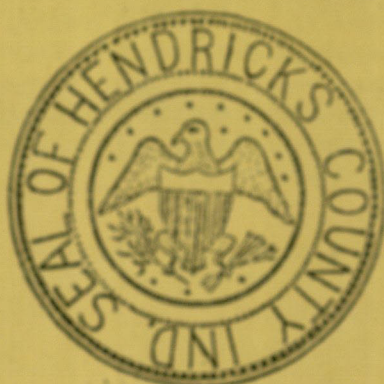


HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME IX

NUMBER I

FEBRUARY 1978

PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

Officers 1978

President

Mrs. Ed Winkelman
Box 308
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4351

Vice President

Mrs. Lester English
R R 2 Box 76
Brownsburg, IN 46112
Tel. 852 4088

Secretary

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R R 1
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4344

Treasurer

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Jayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

Historian and Publicity Chairman

Miss Jewell Bell
212 E. Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

Annual Dues \$3.00 Payable in October

H C H S

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

H C H S

Thoughts on Being Snowbound

(Excerpts from The Foxes' Union by James J. Kilpatrick)

"It is no bad thing, for a while at least, to find oneself snowbound. In his poignant novel of World War I, The Fountain, Lewis Morgan put this feeling of cessation into words. In winter, he wrote, time stands still; nothing changes so long as snow is on the ground. And when time stands still, there is time for those things one never has time for otherwise. There are books to read, and nuts to be cracked, and stamps to be put in philatelic albums. Most especially there is time to talk. We do so little of that these days, for there are always Things That Have To Be Done; there are always appointments that must be kept, and deadlines that must be met. We get absorbed in the getting and the spending.

"Snowbound, it is possible to get absorbed in the things that count, in the giving and sharing of love that glows with a steady lantern light, in the easy communion of books and conversation. There is a certain freedom in captivity, a certain peacefulness in being prisoner. It is wonderful to discover how many things, without calamity, can be postponed."

Greetings from our President.....

The year 1977 has passed swiftly and the Hendricks County Historical Society has much for which to be thankful.

We are proud of the success of the Hendricks County Museum. The grand opening, held on November 20, was well attended and quite impressive. Many compliments were received on what had been accomplished in three years.

We wish to express our thanks to: Arthur R. Hinsel, president of the Hendricks County Commissioners, for his participation in the ribbon cutting ceremony.

Dr. Sherman Crayton, past president of the Hendricks County Historical Society, for his most appropriate dedication speech.

Dorothy Kelley, president of the Hendricks County Museum board, and the many faithful workers who have assisted her during the year.

The many interested people for their generous gifts and loans.

The Hendricks County Commissioners for their generous help in the repair and redecorating at the museum.

The "Friends of the Museum" for their support.

We received very favorable comments from Mr. Thomas Krascan, field representative for the State Historical Society concerning the accomplishments of our society.

We now need to make special efforts to increase our membership and concentrate on the sale of the Hendricks County History books and indexes which are now available. We thank Carolyn Kellum and those who assisted her in preparing this history book index.

H C H S

Our meeting November 13 was another of those nice get-to-gathers that we all seem to enjoy so much. Gathering in the White Lick Presbyterian Church, "the Little Church in the Wildwood", we were welcomed by their minister, the Rev. Bruce Brown, who gave the invocation and followed with a brief interesting history of the old church.

The secretary's and treasurer's reports were accepted and Dorothy Kelley gave a good progress report on the Museum. This will be covered in another article in the Bulletin. Officers elected for the coming year - and a fine slate it is - are Mary Jeanette Winkelman, president; Frances English, vice-president; Mary Bray, secretary; Blanche Wean, treasurer; and Dorothy Templin, historian. Jewell Bell was appointed publicity chairman and Frances Fisher and Ruth Pritchard will be our society's genealogists.

Frances Fisher introduced the speaker, Gerald Jones, who gave a most interesting and, as usual, witty discussion on "The History of Advertising". He drew upon his experiences as a small town grocery merchant in North Salem more than 50 years ago and quoted some of the original ads he wrote in his individual and inimitable style...what else but rhyme could we expect from our "Poet Laureate"? If you missed this meeting, you may like to know that a copy of his talk is on file at the Museum.

Brown, Lincoln and Washington Township ladies served tasty refreshments and everyone enjoyed the social hour. So ended another year and our thanks to everyone, from Mary Jeanette on down, who contributed so much to make this such a successful and enjoyable year.

H C H S

The next meeting of the Society will be held Sunday, February 12, at the First Presbyterian Church of Danville located just a block north of the north-west corner of the square. It will be an interesting setting for our meeting. One of the oldest churches in Danville, it was completely gutted by a devastating fire, a year ago Christmas eve. The small congregation, however, was not to be denied, and this summer completed remodeling and redecorating so that now they have a beautiful sanctuary with a new pipe organ. The Rev. David Sauer will welcome us and give the invocation.

Mrs. Clark Kellum, chairman of the program committee, has announced that "Education" will be the theme of the year's programs. As a kick-off for our series of meetings, it has been arranged for Betty Gerrend of Noblesville, a representative of Connor Prairie Farm, to give the program. She will bring her dulcimer on which she will perform, and she will tell of her experiences at Connor Prairie. She is adept at the spinning wheel and she has conducted the famous "Spinning Schools". It promises to be a most interesting meeting, and we all hope the weather men will co-operate. Ladies of Center and Marion Townships will be in charge of the social hour.

Serving with Carolyn on the program committee are Grace Cox, Vianne Chandler, Gloria Higgins and Darlene Lynch. Looks like a good year coming up!

H C H S

The Executive Committee of the Society met January 14 for a discussion meeting. The new indexes are here and they are beautiful to behold. The cover matches the cover of the History and it consists of one 124 pages of carefully indexed names....the name of every one mentioned in the book. It is a must for History Book owners and it is selling at the ridiculously low price of \$1.50 until March 1, when they will be \$2.00.

Mr. Tom Krasen, a field representative of the Indiana Historical Society met with us and we tossed around a number of ideas. A reunion of C.M.C. teachers and students is being planned for August, and it was suggested our Society might co-ordinate our meeting with theirs. The possibility of holding an auction for the benefit of the Museum was mentioned and the importance of oral history was stressed. In leaving, Mr. Krasen was very complimentary of our group and of course that made us all feel good.

H C H S

QUERY

Ira Ernest WILSON was born April 14, 1879, Liston, Hendricks County, Indiana. Father, Henry; mother, Mary Jane DeAtley. Wife, Cora Mae Gamble. Had four boys and one stillborn girl. Would appreciate further information on Henry and Mary Jane. Will exchange information and/or refund postage. Hazel H. White, 910 Pennsylvania, Apt. 702, Kansas City, Mo. 64105

Need information on James S. Smiths, Ky. 1830 d. 1912 - wife Polly (Sacre) d. early 1900 - dau. Sarah (Jackson) also raised William Samuel Whitley - lived about 3 miles north of New Winchester and north - also Putnamville - need sisters and brother of James and married names. Mrs. Charles R. Long, 2721 Allen Avenue, Indianapolis, IN 46203. (Indianapolis Telephone) 786-2156

Would also appreciate any information on the Whitleys or relatives.

MUSEUM GRAND OPENING

November 20 marked the grand opening ceremonies and dedication of the Hendricks County Museum and it produced a standing room only crowd. Enough cannot be said for the many people who have contributed so much to this project. So many have given so much in planning time, work, and just plain elbow grease that I could not mention all of them. It has to be a labor of love, otherwise so much could not have been accomplished in such a few years.

Dorothy Kelley, president of the Museum Board and our "guiding light", welcomed the crowd and introduced Mr. Arthur Himsel, president of the Commissioners, who spoke a few appropriate words and participated in the ribbon cutting. Dr. Sherman G. Crayton, past president of the Society, gave the dedication speech, which follows. The ladies of the committee served cookies and coffee and the day was pronounced a decided success.

REMARKS BY SHERMAN G. CRAYTON AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HENDRICKS

COUNTY MUSEUM

We have come to a time, after years of planning and work, to pause and ask: Why a museum? Why a museum in Danville, Hendricks Co., USA? Well, what is the purpose of any museum?

Certain things it is NOT. It is NOT primarily a place to deposit our discards when we clean the attic or move to a smaller place, although it may serve that purpose.

It was not intended as busy work for people like Dorothy Kelley, Millie Hosier, Blanche Wean and Jewell Bell, although it surely accomplishes that end too.

It was NOT dreamed up just to prevent the demolition of an old building, an historic landmark, which some people, no doubt, would consider a white elephant.

Museums are established, not to preserve THINGS, but to preserve the values they represent.

When you look at that old, rusty bathtub, you may visualize your great grandfather taking his Saturday night bath in a cold, drafty kitchen with water carried in from the outside pump and heated on a wood-burning stove or in a fireplace. And you know he valued cleanliness.

When you look at the laundry equipment, you are grateful for your automatic washer and drier and permastress fabrics. And you marvel at the stamina of pioneer women who had no electric appliances, who processed food for very large families from the family garden and farm animals, who through many tedious and laborious steps changed raw fibers into clothing, thereby setting a high standard of decency, cleanliness, industry, and Godliness for their children to follow.

To examine any item in this museum with imagination and understanding is to honor our fathers and our mothers. By so doing we remind ourselves of values that are worth nurturing today.

And so we dedicate this museum to the preservation of all that was good in the lives of our forebears. By preserving the THINGS they used and wore, we help to transmit to coming generations the indestructible VALUES that these old, out-of-date memorabilia represent.

Dr. Jessup was a tall medium built woman with brown curly hair, worn straight back with a knot, which was a common hairdress for the Quaker women of the period.

After Joel Jessup's death in 1908, Dr. Ris continued to live in the home and continued caring for the sick. She always had a housekeeper who did the housework and did her sewing. One faithful housekeeper was a lady from Plainfield known as "Aunt Sadie Montgomery" who was with her many years. There were others through the years, in fact Horace Hadley and his bride Sara Pike were married at her home, and continued to live there for several months.

Dr. Maria Allen Jessup was an active member of Fairfield Friends Meeting, and prepared and read a Historical Sketch of Fairfield Meeting at the time of their 66th Reunion Meeting.

After Dr. Ris gave up her practice due to poor health she lived for several months with her sister Etta Stanley until her death in 1921. She is buried with her husband Joel Jessup in Fairfield Cemetery.

Facts gathered by: Rosemary Jessup Swift, (great granddaughter of Joel Jessup) January, 1978

H C H S

OUR HOME LIFE -- 1914 - 1976

by Joe Davidson

Home life around 1914 was still quite simple, in many respects old fashioned. The farming done was still done the hard way. Hay was pitched and fodder was cut with the corn knife and set by hand in the shock. The horse and buggy was still on many a farm in Hendricks and adjoining counties. The Studebaker farm wagon could be seen between the double cribs. The majority of farmers had good plow teams, the breaking plow with steel beam, a disc harrow and other farm tools, a slight improvement on grandfather's. There was likely not a plowman in the county that could guess that one of the greatest farm revolutions in all American history was sprouting and would come to full fruition by 1974. It would not dawn upon him until years later that the horse, buggy, wagon, his farm tools, his farm renter in the little house down the road would one day disappear forever. A drive over the county reveals the many empty, small farm homes.

Home life meant father, mother and children quite close to one another. The farm was a training school and father and mother the teachers. There were few places to go except school, church and the grocery store. All of the neighbors for miles around met at church each Sunday. They laughed and talked before Sunday School and meeting and after the services went home with some one for dinner or took some one home. These folks all had the same manners and customs. They were friendly, honest, kindly disposed one to another, rich or poor. It was only now and then that a girl or boy returned home from college with a life changed somewhat. The county had its small high schools and the graduates were seldom sophisticated or uppish after graduation. They were brought up to obey at home, they obeyed at school, and were well on the road to good citizenship. There was an exception here and there but they were few.

One who lived in those days can recall evenings when young folks went to call on a new neighbor and good talk and laughter carried to ten o'clock. Neighbors often called on one another after supper and all ate good apples or popcorn until a late hour. On winter evenings with the big wood box stacked with wood, the living room cozy and the supper dishes done, parents and children gathered by the living room stove and dad cracked walnuts and hickory nuts as happy youngsters picked out goodies with mother's hair pins. On another evening mother and daughter made pop-

corn balls or made taffy for the family. In such an atmosphere the children took time before going to bed to spell aloud their next day's lessons and get paternal help with the multiplication tables or long division!

The World War upset a way of living. It upset families for many young men lost their lives. The economy underwent changes. More people left farms for industry and had more money. Renters in small farm houses left them and one can see these homes today here and there over the county. Before people were adjusted from World War I, a second war, with all its brutality, was at hand. Wages increased with it and in days and years that followed. Crime in its many phases came to our large cities and over our counties. Its black hand continues with us.

People over Hendricks County loved music and have had it in their homes over the many years, pianos, organs, the Edison graphophone, the disc record player and nowadays the TV set with its music, pictures and up-to-the minute news. There was a time when Central Normal at Danville had the noted pianist, Edward Everett Buchein, who gave concerts in the old chapel and gave lessons to musically inclined young women and men in the county.

The rural and city dwellers today are well equipped with work tools on both farm and home that has eliminated the "hard way" of doing things. Grandfather never would have dreamed of a milking machine that pailed the many cows by the pressing of a button.

The big high school did away with the numerous township small schools. They train for college and University and prepare for jobs. Teachers of yesteryear who considered \$200 to \$300 big pay, are replaced today with beginning salaries of \$3750 a month to \$1200 or better and Superintendents \$12000 to \$25000. In the larger towns of our county are any number of families living on \$10,000 to \$15,000 per year.

The family of today is better housed, better dressed, travels more, buys more and spends more than ever known in the history of our county. People have a civic pride and a sense of beauty and home as well as public places are well kept and a pride and joy. "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, as the swift seasons roll" has been Hendricks County's aim from its very beginning.

THE PLAINFIELD I REMEMBER

Uncle Ollie DeBoss, who owned his home on Main Street in Plainfield, had a secondhand store next door. I loved to visit him and browse around the shop. I remember the old roll-top desk and drawers, the old coins, watches and dolls. To anyone else it was junk, but it was fairyland to me. My uncle shared stories of the guns and coins with me. (He had so much valuable junk to look at and talk about!)

Uncle Ollie played an old guitar and sang to me. Really, the only words I remember are Hum Hum. When he came to those words, he made a noise like a mule!

Perhaps Carlos Swinford, who still lives in Plainfield, can recall some of the songs Uncle Ollie sang. Carlos is a nephew.

As I recall, the fire station is now on the ground where Uncle Ollie's second-hand shop was located.

My mother Elva Hammer, a sister of Uncle Ollie and Uncle Charlie, likes to tell a story about Asa Clark, a direct descendant of George Rogers Clark and William Clark. (My grandmother was Jenny Dove Clark.)

Asa Clark, grandfather of Ollie, Charles and Elva DeBoss, liked to sit under a tree to take a nap. His three grandchildren would put corn in their father's hair. The hungry chickens would fly up to get the corn out of Asa's hair. Upon

being awakened, Ace would say, "Corn earn it!" These were the only bad words I ever heard him say.

Grandpa and Grandma DeLoss lived near Uncle Ollie. (Justine Krebs was also a neighbor).

Grandpa had a horse named John which he hitched to a wagon. Then we rode around Plainfield; I thought I was a queen! Sometimes we rode past Grandma Longmeyer's home.

I wonder what became of Uncle Ollie's visitor's book. He had a tourist home and he kept a large guest book which contained the names of some prominent people.

Grandma DeLoss was the mother of nine children: Mattie (Carlos Swinford's mother), Ollie, Elva Hammer (my mother), Ruth and Esther (twins), Mola, Viola (Bowly, to us), Alta and Charles.

Uncle Charlie worked for the telephone company and helped send the first telephone message across the Atlantic to England. Uncle Charlie's son, Jack, worked on the Apollo and Gemini space projects and now is working on the space shuttle.

Aunt Elva's husband, Elmer Hammer, was an engineer on steam trains and diesel locomotives for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Her son, Edwin Orville, was a pilot in World War II. He also played the part of the pilot in the movie "Air Lift." David Russell (also Aunt Elva's son) after fighting on Okinawa in World War II, attended Butler University. He was one of the first white teachers at Crispus Attucks High School in Indianapolis, where he taught French and psychology. At the present, he teaches French at Shortridge High School.

Aunt Elva's daughter, Mary Evelyn, often sang solos at the Lyndhurst Baptist Church in Indianapolis. Another son, Charles, works for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Elmer Hammer of Canby has a sister, Ada Freeman, who lives at Mooresville. Ada's son, Franklin, who is an animal trainer, trained the dog Benji in the wonderful family movie "Benji."

Aunt Alta's son built apartments and houses in Indianapolis.

I learned what real love is from my Grandma Hammer of Canby, Indiana, and from Grandma Jennie Dove DeLoss and Grandfather Isaac DeLoss of Plainfield. To them I am deeply indebted.

---By Lenora Hastings

H C H S

MYSTERY WAS NEVER SOLVED

By Zona Walker

It happened a hundred years ago and the mystery has never been solved.

A mother and two daughters were killed near North Salem and the dead woman remains unknown.

The terrible accident occurred on an Eel River bridge west of North Salem on a Wednesday evening, in which a woman and two children, both girls, age 12 and 3, lost their lives as an east-bound freight train on the Indianapolis Decatur and Springfield Railroad (now called the B&O) approached the bridge.

The engineer saw the woman and girls on the trestle, but too late to stop the train or give them a chance to get to a place of safety and the engineer struck them. The girls were killed instantly. They were taken to North Salem.

The woman remained in a comatose state the greater part of that Wednesday night, but recovered sufficiently Thursday morning to tell her attendants that she lived at Jamestown, but no one there knew her. Later on she told the attending physician that her name was Wilson and that she lived in Indianapolis, but efforts to find anyone who knew her failed. She was injured so badly that she died.

It was evident that she and her children were "tramping" over the country.

The North Salem Community assumed the responsibility of the funeral. They were buried in the Baptist Cemetery near North Salem. No light has been shed on the tragedy which occurred a century ago.

H C H S

The following articles were written for our H C History, but unfortunately, no names were noted, although we don't know who wrote them, we find them quite interesting.

HISTORY OF TILDEN, INDIANA

Tilden was founded in 1880 to provide a station on the railroad on which it is located. This railroad has had several names through the years: first known as I.D. and S. meaning Indianapolis, Decatur and Springfield; the I.D. and U., the U meaning Western; next C.H. and D. meaning Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton; and finally B. and O. when it was joined to the large system of Baltimore and Ohio.

The original name of Tilden was Oakley, named for its donor, Oakley Parker, as he, at that time, owned all the land where Tilden is now located. Mr. Parker gave without charge all the land, with the understanding that the inhabitants build and maintain a station or depot section house, stock pens, and post office as long as he lived. The station was named Oakley and the post office called Tilden, but that caused so much confusion in the transportation of freight and mail service, (as there was an Oakley, Illinois on the line) that, after Mr. Parker's death the station name was changed to Tilden.

At one time Tilden was a very thriving industrious, busy little village. The store under the ownership of FERREE and MITCHELL was known and conceded to be the largest store of general merchandise in Hendricks County. Tilden consisted of a store, blacksmith shop, sawmill, section house, post office and railroad station but no school building. However, there were three nearby school buildings, namely, Barlow, Blair and Hughes. Barlow located 1 1/2 miles southeast on what is known as the JOHN DOYAL farm now. Blair, a brick building located on the farm owned by ORION HUGHES. Hughes School known as Sunnyside stood on the WILLIAM HUGHES farm 1 1/2 miles north of Tilden and years since, burned.

In 1895 it was voted and decided upon by the citizens and trustee, who was at that time THOMAS CORLISS, to construct a joint school building between Lincoln and Middle Townships, but the management was entirely by Lincoln Township. The school was brick and consisted of two rooms. The brick mason foreman was GRANDISON EATON and the carpenter foreman BEN JONES. ROBERT JORRELL, who furnished the material for this report, hauled a large amount of the material that went into its construction.

The first two teachers were W.F. FRANKLIN and MARJORIE KERR in the years 1895-1896 and 1896-1897. In 1897-1898 ROBERT SHIRLEY and EVA COOPER taught; in 1898-1899 Robert Shirley and HALLIE COPE; in 1899-1900 JOHN W. PATTERSON and MAY MERRITT; in 1899-1900 John Patterson and MINNIE BARCUS; 1901-1902 J. H. ALTEN and EDITH TERRELL;

in 1902-1903 one teacher only; OLNEY PATTERSON; and 1903-1907 PEARL MC CASLIN only.

H C H S

CHAUTAUQUA

Chautauqua was a magic word in the 1910's and 1920's in Hendricks county because it meant that the people of the county would have entertainment, both cultural and amusing for a week in mid-summer. A large tent complete with a stage, dressing rooms and folding chairs for the audience would be pitched on the school grounds or other suitable places. Several mornings were for children, with a magician, story hour or special music. Each afternoon there was a lecture or a soloist. The evening entertainment was always very special--such as a play, a musical--the "Hikado" was a favorite--a band concert or a program by a wellknown prima donna. Each performance was well attended. An adult season ticket was \$3.00 a child's \$1.50. Next year would bring a different program.

In North Salem the tent was pitched either on the school grounds or where the small park is now in the center of town. Irene Davis, daughter of Don Davis of North Salem traveled with a Chautauqua as a soloist. In Plainfield the tent was on the Yearly Meeting grounds. In Danville it was either on the school grounds or the pasture north of Jasper J. Thompson's on 418 E. Broadway where Jane and Walter Land now live. In Pittsboro the tent was on the school grounds.

In this era everyone connected with the Chautauqua traveled by train. The more important entertainers lived in private cars pulled onto the siding of the railroad.

The advent of motion pictures, automobiles and radios put an end to the demand for this type of entertainment shortly after the end of World War I.

H C H S

One of the interesting houses in Brownsburg is located at 46 West Main Street. The exterior of the first story is made of concrete blocks 4' by 4' by 8' made by hand in a single mold. These blocks were made in 1906 by Mr. Anderson Prebster who had the home built in 1907 for his wife, Alice, and himself. The concrete was mixed in a small pan, just enough for one block and poured into the mold. When the mold of concrete was sufficiently set, the mold was loosened at all corners, removed, reassembled and the procedure repeated.

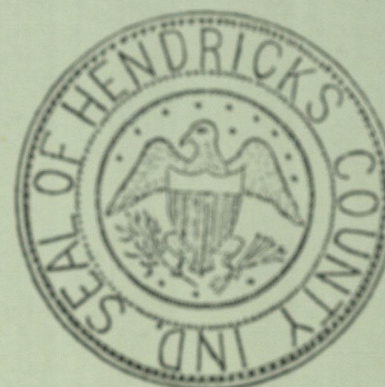
The house was "modern" for 1907. It had a bathtub, but no running water. The tub was filled by buckets but had a drain to empty it. There was a pump in the bathroom for washing hands.

There was a dug out earth and wood basement reached by a trap door, where home canned fruit and vegetables were kept.

The two rooms across the front were the "sittin' room" and the seldom used parlor.

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Mrs. Ed Winkelman
Box 308
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Tel. 892-4351

Vice President

Mrs. Lester English
R R 2 Box 76
Brownburg, IN 46112
Tel. 852-4088

Secretary

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R R 1
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4344

Treasurer

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne Street
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

Historian

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R R 3 Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

Publicity Chairman

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

Assistant Secretary

Mrs. Don Keller
496 East Columbia Street
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2795

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

H C H S

THE ART OF EDUCATION

The art of education is to continue to grow as long as you live. Every moment brings its lesson. Every person is a teacher. Grow in all directions. Develop a desire for goodness, an eagerness for knowledge, a capacity for friendship, an appreciation of beauty, a concern for others. Grow! Man is never finished. Man never arrives. Education never stops.

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Miss Grace Cox
494 W. Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R.R. #1 Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R.R. #3 Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

H C H S
February 12, 1978

With "Education" as the theme of our year's programs, we started off with a "bang" when we met February 12th at the Danville Presbyterian Church. Mary Jeanette (who is so familiar and so loved by all of us that we don't even bother with her last name) gave greetings and presented the Rev. Dale Sauer, pastor, who gave us some interesting history of the church and told of the gutting of the interior a year ago Christmas eve. As we looked at the beautifully restored sanctuary, we marvelled at the spirit of the small congregation. He spoke of Lent which actually means "springtime" ... springtime of our faith, rebirth and rekindling of our spirit. He told us the age-old tradition of Spring house-cleaning dates back before Christ when the women of the household, at the Passover season, would clean their cupboards to be sure there was no unleavened bread in them.

Carolyn Kellum, chairman of the program committee, introduced Betty Jerard and Judy Sobbe of Connor Prairie Farm near Noblesville. Dressed in authentic costumes of the early 1800's, with hand knit stockings and several petticoats, they presented themselves as Patience Perrywinkle and Miss Birdwhistle. Miss Perrywinkle played the dulcimer and taught us several old songs which we sang along with her. Miss Birdwhistle, the school marm, told us school cost 3¢ a day starting November 1 and ending January 31st. She conducted a "Blab school" and the afternoon was, at times, hilarious, and most delightful and entertaining. We were sorry to be dismissed with an old school bell.

The ladies of Marion and Center Township acted as hostesses with chairman Gloria Higgins. The cake was a masterpiece, featuring "the little red school house", and your Editor will have to confess that the two first "customers" at the refreshment table were her grand-daughters, age 10 and 12, who enjoyed every minute of the afternoon. (Ed.'s note: I'm in trouble with their father, who, just recovering from buying a piano, and band instruments plus orthodontist-bills, is now being pressured to buy a dulcimer!)

It is impossible to say enough for those who plan our programs. Our organization is fairly young, yet our programs have been outstanding, our attendance, at times, incredible. In February, for instance, some of the ice and snow had melted, yet it seemed we were jeopardizing our life and limb to venture out, for the sidewalks were slick and the streets not too safe. Yet we had 42 members present from throughout the county ... and at our age yet!

And so, after that rousing kick-off, Carolyn is undaunted, for she is sure she has another program, as good, if not better, than our February program. We will meet Sunday, May 21st. We hope you will all notice that date, for we usually meet the second Sunday, but this turns out to be Mother's Day. So our meeting date is May 21st, at the Fairfield Friends Meeting, south of Plainfield.

This is how to get there: take S.R. #267 (the new one at the east edge of Plainfield) south. Cross over Road #70, the turn left (east) at the first road. Follow this road, approximately 2 miles and you will find the Fairfield Church located on the S.W. Corner of the cross roads. There is plenty of parking space and it will be a delight to gather in this historical spot.

The program will consist of a variety of last-day-of school activities. The Joseph sisters will remind us of readings, speeches etc. of these occasions, McJery Clay will come up with some appropriate music, and an old fashioned spelling bee will be conducted, but please don't stay away for fear you might be asked to participate, for it will be the young county contestants taking part. You will not be humiliated if you can't spell charivari which has always been pronounced "chivari"! It will be fun, fun, fun, and the ladies of Guilford, Liberty and Clay townships will take charge of the social hour. If you aren't there, it will be your loss.

The museum is trying to get the basement rooms ready to display the small tools that have been received. As of now, they're tucked around here and there. Girl Scout troops have been working toward merit badges by cleaning these tools and getting them ready for display. All that work is very much appreciated.

We have enough equipment to set up a nice laundry room but the scaly walls don't lend to a very cheerful atmosphere. It's going to take a lot of elbow grease to get the walls to where visitors don't get a chill when they go down stairs.

We've had two chairs refinished. Mr. Abran Peacock of Plainfield did one, and Mrs. Jennie Shuler of Clayton refinished the roseback chair used at the piollian. Mrs. Helen Hadley of Clayton made a needlepoint for the roseback chair too, so it is in fine condition. Playing the piollian is hard on needlepoint!

The museum went dormant during the energy crisis but we're open now on Tuesday and Saturday. Several clubs scheduled, rescheduled, and scheduled again and just lately had the meetings that were intended to be held last fall when winter closed in.

The Hendricks County Garden Club planted a tulip bed last fall, and they are blooming beautifully now.

The Ma-Pe-Ke-Way Chapter of D.A.R. planted a shingle oak on the lawn of the museum which will add to the beauty of the surroundings.

Jewell Bell

Our Society has been stunned this quarter by the deaths of two of our former presidents and an outstanding former member. In March we lost Mr. Harmon Hathaway, age 80, of Coatesville, who was considered one of our "voices of the past" and a most articulate one he was. He had a most eventful career as editor of the Coatesville Herald from 1916 to 1961 and published the Advertiser for the last 13 years of his career. He was also known as "the walking encyclopedia" and had a wealth of information on the tip of his tongue.

Also in March, we lost Miss Dessie Huddleston of Linton, who served as president of our Society when the Hendricks County Jail was transferred to the H C H S for use as a museum.

Dr. Sherman G. Crayton, Danville R.R. #6, passed away at the Hendricks County Hospital April 22. A distinguished educator, he had also served as president of the H C H S, he gave the welcoming address at the kick-off meeting of the Hendrick County Sesquicentennial Celebration, and last fall delivered the dedicatory address at the Open House Ceremonies for the museum. These dear people will be sorely missed by us all. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to their families and to them we would like to give this comforting thought: God promised to be with us always. So if He is with them, and we are with Him, we can't be too far apart.

H C H S

The following story makes our own Joe Davidson of Coatesville even more famous than before. We all know he has been our teller-of-tales of yesterday and folk tales and singer of folk songs, but now it is all official.

It seems that a lady from Kokomo was working on her thesis at Indiana University, her subject "Folksongs". She had hunted far and near for the words of "The Crossing Down at Man". When she heard that Mr. Davidson knew the words she came with her equipment and made a recording of Joe singing his version. The recording is on file at I.U. and the delighted lady told Joe that he had to be the only person in the United States who knew the words.

Joe told us, "Father was rail-reader and learned the song on the old toadman Big 4 before I was born. He told me that after the accident, a telegraph operator at "Man" wrote the story and another wrote the music. The Kokomo lady tried for months to locate the village, community or crossing known as "Man" in 1888, but had no luck".

THE CROSSING DOWN AT MAN

'Twas on the evening of the 12th, and the hour was half past seven,
The sun's bright rays had scarcely lost their brightness in the heavens,
When the New York Express came down the track at a lightning rate of speed,
While a husband and his loving wife, unconscious, drove their steed.

Chorus:

Listen to the engine bell as the whistle pierced the air,
A danger signal came too late those precious lives to spare.

They drove along, no thought of fear nor yet occurred to them,
When alas, too late, they saw their fate, they were struck by Number 10.
The engine stopped and the train backed up, and all came from their seats,
To gaze upon that sad, sad sight that caused stout hearts to weep.

An angel face looked down to them through the moonbeams, cold and pale,
A smashed up buggy and a horse, and an engine told the tale.
'Twas loving hands that raised those forms after the train was gone, I chide
And tender words were spoken at the Crossing down at Man.

The thoughts of that May evening in the year of '88, I never fail to look at a record of
Must oft occur to memory as one meets their sad fate.

IMPORTANT NOTICE IMPORTANT NOTICE IMPORTANT NOTICE

HAVE YOU PURCHASED AN INDEX?

A complete index containing some 27,000 names is on sale now, and if you

are the lucky owner of the History of Hendricks County 1914 - 1976 (and if you are not, you are going to be sorry when the supply is gone) an index is a must. At the unbelievable low price of \$2.00, it can be purchased at our meetings, at most banks in Hendricks County, or by ordering at Box 128, Danville, Indiana 46122. The cover and back are exact replicas of those on the History. It is beautiful and complete and should be in every library. It is especially valuable to genealogists.

H C H S

DANVILLE UNITED METHODIST CHURCH SESQUICENTENNIAL

The Danville United Methodist Church is all a-buzz with plans for a great 150th birthday party the week of October 22 - 29. One of the oldest churches in the county, it has a rich heritage. It dates from October 25, 1828, when the Rev. Joseph Tarkington organized it. The Rev. Tarkington was the great grandfather of the famous Hoosier author, Booth Tarkington, and great and famous people have played an important part in the history of the church. We have been assured that Bishop Alton and District Superintendent Dr. Charles W. Ballard will take part in this historic occasion. Many distinguished guests are expected to come, and a special invitation is hereby extended to all members of the Hendricks County Historical Society. This is partly because it is an occasion of historical significance and partly because a number of our members are deeply involved in planning the festivities. Especially Grace Cox, who already has spent hours gathering material for a history of the church which we hope will be published by that time. The date of publication, however, is not definite, since Grace already has enough material to fill a book about the size of the History of Hendricks County, and it took hundreds of us two years to boil that down to size! Any way, Ya' all come! More details later.

H C H S

The following is one of the many delightful contributions to our Hendricks County History that could not be used for lack of space:

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

BY

MARY SWAIN CANGANELLI

Well do I remember the Sunday I spent with my Grandfather and Grandmother Fisher when I was a child. After a bountiful dinner of chicken and dumplings, vegetables, comb honey and other favorite foods, we would go to the spare bedroom to look at a drawer full of family pictures. We loved to hear Grandfather play records on the organetta.

Grandmother told us of walking two and one half miles to Liston to sell eggs at three cents per dozen. She bought calico for twenty five cents a yard, but that wasn't cheap since it required ten yards to make a dress. She made 32 per week working for a family.

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My Grandparents were always special people to me. They enjoyed growing everything on their farm. They had a five acre apple orchard besides peach, plum, pears, cherry and apricot trees, to say nothing of grapes and berries in abundance. They also had fifty stands of bees. Trips to the grocery store were infrequent since they raised almost all their food.

My grandfather, Jasper Fisher was a very individual person. He was an ardent Democrat and during campaign years, always led a parade from Maplewood to Pittsboro playing his wooden flute. The Fishers were among the first to have a telephone, an automobile and a phonograph. As many as thirty friends, young and old, would gather at their home on Sunday afternoons to pop corn, make snow ice cream, or pull taffy while listening to records on the phonograph. Grandfather was able to cut records and had several of the Maplewood band and solos by neighborhood musicians. Today, the phonograph is in my possession and until a few years ago would still play records of some voices long since silent.

Jasper and Mary (Polly) Fisher are grandparents of Charles, and Alvin Swain and Roy Fisher. Several of their great grandchildren still live in the Pittsboro and Maplewood community.

H C H S

GRADUATION ADDRESS

We think the contributor of the following should remain anonymous, yet we will have to admit we did not consult with the author to get permission to publish the following masterpiece. Still, somehow, we think that Red Joyce, better known to us as Marian Joyce Worrell, will be amused to see this in print. If not, and she decides to take her case to the Civil Liberty's Gang, let us assure her that we ain't got a cent and she can't get blood out of a turnip! This was published in the Clayton Libertonian in 1927.

(With Apologies to Our Martyred President)

Eight months and three years ago our fathers and mothers sent us, twenty-six little green freshmen to Clayton High School. This school was conceived in Liberty (township) and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, barring the teachers who seemed to be a little above our equal. We will soon be engaged in the war of life, testing whether Russell or any other of the ten graduates of this school can long endure.

We are met on the battlefield of that war. We are come to dedicate a portion of school spirit as a final gift of those who here gave all they had that the school might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot give up, we cannot forget, we cannot dishonor our school.

The brave students who studied here have accomplished that from which it is beyond our power to detract.

The school will little note nor long remember what we did in class but it can never forget our spirit of loyalty. It is for us, the Seniors, rather to be here dedicated to the finished work which we have striven for and have so nobly achieved. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great life remaining before us-that from this honored school we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last measure of devotion; that

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we here highly resolve that this class shall not have lived in vain; that this school, under the name of Clayton High, shall have a beautiful memory for us and shall remain, of the students, by the students, and for the students yet to come to C.H.S.

By Bob Worrell & Red Joyce.

H.C.H.S.

With "Education" the theme of our year, the following reminiscences by Frances Fisher, a charter member of HCHS, are appropriate.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF AN ERA THAT WAS

Realizing that my beloved grandchildren who attend ultra-modern schools of this present age will never know the problems and joys of sixty or seventy years ago, I am jotting down a few of the remembrances which I treasure and which are still so fresh in my memory. It is a pleasant task done while the "Big Blizzard" of 1978 piles snow high around our house, closing driveway and roads and causing many insurmountable difficulties.

"Insurmountable" was not a familiar word in our vocabularies since I can't recall a single day while I attended Pittsboro School #6 from 1904 to 1912, when school was closed because of the weather and there were many zero days as well as deep snows. Transportation was no great problem as there was always the "ankle express" and our father many times would walk ahead to break a path. Then there was the big farm sled drawn by rough shod horses, and a storm buggy that kept out the rain and snow. We had an elderly dun-colored horse whose price was far above rubies because of his patience and dependability. He could be trusted to carry as many as five children on his away back, the last one hanging on to his tail. I am convinced that surely there is a "Great Beyond" for old Ben who never failed us.

The energy crisis was never a reality as long as there was an abundance of wood in the woodbox and a supply of coal in the wood house, a necessary addition to every school building. The big cast iron stove in each room either gloved with heat almost to the roasting stage for those who sat near it or cooled down to the point of causing chills and shivers. But the well dressed school child was prepared for emergencies, with long underwear, long black stockings, high shoes or boots, and for girls, outing flannel petticoats and wool dresses (mine were usually made over from my mother's or aunts dresses or skirts). Then the perennial gingham or calico apron to protect the dresses, usually one or two fresh ones a week, although I remember a few little girls whose one apron had to last several weeks. Boys clad in heavy shirts and pants, often wore boots and arctics indoors to save time in getting out to play at recesses and noons. My long black leggings were always a task to button from instep to knee. I have a friend who once wrote a humorous story of the odors of those early class rooms, and there was more truth than poetry in it, for bodies and clothing did not have the frequent washing, but since we all smelled alike, not much importance was attached to it.

My first day at school in 1903 was a major disaster. I was only 5 years old, small for my age, but insistent on going to school with neighbor children who were older and there was no law to prevent. I was wholly unprepared for a stern teacher and a strict routine, so when at the first recess, I retrieved my pretty lunch basket (a gift from my devoted father) and sallied forth to a big rock in the school yard and made ready for a picnic all by myself. I well remember the contents of that basket, a chicken drumstick, a boiled egg, a slice of my mother's delectable home made bread and jelly, and a piece of chocolate cake. What a heart break when my neighbor girl, Lottie Gandy, several years older, came to inform me that it wasn't noon yet and that I would have to go back into the classroom when teacher rang the bell. Life was suddenly very disappointing, school very

uninviting, the teacher very unattractive. Then the thought of my mother and the possibility of her sudden demise struck me. The teacher, sensing my real anguish, allowed me to go home and I ran, all the way, my tears and I to find mother calmly shampooing her hair on our back porch. School was a dead issue until the next year.

Primary, first and second grades were all in the same room and we sat two in a seat. Our natural tendencies for merry making were stymied by the sharp eyed teacher who firmly believed that going to school was a stern business and should not be taken lightly. The only punishment I can recall was having to stand on the floor one entire afternoon because I couldn't remember the last name of the man who discovered electricity. Believe me, I never forgot that Benjamin Franklin was the man with the bottle and the kite and the key.

It was always a joy and privilege to take young brothers or sisters to visit school, so I often begged mother to allow me to take my little brother who was three years younger than I. He was always quiet and well behaved and enjoyed playing with the colored sticks and abacus which teacher graciously allowed him to use. One problem plaguing me was where to take him to the outdoor toilet, as it was unthinkable to take him to a "girls" and I was afraid that if he went alone to the "boys" he might be teased by the big boys. The teacher aided me by suggesting that I take him after school assembled, thereby avoiding comments and fun making.

Honesty was a cardinal virtue which our parents impressed upon us, but I'll admit to sore temptation more than once. I was ardently dedicated to studying and making good grades and was heart broken if I failed to live up to what we call "potential" today. Once on a spelling exam, my paper was incorrectly graded, marking it 100% when I had misspelled "Phillippines". To ignore the mistake would make me eligible for the prize awarded to the one making straight 100's. I pondered all afternoon, but the minute school was dismissed, I went to the teacher and showed her the error. No, I didn't win the prize, but during the summer, my teacher, Nora Ridgway Walter, always one of my favorites, walked out to our home and presented me a little Prudy book without comment.

Every Monday morning, each pupil responded to roll call with a Bible quotation. That was, of course, before the Supreme Court had made any ruling and before the ideas of Madelyn O'Hair's kind had been heard. I always felt that the Constitution had been written by our forefather to re-inforce the teachings of the Bible, so there was no problem of Church and State which I had yet to learn. One of the favorites was "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want" which I honestly feel became the watch word and comfort in our on-going lives. Some of the boys usually forgot to learn a verse and contented themselves with "Jesus Wept".

A few moments set aside for opening exercises each morning were devoted to good books which the teacher read aloud. To some, those classics were their only introduction to the world of good literature: Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, The Crisis, Bird's Christmas Carol, Gentleman from Indiana, Tom Sawyer, Child's Life of Christ, Little Women, Evangeline, Uncle Remus. Then how joyously we joined in singing, especially in the 7th and 8th grades, "Sweet Summer's Gone Away, The Old School Book, Take it Easy", "We Are Going Down the Valley", "Flow Gently Sweet Afton". My Old Kentucky Home." Those sweet-sad songs had a philosophy of their own and seem today to be far removed from the present day "Rock".

Then we passed through the "Feudin" stage" when just about everybody hated everybody else. Two girls in the 6th grade had a violent disagreement, then every one immediately took sides and there followed a period of not speaking to one another, spiteful insults about clothes, and general disagreeableness. Ultimately hearty rebuffs by teachers and principal restored peace and bitter

A recipe for yeast biscuits was shared with a neighbor who reciprocated next time. Often chili, soup or stew was carried next door. Babysitting was a friendly exchange chore. Lack of air conditioning caused windows to be opened to let in fresh air-plus the noise of crying kids, fighting couples, late nighters and early risers. Car doors slammed and motorcycles roared. The ice man, oil man and milk man made their rounds.

The old wringer washer in the laundry room ran night and day according to the posted schedule. Imagine the clothing of some 25 families all dried on lines-and occasionally missorted into the wrong baskets.

The phone on the laundry room wall was flanked by a chart showing who lived where. What fun to run out in all kinds of weather to summon a wanted one. Or even to be a wanted one. We sure got acquainted that way.

The back corner lot was large, as was the family residing there. It was the only trailer with an enclosed porch built on and it was more than living quarters. Much coming and going was inevitable because the trailer was headquarters for some sort of lottery tickets.

A retired circus couple parked near the center of the camp. Their special act had been boxing cats and two of these, too old for show biz, shared the trailer.

The cats were loved and pampered, their tiny boxing gloves proudly displayed. "These cats made a living for us. We'll take good care of them as long as they live," their owners declared.

It was the Cat Woman who told me the news that President Franklin D. Roosevelt had died. Then she hid behind the drapes at an open window and burst into tears.

Who could forget Peaches, mother of two? She often paraded to the restrooms in a frothy negligee.

In another trailer lived a newly divorced man with an unusual way to while away the days. He worked nights. And to make the time pass, he would roller skate to Riverside Park, some miles away.

It was an era of its own. Old-fashioned ways mingled with new trends required because of the times and close community living. Those years were an education, a vivid experience and, for some, a real beginning.

H C H S

Copies of the following official program of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway have been presented to the Museum by Ruth Pritchard. Not only do they reflect changes in our race cars, but, more importantly, changes in our life styles. These are available for race fans who devour all such statistics, but to any one else who wants to win a bet. Our thanks to Ruth, again. We will never cease to marvel at her ability, her exuberance, her vitality, her sparkle, her vast knowledge, her persistent curiosity and search for information. She is very special in our Society, and we want her and Roy to know that we are thankful they made it through their traumatic and critical experience during the Great Blizzard. Roy has completely recovered, for which we are grateful, and Ruth is once again her same old bubbly self.

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OFFICIAL PROGRAMS OF INDIANAPOLIS MOTOR SPEEDWAY COMPANY

1922	1937	1957
1923	1938	1958
1924	1939	1959
1925	1940	1961
1926	1941	1962
1927	1946	1963
1928	1947	1965
1929	1948	1966
1930	1949	1967
1931	1950	1968
1932	1951	1969
1933	1952	1970
1934	1953	1971
1935	1954	1972
1936	1955	1973
	1956	

Ruth H. Pritchard
Belleville, IN 46118

H C H S
"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.

The old building on the east side of the square, now owned by Robert Russel, which is under-going repairs is one of the oldest landmarks of Danville and was the first brick house erected in the town. It was built about fifty years ago and was for 30 years occupied by the P.O. On the west side of the building is an aperture that might be called a window, if it was necessary, although it certainly has very little resemblance to the spacious bay window of the residences of today and here the head and shoulders of the postmaster, Mr. Crawford, would emerge, after distributing the mail, and call the names of those among the waiting crowd outside who were fortunate enough to have received any mail. The postage on a letter which came from outside the State was 25 cents at that time and not infrequently the person to whom it was sent would be unable to take it out of the office for weeks such was the scarcity of money. There are many recollections clustered about the old building that early settlers call to mind as they see the walk being torn away, and like those who made our country what it is, it will soon become among the things that were.

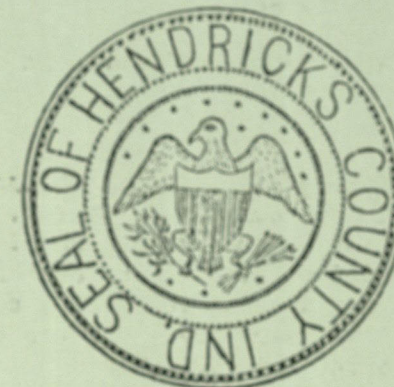
H C H S

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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



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HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

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Officers 1978

President

Mrs. Ed Winkleman
Box 308
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4351

Vice President

Mrs. Lester English
R. R. #2 Box 76
Brownsburg, IN 46112
Tel. 852-4088

Secretary

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R. R. #1
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4344

Treasurer

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne Street
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

Historian

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. #3 Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

Publicity Chairman

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

Assistant Secretary

Mrs. Don Keller
496 East Columbia Street
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2795

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H C H S

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

'Tis education forms the common mind;

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

Alexander Pope "Moral Essays"

H C H S

I expect to pass thru this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

Stephen Grillet

Genealogists

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Mrs. Roy Fritchard
R. R. #1 Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Miss Grace Cox
494 W. Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. #3 Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

H C H S

May 21, 1978

As we expected, Carolyn Kellum and her Program Committee came through again with a delightful afternoon's entertainment May 21, at the Fairfield Friends Meeting, south of Plainfield. In this historic old church, nestled among the trees with the old cemetery across the road, a good crowd settled down to hear more about education in "the good old days". Margery Clay got us off to a good start leading us in a rousing rendition of "Good morning, dear teacher", then "America" and a number of old rounds - "Are You Sleeping, Brother John?", "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" and "Alouette, gentille alouette". Ruth Pritchard gave a reading, the good old stand-by, "The Village Blacksmith" and Sherry Clark, a Danville spelling champion told us about the modern spelling contests and talked of her experiences in the County Spelling Contest.

The Misses Mabel and Naomi Joseph gave talks recalling early teaching experiences and customs. They have spent many years in front of classrooms instructing sometimes reluctant, sometimes eager young minds and they spoke with authority. It was an altogether pleasing afternoon culminated with sack lunches served by the ladies of Guilford, Liberty and Clay Townships.

H C H S

Our Next Meeting - August 13, 1978

After our last meeting, we are all looking forward to our next one, August 13, which will be held at the United Methodist Church in Pittsboro. The ladies of Union, Eel River, and Middle Townships will be our hostesses with Mrs. Hilden Ayers as chairman.

Mrs. Clark Kellum, program chairman, tells us the entertainment for the afternoon will be a "Show and Tell" program. Since education is the theme of the year, members are invited to bring anything pertaining to education. Members are urged to bring as many items as they wish, but the committee asks that each item be labeled with a description or explanation of the article along with the name of the owner. Each item will be numbered, and the committee will draw numbers to allow members to explain and talk about articles. A time limit must be set to allow as many members as possible to "show and tell". All articles will be placed on the display table for all of us to see and read about. "This is historical," Carolyn said, "but we must remember that yesterday is history." So, while we are intrigued with very, very old things, some of us "old folks" might be just as fascinated with very modern systems of education. So.... why don't we mix a little of the old with the new?

Those who have had perfect attendance for the year will be recognized and the nominating committee will give a report.

As usual, this bids fair to be a most interesting meeting, and again, we wish to congratulate Carolyn and her committee for planning such engrossing programs.

HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION May 24, 1866

Mr. Editor: you will please announce the name of Jacob Vandegrift, of Liberty Township as a candidate for Representative of Hendricks County, subject to the nomination of the Union County Convention.

HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION May 17, 1866

Send him Back: a number of the Republicans of Hendricks Co. prepare to send Jacob Vandegrift, Esq. back to this city. They have concluded that he would make a good legislator and propose to nominate him for the House of Representatives, at the Union Convention at Danville on the 26th. Judging from his efficiency when he was in the City Council, we have no doubt of his making an excellent member. He is a judicious and active worker, with little disposition to buncombe talk.

--Indianapolis Daily Gazette

HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION June 7, 1866

Clayton, Indiana
June 4th 1866

Mr. Editor: My name having been presented to the Union Convention of this county as a candidate to represent the county in the coming Legislature, and as I am a defeated candidate, I desire that my friends at least should be placed right on the record.

I understand that I have been charged with being a copperhead, or in other words, with being disloyal to my country; now, Mr. Editor, it seems to me that I am, and always have been a loyal man, both in thought and deed. I have voted with the Union party ever since its formation. I have spent my time and money for the benefit of my country. Perhaps I have spent more time and money than those persons who charge me with being disloyal. I would like some person to tell me what constitutes a loyal man, if I am not one.

I am informed that in Del River township a friend announced my name to the Convention, and as soon as he did so, a gentleman rose to his feet and stated to the convention that he was credibly informed that I was a copperhead, and if elected would vote for Jesse D. Bright for U. S. Senator. Now I have no acquaintance with the person making the above charge, but I am informed by those who know him best, that he is an honorable man, therefore I respectfully ask him to furnish me with the name of the person from whom he received his information, I will, however, take this opportunity of pronouncing that individual, be he who he may, an infamous liar, and I authorize my friends to denounce him as such, and he can hold me responsible for the words used.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, permit me to say that I am not an aspirant for office, my desire is, to live the remainder of my days in peace and quiet. I will take this opportunity of tendering my sincere thanks to those friends who, without any solicitation, on my part, endeavored to procure me the nomination.

Jacob Vandegrift

H C H S

One of the nicest things that have crossed our desk recently is the product of hours of labor by two young high school students of Plainfield. The following article from the Plainfield Messenger, May 29, 1978, will explain:

(see article)

By Jean Dieckman
of The Messenger staff

Today, when area residents make their yearly pilgrimage to Hendricks County cemeteries where the remains of their beloved war dead repose, six additional soldiers will be honored.

These soldiers, all of the Revolutionary War era, were buried in undisclosed graves in Hendricks County, unknown to the public. That is, until two Plainfield High School students met the challenge offered by a civic teacher to find the graves of the 16 Revolutionary soldiers, photograph the headstones and dig out information about each one.

Freshmen Powell Bryant and Jeff Gossmann did just that and more. When the report was finished and presented, however, the original 16 were indeed listed but were accompanied by pictorial and written proof that six more soldiers were buried here.

Their teacher, Jerry Hankins, was elated with the report and suggested that it might be a welcome addition to Plainfield Public Library's Historical Room.

He was right in his guess, according to Betty Lane who heads that particular section, and now those with a taste for antiquity will find there a report which tells of 22 soldiers who fought for our country; who were Minutemen; who were involved in the battle of Cornwall; who perhaps indeed did know the likes of General George Washington or perhaps Paul Revere.

But how does one go about finding the ancient gravesites?

One way, the young men said, was to visit the Historical Room to obtain a list of the known soldiers; a list which was compiled some years ago by the local chapter of Daughters of American Revolution.

In that list, they said, the 16 soldiers along with information about their lives were noted as well as their date of death and burial place.

That presented a problem, however, since many of the cemeteries were little known.

Gossmann suggested they contact his aunt, Ruth Pritchard of Belleville, a well-known researcher in her own right. After comparing their list with one she had begun, it was found that 22 names altogether could be considered, and that burials had been in 16 separate Hendricks County cemeteries.

Armed with cemetery records and old maps, the pair accompanied by Gossmann's grandfather Lorin Rushton spent the month of April visiting cemeteries and photographing graves. Authenticity was proven by pensions claimed by the veterans.

The result, according to their teacher, was fantastic. "It was incredible the amount of work these kids put into it," said Hankins, "Just once in a while you find kids willing to put forth that extra effort."

The Messenger, Plainfield, Indiana
Monday, May 29, 1978

An interesting observation - the picture of each stone or marker includes the boys in the background; or if not the whole boys, their feet. I wondered why some pictures had four sneaker-clad feet showing and I was told that this was the proof that the boys doing the research were actually on the site when the picture was taken. That was part of their requirements. What a joy to know there are young people like these in our area! I sense the fine hand of Ruth Pritchard's influence here.

The list includes the following:

Richard Barnes - buried East Cemetery, Danville
John Byd, - buried Clayton Cemetery
John Faucett - buried Shiloh Cemetery, N.E. of Avon
Thomas Fitzsimmons - buried Regan Cemetery, S. of New Winchester
Edward Flathers - buried Gentry Cemetery, N.W. of Danville
William Florence - buried Spring Hill Cemetery, Cartersburg

Joel Garrison - buried Stilesville Cemetery
 Thomas Harding - buried Linger on Cemetery, S. of Brownsburg
 Daniel Higgins - buried Henry Hunt Farm, S. of Winchester
 Israel Hunt - probably East Cemetery, Danville
 Matthew Jones - buried Center Valley
 Isaac Lawrence (Laurence) - buried Gossett Cemetery, S. of Plainfield
 Athias Masten - buried Coatesville Cemetery
 John McCoy -
 Mordecai Miller - buried Walnut Cemetery, near Hendricks-Morgan
 County line
 William Ramsey - possible buried on farm near Morgan County line
 Obedieth Turpin - buried East Cemetery, Danville
 Lawrence (Laurence) Vanardsdall -
 John Wallace - buried Walnut Grove Cemetery
 John Ward - buried on west side of Road 267 several hundred feet west
 of Mobile gas station, which is just south of Interstate 74
 William Wiley - buried Gossett Cemetery, S. of Avon

NCHS

The following article by Wayne Guthrie former popular columnist for The Indianapolis News is interesting not only in its content but because it concerns a relative of a very dear member of our Society. Mr. Guthrie will be remembered by many of us for a splendid talk he gave at Pittsboro the first year our Society was in existence.

SOME STUDENT GOES OLD AS HICKORY STICK

By Wayne Guthrie

I have an idea that one phase of college life has not changed materially and will not be altered. I mean that students of any era must watch their pennies to make ends meet.

What fun it is to compare costs of other years with those of today in college life. I wonder whether students of the future will get the same kick from comparing their costs with those of our days? These thoughts were suggested by a letter in the possession of Frances Fisher, Pittsboro. It was written in February, 1863, to her grandmother, Myriam Mills Weaver, then a girl of only 15, in regard to her attending old Bainbridge Academy.

Apparently she had written to the school for information and the letter, written by J. E. Miller, was the reply. The principal of the institution at that time was not mentioned by name. However, she was an Eastern woman and a graduate of the Newbury Seminary, Vermont. Mrs. Fisher explained the contents of the letter thus:

"Tuition was \$5.50 a term for three studies, one in common English, grammar, geography and arithmetic, but for the higher studies, such as algebra, rhetoric or Latin, there was an added fee of 75¢.

"Rooms were available for \$2 a term and the cost of oil for lamps, which then were being used instead of candles, would be \$1 or \$2, with an additional cost of \$1 for wood for fuel.

"The writer of this letter suggested that provisions could be brought from home - flour, molasses, butter and even meat. A bed could be rented but if Grandmother wished she could bring her own bedding, a straw tick, to be filled after she arrived and sheets and blankets which she would need.

"In reference to textbooks, McGuffey's 'New Fifth Reader,' Pinei's 'Grammar' - I am not sure about the word 'Pinei' as the writing is pretty indistinct in that place - Cornell's geography,

Ray's arithmetic and Ray and Davies' algebra. There were about 80 to 100 scholars at that time."

Mrs. Fisher said that after reading that letter she went straightway to the State Library but could find nothing for 1863. She did find, however, a complete catalogue for 1859 with the list of subjects taught, faculty and pupils.

"The saddest part," she continued "is that I never knew whether my grandmother ever did attend the academy. She was married very soon after the Civil War and somehow in all the stories and various accounts she told us through the years she never mentioned her education and we, being children, neglected to ask her."

NCHS

From the archives came a copy of The Danville Gazette published Sept. 10, 1930. The Gazette was celebrating its 50th anniversary and the following items appeared in that paper in September, 1880:

FIRST STREET LAMP

Drygoods Merchant Implanted It In
 Danville 50 Years Ago.

John H. Stevens should be remembered as the first person that erected a street lamp in Danville. Cut this out and paste it in your scrap book. It will do to refer to when our city is illuminated by electric light. - The Gazette, Vol. I, No. 8 Nov. 2, 1880.

John H. Stevens was a progressive drygoods merchant when he started a new method of street lighting in Danville. Before and for some time after he implanted the first lamp post in the town, Danville citizens made their way over the graveled sidewalks by moonlight, and when the moon was not shining, these footpaths were illuminated by lanterns of tin or glass, some containing candles, the glass lanterns being still more modern, with a lamp burner, wick and kerosene, or coal oil. The lanterns were carried in the hand of a pedestrian.

As the years went by, street lamp posts became more numerous, being implanted at dark street corners in both business and residence sections. These lamps were of large square panes of glass, mounted in frames, and contained kerosene burners. They were set up by the Town Board and were attended by a street lighter who each day trimmed the wicks, cleared the glass of oily soot and replenished the oil. The lamps were lighted at dusk and often burned until next day noon, when the oil supply gave out.

But Mr. Stevens was entitled to another distinction. He discovered the five and ten-cent counter years before F.W. Woolworth founded the first five and ten cent store. In the Stevens store was a long table on which was arrayed a variety of merchandise-tack hammers, screw drivers, mouse traps, boxes of carpet tacks, cotton notions in variety, and many other articles that could with a profit be sold for a nickel or a dime. The table was a feature of the Stevens store, with a boy as salesman at \$1.50 a week.

Mr. Stevens, however, did not dream of the possibilities of his five and ten cent idea, and he did not expand it into a great chain of dime stores such as Woolworth, Kresge, and others evolved in later years.

Another thing brought in was a contract made up in 1932 of a man with his doctor. If the doctor cured the man of his malady he would be paid a stated amount. If he did not, no money. Hmm!

The Granny Beck's Corner Craft Shop has been reopened as of July 1, 1978. Kathi Kelley, Brownsburg, manages it. Several interesting articles have been received. Among things offered were decorated eggs made out of goose eggs, pendants made from pheasant eggs. Wouldn't the goose and pheasant hen say "My, my!" if they knew their eggs went far beyond the call of duty! The shop handles its items on a consignment basis, or items may be donated. The shop was started around Christmas time and operated during "Christmas at the Museum" but was closed afterward. It proved to be a popular venture and was reopened.

Clubs have included a tour of the museum for at least one meeting of the year. It is getting to be a popular place inasmuch as dates have to be arranged well ahead of time.

Plans are to have all the rooms in the building on display. It may take a while, but it will be done.

Jewell Bell

H C H S

A Love Story

Among a number of interesting items presented to the Museum by Mrs. Marcia Coopridge of Amo recently was an album. Later these were called autograph albums but in 1850 - 1853 they were much more than autograph albums. Every one who contributed to this particular album did so in poetry, and I think it can be safely assumed that most of the poems were originals. The first page read thus:

This album now abroad I send
In hopes 'twill meet a gentle friend
Who, as a token of their love,
Will make its pages for to prove.

When it returns I want to feel
The evidence of Friendship's weal,
That warms the heart and cheers the mind
And we unite in spirits kind.
This was signed M.D. which stood for Mary Dixon, owner of the book.

The early pages were entitled "For Mary", "For a friend" or "For Mary Dixon" I will quote only one and you will soon see why I chose this particular one:

Entitled "For a Friend"
This album I have viewed it 'ore
And among its pages finde
There yet is room for writing more
If any one's a minde.

And I think they are those that would be
And feel that way inclined
If they could the album see
They'd show a willing minde.

Then send it fourth and let it go
And bid it all good speed
There may be something penned that would do
In future days to read.

Thy Friend

Caleb Hunt 1851

Now we will all agree that Caleb Hunt didn't write too romantically nor did he show signs of becoming a great poet, but he must have had other charms, for in the later pages, Mary Dixon is greeted as "Mary Hunt". So between the lines and the yellow pages of this old album we can read a love story, for Calib and Mary Hunt, grandparents of Mrs. Marcia Coopridge were married and it was they who gave an acre of ground where the first school building in Amo was built.

(Ed note: Isn't this apropos of our theme of Education?)

H C H S

World War I Records

Claude D. Raber (deceased) and Claire J. Sellars, veterans of World War I, were prevailed upon to write the account of Hendricks County's effort in World War I and to register names of Hendricks County veterans for the HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORY, 1914-1976.

Evidently the only local records available were 1910 newspaper and discharge records filed in the office of the Hendricks County Recorder. They diligently searched these sources, eighteen months for history and for names of men inducted into military service from Hendricks County.

The Honorable William G. Bray, then Congressman from Indiana's Sixth District responded to their request for assistance, with many typed pages of pertinent material from military records stored in Washington, D. C.

After months of tedious and persistent labor, Claude D. Raber and Claire J. Sellars produced a commendable report of Hendricks County's military service and our 838 veterans, 29 of whom paid the supreme sacrifice.

This report was not printed in the HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORY, 1914-1976. Consequently their account was recently published with permission of Claire J. Sellars, in The Hendricks County Courier, Tuesday, May 23, 1978. The sponsors for this publication were: Claire J. Sellars; Scott F. Mosier, Jr.; Brownsburg Lincoln American Legion Post 331; Brownsburg American Legion Auxiliary; Brownsburg 40 & 0 Club; Hendricks County Post 110, Danville; Kurtz-Booker American Legion Post 217, North Salem; Mysewander - Sayliff American Legion Post 329, Plainfield; and Pittsboro American Legion Post 426.

Don Richer, editor of the Courier had 9000 copies of the May 23rd issue printed, providing an ample supply for veterans, schools libraries and other interested citizens. Mr. Richer also printed names accidentally omitted May 23rd in The Courier, the following week. These were; Herman J. Parsons, Lovell M. Parsons and Leon D. Pritchard.

Our sincere thanks go to all who helped make the publication of this chronicle and list of names possible. Especially are we grateful to Claude D. Raber (deceased) and Clair J. Sellars for their months of pains-taking research for the original manuscript and to Congressman William G. Bray for his invaluable assistance.

Ruth M. Pritchard

Death has taken another member from our ranks with the passing of Mr. Alva Pace of North Salem. We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

Blanche Wean recently assumed her duties as president of the Indiana Society of Public Accountants, a responsibility of great importance. She was also reelected secretary-treasurer of the Danville Chamber of Commerce Board. These new endeavors in addition to other obligations too numerous to mention make us wonder what next this remarkable woman will undertake. Congratulations to our treasurer!

The Danville United Methodist Church is sailing along with plans for the Sesquicentennial Celebration October 22, 25, and 29th. Grace Cox, member of the Executive Committee, chairman of the History Committee, and Maxine Cox, member of the History Committee, are Society members involved. Then your Editor and her sweetie pie are serving as General Chairmen. (Oh, well, I know we are chairpersons, but it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks!). Anyway, we hope you will join us at any or all of these occasions.

I have been handed a beautifully typed copy of the records of the Cartersburg Spring Hill Cemetery. The cemetery was read by Maxine Cox, Marian Covey and Grace Cox. The proofreading, which was completed June 20, was done by Maxine Cox, Ruth Pritchard and Grace Cox. I must also add that the impeccable typing was done by Grace.

We were shocked and saddened by the sudden serious illness of Habel Joseph who gave such a delightful part of our last program. At the time of going to press she is still in Hendricks County Hospital but, at last reports, improving and hoping to go home. Our thoughts and prayers are with her as well as Randall and Virginia and Naomi and other members of her fine family.

Now About a Chuckle?

My Get Up and Go Has Got Up and Went

How do I know that my youth is all spent?

Well, my get up and go has got up and went

But in spite of it all, I am able to grin

When I think of the places my get up has been.

Old age is golden, I've oft heard it said;

But sometimes I wonder when I get into bed

With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup.

My eyes on the table until I wake up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself.

Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?

And I'm happy to say, as I close my door.

My friends are the same, or maybe some more.

When I was young, my slippers were red

I could kick up my heels right over my head.

When I grew older, my slippers were blue,

But still I could dance the whole night through.

Now that I'm old, my slippers are black.

I walk to the store, and puff my way back.

The reason I know that my youth is all spent

My get up and go has got up and went.

But I really don't mind as I think with a grin,
Of all the places my get up has been.
Since I have retired from life's competition,
I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning, dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the obits.
If my name is still missing, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

Officers 1978

President

Mrs. Ed Winkelmann
Box 308
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4351

Vice President

Mrs. Lester English
R. R. #2, Box 76
Brownsburg, IN 46112
Tel. 852-4088

Secretary

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R. R. #1
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4344

Treasurer

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne Street
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

Historian

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. #3, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

Publicity Chairman

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 W
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

Assistant Secretary

Mrs. Don Keller
496 East Columbia Street
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2795

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H C H S

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

Autumn

"...there is no such thing as a bad autumn... It becomes possible to walk softly in the shadowed woods, an inquisitive collie now in front and now behind. You pause to pick up an acorn from the forest floor. The acorn cracks; and buried within the ivory flesh one sees the infant beans, the ribs of unbuilt ships. Walnuts emerge damp-black from spongy wombs. These are not days of death in the woods; these are days of conception, the seed dropping, the wet mold covering, the earth enfolding in winter's slow gestation."

From The Foxes' Union by James J. Kilpatrick

Genealogists

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Miss Grace Cox
494 U. Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R. R. #1, Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. #3, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

H C H S

Hail and Farewell from Our Great President!!!

(Editor's Words)

It hardly seems possible that another year of our Hendricks County Historical Society is almost at an end. It has been a most enjoyable year. The programs have been outstanding. We are most grateful to Carolyn Kellum and her committee: Vyanne Chandler, Grace Cox, Gloria Higgins and Darlene Lynch.

We are so proud of our Hendricks County Museum. We thank Mildred Hosier, president and the members of the board, the docents and the many volunteers and especially Dorothy Kelley, executive vice president. She gives so much of her time and talents. We are so fortunate to have such interested people working together to make the museum the appealing place that it is. We thank Jewell Bell for her informative publicity, which appears regularly in the county papers, concerning the many interesting gifts and loans to the museum. We are looking forward to "Christmas at the Museum" the first two weekends in December. It is always such an enjoyable time, and it promises to be even better this year.

I especially thank the other officers, the editor of the bulletin and the volunteers who assemble and mail the bulletin.

I wish to thank all of you for your inspiring help and cooperation during the past two years. It has been a joy and a privilege to serve you. It has given me an opportunity to know you more intimately and I certainly treasure these friendships that I have made through my association with the Hendricks County Historical Society. Best wishes for the coming years,

Mary Jeannette Winkelmann

H C H S

Thanks to the Winkelmanns!

As this year comes to a close, we would be remiss not to say a heartfelt "thank you" to the Winkelmanns, Mary Jeanette, aided and abetted, sustained and supported by that wonderful Ed, has done a terrific job, not only for the HCHS, but for the Museum Board. We have made great strides together, and as she most modestly thanks every one else for their contributions...and they have been great... let us join in a rousing vote of appreciation for the Winkelmanns.. Mary Jeanette and Ed!

The August Meeting

A perfect August day brought 46 members to the beautiful Methodist Church in Pittsboro, the 13th, for a most interesting meeting. Hazel Rains gave the devotions and after reports from officers, the nominating committee presented the following slate of officers for the coming year: President, Randall Joseph; Vice President, Marian Morrell; Secretary, Mildred Smith; Treasurer, Blanche Vean; Historian, Dorothy Templin; and Publicity, Jewell Bell. These officers will be duly elected at the next meeting.

The fascinating program consisted of a show and tell talk and exhibition program during which many members displayed and explained the historical significance of unusual articles, most of which were family heirlooms. Member participation was rewarding and another such program would be popular another year.

The social hour was in charge of the ladies of Bel River, Union and Middle Townships.

H C H S

The November Meeting

Our next meeting will be held at the Carinth Church, north of Brownsburg. Instructions to get there are to go north on S. R. #267 to Road 1,000 North, turn west a short distance and you're there.

Mrs. Darlene Lynch is chairman of the hostess committee which consists of the ladies of Brown, Washington and Lincoln townships. Those members with perfect attendance at this year's meetings will be recognized.

Gloria Higgins, a member of the program committee, has announced that Mrs. Vici Weaver, of Danville, will review the book, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Mrs. Weaver has quite a reputation for her delightful book reviews and, in the humble opinion of the editor, ranks right up there with the professionals. Coincidentally, "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" was written by Edward Eggleston, a Hoosier author and a "circuit rider" of the Methodist Church. In case any of you don't know it (and how could you help but know it with your editor harping on it for months!), The Danville United Methodist Church is just now recovering from its exciting and inspiring week of Sesquicentennial Celebrations.

H C H S

Museum Musings

By Jewell Bell

At the time of the last bulletin the tulip bed at the museum was in full bloom. After the tulips finished blooming, the Hendricks County Garden Club set out ageratum and petunias. The flower bed has been a pleasure all summer. The shingle oak the D.A.R. set out is growing nicely.

Clubs are finding the museum a great place to hold meetings and some intend to have one a year or more if they can manage. A guided tour is always on the agenda.

There is quite a collection of Indian artifacts, including arrow-heads of various sizes, a plow and an axe. If one didn't look twice, he'd declare they were rocks. Then there is an Indian type costume with real eagle feathers, and real bear teeth. He'd just as soon see them as part of a costume as to come face to face with the living thing.

There is material concerning Central Normal College and Canterbury College. We have some school pictures of days long gone. There are lots of pictures of groups from Central Normal that do not have any other identification except from the school. If any one who went there has the time to spare, we'd like some help. Surely someone knows who the subjects are.

We have received lots of books, some very old. We thought when we got some published in the 1850's we were going back a ways, but the other day there was one, an arithmetic book, that was surely in the late 1700's and early 1800's. We had to go by some of the examples. The leaf that would tell exactly was missing. The example included a date of 1799.

Recently we received a beautiful old melodeon that was originally in the Judge George Brill home.

Mr. Charles Brunson of Plainfield has been busy putting all those small hand tools on peg-board and hanging them on the wall. He's doing a fine job, too!

There is also the printing press that was used at Central Normal way back when Dr. J. A. Joseph was the president. The college printed all of its business forms and letterheads.

And clothes! Silks and velvets with lots of bead-work. It is hard to imagine a taffeta apron with a velvet ribbon trim in the kitchen, but we have one. Didn't things get spilled then?

Then there is the craft shop! Right now Christmas things are making their appearance. There are tree decorations in needlepoint, crochet, and stuffed toys. We noticed a mobile of owls up in the corner just daring the little shell nice to start something. There are cardinal refrigerator decorations, also a bunch of black cats and Schnauzer dogs lining the steam pipe. We had about a dozen turkeys, but they all found new homes. One wall plaque shows about the contrariest looking donkey ever created, eating a bouquet of flowers and just daring anyone to do anything about it. Oh, yes! There is some nifty note-paper with the logo of the museum. Done by our own Florence Obenchain, Pittsboro. It would make nice Christmas gifts.

H C H S

What Happened to the Storm Cellar

by Zona Walker

Do you remember going to the storm cellar? Many were the summer nights when we would rouse to hear Mama saying, "It's storming and Papa thinks we had better go to the cellar." Wrapped in blankets we would stumble barefooted down the stairs and assemble in the lamplit kitchen while Papa was about the serious business of the evacuation. Windows and doors and every possible fire hazard had to be checked.

When everything was deemed in readiness, Papa marshalled his little forces to the shadowy, vine-covered back porch.

Ah, the delicious excitement of it! Black clouds rolling in the sky, swaying trees and flattening grass brought into momentary visibility by the crackling jagged flashes of lightning, the almost constant rumbling and crash of thunder. If you counted between the flashes of lightning and roar of thunder, you could tell how many miles away the lightning would strike. "That one was pretty close," Papa would warn ominously.

There was usually some brief delay on the porch while Papa made a trip or two back into the abandoned house to get his pipe and tobacco or a supply of drinking water in the event that we had to hole in for an indefinite stay when the moment was right. Papa would dash the few feet from the back porch to the storm cellar and open the door, and wait for the little charges. The stone steps were cool under our feet. At the foot of the musty flight was another door which entered into the circular stone subterranean cave. The air down here was always cool, dank. Wooden shelves lined one side where Mama stored her canned goods. Papa ceremoniously lit the lantern that always hung ready for just such an emergency as this. On the floor below the lantern stood an axe in the event that should debris be piled upon the door, we should have a means of hacking our way to freedom. Wide awake, cosily wrapped in the blankets we perched on the wooden planks that formed a seat against the dew-dropped walls, thoroughly enjoying every minute of the imminent danger pounding away above our heads, and the adventure of being up in the middle of the night.

Sometimes Mama told us old beloved familiar tales of her girlhood. Sometimes Papa regaled us with stories of the time he and Uncle Henry blew up the powder can or the time he saw one of the "little people" in the woods that Mama was rather firm about the latter sort of tale, not believing that children's minds should be filled with such nonsense. Usually Papa was too restless to sit still long. Every few minutes he would venture forth to reconnoiter and return with a report of the storm's progress. "It looks like the main part is moving to the south." "Clearing a little, but we had better wait a while longer." "Bad looking cloud moving in from the west."

Sometimes he even went back into the danger-filled house and brought back thick slices of heavily buttered homemade bread for us.

Then would come the final foray, and Papa would report all was safe, and we would troop back in the house to nestle sleepily into bed, safe in the knowledge that once more Papa had pitted his wits against the elements and had brought us safely through the crisis.

H C H S

The following article, lifted from the recently published History of the Danville United Methodist Church, is of interest not only to Methodists, but to all Hendricks County folk, if only for the fact that colored citizens, as they were then called, now Blacks, have been so few in our county.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church

"Let brotherly love continue. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Hebrews 13: 1 and 2

We have not been able to learn much about the African Methodist Episcopal Church of Danville, but we do know that we were friendly neighbors for a number of years. The first reference to the A.M.E. Church, as it was called, appeared in a Danville paper dated November 3, 1881: "The Colored M. E. Church of this place have bought of Stewart and Roberts a lot adjoining Wm. Wollens green house on the north and will proceed to build thereon a church for worship and a lodge room above." This would put their church just west and perhaps a little south of our location at that time so that our back yards were maybe adjoining.

As good neighbors should, the two churches visited each other occasionally. In November, 1888, the following notice appeared in The Republican: "On next Sabbath evening Rev. D. H. Wood will give a lecture at the Methodist Church on 'The New Africa - Its Discovery and Destiny.' A special invitation is extended to the colored people of Danville and vicinity."

The ladies of the A.M.E. Church gave ice cream socials and festivals on the Court House lawn. They served suppers for business men in a room formerly occupied by Bell's restaurant on West Main Street. The Crescent Literary Society was a busy group giving entertainments and sponsoring other money making projects. In 1889, we read, "The ladies of the Crescent Literary Society will have a grand entertainment consisting of readings, declamations, essays, dialogues, instrumental and vocal music. Miss Effie Fossett, one of Indiana's best elocutionists will take part in the entertainment. Proceeds to be used for plastering for the A. M. E. Church."

As with most churches, money, or rather lack of it, was always a problem. In September, 1888, this plea appeared in The Republican: The A. M. E. Church to the citizens of Danville: By the labors of their pastor, the trustees William Johnson and Abner Fouce have received a deed for their church property and there is a balance of about \$70 to be paid in 2 installments as follows: half the amount by January 4, 1889 and the rest by July 4, 1889. As the pastor will go into Conference in a few days, and as it is uncertain whether he will return here, he has made a last appeal to the good people of Danville, and hopes they will continue to help the struggling brethren of the A. M. E. Church until the last dollar is paid. Mrs. Anna Reynolds is the authorized collector of the church at this place." In January of 1889, there was still a balance of \$38.95 unpaid.

Dr. Wesley Prettyman, a presiding elder in a colored conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Alabama, visited the Danville church in 1889. His special aim was to present the colored question as viewed by the Methodist Church in the southern work and to make a plea for funds for Rust Normal School of Huntsville. The Elder received donations amounting to \$35.00.

About thirty members of the Danville A. M. E. Church attended the Quarterkt Conference at Plainfield in August, 1889, and in the same month, visitors to the A. M. E. Sunday School were the Rev. Hull, one of our former ministers, and W. A. Clark. The two were given a hearty invitation to return.

Pastors mentioned during these years included the Rev. D. H. Wood, the Rev. J. R. Perfuson, P. R., The Rev. Charles Stewart and the Rev. Nathaniel Jones.

We do not know how long the little church continued to exist. It is a comforting and an inspiring chapter in our story to learn of the mutual love and genuine respect the two sister churches felt for each other. They walked hand in hand in their common quest for righteousness and they had no need to be told that, in the eyes of God, all hearts and all souls are the same color.

Sidelight From a Board Meeting

by Marian Worrell

Sometimes interesting little historical facts come to light in conversation with others, as did this little story. I was telling it as the result of a conversation with Museum board members at the close of our October meeting and someone said, "Why don't you write that up as an item for the Historical Bulletin?"

In 1976 there was a little difference of opinion as to where the actual boundary line lay between two properties across the road from our farm. It was decided to have the area surveyed and put an end to all doubt. In order to do this it was necessary to find the cornerstone from which to start. In researching to find how to find the stone it was described as being X number of feet directly east of the center cedar tree, 14 inches in diameter in the front yard of the Kiger farm.

Luckily for all involved the cedar tree was still mostly alive and after careful calculation for the difference in size, the modern surveyor marked the spot and dared to drill a hole directly through the middle of the black-top road and--do you believe it--he hit the cornerstone the first time!

The Kiger family was the ancestral family of Fred Worrell and through whom he was the owner of a farm still held by a direct descendant of the original homestead.

The surveyor who surveyed in 1898 was Fletcher Franklin, father of Margaret Baler and the conversation arose when someone asked why Margaret had surveyor's tools to present to the museum.

H C H S

The Brown School

By Jewell Bell

The old Brown School House, District No. 1, Center Township, stands in the south-east corner of the intersection of County Roads 200 North and 200 East. It has seen generations come and go. Many are heard to say, "I went to school there!" "Is the mark I scratched in the concrete on the window sill still there?" One fellow might say. And upon visiting the building after several years are apt to say: "And the blackboard is still there!" Yes, the old cotton-wood trees that used to stand just outside the south windows and the old wood-house near the road are gone, as is the old wood-house, and one of the three maples that stand on the west of the yard. One is wont to hear some pretty funny stories that came out of the old school days.

Mr. Will Templin of Daville tells us that the first school in the neighborhood was a subscription school. It was a log structure that stood about a quarter mile east of the present building on land now owned by the Bell family. The building burned.

On December 14, 1855, William Skillman of Highland County, Ohio, deeded one-half acre off the northwest corner of his land to be used for a school. The trustees were Enion Singer, Abraham Bland, and Abraham Estes (Eastes). The deed was recorded on January 12, 1856.

A frame school house was built by John Bousman. It was named "Brown" after John Brown (grandfather of Vena Mitchell Hughes) who lived near, and who also paid \$30 for the one half acre of ground.

Charley Foley was the first teacher, and Dr. W. T. Lawson, well-known Danville physician, was one of its first pupils.

"The following is a report of the first quarter of the evening Sabbath School at BROWN SCHOOL HOUSE: Average attendance 61, number of visitors 126. The prizes offered by our Supt. S. B. Ensminger were won by Miss Anna Smith and Miss Alice Green. The whole class labored hard and their teacher thought they all deserved a prize, so made each a present. Number of verses recited by each was as follows: Anna Smith, 1609; Alice Green, 1378; Mary Green, 1197; Elizabeth Green, 1115; Francis Hughes, 749; Jane Swank, 735; Emma Swank. James D. Smith--Sec'y"

Taken from Hendricks County Union
August 8, 1872

After some years the school house burned, and another frame building was erected.

The latter part of August, 1893, neighbors awakened one morning to find the school had been destroyed by fire during the night. Immediately plans were made to build a brick school house. It was finished in December, 1893.

George Robbins was the first to teach in the new building.

On August 29, 1900, Sam Ensminger, trustee of Center Township, bought one-half acre of land from Byron Skillman of Putnam County for \$75. This purchase would make a square acre for school purposes. The deed was recorded on September 1, 1900.

Bertha Christie was the last teacher. It was closed due to consolidation of the Center Township schools. Several generations have attended school at Brown and if the building could talk, what stories it could tell!

The building stood empty from 1928 to the early 1930's. It was used as a rental and was sold to Carlos Mackey on November 25, 1933 for \$130. It was used as a rental until April 19, 1937, when the White Lick Home Economics Club and the White Lick Community Club bought it for \$550. The clubs had been meeting in homes of members for several years and the old school house looked like it was just what they wanted for a club house. After several years the White Lick Home Economics Club disbanded and the White Lick Community Club continued alone. The club still has monthly meetings and card parties. It rents the building for reunions and other family activities.

A tornado in 1948 that leveled Coatesville, damaged the building severely. In the remodeling process, the looks of the building was changed somewhat, but one doesn't have to look very long before he will recognize that it is still the Old Brown School House.

Information and excerpts taken from the minutes of the first Brown School Reunion, and from the Hendricks County Union Newspaper, and Mr. Will Templin.

Brown School Teachers

Charles Foley	Flora Swank Mitchell	Lillie Bain
George Herron	Hattie Mitchell Jones	Charles Parker
Nell Ensminger	Hollie Mitchell	Robert Shirley
William Stover	Rebecca Demsey	Charley Templin
Lucy Gosney	Jennie Hill King	Earl Comer
Cy Ball	Sam Ensminger	Ruel Walls
James Lambert	John Hays	Elva Blaydes Badow
Miss Rufford	Evan Estep	Frank Jordan
Will Ragan	James Darnell (2 times)	Mary Grooms Comer
Frank Fergerson	James Ogden	Eula Lawson Clifton
Sam Ensminger	James Hurst	Marie Mitchell Love
Pauline Garrett	George Robbins	Mary Winternheimer
Dr. W. T. Lawson	Martha Lawrence Stephenson	Clarice Barts
Souders	Luke Tharp	Bessie Broyles Barlow
Hurst, Sr.	Andy Wishard	Pansy Mills
James Demsey	Joe Norman	Roy Harrison
Liza Green	Charles Parker	Evangeline Harrison Shockency
Rill Correll Monday	Maude King Mitchell	Bertha Christie
Frankie Hughes Mitchell		

Note: This was copied as Vena Hughes copied it from the records. She put in the married names even though the ladies married after they had taught here.

H C H S

Is Anyone in the Market for an Epitaph?

If anyone is concerned about what to have put on your tombstone, here are a few suggestions. Now I'm not saying that Grace Cox and Ruth Pritchard have been working too hard on cemetery records...no, I am not implying that at all. I am, in fact, not even implying that they had anything to do with the following or that these little gems were found in Hendricks County. But these do seem to fall into their line of work, wouldn't you think?

In the old days, by the time you got through reading some of the epitaphs, you felt that you knew the person buried there. Some were brief and to the point, as this message, "I expected this but not so soon." Another, apparently authored by one whose faith must have wavered at times, read, "Gone to see for myself." Another, by a poor, suffering soul who obviously didn't receive much sympathy from his wife read, "See, Elizabeth, I told you I was sick."

Poets waxed, although not so eloquently, and often in a not-so-complimentary way. Consider this masterpiece:

"Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who, on the 24th of May
Began to hold her tongue."
And this:

"Here lies the man, Richard, and Mary, his wife,
Whose surname was Pritchard. They lived without strife,
And the reason was plain - they abounded in riches,
They had no care nor pain and his wife wore the britches."

Another takes a pot shot at funeral directors, or undertakers as they were then called (but who are used to it by this time!):

"Here lies one who, for medicines, wouldn't give a little gold,
And so his life was lost.
I fancy now he'd wish to live, could he be told
How much his funeral cost."

The most popular, which originated in the 14th Century reads:

"Stranger, stop and read.
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now so shall you be,
Prepare for death, and follow me."

But one independent thinker added two lines:

"To follow you, I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went."

Now, I will rather belatedly, relieve Grace and Ruth of all responsibility of this foolishness. These were copied from an article by Barbara Craig in The Indianapolis Star Magazine printed recently. None of these are on Hendricks County tombstones, as far as we know, for our sturdy forefathers were much too sensible for such frivolities.

H C H S

The New I.O.O.F. Hall

By Ruth Pritchard

Eighty years ago (1898) the sound of hammers, saws, trowels, wheel barrows and other construction noises were heard in Clayton, Indiana. The Edmondson Brothers were erecting a new brick "block" on Kentucky street.

The officers of Clayton Lodge, No. 205, I.O.O.F. appointed a building committee on July 25, 1898, to construct a new lodge hall, to occupy the second floor of the Edmondson Building. The members of this committee were: E. J. Smith, Ora P. Martin and H. P. Jones.

By January 23, 1899, the committee submitted their complete and final report to the officers and members of the Clayton Lodge No. 205, I.O.O.F.

This report contains a list of names of contributors who donated cash and labor in this project. These might be of interest to H.C.H.S. members.

Aaron Acton	Ed Cope	A. H. Fitchett	George A. Harvey
John Burns	John Cox	Finley Franklin	Garah (?) Hayworth
Theo Burns	J. W. Doty	V. L. Glover	Jehu Jackson
J. T. Busby	William East	Washington Gregg	J. S. Jones
Eugene Clawson	J. S. Edmondson	John H. Hall	H. P. Jones
Charles F. Cline	R. A. Edmondson	William Harbaugh	Samuel Jones
Walter Coble	Edmondson & Wills	O. W. Harrison	Charles M. Lane

Frank Lane	S. R. Peck	George G. Rynerson	Presley Stone
W. F. Lane	John Pounds	Merlin Rynerson	R. D. Stone
Frank Martin	Allen Powers	G. W. Shelton	Charles M. West
J. P. Martin	Reid & Martin	E. J. Smith	Hilton West
Frank McCormack	Aaron Reitzel	Harvey Smith	William West
Hilo McCormack	D. A. Reitzel	E. J. Staley	M. P. White
Orlie McCormick	Leroy Rhoades	George Stone	D. B. Wills
Wm. A. McCormack	Pat Riley	Harvey Stone	Hubert Wills
Wm. E. McCormick	J. S. Ryan	Leslie Stone	Oliver Winsted
William Noel			

The brick layers received forty cents an hour while most of the others received fifteen cents an hour. Washington Gregg put on the roof and V. L. Glover did the plastering.

The I.O.O.F. papers, from which this material was taken, are in the Plainfield Public Library.

H C H S

Wedding Bells (Which have been ringing for many years.)

Golden Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pritchard will celebrate the fiftieth wedding anniversary of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy H. Pritchard, with an open house on Sunday, the third of December nineteen hundred and seventy-eight, from two o'clock to five o'clock at the the First Christian Church in Mooresville, Indiana, 525 North Indiana Street.

The above announcement needs a bit of expanding. I don't know how anyone could be a member of the HCHS and not know that Ruth and Roy are charter members, that they have been most Active (with a capital A) in every HS endeavor. Ruth served as secretary for so many years we have lost track, and if it weren't for Ruth and her contributions, the Bulletin, at times, would have been pretty scimpy. Their interests are many and varied and anything they undertake is characterized by the word "thoroughness." Here's to Roy and Ruth on their 50th, and as young as they are (they had to be under age when they married!), we look forward to their enjoying many more anniversaries.

H C H S

The Davidsons Also Celebrate

October 22nd marked the 62nd wedding anniversary of Joe and Mabel Davidson of Coatesville, but Joe almost spoiled it by falling and breaking his hip a few weeks before. (Could he have been kicking up his heels too high as he might have been doing 62 years ago?) But the good news is that he bounced right back and was home before the anniversary.

There are no two couples who have contributed so much to the HCHS than the Pritchards and the Davidsons. How can we thank them? How can we say what is in our hearts?

The following lovely poem by Robin St. John came to us on our 42nd anniversary, but it is appropriate on the first or the 62nd:

"In love" is a way of seeing a world of bright and sunny skies...
 "In love" is a way of meeting each day as a beautiful surprise...
 "In love" is a treasure of pleasure and dreams the passing of time endears...
 "In love" is a matter of mind and heart that has little to do with years.

Our wish for all couples, whether they have passed or are approaching an anniversary is expressed beautifully this way:

"With each anniversary may you find
 More beautiful days than you've left behind...
 More joys and pleasures than ever dreamed of...
 And may you remain forever "in love."

H C H S

Central Normal College

The year 1978 is the centennial of Central Normal College's move from Ladoga to Danville.

The Danville Methodist Church had purchased the Hendricks County Seminary property in 1858, had conducted school there ten years and from 1868 to 1878 had worshiped in the chapel. When their new church on Washington Street was occupied, the Methodists conveyed the campus to Professor William F. Harper for \$2,500 ("raised by divers citizens").

By the year 1880 - 1881, one hundred ninety-two students were enrolled from one hundred twenty-six towns from sixteen states other than Indiana. There were six hundred fourteen students from two hundred sixty-eight towns in sixty-four counties in Indiana. This gives some idea of Central Normal's rapid expansion in student enrollment and territory represented.

Ruth H. Pritchard

H C H S

In Memorium

A great sadness fell upon our society October 11th, when Miss Mabel Joseph passed away at Hendricks County Hospital. It was difficult for us to accept, for at the May 21st meeting at the Fairfield Friends Meeting, she and her sister, Naomi, gave such an interesting program on customs and practices of the early schools. She seemed well at the time, but shortly afterward, she was admitted to the hospital and has been seriously ill since.

She had led an active and most productive life. She had studied at Central Normal College, Indiana State University, The University of Colorado and Indiana University. She was an excellent and greatly loved teacher and principal. She and Naomi had served our organization as secretary, and her contributions to the world can never be measured. We extend our sincerest sympathy to Naomi and Randall and Virginia and the other members of the family.

Irma Lee Edwards White has quite a collection of poems written by her grandfather, Roscoe L. Edwards (1869-1947). The following poem was written for his son, Kenneth, father of Irma White.

Men

Men are only boys grown tall
Got the start of us that's all
Think to see some of them though
That they never had to grow
Think that the way they look at us
Raisin such an awful fuss
Over things we do and say
That they clean forgot the day
That they was boys' for after all
Men are only boys grown tall

Then there's others they'er the sort
that I call a dandy sport
They remember when they went
Campin in a carpet tent
How when summer days was hot
They went swimin quite a lot
And green apples tasted good
Better than the ripe ones would
They remember that after all
Men are only boys grown tall

And they seem to realize
Where a fellow really tries
And they say go on old man
Do the verry best you can
And they make you feel that you
When you'r grown to manhood too
Want to be like they have been
And you feel like startin in
Trainin now for after all
Men are only boys grown tall

Roscoe L. Edwards

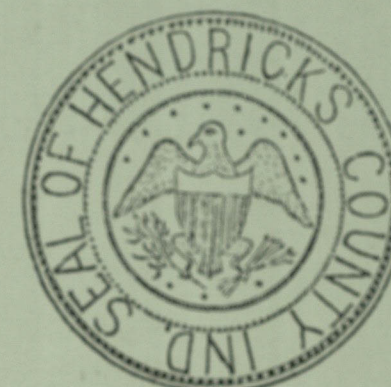
H C H S

Students of the former Central Normal College are marking the Centennial of the establishment of CNC in Danville, in 1878. This ties in with the Danville United Methodist Church's Sesquicentennial, for the building which housed the first classes of CNC was bought from the Danville Methodists. This money was used by the Methodists to build a "fine edifice" at the corner of Washington and Broadway Streets, a lovely landmark which still stands.

Ruth Pritchard has amassed, through the years, an enormous amount of information about CNC and we quote only a part of her large volume.

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME X NUMBER I
February, 1979
PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

OFFICERS 1979

PRESIDENT

Mr. Randall Joseph
R.R. 2, Box 116
Danville, Indiana 46122
Tel. 745-4855

VICE PRESIDENT

Mrs. Fred Morrell
R.R.3, Box 19
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4842

SECRETARY

Mrs. H. A. Smith
R.R.3, Box 53
Brownsburg, IN 46112
Tel. 852-2827

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R.R. 3, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

PUBLICITY

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

GENEALOGISTS

Miss Grace Cox
494 West Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R. R. 1, Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R.R. 3, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

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H C H S

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

H C H S

"To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old."

Oliver Wendell Holmes

GREETINGS FROM OUR PRESIDENT.....

This is the beginning of our twelfth year and I am highly honored that the Historical Society has faith in me to direct them in 1979.

Last year was a most enjoyable one with excellent programs and good fellowship with all of us who are interested in the history of our county as well as our nation.

One of our challenges this year is to sell our history books and to get out of debt. Another one is to increase our membership.

I am looking forward to an interesting and constructive year.

Randall Joseph, president

COMMITTEES FOR 1979

PROGRAM ... Marion Morrell, chairman
Gloria Higgins
Vyanne Chandler
Grace Cox
Darleen Lynch
Maynard Noland

WAYS AND MEANS Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Chandler
Frank Litherland
Marie Hopkins

ARCHIVES ... Dorothy Templin

PUBLICITY .. Jewell Bell

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Center township - Margery Clay
Clay township - Lois Crayton
Eel River township - Zona Walker
Lincoln township - Robert Carter
Marion township - Harold Templin
Franklin township - Ethel Brock
Liberty township - Roy Pritchard
Guilford township - John Higbee
Middle township - M. O. Scamahorn
Union township - Ruth Hall
Washington township - Rex McClain

H C H S

Marian Worrell, chairman of the program committee, has announced the programs for the coming year. These programs sounds like winners. If there is anything our organization is outstanding for, it is the excellent programs we have had throughout the years and the forthcoming ones are no exception. There will be a great deal of variety this year ... something for every one...and it bids fair to being a fun year.

February 11, 1979

New Winchester Christian Church
Marion, Center and Clay Townships
A Valentine Party

Bring any particularly interesting Valentine you may have, especially any very old ones. Also bring along your creative ideas, scissors and any materials you may want to use in making a Valentine that day.

May 6, 1979

Old Salem Church
Liberty, Franklin and Guilford Townships hostess
Preserving your Memories

Bring old or new pictures. Bring anything that has been used or is being used to record memories for posterity - especially old cameras etc.
(Note date one week earlier because of Mothers' Day)

August 12, 1979

Eaton Hall, Brownsburg
Washington, Brown and Lincoln Townships

Old fashioned home made ice cream social with square dancing for entertainment

November 4, 1979

Montclair Christian Church
Eel River, Union and Middle Townships
Hooiers in Politics

Bring any old campaign buttons or banners etc. used in in political rallys.
(Note the earlier date because of the 100th anniversary of Hendricks County Christian Churches on the 2nd Sunday)

H C H S

November 12, 1978

Our Society gathered in the Corinth Church in Brown Township, November 12th for a most interesting meeting. Mary Jeanette Winkelman presided with Mildred Smith giving the devotions. The usual business was transacted, Mrs. Scott Hosier gave a detailed report on the Museum and told of plans for Christmas Open House December 2nd and 3rd, and 9th and 10th. Mrs. Clark Kellum presented certificates for perfect attendance and the new officers were elected. They are listed elsewhere.

Gloria Higgins read a selection entitled "What is a Teacher?" and introduced our speaker, Mrs. Vickie Weaver who very ably and charmingly reviewed the book The Hooier Schoolmaster, by Edward Eggleston who was an Indiana Methodist circuit rider. Mrs. Weaver's review was greatly enjoyed.

Our new president had a few words for us and the meeting adjourned to the fellowship hall for refreshments in charge of Brown, Lincoln and Washington townships.

H C H S

An Interesting Hendricks County Family

Any one who lived in Hendricks County the first half of the century will be familiar with the Hogate name. Julian and Etta Hogate edited the Hendricks County Republican for many years and were well known not only for their journalistic prowess but for their many civic and social activities. For a number of years at Christmas time, they published a miniature replica of The Republican which gave greetings to their friends and included an update on the entire Hogate-Craven families.

Their two sons, Kenneth and Donald, followed in their parents' foot steps and Kenneth reached the peak of journalistic endeavors when he became editor of the Wall Street Journal.

The 1927 Christmas edition came to light recently and here are some items that will interest those who remember the Hogates:

"Kenneth Hogate is an active member of the G.O.F.P.O.P. which, being translated, means Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. It has recently been discovered that, with many men, the path to fame leads from pumping a pipe organ. Kenneth formerly agitated the handle of the organ which stood in the southwest corner of the Methodist auditorium. His compensation was 25¢ per week with nothing extra for revivals. He early learned how much more steam to give an anthem than a solo. Occasionally he would, during the sermon, finish the nap from which he had earlier been rudely awakened."

"Although married all these years, the better half of the union has never reached the point that she fails to say, when a decision is pending on some matter of family policy: 'Well, we did not do it that way at Center Valley.'"

We had a manger scene in the basement. Part of it could be seen from the top of the stairs, but one had to go down stairs to really appreciate it.

Thirteen school classes, grades 3 to 6, toured the museum during the time it was all dressed up for Christmas. The students were from Brownsburg and Danville.

Our appeal for an old ironing board was answered, and now we have a laundry room in the basement. Now we want an old wash stand!

If the weather holds out and we can get around, the museum will be open on Tuesday, 9:30 a.m. to about 3:30 p.m. and on Saturday from 1-4 p.m.

An old "programme", yellow with age, came to our attention recently. Many of the names on the programme seemed vaguely familiar, but one name stood out. Nora Walsh is your Editor's mother. She was teaching at North Salem in 1895. Although she was a Primary teacher, she is credited with introducing public school music in Hendricks County. North Salem natives will recognize many of the other names.

LADIES CHORAL UNION

at the

Christian Church

LIZTON : : : INDIANA.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 9, '95.

PROGRAMME

PART I

1. Chorus—"Day is at Last Departing." Raff
L. C. U.
2. Piano Solo—"Polka Caprice." Epstein
Emma Williams
3. Vocal Solo—"As the Dawn." Cantor
Mamie Kennedy
4. Chorus—"Primavera" Moderati
L. C. U.
5. Cornet Solo—"Theme and Varie" Millers
Arthur Waters

PART II

6. Chorus—"Spring and Love" Lob
L. C. U.
7. Vocal Trio—"Awakening of the Birds." Concone
Ada Clark, Nora Walsh, Maud Clements
8. Piano Solo—"Grande March De Concert" Jollen Hempt
Miss Georgia Leak
9. Vocal Solo—"Friends" Lohr
Dine Emmons

10. Cornet Trio. Selected
Messus Waters, Clay And Rudy

11. Vocal Duet—"Fair Janet" Franz Abt
Minnie and Ada Clark

PART III

12. Chorus—Drawn From Samson and Delilah
L. C. U.

13. Vocal Solo Selected
Mr. George Waters

14. Vocal Trio—"Warrior." Macfarren
Nettie Clay, Mamie Kennedy,
Lettie Clements

15. Chorus—"Fairy Elves" with Soprano Solo
by Nettie Clay Murray

R. B. Rudy,
Lida Waters

Musical Director
Accompanist

At the present time Grace Cox, 494 West Clinton Street, Danville, IN. 46122 is in possession of three old photograph albums. In the album that I keep are the following pictures:

1. John & Elizabeth (Betay) Canary
2. Anna McKnight (McNite)
3. Polly Green
4. Aaron & Rebecca Wilhite
5. John & Sarah Wilhite
6. Hattie Little

All of the above women, except Hattie Little, are daughters of Alexander Little and sisters of Samuel Little.

In the second album must be relatives of the late James R. Ward, who married Melissa Cox.

1. David Ward
2. Catharine Ward
3. James Ward 1872
4. Melissa Cox 1872
5. Celia Morrison
6. Mary Ward
7. Rhoda Ward

In the third album

1. Alfred Elmore
2. Will Weaver
3. Tiry Hunter
4. Theodore Rader
5. Mary Lindley
6. Jossie Miller
7. James R. Ward
8. Charles S. Cox
9. Ezra Woodward
10. Melissa Craven
11. Rebecca Craven
12. Ira Woodward
13. Riley Woodward
14. Joe Woodward & Allen Craven

In each album there are unidentified pictures.

- In the last list, #5. Mary Lindley is the daughter of Aaron & Louisa Cox Lindley
 #6. Josie Miller is daughter of Michael and Jane Cox Miller
 #8. Charles S. Cox is a brother of Melissa Cox Ward.

The second and third albums will return to Helen Maxine Ward Wilson

Grace would like to urge everyone ... and she means everyone ... to have their Bible Records zeroxed for her files. Much, much valuable information is recorded in family Bibles, many of which are gathering dust and will eventually be lost. If you don't know how to proceed, give Grace a call, and she will be glad to help you. Telephone 745-2552. This information is very important and we are fortunate to have some one like Grace undertake the project.

H. C. H. S.

INTERESTING ITEMS OF THE PAST

The Danville Advertiser March 11, 1854

School

The undersigned respectfully announces to the citizens of Danville and vicinity, that he will open a school, in the Old Presbyterian Church, on the 27th of February, inst., where pupils will be taught the different branches (sp) of an English education. He solicits the support of those friendly to improvement. The tuition (sp) will in no case exceed three dollars per quarter per pupil; but it will be regulated by the number in attendance. If necessary a lady assistant will be procured.

Danville, February 24th 1854: 24: tf

James Lockridge

Chair and Cabinet Maker

Shop on the south east corner of the Public Square, Danville, Indiana
 Coffins made on short notice

Estray Notices

Taken up by James McClain, in Washington Township, Hendricks County, two stray fat hogs, one sow, of a sandy color with black spots, marked with an under bit out of each ear, the other is a barrow, mostly white with some black spots and appraised at \$15.75 by Robert Barker and James Campbell on the 30th of December, 1853, before Squire Seth Murrin.

Bradley Bartholomew

Drs. Bartholomew and Cox,
 have associated themselves together in the practice of medicine.
 Office corner of Washington and Clinton Streets--Bartholomew's old stand, Danville.
 Calls promptly attended to at all hours.
 November 15, '53:13;ly

LARD LAMPS

Kinnear's newly invented oxygen Lard Lamps - the cheapest and best lamp now in use. Although this lamp is designed expressly for lard, yet oil may be used as in all other lamps. For sale wholesale and retail by

H. S. KELLOG

Sign of the Big Padlock
 Indpls., Sept 29:7

The Danville Advertiser Saturday May 27, 1854

Donation Party

The friends of the Rev. C. S. Burgner, will pay him a donation visit on Tues the 30th of May 1854. The public of town and country generally are invited to attend, married people are requested to attend during the day and young people in the evening. A supper will be prepared for the occasion at the parsonage. Come one, Come all.
 Danville, 25, 1854.

The fare from Indianapolis to New York City has been reduced to thirteen dollars.

The Danville Advertiser Saturday July 22, 1854

Female Postmasters

The number of females at present holding the office of postmaster (or rather mistress) in the U. S. is 128. They are appointed, give bond, are commissioned and receive the same compensation for their services as other postmasters. Unmarried females only can hold the office of postmaster.

Republican
 April 2, 1891

For Sale - A two room house and lot. Will sell for \$100 cash. John M. Vawter.
 3 12 3t

Calico, special sale Saturday next - 3 3/4 cents at Schwartz's store, one door east of post office.

Misses Ada Brill, Kate Tout and Etta Wells, of Pittsboro are attending the State Normal.

Rev. Mr. Dickerson will preach at the Cumberland Presbyterian church next Sunday night.

Miss Kate Irons, an experienced trimmer, has been engaged by Mrs. Julia Wills for this summer.

Mrs. Pike closed a successful school last week. Those who were neither tardy nor absent in the 120 days were Mary Whyte and Claudie Arnold.

Two very old poems have turned up on our desk. The first, entitled SIXTY YEARS AGO, had to have been written many more than 60 years ago, and the second is dated.

SIXTY YEARS AGO

I'm very glad I did not live
Some sixty years ago,
For children then had no such fun
As they have now, I know.

My grandma says when she was young
She had no pretty toys
That Santa Claus now brings
To little girls and boys.

My grandma thinks that little folks
Are now-a-days allowed
To have too many handsome toys ...
She says they're spoiled and proud.

Why, only think, I've heard her say
When she played "Come to tea",
She only had old broken plates
Or saucers, it might be.

Or such cracked dishes as she found,
That had been thrown away,
And these, she said, were treasures rare
With which she loved to play.

Such playthings I should not have liked
And so I say again,
"I'm very, very glad indeed
I wasn't living then."

Dear Grandma says the happiest time
It has been her lot to know
Was when she was a little girl
Some sixty years ago.

Well, I am glad for Grandma's sake
Since it has pleased her so,
That she lived then and I did not,
Some sixty years ago.

Another, also yellow with age, was dated January, 1891 and its title The New Slate

I'm glad I've got a good sized slate
And lots of room to calculate
Bring on your sums, I'm ready now,
My slate is clean and I know how.

But please don't ask me to subtract,
I like to have my slate well packed
And only two long rows, you know,
Make such a miserable show.

And, say, don't ask me to add,
Well, multiplying is just as bad,
And I'd really rather not divide ...
Bring me something I haven't tried.

The following interesting article about North Salem was written by Myrtie Barker and appeared a few months ago in THE INDIANAPOLIS STAR. We thank Mrs. Charles Long, Indianapolis, for sending it.

NORTH SALEM'S A LITTLE PEARL

NORTH SALEM, Ind. - In North Salem, the main drag is not called Main Street, as it is in most small towns.

It is Pearl Street.

Things are looking good along Pearl Street. A year ago, there were many vacant storerooms in the heart of this little Hendricks County village (population 650), 30 scenic miles from Indianapolis. A number of local firms had either gone out of business or moved away, leaving empty store windows.

Today, everything is filled.

Parked in front of Basham's Antique Store, across the street from the North Salem post office, there was a kind of a town meeting. When the word got around that a reporter was in town, a number of the townsfolk came out to tell their stories.

It was soon learned that the North Salem State Bank (\$10 million in assets), of which Russell Owen is president, is currently engaged in erecting a handsome new bank building. The new building is immediately in back of the attractive, 2 year-old post office, headed by Postmaster Robert McGown.

Later, browsing in Basham's, tended by Lelah Duncan, 80 the ceiling-high collection of thingamajigs appeared to date back as far as 1835, the year North Salem became an incorporated town. There were things like an old, weatherbeaten board, used in stretching the hides of foxes, bears and deer.

There were old-time heating stoves, cook stoves and cast iron pots and pans -- and yes, beautiful pie safes.

If ever there was a pie-happy town, this is it.

Hungry Indians

History records that once Mrs. John S. Woodard, wife of the first storekeeper, spent the day baking pies. She then lined them all up to cool on the window ledge of the Woodard cabin and went next door to mind her husband's store while he made a trip to the mill.

During her absence, a party of Indians passing through the area chanced to notice the long row of pies lined up before the open window. The Indians took every pie.

A hundred years later, in 1935, at the time of the North Salem Centennial celebration, local housewives, perhaps recalling the thievery of the Indians in the early days, decided to emulate the incident to this degree. The women of the town volunteered to contribute 500 home-baked pies to the centennial occasion.

"Right now," says town board president Robert Bridges, "we are trying to upgrade the North Salem water system."

That statement touched off another fascinating happening of days past, one that is included in the Sal Township history.

"In 1893, a stock company was formed and money raised for the purpose of drilling for oil and gas on the east edge of town. A pipe was sent down several hundred feet, but the drill broke and could not be raised. Another well was sunk nearby."

Instead of gas or oil, flowing wells resulted.

Those wells have continued to flow for the 84 years since, supplying North Salem with an abundance of fine water.

In the upgrading program now planned for the town's water system, the Comprehensive Employment Training Act (CETA), a Federal agency, has provided North Salem with two young men to handle the necessary manual labor needed in carrying out the project.

"We have other goals, too," Bridges said. "Momentarily, the town is grappling with the matter of installing their first sanitary system. Then we would like to complete the erection of our new street lights."

A Pirate Tale

CETA employe Tom Lovins guided us to North Salem's pretty little three acre park, which was recently completed for use. Then we were taken to the home of Mrs. Zona Walker, 80, who furnished the historic details on North Salem's first teacher, who excitingly enough was a pirate named William DeWitt.

As the story goes, DeWitt left New Orleans after his involvement in some sort of crime. In his effort to flee, he boarded a pirate ship, sailing around the world several times. He eventually came to this community, teaching in a school with a stick and mud chimney.

DeWitt, lived to be 104 years old, and is buried in the North Salem Cemetery.

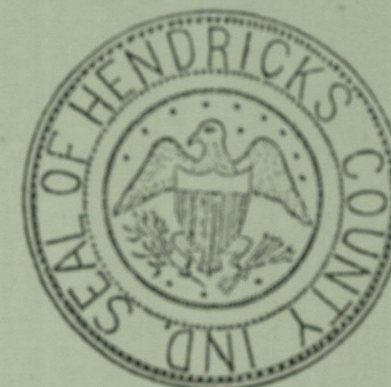
En route home, thoughts drifted into a total rerun of North Salem and its hospitable people, folks like Postmaster McGown and his steff; Lola Adams, whose home once sheltered the North Salem postoffice; 40 year-old Robert Porter, who must be ranked as one of the town's leading businessmen.

Porter operates the town's mortuary, its drug store and an insurance agency. Juanita Klein and her husband presented the Town Barker with a pot of ivy geraniums. The Kleins own the town's greenhouse.

Really, before leaving North Salem, the writer should have placed that pretty potted plant on the grave of the pirate schoolteacher. After all, how many small Indiana towns can count a pirate among their first citizens?

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME X

NUMBER II

MAY, 1979

PUBLISHED BY

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

OFFICERS 1979

PRESIDENT

Mr. Randall Joseph
R. R. 2, Box 116
Danville, Indiana 46122
Tel. 745-4855

VICE PRESIDENT

Mrs. Fred Worrell
R.R. 3, Box 19
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4842

SECRETARY

Mrs. H. A. Smith
R.R.3, Box 53
Brownsburg, IN 46112
Tel. 852-2827

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Vean
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R.R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

PUBLICITY

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

GENEALOGISTS

Miss Grace Cox
494 West Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R.R.1, Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R.R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

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H C H S

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

H C H S

The word MAY is a perfumed word. It is an illuminated initial. It means youth, love, song, and all that is beautiful in life.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

FEBRUARY MEETING

The HCHS met February 11 at the Christian Church at New Winchester. In spite of the ice and the snow, a goodly number attended.

President Randall Joseph gave words of welcome and introduced the Rev. Hughes of that church, who gave an inspirational devotional. The usual business was transacted and ways of retiring the debt on our history books were discussed. This is our main goal for the year.

Mildred Mosier reported on the successful Christmas season at the Museum, and following the business meeting, members were invited to the basement where materials were laid out for everyone to make their own Valentine. Mrs. Vorrell, program chairman had given an interesting account of Valentine's Day through the years.

Members of Marion, Center and Clay Townships served many kinds of delicious cookies and coffee, thus ending another enthusiastic meeting.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

A GREAT MAY MEETING COMING UP

Vyanne Chandler, chairman of the May meeting, has a super program planned for Sunday, May 6th, at the Old Salem Church. PLEASE NOTE THE EARLY DATE.

The theme for the meeting is PRESERVING YOUR MEMORIES. Vyanne has arranged to have Pam Najar, who has been with the Indiana State Library a year and a half, to give the program. Pam has attended the New England Document Conservation Center at Andover, Mass., and she will talk on Conservation of Materials. She will emphasize photographs, books, magazines, documents and prints. She would like every one to know that these methods are applicable to paintings, quilts and fabrics of most any kind. Members are urged to bring an example of something special you want to preserve, and she will talk to you and explain how this can be done. This is a wonderful opportunity our organization has never had before.

Now... here is how to get to the Salem Church. Everyone knows where Belleville is. Well, if you don't, you are badly in need of help. From Belleville, follow State Road #39 south to the first road to the East (left, if the sun isn't shining and you can't tell directions). Follow this road to the end... it is a T road. If you don't turn, you will end up in a freshly plowed field and will need to be pulled out. If you turn right, or South, you will be within a mile of the church.

Ladies of Liberty, Franklin and Guilford Townships will be the charming hostesses with their usual delicacies and besides, May is a beautiful month to get out, a time to praise God for the breath taking beauties of Spring. DON'T MISS THIS MEETING.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

AN OLD LETTER

(This letter was found in a book purchased at a sale by the late Ed Brinegar of Amo. No clue as to the writer.)

Chicago, Ill April 17 - 96 Well Sena i will try and rite you a fiew lines am feeling beter this eorning wer vary Sick untill mid nite laste nite i am vary tirde i and Florence went out on the fair ground this morning i got a rolan cher and we had a nice time after noon we had to move out of the rume and go 2 blocks fouter it is so crouded it is hard to get rume they are turnen off people ever day evert thing is on a move her they ever year by the firste of may well i gas you would like to now whot i think about it i so things laste nite opened mi ies So a lady that hadend stud on her feets for 10 years or used her arms and her brain was fected She had bin her 3 dayes the Dr. laid his handa on her and rubed the affected parte and then he told her to Stand up She rose up without helpe and he told her to wolk She went across the rume with out any body helpen her and i so a nother lady wer Deafe he lad hand on her and praid fo God to heale her then he counted twenty in a loe tone and She told him what he Said this morning So the lady tolken in a low confishen with Some other ladies She could her vary well. then thar were a lady Blind he rubed her ies and She said She could See then rubed her eies and hed up a halfe a Doller 2 feets from her and She tole him what it was Well i can tell you lots whi i come home i cant see that Florence is any beter yet hope how soone She will we seene the Blesen he praid with her last nite and laid his hands on her Seems like ever one air Deapley intrested in her and praing fo her they trest her so kind the place we air at they waite on her like she were ner kind thay oll Say we arto Stay 2 weeks we may stay untill mondy if we come Seterday we will come to lebon and Down on the eavning train to advance i will finish on Florance.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

MUSEUM MUSINGS

by Jewell Bell

The weather didn't hold out. In fact it collapsed about the first of the year with all of the populace under it! Every time more snow was forecast, everyone gasped "No! Not again!" Yes, we were snowed under and in the deep freeze as well.

The board valiantly tried to keep the museum open on its appointed days, but it was an effort. Clubs had to reschedule or even cancel meetings.

Board meetings were cancelled during January and February. We tried daytime meetings in March and April. That will be fine for some but not for those who must be at work in the daytime.

In spite of the weather we have received several contributions. There was a picture of the Maplewood train wreck (1913). No doubt that was a topic of conversation for a long time. Then there was a mortar and pestle, a wooden pill-box and a report card dated November 13, 1896. Also a picture of the Brownsburg

basketball sectional winners (1927). An arithmetic book (1874), a spelling book (1876). Some more of yester-year included a paste-pot, child's wooden dishes, money bags, and long mitts. Also an album containing post-cards from all over the world. A 1904 Atlas of Hendricks County. Three fancy velvet or velour capes. There was an item we women couldn't quite figure out. Two panels of white lace curtains (1924) were in perfect condition! No broken places and no yellowing! Most of us thought any we'd had would have been long gone by this time. There was a beaded purse, a copy of the "Danville Weekly Advertiser", forerunner of the "Republican", a Danville weekly newspaper. As well as a copy of the "Indianapolis News" February 16, 1898. "Peterson's Ladies Magazine", August 1869. Another photo album and an autograph album circa 1900. Discharge papers from W.W.I. "Danville Gazette", October 2, 1947, "The Republican" January 1, 1948. Hendricks County Centennial program, May 23, 1924, Indianapolis Sunday Star, March 20, 1948. "Coatesville Herald", Thursday, March 25, 1948. And an old wall-paper sample. Just lately we received a dress-fore--we never have too many, and a curtain stretcher which was promptly placed in the laundry room. A descendant of a family who was intensely interested in photography sent in a vast assortment of pictures both large and small. Outstanding was 150 glass negatives of assorted sizes. We need the means for developing the pictures. Recently, we received a job-lot of mannequins and it will suffice to say they came "knocked-down". Two of them wearing old wedding gowns now greet visitors in the parlor while another upstairs in night-gown and cap sits in the rocker by the window of the master bedroom and tells the visitor about the family album she holds in her lap.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

CLIPPINGS FROM THE PAST

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY LEDGER - Aug. 18, 1898. A lady recently cleared her house of flies by putting honey on her husband's whiskers when he fell asleep. The flies stuck fast, and when he went out of the house, he carried them off with him.

We understand another change in location of the Post Office, here, is to be made in a few days. It goes to the Drug Store of H. M. Smith, on the N E corner of the square, who has been, or will be appointed P. M. in the place of W. H. McPhetridge, resigned.

THE NEW COURT HOUSE

The Co. Board, after inspecting several plans, last week finally adopted one presented by Isaac Hodgson, architect of Indianapolis. We have not been able to learn the size or the probable cost but the latter will be in the neighborhood of \$40,000. The plan, however, is said to be a good one, and makes a favorable impression upon all who have seen the draft. We understand that a larger draft, colored and so adorned otherwise as to make it presentable, will be prepared in a short time, framed, and hung in the Auditor's Office where the public can see it.

PLAINFIELD PROGRESS November 10, 1898
Samuel Little used an Art Garland Stove 14 winters without a repair, and upon examination found it in good condition. "Chewing the pudding, tests the quality." Sold by Mr. Lewis Hardware and Stove Store.

PLAINFIELD PROGRESS June 1, 1899
William Todd, of Stilesville was in town the first of last week. Mr. Todd is past 46 years old and was born and raised in Stilesville but this was the first time he had ever been in Danville. He enjoyed the visit immensely and expects to make another visit soon. He told, while here of Mrs. Martha Alexander, who lives close to him, who is sixty five years old, has never seen a railroad train but once and has never taken a ride on the cars.

Last Thursday afternoon three girls, of the Classic Class started to walk to Cartersburg Springs and back. The proposal was made by one of the girls in the spirit of banter, which the other two girls accepted and the trip was made. On the return home they became hungry and going to a farm house asked for something to eat. The lady gave them seven biscuits for a dime, all the money in the party, which they munched as they plodded along wondering when they would walk that 12 miles again.

Cartersburg

Miss Nettie Snodgrass is organist at the Baptist Church.

James Snodgrass has bought a horse and a new buggy and harness.

Lon Little has been selling strawberries on our streets. His rule is "large measure and good quality."

Avon

Lore Reder and Oscar Hurin took in the bicycle races at Indianapolis, Tuesday.

THE REPUBLICAN June 7, 1907

TOWN PARKS
In the proposed industrial addition to Danville, including the Hall and Searce lands, it has been proposed that the Searce maple grove be left as a park for the people of the town. This was a happy thought and suggests that Danville should begin to make some arrangements for parks. A beautiful park could be made out of this grove of maples. Another splendid park could be made out of the land recently purchased by Evan Davis and known popularly as the Campbell land. This extends from Rockville road southward to the Plainfield road and includes valley and hill. The Campbell pond could be restored and the creek might be diverted to form a lagoon for boating and bathing. There is already an abundance of nice grass and more trees could be put out. A ball field and several tennis courts could be laid off in the field immediately south of the road. City water could be piped into it and there could be a fountain and drinking places. Wouldn't it be great if the town owned the tract?

THE FRIDAY CALLER October 2, 1908

CARTERSBURG---Master Charles Miles of Danville, is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Irons.

THE FRIDAY CALLER Plainfield, Indiana September 11, 1908

The seventh annual Ross reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Emma Ross Easterday at Indianapolis, on Wednesday, August 26th. One hundred and thirty two, all Ross relatives, were present and partook of the bountiful dinner which had been prepared. Mrs. Mary Ross Davis, of Seattle Washington, was present with many interesting reminiscences of the early pioneers and traditions of the Ross Family. A history is being prepared in book form, which will be well worth reading when completed.

NOTE: Does anyone know whether that history was ever completed, or what became of the material, if it was not completed? If so, could the Hendricks County Historical Society have a copy of it?

THE REPUBLICAN June 27, 1907

Professor Hargrave has issued one of the neatest souvenir folders to be seen. It contains views from negatives made by himself of various points of interest in and around Danville. It contains space for writing a considerable message and can be sealed. It is timely and appropriate.

THE HENDRICKS COUNTY REPUBLICAN May 2, 1907

Col. G. C. Harvey will deliver the memorial address in Danville. The program is to have the decoration services in the morning to be followed by the address at 10:30. Then those who wish to go to Indianapolis to hear President Roosevelt will have the afternoon to do so.

AMO--Lewis Wright found a one-cent piece in the road Monday that is a little larger than a quarter. It has thirteen stars and bears the date 1825.

E. L. Fuson is building a room on the east side of the street opposite the sub-station and will move his barber shop into it as soon as completed.

PITTSBORO---Those from here who attended OES at Brownsburg Monday night were Mesdames O. F. & S. S. Waters, Misses Marie Wills and Nettie Hunt and O. F. Waters and J. T. Wills.

Recorder E. M. Weaver and Supt. H. T. Kirk, formerly from here came up from Danville Saturday to attend a GAR supper by WRC.

Dead Sea--The Big Four has stopped the farmers from getting out the gravel from the old R. R. track. The farmers had been expecting to get enough gravel to build three or four miles of road.

WE HAVE A SNOOPY REPORTER WHO IS ALWAYS DIGGING INTO OLD NEWS PAPERS, COMING UP WITH THE MOST INTERESTING AS WELL AS IMPORTANT ITEMS OF THE PAST WITHOUT HER THIS BULLETIN WOULD BE DULL...DULL...DULL
SOMETIME WE WILL TELL YOU HER NAME.

OH, WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU NOW
FOR YOU KNOW IT IS NONE OTHER THAN
GRACE COX

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

THE CEMETERY PROJECT

The aim of the Cemetery Project of our Society is to secure every possible burial record in Hendricks County from pioneer to present days. The method is careful scrutiny of every available stone, to copy full names with the day, month and year of birth in addition to relationship when given.

Cemetery records sometimes contain information on persons buried without stones. Grace Cox and Ruth Pritchard welcome information on Hendricks County burials to add to the several thousand inscriptions already recorded.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

The Society extends sincere condolences to Roy and Frances Fisher on their recent bereavement. Her brother, Marvin Weaver, passed away February 19, and he is greatly missed by the Fisher family as well as by his many friends.

He was very special to Roy and Frances and their faithful devotion to him, and their loving care has touched us all. He was a very interested member of our Society although frail health prevented him from taking an active part. An interesting article written by him appeared in one issue of The Bulletin, although he, himself, was too shy to submit it.

May Roy and Frances be comforted by our love and prayers and the thought that as long as we all stay close to God, we can never, even in death, be far apart.

NOW IS A GOOD TIME TO:

Read Psalm 117; to get busy on that garden;
lay in an extra supply of liniment for sore
muscles; clean the gutters; continue to glory
in the Promise of Easter; marvel at the earth's
rebirth, the beauty of the flowers and the
budding of the trees; and say a prayer of
thankfulness.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

NOW IS ALSO A GOOD TIME TO:

PAY

YOUR DUES

IF YOU HAVEN'T

ALREADY ...

\$3.00

IN CASE YOU

HAD FORGOTTEN.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

BELVILLE LYCIUM LIBRARY

The following document is brought to us by the courtesy of (who else?)
Ruth Pritchard:

Belville February 26th 1869

At a meeting of the Shareholders of the Belville Lycium Library held at Joseph Sawhead's Bar-room Mr. Jonathan Cope was chosen Chairman and Charles Wallace Clark. The members then proceeded to Elect by ballot seven Directors and adopted the above name -- There is 27 Shares taken at two dollars each making Fifty four Dollars. Twenty of the Shareholders being present at the meeting resulted in the Election of

Charles Wallace	18 votes	Cornelius Banta	13 votes
Jonathan Cope	17 votes	Risden C. Moore	12 votes
John W. Bryan	15 votes	Benjamin I. Young	11 votes
		John S. Hadley	11 votes

Attest Chr Wallace Clark

Affirmed before me the 26 day of Feb 1869

John W. Bryan Justice of the peace Jonathan Cope Chair

(The above certificate Recorded March 2nd 1869)

Ruth thinks that possibly Joseph Sawhead's Bar-room might have been located where Big Bob Paine has his antique store at the intersection of U.S. 40 and State Road 39.

When I mention Ruth, it brings to mind a book she wrote in 1974 entitled HONORING OUR HERITAGE IN HENDRICKS. Every student of Hendricks County history should have a copy, and without her permission, I am going to snitch just one of the fascinating tales she tells of early life in Hendricks County.

THE OLSEN FACTORY

Charles J. Olsen's life story reads like that of Horatio Alger. As a young Swede, Mr. Olsen arrived in the United States and became a naturalized citizen. Subsequently he moved to Indiana.

Eventually, he settled in Pittsboro, working as a blacksmith. Later, in 1882, he established a small factory with a capital of one hundred dollars. He built wagons, buggies and carriages and made and repaired harness in one room, 20' x 30'. This soon grew into one of the town's largest and most prosperous businesses. It continued operation until the mid nineteen twenties. A larger building provided more floor space. Twenty-six skilled laborers were employed

manufacturing school wagons. These were shipped to many other states and were also sold locally. The Guilford Township trustees paid one hundred ninety three dollars for one of these wagons, September 11, 1909.

Mr. Olsen also built two automobiles. James Hughes, a farmer living between Tilden and Pittsboro, bought one of these cars. Mrs. Cordas Wilson of Brownsburg, a grand-daughter of James Hughes, owns a picture of this Olsen automobile. The second car manufactured at Olsen's shop was purchased by Jasper Swain of the Pittsboro community.

Advertisements in the "Pittsboro Sun" and other local papers stressed the high quality of workmanship which Mr. Olsen maintained. He guaranteed all his work and stated that "Only the best lines are carried and sold at reasonable prices." He was an outstanding example of the early industrialist who used his mechanical skill, native ability and determination to build a business that was well known throughout Central Indiana. Mr. Olsen's honesty and integrity indelibly stamped upon his associates and employees the virtues of these characteristics. His wide range of interest included auto racing and the development of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. Frances Weaver Fisher remembers attending, as a teenage guest of Mr. Olsen, an early five-hundred mile race.

The Olsen Factory stood on South Maple Street in Pittsboro. It was sold in the late nineteen twenties to the firm of Williams and Welliver. A construction company used it for awhile. After the 1970 fire partially destroyed the building, it was razed to make way for the beautiful new Bank Building.

Hendricks County Marriage Record Book #9, page 404 certifies the marriage of "J. Charles Olsen to E. Louise Dillon on May 29, 1883." Miss Dillon was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Dillon, inn keepers in Pittsboro. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Olsen were parents of two sons, Urban and Clyde. Urban became a grocer in Pittsboro, and Clyde was a partner of his father. No descendants of this family now live in Pittsboro.

In the Hendricks County Naturalization Book on page 229 is the following information. March 21, 1888 (this has to be an error, should be 1889) August Olson reports for naturalization. He is a native of Sweden, age 22. He arrived in the United States, November 28, 1888. He renounced allegiance to Oscar II, King of Sweden and Norway.

William R. McClelland, Clerk
August Olson was a brother to Charles.

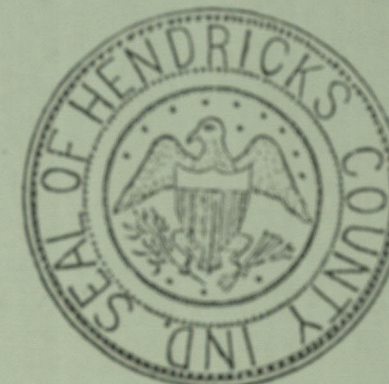
HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

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Tel. 852-2827

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

PUBLICITY

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

GENEALOGISTS

Miss Grace Cox
494 West Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R. R. 1, Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R R 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

ANNUAL DUES \$3.00 PAYABLE IN NOVEMBER

H C H S

The Hendricks County Historical Bulletin is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society and to Hendricks County School Libraries. Individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed 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
Tel. 745-2115

H C H S

Stanley Hall once called the great sin of maturity is losing one's zest for life.

C. RAWLEIGH BAKER

August 22, 1911 - July 30, 1979

HE IS NOT DEAD

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away.
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you-oh, you, who the wildest yearn
For an old-time step, and the glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here.
Think of him still as the same. I say,
He is not dead-he is just away.

James Whitcomb Riley

This insertion is made in tribute to C. Rawleigh Baker - and in appreciation and understanding of the problems Margaret has had while preparing this bulletin.

MAY MEETING

Our Society met Sunday, May 6, at the historical Salem Church. After our president, Randall Joseph, called the meeting to order, the Rev. John Parsons, pastor of the church, gave the invocation.

Following the usual business, Mr. Clark Kellum gave a financial report. Although our Society isn't in the greatest financial condition, we still have 1200 histories to be sold, and when that has been done, we will be out of indebtedness.

These books are becoming more and more valuable each year, and when they are all gone, they will be much in demand. So we all should invest in as many of them as we think our families may want in the future, and we should urge others to do the same.

Mrs. Jerry Chandler, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, discussed future money-making projects which we will hear more about later.

Mrs. Roy Pritchard gave an interesting history of the Salem Church. It dates back to 1829 when a Methodist Society was formed from which grew the church. The present building was built in 1850.

Mrs. Chandler introduced the speaker, Miss Pam Najar from the Indiana State Library who discussed "PRESERVING YOUR MEMORIES". She talked on conservation of old materials and showed slides to illustrate the work. A question and answer period followed.

The ladies of Liberty, Franklin and Guilford Townships served coffee, delicious punch and cookies in the basement where the tables were springlike with bowls of living violets in full bloom. 57 members and guests were present at this unusual meeting.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

AUGUST MEETING COMING UP

Have you ever wanted to hear and see senior citizens like most of yourselves bring back those song and dance acts of years gone by? Are you tired of hearing the loud rock and roll music and disco? Wouldn't it be nice to sit back and relax and clap or toe-tap to the rhythm of those old songs that you used to sing? How about watching the Charleston or someone playing a Boozaphone or a banjo? How would you like to sing-along to those favorite old hymns? Our program for August 12th will take a different approach to preserving our heritage. The theme for the day will be Fun and Frolic of Yesteryear. You are invited to sit back and enjoy the "60-Plus Group" who are a cast of men and women between the ages of 60 and 90 years of age who enjoy getting together two or three times a week and performing for shopping mall programs, hospitals and nursing homes. We are fortunate to be first to have them come to Hendricks County. The group is under the guidance of Mrs. Eddie Sparks who promises a great time for all. The program will begin promptly at 2:00 P.M. and will be followed by the business meeting and special refreshments. Don't miss it!

Place - Brownsburg High School Cafeteria

(We have been asked to use the south door)

Directions - From the main stoplight in downtown Brownsburg, go on St. Rd. 267 South to Tilden Road then East or left to the school

OR

Go East on 136 to Odell Street, turning at the Sunoco Service Station to the right or South to the school.

Hope to see you then. Ladies of Brown, Lincoln and Washington Townships will cook up something tasty, I'll betcha!

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

FINANCIAL REPORT OF HISTORY BOOK SALES

The History of Hendricks County, 1914-1976 is not yet history. Many copies are still alive and well in boxes just waiting to be claimed by those many residents of Hendricks County, past and present, who might, like one owner, stay up all night to read it when it first arrived. It is that exciting reading!

Although 2000 copies have been sold and in the course of time there is no doubt the time will come when they are out of print and much sought after, there is a need to sell 1000 more (the balance). You see one reason they are alive and well is because there is still a healthy debt hanging over them. The sooner it is paid, the less interest will eat up the profit which should help to support the museum.

In fact, a number of loyal and civic-minded individuals have already loaned interest free to the Book Fund or made outright gifts in order to eliminate the parasitic interest. Those persons are Dorothy Kelly, Mildred Smith, Ed and Mary Jeanette Winklemen, Roy and Frances Fisher, John C. and Ida Mae Miller, Audrey J. Martin, Ruth Dinmore, Gene Ayres, Rawleigh and Margaret Baker, Edgar Parker, First National Bank and Trust of Plainfield, Ondah Evans, George and Vanita Hadley, Larry D. Summers of Century 21 of Brownsburg, Robert and Eloise Castetter, D. P. and Helen Daum, C. F. Roark Company, David M. and Ruth Hadley, Clerk and Carolyn Kellum.

Of the \$16,000 in obligations we had on the book as of February 1, 1979 \$9000 has been loaned or donated. Can you also help by making an interest free loan to help retire this \$7000 balance?

As books are sold the money will be pro-rated to those making loans. It is hoped the debt can be retired in five years and what a good feeling to know you have helped.

Another way to help, of course, is to push sales. Do you know of families without copies and indexes? Do your children and parents all have histories with indexes? Christmas and birthdays are coming and this could be an appropriate gift.

The "books" are selling but too slowly. Let's all put our shoulders to the wheel and push from now until Christmas.

If you can help with the loan, please let Clerk Kellum know.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

MUSEUM MUSINGS

by
Jewell Bell

For those of you who didn't get to the May meeting, and didn't hear the account of the sad fate one of our poor mannequins met, maybe you ought to be filled in. The docent led her group up the stairs with a flourish and into the master bedroom, when what did they see but a fair mannequin all in a heap! Yes she had fallen out of her chair. Turns out that a great deal of effort had been made to put her together in the first place and some of that effort had fizzled. Scotch tape to the rescue! But the night was cold and the tape didn't hold, so there was quite a let-down. They got her up and back into her chair, but she, in spite of their best efforts, still looks a little wan.

When the tulips finished blooming, petunias and snapdragons were planted to give a continuous array of bloom. They will be pretty until frost.

The museum has received a great many items over the months. Some of them include: a school geography, (1858); an advanced geography (1863); and for comic book fans, a Roger Bean comic book, Baby Grand Edition; assorted pictures; kitchen tools; a head scarf worn during WWII. An enormous collection of memorabilia came from the estate of Clifford (Click) Relander, formerly of Danville, late of Yakima, Washington. Items included a bronze sculptor head of Indian Medicine Singer, with stand, a display board, a black display cabinet, a suitcase of brown leather with straps, a Navajo Indian rug, a book entitled "Drummers and Dreamers" one of four books written by Mr. Relander, a family album beautifully bound in pale blue plush, a Bible (1881), a framed rock formation, many newspaper clippings and many photographs. There was a folder full of clippings about the Easter Pageant at Marion, Ind. There was also a clock shelf taken from a home built in 1852. And an envelope of poems by Margaret Baker, yes, our Margaret. We didn't stop until we read them all. They were darling!

Debbie Higgins, Danville, is one of our docents and likes to show visitors over the museum, but especially likes to show youngsters through the jail cells, and watch their expressions. It is a spooky experience to go through the cells, and maybe some one just might think twice about doing something that might land him behind bars. Debbie is a member of our Historical Society, a Girl Scout for almost ten years, is active in school affairs, and holds an office on the Future Homemakers of America. She likes reading, bicycling, tennis, bowling and square-dancing. She is one busy young lady!

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

QUERIES

Would like to correspond with any descendants of James S. Odell, b. N.C., 11 - 3 - 1807, d. Belleville, IN 1857. m. Anna Moore 11 - 3 - 1837. Please write E. Pauline (Odell) Largent, 12 West Ct., Lafayette, IN 47905

Smith and "kin" ... John D. Smith, wife Delila Beckley, children, James S., John W., Roxana, Margaret S. (1850 census - Middle Twp.) James S. Smith married Mary E. "Polly" Sacre (in late 1850's) children Sarah Jane, m. John Horece Jackson - William and John 1860 Census. 1864 took William Samuel Whitley to raise (Oct.) mother Sarah Whitley died Oct. 8, 1864 in possible Center or Marion area - sister Anne (possibly Cora Anne) taken by their "kin".

Sacre - Beckley - Smith - DeVitt - Whitley - Owens - Morpew - Sigman - Wilson ... these are some of the known "kin", also John Conner and Russell. Also need information on Ransom Puckett and John Robinson in North Salem, Roschdale area. The DeWitts, Russells, etc. lived near old Biddle school. Mrs. Charles R. Long, 2721 Allen Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46203. Mrs. Long has much to share and a SASE would be helpful.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

A letter from Rule D. Cash from Banning, CA, was amusing, so we'll pass along some of her remarks. After saying a few nice things about THE BULLETIN (which we liked, of course) she told of her favorite cartoon which reads, "What this country needs is more family trees that produce more lumber and not so many nuts!" She has an uncle who tells her that she is the one who keeps their family tree alive because she is the sep! In answer to your question, Rule, our four genealogists are listed on the inside of the cover of THE BULLETIN.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY !!!!!!!

Friends and neighbors gathered Saturday night, July 21, to celebrate the 94th birthday of one of our most beloved and most loyal members, Mr. Will Templin. Mr. Templin never misses a meeting of the HCHS and he contributed more interesting articles to our display table than any one else. (Incidentally, what ever happened to our display table?) He has a garden that would put the rest of us to shame and is one of the busiest people around. Congratulations to a most remarkable gentleman!

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

WITH OUR V I P'S

In two recent issues of THE HENDRICKS COUNTY FLYER, Martha McKnight, librarian at Plainfield Library, ran articles about the work two of our members have been

quietly doing for the last several years. The articles were so well written and so very interesting, that I am going to print them in their entirety, (without anyone's consent) for it would be a shame to try to condense them. Even the titles are clever! Just wish we could use pictures.

READ ANY GOOD CEMETERIES LATELY?

Ruth Pritchard and Grace Cox read cemeteries!

Now, we all know what reading a book means. Some of us even profess to read minds. And librarians know that "reading shelves" means looking at book spines to be sure the books are in the correct order on the shelves.

But READING a cemetery?

One balmy spring day recently I went with Ruth (who comes from Belleville) and Grace (who is a Danville resident) to find out how they read cemeteries. When I asked Ruth if I could take a picture of them for a story, my idea was that we would slip over to the nearest cemetery for a couple of minutes. But these two ladies don't do things by halves!

We set out in Ruth's car, heading west towards Belleville, and then south on the narrow, winding county roads. As she drove, Ruth kept up a running commentary on the houses we were passing.

"So-and-so lives in that home over on the hill. They bought it from Such-and-such. Do you remember them, Grace?"

And Grace would usually nod assent, sometimes confirming that she had taught one of the family during her 35 years of teaching business subjects in the area's high schools.

"Why do you read cemeteries?" I asked from the back seat.

"Many of the cemeteries don't have registers, or they were incomplete," Ruth explained. She added that her goal is to read all the cemeteries in Hendricks County, and she and Grace had been working together on this project since 1974. "I did the Salem cemetery in 1963," she recalled.

Ruth and Grace hope to complete an accurate listing of everyone who has been buried in the county, making this information available to the county libraries where genealogists and local historians can find it. Willard Heise, in his regular Saturday column "Ancestoritis" in the Indianapolis News, points out that cemetery inscriptions are one of the few sources for birth and death dates before 1900.

Ruth explained that we were going to the Center Valley Cemetery where she serves on the Board of Directors. Friends of hers would be sitting there that afternoon.

"Sitting?" I puzzled. Why would anyone sit in a cemetery?

"Our cemetery depends largely on contributions for its maintenance," was her reply. So for several days preceding Decoration Day volunteers take turns at the cemetery to accept gifts of money.

When we reached the cemetery, which is set on a gentle rise bordering the road, Ruth turned into the grounds and parked her car. She went over to explain our visit to the "sitters." Then she and Grace unloaded their working equipment from the car's trunk. Out came a two-wheeled grocery cart and a clipboard. They did not remove the rakes and spade; these tools are often necessary when they work in cemeteries that are no longer maintained as carefully as the Center Valley one.

We set off between the graves, Ruth pointing out her favorite headstones as she led the way. Grace followed, dressed in her working slacks and a bib apron, pulling the cart behind her. I brought up the rear with the library Polaroid camera.

The Center Valley cemetery is a familiar one for Ruth. She read it years ago, and many of her husband's family have been buried there. She proudly pointed out the massive Indiana limestone marker set by the roadside. "We got that from Bedford," she told us. On one side is carved the name of the cemetery, and on the other is the information that here was the site of the Regular Baptist Church.

This was originally the church graveyard, "though there were some Methodists buried here, too," she observed. Now it is a community cemetery.

The two ladies paused often to admire the artistry of some of the monuments. "Do you think these grape leaves would show up in a photo?" asked Ruth hopefully, and they did, as well as the symbols that told us that William G Duncan, in whose memory the stone was erected, belonged to the Masons and Oddfellows. Ruth pointed out other unusual features, like the carved sheaf of wheat atop one marker, and another stone which had a top resembling a steep, gabled roof.

As Ruth Pritchard, Grace Cox and I continued to explore the Center Valley cemetery, we stopped beside a small white marker belonging to a girl who had lived only 18 brief years. Near the bottom of the stone were carved a couple of lines of what appeared to be verse. We all bent closer to try to decipher the words.

Grace pulled out a huge chunk of blue chalk and methodically rubbed it across the stone. The words appeared slightly more distinct. Then she worked with a chalk eraser and a block of styrofoam to clear away the fungus which had dulled the inscription. Finally we were confident we could make out the words:

"Her spirit smiles from that bright shore
And softly whispers weep no more."

The blue chalk washes off with the first rain, but the ladies have had to explain to inquiring police officers more than once that they are not vandals painting tombstones!

Grace slipped a card under the clamp of her clipboard and transcribed in pencil all the information from the stone: the name, dates of birth and death, and the verse we had just read.

On another gravestone Grace noted what she thought was the name of a dealer. Out came the blue chalk again, and soon the words "Nichols and Whitson, Gosport" became legible. Here was another bit of information that might prove of interest to someone reconstructing the history of the area.

In one row we came on a fallen marker with a particularly clear representation of a weeping willow, or "tree of life," which was a favorite decoration in the late

1800's. Ruth and Grace pried the heavy stone loose and propped it up for another photograph.

Grace recalled one abandoned cemetery where they spied the tip of a marker buried by the work of groundhogs. She and some friends laboriously dug away the earth until they had uncovered a slab five feet long, and it took five people to lift it up. When they turned it over to read the inscription, they discovered.... nothing at all!

On the way back to the library, Grace handed me a stack of neatly typewritten sheets which represented the culmination of their labors on the Danville East cemetery. Here they had identified by numbered rows each grave with names, dates, and sometimes an additional phrase of description. They had collected 1,072 inscriptions in all. The Plainfield Public Library has copies of each of the lists the two ladies have compiled. Their accuracy can be trusted, because Grace and Ruth have made final "proofreading" trips to the cemeteries.

They have also indexed the lists so researchers do not need to pore over them page by page. If they are looking for a specific person, they can go directly to the index and look up the name there. Still another part of their labor has been to reproduce township maps locating every known graveyard. The genealogists who turn to us for help have much to be grateful for the labors of these two delightful and enterprising ladies.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

SALEM SESQUICENTENNIAL

The Belleville Bible Church which now meets in the Salem Church, will celebrate the Sesquicentennial of the founding of the historic Methodist Church August 19 with an all-day, old fashioned get-together.

The morning service will be at 10:00 A.M. with Jerry Day, pastor of the Berean Bible Church of Columbus, IN, as the speaker. At noon, 12:30, a basket dinner will be held with a tent in the yard to handle the crowd and for maybe a little protection in case the weather man does not co-operate. The afternoon program will feature the well known singing group, THE GOSPEL SERVICE. At 6:00 a good old rousing song fest will be held.

Mr. John O. Parsons of Belleville, is pastor of the church, and he and his congregation deserve the gratitude of heritage-minded folk for recognizing the significance of this milestone. We hope the occasion will be enthusiastically supported.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

MUSEUM FEATURED

The Plainfield Library will feature the Hendricks County Historical Museum during the next two months. Their displays are always so professionally and artfully arranged, it will be worth a trip there just to learn what has been accomplished (without money) by our Museum Board in just a few years. Our thanks to the Plainfield Library.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

The Society was shocked and saddened with the recent death of the Rev. James Shockley. He has served the Hendricks County area greatly for many years as pastor, teacher, counsellor and friend of all. He was president of HCHS in 1976 and his accomplishments and contributions for good are too numerous to enumerate. The Society extends deepest sympathy to his wife, Alma, and his family. These words of Whittier's are comforting at a time such as this:

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees,
.....
Who has not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

ROSES IN DECEMBER

One of the most delightful experiences I have had recently is discovering ROSES IN DECEMBER, a book crammed full of love and nostalgia and written by Clara Reitzel. The fact that she wrote it for her family, with never a thought that any one else might be interested in it, makes it even more precious.

The title comes from the beautiful phrase, "God gives us memories that we may have roses in December." It consists of a series of little vignettes, each titled I REMEMBER and they are dated from the house in which she was born in 1899 almost up to the present.

A sampling of titles includes I REMEMBER THRESHING DAY, I REMEMBER THE FIRST TELEPHONE, I REMEMBER THE FIRST AUTOMOBILE RIDE, I REMEMBER MAY BASKETS, I REMEMBER COLLEGE DAYS AT I.U. AND THE PURDUE - I.U. FOOTBALL GAMES, and the list could go on and on.

The book includes pictures and a 1903 advertisement for buggies. The "XX Flyer", \$ 38.50 F.O.B. Chicago, from (where else?) Montgomery Ward and Co., Chicago.

To make the book more unusual, more valuable and more praiseworthy, Ruth Pritchard has very carefully and thoroughly indexed it with this inscription: "This index has been done in appreciation of Clara's beautiful word pictures on these pages of the past and to express thanks to her for sharing her memories."

How can I choose one sample of her stories over another? Maybe the way some people choose a passage from the Bible close your eyes, and open the book.

Since paper and printing cost money (which is what the HCHS has the least of), here is a short and charming portrait of the past, which is just a hint of the many, many more included in this labor of love:

I REMEMBER THE ASH BARRELS

The ashes from the various stoves in our house were cleaned out each day and emptied into wooden barrels. There were five or more of these barrels on a wooden

platform in the chicken lot. When Spring came, water was poured over the ashes to leach them. This water was drained off through a hole at the bottom of the barrel. This was lye water, and used with all the grease, scraps of meat, bacon rinds and such to make soap. The lye water and grease were boiled over an open fire in a large black iron kettle and had to be stirred all the time. It usually took all day to make soap, which was thick, yellowish and a jelly-like liquid. It was called "soft soap". Sometimes it would boil down thick enough to pour into wooden boxes, and after curing or drying a while could be cut into bars. When it needed to be used, the soap was shaved off in thin pieces that would dissolve in water easier. The lye made the colors fade in the wash, but that was the only soap we had at the time. We used bought soap for dishwashing and there was always IVORY "99 and 44/100% pure" for toilet soap. The men used tar soap to get the grime off their hands.

It is really sad that we can't include more of the fascinating remembrances this time, but, the good Lord willing, and the inflationary price of paper and postage doesn't go too berserk, we will try to include a few more of these tasty morsels to you next time.

TO OUR PRESIDENT

As we all know, our president, Randall Joseph, is a very quiet, unassuming but a most capable man. I always consult him to see if he has a "message" for the BULLETIN. He is a man who, when he has nothing to say, says nothing. How I wish he were in the White House! (Please don't call me partisan for I doubt that we always agree politically.)

But he has had important things to do recently. His 9 year old grandson is with them (his father was tragically killed in the Pacific) and they have been fishin'. They have more fishin' to do as well as other things, but I can assure you that Randall is on top of HCHS and knows what is going on.

God Bless You, Randall and Virginia, with that little red haired grandson, and don't let HCHS interfere with those priceless moments. They pass too fast! You and Virginia have the blessings of all the HCHS in your enjoyment of your precious grandson!!!!!!

WELCOME !!!

The following names have been added to our membership list recently:

Michael L. Potter, Danville, R R
Mr. and Mrs. George H. Cook, Amarillo, Texas
E. Pauline Largen, Lafayette, IN
Mr. and Mrs. John Parsons, Belleville, IN
Mr. Howard S. Wood, Danville, R R

We welcome all of you and hope you will enjoy keeping in touch with us, if not by attending our meetings (after all, Texas is a pretty far piece) at least through THE BULLETIN. Incidentally, maybe Mr. Wood could persuade his son, Stan, the Weather Man, to smile on us, especially on our meeting days.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

CENTURY OLD CLIPPINGS

Most of these items have been selected at random from various issues of the 1866 HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION. Some are of importance, some are rather frivolous, but we hope they will bring some enjoyment to our readers. Grace Cox gets the credit or blame, as the case may be!

A lady, speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court house, said she supposed they had gone to view ground where they must shortly lie. (The Ed's apologies to our old time lawyers.)

LOOK OUT ROUGHS ... Work on our new County Jail, though just commencing, stands a chance of speedy completion; and as the "County Dads" are sanguine of having design-one impenetrable, and un-come-out-able to all evil doers, it would be advisable for all "bad cusses", if any there be, to get out of town as soon as possible.

SWISS BELL RINGERS ... The world renowned Peak family, considered one of the finest singing troupes, excelling the famous Hutchison family, propose giving a concert here on next Monday evening, the 21st inst. at the Missionary Baptist Church. This will be a rare treat for our citizens.

ENTERTAINMENT ... Mr. Bonham will give a public entertainment in the Chapel of the Danville Academy on next Tuesday eve, consisting of recitations, choice songs with guitar accompaniments, select readings, etc. Mr. Bonham is a fine elocutionist and a good singer, and will give an entertainment worthy of patronage.

YEARLY MEETING ... The Friends Yearly Meeting convenes at Plainfield on the 13th inst. Sunday and Wednesday will be public days.

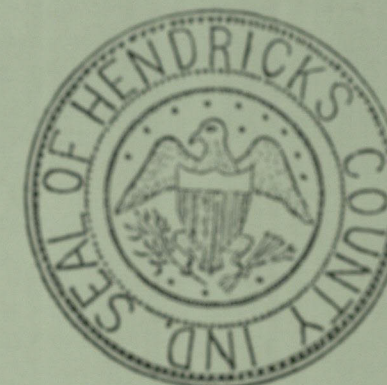
Public Exam of Teachers for license on the fourth Saturday this month, September 22 in Danville commencing at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. A. J. Johnson, County Examiner.

A WIFE'S RIGHTS ... "Wife," said the married man, looking for his bootjack after she was in bed. "I have a place for all things and you ought to know it by this time." "Yes," replied she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME X NUMBER IV
NOVEMBER 1979
PUBLISHED BY
THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

OFFICERS 1979

PRESIDENT

Mr. Randall Joseph
R. R. 2, Box 116
Danville, Indiana 46122
Tel. 745-4855

VICE PRESIDENT

Mrs. Fred Worrell
R. R. 3, Box 19
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4842

SECRETARY

Mrs. H. A. Smith
R. R. 3, Box 53
Brownsburg, IN 46112
Tel. 852-2827

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

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R. R. 2, Box 86
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(Mrs. C. Rawleigh Baker)
9 Round Hill Road
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Tel. 745-2115

H C H S

"I know of no way of judging the

future but by the past."

-- Patrick Henry

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS
GREETINGS FROM OUR PRESIDENT!

Just one more meeting to go! This is not a sigh of relief, for this has been an enjoyable year for me. My committees have been wonderful. They can surely make things happen in a very nice way.

I overheard comments the other day about the wonderful way the Historical Society is preserving records for future generations. These remarks came from non members. It makes me feel good and proud to be a member of this organization.

I want to thank my officers, the committees, especially the Program Committee, and all members for their co-operation, making this a successful and pleasant year for us all.

Randall Joseph, president.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

AUGUST MEETING

A most enjoyable meeting was held August 12, at the Brownsburg High School cafeteria. The program was presented before the business meeting in order to accommodate the visiting entertainers.

Mrs. Gloria Higgins, program chairman, introduced Mrs. Sparks of the Indianapolis Parks Department. She had brought from Indianapolis a group of older citizens whom she called the "Easy Agers". They presented a lively program of vocal solos, violin and mandolin solos and readings. Three couples square danced and danced the Virginia reel. Danny O'Donnell, a spry 98-year-old, sang and danced. We all sang with them GOD BLESS AMERICA.

It was an inspiring program. It started the old adrenalin flowing, and many of us decided maybe we aren't so old, after all!

During the business meeting, the usual matters were disposed of. Mrs. Scott Hosier, president of the Museum Board, gave a detailed report, which will appear in a separate article. Ruth Pritchard spoke briefly of the Salem Church Sesquicentennial and displayed a plate with a picture of the church which are on sale.

Ladies of Brown and Lincoln Townships served punch and cake during the social hour, thus ending another enjoyable meeting (and if you weren't there, shame on you!).

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS
ANOTHER ONE COMING UP

The next meeting will be held November 4, at the Montclair Christian Church. Mr. Maynard Noland, chairman of the program for that meeting, promises a good assortment of entertainment appropriate for the month, with both patriotic and thanksgiving themes.

He believes in bringing back the display table (hurrah!) and he asks members to bring old campaign buttons, posters, pamphlets, pictures, license plates, advertisements and any memorabilia about old political campaigns. This can be a fascinating display, so let us all contribute something to it. I, for one, am glad to have the display table back.

The Rev. Gillespie, pastor of the Montclair Church, will give words of welcome and the invocation. This church may not be in existence much longer, which is tragic. The building is in excellent condition with padded pews and a new organ, so let's have a good turn out and maybe, at the same time, bring a little new life to the church.

Ladies of Union, Eel River and Middle Townships will furnish the refreshments and election of officers will be held.

So how do you get to Montclair Church?

The best way is to take State Road #39, from north or south, to 500 N. Turn west to 200 West. Turn North, approximately 1 mile, around a bend or two, and you will be there.

This will be our last meeting of the year let's make it the best one.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

MUSEUM REPORT

Mrs. Scott Hosier, president of the Museum Board, reports that flyers, telling about the museum, have been printed and will be distributed by Welcome Wagon hostesses through out Hendricks County to new comers. Many Indian artifacts have been received from Mr. Chick Relander, an old Hendricks County native. Thirty-five alumni from the Central Normal College - Canterbury College Reunion visited the museum and donated \$53.71.

Mrs. Hosier attended the A I N workshop at the Benjamin Harrison home in Indianapolis recently.

The museum had a booth at the September 8 and 9th Brownsburg BOFF Days, courtesy of the Hendricks County Bank and Trust Co. of Brownsburg. The museum had a delightful display in September and October at the Plainfield Public Library, described in a separate article.

Door chimes have been purchased and they will also act as burglar alarms.

As you can see, the museum is alive and well and thriving, but only because of the dedicated effort of some of our members who unselfishly give hours and hours of time and labor to the effort. If you would like to help in this most worth while endeavor, get in contact with Mrs. Hosier or Dorothy Kelley. Don't be content to sit back and "let George do it". Don't just watch life pass you by. Become involved ... be a doer ... it is fun and it pays rich dividends.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

FROM THE COOKS IN AMARILLO, TEXAS

A nice letter from Susan Cook recently contained some good news and some bad news. The bad news was that her husband, Harold Cook, as we remember him, or "Cookie" as he was more casually called, had been very ill all summer, but the good news was that he is home after a long stay in the hospital, and recuperating very slowly.

Another bit of good news was that she sent along a number of memorabilia which she had dug out of boxes recently. They will be on their way to the Museum, but one of the most interesting was a beautifully preserved invitation to the dedication of the Hendricks County Court House in 1915.

They weren't pikers in 1915!!! They did it up in great style.

The first page, engraved in script, read thus: "THE CITIZENS OF HENDRICKS COUNTY EXTEND TO YOU A CORDIAL INVITATION TO BE PRESENT AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW HENDRICKS COUNTY COURT HOUSE AT DANVILLE, INDIANA WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER THE EIGHTH NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN."

The second page was a beautiful picture of the new Court House. The third page was a composite of the 1824, the 1826, the 1832 and the 1864 Court Houses.

The next page was the GENERAL PROGRAM

9:30 a.m.	Formal Opening of Building
10:30 a.m.	Automobile Parade
12:00 m.	Lunch
2:00 p.m.	Dedication Exercises

Judge John V. Hadley, Master of Ceremonies

ADDRESS ... VICE-PRESIDENT THOMAS R. MARSHALL

The next page gave a complete description of the building, including the architect, Clarence Martindale of Indianapolis, the contractors, P. M. McCormack & Co. of Columbus. The work was started under the former board consisting of James A. Downard, Elbert M. Murphy and Harry Sanders, county commissioners, and Edgar M. Blessing, county attorney, and completed under the present board.

The County Commissioners listed on the next page will be of interest to many old timers:

George W. Brill, Judge, L. A. Barnett, Prosecuting Attorney, Charles E. Edwards, Clerk, Lewis W. Borders, Auditor, George Macomber, Treasurer, John A. Flynn, Recorder, Theodore W. Garrison, Surveyor, Robert M. Shirley, Assessor, Dr. Bert M. O'Brien, Coroner.

Henry S. Cox, John P. Moran, Harry E. Sanders, Commissioners

Theodore T. Mahan, Supt. of Schools, Drennan R. Harvey, County Attorney, John Lindsey, Road Superintendent, A. W. Orr, Agricultural Agent, Dr. G. N. Wickwire, of U. S. Expirement Station.

The County Council consisted of (new members):
Joshua Tharp, John Vestal, Wm. H. Stephenson, Arthur Davis, Wm. H. Elrod,
W. E. Christie and John W. Ader.

(Old members): John Vestal, Charlie Kurtz, Tolliver Worrell, W. D.
Corrie, D. W. Carter, George R. Blake and Claude Boyde.

The Dedication Committee consisted of Judge Geo. W. Brill, Chairman,
Alvin Hall, Secretary, George W. Scarse, Otis E. Gulley, Lewis W. Borders,
Horace G. Miles, George A. Keeney.

Thank you, Susie, for your contribution to our collections and best wishes
to you and "Cookie".

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

PLAINFIELD LIBRARY FEATURE

We are proud of Dorothy Kelley and her crew for the interesting and eye-
catching arrangement she placed in the Plainfield Public Library's Historical
Room last month.

Space will not allow us to describe all the fascinating arrangements she
prepared for the four cases the Plainfield Library provides. The county papers
have given it plenty of publicity, and if you missed it, you are the losers.

All these things can be seen at the Hendricks County Historical Museum,
right smack dab in the middle of Danville, (well, one block south). The Hendricks
County Historical Museum is almost a miracle when you consider how much they have
done with no financial help. Dorothy Kelley and her dedicated group of helpers
certainly deserve a vote of gratitude from all of us for what they have accomplished
almost on their own.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

NOTES FROM THE PAST

THE REPUBLICAN, Oct. 17, 1929

"Just 51 years ago, Monday, the brick school house burned in Danville.
From its ruins was created the building which was later dedicated as the Mattie
A. Keeney building. This structure was recently razed upon the completion of
the present consolidated building."

"After a luncheon of oyster soup and "punkin" pie and trimmings, members of
the G. A. R., their families and guests repaired to the G. A. R. hall, Monday
afternoon, and were entertained by talks, recitations and speeches. At the dinner,
Mrs. Mary Harold returned thanks to God for His many blessings. Albert Kennedy
presided and James V. Cook was master of ceremonies. Mr. Kennedy made a most
excellent address and John W. Whyte read an original poem on the S. O. V. and also
recited "Old Glory." The exercises were in charge of the S. O. V. and the
Auxiliary."

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

THE VILLAGE THAT WAS

On our desk is a carefully researched paper by Dorothy Templin, great grand-
daughter of Silas Hardwick. The manuscript with the above title, is too long and
detailed to print in full, but following is a brief, and I am afraid, not too
complete, condensed version of it:

The village of Needmore used to be the center of activity in Marion Township.
Quoting from an unsigned and undated theme paper in the Danville Public Library,
"another town that is not now on the map was the town of Needmore, located about
6 miles northwest of Danville on the New Haysville Road. I am told by Thomas S.
Dooley, who was reared in that community, that in 1861 and prior thereto, there
were two big country stores, a grist mill, saw mill, wagon shop, blacksmith shops,
gun shop and several other industries operating in full blast at the town of Need-
more. All that is now left of that thriving village is an abandoned school house
and a very tumbled down house."

The BUTCHER KNIFE, a newspaper published every Saturday morning in the town of
Danville in the 1850's had local agents in most of the surrounding towns, Needmore
included. William Bowman was authorized to receive and receipt for the BUTCHER
KNIFE at Needmore. News items concerning the town included: May 2, 1857, the
comet may be seen from the observatory at Needmore. May 23, 1857, Bowman is largely
building in the above city. Upon raising his barn, about 40 rats paid the last debt
... death. June 27, 1857, There will be a picnic celebration at Needmore on Friday
July 3d. The Sabbath School scholars and citizens of the county are respectively
invited to attend. On that day the Declaration of Independence will be read by
Jeptha Sears and orations delivered by Messrs. Witherow and Martin. James Sheets,
Marshall.

The school was the center of much activity. From newspapers of the past:
HENDRICKS COUNTY UNION, March 15, 1871. Educational Column, A. J. Johnson, Julia
Nichols - Editors. "Common Sense -- The Hope of Our Country", Needmore, February
28th, 1871. A joint exhibition was given here on the evening of the 25 inst.,
between a literary society of this place and a school taught here by L. C. Hardin.
Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the house was well filled by both
old and young, eager to hear the eloquence of Young America. We found the room
handsomely decorated with the nice pictures and evergreen. The exercises began with
the declarations by Monroe Griggs. Monroe please select better pieces, study them
well and speak as you did on this occasion and in some future day you will make your
mark high as a speaker. This declaration was followed by quite a number of declara-
tions, essays and dialogues, a few of which I will notice: An Essay -- SELF ESTEEM,
by Catherine Hardwick, was well written and read beautifully. An Oration -- WHERE
ARE WE DRIFTING? by L. C. Hardin was well gotten up but not so well delivered. A
dialogue -- BOARDING SCHOOL, did very well if the ladies engaged had spoken louder.
An Essay -- WHAT I LIKE, was good but too short. An oration -- OUR DESTINY, by
L. M. Ensminger was well composed and beautifully delivered. A Declaration by
Simeon Tinder, who should select better pieces, study them well and quit "gwine"
on so much. Declaration -- INDEPENDENT by Tyra Montgomery was well committed but
spoken carelessly. Four little speakers that made such neat and pleasant appear-
ances upon the stage: Squire Tinder, Flora Griggs, Emma and Lizze Dodson ac-
quitted themselves in good style and if they continue to speak as well as they did
in this exhibition, my word for it they will prosper. Can't the girls of Needmore
and vicinity speak louder? Spectator.

The school District #1, Marion Township, closed last Tuesday week, after a term of 6 months. Mr. J. M. Kellems, teacher, is known to the educational men of this county as one of the best teachers in the ranks, and we do congratulate the patrons of Needmore in having secured the services of such an earnest and faithful teacher. Visitors began arriving quite early in the morning and by noon the house was filled to overflowing with friends and well wishers. Before dismissing the school for dinner, Mr. Kellems made a few remarks on the relative duties of the patrons and teachers, which were very appropriate and to the point. Then came the dinner. Needmore has a well-earned reputation of always having the best dinners of any district in the township, and right royally did she uphold her reputation this time. A table, nearly 50 feet long, was spread out in the yard, and was soon filled with the many good things that make Needmore so famous. First, the pupils marched up and took their position at the table, then the patrons and guests and it was variously estimated that between 100 and 150 ate to their heart's content. And if any one went away without being "full", it was their own fault. The audience then assembled in the house to listen to an excellent program given by the pupils. The last number -- "Music by the Needmore Orchestra" -- consisting of Schuyler Sears, A. W. Holcombe, Tiddie Sears, M. J. Thomas and Joe Lindsay, brought down the house. The pupils seemed to appreciate the labors of their teacher in their behalf, and two of them -- A. W. Holcombe and Marshall Thomas -- graduated in the Common branches.

The land entered by Siles Hardwick in Section 35 in 1831 belonged to the family until 1939. At one time they maintained a brick kiln which is described in a family diary. They also made tile and their farm was ditched with the tile they made there.

From trustee records indications are that a new school house was built at Needmore in September, 1882, for \$995. It was brick and replaced a frame building which was sold to Warren Hardwick, a son of Siles Hardwick, for \$45 .. A letter, written by a daughter of Siles Hardwick on December 25, 1882 to a brother stated, "You have not paid your self for their school house brick." A notation in his diary, date January 13, 1883, quotes, "after settling for Marion township brick."

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

IN REMEMBRANCE

Death again took its toll of our membership.

Helen Jones, wife of Gerald of North Salem, passed away August 3rd. Helen will be remembered by all of us who can attend meetings for her lovely smile, her musical talent at the piano or accordion, her beauty and grace to add a special touch to any gathering. Gerald, her bereaved husband, who always contributed a bit of spice and humor to our programs, is lonely, but we hope the concern and love of our membership will make his burden easier.

Edna Hand passed away recently. A school teacher for many years, her influence can never be measured, for the lessons and ideals of a good teacher are passed from one generation to another. Her family, including Gloria Higgins, have our sincere sympathy.

Both were faithful members of our Society, and we shall miss them.

This is a good time for me, your Editor, to thank the many, many members who called at the funeral home, wrote notes or sent cards or remembrances at the time of my great loss. Your love, concern, sympathy and thoughtfulness helped my family and me at the time, and will continue to strengthen us as we try to cope with the void which will always be in our lives.

At the risk of taking up too much space I must thank Blanche, Mary Jeannette and Frances Fisher, who, I think, were responsible for the insertion of the special page in the BULLETIN in remembrance of Raleigh. Coming, as it did, at the time of his death, it was so fitting and so comforting, and I know Raleigh would have been deeply touched.

These words, written by Thomas Campbell, are a comfort to me, and I hope will comfort other bereaved families:

"TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND
IS NOT TO DIE."

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

Your Editor wishes sometimes that our BULLETIN could afford 50 pages in order to print all the great things that come to our attention. A case in point is a chart, prepared by Ruth Pritchard, listing all towns that have been in existence, at one time or another, since Hendricks County came into being. There is no way to approximate the number of hours she has spent on research, but with Ruth, it is a labor of love, and she enjoyed every minute of it.

She remarks about her labor: "This search for by-gone places impresses upon one the struggle to exist of our early settlers. They seem to come to life so vividly as you read about their many small, practically self-sustaining communities.

"The little trading places with their general stores, wagon shops, blacksmith shops, saw mills, lumber yards, brick yards, tile factories, schools and churches, began fading as transportation improved. Some disappeared completely, some have remained small and others are now large towns. Each served its time and place and rates some space on this chart."

All I can do here is to list the towns and the townships, and if you want more information, you will have to contact Ruth.

Amo - Clay	Georgetown - Franklin
Avon - Washington	Gibson - Liberty
Belleville - Liberty	Hedley - Clay
Bradshaw - Washington	Hardscrabble - Washington
Brayton - Brown	Hazelwood - Liberty
Brownsburg - Lincoln	Hillsboro - Liberty
Cartersburg - Liberty	Hobbs - Guilford
Center Valley - Liberty	Jacktown - Liberty
Chiseltown - Liberty	Joppe - Guilford
Cincinnati - Clay	Lizton - Union
Clayton - Liberty	Magnetic Springs - Liberty
Coatesville - Clay	Maplewood - Middle
Danville - Center	Messena - Franklin
Friendswood - Guilford	Montclair - Union
Gale - Center	Needmore - Marion

New Williamsburg - Marion
 North Belleville - Liberty
 North Salem - Eel River
 Pecksburg - Clay
 Pittsboro - Middle
 Plainfield - Guilford
 Rainstown - Union
 Reno - Clay
 Roundtown - Eel River
 Six Points - Washington
 Spicklepoin - Middle

Spray Station - Washington
 Springtown - Clay
 Stilesville - Franklin
 Summit - Liberty
 Tanglewood - Guilford
 Tank - Center
 Tilden - Lincoln
 Tollgate - Washington
 Tyrone - Lincoln
 Union - Liberty
 West Centerville - Eel River
 North Mount Sterling - Union

Ruth has listed many fascinating facts about these old places ... name origins, present population, if still in existence etc. As I said, we need 50 pages!

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

A BIT OF THIS AND THAT

..... The Pittsboro Christian Church celebrated its 125th anniversary in October. Descendants of the church's 57 charter members came to Pittsboro from all over the state and even from more distant places, to attend the Great Harvest Homecoming Cooperative Dinner Sunday evening.

A week long celebration included the commemorative program which the Rev. James Shockley, who served the church from 1940 to 1953, attended with enthusiasm, only to have the members shocked to hear the next day, that he had died.

The ladies have produced many exquisite tapestries over the years, and they have recently completed a commemorative quilt.

The Pittsboro Christian Church is to be congratulated on their 125th.

..... Danville High School has been presented a plaque honoring Sam Thompson, a major league baseball player who was inducted into the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y. in 1974. The plaque was presented to the school in memory of Mr. Sam Thompson by the Lawrence Thompson family of Shelbyville.

..... An article in the INDIANAPOLIS STAR, appeared August 12 titled WHAT'S PAST IS PROLOGUE. It was written by John R. McDowell, Editor of our HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORY.

It is a provocative article. I wish I could print it in full, for it might make us all think a bit more. But I felt it was worthy of mention.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

HENDRICKS COUNTY CHRISTIAN CHURCH

1879

The Hendricks County Union (newspaper): September 4, 1879--The Basket Meeting--Editors, Union. In response to an article in last week's Union by David Cox of Cartersburg, inviting all the Christian Churches in the county to unite in holding a basket meeting at or near Danville some time in October, I am authorized to say in behalf of the church at Danville that we favor such a meeting believing that much good will result therefrom. In regard to holding the meeting at Danville, we have only to say that while we would be pleased to have the meeting here, we are entirely willing the churches outside of Danville shall select the time and place of holding the next meeting with the assurance that we will heartily co-operate with them to make the meeting both pleasant and profitable. J. L. McCoun. (Referring to an article in an August 28 paper, paper missing.)

The Union, September 18, 1879. The Christian Basket Meeting--Stilesville, Ind., Sept. 8, 1879. Dear Brother Cox: I see in the Union your call for a meeting of the Christian brotherhood of this county at some point which may be selected, and a response from the church at Danville suggesting sometime in October. I cordially favor your proposition. We ought to come together, get acquainted and cultivate the spirit of love and union and thus know more of our strength and weakness. Let us have it. I am corresponding with Brother O. A. Burgess for the 2d Lord's Day in October at Stilesville to dedicate our church and don't want you to have your meeting on that day. I think it will be fixed at that time. Will know this week. George W. Snoddy.

The Union, September 18, 1879. I am authorized by the Brethren at Clayton, to say that they endorse the call for a county meeting of the Christian brotherhood. Daniel Cox.

October, 1879 papers missing

The Union, September 2, 1880. The anniversary meeting of the Christian Churches of Hendricks County will be held on the 2nd Sunday in September, the 12th day, Elder L. H. Jameson will preach in the forenoon and Elder G. P. Peale in the afternoon. The Elders are requested to bring statistics of the churches and Sunday schools, showing their condition and standing up to the present. It will be a basket meeting, hence come prepared. Ample arrangements will be made for taking care of baskets and supplying water. If the weather is favorable, the meeting will be held in the Court House yard. J. H. McPhetridge, Chairman of Committee.

The Union, September 15, 1881. The Hendricks County Christian Church Union. The third annual co-operation meeting of the various congregations of the Christian Churches in this county convened in the church at Danville at 2 o'clock Saturday, September 10th. Brother Daniel Cox was made chairman pro tem. On motion of Rev. U. C. Brewer, it was decided to enter into permanent organization. Officers elected were President, John Rynerson; Secretary & Treasurer, Alex C. Hopkins. On motion it was decided that the Superintendent of the various schools of the county be made Vice Presidents of the association and that they, acting in conjunction with the President, Secretary & Treasurer constitute an Executive board.

1882 papers missing

The Republican, August 30, 1883. Announcement--The Christian Churches of Hendricks County will hold its regular Annual Co-operative Meeting and Sunday School Conven-

tion on the 2nd Saturday and Sunday in September at North Salem. The day will be devoted to statistical reports and Sunday work generally. On Sunday the church will convene at 10:00 a.m. and listen to an address upon "The Future of the Church." The afternoon will be devoted to the reports of the number and condition of the congregation of the county, short addresses on the needs of the church work, election of officers, etc. It is most earnestly desired by the officers of this association that every congregation and Sunday school of the brotherhood in the county be represented. Let the Elders of the church and superintendent of Sunday school and officers make it their business to appoint delegates who will feel interested enough in the prosperity and progress of the church and schools, who will attend and be prepared to do something in the great conflict of life, to move the world forward. I hope to meet many of the good brethren and sisters from over the county.

W. H. McPhetridge, Sec.

The Republican, September 13, 1883. -----At the close of the sermon, dinner was spread on the beautiful lawn in front of Dr. Adams' residence and the entire company partook of the hospitality of the Eel River citizens, which is equivalent to saying that they were elegantly entertained. Reports were heard from all churches and Saboth schools in the county except those of New Winchester, and New Hope. There are 11 churches and schools in the county. Officers reelected, President, Daniel Cox, Cartersburg; James Cox, Washington township, Treasurer; W. H. McPhetridge, Danville, Secretary. Next year's meeting will be the 2nd Saturday and Sunday in August at Clayton.

From County newspaper--The 8th Annual Meeting of the Christian Churches of Hendricks County will be held with the Lizton Christian Church beginning Friday night September 2, 1887. On the Lord's day there will be a basket meeting at Dugan's Grove, 1/2 mile south of Lizton. O. W. Hill, chairman; H. T. Storm, Secretary.

1979

One hundred years of Annual Meetings of the Christian Churches in Hendricks County will be celebrated November 11, 1979, from 1:30-6:30 p.m. at the North Salem Christian Church. Joe Wick, Senior Minister of First Christian Church, Lafayette, will be the afternoon speaker. Each church is invited to bring pictures of their church, early history, artifacts, etc. for display. Members of all Christian Churches in Hendricks County are welcome and encouraged to attend.

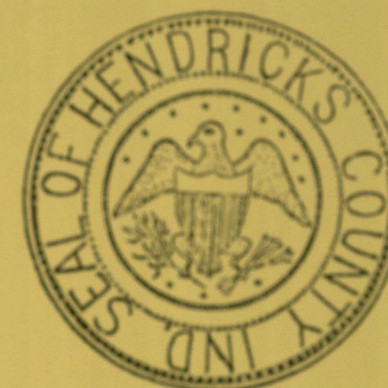
From Historic Sketches of Christian Churches in Hendricks County Indiana, in 1878 there were twelve Christian Churches in the county, and it is stated that ten of these twelve were "set in order" by Thomas Lockhart. Three of the twelve churches mentioned have ceased to exist. They are Belleville, New Hope (north of Pittsboro), and Quebec (south of Pittsboro.) The Coatesville Christian Church was organized in 1885 but closed in the early 1930's because of indifference and lack of funds. Then through the County organization they were able to open their doors again in 1946. The County Organization also organized the Avon Christian Church in 1964. The Scoville Revival was an enormous county wide program in which the churches all united in work and inspiration in 1931.

A "thank you" is extended to the Hendricks County Historical Society for changing their meeting date to avoid conflict with this special day.

Dorothy Templin

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME XI NUMBER I

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HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967

OFFICERS 1980

PRESIDENT

Mrs. Fred Worrell
R. R. 3 Box 19
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4842

VICE PRESIDENT

Mr. Maynard Nolan
R. R. 1
North Salem, IN 46165
Tel. 676-6901

SECRETARY

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R. R. 1
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4344

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

PUBLICITY

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

GENEALOGISTS

Miss Grace Cox
494 West Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R. R. 1, Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

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H C H S

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

H C H S

WINTER

The half-moon looks shrunken with cold. Ice booms. Wind nips the nose. But in the frozen depths
is
the promise of new life.

Hal Borland

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

GREETINGS FROM OUR PRESIDENT!

Hello 1980! Isn't it exciting to think that we stand at the threshold of a new year and a new decade. Each year seems to hold so many new things and so many new ways to cope with new problems. Although this is a historical society and we usually think of history as something that happened long ago did you ever think that more great things have happened in our own life time than had taken place in all of history before? We are making history every day and this is leap-year with one extra day to make each day count. I hope you will have a good year, but don't forget to remember those who have lived, loved our country, loved us and have made this land the great country we love. Let us live to pass it on to others as great as we found it.

Marion Worrell, President

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

The Program Committee met with our president, Marion Worrell and planned the following interesting programs for 1980. Please save this for future reference.

The committee consisted of Mr. Maynard Nolan, chairman, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Templin, Mary Jeanette Winkelman and Frances Fisher.

Now we can all look forward to another good year.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY PROGRAMS FOR 1980

Feb. 10 - Danville Christian Church

Program: Special Music

Ghost Towns of Hendricks Co. - Ruth Pritchard

Display Table: Old Town pictures of Hendricks County.

Social Hour: Marion and Center Twp.

May 4 - Stilesville Christian Church

Program: Betty Lane

Display Table: Bring anything that you think would be interesting to others.

Social Hour: Liberty, Clay, Guilford & Franklin Twp.

August 10 - Pittsboro Christian Church

Program: Musical program with some very good local talent.
History of some Early American musical instruments:

Display table: Early American music, hymn books or instruments.

Social Hour: Eel River, Middle & Union Twp.

Nov. 4 - Corinth Church

Program: History of the Postal Service arranged by Harold Templin

Display Table: Stamp collections, old letters, old post cards or anything of interest relating to the delivery of mail.

Social Hour: Brown, Lincoln and Washington Twp.

H C H S

NOVEMBER MEETING

Our Society met November 4, 1979, in the Montclair Christian Church with 37 members present. President Randall Joseph called the meeting to order and introduced the Rev. Gillespie, pastor of the church who gave words of welcome and the invocation.

The usual business was transacted and much discussion was held concerning the continued sale of the history books. Mrs. Hosier discussed the Museum and the Open House planned for December 1 and 2 and 8 and 9 of December, complete with old fashioned Christmas decorations and a tree to reach the ceiling and refreshments for guests. Mr. Hosier informed us that the Museum is now recognized as an educational and religious organization with contributions fully deductible.

Mr. Leathers, a member of the church, read a short history of the church which had been prepared by Flossie Foster. Ruth Pritchard expressed concern for the church and gave encouragement for continuing to work at keeping up the interest in the congregation.

President Joseph thanked all who helped to make his year as president a successful one and then introduced Maynard Noland, program chairman. Mr. Noland gave an interesting and well researched talk on the important days in our national history that stand out in the month of November. A social hour followed with the ladies of Center and Middle Townships acting as hostesses.

H C H S

IN MEMORIAM

Our Society joined throngs of friends in mourning the death of one of our most beloved members. Roy Fisher, a charter member, and who, with Frances...these two...were the moving force in 1967 when the Hendricks County Historical Society was organized, passed away December 13, 1979. They have undoubtedly done more to get this group going and to inspire the rest of us to keep it the growing, active and vital organization it is than any one else. Words cannot begin to express our deep feelings for them.

Roy and Frances were a team. They have been joined for more than half a century in a great mutual love, respect, trust and a deep, abiding faith that was reflected in every thing they said or did. Those of us who have known and loved them, and have been loved in return, have been exceedingly blest. We grieve over Roy's passing, but we know there must be great rejoicing in Heaven.

And the Voice of Experience tells me that with Frances Fisher's deep, vibrant faith and inner strength, supported by the love and prayers of her family and

countless friends, she will emerge with her old vitality and beautiful spirit ready to carry on as Roy would have wanted her to.

That is our prayer for her.

H C H S

QUERY: Would like to correspond with anyone who can give me information about the Wilkins and Brumfield (also spelled Brownfield) families living in Hendricks County, in the Brownsburg area in 1850. Reuben Wilkins is listed in the 1850 Hendricks County Census, the son of John and Phebe Wilkins. He, nor his 7 brothers and sisters, are listed in the 1860 Census.

Florence Wilkins Cappon (Mrs. John A. Cappon)
1611 Pierre St.
Manhattan, Kansas, 66502

H C H S

DOOZERS DOO!!!!

33.00

1980 dues to the H C H S
were due in November,
1979. Did you slip up?

Bargains are rare!
This is one!

H C H S

MUSEUM MUSINGS

We had approximately one hundred visitors at "Christmas at the Museum" open house. The museum was gaily decorated in keeping with yesteryear. The tree, home grown, a real cedar, was cut, hauled in by our own Dorothy Kelley. Mary Ann Moore helped her get it into the museum and set up. Some were heard to say: "It touches the ceiling!" The answer came back: "That's the way they all used to do and maybe bend over a little at the top." Even some of the young adults find it hard to imagine decorations without electrically lighted bulbs. We had long commented on Dorothy Kelley's Spiced Cider and how we hadn't lived until we tasted it. Some looked at us as though we didn't know much, but they are believers now. It went well with the cookies!

We surely have spooks at the museum! Why? Articles find their way into the museum but no identification! We found things in the mailbox and now we are in possession of a right nice glass mail box. None of them will talk. Well, maybe not, but the glass mailbox got squealed on the other day when one of the ladies in the welfare department said they found it when they were preparing to move to their new quarters in the annex east of town. It had belonged to the jail residence. It was at home all the time, and having a good time laughing at the rest of us going around in circles!

We have received lots of articles over the months. Some included lots of books, some dating back to the early 1860's others are newer. Stored in the basement is a one-horse wheat drill. There was a series of twelve pictures done in oils depicting the life of Christ. From one collection came some children's clothing, a large black pongee shawl, a black silk dress lined in brown, and quite a collection of bonnets. One was black silk over stiffening, one was black straw, another was gray silk with cream lining, and still another was a sunbonnet of print with button trim.

We are still looking for people who can help identify our Central Normal pictures.

Jewell Bell

H C H S

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Have you found a bargain recently? Or is there such a thing anymore? When you go to the grocery store, the doctor's office or to the drug store to get a prescription filled, it is frightening to realize how costs rise from month to month ... indeed from week to week. So a bargain is almost a thing of the past.

Which brings me to the next question. What can you buy for \$3.00? Not enough meat for a family of four, not a pair of shoes, not even a pair of good work gloves. \$3.00 will buy very little at the market place.

Yet consider what \$3.00 invested in the H C H S means. It means four interesting meetings a year; it means delightful social hours with delicious refreshments and visiting and discussing things of mutual interest. It means informative talks and programs. It also means four Bulletins containing a lot of goodies of interest to history minded folk.

Did you ever stop to think how this all comes about? Did you ever wonder how many hours your president and the committees spend getting this all together? Do you appreciate how much effort goes into selecting a place for the meetings, planning the programs and preparing them? Those delicious refreshments don't just happen. Ladies bake them, fix the punch or coffee, prepare a pretty tea table, buy cups and plates and clean up afterwards.

Do you wonder how a Bulletin comes about? Do you think of the hours and hours that are spent in researching and writing the articles that are submitted to the editor? Do you have any idea of how long it takes to organize the Bulletin in the hope that it will be a publication worthy of this organization? And you really don't know what hard labor goes into assembling the Bulletin, addressing envelopes, filling them, sorting them according to postal regulations and binding the bundles with twine also according to postal regulations.

It all takes work, work and more work ... and all of it volunteer. We don't have a paid member of our staff.

Maybe we are all a little bit nutty, but it is a labor of love. Sometimes we all ask ourselves why we continue to do it year after year. Does any one really care?

But we think YOU CARE. And if you do, please take a few minutes of your time to send your \$3.00 dues to Mrs. Clarence Bray, R. R. 1, Pittsboro, IN 46167.

ONE BARGAIN IS STILL AVAILABLE!!!!!!!!!!!!

H C H S

These interesting old letters were handed me by Ruth Pritchard with the explanation that Alice Clawson Franklin (Mrs. Lowell) is a daughter of Charles Clawson.

Letter #1

May 16 1898

Envelope post marked Clayton
February 22 1898

" in care of the cook's helper on steam boat Queen City from Cincinnati to Memphis Tenn." - this written in lower left corner of envelope - addressed to Charles Parry Clawson Cincinnati Ohio

Envelope is marked in Pencil "Try Public Landing"

Marked on back "unclaimed on Str. Queen City."

Clayton Indiana May 16 1898

Dear Charlie,

Eugene received your letter and sent it to me last week. We were all glad to hear from you. I was getting uneasy for fear you would not write, and maybe you would be called to go to Cuba and we might never hear from you again. You ought to think of these things and not neglect to send your letters might be the means of securing you a pension some time if you had no other proof that you was a soldier. Eugene just started home from here. Him and Willie Harvey Aunt Ann's boy was here for dinner. He stayed all night at Eugene's and Eugene brought him out this morning. Willie came out on an Excursion to some kind of a meeting of the Odd Fellows. He was a delegate to the Grand lodge I think is what he said. He went to the lodge with Eugene at Clayton last night. I wish you belonged to the order of Masons. It would be such a great help to you if you should happen to be taken prisoner. So many of the foreigners belong to that order and if you could get a chance to go to Chattanooga I would be glad if you would become a member. It would cost you twenty Dollars to be initiated and if you have not got that much money I could send you some to help you out and after you are initiated it only costs about one Dollar and fifty cents a year for dues so Willie Harvey says. The Masons is the best order to belong to because nearly every man in the South and all foreigners belong to it, if they belong to any order. And they are bound to help their Brothers if they are in distress. and I feel like it would be worth so much to you at this time and in the future also, if God should spare your life. I seen in the News that your Regiment arrived at an early hour on Monday morning the 16th May. We know when you are called to move every time. Well I guess maybe you have seen the Boys from here by this time. Jim Bolen and his brother Sigel and Rome Phillips that is the butcher's boy and Ora Lowry. The Bolen Boys are in Co. "K" or "H" of the one hundred and fifty-eighth (158th) Regiment - Inf. Lee Reed is in Battery "A" of Indianapolis, a Private. You will possibly see them all if you look a little for them. Doc Senton is getting up a company of 115 for the next call. His boys backed out the first call. Doc is going too if his boys go the next call. Eugene says old man Bolen is nearly killed about his boys going. He goes about studying and troubled all the time. I tell you this is awful to the parents. We all know what a hard time you soldiers see. We know you are not having a picnic but Eugene imagines that you don't see anything but fun, but that kind of fun gets old, but I hope you will make the best of it and do as an old soldier told me at Aunt Lizzie's. he says the only way a soldier can ever expect to live through a war is to look out for himself at all times - to look out for your safety as much as possible and above all to look out for your health. Study what is best for your self. I can't tell you anything only to Pray and do not be wicked. try to live right and God will bring you safely through. Charlie you don't know how soon you may be called to go to Cuba and face the enemy in battle so be prepared and don't wait until the last moment to pray for God to keep you from harm.

(Along margin is written) Pray to God and trust Him He can bring you safely through.

Charlie let Whiskey alone and don't disgrace your self

I saw 3 captains in Columbus full as ticks that day. They was all together too.

How many poor boys will loose their lives on account of their officers drinking Whiskey

Letter #2

Lytle, Georgia

May 30, 1898

Dear Parents

I would have liked to write to you sooner but I have had (no) money to buy the material and I have been favored so much by the boys that I dislike to ask them. I have to beg the stamp for this (letter). The State hasn't paid us yet but we are expecting it now. We are going to Tampa Florida to night or to morrow. that is the reason I write. We are on a great Battle Field here and have enjoyed it very much. We have been on Missionary Ridge and Snodgrass Hill and at Bloody Pond at the foot of the hill where the soldiers dug themselves to get a drink after they were wounded. There is a monument about 100 yds Southeast of Our Camp that marks the place where the 93rd Ohio Lieut - Col. Wood drew up in line. I found it last Sunday after I got your Letter. There has something strange happened and I bet you can't guess what it is. Eugene's Mules belong to our Regiment, Dick and Sam. I was on guard last Friday at the mule corral and I noticed (and) that looked like Sam and I went up and looked good at him and was standing on the other side of the rope they were tied to. I told the next to watch my side and I untied dick and led him off to see if he was lame and sure enough it was him. I told one of the mule Bosses to take good care of them and told him the circumstances and he said "you Bet - they would get plenty to eat. he is from our company. So if Eugene can't be here his mules are in the service. Lee Reid is just across the Road from us. We visit almost daily. Jim Bolen and Sigel and Phillips. Orie Lowry and Frank Howell's Boy are about a mile and a half from us. I scouted about 5 hours for them through the woods last Sunday and finally found them about 7 o'clock and stayed about a minute and had to run about a mile to get back to our camp in t (ime) for taps (which means roll call and lights out. if I had been one minute late I would have went to the guard house for the night. Jim Bolen is sick of the army. The others seem to be satisfied. Sigel gave (me) the Hendricks Co. Republican and I got a chance to read the news from home. The boys are all worked up for we are afraid we will have to go to night and the (at) means a 7 mile march with 58 (lbs) on our backs. today is decoration day. I help to dig a cellar until the Col came around and stopped us and we would never use it. So I went and washed my pants and let them dry on me while I set in the sun. We all got Lousy and we have to take a bath in the Chickamauga river every other day - a three mile walk but I am getting used to walking

Yours, Ches Clawson.

The day we got here we walked three miles after sleeping in train in up-right

seats all night and our wagons got into camp at three o'clock in the afternoon and we got our breakfast at four. We had a review the other day - 3 divisions - 8 thousand men - that was a sight to see.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

This is another selection from Clara Reitzel's collection of memories which she assembled for her family, but was persuaded to share with us. Her book is appropriately titled ROSES IN DECEMBER and contains many charming vignettes.

CENTER VALLEY CHURCH

I remember going to church here as a little girl. This was the church of which my great-grandmother Dorcas Barker Richardson was a charter member. It was organized in 1832.

I will try to tell you something of the services of the Primitive Baptist Church as I remember them as a child five to ten years old. They held services on Saturday and Sunday, once a month, usually on Saturday afternoon and night and Sunday morning. We drove a horse and buggy three and a half miles to church, took us thirty to forty minutes. To a country child, used to being bare-footed in summer, and always a tomboy following two older brothers, it was an ordeal to have to wear shoes and stocking and have to sit still. The services always were at least two hours long and often longer. The congregation did not believe in musical instruments so someone would have a tuning fork and tap it, hold it up to his ear to get the pitch, then hum the scale to get the right note to start the song. The first hymn book that I remember had shaped notes. (I have a hymn book of my Grandmother Richardson's that has just the words, no music.) No matter in what key a song was written, a round note was always "do", a triangular one "mi", and a square one was "sol". (I do not know if these were the notes that those shapes really stood for, but that is the idea. Those people loved to sing and they had real harmony. We still use some of those songs they loved: Jesus Lover of my Soul, Close to Thee, Shall We Gather At the River, Down at the Cross, Blest Be the Tie That Binds, God Be With You Till We Meet Again. (My father had a good bass voice and I can remember the older brothers and sisters gathering around the organ at home, singing.)

The church building had opaque white glass windows, and was heated by two stoves, one on each side of the church. The pews were modern oak with shaped backs and really comfortable. The men of the church had made them to fit the spaces where they were used - short ones around the stoves - some only held two or three people, and in a couple of places they were built to fit around a corner.

Back to the services: after the song service and prayer on Saturdays was a business meeting, then the sermon, which was from an hour and a half to two hours long. Some of the older ministers had sort of a sing-song delivery, connecting every few words with ah or an a-a-sh. I have only two or three distinct memories. There was always a standtable with a glass and a pitcher of water for the preacher. One time the minister called for anyone in the congregation to choose a song, and Dad called for them to sing "I Know that my Redeemer Lives". It was always one of his favorite songs and was sung at his funeral by some of the members of the church.

My other memory: sitting there listening to the sermon which I didn't understand. I was about five at the time. It was a warm sunny afternoon, the windows were open and I was drowsy. Close by the church was a house and someone kept pumping water and the pump would squeak. They needed lots of water for the squeaking kept up most of the time. Only later, when were home did I learn that the squeaky pump was really squeaking guineas.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

THE OLD TRAIN WRECK

(A historical poem written by Roscoe L. Edwards, deceased, depicting the wreck of a train on the Vandalia railroad Jan. 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 around.

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 at the switch
For before that train was halted
There were eight tank cars 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 didn't have to argue,
He didn't even have to shout
For the folks began to migrate
As the news was whispered out.

Now they went to 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.

(Cont.)

The Old Train Wreck

(Cont)

One old lady who went farthest
Said she didn't run at all,
But passed several of her neighbors,
There names she did not recall.

But after noon the next day,
With everyone back at home,
A Heavenly peace and happiness
Seemed to our town to come.

For we had our scare for nothing;
Not a rumble, not a jar;
That oil went up in flame and smoke
And left us all 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.

H C H S

HISTORY BOOK ACCOUNT

DIVES MEMBERS -

Dr. Thomas Clark of Lexington Kentucky has commented on the Hendricks County History most favorably. He states "for a local history of this kind it only takes a single generation for a book to go from being available to being rare and unobtainable.

Because 30 people and institutions of Hendricks County believed this was true of The Hendricks County History and Index, they made either loans, or donations or purchased book to relieve the Hendricks County Historical Society from paying interest on the loan which had been made by the banks of Hendricks County in 1977 for \$17,000.

Those who made loans included Ed and Mary Jeanette Winkelman, Clark and Carolyn Kellum, Dorothy Kelley, C. Rawleigh and Margaret Baker, Audrey Martin, Mildred Smith, Roy and Frances Fisher, Edgar Parker, Ruth Dinsmore, Jack and Ida Mae Miller, Ondah Evans, H. E. Ayres, Inc., Robert and Eloise Cestetter, George A. Hadley, Ronald Alexander, Dr. David Hadley, C. R. Roark, Citizens Savings & Loan Assn., John A. Kendall, North Salem Bank and Esther Johnson.

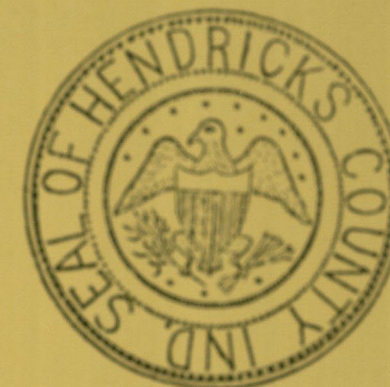
Those who made donations include Ondah Evans, First National Bank of Plainfield, and Helen Daum.

The State Bank of Lixton, The Danville State Bank, Gentry Norwood, First National Bank of Coatesville, Hobbs Nursery, Lincoln Federal Savings & Loan Assn and the First National Bank of Danville purchased books to be used.

As other books are sold the amounts loaned will be repaid. There are approximately 950 books still available.

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



VOLUME XI NUMBER II

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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967
OFFICERS 1980

PRESIDENT

Mrs. Fred Worrell
R. R. 3 Box 19
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4842

VICE PRESIDENT

Mr. Maynard Nolan
R. R. 1
North Salem, IN 46165
Tel. 676-6901

SECRETARY

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R. R. 1
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4344

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Veen
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

PUBLICITY

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

GENEALOGISTS

Miss Grace Cox
494 West Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R. R. 1, Box 209
Clayton, IN 46113
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

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H C H S

The Hendricks County Historical Bulletin is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. It is distributed without charge to members of the Society and to Hendricks County School Libraries. Individual copies \$1.00. Communications concerning back copies or individual copies should be addressed 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
Tel. 745-2115

H C H S

Life is no brief candle to me. It is sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

George Bernard Shaw

GREETINGS FROM OUR PRESIDENT

I have been reminded many times recently that we owe so much to those people, our ancestors, who braved so many hardships to bring us this comfortable world in which we live.

I recently enjoyed a visit to Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts. It is an outdoor museum of living history of life in New England between 1790 and 1840, showing the actual life style of a New England town with real people, dressed in authentic clothing, doing the real chores as they were done in that period. There is also a small farm with actual farming and farm chores being done. This is very interesting and causes us to realize that we've come a long way.

Have you all been to our own Hendricks Co. Museum recently? I am always so proud of it and of those dedicated people who have done so much to make it a reality. If you haven't been there recently it will make you proud, too, if you give it a visit. Again, I'm thankful to those ancestors who gave us this heritage and to those of you who have preserved it.

Marian Worrell

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

February Meeting

The Hendricks County Historical Society met February 10th at The Danville Christian Church. Marian Worrell, our new president, opened the meeting with a welcome greeting and presented Dr. Joe Stump, pastor of the host church, who gave devotions.

Margery Clay introduced Gus Seger, a Danville High School student, who delighted us with three vocal solos. Gus is a blue ribbon winner at state music contests. Margaret Baker, speaking for Frances Fisher, conveyed her love and gratitude for our concern in the loss of her husband, Roy.

Sally Polard sought our help concerning the building of an approach to a new bridge, which, if constructed as planned, will destroy some trees that are a part of the landscape of a lovely old home that dates back to 1850. With slight change, the beauty and historical value of the property, located on the south edge of Danville, could be preserved. The Society voted to instruct the secretary to write to the State Highway Commission stating our concern.

The usual business was taken care of with the treasurer reporting a balance of \$350.60. Clark Kellum discussed the history book finances. Several gifts and interest-free loans have been made and Clark urged every one to push the sale of the books.

Ruth Pritchard gave a delightful program on Ghost Towns. Delicious refreshments were enjoyed as we browsed around the display table.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

PLEASE NOTE THE EARLY DATE DUE TO MOTHER'S DAY

May 4th we will meet at the Stilesville Christian Church with the one and only Betty Lane giving the program. And shades of Gunsmoke and Miss Kitty!!!! The title of her interesting talk is HENDRICKS COUNTY'S LONG-HAIRED LAWMAN IN ARIZONA. It is about people several of us can remember (I am not going to give too many clues). Her story will contain adventure, romance, slides and pictures...every thing that will make for an exciting afternoon. As for the display table, anything goes, as long as it has historical significance. Ladies of Liberty, Clay, Guilford and Franklin Townships will furnish the refreshments.

DON'T MISS IT!!!!

HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS

IN MEMORIAM

Death again entered our ranks, March 13, when another of our charter members was called by our Lord. Zona Walker, one of our "writingest" members, will be greatly missed by all of us, but especially by your Editor. Many, many times throughout the past ten years, her lively articles sparked the pages of the Bulletin. She was a veritable walking history book of North Salem and Eel River Township. Even when she was unable to attend meetings, she could always come through with something to help me when I needed her.

Only once did she disappoint me. Last January I called her for help, but she was in bed too sick to make the effort, but her last words to me were, "But I won't let you down. I'll get something to you before the next time." But she was gone before the next time.

Zona's stories of years ago simply flowed. She wrote as if she had so much to tell, she would have to hurry to get it all told. She was a delight to know. Her mind was sharp and filled with lore of the town and the people about her.

A beautiful spirit has left us but she will be long remembered for her treasured storehouse of tales she has left behind.

HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS

Another of our faithful members is ailing and would love to hear from us. Claire Sellars is in Miller's Merry Manor Nursing Home at Mooresville. Claire has spent his life communicating with people from all walks of life and he misses his activities and friends more than anything else. Drop him a line, give him a call on the phone, or better yet, go see him. You will be glad you did.

Claire, we are sending greetings from all our society and we all hope you will soon be out able to attend some meetings and make worth while contributions as you often have in the past.

HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS HC HS

Since the last bulletin there have been changes made in our museum. As you know, the government requires public buildings to provide access for handicapped persons. To that end, the window in the south room of the first floor was removed and replaced by a plain glass door. A transom of seed glass, inscribed with the date 1866 was made to fit in the space over the door. It gives the appearance of having been there as long as the building. The door provides entrance from the lift installed outside the building. This is to aid those who cannot climb stairs as well as those who might use wheel-chairs. A new entrance to the rest-room was cut in the same room. The old door wouldn't have been convenient for wheel-chair visitors. For those of you who are acquainted with the building, the little whateis in the primitives room that no one could figure out for a while and later discovered to be a shower, was taken out. The way some can know about what is upstairs will be by photographs of the various articles and of rooms in general. A docent will sit with the guest and have a little show and tell. That will have to apply to the basement as well.

We need lots more docents. A docent's duty is to show visitors around and answer questions they will ask. Dorothy Kelley plans a course for docents so they will be familiar with their job. Some like to show one part especially well, while we find that someone else will prefer another. That way, if we have several, the docents can almost take their pick. One young docent likes to show the jail cells to the youngsters and watch the expressions on their faces. Another is more at home in the kitchen. And so it goes.

Our laundry room is up-to-date in the pre-turn-of-the-century manner. In the days when calories didn't count for so much, there was the tub and wash-board. Later came a rocker type washer, all of which gave the little lady a work-out. The latest one is a gasoline-powered washer. It was later converted to an electric motor. Thus began labor-saving on wash-day. My, my, what would the little lady do with all that free time! Are you kidding? There was always dinner to get and the family was like a nest of little birds, always hungry. The kids weren't the only ones either.

Some more things we have, included a box of sealing wax in the original container. It looked for all the world like it had just come out of the store. Then there are two stereoptican views of the San Francisco earthquake. Those who know what tornado damage looks like got the shivers. Then there is a settee that is at least 80 or 90 years old. It looks nice in the children's room. There is a hand operated cake mixer, that could be the forerunner of the electric mixer, some ladies' hats from the 1920's. There are assorted dresses including a 1914 wedding dress. A set of curtain stretchers, a complete outfit of Camp Fire Girl Leader's uniform, including dress, moccasins, beads and book, all from the 1925 era. We have a Gold Star Honor Roll of W.W.I, 1914-1918. Two booklets on family histories. Could be handy for someone's research. There are two blue and white coverlets and quite an assortment of articles.

More of the upstairs light fixtures have been replaced with some more in keeping with the building.

Then came housecleaning! Several brought cleaning equipment plus lots of elbow grease, chin music for their morale, and their lunch, and made a day of it. What great fellowship we had that day!

Jewell Bell

CROSS ROADS SCHOOL

Many interesting things happen when you are editor of a History Bulletin, and things come to my desk that would not otherwise. A few days ago I received a most remarkably restored picture sent to me by Mrs. Ralph (Lois Ryner) York of Coatesville. It is a picture of the Cross Roads School located at the junction of Ind. 75 and the Danville & New Maysville Roads. The picture was taken in the Fall of school year 1888-89. The teacher, Charles R. Souder, later became a doctor and a surgeon and was instrumental in getting a surgeons' school started near the old Deaconess Hospital in Indianapolis. It was later absorbed into IU Med Center.

The names in the picture will ring a bell with many of us old timers: Laura Shue, Kitty Parker (Sheets), Esther Gowin, Stella Denney, Daisy Doolet (Hiatt), Lena Thompson (Sherrick) (White), Carrie Underwood (Stephenson), Fred Tinder, Fred Hayes, Oscar Wischert (Dr. O.H.), Edgar Wilson, Frank Hawkins, Alice Buntin (Byrd), Effie Ridpath, Betty Dooley (South), Jessie Denney, Letitia Wischert (Whitneck), Louie Parker (Pierson), Anna Ridpath (Baker), Louie Underwood (Allison), Hall (Hallie) Ryner, Oscar Higgins, Willie Dooley, John Kurtz, Asa Kurtz, Clay Higgins, Roscoe Buntin, Alva Porter Gowin.

The only survivor of this group is Anna Ridpath Baker, my husband's aunt. She is a perky little lady living most of the time in Florida at the tender age of 103. She sends us cheery Christmas greetings, written in her own hand, and is a little put out because her daughters don't let her date! She is a dear, and her wit is as sharp as ever!

Really, I didn't get this report because of the Bulletin. It was sent to me to see that the picture would be sent on its way to Aunt Annie! Thanks, Lois.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

CONGRATULATIONS, DANVILLE GAZETTE!!!!

They haven't said much about it yet, but the DANVILLE GAZETTE, is celebrating its 100th this year. Surely they will bake a cake or pop a bottle of champagne or at least call the crew together to sing Auld Lang Syne, but for the present, they are staying strangely quiet. ANYHOO, thanks to Mandy West, of Danville, I have a yellow-with-age copy of the GAZETTE published only fifty years ago which is filled with articles printed 50 years before that in other words, 100 year old stories. Off and on, in this year's Bulletin, will appear stories of 100 years ago, but they were very wordy 100 years ago, so space here doesn't permit many of them. They do make interesting reading, however.

Here is a condensed story of OUR DANVILLE GIANTS:

Danville had two giants 100 years ago, John Hanson Craig and his wife, Mary. They boasted a combined weight of 1,600 pounds. Their permanent home was on North Washington St., Danville, but much of the year they were traveling overland in large covered vans, each drawn by a team of horses, under the name of POWERS' MUSEUM OF NATIONAL CURIOSITIES. Mary tipped the scale at over 700 pounds and John's 6 foot 6 inches frame was more than that.

The McPhetridge clothing store made Johnny's clothes. Harry Savage, who did the tailoring, said, "He was, without a doubt, the biggest man in the world. His fat was not mostly in one place. It was all over him. He was well proportioned. His legs were so large that when he walked the fat and the flesh of one wrapped almost around the other, impeding his progress. Johnny's overcoat was so big, that three men got into it, buttoned it and walked around the public square in it."

Mary Craig died in 1881 at the age of 54. Her casket was placed in a two-horse wagon and a long procession followed to the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery a few miles up the Old North Salem Road. Johnny died at the age of 47, and as was Mary, he was buried at the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. The funeral was conducted by the Danville Knights of Pythias, an order to which he belonged.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

IN DANVILLE PAPER, 1854

THIRD SESSION BELLEVILLE ACADEMY

9-25-1854

12-22-1854

Course of Study

Tuition

Primary

\$ 3.25

Junior

5.20

Senior

7.00

Jarred R. Woodfill A.B. - Math, Nat. Science

Robert S. Reese A.M. - Prof. of Languages

Jarred R. Woodfill at this time owned the Belleville lots on which now (1980) Roy Pritchards' house stands.

Gentry Co., Mo
Apr. 28th 1861

Bro - John:

After stating that we are enjoying good health, and have a fine prospect for a wheat & rye crop.

I will state that the War panic is incredible. Gentry Co is becoming depopulated. About twenty families have moved to Iowa within the last ten days. The Huggins neighborhood, which is about 7 miles north of Island Creek, is "evacuated." The North E. Methodist - are denied the privilege of Worshipping God under their own "vine and fig tree", consequently they are migrating north.

To make a short-story of a great-deal of trouble, all the citizens here who have conscience scruples against fighting for the Confederate states after Missouri shall secede, are taking time by the fore lock, & severing their communication with this Commonwealth. Some give away their property, others leave their real estate unsold.

All kinds of business is checked. There is literally no money in N. W. Missouri. The farmer goes to his plough without courage. The mechanic to his shop with reluctance.

Secession is the prevailing sentiment here. There are many union men here who love the stars & stripes as tho they love their own lives, but - for the safety of themselves & families, they say nothing. The liberties of free speech are proscribed here. All I have got is here and I intent to stay with it at all hazards. They may kill me but they can't drive me away.

I never needed about - 800 dols worse since I have been to the state. I shall have to sacrifize property most awfully, if I don-get-some soon.

I have been looking for the balance due me from father Travis, but-it-has not come yet - but I hope it will soon.

In about ten days we have 400 dols, due us but - I have no idea that we will get 50.

I have made a good deal of money since I have been here but I am mighty hard up now.

I hope the war will end in a few days & the troubled waters will subside.

Let me hear from you soon

Yours Respectfully

J. C. Woodfill

CEMETERIES

ABNER'S CREEK
N E corner of S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 32 T16N R1E
Washington

ABNER RAGAN
N $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 19 T16N R2W
Marion

AND
N W corner Sec. 2 & N E corner Sec. 3
T14N R2W
Clay

ARNOLD STEWART
N W corner Sec. 21 T16N R1W
Center

AYERS
About 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles north of Danville -
between Old Lebanon Road and the
Pittsboro Road.
Center

BALLARD
N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 6 T16N R2E
Brown

BARGO
About 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ mile north of Danville on
or near Old Lebanon Road.
Center

BARLOW
S E corner N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 33 T16N R1E
Washington

BELL
On Hufford Road (350 N), Northeast of
Pursinger residence (1976) and Southwest
of Brownsburg. Sec. 22
Lincoln

BELLEVILLE TOWN
Southwest part of Belleville.
Liberty

BETHEL LUTHERAN
S E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 12 T14N R2W
Clay

BETHESDA
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ of N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 26 T17N R1E
Brown

BOYS SCHOOL
S E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 34 T14N R1E
Guilford

BROWN
N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 19 T16N R2E
Brown

BROWNSBURG
Sec. 2 T16N R1E
Lincoln

BUCHANAN
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 35 T14N R1W
Liberty

BURGESS
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ S E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 16 T17N R1W
Union

CAMPBELL
N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 4 & N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 3 T16N R2W
Eel River

CENTER VALLEY
N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec 25 T14N R1W
Liberty

CHRISTIE EAST
N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 22 T15N R1W East side of
road 39.
Center

CHRISTIE WEST
S E corner N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21 T15N R1W West
side of road 39.
Center

CLAYTON
S E corner Sec. 4 & S W corner Sec 3
T14N R1W
Liberty

COATESVILLE
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 5 T14N R2W
Clay

COFER
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 22 T16N R1W
Center

CORNETT
N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 33 T14N R1W
Liberty

COUNTY HOME
N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 10 T15N R1W
Center

CRAFTON
South of center of N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 32 T16N
R1E
Washington

CUNDIFF
S W corner S E $\frac{1}{4}$ S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21 T17N
R1W
Union

DANVILLE EAST
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 3 T15N R1W
Center

DANVILLE SOUTH
N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 9 T15N R1W
Center

DAVENPORT
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 11 T16N R2W
Eel River

DAVIS
N $\frac{1}{4}$ S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 5 T14N R1W
Liberty

DICKERSON
S $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21 T 16N R2W
Marion

EVANS
N E corner S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 32 T17N R2E
Brown

FAIRFIELD FRIENDS
S E corner S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 8 T14N R2E &
N W corner N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 17 T14N R2E
Guilford

FAIR VIEW
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ of N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 4 T16N R2W
Eel River

FLEECE
S E $\frac{1}{4}$ S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 5 T16N R2W
Eel River

FRIENDSHIP MISSIONARY BAPTIST
N E $\frac{1}{4}$ N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 26 T14N R1W
Liberty

FULLER
S E $\frac{1}{4}$ N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 15 T17N R2W
Eel River

GENTRY
E $\frac{1}{4}$ N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 31 T16N R1W
Center

GENTRY
S E $\frac{1}{4}$ N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 27 T14N R2W
Franklin

GOSSETT
N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 14 T17N R2W
Eel River

GOSSETT-METHODIST
N W corner Sec. 14 T15N R1E Washington

GREEN LAWN
N E $\frac{1}{2}$ S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 2 T16N R1E Lincoln

GROOVER
N W corner Sec. 19 T17N R1W Union

HADLEY
N E $\frac{1}{2}$ N E $\frac{1}{2}$ N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 23 T15N R2W Clay

HARDWICK
S E corner Sec. 31 T16N R1W Center

HEBRON
N E corner N E $\frac{1}{2}$ corner S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 18 T14N R2W Franklin

HIGGINS
E $\frac{1}{2}$ S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 33 T16N R2W Marion

HOADLEY
Guilford

HUGHES
S E $\frac{1}{2}$ S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 17 T16N R1E Middle

HYPES
S E corner of N E $\frac{1}{2}$ S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 19 T17N R2W Eel River

HYTEN
Center

IRONS
S W corner S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 32 T15N R1E Liberty

JOHNSON
N E corner of N W $\frac{1}{2}$ S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 15 T17N R1E Brown

JONES
S E $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 16 T14N R1W Liberty

JONES, WILLIAM & ELEANOR
Eel River

JORDEN
S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 6 T15N R1E Center

KIGER
S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 34 T16N R1W Center

LEACH
S $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 7 T16N R1W Union

LEAK
Union

LINGEMAN
At Washington St. & Acre Avenue in Brownsburg, 200 S. Lincoln

Lixton K. of P.
In Lixton east of Road 39 & south of Road 136. Union

LONG
S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 14 T16N R1W Middle

McCLAIN
N W corner Sec. 17 T15N R1E Washington

McCORMACK
S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 32 T14N R1W Liberty

McDANIEL
N E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 10 T16N R2E Lincoln

MACEDONIA
S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 19 T17N R2E Brown

MAPLE HILL
In Plainfield, south of Rd. 40 Guilford

MARVEL
N E $\frac{1}{2}$ N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 29 T17N R2E Brown

MERRITT
N W corner N E $\frac{1}{2}$ S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 10 T15N R1E Washington

MILES
S W corner of S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 32 T15N R1E Liberty

MILL CREEK
E $\frac{1}{2}$ S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 18 T15N R1W Center

MONTGOMERY CHAPEL
N E corner of Sec. 32 T17N R1W Union

MORAVIAN
In back yard of Joe Davidson's place. Coatesville Clay

MT. PLEASANT
N W corner Sec. 30 T16N R2W Center

NEW WINCHESTER BAPTIST
Sec. 4 T15N R2W North of Rd. 36 & East of Rd. 75 Marion

NICHOLS
S E $\frac{1}{2}$ N E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 7 T15N R1W Center

NOLAND
S E corner Sec. 24 T16N R2W Marion

NORTH SALEM BAPTIST
S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 33 T17N R2W (S E corner) Eel River

OLD SHILOH
S $\frac{1}{2}$ N E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 32 T16N R2E Washington

PECK
N W $\frac{1}{2}$ N E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 3 T15N R2W Marion

PENNINGTON
N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 29 T17N R2W Eel River

PLEASANT HILL M. E.
N E corner S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 9 T14N R2W Franklin

PREBSTER
E $\frac{1}{2}$ S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 5 T16N R1E & V $\frac{1}{2}$ S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec 4 T16N R1E Lincoln-Middle

PRITCHETT
S $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 6 T16N R1W Union

RAGAN
W $\frac{1}{2}$ S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 9 T15N R2W Marion

RAMSEY
N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec 23 T14N R1E Guilford

ROBBINS
W $\frac{1}{2}$ N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 22 T16N R2W Marion

ROBERTS
S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 20 T16N R1E Middle

RYNER
S $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 6 T15N R2W Marion

SALEM BAPTIST
N E corner Sec. 32 T16N R2E Washington

SALEM METHODIST
Sec. 19 T14N R1E Liberty

SEARS
N E $\frac{1}{2}$ N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 36 T15N R2W Marion

SHANNON
S W corner W $\frac{1}{2}$ S E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 26 T16N R2W Marion

SHILOH METHODIST
On W line of N E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 5 T15N R2E Washington

SHODDY FAMILY
S E $\frac{1}{2}$ S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 24 T14N R2W Franklin

SPARKS
S W corner N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 33 T17N R1E Brown

SPRING CON. FRIENDS
W $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 34 T15N R2W Clay

SPRING HILL, CARTERSBURG
N W corner N E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 25 T15N R1W Liberty

SPRINGTOWN METHODIST
N E $\frac{1}{2}$ N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 35 T15N R2W Clay

STILESVILLE
N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 22 T14N R2W Franklin

ST. MALACHY WEST
S E corner N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 5 T16N R1W Middle

SUGAR GROVE
S E corner of Sec. 3 T14N R1E Guilford

TENPLIN
W $\frac{1}{2}$ S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 34 T15N R1W Center

TINDER
W $\frac{1}{2}$ N E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 23 T16N R2W

TROTTER
S E $\frac{1}{2}$ N W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 2 T16N R2W Eel River

TURNER
E $\frac{1}{2}$ S W $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 27 T16N R2W Marion

TURPIN
N E $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 30 T16N R2E Lincoln

UNGLE FAMILY
Northeast corner of Belleville.

Liberty

S E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 3 T16N R2W Eel River

Along West line of N E $\frac{1}{4}$ S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 32 T17N R2V Eel River

ROUNDTOWN
N $\frac{1}{4}$ S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 16 T16N R2W Eel River

VANDERVER
Eel River

VANNICE
N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 30 T16N R2W Marion

VIELEY
In south edge of Sec. 28
T17N R1W Union

WALKER
E $\frac{1}{4}$ N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 7 T16N R2E Lincoln

WALNUT GROVE
N $\frac{1}{4}$ N W $\frac{1}{4}$ N E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 34
T14N R2W Franklin

WARD
At North edge of Brownburg on
West side of Rd. 267. Lincoln

WEAVER
S E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 29 T17N R1E Middle

WESLEY CHAPEL
S W corner S E $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 3 T16N R1E Washington

WEST BRANCH
S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 32 T14N R2V Clay

WHITE LICK BAPTIST
N E corner S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 5
T16N R1V Middle

WHITE LICK FRIENDS
On the ridge east of Rd. 267
just north of the Hendricks-
Morgan County Line. Guilford

WHITE LICK PRESBYTERIAN
N W corner of S W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 27
T16N R1E Washington

OLD WHITE LICK PRESBYTERIAN
Lincoln

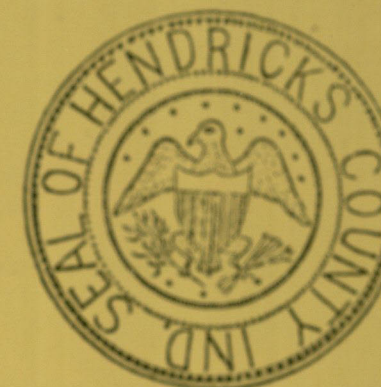
ZIMMERMAN
N W $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 6 T16N R2W Eel River

NORTH BRANCH
S W corner of Sec. 20
T14N R1E Liberty

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HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



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HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

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OFFICERS 1980

PRESIDENT

Mrs. Fred Worrell
R. R. 3 Box 19
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4842

VICE PRESIDENT

Mr. Maynard Nolan
R. R. 1
North Salem, IN 46165
Tel. 676-6901

SECRETARY

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R. R. 1
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4344

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

PUBLICITY

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

GENEALOGISTS

Miss Grace Cox
494 West Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R. R. 1, Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

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H C H S

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

H C H S

Here it is August already. Thoreau once wrote, "How early in the year it begins to be late!"

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

HOT! HOT! HOT! As I am writing this the temperature is well above 90° and people everywhere are complaining about the heat. This makes me think back to the days of long ago when every day called for a roaring fire in the kitchen range so Dad and Grandpa could have those hot biscuits, ham and eggs and gravy when they came in for breakfast after doing the milking and getting the horses harnessed, ready to go to the field. After breakfast there were pies to bake for dinner as well as several loaves of bread, enough to run a couple of days because it was a busy time and there were hired hands to feed and maybe the threshers would get there today or tomorrow. Not only that, but no decent lady would be caught dead without her "underclothes" and goodness only knows what they were, but they certainly were a lot more than those short shorts that today's woman wears on a hot day in an air conditioned house.

After the baking was done & the dishes were washed, there was dinner to think about so a trip to the chicken coop or the smoke house produced a couple of fryers or a ham. Of course the chickens didn't come from the coop "table ready" either so if fried chicken was on the menu it meant scalding, picking and dressing and with no refrigeration, it had to be done today. Ham was a little different - just taking down a big cured ham & getting it into the kitchen for slicing before cooking.

After the meat was selected, then on went a sunbonnet & a basket for a trip to the garden for the vegetables - maybe potatoes to be dug, green beans, cabbage, peas, beets, turnips, or corn - any of which had to be gathered, cleaned and cooked on that hot range fire.

After dinner, with the dishes washed and the kitchen reedied up, it was time to gather up the patching & mending and hunt a shade tree and "set a spell", patching, darning or whatever - maybe even catching a couple of winks of sleep before going back to the kitchen to start supper - because the men worked hard and had to have three meals a day.

Who was it that said, "Give me the good old days?" Not I!! But a little self discipline causes me to resist the temptation to complain too much when I pause to remember how we got where we are. How about you?

Marian Worrell

H C H S

MAY MEETING

The Hendricks County Historical Society met May 4, 1980 at the Stilesville Christian Church. The pastor, the Rev. McGilliard, gave the invocation and a brief history of the church buildings. The present building was constructed in 1878, but the original small church was built in 1834.

The regular business of the Society was transacted after our president, Marian Worrell called the meeting to order. Mrs. Sally Poland thanked the Society for intervening with the State Highway Commission to delay the building of an approach to a new bridge which would have destroyed some ancient trees

on their property, which in turn would have ruined the beauty of a yard surrounding one of the oldest houses in Danville... Sally reported that all plans have been stopped until they can be approved by the State Historical Committee.

The History Book sale needs to be pushed according to Clark Kellum. Mildred Smith and Audrey Martin have announced that their loans are to be considered gifts.

Betty Lane gave a most interesting program on a Hendricks County native who made quite a name for himself as the long haired sheriff of Arizona. The sheriff was Commodore Perry Owens who spent eight troubled years in the Cartersburg area; a man whose parents and some brothers and sisters are buried in the Cartersburg Spring Hill Cemetery.

At least four present Hendricks County residents have personal ties to the Owens story, for they are great nieces of Commodore Perry Owens. Dorothy Beyer and her sister, Mary Frances Snodgrass and their cousin, Carla Jean Halfaker share a grandfather (Marion Carter Owens) who was a brother of Commodore and who worked for him in the West at one time. And Margery Hufford Clay's grandmother, Frances Owen Hufford, was a sister of Commodore Perry Owens. Margery's father, former Hendricks County Sheriff, Robert Hufford, was an under-sheriff to his uncle for almost two years in Arizona.

Betty's talk was too fascinating to have missed. She showed slides, and kept her audience enthralled with her exciting story ... and true.

A social hour was enjoyed with the hostess committee of Liberty, Clay and Guilford townships.

H C H S

AUGUST MEETING

Our next meeting will be held at the Pittsboro Christian Church, August 10 at the usual meeting hour of 2 o'clock. Mr. Maynard Noland, chairman of the program committee reports that it will be a musical program with organ music furnished by one of the church organists, Mrs. Esta Saltee, followed by a program of gospel singers. Please don't forget the display table! Bring early American music, old hymn or music books and old instruments of any kind. The display table appeals to all of us, and is informative as well as most interesting. (P.S. The beautiful new Pittsboro Christian Church is air conditioned! However, don't worry about sweaters, because it is just comfortable, not too cold.)

H C H S

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE

ONE HUNDRED AND THREE,

AND HAVE AN INTERVIEW

WITH LITTLE OLD ME?

Well, that is exactly what Aunt Annie Baker did recently, although it really wasn't an interview, it was a visit. Aunt Annie is Rawleigh's aunt. She makes her home in Florida, but she is spending the summer in Danville with her daughter, Mrs. Irene Hollowell, and husband, Bob. She is the perkier 103 year old I have

ever known ... in fact, I believe she is the only 103 year old I have ever known! She will be 104 in November. Recently she said to a friend, "Well, I may live to be 110, but I can't help it if I do!" With a beautiful quick sense of humor, a clear mind and a strong body (considering) she is the most remarkable person I have ever known, and I am proud to call her "Aunt" though only by marriage.

Our main subject of conversation that afternoon was a picture, for which I must thank Lois York of Coatesville for sending me. It was the picture of the old CROSS ROADS SCHOOL, located at the junction of Ind. 75, north of New Winchester and the New Maysville Road. The picture was taken in the fall of the school year 1888-89.

Lois sent me a lot of information about that school. Her father, Hall Ryner was in the picture and he had given her a lot of history.

Charles R. Sowder was the teacher. He later became a doctor and surgeon and was instrumental in getting a Surgeons School started near the old Deaconess Hospital in downtown Indianapolis. It was later absorbed into the I U Medical Center.

The picture was not too clear (but remarkably so after almost 100 years!) and Aunt Anna's eyes aren't exactly 20-20, so as she pointed to each child, I read the name which Lois had so thoughtfully furnished. She stopped, threw back her head and laughed as she recalled each pupil ... she remembered all of them. She filled me in with amusing anecdotes as she relived those days at old CROSS ROADS SCHOOL.

"One day at noon, some of us went skating on the little stream that ran thru the back of the school yard, and of course we stayed too long and were late for the afternoon session. Mr. Sowder really got after us for that," she said. Another time in the Spring, they went wading at noon and the same thing happened. All the teacher said when we walked into the school room was, "Have you boys and girls been having a good time?" Mr. Sowder must have been a most patient and understanding teacher.

Lois York related much history which I wish we had space for. Some day she must send us the original story her great grandmother, Malinda Randel Sharp wrote of her life from the time she came to Indiana in 1825, when she was about 6, and finished in 1908 when she died at the age of almost 89. Won't that make interesting reading?

The names of the students in CROSS ROAD SCHOOL will be familiar to many Marion and Eel River Township, as well as other Hendricks County old timers: Esther Gowin, Stella Denney, Daisy Dooley (Hiatt), Lena Thompson (Sherrick) (White), Carrie Underwood (Stephenson), Fred Tinder, Fred Hayes, Oscar Wischert, (Dr. O.H.), Edgar Wilson, Frank Hawkins, Alice Buntin (Byrd), Effie Ridpath, Betty Dooley (South), Jessie Denney, Letitia Wischert (Whitbeck), Lourie Parker, (Pierson), Anna Ridpath (Baker), Louise Underwood (Allison), Hall Ryner, Oscar Higgins, Willie Dooley, John Kurtz, Ann Kurtz, Clay Higgins, Roscoe Buntin, Omer Buntin, Alva Porter Gowin.

H C H S

CLAYTON - AS I REMEMBER IT

by Louise Edmonson Powers
(daughter of Art & Grace Edmonson)
(C. A. Edmonson)

Many years have passed since I entered the little town of Clayton, my birthplace. My memories of those days of growing up are still so clear - they were so precious to me - they have given me a heritage which I would never have traded - no matter what the offer - "no way"! I have always talked with pride of my Town, My Family, My Friends, and Hoosier Life!

My childhood was so filled with the simple joys of life; we lived in a relaxed society; we knew our neighbors and friends; and in that interrelation - there was a trust, loyalty and security; always time to give help to those who needed it, the old or the young.

And the good times - I relived many of them just recently when my granddaughter asked me for an essay on "My Childhood". She had to interview three older people. In trying to pick interesting highlights which differed from today, I went through my photograph albums and what memories I was able to recall. Would you like to remember with me?

Our picnics at Camp Short when we walked out carrying our lunch baskets (big ones) on a long clothes pole, each taking her turn at the load.

Our church dinners - those favorite dishes.

Our Christian Endeavor Meetings where we, in our youth, learned leadership and were inspired to build a good Christian Life. (Then one never forgets meeting the boy friends afterwards - (on the steps) for our Sunday night dates!)

Our school life, association with so many interested, dedicated and beautiful teachers.

Our parades and rallies after we won another basketball game.

Our walks into the woods picking wild flowers, nuts and paw-paws; floating sticks in competition down the little streams.

Our ice-skating mishaps on Gilbert's Pond.

Our swimming efforts at Mooresville's beautiful new pool.

Our trips to Monrovia for C.H.S. basketball games.

Scouting - the rope tying struggle, nature hikes and entering into the Memorial Service Parade each year.

Raising a pet lamb.

Long treks into the pasture across from our house to retrieve my "litter" or is it "brood" of ducks who were leading their poor little "mother hen" astray.

Her ducks found no response in her adopted offspring. Their quack was a different wave length. (Usually this unexpected hike was very early in the morning - My mother's call - Louise, your ducks are off again!)

Getting to ride on the school bus when I spent the night with friends and then dressing behind the base-burner, and seeing how the windmill worked.

Helping on our farm when the threshers came, riding in the buggy to take water to the workers, ringing the big dinner bell at noon.

An invitation to go buggy riding with my neighbor, an elderly lady friend and being allowed to hold the reins.

All day at the Cartersburg Picnic!

These things were Happiness then - and in memory good the second, third, etc. time around!

My adult life has been eventful, very rewarding in accomplishing the goals I set for myself, quite complete but I never do forget to give most of the credit for my happiness and contentment to my Parents, my Sister and My Many Friends and Relatives who were so important in shaping my life.

I have lived many more years in Illinois than I did in Indiana but I have always been the first to acknowledge that I consider myself truly a Hoosier - after listening to my Hoosier "twang" no one ever doubts me.

Now, living in Florida, I meet many people from all over the United States and Canada but the ones I come home liking the best always seem to be Mid-Westerners. They usually are friendly, sincere, down to earth and with a great sense of humor. Even in today's life I still feel the need for and enjoy a chat with our good old Hoosier people. I find a distinct heritage there that is not duplicated in any of the other states.

May I close by saying -

Happiness is many things -

Right now to me:

Happiness is Childhood Memories in Clayton!

Louise Edmonson Powers
(C.H.S. - 1925)

134E - 230 Santa Maria Street
Venice, Florida 33595

H C H S

"AN EXCELLENT RECORD"

In this age when military heroes are remembered with citations and impressive accounts of their distinguished careers, it is time for the few surviving veterans

of World War I to be honored with a little more than casual attention.

The following is a true account of some of the experiences of my good neighbor, Frank Hubble, whose excellent memory and ability to recall even small details make him a most interesting companion.

Frank was born in Pittsboro, May 27, 1895, and grew up there in company with brothers, Fred, Dewey, and Howard, and sister Stella, all of who are now deceased. We went to school at Number 6, in the East End of Pittsboro where he made a lot of boyhood friends who affectionately nicknamed him "Tater". His father, Uncle Billy Hubble, owned and operated a livery stable. He died when Frank was fifteen.

When the United States entered the war in April, 1917, Frank enlisted on September 27 and became a soldier in the Third Division, Fourth Infantry, Company B. He was sent first to Camp Taylor, Kentucky, later going to Camp Shelby in Mississippi.

On June 4, 1918, he, with 2700 other soldiers on board, set sail for Liverpool. It took twelve days to cross. Another soldier from Pittsboro, Maurice Huddleston, and a boy from Camby, Charles Capplinger were on the same boat. One night, Hubble and Capplinger were called out for guard duty, but they lay very still on deck and answered not one word. Frank confesses that was the only time in service that he evaded his duty. Charles Capplinger was killed in the war, his body sent home to be buried at Camby. Maurice and Frank lived to return to their native land.

From South Hampton, they crossed the English Channel in total darkness. He recalls that they were sent to LaHavre. He remembers, too, that on July 4, 1918, he was up at midnight and hiked until 6 A.M. going to the front, Chateau Thierry. He crossed the Marne River on July 21. That he is able to recall dates and events without referring to a single note is most amazing after so many years.

It is hard to understand exactly what a "get away man" is, but from the description it sounds as if it means part guard and part scout to survey for possible danger. The patrols wore gas masks with their names on them. It was open warfare, with the men digging trenches at night.

On the impressive record of his service, appear names of many famous encounters, names that are immortal in the history of our country: "St. Mihiel Offensive, September 12-16, 1918", "Meuse Argonne - October, 1919".

The Third Division was ready to go to the front, when the word came that the Armistice was signed and the War was ended. Frank was then sent to Pleidt, Germany, in the Army of Occupation from December 2, 1918, to August 9, 1919.

It was at Meuse-Argonne that Frank sustained a wound from shrapnell on October 4, 1918. After a long delay, he was awarded the Purple Heart.

The captain of the 4th Infantry, Harold Sims, honored Frank with this statement written at the conclusion of his war record:

"An excellent soldier with an excellent record."

Following the war and a period of employment in Indianapolis, Frank and his brother Fred, moved to the farm where they cared for both their mother and step-father until their deaths.

In 1965, Frank, who had spent his days in bachelorhood, married a gracious lady, Mrs. Jennie Doane, who has brought him health and happiness. Today, surrounded by a loving family, they live in peace and comfort, but World War I is still very much a reality to Frank. He wears his old uniform with pride, and has an interesting collection of war memorabilia which would be instructive to young students today. In fact, he will always be "That Excellent Soldier."

Frances Fisher

PITTSBORO'S GLORIOUS FOURTH: Pittsboro, as most towns, celebrated the Fourth in a big way, with the main feature a parade. Mr. Frank Hubble, the subject of the above article, rode proudly in the parade, resplendent in his World War I uniform. In spite of the heat, he is still "That Excellent Soldier" Frances wrote about.

The parade boasted many interesting floats, and probably one of the most interesting ones, as far as our Society is concerned, was the Gentry Dairy Farm. The Gentry Dairy Farm has been in operation for 75 years, involving three generations. Herschel Gentry, Jr., drove the tractor pulling the float. The beautiful center piece of the float featured a cow, Amy, with her twin calves. Amy is a 4-H animal, so she is used to being on display, and she stood there quietly, as the grand-daughter milked her. In one corner, Mrs. Gentry, Sr. churned with a 60-year-old Daisy churn, and before the parade had ended, the real butter had come! Katherine (Mrs. Gentry, Jr.) occupied one corner bottle-feeding the twins. Other articles displayed included a milk can, a strainer and an ancient milk bucket that had seen many years of use. All the participants wore appropriate costumes of the early 1900's. What fun the entire family must have had planning the display! Congratulations to the Gentrys and their 75 years of their family enterprise!

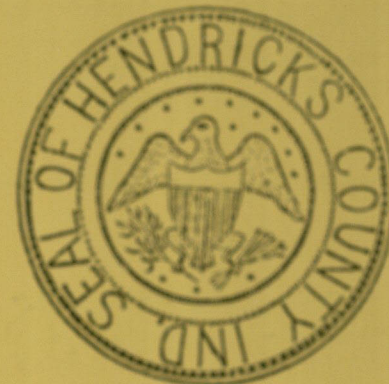
DANVILLE TRI-KAPPA MARK 50 YEARS: The Delta Kappa Chapter of Kappa Kappa Kappa marked its 50th anniversary May 31st, the actual day of its organization. Known as Tri Kappa whose purpose is educational, cultural and charitable, it was organized May 31, 1930 with the following charter members: the Misses Ruth Adams, Margaret Searce and Margaret Armstrong (Burns), and Mesdames Thomas R. Barker, Russell Cook, Edward Courtney, Lawrence Cox, J. H. Grimes, Alvin Hall, Omer Musselman, Frank Roberts, A. J. Stevenson, Edgar M. Blessing, William Brill and Julian D. Hogate.

To date, the organization has contributed over \$17,000 in scholarships to Danville High School seniors and more than \$22,000 to the Ellis Park Program which has been in existence 25 years and is considered one of the finest in the state.

Members smiled at the first money-making endeavor which was held during the carnival in Danville on the square in boiling hot August when, under a tent, the members baked, over "the red hot stove" 5,000 cookies and sold them for 10¢ a dozen.

HENDRICKS COUNTY

HISTORY BULLETIN



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THE HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DANVILLE, INDIANA

the jail records, as well as other equipment pertinent to the office. On the west wall was a large roll-top desk, while on the east wall was another desk. Along the north wall were filing cabinets. The stairs were carpeted with a material a little darker than the hall runner we use today. I don't remember what he did say. They used our prisoners room for but the shower that was taken out recently wasn't there then. The sink in the rest-room is the same as then. The little piece of wood missing on the howl post left between his grandfather's tenures. He was pretty hairy on what our restored kitchen was used for. It might have been a dining room but didn't get much use. The kitchen, our work room, looked the same but the stove used the same gas, and the cabinets were painted white. The back porch caught a lot of food in season; that is where they piled the watermelons, and the bushes got berries, corn and the like that the sheriff always was taking the recipient of from the window. The window at house the day of salt to make the water safe. That window right beside the refrigerator was not so much to see through as it was a pass way before food to the cell. That way, they could keep the door locked. He said the jail cells were most often used when something like a carnival came to town. In previous occasions someone would smuggle a back-saw blade to a prisoner. But one that was outstanding was the time when one asked a string for several days in a harsh classmate, I believe was Old Dutch, and sawed his way out with that. Must have been the string really sharp; in the Civil Defense part in a chest on such that housed the personal effects of the prisoners when they were brought in. Said efforts were placed in manila envelopes and stored in the chest for the duration of their stay. Prisoners were not there so very long unless there was a tie-up court procedure. I don't recall any of them being in there for 2 or 3 days. The light switch as we know it is different now. It was a pull chain then. A pair of handcuffs hung inside the basement door about where the light switch is now. I had to go upstairs and check on other visitors and didn't hear what he had to say about the room where the footlocker. We all went hunting the tunnel and he wasn't sure where it came out but he remembered when prisoners were taken to court through it. But we didn't find anything that settled our investigation. I don't recall any of them being in there for 2 or 3 days.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayless used the room we use for a library for a bedroom. The bath is the same. He couldn't remember a great deal about our children's room, but had spent a lot of time in our adult bedroom. And the door to the attic also in that room was always stuck all the time then too. I don't recall any of them being in there for 2 or 3 days. The light switch as we know it is different now. It was a pull chain then. A pair of handcuffs hung inside the basement door about where the light switch is now. I had to go upstairs and check on other visitors and didn't hear what he had to say about the room where the footlocker. We all went hunting the tunnel and he wasn't sure where it came out but he remembered when prisoners were taken to court through it. But we didn't find anything that settled our investigation. I don't recall any of them being in there for 2 or 3 days.

He said that if he hadn't got to see the piece this time, he didn't know when he would have been able to again very soon. He was very pleased to see it the way it is. But the memories were certainly coming out the walls. I don't recall any of them being in there for 2 or 3 days. The light switch as we know it is different now. It was a pull chain then. A pair of handcuffs hung inside the basement door about where the light switch is now. I had to go upstairs and check on other visitors and didn't hear what he had to say about the room where the footlocker. We all went hunting the tunnel and he wasn't sure where it came out but he remembered when prisoners were taken to court through it. But we didn't find anything that settled our investigation. I don't recall any of them being in there for 2 or 3 days.

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HENDRICKS COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

ORGANIZED 1967
OFFICERS 1980

PRESIDENT

Mrs. Fred Worrell
R. R. 3 Box 19
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4842

VICE PRESIDENT

Mr. Maynard Nolan
R. R. 1
North Salem, IN 46165
Tel. 676-6901

SECRETARY

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R. R. 1
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4344

TREASURER

Mrs. Blanche Wean
249 S. Wayne St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2573

HISTORIAN

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

PUBLICITY

Miss Jewell Bell
212 East Road 200 N
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-4055

GENEALOGISTS

Miss Grace Cox
494 West Clinton St.
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 745-2552

Mrs. Roy Pritchard
R. R. 1, Box 209
Clayton, IN 46118
Tel. 539-6890

Mrs. Roy Fisher
Pittsboro, IN 46167
Tel. 892-4780

Mrs. H. Harold Templin
R. R. 2, Box 86
Danville, IN 46122
Tel. 539-4311

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H C H S

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

H C H S

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Men who do not cherish memories,
Who do not revere their heritage,
are little more than barbarians;
memory civilizes us.

... Robert Lancaster, professor of political science,
University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.

Greetings:

This is a letter to you. Since our program for this meeting has to do with the history of the postal service it came to my mind that letters have been very important as a method of communication in the past. Even yet, don't you just love to get a letter from a far away friend or relative? This isn't half so satisfying as a carefully printed three sentence letter on lined primary paper from a little grandchild ending with "I love you grandma".

In this age of Bell Telephone's slogan of "Reach out and touch" combined with our laziness and affluent pocketbooks it is so easy just to reach out and dial, then to hear a cheerful voice that we love to hear, but please don't let us forget to write a letter now and then. What if St. Paul had never written a letter?

Marian Worrell

HCNS HCNS HCNS HCNS HCNS

AUGUST MEETING

The Pittsboro Christian Church was the scene of our August meeting with 55 members and guests present. Our president, Marian Worrell, opened the meeting with a poem by Helen Steiner Rice. Frances Fisher, a life-time member of the host church, gave us a few interesting facts about the early church and used the 103rd Psalm for our devotions.

After the usual business was transacted, Mr. Maynard Nolan, program chairman, discussed early music and musical instruments, mentioning the harpsichord as the most popular instrument in the 17th and 18th centuries. The Bible mentions the harp and the organ. The musical program which followed was delightful with Esta Salles playing several numbers on the organ and the singing group, the Art Lomas Singers, entertaining us with varied selections. Just another splendid meeting of the HCNS. If you are missing these meetings, you are the loser!

HCNS HCNS HCNS HCNS HCNS

NOVEMBER MEETING

PLEASE NOTICE THE EARLY MEETING.....November 2, 1980

Our next meeting promises to be one of the most interesting yet. We will meet in the beautiful Corinth Church north of Brownsburg (take SR 236 north from Brownsburg and watch for the sign). The ladies of Brown, Lincoln and Washington Townships promise us luscious refreshments for the social hour, but the program will be one of great interest. Harold Templin is digging up all kinds of interesting facts about the postal service even long before the pony express was a modern miracle. He doesn't plan to have a question and answer session, but if he would, I would have asked him how mail was delivered when the only written messages were carved in stone. I'll bet there were a lot of bad backs then!

DON'T FORGET THE DISPLAY TABLE!!!!!!

The display table is one of the most engrossing parts of our meetings and this meeting has all kinds of possibilities. If you aren't a stamp collector, hunt

up all your philatelist friends and beg, borrow or steal their collections (or, better still bring them and their stamp collection for the display table). Besides that, we all have old letters, old postcards and any thing relating to the delivery of mail.

LET'S KEEP THE DISPLAY TABLE GOING!!!!!!
HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS
NOVEMBER IS DUES PAYING MONTH

What do you do
When dues are due?
Do you
Deliberate?
Meditate?
Cogitate?
Hesitate?
Vegitate?
Procrastinate?

OR DO YOU SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE A HUGE CHECK FOR \$3.00 AND SEND TO

Mrs. Clarence Bray
R. R. 1
Pittsboro, Indiana 46167
HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

At our last meeting, Marian Worrell presented a check for \$25 to the Society. I feel, as your editor, that a complete explanation is in order.
When I received her GREETINGS contribution for the August Bulletin, I realized I had a good article in fact, an excellent article which deserved a greater readership than our organization of 200 plus members. So, without consulting her, I sent it to the Editor of the INDIANAPOLIS STAR MAGAZINE. Then I proceeded to forget it. But when a letter from the STAR arrived in my box, addressed to Marian but at my address, I realized I was in trouble! What happens when you use some one else's material without their permission? What happens when you open some one else's mail? I consulted with Max Lee, our postmaster and former president of HCHS.

The answer was brief and devastating: "99 years!"

"99 years!" Did you ever think about it? "I must get my house in order. I must rewrite my will, but after 99 years there won't be much left to bequest and bequeath! How can I ever leave my loved ones?"

But finally sanity returned. I opened the letter, a check fell out, so I could confess to Marian and we could gloat together.

Isn't it great to have a president who writes so well that her talent is recognized by such illuminaries as the editors of the INDIANAPOLIS STAR?

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY It just proves that the HCHS has many talented members. Without them, there would be no BULLETIN. So if you have something of interest for us, please send it to us. Without your contributions, there would be no BULLETIN.

Now, since I have rambled this much, I will use a bit more space to pay tribute to those who have helped so much through all these years. I hesitate to mention names, for I am sure I will overlook some one. Yet I think you all should know that Mary Jeanette Winkleman who served so ably as our president for two terms, who has always been active on the Museum Board and has always had the interest of the HCHS at heart, has since the beginning addressed the envelopes when mailing time comes ... no small task. The number of hours she has contributed to this organization probably far out number most. Others who have been so faithful through... can it be 11 years? After all, our first publication came out in 1969.....are Jewell Bell who buys the twine and ties up the numerous bundles, lugs them to the post office and sees them on their way. Other dependable members who come when they can are Ruth Pritchard (who almost always can come), Grace Cox, Maxine Cox, Virginia Joseph and the Joseph sisters, Ruth Rogers, Pearl Edmonson, Mary Bell, Dorothy Templin, Audrey Martin, Leona Stuart and Elizabeth Bryant. (If a name has been missed, let me know and I will mention next time.)

I well remember two winters ago when almost every one was immobilized with the snow and ice. Some how Grace Cox and I managed to get the unassembled bulletins from Blanche's office to our home. There Grace and I worked all day assembling, stapling, and stuffing in envelopes bulletins that I wondered how many people would read. We were fortified with hot home made soup and corn bread but when we arrived at the post office, another challenge met us. The snow at the curb was almost as high as we were and had been ice encrusted, but somehow we managed to scale over and get the bulletins in the mail. We also got home without any broken bones! When my dear, sweet patient hubby asked, "Why Margaret, why?" I couldn't come up with a good answer.

If you enjoy our bulletin, let us know (and send your dues). WE enjoy doing it. It would be nice to know others enjoy it, too.

HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS HCHS

(Editor's note: Our meeting is a week early this month. I must thank Mary Bray for alerting me where upon I pushed the panic button. I had to have help ... and fast, so I called Frances Fisher and twisted her arm. She didn't have any thing prepared, but she hurriedly wrote the following article and sent it to me with apologies! No apologies necessary, Frances, and thanks to a beautiful, dependable friend.)

THE SPIANS OF BYGONE DAYS

While Readin', Writin' and 'Rithmetic were the basics of education a generation ago, it was of great importance to learn proper diction, good clear enunciation, and expressive dramatic emphasis. No one operated on those premises more faithfully than my mother, Nelle Dillon Weaver, who had been privileged to attend Central Normal College in the early 1890's and had been enrolled in the Elocution Classes under Miss Ida V. Dorsey of the Philadelphia School of Art. The popular theory was "If something is going to be said, let it be well said."

From childhood, I remember many aspiring students coming to our home for coaching by my mother who delighted in helping them and proudly rejoicing at their success in oratorical contests.

Home talent plays and skits were popular and greatly enjoyed by an "entertainment hungry" audience. There was seldom an admission fee, but free will offerings were sufficient to pay expenses.

"An Old Maids Convention", given by a group of twenty five women was a hilarious comedy depicting the joys and sorrows of the single life. The term, "Old Maid" could be Greek to young people today who know all about "career girls", business executives and are well informed about E R A. But about 1904 and 1905, an old maid was an ever present help in time of need, but a certain scorn was attached to one who never married.

One of the leading characters was a suffragette in tailored clothes and be-spectacled who created a sensation by her boldness. All the dear women who took part in that production have long since joined the innumerable caravan.

In searching old programs the name of Sallie Pratt was prominent. She was once the telephone operator and worked as a clerk in Weaver Brothers store. Although her name never appeared in neon lights, she could be called the Marie Dressler of our town.

Another production in which many in our town participated was an Abe Martin Wedding, created in 1913 because the school needed a piano. Abe Martin, decked out as Kin Hubbard, prescribed, got his daughter, Fawney, married off amid much merriment. Old time tunes were played on a borrowed organ by Sallie Watts, the town musician, as the guests were ushered to their seats on the state by Hugh J. Woody whose fine sense of humor and ability to keep perfect step made him a well loved figure in Pittsboro.

A few of the members of Pittsboro Christian Church may recall the earnest efforts which went into the purchase of a stained glass window for the church. As quite often happens, the task of raising the money to pay for this beautiful addition developed upon the women who rallied to the cause with enthusiasm. The first entertainment was a huge success with people coming from far and near to crowd into our church. Never was such a variety of talent displayed. A group of beautiful women in Grecian robes enacted pantomimes to sacred songs, MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE, LEAD KINDLY LIGHT, JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME. Tableau, with red or green lights, transformed the girls into living statues and brought the audience to its feet.

A popular doctor, Charles McClintock, was a sweet singer and very community minded. One of his favorites was something new; a musical monologue when he recited to a dying child, "Little Joe". Needless to say, the good doctor could hardly refrain from laughing at "Little Joe's" antics as he posed as the sick child.

Patriotic numbers were always anticipated for the Civil War was still vivid in the memories of folks and there were always "old soldiers" present to whom honor and respect were paid. One of the most appealing numbers was entitled MUSIC ON THE RAPAHANOCK involving a chorus and reader. Northern and Southern troops were encamped on opposite sides of the Rappahanock River and engaged in a singing match of their own songs until finally they all joined their voices in a final number, HOME, SWEET HOME. These were days when home and country could evoke tears in the most sophisticated.

From this entertainment the sum of \$35 was made, a small beginning to be added to by various projects in making a reality of a dream for a thing of beauty "which was to shed a mellow glow of multi-colored lights on all who enter the church portals."

Today a spacious new church stands on the site of the old one which had been erected in 1873, twice remodeled and remained a stronghold of the faith until 1979, the 125th year of its founding.

Into the new church went the old stained glass window with its still beautiful colors and mellow light, a symbol of appreciation for that which is old, respect for that which is loved, a challenge for that which is new. The original window has been divided. The side panels have been placed in the west entrance as a welcome to all who enter there. The main beautiful arch was placed behind the baptistry in the narthex, as a significant symbol of our brotherhood and a reminder of the dedication of those who preceded us.

HOHS HOHS HOHS HOHS HOHS

THE STILESVILLE METHODIST CHURCH

Abraham Lincoln once stated that "The Methodist Church has sent more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals and more prayers to Heaven for the preservation of the Union than any other denomination.

A check of Hendricks County churches for that period shows that eighteen of the fifty churches in ten denominations were Methodists.

The Stilesville Methodist Society was one of these. It was organized in the eighteen forties and met in the school house for a while.

The frame church was built about 1850 and cost \$1600. It would seat two hundred people. The school gymnasium now occupies that site.

The Stilesville church was sometimes in the Bloomington District and sometimes in the Indianapolis District of Indiana Conference.

Some other churches on the same circuit with Stilesville were Belleville, Bethesda, Cherry Grove, Lake Valley and Salem.

Among early members were; Isaac Smart, William Cline, John Clark, John Richardson, James Borders, Joseph Bishop, Edward Jackson, Elisha McAninch and their wives.

Names of some of the pastors are; James Williams, Joseph Woods, Jonathan F. Woodruff, Elias Gaskins, Miles Woods, W. W. Puett, Albert Fletcher Bridges, William McGinnis, Asa Beck, John V. R. Miller, Byrum Carter, Dayton Harvey, James B. Hamilton, George Edward Wynn, James Blake Likely, M. C. McKown, A. L. Duncan, J. K. Ake, Eli P. F. Wells, George F. McNaughton, E. L. Butler, William Francis Russell, John Warren Hanger, William E. Minshaw, James H. Frost, J. H. Lewis, George C. Sprague, Samuel H. Caylor, Arthur Brinklow, Homer Wright, Charles W. Anderson, Lorenzo D. Dodd, Harrison Guy Ramsey, Raymond Houk and A. N. Elrod.

This church property was sold to the Franklin Township trustee and used for school purposes a few years before it was removed to make room for the gymnasium.

The bell from the belfry and the pews were moved to the Cherry Grove Church at this time.

Some paragraphs from a paper prepared by John Warren Hanger provide interesting notes on some members of his Stilesville congregation.

"MY CONTACT WITH HENDRICKS COUNTY"

By Rev. John Warren Hanger

At Stilesville was Uncle Elihue Coble and his sons, Willie, Jim, Lee, and a daughter, Laura. Uncle Elihue was a one-armed old Civil War soldier, who usually said instead of "good-bye", or "so long"-----"Trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry." Years later I was called back to a funeral with burial at Stilesville. Someone came to the cemetery to tell me that Uncle Elihue was dying and wanted me to come to see him. I found him breathing his last. I had a few words with him, prayed with him, and said, "Well, Brother Coble, trust in the Lord and keep your powder dry". The old man smiled as he closed his eyes for the last time. In Stilesville was Everett Roberts, who operated a private bank and seemed to be making money. He accepted good naturedly the nickname "Brickey", which his townsmen had good naturedly given to him. He had bought from a super salesman a metal brick plugged with pure gold. According to the salesman he was about to get caught with it and would take something less than \$1000 for it. He was using it to keep his bank door from swinging with the breeze. I found in Stilesville: Delph Humes, Gales Robertson, a Mr. Fincher, a leader in the GORB Baptist Church, Phil. Cree, the 600 pound fat man who travelled with a circus, and many conspicuous and well known men and women. In this vicinity I found a most unusual and interesting farmer, Joe Hollingsworth. He was a local preacher in the Methodist Church, highly respected for his sincerity and character and widely known for his ability to express himself so that no one would fail to understand what he was trying to say and yet in most unexpected language. I was invited to his home one time for a birthday dinner in his honor. He had two married daughters whose husbands I had never met. When his sons-in-law arrived, in whom he delighted as much as they delighted in him, he proudly brought them in and introduced them to me. He followed the introduction with "The Devil owed Joe Hollingsworth a debt and he paid him off in sons-in-law that were Democrats and Campbellites". The happy father-in-law was an ardent Methodist and a Republican.

The old National Road which is now U.S. 40 runs east and west across Indiana coinciding with Washington Street in Indianapolis. In this vicinity its only pavement was two or four inches of loose dry gravel. The local news media had spread the information that on a certain day a horseless carriage would come west from Indianapolis. People came from north and south to the National Road. On foot, horseback, in buggies and families in two horse wagons. They brought their lunches along and took the day off to see the horseless carriage go by. Just where or why the horseless carriage gave up the struggle with the loose gravel they never knew. It never passed.

Telephones were beginning to come in this section of Hendricks County. There was a Farmer's Exchange. One line with which I was familiar, had thirty-two phones on the one line. Little wall phones, each with a dry cell battery in it and a crank on the side to ring the number with. A short and a long, two longs and a short, etc. The wire zig-zagged on its way from a tree to a snag of a broken tree to a tall fence post or a poor excuse for a pole. When the phone rang, every one who was in the house went to the phone to learn whose old cat had kittens or whose old hen had hatched her brood or whose cow had a calf. With fifteen or twenty receivers off the hook no one could ring. There was not battery power enough. There was on this line, a tall, sociable, North Carolinian who wore a broad-brimmed hat. He was an auctioneer, and would rather talk than eat. It was common talk that during all of his spare time, he sat with a hearing device strapped to his ear. No one needed to ring him; but just say "Hello Harrison", and he would answer.

About thirty years after I came as a student pastor to Belleville, Cherry Grove, and Stilesville, my son, John Howard Hanger, was in DePauw and was assigned for his first conference appointment, as the student pastor at Belleville, Salem, and Cherry Grove. Here at Salem, he became pastor of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pritchard. (Mrs. Pritchard is now the capable secretary of the Hendricks County Historical Society.) I was more interested in his success on this charge than I was in my own success there thirty years previous. I became a warm friend of Fred and May Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Blunk, and many others on the charge, and strengthened the friendships of thirty years before.

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CONGRATULATIONS!

If my addition is correct, October 22nd marked the 63rd anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Davidson. And if I am still thinking straight, it was also Joe's birthday. So this is a good time to send them love, appreciation and best wishes from our entire society. Joe Davidson has long been one of the best and most faithful contributors to the bulletin and to our programs. The tales he told and the songs he sang kept young and old entranced, and Mrs. Davidson has been a great force in church, community and Historical Society endeavors. Thanks to two wonderful people.

Congratulations are also in order to Mrs. Eloise Castetter who, after 15 years of employment at the Indiana Boys School, has retired. A reception honoring her was held at the administration building of the Boys School October 23rd. Now, isn't it nice that both she and her hubby will be more free to work with us in the HCHS! (That was kind of sneaky, wasn't it?)

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MUSEUM NEWS

Word is getting around that the museum is another place to go for genealogy research. Several people have recently visited in search of family information. We have the files from the Danville Public Library Indiana Room. They were brought over when the remodeling work was started on the library. Cemetery information is available as well as a variety of other subjects. The cemetery information will be incorporated into a huge album with each township having its own page and information. Names and locations of cemeteries will be shown.

Thirty five docents from the Indiana State Museum visited us recently. We were very pleased.

Of the several models seen by visitors, two decided to speak up. The one in the hall, and the one in the parlor sort of got tired of their wool dresses. Yes Wool! One hundred percent of the stuff! The word "blend" applied to other things, and "Polly Esther" was a proper name, not a fabric when those dresses were worn. The day was hot--one of our hottest of the summer. They approached Dorothy Kelley and wondered how about a change. The dresses they wore were lovely, they said, but let's be honest, they scratch! It just happened that a little while before, two white cotton dresses lavishly trimmed with hand-made lace had been received. The gals got their change. It helped too! Not another word out of them.

We received a large number of phonograph records. All classics, including some opera, and all 78 rpm. Just the other day we had a Victrola loaned to us.

Our collection of books is enormous. The dates on some of them goes way back. It is safe to estimate that some dates read early 1700's.

The museum had a booth during Brownsburg's Old Fashioned Festival (BOFF), sponsored by Hendricks County Bank and Trust, Brownsburg, and a booth at the Plainfield Friends Annual Church Mouse Sale.

The craft shop is always an eye-catcher. There is a new supply of corn-cob faces. Quilt fanciers might just want to drool over the four lucious quilts that came in recently. They are hand quilted, almost queen size, and reasonably priced too!

We were open both days during Swap 'n Shop days and had many visitors both days. A stand was set up on the lawn for a rummage sale, but the weather had to act up. Turned cold and there was the wind-chill factor too, so the sale wasn't continued the second day. Mrs. Marcia Mussman of Danville demonstrated weaving on the loom seen in the Primitives Room.

The Neighborhood squirrel learned that the Shingle Oak, set out by the D.A.R. wasn't big enough yet to climb satisfactorily.

The flower bed on the lawn is still beautiful and is making a brave last ditch stand against Jack Frost. Thanks again, Hendricks County Garden Club for all that beauty!

Jewell

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from Recollections by George L. Leak b. 1846 d. 1920

Written about 1919 or 1920

As My Grandfather Buzzard¹ lived less than a mile from us, over on the Indianapolis and Crawfordsville State Road, which was then the only public highway near us, I with two older brothers² would often go over there. There especially in the fall of the year, we could see many emigrants in covered wagons moving west on this road. And many travelers on horseback that carried the old fashioned saddle bags. Some of the covered wagons were drawn by oxen. These travelers would camp along and near the road at night. I have a recollection of where one of these emigrants with his family camped for the night, near the Lambert farm or what is now the Swain farm. They had made a fire against a dead tree. During the night and while the family was all asleep, the fire burned the tree down and it fell across the wagon tung and killed one of the horses. The tree fell so close to the family that were asleep on the ground, that it pulled a bunch of hair from the wife and mother. The man had to find another horse to take them on their journey. He came to my father and procured a little old bay horse that was grazing on the commons, or maybe the woods. He got his wagon repaired at my Grandfather's blacksmith shop and continued his trip to Iowa.

1. David Buzzard who lived where the ox yoke farm is today.

2. Henry B. Leak b. 1842 and Franklin Blair Leak b. 1843

Great quantities of the beautiful wild or Passenger Pigeons (which are now extinct) would fly in great droves and light in the woods, seeking food. But permit me to say, that not until after the Civil War was the slaughter of this beautiful bird great from the simple fact that the hunters were not well equipped with good shot guns. The last covey of the beautiful birds that I have any recollection of used in the woods on my farm near Lizton in the early spring of 1888. The last reliable report of anyone of these wild birds having been seen was one lone bird having lit in a pine tree in Henry B. Leak's yard in March 1894. (This is across from the Methodist Cemetery where James M. Hall now lives.)

Ruth Hall, Lizton