cannot keep up with growth.

The Historical Society has employed an advisor to study the restoration of some historic buildings and the environment. After all, seeing all the markers history was in the making in this area.

The Bi-centennial year has arrived. It is indeed, our good fortune to have the privilege to observe this historical event. The values we desire to pressure will perish without the constant attention of the loyal citizens of this nation. Why should we have a part in this observance? There is a need this year, 1976, for our people to engage in a serious exploration of some of the issues that are fundamental to our American society.

Eternal vigilance is the price we must pay for the preservation of our way of life.

Therefore, a free people must continually re-examine itself.

May peace, joy and love be yours for the New Year.

Your president,

James I. Shockley

H C H S

October 12th Meeting

Our last meeting of 1975 was held at the Avon Methodist Church, October 12th, with more than seventy members and guests attending. The Rev. James Shockley gave

a splendid talk on the subject "History Making Events of the 20th Century". Mrs. Dessie Huddleston, retiring president, handed the gavel over to the Rev. Shockley, and Mr. Jack Gambold, past president, installed the new officers in an impressive ceremony. Ladies of Washington, Clay and Union townships furnished refreshments for the social hour.

1976 Schedule of Meetings

Undoubtedly, one of the reasons our attendance has been so good at our meetings is because we continue to have fine programs. If that is true, then the Bi-centennial Year should be a good one for our Society, for the program committee has come up with still another schedule of fine programs.

- January 11 Danville Christian Church
Host: Center, Marion and Clay Townships
Social Chairman: Dorothy Templin
Program: Mary Jeanette Winkleman
Subject: "Who are We? National Growth in Population"
- April 11 Pittsboro Methodist Church
Host: Middle, Eel River and Union Townships
Social Chairman: Hazel Rains
Program: James Shockley
Subject: "What Happened to Free Enterprise?"
- July 11 Corinth Church
Host: Brown, Lincoln and Washington Townships
Social Chairman: Mary Elizabeth Bray
Program: Frances Fisher
Subject: "Birth and Growth of the Educational System"
- October 10 Cascade School
Host: Guilford, Franklin and Liberty Townships
Social Chairman: Ruth Pritchard
Program: Jack Gambold
Subject: "Birth and Growth of Labor Unions"

About The Seals

Some bulletins were lacking the seals on the cover the last issue, and we mentioned that we might discontinue the use of them to cut down on the cost. That was not a popular suggestion; however, and one loyal member, who prefers to remain nameless, offered to buy a year's supply. The Executive Committee decided the cost was not too great and voted to continue to use them. They were duly ordered, but were apparently lost in the Christmas shuffle, and at press time, had not arrived. But we will have seals!

H C H S

Welcome to the Fold!

We are happy to welcome the following new members to our Society: Mr. John Higbee, Mr. Ralph Parsons, Mr. Nobel Littell, Mrs. Hubert Little, Mrs. Evelyn Whitworth, and Mr. Paul Swisher.

H C H S

We wish to extend sympathy to Dr. and Mrs. Sherman Crayton in the December 8th loss of Lois's mother, Mrs. Elnora Shirley. For many years, Lois and Sherman had cared for Mrs. Shirley, who was 97 at the time of her death, and we know they will miss her sorely.

H C H S

RED LETTER DAYS

On December 3rd, 5th, and 7th, the Hendricks County Museum was opened, as a special effort to show the public what had been accomplished and what remained to be done. The 130 visitors who registered in the guest book were generous in their praise.

During the past year the Museum has been open periodically for the acquisition and cataloging of items either given or loaned. The building itself is perfectly adapted for use as a museum. Spacious rooms upstairs and downstairs offer ample space for future growth. Certain features of the building dating back to its construction in 1869 attract special attention: lofty ceilings, tall windows with shutters, a wide central hall with curving stairway, and a small room near the entrance which can be used as a gift shop and office. Its convenient location south of the square in Danville makes it easily accessible to visitors.

To Mrs. Rita Lieske, chairman of the Museum Board, and her committee goes the credit for the successful opening. The theme, "An Old Fashioned Christmas," was an attempt to provide a glimpse of Christmas as it was celebrated in the pioneer home.

The stairway was decorated with evergreen roping and red bows. In the parlor was a tall Christmas tree decorated by Dessie Huddleston and Ruth Funk with strands of popcorn, cranberries, and paper chains in the fashion of the pre-electric era. The blown glass birds in the tree were loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hosier. Beneath the tree were toys of yesterday--a red fire wagon and a doll with a china head. Furnishings in the room included a game table on loan by John Edwards, a sofa loaned by Jerry Chandler, and accessories by Mary Hunt Jones. Candles and a kerosene lamp lighted the room. Above the mantel hung a large authentic photograph of a dignified gentleman of the late 1890's. Special mention is made of the Piolian, a recent acquisition of the Museum. It was manufactured by Shute and Butler of Peru, Indiana, and acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Jones of Indianapolis in 1898. The Piolian operates like an organ but is in a piano-like case, according to the fashion of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Jones, together with Vivian Dillon, visited the Museum on Sunday afternoon and were very much impressed.

In the kitchen were displayed many tools and accessories popular with the housewives of a generation ago. The big iron cookstove with its reservoir, warming closet, and large oven seemed very primitive in this electronic age, but brought fond memories of delicious food prepared and kept warm. A large cupboard on loan by Jerry Chandler held an exhibit of ironstone china. A unique meal chest loaned by John Edwards puzzled many of the visitors. At first glance it resembled a desk with small drawers at the top and a lid which could be lifted out and used as a doughboard. A bin which held flour on one side and meal on the other, could be slid conveniently back and forth. The tantalizing odor of gingerbread helped to make this room a special delight.

In the gift room a cabinet of weathered barn lumber provides ample storage space for the gift items which are still available: sesqui plates, mugs and ash trays, towels, the booklet "Honoring our Heritage".

The following members enjoyed being hosts and hostesses: Roy and Frances Fisher, Dorothy Kelley, Jewell Bell, Sharon Brock, Ruth Hall, Scott and Mildred Hosier and their granddaughter Becky.

Miss Merle Burns gave the guest book in which the visitors registered. Grateful acknowledgement is given to those who so generously loaned items: John Edwards, Danville; Dottie Basham Antiques, North Salem; Jerry Chandler, Stilesville; and Mary Hunt Jones.

Antique furniture, children's toys, old books, and miscellaneous articles reminiscent of pioneer life are needed for the Museum.

The Museum will be open Tuesday morning, January 13, from 9 to 12, to receive and list articles, either as gifts or loans. Mrs. Dorothy Kelley of Brownsburg is the new chairman of the board.

Frances Fisher

H C H S

The following is a letter written in 1889 by Adeline Fellenger while a student at Central Normal College. It was sent by her grand daughter, Sally Kindler, of Brownsburg, who wrote, "I thought you might like a copy of the enclosed material written by my grandmother while a student at Central Normal College. I was amused to notice how important food was to that generation of teen agers just as it is to our young people today. My grandmother married Horatio Brown in 1893 and they lived for many years on a farm between Clermont and Brownsburg. There are 2 surviving children, my mother, Blanche Brown Brown and Ruth Brown Good. There are several grandchildren living in this area." Thanks, Sally.

"A Picnic Dinner"

The fifteenth day of August eighteen hundred eighty nine, is a day which will always have a place in my memory.

The day was very sultry and everything seemed dull and stagnant.

A crowd of old as well as young folks had gathered at the "Old Settler's Ground" near Clermont, Indiana to hear the old settlers speak and to meet old friends and get acquainted with others.

No one could have enjoyed themselves better than the crowd of young folks who had made plans to have a grand picnic dinner and for a week the boys and girls of the crowd had been making preparations for the occasion. When Thursday came a merrier crowd was never seen as we were filling our baskets with the well prepared things.

About eight oclock we started for the grounds and after about an hours drive the place was reached.

The forenoon passed very slowly, but after a long time of waiting the morning exercises were closed and the audience adjourned to eat their dinners.

It did not take us long to find our buggies and a cool, shady and grassy place to spread our dinners. While the girls were busy spreading the dinner the boys started off to find water, when they came back they not only had found nice ice water but had brought a nice lot of grapes and melons.

After a short time the dinner was ready; but the next thing to find was chairs. These were very difficult to find and as we were all very hungry we did not wait for some to be made; so we seated ourselves on the grass and began to eat.

We were not a very bashful crowd and we had a very enjoyable dinner.

The dinner consisted of bread, butter, chickens, pork, beef, celery and fruits of all kinds and O, to think of those delicious plums make me wish that we could have picnic dinners every day, especially while I stay in Danville.

The cakes were of every kind that almost could be mentioned and that iced tea I think will never be forgotten.

We had not noticed the dark cloud that had been rising in the west, and suddenly we heard a loud peal of thunder; the sun was darkened by dark clouds, and in a very few moments the rain seemed to come in torrents. It did not take us very long to decide what to do and the things were placed in the baskets in a very short time as every one was ready to lend a hand.

Dishes, knives, forks, spoons and many other things were put in the wrong baskets and us girls had another picnic in getting our dishes and other things to the rightful owners.

We got into the buggies as soon as possible, but not before we had received our share of rain.

The rain ceased about two o'clock and the sun came out as bright as ever. And as we were all tired of such a picnic we concluded to go to our houses to eat our suppers.

On our way home some one proposed that we would not let the day beat us out of our fun and go to the theater that night which was agreed to by all.

We went to the nearest girl's house and there stayed until evening, finished our dinners and straightened the dishes, then prepared to go to the theater.

The play that night was grand and after all the clouds that darkened the day, we had a very nice time, especially our dinner, which I think will never be forgotten by any of us.

H C H S

During our recent move, I found an August, 1948 copy of The Indianapolis Star Magazine, which contained the following interesting article about the Cartersburg Springs. Little did I know when I put the magazine away almost 28 years ago that I would one day have three little Baker grandchildren, Mindy, Holly and Mark, of Plainfield, who, in time, will be fascinated with this story because the Mrs. T. C. Kendall mentioned would later become their maternal great grandmother. Ed.

COURTIN' WAYS IN THE 1880's

Did you ever stop to wonder about mating customs in, say, the 1880's? When there were no telephones, how did a fellow make a date? Where did a couple go for amusement . . . or uplift? You may find some answers to these questions in letters written to and by a young lady of the Dover School community: . . .

Danville, Ind., Dec. 3 '83

Miss Ozella Hadley (aged 15 at the time)

Compliments, Asking the pleasure of your company Sunday evening Dec. 9, '83 if accepted I will call between the hours of five and six.

Respectfully,
W. S. Dickerson
Haunted Brick

(And almost identical note from W. L. Dickerson was dated Mar. 1, 1884.) A third note from Mr. Dickerson, dated April 15, 1886, added: "If my company is not agreeable with you do not hesitate to tell me so. As ever")

December 29, 1884

Miss Ozella:

Miles Furnas presents his Compliments to Miss Ozella Hadley requesting the pleasure of your company to a party at Joe Furnases next Wednesday night.

Respt.
Miles

Sale Creek Tenn.
11/21st/'84

Miss Ozella:

I am at a loss to know just how to address a Lady to whom it is my misfortune to be unknown, and I will make an apology for the liberty which I am now taking.

Can I hope that the circumstances by which I have no means of receiving an introduction will be accepted as my best excuse?

I have so far only heard a description of a "photo" of yours from a Mr. Joel Rogers who became an acquaintance of, I presume, your "Brother" while in Friendsville school (Tenn). Only tonight he gave me your address; and I have sought your sanctum asking you to let this letter commence a friendly correspondence between us which will make me more happy than I have any right to say I shall be. Again requesting if but a line, I beg to subscribe Myself as

Your sincere admirer
Robert L. Bolton

The photo was on a 2 x 3 1/2 calling card identifying R. L. Bolton as a Professor of Mathematics. A note on the reverse side of the card reads: "Should this meet

your approval, Shall I look for an answer soon? Bye Bye R.L.B. Sale Creek, Hamilton Co., Tenn.

* * * *

Amo, Ind., Mar 85

Miss Hadley,

If you are not otherwise engaged Sunday eve (the 13th) will you allow me the pleasure of your company to church?

Yours Resp.
Elmer Hodson

* * * *

November 11, 1885

Compliments of Wilson J. Shaw to O. E. Hadley. Will you accept my company to the literary Friday night?

Yours truly,

P.S. Do you remember where you were two years ago today? I think I went ghost hunting if I am not mistaken.

(A similar note from Wilson J. Shaw dated November 19 - 1885 invites Miss Hadley to a lecture.)

* * * *

Hadley, Ind. Dec 9, 1885

Miss Hadley

Mr. Elmer W. Stanley presents his compliments to Miss Ozella Hadley requesting the pleasure of your company Sunday night Dec. 20th.

Yours,
E. W. Stanley

* * * *

(Now for a letter by Miss Hadley)

Dec. 7/ 85

Mr. Furnas Westfield Ind.

I received your interesting and welcome letter last week and this cold day finds me trying to answer it.

I am getting along nicely and having lots of fun.

I went to Minnie Marshall's surprise party 28 of last month, had fun of course, and learned a new play.

I also went to a surprise party for Jimmie Rogers last Wednesday night accompanied by W. J. Shaw. Jimmie is going to start to Kansas in about two years.

Old Jimmie Haworth was married last Wednesday living in Hamilton County by the name Sarah Davis. He is the one who wants everybody to get the kind of religion that summer over.

I went to meeting yesterday and Eva Dickerson and I went home with Elmer Stanley for dinner. Then we went back to Mill Creek to attend the funeral of an old man by the name of Spencer, and after the funeral Elmer took us down to the gypsy camp which is at the creek west of Pecksburg, but we did not get our fortunes told. There are about thirteen tents. We then went around through Clayton and back to Albert Carter's and stayed there until bedtime.

We had a spelling at Dover Thursday night. Mr. Kuster was at the party and he learned us a new play.

I believe you wanted to know who went with who and if I had been eavedropped. I have not had a chance to be eavedropped, and I have not went with anybody but Elmer Stanley, W. J. Shaw, and Frank Benbow. The latter escorted Luella Carter home from the spelling. Tommie Nicholson and Milton Doharty came over last 7th day night and brought the violin and we had some nice music.

Elmer Stanley joined the Sorgum literary. He is to have an essay about girls next Friday night.

Of course your company will be accepted when you come. When do you intend to come home?

I could write a longer letter but if I get it done in time for the boys to take it to the office I must close before long.

It was six degrees below zero this morning.

I wrote this in school and Orien is doing everything in his power to bother me.

Ozella

Clayton, Ind Jan 17/ 1886

Miss O. E. Hadley
Dover Dale Ind:

I write this note asking your pardon for not complying with the engagement I had with you for last night at Spelling School, and to explain the reason why. I was told that there would be no Spelling School if the weather was bad, and when it began to rain I supposed that would settle the matter, so I did not go. And now hoping and trusting you will accept my excuse I take the boldness of asking you for the pleasure of your company Sunday eve if it will possibly do to sleigh-ride. Provided it is not too cold and I believe we were not to go before if it was in the vicinity of zero.

Yours "Bashfully"

Miles

APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTEER SERVICE WITH MEALS ON WHEELS OF HENDRICKS COUNYY, INC.

NAME: _____ PHONE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

Day (or days) of week I prefer to serve: _____ 2nd Choice _____

I could substitute on the following days if necessary: _____

I can start: (immediately) _____, (on the following date: _____)

I don't feel that I can help at this time, but please keep my name on file and call me again in the future. _____

REMARKS: _____

SPECIAL INTERESTS: _____

Church and/or Organizations: _____

Check below types of service in which I am interested:

Driving own car for delivery _____

Delivery helper _____

Office Service _____

Other service as needed _____

Signature _____

Dover, Ind.
December 15th, 1886

Mr. Furnas

I received your letter last evening and will, of course, grant your request and as you are a very good fellow and like to hear good preaching and singing I will let you have the opportunity of hearing the Rev. Pinack's sermon.

I would like very much to hear the Scientifics speak, but I possibly can not miss the Pecksburg Literary which will meet that night.

If you will let me know when the Reunion is, I will try to get Minnie to go that night, but you must not look for me too strong. Orien wanted to go last time.

I went to the Play at Clayton last Saturday night, it was splended.

If I were you I would give that fellow with Dessie a dose of "Rough on Rats".

Resp. yours
Ozella Hadley

* * * *

We wonder how many of the notes "requesting the pleasure of your company" Miss Hadley answered in the affirmative . . . and how did she choose among the fine young men of the Dover community? . . . Well, it turned out to be Miles J. Furnas, who lived less than a mile away in a brick house (recently renovated) on the west side of the Sorghum Mill Road (125 W). Their son, Lester, speculates: "What would have happened if any one of those boys had made a date with Mother and had taken her to a picture show the like of which is common every place today? Which one would they have carried out first - Mother or her boy friend?"

When Lester and his wife visit Indiana, they choose to turn off of the main road and go past the "old home place." And when they reach a certain spot, Lester says; "Father told me that right about here was where he proposed to Mother." Angela says: "Now for a moment of silence."

Ozella wasn't quite twenty and Miles was 21 when they were married. After seventy happy years, Miles went first at the age of 91; Ozella followed three years later.

Thanks to Lois Crayton

H C H S

A letter from The Editor

Moving day...trying to get settled...preparing a Thanksgiving dinner in a strange kitchen for company, especially grandchildren (5)...more moving...more trying to get settled...Christmas preparations...bad colds...either several or one prolonged one...Christmas Day again with company, especially grandchildren. So, with all the turmoil and excitement of the last month, The Bulletin almost didn't get published, a fact that makes me very unhappy with myself.

Yet, no matter how hectic the season, your Editor feels compelled to burst forth in her annual happy little Christmas jingle, a practice which has been going on for approximately 40 years.

While preparing The Bulletin, I was reminded of the many friends I have found through our Historical Society...people I have learned to love and to admire very much...people from whom I have learned a great deal. And with that, I decided to use our Christmas poem to say

Happy New Year to all members of the Hendricks County Historical Society

When we count our Blessings,
It seems an endless task,
For truly we are given
Much more than we ask.
We have our friends and family,
So very near and dear,
We've had our health and happiness
Throughout another year.

When we count our Blessings,
We look up at the sky,
We see the sun and moon and stars,
And watch the clouds float by.
We hear the children's laughter,
We hear the birds that sing,
They make us realize anew
That Life's a precious thing.

When we count our Blessings,
We're glad that we are strong,
To cope with hurts and heartaches
That must ever come along.
And when we count our Blessings,
As we so often do,
We're thankful that our paths have crossed
With folks the likes of you!

Margaret Baker

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H C H S

Reinhold Niebuhr was a theologian hailed by many scholars as a "giant". So what does he have to do with our Bulletin? Our society tells a story - a story of the ups and downs, the successes and failures of a past generation and in so doing, we of the present can keep our own strengths and weaknesses in perspective, and perhaps help our youth to cope with their own realized aspirations or shattered dreams. A faith in God is inherent in our country since its inception, so this quotation, which is perhaps one of Niebuhr's most eloquent, applies to us as we tell our story:

"The human story is too grand and awful to be told without reverence for the mystery and majesty that transcends all human knowledge. Only humble men who recognize this mystery and majesty are able to face both the beauty and terror of life without exulting over its beauty or being crushed by its terror."

H C H S

President's Message

Greetings,

This month marks another anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. In this Bicentennial year, we need to look back to the Rock from whence we were hewn. Many of our oldest educational institutions were founded in order to train young men and women for life that would honor God. If the present generation grows up with a precious type of religious teaching, or no religious education at all - without prayer, without the Bible, without respect for authority - we must expect that our civilization will crumble and fall.

When the Constitutional Congress met in Philadelphia, the founders of our nation appealed to God. When they were at loggers heads, when they were shaking their fists at each other and calling each other names, when they were about ready to break up and go back to form thirteen separate disunited nations, Benjamin Franklin got to his feet and said, "Gentlemen, lets pray, perhaps God will speak to us."

As a result of that prayer meeting came the magnificently inspired document that even supercedes the powers of the President, the Supreme Court and the Contress. The Constitution of the United States.

For the display tables bring historical material in keeping with the month of July - as we celebrate the fourth. Wear costumes that were in fashion years ago, if you have one.

Our program today centers around the evolution of our educational system. As the nation has grown so has our educational system, from the one-room deme's school, through the two-room country school, the city high schools, the consolidation of districts, the college and university system and most recently the junior and community college concepts.

We must not loose sight of the fact that we are publishing a History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976. This book will come off the press the first of July. We are responsible for its sale.

This is a unique book - no advertising - all history about Hendricks County people. We expect everyone to buy one and in turn to be a salesman. These books sell for twenty-five (\$25.00) a copy.

This is a must for the Historical Society.

Your president,
James I. Shockley

H C H S

Next meeting . . . Our next meeting will be Sunday, July 11th at the Corinth Church, north of Brownsburg. Directions for finding the church are simple. Follow State Road 269 north through Brownsburg to 1000 N. Turn left and you are almost there! Mary Elizabeth Bray is social chairman and Brown, Lincoln and Washington Townships are the hosts. Frances Fisher is responsible for what we know will be an excellent talk on "The Birth and Growth of the Educational System" given by Mildred Smith. Let's all turn out for this interesting meeting and a look at this beautiful church at the same time.

Our society met April 11th at the Pittsboro Methodist Church with a good crowd attending. We were glad to have our president, James Shockley, back with us. He presided and introduced the speaker, Mr. Perkins, who gave an enlightening and almost frightening talk on the subject of free enterprise and what has happened to it. He emphasized the fact that although America was intended to be free, we have let so many of our freedoms slip away from us with the growth of government and bureaucracies that we may not be a democracy much longer. He called for action instead of talk and reminded us that it is much later than we think. During the business meeting Blanche Wean discussed the history book and Dorothy Kelley gave a progress report on the Museum. Hostesses for the social hour were the ladies from Middle, Eel River and Union Townships.

Did you know that Hendricks County produced one of the most distinguished journalists of this century? At the age of 36 he was Editor of The Wall Street Journal and president of the parent company, Dow Jones. Although they differed in philosophies, he was a personal friend of Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Read about him in the History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976.

Ruth Pritchard is always popping up with some interesting tid-bit, and this time it is a letter which will cause a few chuckles. The letter was written by S. G. Moore, who with his brother, Risdon, were physicians at Belleville. The "Dear Sir" was John Miles (see pp. 647 & 649 of 1885 Hendricks County History). The letter reads as follows:

(7 o'clock night)

Belville February the 16th 1838

Dear Sir,

I reached home at 6 oclock safe, sound and well thoughted but my feelings are not very pleasant at the time. 1st unpleasent because I have to ride again tonight and 2nd because I am extremely mad. Just before I got home this evening all three of the Johnson boys joined my brother (Risdon) for the purpose of whipping him. No other person being present they had a fair chance tho they did not hurt him much. If I understand correctly he backed them all out and runn two of them. I am too much agitated to ask the particulars of this assault.

I have kept always out of fightings but I am now in one. The Johnsons have to be whiped and badly whiped and every man that takes their part in this matter. I am willing to take them all in a bunch and the old woman throwed in.

I send you your money in this letter.

I am with respect yours

S. G. Moore

Sounds like the Martins and the Coys, doesn't it? Ruth thinks the Johnsons probably lived in the house where she and Roy now live. Hope the Pritchards aren't afraid of ghosts!

Did you know that Hendricks County produced a lady who was presented at the Court of King George and Queen Mary, the Court of King Edward and again at the Coronation Court at Buckingham Palace? Read about her glamorous life in the Hendricks County History 1914 - 1976.

The following story was written by Marvin Weaver in 1916 in honor of Indiana's one hundreth birthday. He was at the ripe old age of 15 when he wrote this. One wonders how many of our 15-year-olds, educated in our elegant schools, could do as well. Marvin Weaver, in case you don't know it, is a brother of Frances Fisher, and we all know who she is!

PIONEER LIFE OF MY GREAT GRAND PARENTS

"The winds of Heaven never fanned,
The circling sunlight never spanned
The borders of a better land
Than our own Indiana."

My Great Grand Parents, Thomas Jefferson Weaver and Anna Hollis Weaver, his wife, were born in Fleming County, Kentucky in the early part of the nineteenth Century. They were residents of that state for about thirty years, when on hearing of the great possibilities in the north-west and being anxious to gain a home for themselves and family, they decided to make the journey to Indiana.

In the Fall of 1836 he, with his family, together with his brother-in-law William Watson and three Dillon families, started from their old homes in Kentucky in strong schooner wagons, each drawn by four horses. They placed their families and all their worldly goods in the wagons and bidding their friends good-by, bravely turned to face the hardships and dangers of the forest.

While the distance they had to travel to their new home was only three hundred miles, it took them a month to make the journey. It was a very tiresome trip over bad roads and sometimes no roads. In some places the ground was so wet and swampy, they were obliged to cut down small trees and place them side by side across the road to keep the horses and wagons from sinking in the mire. Sometimes when they reached a stream they would unhitch a horse from the wagon and ride through the water to find the safest place to cross. They hunted game through the day as they traveled along and when they made camp in the evening the women cooked it by open fires. At night the women and the children slept in the wagons and the men on the ground under the wagon with their trusty rifles by their side. Under difficulties and dangers these pioneers reached the places they were seeking in safety.

My Great Grand Father bought eighty acres of land, two miles north and east of Pittsboro, at the cost of nearly seven dollars per acre. My Grand Father still owns a part of this land. (In 1916, not now)

My Great Grand Father's land had a few acres already cleared, a one room log cabin and a small log stable for the horses. With his chest of tools he soon made what furniture they had to have. A trundle bed was made for the children, this could be pushed under the large bed. He also made a table, a few chairs and one large bed. What clothes they had to wear were hung on the walls. My Great Grand Mother had to cook by an open fire with but few cooking vessels, - a daep skillet with an iron cover, a few pans, a kettle or two, - that was all. In homes like

2 H 3 H
this the first settlers of Indiana lived. In this home some of their children were born and reared.

To clear the ground for the crops, was the first thing to be done. My Grand Father tells me he used to work very hard and when he was only six years of age, he spent days and weeks picking up such brush and chunks as he was able to carry and pile up in heaps to burn. As he grew older the work became heavier - to log rollings, rail splittings, fence building, grubbing, ditching, and all kinds of heavy toil that was common in those early days.

As deer, rabbits, quails, turkeys, pheasants, squirrels, and wild hogs abounded in great numbers in the forests, also wild fruits - grapes, plums, crab-apple, wild cherries, raspberries, and etc, corn, wheat, and vegetables were raised on the ground they cleared - honey too was found in large quantities and hunting bee trees was a profitable business, my Great Grand Father having from thirty to fifty colonies. All kinds of nuts grew on trees in the woods. The streams abounded with fish, so we can readily see the early pioneers had plenty of good food of a good quality. My Great Grand Father had about four hundred sugar trees on his farm and they had maple sugar and candy the year round.

When the wool was sheared from the sheep my Great Grand Mother washed, picked, carded spun and wove it into janes and linsey. She had to color the janes with walnut bark and some of it with indigo. They also raised some flax from which they made sheets, men shirts and trousers.

My Great Grand Mother carded and spun the yarn from which she knit all of the stockings for the family and her hands were calloused and roughened from severe toil.

In those days the nearest mill was located on Little Eagle Creek near the Central Insane Hospital, where he took his corn to have it ground. He carried his grain on the horse he rode and on another which he led behind him with a sack of corn tied on it. It took him two days to make the trip, as he had to pick his way through dense woods and swampy lands. In those days they had very little stock to sell and when they did, buyers came to the farm and bought their stock and drove it to Madison or Cincinnati to market.

The women wore sun bonnets and linsey dresses, occasionally buying a calico or gingham one. Men wore straw hats in the summer which they made themselves by plaiting wheat straws together. For winter use they made caps out of "coon" and "possum" skins.

In 1844 a log school house was built on the Tout land across the road from my Great Grand Father's house. This building was 24 x 26 ft. with a mud and stick chimney, clapboard roof, and one long window on the west side. A board running full length of the room was used for a writing desk. The seats were made out of split logs with wooden pins drove in for legs. All pens were made of goose quills and many learned to write beautiful hands. Reading, Spelling, and writing were the main studies. They often had old time spelling bees, which was largely attended by all the people of the district.

Great praise is due to those settlers who put forth great efforts to give their children a chance to gain what education they could in those days. It is remarkable what good citizens the most of the children made, many of them filled honorable and responsible positions.

H C H S

H C H S

The following poem, copied from Indiana State Series Fifth Reader, Indiana School Book Co., Indianapolis, Indiana copyrighted 1899, was contributed by Mary Elizabeth Bray and is appropriate for our July, 1976 Bulletin:

THE RISING IN 1776

Thomas Buchanan Read

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the borcal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot's arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet, with loitering tread,
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depts are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might;
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake

Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause--
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease;
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay! not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door--
The warrior priest had ordered so--
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was "War! War! War!"

"Who dares"--this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came,--
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

H C H S

Did you know that North Salem had a bootlegger? A female bootlegger? Read about her in the History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976. Have you ordered yet?

H C H S

Did you ever hear of Chiseltown, or Spicklepoint or Spray Station or Tank? Read about these ghost towns in the Hendricks County History 1914 - 1976.

H C H S

In order to whet your interest, the following two articles are samples of what you will be reading in your History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976. The first is a sample of the approximately 900 biographies which are included in the book, and the article following is just one of many human interest stories of historical significance that have been contributed. Read them, and if you haven't already done so, order your book, for there is a limited supply.

The Hogate Family

Julian D. Hogate and Etta Craven, both of Danville, were married in 1893, in a union that was destined to become one of Hendricks County's most distinguished families. Julian, a graduate of DePauw University and owner and editor of The Hendricks County Republican, and Etta, a graduate of Indiana University and a teacher, teamed together following their marriage to produce the weekly newspaper for many years.

Julian, a civic minded individual, used the power of the press to bring about many town and county improvements. Without his determination and persistence, the beautiful Danville Park would never have been a reality. He was a community leader, a Republican and a charter member of the Columbia Club of Indianapolis, and an active member of the Danville Methodist Church, as was his wife.

Etta came from an illustrious Hendricks County family which included brothers John Craven, a former registrar of Indiana University, and Arthur Craven, formerly associated with the Indiana Trust Company of Indianapolis, and a sister, Mrs. Samuel (Jennie) Ralston, wife of former Indiana Governor and later Senator Samuel Ralston.

Mrs. Hogate found time for many activities outside her journalistic duties. Her greatest interests were in children's work. She taught Sunday School classes for many years, and for eight summers she had charge of religious training of children of the Methodist North West Conference at Battle Ground. She was famous for her "Home talent" shows which she wrote and produced, using all the children in the community who wanted to participate. For 25 years on the Danville Library Board, she directed the purchase of children's books.

In addition to all this, she lived a very active social life. She was organizing president of the Delta Kappa Chapter of Tri Kappa and a charter member and a past regent of Wa-pa-ka-way Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Two of the oldest literary clubs in the state, the Browning Club and the Up-to-Date Club, which she organized in her home in 1899, have her as president. She also headed the Indiana Women's Press Club from 1925 - 27.

She was frequently entertained at the White House and was a guest of such notables as the late Governor Thomas Dewey of New York and the late Lowell Thomas.

Mr. Hogate died in 1932 and she in 1954, and their influence for good can never be evaluated.

The Hogates produced two sons, Kenneth C. (Casey) and Donald D., both of whom enjoyed illustrious careers. Their early training in The Republican office where they practically grew up stood them in good stead as they followed their parents' profession.

Both young men graduated from DePauw. Kenneth reached the top echelon of journalism when he became editor of the Wall Street Journal. He was credited with the financial rescue of the Journal from the depression. At the age of 36 he was president of Dow Jones, the Journal's parent company. He was a member of the Conway Commission, whose job it was to recommend reforms in the New York Stock Exchange, shaken, as it was, by the 1929 crash. He was the principal draftsman of the commission's final report and he was the choice of many to become the first full-time president of the Exchange.

During the twelve years that their tenures coincided, Hogate and Pres. Franklin Roosevelt were close friends. Although their philosophies differed, they exchanged candor without rancor. Hogate Hall on the DePauw campus is a fitting memorial to one of Indiana's most distinguished newspaper men. He died in 1947.

Donald D. Hogate also became an outstanding member of the Fourth Estate. Various positions of great importance which he has held include Washington manager of McGraw Hill and public relations director of the New York Stock Exchange. Donald has been most generous to the Danville United Methodist Church. He has given many furnishings as well as the carillon bells in memory of his parents. Hogate Chapel, a beautiful small place for worship in the new church on West Mill Street was also presented to commemorate the Hogates and their devotion to their church.

Indeed, Hendricks County can be justly proud of the Hogates, and the world is a much better place because of them.

Margaret Baker

H C H S

Did you know that Hendricks County can boast of the first National Bank in Central Indiana and that it has been in continuous successful operation since it was established in 1863 and was chartered under Abraham Lincoln? Read about this and many other banks in the Hendricks County History. Place your order in any bank, and don't delay.

H C H S

The First "Wireless" in Hendricks County

Laurence W. Franklin (1901 - 1966)

It was a soft, warm night in the summer of 1919. Mother was sitting on the front porch and my father, my brother, Edgar, and I were lying on a blanket on a comfortor in the yard. We were looking up at the heavens, talking about the stars, the funny forms of the clouds, and the planets. Maybe we talked about God, or why my beloved cat had to die, and where do cats go when they die? These are just a few of the things I can remember talking about on those wonderful, peaceful nights of my childhood.

Occasionally a car, or a "machine" as we called them, would come charging slowly around the curve and pass our house on the Cartersburg Road. They came slowly by modern standards, but in those days they seemed to be hurtling dangerously down the gravel road at break-neck speeds of up to twenty or twenty-five miles per hour! Edgar had learned to distinguish the kind of a car it was by the sound of the motor. Maybe it was a Studebaker or an Overland ... or whatever kinds of cars they had in those days. They all sounded alike to me, but it was very exciting when one came by and we watched it until it disappeared from view.

So this was a typical summer evening for the Franklin family, although one member was missing. But then, he was usually missing. He was my older brother, Laurence, who was upstairs in his room tinkering on some contraption which, he told us, would one day be a "wireless".

Most people his age thought Laurence was a little odd, because, when he didn't have his nose in a book or a magazine, he would be tinkering. He read from cover to cover "The Electrical Experimenter" which was the most up-to-date magazine on what we now call "electronics". In school he was recognized as a "brain"; he wanted to be normal, like the other guys, but he was shy, and never really quite made it. He couldn't be a basket ball hero, the only school sport at that time, because he lived in the country and had to go home immediately after school when the practice sessions were held. He didn't have the gift of gab, nor did he have what we would now call "charisma", although he had a delightful sense of humor and was ready with a joke for any occasion. He was just a sweet, unassuming kid, but no one paid too much attention to him except his teachers and his parents. They believed in him.

Especially his mother.

After studying and dreaming about it for several years, he decided to build a "wireless". Gathering all the materials and parts needed was a slow process, but putting it all together was more difficult. One of the first things he had to build was an induction coil, something he could not do alone, and that's where mother came in. According to well memorized instructions, they took a round Quaker Oats box, and, together, the two started to wind fine copper wire around it. Hour after agonizing hour they worked, night after night. The fine wire was guided around the box by the forefinger, slowly, slowly, to make it perfect, and when at last one layer was finished, it was shellacked. When that layer dried, they started on another layer. I have no idea how many layers it took, but the finished product contained several miles of fine copper wire. I can remember how sore their fingers were and how, at times they bled. I can remember how my father used to scold, oh so gently, about the late hours, and I think I can remember how tired my mother used to look sometimes at the breakfast table.

But there was something special between these two ... my mother and her first born. It was a beautiful relationship, an adoring mother and her gifted son. They knew something exciting was going to happen. Then the war came along ... World War One ... and the government stopped work on all private projects such as his. But as soon as the war was over and the ban was lifted, work went feverishly on in that little room upstairs.

He was getting close, and he knew it. We had an understanding: whenever we heard pounding on the floor upstairs, we were to come running.

Thus it was, on this gentle, quiet night in 1919 that we heard the urgent pounding. Away we went scampering upstairs, almost falling over each other in our haste. There was only one set of earphones, so we each had to take our turn. But when they were placed over my ears and I heard the strains of "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" coming out of the nowhere, my knees buckled slightly. It was wierd, I felt unreal. It passed through my mind that maybe this was the end of the world. But what my childish mind could not then grasp ... nor could many adult minds...was that this was not the end, but the beginning of a whole new wonderful era!

My brother soon became a modest celebrity. People came from miles around to listen in awe to music and voice from the airways, for his was the first "wireless", not only in Hendricks County, but in much of central Indiana. Soon he received his license to send messages as well as to receive, and his station call letters are engraved indelibly on my mind - 9 A D N.

In following his star, his accomplishments were many. He established and was manager of the first "wireless" station at Purdue University, and was its first broadcaster of basket ball games. He helped Prof. Ratliff install a small station at Central Normal College at Danville.

After his graduation from Purdue with honors, Mr. Franklin was employed by Western Union Telegraph Company. While in their employ, he was granted many patents; we don't know how many, for since he was an assignor to the Western Union Telegraph Company of New York at the time, he did not receive financial benefits from his inventions.

He was a short wave addict, and was one of the first members of the elite "Century Club" which is composed of "hams" who have talked to 100 foreign countries. Much of his interest and adeptness in electronics was passed on to his twin sons, William S. and Robert W. Franklin. Both are electrical engineers, and William, especially, has carried on his father's activities in short wave. Living in Phoenix with a station of his own, much of which was his father's, he was inexorably pulled to Barry Goldwater's station. One of the largest and most powerful stations in the world, it is manned 24 hours a day taking messages from service men located out of the country and re laying them to their families. Drawn like a moth to the candle, soon Bill was one of the volunteers, and he spends one night each week at the station. Barry Goldwater and his volunteers have become a closely knit family. Laurence Franklin, who received the first "wireless" message in central Indiana, back in 1919, would be proud to have a son working at the largest short wave station in the world ... voluntarily.

H C H S

Did you know that the oldest man to serve in the Civil War, either North or South, lived for a short while in Danville and married here while a resident before moving away? Learn about this and many other fascinating facts in the Hendricks County History.

H C H S

Our sympathies go to Dorothy Kelley whose husband, Dwight, passed away suddenly recently. Hers was an especially hard blow since it was so unexpected. Dorothy has been doing double duty for us. She serves as chairman of the Museum Board and heads the committee for the Hendricks County History. Many people, weaker than Dorothy would have given in to her grief and turned her duties over to some one else, but

not Dorothy. She picked up the pieces and is going strong, guiding the destinies of the History as well as the museum. Our hats are off to Dorothy! We want her to know that we appreciate her strength, her determination, and her dedication to a cause.

H C H S

Did you know that there are 900 biographies and more than 10,000 names included in the Hendricks County History and that many people have devoted countless hours to this endeavor, asking nothing in return other than that this be as accurate recording of life in Hendricks County as is possible to assemble. We hope future generations will appreciate this combined, dedicated effort.

H C H S

As we go to press, Jewell Bell is in her 7th week of hospitalization at St. Vincent Hospital in Indianapolis. Hospitalized as the result of a fall, she later underwent surgery. Frankly, we think she is languishing too long there. She is the one who supervises the committee that gets the Bulletin ready for mailing - assembling, stuffing envelopes, dividing by cities, and finally tying them in bundles to meet post office requirements. How that will be accomplished this time, we shall see, but take note, Mr. Templin, if the bundles aren't as neat as they usually are, blame Jewell, not us! And Jewell, please get well soon. We need you.

H C H S

Did you know that the H C H S was organized in 1967 and has published a quarterly bulletin since 1968 ... that our dues are only \$3.00 per year and each Bulletin is worth \$1.00 ... and that you are getting at least \$4.00 worth of Bulletins for your dues of \$3.00 plus the fringe benefits of interesting meetings complete with delicious refreshments? Can you find a better bargain?

H C H S

CHARLES ALLEN HARGRAVE - ANNETTA. PEARSON HARGRAVE

In 1879 Robert Spear Pearson sold his farm on the National Road, south of Clayton, and moved to North Tennessee Street in Danville for the purpose of putting his two daughters in school at Central Normal College. Robert was a native of this county and his wife, Elizabeth Meeks was born in Champagne County, Ohio. Their two daughters were Julia and Annetta or Nettie.

Julia married Dr. Howard C. Jones, who practiced medicine in Morgan County. Their children were Dr. Rilus Eastman Jones who practiced medicine in Clayton for many years, moving to California at retirement; Lloyd, who died at the age of twenty; Irwin, who was employed at VanCamp Hardware, Indianapolis; and Mamie, a graduate of Central Normal College in the Scientific Class of 1910. She became a teacher and later married a classmate, Orville Wade Nichols, of Danville, a graduate of Indiana University and the Harvard Law School. They moved to Knox, Indiana, where he practiced law. Their four sons were graduates of Indiana University: Orville Wade Nichols, Jr., an attorney at Knox, Indiana; Robert Nichols, M. D., radiologist, Vincennes, Indiana; Thomas Nichols, M. D., Clermont, Florida; and Harold Nichols, M. D., psychiatrist, South Bend, Indiana.

Nettie Pearson graduated from Central Normal College in the Scientific Class of 1881 as well as the Classic Class in 1883. It was here that she met Charles Allen Hargrave, who was to become her husband.

Charles Allen Hargrave was born in Parke County, Indiana, the son of William Henry and Jane Bishop Hargrave, in 1858. He entered Central Normal College in 1880, also graduating in the Scientific Class of 1881, as well as the Classic, 1883. On the eve of the 1883 graduation, he and Nettie Pearson were married at her home and, with the wedding party, repaired to the graduation exercises at the college. They established a home on North Indiana Street, Danville.

He became a regular member of the college faculty, filling at intervals all the offices of the institution. He taught higher mathematics, the sciences, physics, chemistry, astronomy, geology, surveying (he was a favorite addressee of the State Surveyors Association). Finally, as the school grew, he preferred to serve as the school secretary-treasurer, which position he held until his death in 1927, and it was a well known fact that his remarkable memory enabled him to call by name most of the 40,000 or more students who enrolled at his desk.

Charles A. Hargrave, was, without a doubt, the Grand Man of Central Normal College. Rarely is found in an individual the many qualities that were characteristic of Charles Hargrave. He was at once the master teacher and the profound student. He absorbed information, classified it, and generously gave it out. Although Central Normal College was the only institution of learning he attended, it would have been difficult to find among his peers his equal in education. He was always kind ... always gentle. If to be a gentleman is to be a gentle man, he was surely that.

Nettie Pearson Hargrave was, in her way, a most remarkable person, too. First of all, she was a devoted help-mate to her husband and a devoted mother. But beyond that, she had the time, the ability and the energies to do many other things. She was always active in student affairs at the college as well as in community activities. She was a member of the Danville School Board, an honorary member of the Danville Commercial Club, a patroness of the Psi Chi Omega sorority at the college. Reunions of her college classes were held in her home, and she issued a printed booklet for each event. She wrote the words of the song, "Long Live the C.N.C." sung to the tune "Auld Lang Syne". At the commencement exercises in 1940, Mrs. Hargrave was awarded an honorary LLD degree.

To Charles and Nettie Hargrave were born four children: Ralph, who died in infancy; Hazel, who was a blind, arthritic invalid who died in 1940. She was, however, an intelligent, patient, lovely person, who wrote, among other things, a tribute to Hendricks County, a beautiful poem printed in the Centennial Booklet of 1924; Kate, who married Charles Roy Smith; and Homer Pearson Hargrave.

Charles and Kate Smith were parents of two children. Kevin Hargrave Smith, who received his education at the University of Washington, at Seattle, and is now Organizer and Executive Vice President of Education Development, Inc., Boston, Mass., and Sheila Katherine Smith, who married D. Angus Cameron, Editor of Alfred Knopf Publishers, New York City.

Mrs. Smith, who has spent her life in Danville, is one of the most brilliant and talented women in the community. A gifted pianist and a most articulate speaker, she has given of her talents to many cultural and civic endeavors.

Homer Pearson Hargrave was for many years resident partner and manager of the Chicago office of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith. He also served as president of the Chicago Stock Exchange. He married Colleen Moore, famous film actress, and they are the parents of two children, Homer P. Hargrave, Jr., a broker in Chicago, and Judith Hargrave, who married Jackson Coleman, associated with the Chicago office of Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith.

H C H S

We continue to be amazed at the number of distinguished - but unassuming - people who belong to the H C H S. For instance, Ruth Hall, one of the tiniest but best informed members, who gallivants alone all over the United States, compiled an historical pamphlet for distribution during the week end Lizton celebrated its 125th anniversary in conjunction with the bi-centennial. The townspeople thought enough of her chronicle to pay for it with contributions. Ruth, besides being mother of five and grandmother of (we don't have the latest count) is also Town Clerk of Lizton.

Pittsboro had their own paean to the bicentennial the week end of the 4th, and who do you suppose led the parade? None other than our own Dr. Malcolm Scamahorn, who was the Grand Marshall, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fisher who were the King and Queen. Now we have rubbed elbows with these fine people many times and have never felt awed in their presence, but we can think of no one who so richly deserves the aura of royalty than they.

H C H S

The year 1847 saw the beginning of journalism in Hendricks County. In that year The Danville Weekly Advertiser was established. In size it was a six-column folio, composed almost entirely of reading matter. Very little advertising found its way into the sheet. Politically, the paper was Whig. We have room for just one article from that paper. Headed Wonderful Discovery, dated Nov. 27, 1847, it read thus:

Henry Burger, of Danville, Indiana, having secured letters Patent of the United States, for the above improvement, would hereby inform the public that he is ready to dispose of rights, either for the State or County, or usual terms.

Persons wishing to enter into this useful speculation, would do well to give him a call. He may be found at his residence in Danville. He would invite public attention; as his Machine for Sawing Wood and Stone is unequalled - a machine that two men can carry with convenience - will cut off a log three feet in diameter - a boy 12 years of age can saw one cord of wood suitable for any stove in one hour.

His machine will show for itself. Call and examine.

Caution: I wish to warn all persons from purchasing of any Agent, as I have not uthorized an agent since July last - therefore, I have no authorized agent.

P. S. Agents that may be appointed from and after this date, will have their names affixed to the advertisement.

Henry Burger

H C H S

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



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H C H S

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H C H S

October's Bright Blue Weather

.....
O sun and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye can not rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.

.....
When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

.....
O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

Helen Hunt Jackson

From your Presidents' desk,

Greetings:

As a Historical Society, we hope to pass on to posterity the tradition of those who have made their contribution to the development of Hendricks County. Some say we live in a different age, therefore traditions are not as important. History reminds us that when traditions are ignored or flouted a community disintegrates. It is our responsibility to pass on to posterity those ideals and principles that have made us great.

The family, the school, and the church were once a part of a closely knit village or neighborhood. A sense of the individual and a sense of community went together.

A community was a place where a man had roots, where he knew everybody's name. This is not so today. Who knows his neighbor? We are breathtakingly mobile. One of every three American families packs up its belongings, pulls up stakes and sets out for a new location. Have we lost the feeling of continuity, place, and belonging? Will traditions mean anything to posterity?

The Bi-centennial year is near the end of its tributes, eulogies, parades, and celebrations. I wonder if these will be minimized by our grandchildren. However, it does serve to remind us that all who hear the orations and view the ceremonial displays will grasp the true significance of them.

We hope the contribution this society makes will help posterity to appreciate what determined men of the past, by servitude, toil, and devotion to their community have given to them - schools, towns, churches, and beautiful farms to enjoy.

James I. Shockley

H C H S

Next Meeting; - October 10 is the date of our next meeting which will be held in the Cascade School. Ruth Pritchard is the social chairman and the ladies of Guilford, Franklin and Liberty Townships will be responsible for the social hour. Jack Gambold will be in charge of the program and subject for discussion is "The Birth and Growth of Labor Unions". Election of officers will be held. We hope everyone will turn out for this last meeting of the year held in the beautiful Cascade High School in "October's Bright Blue Weather".

H C H S

On July 11, in spite of the blistering heat, a goodly number of our society gathered at the lovely air-conditioned Corinth Church for a fine meeting. Frances Fisher, who was in charge of the program, introduced Mildred Smith who gave an excellent talk on "Education and its Progress". We can think of no better authority to handle this subject for Mildred has taught many years and has observed great change in our educational system. Several ladies dressed in old fashioned costumes and the display table was most interesting. Ladies of Lincoln, Brown and Washington Townships furnished delicious refreshments.

H C H S

Dues are due !!!!!!!

Page 1

H C H S

Many Hendricks County families have spent countless hours and derived a great deal of satisfaction recently in tracking down their family histories. The Smithsonian Institution sponsored a recent three-day seminar called "Kin and Communities", which director Margaret Mead said could inspire families to write their histories as a way of anchoring them to the past and would be interesting to them in the future. As she put it, "Interview your grandfather or write for your grandchild."

Dr. Murray Bowen, a psychiatrist who took part in the seminar, has noted that in five generations each person is a mix of 64 families, and in 10 generations of 1,024.

H C H S

The following interesting letter arrived recently and since it is the kind of letter we like to receive, we will pass it on to you:

I sure am interested in the Hendrick's County Historical Society, enough so that I have already mailed my check to pay for the book. I am a close friend of Mrs. Castetter of Plainfield. I am enclosing a check to cover a membership so I can continue to get the Bulletin. I have just read my first copy of the Bulletin and I am intensely interested in the "next" meeting because my wife, who passed away 2 years ago, went to church at Corinth and went to school near by in "60¢ school house" - in fact I have the bell that rang from the top of the school house. Many a day she has attended church service at Corinth.

Also, I live in the New England town where Reinhold Niebuher lived - his wife still lives here. I knew him well - in fact he many times preached at out congregational church here. I meet Mrs. Niebuher at the local post office and I shall tell her about your quoting from her husband.

I taught school in Brownsburg for 9 years, starting in a country school and going through all the schools from country school to High School, so I am familiar with all forms of education. I also attended 5 colleges beginning with "Central Normal College" which is no more. I am 91 years old and am nearly blind, so, I hope you can read this letter.

I am sorry I made my letter so long, but I am so interested in anything that has to do with Hendricks county or my wife - she was a Surber and went to school near Corinth. The bell from the school house is in my son's garage and can be rung. The school house is a residence now.

Yours very truly,

A. E. Gray

H C H S

We got a chuckle from the following story that Grace Cox found in the January 1, 1908 issue of The Friday Caller. Thanks, Grace.

TORE UP THE MARRIAGE LICENSE

Bride to be Decides Not to Marry After License is Procured.

The records show that on Wednesday of last week a marriage license was issued

to John W. Gipson and Waneta F. Taylor, but the marriage vows were not solemnized and the story why, as follows.

Mr. Gipson and Mrs. Taylor, both of whom are well known residents of Avon, came to Danville on Wednesday and procured a marriage license in the usual manner. Mr. Gipson is a relative of John W. T. Bell, ex sheriff, and as Mr. Gipson's parents were married years ago at the home of Mr. Bell, the son decided that such a procedure would be real appropriate for he and his new wife. Accordingly he notified Mr. Bell of his intention, and Mr. Bell thought that would be eminently proper. He told Mrs. Bell, who busied herself with decorating the home for the occasion and preparing a sumptuous dinner for the bride and groom. Arrangements had also been made with Squire Albert H. Kennedy to be present and tie the nuptial knot. So when the license had been secured, Mr. Gipson told his bride to be of the arrangements which apparently he had kept from her until that time. She told him she was a member of the Methodist church at Avon and thought it would only be right that her pastor perform the marriage ceremony. This was agreed to by all, and after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Bell, the couple left for Avon. Here, Rev. Neal, of the M. E. church was called by telephone and told he was needed to perform the ceremony, which, after hearing the names of the parties he refused to do for the reason that Mr. Gipson had been married once, was the defendant in the divorce suit and his former wife is now living. This being the case, Rev. Neal said it was contrary to the rulings of his church and he could not unite them in marriage. After some further conversation, in which, from the reports, the groom failed to rise any in the estimation of the prospective bride, she asked what had become of the marriage license, when he drew it from his pocket and handed it to her. She took the paper from his hand and in a moment had torn it into bits and threw it into the fire, after which she told him she was done forever with him and for him to vacate immediately.

The story is that Mr. Gipson had taken more "joyful oil" on board than was for his good, and that while feeling particularly good and happy humming the song "Love me and The World is Mine," he had boasted of his coming marriage and that he was going to marry a nice sum of money. This came to the ears of the lady between the time of the granting of the license and the tearing up of the license, hence her action.

Mrs. Taylor is the widow of the late William Taylor, for years the well-to-do merchant of Avon. She bears a splendid name among her neighbors and acquaintances and has a sufficient amount of this worlds goods to enjoy life thoroughly, her fortune being estimated at between \$20,000 and \$30,000. It is said that the remarks made by Mr. Gipson about his going to marry this money is what broke off the match. Naturally, the affair has caused much comment in the vicinity where the parties are so well known, and from the reports it must be that the big majority of the people are siding with Mrs. Taylor.

Avon citizens, who were expecting a Christmas eve wedding, were surprised to learn that after the license was procured, the bride-to-be changed her mind and declared the wedding off.

H C H S

The following article, written by Mr. R. S. Debra, appeared in 1947 edition of The Republican and was submitted by Ruth Pritchard:

HOME TALENT PLAYS WERE ALL THE RAGE FIFTY YEARS AGO

(By R. S. Debra)

"At Billy Miller's Circus-Show--
In their old stable where it's at--
The boys pay twenty pins to go,
An' gits their money's-worth at that!--
'Cause Billy he can climb and chalk
His stockin-feet and purt'nigh walk
A tight-rope--yes and ef he fall
He'll ketch, an' "skin a cat"--'at's all!"

--Riley

Recently the following letter was received at the office of The Republican:

Dear Editor: About two or three weeks ago you had an article about an interview with Sadie Cook which was very interesting. My stepfather was John S. Dunbar who sold papers and magazines. In his old Bible I found two programs and hope you will give them to someone that was in the play as they will bring back memories of the early days before the radio and movies. In the cast of characters are Maggie and Sadie Cook. Do not know if they are sisters or not. I see where someone marked the date 1893 on both of them. Probably Mrs. Dunbar as she was in the cast with Mrs. Dungan. I like The Republican very much as it gives the news all over the county, and I was born at Clayton. I like to read what happened fifty years ago.

C. Redwine.

Yes, back fifty-four years ago, before the advent of the automobile, movie and radio, the entertainment that some young folks cooked up for the community was different and it usually took the form of a home-talent play. So for the benefit of those who can remember back fifty years ago, this story is written.

The program mentioned was for the home-talent play, "Deestrick Skule". And since Scott McCurdy is the oldest continuous resident of Danville, I went to him for help, and as has always been the case, I got it. Plenty of it. While he did not especially remember the play, he gave me a short history of almost every player. So for the benefit of those who like to recall the days of long ago, here are his comments.

I found him in his combination garage and work shop, sitting by a stove in the middle of July, and the heat didn't feel so bad either.

"Let me read off this cast of characters to you" I said, "and you tell me anything you can about them. The first ones are three Committeemen. Squire Kicker was played by Dr. Harlan. What about him?"

"That would be Dr. Conrad Harlan a dentist on the west side of the public square."

The next Committeeman was John Bayne.

"John Bayne was a shoemaker. By that I mean that he really made shoes from heel to toe. He was a good workman and lived where Allie Wilson now lives."

The last Committeeman was C. W. Stuart.

"He was a retired preacher and kept a book store where the Pierson Clothes Shop is located. It was in a frame building then that has long since been torn down."

Milt Darnell was the next and he played the part of the schoolmaster.

"He was a hardware dealer. And by-the-way, his son was here in Danville last week after being away for fifty years. He said the only men left that he used to know were Otis Gulley and myself."

Ressie Hendricks, how about him?

"All I can remember about him was that his father was a crippled Union soldier."

How about Abe Douglas?

"He was the sheriff of Hendricks County at one time. He lived in the house at the corner of Indiana and East Main Streets that was recently moved away to make room for their new garage building."

The next one on the list is George C. Harvey.

"You should remember him. He was a lawyer in the firm of Brill & Harvey, a Union soldier and the father of the late George R. Harvey."

What do you know about Charlie Ayers?

"He was a brick mason and he and his father, Park Ayers, built the brick house where you live at the corner of Tennessee and North Streets. They built that soon after the father returned home from the Civil War, and lived there for many years."

The part of Hoke Smith was played by Walter Douglas.

"Walter Douglas was just a kid, the son of Abe Douglas."

I knew the next one, Mose Crawford. He was a farmer who lived down on the Clayton road for many years until he moved to town. Then he worked on the roads for the Highway Department until his death. I also knew the next one, Dr. Huron, a Homopathic physician. He and Dr. White and Dr. Hoadley were three of the grand old doctors of Hendricks County. Kate Huron, his daughter, was a teacher in Central Normal College for many years.

The next two on the list, I also knew very well. Edwin Searce, a brother of Bertha and Martha and Mrs. Charles Cook who is still living west of town. Thad S. Adams was a prominent Danville lawyer and the father of Miss Ruth Adams.

"I see there Mrs. Douglass played the negro character, Sis Cottonhead. She was the wife of Abe Douglass. The next one, Mrs. Martin, could have been Cora Fiddick as it would be like her to be in a play, since she enjoyed them so much. Mrs. C. A. White was the wife of Dr. White and one of the teachers who taught when I went to school. You know the next one, Elizabeth Commingore, who was janitor at the Methodist Church for so many years. You also knew Mrs. Ed Humston whose husband was County Recorder and whose son, Cly, lives out on one of the rural routes."

"The next one, Mrs. Kinnon, I just don't know at all. I might if the program printed her given name. Mrs. Marshall was the wife of Jot Marshall a Union soldier and the father of Mrs. Ola Hubbard. He was the sheriff of this county for two terms. Mrs. Dill was the mother of Harry Dill who used to work in the Republican office before you got on the job."

"Maggie Cook, referred to in the letter, was later the wife of Lucian Darnell, who for many years owned grocery stores in Danville and they were all called 'The Yaller Front' Sadie Cook was her sister who still lives in Danville and is res-

S. A. Russell

Full and complete stock of Spring and Summer Goods. In the way of Ladies Dress Goods may be found De Laines, Berege De Lanes, Challas, Gingham, Berages, Tissues and a good stock of prints. Good fast colored prints at 11¢ per yard time price.

For Men and Boys Wear, we have cloths, cassimeres, Satinets, tweeds, cashmerets, jeans, cottonades and linens. We have also a good stock of Brown and Bleached shirting and sheeting, tickings, checks and hickory shirting and sheeting, and I think the largest stock of hardware ever offered in this market.

One Word More

To those who are indebted to me for goods sold previous to last Christmas, I want to say that I need the money - this is no idle talk. If I fail to pay, my reputation as a business man suffers, and my credit is injured. This I cannot, must not permit, and I appeal to each one of you, as friends, to do something for me very soon.

Ladies skirts and corsets, 8 hooped skirts (steel hoops) for \$1.00 at Russels

Martin and Haynes

Have received a large and complete assortment of new goods which we wish to dispose of under the cash system, as we are convinced that that is the true way to do business - old fogyism to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mrs. R. Holt

Hair goods - switches, braids, curls, frizzes, puffs, fronts, wigs, etc. (Ed's. note - As they say, the more things change, the more they are the same!)

H C H S

On Sunday, September 26th, the Indianapolis Star Magazine Section contained two interesting articles of the revival of folk medicine. The introductory paragraph was as follows: "It's fairly common these days to see physicians from Duke University's prestigious Medical Center sitting around a table, engaged in shop talk with retired farmers, housewives, ministers and divinity students. The subject they discuss is folk medicine."

The following article written by our own Joe H. Davisson several years ago is pertinent to the new thinking on old remedies.

OLD TIME REMEDIES

Many of the remedies mentioned here once were the stock in trade of my maternal grandmother, Nancy (Bohanon) Harris. During her lifetime of 87 years, she seldom called for a doctor. She did much work both indoors and outdoors, ate heartily of plain food, had a sunny outlook on life and used her remedies on herself and occasionally on her neighbors when they required aid.

In her day many children were subject to head lice and itch. The first thing was to use a fine tooth comb, followed by a scalp treatment of some lard or vaseline in which several drops of coal oil had been mixed. After this, the hair was cleansed with hot water and lye soap. A quick cure for itch was sulphur mixed with lard or salve and rubbed into the affected parts.

If a child was extremely loose in his bowels, he could be helped or cured by drinking boiled milk or eating plenty of raisins.

To thin the blood and get rid of old time "spring fever", was to see that the boy or girl ate a saucerful of sorghum molasses into which had been mixed a spoonful of sulphur. A dose now and then did wonders.

Earache constantly plagued the youngsters who lived in houses that were little better than a modern cowshed. Two remedies were hot cloths applied to the aching ear or have hot tobacco smoke blown into the ear repeatedly.

Almost everyone on the farm got ivy poisoning sooner or later. It is told that the wild Indians often suffered from the poisoning of ivy, oak or white sumac. One preparation used by old timers was a strong solution of sugar-of-lead in water and rubbed on affected parts several times a day. Another remedy was copperas water applied in liquid form every few hours. Still another was rubbing on oil of sassafras, keeping it away from the eyes and mouth.

A simple and often effective remedy was to rub on poisoned parts the milk of a milk weed. This stung like blazes, but often got results. The milk of a milk weed was used and on application burned like fire.

For minor burns on feet or fingers, hold the blistered part as close to a hot stove or hot iron as possible and keep up for three or four minutes. The soreness would soon disappear. The theory was that it took heat to draw heat out.

A splinter in the hand or foot that could not be taken out immediately was made easier to extract by placing over the wound a thick slice of fat pork and leaving it wrapped until the following day. The drawing effect of the meat made the splinter come out easily and when it was out the wound was filled with turpentine. This brought groans.

Youngsters in country schools would throw snowballs if they knew they would suffer croup at night. Granny could stop croup in a sleepy boy in no time. She roused him up in bed and put into his mouth a teaspoonful of sugar that had five or six drops of coal oil mixed in. If this did not bring an entire cure the taste left in the mouth of the victim until breakfast time kept his mind off the croup that remained. At times a tea was administered made of boiled red peppers and sweetened with sugar or honey. Often turpentine and lard mixed were rubbed on the throat.

"Feed a cold and starve a fever" was an old saying that had proved its worth through numerous experiences. A fearful remedy for deep colds and flu was a dose of quinine wrapped up in a spoonful of apple or peach butter and washed down with milk or water. Such a thing as being allergic to a drug was never dreamed of by granny or others who had remedies.

For the person down with pneumonia, a reliable treatment was to apply to the victim's chest a hot poltice, made of onions. This writer recalls that years ago his father came home one winter night and announced that the doctor had given Beula

up to die. She was a 15 year old neighbor girl. Shortly after the doctor left three women started cleaning and slicing a gallon or more of onions and cooked them until they were a mush. This was put into a cloth sack and placed on the sick girl's chest. When morning came she was much improved and with repeated treatments, Beula completely recovered.

There were many remedies for tooth ache. If a child had it a strong string was tied about the tooth and the tooth was jerked out. Grandma was expert at this! A jerk, a big yell, and the lad was shown his incisor or whatever it might be and the ache was over. Clove oil was often used by older folks. An old uncle was once asked what was a good way to cure tooth ache and he said, "Take a mouthful of water, set down on a hot stove, and when the water boils the ache in the tooth will be gone."

A cough remedy that this writer remembers being tried one time was made of one fourth pound of cockleburs boiled in a gallon of water. When the water boiled down to a quart it was strained off, thickened with strained honey and bottled for use.

A remedy, and a much used one, was whiskey and rock candy. Many a man of years ago swore to the curative properties of this simple concoction that so many wanted to believe would cure sore throat, bronchitis, stomach upset, dandruff and broken arches. It was a household cure-all as chicken soup was in all Jewish homes. Harry Golden states that on New York's great East Side if a boy was run over by bicycle or auto he was given chicken soup before a doctor could arrive.

It is recalled that years ago anyone suffering from typhoid or other fever was remembered by neighbor men and boys who scoured the woods for a squirrel to make the sick one soup. It was famed for restoring strength.

Everyone sometime or other got a cinder or other foreign particle in his eye. A flax seed that never irritated was inserted to chase the cinder to the corner of the eye which could be easily wiped away. Washing the eye vigorously with warm water was often a help, or holding the lids away from the eye and blowing the nose repeatedly.

For a bleeding nose, cold cloths were placed repeatedly on the back of the neck and in extreme cases the nostril was plugged with cotton or soft cloth or paper.

Children used to turn their feet out to grass the first of May and remained barefooted until sometime in early October or November. Cracks often opened underneath the toes called dew cracks or sores. A severe remedy, but generally a cure was for the boy or girl to put their feet into a pan of fish brine. The salt solution was healing but hurt.

Doctors were few and far between in our grandparent's day and when accidents and sickness came one had to use some household remedy or "grin and bear" the trouble he was in. Often the remedy used was almost as fearful as the disease but the early parents had confidence in the remedy that experience had taught was not one hundred percent effective, but was better than no remedy. Those poor souls who sickened and died early were unfortunate in being born before the miracles of medicine and surgery came into general use.

H C H S

Too much can not be said for Dorothy Kelley who is doing double duty these days. It seems that when she is not at Jackson Zender working on the history book,

she is at the museum applying her time and talents there. Many of her waking hours are spent in behalf of the Historical Society, although she has many other interests and activities. We wish to say "thank you" to Dorothy for her efforts above and beyond the call of duty. Many others are working hard to help get the history out on time. These include, among others, Mary Jeanette Winkleman, Ruth Hall, Frances Fisher and Ruth Pritchard. There is no way to number the hours they have spent on this project, and when you see our Hendricks County History, I am sure you will appreciate their tremendous contribution.

H C H S

It is always interesting to note how many V I P's we have in our organization. This summer Mrs. Helen Jones was chosen "Citizen of the Month" by the Young Modern Home Ec Club of North Salem and the next month, Katherine Hamilton received the same recognition. They were honored because of their many years of community service.

Mrs. Mildred Smith of Brownsburg presided as Grand Marshall of the Brownsburg Bicentennial parade, an honor of which she was most worthy.

H C H S

I don't know when the following article was published in The Indianapolis News, but it tells an interesting story about one of the grand old men of Hendricks County.

by Agnes M'Culloch Hanna

"We had a jolly company on the steamboat," wrote Leander M. Campbell, a young man of 19, in his daybook as he was crossing the Ohio river from Henderson, Ky., to Madison, Ind., in 1852. He was coming to our state to make his fortune. He tells of many jokes and amusing anecdotes on the train between Madison and Indianapolis, and says in one entry:

"Nine-tenths of the buildings we saw were one story as the country (Indiana) is too level to build higher for fear of accident from windstorms."

In Belleville, Hendricks county, he found a position as teacher in the academy. There were plenty of students ready to be taught but he had difficulty in convincing their parents that he was worth a higher salary than they had been paying for instruction. He won his point and within two years he married a very lovely lady, named Matilda Hammond and went with her to Danville and its larger opportunities.

\$20 Paid to Architects.

In Danville Mr. Campbell rose to a prominent place in the profession of law. The house he built is one of the landmarks of that city.

His diary and account books belong to his granddaughter, Miss Ruth Adams, and from them we have a detailed record of each day's activities and the consequent expenses. In December, 1858, he writes:

"Paid to the architect for designs for the new house, twenty dollars." In January he paid \$100 to Miller & Curry on contract. The firm of contractors was William Miller, Robert Curry and Frederic Wangenlander. They had the contract for the Courthouse which antedates the present handsome and well-kept structure.

Among later items were :For digging the cellar, \$22; for a cast or wrought-iron balcony, \$28, and for a small job of "paint and toil," \$3.93. He lists the many articles needed for his comfortable, well-built house, from nails to door latches, a lightning rod and much else.

Brick in Good Repair.

The brick was well made and is in good repair today. Expenditures for the "rear house" were kept separately. Evidently that was an after thought. The long brick building which housed the stores of wood, coal and ice cut from the pond in the meadows, is now a handsome garage. The huge barn with an arched end into which a load of hay could be driven stands at some distance from the house, and shows the extent of the large acreage, high and low lands included. There were horses, carriages and a sleigh belonging to the family.

In the house were fireplaces and later mase burners, rosewood chairs, a sofa and a bookcase, once in this house, now belong to his granddaughter.

During the eighties the house was remodeled and second and third stories added. A bedroom was made on the first floor next to the living room. Some of the old quartersawed oak woodwork was changed and mill-made ornaments added. Mrs. Campbell and an infant died before the house was remade, and Mr. Campbell married Lucinda Hamrick who endeared herself to the two daughters and the remaining son.

Deep Ravine Nearby.

A deep ravine ran near the house and from time to time efforts were made to fill it in with dirt from excavations nearby. On one occasion a long rainy season and the many springs in the hillsides saturated the earth and resulted in a landslide, which was heralded by a great roar as the banks dipped to the bottom of the ravine.

The pond in the lowlands was a favorite spot for merrymaking and many romances developed there. Skating was very popular and was often followed by taffy pullings and other such frolics. Pond lilies grew in the shallow water and helped to make the whole a beauty spot. In later years the muskrats undermined the dam and the water seeped away, but not until many a local hunter had learned to shoot wild duck there.

In November, 1865, Mr. Campbell recorded that he had accepted molasses to the value of \$19.50 as a fee, and that he had paid \$1.65 for a copy of Godey's Ladys book. His law business prospered and he served his county in the Legislature. When Benjamin Harrison went to Hendricks county for any reason he always went to the Campbell home.

Proposal for Monument.

About 1885 Leander Campbell wrote to the editor of the old Indianapolis Journal proposing that a statue be erected to the soldiers of the civil war, to stand opposite to that of Governor Morton in the Circle. He said he was sure fifty men would be glad to give \$500 each to defray the expense and offered to send his share at once! From his generous offer grew the larger plan of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument as we have it today.

One of his daughters, Effie, was married to Thad S. Adams, now representative in the state Legislature from that county.

Miss Ruth Adams, the granddaughter, owns family portraits and other mementoes of various sorts.

Ogdens Were Neighbors.

Neighbors and friends of those early days were the Ogdens, parents of our present attorney general, James M. Ogden; Gen. E. W. Homan, whose small brick house is most interesting; Eli Ritter, later of this city; Dr. J. W. Hoadley, an Englishman who practiced medicine in Danville and whose delightful house stands waiting for a new and discerning owner.

In 1895 Judge George Brill bought the eight acres which include the brick house. He had studied law in Mr. Campbell's office, and was one of the young folks who enjoyed the friendship of the family. In speaking of the long period of time in which Mr. Campbell never missed a session of court, he said his own record of forty-four years was longer only because he had lived to greater age than Mr. Campbell.

Sixteen Birds Fall at One Shot.

Mr. Brill told of a day when wild ducks covered the pond in the lowlands so closely that there was no space observable between them, and his double-barreled shotgun worked havoc among them, sixteen birds falling at one shot! Buck ague interfered with his next shot, or more dinner tables would have served wild game that day.

Judge Brill spoke of some of the old and famous civil and criminal cases tried in the Hendricks county court. Danville and Indianapolis have been closely linked for many years. Danville is a pleasant place to live. This house in its original shape is the prototype of hundreds in our state, although few have the pretty balcony of wrought iron.

Mr. Campbell's diaries and account books should interest many of our citizens. I hope they may be published.

H C H S

Time is what allows us to remember the rich goodness of country butter without recalling all the churning.

H C H S

Our Heritage

Let's tell our children about their American heritage. Their right to become uncommon men! Let's mow down the myth of the common man as a worthy objective. Common is merely a polite word for mediocre. America was not made great by common men! It was made great by uncommon men. Let's keep on producing uncommon men.

Let's tell our children that neither security nor profit are dirty words. Let's admit that every reasonable man wants some security. Americans must earn security, not get it by forfeiting their freedom.

Let's tell our children that there are a million theories of Utopia. Every man has his own dream, but only in America can a man make his dream come true--if he is man enough. America's greatest resource isn't gold or iron, natural resources

or material wealth. America's greatest resource is the magic of free people living in a free system.

Finally, let's tell our children that their greatest inheritance is their God-given inalienable rights, including the priceless right to improve themselves by their own efforts.

H C H S

I like the following prayer published in "The Charlotte Observer".

"Lord, Thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and some day will be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everybody's affairs.

"Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all - but Thou knowest that I want a few friends at the end.

"Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details. Give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pain, but help me to endure them with patience.

"I do not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memory of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

"Keep me reasonably sweet. I do not want to be a saint - some of them are so hard to live with; but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to seek good things in unexpected places and talent in unexpected people. Give me the grace to tell them so. Amen."

H C H S

For Hendricks

Let's tell our children about their American heritage. Their right to become

uncolonized men! Let's now down the myth of the common man as a worthy epithet.

Let's tell our children that neither security nor safety are dirty words. Let's

teach that every responsible man wants some security. Americans must learn security,

not get it by forgetting their freedom.

Let's tell our children that there are a million theories of life. Every

man has his own dream, but only in America can a man make his dream come true--if

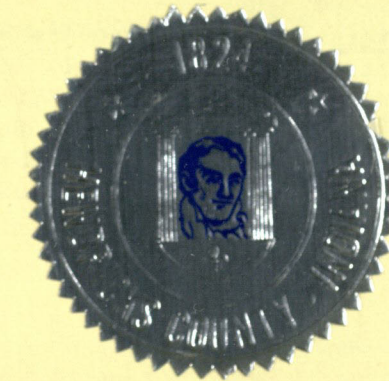
he is man enough. America's greatest resource isn't gold or iron, natural resources

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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

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H C H S

The Hendricks County History Bulletin is published quarterly in February, May, August and November prior to our meeting dates. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society, to Hendricks County Public Libraries, and to Hendricks County School Libraries. Individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed to our secretary. Dues should also be paid to our secretary. Contributions or suggestions to The Bulletin should be mailed to the editor.

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H C H S

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and changes of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.

Charles Kingsley

H C H S

God bless you in the morning when you greet the
sun's first ray,
God bless you in the afternoon and all throughout
the day.
God bless you in the evening and fill every hour
you live
With the perfect peace of mind and heart His love
alone can give.

Greetings from our president.....

We have reason to be proud of our society and its accomplishments during the past year. The Hendricks County History Book has been completed and sales are well under way. Working on the book has been a most rewarding experience. We have made valued friends and acquaintances who have a truly kindred spirit.

The Hendricks County Historical Society wishes to thank all who have in any way helped with the book. We are most grateful for your cooperation and devotion.

The Hendricks County Museum is another project that is becoming an influence to unite people of the county through common interest. The response of people who have given and loaned articles is gratifying. Many organizations through-out the county have been very generous with monetary donations. There are many who under the most efficient leadership of the Museum Board president, Dorothy Kelley, have given much of their time and labors. "Christmas at the Museum" was beautiful and very interesting.

We of the Hendricks County Historical Society are most grateful to all of you who have been involved with the Museum. We appreciate the time and effort you have given to get this project under way. The increased activity and the general improvement in appearance of the Museum certainly reflect your efforts.

Mary Jeanette Winkleman, President

H C H S

New officers were elected and installed at the October 10th meeting of our Society, held at the Cascade High School. Mary Jeanette Winkleman received the gavel from the Rev. James Shockley, and she will guide our destinies well for the coming year. Jack Gambold was elected vice president, and the other officers remained the same.

The Society voted to change the meeting dates. From now on, we will meet the second Sunday in February, May, August and November, and The Bulletin will be published accordingly. Mr. Carl Jackson gave an interesting talk on "The Labor Movement" and the ladies of Liberty, Guilford and Franklin Townships furnished refreshments. Thus ended a year of accomplishment for the HCHS.

H C H S

Next Meeting...February 13 we will meet at the Danville United Methodist Church, located at 820 W. Mill Street. Ida Mae Miller will be back with us with another of her delightful talks. "As it was in the beginning...Music in Indiana before it became a state" is the subject of her program and we all look forward to an interesting afternoon. Grace Cox is chairman of the social hour with ladies of Center, Marion and Clay Townships furnishing the refreshments. Let's all hope that Old Man Winter will smile upon us, but if it is still snowy, a large parking lot will be cleared for us.

H C H S

Congratulations to Clark and Carolyn Kellum! At the Plainfield Jaycee Recognition Dinner, January 17, they were completely surprised to receive the award for Outstanding Senior Citizens. It couldn't have happened to two nicer and more deserving people!

H C H S

The following letter to Ruth Pritchard is the kind of letter the History Book Committee like to read:

1 - 3 - 77

Dear Mrs. Pritchard,

Thank you for the fast service. Books arrived 12-27-76 in excellent condition. I gave one to my mother, Mrs. Thelma Parker, for Christmas and I kept one for myself. A very informative and well written book.

My best regards,

Hal Parker

P.S. I'm a 1953 graduate of Clayton High School.

H C H S

A Wrap - Up of the Bicentennial

Our bicentennial year is now history but "the melody lingers on". It is much too soon to evaluate the historical event, yet, as sort of a wrap-up of the celebration, a few comments might be in order.

Individuals with a sense of awareness realize that those of us living in this era have been most fortunate, for, in the last decade we have observed and have been privileged to be a part of three historic and important milestones.

In 1966, Indiana celebrated her 150th birthday, and the Sesquicentennial celebrations in Hendricks County, with Max Lee as chairman, were enthusiastic happy out-pourings of good will and pride in our heritage. The most important outgrowth of the year's festivities was the formation of our Hendricks County Historical Society. From an un auspicious beginning, we have, in ten years, become an active organization contributing much of value to the county. We have managed to get the museum off to a good start and we have published the long-awaited History of Hendricks County, 1914 - 1976. It is a beautiful book of more than 600 pages. Written by people of Hendricks County about people of Hendricks County, it is unique among county histories and should be in every Hendricks County family's library.

In 1974, Hendricks County marked its own sesquicentennial with many happy occasions, starting with the huge kick-off on April 1 and closing with an elaborate pageant written and staged by Hendricks County people and presented in the Danville Ellis Park August 2nd & 3rd and 9th & 10th. Scott Hosier was general chairman and Blanche Wean served as pageant chairman.

And as we rang down the curtain on our country's 200th birthday celebration, it left most of us with a calm, quiet sense of pride and security in the knowledge that, with all its flaws, our country is still the greatest in the world, our form of government is still the best man has ever devised, and our people - well, our people are simply wonderful! (Especially Hendricks County people!)

In the afterglow of the year of festivities, we asked two of our most articulate members to share with us their thoughts concerning the bicentennial and we thank

Frances Fisher and Mildred Smith for the following fine articles.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR BICENTENNIAL

"HAIL and FAREWELL"

December 31, 1976 officially closed one of the most impressive periods in the history of our country, but like the words of a one-time popular song "The Melody Lingers On."

We are firmly convinced that what happened throughout our land, even unto the smallest community, will continue to live in our consciousness. The pride of our heritage and appreciation of our freedoms were evidenced in many tangible forms and we were not ashamed to allow our emotional reactions to well up in our hearts like a "day spring."

Our County was not unprepared for the Bicentennial, having observed the Indiana State Sesquicentennial in 1966 with proper emphasis on pioneer life and the subsequent growth of our state. Then in 1974, Hendricks County celebrated its very own sesquicentennial which involved many citizens who were interested in delving into family history. Early settlers and settlements were honored. Gold, silver, and bronze certificates were presented to descendants of those who had come into the county in the 1820's, 1830's, and 1840's. Awards were presented to land owners who had held title to the same land from the time of entry. The idea of a Hendricks County Museum was an outgrowth of the Sesquicentennial and met with enthusiastic response. Mr. Murat Keeney, a native of Middle Township and well known history buff, made the first gift of \$1,000 to the museum.

The history of our country became a reality to us in 1976, when men and events stepped out of the pages of history books into the everyday lives of the citizens. The attempt to update the past through the media of press and television made a profound impression on all of us and gave us the inspiration to celebrate our two hundredth birthday in the most effective way. We unearthed all sorts of articles used by a past generation; china, tools, furniture and clothes became of paramount interest to us. We felt a special responsibility to make this year an occasion of great importance. We wanted it to be truly representative of our best efforts, knowing for a certainty that no one living today would be able to participate in the tri-centennial celebration. We wanted this special year of inventory and assessment to be one to which our children and grandchildren could point with affection and pride. And down deep in the hearts of all of us, we wanted to renew our faith in the American way of life.

The spirit of the Bicentennial pervaded every community in Hendricks County. Committees were appointed to plan and carry out suitable observances. County officials, local town boards, and an army of volunteers made a reality of what at first seemed "an impossible dream." Parades, exhibits of pictures and relics, tours of old homes, digging up old records, visiting old and almost forgotten cemeteries, retelling tales of the olden days, and discovering some famous personalities of the past were a few of the projects which proved fascinating to so many people. It was a challenge to be a part of a great national effort. Everyone who participated shall never forget the exciting experiences, the friendships formed from sharing mutual interests, and the pride in successful achievement.

It was the earnest desire of many people in the county that we leave tangible evidence of our efforts and that we record with appreciation and truthfulness the history of Hendricks County. This project was begun during the Sesquicentennial in 1974 and, after diligent effort and cooperation of many volunteers, was completed

in October of this Bicentennial year. The last history of the County appeared in 1914. This new volume, 1914 to 1976, containing 640 pages, includes many articles concerning the growth and development of many phases of life in Hendricks County, to say nothing of the more than 900 biographies of County residents. It promises to make a great appeal to coming generations and will be of invaluable assistance to those interested in genealogy.

As one of the many volunteers who contributed time and effort to the completion of our County History, I am grateful for the additional knowledge I gained, and for the privilege of working with the wonderful people who are a part of our pleasant life here in Hendricks County.

Frances Fisher

H C H S

As our great nation sets out upon its third hundred years, we can look back with pleasure on its two-hundredth birthday. We are, indeed, too close to it to assess the worth of the celebration fairly - future years will have a better perspective. But to us who enjoyed it and participated in it, the year's celebration meant something special along with all the drum-beating and hoopla. As we read the many publications of the year, we realized that those patriots of 1776 were ordinary citizens like you and me who met and overcame problems as distressing to them as our vast problems of today are to us. We are encouraged to feel that if they could face and overcome their problems, why can't we?

The scars of Watergate began to fade with the increased love of country in the hearts of our citizens inspired by the Bicentennial's enthusiastic recalling of the glorious history of this nation. We find ourselves with renewed respect for our country and our form of government.

Remembering the student riots on our university campuses, we can rejoice to have seen our young people in 1976 banded together in glorious singing groups touring the country and lending to all their joy and enthusiasm.

The keen sorrow of Vietnam has been eased by the spirit of our Bicentennial. The patriotism -- love of country - we gained allows us to see our part in Vietnam as a brave and unselfish attempt to keep a little part of Southeast Asia from falling, as did the rest, to Communistic domination. We failed in our attempt, but was not disgraceful and we can be proud of the courage that lead us to try.

The visitors who came to us from other countries bearing gifts have shown their recognition of the country's two hundred years of growth into a great nation with freedom for our citizens. They must recognize our determination to make the next hundred years times of further cooperation with our allies and with justice for all nations of the world.

Surely our gay and heartstirring Bicentennial was worthwhile if only for the lift it gave the spirits of all Americans.

Mildred Smith

Bicentennial celebrations were taking place all summer and fall in Hendricks County. There was never a dull moment, and if you didn't take in some of them, you missed out on a lot of fun and excitement. Danville's celebration was called

"Heritage '76" and was held at the 4 H Fairgrounds June 12 & 13th. Sponsored by the Danville Chamber of Commerce and the 4 H Clubs, it was a huge success. Stilesville's festivities were the same week end with a big parade and all the trimmings. Lizton marked not only the Bicentennial but their 125th birthday with a big day June 26. Our Ruth Hall compiled a history of Lizton which was printed as a nice little booklet and sold during the day. Pittsboro celebrated July 2nd, 3rd and 4th as did Brownsburg, Danville and Plainfield. Liberty Township did things up brown with a big parade and festivities held at Mill Creek East Elementary School at Clayton. The occasion was named, appropriately enough, "The Spirit of Liberty". And Plainfield concluded their busy summer with a two day jubilee October 9th and 10th.

H C H S

Death made inroads again into our Society since the publication of the last Bulletin. Fred Worrell passed away unexpectedly while he and Marian were visiting their daughter; Ralph Parsons died at the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis after a short illness, and Clarence V. Edmondson was in Hendricks County Hospital at the time of his very recent death. All three men were fine, outstanding people in their different fields, and the HCCHS has suffered much loss in their passing. We offer their families our heartfelt sympathy, and remind them that Hendy Ward Beecher once said, "Tears are often the telescope through which men see far into heaven."

H C H S

Many articles prepared for the Hendricks County History were not used for lack of space. Fortunately, we have access to this material, so these papers will furnish interesting reading for the Bulletin for many issues. The name of the writer is not on most of these articles, so credits can not be given.

H C H S

CALAMITY JANE WAS A PIKER
COMPARED TO "OUR JENNIE"

A recent story of interest was of Samuel Davidson, who came to Eel River Township from North Carolina in the early beginnings of the township. He purchased 60 acres of land for \$1.25 per acre. It was practically all timber. This land joined the Harry Martin farm and at a later date was known as the Joe and Charley Hayes farm. The site of the two room cabin remains.

There were six children in the Davidson family, who were reared in this two room cabin. The oldest boy, William, was building a log cabin and was to be married just before the outbreak of the Civil War. He enlisted in the army. The cabin was finished and partly furnished, but remained empty.

Then Jennie Teague appeared on the scene, a stranger coming from nowhere and headed the same way, so she said.

"Our Jennie" was a peculiar person. She arrived at the Davidson home with all her worldly goods in a gunny sack. She asked permission to "put up" with this good family. Being hospitable folk, they told her she could live in the empty cabin belonging to their son.

She moved in with her gunny sack. Its contents were one whiskey still and she was in "business." The business consisted of making and selling whiskey to

hunters, trappers, and army deserters. Movers, boomers and travelers were on the go. There were no questions asked. Some settlers gave her a wide berth, others were not so conventional.

However, she did live a lonely life. Mrs. Davidson and a neighbor were picking blackberries nearby and came across Jennie lying on a grassy plot. She had consumed so much of her own manufactured product that her tongue was loosened for the first time to any of the settlers. They asked her if she had ever been married or had a home. She replied that she had had two husbands. One was in heaven, and he died of a broken heart caused by her escapades. The other husband was in hell with a nail in his head put there by her hammer. She had no family, so she said.

Nevertheless, when the right-a-way for the railroad was being cut through that land, which ran close by a mammoth hollow sycamore stump, a perfect skeleton of a baby was found and a lot of other bones.

Now, according to the early settlers reports "our Jennie" made Calamity Jane look like a piker so consensus hereabouts was that this lonely woman had a thriving business in robbery and murder and the moonshine industry was a coverup.

Jennie disappeared along with the restless travelers. She left no land, no legal transactions and no documentary evidence as to who she was, where she came from and why.

H C H S

"GRANDMA COOKED LIKE AN ANGEL"

In Allen Keller's book, "Grandma's Cooking", was the simple statement that Grandma took the simple and inexpensive things and made them taste like Ambrosia.

Early historians differ on that subject, however, as many of them agree that the cooking of the early settlers was poor, due to lack of variety of food and poor cooking facilities as everything had to be cooked over the open fire.

Food was a real problem with the first settlers in any region as so little stuff could be brought along, settlements were at a distance and no chance to trade or barter, so it was only the hunters skill that kept the wolf from the door.

An abundance of wild game, deer, wild turkeys, pigeons, ducks, geese, quail, squirrels and lesser game made it possible to kill a week's supply in half a day. Fish abounded in the streams. Meat was usually cooked on a spit. A heavy iron skillet and an iron pot were the house wives' most used utensils.

Corn bread was the staple food and was cooked in a variety of ways. The familiar "hoe cake" took its name from being cooked on the metal part of the hoe after the handle had been taken out. Mush was another staple of food which has retained its popularity today. Wild greens, including dandelion, sour dock, lettuce, mustard were a welcome change.

As late as 1840, only about one family in five owned cook stoves. Mr. Luther Job of Middle Township was the first in his community to purchase a cook stove and people from miles around came to see the new "contraption".

Spring houses were the first refrigerators used to keep milk, butter, and cheese cold. Later a few settlers and later residents went to the trouble to store ice cut in big slabs from the frozen streams in winter, in large sheds insulated

with straw or saw dust, of which there was an abundance.

By 1850, the food of the settlers in Hendricks County, had included pork and beef. Also chickens for eggs and table use, cabbage for barrels of sauerkraut, vegetables for drying, apples for apple butter, and cider, and corn for food and drying. Some of it was used for making whiskey, for many old people depended on their daily "snort" to strengthen them. Whiskey was also a good remedy for many early ills.

Pork was the most popular meat since hogs were more easily and economically raised than beef. Then it could be salted and smoked a longer time. The variety of pork dishes appealed to most appetites. In addition to the hams, bacons, and shoulders which were cured for future use, there was liver which was eaten fresh, or ground to make liverwort, or later, processed in cans. Head cheese, also called souse, was always a favorite. Cooking the head which had been scraped and singed, adding the lean pieces from the jaws, the tongue, and ears, then chopping or grinding, pressing it into a crock, to be cut out into slices for a tasty meal. Pickled pigs feet, or pigs feet cooked with navy beans, ribs and sauerkraut, and sausage which might be preserved by baking in a crock and running fresh lard over the top.

Many "best" recipes never appeared in cook books, but were handed down by word of mouth or written on scraps of paper. Women were noted, oftentimes, for some special food in which they excelled. "Merle's white cake, Mrs. Sowder's "Blanche Mange", Daisy's "chunk Pickles", or Blanche's "sugar pie" were delicacies known all over the neighborhood.

Groceries were of no assistance to the housewife, for she had to use foods which were available, and besides, there was little money for purchasing. She made jams, jellies, preserves of all kinds, peach, apple, quince, pear, water melon, crab apple. Sorghum molasses and maple syrup were often added to the diet. Seasoning of all kinds, sage, balsam, catnip, spice brush, as well as sassafras, and buckeyes, for medicine and charms, were diligently sought by the housewives.

Mincemeat was a favorite for pies. Following is a standard recipe appearing in many old cook books: 8 cups chopped apples, 1 pound ground or chopped pork, 1½ cups molasses, 1 pint old cider, 1 pound raisins, 1 pound currants, 1 cup sugar, 2 pounds of suet chopped fine, 1 quart beef water (juice from cooked beef, ¼ pound citron. All this to be cooked until well blended.

Corn oysters were a different dish. The recipe called for 2 egg yolks, 2 cups grated corn, salt, pepper, ¼ cup flour, 3 egg whites beaten stiff. Mix first five ingredients, mold into small cakes, roll in beaten egg white, drop into a greased skillet and brown on both sides.

"Old Faithful Cake" was another recipe popular with housewives of a generation ago. ½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs (although one would suffice if eggs were scarce) salt, a few drops of vanilla, 2 cups flour, 2½ ts. baking powder, 2/3 cup milk."

Coffee came in gunny sacks and the green coffee beans had to be roasted which was best done in a heavy pan with care not to scorch. Every home had a coffee grinder. In the absence of real coffee, the homemaker made out by parching barley, beans or rice, which when scorched a bit, could be ground and used as a substitute. Boiled and served hot, coffee was almost as enjoyable as it is today.

One of the best opportunities to observe Hendricks County cooks at their best was the County Centennial in 1924. One of the high lights of that celebration was a great "pitch-in" dinner held on the Court House lawn. Women from all over the county vied with one another in producing their choice dishes. Fried chicken was there in abundance, not only as a typical Hoosier dish, but as evidence of skill in raising chickens to produce fries so early in the season. The best memories find it impossible to recall all the delectable foods. Every variety of pies, ranging from the popular "filled" pie, to the juicy colorful cherry, raspberry, blackberry, goose berry and even rhubarb. Tall chocolate cake with chopped raisins in the inch deep frosting, white butter cake with creamy egg frosting, angel food with its perfect "grain" were some of the typical desserts were a fitting conclusion to a meal that was perfect in every way.

Bread baking was an art which has not diminished in popularity. Salt rising was held in high esteem, despite the odor which accompanied its "setting" and the respectful care it received. Yeast bread and rolls, baked several times a week, were a necessary complement to every meal. Corn pone was baked by a few women who were experts as there were certain secrets to keep it from becoming soggy.

No one could bake better corn pone than Molly Hale and her daughter Winbern Hale Dillon. Then the sweet potatoes which were not only a staff of life, but a true delicacy. Mrs. Tabitha Hubble Huddleston excelled in gardening and probably raised more sweet potato plants than any other one person in Middle Township. Her recipe for cooking them in her special way was famous: Boil the sweet potatoes until they were tender, peel them, roll them in flour, add a sprinkle of sugar and a dash of spice, then bake until they were bubbly.

Modern cooking appliances, increased knowledge of nutrition, and changes in taste have affected culinary art, yet old fashioned foods still appeal to many. In his volume of Indiana History, Logan Esarey insists that modern food, prepared in the most up-to-date method cannot compare in flavor to the simple food he enjoyed in his youth.

Harvest dinners were a witness to the skill and generosity, of country women. Nothing was omitted from the menu. Baked chicken with dumplings, noodles, and dressing, fried chicken with its accompaniment of rich cream gravy, ham, beef, mashed or browned potatoes, baked beans, cottage cheese, known as "smearcase" sweet potatoes, applesauce, homemade bread or rolls with butter and sundried preserves were a preview. Desserts of pie, cobblers, and cake with "cold tea" or hot coffee gave the hands sufficient energy to continue their work in the hay mow or wheat fields. What a disappointment to the house wife when the men decided to carry their own lunches.

"The White House Cookbook" was the most popular cook book used by cooks throughout the county. It was supplemented by cook books which local groups published, as many Ladies Aids groups, home Demonstration Clubs, sometimes fraternal orders, published and sold their own cook books.

Increase in the number of Home Demonstration Clubs in the county during the last twenty years is evidence of widespread interest in foods, clothing and the basic art of homemaking.

H C H S

JAMES DAVID WALKER AND THE DRUMMER BOY OF '61

During the stirring days of 1861, James David Walker and his nine year old son,

Oliver Marion, of North Salem, Indiana went with the troops about the neighboring counties, and with the fife and drum encouraged and appealed to the men of the country to enlist in the defense of the Stars and Stripes.

The young son's drum was a round tin box about two gallon capacity. It had been the family trinket box. On this he learned the rudiments of beating rhythmic salutes and martial tempos. Later his parents bought him a tenor drum, and a man named Billy Siples spent two weeks at the farm home of the Walkers, located about four miles southeast of North Salem, teaching Oliver the technique of playing the drum.

From town to town the lad went beating the drum in accompaniment to his father's playing the fife for patriotic meetings. He was so small that Broad Bales (great grandfather of the present Indiana representative Robert Bales of Danville) often carried him on his shoulders as he played for the soldiers to march. It was at one of these patriotic gathers at Groveland, a small town eight miles southwest of North Salem, on September 13, 1861, that the father laid down his fife and enlisted with some of the other men while the nine year old boy drummed alone. The father became a part of Company B, 7th Indiana Volunteers.

The soldiers were so pleased with the little drummer boy that they chipped in and bought him a larger drum and later on another donation was given to buy him a uniform. The 7th Indiana infantry begged permission to take the small son south as a drummer boy and promised to protect him in every way possible. The little fellow cried and begged to go and the father consented but the mother Polly Robbins Walker, would not consent. However, he accompanied them when the father was in camp and the two played fife and drum until James David was called to active service in the south.

On June 3, 1864 James David Walker was captured at Cold Harbor and taken to the Andersonville Georgia prison where he was kept for about three months and then transferred to the confederate prison at Florence, South Carolina (Libby Prison). Half starved and emaciated, he shaved the Confederate soldiers for a tablespoonful of rice. While shaving one of the soldiers, he spilled some hot water on his foot which caused a blister. Gangrene developed and he died December 5, 1864. The Confederates set the body up against the tent for two days before he was buried. Henry Kurtz another soldier from North Salem and some of his comrades who were fellow prisoners helped dig the trench in which James David Walker and other soldiers were buried. The bodies were laid in the trench covered over with cedar boughs and dirt.

The father could and did get boxes of tomatoes, corn and peaches and sold them to soldiers in order that he might send a little money back to the little family. After the father's death the little drummer boy faithfully and cheerfully helped carry the responsibility of helping the widowed mother rear the two little sisters and provide the comforts and necessities for the family.

March 6, 1934 marked the passing of Oliver Marion Walker, the drummer boy of '61. He lived to the age of seventy seven years and was laid to rest in Fairview Cemetery at North Salem.

The Walker family have many letters from James David Walker written to his wife, Polly, during the seige of Fredricksburg, Virginia. And the irony of the situation is that the confederate and Union soldiers met secretly in order to trade sugar for tobacco or other food. This is verified in many of these letters.

Recollections

The Country Store at New Winchester

At the intersection of Highway #36 and what is now highway #75 stood a country store. It was a meeting place for friends, neighbors, and kinfolks. Everything was sold for the need of a small farming community: clothing, shoes, food, tobacco, fuel, tires, car parts, hardware, and trinkets. The store keeper bought or bartered poultry, eggs, milk, rabbits, and fur pelts.

A gasoline pump set at the front door on Highway #36, sold Standard Oil gasoline, called Red Crown. As the automobile became more popular, two pumps were installed. Business was so good that eventually the old building on the southwest corner of the cross roads was purchased and made into a garage for auto repair. In the past the old building had been a grocery store and also housed the New Winchester Post Office. Later the Post Office was done away with and a rural route from Danville was established.

Customers were familiar with the huge barrels of white and brown sugar, as well as flour, pickles, and salt fish. Tea and coffee beans also came in large containers and had to be packaged by the merchant. Thompson's Bakery in Danville sent out large boxes of unwrapped bread by the rural mail carrier and Klondike Mills furnished flour and meal. Many grocery items were shipped by rail to Danville or Reno and were picked up. When ice cream was shipped, the grocer would make a trip to Danville to pick it up by wagon or truck, then would secure ice and salt to pack it to keep it solid, then sold it in cones, dishes, or paper containers to customers. This was only a summer-time delicacy.

Mrs. Marjorie Pefley Lewis who shares this recollection recalls that their living quarters were at the side of the store building, with bedrooms upstairs. The windows looked out on the road below. From these she watched the world go by. It was in the days of prohibition during the 1920's and occasionally there was a wild chase with law men in pursuit of bootleggers. Once a fancy convertible car was dragged into their garage to be repaired and next day, the excise tax men came and ripped open the leather upholstery to expose rows of bootleg liquor. It was never known who reported the contraband or if the guilty ones were apprehended.

The depression brought many strange people to the doorstep. One cold morning, a whole family, man, woman, and four children were on the front porch, poorly clothed and very hungry. They were on their way to the west to find help from some of their relatives. They were befriended, fed, and warmed. A kind truck driver gave them a lift later in the day.

Credit was extended to many who asked for it and only their word was their credential. Interest or carrying charge? That was never heard of.

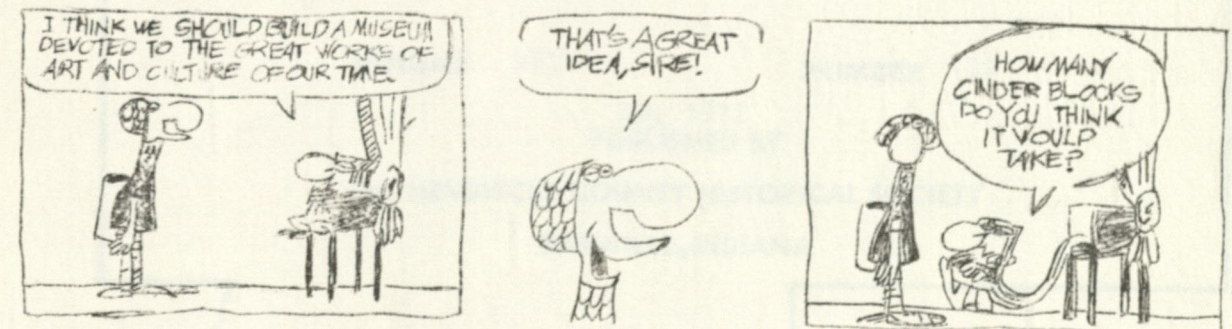
At that time, Highway #36 was a heavily traveled stone road and dust fogged most of the time. One woman traveling through complained of the dust and wondered if people would have tomb stones in their bodies from so much dust. Paving the road in 1933, though a very welcome project, brought about some inconveniences. No traffic for business for months while the work was being done; old buildings had to be razed for widening the road; new buildings had to be constructed.

New Winchester consisted of three grocery stores and filling stations, one blacksmith shop, one garage, two churches and the school with eight grade school classes and four years of high school. The largest graduating class in the memory

of Mrs. Lewis was fourteen members. The school activities were a very important part of their lives; politics, the new school gym, class rooms, teachers; coaches, ball games played over and over; crops, planting, harvesting, all were topics discussed around a pot-bellied stove. There was also a great deal of plain gossip. Many a tobacco chewing man expectorated on the floor and stove, ignoring the receptacles provided for them. Ash trays were never used for ashes and mud was tracked on the floors as there were no side walks.

In 1924, a great grief befell Mrs. Lewis's family when her older sister died. She was a very young lady, a loving sister, who helped in rearing her two younger sisters. Her death was caused by complications from an appendectomy performed by an Indianapolis surgeon on the dining room table in the home.

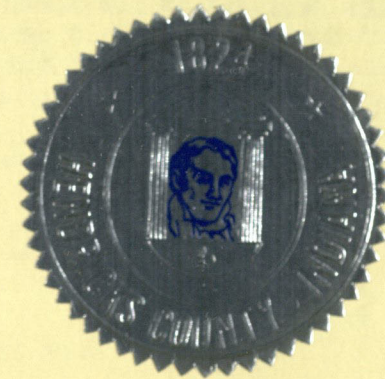
In the midst of many happy memories, sad ones intrude.



Taken from the Indianapolis Star

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME VIII

NUMBER II

May 1977
PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

Officers 1977

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Tel. 892-4351

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Annual Dues \$3.00 Payable in October

H C H S

The Hendricks County History Bulletin is published quarterly in February, May, August and November prior to our meeting dates. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society, to Hendricks County Public Libraries, and to Hendricks County School Libraries. Individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed to our secretary. Dues should also be paid to our secretary. Contributions or suggestions to The Bulletin should be mailed to the editor.

Margaret Baker
(Mrs. C. Rawleigh Baker)
9 Round Hill Road
Danville, IN 46122
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H C H S

A Poem for Spring

Road Song of a 13th-Century Page, by William Alexander Percy

Jesu,
If Thou wilt make
Thy peach trees bloom for me,
And fringe my bridle path both sides
With tulips, red and free,
If Thou wilt make Thy skies as blue
As ours in Sicily,
And wake the little leaves that sleep
On every bending tree—
I promise not to vexen Thee
That Thou shouldst make eternally
Heaven my home;
But right contentedly,
A singing page I'll be
Here, in Thy springtime,
Jesu.

February Meeting

A good crowd...some of us anxious to escape the "cabin fever" which we had suffered through most of the winter ... but most of us attracted by the "name" program ... gathered at the Danville United Methodist Church, Sunday, February 13th. Mary Jeanette Winkleman presided and Mrs. Fred Worrell gave the devotions entitled "Praising God". Treasurer Blanche Wean reported a balance of \$1,549.76, and Dorothy Kelley gave a good progress report of the Museum. Ida Mae Miller gave a talk entitled "As It Was in the Beginning" and, as usual, delighted us with her stories and songs. Ladies of Center and Marion Townships served delicious refreshments for an enjoyable social hour. It was just another fine meeting which we are all getting to expect.

H C H S

Next Meeting ... May 1st!!!! Please note the change in date!!!

Our next meeting will be the first Sunday in May, because Mothers' Day falls on the second Sunday. We hope you will remember.

We are invited to accept the hospitality of the Stilesville Christian Church, Sunday May 1st, for our first meeting in Stilesville. (Isn't it nice to be officially invited? Usually we invite ourselves!) Ethel Brock will serve as social chairman and the ladies of Franklin, Liberty and Guilford Townships will furnish the refreshments.

Mr. John Hume, an Indianapolis attorney, but a home town Danville boy, and an excellent speaker, will furnish the program which promises to be an especially interesting one. He will give the history of the Mayflower Transit Company which was founded by his uncle, Mr. Conrad M. Gentry. It is especially appropriate that we will be meeting at Stilesville because Mr. Hume's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Hume (he was an outstanding Danville attorney too) both were born at Stilesville, and Mr. Hume's aunt, Mrs. Jeanette Gentry was also a Stilesville girl. Of added interest is the fact that the Mayflower Company is celebrating its 50th anniversary and we are all promised some very nice souvenirs in honor of the occasion. This is a meeting you won't want to miss.

With Our V I P's

We have said it before - and it bears repeating - that our Society is blest with many outstanding members - people who have made great contributions in various ways to their communities. We are always happy to report when these fine folk are recognized for their efforts.

In our last bulletin we mentioned that Clark and Carolyn Kellum were chosen outstanding Senior Citizens at Plainfield. Now Carolyn is Hendricks County's Senior Citizen of the Year and she will represent Hendricks County in the state contest. She will be honored with a tea at the Avon United Methodist, May 5th Festivities will start at 2 PM and many Society members will want to join in paying tribute to this remarkable woman.

Another of our fine members, Zona Walker, was chosen as Citizen of the Month recently at North Salem. Zona's lively pen has filled our pages, as well as those of several county papers, with fascinating stories of the past. Her excellent memory combined with her story telling skill has given us a veritable treasure chest of memories which will be read and re-read for many years to come. Congratulations, Zona!

Then imagine our pleasure and pride when we picked up the March 24th issue of The Indianapolis News to see a picture of Ruth Pritchard, big as life (well, almost because Ruth isn't very big!). There she sat with a copy of (what else?) Hendricks County, Indiana, Election Records. And, oh, the nice things Myrtle Barker said about her. She praised her as a geneologist and historian, she told of her work on the voting records and her contributions to our Hendricks County History, and incidentally, she tossed a few bouquets at our history book. And please take note: in the future when you speak to or about Ruth, she is to be Her Honor, Madame Mayor (of Belleville, that is). Ruth, you have certainly put Belleville and Hendricks County on the map and we are proud of you!

H C H S

Wedding Bells

Wedding bells will probably be much in evidence Sunday, May 15, at the Pittsboro Christian Church when Roy and Frances Fisher mark their 50th wedding anniversary. Every member of the Society will want to share in this happy occasion for it was Roy and Frances who took the lead in organizing the H C H S in 1966. We can think of no two people who have contributed so much to this organization. They are two of our most beloved members and we can wish them nothing but continued happiness in the days and years to come. Our love to you, Roy and Frances!

H C H S

Our "poet laureate" has been much too quiet recently so we asked him to jingle a few jingles for us so he came up with this eloquent (?) ode to the writers of the history book. In case you have forgotten, Gerald Jones is the guilty party!

Today dear friends I'm happy, so happy to relate
The Hendricks County History is now brought up to date.
There is no gap in knowledge about who bought a farm
Or took a trip around the world and never came to harm.

We know whose folk were famous, no words of deep remorse
For no one had a relative who ever stole a horse.
Not a felony is mentioned by a single old time male
So it makes a person wonder why they ever built a jail.

The women all were paragons, with this we must agree
Altho there are a few sad men who think that couldn't be.
And dig those middle names, alas!, some secrets now are out
And so with many of our friends there's less to guess about.

With panegyric treatment the biographers were free
As they scanned the spreading branches of every family tree.
And after all it's nice to know so many folk recall
The saying 'if you can't say good, then just don't talk at all.'

And all those dates are interesting but it's difficult to see
How a woman born in nineteen eight can now be fifty three.
To tell the truth we know it's not exactly just that way
But according to the editors that's what some women say.

Centennials are exciting, be they semi, sesqui, bi-,
But this one for a lot of folk will last them till they die.
Especially the loyal souls who worked so long and hard
In getting out the History Book; they're mostly all still tard.

But soon they'll all be rested and when life's race is run
They'll fly up to St. Peter who'll smile and say, "Well done".
And then they'll scamper thru the gate to a very special nook
Because they worked so hard and long on the Hendricks History Book.

H C H S

Weather ... weather ... weather. That is all we talked about last winter and not many of us will forget the snows of last winter and the ice storm the winter before. The first two weeks in April had thermometers hovering between 80° and 90° and we think the weather is unusual. But the weather man doesn't really have many new tricks to pull on us as the following article will prove. Written by Norma Cramer and printed in the Indianapolis Star, it was loaned by Gladys Hovermale. Thanks, Gladys.

A YEAR ... 1816 WITHOUT A SUMMER

The year 1816, when Indiana joined the union, is memorable for more than attaining statehood. The second week of June that year snowstorms of an inch to 19 inches covered 15 of the then 19 states and most of the territories. Before the hard-freezing week was over, the 40th year of American independence had been labeled the "Year Without A Summer."

One-third of Indiana was at that time populated by more than 60,000 hardy pioneers. The remaining portion of its inhabitants were Indians (Miami, Delaware, and Potawatomi). All were affected by the unusual weather. The ponds and rivers froze every month that summer and the entire year was an agricultural disaster. Pioneers and Indians, alike, depended largely upon crops. There were none.

There was also no welfare, no government storages of wheat and no foreign aid. They had only themselves to rely upon.

Twelve months earlier at least half of a dozen almanacs had forecast highly unusual weather for 1816. The Old New England Farmer's Almanack and Register, gambled its reputation by predicting snow in July. Early editions brought jeers from prominent newspapers. Other almanacs joined in forecasting mid-summer snows and frosts.

The first day of the year brought a sense of foreboding. New Year's Day from Maine (then Brunswick) to Annapolis, the 7 a.m. temperature was in the upper 40s. By 7 p.m. the mercury had dropped below zero. By morning it was 15 below zero.

The remaining portion of that month and the next were mostly mild and spring-like in Indiana. The temperature was often so moderate that the warmth of fires was almost needless.

The first half of March was cold and blustery. Hoosiers, however, felt an upward turn for the last part. The mild weather continued into April and with it the normal beginning of plant growth. When ice and snow hit toward the end of the month, everything growing was brought to a frosty halt.

As the weather warmed slightly, farmers wearing their overcoats planted more spring crops. The thermometer plunged and the seedlings never had a chance to grow. In May Indiana had snow or sleet a total of 17 days.

When the June snow hit, it finished off the budding crops, left the remaining trees with blackened leaves and froze to death a great number of livestock.

One of the stories is about a farmer who went out to the hills to look after his sheep. It was June 17. As he left he shouted back to his wife to call out the neighbors because "I may get lost in the snow."

He was joking but it was 1816 and the weather wasn't. One hour later there was a terrific blizzard and on the third day the neighbors found the farmer - alive, but with both feet frozen.

The whole world was affected by the intemperate weather. In the states there were only 10 "weather observatories" but they were beginning to be relied upon more and more. According to the observatory records still available, the first four months of 1816 featured abrupt cold waves interspersed with unseasonable warm spells.

No crops grew north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers and but scanty returns occurred much farther south.

In Indiana fruit trees were destroyed. Corn was killed and the fields replanted until it was deemed too late. In the spring of 1817, the corn Indiana farmers had kept over from 1815 sold for from \$5-\$10 a bushel for seed only.

July's weather was more of the same. The Hoosier 4th of July celebration was held in bitter weather. During the first week, the upper 1,000 miles of the nation had below freezing temperatures.

August was even worse - more snow, frosts and blizzards. Ice formed a half-inch thick over much of the United States.

A result of the monstrous problem was rampant inflation.

By late summer: Cheese, the main protein food of the nation had soared from 7 cents to 15 cents a pound; oats from 12 cents to 92 cents; wheat from an almost traditional 50 cents to \$2.50 a bushel. Wages had shrunk. Able workers were delighted to labor three or four days for a bushel of wheat. Livestock prices fell from \$8 a hundred-weight to \$3 and \$4.

Fishing and hunting were thought to be the last hope. Raccoon and groundhogs became acceptable meat. Easily trapped passenger pigeons were eaten in place of poultry. Inasmuch as many wild plants were more hardy than cultivated crops, some survived the cold and were eagerly gathered. Wild sweet potatoes, jack-in-the-pulpit bulbs and wild onions were at least something edible.

Why was 1816 so abnormal? This period belongs to that famous group of six years, 1812 to 1817, which were cold all over the world. There were, besides temperature variations, extreme dust storms, wind shifts, a reddish aura around the sun and sunspots.

One theory is that volcanic eruptions, which had put dust into the upper atmosphere. There was an eruption of Soufriere, St. Vincent, April 30, 1812, one in Mayon, Luzon, 1814, and an extremely devastating expulsion in Tamboro, Sumbawa, April 7 to 12, 1815.

This great eruption was estimated to have put 37 to 100 cubic miles of dust, ashes and cinders into the atmosphere. Some 60,000 people lost their lives. For three days it was dark for a distance of 300 miles and the explosions were heard at a distance of nearly a 1,000 miles.

For whatever reason, this period in our history was a trying time for our ancestors. It was the year Americans would not flee, panic or be trampled under; a year they would not give in, the "Year Without a Summer."

H C H S

The following are articles which, unfortunately, did not make it in the Hendricks County History. These, and many others, are on file at the Museum.

BITS OF INTEREST

Osage Fence

The osage - orange tree or shrub once widely planted makes cattle - tight fences and was widely used until barbed wire supplanted this hedge as a fencing material. One hedge fence in that capacity is yet on the Lewis and Alva Owen farm which is nearly a hundred years old.

Zona Walker

Politics in North Salem

Citizens of this little town have always shown a great interest in politics. Before and after the Civil War they were union sympathizers for the most part and were well represented in the ranks of the township quoto.

A few so called rebels have lived here at one time or another. Following the return of veterans, suitable recognition was given on Memorial Day and graves of the departed dead were decorated.

Election day sees all the country side represented at the poles and "friendship ceased for the day", to be resumed as usual after the returns are reported and the country is "saved" until another election.

During heated campaigns in years past such activities as flag-pole raising, bonfires, torch light parades, horse back riders with red shirts and wide hats, and other spectacular enthusiasm was in evidence.

Zona Walker

"Tiny Mite"

Mouth Piece of Pittsboro

The town of Pittsboro owes much of its "popularity and prestige" to a little lady whose pen name was "Tiny Mite", due to her diminutive size. In reality she was Eva Schenck Waters, wife of Carl Waters of the Phillip Waters family and mother of Mary Ollah Waters Reynolds.

Eva was a member of a pioneer family and was steeped in the lore of the good old days. She had a quick and clever pen, had a most unusual talent for seeing the

picturesque in the plain, and making simple history into an fascinating record. Whenever anything of import was going to happen, Tiny Mite was called upon to write it up in glowing terms. She never failed. Pittsboro was written up in the Indianapolis papers; both Star and News carried her feature articles, to say nothing of her columns which appeared in the Hendricks County papers and the Brownsburg Recorder.

She has been gone to her great reward for many years, but the words which she left, are still a source of enjoyment and interest.

There is, for instance, the account of the "Plank Road Unearthed: Evacuation of Wooden Highway in Hendricks County, Indiana, recalls Pioneer Hardships."

Parts of a plank road built in 1851 were unearthed near Pittsboro, in the construction of Highway 34, now #136. The excavation of old oaken planks, many of which are still in good condition, stirred the memories of the older people and helped the younger ones to visualize the hardships endured by the early settlers.

It was said that two settlers in this township, Joseph Wells, ancestor of many descendants still living in this community, among them Mrs. Ed Winkleman, and Mrs. Robert Gregory, together with Samuel Hill, whose granddaughter married E.W. Sawyer, merchant and banker, contracted to build several miles of the plank highway.

The planks were sawed on the William Tout farm. They were of solid oak, 3 inches thick, and 10 feet long. Oak trees could be bought at from 50¢ to \$1.00 each, according to size. The road was begun and later laid all the way to "Emrichsville", near Indianapolis.

There was an unwritten traffic law which came into existence with the old plank road. Men on their way to market had the right of way; those returning had to pull off the road and get back the best way they could., as the road was too narrow to permit passing. One man remembers riding on the plank when the water would splash in his face and it was necessary to replace boards frequently as they had floated away.

The best roads were of logs and rails laid in the mud and known as corduroy roads. A ride in a jolly wagon over corduroy roads made the way of the pioneer one of ups and downs. There would never be any temptation for joy riding.

These early roads, poor as they were, were necessary as settlers had to drive their stock to Indianapolis markets, the journey often requiring as much as 4 or 5 days. They had to go to Madison for salt and later many farmers hauled their surplus potatoes into town for distribution among customers. One man described the mud on West Washington Street near the old Star Store as being up to his horses shoulders.

Today over this same highway, modern cars glide along with never a jolt. Who ever gives a thought to the courageous ones who first paved the way through muck and mire and forest?

Frances Fisher

"TECO RETANICO"

On the east side of the Zimmerman Cemetery located one mile west of North Salem on the Roachdale road stands a modest little monument bearing the following inscription:

TECO RETANICO

Son of

John and Nancy Zimmerman

Died, Feb. 11, 1844

Age 19 years, 5 months, 4 days

The father, John Zimmerman, was born in North Carolina in 1786, and with his family migrated in 1831 to Indiana, settling one mile west of the site on which North Salem was later built.

With a companion named Bales, John was captured by the Indians, and the chief decreed that they should burn at the stake. Hearing this edict the white men became fool-hardy. Strong and muscular, they entertained themselves by knocking down any and all Indians who came within reach. This great strength and daring won the admiration of the chief, named Teco Retanico, who offered to give them membership in his tribe. This honor they refused. He then gave them their freedom.

By way of expressing his gratitude for this favor, John Zimmerman promised to name his first baby boy "Teco Retanico" in honor of the chief who had spared their lives.

A son was born June 9, 1824, and although the mother strenuously objected, the father insisted upon naming him "Teco Retanico", thereby keeping his promise to the chief. This son died in early manhood, and was buried on a knoll near the cabin home of his parents. This was the first grave in the old Zimmerman Cemetery, which is well fenced and in a fair condition as country cemeteries go, and the stone may be seen through the briars and long grass.

The family of John Zimmerman was among the first to settle in this part of the township, and they were among the charter members of the Christian Church, organized in 1836. Many descendants of this pioneer couple still reside in the vicinity but none of them ever followed the custom of naming their sons "Teco Retanico".

(George Zimmerman, still living, (1937) is a grandson).

Katherine Hamilton
North Salem

Recollections

A Scout Trip to remember --
as remembered by Roy Fisher, Ralph Graham, Clarence Ratliff,
Floyd Davis and Oscar Swain.

In the summer of 1914, a group of twenty five boy scouts from Lizton and Pittsboro area, started on a walking tour from Lizton to Monon, a distance of almost one hundred miles. Their Scout Master, Roy Hicks, was a young minister of the Pittsboro and Lizton Methodist Episcopal churches. The assistant leader was Horace Overstreet of Lizton.

A wagon and one horse were furnished by the Ratliff family and the Bennetts furnished the other horse. The wagon carried the tents, bedrolls and cooking utensils. Each boy had his own kitchen equipment and did his own cooking. Bacon and eggs was a favorite breakfast, supplemented by cereal and items of food, picked up from stores on the road. (They had some money, each boy putting \$5.00 in the fund.)

On the first night they camped at Mace. They had pup-tents that they put up that first night, which were flat the next morning. The perpetrators said the horses drug them down. They visited the Lew Wallace Museum in Crawfordsville the next day. They made it to Linden the following day where they gave a play that they had to present at various small towns on the way. They had made arrangements with the Methodist churches to sell tickets for their show. They needed more money for their expenses.

On the fourth day, the boys marched into Lafayette where their picture was taken with the wagon at the main entrance to Purdue. One of the most enjoyable features was a swim in the Purdue pool in their gymnasium. Ernest (Turk) Wheat met the boys there and bought watermelons for the bunch.

During the first few days, there were many footsore boys, with real blisters, but soon they were toughened and could march army style, walk fifty steps, then trot fifty steps. It was quite a thrill to march into town in formation, as they had both a bass and a snare drum, and of course Ralph Graham and Roy Fisher were good drummers.

Going up what is now State Road #43, they reached Monon on schedule and camped there for a few days. One boy left the troop there to go home to get some of his mother's angel food cake, to which he was accustomed. The wagon and horses were left at the home of Mr. Hick's parents. They took the train from Monon to Michigan City where they visited the State Penitentiary. Scout Master Roy Hicks had a permit from Governor Ralston for the boys to tour the Penitentiary. Each boy was locked in a cell so he could boast that he had once been in the "Pen". The inmates at the penitentiary had a baseball game going which they watched a little while. They figured the inmates should be good at 'stealing' bases.

Afterward the boys took a trip on Lake Michigan on the "Theodore Roosevelt" which was a good sized ship. They were almost out of sight of land. They also had a swim in the lake.

They returned home by a different route going through Delphi, Frankfort and Lebanon. No tents went up after the first night except for rain, but some found that a concrete slab was no mattress one night at a church near Chalmers. Camping usually on school grounds which were convenient for water, they continued to give their playlet. Adjacent cornfields often offered tasty roasting ears for their evening meals. More than once, when marching into small towns, they were rocked by small town boys. Memories seem to differ on this, one said the Scout Master gave this order - "Break Ranks and run boys" another remembers the order as "You can take them boys".

When they came home the folks in Lizton gave them a real feed in front of the school building. One remembers distinctly of eating seven pieces of fried chicken. That was all sixty two years ago, and memories of the experiences are still vivid with those who are still living.

We are rather sure that ten of the group completed college and think four others had some training beyond high school. For that 'point of time' it would seem to be a credit to the group and sponsors. Three of these boys became well known Methodist Church Ministers, Richmond Blake, Orville Davis and Ralph Graham. Sport Jones, as he was called while living with the Jones' near Lizton, was really Homer (Slim) Miller, who was well known at WLS and WLW and later as a comedian and fiddler at Renfro Valley.

Did you ever hear the story about a Lizton girl going to Europe? She did not need any address on her luggage except, Ruth Dowden, Lizton, U.S.A. The others in group from Indianapolis, had to have name, street address, Indianapolis, Indiana U.S.A. Lizton is the only town by that name in the United States.

Ruth Hall
Lizton

ODD CHARACTER

George Blanton, known as "Sassafras George", was a homeless, wandering vagabond who claimed North Salem as his home, but he was known all over the county, during the period following the Civil War until his death in 1920.

He made his living by digging and selling sassafras, whence came the name of "Sassafras."

Many are the stories connected with uninvited visits at farm and village homes. Grotesque in appearance, he was harmless, although mentally deficient, and was tolerated by many kindhearted residents until taken to the County Home (Boone County Farm).

No fair or horse show was complete without "Old George", dressed up like a monkey in a discarded old band uniform. He gave an amateur dance or jig whenever the band played, and was usually led away by the arm of the law before the occasion terminated.

He did not work, neither did he beg or steal. When spring opened up, he dug roots and sold his wares. He was the first and truest harbinger of spring.

THE OLD TRAIN WRECK

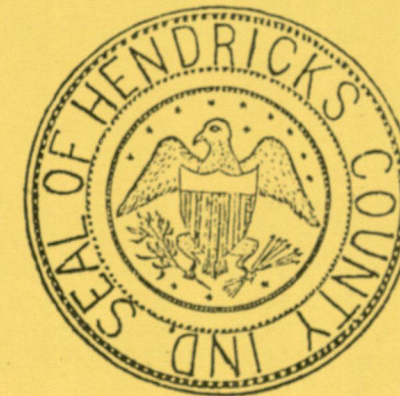
(A historical poem written by Roscoe L. Edwards, deceased, depicting the wreck of a train on the Vandalia railroad January 18, 1918, when cars of a train split a switch and five cars of crude oil and ten cars of gasoline were consumed by fire.)

One cold evening in the winter
When the snow was on the ground
And the clouds were thick and heavy
With the snowflakes flying round
In the good old town of Amo
With the railroad running through
There came a heavy freight train
Carrying oil tanks not a few.
There was something wrong that evening;
Some say it was the switch
For before that train had halted
Eight tank cars were in the ditch.
Then a wild bareheaded brakeman
Came running up the street
Warning folks to flee to safety
If they thought this life was sweet.
He had no time to argue,
He didn't even have to shout
For the folks began to migrate
As the news was whispered out.
Now they went in groups and bunches
Everyone in deep suspense
Expecting every minute
Great explosions to commence,
Leaving homes and dear possessions
Not a tie would seem to check
When life seemed to be in danger
And our homes seemed doomed to wreck.
Silently they marched out northward,
Big and little, young and old;
Some too small to walk were carried
By the young men strong and bold.
Some of the more sane and cautious
Far into the country went
And with some dear friend or neighbor
The evening and night was spent.
One old lady who went farthest
Said she didn't run at all,
But passed several of her neighbors
Their names she did not recall.
But afternoon the next day,
With everyone back at home,
A heavenly peace and happiness
Seemed to our town to come.
For we had a scare for nothing;
Not a rumble, not a jar;
That oil went up in flame and smoke
And left us without a scar.
And we surely get a lesson
As these facts we ponder o'er
How we huddle up together
When distress comes to our door.

Submitted by Irene Lee Edwards White - grand daughter of Roscoe L. Edwards.

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME VIII

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DANVILLE, INDIANA

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 (Mrs. C. Raleigh Baker)
 9 Round Hill Road
 Danville, IN 46122
 Tel. 745-2115

H C H S

Summer afternoon - summer afternoon; to me those have always been the two most beautiful words in the English language.

Henry James, quoted by Edith Wharton in "A Backward Glance".

H C H S

The Art of Humility

The art of humility begins with a recognition of our dependence on others and an appreciation of God's gift of life. A man becomes humble when he is aware of the enormous debt he owes to others who have labored through the ages to fashion the world he lives in. When he considers how little he knows of all there is to know, when he stands under the stars at night and meditates. Out of such contemplation a man becomes truly humble.

From the Art of Living books
 by Wilfred A. Peterson

May Meeting

Sixty-six members and guests were present at the May meeting of the H C H S when we met at the Stilesville Christian Church on May Day. This was an especially good attendance in view of the fact that our meeting date had been changed because of Mothers Day. During the business meeting a committee was appointed to conduct a membership drive, and it was also decided to organize a Friends of the Museum group. Dorothy Kelley sent a written report on activities at the Museum, and we were all impressed with what Dorothy and her helpers have been able to accomplish. It takes years to get a museum to be what it should be, but this Museum Board has already accomplished wonders, and we owe a vote of thanks to the many who have spent so many hours on this project.

Our guest speaker, Mr. John Hume, gave a most interesting talk on the Mayflower Transit Company which was founded by Conrad Gentry, an uncle of Mr. Hume's and which is marking its 50th year in 1977. He presented each member present with a beautiful road atlas commemorating the milestone. It proved to be a most interesting program. Ladies of Guilford, Liberty, Clay and Franklin townships served as hostesses.

H C H S

August Meeting

Our next meeting will be at Tri West High School at Lizton, the new beautiful modern consolidation of the Eel River, Union and Middle township schools. August 14th is the date and Maxine Dale will serve as chairman. The ladies of the three townships will be hostesses. Mary Ann Moore is preparing a talk on outstanding Hendricks County women and we hear an interesting skit complete with costumes is on the agenda. This promises to be an afternoon none of us will want to miss.

Ruth Hall has many pictures of the old schools in Union Township. For our display table, why not dig up pictures of the early schools, especially of the three townships, and contrast them with the fine new facility we will be enjoying.

H C H S

Our New Look

Some of you will notice that our cover has a new look. Our bright, shiny seals proved to be an expensive luxury, so when Ruth Pritchard came up with the Hendricks County seal, we all decided it looked just as good. Hope you all like it.

H C H S

When we read about the struggles and the hardships endured by our forebears, we sometimes wonder if they had occasion to laugh. And when we look at the grim, stern expressions on their faces in their photographs, we feel that surely a sense of humor was almost unknown in those days. Among the papers we found at the Museum, however, was this hand-written notation with no clue as to the author. Make of it what you will.

Explicite Rail-road Orders.

Headquarters C. S. I. C.
 February 10, 1875.

General Order No. 1

Hereafter all employees on this road, when on duty, will wear the regulation uniform as follows.-

President, - Plug hat, red band, red drawers, blue socks, and will be more peticular known by the company he keeps.

Superintendants, - Blue cap, gold band, spotted drawers, white star behind, sober on 3rd, 21 days of month.

General Ticket Agent, Plug hat, blue band, varigated drawers, and a dimond B on each flank.

Auditor, - Straw hat, green band, no drawers, white duck pance and a tooth pick.

Treasuar, - Straw hat, yellow drawers, paper colar, and the letters X A conspicously displayed on the seat of his pance.

Master Mechanic, - Plug hat, yellow band, no drawers, no socks and a mustard plaster on his behind.

Road Master. Plug hat carried in coat hindsides, red top boots and a black eye.

H C H S

One of the delightful finds at the Museum is a ledger full of poems and essays by Rosalie D. Hamblin of Clayton. It is entitled "Pen Scratches" by Rosalie Dupont (apparently her pen name). It is dedicated to the "Sacred Memory of the Happy Days which come no more...This little book is humbly inscribed." The book contains more than 100 hand written pages. Rosalie must have been a writer of note, for her poems and articles were printed in newspapers and read at many occasions. A clipping reads as follows: "Died - At her home in Clayton Jan. 6, 1886, Miss Rosalie Hamblen, age 25 years, 11 months and 21 days." We have much material which we will use in future bulletins, but because of a recent celebration, we will use a few clippings which she had in her ledger.

Of interest to many Hendricks County people is the recent celebration of Mrs. Myrtle Rains Mitchell's 100th birthday at the Peabody Memorial Home, North Manchester, Indiana, July 17th. Myrtle Rains was born July 17, 1877 at Raintown, north of Pittsboro. She spent most of her childhood in Plainfield. She married Amos Mitchell of Clayton, October 2, 1895, where they spent most of their married life. They have two sons, Paul Owen, Montrose, Alabama, and Richard Mitchell, Union City, Tennessee, 7 grandchildren, 20 great grandchildren, and 8 great-great-grandchildren.

In Rosalie Hamblen's ledger is the following lengthy clipping which we will quote in part. Headline: "Harrison at Clayton". "Reunion of General Harrison's Old Regiment, the 70th Indiana, at Clayton". "An Immense Audience in Attendance - Estimated 15,000 People. An Orderly and Creditable Meeting".

"One of the grandest days ever witnessed in Hendricks County was Thursday, Sept. 13th, 1888. It was the day on which the brave old 70th regiment of Indiana volunteers held their annual reunion. It was General Harrison's old regiment, commanded by him during the first years of the war as Colonel. He met his surviving comrades on this memorable occasion, and his connections with the event brought to the town of Clayton fully 15,000 people. Such a multitude never gathered in the county before. The day was pleasant, and the good people of Clayton so arranged the programme that absolutely nothing was left undone that was likely to contribute to the general comfourt and entertainment.

"General Harrison, being president of the reunion association, took the chair immediately upon his arrival, and, after prayer by Sergeant Mateer, he was bidden welcome by Miss Mary Mitchell, daughter of Captain W. C. Mitchell, of Clayton. Miss Mitchell's address was touching and eloquent." (The entire speech was quoted.)

"The speech was received with great enthusiasm by the whole assembly, every member of which was entirely carried away by the spirit of the occasion, as aroused by the lady's address of welcome and the inspiring words it elicited. The dinner hour arrived soon after, and vast crouds gathered in groups and around the stands, while the old regiment and its friends repaired to a quarter of the grove set apart for them, and an hour was spent in social intercourse and general enjoyment.

"The afternoon was devoted by the comrades to short speeches and thrilling reminisces of the war. The stand was at all times surrounded by an immense throng of eager listeners thousands of whom seized the opportunity to grasp the General by the hand. The Secretary's report showed that 300 survivors of the old regiment were present. This regiment enlisted, all told, 1,248 men, and the war statistics show that 43 were killed in action; 43 died from wounds, 194 wounded in action; 5 wounded accidentally; 102 died from disease; total 387. Fourteen years ago the regimental association was formed.

"The meeting at Clayton was the most interesting ever yet held. The order was perfect, and this was mainly owing to the quality of the crowd, though the excellent police regulations kept the rowdy element, if there, very quiet. The people of Clayton deserve great credit for the success of this occasion."

With the above clipping, we found the following one from the Hendricks County Republican, but no date could be found. The heading of this clipping was "Hymenial". (Editor's Note: If you don't know what that word means, run to your dictionaries, for that is what we had to do!)

"Candy-Mitchell - On the 13th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. W. C. Mitchell, of Clayton, Indiana, by Elder U. C. Brewer, Mr. U. S. Candy, of Jonesboro, Grant County, to Miss Mollie Mitchell.

"At about 6 P.M. the guests began to arrive and were ushered into the parlors.

"At 7:30 the bride and groom, unattended, entered the room, preceeded by Elder Brewer, and took their places upon the floor. Here the ceremony was performed in that impressive manner so common to his style. The bride wore a becoming dark blue silk, trimmed in steel pasmentry, adorned by nothing save a white rusche at the throat, fastened by a small gold pin and a small boquet of flowers at the belt. The groom was dressed in the convential black.

"After congratulations by their many relatives and friends, refreshments were served by Allen N. Bell, the Danville restaurant man, in a style that would put to shame a Delimonico and with viands that would tempt the most exacting epicure.

"Miss Mollie was a lady of rare ability and had attained quite an enviable reputation as an orator and teacher, while her Christian example in the Church and Sabbath School is one which will long be remembered by her host of admirers and friends. Mr. Candy is a farmer living near Jonesboro and is an estimable gentleman."

There followed a list of sme 40 wedding presents and the names of the donors which we will spare you, altho most of the names would be recognized by many old timers. The last gift listed was a cake stand and broom, given by a pair of Old Maids.

Miss Mary (or Mollie) Mitchell was a sister of Amos Mitchell, Myrtle Mitchell's husband.

One of our most active and important V I P's is Betty Lane of the Plainfield Public Library. She is always popping into the news, but the most recent big time splash was in the Indianapolis Star Magazine of July 12, 1977. She authored an article entitled "Voices of the Past" which discussed oral history - What? Why? and How?. Space does not permit us to do credit to her most interesting report on oral history, but her reference to Grace Veatch's oral report of the fire at Cartersburg Springs prompted us to ask Grace to write the account for us. So here it is, in Grace's own words. Some names are intentionally omitted.

The Cartersburg Springs Fire

In the 1880's, men from central Hendricks County bought the Cartersburg Springs and formed the Cartersburg Springs Mineral Corporation, and sold shares in it. They were quite optimistic and shares sold well for a time. My father spent the first money he had ever earned on one share which I hold today. They had great plans and dreams. The property included what was later called "Spring Farm" which they had surveyed and marked off into town lots. For the hotel, the bathing sanitorium was going places. They planned a town of which Cartersburg would be just a suburb.

But soon they began to have disagreements and the shares didn't sell so well. The disagreements grew worse. In 1900 - 1907 some one suggested selling "Spring Farm" and my father purchased it. One member of the corporation was so angry that he held a lot in the middle of the farm. He would, so he said, build a hotel on it and run the others out of business. He was so angry, that when one member of the company survived a serious illness, he was livid, and so the grudge grew.

Later, Dr. Kimberlin and Armand Kasey (she is not sure of the spelling) purchased the balance of Cartersburg Springs, hired experts and soon select parties from Indianapolis were eating dinners, coming out for week ending, drinking the water and bathing in the sanitorium.

By 1904, many people were sending their children, with their nurse maids, out for the summer. Parents came out for the weekends. The hotel was doing well. Many wealthy and prominent people were making the place a social center. Thus the Cartersburg Mineral Springs became a thriving business and a social center.

The year 1906 was a good one, but soon the season was over. All the rooms were engaged for the next year and building plans for additional guest rooms were on the planning board. Mr. Allison, the proprietor, moved his belongings up on the hill where there would be more heat for the cold months ahead. It had been a hard day, and finally the family slept soundly.

It was a beautiful autumn night. The harvest full moon shone brightly and all seemed well. But suddenly a bright light was seen and a crash was heard. At first Mr. Allison thought he saw only the full moon, but then he smelled smoke.

The neighbors on the north were my family. We were awakened by Mr. Allison's cry, "Fire!". Father, too, saw the moon, and, at first, thought it a joke, but when he became wide awake, he saw the difference. He immediately went to Mr. Allison's aid while Mother went to the telephone to notify anyone who could come to help. She cried into the telephone, "The Springs are on fire!!!!"

The fire had apparently started in the bath house which was back of the hotel proper. Men began to remove furniture from the parlor, but the fire was progressing rapidly. Some one asked, "Can the building on the hill be saved?"

A bridge connected the building on the hill to the upstairs porch on the building below. The men, in desperation, saved the bridge in two and thus the fire did not spread. While they were saving, they heard the sound of horses'hoofs, and a buggy slowly crossing the bridge.

"Good! There is more help coming from Cartersburg!" the fire fighters shouted. But no! The rig moved quickly up the hill, and as a next door neighbor reported, it turned at the next road south and went toward Martinsville.

The night was calm, and as I have said before, was light as day. The fire had too good a start for a bucket brigade to handle. All that could have been done was to have saved the building on the hill and prevent the spread of the fire on the grounds. The roof of our house across the road, as well as the building on the hill was saved. Nothing else could have been done.

We stood on the hill and watched the bedrooms fall in one by one. I can close my eyes today and see that horrible picture.

Mr. Allison said, "The fire insurance premium was due at noon today!"

The following morning a container of oil soaked rags was found just back of the bath house. Clearly, it was a case of arson.

Dr. Kimberlin owned 51% of the Cartersburg Mineral Springs, Inc. His partner wanted to rebuild and to make a "free and easy" resort. Dr. Kimberlin, however, said in pretty plain language, "If it can't be a clean, wholesome Christian place, it will be nothing."

Thus the curtain fell on the once famous Cartersburg Springs.

However, the water from these springs has been bottled and sold widespread until very recent years, for its medicinal qualities.

(Ed.s Note: I cherish a bottle from the Cartersburg Springs. If you want a collectors item, just try to get a bottle from this famous spa!)

H C H S

We Have a T V Show

On August 12, at 8:30 P.M. and August 13 at 3:30 P.M. a panel of members of our society will appear on Chanel 20 to tell the story of our Hendricks County History. Our president, Mary Jeanette Winkleman, Margaret Petraits and Clark Kellum will appear with Roger Coleman, moderator, to discuss the book. Mark those dates on your calendar and remember to tune in. Who could ask for better publicity than that? A bird told me we have Margaret Petraits to thank for that.

H C H S

How Chair - able Are You?

Yes, the word is chair-able. No, it is not a misprint.

Our growing museum is in need of good folding chairs. We have offered our facility to clubs and organizations to use for meetings and a number of groups have already taken advantage of this offer. In order to accommodate these groups we need good, safe chairs. A sturdy, metal folding chair can be bought for approximately \$6.00. If each member would donate a few dollars to a chair fund, we could soon have enough to purchase the badly needed chairs. I repeat - How chair - able are you? Send to Chair Fund - Box 128 - Danville, IN 46122.

H C H S

We have a copy of a marriage certificate issued December 5, 1882 in Hendricks County to James Livingston Mitchell and Elizabeth Ellen Patterson. Elizabeth Ellen Patterson was a sister of Fanny Vandergrift Stevenson. They called her "Betty". She was the third child of Jacob and Esther Vandegrift. (Fanny, or Frances, was the oldest). Betty's first husband (Patterson, a West Point trained Army officer) served at frontier forts in the West. She was widowed, and this was her second marriage. James Livingston Mitchell (who was usually called Livingston) was the son of Samuel Calhoun Mitchell, a Presbyterian minister whose "circuit" churches included the Clayton Presbyterian Church.

This information comes from Betty Lane at the Plainfield Library. Thanks, Betty.

H C H S

May 31, 1917 THE PLAINFIELD MESSENGER

STORM AT DANVILLE

The worst hail storm ever recorded in Hendricks County struck Danville at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon raged for ten minutes, inflicting great property loss. Chunks of ice measuring more than six inches in circumference hurled through the air crashing through windows and skylights and breaking street lamps. Horses tied outside became frantic and men trying to prevent runaways were severely bruised by the hailstones. The roar of the storm was deafening. The clouds descended and rolled through the streets as fog, giving the whole town the appearance of being on fire. The large hail stones struck the pavements with a noise like gunfire. Fruit trees were damaged and early gardens ruined. Wheatfields in the path of the storm suffered heavily north and west of town. The stones rolled into gulleys until they became three feet and more in depth; some of which are still there to be seen, somewhat washed away. Mr. Jenkins had a horse to drown during the storm, while trying to cross the creek.

H C H S

Queries:

Wish to correspond with descendants of Abijah COX and Sarah CARTER m. 1821 in Chatham Co. NC. came to Wayne Co. Ind. 1822 and to Hendricks Co. in 1823 or 24.

Grace Cox, 494 West Clinton St. Danville, IN 46122

Wish to correspond with descendants of Michael MILLER and Jane COX m. in Hendricks Co. Aug 25, 1849. Buried in Irons Cemetery Liberty Twp, Hendricks Co.

Grace Cox, 494 West Clinton Street, Danville, IN 46122

Wish to correspond with descendants of David M. Cox and Elizabeth Burke m. in Hendricks Co. July 24, 1856.

Grace Cox, 494 West Clinton St., Danville, IN 46122

Wish to correspond with descendants of Andrew J. Cox b. about 1835 in Hendricks Co. IN.

Grace Cox, 494 West Clinton, St., Danville, IN 46122

H C H S

Corn Cutting

Years ago a farmer arose early and went to his field while the corn was wet with dew for that was the best time to tie the "stools" that would hold his corn fodder that day of twelve hills square. It should be remembered that corn planted in other days

was in hills and could be plowed lengthways of the field and crosswise as well. When the shocks were put up the whole length of the field they were always in line and the same distance apart. The cutting of corn and putting it into shocks was a job that required abundant energy; sweat and careful handling of ever sharp corn knife that could slice a shin or instep. It was an "itchy" job for one encountered insects and at times, worms on corn leaves and weeds. Corn blades often left cuts on hands and neck. Corn cutting was a farm job for younger men. Such men often took jobs of cutting a neighbor's corn twelve hills square and as many as three hundred or more shocks. The old price for this work in Marion and Clay Townships was ten cents per shock. Each shock had to be tied a fourth of the way down from the top and this was done with a limber corn stack or with binder twine. Two active men could put up a hundred shocks each good day and many liked to boast of more.

Our modern agricultural revolution has ruled out the fodder shock, the ancient corn knife, the pumkins in the field and the once-upon-a-time corn shredder. A state like North Carolina may have fodder shocks to-day, but few if any in Indiana.

Timber Ditches

Grandfather walked in his scuffed, leather boots with the aging and professional ditch digger to a swag near the center of his south field. A lesser swag or low place came from the east to join the greater one that extended north and south some thirty rods or more. At a place near the field's center grandfather stopped, pointed, and said; "Dig down a couple of feet here".

After spading for several minutes the old timber ditch was located. It had been made and put into the earth to carry away surplus water in Grandfather's early years. As the old ditch digger and grandfather pried loose the box-like wooden structure and threw out the sections in whole or most often in badly decayed pieces. Each section of the ancient ditch was around twelve feet in length and made of three boards. The box-like structure had two sides and a top but no bottom. This timber tilting was made to carry water through a space six inches square. When sections had been laid as far as a ditch was needed, the ditch was filled up and the top board kept the ditch open and carrying water for many a year. In the day and years prior to tile making of clay the timber ditch was the answer to carry away standing water. Farmers long ago who could not afford the timber, box ditch would substitute poles and brush to get water away from low and marshy land. This aged and crumbling timber ditch was unearthed more than eighty years ago. When new, the timber had to be a type that would last well underground. A time came when the farmer hauled burned clay tile from the Ellis Tile Factory in Coatesville and timber was used no longer.

Has anyone in the county seen a timber ditch? Can the type of wood be named? Could such a ditch still be in use? The one described was in Clay Township, west of Hadley.

Joe Davidson

Century Old Clippings

By Grace Cox

HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION, January 1, 1874

Cartersburg

Despite the panic there have been some improvements here in the neighborhood. Col. Fletcher, two miles south, is erecting a commodious barn.

William Little is repairing the buildings on the farm lately bought from R.G. Little.

W. W. Irons, our wheat merchant, Harry Rawlings, and Mr. Hudson is each having a new stable.

---Item Catcher

DANVILLE

William Tinder took unto himself for a life partner one of Putnam Co. Belles.

George Weaver went to Missouri last week for a wife and returned home happy as a bird.

Marriage Licenses that have been Issued: William S. Jones--Martha Neff; James W. Hickman--Lucinda Leak; Henry Bruce--Louisa Rollins; Albert Carter--Lillie Dill; George W. Byers--E.M. Olive Rice; J. W. Brock--Victoria Canary; Melvin Gibbs--Lucinda Woods; George W. Baker--Mary E. Hall.

The new School Building used for the for the first time.

The passenger fare over the C.C.C. & I.R.R. known as the "Bee Line," has been reduced to 3¢ a mile.

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION, February 12, 1874

Change of name to DANVILLE UNION

February 19, 1874

Danville

A meeting will be held this afternoon at Cartersburg for the purpose of organizing a joint stock company to erect and conduct a first-class hotel at mineral springs. A lease of these springs has been secured for 21 years...Prominent men present--W. R. McKeen, Pres. of Vandalia R. R.; Col. of Bates House; J. R. Morat and others...

THE UNION, Jan. 2, 1879

The Board of Managers of the H. Co. Orphan's Home will meet at the Residence of Mrs. Wm. McClelland.

Pittsboro

The people of Pittsboro were startled Friday night by the news that Dayton Cox, a respectable farmer of Center Township had met his death, caused by the kick of a horse.

Coatesville

The stove factory commenced operations last week. They have two sets of operatives and intend running day and night.

THE DANVILLE REPUBLICAN, Jan. 16, 1879

Insurance Meeting

The Farmers Cooperative Insurance Company of Hendricks County met in the clerk's office in Danville, January 13, at 1 P.M. The Association was called to order by President Daniel Cox.

On a call for business the Secretary A. H. Richardson read his report which showed a most prosperous and economic condition of the company.

No losses have occurred since its organization, and hence no assessment is necessary.

This being the annual meeting the next thing was election of officers--Daniel Cox, Pres.; Secy. Geo. Searce; Directors for 1st Dist.--Liberty, Centre, Clay and Franklin Twps. D. W. Davis; 2nd District--Guilford and Washington James H. Cox 3rd Dist.--Marion, Eel River, and Union Joshua Tharp; 4th Dist.--Middle, Brown, and Lincoln, B. O. Davidson 5th Dist.--Monroe, Brown, and Adams Twps, Morgan Co. David Wilson.

The agent has issued 202 policies to 167 members. Aggregate of property insured \$285,000.

Comparative reports were read from other similarly managed companies, showing the losses to be much more cheaply paid on this plan than any other. Harmony and good feelings seemed to be the governing element and all seemed to go away well pleased with the co-operative insurance plan as far as tried.

Upon adjournment of the meeting the Board of management met and re-elected A. H. Hadley agent for the company.

The trying period of such a company is its initiatory steps, which it may be inferred have been cautiously taken, which gives confidence, and with such prestige it is believed that it will be little trouble to double the amount already insured and thus correspondingly lessen the per cent on losses.

THE DANVILLE REPUBLICAN, January 30, 1879

Dedication of the New M. E. Church

Last Sunday was a beautiful day and Danville did herself honor at the dedication of the new M.E. Church. The spacious chapel was filled to overflowing morning and evening. The ceremonies were conducted by Rev. Granville Moody, of Ohio. Bro. Moody's sermon was from the text found in the 5 & 6 verses of Psalm 137. The sermon was able and eloquent. At its close a subscription of over \$1,368 was raised, a sum more than sufficient to liquidate the indebtedness of the church. Dr. Smith of Thorn-town preached in the evening after which the dedicatory services proper of the M. E. Church were held. The Church is a beautiful edifice, nicely and neatly furnished, and is a credit to the town.

HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION February 6, 1879

Stilesville

William C. Cline and wife, of Clayton spent two weeks recently visiting their son-in-law here, F. M. McHaffie. Mr. Cline regrets very much that he could not attend the dedicatory services at the new M. E. Church at Danville, and thinks it would have consisted nicely with the fitness of things, since he built the first church there.

The schoolchildren will soon again be happily ensconced in the cozily furnished new School House.

The little children of the Orphan's Home are now brought to the M. E. Sabbath School in a body.

HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION February 20, 1879

A little three year old girl who volunteered to say grace at the table did so as follows: "Oh Lord, bless the things we eat; bless mamma and papa and gamma and gampa" and here casting up her eyes to her grandfather in the next seat, and discovering that he was smiling, the little one closed her prayer by saying "Behave yourself gampa--for Christ's sake. Amen"

Plainfield

Asher Kellum, Pres. of Friendswood Cheese Factory says they will open up the first of April.

The early settlers are fast passing away and the landmarks becoming obliterated. Elias Hadley still lives in the town and Daniel Cox who came in 1827 still resides here. These and other patriarchs have a vivid recollection of the early hardships and privations and tell of trials that the present generation believe only "by faith."

Barletts

A veracious citizen is authority for the statement that Rev. Mason, who had been holding a series of meetings at Barlett's Chapel, had a knife blade extracted from the roof of his mouth, one day last week, that a number of years ago was broken off in the upper part of his face and had worked downward until taken out as stated.

HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION March 20, 1879

Dual Wedding

Last Thursday a double wedding occurred at the residence of J. T. Barker of Center Valley. Parties Amos Marker and Laura Marley and Mr. Johnson and Alice Barker. The first named parties taking "snap judgment" on the preacher, who had only bargained to adjust the matrimonial noose on the latter named.

HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION April 3, 1879

Belleville

There were a number of applications for toll-keeper. Mr. James Winstead retains the position.

UNION --Thurs. Apr. 10, 1879

Avon

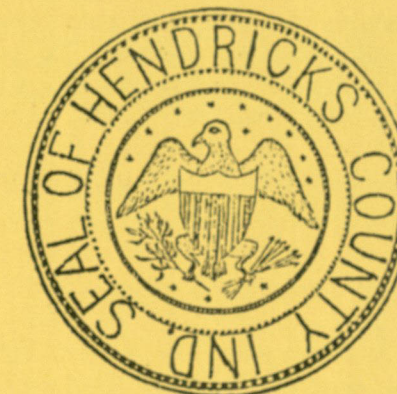
The Department at Washington has instructed Postmaster Gossett to receive their mail at Avon; who would have thought our tiny office would so soon become a distributing office.

Winchester

The question of building the proposed narrow-gauge road is practically a thing of the past in this township. Rail Roads are entirely too common. There is nothing aristocratic in a railroad. Winchester is high toned, and will not be contented with anything less than a gravel road.

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME VIII NUMBER IV

NOVEMBER 1977
PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

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H C H S

The Hendricks County History Bulletin is published quarterly in February, May, August and November prior to our meeting dates. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society, to Hendricks County Public Libraries, and to Hendricks County School Libraries. Individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed to our secretary. Dues should also be paid to our secretary. Contributions or suggestions to The Bulletin should be mailed to the editor.

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H C H S

That I may publish with the voice of Thanksgiving, and tell of all thy wondrous works. - Psalms 26:7

Let us give thanks!

H C H S

Save for its sweet memories or poignant regrets, Yesterday is beyond recall. Tomorrow, with its possible pleasures and pains, its successes and failures, is but a vague promise, as far beyond human grasp as its ghostly sister, Yesterday. You are to have nothing to do with these far-away nothings. Today is your day. All the preceding days have been spent in preparation for it. Today lays at your feet accumulated treasures of a lifetime. This is the day to live, to journey, and to do!

August 14, 1977

Our Society met August 14th at the beautiful new Tri West High School at Lizton. Our president, Mary Jennette Winkleman presided and introduced Mr. Zelinski, Superintendent of North West Schools, who welcomed us and invited us to take a tour of the building. After devotions by the Rev. Richardson, routine business was disposed of. Dorothy Kelley gave us an excellent report on the Museum and a fund to buy folding chairs for the use of groups using the facility was started. A grand opening is planned for November 20th. Mary Ann Moore presented a delightful original pageant which she entitled "The Lighter Footsteps" portraying the various roles women have played through the years, including the Indiana Woman, the Pioneer Woman, the School Marm, the women in government, and the women in uniform. She described graphically how the "Lighter Footsteps" of women have taken them everywhere as doctors, clerks, editors, jurors, nurses, missionaries, professors, always with the gentle touch that only a woman can bring to an endeavor. We hope this fine paper is already reposing in the files at the Museum. We would also like to point out that our Society has unusual talent in the pen of Mary Ann Moore. May we hear more from her. The lovely ladies of Eel River, Union and Middle Townships served delicious refreshments from such a pretty table and there were so many interesting items on display. Somehow, meeting after meeting, I get the feeling that the H C H S is a very special organization composed of lots of very special people. Our attendance shows it ...68 members were present.

H C H S

Our next meeting will be held November 13 at the White Lick Presbyterian Church, which is south of Brownsburg and north of Avon. If you come by way of Road # 267, turn west at 10th Street. When you cross the bridge, turn right, (north), and follow the winding old "crick" road and you will soon come to the picturesque little "old church in the wildwood". If you come through Danville, take 10th Street until you almost run into the "crick"; turn left, or north, and follow the same trail.

This program is another one you won't want to miss. Gerald Jones will tell us a lot about "The History of Advertising". Advertising is a fascinating subject and it has changed greatly in the last century or more. When one compares some of our present day ads and TV commercials to the ones in old, old papers, one realizes that, in modern vernacular, "you have come a long way, baby!" But whether progress is improvement, or not, we will leave it to Mr. Jones to decide for us. A little bird has told us that Gerald has a collection of original ads he wrote many years ago (in rhyme, no less) and that will be a special treat for us.

Mildred Hosier and Frances English head up the hostess committee which will include Brown, Lincoln and Washington Townships. A real special day awaits us.

A few words about the history of the White Lick Church might be appropriate here. Early in the summer of 1835, William Wilson and his family, together with three of his married daughters and their families, formed a colony of about 25 persons who moved from Bedford County, Virginia, to Hendricks County, Indiana, and settled in what is known as the White Lick neighborhood. Here they established their homes and later gave the land upon which the first White Lick Church was built.

They lived the life common to the early settlers and the monuments in the little White Lick Cemetery, which was originally the Wilson Cemetery (across the road from the church) have recorded in stone the tragedies of this little colony. The tombstones (still standing) are mute evidence of the affects of the cholera plague and the other diseases that swept this part of the country in 1840 to 1842. Records in this cemetery show that two young husbands and fathers died in 1840, another in December, 1841, and his brother 15 days later, January 1842, leaving young widows and orphans. These widows continued to live on their adjoining farms until their children were grown.

It was in this cemetery, in 1935, that the Wa-pe-ke-way Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution started the practice of marking the graves of daughters of Revolutionary soldiers. In appropriate ceremonies, September 5, 1935, they placed

a marker over the grave of Nancy Mitchell Wilson, daughter of Stephen Mitchell, Revolutionary soldier. It is fitting that our Historical Society meet in this beautiful, picturesque setting of such significance to the history of Hendricks County.

The following is a talk which was given at the ceremonies marking the grave of Nancy Mitchell Wilson at the White Lick Cemetery, September 5, 1935. It was given by one of the younger descendants of this daughter of a Revolutionary soldier.

"I appear before you as one of the younger descendants of Nancy Mitchell Wilson, whose memory we are honoring today. My father's mother (my grandmother) was the last living person who bore the family name of Wilson. She was the daughter of Stephen Wilson and his wife, Margaret. He was the last surviving son of William Wilson and his wife Nancy, the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier.

In honoring her memory, we honor that of her father, the Revolutionary patriot who offered his life to his country at a time that tried men's souls. Ample documentary evidence in my father's possession proves that Nancy Mitchell Wilson's father, Stephen Mitchell, volunteered on December 26, 1777, the day after Washington smashed the Hessians at Trenton. He was a member of Captain George Lambert's company, in Col. Charles Lewis' 14th Virginia regiment, in General Green's division of Washington's army. Let us think for a moment of the important service in which our ancestor must have had a part. There was that night march followed by the Battle of Princeton in January, 1777; then army encampment life at Morristown, New Jersey, with constant scouting and fighting against the British in New Jersey; then the Battles of Brandywine and Germantown, two of the most fiercely fought battles of the Revolution. After that came the awful winter at Valley Forge during part of which our ancestor must have been present. Washington's army saw more service and fought more battles in the year 1777 than in any other year of the Revolutionary War.

What wonderful and interesting accounts our Revolutionary ancestor must have been able to give his daughter Nancy, this pioneer woman, whose memory we are here to honor.

An even hundred years have now passed since she, with her husband, William Wilson, and children and with others made what was then the long and tedious journey from Bedford County, Virginia, to where we are now. The state was then only nineteen years old. The hardships of pioneers life here 100 years ago can better be imagined than described. There was the unbroken wilderness where pioneers made their start, when they erected their rude log cabins and were doomed for years to wrest only the scantiest of livings from the beginnings of a clearing in the primeval forest. They fought beasts and took chances on starvation, as well as other perils wholly unknown in our day. Of the comforts and conveniences of our modern life, they knew nothing. Schools and opportunities for religious worship were either lacking or of the most meager kind. Money was scarce and death took huge tolls from pioneer life. Malaria, cholera, and typhoid, of which my great-grandfather Wilson died, were among the pioneer's greatest enemies.

I sometimes think that those pioneers were made of sterner stuff than most of us of the younger generations, who of us present today would care to undertake such a life as they of necessity had to live a hundred years ago? I dare say not one.

The lot of the pioneer mothers, such as our ancestor, Nancy Mitchell Wilson, must have been hardest. In her rude log cabin home, hundreds of miles from her former home and friend and kindred, whom she could never hope to see again, with an endless round of exacting labor and with nothing to vary such a monotonous daily round of duties, her life must have been lonely indeed as she rocked her babies to sleep at the close of the day while listening to the hooting of the owl and the howling of the wolves in the not distant forest. We of the younger generation owe a debt to these pioneers.

I sometimes think that we do not fully appreciate what they did. Without their beginnings, in suffering and in hardship, our present civilization could not have developed. It was they who laid the foundations upon which we who came later, have builded. They wrought better than they knew, and to them belongs all honor. As a pioneer mother, Nancy Mitchell Wilson contributed her full share. She deserves all the honor which we today may bestow upon her memory."

Susan Miller Carter sent this little rhyme which she found in the December, 1905, Amo School paper, The Blue and White. Does anyone know who "Little Billy" is? or was? Let us hear from you old Amo Alums.

If A was a lively Japanese, If Had was an ambitious hen,
One thing I'd like to know, That always had her way
If all the hay was cut, now, please, And always cackled when
How much did Amo? Now, where did Hadley?
If Ren was a pretty girl, If Coatsvi was a naughty boy,
And she was minus dough, And ever done his will,
And she should buy a costly pearl, And always did play with a dangerous toy
How much would Reno? Now, what made Coatsville?

If Peck was an old miser,
Who built a little berg,
Then someone buys her
Is she still Pecksburg?
--- By Little Billy.
H C H S

Rosalie D. Hambley's ledger was mentioned in August Bulletin. The following is one of the first entries:

"January 1876

Pecksburg is an enterprising little village of about fifty inhabitants, situated on the Indianapolis and Terre Haute railroad about twenty-three miles from Indianapolis. It is located in the beautiful valley, excelling in beauty any other part of Mill creek bottom. On the north and east spread out before the gazing eye beautiful meadows of living green; on the south lies beautiful forests giving a pleasant resort to pleasure and game seekers. On the west flows smoothly and majestically along the West Fork of Mill creek. If ever you should come to Pecksburg you will never forget the place.

It contains two stores at which can be had at any time a fine assortment of dry goods, extremely dry - beer on hand for years - hats, caps, boots, shoes shaws for summer and slippers for winter wear, clocks lamps, buttons and coat oil cans.

At No 34, on the west side of Main st. Wm. Shirley has the "Cheap Cash Store" to which he very respectfully invites all who wish to purchase anything in his line. He also desires the public to understand that he keeps a fine assortment of books, stationary, etc, and will "back" letters and "lick" stamps and forward or hand over letters as desired.

On the northeast corner of public square M. Roberts stands behind the counter and sells patent medicine, hair oil, coffee, dry goods etc. He has improved his premises by adding a kitchen and pantry to the rear of his establishment.

Mr. Charles Kelley has retired from show business and is now about to furnish the public anything in the way of harness. Call on him at West Main Street north of the railroad. Elec Archer still hammers on the anvil while Archer junior plays on the banjo. No. 38 East side Main St. south of railroad. All who wish to see themselves on tin plate should call at the picture gallery 29 East Pennsylvania street. John Barthalomew thinks he can take as good a picture as the original will permit of. Marshall and Archer deal in hides and leathers keep boots and shoes and will heel the soles of anyone who will apply. Sign- Red-top boots. Pennsylvania Street. Reitzel brothers think they can build as good woodsheds as any one else in the county and that is now their occupation, "all who wish any work in that line should call on them" 144 Kentucky avenue.

There is a good school house in the suburbs of the vilage at which three score and ten young Americans are being brought up in the way they should go under the instruction of Miss Cecilia Hadley.

The inhabitants of this vilage generally go well clad as they are well supplied with Taylors. Though there are no amazons or brick layers there are several Archers. Though the town is not incorporated, the people are obliged to be peaceable as there are two Marshalls, who faithfully discharge their duties.

If there ever was any wood at Peckburg is is all burned up now and the remainder can only be pointed out by a few old A(r)she(r)s which would have been donated to some old woman's ask barrell but the public thought they couldn't Trust(h)er. The people of Peckburg have to climb fences as there is only one Picket without a single well-organized gate.

The town can boast of not being all paupers as there are at least two Rich(ard)-sons despite the Poor people of the place.

There is no stealing done in this town for the merchants of Ritesell some things, through we are sorry to say there are some Rober(t)s.

You are not obliged to go far west to Hunt and strange to say you can travel in either of three directions and reach the West."

H. C. H. S.

The followin letter came from Mr. John Durham, Reno, Nev. It is a copy of a letter written by his great grandfather, John Durham (B1808 Mercer Co., Ky. D 1875) from Fairview (Waveland area) in Montgomery Co. to his father, John Durham (B 1774 -D. 1855) Perryville, Ky. The baby mentioned was Mr. Durham's grandfather, John Durham (B1838 - D. 1921) who was a well known farmer in the northeast portion of Eel River Township between North Salem and Jamestown:

John Durham
Perryville, Kentucky
October 31, 1839

Dear Father,

We are tolerable health at this time with the rest of our relations. Jeremiahs health at this time is improveing. I think he has not got the hips as bad as he had it some time back. The ballance of his family is in tolerable health. There has been some sickness in the neighborhood this fawl. Mr. Canine has had serious time with sickness in his family. He has lost a daughter and daughter in law and there is five of this family down now and some of them not expected to live.

Corn crops are wrather light with frost injured late corn considerably. Wheat was first rate. I made 70 bushel this season. It is worth 47½ per bushel. I have understood that Mr. Web toald the people in Kentucky that ther wa lots of corn that would make fifteen barrels to the acre here. He is a man that makes very extra-vigant calculations.

I received the money you sent \$8. The collector has not been around yet and also received \$6 from Samuel by Mr. Webb. Times are very dull here at present. Corn is worth one doller. It is not known yet what poark will be worth there as the poark merchants has not began to engage any es yet.

November the 3

We arewell csqn Lang is complaning with a misery in the back and hips. He has suffer-ed a goodeal. Huldah Canine is down with the fever but not dangerous. Oald Mrs. Harper is verry low with the tifus fever.

Small grain looks well considering the time it was put in the ground. We have had quite warm weather this fawl though remarcable changeable infect the somer was verry much....People here has cornonabit are gathering ther corn.

There is a suspension of work on the publick works in this state for the want of funds. I believe a prety jeneral suspension with the banks.

John is 18 months oald today and his mother has not taken the breast from him yet. He begins to talk. You aught to come and see him as he is a name sake and a tolerable looking fellow. I think you might if your health would permit come out this fawl and see your friends. The time might pass pleasantly. We would be verry glad to see you.

I cleared about 8 acres of ground this fawl and roled and burnt to one acre. It has been dry and fine for burning this fawl. As ever was, tell Samuel I have not complied with his request yet and that I will try and send him a few lines before long.

I soald a mull coalt this fawl for \$22½ on time 6 months with intres from the time I delivered it. When I commensed this letter I could think of nothing that sould intrest you more than to hear that we were well. We trust these lines may find you and family and friends well. Give my respects to the family relations and friends and receive them to your self.

Your affectionate son till death,

John Durham"

H. C. H. S.

When the Bulletin is in your hands, Hallowe'n will have passed, but as we go to press, pumpkins grin from front porches, dime stores (did I day dime?) are filled with false faces, costumes, and all kinds of Hallowe'n reminders, and children everywhere are shivering in Spook Houses, thrilling over treasures fished from fish ponds, throwing corn, trick or treating and a few are thrilling over the fact that I just never can guess who they are (with 6 small grandchildren of all shapes and sizes, some plump, some skinny, some with tell-tale front teeth out, I guess every one from Farrah Fawcett-Majors to Jimmy Carter and never seem to recognize my own flesh and blood!).

So it is only natural at this season the again I am looking at and loving one of my dearest possessions. It is a black envelope, post marked "Clayton, Indiana, October 1897". It is addressed in White ink to "Miss Nora Walsh, Clayton, Indiana" and is complete with a one-cent stamp. Inside this envelope is a black card and also in white ink, is a shetch of an owl, on a limb, with a spider-web, and the following jingle:

"Wilder, wilder, oh wist
 Listen, oh listen to this,
 All Hallowe'en night
 Fore the moon sinks from sight
 Seek ye out a white house in the gloom,
 A lantern ye'll see
 Swinging out from a tree
 To lead you inside
 Where the witches will hide
 To tell ye your fortune or doom."
 Olympion Club
 Clayton, Indiana

I have, also, a nicely printed program of the Olympion Club for 1897-98, and I have noticed that Miss Walsh and a certain Mr. Fletcher Franklin were often on the same program. A beautiful diary kept by Miss Walsh during these years records in the fall of 1898, "Mr. Franklin and I took a ride after the meeting tonight. This night will be long remembered by two people".

On September 6, 1899, Miss Nora Walsh and Mr. Fletcher Franklin were married. Miss Walsh had been primary teacher at Clayton and Mr. Franklin had been the principal of the schools, but was, at the time, surveyor of Hendricks County.

So please pardon your Editor for a bit of sweet nostalgia as I say a soft thank-you to the Clayton Schools for bringing my mother and father together and to the Olympion Club for helping to nurture that romance, for if that marriage had not occurred, I can't help but wonder where I would be today!

CEMETERY SLEUTHS

Our "Cemetery Sleuths", Cox and Pritchard, are still keeping busy, although they haven't received much publicity recently. Their most recent concern is that some of the stones in the East Cemetery at Danville have settled as deeply that they can hardly be seen except by standing directly over them. And even then it is hard to decipher the names and dates. They are sure some of those stones mark soldiers' graves, and it is sad to think that in a short time they will sink into oblivion and no one will ever know, or care, that they were once there. Has anyone any suggestions to remedy this condition?

(Editor's note: I am sure most of you have noticed the modern trend to refer to females, as well as males, by their last names only. I frown on this practice, but what can you expect with Women's Lib? So for the information of you readers of the Old School, the Cox-Pritchard team is, of course, Miss Grace Cox and Mrs. Roy Pritchard. (And there will be no Ms. as long as this editor does the typing!)

Cemetery Sleuths or Vandals?

The above mentioned "Cemetery Sleuths" will be surprised to read this story: A few weeks ago the president of the Danville South Cemetery Board received a telephone call reporting that vandals had been at work in the South Cemetery and had spray-painted several of the old stones with green paint. The poor harried gentleman heaved an exasperated sigh and set out to inspect the damage. After all it wouldn't have been the first time vandals had paid that cemetery a visit. Imagine, then, his relief when he discovered that the "spray paint" was only green chalk

dust left there by our "Cemetery Sleuths" who had been busily recording inscriptions. And after a good rain, there will be no trace of green.

INDEX FOR OUR HISTORY BOOK

The 640 page History of Hendricks County 1914-1976 contains the history of hundreds of families as well as the history of the government and government officials of this county. This represents over 10,000 names. Obviously an index was needed so it is being prepared as a separate booklet.

The indexing is being done by Ruth Dorrell of the Shelbyville Library and it will be printed by Starken Printing of Plainfield. They promise us the 8 1/2 by 11", approximately 64 page booklet before Christmas. The price is \$1.50 and orders may be mailed to Hendricks County History Book, Box 128, Danville, Indiana 46122. Every owner of the History Book should have this supplemental booklet.

CENTURY OLD CLIPPINGS

by Grace Cox

UNION-May 15, 1879

Brownsburg-Fletcher Lowe has laid out a town on the new railroad near John Corliss's. If it is true as reported, that Fletcher intends to open out a whiskey shop, he had better have a mill stone tied about his neck and have it thrown into Peterson's Pond before he begins business.

Local Matters-The Court House tower is becoming a popular loafing place for the boys.

The best way to keep flees off a dog, says the Enquirer, is to shoot the dog.

UNION-May 22, 1879

Even the Democrats now spell Nation with a capital N.

Plainfield Friends-Promenading and lounging in the beautiful shade in "Friends Park" is being revived by the young folks. All very nice, but Please shut the gate.

When Wood Kellum and Ame Alderson both get in a one horse buggy, you had better keep your fingers from under the springs.

UNION - May 22, 1879

When you want a prescription filled, call on the prince of druggists, Will Cox, at H. M. Smiths.

Smoke the "Moss Agate"

The Moss Agate at the P. O.

The "Moss Agate" is the best cigar in town

Paper Shirt-Fronts, at W. H. McPhetridge's.

Take a nickel and buy one of those delicious "Moss Agates", for sale only at the Post Office.

The court house yard is the popular loafing place for the boys. No lawn mower will be needed to keep the grass short this summer.

GRAND OPENING FOR THE MUSEUM

Sunday, November 20, is the day set for the Grand Opening of the Hendricks County Historical Museum according to Dorothy Kelley and her corps of helpers. If you haven't been there recently, you are in for a pleasant surprise. The roof has been fixed and papering and painting is in progress as we go to press.

One of our recent acquisitions is a most interesting medical exhibit which has been collected and prepared by the Brownsburg Girl Scout Troop # 1010 under the guidance and advise of Sharon Calhoun. The girls have done a tremendous job and the exhibit itself is worth a visit to the museum.

A number of visitors dropped by during the Swap and Shop Days. We had a caller from the Indiana State Museum who had some nice things to say about our project. We can never thank Dorothy Kelley, Jewell Bell, Grace Cox, Mary Ann Moore and many others who have spent countless hours and great efforts toward this endeavor. They are certainly giving the Hendricks County Historical Society and Hendricks County something to be most proud of. Our hats are off to them!

H C H S

We thank the Belleville Bible Church for furnishing the back cover page for our bulletin. When it was thought appropriate to have a history of the old church they offered to do even more. The article, written by Phyllis West Parson, (Mrs. John O.) and Ruth Mitchell Pritchard (Mrs. Roy) tells the story well, and we are grateful to them.

We congratulate the Belleville Bible Church on their acquisition of the lovely old landmark and we wish them well in the future.

H C H S



THE OLD IS NEW

The little white church in the Salem community in southern Liberty Township of Hendricks county, is old. It is the oldest house of worship on its original site in the county.

Its classic structural simplicity presents architectural design of the 1850 decade. Fortunately this beauty has survived the few changes made during the more than a century and a quarter since it was erected.

This edifice occupies the site of the log meeting house raised in August of 1829. Some of the large timbers used in the log church can be seen from the basement of the church.

A section of one of the poplar support posts from the middle of the sanctuary, is now property of the Hendricks County Museum and is on display for visitors to see.

This small frame structure is a tie to Hendricks County pioneers and to the steady stream of devout Christians who worshiped here for more than one hundred forty-eight years.

The members of the committee who selected the site were: Joshua Marshall, Evan Davis, Bowater Bales, George Crutchfield, Nathan Merideth, Thomas Harper, Nathan Snodgrass and Andrew Fultz. The denominations represented by these men were: Quakers, Baptists, Methodists and Moravians. The first trustees were George Crutchfield, David Demoss, Evan Davis, Bowater Bales and Daniel Roberts.

After the log church was built, three acres and four rods of ground were deeded to the church trustees by Joshua and Mary Marshall, on December 28, 1929, for the sum of four dollars.

From then until now one hundred fourteen men have served as pastors, the first of whom was Joseph Tarkington, grandfather of the author, Booth Tarkington. The one hundred and fourteenth pastor was Rev. George W. Hunsaker.

As Hendricks has been a county of passers-through so has been the Salem Church. Some of the founders and many early members went west. Their descendants reside in many states of the union. Occasionally travelers visit the shrine of their ancestors and are pleased to find the LITTLE WHITE CHURCH ON THE HILL.

And the OLD is now new to the Belleville Bible Church, organized in December of 1969. This group met for a while in the Belleville Fire Station and later in homes of the members. They faced the problem of acquiring property and though confronted with set-backs and difficulties, they continued in faith to strive and to pray for an answer.

When in June 1977 South Indiana Conference of the United Methodist Church according to their Book of Discipline declared the Salem Church abandoned and discontinued, and therefore ordered the disposition of the said property, the opportunity to buy the Salem property was unexpectedly presented to the Belleville Bible Church. Negotiations for the purchase, began immediately and continued for several weeks. On October 13, 1977, the Quit-Claim deed was signed by the officers of the Grantor Corporation, Robert C. Holms, President, and Wilma Allen, Secretary, to the grantees, Trustees of the Belleville Bible Church: John O. Parsons, Walter Stantz and Marshall Anderson.

The Bible Church is happy with its "new" building and appreciates the rich heritage that goes with it. They consider the place well named "SALEM" and say a more peaceful spot would not likely to be found in all of Hendricks County.

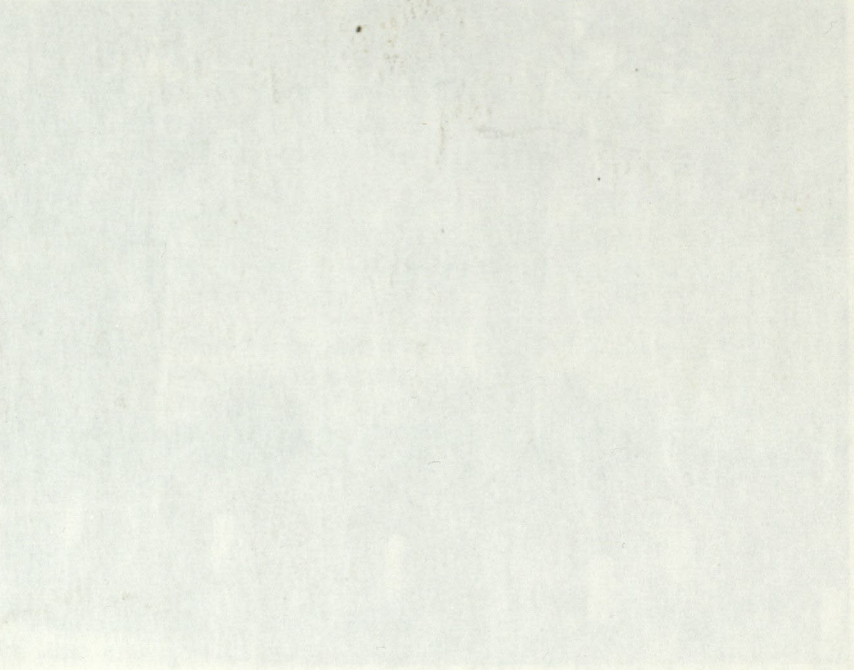
Larry Renner helped to organize the Belleville Bible Church and Rev. Charles Mathews served as the first pastor.

Fifteen percent of the churches income supports NEW TRIBES MISSION, BEREAN MISSION, INC. and RURAL BIBLE CRUSADE. Several children of the church have earned a week at camp through the Bible Memorization Program of the Rural Bible Crusade.

Sunday morning services include church school at nine-thirty and worship at ten-thirty. Bible study is each Sunday evening and prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, both at seven o'clock. The Ladies Missionary Service meets the second Tuesday of every month.

So the old is new and the Salem Meeting House continues to fulfill its original purpose that of being "a place wherein God's Holy Word is expounded."

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THE OLD IS NEW

The little white church in the Salem community is southern
Methodist. It is the oldest in the county and has been
in existence since the year 1850. The church was founded
by a group of pioneers who came to the area in 1840. The
church was built on a site that had been used for many years
as a meeting place for the community. The church is now
owned and operated by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.
The church is a beautiful example of the architecture of the
period. It is a one-story building with a gable roof and a
steeple. The interior is simple and elegant. The church is
open to all and is a place where people can find comfort
and peace.

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